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WESLEYAN
MISSIONARY NOTICES.

CANADA CONFERENCE.

NEW SERIES.

No. II.]

FEBRUARY, 1869.

[QUARTERLY.

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TORONTO:

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE, KING STREET EAST.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS ON THE BUSINESS OF THE MISSIONS ARE TO BE ADDRESSED
TO THE MISSION-ROOMS, TORONTO.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES,

FEBRUARY 1st, 1869.

FORTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE CANADA AUXILIARY WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A LARGE and enthusiastic meeting was held in the beautiful and substantial church in Guelph, on Tuesday evening, November 3rd, at seven o'clock. Rev. JAMES ELLIOTT commenced the proceedings by giving out the 457th hymn, "On all the earth thy Spirit shower," &c., after which he offered prayer. On the platform were the Rev. Wm. M. Punshon, M.A., President of the Conference, Dr. Wood, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Green, Dr. Evans, Rev. J. Douse; A. W. Lauder, Esq., M.P.P., Joshua Adams, Esq., John Torrance, jun., Esq., W. H. Gibbs, Esq., E. Jackson, Esq., Revs. S. Rose, E. B. Harper, M.A., W. Stephenson, and others.

JOHN MACDONALD, Esq., lay Treasurer of the Society, was called to the chair.

Mr. MACDONALD said that they met every year to record the story of Missionary toil and triumph, and to devise means for carrying on this good and glorious work. The work was divided into Domestic and Foreign. The Domestic work was maintained for the purpose of providing destitute settlers in the newer settlements of our own country with the word of life, and the ordinances of religion. Among the pagan Blackfoot Indians, a very cruel and murderous tribe, they had commenced a mission. He would not say anything about the Vancouver's Island and B. Columbia Mission, seeing that the venerable pioneer of that work, Rev. Dr. Evans, was now on the platform, as a returned Missionary, and would tell his own tale. They were aware that a few months ago they had undertaken a mission to the Red River Settlement. From this country they had received glad tidings in a letter from Rev. Geo. Young, giving an interesting sketch of his 90 miles circuit. There was formed already a class of 14 members—the first class-meeting held in that colony. A church was much needed at Fort Garry, and they must build it, as the colonists were in great distress. Fam-

ine was imminent, flour being already \$10 per 100 lbs; there was great suffering, and it was feared many would starve in the winter. Rev. E. R. Young, the Missionary sent out to Norway House, had taken a journey of 200 miles to Oxford House, where he found a church, much dilapidated, and needing an outlay of £30 stg. to put it in proper repair. He stated that a man and his wife had travelled 200 miles with their child in order to have it baptized. There was a pleasing incident showing the anxiety of the Indians to obtain Christian ordinances. A band of natives hearing that the Missionary had passed by the place where they had been encamped, waited in a narrow pass, through which they knew the Missionary's party must travel, in order to get their children baptized. In another band 100 hands were held up at a meeting, expressive of their desire for a Missionary.* Mr Young declared his intention to refer this request to Toronto, and ask for help. They said, "We have heard this reply before, and our hearts are melted within us from long watching."

An increased interest in this cause was felt every year. Men and means were greatly needed. Strange to say,

*See Mr. Young's Letter, page 30, of this No.

they could get men for everything except the ministry of the Gospel. They were greatly in want of men—earnest, loving, converted men; men of strong physique and sound mind, men who were willing to put up with a little hardship, if necessary, in order to gather souls to Christ. Means must be given, but not grudgingly. Much remains to be done. He feared there was too much apathy. They did not think of this work as often as they might. Once a year, perhaps, they came to the Missionary Meeting if it promised to be very interesting. Let them look at the word of God, and they would be convinced of the need of exertion,—“How shall they preach except they be sent.” He made a statement without fear of contradiction, that there was wealth enough in the Methodist Church to send the Gospel to every pagan in British North America within twelve months. Sordid men might say, “There are four months before the harvest cometh,” but the Christian man would say, “The fields are white already to the harvest.” Just as a church lacked the missionary spirit, it lacked vital power in its members. The fire flickered faintly on their own hearts and family altars, and could give but little heat or light to others. The word of God alone is sure, perfect, and abiding. Everything else was liable to change. What changes had taken place in their knowledge of Electricity, in Social Science, in Legislation, in Governments, in Nature, but the “Law of the Lord is perfect.” When the best of men from every land were coming to God, and his word for comfort, then

“Let all the forms that men devise
Assail my soul with treacherous art,
I'd call their vanity and lies,
And bind thy Gospel to my heart.”

He concluded by saying they should all give to this cause from a desire to honor God, and with an earnest loving heart.

Dr. Wood then read an abstract from the Report, being the 43rd Report of the Society's operations, and showing gratifying progress and success. They were supporting 191 missionaries on 155 missions, in connection with which about 18,000 members were being supplied with religious ordinances, 57 churches were either finished or in progress of construction. Class-meet-

ings and Sabbath Schools were maintained. Some interesting extracts were read from the printed Report.

DR. TAYLOR read the Financial statement, showing that the income of the Society for the year amounted to \$74,884 37, of which \$68,625 were received from Canadian sources, being an increase in the contributions from this country of \$6,095 11. There was a balance against the Treasurer of \$3757.27 for the year ending June 30th, 1868, though the balance twelve months ago was nearly \$15,000.

