

was spared what might be called a great awakening too. A professor asked a student once how he spent his summer on the mission field. "O said the student I had a great awakening this summer." "How so," said the professor. "It was immediately after each sermon," was the reply. I can assure you there was no such awakening in my congregation, for that lower jaw was always preventative of sleep. At last we parted, that dog and I. A tear stood in his brindle eye. Crocodile, you say? Be it so. That dog knew he was parting from a friend.

There are yet some things unsaid. The mining, the Indian, the Chinaman, I must touch on. B.C. is rich in minerals. It is only now that the country is awakening to this fact. Gold has been found and is still being found in rich abundance. The Cariboo region was a favorite mining spot for many years. There have been \$60,000,000. of gold taken out of it. Tradition has it that in the early days, the miners would come to Westminster and hand out a large sack of gold for a drink. Or they would take some pieces of the gold ore and throw them at the mirrors or other glassware in the bar-room and leave them there for pay. But those days are past. The great difficulty now is, not that gold cannot be found, but that there is lack of capital to develop the mines. Of late, English capital has

been coming into the country and mining is on the increase. Especially is this true in the Kootenay region.

As for the Indians they are distinct from those of Manitoba and North-West. They show traces of a Chinese origin. It is probable that at some remote period Chinamen may have landed on the Pacific Coast and the Indians of to-day may be their descendants. They are a low, sensual, diseased race, filthy and lazy. They have fruit gardens, but beyond this their lives are spent in inactivity. The Indian is called a "Siwash," and the squaw a "Clutchman." They speak chiefly the Chinook language, which was formed by H. B. Co'y for trading purposes. It is easy to master. Two weeks study will make one familiar with it. This is your salutation to the Indian: "Clahoyia Tilicum; Nika delah tilicum Cupa Mika." They have their traditions which are hard to master. The flood is one of these, in which an ark rested on some mountain peak in B.C. This is about as near as they approach our story of the Noachic deluge. They have a mania for carving ugly pictures on trees and boards. There is a series of their carvings in the Redpath Museum, Montreal. They are arranged around a pillar. The idea is that each generation carries on the work of its predecessor until the series is complete.