

Sunday-school, he summoned all his courage and replied, "No, thank you Sister —, but I would be gratified for a glass of water."

An account of how our work is established in the various mines might be inter-

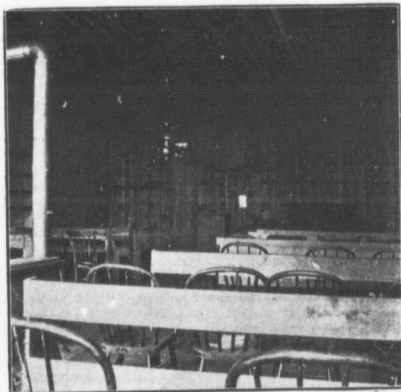
esting to our readers, but as the work is practically the same at all the appointments we will refer to only one camp—the Royal George. Learning that no missionary had ever held service there the Methodist sky pilot at Ymir decided to visit the camp. The trail follows a stream up the mountains through a huge, densely wooded glen, and after a delightful ride of two and a half hours on a cayuse the Royal George is reached. It is just five o'clock and the men are coming off "shift." The stranger is eyed closely and the men wonder who he is, for the preacher is not dressed in broadcloth nor does he wear a white necktie.

The new-comer goes directly to the office and explains his mission to the manager, who readily grants permission for service to be held in the bunk house, which is a large log building with two rows of bunks on either side, capable of accommodating sixty men. Here the men are sitting, talking and smoking and waiting for the supper bell. The missionary soon joins in the conversation and gives them the latest news, taking care, however, not to disclose his identity.

The gong sounds and the men make a rush for the dining-room, which is also a log building just opposite the bunk house. Sixty hungry Westerners at supper is an interesting sight. The men go at it with their coats off and their sleeves rolled up as though they meant business. The table is loaded with good things and there is no lack of variety, viz., pork and beans, ham, stewed beef, vegetables, cakes, pies and the proverbial pot of prunes. The missionary goes from table to table and explains to the men that he is a sky pilot, and that there will be service in the bunk house at 7.30 o'clock. One man mutters something to the effect that preaching is one of the new essentials; another says, "I guess it can't do us any harm anyway," while a third calls out, "I say, parson, are you pretty good on the preach," to which the parson answers, "Well, boys, come out to the service and see, but I'm not very long-winded, anyway."

Promptly at 7.30 we again enter the bunk-house. It is dimly lighted with candles. Some of the men are reading and smoking, others are busy playing cards. Pipes are laid aside and the men at the card tables agree to postpone their game until after the service. One of the card tables is converted into a pulpit,

hymn-books are distributed and service begins. Has any one a favorite hymn he would like sung?" asks the missionary. "Sing 'Where is my wandering boy to-night,'" calls out one man. The men join heartily in the singing though occa-



INTERIOR OF YMIR METHODIST CHURCH.

sionally a man is seen to stop, almost unconsciously, as the hymn takes him back to the days of his boyhood, and he thinks of the old home—and mother—and sister, whom he has not seen since he started west years ago. Another hymn is sung—this time

"There is a land that is fairer than day,"

and the great log walls of the bunk house echo and re-echo with the words

"In the sweet by-and-bye,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

There is a hush throughout that bunk house as a Bible lesson is read, the first Scripture which some of the men have heard for years. It is the story of the man who had a hundred sheep, and losing one of them he leaves the ninety and nine and seeks the lost.

After a brief prayer two more favorites are sung, those wonderful hymns of Charles Wesley, "Jesus, lover of my soul"; and

"Depth of mercy can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me,"

and then the text: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," is announced. The speaker carries us in thought back to the old homestead, the old school-house and the old church. We saw the sweet face of mother again and remembered the loving words of counsel, and felt the last hot kiss she gave us when we started out into the world to make our fortune. We remembered how we had wandered out West, and, living in the mountains far from the influence of Christian homes and houses of worship, we lost our hold on God, and soon the saloon and kindred evils dragged us downward. We were, indeed, lost sheep. We knew that. Nor did we want any

sky-pilot to come and tell us what we already knew. But he told us something that we had almost forgotten. He told us that God loved us. We thought that God hated us because we were a wild lot. "Never forget boys," said the preacher, "that all heaven is happier when a man turns his back on sin and strikes the trail that leads to the upper country."

Another hymn was sung and the benediction was pronounced. Several of the men asked the missionary to return, and he said he would be glad to visit them regularly. Two weeks later service was again held there. The men became interested. At the close of the service one of the men stood up and said, "Parson, have you any objection to us taking up a collection?" The parson had always understood that a collection was almost essential to an orthodox Methodist service, and so had no valid objection to offer. The man passed the hat around and handed the contents to the preacher to "help pay for his cayuse," as the miner said, and ever after the passing of the hat became a feature of the service. The interest in the meetings deepened, and the missionary had the joy of seeing some of the boys of the Royal George Mine abandon their sins and turn back to the God of their fathers.

Victoria University, Toronto

## THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

BY REV. R. W. KNOWLES.

THE Bible is the most popular book of the present day and century.

No other book has been printed in so many languages and tongues, or in so many shapes and sizes; and more copies of the Bible are sold yearly than of any five of the most popular novels put together, "So mightily does the Word of God grow and prevail."

To-day the Bible is found in the hall of Exchange, on the counter of the merchant, in the hotel and station waiting room, in the tent of the soldier and the cabin of the sailor, in the court-room, police station, and work house, in the ragged school and prison-cell.

Fathers have put it into the hands of their boys as they have sent them through life's storms, and it has led them through without shipwreck. Mothers have given it to their daughters, and it has taught them to lead queenly lives and die in holy peace. Men have read its pages when trembling on the brink of awful temptation, and it has girded their loins to heroic resistance, till they have preferred to die rather than do wrong. Soldiers have put it into their knapsacks, and gone out to battlefields, and charged up hills slippery with blood, with larger courage because of the Bible. Men in hospitals, "moaning with pain, their life-blood dripping from their ghastly wounds, have held their mother's Bible in their fainting grasp and kissed it with lips that were pallid with death, and gone out into darkness with a smile.

Oh the Bible, the Bible! I want it in my hands as I face life's hot tempta-