The first resolution was moved by Rev. E. B. HARPER, M. A., adopting the report. He thought there was more in it than usual. Its contents moved to gratitude, zeal, and fidelity. The people don't come out for nothing. They give their money because they think it is well invested. They had paid much money already. Some people might say why all this waste? If spent in maintaining the work of God, it was like the box of ointment acceptably used for Christ, but not wasted. He saw a smile upon the countenance of those around him when the amount of contribution from Hudson's Bay, \$11, was read out. What would they have thought if they had been at the meeting forty-five years ago, when it was announced that the total income of the Society was \$300, now it is \$68,000, and no doubt existed in his mind that Hudson's Bay Territory would yet contribute thousands of dollars to the Treasurers. He went on to show that the basis of all this labor was the circumstances of man, and the compassionate designs of God. Philosophy had failed. Education had failed. Civilization had failed, except when in connection with the preaching of the Gospel and the work of the Holy Spirit. It was remarkable how Providence had been opening the way for the continuance of their work. The North-West demanded all the men they could possibly spare. China was no longer closed. Madagascar, long closed by the pagan Queen against the Gospel, after so much persecution, was now re-opened with every prospect of ultimate triumph. Not long since Italy was sealed to us, but now opened. The present position of Spain, too, is a marvel. Why does God bring these open before the Church

except that he designs us to have eyes to see, and hearts to obey. The Chairman had said that there was wealth enough for the work, and so there was if they would employ what is uselessly spent on tobacco, drinks, and unnecessary or expensive clothing. Let us arise in our strength, give an impetus to the work, and wipe away the debt due by the Society.

The resolution was seconded by W. H. GIBBS, Esq., of Oshawa. He thought the fine audience present was a credit to the town and to the royal name it bore. He proceeded to explain the practical working of the Society with which people were not as conversant as they should be. He had a very hopeful view of the great future before us in this country and the great West. Our people must help us. They should not rest until the revenue reached \$100,000. It must be borne in mind that the money is expended in our own borders, or, at least, on this continent. There were mercantile agencies which showed what merchants were worth. Now our report was like this, a true record of what kind of people there are in every circuit. It is assumed that the missionary report from any circuit is the character of that circuit. As it supports this cause so it would support the ministers likely to be sent to it. If you want the best preachers send a good account to the Report.

Dr. EVANS moved the second resolution. He was glad that they had confidence in the all-sufficiency of the Gospel. If they had any doubts, news from all parts would set them right again. The remedy was adequate; all they had to do was to apply it. It had been tried, and wherever this had been done, if pure, it had been crowned with success. There were great masses of men yet to be experimented on. Now let them step across the wide territory of the north-west, and get to British Columbia. In the work there they would see degradation and misery. There was a large class there not yet impressed by the Gospel, not because it was incapable of saving the aborigines, but because the Missionaries placed in the centre of white populations had no time to reach them. Near Nanaimo, his last station, there were 15,000 Indians living in gross degradation,

speaking various dialects, and proper subjects of Methodist effort.* Mr. Crosby can speak to them in their own tongue, and they are everywhere anxious to hear him speak of Jesus. As to the whites, there could be no doubt of the downward tendency of man when beyond the reach of the means of grace. That country is yet to be the home of thousands.

Sometimes they were asked what results they could show on the Pacific coast? Not so much as they had prayed for and sighed after—and who had? In nine or ten years they had erected a good church and parsonage at each station—mostly at their own expense—and not without considerable labor on the part of the missionaries. When he resolved to build a church at Victoria the most of the people were living under canvass. Not a stick or scantling cost less than \$35 per 1,000 ft.; redwood, for pewing, &c., \$70 per 1,000 feet.; bricks, \$25 per 1,000; lime, \$7 per barrel. He referred to the providential answer to prayer in time of need, through the liberality of his friend, E. Jackson, Esq., of Hamilton, who sent him a donation for the church of \$1,000. These churches were now either free or in very good circumstances. He hoped that by this time the Cariboo Church was ready. When at Cariboo he had to pay \$12 a day to each laboring man, \$16 a day in gold to each carpenter, and \$30 a day for each man with a yoke of oxen—yet these hard-handed, and, in some cases, hard-hearted miners gave us enough to build without asking you for help. These men had been four years without any minister until Bro. Derrick's recent arrival. As to spiritual results, they had 141 members, which, though not a large number, yet was as great as could have been expected from the migratory, adult, and gold-fevered population. We had not Sabbath Schools full of tender and suitable materials for the operation of Gospel truth; our materials were hard, but God had given his blessing. There are hundreds of members returned to Ontario from the land of gold who might, and would probably, have been ruined but for our efforts, but were sent back

*Dr. Evans dwelt at length upon this Indian work. See his interesting letter, page 23, of this Number.

with *maintained* piety. He proceeded to say that another element of success was the fact that a broad and durable basis had been laid for their *entire* financial economy. They had planted in their people a disposition to give; and now hundreds of Indians were ready to receive us. The work was begun, and would go on, croakers notwithstanding. He informed them that there was much more good land for agricultural purposes than had been supposed, and the miners would scarcely have to import a single barrel of flour. Though the Americans thought when the Pacific railway was opened, the Oriental commerce of England would be played out, yet he declared our facilities were even greater than theirs. On the American line there were 800 miles of arid desert—on our route there was coal in abundance, and a soil capable of maintaining millions of people. We had a pass through the Rocky mountains 1600 feet lower than the pass on the American route, where miles would have to be roofed over to save it from perpetual snows. In addition to the fact that we had quite as practicable a route as theirs, when we reach the Pacific, our terminus was 24 miles from Nanaimo, the great reservoir for coal, copper, and iron. The steamers have to come there for coal, 780 miles from San Francisco. There is no anthracite on the Pacific coast except *there*; and you are nearer China and Japan by 700 miles at Nanaimo than at San Francisco. If with all these advantages we cannot beat them, we are not worth much. We should take an interest in all the great west, and stir up statesmen to do the same, and let them see our sincerity in expecting a great population by preparing, through our missionary agencies, to receive them.

A. W. LAUDER, Esq., M. P. P., felt this to be one of the most honorable positions. He rejoiced in the domestic character of our work—all honor to the noble pioneers who had laid the foundations of it so wisely and well, as seen from the permanence of the structure. He was a layman proud to call himself a Methodist: we do not covet the *patronage* of other churches. He was pleased to see the spirit of liberality evoked—gave a pleasing testimony to the qualifications of Rev. G. Young,

their agent at Red River, and concluded by saying there was a Sabbath School in Toronto that intended to build him a parsonage as soon as possible.

JUDGE DEACON moved the third resolution. In doing so, he referred to the success attending our operations, the prevalence of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, the political prominence of England and America, and said, if we did not in this fast age occupy the new parts of the country with a sound, pure Christianity, others would do so with a feeble imitation worse than Paganism. Onward and upward is our motto.

