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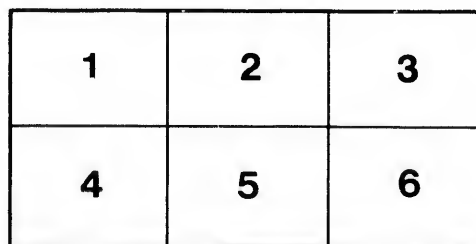
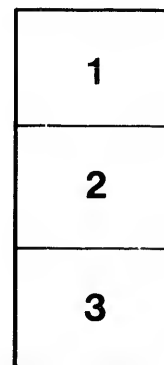
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BRITISH COLUMBIA.



BRITISH COLUMBIA has been called "England's youngest child:" it is the last addition to our large family of colonies which now cover nearly one sixth of the globe. Perhaps it is usual in families to consider the last-born member for the time being the prodigy of the household, and certainly we have been wont to boast great things of the present capacity and the future glory of Columbia. It reached by a bound to a height of interest and of notoriety which other countries have attained only after long years of waiting, and which some have never succeeded in making their own. Since 1806, when it first became British soil, it had been leased by the Crown to the Hudson's Bay Company, and formed a part of those vast hunting-grounds and game preserves which were mentioned in our last paper; but in 1858 the late Lord Lytton, the then Colonial Secretary, declined to renew the lease to that Company, and British Columbia was raised to the dignity of a colony. There was the island of Vancouver, with Victoria for its capital, and still further to the north Queen Charlotte's Island; while on the mainland there was Columbia proper, with its chief town of New Westminster running far up northward to the country that was then Russian territory, the Rocky Mountains forming its eastern boundary, dividing it from Rupert's Land. These made up a country equal in area to England and France together; its character had suffered much from misrepresentation: it had been declared to be a region of eternal fog, of bitter cold, with a barren soil, and altogether unfit for human habitation. But it was found on consulting maps that the latitude of Victoria was that of Paris; that the American ports, only a few score miles to the south, were always open, and that either from the action of the Gulf Stream, or other cause not ascertained, the climate of that western coast was soft and humid; that fruits and cereals which did well in England, flourished in Vancouver's Island; and in a short time we in this country were indebted to California and

Columbia for many of those annuals which keep our flower-beds gay in early spring. Further investigation showed that the timber of these regions was the finest in the world; the celebrated *Welingtonia gigantea*, the most splendid member of the pine family,



MR. DUNCAN.

being here indigenous; that coal was to be obtained with simple machinery close to the surface in almost any quantity; and soon gold was discovered on the Fraser River, which rises far up in the Rocky Mountains and pours itself into the Pacific at New Westminster. Soon it became acknowledged that the natural line of

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railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific was not through the States, but through Canada, and it was not a very rash prophecy which declared that Victoria with its splendid harbour was to be immediately the Liverpool of the Pacific.

These bright visions have not yet been realised. Capital was needed to convert visions into facts, to an amount that was not forthcoming; added to which, the Americans had the start, and San Francisco is still the dominant port on that coast; but it is only fifteen years since the prophecy was first hazarded, and there can be little doubt that in time the bright prospects will be realised, more especially as Columbia is no longer an isolated colony but an integral part of the great dominion of Canada, deriving her share of the benefit of united capital and undivided counsel and efforts.

In 1856 the Church Missionary Society sent a catechist, Mr. W. Duncan, of whom more will be said before we have done, and in 1857 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent two clergymen, and, with the exception of a solitary chaplain maintained by the Hudson's Bay Company, these were the first ordained missionaries of the Church of England that had ever ministered westward of the Rocky Mountains. In 1859 a wealthy member of the Church provided the sum necessary for the endowment of a bishopric in British Columbia, and the Rev. G. Hills, who had given many proofs of his zeal and ability as Vicar of Great Yarmouth, and previously as one of the curates of Leeds under Dr. Hook, was consecrated. He sailed in the autumn, and was caught in the terrible gale still remembered as the "Royal Charter gale," from the fact that a fine ship of that name foundered very near our shores in that hurricane. In the Caribbean Sea yellow fever raged on board the ship which conveyed the mission party, and Bishop Hills ministered to the wants, both physical and spiritual, of the sufferers; and at last, on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1860, he landed on the shores of his new diocese, commissioned to manifest our Lord to the heathens of that land. These heathens were immediately found: not among the Indian tribes who lived further inland, but among the European population, whom love of gold and of adventure had attracted to this land, and who seemed to be ignorant of the very existence of a God. At one place he found a population of 400, among whom there was one Christian man, and

