

by hundreds, in that part of the Pacific Coast which was under the British flag. The man he ordained was a noble specimen of what God could make of a Yorkshireman when He had a work for him to do, and for its sake was willing to sacrifice love of home and ease and kindred. That devoted labourer had become eloquent in a native tongue, and without any native advantage of position he could gain an influence over those far-off pagans which the most ambitious statesmen might envy. He (Mr. Punshon) had again and again gone with him into the Indian encampments and seen how their stolid indifference yielded to his appeals; how from the dull red eye there shot as he spoke to them a momentary sparkle of light. He had seen that missionary reprove an old chief—a very proud, solemn, and dirty one—for neglect of worship and for working on the Lord's day, and so great was the influence of the reprover that the reprov'd, chief though he was, and pagan to boot, whimper'd like a whipped child, and spent about ten minutes in making an apology. It was no small advantage to have a man who had so many human conditions of success and who had so abundantly received the signal blessing of the Lord. There were many great difficulties to be overcome in respect to language. There were 40,000 Indians, it was supposed, scattered throughout that country, and they could not be got at. The missionary spoke a language spoken by about 3,500 of them, and then the Hudson's Bay Company had invented a sort of language which they called Chinook, by which they were enabled to communicate with the natives for the purposes of trade, and this gave them access to many more. It was necessary, however, to be very cautious in the use of Chinook, as it was a very imperfect and unready vehicle for language of any sort. For instance a lady sent an Indian servant for two loaves of bread, speaking in Chinook. It was a long time before the servant returned, and when he did he was seen toiling up the hill with a wheelbarrow on which were two sacks of flour! The faulty Chinook had thus certainly conveyed truth, but it had conveyed it in the raw. It was a current story with reference to a certain Episcopal dignitary that he once condescended to address the Indians through an interpreter in Chinook. He began his address in a way which would at once suggest itself to any man with a little sentiment and poetically inclined. He said: "Children of the forest," which was a slightly poetical and rather flattering mode of address, but one could fancy the grimaces that came over the dusky countenances of the Indians to whom he spoke when the interpreter translated the words, "Little men among big sticks," being the only available Chinook for the expression. He men-