

**Algoma.** There are gratifying signs of progress in some parts of the Algoma District. At Lines, on the west end of St. Joseph's Island, a beautiful frame church, capable of accommodating 200 persons was recently completed and dedicated. At Richard's Landing, the corner stone of a fine stone church has been laid, making the fifth church that the veteran missionary, Mr. James Steele, has been instrumental in having built in Manitoulin and St. Joseph's Island's. Work has also been begun on a manse, which was much needed on the Tarbutt field, where Rev. J. K. McGillivray is ordained missionary.—*Com.*

**Dr. King on the N.W. Missions.** Rev. Principal of Winnipeg gets but little rest, College classes in winter, and Theological classes in summer, and the brief breathing time that he had this autumn was devoted to visiting some of the mission fields in Alberta, especially on the River Saskatchewan. Of part of his trip he writes to the *Canada Presbyterian* :

"The whole country up the river to Fort Saskatchewan, and down the line of railway within thirty or forty miles of Calgary, is very rich in soil, and with its alternating wood and prairie, it is very beautiful. It is filling up rapidly with population, and bids fair to be at no distant period one of the most prosperous districts of the North-West. At least five or six ordained ministers, with about the same number of students represent the Presbyterian Church's contribution to the spiritual care of the district.

Earnest work is most necessary. The population, with a considerable element from Washington and other Western States, being, at some points, at least, very different from that of Manitoba. Very lax notions in regard to Sabbath observance obtain among some of those immigrants from south of the line. Hunting, shooting, and field and other work are not uncommon. Unless men of strong convictions and earnest purpose are sent and sustained, there will very soon be a harvest of irreligion which whole decades of effort will not efface.

One cannot visit a few of these newer districts embraced in our wide field of missions without being impressed with the magnitude and importance of the work, and of the necessity to its accomplishment of men of strong faith, of resolute will, and of earnest and self-denying spirit. The homes of our people must furnish such men, and the colleges must at once stimulate their devotion and their intelligence, if we are not to prove false to the interests of our church and of our country."

"Redeeming the time" means "Buying the opportunity." This charge is specially urgent in connection with our Home Missions work in the frontier settlements. Now is the opportunity. It will cost vastly more to reclaim them from heathenism than to keep them from it.

## A PICTURE OF LIFE IN THE WEST.

THE MANSE, KETTLE RIVER, B.C.

October 8th, 1894.

DEAR RECORD,—I send you a few lines from this secluded corner. I have not much to tell of success, but rather the other way.

The thought is continually with me; how can I interest this dead valley?

Last Sabbath day, I was at Boundary Creek, one of my stations; I travelled all day on Saturday over the mountains, calling at the miners' camps where over 30 men are scattered on their claims. I made arrangements to hold service next day on my return, somewhere amongst them.

Arriving late on Saturday, I called on several of the Boundary folks to let them know of service on the coming day.

Sabbath came, I went in search of a place to preach in.

Tried the house where the school is held.

Can I have the school-room for service to-day? I asked.

No Sir, I have no use for church, nor will I have it in my house. What is the use of churches or ministers any way? he added.

Tried the public hall next. No use having it there, no stove, no seats in it, was answer.

Next the only hotel was tried. "I would rather not, was the answer, why not go to such and such place." I said that I had tried every place and now came to him as forlorn hope.

Nothing now left but to tell the people we must try the open air, as we did the last time I was there, cold as it was

At the last minute we got the hotel parlour, but only six appeared, three of them children.

Outside, were over twenty men watching the blacksmith shoeing a horse. No Sabbath, or religion of any kind, laugh when you speak to them of God; "Oh, you mean the Old Man"!! says one. "I guess I'll get a good show when time comes," says another. "I say, preacher, whats the use of you talking such bosh, ther's neither God, nor a future world for likes of us."

The saloon keeper told me, "he does not care to have any one come to his place who runs down his business. Why, it is on Sabbath he has the best show, and must take it. "Last year he was doing well, when along comes the preacher, and spoils his trade for quite a while," referring to Mr. McVicar, who was here for two months last summer. I was glad to hear that testimony, given with some feeling.

After service, off to the mountains. Rain came on and darkness overtook me. I could not see my trail, stumbled on for two hours, and at last struck an empty cabin. It was locked, so nothing for it but to sit down and wait day-light. Chilled through and wet, I tried my pocket for a match. With difficulty gathering a few dry twigs, I set my solitary half-match to it. Hallo!! hallo!!