REV. W. M. PUNSHON, M. A., President of the Conference, seconded the resolution. He was glad that previous speakers had relieved him much of his responsibility, and nothing now remained but to lead them to the treasury. He was glad to see such a gathering—an assembly—such was only possible in a Christian country, and a Protestant country, where the truth as it is in Jesus was diffused over all the institutions of the land. There was a humanizing, civilizing, philanthropic atmosphere wherever Christ goes. The Missionary cause was the standard of the Church's life. As they craned themselves up to this altitude they were recognized as approximating to the mind of Christ. There was no need of argument here—this was the common standard before which nations were arranged, and by which churches were graduated. It was not hard to prove that God had honored this cause; it seemed as though He had created a succession of excitements to serve the missionary interest.

The first excitement was that of novelty, for which all felt a desire. They were all in the true Apostolic succession in regard to this, all of us being in the true line of the Athenians, who spent their time in seeing or hearing some new thing. He referred humorously to the improvements of modern times, such as railways, steamboats, telegraphs, and regarded them as furnishing strong excitements to missionary effort. The second excitement was opposition, wherever there was a Diana to be attacked, there were always men who made shrines, and who felt their craft to be in danger. This cause op-

posed the sordid and sensual passions, and it was not to be wondered at, that it should meet with slander, badinage, and gross persecution. What is the consequence generally? The advocates only asked, "Are we right?" They acted like the man who put his back against the rock, and bidding defiance to all his foes, said, "Come one, come all, this rock will fly from its firm base as soon as I."

Then there was the excitement of success. This of course was not the measure of duty. If all their labor, treasure, and life had been expended, and no soul had ever been saved, their obligation was just as great. They were not to go because the world needed the gospel, or were degraded and miserable, or on account of the adaptation of the Gospel: but because the command in the statute book lay unrepented to the ages: "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." They were bound to obedience till the world was converted. Still we are infirm, and it has been so arranged that wherever the Missionary has gone, success has attended his efforts. There had not been a fruitless mission in the world. This was now the normal state of the work. We expect success, and it comes. Now we come on the firm granite of Christian principle, and we should say in the words and spirit of our Master, "Lo,

I come to do thy will, O God." If this be so, we are sure of a good collection. He pleaded the cause of Red River, where Mr. Young wanted to build a church, and felt his hands tied for want of it; \$2,000 were required. Forty subscribers of \$50 each were sufficient. He begged to put down his own name as the first of these, but no doubt many would double this, as one expected from a poor Methodist minister only half what a rich layman can do. He liked the spirit of his excellent brother, Geo. Young, when he said, "Methodism had never yet gone with hat in hand, begging pardon for his appearance in any country, and I trow she never will!" For such a man and such a work he felt sure he could not appeal in vain. He would ask the question, "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" and appealed to their gratitude for all the multiplied mercies of life. In conclusion, he quoted the declaration of Paul, "Though he was rich yet for our sakes he became poor," &c. That was their *inspiring motive*. "She hath done what she could!" That was the *measure of their duty*: "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death." That was their *encouragement*, and "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever!" This was their *exceeding great reward*.

The Collections on the Sabbath and at the Anniversary Meetings amounted to \$218, and the subscriptions toward the New Wesleyan Church at Red River reached \$1278.50. At the Missionary Anniversary, Richmond Street, Toronto, \$599 have been added to this, also, \$13 paid in at the Mission Rooms, and more recently \$100 have been subscribed at Oshawa for a Bell. The Sabbath Schools of Toronto West Circuit are industriously accumulating a fund among the Teachers and Scholars to aid in this Northern Enterprise. To meet the wants of the Mission at least Three Thousand Dollars must be raised, two-thirds of which may now be said to be subscribed. The powerful appeal of the President at Guelph, and the numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Young, and lovers of the cause of God, will surely produce the necessary means for the erection of Red River Church and Parsonage, without entrenching in the least upon the ordinary gifts and gatherings paid annually to the Treasurers.

INDIANS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the Rev. Dr. Evans, dated January, 1868.

This letter from the venerable Chairman, though written a year ago, is worthy of publicity and preservation, because of its containing details and descriptions of these Aborigines not easily obtained, and an encouragement to the Society to persevere in its efforts to save these thousands of degraded heathen from ignorance and death.

New Year's Day was rendered more than usually interesting to many here by a Soiree at the Indian Village, about a mile from the town, in connection with the Wesleyan Mission. It was got up by a few Christian friends for the double purpose of encouraging attendance at the School, which is conducted with much assiduity by Mr. Crosby, amid great difficulties, and of shewing our Indian friends a more excellent way of entertaining themselves than in the pagan orgies prevalent among the tribes on this coast.

The Indians here dwell in large lodges built of boards, split out of the gigantic cedars abounding in the forests, in each of which as many families are huddled together as can find room, and are willing to acknowledge the supremacy of the chief proprietor of it. These lodges vary in size, from say 20x40 to 50x100 feet or more. They are covered with slabs of bark, and keep out neither wind nor weather. They are without artificial floor, and open fires are built in as many places as the fancy or the industry of the occupants dictate. The sleeping accommodations are uncurtained, and in the cold weather each has the advantage of heat and light proportioned to its proximity, for the time being, to one of these open fires on the ground. Fish constitutes a chief article of diet with those who adhere most closely to their primitive customs; and notwithstanding the quantity of offal devoured by scores of dogs and cats, your olfactory organs evidence the fact on approaching or entering, that everything around you is saturated with the effluvia of putrid matter.

