

tioned this just in order to let the present audience see that it was not easy work with the means at hand to overcome the difficulties that were inevitable in missionary endeavours to gain effectual access to the Indian mind and heart. And yet it was true, for he had seen it, that while they could not lecture these men into thrift and industry, and while their endeavours to impress them with the superiority of civilized life would be met with a grunt of indifference or with the puff of smoke which was so fair an excuse for silence, they were not insensible to the power of the Gospel of Christ. A missionary had only to plant the cross in the midst of them, and under the shadow of that blessed cross all that was enbruted and unworthy would die, and all that was of good report and lovely would begin to spring up and ripen. On the sole ground of the civilising influence of Christian missions he would like to set any sceptics down upon Nuuaimo, a beautiful settlement on the eastern shores of Vancouver Island, where, if they liked, they could see the two systems growing side by side. There were two streets in that Indian village not much more than 100 yards from each other; called respectively the Heathen and the Christian street. The first presented, close to the river, a long row of low log huts, without windows, without chimneys, with a common door, and earthen floors, with boards loosely nailed here and there, but nowhere forming a complete enclosure, and within these eight or ten families herded together, without decency, without convenience, unkempt, unclad save with blankets, unwashed, and altogether presenting as degrading a downfall from the image of God as could be found on this side of hell. In the Christian street, on the other hand, there was cleanliness and comfort; there was the institution of the family apart—there was thrift, there was a measure of industry, and there was the idea and the look of home. There the two systems were side to side, for all the world to look upon. In the lower street were fathers, brethren, and relatives of those in the higher street, and, as the Gospel reached one heart after another, a small emigration was constantly going on. Oh, if any of the educationmongers who lauded their own agencies so highly, and who sneered at the Gospel of Christ, had only accomplished half an improvement like that, how the great worshippers of the Pan of human sufficiency would have held high festival, and there would have been garlands and incense, and they would have heard the clang of cymbals and the shout of unlooked-for triumph over the length and breadth of the land! But it was reserved for Christianity to achieve triumphs like these, showing in the highest and most complete sense that godliness was pro-