

A LETTER FROM YUKON.

Dawson City, Yukon, April 3, 1900.

Dear Dr. Warden:—I write to tell you that the Yukon should be known as a summer resort. For the past fortnight we have been bathing in floods of sunlight. The trails are bare, water is knee-deep on the Klondike, and the willow trees up that valley are wearing the soft "pussy buds" they affect in the spring. Sour-doughs tell us that in three weeks' time the ice will move, but to-night there is a sound of bustling winds, as though Jack Frost had been playing an April fool's joke on us.

However, there is no merging of the seasons here, nor winter lingering in the lap of spring. The only thing that lingers very greatly is the public school. Dawson is four years in existence and yet without a public school, and there is no place on earth as bad for idlers young or old—as just the streets of this city. Our congregations come and go, even yet largely a procession.

We have been improving the Hospital, a work in which our women spent love and labor. The character of cases treated is changing greatly, showing change in living. Men have better food and more light in their cabins. There is very little typhoid and no scurvy. Accidents are frequent and just now pneumonia is very prevalent.

Last week I went up to St. Mary's, the Roman Catholic Hospital, where there are some of our people. On this cot is a young Scotchman dying slowly. He has no fear. There is no sting in death for he has no sin unrepented and unforgiven. This day he has given me his mother's address in Glasgow that I may write "should anything happen."

Upstairs is another Scotchman. He cannot speak to me, though he tries; for yesterday, crazed by drink and losses at the gambling table, he sent two bullets into his brain. He came of Scotland's best blood and was considered by his fellows one of the kindest, most honorable souls in Dawson. I could only tell him we believed he was not himself when he did the deed, and tell of the Christ who loved and pitied and sorrowed for his sin more than we could.

Last Sunday night I prayed God to curse the business that prospers on the weakness of men—prayed that the men in the business might be saved, but the business cursed. Some blamed me for the spirit, saying it was too much like that shown at Engannim, which Jesus rebuked. Maybe I was wrong. As some one said at the Peace Conference "there dwell on earth three saintly things; there is Saint Peace, Saint Patience and Saint Charity, but there is no hope of meeting the first of the three until you have made the acquaintance of the others."

But it is hard to be patient and see gambling halls, really licensed by our Government under a system of monthly fines, full of men, many of Canada's young and

best, and "going down the line" so quickly.

That first page article in the Westminster of March 3rd, on "Love's Loss and Gain," heartened us. Sinclair's presence and counsel will help me. I have had no papers nor books during the winter and perforce have not been able to give much attention to reading. It would help greatly if brethren finding anything particularly suggestive, or with "grip" in it, as Dr. Milligan would say, would pass it along by letter post to us poorer saints. They will not do it for my sake, but they may pity this hungry people, and they may remember Paul's request of Timothy: "The cloak, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments."

Yours sincerely,

J. J. WRIGHT.

OUR ATLIN NURSES.

Through the kindness of Mrs. (Judge) MacLennan, Toronto, Convener of the Ladies' Committee in charge of the Atlin Nurses, we publish the following interesting letter from one of the nurses. We learn that to enable the ladies to pay the salaries of these devoted nurses and other expenses, the sum of six hundred dollars is needed before the middle of June. Contributions should be sent to Rev. Dr. Warden, Toronto.

Atlin, B.C., April 18th, 1900.

My dear Mrs. MacLennan:—

I believe I owe you an apology for not having written before. I am not going to make excuses, as I do not believe that "A poor excuse is better than none."

There seems to have been some misunderstanding in regard to the building of a hospital here. As you know, when we first came here, no hospital was thought of. We were supposed to nurse the sick where we found them, in their cabins or tents. We did this to some extent, but some were on the creeks, miles away, others were destitute, some place must be found for these. The Government put at our disposal a log cabin, with a sawdust floor, and one small window which would not open.

By crowding, as many as four beds could be accommodated in this, more room was needed, so a tent was put up alongside of this cabin, which had the luxury of a real floor, and while the nice weather lasted we got along very well; then winter came, the thermometer ranged between 30 and 40 degrees below zero, often. Imagine being sick in a tent under these conditions. Yet the cold was not as bad as days when it snowed outside and rained inside the tent. Once it leaked for two days—certainly it was not an ideal place for patients.

Then Mr. Pringle determined to build a hospital, which would belong to and be under