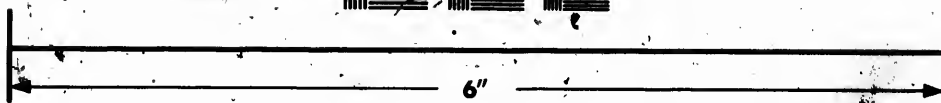
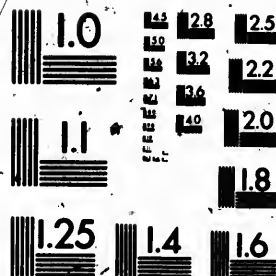


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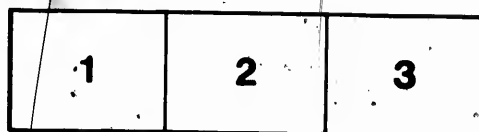
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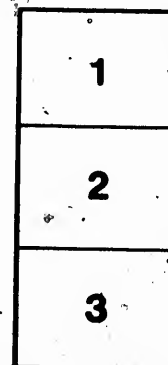
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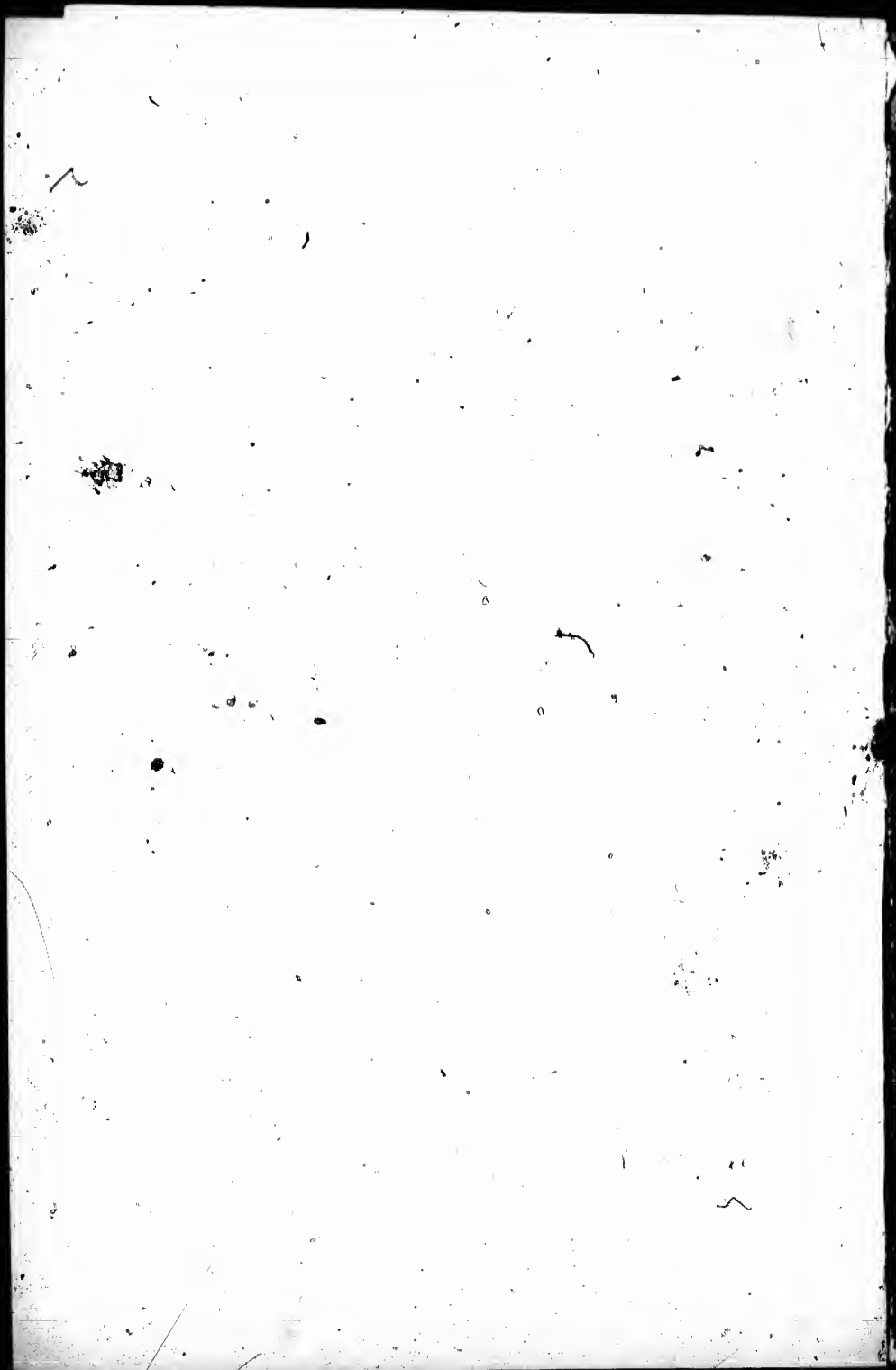
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ARCHDEACONRY OF COLUMBIA.

NEW WESTMINSTER, the Capital of BRITISH COLUMBIA, was three years ago part of a dense forest. A large space has been cleared, the plan of a City skillfully laid out, and one of its Parishes completely organized. Already hundreds have raised their new homes on the banks of the Fraser, and among them are the Sappers and Miners of a Military Settlement. The Rev. H. P. WRIGHT, Chaplain to the Forces, has been appointed Archdeacon of British Columbia, and will reside in New Westminster, and have spiritual care both of the Military Settlement and of a large body of Civilians. In order that the Services of the Church of England may be decently conducted, the following Committee has been formed in Canterbury, to secure for Mr. WRIGHT a Church wherein he may commence his labours with the best advantage to a City which thoughtful men believe will speedily become the terminus of an inter-oceanic railway, and one of the most important capitals in the world :—

THE WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR OF CANTERBURY.

THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

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COLONEL HAGART, C.B.

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THE WARDEN OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S.
CAPT. THE HON. B. M. WARD.
CAPT. WITHINGTON.
CAPT. YATES.

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REV. B. M. MALDEN, } *Hon. Secretaries.*
CAPT. KEMP,
CAPT. PALLISER,
G. FURLEY, Esq. *Treasurer.*

Subscriptions may be paid to any Member of the Committee: to the Rev. H. P. WRIGHT, 22, St. George's Place; and at the Canterbury Bank.

In sending the following Paper to a near relative, the Bishop wrote—"A kind friend, whose handwriting you know, has copied my Journal, or rather, parts of it, by which you and other sympathising well-wishers may take a tour in British Columbia. The jottings were made at the time, and are therefore rough, and not meant for the critic."

A TOUR

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

1860.

VISIT TO BRITISH COLUMBIA—THE MAIN LAND.

May 19.—Reached New Westminster at eight. Considerable increase in buildings was manifest beyond those existing at my former visit; there were several steam-boats and a barque, the *Perkins*, of Francisco; we could not get near the wharf, it was raining hard. I walked up to the Camp and found Colonel and Mrs. Moody and the Governor at breakfast; I was kindly and hospitably welcomed.

May 20, Sunday.—I preached three times—in the morning at nine, to the soldiers; at eleven at the Court-house; at seven at the Camp. I attended also, the afternoon service; at this latter were present two young Chinese, three coloured men (Africans), and others; Mr. Sheepshanks preached.

LAYING CORNER-STONE OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW WESTMINSTER.

May 22.—A lovely day; at a quarter to eleven his Excellency the Governor, Colonel Moody, and officers, walked towards the town from the Camp, were met by the Committee and Mr. Sheepshanks, and proceeded to the ground. The site of the new Church is a very beautiful one in Victoria Gardens, and, commanding an extensive view, will be a most prominent object from the river to steamers arriving from the sea; at present two deep ravines are on either side, around it are large stumps of trees, and the ground is entirely unlevelled. Here the frame of the flooring had been laid, being massive sills on thick short columns of wood. Under one of these "pinnings," the south-east outer corner of the porch was laid, the stone of granite; a bottle of coins, with inscription, was inserted. The Governor was received by a guard of engineers; there were assembled about 300; Chinese, Indians, and other nations, being represented. The same form of service was used as at St. John's, Victoria; the service was commenced by Mr. Sheepshanks, and the Bishop followed. The Governor laid the stone. Addresses were delivered by the Governor, the Bishop, and Colonel Moody; concluding with the doxology and blessing.

I went up the Brunette in a canoe; this is a beautiful stream, the banks were covered with verdure and overhanging trees; amongst others, a wild apple was in full blossom with white flowers—very like in appearance to our

hawthorn in May; the evening was delicious, and the whole scene gave me a pleasure, such as I had not experienced before since leaving old England.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

May 24.—The Governor invited a large party to spend the day with him, in celebration of the Queen's birthday; he chartered a steamer, the *Maria*, for an excursion to the head of Pitt Lake and up the river of that name; we started at eleven from the Camp wharf. The day was dull, there was some rain, but on the whole the weather was good.

The *Maria* is one of those extraordinary vessels, peculiar to America, which combine light draught, ample accommodation, power, and speed; 200 people might be stowed in her and she would not be two feet in the water. Her wheel was behind. We passed up the rich and beautiful banks of the Fraser, about five miles, when we came to several islands, one called Free Island, behind which flowed in the Coquettum. We took up a settler here, and his friend, a fine old Irish gentleman, who, had wandered from Ireland to Australia and from Australia here, where he resides upon 400 acres of land with his two sons; he is a communicant, his daughter was confirmed at Victoria recently, and his sons are preparing for the same ordinance.

Manson's Island shortly after divided the channel of the Fraser, and on one side, the north, lay the Pitt River about half a mile wide; this we entered and steamed along a fine reach with meadows on either side. At one point is the farm of Mr. Maclean, who fired a salute as we passed. Mr. Good, the Governor's secretary, has a farm also, on which we observed several stacks of hay. After proceeding about twelve or fourteen miles, passing several Indian villages, we came to the entrance of the lake; the scenery had now become mountainous, we were passing through a range called the Coast Range.

The lake now entered was about fifteen miles long, it is exactly like a Scotch lake, and we seemed to be on Loch Ness. Captain Spalding, whose father for many years has lived at Fort Augustin on that lake, expressed the same opinion; the only difference was that this land was more lofty, and the lake, perhaps, broader, but it was not above two miles. At one or two points, where the lake turned, and where was a view both ways, nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene; waterfalls came pouring down in a white froth by the water-side, occasionally hidden by the trees, and then visible again below; fir trees lined the sides and summits of the perpendicular heights to the extent of from 600 to 1,500 feet. At three o'clock we reached the head of the lake, there we anchored and a boat went on to proceed up a small river; we turned back at four and sat down in the saloon to an excellent repast.

The Governor proposed the loyal toasts of the old country. The bishop and clergy of the diocese were received with much kindness; in returning thanks for my own health, and that of the clergy, I said, among other points, we desired to forward, without being politicians, the institutions of the land; I rejoiced that a step toward self-government had been taken in the grant of a Municipal Council to New Westminster. The clergy came out to live and die amongst them, we dreamed not of returning back

to our native land; I spoke, of course, of the glory of England being in her religion, and of the blessing it had been, and was, and might be to this colony; we were an unendowed, an unestablished Church, but confidently trusted we should find support.

We reached the camp at eight o'clock, after a most agreeable day.

EXCURSION TO LANGLEY—INDIAN FISHING—THE FRASER.

May 25.—The Governor went away from the camp to Langley at one. Captain Parsons followed, with a party of sappers; considering this a good opportunity to see the river and that district, I accepted a place in his whale boat. Mr. Sheepshanks accompanied me. The distance was seventeen miles, the stream was very rapid, and the pull was a long and a hard one; we did not reach Langley till ten o'clock. I took an oar several times to relieve the men. The day was beautiful and the scenery pleasing, the river varied from half a mile to a mile and a quarter in width. We passed several large islands. Every now and then we met a canoe with Indians—one was fishing for salmon. We saw the method. There were three in the boat; two paddled, one at the stern held a pole, at the end of which was a bag-net stretched by a hoop, this he kept down at a certain depth, going down the stream and meeting the fish in their ascent. As soon as he perceived by the sensation that a fish was inside, he quickly drew a string which closed the bag, and the fish was caught and brought into the boat. I understand they will catch salmon sometimes as fast as they can lower and pull in the net. On either side of us was the most luxuriant foliage, sometimes the interior was dense with wood, at other times a clearance might, without difficulty, be made, and land brought into cultivation. The grouping of the trees and lower underwood was very beautiful. Rising up to majestic heights were pines of different kinds,—cedars, the Douglas, and black spruce,—then the cotton tree, a sort of poplar, and the maple with graceful outspreading branches, the latter with a delicate green; then lower still, and filling in at different heights, were alders, a wild apple in full blossom very like our May in clustered white flowers, willows, hazels, bowering over the water, so that Indian canoes could paddle under them almost unobserved.

Huge trees were frequently met with which required good steering to avoid, as they came rushing down with the current, or remained stuck in the river. "Snags" they are called, and are occasions sometimes of injury to boats.

We passed several villages of Indians, but did not land—one village was called the *Kactzi*. These Indians are numerous; poor creatures, they stood on the edge of the water, or rather sat or squatted in their peculiar manner, watching us intently. We found the Governor at the Fort; a large hall was the general room, in the quaint wooden building which stood at the head of the enclosure of storehouses. Excellent refreshments were on the table, and we were hospitably received by the Hudson's Bay Company officials; a comfortable tea, with corn beef and sardines, gratified and sustained us; and a blanket bed, upon the floor of an empty room, gave abundant opportunity for refreshing sleep.

FAMILY WORSHIP—KARTZI INDIANS.

May 26.—I rose early; a little before eight the families and guests

assembled in the hall and we had family worship. I gave out one of my Miners' Hymns, read a portion of Scripture, commented on it, and said prayers. Breakfast was then served; we had roast chicken, beef-steaks, potatoes cooked three ways, salmon, butter and cream in perfection, amongst other good things.

After breakfast I had an interview with Michelle, the chief of the Kactzi Indians. I asked him of his people. He said they were fewer and fewer, liquor especially was making sad havoc. He was grieved in heart to see them fading away. He would like to have his children educated. His people knew nothing about the future; they never thought about it. Nobody had come to tell them anything. He thought something himself but did not know much, and would mention to his people what I had said. Michelle understands a good deal of English and is a well-known friend to the white man.

An Indian chief from Harrison River, named *Seemium*, agreed to take me in his canoe to New Westminster. We kept him waiting rather longer than he liked, and he disappeared; we had agreed for five dollars. These Indians are well paid, I understand at Hope, they get four dollars a day, i. e. 10s., so they are becoming very indifferent; a couple of years ago they would do anything for a little tobacco. Unless you take them at the moment you want them you may often be disappointed.

We at length found another Indian canoe, paddled by two Indians, who agreed for three dollars. I first inspected the little chapel at Langley Spit, erected by Mr. Crickmer, twenty feet long by fifteen wide. Then passed along and visited Lower Langley, or Derby.

Here the church is in good order. Our two Indians paddled us down the stream in good time. The motion is very delightful, the day was fine, the scenery enlivening. We reached the camp at a little before three, having come seventeen miles in rather less than three hours. Our Indian in command would sometimes stop paddling and point to spots where he and his tribe once roamed in possession. Now a hostile tribe occupied the land of his fathers. He did not speak of the intrusion of the white man; the fact is, their tribes have suffered far more from each other than they ever can from the whites. This Indian belonged to the tribe opposite Langley, the Kortlaw or Cartlaw, once they dwelt where the Engineers' Camp is now situated, but had long left it. The spot they call Chastlers.

May 27, *Whit-Sunday*.—I preached three times. At the Holy Communion, at the Camp, six communicants only. This is sad. Service in this town was at eleven at the Court House,—about twenty people.

May 28.—Walked with Colonel Moody and Captain Provost to the farm and clearing belonging to the former, on the way to Burrard's Inlet, about two miles and a half from the camp. Up to that point all is dense forest. The tract is very rough, and not suitable for even a horse much less a wheel. At the place about seven acres are cleared and a garden made; pears are growing, apple-trees are planted. The surrounding land has been burnt. The forest trees are standing, but dead. The under brush is gone; one burnt and dead tree fell while we were there. Two men had been felling, the tree came down with a mighty crash. I measured it and found it 170 feet.

May 29.—A beautiful day. I was engaged writing letters, visited the Camp school, and had a walk with my kind and hospitable friends.

May 30.—Mr. Duncan from Fort Simpson, and Mr. Dundas from Victoria, arrived to see me; the former not in good health. He has been two years labouring amongst the Chimsyān Indians, till he has obtained a great influence. His accounts are deeply interesting, and it is delightful to see the enthusiasm which glows within him for the poor Sowash. I have arranged that he should come to Victoria and take part in Indian work there. At about half-past ten this evening I embarked on board the *Moody* for Hope and Yale. Colonel Moody went at the same time. At half-past one we reached Langley, where we anchored.

May 31.—At half-past four we left Langley and steamed on. A few miles up the river changes its character and becomes bold, with rocky heights on either side. Reached mouth of Harrison at half-past twelve. Several islands at entrance. The current at junction of Harrison and Fraser very strong. Steamer at one point nearly driven on a rock. Her wheel within three feet. Indian village at entrance of Harrison called *Seourlitz*; named by Governor, Carnarvon. From this to Douglas is forty miles, we reached the latter at six. The greater part of this lay through a magnificent lake—the Harrison. The water a clear blue of great depth; soundings had not been taken of less than 100 fathoms. The mountains on either side of considerable height, covered with timber, very rocky, no cultivatable land. Waterfalls and cascades frequent. This lake in all its features is a ditto of the Pitt Lake, only on a double scale.

DOUGLAS.

