

Holy Trinity, New Westminster, in the presence of the congregation, which had assembled to witness and take part in it. After reading the Litany, the Rector proceeded to the vestry, and returned along with the Rev. Chas. Croucher, the Bishop's Chaplain, the latter bearing a pastoral staff, a description of which occurred in an English newspaper as follows:—

A pastoral staff for the Bishop of New Westminster, British Columbia, has been executed by Messrs. Cox Sons, Buckley & Co. It consists of a gilt metal crook, surmounting an ebony rod, which is divided into three portions by metal rings, and terminated by a metal tip or point. The length of the staff is about six feet. The crook is richly foliated with the leaves and berries of the "Fruitful vine," being similar in treatment to the antique staff of St. Servan's, which is still preserved at Maestricht in Holland. There is a richly chased knob under the "volute," which is set with "bossed" amethysts. This beautiful work is enclosed in a polished oak case, lined with rich violet velvet.

Proceeding to the Altar rails, His Lordship being seated in the Sacrament, the Archdeacon of the Diocese read the following address:—

To the Rt. Rev. Acton W., Lord Bishop of New Westminster;

In the name of the Clergy and Communicants of this Diocese, we beg to present this Pastoral Staff for the use of the Bishop of New Westminster.

From the personal love and esteem in which we hold your Lordship, we are pleased that this symbol of the Episcopal Office should be first entrusted to your care; and we sincerely hope that many years may elapse before it passes to the hands of your successor.

The Bishop accepted the staff, and having laid it upon the Altar, dedicated it to the service of God, by a short Office of Benediction. He then, holding the staff by his left hand, gave a short address in reply. He stated that from at least the 4th century, the pastoral staff had been by all branches of the Church, accepted as the symbol of episcopal rule. A rule not autocratic, and so commonly described as wielded by a rod of iron, but as defined by the proper meaning of the word *re jula*, a straight edge, from which our word 'rule' is derived. A pastoral staff consisted of three portions, the central being the rod, signifying the Bishop's rule over the flock committed to his charge by the Chief Shepherd, by drawing the straight lines of the Church's faith once delivered to the Saints, so that his charge might stay in the "old paths and walk therein." Another portion, the crook, typified the duty of the Bishop to seek the lost ones, wandering from the fold, and with love and sympathizing tenderness draw them once more into the Church; and also to guide those who otherwise might stray away into the world without. The third portion, the point, symbolized the most painful portion of the episcopal duty, the exercise of Church discipline. Times would occur, when those lagging in the spiritual path, and careless and neglectful of their religious profession, needed goading into renewed activity. This more than all needed to be used in the love of God, and with sympathy between the Bishop and the flock of his fold. As the clergy and laity had of their own accord presented him with this staff after eight years of episcopal rule, he judged that it was a sign that his rule had been commendable to them.

The Bishop gave the Benediction, and having handed the staff to his chaplain, the clergy left the chancel, and the proceeding terminated.

KOOTENAY.—It may be of interest to some of our readers to know that this part of the diocese of New Westminster has been visited for the first time by a Church of England

clergyman. Reports reached Donald about the end of October, that mountain fever was raging amongst the Northwest Mounted Police, who are camped below Wild Horse Creek near the Tobacco Plains. This, together with the fact that there are a number of men at work on the preparations which are being made for cutting a canal to drain the Kootenay river into the Columbia lakes, made a trip through this district absolutely necessary.

The usual mode of travelling into this country is to take one of the river steamers from Golden City up to the new wagon road which now connects Kootenay with the Columbia Lake Country. This is said to be one of the loveliest trips in British Columbia; I can quite believe in its loveliness in summer, and when it is viewed from the deck of a comfortable river boat; but when you have to work your passage along the most atrocious of Indian trails, you begin to think that you have at last found out the origin of the hurricane deck of a cay-cuse. As to enjoying the scenery, you can't. I defy anyone to have any other sense alive, but the sense of danger, as one's horse breaks away the side of the 2 foot trail, or goes scrambling over rocks and boulders, proving the theory that some mountain goat had been the first to tread this trail. For some sixty miles you wend your weary way along this trail. The first house you find is a log cabin, by the side of the trail, about twelve miles from Golden, where travellers can always be sure of a hearty welcome and kind hospitality. But I need not trouble you with details, sufficient to say that I made a start from Golden on Thursday morning through about 3 inches of snow and many more degrees of frost. As I had some medicine for the sick in camp I was making all haste; so when my horse cast a shoe the first day, and went dead lame some 18 miles from Golden and 6 from the nearest ranches, and had to be hauled in and then dragged home, return trip taking me two days, one's state of mind is more easily imagined than described, especially as shoe nails were scarce, and a pair of red stockings (bran new ones at that) and a mocassin were hardly enough to protect the tender hoof though quite enough to give amusement to all who met me leading such an asthetically attired animal along the trail.

