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WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

CANADA CONFERENCE.

NEW SERIES.

No. XXIII.]

MAY, 1874.

[QUARTERLY.

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TORONTO:

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE, KING STREET EAST.

MISSION-ROOMS, TORONTO:—ALL LETTERS ON THE GENERAL BUSINESS OF THE SOCIETY ARE TO BE ADDRESSED TO THE REV. DR. WOOD; AND ALL LETTERS RELATING TO FINANCES ARE TO BE ADDRESSED TO THE REV. DR. TAYLOR.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES,

MAY, 1874.

JAPAN.

WE grace this number of the "Notices" with two letters from our esteemed brethren who have commenced our first Foreign Mission, grateful to GOD for His guidance and preservation of them and their families. Although the Committee had made liberal provision for the establishment of a Mission at Yedo, there may be the hand of Providence directing the removal of one of them to the interior of the country, as stated by Mr. COCHRAN. The subject has not yet been referred to by Dr. McDONALD, but as we have all confidence in their exercise of a calm judgment controlling their zeal for success in their Mission, we await the result without anxiety. They are both making good progress in the acquirement of the Japanese language.

From the Rev. George Cochran, dated Yokohama, January 21st, 1874.

Your letter of November 4th was received some time ago, also the Reports and Notices. Many thanks for your kindness.

We have lately made some changes in the line of progress. On Monday, the 12th inst., Dr McDonald removed to Yedo. We are not quite sure, however, that his stay there will be permanent, and for this reason: an opportunity has offered for the opening of a Mission in the interior of the country. It came in the following way:—

Early in October I went in company with a Missionary of the Presbyterian Church for a short tour of two or three weeks into the country. We went to a place called Shidzuooka, a large city, capital of the province of Surunga, and the retreat of the late Tycoon, who is there in exile. About 6,000 of the Samouri, or two-sworded military class, are there also with their families, living in retirement, since the feudal system was abolished in 1869.

We found there an American, Mr. E. W. Clark, of N. Y., in charge of a government school, and he entertained us courteously during our stay. He has since removed to another school in Yedo. While in Shidzuooka I became acquainted with some of the people. Among others with a Mr. Hitomi, the

most enterprising and business like Japanese I have yet seen,—a man of considerable influence in his city and Province. Shortly after my return I received from him an invitation to go to Shidzuooka and open a private school under his direction, for the instruction of the young people in English; and with it full permission to teach the Bible and Christianity. He desired to have his purpose go into effect as soon as possible after Mr Clark's removal to the capital. We concluded that such an opening for the planting of a Mission in the heart of the country, should not be permitted to pass unimproved, and as I could not very well take my family to such a place immediately, Dr. McDonald, having no children, consented to go. So I answered the invitation by offering his services. The offer was accepted. But after some correspondence on the subject it seemed as though Government, jealous of foreigners, would interpose insuperable difficulties. In the meantime Dr. McD. removed to the capital and took rooms at a hotel, that he might be on the outlook for a house of some kind in which he might reside until his own should be built. Yesterday, however, the matter with Mr. Hitomi was resumed, and we had a pleasant interview with him at my

house. He is hopeful of success, as some of his friends in the government are disposed to assist him. If he can secure permission to open his school, our agreement with him will speedily be carried into effect.

Mr. Hitomi proposed to fit up dwelling apartments in a large temple, finely situated near his own house, in a beautiful suburb of the city, and to give it free of rent. He will also pay the moving expenses of Dr. McD. from Yokohama to Shidzuoka, and will give something in the way of salary besides. He will likewise provide for the opening of a Dispensary and Hospital, so that the Dr. may have scope for the exercise of his medical skill. All this we hope may be rendered subservient to Mission work.

This will give us a location in the centre of the empire, 100 miles beyond where any Missionary is at present permitted to reside. From personal knowledge of Shidzuoka, and of the country round about, I am prepared to say it is a most desirable place for the location of a Mission. This arrangement will relieve you—while it stands—of rent, and perhaps some other items of expense, while it will afford unhindered scope for Christian work. If this effort should succeed Dr. McD. will require assistance in a short time; and we hope you will see the way clear for the increase of laborers which the necessities of the work may require.

Our prospect in this matter of a Mission in the interior of the country may yet be frustrated. But we think there is strong probability of success. In this case government opposition to Christianity may turn out for the furtherance of the Gospel. No foreigner, except in the employ of the Japanese, is permitted to reside outside of the treaty ports.

This therefore is the only mode by which we can get into the interior of the country. If it succeed, Dr. McD. can carry on missionary operations in addition to his school and medical duties; and when the country is opened, as we fully believe it must be shortly, we shall then be on the ground and established, and can devote our whole time to missionary work. In this whole matter we plainly tell those we are dealing with that we are missionaries, and would on no account consent to take a school in their employ only that it affords us opportunity for carrying on missionary work at the same time. And in this respect they understand our position fully. The invitation came to me unsought on my part, and perhaps chiefly because I am British. We take it as a token for good, and feel encouraged. Dr. McD. will probably give you his own views upon this matter, by the same mail that carries this. And from our independent statements of the case you will be able to judge of its character.

We have progressed so far in the study of the language as to be able, with the help of our teacher, to frame short discourses in Japanese and read them to our Bible classes. It will of course be some time before we are able to deliver addresses off-hand.

We are thankful for the prayers and sympathies of the Church at home, and feel encouraged by the liberality evinced by the subscription taken up in the Committee. We wait with patience for the details, which we hope to receive by the next mail from America. We have had no mail from San Francisco for nearly four weeks, but look for one in a few days. This will have left for America, however, before the next steamer comes in.

From the Rev. Dr. McDonald, dated Yedo Hotel, Tsukiji, Yedo, 20th Jan., 1874.

In your letter to Mr. Cochran, you made enquiries, and said that you would like to hear something about both soul and body. Well, we are in health and hope, and are very desirous of doing the work which the Master may have designed.

You will see by the heading of this letter, that we are at the hotel in Yedo. We came here Monday, 12th. My reasons for coming here at present are

perfectly satisfactory, at least to myself. One reason is, that I deemed that, if either of your missionaries intended to occupy Yedo, the time had come.

The *Guardian* which contained, as we supposed, the doings of the Missionary Committee, did not come to hand. We have not as yet heard anything from the Treasurers in regard to matters; but, from the information which you kindly gave us, we know that it is the

intention of the Committee to buy land and to build here. I do not know when the Government sale will take place. There is land in the hands of foreigners, purchased at previous sales, that may be bought; but by waiting for the Government sale, we may get a more eligible site. We should like to get a corner lot if possible. There are now the agents of three missionary societies on the look out for land,—the Wesleyan, M. E. Church, and Roman Catholic. The Presbyterians have five buildings already. The Episcopalians are also seeking for a "local habitation."

We may have to remain in the hotel a couple of months. It is possible that I may be able to secure a temple in some part of the city for a residence. Should an opportunity of this kind occur, I shall gladly avail myself of it. Perhaps, however, there is not much hope.

I send you by this mail (24th), an envelope containing a flower and a pamphlet. The flower was taken from the shrub on the 29th December. Such flowers may be seen in the gardens during the winter. It is the *Tsubaki*, or *Camelia Japonica*. As I am not an adept in pressing flowers, you will see that it is very rudely done, and it will not convey to you an idea of the rare beauty of the flower, as it unfolds in its own native air. I am not well versed in the language of flowers, and do not therefore know what this camelia would speak, but Mrs. McDonald and I wish it to convey our love to you and Mrs. Wood.

As the pamphlet may not explain itself, I may add a few words concerning it.

1. It will give you a good idea of a Japanese, or of a Chinese book, *i.e.* the style of binding, etc.

2. It is *my first publication* since coming to this country.—The sole edition of the work, and the whole of the edition.

Some time in the month of November, the idea came into my mind of trying to preach to my Japanese Bible Class in Japanese.