At the head of the lake, through a winding channel, is the harbour of Douglas, with the town at its extremity. It consists at present of a few wooden buildings, with an excellent quay. The Rev. Mr. Gammage met me, and I proceeded to his little cottage; the way to which lay across several plank bridges over rushing torrents. Mrs. Gammage was waiting tea for her husband. I sat down with them, and we were soon discussing the various spiritual necessities of the place. Afterwards I visited the ground set apart for a church site and the new road; the latter, made by the Royal Engineers, is a very creditable work.

On my way I was accosted by a miner. "If you please, sir, how is the church getting on at Westminster?" This was one of the five miners who gave their contribution in labour to clear the site of timber. These five men afterwards presented their log hut to Mr. Sheepshanks, in which he resides. The other day, it was Sunday, the steamer arrived here bringing miners. Ten miners came in a body at once to church; they were Canadians. The Canadians in this matter are a contrast to others who are not only indifferent but openly abusive of religion; and whose profanity is something terrible. (There are, of course, some honourable exceptions to this.) With those who have come from our colonies there is a marked difference. I attribute this respect for religion to the cause with which our colonies have of late years been attended to, and to the influence, under God, of the Church of England.

June 1.—We left Douglas at half-past four; delightful weather. The river very rapid, and seeming to force itself through a series of mountain

gorges, the sides, rising to a great height, covered with timber; on either bank, however, land suitable for cultivation. The valleys vary in breadth from a mile to three or four, exclusive of the river, which is from half a mile to three-quarters wide.

Towards the upper river the scenery became more beautiful, the mountains nearer, the river more rapid. About forty miles from the mouth of the Harrison we came upon the mining bars: Hudson's Bar, Last Chance Bar, Blue Nose, Manhattan, Cornish. Some are sand-banks stretching out into the stream, covered at the high seasons with water, as at present: dry from August to March. Some are the side banks of the river which they dig away, scoop out, and extract gold. The upper earth is removed first, then, about four feet down, is a deposit of black sand in which is the gold. To get this upper coat away the miner brings a stream of water, a method he calls hydraulics, which he plies with a hose in a strong jet, and washes away vast quantities in a short time till he gets to the "pay dirt." The last four miles, the stream was so strong, we were two hours in doing that distance. At length Hope was reached, and the echoes were startling and long, loudly responding to the whistle of the steamer and the guns of the fort which greeted the Governor. It was ten o'clock ere we touched the pier. I went on shore and had a lovely stroll by the pale moonlight. The air was balmy and scenery entirely Swiss. You might have believed yourself in Chamouni or by the upper Rhine, except there are no glaciers shining in the clouds.

Some things in Columbia I was prepared for, but I certainly did not expect to see so good accommodation as afforded by the steamboats. The cost of the *Moody* was 2,000*l*. It pays the shareholders nearly 50 per cent. It could accommodate 200 passengers. I had a cabin, the three nights I was on board, *superior* to that I had in the *La Plata* or *Solent*—ships of the West India Mail Company. Provisions were good and abundant. Thus, for dinner the first day, soup, sturgeon, mutton, beef, bacon, potatoes, beans, carrots, apple-tart. For breakfast there was fried sturgeon, bacon, mutton chops, hot rolls, bread, butter, tea, coffee, &c. &c. Silver forks and spoons; everything very clean and well cooked. Prices are high; four shillings a meal, besides the passage money. The captain was a Scotchman; the purser an American citizen, born in Ireland; the steward an African; the steward's boy a Chinaman; the pilot an American, and so on. Such is a Fraser River steamboat.

A GENTLEMAN MINER.

On returning I met, in miner's dress, with long shaggy hair and bearded face, a young man, some of whose friends I knew in England. He had been working on Union Bar. This was his life. I asked if it was not very rough. He said it was more pleasant than people thought.

This evening I walked out in the direction of Cornish Bar, down the river, and came to several miners' huts. In one was a fine young man all the way from Tipperary. His companion boasted of being a Yankee. They were respectful, and evidently not displeased with my visit. Another miner was sitting with Indians, and as an Indian. A fourth was sitting at the door of his log hut, reading a Christian Knowledge Society tract. He came from Herefordshire, and longed for the old country once more.

He seemed intelligent and well-disposed; spoke of the absence of the means of Grace at the mining bars. This day a child was buried belonging to a miner.

June 3, Trinity Sunday.—At eleven we had a good attendance of some forty-five to fifty in Mr. Pringle's room. The Governor, Colonel Moody, and Chief Justice present. I preached upon faith, in reference to the day. At the Holy Communion but five were present.

INDIAN BEAR HUNTER.

I had a conversation to-day with *Skiyon*, a noted bear hunter. He was sent on an expedition to explore a new pass to the Similkameen River. On his way he shot a bear. The animal fell. He went forward to skin it, when suddenly it rose up, and fought with him. For some time the engagement lasted, leaving *Skiyon* victor, but dreadfully wounded. The bear seized him; and mutilated many parts of his person. He bled profusely from his wounds. He nevertheless attempted to crawl home. For ten days he was almost without food. Yet, strange to say, he reached Hope at last. Much interest has been felt for him. To-day he came to Mr. Pringle's, who gave him food. I saw the wounds in his hands and arms caused by the bear's teeth, and he explained in a very significant manner how the bear had conducted the fight. I told him in Chinook of the mercy of his Heavenly Father, and how much cause he had for thankfulness. He looked thoughtful, when he nodded assent; but soon passed to other topics. He was more affected when spoken to about his sick child, now lying without much hope. He said he was *sick, tum tum*, i.e. *heart sick, sad*, and mamma also was *sick, tum tum*.

The Governor has been occupied, yesterday and to-day, questioning Indians as to the route across to the Similkameen. Some of these Indians show remarkable cleverness, in sketching out a map of the route, marking the rivers, mountains, valleys, passes and windings, then describing them. The Governor shows immense patience in extracting information.

This route to the Similkameen is important, as it opens out to commerce the south-eastern portion of British Columbia, where are fine open lands, also a vast region of the United States, into which British commerce will find its way from this point of the Fraser. In a military point of view also, this route from Hope is important.

This evening, Divine service again was well attended; there could not be less than forty. A great number for Hope. I preached from Rom. x. 13: "How beautiful," &c. Altogether I have enjoyed this Sunday. The fine weather, the exquisite scenery, and the hearty services have combined to invigorate me. Would that I had more of the power and life of the Holy Spirit within me. Alas! how far, far short do I come of the standard it is my duty to set before my congregation.

INDIAN SCHOOLS—SPOKAN GARRY.

June 4.—Met a Mr. Yates who speaks the native language well. He said the Indian children would gladly come to school. There are about fifty here. They had attended well when Mr. Robson (now gone) had held school amongst them. He did not think they needed any other inducement than the desire they had of learning the language of white men.



I called at Mr. Gray's, an intelligent American, who lives here. He was in Oregon. He remembers Spokan Garry returning from Red River to his tribe, and was often in the school he established for his own people. He worked on for some time single-handed and unsustained, and at length yielded and sunk himself back to all the degradation of heathenism. He is distinguished now from the heathen only by his acquaintance with the English language. There was a Mission of the American board placed within thirty miles of his school. Application was made to bring it close to Spokan Garry, but this was refused. Garry is the chief of his tribe.

Mr. Pringle, at my request, gathered a number of his people together to an evening *soirée*. Cups, and saucers, and candlesticks, were levied upon his neighbours. A capital plum-cake, bread and butter, tea and coffee, were the acceptable and bountiful provision. Some thirty assembled, amongst them were three Jews and two Roman Catholics. They were principally the traders and merchants; but amongst them were several miners and their wives. Most intelligent men were these latter, and highly decked in silk their better-halves. After discussing the viands and other subjects in a friendly and social way, all, very much, and not over much, at ease, at Mr. Pringle's request I addressed the assembly. I spoke generally of the colony, and then of my mission to found churches and schools, to plant clergy, and instruct the Indians. I urged pure Religion to be the basis and bond of society, and pointed out the advantages of the Church of England. I illustrated my remarks with the account of Boston and its ten-mile road, Spokan Garry, and an Indian boy who lamented he was not taught religion; and concluded with urging them to make provision for Mrs. Pringle's comfort. Colonel Moody followed; in an excellent speech upon colonial organization and the only basis of society which was religion. We concluded with singing the doxology right heartily, and parted about eleven o'clock. It was a cordial pleasure to those present, thus to be drawn together. Such a thing had not happened before, and both socially and religiously, I believe, through God's blessing, will result in much good.

MEDICINE MAN—CHINESE MINER.

June 5.—I heard a strange noise in passing near an Indian hut; when I approached I found it to be that of Skiyon, the Indian bear hunter. His wife had her sick child in her lap. Before her was the medicine man practising enchantments upon the child. He was a strong-featured man of about forty. He repeated over and over a few words with considerable gesture. Occasionally he would stroke the breast and stomach of the child. Beside him was a bason of water with some whitening mixture in it; this he would take and rub upon his hands, or he would blow into his hands and upon the child, then burst forth again into his lament and incantation. The mother held the infant towards him, and evidently felt considerable faith in the enchanter.

I had a conversation with an intelligent young Chinaman, nineteen years of age—Wong Chan Yun, the latter his personal name; Wong, his family or district—from the neighbourhood of Canton. He has been away from China since 1851. Came here from California, in 1858. He speaks English very fairly and acts as interpreter. I asked if the Chinese here have any worship, he said none—nor a priest. He could not tell if there

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would be a joss house. In Francisco they had a joss house but it was the wrong god. He could not remember the name, but the true god he worshipped was Shung Si. He prayed to Shung Si who was in heaven and would punish the wicked and reward the good. Shung-Si was once a man. He could not tell me all his thoughts about Shung Si; he did not know enough English. I asked what they did in the joss house; he said they played on the knee with joss sticks. Only a few of the Chinese thought about such things; the greatest part did not believe. He had been in Hong-Kong, and had heard of the Bishop's schools. I asked if he longed to go back. "O yes, I should like to go back." Have you brothers and sisters?—"Yes; a sister named Amoy and brothers"—tears came into his eyes—"but I have sent them my photograph!" I asked if he would like to know what the English thought and knew about good things of heaven. He said he should. He had heard of Jesus, but did not believe in Him. He did not know about Him. I spoke to him that Jesus Christ and urged him to use his knowledge of English to hear and read of Jesus who had died for our sins. He would be much happier if he knew of Jesus and all He had done for him. He seemed interested, and I promised he should have instruction, and that Mr. Pringle would help him and give him books to read. He said there were some twelve or fifteen young men who might be got to receive instruction. He does a little with them himself, but they find it hard and do not persevere with him. The Chinese here, he said, have come on their own "hook." In California they are bound to some head men who receive part of their earnings. They live principally upon rice and tea at their three meals; sometimes chicken and pork and potatoes. They send home the bones of their dead; they let the bodies decay and the flesh come off, then they send home the bones for the comfort of friends; he knew no other reason. I was pleased with this youth, there was something engaging and simple and open in his manner. May this be a commencement of holier thoughts to him, and a streak of dawn to his people, who are coming over in great multitudes. They seek the gold that perisheth; let us give them not the stone they blindly ask, but the living Bread which came down from heaven.

HOPE SCENERY—CHURCHWARDENS.

June 5.—No spot can be more beautifully situated than Hope. The river Fraser flows past it. The site is on the river bank; on either side are noble mountains; opposite an island. To the back, mountain scenery; trees from the foot to the summit, and deep valleys between, through which flow the rapid and beautiful Quequealla and its tributaries, and in which are situated several lakes. This evening we walked up the Quequealla, crossed its picturesque bridge, and proceeded along the Brigade Trail; a walk winding through trees and flowers, and where at times you might fancy yourself in the wilder part of some cultivated domain in England. The scenery is a combination of Swiss and Scotch. It had been rainy, and all nature was fresh and lovely and fragrant. About three miles brought us to Dallas Lake; a sweet spot, where one felt one could live for ages. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works!"

June 6.—The Governor left early this morning for Yale.

June 7.—Had a pleasant ride with Mr. O'Reilly along the Brigade and

Boston Bar Trails. The path lay along Dallas Lake to the Quequealla, through mountain gorges and lovely valleys; occasionally the ascents and descents were very steep, at other places the road was level and allowed a good gallop. These horses of the country are very sure-footed. We had a good six hours' spell, and I greatly enjoyed both the scenery and the excursion.

This evening I had a meeting of the churchwardens (Mr. O'Reilly and Mr. Hotchkins) both excellent men, and instructed them as to their duty, and talked over various matters.

June 8.—This morning I was to have gone up to Yale. The Indian whose canoe was engaged, turned out when the time came, alas! to be the worse for drink, and it was too late, as the water was rapid and even dangerous.

I took a walk with Mr. Pringle along a beautiful and romantic trail, following a stream and glen to Lake Dallas, and then through a gorge into a valley on its northern side, where was a stream wending its way to the Fraser. I visited some of the Indian potatoe-grounds in that valley, the soil is very rich. The rows of potatoes were laid with great regularity, indeed in figures and patterns such as you see on their basket-work. They also "earth up" at the proper time, which shows a more advanced state than I expected. We ascended a height, and upon a rocky, mossy knoll, shaded by pines, we had an extensive view of mountain and river scenery. I could have sat there for hours, impressed with the grandeur of the works of God. How insignificant the most gigantic accomplishments of man! We were then on the east side of the Quequealla. A canoe, paddled by an Indian and his squaw, brought us quickly down the rapid, rolling, swelling Fraser, to Hope, for which we paid the sum of a dollar, 4s. 2d., for half an hour's paddle. These Indians are well paid.

June 9.—At four A.M. I left Hope in a canoe paddled by these Indians for Yale. The day was fine, the scenery was grand. The mountain sides of the Fraser rose up in towering array, here and there deep gorges and valleys pouring forth their streams, dashing, roaring down their rocky beds to swell the milky river, now many feet above its wonted level, swollen to a mighty rushing rapid torrent. The skill of the Indians was tried to the uttermost, we crept in close along the shore, even under the branches of the trees, to avoid the current. But here at times the rapids were strong. The Indians seemed to brave danger, and the sight of a breaking, foaming, roaring cascade, up which our frail bark was to ascend, inspired them with ardour. Every nerve was excited, they shouted and pressed the tiny thing, and presently it shot past the rocks or snags,—occasionally so violent was the downward torrent that an eddy was formed, which for some way went the contrary direction and drove us upward. Several times we got out and walked; and once the canoe itself was hauled out and carried on land past a dangerous rapid. I could easily understand the fact, that in the rush to the mines in 1858, many miners were drowned in endeavouring unassisted to force their way. The difficulties of this portion of the river may be known from its taking us eight hours to go fifteen miles. On Wednesday, when the Governor and Colonel Moody came over the same ground with excellent canoe and men, they were eleven hours! Nothing could exceed the picturesque beauty everywhere. The banks were frequently covered with flowers; and we actually gathered roses as we went along.

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We passed many mining bars; most of them are just now deserted on account of the rise of the water. A few miners we passed and they were quite ready for conversation. On Puget Sound Bar, on my remarking that the Chinese seemed to be coming into possession, a miner remarked, "Yes, we call this country New China." On Strawberry Island, an elderly and respectable man came out, and placed an easy chair outside his hut, as a sign he wished us to stop and speak with him. He was reading a newspaper and had on spectacles. At Hill's Bar two miners were gathering roses and other flowers, perhaps to adorn their huts for Sunday. Butterflies were abundant, particularly the Swallow-tail and the Painted Lady.

At four o'clock we arrived at Yale, and were hospitably received by Mr. Crickmer and his estimable lady.

June 10, Sunday.—This was the opening of the temporary church here (Yale). It is a small place, formerly a store, fitted up with taste by Mr. Crickmer. He has a melodeon which the people have purchased. The musical part of the service was very creditably performed, considering most present had never before heard chanting. About forty persons were present, amongst others, the Governor, and Colonel Moody. The usual congregation is not above twelve or fifteen, so this was a large representation. I preached twice. In the afternoon I walked with Mr. Crickmer and visited some Indians and Chinese. The Holy Communion was celebrated in the morning; there were but three Communicants.

June 11.—Rain most of the day. Went and looked at sites for burial ground. A romantic ravine with rolling torrent borders the north part of the town; it is quite a study.

A picturesque bridge crosses the stream at the lower part; near this were mules and horses preparing to pack for the upper country. I spoke to a man who had charge, he was a bearded young man about thirty. He had been to the mines and had evidently suffered privation, there was something superior and gentle in his voice and manners. I asked him about his present occupation, how the mules were fed, &c. I asked if he observed the Sunday. No difference was made, he said. I urged the observance of the Lord's day on the ground of rest for the body and refreshment for the soul. He received what I said respectfully, and even with approval.

Mr. Crickmer invited some of the principal people to meet me at tea. It was an opportunity of social intercourse useful to the people as binding the disjointed elements somewhat together, affording mutual acquaintance, and tending to remove impressions of prejudice against the clergy and the Church. Amidst varied conversation, many openings were found for the introduction of topics of higher interest. I am painfully conscious of coming far short in using such opportunities as these were to magnify my Saviour. About twenty were present, amongst whom were two Romanists, a Jew, Lutherans, Presbyterians, &c. Half were Americans, yet all most friendly.

June 12.—It rained all night and until breakfast.

I went to-day to see the works being carried on to form a road through the Canyons, or narrow gorge of the mountain where the Fraser emerges; the object is to get a road for mules round the base of perpendicular rocks. A party of Royal Engineers, assisted by others, are at work blasting

the rocks; the work is one of great magnitude, dangerous, and arduous of execution. I walked over the narrow ledge round the place at present under the hands of the sappers; along this, Indians travel, laden with merchandise, packed with 100 lbs. weight; the footing in some places was certainly not more than half an inch, in one spot a mere indentation for a naked Indian heel, a slip from this would precipitate down into the abyss of the whirling torrent. It is said many miners lost their lives in forcing their way here; some hardy men, when they arrived at these points, would cast away in fear all they had in their hands, and look about them in order to escape any how with their lives.

