

are invaluable; he should be the very heart and soul of the association." This is most true; and I would entreat my reverend brethren not to shrink from this duty. They should be the very heart and soul of the association; it should not be necessary for them also to be the hands and feet and tongue. No. In providing for the future, let me affectionately exhort the laity to remember that they are the body of Christ—in fact, the Church—that the ministrations of the church are for their spiritual good—that the clergy are appointed to their Cures for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ—for the clergy are the servants of the laity for Jesus' sake—that the clergy are to give themselves wholly to the work of their ministry; while it is also provided that "they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel."

The Bishop anticipates a considerable decrease in the annual subscriptions to the funds of that diocese, in consequence of the closing of the Bishopric Endowment Subscription, as well as the withdrawal of a certain proportion of the ordinary resources of revenue by the inclusion of a portion of the diocese in that of Brisbane. Churchmen there are still looking forward to the completion of the legislation necessary for the establishment of their diocesan synod.—*Montreal Church Chronicle*.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A letter from the bishop to Miss Burdett Coutts has been published, giving some descriptions of his travels during June and July on foot to Cayoosh, the continental part of his diocese, far up in the mountains, some three hundred miles from Victoria.

The whole way (says Bishop Mills) has been the scene of gold-mining operations. The river appears to have carried down and deposited gold all along its banks. In former times it flowed at a higher level, and upon flats or terraces now dry, on these as well as by its immediate bed, the gold is found. I have conversed on the spot with many miners and with all descriptions of persons, and there is now but one sentiment as to the inexhaustible resources of this country.

Owing to the extreme difficulty of communication, many who first came from California went back disheartened, but all who remained are doing well, and there will be a steady increase in the population. Roads are being made, and access to the mines will every day become easier. The miners are a fine, hardy race of men; they are of all nations—Germans, Americans, French, Italians, Swedes, Norwegian, Chinese, as well as English. The latter are the fewest of all. There is an utter absence of religion, and much awful vice and profanity abound.

The Church of England is alone in the field. Not a representative of any other religious body is yet among the miners. At two places, Hope and Yale, there was a Methodist minister, but he has been withdrawn. We have two clergymen in those towns, both of whom are working well.

I was present at a meeting on my way, when an address was presented to me, and the chairman, an American and Presbyterian, called upon all present in this new land to forget the past differences, and to adopt the Church of England for their religion, as a church in which they could have confidence, which had a broad basis, and which was "at work among them."

The great drawback to the wholesome progress of society is the dearth of female population:—

I suppose there is not above one to every two

hundred of the other sex. I came upon a pleasing exception the other day at Hill's Bar. I was visiting the miners. One log hut seemed more neat than the rest. As we approached a modest looking young woman asked us to come in. She was from the north of Ireland, a Protestant, and had married in Australia. There was something simple and touching in her manner. I entered upon the subject of religion, she loved to attend church, and had been piously brought up by her parents, whose custom it was to have family prayer night and morning. Her father was still living. She was very lonely and had no female society. One other there was, but her character was such she could not associate with her.

The Chinese are flowing in by thousands. They are a funny people and are full of good humour, and very friendly. They respect the English much. At one place I came to a pretty bridge over a river. It was built by a Chinaman named Ah-Soo. He takes the tolls. On our approach he ran forward with cool waters to drink, and told us we were free of the bridge. "No Englishes pay over do bridge, and no poor Chinaman." "Me make no charge to do English. Me charge Boston man (American.) Boston man chargee Chinaman very high in Californy; Chinaman now chargee Boston man. Ha! ha!"

