

Leave out the shores of the Hudson's Bay where, for thirty years, a marvellous missionary work has been carried on among the Indians, which is soon to become the terminus of a railway and a great outlet in the summer time for the grain trade of the West.

The Mackenzie River runs 2,500 miles, and along its bank are mission stations known for forty or fifty years—Resolution, Simpson, Ridley, Norman, Macpherson, Herschell Island, sacred to the memory of Bishop Bompas, one of the greatest missionary heroes of the nineteenth century. Leave that out.

Leave out the basin of the Yukon, where is the Klondyke and where there is gold—the Klondyke, that El Dorado whose fame has already gone round the world.

Leave out the whole of the Pacific coast where there are logging camps and mining camps and fishing camps, one of the grandest regions of the globe, where is the great city of Vancouver, not known twenty-one years ago, now with a population of 75,000 souls, about to become one of the great commercial centres of the Dominion and of the Empire; not to speak of her younger sister, Prince Rupert, just a few months old—with a population of, say, 300 souls to-day, 3,000 before the year is out, and 30,000 before ten years are out; another of the great commercial centres of the future Dominion of Canada.

Leave out the Okanagan district, with a climate and a sky like those of Italy and scenery like that of Scotland,