In these wretched abodes, about the approach of Christmas, which, to the reproach of our *civilization*, the natives call "the white man's drunken moon," there are commenced a series of nightly orgies of the most exciting and revolting

spectacle, filling the entire neighborhood with loud yells and discordant voices. The principal actors are such of the chiefs, doctors, and young men and women as work others, and apparently themselves, into the persuasion that in a dream they have been endowed with some supernatural power to ward off sickness and other calamities during the year, from themselves and the tribe, by the frenzy they cherish and manifest in their dances. In one of these spacious lodges a row of fires is kept burning, and amid and around these the dancers wildly thread their way to the sound of tomtoms, rattles, &c., heedless of the smoke and danger. Nor is it unusual for some of them unluckily to get down, either accidentally or exhausted, among the embers, and pay no small purgatorial penance for their folly. The excitement is kept up night after night for about two months in the different lodges. The entire community are imbued with, or awed into, acquiescence in it. During the day the dancers are free commoners. Dressed in the most *outré* garbs, and disfigured by paint they run, hooting and screaming, from lodge to lodge, seizing upon and voraciously consuming every eatable within their reach; none daring, even if desiring, to forbid them. If a successful hunter, or a band of strange Indians arrive, the canoes scarcely touch the beach before they are plundered of whatever fish, game, or other provision they contain, by the fanatical horde of gormandizers, whose feats of gluttony seem to vie with the contortions of the dance in their approach to the superhuman.

I have failed to ascertain the origin of these practices. If they ever had any idea of worship associated with them it has been obliterated, or exists in so vague a form that it cannot be expressed. However this may have been, I am

impelled to the belief that the major part of the performers now are actuated by a desire to be jolly at the expense of others, at a season when labor is unpleasant, and hunting precarious. In addition to this, those chiefs who are most inveterate in their hostility to Christianity, use these practices to distract the attention of their people, and maintain their hold upon them. The effect upon the school children is unhappy. They are unable to attend with regularity; and, when present, exhibit too plainly the result of sleepless nights and nervous excitement.

During the last year we have succeeded in inducing several of the young people to erect small houses, where they can live apart from pagan association. A street is beginning to present itself, in a line with the Mission Church and School. Small enclosures are being cleared for family gardens, and planted with fruit trees. Mr. Crosby has labored hard; encouraging, instructing, and assisting in this department, and I have aided a little in it. I look upon it as a long step in the right direction to get the young people, whether married or single, away from the demoralization inseparable from the mixed mode of living in the old lodges; and doubt not that the best results will follow persevering effort, accompanied by prayer for the blessing of God.

Announcement of the tea meeting having been made, the Indians friendly to it went to work, and very tastefully decorated the room with flags and evergreens. The tables being put up, they were plentifully spread with bread and butter, and a variety of buns and cakes, the nomenclature of which my scholarship has not yet reached, but which were evidently not regarded by the guests as mere ornaments to please the eye. Their adaptation to another of the senses was practically proven after the many judges assumed their functions.

At half-past four the seats were occupied by about seventy Indians, adult and children, including several of the chiefs, some of whom had kept aloof so far this season from the dancers. There were also about eighteen or twenty white people, who partook with the rest. The children were at one table, at the head of which sat our interpreter and class-leader, A. Cushman. At the

head and foot of the other table were two of the chiefs, *Squineston* and *Tsil-kah'-mut*. Sundry other seats and chairs accommodated a number of women.

After some introductory words of welcome and explanation by the Chairman of the District, the blessing of God was invoked in song, and all present spent a cheerful hour of physical and mental refreshment. I can imagine the embodiment of amusement and gratification which your benevolent countenance would have exhibited could you have seen the zeal and perseverance with which the young aborigines applied themselves to the right use of the culinary productions of their white benefactresses. At the close of the meal the melodeon led the way in hearty hymnology, both in English and Nanaimo languages, when opportunity was given to all who wished to give utterance to what was in their hearts. I cannot give you even an outline of the remarks of several of the white brethren present; but believe you will read with pleasure those of some of the Indians, of which I took stenographic notes, as they were interpreted by Mr. Crosby in an under tone as he sat by me.

Squineston, (an aged chief). "I am very glad to be here to-day. This is the way to be happy—to hear God's word in his house. I hope you young men will attend to what the Missionary says. See! it is very kind in these friends to meet us. While I sat here I thought I would like to speak to the young men and children. It is good that you come to school and become like the good white man. I am very old, and shall soon have done here. All you, my children, listen to God's servants. This is all I speak now."

Amos Cushman, (Indian class-leader), said:—"Very happy to meet you. Glad to hear many friends speak to so many here. While sitting with the children my heart was joyful. I remember God cares for us, and gives us all these good things. I want to say to all these young men, 'Listen to your chiefs.' They say, 'very good, you turn from your foolish ways, and feast like this.' Yes, I wish all our young men would feast this way. I will speak from my heart about our old practices. They are very bad, and make the people very bad and sick. Look at this room

—not like yonder camps. Here is no smoke in your eyes—no cold—all feel good, and fear good words. Listen now: there is much said against the Christian way. But it is very good to get new hearts. The old people and the dancers do not seek us here, because their work is not like ours. They want us to go into their feasts, and they say we are not friends. But we hear God's word. If we go into their ways the devil gets into our hearts again. Take care, young people, never go to foolish heathen practices. I tell my old friends the truth—I believe God and feel kind to you all. Some of your food I don't like, and my heart cannot now like your ways. If you will pray to God, and get new hearts, you will know how I feel. All will then see you are for God. But while you have not new hearts, though you have God's word, if a strange Indian come you look just like them who have not heard about God. I know there is much to lead you wrong. The wicked rum-sellers tell you not to hear the ministers, and that liquor is good for you. But don't believe them—don't listen to them. I know all about it. I walked a long time in that way; and I tell you it is far better to believe God, and go with the good people. And now about this feast. Do not mistake: your white friends do not want to buy you. They make this because they love you. I am glad to see some here who have not been in God's house for a long time. But I always pray to God to bless you, and then he makes my heart very happy. Since God changed my heart I am not afraid of anybody when I talk about Jesus. He is my Chief, and I want to please him all the time while I live. It was not always so after I heard God's servants. Long time I had two hearts; but now only one Chief. Some of my old friends say I shall never be a Chief. Well, I don't want that; I want your hearts. I want you to give them to God to be made new. Then you will be happy too. God bless you all."

