

one dollar per acre for all his land in order to obtain a patent for it.

After travelling through more than seventy miles of the district, I have no hesitation in saying that the Government is demanding an impossibility, unless the settler be a man with a large capital, which is not very often the case. The consequence is that immigrants are discouraged, and our lands remain in their primeval solitude. Even in Manitoba and the North-West, which are largely prairie, such terms bear very heavily on the ordinary immigrant. When, however, he has to clear off a gigantic forest before he can cultivate the soil, the terms amount to prohibition. The Government would do a wise thing if they would give a free grant of land to every *bona fide* settler who has sufficient pluck to face the difficulties which have to be overcome. The Dominion treasury might suffer a little in the meantime, but it would be the gainer eventually.

Leaving Surrey, we proceeded to Fort Langley, a distance of twelve miles, passing through Langley Prairie, where there are many very good farms, some of which would compare favourably with the best farms in Ontario. The Rev. Mr. Dunn has a fortnightly appointment in the Prairie Settlement, the services being held in a school-house. About two miles from the Fort is the residence of Mr. Dunn, who has a good farm and an excellent garden and orchard. The scenery here is very beautiful. Mr. Dunn came from Scotland about two years ago. In addition to Mud Bay and Langley Prairie, he preaches fortnightly at the Fort, and at Maple Ride, a settlement on the north side of the Fraser River. At the Fort is a small church erected years ago by the Rev. Mr. Jamieson, who for several years gave the people service. The contract for a new church has been let. The building will seat about 150 and will be finished in a couple of months.

On Wednesday we were on our way to Sumass, twenty-six miles from Fort Langley. After the first six miles, our course was along the Yale Road, which was in a pretty good condition. As we went along, the houses became smaller and farther apart until at length we left them all behind. The forest primeval stood around us, the only trace of man being the road over which we were travelling. Fir and cedar alternated with alder. Salmon berries are numerous in places. They are shaped like the red raspberry, but very much larger. Their colour is that of salmon, while their flavour is rather wild. Here and there quite a little settlement is being started in the heart of the forest, and in the course of time this will undoubtedly become a pleasant place of residence.

Two or three things along the road attracted our attention. The first was a cow-stable under a large, black, fir stub one hundred feet high. The fire had burned a large space under a part of the roots so that a cow could retire into it at the heat of the day for a few hours of meditation and cud-chewing. The next object was a house made out of a cedar stump. The stump was sawn off about ten feet from the ground, a roof with a gable was erected on the top and projected several feet over at one side so as to form a verandah. In the gable was a window of one light, and in one side of the roof was a skylight. The interior of the stump is seven feet in diameter and contains an upstairs which is used for a sleeping apartment. The door is three feet six inches in length by one foot nine inches in breadth. As the man who was working on the ranche did not own the stump, or rather the house, we were not favoured with a glimpse of its internal economy.

A little beyond this original dwelling-place we emerged into the Sumass valley, which lies between two ranges of the Cascade Mountains and extends from the Fraser River in a south-westerly direction into the United States. The valley is very fertile but subject to annual over-flows from the Fraser. In consequence, stock is the principal production and most of the settlers are rich in flocks and in herds. During the freshet of 1882 this whole district was covered with water from the Fraser to the depth of several feet. The inhabitants had to live upstairs and move about on rafts and in canoes. Great damage was done to stock and other property. Although the floods of that year were unprecedented, yet the valley is subject to annual over-flow. The scenery here is very picturesque. The Cascade Mountains appear range behind range, each towering higher and higher, while through a depression in them, appears the snow-clad summit of Mount Baker, like some mighty dome of

pure silver flashing back the last rays of the setting sun. After partaking of the generous hospitality of Mr. York, the Shropshire Englishman, and a wonderful character in his way, we started for the end of the valley bordering on the Fraser. Following Anderson Creek for a mile and a half we came to an Indian *rancherie*, where we secured an Indian named George to row us over Sumass Lake, a sheet of water seven miles long, four wide, and quite shallow. George was not out of bed when we came along. While he was attending to his toilet we had a conversation with Ned, George's nephew. As one of our party could speak Chinook there was no difficulty in making ourselves understood. One meets with strange experiences in unlooked-for places. We certainly had no idea of hearing in an Indian *rancherie*, a sad tale of Romish intolerance and persecution. Yet such was the case. The Roman Catholics and the Methodists have missions among the Indians. Mr. Tait, of the Methodist Church, has an Indian chapel in this place. It is a small, plain building, ten feet by eighteen, with a bell. There is a tower, formerly used for the bell, erected a few feet from one corner which, in its tendency to lean, resembles the celebrated tower of Pisa. The Indians here are Methodists and had just returned from a great camp-meeting, which was held the previous week at Chilliwack. They seem to have enjoyed themselves. George said, beating his breast: "My heart all warmed." It appears that an Indian woman not far away, and belonging to the priest, was thought to be dying; consequently she was prepared for death, receiving the last rites of the church. Ned happened to find out her painful condition and brought her some food. She is now getting better. The priest is enraged, and threatens to put Ned in the *skukum* house (prison). Another instance of the tyranny of this church came out in connection with the camp-meeting. An Indian girl, whose parents are Roman Catholics, was converted. At the instigation of the priest, she was banished from her home. This conduct, however, has not shaken her determination to persevere in the course she has taken.