I wrote a short sermon in English, and by the aid of my teacher translated it into Japanese. I then carefully studied it, in fact nearly committed it to memory; and on Sabbath, the 7th December, I preached it from the manuscript to my class. On the 21st Dec., I also attempted to address them in the same manner, from "This is a faithful

saying, and worthy of all acceptance," &c.

I conclude that the class understood me, from the attention which they paid, and from the questions which they asked, and also from my afterwards reading sentences here and there, and asking for the meaning, which they readily gave.

I felt that the Lord's blessing attended the imperfect attempts.

As authors frequently dedicate their works to distinguished persons, I take the liberty of dedicating this pamphlet to you. I place it in your hands, *knowing* that you will not *very severely criticise* the sentiments expressed, and thinking that it might be of some interest to you, as it is the first gospel message which I attempted to convey to the Japanese in their own tongue.

It is written in the Japanese *Hirakava*, with a few Chinese characters which my teacher put in to give it a learned and classical appearance.

The text is John iii. 16.

I give you the first sentence of the sermon, and also the last in Romanized Japanese:—

"*Sora wa [this] hito tachi [man] ni [to] yoki [good] shim bun [news] de gozari masu [is] * * * watakushi dono wa [we] hor oboshi masi-mai [shall perish not], keredomo [but], kugiri nuki [everlasting] inochi wo [life] mochi [have] masu [shall]."*

A branch of the Evangelical Alliance, was formed here the beginning of this year. We all entered into it, and now have an excellent union on the basis of the Alliance. Mr. Cochran is Corresponding Secretary.

I send my account up to January 1st. I shall try and keep my expenses chargeable to the Society at the lowest possible figure.

Before this reaches you, you will have heard of the attempted assassination of Iwakura, the Prime Minister of Japan. The Government is somewhat unsettled. Perhaps it is not quite so favorable to foreigners and Christianity as it has been. It is probably only temporary. It cannot be said, that they have ever favored Christianity, *i.e.* since the expulsion of the Catholics, but I believe that the country must open sooner or later. At present not a missionary in the country need remain unemployed for lack of opportunity.

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.

From the Rev. G. McDougall, dated Edmonton, Wesley Hill, Jan. 7th, 1874.

JOURNEY FROM FORT BENTON.

After parting with Dr. Taylor at Benton, we made every effort to return as speedily as possible to Edmonton, my son being exceedingly anxious to move to Bow River before the winter set in. The day we left the Missouri we met the Equinoctial storm. The snow fell to the depth of twelve inches, and we were caught on a prairie where for upwards of 200 miles—with the exception of two rivers—there was not so much as a twig to be seen. The buffalo chips became so saturated with the snow, that the only way for us to boil our tea-kettle was to kill an animal and mix the tallow with the chips. Providentially for us, when the storm was at its worst we came to the battle-field of the Gros-Ventres and Pend-d'Oreille Indians. Around our camp lay the carcasses of horses that had been killed in the fray; but these we heeded not, for the Indians had fled and left their tent-poles. With these we soon enjoyed the luxury of a good fire and a well-cooked supper.

AGREEABLE CHANGE.

By the time we reached the St. Mary (Oct. 3rd), the snow had entirely disappeared, and the magnificent prairie bore almost a summer aspect. This is one of the finest parts of the Dominion. One hundred miles east of the mountains, at the confluence of the St. Mary, the Belly, and the Old Man's rivers, the soil is quite equal to that in the neighborhood of Winnipeg. The grass, however, is very different, being the celebrated bunch-grass. Timber is scarce, except along the river flats; but coal is abundant, and of the finest quality. The free-traders prefer using it to wood, as there is less labor in collecting the fuel.

WOLF POISONERS AND THEIR DREADFUL DOINGS.

We arrived at Fort Hamilton shortly after a fight had taken place. I visited a "wolver," for this is the term applied to wolf-poisoners, who had received seven bullet wounds. His wife, a Blackfoot half-breed, was shot through the arm in two places. At first sight

I felt very deeply for the suffering man, but afterwards felt my sympathy cooled when I was creditably informed that the same gent regarded it as pastime to make an Indian drunk and then shoot him. The truth is, our party felt it a great relief to know that we would soon be past these scenes of horror and degradation which travellers must witness as they pass these American forts, for though we were treated with great kindness by both masters and men, yet we saw enough to convince us that a worse state of society could not exist. The treatment which the Indians are subject to is too bad for language to describe; and it is very humiliating to a British subject to witness the wholesale poisoning of a nation that ought to have protection, even for humanity's sake. The Pegans, the Bloods, and the Blackfeet, are daily suffering from the poisoning draughts they receive from these trading-posts. And what is still more appalling, this last fall the infernal traffic has extended to the Crees. Last winter upwards of 5,000 buffalo robes, and a large quantity of other pelts, passed from our plains to the American side. Nearly all of this was purchased with drink,—not the ordinary liquors, but a mixture that, in its effects, closely resembles strychnine. The Indian, after taking a drink of this mixture,—if it is not largely diluted with water,—is seized with trembling, spasms, &c.; and the effects upon the system are exactly similar to that which we have witnessed in wolves and other animals that have been poisoned. Scores of Indians have died instantly after partaking of this infamous drink; and most of those who survive these drunken orgies are covered with blotches, their faces often fearfully disfigured.

These Plain tribes retain a high sense of equality and independence. The prairie freemen may be exterminated, but they can never be reduced to servitude. The powerful passion of revenge, early instilled into their minds, prompts them to choose death rather than slavery. "If I live," says the native, "my enemy may take pleasure in my sufferings: then let me die, rather than give him this satisfaction." And yet, ano-

malous as it may appear, these men, whose love of liberty excites our admiration, and who under the most aggravated sufferings display the greatest consistency of mind, are the most abject slaves to brutal passions! Their love of strong drink resembles the rage of an animal more than the passion of a man. The Blackfeet burn with a hatred toward the whiskey trader. In speaking of these men they say, "We have been robbed by the Big-knive. When we attempt to defend ourselves, they shoot us down like dogs. They carry off our wives and daughters; they give us the fire-water, and under its maddening influence we have murdered scores of our own people. They withhold from us ammunition in order that they may rule over us." All this and more the native will tell you; and then, with a knowledge of all these facts, so strong is his love for intoxicating drink, that he will travel hundreds of miles, and, on reaching the trading-post, will give all that he has in the world for a cup of the destroying drink. The greatest enemies of the poor Indian, in their bitterest wrath, could not desire a more dreadful curse to fall upon a people than that which now consumes our own tribes. We cannot imagine anything more perfectly the type of perdition than the scenes which may be witnessed daily on the banks of our own majestic rivers—the St. Mary, the Belly, and the Bow. The Spaniards exterminated the natives by making them work in the mines, and when the unfortunate aborigines remonstrated with their oppressors they were put to the sword. The Canadians are allowing the original inhabitants of this country to be destroyed by a gang of unprincipled foreigners, through the execrable agency of alcohol and strychnine.

The killing of an Indian is an occurrence so common that it is scarcely taken notice of. At one of the forts we visited, a short time before our arrival an altercation had taken place between a Blackfoot, who had acted as an interpreter, and one of the men. As the Indian was in the act of going out of the gate of the fort the white man fired at him, but without effect, the bullet just missing him. Another white man, who was standing by, said, "You are a poor shot," and, instantly

drawing out his six-shooter, fired at the unfortunate Indian, the ball carrying off one of his ears. The desperado then fired again, the shot taking effect, and the poor man dropped dead. The murderers, then seizing the body by the head and feet, threw it over the river bank. At another fort visited by us, the man in charge had given the Indians drink until some of them had become quite intoxicated. One of those under the influence of liquor was desirous of procuring more, and in the act of climbing over the gate of the fort he was shot dead.

