

WESLEYAN
MISSIONARY NOTICES.

CANADA CONFERENCE.

No. XIII.]

AUGUST 1, 1857.

[QUARTERLY.]

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TORONTO:
WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,
KING STREET.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS ON THE BUSINESS OF THE MISSIONS ARE TO BE
ADDRESSED TO THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

AUGUST 1st, 1857.

EDMONTON AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Extracts from the Journal of the Rev. Thomas Woolsey.

(CONTINUED.)

EDMONTON HOUSE, Nov. 24, 1856.—Several Sarcees present at our evening service. I enquired of their Chief as to whether they would receive a Missionary amongst them. He assured me that they would be very glad so to do; adding, "he should have a good tent and be well provided for." He said that, some time ago, he heard a little about the White man's religion, and had endeavoured ever since to keep the Sabbath holy, as also to enjoin the same upon the people. More would have been elicited, but we had great difficulty in conversing with them, as the *English*, *Cree*, and *Blackfoot* had to be employed in addressing them, the *Sarcee* language being unknown to our Crees. A certain writer remarks that "as the Indian languages are numerous, so do they greatly vary in their effect on the ear. We have the rapid *Cótonay* of the Rocky Mountains, and the stately *Blackfoot* of the plains; the slow, embarrassed *Flat-head* of the mountains; the smooth-toned *Pierced-nose*; the guttural, difficult *Sarcee* and *Chépevyan*; the sing-song *Assineboine*; the deliberate *Cree*; and the sonorous, majestic *Chippeway*."

Nov. 26.—Being desirous of visiting Edmonton House, I left the Indians this day. The closing service was numerously attended; notwithstanding the weather being exceedingly cold and much snow on the ground, the people were seated outside the tent, listening attentively to the remarks made. One of the natives gave a very spirited address in regard to the instructions they had received for some time past; and hoped that we should soon meet again. Six children were baptized. Not having any wine with me, I am compelled to defer administering the Lord's-Supper,

although there are some who are desirous of communicating.

Nov. 30.—Remained at our encampment on this day of rest. Had much difficulty in keeping ourselves from freezing, although we kept up a large fire throughout the day.

Dec. 1.—Reached Pigeon Lake in safety. Certainly, the "merciful goodness and protecting care of the Almighty are not less conspicuous amid the snows of the North-West than in the exuberance of the tropical forest." *Crees* and *Stone Indians* have just left. Families have been here since October 18th, subsisting principally on fish. Eighty whitefish were taken in one net this morning.

Dec. 2.—The other *Crees* are off to the plains. Two religious services have been held.

6.—We arrived at the Fort, having left the Mission three days ago.

7.—Sabbath.—Two services in English and one in Cree. The latter was conducted in the Indian house, erected last summer, capable of holding 200 persons. Doubtless many were surprised to hear songs of adoration sound from within its walls.

8.—Received a note from Maskapeetoon, a Chief, presenting his compliments, and requesting me to be diligent in praying for him. He says he is endeavouring to instruct his band to be in earnest for what is good. He concludes thus: "Nothing more. It is I."

9.—As the above-named Chief employed the Syllabic characters in writing me, I have caused the compliment to be returned in a brief epistle on the things belonging to his eternal good. Yesterday being the grand festival of the *Conception of the Virgin Mary*, the priest applied to the gentleman in

charge for a holiday for the Romanists; but did not succeed. Really, if all the festivals of the Romish church were to be kept at the different establishments belonging to the Hon. H. B. Company, a suspension of business for a considerable part of the year would be the result. I have intimated to W. Sinclair, Esq., that whenever he grants a holiday to the Romanists, I shall be led respectfully to solicit a like privilege for the Protestants, which, I have no doubt he will readily grant, as was the case on *All Saints Day*.

Dec. 14.—Three services. One baptism. About mid-day several half-Crees were desirous of transacting business with the gentleman in charge, and on being informed that this is the Lord's Day, they said they were told that they might do as they pleased after morning mass. The tendency of such a religion must be to produce "ignorance, irreligion, and infidelity."

16.—The influenza has prevailed in the fort for about a fortnight, completely prostrating some, and greatly enfeebling others. Through mercy I have hitherto escaped. The past night has been spent in attending upon a young person, formerly of Rosville, who is greatly afflicted. I was also present on the death of an infant, when the friends wished me to pray for them, although their own priest was in the fort.

I am holding regular preaching services every night, and am pleased to find Romanists present occasionally. May "such as have erred and are deceived" be brought "into the way of truth." Protestantism, I am informed, has more influence here than it formerly had. Some three or four years ago, an Orkeyman said, in the presence of a Romanist, that he did not believe in the Catholic religion, and the result was a knock-down argument, for the poor fellow was immediately struck to the earth.

Dec. 17.—Called up at midnight to administer words of consolation to the parents of the child baptized a few days ago, this epidemic having carried it off; so that it had a very short stay in this trying world, being only eleven days old:

"When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Thousands will wish their stay below.
Had been as short as thine."

The child was buried this morning, when the occasion was improved by a suitable address. Some Romanists present.

Jan. 3d, 1857.—"Methodism itself," said the late Bishop Emory, "is a Missionary system." And can any one, at all acquainted with its vast machinery, come to any other conclusion? Assuredly not. The information already furnished, from this and other fields of Missionary toil, more than confirms it. "The world is my parish," was the boast of the apostolic Wesley; but I am led to imagine that no one can fully enter into the feelings of the solitary labourer whilst engaged in his "work of faith and labour of love," unless similarly positioned. He feels most strangely at times, in not having the privilege of speaking "the language of a soul with soul." Such were my emotions, when a letter recently arrived; from my colleague, from which I make a few extracts. Under the date of Dec. 6th, he observes:—

"On the 28th of Sept. last we had our first love-feast and sacramental occasion. Though few in number, we all experienced that the best of all was that God was with us. What the Indians said, led me to conclude that most of them earnestly desired to flee from the wrath to come; and three, I rejoice to learn, had experienced the converting power of the Gospel. According to Methodistic rule, during the week previous to our sacramental service, I gave out the tickets. Some of our number, for the first time in their lives, commemorated the dying love of a crucified Saviour. I hope (*Deo volente*) to administer the sacrament again on the 28th inst."

