

a former commercial bustling mart—the receiving and distributing point for the whole interior, is dead—the railway has killed it. We confess to having had a bad half hour in pacing along its front street, once so full of life and excitement, and now empty, ruinous and silent.

The Hudson Bay store still exists, but the house and its beautiful garden have vanished. Fire consumed the one and the incursion of cattle or foot of the careless have trampled and trodden down the other. Not until we reach the street which led up from the steamer's landing, past Kimball & Gladwin's once busy office, do we find a building occupied ; all between are nailed up and abandoned. Then, on along the deserted row of business places, we pursue our way up to Chinatown, where only one solitary celestial establishment remains to tell of the hundreds once congregated in these quarters.

Looking up and down the street for fully ten minutes there was not a sign of life visible, either of man or beast—nothing to drown the sound of the onward rushing river, which was unusually high for this time of the year. Opposite was the engine house, now deserted, the sole remains of a recent attempt of a syndicate of English and local speculators, who at an expenditure of \$50,000 again attempted, in vain, to sluice the opposite flat by pumping from the river, in the hope of finding enough of the precious metal to remunerate them for their rash and costly enterprise.

We could easily conjure up in imagination the old scenes along the front, and the once familiar faces and forms now either mouldering in the grave, or scattered far and wide. Nothing remains but desolation and decay. We question whether even the innumerable rats that once found in these well filled storehouses their happy hunting grounds, have any descendants in these tenantless abodes bold enough to risk starvation in their empty recesses.

What we called the back street fronting the Anglican parsonage and Church is the only inhabited part of the city. The railway runs along its whole length, the station or depot being small and mean. Here we met with great delight, a few of the old timers who were overjoyed to exchange greetings, and talk over old days. The Church and Mission House, in care of Rev. C. Croucher, is now, however, in thorough order. The garden full of beautiful fragrant shrubs and flowers, whilst the sacred edifice itself, tho' old, is a veritable sanctuary and the only place of worship outside the Indian reserve, for what we may term the sparse Protestant white population, who find it, according to their own account, all they can do to provide food and raiment for themselves and families.