

"better late than never" the work was continued, yet one could not fail to see how our neglect had weakened the cause in the field. From time to time one was reminded by the men of the way they had been neglected by the Protestant Churches, while the Roman Catholic Church had a missionary almost constantly in the field, and they seldom failed to give also another pointer in this direction, that when missionaries visited the field it had generally been to solicit subscriptions to carry on the work in other parts. This decided the course that was followed in the financial part of the work. personally, no support was asked for, and the taking up of collections at the services was not practicable in many ways, in these camps. camp visitations the Word was preached. After the first time over the field, they had no part in our services with the exception of those held at Donald and Farwell. This left all free to support the mission work in their midst as they saw fit. With what result some may wish to know. No great salary was received, yet more than sufficient to cover the expenses in the field, which was no small item, and all given voluntarily. So successful was this part of the work that no expense was incurred by the Presbytery by occupying the field. This accomplished in a field where there was so much to contend against, because of previous neglect, should encourage the Church as well as men to enter such fields in the future, fully determined that the missionary shall be there from the turning of the first sod until the driving of the last spike.

The field occupied was that of construction on the Western Division of the C. P. R., and extended from Donald west for about one hundred miles. Canmore, which is reached shortly after entering the mountain and is the end of a division on the line, received occasional services in passing up and down the line, yet did not belong to the field occupied.

The company had on this part of construction, last season, between eight and ten thousand men, there were, besides these, at least two thousand miners, traders, etc., scattered along the line. The parishioners were numerous and the parish long. Over this ground a round trip was made about every month. Apart from the foreigners, who bulked largely, especially in the grading camps, few English-speaking men were not more or less acquainted with the missionary. When Donald and Farwell were visited a Sabbath was generally spent in these places and services fairly attended. These points shall be referred to separately from the others, because the work differed there from the rest of the field, also on account of their future prospects as points worthy of our attention as a Church.

Donald is situated at the first crossing of the Columbia River. Last season it was the end of the C. P. R. line and the beginning of construction, which made it a place of considerable importance. Here the return of the Sabbath could be recognized more than in any other part of the field, and the congregation that gathered to worship at Donald differed from all the others in that ladies were here and there scattered among the worshippers. This point, or one not far from it, will become, in time, a place of some importance, as there will be in this valley the terminus of a division on the C. P. R. The timber lands on the river will be a source of revenue, while the mining interest will be more or less a boom to the place. Already gold has been taken out of the streams entering the Columbia in this district. Whether Donald or the spot twenty miles up the river where the line first enters the valley of the Columbia, which was known as Golden City in the days of construction, shall be chosen as the terminus of a division, those families with the surrounding ones would not think themselves unfortunate to have their home there. Nature has done much to make this valley a desirable place to dwell in.

Farwell not only, like Donald, differed from the rest of the field, but it differed from Donald as night differs from day. No figure could give a better idea of these two places than the one used, for while Donald was a day town Farwell was a night town. As the curtain of night closed out the light of another day, and nature spoke of rest, one would often hear it remarked concerning Farwell "The shows will soon start." Soon music and the dance would be heard proceeding from what may justly be termed the deepest and darkest dens of degradation and iniquity to which humanity has fallen. The gambling houses would open in full blast; thus night after night scenes which

are, as a rule, of the night and not of the day, would continue until the dawn of another day changed the scene. Enter one of these gambling houses, and the quietness and order which prevail will attract attention, seldom a voice heard above ordinary conversation, the buzz like that of a well filled parlour. An oath only now and then is heard. Such a change from the usual conversation, not only of these present, but what one meets with in the mountains! You are led to ask the reason of this calm and lack of profanity. It is business now with the most of those present, their attention is all given to the game in which they are engaged. A question may be asked as to how the game is going, or explanation on some point may be given; apart from this all is quiet. There many are what they say "made" or "broke" in a night, yet a dispute seldom arises. All take quietly what they win or give out what they lose, for to start a dispute generally means shoot or be shot. All are prepared for this, and this preparation causes many to hide whatever feeling they may find arising, because they value their lives. The lines may be pleasanter for them next time; at least, they count on a living if they follow it as a business. All seem to get this, but few more. Yet what a living! What a life!

Toward morning whiskey is heard in the streets. In the daytime few men would be seen in Farwell under the influence of liquor. Yet the statistics of the place stood at one time fifty-six buildings, and in fifty-one of these drinks were sold, which virtually means spirituous liquor. At Farwell the evils that followed the line of construction centred and reached their greatest extent, but to the honour of those in authority or to the love of order among its inhabitants, only one shooting case occurred in the town. Then, without a word, the man who shot entered a gambling house, shot his men, firing twice through the crowd; taking those he was after in both cases, but neither fatally.

Still Farwell had its salt that had not lost its savour; there were found as true and earnest Christians as could be met with in any part of the vineyard—those who feared God. As in Golden City in earlier days, which was a similar town, although not so extensive, the Word of Life was preached to congregations who gave as close attention as could be desired from any audience. In going and coming among these men an insulting word was never heard. I was treated everywhere and at all times with respect. Even when meeting some of these men when they were under the influence of liquor, there was nothing but respect shown. Words spoken in kindness of the necessity of a different course of life when in season were kindly taken.

