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WESLEYAN

MISSIONARY NOTICES,

CANADA CONFERENCE.

No. VI.]

FEBRUARY, 1856.

[QUARTERLY.

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TORONTO:  
WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,  
KING STREET.

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ADDRESSED TO THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

# WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1856.

## HUDSON'S BAY.

To the almost entire exclusion of other matter, we publish a continuation of the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt's Journal, and of Letters from the Rev. Thomas Woolsey, believing that the facts they contain are well calculated to preserve the Missionary wakefulness of our people, and aid in giving perpetuity to their sympathies, so generously displayed in promoting the extension of an evangelical and much needed work in the Territory of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company; and we do it with a fervent wish, that the success of the Missionary Anniversaries now being held, may enable the Missionary Board of Management to grant an immediate augmentation of labourers to a field of Christian effort not surpassed in interest and importance.

*Extracts from the Journal of the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt, Chairman.*

(CONTINUED.)

8th—I had a blessed time this morning. Our services at eleven, and the Sacrament were times of refreshing. We administered to three sick; poor Julitte among them: she is very low and failing fast, but seems deeply concerned about her soul. Old Sister Oig, to whom we administered the Sacrament, spoke of her holy triumph; she is always happy, and when she found herself recovering seemed disappointed, for she desired to depart.

9th—The packet arrived from York Factory the other day, but no news of importance. The men report but little snow north of Oxford. We hear the snow is about 4 feet deep south of us, it is about 2 feet here, and about one foot north of Oxford. Thus for three or four degrees of latitude there is a decrease in the depth of the snow in going from south to north.

20th—Though I see but little that I do, still I am constantly busy. I visit, and receive visits from the Indians, and sometimes they sit long with me, as I can now make myself intelligible in Cree. Dealing out the fish to the needy has been a great tax on my time. I now have two boats under way, which we very much need; and these boats I am making almost entirely with my own hands.

Sunday, April 22—I have had a good day as usual to my own soul. In our Class Meeting there was a man from York Factory, who spoke feelingly. Our Missionaries have laboured there occasionally, and a good number have been baptized; still Mr. —, when he left us went without ceremony and established a Mission at that place, and takes all our baptised members: now he has the modesty to express fears that we will not pursue the same peaceable policy that has been followed heretofore, and that has kept the Church of England and Methodists good friends. They, without ceremony occupy every place where we have bestowed labour, but we must not presume to approach a place that they have expressed a design to occupy, however much labour we may have expended there previously, if it should accidentally be discontinued. I can never submit to such a state of things.

This afternoon Adam Moody came to see me. He is a backslider: sin led him away from his God, and his church. He had heard a little of the gospel from the Church of England Missionaries at Red River, before the Methodists came to this country. He came home to his people here, and was imparting what

christian knowledge he had received, and was so engaged when brother Rundle arrived in June, 1840. Brother R. found a people prepared of the Lord, and when brother Evans arrived, about September 1st, 1840, quite a society had been formed. Adam Moody is the most talented man we have in this place, but liquor has ruined him. It is a query with me, how much others are responsible for this and other defections, in consequence of the example they have set. But Adam says he wants to join the church again. He understands Chipewewa. He has joined "Old Amos's" Class.

May 1.—The geese are just now passing in numbers. About ten days or two weeks later than in some other season.

May 4—I have worked very hard at boat-making, for about two or three weeks. Our Indians are all away goose hunting; so there is but little to do at present. I had the boat carpenter five days: but since he left I have built a boat all alone. This is my first essay at boat-building. I have made myself one suitable for travelling around among the Pagan's encampment, when they come in next summer. There is no summer travelling here by land; the whole country being mostly composed of bogs, swamps, lakes, rocks, thickets, &c.

May 21—Yesterday I had a precious season, and our friends from the Fort were over, for the first time, in their boats. We have about five months open water, and seven months ice.

May 23—Thermometer 10 below the freezing point, and this after so much warm weather. We had our garden well under way, and part of our potatoes planted. I have some fears for our potatoes, though three or four inches under ground.

June 19—This morning Sir George started for Canada. They seemed a happy company of two canoes. By them we both received and sent accounts and letters. Land of my birth and affections, when shall I visit thee again!

June 20—To-day the oldest man in our village died, and was buried this morning. He has been helpless and speechless ever since I came. He was long considered the chief of this band: was revered by all. His children, grand

children, and great grand children, seem almost half of our tribe, and constitute, on the whole, the best portion of our population. Mrs. Steinhaur is his grand daughter. The old man failed gradually, and at last the weary wheels of life stood still. His end was peace. He has been a member of our church from the first establishment of the mission. Yesterday afternoon I was busy in the garden and repairing the roof of our house where it leaked.

This forenoon, after the funeral, I put rockers on a chair, and Miss A. will cushion it for the parlour. Miss A. works for the girls early and late. Now that she has learned the amount of her salary, and finds she will have something remaining after supplying her own wants, she is making many things for her girls. A short time since she bought a whole piece of print, from which she gets bonnets for 30 girls—she has over 40 in all. A short time since she bought one pound of Berlin wool, which she bestows on the girls, teaching them fancy work. She proposes to give to her girls and the poor all that remains of her salary after supplying her own wants.

June 21—Our men start to-day for York. Our christian Indians are among the most faithful and trusty of the Company's servants. The pagan Indians often desert when employed on voyages. There is a demand for more men than our village supplies.

June 22—All day working at fence making around one of our small fields: nothing of this kind is done well unless I am present and assist.

June 25—The weather is warm and fine for our garden, but alas! the grubs have come upon us in swarms, like locusts, and are devouring every green thing.

June 27—Started this morning, about seven o'clock a.m., for Beering River, with two of our good native brethren. We go to make an effort to benefit the poor who are famishing for the bread of life. I now and then lift my heart to God, and ask him to send us prosperity. I have no hope of doing good without his special blessing.

June 28—We started this morning about sunrise, and with a fair wind, and with the help of oars, made good speed.

