

WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NO one sailing from the green island of Vancouver can have crossed on a fine day the Gulf of Georgia, which separates it from the mainland, without admiring the beauty of the scenery. The waters sheltered by Vancouver Island are generally tranquil. The islands around present a picturesque appearance of rock and dense wood. The snow-capped coast range of British Columbia lift up their bold, jagged peaks. The scene is enlivened by numberless waterfowl of many species. A mile or so to the east of Plumper Pass—the narrow channel between Galiano and Mayne Islands—the vessel passes suddenly into a stream, turbid and clay-colored, in which are seen floating masses of drift-wood. This is the volume of water which the noble Fraser pours into the Gulf of Georgia. The sand banks caused by the deposit of the stream extend some five miles to the westward of the entrance. There is no formidable bar to cross, as in the case of the Columbia and so many other rivers; a narrow channel having been forced through the shoals by the struggles of the river. With an entrance sheltered from storms, and a depth of water sufficient for any vessels save of the very largest class, the Fraser seems intended to be a gate through which the wants of a great country may be supplied, and its riches distributed to all lands.

“Proceeding onward we soon leave the low and marshy lands at the mouth of the river, and come to where the forest bristles along each bank. Above the brush rise the maple, the alder and the cottonwood trees—yet higher are the cedars, and above them all tower the mighty pines, truly the giants of the forest. Viewed from a distance, however, their extreme height is not apparent. The truth is, that all being so tall, and everything in sight being on so large a scale, the eye finds nothing with which to compare them. It is only when, standing beneath them, we measure their trunks, or compare them with a building, or pace the length of one that is fallen, that we perceive how vast they really are. The majority of the pines exceed 200 feet, and many of them are over 300 feet; the cedars, though less in height, are often of amazing girth.”

So wrote the Rev. R. C. Lundin Brown in 1873, in an interesting little book published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and called “Klatsassan, or Missionary Life in British Columbia.” The bold scenery is all there to-day, as vividly described fifteen years ago, and yet great changes have taken place in the country. It seems so much nearer to us in eastern Canada since the Canadian Pacific Railway has united us together. Tourists from all parts of the world meet together now under the shadows or upon the bold fronts of the famous Rocky Mountains, while many travel inland to see the rural life, the rude hotels, or the miners’ camps.

The resignation of the venerable Bishop Hills, who for several years (till two other prelates relieved him of the main land) presided over the whole vast territory, brings this country once more before our notice. As a priest of the Church of England he labored faithfully amongst the poor, even in times of small-pox epidemic, and in such a way as to show that his was the true spirit of the missionary. And now old age has warned him to retire; now, too, his wife has died—and so the world brings its bereavements and its changes.

The accompanying engraving represents the Rev. J. B. McCullagh, one of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, returning two years ago from a preaching tour among the scattered fishing camps on the river Naas and neighboring streams, all close to the famous Metlakatla Mission. It is reduced in size from a very fine picture which appeared in the *Church Missionary Gleaner* for April, 1886.

On the occasion represented the forest through which the stream shown in the picture passes was on fire, and Mr. McCullagh was hurrying home to save, if possible, the Mission premises from destruction. He arrived none too soon, for the fire was travelling that way; but by dint of almost superhuman exertion a trench was dug four feet wide, one foot deep, and a hundred yards long, made at the rate of a yard a minute, the fire diverted into another course, and the Mission house and school saved.

The mouth of the Naas river is one of the great fishing resorts of the Indians, and during the season as many as five thousand Indians gather together, thus affording a grand opportunity to the missionary for prosecuting amongst them the work of evangelization. Some idea of the nature of this work may be gathered from Mr. McCullagh’s own words, as follows:

“The Gitlakdamuks (men-upon-the pool) are the particular tribe with which I have to do. I began my work last winter among them by holding services, as usual, in one particular house. My congregations were generally very small, and on one occasion I had none. Upon inquiring as to the reason of this, I was told the chiefs had made a ‘new law’ forbidding any one to attend Christian services. I thereupon went from house to house, holding a short service in each, at the conclusion of which I found I had preached that day to a very large congregation, about six times the usual number, so that their *new law* turned to my purpose, and will also turn, let us hope, to their advantage; for it is a law to which I shall adhere while among the Indians.

“On another occasion I came to a house where they were making medicine-men. My people would have dissuaded me from entering, but I thought it would be a pity to pass by so large a congregation already assembled, and so went in and sat down. The yelling and tom-toming was quite deafening; now and again a lull was reached in the performance, when one of the number was