Tsil-kah-mut—*Big Jim*, (a chief, an attendant at worship, but not converted.) "I want to say a few words. I am joyful. Very glad that the ministers are in our land to preach to us. It makes me feel very solemn to be here today. I say to the young people never

to laugh or play in God's house. It is not like out of doors. Do not listen to the old people who are not wise in good things; but hear the ministers who are our friends. Young men, it is very good for you to show example to the children. You must always go to God's house, and let the children go to the school. We old men cannot easily change our ways, and we shall soon be gone. But you will be with the children who are growing up. You are not as we were. To you God's word has come. You must believe it, and do God's work. This will be best for you."

Sameaton, (a young married man; a church probationer.) "I thank God, my friends, that we are here to-night; and I thank God that our white friends are so kind to us. Very glad to hear what my friends, the chiefs, have said. My heart blesses God who has put it in their hearts to speak as they have. I think better days are coming for us Indian people. I wish all our young men would commence new lives now. Look at these kind friends. They are strangers in our country, but they bring God's word; and they make this feast to show their love to us. Let us then take God's word to our hearts. Our chiefs and white friends speak right to us to-night. I feel that it is God that helps them to speak thus. We have heard the truth a good while. I want to leave everything and to seek God. All my fathers are gone; but I am glad that I am here to speak for God. I am not afraid, if I serve God, that I shall get not only blankets, but all that I need. God will take care of me."

Lydia Cushman arose, laboring under much debility from a recent accident, and, with emotion and tears said: "My friends, I am glad that God enables me to be here. I have not often had a chance lately to be in God's house, and to see so many here. I sat in bodily pain, and did not know whether it would do for me, a woman, to speak; but I will, because the Holy Spirit warms my heart so much. I speak to my female friends here. So glad to see you here. Truly, I have waited a long time to see you begin to serve God. All my relations are going in the old foolish ways; and I am all alone without one female Christian to walk with. Sometimes I feel so sad about you

that I want to die and go to heaven ; but I keep praying for you, and now, while I stand here, Jesus Christ makes me very happy. The old people say I am foolish because I don't go in their pagan dance, as I used to go. They say I have been dreaming like them, and have not obeyed the dream ; and that I am therefore sick and shall die if I keep in this new way. But this is not so ; my old sins and foolish ways have made my poor body weak - that is the reason. But my heart is happy, and when I die I shall go to heaven, where there is no sin and no sickness. I thank our white friends who are so good to us, and want them to pray much for me and my people."

Joe Toucalt, (a probationer). "I have heard God's word a good while now, but was often very foolish. I am thankful I see this new year. I have never seen such things before as we see to-night. My heart is very happy—not because of this food, but the good words that are spoken. We are a poor people and God sends all these good things for us. I have given up my old ways, not because I am afraid of the ministers, or the magistrate, but I fear God and believe his word. I am not proud when I say this ; but I feel very small and humble. I wish you all felt just like me. It is God's spirit helps me to feel thus, and speak to you. What are we here for? Not for this food but to hear about God. Not here in foolish noise and dancing, but in God's house. I want all the young men to obey God and his ministers. Truly, God is our great friend and chief. He will help

us, and if our hearts are true we shall all meet in heaven."

These addresses were interspersed with singing and by remarks from several of our white brethren, and there was much of the melting of heart so often characterizing old-fashioned love-feasts.

At the close the Chairman addressed the scholars present, and, by request of the teacher distributed presents among them, giving a few special marks of approval to some commended for regular attendance and good conduct. An expression of thanks to the ladies who furnished the repast was offered in very good taste, on behalf of the Indians, by *Sameaton*. The National Anthem was then sung, and the service closed by prayer. On retiring we found several pitch-pine flambeaux had been prepared by the young Indians, who politely accompanied us to the town, the illumination having a very picturesque effect on the procession and surrounding scenery.

We have formidable obstacles to surmount in the prosecution of our work among this people. But Mr. Crosby's knowledge of the language, and his occasional visits to the surrounding tribes are beginning to tell upon their prejudices and superstitions. I sometimes wish for youth again, and opportunity to learn their language, and in its place before them the Holy Scriptures. Will not our Christian friends pray that God may dispose some young men, with vigorous minds and self-denying zeal, to devote themselves to this work?

WE present the following letter from our Missionary to these Indians, Mr. T. Crosby, dated as late as Dec. 12th, 1868, embodying very cheering statements of his labors and progress, and constituting a ground of appeal for liberal contributions to the Society, to maintain and extend the work, where the openings are so plain and inviting.

NANAIMO INDIAN VILLAGE,
December 12th, 1868.

As the first quarter is just closed since we received the Conference appointments, I write to give you a short account of our Indian work during that time. I have visited the Fraser River three times during the quarter, besides the tribes on the east coast of this Island, between here and Victoria, and

we have been much encouraged to find the people generally so glad to meet us and hear the word of life in their own language. And often in our travelling, and sleeping out at night exposed to the cold and wet, have we felt,

"Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
While thou, my God, art near."

In my last visit to Chillewack and Su-

mass, I spent near two weeks among the Indians and settlers travelling and preaching almost every day. On the first Sabbath according to appointment, I met the Indians at a central place on the Chillewack River; and after preaching, I gave an opportunity if any one wished to speak, when several of the principal men spoke, saying they would like to have a church built, and a teacher sent to teach their children. And they wished me to say very strong words to Bro. White, the Chairman, and the Church at home, to send them a good Missionary to teach them the true light. At the same meeting, numbers came forward with their donations towards building their new Church. I visited numbers of tribes during the following week, and met with the same earnest appeal in behalf of a Mission Church, in a central position for all the tribes, and a school for their children. By the following Sunday, it was found our collection from the Indians had reached about \$50. So several of our white friends suggested that a subscription be sent round among the settlers, and without any begging on our part, \$140 were promised. I hope if a regular missionary cannot be sent there at once, that the Lord will send a good local preacher, who will teach the school, and preach to the settlers on Sabbath. The building is to be put up early next spring. The Indians there have been under the influence of the Roman Catholic priest for some time.