At another place which we visited there was a quarrel between the traders and the Indians: two of the Indians were killed and two badly wounded. I saw one of the wounded men, and his sufferings were intense. But it would be useless for me to continue this catalogue of woe and death. Within the last three years hundreds of not only men, but women and children, have miserably perished on Canadian soil. The question may be asked, "Are these Plain tribes so outrageously wicked that they cannot be dealt with without resorting to the use of firearms?" In answer to this question, I would just state a little personal experience. Last fall, in company with Dr. Taylor and two of our Missionaries, I crossed from the North Saskatchewan to the Missouri, visiting the large camps of the various tribes on the route. Our principal weapon of defence was a miniature Union Jack attached to a small pole, which was fastened to the front end of the waggon-box. This, with the protection of Heaven, carried us safely through the Cree, the Blackfoot, the Pegan, and the Blood Nations. Men who would have shot American traders at first sight, received us as friends; and in more instances than one, set a guard to protect our horses and other property; and when we were re-crossing the Plains on our homeward journey, we were astonished to find that there was scarcely an Indian on the prairie with whom we met that did not recognize us as friends.

WANT OF PROMPT PROTECTION.

If our Government allows this country to remain in its unprotected state for two or three years longer, until Manitoba has sent out a few more of its

liquor traders, and the Indians are taught by sad experience that there are men just as mean and murderous on the Canadian side as there are on the opposite side of the line, then our flag will be dishonored, and our country may have to pay dearly for neglecting to protect a people who cling to the English nation with all the fondness manifested in a youthful lad towards a protecting friend.

We were grateful for the Governor's proclamation prohibiting the introduction of intoxicating drinks into the Indian territory, and had there been power in the country to enforce the law, much good would have followed. As it is, there is scarcely a petty trader coming out from Winnipeg who does not set the law at defiance. In this neighborhood there are hundreds of gallons of Winnipeg alcohol; and if the buffalo had been close this winter, so that the Indians could have congregated in our new settlement, we should have witnessed at our own doors deeds as atrocious as those which are now committed at Belly River.

In the name of humanity, and for the honor of our country, we plead for immediate protection; without this, there are poor hopes of doing much among the Plain Indians.

DELIVERANCES AND PRACTICAL MORAL LESSONS.

On the 17th of October we arrived at Fort Edmonton, grateful to our great Preserver for all His mercies. Through imminent dangers we have been led in safety. On one occasion, the Blackfeet taking us for Americans, sixty armed men charged upon us—but a little forbearance and firmness settled the matter. Again, we only missed a large band of Indians who, the day before, had had a fight with white men, and, some of their party being killed, might have revenged themselves upon us helpless travellers. On another occasion, on a beautiful moonlight night, a thief was caught in the act of throwing his lasso on one of our horses. He was taken prisoner by our party, brought into camp, faithfully lectured on his guilty conduct, and then kindly treated, and we have reason to believe that he left us as a fast friend.

Another incident, which I believe will be beneficial in its effects, was that

my son found three horses belonging to the Blood Indians. Now the practice in this country is to claim all lost or strayed animals; or, if returned to the owner, their full value must be paid to the finder. In this case the rightful owner was discovered, the horses returned, and the Indians carefully instructed that this was the course which Christianity taught men to pursue. In all our intercourse with these wild tribes, we endeavored to impress their minds with the great truths of the Gospel, and the manner in which they received our instructions was very encouraging.

HOME—BEAUTIFUL CHURCH—HAPPY DEATHS.

Since last April (with the exception of one month) my days have been spent in the saddle, and the cotton tent has been our resting-place at night; and if diversity of circumstances make life pleasant, the Missionary who for months has lived amongst savages can realise, in the highest sense, the enjoyments of a quiet, comfortable home. Here we have a beautiful church, an attentive congregation and a deeply interesting school. Our country appointments are well attended, and, best of all, a saving influence attends our services. We have a liberal people. Our comfortable sanctuary, which was opened by Dr. Taylor, could never have been erected but for the generous help given us by the Hudson Bay Company's officers. The beautiful stained glass window, the gift of W. T. Mason, Esq., of Toronto, is an object of admiration on the part of the natives.

Since our return, the people have erected a comfortable shed,—a very important item, where a large part of the congregation have to come with teams from a distance. Since the railroad track was cut through the mountain pass, parties have arrived from British Columbia, and are now engaged in preparing homes in our neighborhood. After years of hard toil at old Edmonton, the fruit begins to appear; but we have been admonished that this is not our home. Already some of those who rejoiced with us at the opening of our earthly sanctuary, have passed into the heavenly. Thank God! our people die well.

Margaret Whitford belonged to the

Flathead nation; was trained at the Jesuit Mission at the west side of the Rocky Mountains; was soundly converted at the Victoria Mission, probably the first of her tribe to embrace the Gospel of Christ. She lived a consistent Christian and died a triumphant death. Her body was brought over 200 miles by her friends in order that she might receive a Christian burial.

Sophia Bird was a native woman, brought up in the family of the late Dr. Bunn, of Red River, and though for many years a regular attendant at Church, was, nevertheless, a stranger to godliness. Last spring she was taken ill, and from the first believed that her sickness was unto death. Her mind was greatly alarmed, and with strong cries and tears she sought and found the Saviour. Dr. Taylor will remember the sick woman that had to be helped to the communion rail. Great had been her anxiety to be present at the Church opening, and the doctor's was the last sermon she was ever to hear. Her end was not only peaceful but triumphant.

She literally preached Christ with her latest breath.

William Rowland was, in many respects a remarkable man. He entered the H. B. Company's service in 1822; had made 27 trips from the Rocky Mountains to York and back in the Company's boats; and was connected with one of the Arctic expeditions. Last spring he moved from Fort Pitt to Edmonton and settled beside us. From the first he was a faithful attendant on public worship, and for some months appeared to be deeply anxious about his soul. I was from home when he died, but our young Missionary and Mrs. McDougall, who repeatedly visited him, believed there was hope in his death. The afternoon before he died he called his numerous family around him (some of these heads of families), and exhorted them to give their hearts to God, telling them it was his dying request that they should never neglect public worship. A blessed influence has followed these deathbed scenes. To God we ascribe the glory.

MORLEYVILLE, BOW RIVER.

From the Rev. John McDougall, dated Morleyville, Bow River Sept. 25th, 1873.

In accordance with our appointment to commence a Mission at Bow River, and as soon as we possibly could get ready, after coming back from Benton, where we had gone with Dr. Taylor, we started on our journey out to this place. There being no regular transportation lines in the North-west, we have for the most part to meet the difficulty of moving from one place to another, by carrying the passengers and freighting the goods and supplies ourselves. Consequently, your Missionary found himself at the head of a brigade of ten carts and one double-waggon. To drive these, along with some loose horses and cows, there were three men and myself.

My brother, who accompanied us for the purpose of settling out here, had with him ten carts; besides there were eight others, belonging to some families going out to winter with us, and see for themselves the goodly country to which we were going. In all, our party numbered thirty-five souls and twenty-nine vehicles.

On the 22nd October, bidding our

kind friends and fellow missionaries good-bye, we started from Edmonton. The weather was extremely cold, and the Saskatchewan was full of drifting ice, which made crossing very difficult. After nearly two days' hard work, and not without some considerable risk to life and property, we found ourselves camped at last on the south-side of the river.

For several days the weather continued cold, and then a change for the better, and one more favorable to the comfort of our wives and little ones took place. In the meantime a slight calamity occurred in the freezing of all our potatoes for the trip and winter. So good-bye to anything of that sort until we can raise them for ourselves.

Blessed with fine weather we journeyed along prosperously, and having crossed Battle, Medieval and Elk Rivers, we found ourselves, Saturday, the 1st Nov., among numerous herds of buffalo. A general run ensued, and quite a number of fat cows were killed. Thank the Lord! For if we have no vegetables

and very little flour, we have plenty of good buffalo meat.

Tuesday, 4th. We had to lay by on account of stormy weather. My brother and self went in search of one of our party (a young Canadian), who, stopping to skin a buffalo we had killed, fell behind the brigade, and losing himself did not come to camp that night.

