

tively upon their public career, namely, thirty years; and he was appointed as the assistant of his venerable patron, Elder Case, in the Aldersville missionary circuit.

But at the end of one year he was considered qualified to go forth by himself into the mission field. Lake Huron engrossed his labour and care for the next two years. Garden River, at the upper extreme of the lake, enjoyed the benefit of his zeal and enterprise for the next four years.

The first decade of his missionary life showed him to be a man of appropriate qualities for his chosen work, namely, the union of untiring industry, ready resources, tact, and enterprise in enlarging and improving his fields of labour.

In 1860 an important crisis came in the history of the missions of central Methodism in the Hudson Bay District, creating a demand for a new chairman and a leader of energy to replace those who had been withdrawn, and to meet the openings presented and the exigencies which were arising in that far-off lone land; to lead, we might say, the "forlorn hope," composed of self-sacrificing and courageous men, who were "jeopardizing their lives in the high places of the field."

George McDougall was appointed to such commanding positions as Norway House (three years), Victoria Lake (six years), and Edmonton House (two years), while his last appointment bore the elegant name of Belly River, in each of which he had to act as resident missionary, and otherwise as the superintendent of all the missions in his district. For the first fourteen years after his going out, that district comprised all the missions in the North-West Territory, a charge which entailed the most arduous toils and trials, as well as travels over "magnificent distances," subjecting him to perils by land and water, in frozen wastes and sultry glades, and among beasts of prey, and sometimes still more beastly men.

Two things in missionary annals are more touching than the account of the sufferings of the mission household from smallpox, caught by ministering to the native tribes, the death of some of them and their burial by the survivors, when they themselves were almost too weak to perform the last sad rites of sepulture.

His duties, while within his mission bounds, entailed not only the proper ministerial work of teaching, preaching, praying, catechising, pastoral visiting, dispensing the ordinances, missionary, house, school, and church building; but also labours which involved the skill of axeman, the oxen and team driver in general, and the horse-breaker (catching and managing the mustang of the prairies), building temporary lodges, or sleeping on the ground in the snow without a lodge, and the shooting of buffalo and dressing them after they were slain.

But he had onerous duties outside of his missionary diocese. His obligations to his tawny clients, both as to spiritual and temporal interests, obliged him to take frequent journeys to all the eastern provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and even to Great Britain.

The officials of the Hudson Bay Company had unlimited confidence in him, and deservedly so. The Indians had often been deceived and imposed

upon, which has made them observably suspicious and slow to extend their confidence to any man, however promising, but George McDougall ultimately triumphed over all suspicions, and was held to be in the highest degree trustworthy by all the tribes of the North-West, though often in conflict with each other.

In the midst of his days, aged 56 years, and in the fullness of his strength, the all-wise Master saw fit to release him from his charge. It would have been pitiful to have seen the once active George McDougall in a state of dotage and decrepitude. We should have lost the inspiration of his heroic and tragic death, meeting calmly, as he did, the King of Terrors all alone. I almost think that he ought to have been buried where he was found, like Sir John Moore, with what might have been called his "martial cloak around him," and "left alone in his glory," while the winds of heaven would have howled his requiem. There ought, at least, to be a monument on that spot.

The details of this death are best given in the words of his Conference obituary:—

"In January, 1876, the supplies running short with the mission family at Morleyville, there being no men to hire for the purpose, he and his son and nephew left home on a hunting expedition. On the 23rd of January, after a successful but laborious day's work, at nightfall they began to retrace their steps to the camp, and when within two miles of it, he left his son to hasten on the supper. By a mysterious Providence, never to be re-vented in this life, he missed the camp and perished on the plains. On the thirteenth day the frozen body was found uninjured, as if laid out by loving hands for burial, and interred at Morleyville."

LETTER FROM THE REV. A. E. GREEN, NAAS RIVER, B.C.

OUR winter continues very severe; the wind actually shakes our strong house. Yesterday was a solemn day; in the morning I baptized three men and one woman, who had professed to find Christ, and had been duly examined and instructed. In the afternoon I preached a poor woman's (Lucy Sharp's) funeral sermon, after which the funeral took place, the body being followed to the grave by nearly all the village. All felt the solemn fact that life is very uncertain, as she had been among the last number baptized, previous to those in the morning. She had been, during the past six weeks, a great sufferer, but was very patient, and spent nearly the whole time in prayer. My visits seemed to give her great pleasure, and she always asked me to come again. Her brother says she would often ask him to tell her about Jesus. I visited her the day she died; she knew me but could not speak. Her last words, addressed to her brother, were, "kiss me, and meet me in heaven."