We killed two geese and a gosling. We saw a good number of geese with their young. We landed on a small rocky island, and got about 60 gull's eggs; two-thirds of which were good. We are getting so much good living on our way that I find it hard work to dispose of the good things Mrs. H. put up for me. I have not touched my Buffalo tongues nor pic. The men have all on board, and I must quit.

June 29—Yesterday we had east wind all day, which made it calm along shore. We crept along quietly all day, and at night camped on a small island, to get away from the mosquitoes. We got more gulls' eggs yesterday and this morning also. We got off early this morning, and with wind and oars made good speed for about 2½ hours, when we feared it would rain, and stepped into a fine cove, and prepared for breakfast. I record these little matters that relate to the outer man: but how can I record the deep emotions that are constantly heaving like ocean tide in my inner man: my wife poorly, my children scattered, and without a parent's care, and I cut off from the world, so that very little of earth intercepts my view of heaven. For some days I have had a vivid impression of the blessedness of a soul entering paradise after the storms and toils of life are o'er. Oh! the calm; oh! the peace, security, perpetuity—the *rest* of heaven. After breakfast we put out, and in a short time heard the report of a gun on an island. I did not like to go out of our course when we had a fair wind; but, as we were on a mission tour to these very Indians, I concluded to go. We found two families with a host of dogs. I improved my time by telling them of my errand. We gave them, according to custom, (a bad one,) some tobacco; after which, they begged some flour. We found these people very filthy, very ignorant, but entirely friendly. Oh! for more labourers in this harvest. The wind being fair we made good speed until half-past six o'clock p.m., when it became so high, though fair, that we thought it prudent to put ashore. We were 14½ hours on the journey, and have made about 60 miles. I steered and managed the boat all day, and found it sprained my arms. As soon as the tent was erected, I lay down and took a nap.

June 30—After breakfast we put out with a fair wind, and had sailed a mile or two, when we were hailed from shore. We turned in, and at the mouth of a small river, found an encampment of Indians; and while we were stating the object of our visit, and listening to their talk, the wind became so high, that we were compelled to remain. We had, of course, to give some tobacco, after which they wanted "one cook" of our provisions, which we gave them, and then they sent two of their young men to hunt ducks for us. I invited them to my tent, and they all came. I had twelve hearers able to understand, besides the children. I preached to them and sung and prayed. After which, we talked long, until the sun was low. These people seem only to want a man of the right stamp among them to turn them all to the Lord. There is not the least sign of hostility, but Indian like, they are waiting for each other.

July 1—Last night, about half-past seven p.m., we put out, the wind having lulled a little. Just as we were ready to start, an old man came to me, and said, he wanted to say something. The purport of his communication was, that he, with others, were ready to become christians, if the Indians now at Beering's River, will do the same. He promised to come soon to visit me at Rossville. About midnight we arrived at Beering's River. The Indians have been waiting for me some time: but have now nearly all gone to their summer haunts—this place not affording a sufficient supply of food for such numbers to remain long at a time. We had a talk with the Indians at their own camps; after which they all assembled in the trader's house, and I preached to them. This party, if I say 30 souls, belongs to the other side of the lake, and are pure Chippeways. There is an old man among them that came from Lac la Pluie, in his younger days. He has been on war excursions against the Saux, and is a great medicine man. With this man I had much talk and much debate. Here we meet the old objections. "Once on a time an Indian died, and went to the place where the whites go, but could not get in there. He then went to where the Indians go; and finally came back to earth to report his adventures, &c." Also, "The Mun-ntoo has given the Indians their way of

worship, and also, the whites their way, &c." To which I replied in substance. "We want some evidence of the truth of such statements as you make, that a man has been dead a whole year on a journey to the spirit land, and then comes back to earth again. You say the Munnitoo gave us our way, and also gave you your way. We have changed our way. At first we had a way of worship almost exactly like yours: then we were poor like you are now, and wicked too; but when the the Great Spirit sent us the right way, some of our forefathers received it, and in time more and more; and the more strictly we obey his way, and the longer we keep it, the more we are blessed. When we followed the old way we were poor, and few in number; now we are spread all over the world, and are numerous, like the leaves on the trees, and have plenty of food and clothing, and all other good things, as you know. Now, my friend, you say the Munnitoo gave you your way. I know there are bad things in your way. You sometimes invoke your spirits to assist you to do evil to each other. Some medicine men give bad medicine, and kill their fellows. They do thus and thus." "That's true, that's true," said the old man's wife and some of the other old women. "Yes, and that's true." "Hear him!" said one, "he talks like a great medicine man himself." "Now my friend, if your way should prevail over the world, we will never have done with wars, and all other evils. Your way keeps you poor and miserable, and the Spirit *Wagwain-ivigwain munitoowigwain*—a sentence expressing thribble-distilled doubt who that spirit might be; because I did not wish to offend him—who gave you your way is not good to you, for he has given you a bad way, and that keeps you poor and in want of many good things." I put him on the road to *infer* that it was the evil spirit that gave them their way. Some of them requested me to preach to them again. These Indians live in the vicinity of a mission of the Church of England, on the west side of the lake. The old man at first said "we are willing to hear you: but when any one comes to speak to us we expect to see *something* laid before us. There was one man that came to see us that did nearly

right. What was his name?" Peter Jacobs. "Yes, that's the one: well, he laid before us a considerable quantity of flour and pennican with his tobacco: but would you believe it, the big black coat, Mr. Ryerson, that passed here last summer, only gave us a piece of tobacco so long"—measuring on his finger—and he fairly muffed at the supposed indignity. "The missionaries want our children, but they are not willing to give us anything for them. They do consider that it is a good deal of trouble to raise them to a suitable age to go to school." This was at our first interview. After we left them I consulted with the brethren with me as to what we had best do. I said I had not designed to give them anything. They answered, "The Missionaries on the other side have spoiled these Indians. We have heard that some of them give a pint of flour and a piece of pennican to each one every time they come to hear preaching." Well, I remarked, these Indians do not belong to our side of the lake, and as it has been the custom of all that have visited them heretofore to give them something, we will do it for once; but I will explain to them that that is not God's plan, and that I will never do it again. We had contemplated remaining a week; but, considering all the circumstances, we concluded to give them some flour and pennican, leaving us enough to go home on. I afterwards explained to them that I could feed them no more. I said to them "this is not done anywhere in the world, except where they consider the Indians like children, and wish to coax them into the church. You have seen a man try to catch a wild horse? he takes some salt. Well, just so these Missionaries are serving you; as soon as you get fairly joined to them, they will do this no more. I have come to tell you the words of the Great Spirit, that you may save your souls, and escape the dangers in the world to come. I shall treat you as though I thought you men, and not children, or like an animal." Still, after all this plain talk, they were friendly, and were willing to give me their children to educate. I saw one girl, of about 12 years of age—an orphan. She was dressed in what appeared the bodies of two old cast off men's shirts, without