One sapper had been engaged two days in easing the path for the Indians, at a point even more difficult than those described. Here the only way of passing had been to bend the back in a particular manner to preserve the balance; a rock was blasted by the sapper, to allow the pass to be made in a straight position, over two chasms, twenty or thirty feet across; a plank was placed in one chasm, in another two slender rounded poles tied together; beneath these bending slender pathways, nothing intervenes to the roaring waters below. The only other way to pass the range is over the mountain by a dangerous, long, and arduous trail; this in winter is closed by snow. It is of great moment, therefore, to open a road which shall be short, safe, and accessible at all seasons.

The men were pleased at Mr. Crickmer and myself visiting these works, and treading the critical footholds; we waited while a blast was fired under shelter of a rock, and witnessed the vast fragments hurled up into the air and then dashed around, some into the waters, others upon the rocks, while the thunder of the explosion reverberated again and again, as though there were many blastings instead of one. The men seemed to regard us with particular care, and were evidently gratified by our sharing with them some slight danger. "Well, sir, we could not get the Colonel to come round here," said one, as though he thought us braver than the Colonel; the good Colonel, of course, being quite ready to go anywhere that duty required.

INDIAN GAMBLING.

As we went we passed by a large room in which were many people. I looked in and saw about twenty Indians sitting on the ground, playing eagerly at cards; further on, at the Indian camp, we passed a similar group; on our return, some time after, both these parties were still gambling; they had been for hours thus engaged; there was a haggard and anxious look upon them all. This is a great vice amongst them; the cards are a white man's introduction, but as to other methods of sin they have long been addicted to it. I met an Indian afterwards whom I knew; he had with him two others. He said, "These two are from the Similkameen;" I asked what they did here. He said, "They work, and when they get money they spend it all in gambling—yes, all goes in cards." I said, "This is very wrong." "Yes," he said, "it is not right."

TEA-MEETING AT YALE—CHINESE.

This evening a gathering took place of most of the inhabitants to give me an address of welcome; a dollar each (4s.) was paid for admission, so that the compliment was greater.

The chair was taken by Mr. Curtz, an American of German origin; some of those present were Americans, there were three Romanists, and others of various persuasions, including Jews, the chairman being a Lutheran. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed. I replied to the address, Colonel Moody followed, and, while speaking of various topics of interest connected with their town, he urged forcibly and with tact their adhesion to a religious life.

The chairman alluded to the various nationalities before him; to the gathering of representatives of many sects; and urged all to become a united body, and make the Church of England their religion.

The last visit of Colonel Moody had been with an armed force to capture the notorious Ned McGowan. All feeling of disaffection had now vanished; a change had come over Americans, and they were valuing more the order and security and genuine freedom of British rule; one of them remarked this to me, when I asked them if they all meant to remain and settle down.

One of the ringleaders of the McGowan disturbance was there. He is a fine young man of superior qualifications, who had left his home in Boston for the gold mines. On Sunday I observed him in church one of the most zealous of the choir; to-night he rose, and in a clever, short, well-expressed speech, proposed a vote of thanks to me for the way I had spoken of the American people, and to Colonel Moody for bringing his sappers, not for war but for improvement. I told him I hoped to visit him at the Bar. He said, "You shall have a welcome from all the miners."

Altogether, this occasion was one of deep interest, and to be long remembered. In the morning, the contract had been signed for making a road, to be the great road to the interior—perhaps to Canada and England. It was a leading step in civilization and progress. Fitting was it to solemnize the occasion by expressions of respect for religion, and for advancing the cause of Christ's Church.

June 13.—A fine day.

The Chinese are coming up in great numbers, and spreading themselves over the Bars. They work over again the claims which have already been searched by the Europeans. They are content with a dollar or two dollars a-day, and will frequently make much more. They have been buying up claims, and paying as much as from 500 to 4,000 dollars. In California, they have not been liked, and they are heavily taxed.

Whether here we shall find them troublesome, remains to be seen. At present, they are helping us to develop the land. They are consumers of manufactures; they are cultivating gardens out of barren wastes; and a leading miner on Hill's Bar told me, to-day, he employed them as labourers, and preferred them greatly to white men. They worked for two dollars and a half, instead of four dollars; worked longer, and more obediently; so that their labour was a great saving.

I walked to-day with Mr. Crickmer, in search of a burial-ground. We selected a spot westward, near two streams. Our ramble was pleasant, amidst beautiful scenery, and flowers in wondrous profusion; we gathered strawberries.

June 14.—I crossed the river opposite Yale, and took the trail to Hill's Bar. We walked through groves of young pines; much of the ground is cleared.

Hill's Bar, about a couple of miles below Yale, was the scene of great excitement in 1858, it was the richest of all the diggings; thousands flocked to it, and thousands of pounds have been extracted from it. It was here that the McGowan riots took place. Then Colonel Moody marched up his men to capture the rioters, but when he came to the spot drank champagne with them instead.

The first gold diggings were upon the bank of the river, upon this bank grew giant trees—all these, and acres of soil, have been swept away to the depth of some ten or twelve feet. It is now found that the higher banks, or flats, still further from the river, are very auriferous. These are now being worked.

FLUMING—HILL'S BAR—A MINER'S WIFE.

One of the most interesting things in connexion with gold mining is the courage and enterprise of the miner. Water is absolutely necessary for two purposes, washing away the earth above the gold, and washing the earth or "pay dirt" which contains the gold. For the former work an immense power of water is frequently necessary, this is brought from a distance in wooden canals, aqueducts, and courses excavated in the soil or rock, and this is made to descend upon the workings, and applied by a hose to wash away vast masses of earth.

At Hill's Bar I visited to-day an aqueduct, two miles long, which had cost 12,000 dollars, or 2,400*l.*; a company accomplished it in twelve shares, eight of which were held by one man. The miners of the various claims pay for a head of water five dollars a day. Sometimes there will be forty claims, and this flume will be making to the proprietors 200 dollars, or 40*l.* a day. We visited spots, where, by working without the sluicing power, Chinese were making five dollars a day. The *sluice* is where the water is brought in a body from the flume, and continual shovelling of earth into the sluice boxes, produces a large return of gold; because more earth can be washed, and the more earth washed in a given time, the greater the yield. The *rocker* is by the river-side. It is a sort of wheelbarrow on rollers, with a scuttle front; within is a sieve, beneath which are two blankets, and at the bottom is a copper plate with quicksilver; the "pay earth" is cast into the sieve, and the machine rocked with one hand while the other hand keeps pouring in water; the earth and water pass through the sieve and blankets; the sieve stops the stones and larger particles, the blanket catches other atoms of gold, &c., and the quicksilver retains the golden dust.

We first came upon a fine young Irishman, well spoken and glad of a chat. He was clearing away trees from a piece of high ground ready for working; he came from Cork. A Welshman next attracted our notice. He was in a deep cutting; had been two years on the Bar. I had conversation with many men as we passed through the extensive ground; but seldom could I introduce the subject of religion, even indirectly.

On passing a tent we perceived a female inside. There was an unusual order and neatness. She came out and directed us to a house we sought. I asked a question or two further; she said, "Pray come in." This young woman was from the north of Ireland. She was a Protestant. She had married in Australia, and had been two years here.

There was something simple and touching in her manner. I entered upon the subject of religion. She loved to attend church; had been piously brought up. Her father used always to have family prayers, morning and night; he was still living. She was very lonely, and had no female society. Her husband was an American. He came in, and asked us to excuse him as he was very busy. He seemed a fine young man. She had no Bible or Prayer Book. I read a portion of Scripture, explained it, and prayed. She said, "Oh, how I remember all that!" On going away, she thanked us several times and said, "I never thought here I should have a reverend gentleman to call upon me."

I asked one sturdy miner how it was that those like himself, who had been out in California and here, for ten years, had not realized a fortune. He said, "Because, sir, the miner is always agitated by any news of richer diggings, and frequently gives up good paying claims to follow out some hearsay report, thinking to better himself, and frequently spends all and comes back poorer than he went. I myself, if I hear of anything better, cannot keep quiet; I must be off. I once had 6,000 dollars, but it all went away."

The excitement of gold-mining is great. The miners seem never to tire. There is an interest in the work which always sustains them. I was told cards and whiskey are their bane. They seldom play for money, but for drink, a dollar a game. A reckless man will go into Yale on Sunday, and spend twenty-five to forty dollars in drink and treating others. There are, however, many temperate men. A friend of mine, though an old miner, never touches spirit, only porter and ale. He always has a dozen of English porter in his house (on the Bar).

June 15.—Fine day. Colonel Moody left Yale. The Chinese had a grand affair with crackers, in honour of his departure.

INDIAN LOADS—CHINESE—SUNDAY TRADING.

At eleven we left Yale for the trail towards the north. It lay over steep hills and rocky paths. We met many Indians, with whom we discoursed: all were pleased at the notice. One family were travelling the same way, heavily laden—the father, mother, and two little girls. The heaviest weight, of near 100 pounds, was carried by the woman; one little girl carried a very heavy load for a child. They were laden with flour and bread. They carry weights on their back aided by a strap over the forehead.

We met many Chinese: they were coming into the town for provisions. On our way back we met them loaded. They carry everything on two ends of a pole which rests on the shoulder. Their dress, for the most part, seems never to have been changed, for they are exact realizations of the pictures on old china, which we have been accustomed from our youth to see. A Chinese shop is exactly what is painted; every Chinese man in it, every attitude, is just that quaint reality. Some of them, after a time, accept our customs, and buy our clothing, which improves their appearance. One of those I met to-day told me he had a wife and children at Canton. I asked why he did not bring them here. He said he had no means. Another Chinaman, who stood by, said, "This country is no place for Chinese ladies—their feet are too small; they are too fine for the place!"

At the four-mile house we branched off by the river trail, and presently came to a most lovely and most magnificent view. We were upon an eminence 1,100 feet above the river, which, beneath our feet, was winding its tumultuous way through mountain-passes. The view was exactly similar to that from the Baster in Saxon-Switzerland, where the Elbe passes out of Bohemia into Saxony through the mountains. I have a most vivid recollection of that view, and this was the very same, excepting that the mountains are higher and more grand, and that the river flowed continuously in the mountains; whereas the view from the Baster shows the Elbe rushing forth into a country less rugged and with lower ranges. We descended this height of 1,100 feet by an almost perpendicular descent, and came to a lovely walk along the river; at the foot was a garden, kept by an American, of remarkable fertility; some radishes we brought home. Further on, about a mile and a half, was a place of call, a way-side house, named "Hodges." Here we got some fine bacon, good potatoes, and coffee. When I proffered payment they would take none.

A booth was erected, where, on the 4th of July, was to be a gathering of Americans; on our way back we met miners returning from Quesnelle River. They had not met the success they expected, though gold was abundant. They had walked from Quesnelle in about fifteen days, 450 miles.

After our walk of some thirteen miles over a rough trail, we reached home, surprised to find how little fatigued we were with our eight hours' excursion.

The miners from the Quesnelle were old hands. They had come away, not for the lack of gold, but because of the expense of provisions. They would have stayed could they have found diggings yielding twelve dollars a day. This was their aim, viz. nine months in the year, about 500%. They said there was no doubt about the plenty of gold; and some miners were doing extremely well. There was more gold than on the Lower Fraser; and, if provisions were cheaper, in every respect the Alexandria and Quesnelle country was preferable; one exception alone being that the winters were more severe. Everywhere, they said, was a magnificent grazing country; you could go up on a hill top, and see in all directions, far and near, fine grass lands.

One of these men was named Clark, well known as an early and successful miner near Yale.

June 16.—Took a walk with Mr. Crickmer up the Yale creek. We went a considerable way along the beautiful stream, which is a continuous torrent, forming at every point a picture, dashing down the mountain gorge—waterfalls and cascades. On either side the mountains are covered with trees and undergrowth, and rise to an immense height. There was no road or trail; we forced our way through the trees and stumps, and tangled underwood, and from rock to rock. Frequently but a twig held us on the precipitous side many hundred feet above the torrent, which was foaming perpendicularly below. We had repeated falls, and our excursion was not without danger. We failed to get far enough to find a lake said to exist, but, on the whole, had a good afternoon's exercise.

June 17, Sunday (second after Trinity).—A fine day. Two services. I preached in the morning on the observance of the Sunday, in the

evening on the first resurrection, from Col. iii. 1—4. Congregations were about thirty in the morning and twenty in the evening. This was fair, considering all the shops are open, and more business on Sunday than any other day; in addition to which boats laden with freight come in from Hope, and many Indians arrive from the upper country to be packed this evening, ready for a start by daybreak.

Some of the people are desirous a stop should be put to this Sunday traffic. The miners universally make it their business day; they divide their profits on their claims, and then come in to the neighbouring stores. It will be difficult, no doubt, to break into the custom; we must, however, bear witness to the will of our God, a most merciful will, in giving a day of rest, and trust by degrees to obtain a better observance.

There were miners present both morning and evening. The services were hearty; a melodeon gave spirit. Mr. Crickmer has to go through the town from one end to the other ringing a bell before the service. There is not one resident communicant. Truly it is the day of small things; yet the Lord surely is with us, and will bless without doubt His own means, and we shall yet return with joy and bring our sheaves with us.

June 18.—Visited the trail makers and the blasting operations round the Canyons Bluff.

INDIANS AND PACK CARRYING.

I went into an Indian lodge; there were four resting places or beds; a fire in the midst. Several squaws were there, mostly fine young women. I asked about the child of one. She said his name was Paul. I asked if he was baptized. She went to a box and drew out a paper which she handed to me to see. This was a certificate in French, that a Romish priest had baptized the son of Peter by the name of Paul. The child of another squaw had also been baptized, but she had left her paper at Hope, to which place she belonged.

There came in a middle-aged Indian man, who sat down by an old one-eyed squaw. He was evidently interested by our queries. I asked him whence he was and his name. He was from Kamloops, and Mr. McLean was a friend of his (the head of the Hudson's Bay Company's Station there). He asked who we were. I said we were King George's men, i.e. English, and clergymen; he rose up, expressed his joy, held out his hand, shook hands, and took off his cap in respect.

The traffic between Yale and the upper country, i.e. to Lytton, about eighty miles, is carried on the backs of Indians through the winter, and now also, for want of sufficient animals. To-day I was in the store of a tinman, Mr. Griffin. I saw packs made up for Indians to go off with in the morning. They weighed 100lb., 120lb., and 130lb. each. The Indians, who were to carry them, had been and fitted them to their backs, and had arranged them for starting. I could hardly lift them. One, a package of long-handled mining shovels, was most awkward to carry. Yet their packs were to be carried along precipices, up almost perpendicular heights, and for many a weary mile after mile.

June 19.—A number of Indians were in Mr. Curtz's store preparing for their packs to the upper country to-morrow. He packed them to the weight of 100lb. and upwards. The Indians came and fitted them to

their backs. They hold the pack on by a strap which comes round the forehead. They get from 10s. to 20s. a day. These Indians had been sent down from the upper country, from Lytton, with the order and with the money from the merchant there. They bring the money with great care. It is secreted upon their persons. They come to the supplying merchant. He is strange to them, they have never seen him before. They want to be quite sure if he is the person to whom they must give the money. They have given the note. They watch his countenance. He says you have money for me. They say, No money. He says, Yes, yes; he tells them exactly how much. They smile, see he is the right party, and dive down into the folds of their dress and produce the money. They are then entrusted with the goods, and are never known to betray their trust.

VISIT TO HOPE—CANOE VOYAGE—DANGERS.

June 20.—Came down this day in a canoe to Hope. Left at a quarter-past two, reached here in less than two hours.

We were eight hours going up. The river is very full and dangerous. During the last few days five canoes have been upset and the freight lost.

I went into a chemist's, Mr. Bradshaw's, and bought a tooth-brush. He would not let me pay anything. He never charges, he says, the clergy. Mr. Crickmer had told me he went into a store for a box-plane and they would not let him pay.

June 22.—Mr. Pringle had engaged a canoe and Indians over-night; at a quarter before ten we were seated. One Indian had failed. Another came in his place. When about to start they said they had had no breakfast, no muk-muk. We were compelled to submit. A quarter of a dollar apiece satisfied them. They disappeared, and presently returned from the baker with a beautiful loaf of bread each. Away we went. The water was at least six feet lower than when I went up to Yale before, and not so difficult now, therefore, to encounter. The day was charming. There was sun. There was air. Two storms on the way were not inconvenient—there was thunder. I asked what that was in Indian, they said *Sowwas*, and wished to know what was the English.

Our Indians were three; the canoe about 20 feet in length by 3 feet 6 inches wide, hewn out of a single tree. One Indian had a bright crimson shirt, another pink, the third blue; so they looked very picturesque.

We passed many boats; a canoe was going down the river at a great rate with eight Indians—some female. One had an orange shirt, another crimson, and others of various colours; which, with their black flowing hair, and handsome painted canoe with rising prow, formed a romantic and pleasing sight. This was a party upon a mission of charity; a friend had been sick, and died; they had come from his burial.

The Indian women take a full share of labour—even more is carried by them than by men; they were paddling with as much strength. One woman was steering a canoe, and came very close to us as we passed it. She had eight silver rings on two fingers of her left hand, and six bracelets. They have earrings also, and sometimes armlets. These ornaments are made out of silver dollars.