The four whom I mentioned as having been baptized, do not belong to the Naas, but to the interior, 100 miles from here. They belong to the Kit-wan-wood tribe. We have had a native teacher with them at their home, and twelve have come out on the Lord's side. They are a poor,

ignorant people, but very anxious to be taught.

The first night David McKay, our native teacher, reached their camp, they wished him to teach them a hymn. Having no blackboard, and wishing to have the words written so they could see them, they made an attempt to make one. Splitting a cedar stick, they having no plane or knife, their only tools being an Indian adze and a stone axe, with these primitive instruments they made the wood as smooth as they could. Now the question was how to make it a black-board, as they had no paint whatever. However, this difficulty was overcome by taking a salmon roe, and a burnt stick, bruising them up together with a little water till they furnished a black paint. This was then rubbed on the rude boards, and after it had dried by the big camp-fire, David wrote those old but beautiful words—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

This they quickly learned to sing. Hundreds of people from the interior and Skeena River arrived here a few days ago for the "oolican" season. This fish they catch by cutting holes in the ice, on which they stand, letting their nets down the holes. Our people will move this week to their fishing camps, and then I shall be busy going from camp to camp preaching. We expect crowded houses, and hope much good may be the result.

During the month of January, I gave medicine to 129 persons; much time is taken up visiting and attending the sick. Miss Green is getting on nicely with the language.

Three of the Indians are learning to play the organ, and are succeeding very nicely, while the sewing-class is being usefully instructed in household economy.—*The Outlook.*

THE FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC

AN old man snatched from the very jaws of death on a railway; a number of boys under fifteen arrested for being drunk and disorderly; the determined self-murder of an old pensioner; and the death of an infant of nine months from sheer neglect, while its inhuman mother lay near it in a state of beastly intoxication, and in the midst of a scene of filth and squalor indescribable such are some of the records of the whiskee business given in our columns for a single day. Multiplying this showing by the number of days in the year, and the product by the number of communities of equal population throughout Ontario, we may get some definite conceptions of the wretchedness and crime which are the fruits of the traffic in strong drink in our Province. All this takes place, too, under a license system which has perceptibly reduced the evils of intemperance, and whose conditions are probably as strict and as rigidly enforced as those in any other Province or country. It is no wonder that in the face of such appalling facts increasing numbers of people are day by day becoming convinced that the times demand something better than the best license system. We do not see how any man with a heart in his bosom can get any real conception of the degradation, misery, and vice which are the direct outcome of the liquor

traffic, and be longer unwilling to suffer any inconvenience or privation of luxury which the enforcement of a prohibitory law would entail. What ought an intelligent Christian people to do in such a case? Should they steel themselves to look on with indifference at such a state of things? Should they fold their arms in selfish despair and say they have done their best, and there is no further help or hope for the wretched victims? Can they, to take no higher view, as self-interested individuals, representing the society that has to suffer the evils and foot the bills for the maintenance of almshouses, asylums, and prisons, confess that they can do nothing further? Is it not about time to try some bold step, which can hardly make matters worse, in the hope that it may improve them? Who would not like to see a trial of one earnest, united, and persistent endeavour to rid the country of the cause of all the trouble by destroying the traffic, root and branch?

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

COUNT this thing to be grandly true;
That a noble deed is a step toward God;
Lifting the soul from its common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet—
By what we have mastered of good or gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

J. G. Holland

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

A newspaper correspondent says Bartimeus should be pronounced Bar-ti-me-us, not Bar-tim-eus; Philemon, Phi-le-mon, not Phile-moir; Zaccheus, Zac-che-us, not Zac-cheus; Philippi, Phi-il-pi, not Phil-ri-pi; Ephraim, Eph-ra-tah, not Eph-ratah; Cleopas, Cle-o-pas, not Cle-o-pas; Cyrene, Cy-re-ne, not Cy-rene; Gadara, Gad-a-ra, Ga-da-ra.

In the matter of the young joining the communicant membership of the Church, the chief responsibility must ever rest upon parents. They cannot transfer it either to the pastor or to the Sunday-school teachers.

The *International Series* of lessons are in the future to be translated into the languages of the Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Bulgarians, with notes thereon, prepared by the Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D., under the auspices of the American Board.

A LITTLE Southern boy, when asked if his father had a good mule, mournfully replied, "One end of him is good."