the sleeves. One was used for a lower garment, tied about the waist, and the other an upper garment. Her arms were entirely bare, and she seemed as though she tried to make her legs shorter; as she could not make her garments longer, which were in tatters in the lower parts. Poor thing! she seemed to have some modesty, and did not well like to stand or walk in our presence.

July 2—We bid our Indian friends farewell; and towards evening went out and camped on a sandy island, so as to be able to get a fair start early in the morning. This is a very common custom in this country, to get all together, and in travelling order, and make a few miles, and camp for the night.

July 3, 4, & 5—We worked slowly along against a head wind; getting a fair supply of geese, goslings, and ducks.

July 6—An early start and fair wind brought us home by two o'clock p.m. happy and thankful that we were blessed to return safely, and that all were well and in peace. During my absence brother Brooking had paid a visit to this place, but had left before my arrival.

July 14—For the last two days I have been busy attending to matters and things, visiting the sick, and copying journal to send to the General Superintendent, &c. Some of the Nelson River Indians are here, and they give us a little touch of pure uncontaminated human nature. They have been visiting our village, and it seems, without ceremony, lay hold of any woman that comes in their way. Brother Kostandank locked some women in the house to keep them from these tribes. No wonder we are troubled in this way

among ourselves, when such were the former habits of some of these people. A miracle has been wrought in reforming so many of them.

July 17—Sabbath was a good day: baptized five children. Yesterday I attended to matters and things, visited the sick, &c. Towards evening, we got letters from Canada, which cheered our hearts. To-day I have been writing, visiting, and attending to matters.

July 18—Writing nearly all the morning; worked some in the garden, &c. We have constant calls for medicines and provisions for the sick. On an average we cannot give less than three pounds of flour per day to the sick: this with tea, sugar, &c., &c., cannot be less than the value of £10 per annum, we are called upon to bestow in charity. We have our donation parties here, as well as in the civilized world, and as it is more blessed to give than to receive, we think our donation parties the more excellent of the two.

July 19—Last evening a lad recently from Nelson River died very strangely. A few nights ago he called out in the night, that something had bit him. He has had a burning fever, and has been delirious ever since. One finger on the hand bitten swelled till it burst; and, just before death there were livid or black and putrid spots all over his person. He had also a bad cough, and was much reduced in flesh. He is to be buried to-day.

For a month or two about this season very few fish are taken, and this is our fasting time. For one month in the fall we have plenty of white fish. Early in the spring jack-fish, pike, and sturgeon through June, but it is 15 and 20 miles distant.

*Extract of a Letter from Rev. R. Brooking, dated, Jackson's Bay Mission, Oxford Lake, February 23rd, 1855.*

I am thankful to say that we continue to enjoy excellent health, and that we feel ourselves quite at home, although at times a little lonely. Our prospects continue encouraging. Nearly all the Indians came home at Christmas, and remained about three weeks. During the Christmas week we had quite a large feast, for which they laid up a great quantity of provisions, viz.. upwards of 300 rabbits, 16 fat beavers,

besides flour, tea, sugar, and other articles. There were about 150 sat down to the tables that were laid out in the church, which was decorated with evergreens for the occasion. After the dinner we had singing, and several of the Indians made speeches suitable to the occasion: all acknowledged that they never saw it after such a fashion. Both old and young enjoyed it very much, saying, as they left in the evening, that

it was the best Christmas they ever spent in their lives. I might have stated that as early as four o'clock a.m., on Christmas morning the whole community came to the Mission House to wish a "Merry Christmas," as we were going off at that hour to spend the day at Oxford House.

On the last night of the old year we had a Watch-night, being the first that was ever held on the Mission. All the community attended, and we had a solemn and profitable season. On the last Sabbath of the old year, we had our first "Quarterly Meeting;" we commenced with the Love-feast. Several, both men and women spoke on the occasion, and some of them very feelingly indeed. After the public service we proceeded to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, when about 30 for the first time in their lives commemorated the sacrifice offered for the world's redemption. It was an interesting service indeed, and it filled our hearts with gratitude to God that he had permitted us to see such things so soon after the commencement of this Mission. We feel it to be no small compensation for the many privations we are called upon to suffer in this out-of-the-way-part of the world.

In consequence of the great scarcity of fish this winter *principally*, and of other causes over which we have no control, I fear that the expenses of this station for the current year, will be much greater than I had at first anticipated; for as the fish have so signally failed, we are obliged to purchase rabbits for them, and partly to feed them on pennican, which is now very expensive, and we cannot possibly do with less men than we have at present employed. If the

truth must be told, both Mrs. Brooking and myself have been obliged to sell some of our own wearing apparel to purchase provisions for the use of the Mission. It is even very different, in this respect here, to what it is at Norway House, where almost every thing can readily be obtained. I do not write this by way of complaining, but simply to show you the difficulties with which we have to contend in commencing a new Mission in this country, and to excite the sympathy and prayers of the people of God in behalf of your Missionaries in these inhospitable regions. As for ourselves we feel quite at home here, and are willing to spend and be spent for the good of this people. We are debtors for much to the *grace of God*, and the least we can do is,—as far as we are able,—to promote the *glory of God* among a degraded people, and to endeavour to advance their temporal and spiritual welfare.