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he a Communicant, and all the rest avowed themselves infidels. In the assemblies which he addressed he would find Chinese, Mexicans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, as well as Americans and Englishmen ; at the mines and in the gold-fields all the "ne'er-do-weels" of the earth seemed to be gathered together, and the land appeared to be little better than a Pandemonium. Very hard was the life of a missionary in the early days of the colony. The mining and lumbering population would settle in the towns when winter covered the



LUMBERERS' SHANTY.

earth with snow, but in the spring miners and the clergy would move together to the interior. Small steamers would take the motley assembly of passengers—traders, cattle dealers, diggers, and parsons—up the Fraser River to Yale, in the heart of the Cascade Mountains, where the river rushes through a narrow gorge : thence a mountain trail would take them 60 miles further to Lytton ; then mountains would have to be crossed, and then

for 200 miles rolling plains extended themselves to the Cariboo diggings.

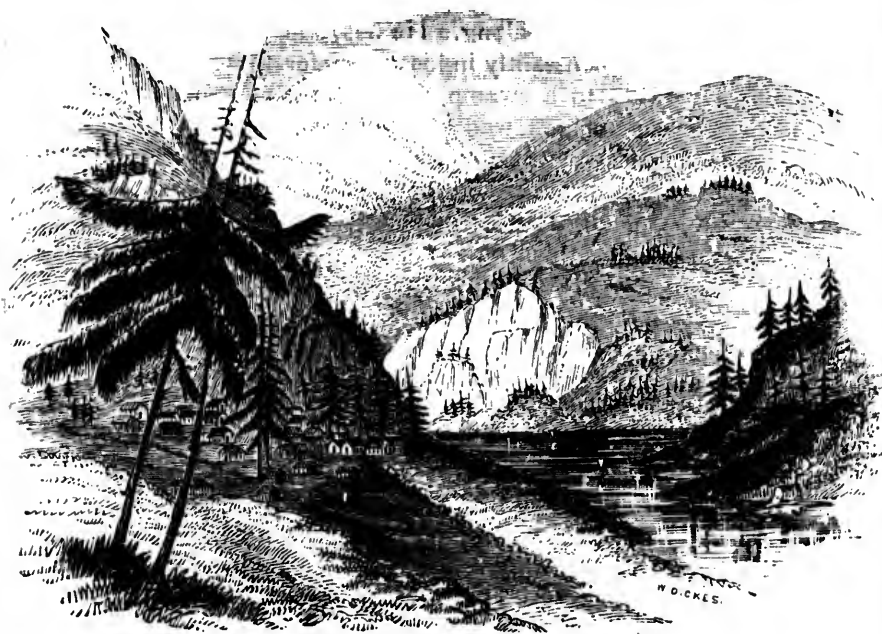
The Bishop, who himself made this journey, thus describes the method of travelling :—

