

ant to enter the house, for fear of what we might see, for the verandah and the first floor (second floor really) are on the same level. Our fears were justified: there was just as much mud on the floors of the rooms inside as there was on the verandah outside. All this we had to clean up before we could even sit down to a meal. The linoleum in three rooms, the passages and the hall had to be taken up and scrubbed in the flood outside. Then the floors had to be washed and swabbed, meals cooked, and arrangements made for obtaining much needed rest and sleep that night. When all this was done, and the house began to take on the atmosphere of home again, wearied nature thought it was time to sit up and take notice. And so, one after the other we slipped into the slough of physical infirmity, with as many ailments to our credit as there were individuals in the party! As for myself, I was just a "crock," and as weak-hearted as a willow wand. Fire one can fight, and, perhaps, subdue or control; but what is one to do with a flood?

On Thursday we began to see dry land again, and Oh, what a revelation of brute-force-ruthlessness was then unfolded to our view! I have seen the picture of a war-wrecked village in France, and Aiyansh looked very much like that—dead animals mingled with wreckage wherever one gazed. The saw mill, planked roads, fences, bridges, and all small out-buildings and wood piles were swept away, and the debris scattered all over the country. Some large houses were entirely moved on, and brought to a standstill on new sites by a more firmly established building or tree. Potato pits, with their treasured stores of tubers, were ripped up and the contents scattered abroad. Barns full of precious hay (value, \$50 per ton), were waltzed around as the currents listed, one being plumped right down in the road to Gitlakdamiks! Everything that could not pass unscathed through water and mud, such as food in boxes, barrels, bags and packages, stored in our basement or frost-proof provision room, was rendered worthless. My printing office, which included our backwoods library, my study with all the books I had acquired since the burning of the mission-house, and my general work-room, was entirely submerged for eight days. The machinery can be cleaned and the type can be recovered

by washing it out of the mud as you wash gold, but everything else is reduced to a muddy pulp. We had just completed the provisioning of the ship for the next twelve-months' voyage, and all arrangements had been made as to the disposal of things for the winter's work, when the flood came. So you see, it is not the submarine alone that can knock the bottom out of the floor barrel! As to our root cellar, we are hoping to be able to salvage our potatoes, etc., but it will take us all our time. As God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, so He tempered the flood to us—our firewood was not all washed away, the fencing of our yard held it. Had that gone, we should indeed have been broken, and that without remedy.

I went up and examined the walls of the Naas as soon as possible, where the river had made a breach above Aiyansh, and came back with the conviction that nature has hardly left us sufficient time to take down our shacks and get out, before putting into operation a vast scheme of erosion for the conversion of Aiyansh into a net-work of sandbars and mud flats. I judge that two more freshets will be sufficient to break down the distance (15 rods) that remains between the river (new breach) and a small lake from which a channel (or natural depression in the ground) runs right through the village at the back of the church. Another breach, now an open cutting full of water, from top to bottom, will rip through in front of the church and the mission-house, thus causing the formation on which the village stands to revert to what it must have been in prehistoric times. All this is hard to explain without a map, but the appended diagram will serve to make it clear.

After having studied the diagram you will readily understand that Aiyansh has been served with immediate "notice to quit." But we do hope that nature will kindly give us a few years of grace in which to comply. At a general council meeting the Indians have decided to move away from this place as soon as possible, to pull down every building and re-erect the same at Gitlakdamiks, making Aiyansh and that place one community with one interest, one mission, one church and school. Thus, at last, after thirty-five years of vain striving to bring about such amalgamation, the impossible has become not only possible but imperative. How wonder-

ful—that we should have to go through fire and through water to reach the answer to our prayers.

This brings the consideration of the problem into the missionary field of view. Actuated by good missionary sense, as stated above, it has always been my desire to see the Gitlakdamiks and the Gitaiyansh merged into one flock and shepherded in one fold. I have made attempts in my time (five) to bring this union into being. For it has always been quite evident to me that both Christian development and the real interests of civilization have suffered—every attempt at serious progress has been baffled, and the growth of knowledge has been stunted—by the petty antagonisms of two families (as it were) seeking to live independent lives in one set of rooms. The attempt to keep them in distinct atmospheres by means of screens and fences, so as to prevent the conflict of interests or the crossing of purposes, failed, as it was bound to do. I can imagine, therefore, no greater good falling to the lot of these people than the cutting out and leaving behind of all their differences and disagreements.