Every where the Indians came about the missionaries, and regarded them as their friends. The Bishop had begun to preach to them in Chinook, a jargon or trade language, understood by all Indian tribes to some extent. An interesting scene occurred at a village of Quanyome Indians:—

It was about five o'clock: our meal was preparing. Indians began to assemble. There were three old men in particular, who sat like sages—grave and solemn; there was waiting also a smart-looking, middle-aged Indian, who wished to see me. It was Ilcochan, a chieftain of the tribe, known by his magnificent voice. I addressed the Indians assembled. I spoke of their Father in Heaven—of His love, of Jesus: asked what became of them when they died, held up the Word of God as given for them as well as us, &c. Ilcochan and Sacher, my own Indian, interpreted—that is, explained my Chinook. Both at times were excited, and seemed to enter fully into the subject. Sacher especially took up one of the sins I had named—drunkenness, and reminded them of the consequences. I dismissed them after a touching and interesting scene. A short time after we heard a loud noise at the Indian village. It was Ilcochan. His loud and clear voice brought echoes from the mountains; we could see his figure upon rising ground, and distinctly heard him repeating what I had said.

Our talk was long: the evening grew darker, and the fire blazed brighter. Ilcochan became very excited. He stood up and, with great vehemence and gesticulation, reiterated my words in Quanyome. The scene was striking. My companions returned. As they approached they felt a slight alarm; they thought there was trouble, and were much relieved to see me sitting in the midst of the circle watching Ilcochan. I was deeply interested—indeed, affected, to see the evident impressions upon these poor Indians.

At an evening meeting the Bishop brought forward the subject of the education of their children.

I enquired how many children there were in the tribe. It was difficult to make them understand; at length they appeared to catch my meaning. Two young men started up, came forward, and offered to go. I supposed they were going to count the children. Presently they came back—there was a difficulty. Instantly every one

shouted to put them on their mettle, and not see difficulty. They conferred, and then darted off into the darkness.

In a little time from all quarters approached more Indians. As they came on the ground they took their seats in rows. I perceived every one had a child. I discovered, to my dismay, they had misunderstood me, and had been bringing the children themselves instead of the number. It was past ten o'clock, and all these poor things had been pulled out of bed, most were naked—some in their cradles.

In the midst of my last talk an Indian woman brought a lighted mould candle and set it down near me.

We concluded by singing the Evening Hymn. A devotional and deep impression sat upon each and all, most striking to witness. Reluctantly they took their leave one by one. Every one shook hands, every little child was brought, and held out its little hand.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH IN COLUMBIA

(From a Correspondent of the New York Church Journal.)

Thursday, the 13th of September, was the day fixed for the consecration of St. John's Church, Victoria—the iron church sent out from England. A cordial invitation having been extended to the clergy in Oregon and Washington to attend, the Rev. Mr. Kendig and myself, the only representatives of the church on Puget Sound, availed ourselves of the kind invitation, and took a vacation from our own duties. We were welcomed on the arrival of the steamer at Victoria by one of the resident clergy of the town, and taken to the bishop's palace, where during our entire stay every thing was done by the bishop and family to make our sojourn agreeable and the remembrance thereof pleasant. The bishop is a charming christian gentleman, in manners courteous and polished, in disposition kind and affable; a man most devoted to his profession, and one whose goodness, energy, and decision are recognised and acknowledged by not only the English, but also the American residents of Victoria. The bishop is fast building up the church in British Columbia; he has associated with him quite a large corps of labourers of corresponding energy, piety, and devotion, and together they are making a region (which, at the time of the north-western boundary controversy, one of our statesmen, Mr. Benton, characterized as "the derelict of nations, the Nova Zembla of the north-west, a country fit only for the residence of the fur-bearing animals and their hunters,") to "bud and blossom as the rose." The bishop is a type of the true missionary, going out from Victoria and spending weeks and months in visiting the most remote parts of his diocese, entering the cabin of the settler, visiting the miner at his toil, and conversing with him of things "pertaining to salvation," as he leans upon the handle of his mattock or pick, or seated by his side upon the grassy bank or down upon the soil just thrown from the pit. The bishop returned from one of these excursions the day before the consecration, and his narration of some of the incidents connected therewith was especially piquant.

On the morning of the consecration the sky was unclouded and continued so during the entire day, and a large congregation hence were assembled in the body of the church. At eleven a.m., a procession of the clergy was formed at the vestry room, and moved towards the main entrance of the church, which they entered in reverse order, the Bishop leading. Here he was met by a depu-