(To be continued.)

EASTERN ONTARIO.

It is rarely that an Old Country question excites such feeling in Canada and the United States as that of Home Rule in Ireland is doing at the present time. It is a proof, if any proof were needed, that the ties between us and the old folks at home are very vital ties indeed. Some months ago the people of Kingston were stirred as people are not often stirred in repudiating the representation that the citizens were in favour of Mr. Parnell and his party. I see that the meeting the other night in Toronto was quite as enthusiastic as the one we had in Kingston. The feeling here was greatly intensified when it transpired that Bishop Cleary wrote to Dublin vilifying the people that attended the meeting and those that spoke at it. When he wrote that in spite of great efforts made to give character to the meeting there were none or very few of any intelligence and standing there, he sent to Dublin what was both an untruth and an impertinence. The Rev. J. Gallaher treated him as he deserved, and neither the Bishop nor his friends have ventured to justify the writing of the letter that was sent to Mr. T. D. Sullivan. There are few respectable Roman Catholics that are not ashamed of the Bishop, and it is creditable to them that it is so. It appears that Mr. Gallaher's arguments would be met in the way that such arguments are often met by the same class if an opportunity offered. He has been threatened with bodily violence again and again, and that, as we know, is a favourite mode of argument in some quarters. It is a sad commentary on the results of Romanism on the Celtic Irish that the common way to meet logic and facts is by blows or the revolver. Let that religion be credited with such a mode of meeting an argument. We will not try to lessen the honour that is rightfully due to it on that account.

There are some amusing sides to the question. Gallaher is a common Celtic name, many that bear it are Roman Catholics. Our friend is particularly well versed in the Romish controversy. He is reputed even among the enemy as knowing more than he ought. It is not strange that the ignorant classes should set him down as a convert from the Romanist faith, and that it is because of this, that he knows so much. Because of this the bitterness against him is intensified tenfold. When such a spirit is rampant on the free soil of Canada we can fancy the treatment that the Protestants of Ulster would get were they made the victims of the Home Rule that appears to some to be imminent. We must the day is far distant when such a calamity will occur. If there be any truth in the rumour that Ulster will get a council of its own that might be made to work. At all events it would not be nearly so disastrous as a legislature sitting in Dublin for the whole country. We need not speculate further at present, as in a very short time now the policy of Mr. Gladstone will be made known.

The Rev. John Thompson, of Sarnia, has been lecturing on Homiletics in Queen's for two weeks past, and he will continue another week yet. The students are greatly delighted with the course over which he is taking them. Your correspondent has rarely heard the students speak so enthusiastically of either professor or lecturer as they do of Mr. Thompson. As the Presbytery meets next week the graduating class will be up for license examinations. There are eleven in the graduating class this year. There were twelve before Mr. Dyde left to fill a professor's chair in Fredericton. This is probably the largest graduating class in theology that Queen's has ever seen.

COLLEGE CONSOLIDATION.

MR. EDITOR,—You and your readers are interested in the "College Question," and many in the matter of Consolidation. Will you allow me a little space to draw attention to the relative Presbyterian population in each district. The Maritime Provinces report a membership of 26,937; in the bounds of this membership there is *one* college.

Now draw a line midway between Kingston and Toronto, and east of that line till you join the Maritime Provinces, you have a membership of 26,287 with *three* colleges.

West of the dividing line, and leaving out Manitoba and the North West, you find a membership of 66,252 and one college in the centre.

In other words, east of the dividing line between Toronto and Kingston, and down to the sea, you have a membership of 53,224 with *four* colleges, and west of that line, without Manitoba, a membership of 66,252, and one college. Significant figures for the Consolidation Committee. OBSERVER.

READING FOR CULTURE.

The busy professional man, to whom culture is all important, is often painfully conscious of this truth. He has little leisure, yet he must read. The field of literature is wide, and intersected by many paths, each of which has manifold fascinations. The newspaper and the review, authors modern and ancient, books useful and books fashionable, books of professional and books of general interest, all invite his attention and suggest their rival claims. But the thing is impossible; he has not even time to investigate their claims, to arbitrate on the several courses presented to him; he too often gives up in despair of finding just what he especially needs. Without hesitation, without compromise, he must resolutely choose the best books, and read them only. Classic authors, and none other, should form his library, should keep him daily company, should be at his side, on his table, in his pocket, ready for the few moments or half hours of pause or interval which the course of daily duty affords him. At morning dawn, at noonday rest, at evening twilight, at the little breaks in the labours of the day, or at the well-earned leisure at its close, comes that best friend, a book, to yield its willing treasures at his call.—*Arthur Reid.*

A GERMAN evangelist named Schrenk has been holding great meetings at Frankford. Bible readings, prayer meetings and evening meetings in halls were all used to arouse and interest the people. Mr. Schrenk is a native of Berne, and goes out from there on evangelistic tours.