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The purser of the ship said that with such a crowd he prayed for foul weather, because sea-sickness kept them quiet. In these American ships, the dollar is all that is thought of. In this case several hundred passengers were taken beyond the number consistent with safety and decency. Yet there is no redress, and it is a shame that a British colony should have no other means than this of communicating with the civilized world, a means which if accurately known would certainly deter any person of education or refinement from venturing to come from England to the colony.

Sunday, March 5.—We reached Portland, 140 miles from the mouth of the Columbia river, about three o'clock this morning. There was little sleep to be had.

SUNDAY IN PORTLAND.

We attended St. Stephen's Chapel, where Bishop Scott officiates. The service should have been at half-past ten. It was a very rainy morning, and there was but a small congregation. After waiting some time, a layman, Judge Waite, rose up and announced there would be no service; as the Bishop had not come and must be ill. I at once offered to take the service. I read prayers and preached. In the evening we attended Trinity Church, where the Rev. R. E. Hyland requested me to preach, which I did.

VISIT TO SPENCER HALL—BISHOP SCOTT.

Monday, March 6.—Snow at intervals during the day. The Rev. Mr. Hyland came about one o'clock to take my wife and myself to visit Bishop Scott, the Bishop of Oregon and Washington. We went in a comfortable hack carriage superior to our London cabs, drawn by a couple of capital horses. The road through the town was not bad merely, but almost hazardous, full of mud-holes and irregularities. We seemed at one time likely to be pitched out, and at another to be stuck fast in the muddy hollow, where the water came nearly into the carriage. The greatest care was required on the part of the driver. After leaving the shameful streets, as these muddy holes are called, of Portland, we came upon a fairly macadamised road running along the side of the Willamette, made by a company for recreation in the summer and autumn, six miles to a spot opposite Milwaukie, where Spencer Hall is situated. We passed through the forest, and saw the clearings of the farmer all along the way. We crossed to Milwaukie by a ferry, and found Bishop Scott at home. He opened the door himself. Bishop Scott is a tall man of some sixty-five winters, with an intelligent brow; he is very much of the American in appearance and manner; he is dressed somewhat in a rough farmer-like way; he works hard for the house, chops wood, lights fires, superintends the provision for the family. He was once a Presbyterian minister, and came over to the Church on the question of orders. On other points of theology he is what would be called Evangelical. Spencer Hall, the residence of Bishop Scott, is also a school for girls brought up under his presi-