Our kind friends in Canada would do us a great favour if they would send out something suitable for children's clothing, as many of the poor little things go about almost naked, and it is impossible to keep them clean without a change of garments; indeed, it will be difficult to carry on a school unless we have something of this kind to supply them with. And then, there are some gentlemen, too, who could materially aid us in the temporal improvement of this people; for instance, as the Indians are desirous of building themselves houses, a small box of "Shaw's axes" to hew the logs, would be invaluable. Also, some good *garden hoes*, without the handles, to enable them to plant potatoes, turnips, and other vegetables, would aid us materially.

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#### NOTES OF MISSIONARY TRAVEL.

*Extract of Letters from the Rev. Thomas Woolsey.*

(CONTINUED.)

LAKE WINNIPEG, July 24th, 1855.— Washington Irving has said that "John Bull, with all his odd humours and obstinate prejudices is a sterling-hearted old blade: that his virtues are all his own; all plain, home-bred, and unaffected; that his very faults smack of the

raciness of his good qualities; that his extravagance savours of his generosity; his quarrelsomeness of his courage, his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity: that he is like his own oak, rough without, but sound and solid within;



whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber, and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance." If any of my remarks, past, present, or to come exhibit, therefore, any of his faults (for I am not ashamed of the old gentleman, and trust I never shall be), I hope you will give me the full benefit of the act, and allow me his virtues also.

I believe I closed my last with referring to the proceedings of Sabbath, June 8th, and as the shades of evening were drawing on apace, I conceived it the better plan to rest awhile, and enter into the import of the words:

"Oh! how sweet, at day's declining,  
'Tis to rest from earth-born care;  
Gazing on those far world's shining,  
Dreaming that our home is there.

Though the shadowy gates of even  
Shut out earth, they open heaven,  
Where the soul would fain abide  
In the holy eventide."

July 9.—Started early. Morning very cold. Travelled five hours before reaching water. Breakfasted near Snake Hill River. Shot abundance of partridges, pheasants, pigeons, &c. Camped about 8, P. M.

July 10.—Off early. Morning fine.—Shot a large crane, weighing at least, 20 lbs. Camped near Two Rivers.

July 11.—Moving early, as usual.—Had to travel through "a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." Did not obtain any until we once more trod that empire "upon which the sun never sets," and whose sovereignty "sweeps the globe, and touches every shore." We now bade farewell to the Minnesota territory—one that has truly been "the home of many a traveller, and the theme of many a traveller's story; where, alone and solitary, was seen to glide the canoe of the dark-browed Indian over his own loved lakes; and from the rocky bluff; where stand the churches now dedicated to God, and raising their tall spires heavenward, alone arose the smoke of the wigwam and council fire, while the whoop of the savage resounded over the flowing stream below. The scenes when witnessed have disappeared across the river to the westward, and soon will be transferred still farther; and the home, the hunting grounds, and even the very

graves of the Indians will be obliterated for ever."

Shortly after entering Queen Victoria's domains, we captured three badgers, leaving the old one on the battlefield.—The North American badger, as you are aware, has been regarded as a cousin of the bear family. It much resembles in appearance the European badger, though there are said to be organic differences between them. It lives in holes in the ground, from which it seldom issues forth by day. It fights desperately when assailed by man or dog, as we indeed found; and being protected by a skin of great thickness, is not easily killed, which our guides most certainly proved. One of the young ones moaned like a human being in the agonies of death.—Did not take our first meal until 12 o'clock. Pheasants, snipes, pigeons, ham, &c., being all we could place upon our table, we had to do as well as we could, and be thankful. Towards the close of this day crossed Red River, which required considerable skill. In so doing, I had a narrow escape of being immersed, which, had such taken place, would doubtless have amused others, but would have been a strange adventure for myself. Camped near this place. Had several Indians as our guests, to whom we gave the greater portion of "the cousins of the bear family," which they received most readily.

July 12.—This day appears to have been remarkable only for travelling too far towards its close, and finding ourselves weary, and our animals tired, and miles away from water. A heavy dew met the claims of the brute creation; but "the lords of the creation" had to stay their appetites until the following morning, lest taking salt provision should make the case the worse. Camped as soon as we could. The time immaterial, and the place "unknown to song."

July 13.—Journeyed on for three hours before we came to a stream, during which period the feathered tribe made their descent in considerable numbers. We now partook of our last meal on the plains. Travelled on, anxiously looking out for the first dwelling house. As soon as one was discovered, it became an object of attraction, for we had been several days absent from civilized life. Oh, how valuable do the common or more gener-

al blessing of Providence become when deprived of them for a season. I do not wonder at the Psalmist crying out, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." Arrived opposite to the Upper Fort about 5, P. M.—Our perambulations for the present may be regarded as having come to a close. I will therefore finish this epistle by a few remarks relative to the country through which we passed. The scenery was indeed varied, forests and open plains, hill and dale; direct on the one hand, and circuitous on the other. In some cases it was beautifully studded with wild flowers, of varied form and hue. In others, one vast green sward. Prairie turnips and potatoes grow very profusely. Both are extensively used by the Indians for soup, &c. "Truly, O Lord, thou openest thine hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." Bones of the Buffaloes, Rein Deer, Moose, Elk, &c., lay bleaching in the summer's sun, as proofs that these stupendous works of an Almighty hand had once traversed these immense prairies. Taking the journey throughout from St. Paul, I do not expect ever to see its like again; and, to tell the truth, I am not very ambitious so to do, except by some other mode than the present.

We are both well, and desire our kind remembrances to yourself, Rev J. Ryerson, &c.

OLD FORT, *July 30th*, 1855.—Being wind bound at this point, I avail myself of the opportunity of again addressing you. By my last, you will perceive that I have chronicled our journeyings until we arrived opposite the Upper Fort, Red River. Mr. Jas. Ross had preceded us, being, doubtless, very desirous, after two years' absence, of visiting "the old house at home." His solicitude, in this particular, forcibly reminded me of the following lines, by Montgomery:—

There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Belov'd by heaven, o'er all the world beside;  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?  
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!  
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy home."