The Gitlakdamiks are keen, and more than willing, they have opened the door; the Gitaiyansh are willing and keen, the river has pushed them towards the open door. I have heard it said that "an open door in front, and a definite push from behind indicate the leading of the Spirit," and I believe, from my observance of spiritual law in the natural world, that this is a very wonderful truth. This means the burning of a considerable quantity of powder, but, thank God, not for the work of destruction, nor for the wasting of human life, but for construction and the saving of human souls. Before the war, we may have hesitated before the estimates of expenditure, but now—what does a torpedo cost? a high explosive shell for a big gun? Take the full cost of the war in pounds shillings and pence, divide it by the number of men killed. I think you will find the killing of a man (just one man) costs quite a few thousand pounds. For that is the aim and end (though not the final cause) of the war, as far as the burning of powder is concerned. I will, therefore, stand bravely (if I can) in the sanctuary around which cluster so many heavenly memories, and say: "You must be taken down, you must be removed." I will comfort myself with the thought that this is not death, but translation; not a step backwards or downwards, but a going forward and upward to higher service. Yes, the church must come down, but that does not mean the scrapping of the materials. It means that out of these materials the church at Gitlakdamiks shall be enlarged and completed. It means the materializing of a parish hall, such as the one that was burned five years ago, through the loss of which the work has suffered very much. But, first in order of removal comes the new mission-house; it must be also taken down, the materials carted up to Gitlakdamiks and re-erected there. Nothing will be lost; for, although we may have to replace some things (shingles, for instance), we shall use the old for outbuildings, woodhouses, etc. Operations on the mission-house should be commenced next spring and completed within the year. We have just decided upon the new site at Gitlakdamiks, one hundred feet above our present level, where I always wanted to have the mission buildings from the very first, and for the goodwill of which place I paid \$35 thirty-five years ago. The little premises have long since disappeared, but the hope (a good, sound missionary hope) has never faded.

This communication is headed, "Through Fire and Through Water," but that means nothing at all if the wealthy place be not added thereto. We don't crave much, really; a "healthy" place would do, and it is for each reader to say whether the

text shall be completed or no. I have faith to believe that you will complete it; that our united prayers for this Upper Naas Indian Mission, offered for so many years, will be fully answered—nay, are being fully answered now, to the glory of God and the eternal welfare of the Indian people. As I write, the first Indian house to be moved is now on the way to Damiks.

With the approval, and by the advice of my Diocesan, I send out this S.O.S. radiogram to all friends of our Indian work in England and Canada, in the assurance that many will pick up the signal and respond. This is not for the material assistance of individual Indians—the Indian Department will see to that part—and I may say, in passing, that the Indians are hoping that Government assistance may take the form of a new steam saw and planing mill, to enable them to rebuild properly after moving—but, rather for the Mission and the missionary, is this appeal made, for we are entirely dependent upon you to enable us to cope with, and master an unforeseen situation. As to the expense of moving the mission-house and church, I am not quoting any figure; for I do not yet know how it will "pan out," but I do know that the more liberal the response, the nearer it will approximate to the amount required.

JAMES B. MCCULLAGH.

Aiyansh, 12th December, 1917.

A Minister's Evidence

That Piles, or Hemorrhoids, Can be Quickly Cured—A Justice of the Peace Cured Many Years Ago.

There has come to us recently these two letters from prominent men who bear unquestionable testimony in regard to Dr. Chase's Ointment as a prompt and lasting cure for piles.

These men give their evidence freely because they know what it means to suffer from the tortures of piles and then be cured. They feel it a duty and a pleasure to let others know how they, too, may be cured.

Rev. Frank N. Bowes, Methodist Minister, Priceville, Ont., writes: "In the winter of 1912 I was stationed in Cobalt. I went for a snowshoe tramp one day, and sat for only a few minutes on a cold stump waiting for some comrades to catch up to me. From sitting on the damp stump I contracted piles, and suffered so severely that it caused me great pain to walk. A friend recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I immediately purchased a small box, which very rapidly effected a cure. I always keep a box on hand and find it excellent for any kind of wound or sore."

Mr. W. B. Thorne, J.P., Alderside, Alta., writes: "It was twenty-eight years ago that I became acquainted with the merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment and would not be without it on any account, as it never fails to do its work. I was first induced to try it for piles. Less than one box cured me, and I have never been troubled since. That was twenty-eight years ago, so I think the cure is permanent. It is good for sore lips and hands, chafing and, in fact, all sorts of sores. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of others."

You can put Dr. Chase's Ointment to the test in any case of piles with the utmost assurance that you will obtain relief from suffering and ultimately lasting cure. 60-cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Look for the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the box you buy.

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