

N. and W. H. G., of O—s? Why we were together in the choir of the old brick Wesleyan church." Of course the lady's identity was at once established, but the warm-hearted impulsiveness of the reception was still unaccounted for. This was immediately explained thus. Just before her departure from O— in the middle of November word had arrived that poor J. had been killed and scalped by Indians on the plains of the Northwest the preceding summer; and when his voice was recognized the joy of ascertaining that the scalping report was unfounded induced such an unexpected and unlooked-for welcome. Strange to say her husband, who was one of the company was not in the least offended, but the very reverse. This acknowledgment must at once dispose of all future romance in connection with my first visit in this city; which was the precursor of many others to the hospitable home of the genial superintendent of Methodist missions in this province, then the colony of Vancouver Island.

Mrs. H. got married after my departure from O—, on what was generally considered a foolhardy adventure; and in a few weeks Mr. H. came out to British Columbia; his wife following as above stated. As it happened she was a cabin and I a steerage passenger on the same vessel, and so it is not to be wondered at that we did not meet during the short, rough voyage. She, of course, coming via the Isthmus and San Francisco. A few years' residence in New Westminster, where she was greatly beloved and respected, being "one of the elect ladies," and her health began to fail. The family returned East, and in a short time afterwards, before arriving at middle age, she was translated.

Rev. T. Crosby's Missionary Tour in the Kootenay District.

Dear Brother:—For some years past it has been my desire to visit this, the most easterly district of our Conference. The desire has been gratified through the invitation of the brethren of the district, to give two weeks to their missionary meetings in East and West Kootenay.

I left home January 10th, spent an evening with Bros. Scott and Speer at Homer street, Vancouver, in special services, and next day by the C.P.R. we were rushed on by river and through mountains to Revelstoke. Here we turned south, through the Arrowhead country, and taking the beautiful steamer Rossland, we were carried down that wonderful waterway, river-like lakes, to the Columbia, on to Robson, and thence by C.P.R. to the plucky, stirring little city of Nelson.

It was a lovely night when we arrived, and all was astir. When I tell you they have put in waterworks, and sewers, and electrical tramway, the last year, you will not wonder, that with the late rains, we should have had very muddy streets.

With a smelter and good mines, the C.P.R. and Nelson & Fort Shepherd railway and several fine steamers on the Kootenay lake and river, with, as the

people say, a good central position for East and West Kootenay, the men of Nelson think the are all right.

They boast of a population of 6,000, and increasing all the time, their prospects are good for a large city some day. The churches are well represented. We have a good congregation and Rev. J. Robson, B.A., with his people, have built one of the best parsonages in British Columbia. I should think they would soon be forced either to enlarge the church or to build. I was pleased to meet such a fine Sunday school. As to the services, we had a crowded house at night, and they said good results for missions.

With a city council, who seem inclined to favor a morally clean city, Nelson has a good future before her. Our cause here is now off the mission board, may the number of such circuits be increased.

Here I met the Rev. James Wood, the (plodding, pushing, wise, presiding elder), chairman of the Kootenay District. A man who is well informed in regard to the needs of all points in this new, but grand and growing country. We travelled together on the Monday afternoon on a beautiful C.P.R. steamer, with very polite and kind captain and officers, up the river to the grand little town of Kaslo. It has a beautiful situation, 40 miles from Nelson. With the advantages of steamboat and railway connection, and an unrivalled climate, mild in winter and cool in summer, added to the mining industries, Kaslo has, doubtless, a successful future in store. We arrived at 7:30 p.m., and our first meeting was at 8 p.m., had a fine time and a large collection for Epworth League.

Tuesday night we had a good crowd and a good-looking man in the chair who gave a good address. Following this the dear people listened to me for an hour and a half, and Bro. Wood says the missionary offerings will be nearly three times the amount of last year. This is encouraging, considering the dull times and the labor strike. They are praying and working for a revival. Oh, that it may come in power!

Our next run was over the hills on the Kaslo and Slocan railway, 2,000 feet up in 18 miles; snow four feet deep, though it was raining at Kaslo. White-water and Bear River camps passed all very quiet, here now we are at the quaint little town of Sandon. It is the most unique place I ever saw, squeezed right in between the mountains, just one narrow street, so narrow it reminds one of old Quebec. And if the people wish to go to the Methodist church, they must climb up 137 steps. As I said to them, they must mean it, when they go to church, there are not many who "just step in." If they wish to see the parsonage or the parson, he and his good wife have their quarters under the church. For weeks they never see the sun in the winter, and only saw it about ten minutes the day I visited the town. Twelve of the twenty-one gin-mills had shut-up shop, as they say the boys have no money. The strike is on and those who would come with their wages and spend as much as \$100 a day are not at work now and cannot spend.

It is good to see, in that town of short days and deep snows (eight or ten feet),

such a band of women workers in the church, and so bright and happy in their work. The very darkness and difficulties seem to inspire them in their efforts.

We have a neat little church at Sandon. God bless the pastor (Rev. A. M. Sanford, B.A.) and his noble wife and the dear people, we had a good day together.

On out the next day by the C.P.R., down grade 1,700 feet in 9 miles, to the beautiful Slocan Lake, a lovely day, no snow, and oh, such spring-like weather. It was just delightful. At Rosburg, we take the beautiful C.P.R. steamer Slocan on to New Denver. Bro. Roberts is doing good work here. The people turned out fairly well, and after a long talk on missions, they wished to hear more. If the mines around this place had all been running they would make things hum. New Denver has electric light, waterworks, a good hospital, a steamer four times a day, a grand situation for a city, and the people seem hopeful.

At 10 a.m. bid goodbye to our kind friends and off, up the lake, passing Silverton and Silver mountain. Up with Capt. Seman in the pilot house, we could see all that was to be seen of the beauty of that lovely lake and its surroundings. Arrived at Slocan City about noon, and we were entertained to luncheon by our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews.

In the afternoon Bro. Roberts, the pastor, and I called on the public school, and by the kindness of the principal, I addressed the 70 scholars for over half an hour. At night, to the surprise of all, the Music Hall was crowded with an attentive audience, a good number of boys and girls, and they rolled in a fine collection for missions at the close.

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