

situated close to, if not within, the Arctic Circle. The miners make this, Forty-Mile Creek, their headquarters during winter. They have built themselves neat, comfortable cabins, some of them with kitchen gardens. Many of them are well-educated men, far ahead of the low average level of the mining camps. But others, again, are of a very different type, and these come from their mines flush of money, ready to spend it in any way that will furnish them with comforts, luxuries, and amusements. And two first-class traders are here, with well-equipped stores containing every article that heart could fancy, from a flour bag to a wedding ring (which latter article, alas, is perhaps the one least frequently asked for in the whole colony). Here is a good lending library and billiard room. Here are at least six saloons, several restaurants, and a theatre. We can also boast of two doctors, two blacksmiths, one watchmaker, and one dressmaker, with the latest fashions from Duncan! And, worse than all these, there are several distilleries, where rum or whiskey is made and sold to the Indians, and they have learned to make it for themselves, and that other highly intoxicating spirit called "Hoochinoo." And thus our Indians, being brought into contact with the white man, fall in only too easily with his taste for luxury, love of gambling, coarse, vile language, and for the miserable and ruthless degradation of women. Our American citizen would scorn to marry an Indian; indeed, by an iniquitous law of his country, he is forbidden to do so. But the higher law of God he can set aside and ignore. The sweet, oval face and laughing eyes of our Indian girl pleases him; he knows that she can be made as deft with her hands, as tidy and orderly, as skilful with her needle as any white woman. She is sadly, deplorably vain, poor child, and a gay shawl or two, a pair of gold ear-rings, will sorely tempt her, as the bag of flour has tempted her father to wink at the transaction!

Soldiers of the White Cross army, we want you in this dark corner of the earth! Knights of chivalry, sworn to succor the defenceless, to defend the right, has the cause, or the courage to maintain it, quite died out among us? Indeed, our position in this part of the mission field is sad enough, yet not quite desperate. "Faint, yet pursuing," should be our motto. It is a struggle against wind and tide. "Nous marchons à tâlons dans les ténèbres de la foi." Yet even we are not without some gleams to cheer us, some light amid the clouds to whisper hope and comfort. We have, thank God, a few, too few, and yet each time an increasing number of Indian communicants. There are some of our men making strenuous efforts to keep from drink. We have heard of some leaving this neighborhood and going off into the woods to be out of the way of temptation. Throughout

the last winter, with a temperature as low as 55° and 64° below zero, when the lamps would hardly burn from the frozen oil, we never failed to have our little band of worshippers at evening; men holding their ears from the cold, women wrapped in their blankets, little ones toddling along in their rabbit-skin coats, would hasten in at the sound of the mission bell, and join reverently in the prayers and singing.

It is well for these Indians that their bishop is as at home in Tukadth as in many other Indian languages. The variety of tongues we meet with is a serious difficulty in the work. We have at present but five mission children boarding with us, but amongst these are three distinct languages!

The bishop contemplates opening another mission beyond Selkirk, where are a number of heathen Indians who have never yet heard the sound of the Gospel.

Commending ourselves and the Indians and white men in Selkirk diocese to your kindly offices and prayers,

Believe me, sincerely yours,
C. S. BOMPAS.

OUR HEROIC PAST.



CONTEMPORARY, speaking of a great devotional gathering, refers to our Heroic Past as a matter of much interest and importance. Undoubtedly this is true. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews is a rehearsal of the Heroic Past of the Church of God, by a man who was then living and acting in a Heroic Present.

For besides an Heroic Past, there is an Heroic Present. And many people are thinking of and doing with the Heroic Past who have little to do with the Heroic Present. They speak of men who were stoned and sawn asunder; who had trials of cruel mockings and scourging, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment; and who suffered reproach, and scorn, and exile, for the sake of Christ and His Gospel; but they endure none of these things. They have never known what it was to be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, for the Gospel's sake. They have never hazarded their lives; nor have they hazarded anything else. They dwell in heated houses; they sit at well-spread tables, they wear soft raiment, they erect monuments to the memory of good men who have suffered for Christ's sake; they contribute pennies for missionary purposes, they become rich and increased in goods, but they know little of the offence of the cross, and they do nothing that demands heroism, nothing that evinces heroism.

The Heroic Past is a great theme for their gratulation, but there is room, moreover, for an Heroic Present. There are hundreds of millions of people who are yet as ignorant of the