With a *nil desperandum* I made a fresh start on Friday, and managed to make the first 100 miles in about two days. A fresh horse brought me into camp safely on the fourth day from Golden. The distance is said to be 175 miles, but it seems more like 200; a mile in this part of the country includes "the bit." On the way a courier from the camp brought the sad news of another death, which made me hurry on. But when I arrived there I found the fever had abated—all were doing well. It was a sharp attack while it lasted and was pronounced typhoid fever. There were only 3 deaths in camp, a fact which speaks for itself of the attention and care which the patients received. It was quite like civilization to hear the bugle calls and see the fine barracks which have been built on the bench that overlooks the valley, the Kootenay River stretching away to the Tobacco Plains, South, and commanding the entrance to the Moyais Pass through the Selkirk. No better position could have been chosen; it is just the key to the whole district, being just at the intersecting point of all the trails. The bog barracks have been built by the police themselves, and would do credit to the most skilful carpenter. There is a fine square that admits of the whole force being deployed there. On one side, opposite the officers quarters, are the stables, capable of holding some 60 or 70 horses; and two capacious barrack rooms and the hospital, with the store and other buildings opposite, from the other sides of the square. There is no lack of lumber in this country; in fact the first thing that one notices through the Kootenay valley, is

the good quality of the lumber, larch or tamarac growing to a great size, and just at this season lighting up the darkness of the pine foliage with their golden sheen.

Service was held in one of the barrack rooms on Thursday; I was glad to have such a hearty one, and to find that out of the 60 men, more than half were members of the Church. I felt it well worth the ride to have been able to have been in camp, even if it was after the fever had abated; as he felt that the presence of a clergyman there is not out of place at any time.

But it was not only in camp that one found a warm welcome, all along the trail and round the Kootenay country, the same welcome was given to the first clergyman of the Church who had come into the district. This is explained by the fact that there are in round numbers some fifty people, besides the 60 police, to be found in the 200 odd miles between Golden City and the Tobacco Plains, and most of these are Church members. They are anxious to have some regular services, and the kind support which took the form of subscription in the N. W. M. P. camp "for the support of Church of England missions in Kootenay district," proved that this desire is more than a nominal one, by giving \$43 towards our mission. Having held services for some of the settlers on Friday, I was able to have a celebration on Sunday morning 4 miles from camp, and after Matins pushed on another 30 miles for Evensong at Windermere.

My return trip was also made in 4 days, but it meant riding early and late, and that in the fall is not pleasant, especially through an almost unknown country. Luckily, however, my horse knew the country well, and brought me home safely each evening, along trails that I could never have found; only now and then when he thought he had gone far enough he would take me through the darkness, rocks and trees, to some old camping ground of his, and then came to a stop in a good bunch grass patch for me to dismount and camp. This I refused to do, and then the puzzle to me is how the horse ever found the trail again, but he did.

There is certainly a cry for help from this district, and it is trying to know that only occasional services can be given at present, as our work seems now more than we can do, and is increasing every day. We do what little we can, and pray that the Lord of the harvest will send forth more labourers in to His harvest.

CONTEMPORARY CHURCH OPINION.

The *North East*, of Maine, gives this practical advice. It says:

The work of the Church in most of our parishes is now being vigorously pushed forward. The winter is in many ways in this country the harvest time of the Church. Then all the activities of the parish are called into exercise, and all its working organizations do their best. There is some times a danger from a too great multiplication of societies and meetings and classes, for then the demand upon the time and zeal of the workers is too great and the result is not satisfactory. It is well not to undertake more than can be done thoroughly. We have heard of cases where people have rushed into so many kinds of work during the winter months that their strength has been exhausted before very much was accomplished, and they have been discouraged by apparent failure, when the real fault has been that creditable one, perhaps, of striving to do too much. It is right to make Church work a matter of conscience, and therefore not to make secular engagements which will necessarily interfere with its proper performance. If, therefore, any society or meeting for mere pleasure or intellectual profit should be found to interfere with the Church's calls, there should be no doubt on the part of any ear-