July 13.—We reached the Upper Fort about 6, P. M. Accompanied our friend to the paternal roof, where we were most

courteously received, and every attention paid to us that could possibly be shown. And what can be more grateful to the way-worn and weary traveller, than kind attentions, flowing from benevolent hearts? Our first impressions of this worthy family, were very favourable, and subsequent acts of kindness confirmed them. We found Alexander Ross, Esq., a very intelligent and interesting old gentleman, full of information as regards the North-west region and of his own locality in particular. In 1849, he wrote a work, of nearly 400 pages, entitled, "Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River," relative to the expedition fitted out by John Jacob Astor, to establish the Pacific Fur Company. He has also written a Prize Essay on the Agriculture of Red River, &c., besides two other volumes that are now in the press.

July 14.—Paid a visit to the Upper Fort, saw J. Swanston, Esq., the gentleman in charge, who received us most courteously, promising to do everything within his power to facilitate our movements. Had an interview with J. Ballenden, Esq., and Colonel Caldwell, both of whom gave us a most welcome reception. The former leaves by the Company's ship, in consequence of ill health, and the latter also having been called home. Received a call from the Rev. J. Black, who kindly invited me to be his guest during our stay; Bro. S. being solicited to remain with A. Ross, Esq. Favoured with an introduction to Sheriff Ross, eldest son of the last named gentleman. In the afternoon of this day met with the Rev. A. Barnard, of the American Missionary Association. He had fled from his Mission, in consequence of exposure to danger from the Sioux. He is, I am informed, master of the Chippewa language, having applied himself most studiously to it during his twelve years' residence among the Indians.

July 15.—Sabbath, in compliance with a request from the Rev. J. Black, I preached in his Church in the afternoon, having heard him in the morning, from the words, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." There is a Sabbath school here, averaging 100 scholars. I was remarkably struck with the regularity of attendance upon public worship. The language of the people

appears to be, "Now, therefore, are we all here present before, God; to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." A terrific thunder and hail-storm was experienced at the close of this day of rest. One little Cree boy was killed.

July 16.—Had an interview with Judge Johnson, a gentleman of no ordinary character. Called upon the estimable family of the late Donald Ross, Esq.

July 17.—Paid a visit to the Bishop's palace. His Lordship was absent on a tour through his diocese. We found his sister, Miss Anderson, a highly accomplished lady. Visited several families in the settlement. The enjoyment therefore appeared to be of a mutual character.

July 18.—Received a note from J. Swanston, Esq., setting forth that a boat and crew would be at our service on the following day, to take us to Norway House.

July 19.—Left the Upper Fort at 2, P. M. The kindness experienced whilst here will long be remembered. To adopt the sentiment of another, I must say that, in leaving this colony, I have never, in so short a time, become so much attached to any place, nor left it with more regret than I now do this. Amid all my wanderings, I have never been more kindly treated, nor made the friendship of a more whole-souled people. The scenes that have met my eyes have become daguerrotyped upon my optics.—As I have seen thee, Selkirk, so shall I always see thee, and the remembrance of thee will continue to be associated with "whatsoever things are of good report:"—

"For could I leave this cheerful vale,  
And quit thy hospitable roofs,  
Without one sigh, one keen regret,  
And of thy merits leave no proofs—  
I should not worthily repay  
The kindness of those friends,  
Whose worth deserves as warm a lay,  
As love or friendship ever pens."

Following the example of the Co-Delegate, my next will be a dissertation on Red River, in some cases confirming his statements; but in the general furnishing additional observations.

OLD FORT, *July 30th*, 1855.—Before proceeding further, in reference to our journeyings, I will furnish some observations relative to Selkirk's Settlements, *alias* Red River; for which I am mainly indebted to one of the residents.

This region of country appears to have been explored and first occupied by Fur Traders about the middle of the 17th century. Prince Rupert and other British lords undertook, at their own expense, an expedition to Hudson's Bay, for the discovery of a new passage into the South Seas, or to China, and for the purpose of finding some trade for furs, minerals, and other commodities. They made some discoveries, and were subsequently incorporated, in the year 1670, under the title of Hudson's Bay Company, and received a charter from Charles II. granting to them and their successors all the territory in North America, subject to the British crown, that was drained by waters flowing into Hudson's Bay. Besides this territory they have extended their jurisdiction over the lands watered by the rivers that flow into the Arctic Ocean, and also that vast country west of the Rocky Mountains. In fact, their territory embraces all North America (with the exception of the Russian possessions in the extreme north-west, and Greenland, in the north-east) that lies north of the Canadas and the United States and its possessions.

The first permanent settlement of Red River was made by a few Scotch Highlanders, sent out by Lord Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, in the years 1812-15. In the summer of 1812, some sixty young men and women, principally relatives, left their fatherland to find a home in the American wilderness. They had a rough passage, and many of them died of typhus fever, after they entered Hudson's Bay. The remainder were obliged to winter at Churchill, which they all left in March, on snow shoes; and after encountering many difficulties, arrived at Red River, not to find a quiet home, but to meet additional trials and disappointments.—(Two of that number are now in the settlement.) Subsequent proceedings led most of them to Canada as their future home, and that same summer they settled on the North of Lake Erie. In the summer 1815, a second and larger party left Scotland. They reached Red River in October, and not being able to get provisions for the winter, they were compelled to go out on the plains, to live as the Indians did, in quest of Buffalo.—Disturbances followed, in which Governor Semple fell wounded, but not mor-

tally. An Indian, however, put the muzzle of his gun to his head, and blew out the governors' brains. After staying in Red River a few weeks, they, with others, who had come from Europe were driven out by hunger to winter on the plains. They were a mixed company, as may be inferred from the fact, that in their camp, that winter, they were able to speak several different languages. In the spring they returned, and did what they could towards making comfortable habitations, and to get in what seed they had; but from this time, for three years, their crops were partly or entirely cut off by grasshoppers. Voyagers, in passing the shores of Lake Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, are said to have found dead grasshoppers, heaped up like snow-drifts. The settlers were again driven to the plains, until the fourth and last time, when, in 1821, the Colony began to prosper. Many a curious little story is told of those days. I may mention one out of the many. A Scotchwoman had, in despite of the grasshoppers, preserved for some time about a dozen of carrots in her garden, by covering them over with her apron; but, unfortunately, one windy day the apron was blown away while the good old woman was attending a prayer-meeting; so the grasshoppers got to the carrots. One of the children discovering the accident, ran off to the meeting-house, calling out, "Mamma! mamma! the grasshoppers have carried off the apron, and are eating the carrots!" The good woman got up, in the midst of her devotions, and ran home; but, lo! the carrots were gone. Some of them had been eaten to the depth of four inches in the ground. The disconsolate mother, on beholding the extent of her misfortune, exclaimed, "O! ye wretched vermin! could ye not have taken some other time? I have not only lost my carrots, but my prayers into the bargain."