But, though thus revived and blest, Brother Steinhauer refers to the past in language of a humiliating character, observing:—

"A year has passed away, and not many manifest trophies of the Gospel are as yet brought in to cheer the heart of the lone Missionary in this waste-howling wilderness. Still we must go on—go forth, though weeping, 'bearing precious seed, and shall doubtless,' by the blessing of God upon *unwearied* efforts, 'come again with rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us.'"

The parsonage at Lac la Biche, I am happy to learn, has become quite meta-

morphised, but principally through my colleague's own exertions, although he says,—“I must confess that the weight of increasing years is sensibly felt by me now-a-days. I am not so strong as formerly—a little extra exertion and hardship oppresses my physical energies.”

I might give you an outline of what he has done, but prefer giving his own statement, as follows:—

“In Canada, where Methodism is rife, the people pride themselves in supplying their Ministers with almost everything for their comfort; but in the Hudson's Bay Territory a great difference exists. . . . I have tried to make a comfortable burrowing place. The large room has been converted into three,—two bed-rooms, and one which serves for all purposes, viz.:—meetings, school-house, *reception room for strangers*, and dining-room. I have made several light window-sashes; but not, of course, *secundem artem*: they, however, answer for our purpose. A kitchen is also attached to the house—a porch leading from our dwelling to it. So, I tell you, we have some appearance of civilization!”

The next extract refers to the difficulty of obtaining food. He remarks:

“There has been a failure in our fall fishery this year; only a few more than 3000 have been caught. I have employed a hunter to kill twenty animals for the Mission. He has already brought part of three; so that, with the dried meat and grease bartered from the Indians last fall, we have been sustained thus far.”

In order to facilitate the transit of goods, &c., to the Mission, my colleague has purchased one cart already: two more are wanted. Therefore, expenses will necessarily follow, however economical we may be, take it any way we like. The friends of Missions must be up and *doing*, and be thankful that they are not called upon both to *do* and to *suffer*, to the extent that the isolated herald of the Cross is brought to experience. Thus far I have ventured to proceed, but will now call attention to my Journal again.

Dec. 24.—My time is pretty well occupied in visiting the sick, &c. Some time ago, the gentleman in charge, W. Sinclair, Esq., did his best to bring the hostile tribes to terms of amity, and suc-

ceeded to a great extent, his efforts being duly appreciated, as recently expressed in General Council. One of their chiefs, addressing him, said—“Before you came amongst us we took each other's children and dashed their brains out against the trees, fixed the adults as targets, and then fired at them; but now we can go anywhere without being afraid of each other.” If the influence of a mercantile gentleman be so salutary in its effects, what cannot be produced by “preaching peace by Jesus Christ?”

Dec. 25.—Two services. Some Protestants went to see mass performed last night, but confess themselves thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair, and cannot believe that there is any of the religion of the Bible about it. Two of the communicants were swearing in less than two minutes after it was over. Some one has said that “the bell that tinkles forth a signal for the adoration of a wafer-god is sounded by Satan.” And who can deny it?

Dec. 26.—Arrival of the gentlemen in charge of the Slave Lake and Dundagon posts. Mr. Maxwell, of the latter place, states that there are probably 2000 Beaver Indians connected with his establishment, who have as yet been unnoticed by the Missionaries, save by an occasional visit by the Jesuits and Romanists. “And yet there is room” for faithful, self-sacrificing labourers.

28, Sabbath.—The attendance was good. Some plain truths were delivered. Had previously contemplated giving an opportunity to receive the Lord's Supper next Sunday; but another dance was got up last evening, and some of the more hopeful attended, thereby foiling all attempts to bring them to close in with Christ. I, therefore, solemnized that sacred ordinance privately, there not being one in the fort that had expressed a wish to join. I tremble for the responsibility of any ecclesiastic who should give that sacrament without proper proofs of a preparation for it. I fear there is too much laxity in this particular elsewhere than in the Romish Church.

29.—Arrival of several Norwegians and Orkney men, who have recently entered the Company's service. By letters, &c., from England, I find that the patriarch Sutcliffe, the venerable Dr.

Beecham, and the illustrious Crowther have been removed to a better land.

"Thus star by star declines
Till all have pass'd away."

"How! fir-tree, for the cedars have fallen!" How loud the warning!

"When thou sendest, Lord, for me,
Oh, let the messenger be love."

30.—Visited the men who arrived last evening, and, as they all understood English more or less, I entered freely into conversation with them. Thus individuals from different countries are brought under the influence of Missionary agency—a very strong reason why all should support these god-like institutions.

Dec. 31.—How rapid is the flight of time! "Through the tender mercy of our God" I am permitted to close this year on my knees, and hope, with the

thousands of our Israel, to enter upon its successor in the spirit of devotion. Farewell, then, thou year of trial!

Jan. 1, 1857.—Welcome, thou "fragment of eternity!" Whilst the cannon's roar announces thy birth, and the instruments of music proclaim thy onward march, may my mind be more than ever impressed with the fleeting character of all sublunary bliss! With absent friends I would realize the import of the words:—

"In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
To embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assign'd;
And while we do Thy blessed will
We bear our heaven about us still."

Having thus traced my operations to the beginning of another year, I respectfully crave your patient attention to the multifarious subjects dwelt upon.

ST. CLAIR.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. S. Waldron, dated March 6th, 1857.

Having returned from our tour of Missionary Meetings of nearly three weeks, and having held our third Quarter Meeting, on a review of the past, we find increasing cause for gratitude to our Heavenly FATHER for his grace vouchsafed unto us, by the which we have access to, and, to some extent, success among the Indians in this section of your important charge. You will be pleased to hear all our means of grace are well attended, and, with few exceptions, our people have ornamented their Christian profession by "living soberly, righteously, and godly," amidst numerous strong temptations, arising partly from the state of society about us, which is much under the influence of Popery in its most revolting aspects, and partly from the persevering efforts of a person to seduce them from the faith as it is in Christ Jesus. But in his zeal to accomplish his purposes, he has, so far, overstepped the bounds, and outraged all the principles of virtue, so much so as to require the interference of the law.