Although the water was lower, all difficulties were not removed; on the

contrary, some rapids became more dangerous. We got out several times, while the lightened canoe was poled through intricacies of the torrent-washed rocks. At one of them an accident occurred. We had got out; a dangerous rapid, round a succession of rocks, was to be feared. It was impossible to paddle or pole against the torrent, which was boiling and surging, and rushing and foaming, round and upon the rocks. The elder Indian took a long rope over the rocks, and having reached a certain point, gave notice, and began to haul; the other men keeping the boat from the rocks with poles, and shoving; we stood beside the old Indian. The boat began to appear round the bluff; the force of the torrent meeting her, seemed to lift her bows up in the air. Presently, in an instant, back she went, and disappeared; it was as if swallowed up. The old man shouted, was frightened, and sprang forward shouting, and then over the rocks with alarm upon his countenance. The rope had broken; he knew not but his boat had been caught and upset. We, too, hastened round, and looked, first in the distance down the torrent, expecting, under the best circumstances, to find it carried far back. Nothing was to be seen. We clambered upon the high cliff rock, to look down near the spot we last saw it. There, in a retired nook, in a quiet eddy out of the torrent, lay the canoe, quite safe; her two Indians sitting laughing, as though the danger were a joke. Presently, the old man appeared; the delight upon his countenance was that of a child. Again an attempt was made with the mended rope; a second Indian came to the old man's help. The rope held, the canoe pulled through safely, and we got in. One of the Indians remarked it was well we had not been killed. Considering how many canoes have been upset recently, we may indeed be thankful for this day's mercy.

All along the river, at the mining bars and in boats, were Chinese. Our Indians seemed to hold them in great contempt. They called out continually, "John, John," and, having arrested John Chinaman's attention, imitated some Chinese expression, sounding "Hah, ah, war." It was all done in good-nature. The Chinese are evidently afraid of the Indians, who regard them with contempt. The Indian, certainly, compares favourably with the Chinese. The specimens we have of the latter are spare and delicate-looking; they, no doubt, however, excel the Indian in the arts of life.

June 24, Sunday.—Very warm. Preached twice: morning, The Mammon of Unrighteousness; evening, The Hid Treasure. The services were fairly attended, and were hearty. The Lord's day is, however, entirely unobserved here, at Yale trade being carried on to a greater extent than on other days. I walked down the town about half-past nine, and no shops were closed. Several billiard tables were in full operation, open to the street, and the rooms occupied with groups evidently of the miner class.

JOURNEY—YALE TO SPUZZIM—NIGHT IN A LOG HUT.

June 25.—My day for starting to the upper country. I had intended taking Indians to convey my baggage; one is obliged to travel in this country, in its present state, more heavily laden than in an older land. Blankets, and tents, and provisions are necessary, over and above other things. Indian labour is expensive, and sometimes difficult to manage.

Mr. Curtz, a respectable storekeeper in Yale, procured for me two pack-horses; and the owner agreed to take my things to Lytton (eighty miles) for sixty dollars. I got an Indian, named Sacher, besides. When the time came, the packer declined to take a portmanteau. I had gone forward, and was sent for, and had to return. I would not give in, so the portmanteau went. We were, however, delayed a couple of hours, and left Yale, at length, at ten minutes past one. Our first road lay up a steep mountain; then a ravine, to the Four-mile House, a log building, kept by an American, named Emerson. This we reached at half-past three. On the way, we met many Indians, chiefly of the Thompson River tribes, who speak a different language from those of Yale and lower down. After the Four-mile House, the road passes along a ravine, widening occasionally towards the proportions of a small valley, till we began a deep descent, the winding path of which was like the winding way of the Tower of Babel, as shown in Bible pictures. If we chanced to be a little ahead of our animals, they appeared as if walking on a shelf over our heads.

Here and there we passed the bones of a horse or mule, which had dropped down beneath their load. At the foot of this descent was a fine mountain torrent, foaming and roaring and shining as it forced its way over rocks and through gorges of the mountain. Over this was a bridge, and by the side of it a log-house. We next commenced a terrible ascent, of which it had been remarked, there was no end to it. It seemed ever continuous. At length we did reach the summit, not before one of our packages had fallen over, and tumbled a considerable way down the hill. The descent then began, and continued for a tedious period. We left our horses, and pressed on to Spuzzim, a road-side hut, where we arrived at a quarter-past seven, having accomplished twelve miles.

It soon began to rain, and darkness came on. Our horses and baggage had not come. Flash after flash of lightning, and pouring rain, prevented our going out. An Indian was sent, but returned with no tidings. We resolved to remain. An excellent supper was speedily provided, consisting of chicken (from tin), small quantity of mutton, potatoes, oyster-soup, tomatoes, capital bread, butter, cheese, cranberry-tart, pickle-berries, pickles, preserved ginger, coffee, &c.

The owner is a most respectable American, Mr. H. Way. There pass daily, and cross the ferry, travellers and pack-animals. There were several persons—an express-man, a packer, miners; also a Mrs. —, the wife of a person who once held office under our Government at Yale. Introducing, as I endeavour to do where I can, the subject of religion, she spoke out of the misery of an ungodly life. She once lived, she said, a Christian life, and was happy, and every day her resolutions were good. She was surrounded by profanity, which her heart condemned. She had been a Unitarian. No difference made by the people on Sunday; they dress no differently; all are just the same.

Before we retired, I proposed we should have a short service; my proposal was received with gladness. Mrs. — and with respectful attention by the rest. A table was placed, on it two candles. The packers and others sat about. I read the parables of the Lost Sheep and Picco of Money, and explained them, exhorting all present to ponder well their present life, and not let the opportunity of the Saviour's mercy pass

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The room in which we slept was on the ground of course, there being no second story, nor indeed a second room, a portion only being partitioned off for a small kitchen. There was an out-house called the bakery, where some slept. Our room was that in which the liquor was sold, a door opening to the wood-and-path. My bed consisted of blankets laid upon a mattress on the floor, and me on one side, on the floor also, was Mr. Crickmer; on the other side of me, within arm's length, was a box filled with a cat and kittens. So I was safe from rats coming to my face. William and three other men were lodged in different parts of the same room. I confess, tired though I was, I could not sleep much, principally owing to the heat of the room. I would gladly have seen the door-way wide open to the fresh air; it rained in torrents most of the night, and gave our heads some drops of the cool shower. <

MY BIRTHDAY—SPUZZIM TO BOSTON BAR.

June 20.—God be praised, for sparing me to this period of life. How undeserved by me His great mercies! May this new sphere be a means of devoting to Him my whole self in a way I have never yet done! May I have a more constant craving after heavenly things; a greater thirst and hunger for the true righteousness.

On this my 44th birthday, I awoke on the floor of a log hut, in the wild and almost inaccessible recesses of the Cascade Mountains, the Fraser flowing at my feet. The five other individuals who occupied other parts of the room had been not otherwise than quiet; sleep, however, I had had but little. I rose about half-past five. A comfortable breakfast at seven, of tea and coffee, ham, &c., prepared us for the arduous day before us. Our horses had arrived in the neighbourhood the night before, and about eight came up ready equipped.

Nothing could induce the good people of the house to take a single farthing for either supper, lodging, or breakfast, which they had given to my party of three. They said they only regretted the accommodation and the fare had been so poor.

In passing the ferry, too, where two Indians were added to my party, Mr. Way declined to take anything, the fare over being three shillings for each person. It was no small attention, in addition to the supper and breakfast.

The Fraser is about 250 yards broad at this point. The current is strong. A rope is suspended from bank to bank. From this rope is tackle, which works the large punt-shaped ferryboat. A most ingenious method; the current acting as the wind acts upon a sail, the side of the boat being the sail, and kept by the tackle in an inclined position to the stream; the stronger the current the less inclined need be the boat. Without the slightest difficulty the ferry is thus quickly crossed.

For five miles our route lay along the river till we got to Chapman's Bar. The trail generally good, you might go at a hand-gallop much of the way; an exception to this was a piece of road to which going upstairs was nothing in comparison for a horse.

On the way were many Chinese—few Englishmen; at one place I

conversed with a French miner. At Chapman's Bar I found a respectable storekeeper, a young man named Alexander. He had been a miner, a pleasing person from Indiana. We spoke about the Sunday observance, and how a man could be religious in the midst of wickedness.

On Sunday he said the miners rarely worked at their claims. They mended their clothes and did other small jobs. He spoke of the temptations and hardships of the miner's life. He knew many steady men.

From Chapman's Bar there is a continuous ascent. We had a very fine view of the river as we ascended, and also of the mountains and distant group. Flowers on all sides, amongst which roses, wild pansies, columbine, and other well-known plants. Ten miles from Chapman's Bar the Lake House is situated. It is high up the mountains near a series of lakes, we reached it at ten minutes past one.

The view of the Fraser, encompassed in mountains from the front, or rather from a point near, is grand indeed. It is not unlike the view from the Four-mile House, which resembles so much that from the Baster, in the Saxon-Switzerland, except that it is much grander, even terrible, compared with it.

We left the Lake House at three; magnificent views open out occasionally; the road now divides, one for mules and horses, twenty miles, the other impassable for animals, excepting man, ten miles. We, of course, for ourselves, chose the latter, and having packed upon two Indians sufficient for a day away from our horses, we started for Boston Bar.

We continued the ascent for some distance. Impassable, indeed, much of it was for horses and mules, and even for man not without danger. We must have been at a height of 2,500 or 3,000 feet; our pathway lay along the edge of a perpendicular fall of such a height, sometimes along beds of loose rock, and most warily must the feet step from stone to stone; a slip would either precipitate to the abyss below, or cast you among the rocks, where a limb might easily be broken. At other times in the descent the path was *nil*, the projections for the foot not an inch; it seemed like the crawling of a fly upon the perpendicular wall. This sort of work lasted for hours. It was, however, so absorbing, and required the utmost constant stretch of attention for self-preservation, that the time passed more rapidly than one would have thought. At the time, the critical character of this operation was such, that, though near together, no one spoke; there was a solemnity, as if we realized hanging between life and death. Frequently we had to crawl upon hands and knees. It was quite wonderful to see the Indians, with their heavy loads, pass along; one of ours did fall, however, once. We came occasionally to mountain torrents, bringing down the cool water from the snowy height. At one time we slaked our thirst from the snow itself. At length we had gone over the worst of the Lake Mountain. The Fraser was again spread out before us. The smoke in the distance pointed out the dwellings upon Boston Bar. We reached our camping ground at eight o'clock, having accomplished twenty miles. Tents pitched, a fire made, we enjoyed a refreshing cup of tea, and slices of cold ham. Before retiring to rest, the Indians having had their meal, we sang together the Evening Hymn, and waked the echoes in praises to our merciful God, whose gracious protection had been so signally with us during the day.

Thus was passed my birthday. I awoke in a log hut on the floor. I laid down upon the grass at night. I can rejoice that my Lord has in His Providence called me to this part of His vineyard, wherein He has offered me the opportunity of more self-denial and of a higher life than the ease and comfort of home. Though it is a burden to me continually that I am so unworthy of this sacred office, and so weak an instrument of the glorious Gospel of my God, I can only trust that He who has called me will aid me, and out of weakness show His own strength, and power, in the progress of His Gospel and the conversion of hearts.

INTRUDER—BOSTON BAR.

June 27.—Last night I was attracted by some thing, or person, I thought prowling near my tent; presently the tent-door opened—I jumped up—it was an Indian dog. The ham in my tent had drawn him. I got my stick and laid it near in case I had another visit.

I visited the village of Boston Bar, which is over the Anderson River, which here runs into the Fraser. There are but five houses, (two stores, a liquor-shop, a restaurant, and a blacksmith's shop), eight persons in all. It is, however, the centre of a considerable mining district, where the mines have paid well, so that much business is done.

I was struck at once by the gardens, which are highly productive, and which form a grateful contrast to anything seen before on the river. We entered the first store. It was that of two Frenchmen. We were civilly received and invited to take a drink. I declined, saying I never took anything of the sort, but would be glad of a glass of water. Raspberry syrup was added, and when payment was offered it was steadily declined. I spoke to several miners I found there, a Frenchman, and a Spaniard among the rest; they could speak English fairly.

The next store was that of a young Frenchman, named Brassey. He was very civil, showed us his garden, offered refreshment, and insisted upon our taking away some excellent lettuce and radishes. We then went into his restaurant department, carried on by two coloured men, with whom we talked.

Our next visit was to the ferryman and liquor-house keeper. He insisted upon nothing being paid for passage across the ferry, a saving to us of a dollar each. We afterwards saw the blacksmith, and so the whole resident population came under review.

The miners we spoke to all reported good success.

June 27.—Prices at Boston Bar: Flour, 18 cents per lb. (9d.), or 10s. 6d. a stone; Bacon, 3 bits, 1s. 6d. per lb.

QUAYOME INDIANS—ILCOCHAN—PREACHING TO INDIANS.

On return to our camping ground several Indians had assembled, among whom were three old men, who sat like sages, grave and solemn, watching proceedings, a few others also stood about. There was waiting, too, a smart-looking middle-aged Indian, who wished to see me. He had a paper of which he was proud, and which he produced from beneath numerous foldings of other paper. It was a certificate by some Americans, to say that the bearer was Tyhee, or Chief of the Boston Bar Indians, and was worthy. Beneath was written, "The Chief's name is Ilcochan," to

which was appended a magnificent special seal, round which was stamped the seal of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, with "Matt. B. Begbie," written. These poor people think much of a piece of paper from the whites with something written in their favour. Ilcochan, however, was not the chief of the Boston Bar Indians, nor a chief at all. He was, however, a chief speaker, with a magnificent voice. I proceeded to address the Indians, the three old men in particular. Ilcochan interpreted, that is, he turned my Chinook into the local tongue. I spoke of the love of God in sending Jesus, &c., showed the Gospel invitation to be peace, gave particulars of the life of Jesus, asked what became of them when they died, explained the spiritual nature of man, pointed out that God punished the evil, and blest the good, held up the Bible as the word of God to them as well as to us. Ilcochan and Sacher my own Indian interpreted. Both were at times very excited, and seemed fully to enter into the subject. Amongst evil things to put away I had named drink, for whiskey is their curse. My interpreter took that up particularly, and pointed out forcibly the lamentable effects so fatal to all. After a deeply interesting and touching scene we dismissed the assembly, that we might have our meal. A short time afterwards we heard a loud noise at the Indian camp; we could see it was Ilcochan haranguing the Indians. His loud and clear voice brought echoes from the mountains. We could see his figure standing upon some rising ground, and distinctly heard him repeating what I had said.

NIGHT SCENE—INDIAN CHILDREN.

Towards dusk Indians began again to assemble. One Indian brought a present of a salmon, worth to sell, at this time, ten shillings. Mr. Crickmer and William were gone away across the River Anderson, to see if they could find our horses and baggage. I was alone with the Indians, who came up one after the other unobserved, except now and then a greater glare from the fire revealed more faces of sitters. The Indian is particularly stealthy in his movements. Amongst others who had come up and taken a more prominent place, but wrapped this time in a blanket, was Ilcochan, whom I did not at first recognise. I took my seat on a tree in front of him. There was now a large gathering. I stood up and commenced to address them. Ilcochan and Sacher interpreted; a good deal was understood, because I spoke in Chinook, which many Indians know, and which indeed was the way of teaching my interpreters. Our talk was long. The evening grew darker, the fire blazed brighter; Ilcochan became very excited, he stood up, and with great gesticulations reiterated my words in the Quayome tongue. The scene was striking. Mr. Crickmer and William approached from the distance. The latter had no idea it was our camp, but supposed the spot was on the way, and that an excitement of Indians was going on. Mr. Crickmer knew that our camp was in that spot, and that I was alone, and thought there must be some trouble. He was relieved to find me sitting in the midst of the circle, watching Ilcochan. Indeed I was deeply interested, I may say affected. It was deeply touching to see the evident influence made upon these poor Indians. I was also interested to mark the pantomime of gesture with which Ilcochan sought to move the spirits of his people. It was a

lesson I hoped to profit by. It was affecting to think of the entire darkness which clouds the minds of these people.

Amongst other subjects, I mentioned my desire to bring education within their reach. After a lengthened talk upon the improvement it would make in their temporal, as well as spiritual circumstances, I inquired how many children there were in the tribe. It was difficult to make them understand; at length they appeared to catch my meaning; two young men started up, came forward, and offered to go. I supposed they were going to the different houses to find out how many children in each family. Presently they came back; there was a difficulty. Instantly every one shouted to put them on their mettle, and not to see difficulties. They conferred and then darted off into the darkness. Presently from all quarters approached more Indians; as they came on the ground they took their seats in rows; I perceived every one had a child. I discovered, to my dismay, that they had misunderstood me, and that they were bringing the children themselves instead of their number. It was past ten o'clock; all these poor things had been pulled out of bed—most were naked—some in their cradles.

In the midst of my last talk, an Indian woman brought a lighted mould candle and placed it near me. We concluded by singing the Evening Hymn. A most devotional and deep impression sat upon each and all; when we stopped the scene was most striking to behold. Reluctantly they took their leave one by one; every one came and shook hands. They came up in file before me, and every child was brought, and held out its little hand for my shake.

June 28.—Left Boston Bar and its gardens a little before eight.

Overtook a miner from California, with a revolver on one side and a bowie-knife on the other. I spoke about the former; he said they were needed in California but not here.

I have met very few miners with their weapons; once none went without. Things are now as quiet and orderly as possible. All classes are well-treated. Chinamen, Indians, and Blacks, have justice equal with others. Indeed it is evident that what the Californian looked upon as a sign of high spirit and courage, he now thinks little of, and these terrible weapons are put away.

The appellation of all miners is "boy," their chief is "cap." All are called Dick, Tom, Harry. Men are not known by their real names. You inquire, as I have often done, the name of some one, and nobody knows his name; only he is called so and so, of such and such a Bar. I was speaking to a miner; who said he had just come from California, and with him had come a miner who had sold his claim there for 1,800 dollars. I asked what the man's name was; he said he went by a nickname "Bam"—he knew not his real name. He had known in California instances of considerable difficulty arising from this. A man came into the country from the eastern States seeking his brother; his inquiries for Thomas Maguire produced no result; and he went away back to the States. Yet his brother was known and was working with those who had heard the inquiry, but they had not the least notion their friend, who had some apposite nickname, was really Thomas Maguire.

