

Mission Crisis.

HOME MISSION WORK.

WESTERN MISSION FIELDS AND THE WORK SOME OF OUR MEN HAVE BEEN DOING IN THEM.

IN our last issue we noticed the nature of our eastern mission fields and the character of the work done in them during the past summer by students from our College. Here, we shall turn our attention to the great fields of the West, and endeavor to put before our readers that which will enable them to see the fields as they really are and to form some estimate of the great importance that should be attached to this comparatively new field of missionary enterprise.

The Church is only now beginning to overtake the great work that is waiting to be done in the Prairie Province, the North-West Territories and the vast regions of British Columbia. There are, at the present time, in all of these places, families that have not seen a minister or missionary for twelve years; yea, more; there are young people to be found from twelve to sixteen years of age, who have not heard a sermon, and who know God and Christ only as names to swear by. These people are not among those who are in antagonism to the gospel. They would attend religious services and

in many cases are very eager to have them conducted in their midst.

The Missionary Society of our College sent Mr. Samuel McLean as its missionary to one of these far off and, up this summer, wholly neglected places. His field lies in the northern lake region of Manitoba and Saskatchewan districts. The two principal stations at which he worked are called Grand Rapids and Horse Island respectively.

Mr. McLean's experience in these new fields was, indeed, a novel one. It was truly pioneer work he had to engage in and had in connection with it difficulties as trying, perhaps, as any our foreign workers have to contend with.

About the first of June he started from West Selkirk on a combination of steam-tug and scow, called "The Red River." She was an old outfit that had seen better days, but was as good as any of her sort that ply in the northern waters of Lake Winnipeg. This was her first trip of the summer and she was loaded, to the utmost capacity, with pork powder and tar which was to be delivered at various Hudson Bay posts.