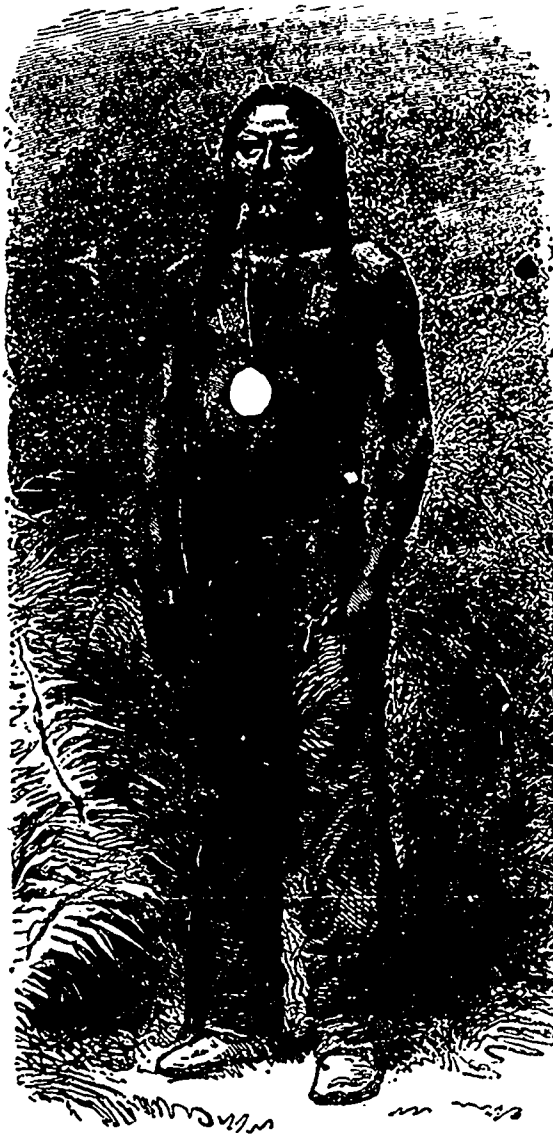


innumerable islands. Working from dawn to sunset, often soused, as sailors say, by the angry-looking rapids, we enjoyed our hard-earned rest each night. With branches from the same friendly cedar that spread its arms over us, our bed was soon made. My crew were no sooner outstretched than they sank into deep sleep undisturbed by each other's snoring. This, like the wild rapids, that twist and twirl our canoe as if she were a nut shell, one soon becomes accustomed to. Fresh air aided sleep, and each morning saw us thrust out into the current with a relish for battling with it. How I should have laughed at pity I rather pitied my former self wrestling with the work and worry of a large Yorkshire parish."

The bishop at once established a mission at Hazelton on the Skeena river, commencing with a day school in which he went through all the drudgery of teaching young savages to read and write. He had an attendance of about 200. Some opposition was offered to his work by the medicine men, who began to fear for their own art. A band of these painted wretches tried to stop his work by dancing round the entrance to his school, but the bishop seized one of them with true British pluck, and, before he could recover self-possession, had him at the river's brink, with an assurance that next time he should interrupt his work he would "assist him further down." This resolute action had the desired effect. The medicine men walked off and troubled him no more. The bishop possessed some knowledge of medicine which proved of great use to him in dealing with the Indians. They have a proverbial respect for "medicine men."

Here, at the mouth of the river Skeena, Bishop Ridley and his brave wife, the first English woman who had penetrated so far, carried on the patient work of missionary teaching and daily services, until undoubted results of their work were seen, not

only upon the Indians, but upon the rough miners and traders of the region. At length, in the spring of the year, came the breaking up of the river, and with it the departure of the bishop to other parts of his diocese, the mission work of the Skeena being left to a Mr Falconer and his wife. The breaking up of the river is thus eloquently described by Bishop Ridley himself:—



A BRITISH COLUMBIA INDIAN.

"I have seen the rivers of Germany break up, but the scene was tame compared with the tumult on these swift rivers of North America. I was on the ice when the movement first took place. It moves! What moves? The banks seem to glide up stream. Then came a slight tremor beneath my feet, and I sprang to the shore. The sensations were like those produced by shocks of earthquake. The stone-like surface I had often walked on was in motion from bank to bank. At no great distance the channel narrows, and the greater breadth of ice from above was here caught as in a vice. The river is in agony—groaning, gurgling, sighing, surging, tilting, hissing, roaring deep and loud like subterranean thunder. What can ever dislodge this piled up mass? The flood is rising at the rear, foot by foot. Crack, crack, crack! Look! there go the trees falling inward. The forest king, that has drunk life from the river at its roots, is quivering. There it lurches! Down, down, flat on the ground without axe or tempest, all its roots now exposed to the ice in motion. The rising mass scalps the river's bank as an Indian would his foe. At last, with a sullen groan rising into a

terrific roar, away goes the stupendous obstruction, and down sinks the river as if to rest after its splendid victory. Then succeeds the ministry of the south wind; then triumphs the gracious sun in his royal progress northwards. As the baffled ice king retreats, the snow clad heights are melted as with the joy of freedom. The tears trickling from under the snow-fringe swell the cascades that fur-