The valley of the Fraser is here in many parts more open and relieved.

Still generally high and precipitous sides, yet more frequent openings, beautiful flats or terraces, a mile wide, grassy and thinly wooded, along which for miles a carriage might run. Nothing of this sort before Boston Bar.

Bunch-grass now appears, and animals get food in most places. Of this grass are various kinds which are common in England, such as rye, dog's-tail, and two others in particular; all grow in bunches, which is a form common to all the sorts of grass. There is now a good deal of timber which carpenters call yellow pine, also white and red.

The soil is somewhat different, perhaps from the presence of a slaty substance which easily, from the wet, disintegrates. A Californian miner said that put him in mind of California. Afterwards I saw gravel.

Visited Paul's Flat, a few miles beyond Boston Bar. Spoke to a Frenchman and an Italian—both civil. These were clearing together 20 dollars a day.

At Ensley Flat there is a store kept by a Frenchman. Great preparation for working this flat.

At this place is a flume of great extent—several miles. At one part of its progress, it crosses a ravine and small river, 100 feet high. The work which carries the water is like a spider's web. We passed Fargos Bar, and, after a beautiful walk of eighteen miles, encamped in a park-like country at half-past four. Near our camp was a delicious stream, in which both evening and morning I had a delightful bathe.

In the evening I was visited by the Indians of the neighbourhood, and, amongst others, by Wahilah, the chief of the Indians, to whom I had preached at Boston Bar. He is a fine looking man of about fifty, not, however, an orator. I preached to him and those present. Saheer, my own Indian, interpreted. Long after dark by the firelight, I spoke to these people, who did not like to go. We concluded with singing the Evening Hymn.

SWEARING REPROVED—CHINESE INGENUITY—THE JACKASS MOUNTAIN.

June 29.—At half-past seven we moved away. About two miles on is the half-way house. Here we found a butcher's shop. I said, "If I had known you were so near I should certainly have sent for some of your fresh meat, for we have been on salt provision for some days." He said, "If I had known you had been so near, you should certainly have had some, sir."

At this point, at the door of a log hut in a garden, I accosted a respectable-looking miner. He was civil and glad of a talk. He came from New Brunswick. Upon his interspersing his remarks with profane language, I reproved him. He took it well, and said he knew it was wrong, but it was a bad habit he had learnt lately.

I met another miner to-day, a young man of about twenty-six. He sat down and we conversed. I spoke of his home. He said he did not like the miner's life. We went into a store where he found out who I was. He affected to be greatly concerned, for he had been talking to the Bishop, and the Bishop had touched his feelings, and he had sworn. He professed to be shocked at swearing before a Bishop. The fact was he supposed he had sworn, since it was so habitual a thing with him.

Yesterday, at Ensley's Creek. Under the flume was a pretty bridge,

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for which, according to a notice, 25 cents or 1s. was charged for foot passengers, a dollar for a mule or horse. On the arrival of my party, six on foot and two horses, the Chinaman in charge refused to take anything. His name was Ah Fah. We had much talk with him. The origin of the bridge was this. A man had placed over this river two logs, and connecting them, had made a sort of bridge. He charged every body high, and when the poor Chinese men came with no money, he would take away their mining implements. Complaint was made to Captain Ball, the magistrate at Lytton, who advised them to make a bridge for themselves. The white man very soon gave way, sold his right, and a really beautiful bridge, six feet wide, with tasteful rails, permits not only men but animals to pass over. To-day we came to another bridge, larger in size, being 120 feet long, built upon coffer dams, at a cost of 535 dollars or 1077. Hero was a Chinaman named Ah Loo. On our approach he ran forward with cool water to drink, and told us we were free of the bridge. "No Englishes," he said, "pay over this bridge, and no poor Chinamen." "Me makkee no chargee to de English, me chargee Boston man (American); Boston man chargee Chinaman very high in Califoney. Chinaman now chargee Boston man, ha! ha! ha!"

We meet many Chinese, they are pouring in—there are already upon the river, on either side of Fort Hope, not less than 3,000. This is the opinion of Mr. Bullard, merchant to the Chinese at Lytton, and he expects 2,000 more this summer. They are selling off their mining claims in California to come up here, and are purchasing claims of the white miners. "This very day (said Mr. Bullard,) a claim on Foster's Bar was bought by Chinese for 3,500 dollars." They are well and equally treated here, and are not taxed; in California they are taxed 50 dollars a year.

The Indian race is comparatively happy here; everywhere King George's men (English) are looked upon as their friends; they come and shake hands and hang about us. A third race, the African, is also much attached to English rule; here, everywhere, they are treated fairly. Thus, in these three instances is British soil a welcome home. May God grant it may be a home blest to their souls with the light, the peace, and the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We crossed the famed difficulty of the Jackass Mountain, without trouble, our previous experience in hazardous paths had made us insensible to smaller dangers; this trail had been much improved, our horses went over instead of going round. The chief difficulty is an ascent very steep of loose stones, with a precipice 500 feet straight down. The name is derived from the fall and destruction of a mule—certainly a slip would be destruction. God, who has watched over us so far, mercifully protected us here.

Owing to having to watch two hours, under the impression our horses were behind, whereas they were before us, we made but twelve miles, and encamped in a lovely spot about half-past three. It was a rising ground between two small ravines, about 200 feet above the Fraser, which flowed at the foot. Trees encompassed our encampment, on either side was park-like country, grass and trees; opposite, in the west, over the Fraser, were mountains behind which the sun descended, and left us a long and cool evening. Not far from us, our packer and another man were encamped, and

our Indians made our fire and pitched our tents, and then themselves lay down on the ground to rest. It was a delicious evening, we sat and talked for hours of old England and dear friends, and the work of our God, after which we awoke the solitude of nature by the Evening Hymn, in which our Indians devoutly joined.

LYTTON.

June 30.—Started at half-past seven. Our walk has been on the left or east bank since crossing at Spuzzim. We passed to-day Kanaker Bar and Hungarian Flat. At the latter place a store is kept by an intelligent Frenchman, Fontaine. He speaks English well. He has been twenty-seven years from home, and has an aged mother who writes kind, long letters. He was born at Havre. Next bar or flat: the store kept also by a Frenchman, who could not speak English. Soon after, met two fine-looking men, Germans, doing well. I practised German with them: one of them asked if I were a German!! We learnt that at Big Bar an ounce a day to the hand was being made (sixteen dollars).

We passed numerous blocks of conglomerate of trap and granite, moulded together evidently by the action of water.

Arrived at Lytton, half-past one; pitched tents on a flat, overlooking the rivers Fraser and Thompson, and looking up the valley of the Fraser.

Lytton (Koonitchin in the native) is situated on a bank or flat at the junction or forks of the Fraser and Thompson. The country is more open than lower down; and some small farms are here and there to be seen. The valley of the Fraser, looking north as I see from my tent-door, reminds me of Wharf Dale on a large scale. The immediate environs of Lytton are bare and dusty. The sappers are laying out a town. I was much disappointed at the appearance of it; not a tree near for some hundreds of yards.

After our meal we sallied forth; Mr. Crickmer and I, accompanied by Captain Ball, the magistrate. We went into all the stores and restaurants. The people were civil, and offered hospitality. There was but one Englishman; of French there were several: Jews and Americans predominate. I spoke to several miners and packers.

One man, the only Englishman I saw, was much excited by my call, or rather talk with him, for I met him in a store. He was born in Milk Street, in London. He spoke of his past life having been very wild: he had been wandering in all parts, and living an Indian life; spoke of having been at sea a good deal; had taken interest in my appointment, and read with eagerness the account of the Mansion House Meeting; now was overcome with joy to see the man actually at Lytton, who had come over the rugged paths of the mountain trails, whose words he had read as uttered at the Mansion House. "But, sir," he continued, "when I read your speech, I said, how little he knows what he is coming to and the kind of people we are. What a strange thing that a gentleman and a pious man should leave his home comforts and friends in England, to come out amongst us; he certainly had better stay there. I thought, sir, you were very foolish, and would repent of it, and that you had much better have left us as we are. But, sir, my heart is full; let me grasp your hand; it is all I can give you, but it is a rightdown welcome: this is the

the happiest day of my life." He has a farm, and provided us with abundance of excellent milk, wishing us to help ourselves out of his garden to any vegetables we wanted.

Lytton is a very windy spot: it blew rather harder than usual. It was with considerable difficulty we fixed our tents, and during the night were by no means confident we should not have our encampment razed by the wind. A merciful God, however, protected us, though the storm raged.

July 1, Sunday.—We had two services at the Court House; they were attended well. Considering the population, and the character of the people, as regards nation and creed, the services were hearty; we had much singing; and the cards containing ten hymns distributed answered well. I preached in the morning upon the happy results of true religion, and in the evening upon prayer. There was great attention. In the morning all but three were in shirt-sleeves; no one but Captain Ball and my own party had Prayer-Books. We had morning prayer and Litany, and an evening service. The Venite and Jubilate were chanted. Mr. Crickmer read prayers and led the singing.

Previous to the morning service Mr. Crickmer went through the town announcing it. One man asked, "if we were going to stand treat at the end." Mr. Crickmer did not quite catch what he said, and made him repeat it, which the man was rather ashamed to do. He was answered, "There will be a rich treat for those who have the taste to receive it."

July 2.—Prices at Lytton: Flour, 20 cents. per lb. (10d.); Beef, 25 cents. per lb. (12½d.); Potatoes, 20 cents. per lb. (10d.); Preserved Meat, tins 2lbs. each, 2 dollars each (8s. 4d.).

There is now an abundance of work for the Indians, so much so as to induce many to give up their former method of living, and live as the whites. I was introduced on Saturday to two chiefs of the Thompson River Indians. One of them told me (Spintlum), before the whites came, there were seasons when the salmon fishery failed, and then hundreds and thousands of Indians died of starvation; but now, he said, *Hyoo Pack, Hyoo Chickanan; Hyoo muck, muck*,—plenty of packing,—plenty of money,—plenty of food.

LYTTON TO CAYOOSH—INDIAN BURIAL-PLACES—CAMPING AT NIGHT.

The valley becomes wider generally, here and there are narrow gorges, which seem originally to have produced the flats; the river being pent up, and raging and eddying up to the edge of the obstruction, and depositing sand and gravel and gold upon the beaches or flats; in course of time these obstructions were broken down, the pass between them is a canyon, and the flats are left high and dry. The mountain-range runs on either side, the whole course of the river. Upon the flats, which are wider thus high, are the spots for vegetation; some flats are lower than others. There is frequently a double bank, steps as it were, so the theory of origin would be quite consistent; in some places a higher portion of the cascade (obstruction), would go first, then the upper bank would be left, and the process of deposit go on at a lower level; by and by another portion of the cascade would break away, and a second bank would be left dry. The process is still going on, and the *bars* one day will be left by the river, as

the obstructions are worn away, and the bed takes a lower and an easier course.

I have passed many Indian burial places. These consist of upright poles, with cross bars, upon which are suspended the favourite blankets, or portion of dress of the deceased. Blankets—red and green—red and blue—we frequently see; these float in the wind above. Beneath are wooden square boxes like tombs, upon which are carvings; usually the figure of a man, dressed in hat, shirt, and trowsers, with hands in his pockets, is the principal attraction. Sometimes this figure has an actual musket in his hand; I saw one with two, he was a sportsman and mighty hunter; the face is generally well painted, *i. e.* largely painted. The carving is rude, a favourite animal to delineate is the *beaver*, sometimes a bird; but nowhere have I seen the slightest trace of religious feeling, or idea of a future state, excepting alone this supply to the deceased of some things he was fond of, a canoe, for instance. They place the remains sometimes in a box above the surface of the ground, but also dig holes and bury many in the same spot.

At Lytton was a burying place, where was the figure of a man, and near him, hanging up, the skin of a horse; this was to represent the son of Spirithun, the Indian chief, and the horse he loved to ride.

About ten or twelve miles from Lytton, is Spirithun Flat, a place where mining goes on. I called at a store, the only one; it was kept by a Dane, who lives there with an Indian wife; he had been many years in the country. At this place the prices were:—Flour, 23 dollars per 100 lbs. (11*d.* per lb.; 13*s.* 5*d.* per stone); Bacon, 45 cents. per lb.

We passed to-day several encampments of Indians; they are dispersed at present picking berries, which they preserve for winter uses. We spoke to all; being the heat of the day they were generally lying resting in their tents; in some the women were busily employed making baskets. A frequent question to us was, "Who are you?" and well pleased were they on our replying, "We are King George's men;" their faces brightened, and all seemed happy. At one place they offered us berries; at another place we explained our desire to give instruction to the children; this they seemed quite to appreciate.

I hope these meetings with Indians in their present dispersion, may be a means of commencing a good understanding with them; they will recognise us by and bye, when we visit them at other seasons in their settled homes.

About eighteen miles from Lytton, on the right bank, is a group of very beautiful mountains. We passed through a region of much grass of the bunch sort. Rolling plains one after another; water, however, on one side (the left), not abundant. We stopped at one place and found delicious fruit; a berry now ripe. It grows upon a shrubby tree, about ten or twelve feet high, leaf between poplar and barberry; berries in clusters, shape like black-currant; size, rather larger than black-currant; colour black, with bluish tinge; taste, between plum and cherry.

I saw to-day close to me, as he settled upon a thistle, or rather hovered over one, a humming-bird. This is the second I have seen.

We had agreed, after lunching at Spirithun's Flat, to stop at the first best watering-place. Mr. Crickmer, William, and myself, were on before; the horses, Mr. Hatch, and Sacher, in the rear. We walked on a long

way, in vain trying to find a good spot. At length a trail took us toward the river, and we came to a beautiful green place, where we lay down waiting for our baggage. Time passed, and we began to suspect a mistake. Inquiry of some Chinese, gave us the information that our horses were not on before us on that trail, but that the right and usual course was above on the flats, some 500 feet above our heads. We ascended this trackless height, and at length found the trail; we determined to hasten and try to overtake our horses, which had no doubt passed, thinking we were on before; whatever came we would push on to Foster's Bar, where miners were living, should night not come on. After some time, to our joy, we saw a fire, and my tent already pitched. I do not think a night was ever more thankfully passed. Mr. Crickmer had run on before. A beautiful stream of water was flowing close to our encampment.

The first thing done on coming to camping ground, is to light a fire. This is done always by our Indian, Sacher: he darts off, and returns speedily with just the right sort of wood, and the fire is soon blazing; sometimes from a noble log, which lasts the night, and next day too. Then the water is put on to boil. William commences to prepare dinner or supper. Making bread is generally one thing to be done, with flour and water and baking powder; this operation is soon accomplished. Meanwhile Sacher is sent forth for tent-poles and stakes. He goes off to the thicket; and returns with what is wanted: then all assist in getting up the tents. Mine is generally first erected—so many willing hands engaged in it. I then unfold my blankets, get the interior arranged, and by this time our meal is ready. A tarpauling or mackintosh is spread on the ground, not far from the fire, and, as the sun sets, and the cool air begins to blow, we are thankfully drinking our tea and coffee, and eating beans and fried bacon. On this journey; so far, our food has been principally salted provision. At Lytton we had fresh meat. The party sitting, or rather lying down, at the meal, consists of Mr. Crickmer, William, Mr. Hatch—the packer, and myself. Sacher waits upon us, and takes his own meal with great contentment afterwards. He likes coffee, and sugar, and bacon, and bread. After returning thanks, sitting a while, and singing the Evening Hymn, we retire to rest. We three Englishmen have our tents and blankets; the earth is our mattress. Sheets we dream not of. A pillow is formed by rolling up coats and clothing. Mr. Hatch, a weather-beaten American, prefers to sleep with his blankets under a tree, without the tent, and Sacher takes his single blanket, and lies behind a log, or where he is sheltered from the wind. In the morning we rise early, get breakfast at half-past six or seven, and are off before eight.

I have always contrived to get a delicious bathe before breakfast, in the river, or some stream near our encampment.

INDIAN ATTENTION—VISITS TO MINERS.

July 4.—On rising this morning, I found the old chief Spirithun, and his son, waiting to see me. Their encampment was near. He said he understood we were tired from yesterday's long walk, and he hoped I would ride one of his horses to Cayoosh. Mr. Crickmer might have another. He suited his action to the word, for the two horses were brought, and fastened

close to us during breakfast. I was certainly footsore, yet I was anxious to accomplish the journey on foot, especially as we all could not have horses, and so I declined. Last night, when our packer and Sacher came to a stand, finding from the Indians we had not passed, it was Spirithun's son, who mounted his steed, and flew away like the wind, to scour the country for us, going more particularly to the lower trail. Mr. Crickmer and I had got in. He overtook William, and offered him his horse, to bring him into the camp. There seemed to be in these acts a genuine feeling of kindness. About midday we stopped to lunch beside a brook and under trees. Presently we heard shrieks, and on the hill down which we had come, we saw two mounted Indians, tearing down a most steep descent, as if mad—shouting and singing. They were dressed fantastically in varied colours. It was old Spirithun and his son. The latter armed with a musket. They dashed up to us, got off, and sat awhile. Then they bade us good-bye, shouted, and tore away up a steep hill on before us. I think they had come to see if we were going on well, or needed their help.

Met three miners: had talk; one used oaths continually. I reproved him. He said it was enough to make a man swear, to be disappointed after going a great distance. He took the reproof, however, good-naturedly.

A fine succession of grassy flats, with, however, but few streams, except of course the river, not a mile off, any part. Towards Cayoosh, there is a contraction of the valley.

