

the foundations of the Church in this new country. It is well that they should be laid wisely and with care, and that such work should be entrusted to wise and worthy workmen, as in their case it certainly is. All that zeal and wisdom and earnestness in the cause can effect, they, under the blessing of God, are sure to accomplish.

The important and growing town of Nanaimo is the sphere of Mr. Clyde's ministerial labours. The congregation is thriving. Besides important alterations in the place of worship since his arrival, a very beautiful and commodious manse is in course of erection, and will soon be finished. The immense coal beds in and around Nanaimo will always render it a very important town, and at no distant day the centre of an immense population. A great number of the miners, as well as the managers of the coal mines, are Scotsmen from Ayr and Lanark-shires, and it is gratifying and important to know that they have a minister of their own church among them, who is thoroughly in sympathy with them, who understands them so well, and who labours so successfully in their midst. Lately, a new station has been specially occupying our attention as a proper and promising field for church extension in British Columbia. We refer to the district of Comox—a farming settlement, some seventy miles north of Nanaimo.

COMOX.

As it may prove of some little interest to some of your Eastern readers, I will furnish an account of a visit which I recently paid to this beautiful and interesting locality within the last few weeks.

Through the kindness of Mr. Jamieson, who offered to supply my pulpit in Victoria for one Sabbath, I left for Comox, and spent the first Sabbath of October among the worthy people of that district. The communication with Victoria is by steamer, which calls at Comox once each two weeks. The visit was specially interesting to me, as I understood that the place had never been visited before by a minister of our church. And I venture to say that none but those who have tried it can fully appreciate the peculiar pleasure of planting the old blue flag of Presbyterianism for the first time in a new country. It was not the first occasion that I had the privilege of doing so among the romantic vallies hedged in by the "everlasting hill" of British Columbia, but it certainly is an act that can bear repetition in new districts without any loss of the freshness of feeling that accompanies the first act. It has often been a source of wonder to me that so few of our young men are willing to become the Pio-

neers of the Church. Is it because the age of chivalry is past and gone? Is it because they prefer snug parishes and comfortable city charges? Or, is it because they over-estimate the hardships—or under-estimate the importance of the work of the Pioneer? We will not venture to answer. But this we do assert, that the work in your snug parishes is very humdrum, and in your city charges very prosaic in comparison with the fresh and thrilling interest that attends the labour of our Missionary Pioneers. One such day as I spent in Comox has to me more interest than very many spent in a city crowded with churches, for the same reason that it is more interesting to give even a crust of bread to the hungry than to lavish the choicest food upon those who are not in want. Arriving early in the week, I spent several days in travelling through the district and visiting the good people at their homes. And a lovely district it certainly is, and very kind I found the people whom I had the pleasure of visiting. The settlement lies principally along the banks of a river of the same name, and in a fertile valley shut in by snow-capped mountains. The weather was during my visit singularly beautiful—the skies cloudless—the harvest nearly gathered in—the autumn tints falling upon the woods,—and that peculiar mellowness in the atmosphere which the "Indian Summer" brings to old Canada, and to Columbia alike. The Sabbath was in keeping with the previous week, equally bright and beautiful. Service was held in a new house, which was just lately roofed in, and the property of a worthy Elder of the Church, from New Brunswick. He was much pleased to have a "house-heating" of this kind, and certainly hot enough it was on that day, for all the people in the district had come, and the meeting was said to be the largest ever held in Comox. We had in that new house a number of nationalities represented—English, Scotch, and Irish—and several from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, etc. On Monday evening, we held a business meeting, and consulted as to what could be done to supply the lack of Presbyterian services in the district. The great majority of the people are Presbyterian, and that of the most loyal and earnest kind. It was resolved at once to build a church. Two acres of land for Church and Cemetery were promptly offered, and accepted; and over \$350 subscribed in a few minutes to defray the expense of building. All were much cheered with the hopes of having services occasionally granted them, and of having a minister settled among them as soon as