

time I had my choice either of a saloon or store. I chose the latter, and in each instance the business of buying and selling went on until I was on hand to carry in the seats and commence the service, and was resumed again immediately after the benediction. Now let me ask, in all possible seriousness, is it creditable to our Canadian Methodism, or any other *ism*, to place an agent of the Church in circumstances where his lips are almost sealed, or, if he speak out what he feels, have the door closed against him? I felt humiliated and pained, and the more I thought over it the more convinced I became that something should be done. Now, back in Ontario I know that, under such conditions, you would say, "Arise and build." How difficult it seems to be to get you to fully understand the difference in the situation. You have no rule that I know of that you can fairly apply to our work here. At the time I speak of there were four large saloons in course of construction (two more added since), all intended for the sale of intoxicating drinks. And there was only one man ready to say that he was out and out a Methodist. Now, in the face of all that, I told them the first Sunday I preached there after Conference, "I am going to have a church here." The next day I secured a lot, on which I paid the only \$50 I had in the world, and that is only part payment. The site is one of the finest in the place, the lot is 50 x 130 feet, and will cost \$600.

Last Sunday week I opened the new church. It is built on the back part of the lot, and may subsequently serve for school-room. It is forty feet long, by about half that in width. There are about 8,000 feet of lumber in it, and every board had to be packed on men's shoulders from the water, where it was rafted from the mill, on to the lot. After raising all I could, I am in debt for the building about \$300. The rough lumber cost \$23 per thousand feet, the dressed \$32; and the lowest wage paid to mechanics was \$4 per day. New Denver is beautifully situated on the shore of Slocan Lake, and in the centre of what is considered the best mining district in the province. The future of the town is considered as safe as anything can be in an undeveloped camp; but we must wait and move just as circumstances will warrant. It is about fifty miles, nearest way, from Nelson, thirty of which we have to make on foot over a wretchedly bad trail, or pay \$6 each way for a horse, which I never will consent to do.

Nakusp is another point where I should very much like to build this summer. No Church is represented there yet. The railway is just started from there into New Denver, and is to be completed this summer. Nakusp is situated on the east shore of Upper Arrow Lake, and distant from New Denver about thirty miles. I am laying my plans to build a suitable church at Nelson, and hope to have it ready for opening early in the fall. The general depression in consequence of the unsettled state of silver makes it all but impossible to raise money.

Now, I think, because of the peculiarity of this field, a special appropriation should be made. We are spending large sums in China and Japan, and amongst the Indians and Chinese in the Dominion. Are we to overlook our own kindred? Two or three of our preachers' sons from the East are in this district now, and many young men from Methodist homes are scattered through here. They will come. Shall we not try and follow them with the means of grace? May God help us to realize the sacredness of our trust.

The reference to a "special appropriation" in the closing paragraph of the above extract, calls for a word of explanation. The General Board makes no grants in aid of building churches in the home work. By direction of the last General Conference forty-two and a-half per cent. of all monies appropriated by the General Board goes to Home Missions. If grants were made in aid of church-building, they would have to come out of this percentage, and would, therefore, come out of the pockets of the missionaries themselves. Help of the kind needed in the Kamloops District must come from some source outside the Mission Fund.

The Kanazawa Mission Building.

THE photogravure, which graces the first page of this number of the OUTLOOK, is of a building with a very interesting history of its own. In fact it stands as the first tide-mark of western civilization on the west coast of Japan.

Fifty years ago, when the gates of that island empire were closed against the "Hairy Barbarian"; and when the swarthy dweller in Sunrise Land prided himself on having a monopoly of all the civilization, education and culture in the world, here in Kanazawa, Prince Maeda, the greatest of all the feudal lords, dwelt in all but regal splendor. Princely was his income, and so numerous his retinue as to over-awe all the other clans along the west coast of the main island. But one flaw there was in his armor; one unconquerable foe that has ever dwelt in castle and cot and hovel, went forth with the host to battle and unnerved the arm of the warrior while yet the enemy was afar off, and laid his prowess in the dust. This foe was disease, and against him the far-famed sword of the Masamune was as a broken reed; as yet no weapon formed against him could prosper.

And so when Commander Perry forced open the gates of the Empire, which had never creaked on their hinges for two hundred and fifty years, there was only one among the horde of blue-eyed and flaxen-haired barbarians that was at all welcomed in the Land of the Gods, and that was the champion who, with drug and lancet, was ready to grapple with the fell destroyer; and none among them was more eager to obtain his assistance than this great Lord of Kaga, Prince Maeda. It was not long, therefore, before a German physician was on his way from the Fatherland to pioneer the high art of ministry and relief to the suffering away out where the foot of the European had scarce trod before. And for him a suitable dwelling-place had to be prepared; so, at the command of the great lord of the land, down from the mountain quarries on the backs of myriad serfs came the hewn stone for the foundation; and from the rich forests on the hillside the strongest and best of the now almost priceless *keake* were taken for post and beam and rafter, and from far and near the most skilful artizans were brought to build a bungalow for the healer from across the seas. But little did they think that they were rearing a tabernacle for the divine healer, Jesus of Nazareth, where around Him might throng, as in days of yore, the poor and the maimed, the halt and the blind in spirit, and hear, in the silent, secret sanctuary of the soul, that best of all benedictions, "Go in peace and sin no more."

A beautiful building did they rear for their guest, of one storey, and yet with broad corridors, lofty ceilings, and chambers so spacious and airy as to make the sultry climate of that oriental land almost bearable. Great balcony windows open out of every room, and around the whole house runs a great, comfortable verandah, so broad and roomy as to lure one to live as much as possible in the open air.

But the feudal system, that great structure, the growth of centuries, vanished as quickly and almost