

ship in the soil, which they and their fathers for generations have occupied and claimed. The future of the race in British Columbia is not as bright as in the other provinces of the Dominion. But the faithful work of William Duncan, Thomas Crosby, Alfred Green, Bishop John Ridley, and many other missionaries is bearing fruit. From the southern boundary to the far north, even into Alaska, are dotted many mission stations, round which are gathered groups of industrious, earnest, native Christians, who are even now powerful factors in helping to raise up their unconverted fellows to higher levels, and whose influence will doubtless become more potent in the years to come.

Climbing for White Goats.

A YEAR or two since I was hunting in the Rocky Mountains with a friend who had never shot a goat and I was extremely anxious that he should secure one. Besides that there was no fresh meat in camp, so we had a double motive for hard work. Starting from the lodge one morning with the rising sun, we crossed the stream and set our faces against the great mountain that stood before us. First above the valley's level we were confronted by the talus, above that by a thousand feet of cliff, and then by other slide-rock and more cliffs, in all nearly five thousand feet, if we could climb so far. The slope at the foot of the cliff was, perhaps, fifteen hundred feet high; a mass of small rock fragments, rather firmly compacted with earth and vegetation that lay at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, so that the climbing was extremely steady and slow. After working our way nearly to the top of this talus we found running along it, under the cliff, a game trail, and we followed this, knowing that it would take us to some point where the precipice which overhung us could be climbed. The trail worked higher up on the talus and led us to a break in the cliff, where there were some

fissured ledges, which promised an ascent for a few hundred feet at least. Everywhere the path showed signs of abundant use; the angles of the rock were worn and rounded by the passing of many hoofs, and no plants grew in the scanty soil in the crevices. The climbing soon became hand-over-hand work; one man standing on a ledge and holding the rifles, while the other went up six or eight feet, and then took the guns from his companion, who now in his turn drew himself up over the ledges. As we proceeded, the climbing grew more difficult, and it was hard to understand how any animal, unprovided with hands or wings, could have ascended. Often the ledges on which our feet rested were only two or three inches wide, and sometimes there were no ledges, and we worked ourselves up the face of the wall, climbing with tenacious grip to projections hardly large enough to support the finger-tips, our feet resting on little roughnesses in the rock which barely supported the toe. Some of the work was trying to the nerves, but at length we had passed the worst places and reached a narrow fissure where the ascent was easier.

After a brief pause for a restful pipe, we resumed our climb, and before very long came out on the crest of the great shoulder we had been ascending. From this we looked out over a narrow alpine valley, beyond which, steep rock-slides and frowning walls rose to a great height, and just across the valley was seen a white patch which could only be a goat. The stream-bed was a little below us, and the trees which grew in the valley furnished good cover for stalking the game, which, however, was as yet too far from the timber for a certain shot. The wind favored us, for it blew up the valley. We waited a little to see what the animal would do, and soon it began to walk slowly up the slide, stopping now and then to feed, and then moving on again. In a few moments it had passed behind some tree-tops and we hurried down into the edge of the timber. The valley was only about half a mile long and ended in a high cliff, over which the stream poured. If hunted and hunters kept along on their respective sides, they come together at its head. Hidden by the trees, we went on, timing our

advance by the goat's progress, and at length when we reached the end of the valley, the animal was on the slide-rock above us and only eighty yards distant.

Soon the shot rang out. The goat gave a bound, and began to scramble along the slide-rock toward the cliff. Another shot sounded, and then another, the animal climbing all the time, but at the foot of a high ledge it stopped, too weak to surmount it. It turned and for a few seconds stood with lowered head looking at us; then it reeled, its legs seemed to give way, and it fell, slipping, sliding, and bounding down the cliff's face and on to the rocks below, and there turning over and over, it rolled down to us.

On board the Mediterranean steamer the girls had a startling experience. They went tranquilly to sleep in the berths of their narrow stateroom; but toward midnight the little Anne waked suddenly "in a slop of salt water."

She did not stop to investigate matters. "The ship was sinking. We are all going to be drowned," she said, "and with a wild shriek calling to my sister, I sprang from the cabin and rushed up the companion steps on deck. I thought she called me back, but I paid no heed, as I reached the top of the companion ladder, dripping and almost in tears, with my fatal announcement.

"There I encountered the steward, who began to laugh, as he led me back crestfallen to our cabin, at the door of which my sister was standing. The water was dancing in in a stream, and the steward scolded us well as he screwed up the open portholes and got us some dry bedding. Next morning, to my inexpressible mortification, I heard some people telling the story. 'She rushed on deck and declared the ship was sinking,' said one voice to another. I didn't wait to hear any more, but fled."

They knew enough afterward to sacrifice their natural love of fresh air to the exigencies of marine travel, and close their port holes before going to bed.—*Thackeray and His Daughters.*