It was snowing and blowing so that we could not see far, much less track anyone: fortunately after riding about for some time we came upon the poor fellow and brought him to camp.

Friday, 7th. While baiting at noon, two of our Mountain Stoney came to us. They said they were camped a few miles to the west, but that they were then, and had been for the last two weeks, with all the men in their camp, searching for one of their number who had gone with the rest one morning on their hunt, and had not been seen or heard of since. The lost man proved to be Enoch, one of our faithful standbys, who had been baptized and received into the Church by Mr. Rundle, many years since.

This man had been with us in more than one dangerous and difficult position, and always, whether in time of war or peace, we had proved him to be a faithful friend and a consistent Christian. No wonder we felt to mourn with our Stoney brethren over the loss of a mutual friend, and a pillar in the Church of Christ.

We told them of Enoch of old, and how "He was not, for God took him." And then, making an appointment to meet the whole camp the next evening, they went their way home, and we continued our journey.

Saturday, the 8th. This evening found us camped at the mouth of Ghost River, where it runs into the Bow. Our Stoney friends with their chief, the Bear's-paw, were there before us.

Sunday, the 9th. The day was fine and our congregation large and attentive. We tried to improve the time, and for the comfort as well of those lately bereaved, we preached to them from the words, "Blessed are the dead," &c. After service several children were baptized. In the afternoon our congregation was greatly increased by the arrival of James Dixon with a large party. They were camped some twelve miles above, on the river, and hearing that we were

near, they came down to join in the afternoon service. James is one of the best of interpreters in the Stoney language, and an earnest hard working man, respected by the Stoneys, and well known by the Blackfeet. We were glad to see our brother, and look forward to his being a great help to us on the New Mission. The day was one of profit and pleasure to all. The people were glad, that at last the long-looked-for event had arrived, and now they had a missionary, and the prospect of soon seeing a Mission established in their own country and for themselves, gladdened their hearts.

The Missionary was glad, for already here in this wilderness spot was a living Church, a foundation to build upon, a centre to gather into from all sides. Yet how responsible a position! A large congregation without a place of worship. One hundred and fifty children without a teacher, the Blackfeet near by. However our confidence is unlimited in Him who has commissioned us, and in the Missionary Society that sent us here; and we are encouraged and rejoice to think that soon a change will come over the scene.

Now we have no Church or house, but means will be sent to us with which to build these. Now we have no teacher, but one will be sent to us from Ontario. Now we have a few faithful ones, but the Holy Spirit according to promise will be given to us; and many will be brought out of heathenism and converted to God. We feel to praise the Lord, that though in the mission field there are hardships, and trials, and discouragements, these fall very far short of being on a par with the encouragements given us to go on in the work.

Monday, the 10th. To-day, we reached the site of the future Morleyville, and after looking about and counselling as to what would be best, we made up our minds to go back some two miles from the river, to a lake we discovered handy to timber, and there build our wintering quarters.

Accordingly, Tuesday, the 11th, we moved to the little lake, and pitched our tents permanently, or until we could get a house up; which by dint of hard work we finished, so that we moved into it the next Tuesday.

Then my men's house and a store

room occupied our attention. In the meantime the rest of the party were not idle, and we had quite an establishment.

For protection's sake we built our houses in a square, the doors and windows all opening into the square, and the back walls forming the outside of the enclosure.

Tuesday, 9th December. Our provisions were nearly spent, and we had to bestir ourselves, and start out to the plains for meat.

25th, Christmas-day. Service in our little shanty this morning. Scarcely two months since we came here without a home, now we have one. The Blackfeet have been to see us three times, and are favorable towards us and our mission. Fine weather, good health, plenty of buffalo and deer meat, the Indians peaceful around us. Provi-

dence opening our way and smiling upon our efforts. These are blessings for which we ought to be, and we trust we are, grateful.

To-morrow (p.v.) my brother and myself are to start for Edmonton, two hundred miles distant. My object in going there, is to attend the District Meeting, and also to catch the out-going packet, the only one through the winter. If spared to reach that place, I shall have travelled with horses over four thousand miles since last April. In perils by water, in perils by land, in perils from the hands of violent men, through all the Lord has led and brought me safe.

Dear Christian friends, pray for us, act for us in this as yet comparatively heathen land, and the Lord will reward and bless you.

From the Rev. Henry Steinhaur, dated January 8th, 1874.

That I have not written you oftener must not be attributed to a want of courtesy or to a wilful neglect of duty, but to circumstances over which I have had no control. Last winter my family suffered greatly from fever; *one is not*, and I only escaped death through the mercy of God.

Last spring, in company with our good people, I had to leave for the Plains in search of provisions. I deeply regretted not seeing Dr. Taylor, but in this great country it is not easy to know what is going on. Neither the Chairman's letters, nor intelligence of Dr. Taylor's arrival, reached us. So after spending some months with the Blackfeet and Crees I started for my appointment at Woodville, where I have been actively engaged both in secular and spiritual interests as connected with the Mission.

I am returning from a visit to my old friends of White Fish Lake. They deeply feel for a want of a Missionary, but I have counselled them to be pa-

tient,—telling them that our fathers in Canada will not forget them. Our Chairman has engaged my old friend Benjamin Sinclair to take charge of them,—the best thing under these circumstances that we could do.

Do not be angry with me for not having sent you before this time my Missionary Subscription List for 1873. I could not attend District Meeting; hence, I had no opportunity of communicating either with you or my Chairman.

Thanks to our Heavenly Father, I am now somewhat strong to labor; and thanks be to God my labor has not been in vain. Happy deaths and godly lives testify the power of the Gospel among my poor Indian brethren.

Before closing, permit me to make further application for my old station of White Fish Lake. They are anxiously looking for the Missionary and school-mistress promised them by Dr. Taylor. I trust there will be no delay in sending them out.

OF DR. TAYLOR'S VISIT AND THE WOODVILLE MISSION, MR. STEINHAUR SAYS:—

His visit along the great Saskatchewan and across the great plains of the North-west, will long be remembered. You know my Indian brethren are very

close observers; and by many a camp-fire they measured and weighed and described to each other the great chief that passed through our country.

I commenced my labors, as the Missionary appointed to Woodville Mission, on the 12th of September. To my knowledge this is the oldest station ever occupied by a Wesleyan Missionary in the Saskatchewan. Mr. Rundle was the first, and when he went home in 1848, it was still a Wesleyan Mission Station, under the charge of Benjamin Sinclair, one of our old local preachers,

and he left it and had gone to Lac la Biche; and in 1856 it was again taken up by the Rev. Thomas Woolsey, and after him came Mr. John McDougall, then Mr. P. Campbell, and in 1872, Mr. John McDougall, and now the present incumbent, your correspondent,—and I thank the good Lord, who has hitherto been my helper.

From the Rev. P. Campbell, dated Victoria Mission, January 8th, 1874.

In reviewing the labors of the past year, I cannot but record my gratitude to Almighty God for his preserving care over us, and extended goodness to myself and family. We have enjoyed many tokens of the Master's presence and love; not only in our domestic circle, but also in connection with the discharge of our more public duties. The "Lo, I am with you even unto the end," of the great Captain of Israel's hosts, has removed many perplexities, and filled the heart with hopefulness. There are circumstances in one's life, when the promises of our God appear to wear robes of immortal loveliness and beauty, with which they hold the heart spell-bound, as they carry it upward to God in blessed and enrapturing communion, and the seal of the divine approval thrills the soul with unutterable emotions. I say the truth when I tell you that we have passed through those circumstances;—we have experienced the consolation and blessedness spoken of. God's sustaining and comforting presence, has cheered and invigorated our souls in hours of loneliness and trial. Pardon, dear sir, these personal allusions; my heart prompts their utterance, and perhaps it may at the same time be a source of satisfaction to your mind to know that your agents, while holding up the cross to perishing immortals, are trying to do so with "clean hands and a pure heart," that at the last they may "stand in the holy place," having an "inheritance with the sanctified."