“ You will see a man with stout country shoes, corduroy trousers, a coloured woollen shirt, a leather strap round his waist, and an axe upon his shoulder ; he is driving before him a mule or horse laden with packs of blankets, a tent, bacon, a sack of flour, a coffee-pot, a kettle, and a frying-pan. He is a pioneer of the Gospel on his way to the mines 500 miles a-head. He has considerable trouble as he goes along. He has the forest to go through, and fallen trees are constantly in his path ; for these he has to use his axe. He comes to a swamp, in which his animal sticks fast ; he has to take the pack off, wading himself into the swamp in order to do it ; he has to carry the pack to some dry place, and then take the animal out and re-pack. It takes half-an-hour to pack a horse properly, and is a difficult business. He comes at length to his camping-ground ; he takes off the pack, leads the horse to water, and turns him out to feed ; he fills his kettle at the stream, and having cut down a tree and made a fire with some of the branches, he puts it on the fire. He will then cut poles and pegs, pitch his tent, unroll his blankets, and make his bed. The water having become hot, he takes his pan, and with flour from his sack begins to make some bread. He will make two cakes the size of the inside of the frying-pan ; he turns the bread over and over in the pan, then puts it beside the fire, before a large stone, to rise. After the bread is made you will see him cutting pieces off his bacon, and then begins his principal meal. While so engaged the Indians will come round him and take their seats. The meal over, and the things packed up, he proceeds to instruct the Indians, and long after dark you will see the crowd sitting round the fire, which casts a glare upon their faces ; or if there are no Indians, he will go off to a camp at some distance, where he finds a party of men travelling the same way, and proposes that they shall have service. They look at him and wonder who he is, as he has no signs of his office in his dress, but looks like one of themselves ; but they have no objection, and he begins his service. By-and-by you will hear the sound of prayer, and the evening hymn closes all.”

In the time that has elapsed since these rough journeys were made,

the condition of the country has changed, and the colonial population may be supposed to have made some more fitting provision for their spiritual necessities. There have been many trials: financial crises have more than once retarded progress; and churches, built with much toil, have been destroyed by fire; but we do not purpose to dwell any longer on this branch of the work of the Church.

We now turn to the work among the various tribes of Indians, of whom there are more than in the whole of America east of the



YALE, ON THE FRASER RIVER.

Rocky Mountains. The first mission of which we shall write is that under the care of the Rev. J. B. Good, of Lytton.

After five years' experience of missionary work in Vancouver Island, Mr. Good was sent, in 1866, to Yale, on the mainland, where he remained a year, until the event occurred which made him leave Yale to go and settle at Lytton, sixty miles further up the Fraser River, where he still labours. This event was the springing up of a great religious movement—traceable to no human

source, but originating solely in the quickening Breath which bloweth where it listeth—which had begun among those Indians.

The immediate cause of their turning to Mr. Good on this occasion was that their chief had taken a liking to our missionary, and had been impressed by his teaching.

His name was Sashiatan. The Bishop writes of him thus :—

“The two leading chiefs of the Thompson River district are Spintlum and Sashiatan. They are very different men in disposition. Sashiatan is impetuous, demonstrative, and eloquent. He may be called the Orator Chief. He has been a prominent leader in deeds of daring. An officer of the Hudson’s Bay Company told me that in 1850 his name was mentioned in Cowichan, 200 miles away, as inspiring terror. He is the recognised war-chief of the tribes of the Thompson. He is a man of quiet bearing and few words, but of real bravery. In 1838 he attacked the Hudson’s Bay Company’s train at Nicolai Lake with his followers.”

Now Sashiatan had seen Mr. Good at Yale in 1866, and what he heard from him remained deeply impressed on his mind. So when, in the course of the ensuing winter, the mysterious influence of God’s Holy Spirit stirred him and his people to seek the Lord, it was to Mr. Good, and not to his Roman Catholic friends at Okanagan, that he thought of going. Accordingly he set forth for Lytton first, attended by a large body of mounted Indians. Arrived at Lytton, he went to the magistrate, Captain Ball, and imparted to him his desire to see Mr. Good. Captain Ball accordingly wrote for him as follows :—

“I must now tell you what the Indian ‘Sashiatan,’ who gives you this, wishes me to write about. He is a chief, and has great influence with the Indians in this part of the country. He has taken a great fancy to you, and is determined that all the Indians shall be followers of yours. He wants you to let him know when you intend coming up to Lytton, in order to give timely notice to all the Indians throughout the country, that they may have an opportunity of meeting you here. He is a good and valuable Indian, and through him you may obtain an influence over, perhaps, a thousand Indians.”

Furnished with this letter, which he held in profound veneration—as Indians always do written paper—and which, wrapt in many foldings, he carried in his bosom, the chief left Lytton.

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"It was in the very depth of winter when they took this long, dreary, and really dangerous journey, the thermometer standing below zero at the time, many of them scantily clad, having with them only a very insufficient supply of food."

