

of the Church Missionary Society, to labour among the Tsimshean tribes on the north coast. He landed at Fort Simpson, learned their language, and did his best there for some years; but finding it impossible to accomplish permanent results where the surrounding influences on the converts were all opposed to his teachings, he, like another Moses, proposed that they should remove to a place where they could begin a new settlement under laws drawn up by him and approved by themselves. They fell in with the proposal and pointed out Metlakahtla, an old home of their own, as a suitable Palestine. When the time for the exodus came, many who had urged him to take the decisive step drew back, and only fifty souls, men, women, and children, accompanied him. What is to be seen at Metlakahtla now? Lord Dufferin in 1876 told the world of "the neat Indian maidens in Mr. Duncan's school as modest and as well dressed as any clergyman's daughters in an English parish," and of "scenes of primitive peace and innocence, of idyllic beauty and material comfort." Bishop Ridley, who visited it in 1879, was amazed when at the sound of the church bell he saw well-dressed Indians pouring out from the cottages on both wings of the village, and meeting like two strong currents at the steps of their noble church, the largest in British Columbia, and built entirely by themselves. "It would be wrong to suppose," he very properly remarks, "that the love of God impelled them all. All without reasonable cause to the contrary are expected to attend the public services. A couple of policemen, as a matter of routine, are in uniform, and this is an indication that loitering during service hours is against proper civil order. This wholesome restraint is possible during these early stages of the corporate life of the community. At present one strong will is supreme. To resist it every Indian feels would be as impossible as to stop the tides. This righteous autocracy is as much feared by the ungodly around as it is respected and admired by the faithful." Alas that the Bishop should have dashed himself against "this righteous autocracy." But, as long as British Columbia is a Province, or one streak of Indian blood runs in the veins of any of its people, as long as the heart of the Christian beats in sympathy with life-long martyrdom, so long will the name of William Duncan be honoured, not in Canada alone, but by the Church universal, and most of all by those who feel that the white man owes a debt to the red man.

Entering British Columbia from the east and proceeding westward by the line of the Canada Pacific Railway, we make the acquaintance of five ranges of mountains. The Rocky Mountains proper form the eastern boundary of the Province. Descending their western slopes by the valley of the Kicking Horse, we come upon the Columbia, sweeping away to the north, and see the Selkirks rising on the other side of the river, apparently so impenetrable that for a long time it was supposed that they were cleft by no pass, and that there was no way of conquering them but by a flank movement down the Columbia and round by its "Big Bend." There is a pass, however, and in