The French emigrated here, from Canada, in 1818, and the Swiss in 1823.—Floods have occasionally destroyed their crops, swept away their houses, and destroyed much other property. One occurred in 1826. Another in 1852, compelling the inhabitants to flee to some high ground far away from their dwellings. The grave-yard, the "seed-plot for eternity," was completely inundated at that time.

The number of its inhabitants, &c., were fully detailed by the Co-Delegate. Upon these items, therefore, I will not dwell.

The settlement lies on both sides of the River, and extends more than forty miles. On the west side, between the two forts, the houses, parks, and cultivated fields lie between the river and an extensive prairie,—where, in summer, all their cattle feed in common. By a law of the place, hay-making commences on the 20th of July, in each year; and as this hay-field is common, and far out on the plains, this is done that each one may have an equal share.

OLD FORT, July 30th, 1855.—Our voyage from the Upper to the Lower Fort may be considered as but the start for our ultimate destination, for on reaching there we anchored for the night. We were most courteously received by Dr. Cowan, the gentleman in charge, and a very excellent repast at once furnished for our entertainment. While here we paid a visit to J. E. Harriott, Esq. a retired chief-factor of the H. B. Co. This gentleman, I am informed, may be regarded as one of our most valued friends, having rendered much assistance in translating our hymns &c. He was greatly interested in us, and made many enquiries relative to our future movements, wishing us every possible success in our great and glorious work at Edmonton. I cannot speak too complimentarily of the kindness shown us by himself and his good lady.

July 20.—Left Lower Fort Garry at 6 A.M. Breakfasted at the Indian Settlement, with the Rev. A. Cowley and lady, and Mr. George, of the Church Missionary Society. Afterwards were shown over the Mission premises. Here is a new stone church, commenced by the Rev. Mr. Cockran, whose indefatigable energies have directed him to another field of labour. Mr. George proceeds shortly to Fort Alexander. The Rev. A. C. acted towards us in a most gentlemanly manner, wishing us every success. Dined at the mouth of Red River. The grass at this point is from 5 to 7 feet in height. After several hours hard rowing, effected a landing at the Willow Islands at 9 P.M. The approach was

dangerous, in consequence of this part of the lake being exceedingly rocky.

July 21.—About one o'clock aroused by our guide, and were soon bounding over the agitated waters. After a very rapid run of 7 hours landed for breakfast. During the next two or three hours encountered a violent storm, which compelled us to land as soon as possible. After dinner, our guide ventured to cross over to the Dog's Head Point. Serious apprehensions were soon entertained, but by the good providence of God, we ultimately effected a landing near the above named point. The coast in this direction presents a bold front of granite rock, very irregularly formed.

July 22.—*Sabbath*. How calm and tranquil was this day of rest. How different from the past. A heavy swell from the West had produced vast undulations like the mounds of a grave-yard, and had burst over massive rocks on which we were now seated. How grand and yet how sad are these aspects of nature. Into what reveries they plunge us; whether wandering among the northern seas, amid frost and tempest, or they land us upon southern isles, where all is serenely calm and beautiful. For what can be more *peacefully* sublime than the calm, gently heaving waters? or what more *terribly* sublime than the angry, dashing, foaming sea? It speaks in a majestic voice, whether in the prolonged ripple or the stern music of its roar. But a voice louder than the roar of the fiercest tempest shall one day be heard, and the deep, even the lowest deep, shall yield up its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, and there shall be no more sea.

This day, whilst reviewing the past, and pondering over the great work to which we had been solemnly set apart, I was powerfully affected whilst perusing Mrs. Sigourney's Poem on the Ordination Service, especially that part referring to the awful possibility of a soul being lost through unfaithfulness on the part of the minister of Christ. I here transcribe it:—

“Give God the praise  
That thou art counted worthy, and lay down  
Thy life in dust. Bethink thee of its loss:

For He, whose sighs on Olivet, whose pangs  
On Calvary, best speak its priceless worth,  
Saith that it may be lost!

Should one of those lost souls,  
Amid its tossings, utter forth thy name  
As one who might have plucked it from the pit,  
Thou man of God! would there not be a burst  
Of tears in heaven?

Oh live the life of prayer—  
The life of faith in the meek Son of God—  
So may the Angel of the Covenant bring  
Thee to thy home in bliss, with many a gem  
To glow for ever in thy Master's crown.”

Our men being French half-breeds and all Romanists; we had to spend the day as we well could. Not one of these poor fellows could read, and yet their countenances bespoke minds capable of great expansion. Some of these expressed a desire to have their children learn to read but said that they could not send them to the Romish schools as the charges were so high. One expressed his resolve to leave the holy mother church!

July 23.—Started at 4 A.M. Breakfasted at Pigeon Point. Were wind-bound here until the following morning. During the day there were about 7 dozen pigeons shot.

July 24.—Morning cloudy. About 7 A.M. reached the Sand Bar, over which we ultimately got, though with considerable exertion. Almost becalmed towards the close of day. Our provision this day consisted of wild ducks, goose, sturgeon, &c. In conversation with Indians from Beerins River found that they had been recently visited by the Rev. T. Hurlburt.

July 25.—Awoke by the mosquitoes about 3 A.M. Really such calls are irresistible. I have heard of a poor deluded Romanist (a French half-breed) who stopped in the very act of uttering the prayer which he had been taught, and cursed these enemies of man and beast. It certainly requires more than ordinary philosophy, to bear up amidst their torturous inflictions.