But let the true light of the Gospel be scattered amongst them, and it will most assuredly dispel the darkness; and a slavish fear of man will give place to the love and fear of God. I am home again at Nanaimo, and here I find a good work going on. Our christian Indians are having prayer-meetings every night, to pray for a revival, and the conversion of the heathen; and our God and theirs comes down in the power of his Spirit and causes us to rejoice. The day-school is carried on by Bro. Peers, and doing well. I expect to visit the Indians on the Fraser once more before the March District Meeting. O, that God would send more men into this field, is the burden of our prayer. Besides the work connected with the Nanaimo, or An-ka-ma-nam language, there are several very important fields we ought to occupy, soon, namely: Queen Charlotte Sound, where there are hundreds without the gospel; and also on the west coast of this Island there is Quatsion Sound and Nootka Sound, which would be very important stations for Indian Missions. I hope the Missionary Committee will make every effort to enter every open door in our native work here, that every tribe may soon have the Gospel.

I should have said, in my travels of late, I have vaccinated hundreds of Indians, and I am glad to say that the dreadful disease, (small pox), which has taken so many away within the last two months, has in a measure subsided.

RED RIVER MISSION.

The Rev. GEORGE YOUNG's valuable letter commends itself to the sympathies and prayers of his many personal friends in Canada, and the friends of the Society. His appeal for another Missionary to give greater efficiency to the Mission, must not be forgotten.

TOWN OF WINNEPEG,
Red River Settlement,
Dec. 29th, 1868.

My present communication, which was long ago promised, must begin with an explanation, continue with grateful acknowledgements, and end with a statement of the religious aspects of my new and interesting Mission. Under the first head I must account for this long delay in writing and sending off this

letter; and unless I have greatly misjudged the matter, my explanation will be deemed satisfactory. Having waited for months for the completion of a house in which we could be "at home" for a time and where we could conduct public worship, and finding at length that the "chances" were all against us unless I was prepared to work and act as a sort of overseer myself, I concluded several weeks ago to undertake the un-

pleasant task, and so, although many may think it to have been somewhat "*infra dig*"—for two weeks the missionary at Red River had more to do with lime and sand, and mortar and boards, and slow-moving laborers, than he ever bargained for. The nature of the case and the results alike justified the measure. And then came the "moving in," the drying of newly plastered walls, and all the other *et ceteras* attendant upon an entrance into a miserably built house, plastered in very frosty weather. These varied, and perplexing and fatiguing engagements kept my attention pretty fully occupied, and so hindered me from writing as per promise. And, when once under cover ourselves, then the thought of many scores of dear old friends being in prison since the first of May last, and desiring greatly to consult them, and get more light and strength and fire from them, made me almost desperate to have them liberated that I might enjoy a sort of "re-union" with them all; therefore with as little delay as possible, iron bands were cut asunder, prison doors thrown open, and Wesley, Watson, Clarke, Howe, Charnock, Manton, Lange, Stier, Fairbairn, Wardlaw, Tait, French, Farrar, Vaughan, Parker, Cumming, Ryle, Stevens, Rigg, Arthur, Punshon, Millman, Hamilton, Chambers, &c., &c., &c.—were one after another set free, and assigned a respectable position where I may consult them as oft as may be practicable.

My *grateful acknowledgements* are due, and are hereby most heartily tendered to my honored and valued friend, the President, Rev. W. Morley Punshon. A. M., whose prompt response to my appeal for help, and whose wise, energetic and liberal doings in my behalf for the removal of "*manacles*" which I felt to be heavy indeed, and that I might at once "*arise and build*," have placed me under deep and lasting obligations, and to those dear friends, "too numerous to mention," who have so nobly sustained him in his efforts. It has long been a theory with me that the Wesleyans of Canada, taken as a whole, are about the most kind, liberal, zealous, and loveable people this side the "New Jerusalem;" that theory I hold more firmly than ever before.

Some day, I hope (D. V.) to meet many of them face to face, when this poor "lispng stammering tongue" shall try to express my heart-felt thanks. May Almighty goodness reward them abundantly.

And now the "*religious aspects*" of my Mission. Its geographical position, with the several appointments embraced, were given in my last. I deeply regret that for want of a house in which to preach, one of my distant appointments had to be given up. In another instance, after I had received an invitation to conduct service in a very desirable place for an appointment, a little clerical interference resulted in the withdrawal of the invitation, and so I had to pass on. On the 13th inst. we opened as our "Wesley Hall" a large front room in our rented house, when the attendance, the attention, and the collection to meet necessary expenses, were all very gratifying. At the close of the service I invited those who desired to converse with me on the subject of church membership, to meet me on Tuesday evening, when ten persons came, all of whom gave in their names for membership, and thus our first class for this part of the mission was organized; since that others have joined, and our meetings are increasing in interest. Our first class-meeting was a season of great interest and a time of thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, who thus sent these first fruits to cheer us in our toiling and waiting. Let none "despise the day of small things;" the first class-meetings in Canada, New York, and England were attended only by a few. In connection with our opening services we also organized a Wesleyan Sabbath School, which now consists of a superintendent, librarian, two Bible classes, and two or three other more juvenile classes with their respective teachers. For an excellent library for the larger scholars, we are indebted to the Rev. G. Cochran, and the Sabbath School of good old Richmond St. Church, Toronto. In addition to the other services, I hold a Thursday evening lecture, promising fortnightly to select certain rather popular subjects, to attract and instruct the different classes if I can. The attendance at the lecture as at all the services has been very encouraging, and our prospects