At length we are ready to embark. We have a large canoe made out of a cedar tree. As there is a good breeze, we put up a sail six feet by nine and skim along at a rapid rate. As the lake is very shallow around the shore, George was not able to land us dry shod with his canoe so he carried two of us on his back to dry land! The third member of the party being rather heavy preferred to wade rather than run the risk of breaking the Indian's back. Two miles of a walk brought us to the comfortable house of Mr. McGillivray, a Glengarry Highlandman, and formerly a member of the Local House. I noticed that at the different meeting held, the leading spokesman of the deputation began by defining its character. He did this by telling the people what they were not. "They were not politicians," "they were not office-seekers," "they were not speculators," "in short," he added at this place, "they were a sort of *non-descript* committee." I hoped that none of the people would mistake me for one of the deputation, as I fully expected the speaker would add, "in the language of Hegel, they were *pure nothing*," but he did not.

Between Mr. McGillivray's place and Chilliwack, a distance of six miles, there are many excellent farms. Mr. Wells owns a cheese factory in the neighbourhood and several of the people send their milk to him, consequently the milk stand and the cow-pen make one think he is in Ontario. Mr. Wells takes in daily three thousand pounds of milk. He has at present over two hundred cheese, each weighing about thirty-five pounds. Last year he made a pound of cheese from ten and two sixths pounds of milk. There is no good reason why the cheese industry should not flourish in many parts of this country.

The majority of the people belong to the Methodist Church. A large number were Presbyterians; but, as they had no service of their own, they are gradually throwing in their lot with the Methodists.

After spending a day at Chilliwack, the writer returned home on Saturday by steamer, having travelled in various ways over one hundred and thirty miles.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.
MARITIME NOTES.

HALIFAX.

Sunday, the 21st ult., was the natal day of this important city. One hundred and thirty-six years ago

the foundation stone, if we may so speak, was laid of a city which for many years has occupied an important place among the commercial and shipping parts of the world.

The celebration of the event took place on Monday, the 22nd, and as the citizens regard this as the principal holiday of the year, the city looked its best. Flags and bunting were profusely displayed, especially from the tall ships' masts in the harbour, from the citadel, and other public places.

From an early hour crowds of well dressed people were to be seen wending their way to the various places of attraction, particularly to the Point, where many a well-filled basket was opened and the contents thereof speedily disposed of by the healthy, hungry boys and girls. The "kebs" were in great demand, and Mr. "Cabby" for the time reaped a good harvest. The day was spent pleasantly and, so far as I could hear, without any serious accident. Towards evening a light shower scattered the picnickers when, foot-sore and jaded, many of them might have been seen treading their way back to their homes, some delighted and, of course, others as usual "disgusted with the whole thing."

As I said at the outset, this is the holiday of the year: in comparison with it Dominion Day and all others sink into insignificance. In fact a good deal of the talk here about Confederation is as to the best means of breaking it up. Talk to a "Hal" about Confederation and he will tell you that Ontario is leeching them, that it is drawing away the life blood from the Maritime Provinces, that they are heavily taxed, that they are sending their money for flour and other articles and get nothing in return, and that, in short, Confederation has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Well, now, it would strike a stranger that Halifax is somewhat hard to please, as in every sense of the word it has been prosperous. As regards population, it has over 30,000 inhabitants. The residences of its merchants will compare favourably with those of any other city; it is the port of call for the Allan steamers in winter; it is the terminus of the Intercolonial Railway, with its magnificent offices, freight sheds, etc. It has two sugar refineries, indeed I may say three, and a cotton mill. It is the head quarters of five prosperous banks, and of the military forces of the Dominion. It has the largest rope-walk and skate manufactory in the Dominion. Halifax vessels sail to every port and return laden with the products of other nations, and still she is dissatisfied and thinks she has not got justice. Well I do like ambition, and every city, town and individual should lay out great things for itself. In this respect I do think Halifax fills the bill.

Halifax has many attractions for tourists in the summer. Its cool refreshing breezes, its walks and drives are not excelled by those of any other city, and its citizens are careful to provide sports and amusements for visitors. For some time increased hotel accommodation has been required, and no doubt the increased travel which is very noticeable of late will call for the necessary extension in this line. Meanwhile, I may say that strangers visiting the city will find in Mrs. Tupper's, Inglis Street, the comforts of a home. She keeps a first-class temperance boarding house, and is a staunch Presbyterian.

ASSEMBLY SABBATH.

Quite a number of the city ministers were in Montreal attending the Supreme Court, which generally awakens much interest throughout the bounds of the Church, an interest which is gradually increasing, although in some quarters there are complaints as to the mode of conducting business. One complaint is that business is ignored, which is always to the front; still I do not see where this comes in, as any man who can speak will command a hearing. But if he cannot speak so as to hold the attention of the house, no amount of patronage or "pushing forward" will sustain him. Then, again, I often hear that our elders are "ignored." Well, who ignores them? If elders choose to attend the sittings and simply vote, then they themselves are only to blame. They are only standing in the way of some one who would, and who probably could, enter into many of the discussions on the floor of the house, and any delegate who is competent to do this has the same right as the most distinguished member of the court; but if through a false delicacy or diffidence he waits to be asked it will probably be long before his turn comes. There is