The people of this charge, though not so numerous as in the past, are trying to work out their salvation, and many appear deeply in earnest to obtain the entire sanctification of their souls. This falling off in numbers is owing to the nomadic habits of many of our congregation. Such habits cannot have a

good effect upon the moral or religious progress of a people; and until the hunt, with its accompanying dissipating influences, is abandoned for the more ennobling pursuits of the agriculturist, the advancement of all these Missions must of necessity be slow and very fluctuating. I know others may express themselves differently; but let me ask what other effect can an annual absence of from three to five months from the means of grace have upon a people? It is well known that in the absence of a preached gospel, the natural tendency of the heart, is to seek the things that are below, forgetting the things which are above. I have never known prosperity in godliness to be the result of a "trip" to the plains. On the contrary, lamentable confessions of sins committed, and duties neglected, form the burden of the returned hunter's experience. For this reason, I never encourage this precarious and uncertain mode of procuring temporal supplies. Its tendency is to destroy the permanent prosperity of the mission. Such a dependence will force a people, even against their will, to make frequent removals, so that they may always be within easy reach of the buffalo range.

To illustrate. At the present time, this station is suffering from the temporary removal of 14 families, who, having failed in the summer's hunt, and not having sufficient planted to afford provisions for the winter, were necessitated to seek winter quarters elsewhere. Some have gone to those lakes where white fish abound, and others have gone to the plains. These removals have affected us thus,—55 are taken from our congregations, 22 from membership, 30 from our day and Sabbath-schools. This mutilating influence will continue to retard the permanent progress of our cause here, unless agri-

culture takes the place of the chase. Notwithstanding this temporary absence of so many from this station, we are enabled to report a "growth of grace" in the hearts of our people. In the preaching of the word, in the Sabbath and day schools, and in our prayer-meetings through the week, we have times of "Refreshing from the presence of the Lord." We can adopt the dying words of the immortal Wesley,—we use them as our talisman in seasons of discouragement, and we rejoice in the significance of meaning with which they enter the heart.

While we are thus cheered with the Spirit's mighty influences in our midst, we are under the necessity of extending our field of toil. Owing to the unfortunate position of White Fish Lake Mission, I feel it incumbent on me to visit that station monthly. This entails on me quite an increase of labor, and much exposure, especially in the winter months. The last time I visited that people, the cold was intense, 20° below zero: my face was frozen four times. Imagine a ride on horseback under those not very enviable circumstances, and you will have an idea of the hardships attending such a journey. The poor people of this, once the most prosperous mission in the Saskatchewan, are as sheep without a shepherd, until a missionary arrives to take Mr. Steinhaur's place, and greatly lament their lone and sad condition. My object in visiting that station once a month, is that I may in part supply their spiritual wants, and possibly counteract injurious influences. Immediately upon learning the state of feeling, I suggested to Mr. McDougall the advisability of Mr. Snyder, their old teacher, being sent to them for the winter; but for reasons which I suppose they will communicate, the suggestion was not entertained.

I have also received letters from the gentleman in charge of the Company's post at Lac-la-Bride, (an out-appointment of White Fish Lake Station,)

soliciting a visit from a Missionary, for the sake of himself and family; and others who are friendly to us, have joined in the solicitation. To such intreaty I must respond. But while I am thus exerting myself to maintain the interest of the cause on another Mission, I am necessitated to neglect Fort Pitt, a people wholly depending on me for the Gospel. Lac-la-Bride is distant from this station about 80 miles. We have forwarded to Lac-la-Bride about 54 volumes of Sabbath-school libraries, hoping thereby to fill up a part of the gap, and I am under promise to visit them, all being well, in about two weeks.

Our day school is under the able management of Mr. B. Mackenzie, a man of sterling integrity, and as a teacher very efficient and popular. As a local preacher, ready and instructive. May he be long spared to promote the work of God in this Mission. Our Sabbath-school is still interesting and profitable to the children of the settlement. We have about 45 members who may be called residents of this place, 12 or 14 Crows who come occasionally to this place, 22 who are absent for the winter but who will likely return in April.

In conclusion, allow me to say that the influences of Dr. Taylor's visit to this Mission have not died away; the effects of his sermons and lectures are not stripped of their blessedness. His kindness and urbanity are not forgotten but will live in hearts that will not let them die. His memory is fragrant with that goodness that makes it imperishable. Had his visit been four years ago, and repeated now again, although the expense involved would be considerable, the Society would have been amply repaid, by the richer harvest of immortal souls. All our people with whom I have conversed, relative to the visit of our distinguished friend to this country, have spoken of him in terms of highest commendation, and expressed regret that from circumstances over which he had no control, it was so very brief.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

From the Rev. Wm. Pollard, Chairman of the District, dated Victoria, Feb. 3, 1874.

I should have forwarded to the Mission Rooms before this time a brief account of my trip to Cariboo, Kamloops and Nicola Valley, but my health has

been poor and my work rather burdensome; hence, I have postponed what I was not obliged to do.

My first intention was to visit Kam-

loops, the Thompson and the Nicola, but in consequence of important changes in the mining interests at Cariboo, Mr. Hall urged me to extend my visit to Williams' Creek, and promised to pay the extra expense.

I spent a week with Mr. Hall, during which I visited several of the mines both on Williams' and Lightning Creeks. I happened to be there on the 1st of July, and saw Barkerville in its best attire. Dominion day was celebrated with remarkable order and sobriety. I was informed that two thousand people, including Chinese, were present. I never saw so large a gathering of such fine looking men. They were well-dressed; most of them were large and strongly built, and their countenances had a very intelligent expression. Their behaviour would have been a credit to any civilized city. The holiday lasted two days, and I saw only one man who was the worse of liquor.

The parsonage here is small, having only three rooms, but quite comfortable for a man and his wife. The church is neat, and will seat about one hundred. The Society is small, but they appear to be devoted and earnest Christians. They have a melodeon, a very good choir, and an intelligent congregation. Mr. Hall is well liked, and labors hard. He visits the outside creeks as often as practicable, and preaches to the people there when he can get a congregation.

The attendance at the church varies a good deal,—sometimes the church is well filled, at another time not more than half filled. The people are constantly moving from one creek to another, and sometimes so far off that they cannot reach the church on the Sabbath day; nor is it easy for the Missionary to preach to them at the mines, many of them are so scattered that it is exceedingly difficult to get them together on a week-day. I preached twice on the Sabbath, and held a public meeting on Monday evening. On Friday, I preached at Van Winkle to a good congregation, who had assembled in the billiard-room. Van Winkle, or Lightning Creek, is 13 miles this side of Barkerville, on the stage road. After service many of the people remained for conversation. I found that most of them had belonged to churches in the old country. They

expressed their thankfulness to the Wesleyan Missionary Society for supplying them with the Gospel, and hoped that the Society would not withdraw their Missionary. Mr. Hall is the only Protestant minister within 300 miles.

If the Missionaries who have toiled in this far-off field have not seen as many conversions as they desired, they have the satisfaction of knowing that by their labors they have saved hundreds to the Methodist and other Churches, who otherwise might have been lost.

On account of the mines on Williams' Creek having somewhat failed, at least for the present, and prospecting not having been successful, fully two-thirds of the miners have left Barkerville; some for Lightning Creek, and more for Cassian. Mr. Hall was at a stand whether it was not desirable to move the parsonage to Van Winkle, where the greater portion of the population is now settled. We thought best to leave things at Barkerville as they are for the present, build a church at Van Winkle, and for Mr. Hall to divide his labors, not only during the week but on the Sabbath. This arrangement has been completed, and is found to work satisfactorily. This gives the Missionary 13 miles travel between his morning and evening appointments, over a mountain which in winter is almost impassable. How the journey is made at this season I do not know. The snow, at places on this mountain, was two feet deep in the middle of July last.