July 26.—Experienced a terrific thunder-storm from 1 to 3 A.M. Started at 4. Had scarcely done so, when the wind changed, greatly alarming our steersman. Were in some peril in coasting along Montreal Point, in consequence of the great number of sunken rocks that abound in this locality.—Shortly after met a brigade of 12 boats

for the Saskatchewan, in charge of W. Sinclair, Esq., who informed us that we had better proceed to Norway House, and follow him in the Cumberland boats, and that he would await our arrival. Reached Norway House at 5 P.M., where we met with G. Barnston, Esq., the gentleman in charge, who at once placed his own family boat, at our command, to convey us to the Mission House, Rossville. Brother Hurlburt, his good lady, and Miss Adams welcomed our arrival most enthusiastically. Considering the comparatively isolated position of the missionary and his family, in the varied fields of labour, the sight of a fellow-labourer, from their own loved shores, must produce enjoyment of a very pleasing character. Truly—

We did recount the past,  
Talked o'er the years to come;  
Still on God's bounty cast,  
Till He shall call us home.

Dr. Steinhaur's good wife, of course welcomed his return. If report be true, nearly the entire population of Rossville were in his domicile during the evening. I remained at the parsonage until Saturday morning. Dined this day at the Fort with G. Barnston, Esq., and other gentlemen. I found the gentleman in charge, a person of extensive information, most courteous and obliging, and a hearty well-wisher to our Missions. On leaving, he expressed himself strongly in reference to our work and personal preservation. "May bright days and tranquil nights," be the portion of this gentleman and his family. It was very affecting to witness the departure of Br. S. and his family, in separating from their friends. Some persons talk about making sacrifices for the Missionary cause when they give a few shillings; but they use unmeaning words, when their sacrifices are contrasted with those of the heralds of the cross. Our brigade consisted of about 40 *voyageurs*, besides about 20 passengers. I was much pleased at the close of this day, to hear Bro. S. propose family prayer, in his tent, such to be continued every evening,

and when practicable in the morning, during our journeyings. With this I at once coincided. Some of the Indians were members of our own Church, others of the Church of England, and some few Romanists, &c. He then read a portion of Scripture, gave out a hymn which they sang melodiously, and then engaged in prayer—all in Cree. I shall not soon forget my feelings on that occasion, witnessing a considerable number of once Pagan Indians, now "clothed and in their right mind," attending most reverently to acts of worship, such as those in which we were engaged. There was evidently no fear of being reviled by the unrenewed by whom they were surrounded. To them it was a duty and a privilege.

July 29.—*Sabbath*. Started at 7 A.M., with a design to rest as soon as possible. Overtook the Saskatchewan brigade at this place, 25 miles from Norway House. They were wind-bound. Our boats now numbered seventeen, with about 160 persons. Shortly after landing, I was solicited to baptize the infant daughter of one Donald McLeod. This was speedily attended to, and being my first act, in the administering of the ordinances since my ordination, I refer to it, as being under peculiar circumstances. Met with two persons from Edmonton, one of whom assured us that the Indians were anxiously awaiting the arrival of a missionary amongst them, and stated that 30 camps of Sioux were very desirous of hearing the herald of Salvation, who should teach them the words of the Great Spirit. These latter Indians are said to number more than 350.

Thus far, I have detailed our proceedings. We are still wind-bound, and cannot say when we shall move on. I do not know when you will hear from us again. I am afraid that I have more than exhausted your patience with what I have written, and therefore conclude, earnestly asking an interest in your supplications. "Brethren, *pray* for us."

## THE PARENT MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Since our last, the arrival of the Report of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, for 1855, has put us in possession of statements and statistics of great value, forming a publication which tells us how systematic

the Parent Committee is in its proceedings, and how cordial and generous are its supporters. We should require much more space than we can command for extracts from many pages, which have been read with extraordinary pleasure. The Society is accomplishing a great work in many a distant region, and Providence is still earnestly beckoning its agents to other necessitous and imploring populations; thereby proving that God approves of the Society's past efforts, and that its duty is to assume new responsibilities. War, and consequent depression, taxation, and loss, have been keenly felt by the English subscribers, but they have the last year exceeded their usual liberality. Among the items of expenditure nothing has gratified us more than the £1,600 for training a Native Agency in India, New Zealand, Tonga, Feejee, and Africa. Why do the Wesleyans maintain their Missionary place at the head of all other voluntary Protestant Christians? The distribution of a million Missionary Notices and Quarterly Papers last year cannot but have edified many.

The last numbers of the "Wesleyan Notices Newspaper," have been exceedingly refreshing. The compendious, but full and lucid report of the Rev. Dr. Beecham's important official visit to British North America is what we wanted to see; and estimable as are the facts recorded in it, its chief worth to us consists in its being the memorial of an event, not unlike any other in Wesleyan history, but indicative of the self-propagating energy of Methodism, and is another of the first fruits of a spiritual abundance by which the world is to be blessed. We shall not forget his welcome visit to Canada; and we rejoice with him and many more in the successfulness of his mission. The day was when Wesleyan advancement was measured by single conversions, then by classes, afterwards by circuits and missions; now we reckon by Conferences; and despite the prognostications of adversaries, there is, after more than a century of effort, a residuum of vitality destined to reach, by Divine influence, much more glorious results.

The Letters in the Notices grow in stirring interest every month. That from one of the Society's six Missionaries in China, the Rev. Josiah Cox, brings good news indeed. The Rev. Thos. Hodson's lengthy communication from Bangalore produces mingled feelings. The revival in Newfoundland, reported by the Rev. Thos. Smith, is delightful. The Committee's succinct view of Missions, commencing the September number, commands attention, and awakens our wishes. And we cannot read of the Gambia, the Gold Coast, of Sierra Leone, the Cuban Slaves, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, the Friendly Islands, and Feejee, and of the work elsewhere, without admiration and hope.