We had far away heard of the slide. We were told we should have to go round by the Fountain, an extra distance of twelve miles, in order to avoid this dangerous route. The path lay down the side of a mountain, at a point where the footing is narrow, and where the descent is at once perpendicular. On the inner side is a jutting rock. If an animal hits his pack against this and loses his footing, he must go over, and be lost down the depths. The packers, therefore, avoid this. The chief difficulty is the impossibility of securing footing if once off balance, and certain destruction of the animal. Mules elsewhere not unfrequently loose their footing, and roll over and down, but then they pick themselves up again, and are not killed. Here the risk is great, the destruction in case of slip certain. We, however, risked this formidable spot, and our faithful beasts came safely through.

Towards Cayoosh we were gladdened by the sight of cattle, and even cows in milk. Horses, too, were browsing upon the grass. Much tired, we arrived at our camping ground at about eight o'clock. Tents were pitched, fires lighted, and supper taken, and sweet repose was our reward. We must have come some twenty miles.

July 5.—Visited by Mr. A. Macdonald, Hudson's Bay Company agent, and his brother, who keeps the ferry. Also by Mr. Elwyn, the magistrate of Cayoosh.

This evening a party of equestrian Indians rode up to my camp. Two females, very plain young women, and two young men. The ladies were riding as men. Their dresses were gay. European manufacture; bright colours. Their horses had bells. They came up at full gallop, and they tore away in like style.

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July 7.—Crossed over and met Mr. Sheepshanks, who had come the other road, by Douglas, to meet me. Arranged for services to-morrow on both sides of the river. Changed my camp to the Cayoosh side. Visited people. Mr. Crickmer returned with Sacher.

I went to Canada Flat, where, among others, is a company of seven Englishmen. They live in two log huts. An elderly man named Martin, is their captain. They greatly welcomed me. Several came from Cornwall. They had all worked in California. When I spoke about the service for to-morrow, they expressed pleasure, and said earnestly, "It is fourteen years since some of us have attended service." Another miner told Mr. Elwyn, when he mentioned the service, that he had not been in a place of worship for ten years, and that he would gladly come. One of these miners on Canada Flat is named Barker; he comes from Norfolk, and used to ply on the river between Cambridge and Lynn. The railway sent him, he says, to America. He was very glad to talk about Old England. I knew, of course, well, some of the places he most fondly remembered. He had not written for years, and no letters now came to him. Yet he had a daughter, whom he had not seen since she was two years old—that was fourteen years ago. I urged him to write, he said he would. He hopes yet to go back to the old country. All these men were at service the following day.

CAYOOSH—SUNDAY SERVICES—FOUNTAIN INDIANS.

This point of the Fraser is a wide plateau, yet with benches, rising like steps up the river, but each covered with grass. Here is an entrance from the lower part of the Fraser, through the Cascade Range on the right bank. Two small streams, called Lilloc and Cayoosh, fall into the main stream from that opening; a chain of lakes connects with the Harrison river. This junction of two main routes, the only known opening at present into the upper country, renders Cayoosh of importance. There is also much mining in the neighbourhood.

The scenery is very beautiful. The view from Cayoosh down the river—with mountains on one side, and green slopes and trees, and the plateau (which looks like a park) on the other—particularly pleasing. The soil is better than it is lower down. Gardens flourish. Oats and barley are in full ear: it does not pay, however, to grow them for the grain, but only for the hay, expense of threshing, &c. being too great.

July 8, Sunday.—In the morning we had Divine service in an upper room of a new store belonging to a Frenchman and he a Romanist. The room was well filled, principally by miners. The prayers were read by Mr. Sheepshanks. I preached from Matt. xiii. on the Hid Treasure. There was much attention. The door was grouped with Indians. Amongst others, came in a remarkably fine Indian: he was the chief of the tribes hereabout, more particularly of the Fountain Indians. He was dressed in crimson and black. His fine flowing black hair hung over his shoulders. He stood up and faced me with great intelligence the whole time. After service, he and another Indian remained. He shook hands and said in the Chinook, *good, good*; pointed to Mr. Sheepshanks and then to me, and repeated, *good, good*. I asked him if he knew what he had been doing. He said yes, and pointed upwards, saying, *Sackally Tyhee Papa*.

He also crossed himself. The Romanists have from time to time visited these Indians. I showed him the Bible, and told him it was the word—the waiwah—of the Sackally Tyhee Papa. As far as I can yet trace, these poor people, though they have gained an idea of the Supreme Being, know nothing of Jesus Christ and the Bible.

Chilhoosels (the chief's name) asked if we were going to have service again. We told him yes, on the other side, in the evening. As we were waiting by the river for the boat, we heard a loud and wild shout far up on the mountain over our head. I looked, and there, on a point overhanging the precipice, was Chilhoosels on horseback. He waved his plummy cap, and shouted and disappeared. By-and-bye he was with us in the boat, pulling an oar over the dangerous current. He went with us to the service, which was held in a saloon kept by a person named Boyle. We had a goodly attendance. There were several Indians. I preached upon the "power of the Gospel to elevate the character of man," from Col. iii, 1, "If ye then be risen with Christ." Chilhoosels lingered at the door, and bid us good-bye.

After service, a respectable storekeeper expressed himself much pleased. He was formerly a Jew. He thought a deep impression had been made. I asked Mr. Boyle, the keeper of the saloon, if he could without inconvenience allow the room for Sunday next. "I shall be delighted, sir; I only wish you were going to be here many Sundays."

July 9.—I visited excellent gardens in great fertility. Potatoes, remarkably luxuriant; also cabbages, tomatoes, carrots, turnips, onions, and indeed all vegetables. Several fields also of barley and oats; also Indian corn.

I rode out this evening with Mr. Elwyn and Mr. Sheepshanks to Seton Lake. The way to it is along a valley with two small rivers, called Lilloc and Cayoosh, but more properly Skumkain and Isammuk. On either side the mountain heights rose up in picturesque grandeur. Green foliage lined the banks of the rivers, which flowed parallel to each other: the water was exquisitely clear. The lake is eighteen miles long. We rode to the head. It is serene in scenery. A steamboat now plies daily upon this portion of the route from Douglas. The evening was lovely.

July 10.—I was visited in my tent by Indians. They like a chat, but never have an idea of going away. An elderly man and his nephew were my first visitors. I got words from them; for instance, the numerals of the dialect of this place. They differ considerably from the numerals of the Cowitchin and Quayome Indians, although sufficiently similar to prove the two dialects to be the same language.

I next received a visit from Chilhoosels, the chief of the Fountain Indians. He is a fine Indian; the same who came to our services on Sunday. He sat with me some time, and expressed his great delight, and hoped I should come again; and others came too. I am sure his ideas were reverent, and that he recognised that a mission of higher good had come to his people.

MEETING OF INDIANS—IDEAS OF GOD—THE SUN.

We had fixed this evening for a meeting of the Indians of this place. At half-past six they began to assemble. As they came up, all advanced

to shake hands, and many of them made the sign of the cross on the face and breast. The children too were brought, and their little dirty hands were all held out to be touched. They then seated themselves in a ring round Mr. Sheepshanks and myself. Every now and then one would start up and shout towards the village, for some stray Indian who had not yet come; and once an Indian darted off, and returned with several. There was one very old man, with silvery hair: he was the village chief; his name was Isualtoe. Two others were prominent in repeating what was said, and in interpreting. I addressed them: told them who I was; why I had come; showed them the Bible; told them it was the word of God; we know what it contained, they did not: there was a message of love to them as well as to us; we wished them to know this message from their Heavenly Father; there were many friends of the Indians in King George's Land, who wished the Indians to know the love of their God, and to understand His word. I then spoke to them of God, of His attributes. I pointed out that all were sinners, and that our good God was justly angry; and then told of the love and work of Christ. They must accept the mercy of God in Christ; they must repent; they must be good, also after death the wicked would be punished. Jesus Christ invited all to come to Him—Indians, King George's men, Boston men—He loved all; He died for all. I showed them of His death and resurrection, and His ascension, and that He is above, our friend, and has provided a place for the righteous. Two points I especially pressed, which they might remember as distinctive of our visit. I spoke much of Christ; made them repeat over and over again the name of *Jesus*, *Jesus* is their Friend; and secondly, I held up to them in my hand the *Bible*, the word of God, and by sign and language expressed the *value* with which we hold it. These poor people frequently became much moved; discussed vehemently what was said—so I had occasionally to pause—and I believe received true impressions, notwithstanding our stammering lips.

Mr. Sheepshanks followed and made an effective address, after which I again spoke to them, and repeated the Lord's Prayer, which I had translated into Chinook, and which they repeated after me. I also spoke about the education of their children, then sang the Evening Hymn, which always impresses them, and in which to-night they mingled their voices.

Some of the townspeople came and listened, and were interested. Miners stopped as they passed, and Chinese had an opportunity of being reminded there was a God. For two hours the interest did not for an instant flag. None removed till we suggested it was time to go to rest. Then one by one all came and shook hands, and still lingered around till we ourselves left the spot.

July 11.—Rode to Bridge River, about four miles up; this stream flows into the Fraser on the right bank. It differs from all other streams I have seen which flow into the Fraser, by being thick and milky. The Thompson and others are singularly clear and transparent.

The Indian name for Bridge River is *Hoighton*. We visited the Indians there, and found them intelligent. Here, as elsewhere at present, they are engaged picking the service berry; these they dry over a fire, and form them into cakes, which they preserve for winter food. We had rain in the evening. At Bridge River the store is kept by a German.



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July 12.—At half-past twelve started for the Fountain. This spot on the river, about seven miles up the north left bank, is where the road from Lytton joins that from Cayoosh for the upper country. The Fountain (so called from a Frenchman) is an open plain. Here were three houses; one, a store, kept by an Italian, named Lorenzo Littora. Mr. Elwyn and Mr. Sheepsheads accompanied me. Lorenzo, gave us luncheon—bread, cheese, radishes, raisins, claret, and would make no charge.

SPOKAN GARRY.

I have before mentioned this interesting Indian. Curious enough, I this day rode one of his horses. A gentleman of the Hudson's Bay Company recently visited Colville. In that neighbourhood are the Spokane Indians, of whom Garry is the chief. The Indian desired to make a present to Mr. Dallas, and bid him select one of the best of his horses. The fleetest was chosen. Mr. Dallas brought him thus far and could not bring him on, so sold him to Mr. McDonald, who this day allowed me the use of him.

Packing is one of the most lucrative employments. A train of twelve or eighteen horses and mules very soon pays the expense of first cost, and then great profits are made. The packers are principally Mexicans; there are, however, many Americans.

I met this day a train under the conduct of a very odd looking dust-begrimed packer. He had a broken-in, slouched wide-awake. I was introduced to him. His speech showed him to be an educated English gentleman. A few years since he was a smart officer with his regiment in Canada. He came to California, where he followed "packing." He now packs on British soil with the best horse-pack in the colony.

July 13.—Most of the morning I have had Indians at my tent. Two women complained of the treatment they received. They say evil men come and steal away even the wives, in the face of their husbands, for evil purposes. They struggle, and they cry, but frequently it is of no avail. I told them to appeal to the English magistrate, he would be their friend, and not allow such conduct; they said they knew he was their friend.

Most of the Indians profess to know of the Sackally Tyhee Papa, Great Chief Father. They point upwards; they say He sees all, is all-wise, and strong, and good, and never dies. I found out to-day, from two Indians of this place, that Skatyatkeitlah is the same as Squaquash Suokum, or the sun. The sun is the Sackally Tyhee Papa. Klanampton, the moon, is his wife, and the stars their children.

Two Indians of the Shuswap tribe also visited me. Their word for the Sackally Tyhee is Kardchicht. They also said that was all the same for the sun, viz. Squilqualt.

One woman had lost her father, and mother, and children; they were dead and in the earth. I asked where they were; did she know whither they were gone. She did not know, only they were gone *Kukkou*, very far.

A good deal of the talk of my two female friends was about husbands beating and killing their wives. They said *whiskey* was the great cause; one of them, however, had a good husband, his name was "James."

They think some white men very bad. They work the river, and there is then no salmon and no food for Indians. I said further down was plenty of work for Indians, plenty of money, plenty of food. It was not so here, they said.

My two visitors were very full of their grievances as to polygamy. They said nothing came of it, but fight, fight, and sometimes murder. I visited in the afternoon and evening various people—a Jew, a Swede, a German, and discoursed with many.

July 14.—Weather fine. Slight showers.

SECOND SUNDAY AT CAYOOSH—PREACHING TO INDIANS.

July 15, Sunday.—Divine service in a saloon at Nicokomanna, the opposite side of the river to Cayoosh, or, as it is called by Americans, Parsons' Ville, from an American storekeeper, named Parsons, who built the first house. We had a fair attendance, though not so good as the Sunday before when the service was in the evening. One only of the female sex attended,—the only white person in fact living there, a pleasing person, Mrs. Neufelde. One other lived at a little distance. Her husband was present. There were, however, Indian women as well as Indian men. This is the case with all our services.

In the evening we had a good attendance at Cayoosh, every seat was occupied; some stood and some sat on the ground. It was held in a large upper room. The singing was shared by a greater number than last Sunday. There was no female. The men were mostly miners, and their attention was great.

I took for my subject *Prayer*, and explained the Lord's Prayer, Matt. vi. 9. In the morning I preached from 1 Cor. xv. 55.—*Death, Sin, and Victory*.

After Divine service in the morning, Chilhoosels, his wives, and other Indians desired us to speak to them. They had come on purpose to meet us. We also expected Indians from another direction, led by an Indian named McKenzie.

By-and-bye all were assembled. It was under a tree on rising ground. They took their seats in a circle. One spread a blanket in the midst for us to sit upon. Chilhoosels, dressed picturesquely in scarlet and black, sat in a prominent place opposite. We commenced by singing two verses of the hundredth Psalm. I explained first the nature of the act. I then offered up a prayer, that our heavenly Father would look with blessing upon our feeble efforts, and overrule our stammering speech, to convey some leading points of saving truth to these benighted children, and draw them to His dear Son through our ministry.

At the close a beautiful and deep impression rested upon the assembled multitude. Every eye was closed as in prayer, and so continued until we spoke.

I then addressed them. I told them who I was—my mission. I showed them of their Heavenly Father; that in Him they live, and move, and have all things; that He made the sun, the moon, the stars, the mountains, the water, and all men. That man is sinful; that God in mercy sent His Son, who died to save us. Of that Blessed One—His coming, His death, His resurrection, and ascension; His present interest in us; His invitation, and

love to all. I showed sins must be put away; spoke of the dead and the judgment. Mr. Sheepshanks also addressed them, and I concluded by a sort of summing up; and all present, one by one, children and elders, men and women, repeated—*Jesus Ammale Nequua Enmuquah*, Jesus the good friend. They all repeated it together, and they shouted Ammale, Ammale, Kloosh, Kloosh, *good, good*. I then addressed the chief, Chilhoosels, very solemnly, and said: "All these people are your children; you call all the tribe your children. I want you and all of them to become the children of Jesus. You are their earthly chief and father, be you and they the loving and obedient children of Jesus, your heavenly Chief and Father. Mr. Sheepshanks and I look to Jesus; we are His children, be you His children too. Then one day we shall all dwell together in heaven, and there will be only one language."

I am sure our addresses made an impression upon these interesting people, especially upon the thoughtful Chilhoosels. I wish, indeed, I had a Missionary to leave amongst them. The example of the white men amongst them is sad, and they need every help. They are a simple people as yet; but the youth of both sexes, alas, are growing up precocious in vice.

We were with the Indians several times. In the course of the afternoon I explained to them the eclipse of the sun, which is to take place on Wednesday. Great discussion ensued; one old chief, Le Crow, from Kamloops of the Shuswap tribes, was very eloquent, and exhibited fine gesture. He spoke another language, but many present understood him. I had also got a few words in stock. Of course we directed them from Nature up to Nature's God; and, while showing our superior knowledge, pointed out the blessings of the knowledge of God, which we also possessed. I shall be curious to see how the Indians receive the eclipse.

July 16.—Indians visited my tent to-day, and I got more words. Express came in; received letters from England. Rode in the evening with Mr. Elwyn, Mr. Hatch, and Mr. Sheepshanks; afterwards walked to the mouth of the Cayoosh.

July 17.—Visited the Indian village of Shadsk. The Indians were drying their service-berries. A woman brought us a plateful of excellent raspberries. All came and shook hands.

A man of notorious character, a miner, of the nickname of Liverpool Jack, was firing gunpowder in honour of the 4th of July. He rammed powder into a tree, stopped it with a plug, and then recklessly fired it with his cigar. The plug struck him and knocked him down. It was thought his skull was fractured. To the astonishment of everybody, poor Jack began to pray earnestly to God to have mercy upon his soul, and to pardon his many sins. The fervour with which this prodigal in his distress turned to his God appears to have made an impression. I inquired after him, hoping to see him, but he was gone to Westminster, where he might be able to get good medical advice. I trust we may yet recover him, and that this incident may bring him humbled and penitent to his Saviour.

I visited Canada Bar. First cabin, two Frenchmen, reading French newspapers outside their door. They placed seats for Mr. Sheepshanks and myself. They said they meant to settle in this country. They were Roman Catholics, but no priest had ever visited them. We spoke of the

cutting off from religion which was incidental to the miner's life. They received our remarks with respect. My belief is many of these French and others from Roman Catholic countries might be won to pure Christianity by a faithful and vigorous ministry.

I next visited a company of Englishmen. They are fine fellows. They had attended service at Cayoosh. They had been in California, and when they were at the mines had had no means of grace. I spoke of my desire to send a clergyman. They said they truly wished I might do so: the miners generally would be glad, and they would willingly help towards his support. One man said, "Yes, if one had a minister, the place would look more like home." Tears filled his eyes when he talked of home. When we bid them good-bye, they said, "We hope, sir, you will send us a minister, and we will all help to support him."

These hearty fellows were about to sit down to supper, after a hard day's work. The weather had been hot, and they looked fagged; yet they would have us wait and talk, and pressed us much to have some supper with them.