Bro. Musgrove has doubtless informed you that a good work has commenced among the Potawatomes, on Walpole Island. This band emigrated from the States some time since, and were adopt-

ed by the Chippewas; but, until lately, they have resisted all efforts to bring them under the influence of Christianity. With their chief at their head, they determinately adhered to Pagan rites and ceremonies, indulging freely in the use of the fire-water, to which they have had uninterrupted access; consequently their history, since crossing the line, has been the *most revolting*. The good work commenced among them in this wise:—A young man holding a Local Preacher's License, from the Wyoming Institution, visited our Mission and expressed a strong desire to be useful among the Indians, and spoke of going to the far West and throwing himself among the Pagans, for the purpose of making known to them Jesus Christ as their Saviour. From a short acquaintance we formed a favourable opinion of his piety and gifts, and recommended him to try his faith on this band of Potawatomes. His very soul seemed to take fire at the idea; he soon found his way into their midst, going from house to wigwam, weeping, bearing precious seed. As God would have it, he obtained the aid of a good pious interpreter, commenced "preaching to them Jesus and the Resurrection," and for some two weeks night after night

the School-House was filled with Indians,—Potawatomes and Chippewas. By this time the excitement attracted the attention of the whites, who came in sleigh-loads, and were nearly defeating our object by crowding the poor Indians out. The roads being good, our Native speakers joined in their meetings; this added greatly to the good work. Being requested to come and baptize the converts, I went; and as my coming was anticipated, the whites filled the room; it being dreadfully cold, the poor Indians, unable to gain admittance, returned home. I preached to the whites, and kindly requested in future they would allow the Indians the use of the house, as our Mission was especially to them, to which they consented.

Suffice it to say, I spent part of two weeks with them, preached nine times, six times to the Indians, and three times to the whites in their own settlement, and baptized the Potawatome chief, together with twelve of his people, and an infant belonging to the said chief.

Others have signified their intention to be baptized on their return from sugar-making. During their absence Bro. Cooley is turning his attention to the Chippeway tongue, and assisting in our Mission-School, which is doing well; and as I am called to preach occasionally among the whites on both sides of the river, he fills my place on the Mission when I am absent. Many of our Indians, as usual, are at their sugar-works—mostly at the Sauble. I purpose visiting them next week, if my health will permit. The past season has been remarkable for good health, generally, among the Indians in these parts. Provisions are extremely high; our Indians, or at least a portion of them, find it quite convenient to exchange cordwood for pork, flour, &c., &c., as it bears a good price, and is in good demand. The Railroad work crossing our premises has thrown us into the commons; I have a promise, however, that they will repair our fences soon.

GARDEN RIVER

Extract from a Letter from the Rev. G. McDougall, dated January 28th, 1857.

Residing, as we do, in a part of the country where Popery preponderates, and where festival days are characterized by scenes of drunkenness and dissipation, we have ever looked forward to the holydays with anxiety, especially as regards the young of our congregation. The past, however, were seasons of pleasing remembrance. Christmas was a happy day at Garden River. Our morning service was well attended. In the afternoon, with two exceptions, every individual belonging to the band assembled in the Wesleyan church for the purpose of enjoying their Christmas feast. The good things were provided by the young folks of our congregation: the evening was spent in the defence of Temperance principles, and a most effective meeting it was. Our watch-night was a season of deep interest. How happy the change wrought in this people, when a comparison is made with the manner in which they formerly anticipated the new year! On the second of January, at the suggestion of Mrs. Church, and at her expense, a pic-nic

was got up for the Mission School; and to this, not only the little people, but also their parents were invited: every variety was provided for their entertainment—nuts, raisins, apples, and cakes of various kinds; and to these, you may be sure, ample justice was done. Fifty-four children, and some 150 of the grown-up ones, were made glad on this occasion; and, while speaking of the little folks, I would just remark that, without being invidious as to others, our school is decidedly the best we have seen in this country: our indefatigable teacher, Mr. Dagg, has drawn around him, not only the children of our own people, but almost all the Romanist children within reach. Would that the friends of the Indians could witness the improvement by many of those children. The class in grammar, geography and arithmetic would bear comparison with most of those of the same age in our favoured country.

Intent on doing good, Mr. Dagg commenced a night-school for the young men, which bids fair to be of much ser-

vice. These are some of the *lights* connected with our work in this country, and to God we ascribe all the glory; and yet we are not without our *shades*. Twenty-five years ago, when a Sunday, a Jones, and a Hurlburt first proclaimed the great salvation to this people, the way was clear; there were but few opposing influences; but now every inch of ground is contested. Popery, the blight of Christianity, has been aroused to greater exertion since the increase of our Mission; Bacchus is greatly increasing the number of his agents; not a vestige, however insignificant—a fishing-point or a mine, but has its venders of fire-water. The holy sabbath, in many places, is shamefully desecrated.

To meet these soul-destroying influences, and also secure an increase of numbers in many parts of this wild country, a new order of things is about being introduced. Those points which we now view as distant, such as Michipicoton, the Pic, or Fort William, stand in about the same relationship to the civilized world, as did Owen-Sound or Saugeen some ten or twelve years ago. Already the tide of emigration has passed the Falls of St. Marie, and the roar of its waves is distinctly heard on the north shore of great Superior. Yesterday we conversed with a party already equipped for a journey on the North Shore: they intend visiting Montreal River, and to select a place for a settlement, and as soon as possible erect a saw-mill. Many others with

whom we are acquainted are looking towards that section of country as their future home. The unequalled fisheries, and inexhaustible mineral wealth of that region are the objects of attraction.