have brightened since we opened the hall. At "Sturgeon Creek," six miles from here, where I preach at half-past two, on Sabbaths, to a people who had been rather neglected till I came, despite a bigoted effort to get the door closed against my services, the congregations have increased, and from their earnest attention to the word preached, I am led to hope that good will be done. At *Headingly*, which is ten miles from here, I preach each Sabbath evening, in the house formerly occupied by the late Mr. Gowler, who was a Wesleyan in England in his early life, and greatly desired to see a missionary of the church of his early choice stationed in this land, "but died without the sight." Had he been spared, he would have been a helper to me in this time of need. But God can "bury his workmen and yet carry on His work." Here, too, my heart is cheered with increasing congregations. At "*Windmill Point*," which is forty miles distant from this place, I generally preach when I visit the Portage—on the Monday evening after leaving Gowler's, in the morning, and here, and at Poplar Point, five miles further on, I have about as many attentive hearers as can get in to the rooms we occupy. At *High Bluff*, which is seven miles from Poplar Point, I have organized another class, which consists now of 14 members. Seldom have I been more refreshed in spirit than I was on the occasion of my first communion service with this little society. I preached on the words of Jesus, "*Fear not, little flock*," &c., and then as we gathered around our Father's table, O what sweet influences came streaming from above into our waiting hearts. It was good to be there. A good brother Dilworth, formerly a leader on the Blythe mission, was led to come out here last Summer, and so Providence furnished us with a leader for our little class. All the servants of Christ who come to this land and really desire to do good will find opportunities in abundance,—I wish I had a dozen local preachers and as many good prayer leaders here just now. With the Spirit's help there would be a stir in the valley of dry bones. The little society at the "*Bluff*," I doubt not, will become the centre of operations for the upper part of this

long, long mission, when *my Assistant*, (whose coming I will pray for and expect,) shall arrive next Spring; then, and not till I am thus *re-inforced* can this inviting and important field be worked up so as to give prospect of good success. At *Portage la Prairie*, which is seven miles further up the river, I am welcomed into the house of kind Presbyterian friends, and permitted to enjoy their hospitality and preach to a good congregation. This really pleasant place is the most distant appointment I have yet taken up, and is sixty miles from our home at Fort Garry. Thus I have given a sketch of the field I am trying to cultivate for Christ, and a statement of some of the reasons I have for hope. Of hindrances and obstacles I am disposed to say but little. Methodism has lived and grown mighty for good, amid similar difficulties. Efforts have been made at different points to prejudice the people against me and my work, and in some cases to deter them from hearing or entertaining me, by those whose bigotry is equalled only by their imprudence and inconsistency. But these unwise attacks designed to hinder me have in some cases already been made to help me forward with my work. On Friday mornings, before sunrise, I generally start on my return journey, and get home, after a hard drive, by Saturday, at ten or eleven, a.m., and so get ready to begin again on Sabbath, at 9.25 a.m. Thankful I am for health and strength to toil thus for my blessed Master, where Christian work is greatly needed, and where "fields white unto the harvest" are all around me. I am not a prophet, but I will predict for the mission, whose foundations I am trying to lay, a glorious future. Let not our dear brethren be alarmed at necessary expenditures in this year of famine prices, nor regard the amounts required to "set up" the mission as so much sunk in the deep; foundation-work is always expensive,—a little undemonstrative, and yet indispensable. It will pay. I am in receipt of letters of a cheering character from my fellow missionaries in this great territory. They are all well and pushing forward the good work in a most hopeful spirit. They find it no easy matter for the present to secure the needful supplies—as flour and provisions are

so costly, and very difficult to get at any price. The relief committee is working away at receiving the flour, &c., from the States, toward the purchase of which so many have contributed so nobly, and distributing it to the half-

starving, of the different neighborhoods, at the rate of about thirty barrels per week. Many are in deep distress—but I hope we shall be able to keep them from actual starvation. *Pray for us.*

NORWAY HOUSE.

Letter from the Rev. E. R. Young, dated Rossville, October 5th, 1868.

In compliance with your request, I have visited the Oxford Mission, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. I left this Mission on the 5th of September, in a birch-bark canoe, with two Indians. The distance is over 200 miles, and through the wildest looking country I ever saw. We did not see a single house—with the exception of beavers—from the time we left this place until we reached Oxford. We passed through lakes, rivers, and creeks,—some of them exceedingly picturesque. We all arose at daybreak, hastily prepared and ate our first meal, and then hurried on. About nine we stopped for breakfast, after which we had prayer. About two we landed for dinner, after which we paddled on until the darkness prevented us from advancing any further.

During the first part of our journey we were accompanied by two boats belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. They were manned by our Oxford Indians. I often thought, as I witnessed their consistent lives, and joined with them in their fervent devotions, that if those who have said our Indian Missions are failures, were here, they would, unless possessed with the unbelief of Thomas, exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" We passed over nine portages, some of them around falls and cataracts exceedingly grand and beautiful. The work at these portages is very heavy for the tripmen of the Company. They have to carry all the goods on their backs, held by a strap from their foreheads. Some of the men will carry four hundred pounds in this manner, over rough paths—in some places running on the very brink of precipices.

We were much delayed by head winds and storms, and thus prevented from reaching our destination as soon as expected. We reached Oxford Lake on

Friday. The Mission is on the opposite side of the Lake—about twenty miles from where we were; but the winds were so fierce, and the white-crested waves were so high, that we durst not proceed. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could on the mossy rocks. The wood was poor, and a cold rain drenched us thoroughly. Here we had to wait until Saturday evening, when there appeared a slight abatement in the storm. We sped along from island to island, keeping as much in the lee as possible; but, unfortunately, we ran upon a sharp rock, and stove a hole in our frail canoe. We had to use our paddles desperately to reach the shore. We hurriedly built a fire, melted some pitch, and mended our boat. When this was done, we found the storm had so increased that it would have been madness to have proceeded. It seems a providential thing that we had been delayed by the damage to the canoe. Had we not been thus stopped we would have been out in the most open and exposed part of the lake, across which, at about the time we would have been in the middle, swept one of the fiercest gales I have ever seen, even in this land of storms and tempests. No use of murmuring; we had done the best we could. We kindled up our smouldering fire and made ourselves as comfortable as we could under the circumstances. All through the night we watched by turns in hopes of a lull in the storm, but none came. Sabbath morning came, and this is a review of the situation:—I have been travelling since Monday morning, and am within six miles of my destination; but between it and me rolls an impassable gulf. I can see the church and parsonage quite distinctly. The people will assemble in the Lord's house, but I can not meet with them. I am practically

carrying out the witty Irishman's invitation, "If you ever come within a mile of my place *stop there*." I have come over two hundred miles, and am within six miles of my destination, and am *stopping there*. Repining is useless. If I am in my providential path, and I believe I am, this rocky island, upon which is descending the cold rain and sleet, is the very best place in which I could possibly be. My two Indians are devoted Christians. We join together in religious worship, and felt the fulfilment of the promise, "Where two or three are gathered together," &c. About five o'clock the storm abated and we hurried on. Several times the waves dashed into our canoe, and as my seat was on the bottom, in the middle, it was soon *soft* enough. We arrived too late for the evening service. We were kindly welcomed at the shore by the native missionary, Rev. John Sinclair. He is a fine specimen of an Indian. He was brought out and educated by the heroic Rev. James Evans, about whom he loves to speak as one of the best and noblest of men.

