

of all kinds; magnificent timber, excellent breeding-grounds for cattle; bears truly, and Indians, and tremendous rains, and a want of hands to work the ground, but capabilities of all kinds, agricultural and commercial, and an evident future before the colony: this was the true state of the country which had been so dismally represented: these the fruits found behind those terrible hedges set up to keep in what was in, and to keep out what was out, that the beavers and martens and minks and sables might go through only one net—that of the Hudson's Bay Company—and no skins be dropped on the highway for stragglers.

After the discovery of gold, the whole face of things was changed. A full flow of emigration set in, carrying all sorts of people with it, good and bad indifferently; and where the land had been dead and barren for want of human life, it now became burdened and oppressed by excess. The virtues practised there were not of the most primitive character; and it was felt that if the "untutored heathen" were to be reclaimed from their vices, it must be by a somewhat purer agency than the hideous influence of these lawless godless whites, only occupied in digging up the earth for gold. It was resolved to erect Columbia into a bishopric at once, that the teaching of the Church might be made under proper authority, and the Mother be seated in her chair from the beginning. A lady, whose wealth is only equalled by her munificence, and who has already founded two other colonial bishoprics, came forward with twenty-five thousand pounds, which she laid down as the nucleus of the English episcopal establishment in Columbia. That lady is Miss Burdett Coutts; the new bishop, the youngest of the prelatial body, is Dr. Hills, formerly rector of Great Yarmouth, and in a singular manner well fitted for his position—one of the muscular, Livingstonian men given to doing, not to talking only, and trusting as much to practice as to precept. "He is a real man, he does not only soil his episcopal knees by praying, but uses his hands and works," said a friend of his, emphatically; a graphic touch worth whole pages of elaborate description. He had need be such a man, for he has rough work before him; and, if he feared to dirty his hands, the very purpose and aim of his life there would be frustrated. The luxuries of civilisation are not very plentiful about him at home or abroad. His episcopal palace is a small wooden hut, the outer door of which opens into his sitting-room; there is no hall or passage; so, when people knock he answers the door himself, and in this way dispenses with puce-coloured plush and powder. Victoria—Vancouver's Island—where this luxurious palace is to be found, is, says the bishop, "the most lovely and beautifully situated place in the world. In the summer it must be exquisite; there is every sort of scenery, sublime mountains, placid sea, noble forest trees, undulating park-like glades, interspersed with venerable oaks, inland lakes and rivers abounding with fish. The climate is thoroughly English, a little milder."

Things are dearer there yet than in England; servants and house-rent are high; meat is extravagant, so is butter, so is all wearing apparel; tea and sugar are cheap, and excisable articles escape the well-known brand. A great trade is to be done in fishing; and here Dr. Hills is eminently qualified to speak, for he learnt all about this subject at Great Yarmouth:

"A famous trade might be done in this country in herrings; they are plentiful beyond measure. The present catchers are Indians, who go out and scoop them in along shore with nets and boats. If they were to go farther out they would get larger ones. As it is, many they catch there are as large as those at Yarmouth. One gentleman has turned to curing them, and he makes four hundred per cent. of his outlay. There would be a vast market all down the coast of the Pacific. Wood, for curing, is of course in great plenty. There are several other kinds of fish—sturgeon and salmon, for instance. This latter, of the finest description, you can have daily for a mere song—twopence or threepence a pound. These are cured also. I will welcome any fishermen who will come out with introductions, and can promise them a lucrative business."

On the mainland the scenery is exquisite. The Fraser river—navigable for steamers for a hundred miles, but with a tremendous barrier of sand and surf at the mouth—is studded with islands; so, indeed, is the sea "a very archipelago of islands," offering lovely subjects for the artist—who has never gone to sketch them. There are mountain glaciers clad, little streams and rivers rising in all directions, and, above all, mighty forests of pines, some four hundred feet in height, and of corresponding girth. The bishop is very graphic on the subject of trees. It is only fair to let him speak of them in his own words:

"Every wind brings down many trees. The fall of a tree is like the report of a cannon. There are huge trees in all stages of decay, some standing erect without a leaf and without bark, others on the ground. I have stepped upon what seemed the firm trunk of a large tree, and my foot sank in, and split open the soft body almost as pulp. One trunk lay its long length of some one hundred and fifty feet, with a diameter of five, entirely rotten, but complete in shape, and a row of young trees growing upon the old one—not shoots, but new trees. The whole soil for a considerable depth is vegetable substance, very rich, thus continually renewed, and sending forth with rapid growth a vigorous supply of young trees. The forest is the settler's enemy. He tries to get rid of it every way. In the autumn fires are lighted round and inside the trees, and they will burn for days, and then come down with a crash. The fall of a tree is a fine sight, I may say impressive. Two men will take a day for some of the largest. They use their axes with great precision. Every stroke tells, and they can lay the tree in any direction they please. They cut behind and before; the side on which the tree