

during her final sickness as circumstances would allow. More than one properly-finished photograph from each negative his relatives and friends in England have received.

In treating of British Columbia, I must refrain from attempting to describe the stupendous features of nature as they are comprised in mountain and valley, partly because others have depicted them before me, and partly because my main purpose was rather to note the wonders of grace than portray the charms of the landscape.

At Lytton I had the satisfaction of spending a Sunday with Rev. R. Small, missionary to a large band of Indians settled in a district through which flows the famous Fraser River. The results of persevering spiritual labor among these hill tribes are manifest. The village compares favorably with the Indian settlement on the Red River in Manitoba. The services in the church were attended by men, women, and children, who showed by their earnest attention and hearty responses that they appreciated their privileges and realized their position as that of "children of the heavenly King." Their dress and general appearance witnessed to the truth of the common adage, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." An attractive picture was formed for my benefit after service in the afternoon by grouping old and young together in front of the white-painted church, which, standing on the side of a lofty hill, was well contrasted with the natural background.

At Yale I made more extensive explorations, first interviewing some Christian Indian women, who were engaged in cleaning salmon, and who very willingly submitted to the scrutiny of the camera, thus showing a marked contrast to their heathen sisters of Swift Current. I obtained an excellent negative of a general view of the village, which, although a place of departed commercial glory, is one of the most beautiful mountain settlements that one sees in the course of this truly enjoyable and almost inspiring journey. I here witnessed the two ordinary hand methods of washing gold—that in which the slice is used, and that wherein the cradle is employed. In each case a Chinaman was the operator. In answer to the inquiry whether success was rewarding labor, one of these immigrants from the "Flowery Kingdom" said, "Not muchee gold." I was told, however, that these men make a very fair living, although no white man would be satisfied with their earnings. The truth is that they can subsist on what white men would scorn to use as food; and, so, although their daily income is small, they can still lay by something for the future.

After taking the image of each of these gold-seekers, I paid a visit to the village joss-house which they frequent. As no person was within, I was able to take a view of the altar, and

the idol placed upon it. I noticed on the altar a large number of tapers ready to be lighted by intending worshippers, and several small cups of liquid tea arranged before the idol as offerings. Thus the lines of Heber are sadly true, even in this Christian land:

"The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

THE "RED RIVER SETTLEMENT."

IN the summer of the year 1844 the Rt. Rev. George J. Mountain, the third Bishop of Quebec, paid a visit to what was then called the "Red River Settlement"—the starting point of the Province of Manitoba and the city of Winnipeg. The Bishop's description of this journey—all the way from Quebec to Winnipeg—is most interesting. By old-fashioned steamer he reached Montreal. From there—or from La Chine, close to Montreal—he embarked in a large canoe—a "canot de maître"—paddled by twelve voyageurs. In this way he journeyed up the Ottawa River, along the French River, skirting then the northern shore of the Georgian Bay, entering Lake Superior at Sault Ste. Marie, from there taking a long and dangerous paddle to Fort William, on Thunder Bay, close to what is now called Port Arthur, where they left their large canoe, and took in its place two smaller ones, for the rest of the journey would involve much portaging to avoid rapids and keep a more direct course. How wearisome must that journey have been! Yet the Bishop, being a great lover of nature, enjoyed it thoroughly. Arrived at Fort Alexander, at the very foot of Lake Winnipeg, the men, who had been paddling hard in order that the Bishop might reach the settlement on Saturday night, took a hasty breakfast and good-naturedly pushed on—though they had worked steadily through the whole night, and Sunday morning had now arrived. They were able to pull up at the little wooden church—built by the Church Missionary Society—at nine o'clock on Sunday morning. This church was built for the Indians, and was in charge of Rev. Mr. Smithurst, one of the earliest missionaries there. These Christian Indians were gathering for service when the Bishop arrived. He thus describes it:

"And there, on the morning of the Lord's own blessed day, we saw them gathering already around their pastor, who was before his door, their children collecting in like manner with their books in their hands, all decently clothed from head to foot; a repose and steadiness in their deportment, at least the seeming indications of a high and controlling influence upon their characters and hearts. Around were their humble dwellings, with the commencement of