Let us now hear from the lips of Mr. Good himself the account of their arrival:—

"*March 2, 1867.*—This afternoon an Indian messenger came to announce the approach of a large body of natives from Lytton and neighbouring parts, walking in single file, and headed by Sashiatan, a chief of great repute and influence, and once a warrior noted for his prowess and cruelty. He and his friends had made this toilsome and exposed pilgrimage for the express purpose of obtaining an interview with me, enjoying a Sunday service under our direction, and inviting me to Lytton, where I am promised a huge gathering of all the Indians belonging to the Thompson tribe who can possibly be got together. They all gathered round the church steps with heads uncovered, whilst I made their acquaintance, and ascertained their wishes in coming to me. It was a bitter cold day, but their anxiety to be taught seemed to render them oblivious of external discomforts; and I could not help feeling that here a door is being opened, and how important it would be not to neglect our opportunity.

"On dismissing them for the night, I secretly determined to procure a small present of tobacco and pipes for the chief and his friends, for it was a most bitter cold night. About six I started off with my *patlatch* for the Indian village, and on reaching it found that my unexpected visitors had all been housed in one of the underground dwelling-places which are used only during the winter season. You descend these by a notched pole in the centre of the mound, and at the time of my visit the Thompson Indians had finished their humble evening meal, and were in the act of commencing their vespers before retiring for the night. The house was quite full, and intensely warm, while the scene upon which I gazed was one of deep interest, which affected me to sadness and tears. The worshippers were evidently in earnest, and were offering to God the best they possessed, led by their chief, whose hands, a few years ago, were red with the blood of the slain. The name of the Holy Virgin was most constantly invoked, and the whole prayers seemed faulty enough in a scriptural point of

view; yet the manner in which the whole had been arranged, and the style in which they were rendered, were very noteworthy, and shows how much pains had been bestowed upon them in this department by those who had taught them little beside. It was humiliating to think that our Church, which had so long been in the field, and might have taught these poor heathen a purer faith and a more acceptable form of worship, has done so little, and left them to the undisputed sway of a foreign power.

"After the service was over I made my present and offered a short address. It was warmly received and had its effect. The chief said it was the few words that I spoke to him when he first saw me some months ago that had led him to think, and had left him dissatisfied with his previous teaching. He was winning all his tribe over to entertain his new views, and they were one and all crying to us, and saying, 'Come over and help us.'

"One thing is certain, I have not sought them, but they me; and who am I, that I should fight against God?"

In May, 1868, the Bishop paid a visit to the Thompson district. His feelings on this occasion must have been very different from what he had experienced in that visit related above, eight years before. Then he had mourned over the impotence of his efforts and the fruitlessness of his work. Now he had occasion to thank God for eminent success. Here is his account of his welcome by a people who on his last visit did not own his authority as their Bishop, or, indeed, really understand enough about religion to be counted Christians of any kind:—

"About three miles from Lytton we perceived before us a great cloud of dust, caused by many horsemen, who turned out to be the chiefs and leading men of various Indian tribes, who were come out to meet me. They had intended to come further, but I was earlier than they expected. The cavalcade was headed by the Rev. J. B. Good, and was very picturesque. The chiefs were decked in all their colours and grotesque array. Some had leathern suits curiously worked. There were head-dresses of fox-tails and trappings of red and blue, and pouches and belts of beadwork and embroidery. The first operation was that of shaking hands. Then there was the wildest scene. The horses were neighing and kicking and running away, and the fantastically-dressed men were rushing about after their steeds, or holding them as they plunged

and reared. Some of the chiefs were old friends, whom I had often met in former times, and spoken to concerning God and the Saviour. I never expected so soon to behold such a scene as this, for its remarkable feature was that all these men were fully-accepted catechumens of the Church. They were all men who could now join in the worship of Almighty God and had put away the prominent sins of heathenism, and individuals whose histories were written in blood-sorceries were humble and teachable disciples of the Lord Jesus. Hence their greeting to-day was very different from that of former times, and they all, with hardly an exception, made some remark to signify their thankfulness for the knowledge they had learnt of God. Many touched their breasts and pointed upwards, to say how happy they were in loving God. The sight, then, of these representatives of many tribes, as the cavalcade wended its way round the windings of the road, was, as I looked back from time to time, truly inspiring, and often did I thank God and pray that the work thus begun might not go back. There were sixteen chiefs, and the whole procession numbered sixty. As we entered Lytton a crowd of Indians, formed into order two abreast, came to meet me. Many had come fifty miles, and there were in all 700."

