

Baptist, and Methodist Episcopal, also a branch of the Church of England Zenana Mission, which has recently established Gosha hospital for native women. Missionary comity is happily observed in India to a considerable extent. Missionary conferences exist in the larger cities; and in Bangalore, once a month, members of the several missions, foreign and native, with their wives (numbering in all about fifty), meet together at one another's houses for social intercourse, prayer and conference on their common work. Following on these lines, a native Christian Association likewise exists for the union and edification of all sections of the native Church. —*Rev. T. E. Slater, in London Chronicle.*

WORK ON THE KLONDYKE.

We take the following from a report of the Bishop of Alaska to the Board of Missions of the Church in the U. S., published in the November *Mission Field*. The Bishop writes: "On April 26, accompanied by Mr. A. A. Selden, with small packs on our backs, we started from Dyea on the trail to the interior. For nine miles we followed the windings of the Dyea river until we came to the mouth of the canyon, and here we found a camp of some 300 people. We continued our journey up this five-mile canyon, which we found in a very bad condition. The ice in places had given way; the river, pouring through this narrow chasm, walled in on both sides by high, precipitous rocks, had swollen, obliging us at times to cross a log or swing ourselves around the face of some cliff, making this part of our journey wearisome, if not dangerous. We reached Sheep Camp—fifteen miles from Dyea—at night. I had to spend three days here in order to get my outfit packed to the summit. Sheep Camp was a heterogenous place. Tents, cabins, tables of hucksters, 'sure-thing men,' lined the winding trail on both sides for a mile or more up the hillside, while all along the trail itself one was ever stepping on dead mules, dogs, etc. The time spent here was not lost. I was able to be of some help to one poor fellow who was very ill and without means, finally arranging to send him to our hospital at Skaguay. I also got close to many men. On the third day we headed for the Summit, Chilcoot Pass. After a climb of three miles we came to the place where a few weeks before some seventy men had been buried under an avalanche; but as it was storming I avoided this narrow gulch and kept well up the steep side of the mountain. About 2 p.m., after an eight hour climb, we stood safely on top of Chilcoot. After going down some distance, we came to a sheltered plateau, and here a wonderful scene presented

itself to our eyes. Over a thousand men and dogs moved to and fro amid the piles of outfits accumulated here. Men stood in line, each at head of a loaded sled to which was attached a 'G' pole, waiting for the forward man to make the descent before moving on, while the man descending the steep incline was watched as now he flew down, guiding his sled, or more often guided by it, until at last the bottom was reached with man sled, and outfit so tangled up that it was difficult to find the man. After paying duty to the Canadian customs officers stationed at this point, our turn came. Selden went down as a toboggan goes, and reached the bottom with bleeding hands and part of his clothes in a forlorn condition. On this side of the Summit there were, probably, 2,000 men. We camped at Lake Linderman and found about 8,000 men there in tents. On we went to the head of Lake Bennett, and here we found a camp of 15,000 men. I spent Sunday at this place, knocked around among the men, met travelling companions of two years ago, and held services, preaching to a congregation of 150 men. Though the ice was considered unsafe, yet on Monday at 5 a.m., with a sled load of 450 pounds, we toiled on down the lake, passing camps and boat-builders strung all along one shore, seeing several slides tearing down the mountain side, and so it continued until we reached the foot of Takish Lake—a distance of fifty-five miles made in three days with heavy loads—and here we decided to camp and build our boat. Boats sold at \$250 each, lumber was twenty-five cents per foot, which expense I could not afford, therefore we sawed out lumber and built our own boat, which cost but time and muscle. It is almost impossible to describe the vast number of the men on this trail. I estimated it at 20,000, but 40,000 would be more correct. I chose this way of going in for this reason: it gave me an opportunity of getting close to these men, as I could get in no other way, and I think I fairly succeeded. It was a surprise to them that I should be sharing their life, and for no other object than to tell men the story of God's love. I find in my experience that the only way of reaching men and preparing them to receive God's message is to reach, with a brother's heart of interest and sympathy, the individual man. Many of these men would find their way into our territory, where this Church of ours almost exclusively is ministering the Word of God and the Blessed Sacraments, and to meet them, know them, was an important preparatory step; so working by their sides, talking to them around their camp-fires or in their tents, and holding services, I sought these men for Christ's sake; and some of these scenes will live long in my memory. One such occurs to me. We were camped in the midst of many