

The miners are a fine, hardy race of men ; they are of all nations--Germans, Americans, French, Italians, Swedes, Norwegian, Chinese, as well as English. The latter are the fewest of all. There is an utter absence of religion, and much awful vice and profanity abounds.

The Church of England is alone in the field. Not a representative of any other religious body is yet among the miners. At two places, Hope and Yale, there was a Methodist minister, but he has been withdrawn. We have two clergymen in those towns, both of whom are working well.

I was present at a meeting in the latter on my way, when an address was presented to me, and the chairman, an American and Presbyterian, called upon all present in this new land to forget the past differences and adopt the Church of England for their religion, as a church in which they could have confidence, which had a broad basis, and which was "at work among them."

The great drawback to the wholesome progress of society is the dearth of female population :—

I suppose there is not above one to every 200 of the other sex. I came upon a pleasing exception the other day at Hill's Bar. I was visiting the miners. One log hut seemed more neat than the rest. As we approached a modest looking young woman asked us to come in. She was from the north of Ireland, a Protestant, and had married in Australia. There was something simple and touching in her manner. I entered upon the subject of religion, she loved to attend church, and had been piously brought up by her parents, whose custom was to have family prayer night and morning. Her father was still living. She was very lonely and had no female society. One other there was, but her character was such she could not associate with her.

The Chinese are flowing in by thousands. They are a funny people and are full of good humour and very friendly. They respect the English much. At one place I came to a pretty bridge over a river. It had been built by a Chinaman named Ah-Soo. He takes the tolls. On our approach he ran forward with cool waters to drink, and told us we were free of the bridge. "No Englishes pay over de bridge, and no poor Chinaman." "Me make no chargee to de English. Me charge Boston man (American). Boston man chargee Chinaman very high in Californy ; Chinaman now charge Boston man. Ha! ha!"

Everywhere the Indians came about the missionaries, and regarded them as their friends. The Bishop had begun to preach to them in Chinook, a jargon or trade language, understood by all Indian tribes to some extent. An interesting scene occurred at a village of Quayome Indians :—

It was about five o'clock ; our meal was preparing. Indians began to assemble. There were three old men in particular, who sat like sages—grave and solemn ; there was waiting also a smart looking, middle-aged Indian, who wished to see me. It was Ilcochan, a chieftain of the tribe, known by his magnificent voice. I addressed the Indians assembled. I spoke of their Father in Heaven—of His love, of Jesus ; asked what became of them when they died, held up the Word of God as given for