

of my most faithful helpers in Winnipeg, Mr. James Prest, is the efficient treasurer of one church in Vancouver. Very few in the East will realize what a journey it is from Oakland, California to Vancouver, British Columbia. I left home Monday, December 2nd, and expect to be back Saturday, December 14th, making a journey of some 2,200 miles. I will be five nights in a "Pullman," two nights in a Puget Sound steamer, two nights in a hotel, and three nights in the parsonage at Vancouver. I will have travelled from Oakland through California, Oregon, and the new State of Washington. One is tempted to describe scenery. The first morning I awoke, we were following the far-famed Sacramento River, turbulent, labyrinthine. The little streams coming down from the mountain sides looked like ribbons of molten silver. In the afternoon we were climbing mountains. Near Sissons is the majestic Mount Shasta, which gives its name to this route. It rises sheer and straight from the plain to the height of some 14,000 feet. Next to Mount Whitney, of the Sierra Nevada range which I looked at a few weeks ago from the San Joaquin valley, Shasta is the highest mountain in America. Whitney is over 15,000 feet high. If I were an artist I would undertake to describe the scene we witnessed from the heights of the Siskiyou mountain, over which we climbed about four in the afternoon. It was a picture, a poem and a halcyon chorus in one. The intense brightness of the sunlight on the snow-crowned heights, in contrast with the deep dark shade of the wooded mountains below, would gladden the soul of Rembrandt himself. After leaving Portland we had a fine view of Mount Hood, which rises like Shasta far above all surrounding heights, a perfect cone, snowclad from base to summit, glistening white. We sailed up Puget Sound from Seattle to Victoria. The day was bright. On our left were the Olympic range, and on our right the Cascade range; both ranges snow-capped, and bathed in sunlight. Above these heights are the remaining two famous mountains, Mount Tacoma and Mount Baker. This quartette, Shasta, Hood, Tacoma or Ramier, and Baker, are all in the neighborhood of 14,000 feet high, and are supposed to be extinct volcanoes. But I must not tarry. We reached Victoria Monday evening; a quiet, staid, solid

city, real "English, you know." At Esquimalt harbor saw the British fleet. The *Amphion* was in the dry docks for repairs. The Victorians are quite sure that one day passengers will take the train there for Japan *via* Alaska, Russia, etc.

But what about the church? Why should the Congregationalists in Eastern Canada and England establish a church in Vancouver? Is it a wise enterprise? Indeed it is. Vancouver is as truly a strategic point as Winnipeg. Our church is meeting a real need there. In the first place, there are hosts of young men at Vancouver; they are away from home, and home's restraints and helps. It is of the first importance that these young men be kept under, and surrounded with Christian influences. There is no other institution that does this but the Christian Church. The Y. M. C. A. do not get the young men in these western regions as does the Church. Mr. Pedley has a warm, firm grip on the young men of Vancouver; three-fourths of the congregation of four or five hundred that he has, are young men; the pastor is in sympathy with them, and they with him. These men are exposed to terrible temptation in these western cities. The devil's traps are many and well-baited. Bad whiskey and bad women are plentiful on the coast. The greed for gold, and the bad "boom" are everywhere. The Church must put its strong men in these centres, and through them fight the good fight of faith against the world, the flesh and the devil. The Church must be built, and the pulpit manned by wise, sympathetic and strong men. I trust that the Churches will stand close up to Mr. Pedley, and by their prayers and gifts help in the splendid service he is rendering the King. The churches should support this church because of the fact, that, as a rule, those who are in these western towns are not well-to-do. There are Christian families here from England, and different parts of Canada; they have come, in many cases, because of financial reverses in the east; they came west to begin life anew. The first few years is a struggle for existence. They give generously, as they are able, but their means are limited, and it would be unjust to throw on them the burden of building and supporting the church.

The church at Vancouver that we dedicated, is a credit to the denomination; it is a model, in