

Columbine. You never saw, I know you never did, such a varied and luxuriant flora in any part of the East. But our time is going and besides the editor is getting impatient.

Our service is on number 6. At the upper side of the claim a ditch about two feet deep has been dug and through it the water rushes. A little below it, nearer the creek, is a "prospect hole" about 12 feet deep. I stand on the earth piled beside it and you sit on the grass with your back to the ridge of earth shovelled out of the ditch. I'll put you in very good company. Cameron, of New Brunswick, on one side; Maloney, of Owen Sound, on the other. They are Teslin trail men. Two women sit on the grass on the other side of the ditch. We sing the old hymns. The mountains seem to rejoice with us, and the torrent to sing its song, in harmony with ours, as it threads its way amid the rocks.

Look along the line of faces on either side, remember what they are here for, and their condition; look up at the mountains and then at the sky, and tell me about what and whom you would preach, if you were in my place, even if you had taken the gold medal in metaphysics and moral philosophy. Just one thing and no other, an old message: just one person and no other, Christ. Old fashioned! Yes, and life is old-fashioned and so is death, and so is judgment. Christ is our life, and if He is, then death is the opening, not the closing of a door, and we must all stand before the judgment of Christ.

You get a good bed, half a miner's bed, and you sleep right well, for you are tired and so am I. The snoring of the old sled dog beside the bed does not disturb you, and the 7.30 whistle blown by our host, the signal to get ready for breakfast, is the first sound of which you have been conscious for 8½ hours.

I go to Otter next day and Boulder the day after, but you have had enough for a tenderfoot, and I let you go. I meet you on my return to Atlin. We call on the nurses. What cheery, consecrated, efficient women they are. I say twenty times a day, "I am glad they have come." If you are one of the unhearty ministers in this venture of sending nurses, I take you to the hut in which the sick lie, cared for by our Church, and there is instantaneous conversion.

Thank God the women of our church have begun to do that part of Christ's work, our work, for men and women, which the minister cannot do, or can do very poorly without special training. I was sick and ye visited me. The work of the nurses for one month has done more to make people believe we have the spirit of Christ, than a year's preaching could. I have no words to tell the church how glad and thankful I am for this beginning in Atlin. It has strengthened my hands and made the old church

dearer to her own people, and exalted her in the opinion of those of other churches and of no church. Best of all, the gentle ministering hands of our nurses will open many a heart to the Gospel and Spirit of Jesus.

I got a letter from a little boy, a very little boy, in Quebec. It was a good letter, with a word of cheer between the lines from his mother. He shall hear from me ere long.

Dr. Robertson told me what the young people of the Presbytery of London are going to do for our work up here. They, too, shall have as good and helpful a letter as I can write, when my mind and the sky are at their brightest. For I sometimes think that we get all the helpful things said to us and about us, when the boys and girls and men and women, who are doing the planning and sacrificing and giving have no word of cheer at all, and only see at second eye what they are accomplishing. There are thousands of men and children who will thank God forever for the work our church has done in the West and North.

I have tried your patience, it's a foggy day, but this is the end at last.

#### HOME MISSION JOTTINGS—THE YUKON

It was expected that the American Presbyterian Church would have sent in a missionary to Skaguay early in the spring, and that Mr. Sinclair, our missionary there, would then leave for Bennett, which is forty-three miles distant and in Canadian territory. Owing, however, to delay in sending in the American missionary, Mr. Sinclair has been doing duty at both points for several months past, dividing his time equally between them.

In a letter recently received from him by Dr. Warden, he says, "Mr. Cock has arrived here, and I am to detain him for a few weeks, so as to keep the work here (Skaguay) and at Bennett in hand till my successor arrives at Skaguay.

"When I went to Bennett two months ago," writes Mr. Sinclair, "I found about 500 or 600 people there, and the number increasing every day, waiting for the opening of navigation. On my first trip I selected a new church site, as the one formerly selected was too far out of town. All the prominent citizens joined with me in a petition for the site to the British Columbia government.

"On my next visit, however, I found the site built upon. I had to select another on the Government reserve, and, in order to prevent this being also 'jumped,' I went for our large tent, which was in the shack, to hold down the lot, but I found the tent so cut up and so much of it gone as to make it utterly useless. The thieves were found, tried, and sentenced, but this did not help us out of the difficulty.