Now, the solemn questions suggested to the mind of the Christian, as to what will be the character of these rising settlements?—under what auspices will they grow?—shall the inhabitants, and the sons of the forest by whom they are surrounded, receive and obey the truth, and be brought into the freedom of the sons of God; or be ignorant of the great Redeemer, and left to their own lusts, and sink deeper into the thralldom of crime and sin? these are questions which must be practically met by the church of Christ.

Sabbath the 18th, we held our Quarterly meeting, Bro. Price, of the Shawville Mission, being with us. Next sabbath, Providence permitting, I shall spend at that Mission. Bro. Price has kindly consented to accompany me to the Bruce Mines, at the urgent request of the Presbyterian Church. Sault Ste. Marie, this winter, is destitute of a pastor, and, in connection with Bro. Price, I preach for them every third sabbath. March 15th we have an appointment at Ma Mas, Montreal Mining-Company location, on Lake Superior. In meeting these engagements, we expect some hard beds, and cold nights; yet, labour is rest, and pain is sweet, because my God is here.

BEAUHARNOIS.

Extract from a Letter from the Rev. W. Hansford, dated April 10th, 1857.

Having filled out the schedule you sent me, I think according to its design, in returning it I beg to make the following report of the Beauharnois Circuit:—It is my privilege, with heartfelt gratitude, to state, that the great Head of the Church has recently revived his work among us, having accompanied the preaching of his blessed *Word* with the awakening and regenerating power of his Holy Spirit, brought to a saving knowledge of himself upwards of a dozen precious souls, and made nearly as many more to be joyful witnesses

of the great truth that "*His blood cleanseth from all sin.*" The congregations have increased considerably: our prospects therefore are very encouraging. And these are the glorious results of five weeks' special services.

At the *commencement* of this year we had but sixty-nine members, and one on trial; and since then there has been one death and five removals; so that *now* we have only sixty-four accredited members; but there are upwards of twenty on trial.

We publish the following narrative, though long, as our friends are deeply interested in the Society's new enterprise among the French Canadians, and that they may see what means are employed, what enemies are met, and what success is accomplished by the Society's agents; and there is reason to rejoice that truth retains its power to save.

INCIDENTS IN THE FRENCH WORK.

I arrived in the city of Quebec on the 12th of October, 1855, and my first object was to find a good private boarding-house, in which I succeeded.

There was a friend of mine who was my god-father in the Romish church, whom I had impressed on my mind ever since I came to the light of the blessed Bible, and I paid him a visit; he received me well, and was much surprised and astonished that I had ventured to come back to Quebec again, as some people had threatened to kill me, and others to stone me. He said he had endeavored to take my part, asking them what he had done, that they wanted to abuse and destroy me. He said to me, "I wish to know the reason that they want to kill you?" The answer I made was, "Suppose a person wants to kill you, who is the guilty person?" He said, "The person who wants to kill me; and now I see what makes you so bold, they are guilty and you are not." I then said to him, "I will tell you the reason; do you not know that Christ came upon earth, and that he suffered and was persecuted for you and me?" I then took a small Testament out of my pocket and said, "It is for the word of God that I am persecuted." I then began to explain the Scriptures to him, and continued to do so for upwards of three hours. He then said in great agony of mind, "Where did you get that beautiful language?" I said, "It is not mine, but the language of God." He said, "Is that little book French?" I said "Yes," and lent him my Testament, and on the next morning we had a long and pleasant conversation together. I then left him, and in three months after I called on him again, and wished to know how he was getting on. He said, "I am happy to see you, and I have read all your little book, and I love it. Are you going to take it away?" I said "No, if you wish to keep it longer, you may keep it, but I have some advice to give

you: some of your friends may tell you that it is a bad book; tell them to bring you a better one, and we will balance them both." He said, "I thank you," and we parted.

The next Saturday I went round and invited the people to come and hear me preach; they came, but the two following Sabbaths I could not preach for want of a place, when the Baptist minister sent for me, and offered me his church to preach in every Sabbath evening, which offer I accepted cheerfully. I was also invited to preach in the Congregational church, which I did to show my people that all Protestants are united on the great doctrines of salvation. They came and heard me preach, and I made it my duty to visit them, for I had distributed Bibles among them the year before.

There is one family in whose welfare I felt interested. I often visited them, and to my great joy I found they were improving very fast. I proved them by calling several times unexpectedly, and found them employed either in reading their Bible, or meditating on their past way of living. The next thing was to help them, for they were in great poverty; the father was a tradesman, and had nine children whom he could not support, not being able to find employment, and they lost all they had by fire. I went among some friends, and although I was almost a stranger to them, it pleased God to open the hearts of the people and make me the instrument in helping this poor family; I obtained bed-clothes and wearing apparel for them. I proposed that their children should attend the Sabbath-School, to which they cheerfully agreed. I found the eldest boy and girl were good singers, so I opened a singing class, where we used to sing twice a week, and also on Sundays. Now the seed is sown, and we are praying for a good harvest. About six years ago, a young man came to me, in Detroit, and got a Bible,

since then he has come to Quebec and got married. I visited him, and found that he read his Bible and received a great deal of information from it; his wife is following his example. On visiting them, I found them either reading the Bible or exhorting the neighbours. They asked me for some books to distribute, which I cheerfully gave them.

It seems to me that the Lord has opened the way for me, and also the hearts of my Canadian brethren, and they frequently inquire why I come here. I tell them that I have come to talk with them about the salvation of their souls; let us examine which is the right way.

On one occasion I paid a visit to one of my cousins, and he said, "If you are come to try to make me change my religion I will cut your head off with my axe." I said, "I am not afraid of your threats; I have come to you in the name of God, with a two-edged sword." One argument I use is the poverty of the people. When walking the other day, I saw one trying to split a hard knot of wood, and asked him why he did not buy wood that would be more easy to split? He said, "I am too poor." I asked him why he was so poor, he said he could not tell. I told him that I could tell him, and desired him to go to the nearest hill and look down on three large churches and convents in such a small place as that, and I asked him who paid for all these? He said, "We have robbed ourselves to do it." I asked him if he got any return for so doing? he answered, "Nothing." I said, "Now you see why you are so poor; you are always giving, and not receiving anything in return." He said that he could not read, but that his wife could, so I lent him a little book which I told him was able to make him wise unto salvation. He received it very kindly.

