

and resting by day. At length, with torn and travel-stained garments, and weakened by fatigue and lack of suitable nourishment (for little food could be carried), the welcome shelter of Morley was reached. Doubtless more than one such story could be told by other missionary women, if they cared to speak. To the credit of the Wolf Creek Stonies be it said, that although the mission-house was left unoccupied and unguarded for weeks, not an article was disturbed. When the missionary and his family returned, they found everything as they left it.

## NEWFOUNDLAND AND ITS MISSIONS.

(An Address at the Public Meeting of the General Board of Missions, Winnipeg, Sept. 11th, 1888.)

BY REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

I CONGRATULATE myself upon the privilege of seeing this fair city. I have been walking about it somewhat, and taking in, so far as possible, its proportions and its prospects, the width of its magnificent streets; the substantial and elegant character of its commercial, municipal and ecclesiastical buildings; the elegance, taste and comfort of its private residences; and I stand amazed at the brevity of its history, and at the speed with which it has attained to its present proportions. I had heard much of it. I was prepared to see a very wonderful development; but I confess that I feel as the Queen of Sheba did on her visit to the stately city of Solomon, that the half had not been told me. May the future of this fine city and this fair province be as solid and permanent, as its rise has been recent and its progress phenomenal.

The second city in Britain, whose teeming thousands toil beside the lovely Clyde, has for its motto, "Let Glasgow flourish." Time was when that curt and somewhat selfish motto was rounded and completed by a prayer, "Lord, let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word." The old-time motto of Glasgow might well be the motto of Winnipeg, and the prayer which it breathes is, I feel sure, the heartfelt utterance of every one of us now enjoying its kindly hospitalities, "Lord, let Winnipeg flourish; Lord let Manitoba flourish by the preaching of the Word!"

I come, sir, from that great island which stands like a stern sentinel at the gate of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and holds, for all time to come, the key. I bring to these fair western prairies the greetings of a land whose far eastern cliffs are beaten ceaselessly by the Atlantic surge, whose bold outline is last seen by the mariner speeding to the Old World, and first

hailed by the emigrant who has left the effete and overcrowded soil of Europe, for the fresh, the free and the fertile acres of this glorious continent. I stand in this, one of the newest of cities, one of the latest of colonies, a representative of a land which is proud of its title of the most ancient colony of the British Crown. And as my country is not only *terra nova*, but very largely *terra incognita*, I may be pardoned, perhaps, if I dwell somewhat at length upon her history and her characteristics. She is a land full of anomalies of every kind—historical, political, social, ecclesiastical. Even geographically she is anomalous, for while but a triangle three hundred and sixteen miles in total length, and about the same in greatest breadth, her coast line is serrated into two thousand miles; great bays, abounding in splendid harbors, cut deeply into her, while large lakes cover one-third of her acreage. A chain of hills runs almost completely round her, close to the shore, and in many places this encircling range stands out lofty, bluff and precipitous against the unappeasable rage of the storm-tossed sea. Fine rivers flow into the bights of the bays from the lakes in the interior; and the valleys, cleft by these river, are fertile and wooded. In the centre of the island stretches a vast plateau, largely marshy; but this central plateau has been visited by few, and traversed by still fewer, since the aboriginal Beothics, now extinct, hunted the caribou which teem in those sylvan solitudes.

And here comes in the most striking of our historic anomalies. While the oldest of Britain's colonies, Newfoundland is, for the best of reasons, one of the least populous and least developed. I say for the best of reasons, for while Britain was using every means to encourage emigration to her other North American colonies, she was absolutely prohibiting it in Newfoundland, and no longer than a century ago it was a penal offence to settle on her shores. She was regarded by the nation simply as a nursery for seamen, and the clique of merchant adventurers who grew rich by her fisheries, and desired to keep them as their own monopoly, were powerful enough with the government of the day to have laws enacted to suit their purposes. The country remained a mere fishing station, and generations of merchants rejoiced in the rich preserves of her teeming waters, and left the land that enriched them, purposely, undeveloped and poor.

Upon this great island, larger than Ireland, lives a population of only two hundred thousand souls, for the most part in small and sparsely-settled communities, fringed along the shore. There is not a single inland town; there is not, I think, a settler's cabin twenty miles from the sea. For the population