

called upon to live, when an innocent term like "*et cetera*" could set a whole nation by the ears!

(To be continued.)

THE CAMERA IN THE MISSION FIELD.

BY REV. P. L. SPENCER.



AN interesting addition to these Yale souvenirs was obtained in the form of a photograph of an old abandoned Cariboo wagon, which had done valuable service thirty years before in the time of the gold excitement in the Pacific province. The vehicle, before its superannuation, had probably been drawn by mules or oxen many hundreds of miles over the built-up road that led, by the edge of precipices a thousand feet high, to the gold-diggings. The thought occurred to me that it might still be utilized as an object of illustration in a sermon on the danger of riches. A photograph of the Anglican church, with its adjoining mission-house and pleasant surroundings of mountain-base and garden-plot, completed my manual work in this almost deserted village. At one time the head of river navigation and chief depot for miners' supplies, the place has sunk to the level of an ordinary C.P.R. rural station, its former large population having become literally *decimated*. The railway, in building up other places, has had the effect of pulling down this.

Between Yale and Vancouver one sees at intervals snow capped Mount Baker, in Washington Territory, U.S., 60 miles to the south, "a beautiful isolated cone, rising 13,000 feet above the surface of the country." Being so purely white, and standing at so great a distance, it proves, however, in a photograph somewhat disappointing.

At last one reaches the terminus of the great transcontinental railway. Although a city young enough still to be in its teens, Vancouver contains some surprisingly fine buildings. One of these, the opera house, shows that the people have plenty of spare money. The C.P.R. hotel gives evidence of the power and prosperity of Canada's greatest railway corporation. That which interested me most, however, was a visit to a Chinese mission school. The time spent in it was necessarily short, as I had a lecture engagement for the same evening in another part of the city. I was able, nevertheless, to take away with me a memento of the visit in the form of a flash-light impression of the assembly of earnest lads. I have cause to retain a very vivid mental photograph of the occasion, as, in my haste to perform the mechanical part of the operation, I inadvertently placed the thumb of my left hand above the

metal plate containing the magnesium powder, while I applied the burning match to the fuse with the right hand. The result was the creation of a profound sensation and the production of a deep impression, but wholly upon myself. The physical suffering, however, was soon more than counterbalanced by the pleasurable feeling due to the development of the highly successful negative.

In the realm of natural scenery, I secured while in Vancouver a view of the entrance to Stanley park, in order to give friends in the East some notion of the magnificent proportions of these giants of the Pacific forests, the cedar and fir trees.

In Victoria, reached after a delightful trip of four hours across the salt water, I obtained a pleasing panorama view from the tower of the Anglican cathedral. A visit to Esquimalt (with the accent on the "qui") afforded the opportunity of capturing with the arts of peace two of Her Majesty's ships of war, the *Nymph* and the *Warspite*. Between the city and this noted naval station stand the barracks of the garrison of soldiers maintained by the Dominion Government. These buildings, with a battery of several cannon stationed in front—one of which roared out the midday salute as I stood on a rock on the opposite side of the inlet—received a shot from the photographic weapon. A strange circumstance connected with this exposure was the taking of two sea-gulls as they gracefully glided, unperceived by the camerist, above the barracks and along the range of possible vision. Having satisfied the sentiments of loyalty and patriotism, I re-entered the city and explored the Chinese quarter.

The fine business house of Tai Yune & Co., that would grace any town having a white population, was added to the objects made to serve the purposes of the tourist, a group of Mongolians standing by and wondering at his movements. Later in the day a visit was paid to the interior of this building, and a very pleasant hour was spent with a large number of Chinese youths, who had assembled for the receiving of instruction in the American man's language and religion. A view taken on the occasion included Rev. E. F. Lipscombe, the chaplain. Five months afterwards a lantern-slide made from the negative was shown, along with other illustrations of this trip, in a parish in England in which Mr. Lipscombe had been a curate. This parish was visited in the ordinary course of the tour of the writer, who was not aware of the coincidence until certain exclamations were made by the rector when the scene was projected on the sheet.

An excursion 70 miles north to Nanaimo, the coal city of the Pacific, brought my long journey to a termination. There I might have descended a coal mine, but I was satisfied with a look into its dark depths. I enjoyed rowing