THE CHIEF CHILHOOSELS—LEAVE-TAKING BY INDIANS.

On our way to the mining bars this evening we met three horsemen coming towards Cayoosh at a tearing pace: they were Indians. Two who came on first, at once pulled up and greeted us with enthusiasm. One we knew, the other was a fine boy of about thirteen. The latter told us he was the son of Chilhoosels, to whom he pointed as coming up on the third horse. Chilhoosels took off his cap, and greeted us affectionately. The happiness of these three Indians in meeting us was remarkable. The boy was especially interesting; as though Chilhoosels had told his children and friends to regard us highly. As we parted, the chief said his heart went with us, and hoped our hearts would follow him.

There is something striking in Chilhoosels. He is thoughtful and benign in countenance. Two Indians were with me yesterday who were full of the good points of this chief: "Other chiefs often got angry. There was Swegels, the chief of the Hoighton Indians, who beat and sometimes killed his people; but Chilhoosels was never angry, and prayed often to the Almighty Father."

July 18.—My camp this morning was surrounded with Indians come to see me off. A party of four equestrians came several miles for the same purpose.

For two or three hours they waited, and came down to the water-side, and wished us good-bye. There were women also and children. These went away first. One man came to my tent-door, and said the women were going away, and wished to see me. They had been there I should say three hours. I shook hands with all. They brought also their children, and held them up for me to shake their little hands. We crossed the ferry: our horses had been swam over earlier. Here was Chilhoosels waiting to say good-bye, after packing and saddling our four horses. I found the wives and children of Chilhoosels also waiting; they had all come some distance, and had given up work for the time, which was of consequence to them.

ACCIDENT IN PACKING HORSES—BREAKING UP CAMP.

All merchandize is carried here upon pack-horses, the only exception being that Indians also carry goods. Pack-mules carry the heaviest loads. I saw mules to-day packed with nearly 400 lbs. of goods. There is a great art in packing; *bulk* is the thing to avoid, if a pack is in small compass much more can be carried than when the contrary. My packer on this occasion was a young man not very well up to the art. Several experienced packers were engaged at the Ferry packing their own animals, and two very kindly and disinterestedly gave my man very valuable aid and hints. One of them was pulling a rope with all his might attached to the pack of one of my horses when it broke, and he was precipitated back under the feet of another of my animals which, frightened, started and kicked. The kick was with great force, but happily it missed the head and struck the back and the shoulder of the worthy packer. I felt much grieved. I left him sitting down. I spoke to him of the narrow escape he had had, for had the blow struck the head a fractured skull must have resulted, and how thankful, therefore, we should be to Almighty God. He was manly and patient. I could not help, however, thinking much about him all day. How near we continually are to eternity, yet how continually is the gracious hand and care of our heavenly Father, ready to avert from us many an evil.

We did not get clear away till two o'clock. The weather was very hot and at about five we reached a camping ground on the river where all settled for the night.

One of our pack-horses having been passed by an Indian, who was going at a canter, took to the same speed, notwithstanding his load. A very delicate bit of path was no hindrance. Though there was hardly footing, in some places not six inches, and this upon a loose and moving precipitous side of a mountain, he galloped as though upon a broad road. As was to be expected, he lost his footing, and went down the side. The packer expected to see him roll over, and packs and all to be dashed to atoms. Marvellous to say, he recovered himself, and pack and all regained the narrow ledge, upon which he again proceeded to canter. I was on before he came up to me. I was asked to stop him; I did this by filling up the path with my horse, and he came to a stand, and we thought all was right. Presently, however, he jumped on the bank above, and darted a-head. Later on he set off at full gallop again; came in contact with a tree, which knocked his load, and scattered provision, carpet bags, pots, and pans on the way, and then continued for some distance, where we found him quietly feeding. He allowed himself to be caught, ridden back, packed again, and, with some care on our part, came safely on the rest of the way.

As I was breaking up camp, amongst others who drew near was a gold miner. He was well spoken and friendly. He came to say he wished me all success. This was said heartily. He told me that the sermon on Sunday was the first he had heard for ten years. I said "I am sure you felt this occasion one deeply interesting to you." He said, "Indeed, sir, it was." I spoke about sending a clergyman. He said there ought to be one amongst them, and he should rejoice to see him.

July 19.—Camp life is peculiar. Early hours is one order of the day. Our rule is to endeavour to have breakfast at six, and to get away about seven, in order to have the cool hours for travelling. As we always camp by a stream, one of the first comforts of the day to me is a bath. Our Indian makes the fire. The packer looks after the horses. This morning we had a difficulty; one of our horses refused to be caught, so we had to hunt him with the lasso. Our Indian, McCasket, at length caught him, and rode him into the camp in triumph. William cooks and attends to the provision, and such important matters. My chaplain and I take down the tents, strap, and tie up the blankets, tents, and baggage in their respective wrappers. Then, while the packer and the Indian are arranging the pack-horses, we saddle the others, and fit on saddle-bags, and such like accoutrements. Then a walk round to see that nothing be left, and we set off, a few Indians generally wishing us good-bye.

We left our ground to-day about eight. It was the same road I had recently passed. We came to the famous "Slide," the terror of packers, who usually avoid it, and prefer a round of twelve miles by the Fountain rather than risk the loss of a mule. We stopped to dine about twelve, at a refreshing creek beyond the Slide, and camped about six, weather fine, but warm.

LYTTON—SITTING IN THE TENT DOOR.

July 20.—Left our camp at eight, stopped for dinner at one, at a camp beyond Spirithun's Flat, the Ten-mile House, and next after the rocky ridge; at half-past three, we left this spot, and reached Lytton at about seven.

Soon after our arrival, Captain Ball, the magistrate, and Mr. Elwyn, the magistrate of Cayoosh, now on a visit, came to see us, and helped to put up my tent. It was late before we fairly encamped, and took our evening meal. We felt thankful, however, for the mercy we had experienced in the journey, and having sung the Evening Hymn, retired gladly to rest.

On our road, and at Cayoosh, prices of most things have been high. At Cayoosh, bacon, forty-five and fifty cents per pound (a cent is a half-penny); flour, sixteen cents per pound; coffee, fifty cents per pound; sugar, thirty-seven and a half cents per pound; beef, twenty to twenty-five cents per pound; milk twelve and a half cents per pint. Yet all this is thought cheap, considering what prices were.

A fat ox, or rather an ox sufficiently fat to kill, is sold at forty dollars, weighing four hundred pounds, having been driven from Oregon.

Columbia does not abound in the feathered tribe. I have seen, however, eagles, hawks, rooks, jays, grouse, duck, loons, robins (as large as black-birds, and good eating), humming birds.

At Cayoosh our service was held in the house of a French Roman Catholic. It was just built, but not yet occupied. The place was a large upper room, unfurnished. I thanked him afterwards, and he said he was very happy to have been able to accommodate me.

July 21.—I had a delicious bath in the clear waters of the Thompson. I at the same time washed several articles of clothing, for in starting before from this, I had disencumbered myself of every piece of baggage I

could possibly dispense with, and consequently required the employment of my skill in the ablutionary art this afternoon. The morning was very hot, and the only refuge, and that but slight, from the heat, and where most air could be got, was my tent door. I sat in the tent door in the heat of the day. So did Abraham in a strange land, far from the home of his birth. How great the honour to be called in the providence of God to the work of the ministry in this distant land; yet, how utterly inefficient are we for the work. As I sit in my tent door, I see souls immortal pass before me. There is a pathway leading to the ferry. By far the greater number are Chinese: at least one hundred have passed by this morning; then Indians; then miners of all nations. That which all are least disposed to listen to, is the purport of my mission. Then the variety of language increases the difficulty. Unbelief might say, religion can never flourish here; the Lord will never establish His kingdom here. So Abraham might have argued. It is the same faith which sustained him, that alone can sustain us. So that our earnest prayer must be, "Lord increase our faith." Then in due time the mountain of difficulty shall vanish, and a highway shall be made for the Lord and His Christ.

It is difficult to get an Indian at this time to work at any price. This is their berry season, with which the country abounds. Salmon too, is beginning to come in. Before I started, a number of Indians were about at the ferry at Cayoosh, but none would go. At length a youth would go for five dollars and his food to Lytton. This was 8s. for a day, and food!

July 22; Sunday.—Very hot. Ninety-four degrees in shade. Service at court-house; morning, at half-past ten. Mr. Sheepshanks read prayers. Morning prayer, second lesson, Litany. I preached from Luke xvi. 9. Evening service at eight, but a very small congregation indeed.

I observed to-day, the Chinese generally at work on the Bars. I had not seen this at Cayoosh. I understand from a merchant of the Chinese, an American, that they only work when very hard set for money to buy food with.

At Alexander recently, a gold-miner having had success, was some days "charging about," as the cant expression is, when he quarrelled with a Frenchman, and after two or three shots, wounded him severely. He was taken into custody, but let off, there being no magistrate or constable, and the storekeepers did not wish to be responsible. This occurred a week or two since. Last week, up the Thompson forty miles, two friends were at work, partners in a gold claim, they quarrelled, one took out a knife, another a revolver. Barr was killed by Patton's revolver, and the latter has escaped.

Mr. David Potts, now at Lytton, states he has part of a claim at Caraboo. He and three others took out in one day forty-three ounces, this was the best day they had; they frequently took out two ounces to the man. Captain Ball says he can be relied on.

LYTTON TO BOSTON BAR—CHINESE AND INDIANS—CARD-PLAYING.

July 23.—Rose at half-past three. Left Lytton at half-past six; got on but slowly, dined about one, at a spot by a considerable creek, about seven miles from Lytton. Mr. Sheepshanks and I pushed on with one of the pack animals; after proceeding some distance we perceived a horse

galloping after us. It was our other pack-horse; he had run off, not liking to be separated from his companion; the ropes were hanging to him, but his burden had been knocked away.

While we waited for the reloading of our runaway pack, we entered into conversation with Indians, who came forth to greet us as chiefs and ministers of God. There were two old men and some little children. A Chinaman came up; he could speak a little English, and said he was a headman. There was something more pleasing about him than usual with the Chinese, and this, notwithstanding his Tartar countenance; the Indians looked upon him with an evident sense of their own superiority. It was amusing to see their patronizing manner, when they spoke to John Chinaman. They hold the Chinese in great contempt. Both races however respect ourselves. It was an interesting circumstance that Missionaries from the Church of England should be sitting in the midst of Chinese and Indians, in that wild spot, seeking an entrance within their hearts for the saving faith of Jesus. How much on such occasions can one realise the one love of God for all, and the bond of union for time and eternity Christ is unto all nations. We camped at night on the same spot I had occupied on the 29th of June. It came on to rain, and poured heavily during the night; there was thunder and a great wind. Our merciful God preserved us safe.

July 24.—Rose at half-past four, off at eight, crossed the Jackass-mountain by the summit; I had gone round before, and intended to do so again, though pack animals do not generally take that route, which is dangerous. Not being up with the rest when the road diverged, my packer took the safer trail, and mounted the summit, by which, however, we were delayed in our progress. We dined at Loo's Bridge, and stayed from one to four; the weather was very hot.

At the half-way house the people received us kindly. There are several houses, and mining flats with houses also, gardens too, and a butcher's shop; we got meat and vegetables.

Our animals were frequently admired; to-day the butcher particularly noticed the "rigging." "Sir, do you mean to say you travel without revolvers?" "Oh, yes," said I. "Sir, I consider that very rash."

One of the storekeepers is a young man of pleasing manner. He told me Mr. Crickmer, in passing back, had given them a service, which was highly appreciated, and attended by some twenty men. He said he always liked to attend such opportunities, and was much pleased at the discourse. He is an American, and I should think would always help us, and give notice of services if we at any time could let him know when about to pass that way. We camped about two miles further on, at our old ground, where our conference took place with Wahilah, chief of the Quayomes.

Had converse with Indians here; this is that part where I met Wahilah. One refusing Indian, when he heard we wanted salmon, went and fetched some, refusing to take money for it. His mother came also and presented a basket of berries. I had met this Indian before, he is a friend of Sacher.

During the evening I went out to bathe, the spot was a lonely one; as I was sitting upon the brink of the stream, I looked up, and there stood before me a sinister-looking Indian, brandishing a large knife in his

hand. He stood there and watched my proceedings. I was considerably startled, but concealed my surprise as well as I could, and told him who I was, and particularly that I was a King George's man. He was very black, and I told him I thought it would be a very good thing if he were to wash a little oftener in the pure stream, pointing, at the same time to thick coats of dirt upon his skin. He said he washed at home; I gave him some odd pieces of soap, with which he was pleased, and I was glad when my dark friend took himself off.

July 25.—Left camp at eight; passed an Indian encampment; there were about ten men, no women; they were playing cards, and the cards seemed a new pack; the game was a simple one; every card is of equal value; they deal out the pack; each player takes up three, and never holds more in his hand, when his turn to play comes he must throw down a card, if there is one of the same number or picture he takes it, and a second, and a third, if the number correspond, and he supplies his hand with enough to make them up again from his deal. Whoever at the end has taken up most cards wins. Gambling has always been a propensity of these Indians; they will sit for hours and gamble away every thing they possess, even to the last article of clothing.

A Chinese has lately been murdered. The Chinese are angry, and lay this crime to the charge of the Indians. At Kpalthoo, the Indians very anxiously asked us if it were true that the Indians were to be murdered, because of that Chinaman's death. They said that Chinese in large parties had been to them, charging them with the murder, and saying they should soon be very numerous, and then they would kill all the Indians. I explained to them, that in British territory no one could take the law into his own hands. I said the law was equal against all, and for all. In a murder, death was the punishment. The Most High had said, that His will was that, "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," and that it was all the same whether King George's man, Boston man, Chinaman, or Sawash (Indian), were guilty, the murderer must suffer death. I said it was wrong to charge the Indians with this murder unless there was proof, and they might rest assured, that as long as they obeyed the laws and did right, they would have no hurt, and no one should touch them with impunity. They were much pleased with this assurance, and I trust the feeling that was rising would be allayed.

The Sowanna Indians who were engaged in gambling did not seem friendly. I asked them about the Chinese murder; they said they knew nothing about it. I asked if they had caught any salmon; they said, "Halo salmon;" this was false, for a fine salmon was hanging up over their heads; to this I pointed and they laughed. There was something mysterious about this party of Indians—no women, all stout and warlike. I cannot help thinking the impression was upon them that the Chinese meditated revenge, and that they were prepared to resist; I could not, however, gather this from them.

On coming within six or seven miles of Boston Bar, we passed a tree on which a paper was affixed with the following writing:—"A few yards from this place is the body of a dead Chinaman, under the hill; he appears to have been murdered.

Discovered by R. P. SMITH,
T. W. ARGLES."

July, 18, 1860.

I found out the body, it was doubled up and thrust under the roots of a tree in the bank; it was evidently that of a murdered man, a young man; he had no boots and stockings on, and decomposition had offensively commenced; he might have been dead ten days.

I visited Rough Flat; a miner told me some were making an ounce a day per man.

I reached Boston Bar at five, and met, as before, with a kind reception. Mr. Wetherall, the ferryman, gave us milk and a supply of new potatoes; we had an excellent dinner at a restaurant kept by a coloured man. We replenished our exhausted stock of provisions from the store of Mr. Brassey, a young Frenchman and a Roman Catholic.

BOSTON BAR—WAMILAH AND WHISKEY—TRAIL TO HOPE.

Here I met Wamilah again, the chief of the Indians of this place. I had talked much to him when last this way, meeting him at Kpalthoo. He had then promised me he would do all he could to stop his people from drinking whiskey. He told me to-day his great grief was, that many of his people transgressed in this matter, notwithstanding all his exertions.

In a shed near the store of Mr. Brassey, I observed two fine youths busily engaged playing cards. At seven o'clock we left Boston Bar, intending to camp a few miles out on the way. A very steep mountain over we reached our ground, and the moon enabled us to see to put up our tent. Mosquitoes were more numerous here than at any spot I have visited yet. We believed this place to be called Mud Sperry, which may account for the mosquitoes.

July 26.—Left camp at eight. We have found plenty of grass. Our route lay over several ridges running parallel to each other towards the river Anderson, which now we at length reached at about twelve miles from Boston Bar. Here we dined and camped. It is a pleasing spot. Close to the first crossing, the water is clear, sparkling, and rapid. I had two delightful bathes.

I pitched my camp in the midst of strawberries and other fruit. After dinner I gathered strawberries which had an excellent flavour; also service berries, and, from a tree overhanging my tent, I could get a dish of nuts.

July 27.—Left ground at half-past six. Rode across the Anderson on a single tree. About two miles on are the forks of the trail. We turned up the wrong way—that to Yale, and on discovering our mistake, fixed up a notice that others might not go astray. About two miles on we re-crossed the Anderson, fording it with our animals. We now followed the valley of the Anderson in an easterly direction, passing several creeks and good camping ground, though not much grass. It rained most of the morning, and the wet trees through which we passed added to the discomfort. We stopped to lunch by the river, at a place about ten miles from our morning camp, where is plenty of a kind of vetch. Mr. Langoooydt called it clover. Our horses, however, did not relish it. We made a good fire before some trees, under which we had shelter, and got our wet clothing well dried. Along the valley of the Anderson we proceeded, at a great height, on flats, crossing occasionally several creeks, and at length a considerable one, after which, up a narrow edge, to a flat of fir dressed in grey mossy tresses, which had a strange appearance. Then we came to a flat of burnt

firs, which stood up like pale and wan spectres, the remains of the charring being very slight. Beneath were abortive small firs, struggling to rise; and in the midst huge granite boulders, white and shining; while, above, towering overhead, was a granite and trap mountain with three peaks, with faces as though cut down with a knife, and from which the vast isolated portions mentioned had fallen. There was so strange and unearthly a gloominess seeming to pervade this region, that we called it the valley of desolation.