The Bishop was present at a class where there were 250 candidates for baptism. They were instructed on the doctrine of man's duty to God. "After Mr. Good had given his instruction," the Bishop goes on—

"I examined them. When I had concluded, Spintlum, the chief, rose to speak. He said, 'The people have not answered well. They know a good deal. I will speak for them. I will tell the Bishop what they know.' He then, in a speech full of eloquence, and remarkable for gesture by no means inappropriate, told the story of religion. He began with the fall of man, mentioned some leading facts of Old Testament history, declared the love of God in sending His only Son, and then gave a vivid description of our Lord's crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension. He said that Christ had sent His apostles, and then others, to preach the Gospel to all nations. 'You all,' he said, addressing and pointing to Mr. Good, Mr. Reynard, and myself, 'are come to us because God has sent you. You have brought us the knowledge of the Truth. You have brought us the Holy Bible, the mind

of God. We pray you, continue to teach us, and we shall never be weary of hearing God's Word.' "

The Bishop worshipped with these Indians on Whitsun-Day of that year, and was very much touched by what he saw. The heartiness of the service, and the deep reality which pervaded it, were most impressive. "Mr. Good," he says, "has usually three



QUOQUOLT INDIAN.

Indian services on Sunday. They are very long, lasting sometimes three or four hours, owing to the anxiety of the people for instruction."

There has been no cessation in the work of this Mission, where Mr. Good still labours, and where he has presented hundreds of converts to the Bishop for Holy Baptism and Confirmation.

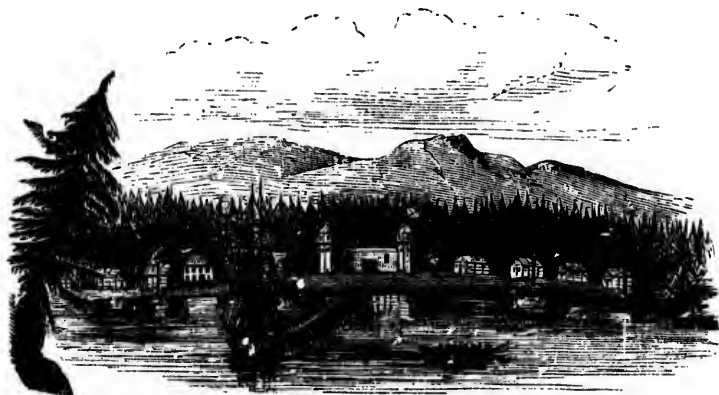
Mr. Duncan's Mission is even more remarkable from the fact that he is himself a layman, and that he has been a civil ruler and

magistrate, as well as a Christian teacher. It has been already stated that he was the first English missionary sent to this country. When he came to Victoria in 1857, he was soon convinced that it was almost hopeless to establish a Mission there, so degraded were the natives by the contact of white traders and other, depraved individuals. Accordingly he soon removed to another part of the country, Fort Simpson—just on the borders of the then Russian America, 500 miles north of Victoria. Here, his prospects seemed not very encouraging. The natives were a handsome, intelligent race, vastly superior in intellectual ability to the flat-headed tribes to the south, but also excelling them in all sorts of immorality. Cruel in their nature, their religious rites were equally cruel. One of this devoted Missionary's earliest experiences was at one of their great annual medicine rites, where he beheld a sight which chilled his blood with horror. A crowd of dancing medicine men, excited to the pitch of demoniacal madness, came forth to the sound of drums from the village surrounded by troops of people. The dead body of a slave, killed for the purpose, lay on the beach; and, round the body the crowd closed; then, it opened again, and exhibited to the horror-stricken gaze of the Missionary two of the highest grade of medicine men, each tearing at a limb of the dead body. This signified "the highest rank" in a long series of gradations of "medicine work"—a sort of demoniacal "sorcery"—if the word may be used, in default of a better. But Mr. Duncan never lost heart, often as he was told by the traders, who little sympathised with him, that he had better go home—he could never do anything with such a people. Prudently avoiding the ridicule of the Indians by not attempting to address them in their own difficult language—the Tsimpshean—until he could do so well, he meanwhile studied their ways and matured his plans. Tempting the children to school, he gradually gained a footing, though slowly; and often his life was in danger from the concealed or open enmity of the "medicine men," those arrant rogues being shrewd enough to foresee that their craft was in danger. Soon his indomitable force of character fought its way into their confidence, and a little band gathered round him.

