

others waiting for the ice to break. From many points on the river men visited my tent and invariably asked, when leaving, 'What time on Sunday will services be held?' As the hour approached men came from their tents, dropped down in their boats, or sat on logs outside my tent and waited. Selden rang the bell--the 'gold pan.' The service books, compiled by Bishop Barker, were distributed, hymns selected, and the service went on. Sing! I never heard such a choir. We had seven hymns. Into the steady gaze of 150 men I looked and preached the Word of God. With tears in their eyes, men stepped up and thanked me--men from many states, from England and distant New Brunswick--and said it recalled home and the dear ones, and they had never expected on the trail such a happy privilege!

"Our boat was duly built and we proceeded on our journey. Some days we had to fight our way through ice-floes--the Bishop nearly always in the lead--and sometimes we had to haul our boats on sleds over the ice. We ran the canyon and White Horse rapids in safety. But many poor fellows were not so fortunate; boats were wrecked, outfits lost and in too many cases, alas! lives were lost. Near the Takkeena river we found the floating body of one poor fellow and bore it to the river's bank, where we dug a grave and read over it the solemn service for the dead--twelve miners in the company--and marked the lonely resting place with a wooden cross.

"We proceeded quickly down the mighty Yukon, now in the full height of its flood, ran safely through the perilous Five Fingers and Rink rapids, meeting with no adventure until within forty-five miles of Dawson. Here, at 5 a.m., our boat was caught in some 'boilers' and cross currents which, in spite of our greatest exertions, swept us under three 'sweepers'--trees undermined by the flood and leaning within a foot or so of the water--from which I never expected to come out alive. I saw the danger, realized it meant death, told Selden so, and prepared for the dread moment, but in some extraordinary way we passed under and came out alive. God in His merciful providence had brought us safely through this peril because He still had some further purpose for my life. May His will be done, and may I have grace to perform his purpose! We reached Dawson, which was a foot or so under water, on Saturday at 2 p.m., and here, exhausted in mind and body, we spent five days to rest. I was able to assist in the services on Sunday, June 4th, and preach twice, but on Monday was in a state of collapse. Almost afraid to trust myself to the Yukon again, in its then flooded condition, yet hearing that Bishop Bompas was dangerously ill with scurvy, I started for Forty Mile on June 9th,

reaching it that night. I found the Bishop very ill, but slightly better, stayed with him five days, holding Sunday services, and, as he was then fast recovering, we turned our boat once more down the Yukon."

A MISSIONARY FAMILY.

Missionary zeal often runs in families. Miss Baker, a Church missionary, just returning to South India, is a striking illustration of this. It is necessary to go back to the middle of last century to trace her missionary genealogy. It begins with the Kohlhoffs, of Tanjore. The elder Kohlhoff began his missionary career as far back as 1757, and laboured for thirty-three years. Kohlhoff the younger entered the mission field in 1787, and remained at his post till 1844, having rendered fifty-seven years of service to the cause. His niece married Henry Baker who went out to Travancore under the young Church Missionary Society in 1817, and died in harness forty-eight years later. Mrs. Baker was hardly seventeen when she was married in 1818. She lived on until 1888, a missionary life of seventy years. Three of her own daughters married missionaries. Her son, Henry Baker, "junior," laboured for thirty-five years in the Travancore Mission, and was the first to evangelise the Hill Arrians. He died in 1878, but his wife remained on in the mission field. When she died, a few weeks ago, she had accomplished fifty-three years of service. Miss Baker herself, the last survivor of this remarkable family, has already been labouring for thirty-two years in the same land. --*Church Bells.*

"MAKE DISCIPLES OF ALL NATIONS."

 Fully tell what the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has done and is doing to carry out our Lord's command to "make disciples of all nations," would require whole volumes. But here is an illustration of it in two notes taken haphazard from the mass of material which daily comes under our review.

1. In the diocese of Calgary, N. W. Canada, where the Society maintains ten missionaries, are to be found Canadians, English, Scotch, Irish, French (from France, Eastern Canada and the United States), Americans, Native Indians, Russians, Scandinavians, Galicians, Roumanians, Ruthenians, Bulgarians, Cilicians, Icelanders, etc., scattered over a country twice as large as England. A large percentage of the population has no strong denominational leanings, and it seems certain that if the Church is manned as she should be, num-