One day I went into the country to see one of my friends. I was well received and had a pleasant conversation. I then went to one of his neighbours and told him that I had come to pay him a visit. But he swore at me, and said I was a d—l, and preached Methodist doctrine. I said, "Since I am wrong, will you be kind enough to set me right by your Bible?" He said, "Go away with your bad Bible, I will have nothing to do

with you." Another man said, "He is the d—l, send him away;" and another said, "Set the dogs on him," and he did so, and I said that God who stopped the lion's mouth could stop the dog's mouth too, and I went away.

One day I went into a store where one of my cousins used to stop. The mistress said to me, "Mr. Pepin, if you have a book or paper give it to him to read." But my cousin said he could not receive it, as the priest would excommunicate him for doing so, and his friends would not allow him to enter their houses. I paid a visit to one of my sisters to whom I had given a Testament on my arrival in Quebec. I found that she had read the Testament a little, and had received a good deal of light, but not enough to show me any friendship. She said she was sorry that she could not ask me to eat with her, as she was forbidden to do so. On another occasion I met several people for the purpose of conversing on religion: we had a glorious time. I am still preaching every Sunday, and the people come to hear me. There seems to be a great stir among them, and I hope it will be still greater before long.

About a year ago there were two of my French brethren in a shop: they bought my narrative, and were very much opposed to me. This year I went to see them several times, and one of them asked for a French Bible, which I gave him, but I could not persuade the other to take one. They came to hear me preach, and wanted me to exchange with them, a Testament for a Roman book. Another who is living with a Protestant, would not speak to me for three months. At last, one day, I took him into a room and spoke to him of the difference between our religions. Since that he has been to his church, and tells me all that the priest says about me in the pulpit, and he says he will be happy to read all the books and papers that I can let him have. I believe the seed has taken deep root in him.

On one occasion I met a man in a shop who had a conversation with a priest. This priest had lived in the United States, and the man asked him if the States was a good country for people to go to. The priest said that it was a good country and a good climate, but that it was a dangerous place for a Roman Catholic to go to, as the people

there had no religion. I told him that here the Catholics curse and take the name of God in vain, and work on the Sabbath day, and the Christian people in the States never do so. By these proofs you shall know them.

On account of the church being rather cold, I removed the Sunday-School to a private house, and I found that it suited the children and parents much better, and the neighbours who come to read the Bible.

One day a baker who attended the Roman church, heard a priest say in his sermon that if a man in purgatory owed any debt, he must remain there until some one paid his debt for him. So the next day he went to the priest and said, "You preached a good sermon yesterday. I believe you say that a man cannot come out of purgatory till all his debts are paid?" So the baker handed him a bill saying, "Your father, who is now dead, owed me fifty dollars, so he cannot come out of purgatory till you pay this account." When the priest saw that he was trapped, he said that he was very poor, but at last he gave the man two dollars, which is all the baker ever got, and which led him to the conclusion that the priests do no practice what they preach.

Some time ago I went to the Marine Hospital, to visit the sick, and I there found a few French Canadians, to whom I spoke about the salvation of their souls. They appeared not to understand. I asked them if they ever read the Testament, or heard it read. They said we know nothing about that book. Then I distributed several Testaments to them, which I said would do their souls good. I asked one of the female patients if, she should die, was she prepared for heaven, and if she prayed to God to know anything about her soul? She said, "I am not worthy to pray for myself, and I have no money to have prayers said for me. I asked her if she knew that she had a Saviour who bled and died for her? and I explained several portions of the New Testament to her, and she asked me to pay her another visit. So the next day I returned, and as I was passing the Doctor's office he stopped me and asked me what I wanted. I replied that I did not want anything from him; that I was going up stairs to speak to some French people and read the gospel to

them. He took hold of the Testament which I had in my hand, and said, "Do you know what you are about?" I said "If I am wrong, please inform me where I am wrong." He took one of my Testaments and said, "I am Doctor, and I have never read that book because it is a bad book, nor ever will. If you were to meet the priest you would put yourself in danger, if he found you with his patients." I said, "This building was built by Queen Victoria, and I wish I could meet hundreds of priests and popes. I know that the sword of the Spirit is the word of God, and it is able to overcome all obstacles." I also said, "I do not want your permission to visit the sick; I will go into any room I may think proper, to preach the gospel." He said, "You may go where you please." He asked me my name, and to what denomination I belonged. I said, "My name is to preach Christ and him crucified." Then he said again, "You may go where you please," and I said "It is well for you to say so." On my return from visiting the patients, I met the Doctor again, and he said, "Have you succeeded?" "Yes," I said, "thank God, I have." He said, "What do I care, whether you preach the devil or anything else;" and he went away.

A few days after I arrived, I met a lady in the street, who, after passing me, came back, and touching me on the shoulder, asked me if I was Mr. Francois Pepin? I said "Yes." She then asked me if I was converted yet? "Yes," I replied. Then I asked her what side she meant? She said, "Converted to the Roman Church." "No, madam," I said, "I am converted to Christ." She said, "Do you preach yet?" "Yes, madam, I preach Christ and Him crucified." She exclaimed, "My! my! my!" I asked her several times to tell me her name, but she said, "Never mind my name." She asked if I was going to preach any more. I said, "Yes, madam;" and the lady exclaimed, "My! my!" again, and she went away. I have met her since that, but I could not find out her name.

One day as I was passing a blacksmith's shop, I was very much pleased to see the blacksmith, with his Bible, explaining the word of God to his daughter, and to three or four men, in the shop. I was convinced that they

believed the word of God, for they did not expect to see me at that time.