This Missionary for a short time appear to be a severe tax on the funds of the Committee; but I do not see how this people can be left without a minister. It is the opinion of experienced miners that there is much more gold in these Creeks than has yet been taken out; but it needs more capital to work the mines successfully. There are still hundreds remaining on these Creeks, whose friends in Scotland, Ireland, England, Wales, and in Canada, are annually contributing to the funds of the Society. It is not improbable that these mines will yet be made more productive than they have ever been.

I do not think that it would be an improvement to send a single man to Cariboo. The little society has expended a large amount of money in enlarging and fitting up the parsonage

for a minister's family, and they would feel very much disappointed were a single man to be sent. A minister's wife can be as useful as himself. Besides we need all our single men elsewhere.

The Cariboo Mission will raise \$700 this year. The people are liberal, and will give more should the mines be more productive.

I left Barkerville on Sunday morning at four o'clock. Such is the stage arrangements for Kamloops, &c., &c. Having a few hours rest at Clinton, I offered to preach if they would get the people together. In a short time the school-house was filled. After preaching I baptized two children.

The people here are very desirous to have a missionary. They have no religious service. The stores are open on the Sabbath, and men work as on other days. The population is probably from seventy to eighty, and is so isolated that it would be almost impossible to reach them from any mission that we could form. Clinton is at least seventy miles from the nearest point of Nicola Valley.

Kamloops is a small place situated on the Thompson, where the north and south branches meet, and is about fifty miles from Cache Creek, the point where the stage-road strikes the Cariboo-road. It has two large stores—the H. B. Co's. and Mara and Wilson's, besides one or two smaller ones. It is the market of this part of the country; and if the railway, as is expected, should come here it will be a very important place. I was hospitably entertained by Mara and Wilson. J. Mara is an M.P.P. for Kootenay District, and son of the late John Mara, of Toronto. The north Thompson is settled for about forty miles, and the south branch for about a hundred miles. This is a rich part of the country both in cattle and in every sort of agricultural produce.

On Sunday morning I preached on the deck of an old steamer, on the Thompson, and in the evening in Mr. Tate's dining-room. My congregations were composed of Catholics and Protestants, and all appeared delighted to see a minister.

Nicola Valley derives its name from the river which runs through it. From Kamloops to Cook's Ferry, where the Nicola runs into the Thompson, is about one hundred miles. The mission however would extend only seventy

miles. The settlers in this valley are employed chiefly in raising stock, though most of them cultivate the soil sufficiently to supply their own necessities. There is no way in or out of this settlement but by trail. Every thing is packed in on horses and mules. Indians keep large pack trains for this purpose, and earn a great deal of money. Each horse will carry about 300 pounds.

I visited most of the families in the Valley and preached twice. There are about thirty families, and though they belong to different churches they will be unanimous in supporting a missionary. It is very sad to see so many sheep without a shepherd. They have no means of religious instruction whatever. Kamloops and Nicola promised to raise \$500 towards the support of a minister. One lady, the mother of a family, told me that she had for long been praying that the Lord might send them the Gospel for the sake of her children, and now she saw that her prayers were going to be answered. Still she said that she felt anxious lest something should happen to prevent a minister coming. This valley will probably increase in population every year, as there are thousands of acres of land not yet occupied.

Indians are very numerous through this part of the country and on the Thompson. I called upon the principal chief of the Nicola Indians. He wished to know if Mr. Crosby was coming to preach to them. He said "they wanted a minister all the same as Mr. Crosby. The white man he get the gospel and he keep it. He does not send it to the Indian." I would gladly have preached to them, but I had no interpreter. Mr. Woodward, who had come to meet me at the head of the lake, would not undertake it, though he knew some Chinook.

Here is a great field for usefulness; and, if properly worked, will in a short time become self-supporting. It was the opinion of the District Meeting that a Missionary should be sent, if possible, to this people. If a suitable minister can be obtained, a man who has a passion for saving souls and is not afraid of difficulties, he can do an amazing amount of good both among the Whites and Indians in this part of the country. We need men and means. May the Lord send forth laborers into his vineyard!

From the Rev. C. Bryant, dated Sumas, January 20th, 1874.

As all information respecting our native work is especially welcome to the supporters of the Mission cause, it may be worth while relating the substance of a conversation which I had last night with Captain John, one of our Indian Chiefs, and a class-leader at Kultus Lake, a nook in the mountains about seven miles distant. He was converted at Maple Bay (V. I.) camp-meeting, nearly four years ago, and is not only physically, but mentally and spiritually, "every inch a man." Not nominally alone, but in truth and reality he is a leader and a pillar of our native Church. Could I but give you his narrative of a recent encounter with a party of heathen dancers, with the same animated expression with which he related it by our fire-side last night, I am sure you would share more sensibly the delight and gratitude to God which Mrs. B. and I felt as we listened to him, and of the noble way he "met the enemy in the gate."

Last Wednesday he had been attending to the foddering of his cattle, at a farm some miles distant; and on his return home he found that his brother George, having received a present of a couple of sacks of flour, had determined to give a feast or a supper that evening to a large gathering of Indians, at his father's house, a short distance from Capt. John's. The Captain had his fears that the feast might,—as with their white brethren sometimes,—degenerate into a heathenish dance, as there were quite a number of Pagan and Romanist Indians present; although from his Christian influence and example, such heathen feasts and dances are not as common there as they used to be. At dusk in the evening he noticed, from sundry suspicious movements among the people, that a dance was in contemplation. Sticks were being prepared to beat the board or drum for the dance, and believing that "mischief was in the wind," he was determined to go and break it up.

"I took with me," said he, "David Salacalton and Charlie [two native Christians] and my little girl, who, fearing I might be molested in my attempt, would insist on going with me. I had no fear myself, although I did not know what might be the consequence of my visit."

I may here remark that his companion, David Salacalton, is a promising young man; in some respects, as in name, much like the late David Salacalton, and therefore a worthy companion of Captain John on this trying occasion.

"When I reached my father's," which is a large native-built house, "several men were beating a board vigorously, making a great uproar, and a woman was dancing for the amusement of the company, who sat around their large, blazing camp-fire. I thought I would wait, and so watched at the door until the woman had finished her dance. In the meantime I charged David to be firm, and stand by me, to uphold me by his testimony against the evil practice, and not to be afraid or run away. Soon the beating of the drum ceased, the woman finished her dance, and instantly I rushed in—suddenly and unexpected of course—and took my stand in the centre of the house. Whisking my cap under my arm—involuntarily, as though about to exhort a camp-meeting—I called to the people, at the top of my voice, and demanded a hearing. 'See here, my friends, I want to speak to you. My heart is good to you all,' although it beat pretty hard all the time! 'My heart is warm towards you, in love and not in anger. I love you as much as my brother George who gave you food. His intention in feasting you was so far so good; but as I saw some preparations were being made to do this evil thing, and heard the beating of sticks, I was suspicious of evil, and come now to protest against it. See! I want to speak God's word—the word of our great Father to you, and the word of His Son Jesus Christ, who came to earth ages ago. He said, when on earth, that He wanted men to serve Him with *all* their hearts—with *one* heart,—not with hearts divided between Him and the world. You all know that He has *my* heart. He has had *that* long ago, and I am not going to change my mind and go back to the world and the devil, and serve him as I used to do. I want to serve God with an honest heart sincerely, so I cannot do as you have been doing here to-night. Now, you know that this is my mind, and were I not to come and reprove your sin you might reprove me justly, and accuse me of cowardice,

saying, I am afraid any longer to speak against sin. Long time ago, Jesus came and preached His gospel to the Jews who were His enemies, and although they maltreated Him, He was always kind to them and returned good for evil. I want to imitate Him, and although you may not like what I say to you, and may get angry, yet I will not resent it. The enemies of Jesus were offended at Him, not because He spoke evil words, for He spake nothing but good; and you may say that I am speaking bad words too; but no, I speak good words, for although I speak against your wicked practices, yet I do so according to the teaching of God's Word. By-and-bye, when you die and leave this world, where do you suppose you will go to if you keep up these sinful practices? You will go to hell if you sin thus. But on the other hand, if you repent and do good, and take Jesus as your chief [King], when you die you will go straight to heaven, where there is no sickness or evil, but where God our Great Father will give us all that is good for us.

