

are in easy, affluent circumstances. The Comox field, however, had one disagreeable feature. Once a month the Missionary journeyed in a canoe with an Indian from Comox to Denman Island, a distance of 12 miles, to conduct service in the schoolhouse there. In the Island there were 13 families, some of them related by marriage to families in Comox. The Denman Island preaching day came only once in four or five weeks (always the last Sunday in the month) and was eagerly looked forward to by the people. To ensure attendance on the appointed day, the Missionary thought it prudent, during winter, to leave Comox on Friday morning, and even then he could not be sure of being at the appointed place at the appointed hour. Violent windstorms lasting for two or three days, sometimes occurred. Even during a profound calm a fierce squall might suddenly arise, endangering a small craft with its occupants. One Friday morning, in November, 1880, the writer, who had exchanged work with Rev. Mr. McElmon for three months, set out from Comox in a canoe with an Indian while a stiff breeze prevailed. The wind did not abate, but increased in force as we proceeded southwards. Hugging the mainland shore, we moved along cautiously from one sheltered bay to another till we reached a point nearly opposite to Denman Island landing. There we remained, prepared to cross the moment a lull came. Leaving myself in the hands of the Indian, I told him I was ready to cross whenever he thought it safe. But the storm raged with unabated fury until it was too late, and thus the service, on that occasion, had to be given up. While waiting there we found a deserted building, without door or window, where we passed the two days and two nights in considerable discomfort. In retracing our course we appeared to be in danger twice or thrice; and when, at last, we arrived at a point opposite to the Comox rancherie, another disappointment awaited me. The tide was out, so that the Indian was obliged, against his will, to pack me for a considerable distance over the slimy, muddy beach to dry land. He did it successfully, but not good-humoredly. On another occasion I had an exciting experience in the same quarter. On a Sunday afternoon, after service in the Denman Island schoolhouse, three men of the congregation accompanied me to the landing, near Mr. Swan's, and saw me off in the canoe with the Indian, with sail spread and a favoring breeze. The wind in our sail we made good speed, and had got along about half-way to Comox, and were about equidistant from Mainland and Island when the Indian, staring at me, said "Hyn Wind chako." In a very brief space of time the wind changed and blew furiously from the opposite quarter. Before I could quite take in the situation, the canoe had veered round, and was scudding before the gale, over the rolling, hissing waves back in the direction whence we had come. Our situation was observed by the three men whom we had lately parted with at the landing. They thought we were in danger, and feared we might not reach the Mainland shore for which the Indian was steering. But the Indian, with characteristic skill and self-possession, guided his canoe into a sheltering creek, avoiding, as he approached the shore, large boulders over which the waves were breaking. In a few minutes, the storm was over, and we reached Comox without further adventure. In the meantime, however, we had gone back more than six miles from the point where the squall first struck us.