

It is somewhat singular that no movement is on foot to commemorate the centenary of modern missions. But, perhaps, it is better so. Large assemblies, eloquent speeches, memorial volumes, etc., etc., have their uses; but on such occasions the tendency is to magnify the human instrument, and to take refuge from the sense of personal responsibility in exaggerated laudations of the work done by others in the past. Better than any formal celebration will be a renewed consecration of men and women, of money and influence, to carry on and extend the work which others began. Signs of this are apparent everywhere, and they indicate that the second century of missions will witness an uprising of the Churches and an outpouring of the Holy Spirit such as Pentecost but faintly foreshadowed. Happy they, who, at the beginning of the new century are permitted to join in the forward movement; still happier they who share in the triumph to be realized ere another century's close.

BURNING OF THE COQUALEETZA HOME.

BY MRS. C. M. TATE.

KNOWING that all the readers of the *OUTLOOK* are interested in the Indian School at Chilliwhack, the Coqualeetza Home, and having received many inquiries *re* its destruction by fire on the evening of November 30th, the particulars of which are too lengthy to give in private letters, we thought the best way to reach all interested was to send a letter to the *OUTLOOK*.

It was a few minutes after six, just as I was crossing over to the Home intending to give the girls their weekly music lesson, a little boy ran up to me and said, "The Home is on fire." "No, no, it cannot be." "Yes, it is," the child replied. "Well, run to the neighbors," I answered, and, hastily gathering all the pails within reach, I ran over, still scarcely crediting the child's words, and was met on the way by the rest of the children, marching over to our house in double file and in perfect order. Bidding the younger ones go on, I handed the older ones each a bucket, and told them to follow me. Was met by Miss Clarke at the head of the first flight of stairs, who said, "It is useless to try to put out the fire, let us save what we can of the furniture." It seemed impossible to realize at that moment that the Home must go. I said, "But it must be put out." "It is useless, quite useless," she replied. "Go and listen at the other end of the building." I ran to the north end, and there I could hear the roar of the fire plainly in the wall, though nothing could be seen. I then thought if I could reach the tank in the third story and turn on the taps it would deluge the floor, and made an effort to do so, but was driven back by the smoke as soon as I reached the top of the second flight of stairs. An Indian then tried to get to the water by crawling along on his face, but could not.

During this time Miss Clarke and the other ladies were packing up bedding and other movable articles, and throwing them from the second story windows. Neighbors were coming in by this time; so, after carrying out a few things, and filling up some half-empty

boxes and trunks with small articles, I gathered together the frightened children, who, finding themselves alone in the Mission House, had returned to the burning building, and were hovering around me, the teachers all being busy on the second floor.

Nothing at all could be saved in the third story, and Miss Clarke's room being up there, she lost everything. She just had time to snatch up the account books and receipts when she went up the first time to carry a sick boy down.

After placing the little ones safely in the Mission House once more, myself, the older children, and the wives of some of the neighbors, returned to pick up and put in as secure spots as possible small and easily damaged articles, as they were being carried from the building.

In a very short time a large number of people were on the spot. Everything movable was carried outside. The handsome school desks that had hardly a scratch on them had to be wrenched off, being screwed to the floor. They put a wire clothes line around the large cook stove, and tore it away from the hissing, steaming boiler (for by this time the fire was all around it), and carried it out, but the stove was too much shattered to be of any use. Some one carried out a lot of lamp chimneys that were stored on an upper shelf, when they were so hot they could not be handled by the bare hand.

As the mass of flame increased, my attention was directed to our own house. Some of the friends told me not to be so alarmed, but to have blankets ready.

I gathered up Mr. Tate's papers and some of his books, placed them in a tin trunk ready to carry out. Then pulled the blankets off the beds; these, with what I could collect outside, I threw into the soft water tank. They were spread out on the roof and kept wet by pouring bucketfuls of water over them. Nothing else would have saved the Mission House, as the blankets steamed with the heat.

For three hours we watched the destructive element do its work, every little while calling the children together to see that none were missing, and was feeling some anxiety about the safety of the teachers whom I had not seen since the commencement of the fire.

We feel that all was done that could have been done with what appliances there were at hand. Had the fire originated from any other cause than a broken lamp, there might have been some chance of saving the building. The lamp fell in the sewing room near to a thimble in the floor (which was also near the wall, through which a pipe was conducted from the stove below to a drum in the same room), and became ignited either from coming in contact with the hot drum, or else the flame followed the oil through the thimble, which it could not have done had the oil ran under the wainscoting as was at first supposed, the building being well made and close fitting.

It was nine o'clock when the verandah fell in, and all danger being over, Miss Clarke, who was almost sick, went over to Mr. Vedder's for the night, taking some of the children with her. Mrs. Wells took three little girls; for the rest we made beds on the floor. None of us slept that night. I watched the burning ruins till two a.m., when an Indian came and I retired for the night.