Since the month of January there seems to be a great stir among the Roman Catholics: they who possess Bibles lend them to their friends; and so they come to hear me preach. The man with whom I had a conversation some time ago, bought one of my narratives, and shortly afterwards he came to hear me preach, bringing three or four French Canadians with him. I afterwards heard that he was pleased with my sermon. I met the same person three or four weeks after, and as I had heard that he wished to see me, I invited him to take tea with me. He accepted my invitation, and after tea we began a pleasant conversation on the Scriptures. He asked me if we partook of the Lord's Supper in remembrance of Him, or if the bread and wine were actually His body? I referred him to the 12th chapter of Exodus, and gave him the Bible to read for himself. When he had read it, he said, "What beautiful language that is!" I asked him if he ever read it before? He answered, "No." I asked him if he would like to read it? He said he would: so I lent him a Bible, which he received very kindly, and went away.

My god-father, of whom I have spoken before, invited me to pay him a visit. I went there, and he brought his Bible to me, and I expounded the Scriptures to him for some time. I stopped there all night, and in the morning I marked several passages for him to read, and we parted.

On Sunday I went to the house where I was accustomed to hold my Sunday-school, and I found the people in great distress. One of my scholars, a young man of eighteen years of age, had been beaten and turned out of his friend's house for reading the Bible. Another one, a young woman, was severely beaten by her father for reading a Testament which I had given her. Her father took the book to the priest, who said that it was a bad book, and that it must be burned. The young woman refused to burn it, and she was beaten by her elder brother for refusing. Thus are they persecuted for reading the word of God.

To show one way that I have for distributing the Scriptures, I will relate the following circumstance, out of

many others:—I have some Christian friends who distribute for me. One of these, a lady, related the following:—"A person came to my house, and I asked her if she would like to read a nice little book? She said, Yes. So I lent her one which she took home with her. The next time I saw her, I asked her how she liked the book? She said, 'I like it very well, and I am sorry that I cannot keep it any longer; every body in my house likes it.' I told her that she might keep it till she had finished it. She thanked me, and took it home with her again!"

The following account was given to me in writing by the person to whom it refers.

Some time ago a French Canadian leased a work-shop to a blacksmith, for the rent of seven shillings and six pence per month. Some time after, another man offered the landlord a higher rent, which he accepted, and ordered the blacksmith to leave the shop; but he would not go, saying that he would like to remain there till his year was finished. The landlord, not being able to turn him out, swore that he would do him all the injury that lay in his power, and said that the blacksmith would not work very long. The landlord was what is called a pious man: he used to go to confess, and get absolution. The following night he stole all the blacksmith's tools. On opening his shop, the blacksmith found nothing there; he made every possible search, but could not trace the thief. A month passed by, and the tools were not found. The landlord fell suddenly ill, and his doctor told him that he had but a short time to live, and had better prepare for death. The sick man immediately asked to see the blacksmith; he was sent for, but arrived too late; the sick man was speechless, and died without speaking to him. Before he died, the man had declared to his confessor that it was he who had taken the blacksmith's tools, and told him where they were concealed. The next day the blacksmith was told that his tools were buried in the ground beneath the floor of his work-shop, where the deceased had dug a hole when he stole them. The blacksmith found his tools buried where they told him.

It is declared by the Romanists that the priest keeps a profound secret what-

ever is confessed to him. But the above story proves this belief to be false, for it is evident that the blacksmith could not have recovered his tools unless the priest had revealed the man's confession.

To show the way I was persecuted, I will mention one circumstance that occurred to me. One day I was insulted by four or five young Frenchmen, who followed me, and called me names, as I was coming home from preaching. I took no notice of them, and they went away for that time. Next Sunday they came to the church where I was preaching, evidently for the purpose of making a disturbance, but as I was informed of their intentions, several policemen were stationed at the church during the service, which had the effect of keeping the young men quiet. "Resist the

devil, and he will fly from you" is applicable to this case.

A young woman came to the place where I kept my Sunday-school, for the purpose of seeing the "big devil" as I was called; but after coming several times she began to like to hear me preach the gospel, and asked me for a Testament: I gave her one, which she used to read at home. Her father took it to the priest, who said that it was a good book, but that it contained statements contrary to their religion, and told the man to burn it. But the young woman got her Testament back again, and she still reads it, although she is sometimes punished by her father for it.

F. PEPIN.

Quebec, Nov. 13th, 1856.

From the English Wesleyan Missionary Notices.

FUNERAL OF THE REV. DANIEL WEST.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Alexander J. Gurney, dated Bathurst, Western Africa, March 21st, 1857.

When I last wrote to you, I little thought of the dark cloud which was hanging over us, and that even before that letter had left the colony we should have to weep by the death-bed of our beloved brother, the Rev. Daniel West. However, in the inscrutable but wise dispensations of our heavenly Father, so it was; and, while mourning with his beloved family in the loss which they have sustained, and with the church which has lost a valued and useful pastor, we bow to the will of our God, knowing that he doeth all things well. We had indulged the hope that, by getting him ashore and nursing him at the Mission-house, his wasted strength would have been recruited, and that we should have had the pleasure of parting with him in renewed health, especially when we found upon first removing him, that the change from the confined atmosphere of his cabin appeared to revive him; but, alas! the fond hopes which we then allowed ourselves to cherish were dissipated, when, shortly after our arrival at the Mission-house, we found him rapidly sinking, and incapable of receiving nourishment, even in the smallest quantities. It was a solemn scene, and one which, while memory holds her seat, I shall not forget. While we and several of our members, who had assisted us in

conveying him ashore, were surrounding him, and felt that the last enemy (enemy still, though robbed of his sting) was drawing nigh, he lay in a state of total unconsciousness. We knelt down by the bed-side, and commended his departing spirit to his Redeemer. His breath became shorter and shorter, and while one of our schoolmasters was praying, and Mr. Bridgart and myself were gazing upon our beloved brother, the last sigh was heaved, the last breath drawn, and Daniel West passed to his eternal reward. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

On the following morning we consigned all that was mortal of our dear departed one to the tomb. Through the kindness of His Excellency, Acting-Governor Robertson, we were permitted to bury him in a brick grave in our own inclosure in the old burial-ground, by the side of those whom we may regard emphatically as *our own* sainted dead. The portion of the burial service appointed to be read in the chapel, I read in the presence of a large and deeply affected congregation, after which Mr. Bridgart gave a brief account of Mr. West, and we sang part of the 50th hymn,—

"Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise."

