

tion. In that year, Mr. William Duncan, a layman who had been trained at Highbury College, came to the country as a Missionary. Mr. Duncan was a man, peculiarly fitted for the work in hand; for, beside being a earnest labourer in the field he had chosen, he had a shrewd business knowledge, having been originally employed as a commercial traveller, in which pursuit he was held in high esteem by his employers. In 1859, came the Wesleyan Mission; and, in the same year, Dr. Hills, Vicar of Yarmouth, was appointed Bishop of Columbia. Several clergy of the Church of England accompanied him, and hence was laid the foundation of the present English Mission among the Indians in British Columbia. Pleasant through the task, it would far exceed both time and space to sketch in any detail the history of these different Mission stations, or the fortunes of those who have laboured so assiduously at them. Suffice to say, that one and all appear to have conscientiously striven to do their duty, though, it need scarcely be added, with varying success.

Mr. Duncan's mission, however, is of so remarkable a character, not only in the history of British Columbian Mission, but in the whole story of Missionary effort, that I may be pardoned if I speak of it more in detail.

When Mr. Duncan came to Victoria in 1857, he was soon convinced that it was almost hopeless to establish a Mission there, so degraded were the natives by the contact of white traders and other depraved individuals. Accordingly, he soon removed to another part of the Hudson Bay Company, Fort Simpson—just on the borders of the then Russian America, 500 miles north of Victoria. Here, his prospects seemed not very encouraging. The natives were a handsome, intelligent race, vastly superior in intellectual ability to the flat-headed tribes to the south, but also excelling them in all sorts of immorality. Cruel in their nature, their religious rites were equally cruel. One of this devoted Missionary's earliest experiences was at one of their great annual medicine rites, where he beheld a sight which chilled his blood with horror. A crowd of dancing medicine men, excited to the pitch of demoniacal madness, came forth to the sound of drums from the village surrounded by troops of people. The dead body of a slave, killed for the purpose, lay on the beach; and, round the body the crowd closed; then, it opened again, and exhibited to the horror-stricken gaze