Then comes the Society's Appeal, in the number for October, weighty, necessary, bespeaking the vigilance of the Parent Committee. The Rev. Isaac Harding's graphic letter from Geelong is one of the best. The Rev. T. B. Freeman's from Cape Coast elicits the thanks of joyous hearts, by its eloquent record of six old-Methodist services in connexion with the opening of a Wesleyan Church at Abakrampa, and of the doings at the Akrah Missionary Meeting, when £60 sterling was subscribed. Mr. Freeman informs us that Whydah wants a new church, to cost £500; and we see that the statement has touched some British hearts, and already there is a good subscription for Whydah: Lady Buxton giving £25, and T. Tombleson, Esq., £50. Beautiful is the biographical account of the Native Missionary, Wright,

in this number; and the page occupied with the Wesleyan Mission in the Territories of the King of Dahomi, fixes attention and begets thankfulness. The November number presents a letter from the Rev. John Ayliff, of Heald-Town -- a Missionary for thirty consecutive years. Governor Grey, and the Lieutenant Governor, General Jackson, had been attending a Wesleyan Sabbath School examination. Mrs. Ayliff had expressed to his Excellency her willingness to take charge of one hundred and fifty children expected to attend a new Industrial Institution, to cost £2,225. In this number we have an extract from Dr. Duff's farewell address--replete with the intrepidity and charity of an apostolical christianity. Then comes intelligence of the Society's intention to send a Missionary to the army in Turkey; and last of all, an exciting notice of a publication just sent forth by the Society, entitled "Events in Feejee," which we long to have sent us.

We see on the covers of the Notices individual subscriptions of from £1 to £900; and among them "A gift from a Creole, £250;" Mrs. Sugden, Sabbath Morning Offerings, (12 months) £26; a friend, for the outfit of two Missionaries to China, £500; G. R. Chappell, Esq., a Thank-offering for the return of his wounded grandson from the Crimea, £40. From New Brunswick there is a bequest by the late Mr. Nevins of £250; and Chas. F. Allison, Esq., of Sackville, transmits a special subscription of £50. The Wesleyan Co-Delegate of Canada sends from Mrs. McLeod and Son, of Kingston, £4; and a friend, at Barnham, sends calico-prints to the care of the Rev. R. Brooking, of Hudson's Bay. There have lately been several affecting valedictory services conducted by the General Secretaries and Dr. Bunting, and Missionaries have been sent to Gibraltar, Melbourne, Sydney, the East Indies, West Indies, Newfoundland, Feejee, Sierra Leone, and South Africa. The departure of the venerable Case is recorded with the deepest regret; and often have the doings of death to be chronicled by the Committee, but many heroic men and women, from year to year, are baptized for the dead.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Life of the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D.*, by the REV. THOMAS JACKSON, does not point us to the career of a Missionary, but to the conversion, ministry, labours, travels, talents, eloquence and illustrious success of an eminent man, whose chief business, next to pulpit exertions, for many a year, was on the Missionary platform of Great Britain and Ireland. We like this volume for its palpable Wesleyanism of tone and treatment; its protestantism and christian catholicity; and for telling the world that the noble and popular NEWTON, was, as we always confidently expected when hearing him, holy in his spirit, sublime in his objects; and then, and best of all, like Watson and Lessey, triumphant in death. Of the authorship, it is enough to say, that the writer is the biographer of Charles Wesley. Rich as it is in its narrative, allusions and reflections, we hope this is but the first volume of a distinguished Life,—the life of a second Whitfield,—the beloved evangelist and advocate of all great Gospel associations,—a life spent for the benefit of Methodism, of christendom and of the world: and who will not buy and read, and recommend and read again, a life so fraught with sanctity and cordiality, and commanding wisdom and beneficence? We commend it to the ministers, members and friends of all the Churches of Christ.



*Life of the Rev. Samuel Leigh.* By the Rev. ALEX. STRACHAN. Missionary biography like every other description of literature may be classified, and one class will be found to be vapid, another sectarian, another sparse in incident, another excellent—though such is the stamina of all that some benefit must arise from it. This volume is the production of a Wesleyan Minister of pure evangelistic spirit, accuteness and intellectuality, and the narratives he relates—drawn largely from highly-valued private Mission-House documents—place before us what must be denominated, energetic, perilous Wesleyan Missionary pioneering in Australia and Polynesia,—the apostolic Leigh, cheered by his devoted wife, prominent everywhere, with his simplicity, shrewdness, endurance, faith, sanctity,—valiant in conflict, humble in success, one of the noblest of the many noble men sent forth by the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England; and his acts, not envied, but stimulated and applauded by the good Marsden, a beloved Episcopalian Minister of New South Wales. For invaluable facts, lucid descriptions, and suggestive observations we place this work with those of Carey, Morrison, and Williams, presuming to say, it is not excelled by them in mental vigour, and startling but authentic statements.

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### THE ANNIVERSARIES.

Information received from a number of Circuits and Missions produces the conviction—not that the benevolent spirit of our Missionary supporters is spent, but that it is more than ever vigorous and noble in its developments; and that whatever wonder was expressed when Western Canada last year raised more than nine thousand pounds for Wesleyan Missions, the prospect now is, that even that sum must soon be reckoned among the lesser things. There is a lofty, liberal catholicity on the American continent, and while the Rev. Messrs. Arthur and Scott have obtained extraordinary sums in the United States for christianizing and protestantizing Ireland, the happy people of Canada are more and more making their stated contributions worthy of their christianity and their country. Whatever virtue and utility may attach to their acts,—and they are increasingly admired, and recorded with gratitude, by us, all will do wisely to go unto God with this avowal,—“Thou alone art worthy.”

But an accumulation of finances is an accumulation of responsibilities. There has for some time, and especially since the Rev. John Ryerson's important tour in Hudson's Bay, been an accession of posts needing and soliciting the services of our Missionary Society; and with an accession to the funds there should be an accession to the faith of every pious intercessor; then will there very soon be an accession of men with grace, gifts, and fruit to occupy many new and promising fields of labour. This is the Society's greatest necessity. “Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest; behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white ALREADY to harvest!”

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*The cordial thanks of the Board are presented to Juvenile friends on the Aylmer Circuit, C.W., for a valuable Plough, sent to Garden River Mission by the Rev. Francis Berry.*