"My friends, you know my name and character. You know that I have been converted to God, and all my friends, both whites and Indians, know it; it is known far and wide. Shall I therefore go back to my former state? What would my friends say of me? And should I have before me the fear of God? And would not some of you say, 'Ah, Captain John is changing his mind, for he says nothing against our dancing, and therefore he approves of it?' No, I am not going back from my principles. I am not afraid to witness against sin. I am not alone! you are many, and your opinions against me may be many and strong, yet the Holy Spirit moves me thus to speak, and makes me not afraid." [For he said that, as he warmed with his discourse, the countenances of the braves around became red, as he termed it, and with lowering looks showed much displeasure and anger.] "You see me now well and strong, but soon I may be dead; and I want to be faithful in warning you of the consequences of sin, and in witnessing for Jesus my Chief. For I have no chief on earth like you, Roman Catholic friends, who have your priests. You sin, and then go to your priest. You confess your sin. The priest absolves you, and you come back home telling us how good you are now,—all

right now! Now I do not act thus. See: my minister (Mr. Crosby) is in Canada, and Mr. Bryant is the only one left in the neighborhood, but they are not my priests or chiefs, who have power to absolve and set me right again. No, Jesus is my Chief, and He is our minister's Chief too. If I were to confess to my ministers as you do to the priests, and tell them what I please about my sins, they would see my face but not my heart. That heart would still be wicked in the sight of God, for He dwells above us all and sees and knows all our hearts. He is my Chief and to Him I go for pardon and grace.

"Ah, my friends, we are all here tonight before God and we shall all appear before Him at the resurrection. Then the great Judge, and my Chief will appear. Then there will be no going to the priest to confess our sins or paying him \$1 for absolution! Then, if I were to offer the Judge \$100 it would be of no use. He will not want my money, and will not take it. For if we are wicked then, He will send us straight to hell. If we get there no priest or minister can take us out again! No priest can do that business, or buy us out of purgatory, for there is no purgatory; but if in hell once, I must be there for ever. No priest can take us out of the pit! See: if I am poor in worldly circumstances, but holy in heart, God will not notice my poverty, but take me to heaven. So, if I am rich, but have not the Holy Spirit in my heart, my riches will avail me nothing then, and I must be sent to eternal perdition. So, friends, come to Jesus and make Him your friend."

This can only be an imperfect sketch of what he said, for he is an impassioned, natural orator; at the conclusion of his address he found himself with cap in hand, with which he had been gesticulating and unconsciously swinging around and over his head (as he expressed it,) although when he began, the cap was under his arm.

He assured me, without the least semblance of boasting, but with free native simplicity, that his words flowed as a stream, his heart being warmed and his face emboldened by the help and presence of the Holy Spirit.

He routed the company of heathen dancers, although they tried in vain to rally after he left. David Salacalton

remained behind, and heard some heathen chiefs and Romanists warning their friends not to listen to Captain John, asserting that he was no chief, and such like disparaging remarks respecting him and his address.

David, however, confronted them and confused their counsels by corroborating Captain John's testimony, and declaring that what the Captain had said was according to God's Word, and he believed it. I take this as no mean proof that the good seed of the Word sown in the hearts of this people by the persevering labors of Brother Crosby, aided by the late David Salasalon and the continued efforts of Brother Kushan, has not been sown in vain. To oppose a heathen institution, as the dance in question really is,—an institution rendered almost sacred by custom and age in the estimation of an Indian, and for

this opposition to be shown by one who, as a heathen, would be one of its chief promoters,—affords an incontrovertible and pleasing testimony to the value of missionary labors. Nought but converting grace could thus regenerate the heathen mind.

That night's scene at Kultus Lake is more suggestive and striking to a Christian mind than many which have employed the genius of an artist or the inspiration of a poet! May God continue to give us more witnesses against Popish and heathen superstition like Captain John, and the Methodist church shall never lose the traditional glory and prestige of missionary spirit and enterprise!

That we may have Divine grace and guidance in laboring for the honor of our Redeemer by bringing souls into his kingdom, is my earnest and hearty prayer.

RED RIVER DISTRICT.

From the Rev. J. H. Ruttan, dated Rossville, January 20th, 1874.

We are in the enjoyment of excellent health, and feel assured that "God is with us." Our second sacramental service was held the first Sabbath of the year. Every afternoon of the week previous had been spent in prayer in the Church, for God's blessing on the services, and also the better to prepare our hearts for these sacred services. Although none were allowed to attend the lovefeast but those who had tickets, except some Sabbath-school scholars, the Church was crowded. The members were all present, and quite a number of anxious ones, to whom I gave tickets of admission.

The lovefeast was of peculiar interest and benefit. To hear the testimonies of these simple, loving followers of Jesus,—their tears expressing what their tongues failed to say, and the felt presence of the Holy One, was truly soul-inspiring. We could say with Peter, "It is good for us to be here."

After recounting the many mercies received during the past quarter, and our abiding confidence in God for the future, the brethren spoke freely of the great pleasure it afforded them in whatever places they were. Whether with their families, or far in the forest pursuing their game, they always felt God precious to them; and were made very

happy in reading His Word,—which many of them can do,—and singing His praises and offering prayer to Him. I will give a summary of what two of the brethren said.

Bro. Settee said: "I thank God His great goodness is still over me. A year ago last fall I had great sickness, with much pain; but the Almighty was with me. My brethren came and prayed with me, and I felt just that something is very soft in my sufferings. My heart is very glad this morning. I love to be with God's people, and I hope to be with them for ever."

Bro. Edward Papanekis, who is in the forest a great part of his time gathering furs for the Company from the Indians, said,—"I tell you, brethren, wherever I am I always feel that God is with me, and wherever I pray God hears me and blesses me. I am not worthy to speak of the great goodness of my Saviour. I feel, my brethren, sure that God is with us this afternoon. When I saw my brethren going to the Lord's table last Sacramental service, I thought I only am astray from my Saviour. I was trembling with fear in my heart, when I resolved to save my soul. I gave myself to my Saviour to serve him faithfully, and I thought, if spared to see next Sacramental service,

I will follow God's people there. I rejoice, and am happy to be with you this afternoon. I pray for your praying master and mistress, our interpreter, and for you all. Will you pray for me?" &c. This is one of Rev. E. R. Young's converts. We administered the Sacrament to about 330, and closed the service, which had continued three hours and a half, thankful indeed to break to these hungry souls the emblems of "the Bread of Life," our own souls meanwhile drinking of that "River, the streams whereof . . . make glad the city of God."

February 12th.—I just returned on Saturday last from the "Cross Lake trip," and am resting a little preparatory to another trip to the Black River, Poplar Point, and Beref's River Indians, from which place I will continue my journey to District Meeting, (D.V.)

As our brethren at home know but little about travelling in this northern latitude, I will describe the journey, and give a few extracts from my diary. My travelling equipage consisted of a cariole, with robes and blankets for myself, a provision sled,—for a pound of flour, pork, or pemican cannot be had in the country after leaving the Hon. Hudson Bay Company's Fort,—provisions have therefore to be carried: for whatever trips are made, these were drawn by four dogs each. I had a guide, a driver for my cariole; and the interpreter drove the provision sled. Thus, with hatchets, kettles, &c., we are ready to start.