As at Victoria, Mr. Duncan saw that, if he was to produce any permanent good, he must remove his people out of reach of the immoral influence of the fort and its surroundings. Those who

know what a coast Indian trading-fort is, will require no explanation. Immorality of the vilest description was rampant whenever the Hudson Bay vessels arrived; and at any time vice was not to be sought for in any very hidden places. What little good he could do was more than counterbalanced by the immorality around.

This determined him to remove his Mission to the beautiful Sound of Metlakatlah (or Metlakah), forty miles south of Fort Simpson, where he could have them specially under his own control. In this effort he was freely seconded by many of the Indians, who desired to return to what had been their old home before Fort Simpson, with its trade attractions, had been built.



FORT SIMPSON.

He now commenced a regular system with them, teaching them the arts of peace and civilisation, as well as indoctrinating them with the higher Christian virtues, without which all else had been but vain. Instead of the collection of filthy huts, which a coast Indian village consists of, he laid out regular streets, and established statute labour for the making of proper roads. Gardens were marked off, and Indians who used to peer into the flower plots with wistful eyes, while on a visit to Victoria, now began to cultivate vegetables and flowers for themselves. Searching out the men with peculiar capabilities and tastes, he set them up in trades, instead of allowing them to follow the old savage plan of no division of labour. Accordingly, if you pass into Metlakatlah, you may see old Legech, the former chief, busily working under a

signboard which informs passers-by that he is a "Carpenter and Cabinet Maker." The Tsimpsheans are a very artistic people, and carve beautiful work in ivory, wood, or stone: they even make jewellery, out of gold and silver coin; so that he had little difficulty in setting them to work at various crafts of that nature. A police and a jail were likewise provided, as well as a public market, a court-house, and a lodging-house for strangers who might come to the settlement. These aboriginal ladies and gentlemen being the reverse of cleanly, the house had to be carefully cleansed soon after their departure; but the pleasant, clean houses of the inhabitants would thus remain undisturbed and undefiled, without laying them under the charge of want of hospitality. On the contrary, strangers were invited to visit the settlement, to witness the prosperity which civilisation could bring; and many other Indians, convinced by these cogent proofs, left savagedom and joined their brethren at Metlakatlah. The governor having conferred the Commission of the Peace on Mr. Duncan, the missionary-magistrate was thereby enabled to clear his settlement of any rascally whisky-traders whom he found prowling about for their vile ends.

In January, 1870, Mr. Duncan, having set up some of his people in trade to save them from the contamination of the travelling merchants, paid a visit to England. He was absent fourteen months, and in that time he learned rope-making, twine-spinning, weaving, brush-making, and other useful arts, and he returned to his people carrying with him the machinery requisite for instructing them in the mysteries which he had acquired. To these he added, on his return, a system of extracting by steam the oil of the oolachan fish, dressing deer-skins for the market, and building a new village! Some few, very few, indeed, had relapsed during their teacher's absence, but these came back to him on his return, confessing their weakness and seeking guidance for the future.

We imagine that there is no mission in any part of the world identical in all respects with that at Metlakatlah; but there is no reason why it should be singular, and in this very diocese of which we have been writing there are many tribes of Indians wholly untouched by Christian effort, and living in the depths of utter barbarism.

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