

tains to the borders of Alaska, and embraces part of the basin of the Yukon, a river 2,000 miles long. The Bishop computes that his diocese has an area of 200,000 square miles, and a population of about 5,000, including some hundreds of miners. There are three mission stations, Rampart House, Buxton, and Selkirk.

The Bishop has only two or three clergymen to help him at present. Unwilling to leave his work, he has appealed by letter for more laborers for this out-of-the-way corner of the mission field. In this connection, it might be interesting to read the following condensation of the report of a Government inspector who has recently visited that part of Canada, so little known to us. The *Montreal Witness* says:

"Inspector Constantine has furnished the Hon. Mr. Ives with a very complete report of his recent journey to the Yukon district. Speaking of the resources of the country, he says that the timber along the Yukon River is of small value, but he was informed that on the Stewart River the timber was longer and of better quality. The principal fish of the region is salmon. The seasons on the Yukon are extreme. As low as 77° below zero has been reached in winter, while in summer as high as 120° has been known. The amount of land fit for cultivation is very limited. Wood is the only fuel used. As to the mining industry in that locality, Inspector Constantine says it is only in its infancy. The liquor traffic in the country is assuming large proportions, and will have to be dealt with by a strong hand, and a sufficient force will be necessary to enforce the provisions of the law. The country at present is ruled by a whiskey ring. There are five saloons running, and more will be opened as the miners come in for the winter. The liquor sold is of good quality, and retails at fifty cents a drink. Three thousand gallons have been taken in during the year just passed. The Indians make up an alcoholic compound called 'hoochinoo,' which is very strong, like pure alcohol in appearance and taste. Talks with the miners elicited the information that they would like to see a high license rate imposed, and a stop put to the sale of liquor to the Indians. With the exception of the schools of the Church of England mission, there are no schools in the district. These district schools are three in number, and have an attendance on an average of sixty per day. These schools are kept up by the generosity of friends,

and are purely voluntary. Furs are fairly plentiful in the region. The exports for the year would amount to between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

"The inspector has gone to Ottawa to talk over with the Hon. Mr. Ives the question of a special force on the Yukon. He has done good service for the country, and despite the hazardous position in which he was placed went through the ordeal creditably. It speaks well for the respect with which the law is regarded when two men can go into a rough district among a lot of men who had never seen a police officer there before, and collect such a large sum of money."

F. H. DUVERNET.

A SCOTCHMAN ON MIRACLES.

"WELL, you may say what you please," said Smith, "I, for my part, cannot believe that God would first impose laws on nature, and then go to violate His own laws. What would be the use of making them if they are to be so readily set aside?"

"I dinna ken, sir," said uncle, very reverently, "what God may do, or what He winna do; but I don't regard a miracle to be a violation o' the laws o' nature, or rather laws o' God, that I ken o', save the wicked actions o' wicked men."

"And what, then," asked Smith, "do you make a miracle to be?"

"I regard it," said uncle, "to be merely such an interference wi' the established course o' things as infallibly shows us the presence and the action o' the supernatural power. What o'clock is it wi' you, sir, if you please?"

"It's half-past twelve, exactly—Greenwich time," replied Smith.

"Well, sir," said uncle, pulling a huge old timepiece from his pocket, "it's one o'clock with me; I generally keep my watch a little forrit (a little forward). But I may hae a special reason the noo for setting my watch by the railway; and so, ye see, I'm turning the hands o' around. Noo, wad ye say that I had violated the laws o' a watch?"

"True, I have done what watchdom wi' a' its laws could na have done for itself, but I have done violence to nae o' its laws. My action is only the interference o' a superior intelligence for a suitable end, but I hae suspended nae law. Well, then, instead o' the watch, say the universe; instead o' moving the hands, say God acting worthily o' Himself, and we hae a' that I contend for in a miracle; that is the unquestionable presence of the Al-

mighty hand working the divine will. And if He sees fit to work miracles, what can hinder Him? He has done it oftener than once or twice already; and who daurs say He'll not get leave to do it again?"—*Sunday Afternoon.*

A PATHETIC PRAYER.

THE fishermen of Brittany, so the story goes, are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is small, and the ocean wide."

How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought! Might not the same petition be uttered with as much directness every morning and evening of our daily life? "Keep me, my God; for my boat is small, and the ocean wide!" Keep me, my God—keep me from the perils and temptations that throng around me as I go about my daily duties. "My boat is small"—I am so weak, so helpless, so prone to wander, so forgetful of Thy loving kindness! I am tossed to and fro at the mercy of the world; I am buffeted about by sharp adversity and driven before the storms of grief and sorrow. Except Thou dost keep me I must perish. Keep me, my God, for "the ocean is so wide"—the journey is so long, and the days and years are many. "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. Deliver me in thy righteousness."—*Selected.*

"THEY WOULD SING IF THEY ONLY KNEW HIM."

THE Southern Presbyterian Church has recently established a mission on the Congo. Their first missionary was a Rev. Mr. Lapsley, of Alabama. He was permitted to work only a little while, when he was stricken down with fever, and his resting place is at the gateway of the Upper Congo. Shortly before his death he wrote home a very interesting sketch of his work, with the following pathetic story of a Congo woman. He said: "I asked her about her knowledge of God. She answered me right along and said, 'The Bakete know God made and preserves us and everything, and gives us all things.' 'Yet,' I said, 'you do not clap your hands softly three times so—and say *Wolab*, as you do if I give you only a little salt.' 'The Bakete would sing to Him if they only knew how,' said she. Then I explained to several of them who Jesus was, and they listened very earnestly, but the complaint was: 'We haven't heard this. You white people know about it, but we do not.'"