Monday, Feb. 2nd.—Started,—snow deep,—travelled about four and a half hours, and took dinner. The men dig a hole in the snow eight or ten feet in diameter with their snow shoes, this they carpet with balsam boughs, making a romantic drawing room; then they cut some dry wood and make a fire on one side, when they melt snow in the kettles to make tea and cook their pemican, fish, &c. Bread is frozen solid,—has to be laid before the fire,—and while it toasts beautifully, it only thaws the thickness of a slice, which is cut off, and we have toast. All being ready we sing,—

"Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee."

We camped just before dark;—have travelled all day, and have not found a single wigwam. The men have to camp before dark on account of getting wood for the night. The snow is three or four feet deep. They dig out the encampment, which is 15 or 16 feet long, and 10 or 12 feet wide. This is arranged differently from the dining-room. At the windward side of this dormitory they, with logs and brush, cover the snowbank, which is four or five feet high. The ground also is covered with balsam boughs, making a carpet to sleep on. Then they build opposite this a small log heap, 12ft. long and 4ft. high; this is made of the driest wood they can find, leaving 9 or 10 feet between the fire and the back of the dormitory. On this mammoth fire the supper is prepared. In about one and a half or two hours, if wood is scarce, you are prepared to take your cup of tea;—then flat-cake is made for the men for next day's journey. Flat-cake is made of flour and water, mixed into dough, and baked before the fire. About 8.30 we all joined singing in Cree,—

"Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!"

and, after prayers, laid us down to rest. I had my wolf-skin coat two thick blankets, and two buffalo robes wrapped around me. We all had our feet to the fire and our heads to the snowbank,—thus arranged, for the first time in my life in the midst of the forest, and mid winter in this cold country, I dropped off to sleep, to be disturbed several times by the dogs climbing over me in search of food, for they are hungry, only being fed every night, two fish for each dog. They travel better in that way, as they get lazy when they are fed too much. Half-past one a.m., the guide had the fire raging and began preparing breakfast, of which we partook at three, and were all ready for our journey at four, as the moon was shining beautifully. I asked the men if it was a cold night: they said, not very. I had to open my valise to get a Cree hymn-book for worship, and was surprised to find the wine I had for Sacramental service frozen so as to push the cork; it was so hard that none escaped. My valise laid at my back, not seven feet from the fire. The men

ran about 20 miles and took a second breakfast about 8.30, following the old adage,—“you can't do a good thing too often;” and, considering the climate, it is not a bad plan when you breakfast at 3 a.m. Here we found several families, as there were plenty of sturgeon at the fisheries.

We left an appointment to hold Sacramental service on our return, as we had to come back this way. After travelling 13 hours, the men prepared our second dormitory the same as the former one, only smaller. We found it much colder than last night. Our dormitory has all the disadvantages of the old Dutch fireplace, of cold one side and warm the other—multiplied by one hundred. I literally scorched my coat one side, while the other was only a little above the freezing point, and had to turn first one side, then the other to the fire, scarce knowing which was the worst, the cold on one hand or the heat on the other. Then add to these little inconveniences a shower of sparks, for they come thick and fast, and you have an idea of camping out in the North. The thermometer, two feet from where I wrote this and not ten feet from the fire, was 15 degrees below zero.

Its all very fine for some men to sit in their counting-rooms or offices, and say “the Missionaries have fine times,” but just let them change places with us a night or two and they will never again utter such a scandal. But these souls must be looked after, and there are those who do it, and there are those who supply the means.

“The love of Christ doth me constrain,
To seek the wand'ring souls of men.”

During the night I was awakened by a stinging sensation in my shoulder. My “breathing-hole” got too large and let the night air to my shoulder, causing the peculiar sensation. We sleep with all our clothing on. I had taken my wolf-skin coat off and wrapped around me, in addition to the robes and blankets. I drew my coat closer around my shoulder, made my breathing-hole smaller, then I felt a rheumatic pain in my hip, caused by lying in one position, for to turn over is to get the night air, which soon freezes whatever is exposed to it. I moved a little which gave me ease. Then I thought of others

who had suffered like things still farther North; they, forsooth, looking for “the North-west passage;” I, for goodly pearls, and fell beautifully asleep on the words,—

“If in the night I sleepless lie,
My mind with heavenly thoughts supply;
Thoughts that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.”

We started the third day between five and six; it being cloudy, we could not start earlier travelled all day, and only found one family in the afternoon. At dark,—for we travelled later than usual, hoping to reach the Indians I wished to visit,—we had to make our camp, for the guide could not follow the trail any further. The weather is much milder than last night, yet far too cold for comfort.

My interpreter tells me the provisions are going to be short, and I have not yet seen the Indians I wished to see. Woke, Thursday, 3.15 a.m. What must be done? Provision is life in this country—three days from Hon. Hudson's Bay Company's Fort. my object not accomplished. I thought “my God whom I serve will provide,” and resolved to continue my journey till noon, when we must turn back. Woke the men, and started at 5.30, and found the people about 8 a.m. There are five families, and for four hours and a half I taught them in the largest wigwam, into which all gathered.

After speaking personally to each, I administered the Sacrament to eleven, who are all following the light they have, having been converted in former years. They pledged themselves to diligence in prayers, and faithfulness in the service of God. I also baptized three children.

After dinner, while arranging my cariole to return, a widow came to me and explained her circumstances, which were briefly these. She had no husband to provide clothing, &c., all of which her tattered garment told, for she said she had no under garments. What was I to do? To say “be warmed” and bid her good-bye. No! I took one of my blankets I had so much felt the need of only two nights before, and handed it to her, feeling, “'tis more blessed to give than to receive.” Two cold nights were still between me and home, and yet without my blanket I was more

comfortable those two nights than the preceding ones, for we had milder weather and better lodgings returning.

Friday night—dark—finds us at the Sturgeon Fishery again, or Rapids as it is called. Here, during the service, two were, I have reason to believe, soundly converted, joined the Church, and for the first time partook of the Sacrament. Thirteen in all, after I had spoken to each separately as to their souls, and received assurance as to each one's fidelity to Christ and determination ever to remain so, partook of the emblems of "His broken body and spilt blood," who was known unto us in "breaking bread." How sweet to hear the language of Canaan in this desert land, and to minister to these "heirs of salvation," none can tell but those who have done so!

Started next morning at 5.30 for home—40 miles distant. A snow storm came on at 2 p.m., and increased in severity till we arrived home at 6 p.m., feeling indeed thankful that the only storm, which was a severe one, did not put us to much inconvenience. Thus, after

six days' continual travelling, I visited 66 Indians—12 families. The distance travelled would equal a trip from Toronto to Belleville and back. The men will run from 40 to 60 miles a day. Their powers of endurance are incredible. They run for an hour and a quarter without stopping to take breath; then they rest about ten minutes and start again. They have frequently run two miles, from here to the Fort, in 20 minutes, in taking me over to preach.

March 2nd.—Reached Stone Fort late on Saturday—remained over Sunday—arrived at Winnipeg this p.m.—had a pleasant greeting by the brethren here. I will give you an account of my journey in my next letter. Rev. Orrin German, who started with me from Norway House, had to turn back the third day, two of his dogs being sick. He intended writing more to you from here.

With an interest in the prosperity of the Church at home, we labor for her success abroad.

BERENS AND NELSON RIVER MISSIONS.

THE Rev. E. R. Young left Hamilton on the 5th of March, and reached Winnipeg on the 15th in safety. He had left for Berens River, accompanied by the Rev. J. SEMMENS on his way to Nelson River.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

Henry Magill, <i>Winona</i>	\$10 00
Anonymous, <i>Thornbury</i> , per the Book Steward.....	5 00
Rev. G. H. Squire, B.A., for the Sanford Mission, Victoria, B.C., per the Book Steward.....	16 00
Rev. S. Sherin, <i>Dubuque, Iowa</i> , for the Japan Mission, per the Book Steward.....	4 81
A Friend to Missions, <i>Exeter</i>	20 00
Rev. J. Gray, for Mission Premises in Japan	25 00

Ordinary Receipts from Circuits.... . \$14,407 98