The remains of the deceased were carried to the tomb by members of our Society and congregation, and attended by Mr. Bridgart and myself, Dr. Ar-rault, (our medical attendant,) Dr. Kir-ton, (Colonial Surgeon,) W. H. Selby, Esq., most of our Leaders and Local-Preachers, and about three hundred of our members, preceded by the school-children. Dr. Hendley (of the Army Medical Staff) would also have been present, but for indisposition. At the grave Mr. Bridgart read the remaining portion of our sublime burial-service, and we sang part of that beautiful and consolatory hymn,—

“Hark, a voice divides the sky,” &c.

And in “sure and certain hope” of a joyful resurrection we committed the body of our brother to its kindred earth, rejoicing in the assurance that, when the archangel’s trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised from their graves, it shall arise a glorified body, clothed in immortal youth and never-fading loveliness. We cannot but regard this mysterious dispensation of Providence as a loud call to be up and doing the work of Him who hath called us to labour in his vineyard with renewed diligence, knowing that the time is drawing nigh when we too must go to “the house appointed for all living.” O that, like our beloved brother, we may be “faithful unto death,” and receive the “crown of life!” On the following Sunday morning I preached to a large and attentive congregation, from “Boast not thyself of to-morrow,” &c., and in the evening upon recognition in a future state. O that the bereavement over which we mourn may be the means of leading many here to “consider their latter end,” that thus out of what seems to us dark and inscrutable, Jesus our Redeemer may get glory to His name in their salvation.

Mr. Bridgart relates a characteristic incident at the funeral, which could hardly have occurred, except among simple African converts. His letter is as follows :—

“I should like to add a line or two to the account you have received of the funeral of the late Rev. Daniel West.

“The mournful event caused a deep sensation amongst the members of our Society and congregations at Bathurst, and developed an amount of sympathy

and feeling from our sable friends, which showed how much they love those who from time to time come to labour amongst them or their countrymen. Every face among the large number of persons who assembled in the chapel to attend the funeral, wore an expression of deep sorrow and concern, and many tears were shed as one and another came to gaze upon the dear remains previous to the coffin being closed.

“The burial-ground is distant nearly a mile from our chapel. It is usual at the funeral of any one of note in our Society, when there is generally a large attendance, for those accompanying the funeral procession to sing while passing to the burial-ground, as in some of the rural districts of England. The singing on such occasions generally consists of favourite pieces, some of them in broken English; of which our people have a large number in their memories. In many of their pieces a single individual—generally a female—sings a line or couplet alone, and then all join in chorus. Frequently lines are extemporized on such occasions.

“Believing they would wish to follow this custom in the case of the funeral of our dear departed friend, I intimated, on the funeral procession leaving the chapel, that they were at liberty so to do. I shall not soon forget the effect produced on my mind by their strains of wild, but throughout appropriate and affecting, music. They sang of the worth and preciousness of the Saviour in a dying hour,—of the glories of the ‘better land,’—and, as though addressing the spirit of the departed one, of the joys which he had obtained at God’s right hand,—of their determination, by the grace of God, to meet him there,—of his having left home and friends to be a ‘soldier of the Cross’ in their own native Heathen land,—of his having fallen gloriously in the heat of the conflict—and of the victor’s crown which he had obtained.

“As we neared the burial-ground, the singing ceased, and there was a solemn silence for a few minutes. It is difficult, however, for our African friends to suppress their feelings; and, after a few minutes’ silence, one of the women commenced, in slow and broken accents, a well-known stanza, which is chiefly heard on jubilant occasions, but

which was thrillingly adapted to our present mournful circumstances,—

‘ Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.’

The lines were taken up presently by the whole assemblage, and several times repeated with the chorus,—

‘ O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
When we meet to part no more.’

The effect was overwhelming. The memory of the few pleasant hours spent with the deceased at our meeting on his outward voyage—the cherished hope of another happy meeting so suddenly crushed and blighted—the grief and pain and distress of the preceding forty-eight hours—all rushed back at once on my mind, and, together with the asso-

ciations awakened by the sight of the tombs a little before us, produced feelings which would not and could not be controlled.

“ We came in view of the open grave, some of us weeping over the memory of the past, and some singing of the joys of meeting to part no more ; and, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow—*sorrow* for ourselves and the bereaved friends at home—*joy* at the thought of the glory and felicity the dear departed one had attained—we committed all that was mortal of our honoured friend to the tomb, trusting that, when the time of our change should come,

“ We, too, our willing heads should bow,
We, too, the prize obtain.’”

THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Since our last the *Watchman* has brought an ample report of the proceedings of the Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society held in Exeter Hall, which on several accounts possesses unusual interest. The spacious edifice was “crowded in every part.” The Chairman, the Hon. A. T. Kinnaird, M. P., a distinguished member of another Church, shewed a spirit and an acquaintanceship with Christian Missions most admirable ; the speakers were well chosen, and their addresses fraught with sentiments and facts deserving preservation and a frequent reference ; and for six hours there was no flagging in the fine, generous, enthusiastic feeling of the immense audience. We have not space for the comprehensive Report, which occupied an hour in reading, certainly not for the numerous speeches, which merit a first place in any fair account of the May Meetings. And what is best of all, every thing was indicative of a deepening Missionary feeling in the friends of the Society,—of a firmer confidence in its principles, and a stronger sense of its obligations and accountability, to God. The Breakfast Meeting for China was very important and harmonious. The loyalty of those friends must be of a good stamina for such a display of attachment ere the “Reform” tornado, which has been sweeping over British Methodism, has entirely subsided ; and the management of its Missions must have been confided to a Secretariat and a Committee sagacious, intrepid, and faithful.