The parsonage is a comfortable dwelling. The church is falling down, and, unless speedily taken down and rebuilt, will be a total loss. About £30 sterling would defray all the expenses of making it last for many years. Several very comfortable houses have been built by the Indians this year, all under the charge of the industrious missionary, who is a capital carpenter. The Mission is surrounded by several hundred acres of what seems to be, the best soil I have ever seen since leaving the prairies. Potatoes, turnips, cabbages, &c., grow as well as in the best parts of Canada. Mr. Sinclair expected to gather in over two hundred bushels of potatoes.

We rang the bell for service on Monday. Every man, woman and child came out to church. We had a delightful and hallowed service, and all endeavored to consecrate themselves afresh to Him whose body was broken and blood was spilt for us. We were sorry that many of the members were absent as trip-men for the H. B. Company.

We started for home on Tuesday and arrived here on Saturday. We slept on the rocks like the Indians. Twice we woke up and found ourselves covered

with snow. We found all well at home and everything going on as we left it, with the exception that the schoolmaster had deserted from his post, although much in debt to the Mission. Mrs. Young had, however, taken the charge in the interim, and succeeded in keeping the children together. We have secured the services of another teacher for the present. Our congregations are increasing every Sabbath. We have met all the classes, and have been very much pleased and profited with the clearness and beauty of the testimonies given by the members.

Some of our members are drawing near the "valley and shadow of death," but they are full of hope and peace, and rejoice that the valley is lit up by the presence of the Son of God.

Mr. Sinclair and I arranged, if we could get our local-preachers to supply for us in our absence, to take a seven or eight hundred miles' trip, in our canoes, to visit some tribes of Indians around Hudson's Bay, who are longing for the Word of Life. We have sent them bibles and hymn-books. They prize them highly, but ask for us to come and help them to understand those things about which they read.

An old man came a long distance to ask me to go and instruct his people. "A hundred families," he said, "stretch out their hands." I told him I would send word to Toronto for help. "Ah!" said he, "I have asked other Missionaries before, and they have said the same thing, and our hearts have melted within us from long watching." A father and mother brought their infant child over 200 miles, to have it baptized.

When returning from Oxford we were waylaid by a party of Indians,—not for the purpose of scalping us, but that their children might be baptized. They had heard, in their distant hunting-grounds, that the Missionary had passed on his way to Oxford. Immediately they hurried off to a narrow channel through which they knew I must pass on my return. Here they pitched their wig-wams, and patiently waited until my arrival. We reached that place about sunrise, and were surprised at finding it inhabited. When their object in being there was stated, we very gladly acceded to their wishes.

MUNCEY,—ONTARIO.

The utmost stretch of charity cannot find an apology, much less a justification, for recent intrusions among several Indian Missions, where the gospel as the "power of God" has been glorified through the Ministers of this Society, who, for more than thirty years, having first cared for the souls of their red brethren, have uninterruptedly maintained a pure and simple faith and worship. While we have had to mourn over occasional allurements drawing away from the Wesleyan fold converts from heathenism, we have pleasure in placing before our people the following

Letter from the Rev. P. German, dated November 20th, 1868 :—

I am happy to inform you that the Society and congregation which left us in the back settlement have returned. All the families in that neighbourhood, with the exception of one or two, attended our camp-meeting at Oneida last fall, which proved a great blessing to us. After the camp-meeting, John Henry and the Society at the back settlements held a council, and resolved to return. They sent for me twice to come and hold service in the church. After a few weeks we went, and found a good congregation. The week before last I appointed a meeting of the Society. The object was to give those who intended to unite with us in Christian fellowship an opportunity to do so. We had a good meeting, and seventeen

united with us again. J. Henry was the first. We elected another class-leader, and John Henry was recommended to be received as a local-preacher and Peter Brougham as an exhorter. Our Indians have put a new pulpit in the church, and trimmed it very neatly. John Henry has called to see me several times of late, and I have lent him some books. I intend to hold a sacrament and other special services there soon. Bro. Halfmoon is much encouraged. Our congregation is on the increase there. One of our old exhorters who left us attends our services now. All is quiet on the Mission, and I trust more will be brought into the Church this winter.

MISSION TO THE MILITARY AND SEAMEN OF QUEBEC AND POINT LEVI.

Mr. Rowsom writes of this Mission :—

The religious services conducted by my predecessor had been discontinued for some time, owing to the vacant house in which they had been held being rented. Through the kindness of Mr. J. Simmons, however, who generously offered the gratuitous use of a commodious room over his new brick store, the services were promptly resumed, and have since been regularly sustained every Sabbath evening. The attendance is commonly about all the room will accommodate, and would be much larger if the services were conducted in a church.

In addition to the above, your Missionary has held a morning service for

the military and some civilians, in the school-room, at the camp of the Royal Engineers. He has also maintained a weekly visitation at the military hospitals, and has been able occasionally to visit vessels in port.

In all these services, as well as in a class met weekly, composed of civilians, soldiers, and sailors, your Missionary meets with a hearty reception, and experiences the presence of the Saviour. A fuller attendance, greater interest, deep heart-searchings and contrition, and a desire to walk in a clearer light, mark these services.

Remittances received at the Mission Rooms, on account of Income for 1868-9, up to February 1st, \$2,039.