

July 15, 1864, the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair, it was resolved—

“That the Council record their conviction of the importance of separating Vancouver's Island from the Diocese of Columbia, and erecting it into a separate Bishopric as soon as the necessary fund for its endowment can be provided.”

Is there no one, who reads this, to whom God has given the power, willing to respond to the call, and by a noble offering fix deep for all time the roots of the Church of God in that rising British province?

MINISTERIAL LIFE AT THE GOLD FIELDS.

COLUMBIA.

DIFFICULTIES AND ENCOURAGEMENTS.

During the season last year, three of the clergy resided in the gold fields of Cariboo; Messrs. Sheepshanks, Brown, and Knipe.

The attendance upon the service on the whole was better than formerly. Mr. Sheepshanks writes, “As regards our congregations, they have been fair everywhere, and improving; excellent at Richfield, in fact, three times as large as anywhere else.” How difficult and anxious the work is sometimes may be seen by an extract from a letter from the Rev. C. L. Brown.*

“I lived at Camerontown, in a small shanty some six by eight feet. It was so situated that the creek occasionally overflowed into it, and I have gone home of a Sunday night to find it full of water, with the planks of the floor, stools, pans, &c. all floating about in a lively manner.

“The mass of the people (with the exception of a respectable muster of Canadians) were reckless and ungodly. One evening I got a man to ring the bell for me for service, while I went round inviting men to attend. Going into one of the saloons, which was crowded with noisy gamblers, I called out that there was a bell ringing outside, in case they did not hear it for the noise. Dead silence; the majority had their backs to me, being gathered round the gambling tables, and didn't know my voice. That bell, I went on to say, was ringing to invite them to come to service. Whereon a din ensued, like Pandemonium let loose, and amid various rude observations, ‘Take a drink,’ &c. I made a hasty retreat.

“One forenoon at Middleton no one came to service, and after waiting some time in great distress of mind, something of the spirit of the old prophets seemed to come upon me, so I got up and carried out a box

* Author of the Government Prize Essay on British Columbia.

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