We rejoice that the income was £119,205 last year, and that there is such an appreciation of the ability and willingness of its supporters, the Society is now attempting an income of £150,000. We are glad that the venerated Dr. Bunting was again able to favour the Annual Meeting with his presence, and that his own lips announced the fact, that in former times it was considered a proof of “impudence” for him to propose that £50,000 should be raised ; and now from the platform of Exeter Hall his advice is, “Be impudent enough to aim at great things ; by the blessing of God expect great things.”

It is gratifying to learn that the Foreign Auxiliaries raised £25,720 ; that the Juvenile Offerings amounted to £6,688 ; and especially gratifying that Canada contributed more than £10,000 sterling,—a large amount, but

less, it is believed, than will ever be contributed in future. A sincere joy is felt that the Society is out of debt ; though if any thing could make the old debt acceptable, it was the faith that gave it existence. The Providence of God was pressing ; for multitudes of wakening heathen called for help ; and it was not the habit of the lamented Joseph Taylor, Watson, Beecham, and others, to close their ears to such a cry,—and men were sent forth, and their support was thrown on the people in noble faith ; and, as in the ancient times of Methodism, that faith is honoured, and many Missions have been established which would have had no existence but for the debt. And to God be ascribed eternal praise, that while financial circumstances are so auspicious, the Society can report its 458 Central Stations scattered through the globe, its 633 Missionaries, 886 other paid Agents, and nearly 10,000 unpaid Agents. This is the imposing result from a small beginning ; but it is difficult to say whether the Supreme Being honours the Society most by this result, or by the numerous and loud Providential demands now made for more labourers to be sent by it to the ends of the earth.

APPEAL FOR MISSIONARIES.

It is affecting to read the following official statements in the last English Notices received, headed, “LABOURERS WANTED FOR THE FOREIGN FIELD,”—statements similar to others we have seen in several of the recent numbers. We sympathise with the Committee, and pray that the appeal of the General Secretaries may be very successful.

“The General Secretaries of the Wesleyan-Methodist Missionary Society will be glad to receive communications from Ministers in the Home work who may be disposed to give their services to the Missions for a term of years or for life. The law of demand and supply, and the supreme law of God that his servants should be ready for any service He may have for them to perform, inspire the hope that at this juncture there are many Ministers only waiting this intimation to offer themselves willingly to the service of Christ in Foreign lands. Married Ministers whose families are not so large as to increase greatly the cost of their outfit and passage, and single Ministers, also, are invited to lay to heart the wants of God’s work.

In addition to other vacancies which might be specified are the following :—

GIBRALTAR : From which the Rev. George Alton is returning, after a lengthened period of arduous service.

CEYLON SOUTH : Which requires a supply in the place of Dr. Kessen.

THE MYSORE : Mr. Little and Mr. Morris have desired leave of absence.

CHINA : The Committee having in reserve a donation of £500 for the preparation of two men for that important Mission.

KAFFRARIA : Four additional Missionaries are required for the line of stations connected with Beecham-Wood, where the place of the lamented Rev. James Stewart Thomas has yet to be supplied.

SIERRA-LEONE : Two Missionaries in the place of Mr. Smyth, who remains in the West Indies ; and Mr. Reay, who had charge of the Institution at King Tom’s Point.

THE GAMBIA : One is wanted to join Mr. Gurney on that station.

THE COAST OF GUINEA : Mr. Gardiner has not yet been relieved from his important station at Lagos, after seven years’ residence on that coast.

THE WEST INDIES : The lamented death of Mr. Ritchie, and the return

or temporary absence of several other Missionaries, have created vacancies which require an immediate supply.

CENTRAL AMERICA: As intimated on a former page, an additional labourer is desired at the Honduras."

EXTENSION.

With devout gratitude to the God of our Canadian Connexion, we are able to say, that a reference to the Minutes of the recent Conference shews that the 222 Circuits and Missions of last year have been increased to 240 this, and that while we rejoice at the number of additional Domestic Missions, upon which the elevation of this favoured British Colony so much depends, the joy is not less that the Indian work is extended.

Pigeon River at the head of Lake Superior is now a station of our Missionary Society; Walpole Island is another; a resident Agent for French River will be sent as soon as obtained, the tribe having promised the necessary assistance in the erection of Mission buildings; and a new Mission District has been formed on Lakes Superior and Huron, of which the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt is Chairman. The regretted return to Canada from Hudson's Bay, on account of Mrs. Hurlburt's poor state of health, of the able Missionary at Rossville, has been provided for by the removal to it of the Rev. Robert Brooking from Oxford House, where his efficient discharge of arduous duties has given him a claim in the judgment of the authorities of the Church to the important office of Chairman of the Bay District. The Rev. Charles Stringfellow, with his devoted wife, took his departure after Conference for Oxford House, as Mr. Brooking's successor.

Had the Domestic and French departments of our work been less urgent, several Missionaries instead of one would have been now sent into the Territory. When shall its just claims be regarded? Our hope for means to satisfy such claims is grounded on the promise of God, and the spirituality and faith of a Church eminent for Missionary benevolence, generously aided by the worthy of many Churches.

PRAYER PREVALENT.

We have thanked God for the intelligence, that the approaching British Conference is likely to receive on trial into its Ministry about seventy young men, after a year of gracious revivals, which have brought some twenty-five thousand persons into a relation of full membership, or of probation this year with the British Connexion. In Canada we have forty-two accepted Candidates for the Ministry, and our Mission work is replenished and enlarged,—a fact from which two inferences may be made: that the evangelical life of our Societies is vigorous, and that God hears their believing prayers.

When abundant commercial and literary allurements encompass the young men of this country, it is doubly satisfactory to see many willingly submit to the toils and trials of the Itinerancy. But they have counted the cost; and they might all have read what is thrillingly said of the CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY in Arthur's beautiful and instructive "Mission to the Mysore:"—"His name is written in letters bright as heaven's crystals, incorruptible as its light. His reward is God's approval upon earth; and when earth is burnt up, a crown flashing with the glories that beam from Deity unshrouded; a throne that even eternity cannot crumble, and which immortals whom his toil was the means of saving will joyfully surround. . . . Let him that would have bliss forever unshorn, go and win souls!"