A short time after the scene again changed, and we were upon a flat of almost tropical luxuriance. Fruits, and flowers, and rich foliage enclosed our path; after which we entered the forest, continually ascending till we reached the summit. Here we touched the river Anderson again at this high level, drew our water for tea, and camped upon the damp swamp. We had difficulty in making a fire, owing to the wet which saturated everything around. However, a journey of twenty miles had rendered rest agreeable, and notwithstanding rain, damp, and mosquitoes, all slept soundly, and, I trust, awoke thankfully.

July 28.—I was up at a quarter to four. It was raining hard. We had breakfast. - I got away about half-past five. We had to ride over the mountains thirty miles to Hope. I passed packers asleep on the other side of the Anderson, which I now crossed for the last time. The ascent was very gradual, and at seven o'clock I came to an encampment of workmen engaged upon the trail. They told me to my surprise and pleasure that I was some way past the summit. In about an hour I came up with a train of mules and horses, and passed them in a short time. The trail being only wide enough for one animal, it is difficult to get past a train. For about ten miles the trail was bad, i.e. soft and inuddy, owing to the foundation being rotten wood. It was a succession of holes, roots of trees intersecting the path, which made it very dangerous except at a walking pace. Towards the foot of this mountain I saw some beautiful cascades, some, I suppose, not less than 100 to 150 feet in fall. At length, in four hours from starting, I reached the river on this side of the mountain, and entered the picturesque valley of the Quequealla, which flows into Hope. A region of magnificent timber was now entered, and the trail lay along the river, diverging now and then to gain a higher flat, or to avoid a difficulty, or to save distance. At twelve I stopped to luncheon and to rest my horse. I had been three-quarters of an hour when Mr. Sheepshanks joined me. We stopped a like additional period, and then went on, the trail being for the most part very good, and affording frequent opportunity for a canter. We met a pack train with barley, and purchased a feed for our horses on the spot. We came gently along at the last, and reached Hope at eight. The day cleared up early; and the evening was sweet.

This trail I consider to be full of interest. It is new; therefore, at present, imperfect. It has no steep ascents, or strong slides, or dangerous pitches. It is on the whole level and easy in grade. It may be divided thus:—Boston Bar to the foot of the mountain, being the valley of the Anderson, thirty-two miles; the foot of the mountain where the Anderson is left, over the summit, to the valley of the Quequealla, ten miles; the foot of the mountain along the valley of the Quequealla to Hope, twenty miles. Total sixty-two. The two valleys have much beautiful scenery.

The mountain region is striking. One day this will be a favourite ride to the upper country. The difficulty is the want of food for twenty miles between the foot, by the Anderson, to Hope.

It will afford some idea of the size of timber, when I state that in the above distance I rode over three rivers on bridges of a single tree.

July 29, Sunday.—Two services. I preached in the morning on the observance of the Sabbath. Mr. Pringle read morning prayer: Mr. Sheepshanks, the Litany. The attendance was not so good as it ought to have been, but was fair. I dined between the services with Colonel and Mrs. Moody.

July 30.—My two pack-horses having arrived yesterday, I went to my tent to-day; Mr. Pringle having hospitably housed me for two nights.

EFFECTS OF THE JOURNEY.

Most people have expressed their opinion that I am looking altered from the effects of this journey. I certainly have had a rougher time than I ever experienced, and have had to do some amount of hard, physical labour. My dress has become tattered, my shoes worn out, and my appearance anything but clerical. As I entered Hope, near the bridge, Mr. Hutchins said, "Why, sir, you look like a miner." I was in a coloured woollen shirt, no waistcoat, no neck-cloth, and coat in holes. Yet I have enjoyed my journey much. I thank my Heavenly Father for His care and protection over me, and I feel gratitude for the opportunity He has given me of speaking in His name, and of seeking the souls of my fellow-sinners. But, oh my God, how deeply do I deplore my shortcomings, and my deficiencies. How much have I lacked the love of souls in my heart, and how faint has been the dedication of myself to Him who died for me. Grant me Thy abundant Grace in the future, that all these precious opportunities of good may be duly improved by me, to Thy great glory and the welfare of immortal souls, and to the blessing of my own weak, helpless, and sin-laden self.

This evening I drank tea with Colonel and Mrs. Moody, and discussed the plan of a church for Hope.

I met during the day Mr. Ogden, who is the Hudson Bay Company's agent at Fort James Stewart Lake. He has been many years there, living among the Indians, and comes away but once a year with the brigade.

I met also a promising young man, Mr. Saunders, who is in the Hudson Bay Company's employ; going to take charge of their fort at Alexander; and a Mr. McKoy, going to Cayoosh and Kamloops, with his young wife. These two last, I trust and believe, will in their respective districts do all they can for the progress of religion, and the Church of England in particular.

July 31.—I was writing in my tent all the early part of the day, I had also several little jobs of mending my clothes. About four o'clock a storm of heavy rain, and thunder and lightning came on, which lasted till seven.

I walked out afterwards, met and talked with a Mexican, with Indians, and with a respectable man who had just arrived after a hard ride from Rock Creek, where, he said, were some 300 miners doing well.

August 1.—A cloudy and rainy day. Spent most of the morning writing and mending my clothes; in the afternoon looked at the church lots with Mr. Pringle, who dined with me in my tent. Mr. Gray, an American and Presbyterian, came to press me to take a room in his house. His kind hospitality I declined but felt gratified. In the evening Mr. Pringle and I nearly lost ourselves in the wood close by the town. We escaped, however, before the darkness closed in upon us.

INDIAN VISITS—TASCHELAK AND HIS WIVES—INDIANS AT HOPE.

Taschelak, an Indian came to see me, showed a paper in which he promises to be sober. I got from him many words, found the numerals quite different from those above.

August 4.—Taschelak came to-day again and brought his two wives. Staletsaloto (youngest) and Khalowits; and his two boys, Malaslaton and Karkaywill. One wife looked a dozen years older than the other. The elder had eleven silver rings, the younger ten rings on the hands. He had had eight children by his two wives, had lost six. Khalowits had lost five, the other one; each had one left. I showed him the Koomptchin idol. He said Fort Hope Indians had none of these, but he understood what it meant. He told me he endeavoured to train up his children peaceably and would not let them steal. He said he never got angry, and gave himself otherwise an exalted character, with which his wives agreed. He concluded by asking for a bit of paper with some writing upon it. The two women were extremely well-behaved, their heads were nicely covered and their hair braided; they had on each a comfortable English shawl, and were dressed in coloured linen gowns as country people in England. Taschelak said he should be very glad if his children could be instructed. I spoke to them about God and the work of Christ.

This evening Mr. Pringle, Mr. Dundas, and I rode out by the Lake to the Canyon of the Quequalla. The scenery was beautiful and the weather pleasant after the rain.

Aug. 5, Sunday.—Before church, Pachallak, the chief of the Hope Indians, and a great chief upon the river, came with my friend Taschelak of yesterday, to see me. They came twice last evening, but I was out. Pachallak is an old man, in full vigour, and of considerable influence. He has a thoughtful and benign countenance. He was dressed well, and wore gloves, which he pulled off to shake hands. I arranged with him to meet his tribe to-day, and speak to them about sacred things. I afterwards went to his house, and saw his wife and daughter, and a son, about sixteen, a very fine youth, and a favourite evidently with his father. He came to the service in the afternoon, dressed in a coat of many colours, and was remarkable for his devout attention. I thought of Joseph, and his coat of many colours. This youth's name is Pow-hallak.

At about half-past three, Indians began to assemble, and soon filled the place, a large store. Several white men also came in.

Old Pachallak was in his place.

I explained to the white persons present my desire to instruct the Indians, and leave an impression of one or two chief points. I asked their sympathy. We sang two verses of the Hundredth Psalm; I then offered a prayer, seeking the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon our

imperfect efforts, and that he would overrule our stammering lips and direct some gleams of light to enter the hearts of some of those poor Indians, that a way might be made for their reception of Christ the Saviour.

I then addressed the Indians. Many of them knew the Thompson dialect; so with Chinook, with Koomptchin, with Lilloc, and some Cowitchin, I managed to speak to them for near an hour. There was much attention; occasionally some would repeat to others in their own words what I said. I showed them we possessed the Word of God, in which are glad tidings to the Indians, as well as to others; and that there is to them a *Saviour, Christ*, the Lord.

I explained the requirements of God, our failure and condemnation, Christ's love and work.

In conclusion, the Doxology was sung, and the Grace pronounced; after which all came up one by one, and shook hands and departed.

Our two services were fairly attended morning and evening. I preached upon *Christ as the Door* in the morning; and our *stewardship*, being the gospel for the day, Luke xvi. 1, in the evening. Mr. Dundas led the singing, and the services were hearty. The Holy Communion was administered in the morning; there were but five communicants.

Mr. Dundas went in the afternoon to Union Bar, where he preached and said Litany amongst miners.

There are two Romish Missionaries at present encamped here. They are about to establish a Mission here, and have been negotiating for land.

Aug. 6.—The town of Hope was excited to day by arrivals of miners about to go to Similkameen and Rock Creek. I saw a party start. They were in high glee. This is the gold miner's delight; to go forth on some new enterprise, full of expectation, leaving probably good paying claims. Many miners have spoken to me of their restless spirits. I have talked to men doing well, who have confessed that if news of rich diggings were to arrive they *must* go, though doomed, as they had often found, to disappointment; for in this matter it never happens that all are equally fortunate.

Aug. 7.—Left Hope by the steamer, *Colonel Moody*, and reached New Westminster at half-past two.

On board were two respectable looking men. They were American miners returning home with a comfortable "pile." They both acknowledged this. I asked what was considered "a pile." From 3 to 5,000 dollars, was the reply: this was the result of two years' mining in British Columbia.

One of these men was a young man. He was returning to his home in Ohio at the solicitation of his father, who said, "Come home at any cost. If you have only enough to bring you half way, I will pay the rest." He was the youngest of three. He had been away six years from home. He had come out by the toilsome route across the plains, but was now going home by Panama to New York. "How do you get on then?" "By a railroad, sir, which goes within half a mile of my father's." "Won't you feel a throbbing when the whistle sounds as you are approaching that station?" Tears jumped up into his eyes. "Oh, yes, sir, how I wish I was there!"

This miner said he had never seen so dissolute a class as the miners in

British Columbia. Drink and gambling was their chief pleasure. Large fortunes were continually squandered by them.

I was much struck on approaching the town by the river at the new church. It stands well, and comes out in good proportions. I visited it; it is roofed, and the work is well done. It reflects great credit upon Captain Lempriere, who designed it. I dined at the camp.

Aug. 8.—Made calls; left at half-past two for Victoria. We had a pleasant passage in the *Hunt*, and were safely housed by ten. Mr. Dundas was my companion.

REFLECTIONS—PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY—THANKFULNESS.

I am thankful to have been able thus early to traverse the principal inhabited portion of my diocese. It has pleased God to give me health, strength, and protection during the last three months, in journeyings and perils by land and by waters, amidst a strangely mixed and peculiar population.

My belief in the progress of the colony has been confirmed, there is no doubt now, upon any single mind as to the vast resources and attractions in mineral wealth. There is considerable agricultural land in the lower portion of the Fraser, that is to say along the river up to Hope; on either side large tracts invite the farmer, more especially about the, Chilweaak, the Pitt River, and Hope, to a fair return of capital and labour. Above this point the country is difficult of access, rough and mountainous, unless you get some fifty miles through the Cascade Range. Nothing could have opened this tract except its mineral produce. It would drive back the sturdiest traveller. It did send back, at the first, thousands in poverty and despair.

Beyond this difficult tract, beginning at Boston Bar, there is again invitation for the farmer. Extensive flats now open out on either side of the river, covered with a nutritious bunch grass. Our horses were never without abundance of food in that district; cattle fatten upon it even when the summer heat has turned it into hay as it grows; but even this country is not at present accessible. The mountains frequently close in upon it, or ravines separate one portion from another, and the river is in no part navigable, but a furious and dangerous torrent, at least in the summer portion of the year. Beyond Cayoosh I did not go, but at that point, some 250 miles up the Fraser, the country is said to be more open, the flats larger, the grass more abundant, and, judging from several fields of barley and oats which I saw, sufficiently rich to produce grain. I was told, however, the season had been unusually favourable from the rain that had fallen at intervals.

The upper country, I heard from many persons, was very suitable for farming operations on a large scale; Cayoosh being the termination, or nearly so, of the mountain region.

I have little doubt these difficulties of access will be removed by the formation of roads. Already something has been done, and miners at Cayoosh were rejoicing, in July, that flour was cheap—it was 16 cents per pound, or 8s. 4d. per stone, as we should say in England; it had been more than double that sum. This month, through road-making and com-

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petition, it has fallen to 12 cents—i. e. 7s. a stone. In course of time, ravines will be bridged and obstructive rocks blasted, and both toil and time saved.

The auspicious character of the country being now established, and the salubrity of the climate undoubted, it only remains for population and capital to develope it; this we desire should come from England. There must be made, sooner or later, discoveries of rich quartz—the source of the gold which is found in its disintegrated state so widely. Other metallic wealth is known to exist. Probably, from this time, a steady increase of population will take place, and a few years will see British Columbia a flourishing representative of Great Britain on the Pacific coast. It is most probable that the first successes will be reaped by our enterprising American friends, who will pour in, and use their Californian experience to good purpose. We trust, however, Englishmen will come and share the advantage, bring capital and improve it, and aid to establish the constitution of England in all its security—fair dealing and purity, as well as freedom.

As a gold country advances, capital for miners becomes absolutely necessary.

RELIGION AND MORALS—DIFFICULTIES—VARIETY OF RACES.

In every place but one, and that the capital, I have found no religious efforts but such as are made by the Church of England. It is, indeed, a cause of thanksgiving, that we are enabled thus early to enter upon a field so manifestly and so urgently calling for religious means. Happy, I am sure, will our dear friends in England be, who have stirred themselves so nobly, to find that they have been most opportune in their aid, and have enabled the Gospel to be preached where no witness for Christ was heard; and have, moreover, caused that at least the reproach of neglect, and late, tardy aid, shall not rest, in this Diocese, upon the Mother Church of England.

The state of religion is as low as it can possibly be amongst civilized people; there is no recognition of it. The Sunday is a day of business, and pleasure, and revelling. Some of the mining class are open profaners of the name of God, and some are what are called "Free-thinkers." Morals, I fear, are equally far from what is right in the sight of God. Some have acknowledged to me their dislike of the ungodly and immoral life which they, in common with those around them, are leading. With others, sin is a matter of indifference; they will speak of their acts and disparage religion with the most unblushing boldness, and without an effort. It has often struck me that, amongst a large class, who have been trained under a corrupt system, faith and shame have departed utterly from them. We complain in England of the little hold religion has upon many of the artizan class in our large towns; but I never met with anything at all approaching to the calculating and matter-of-course infidelity which prevails amongst some who have been trained in America. They seemed to have had full license to preserve every unfaithful thought, and never to have been reached by any witness or influence of truth. Literally, they live "without God in the world."

Yet, with all this, there is a kindness, and even polish, in the American miner, which is certainly very pleasing.

I was everywhere kindly received, and in some cases, I believe, welcomed for religion's sake. Allowance must be made, no doubt, for the frontier life which many of these have led, and the absence of all opportunities of grace; but the state of irreligion met with only calls us the more loudly to a work which is not to be found elsewhere in a British territory, and which invites us to special exertion, patience, and prayer.

Variety of race is a remarkable feature, and a difficulty in dealing with the population of this country. The Christianity of England is the least known, even amongst those who would not pay disrespect to religion. French, Spaniards, Italians, Mexicans, and some German and Irish, are mostly Roman Catholics. They bring their own lax ideas of Sunday. Then Germans, most Americans, and Scotch, are Presbyterian, or Congregational, or Unitarian. How earnest, how persuasive, how clear must be our teaching and ministry to impress and win to our Church, and its pure and simple truth, and unite in one such hostile and discordant elements; yet they are the bulk of the people. We shall be nowhere, if we do not win these to the pure faith of Jesus, and blend them together in the fold of the Reformed Church. The difficulty is great: we need, with the Divine help, men of special gifts and zeal.

The unsettled character of the mining class is another difficulty; they are restless; they feel no spot their home, even for a while. Hence they will not identify themselves with institutions of the neighbourhood so readily; then we have Indians and increasing bands of Chinese. The expense of living is great: during my journey I frequently paid 19 cents. per pound for flour, *i.e.* 11s. 1d. a stone; 45 or 50 cents. per pound for bacon, *i.e.* 2s. a pound; fresh meat, milk, potatoes, frequently not to be had except at a very high price. Then labour for building is very high, carpenters getting 12. a day, and even Indians expecting 6s. and 10s. a day; sawn timber very high. These matters will improve no doubt; but for the present the expense will be a considerable difficulty, and press heavily upon our funds.

DISTANCES TRAVELLED—EXPERIENCE—ENCOURAGEMENT.

I have travelled, during the twelve weeks, as follows:—

MAY 18 TO AUGUST 8, 1860.

Victoria to New Westminster . . .	60	Bridge River and back . . .	8
Pitt Lake and back . . .	70	Seton Lake and back . . .	6
Westminster to Douglas & Hope . . .	135	Caycoosh and Boston Bar . . .	84
Council Bar and back . . .	12	Boston Bar to Hope . . .	60
Yale . . .	15	Hope to Westminster . . .	85
Hill's Bar and back . . .	6	Westminster to Victoria . . .	60
Hope and back from Yale . . .	30	Langley & back to Westminster . . .	34
Hodges and back . . .	10		
Yale to Caycoosh . . .	137	Number of miles . . .	826
Fountain and back . . .	14		

Upwards of 800 miles in steam-boat, canoe, on horseback, and afoot. I am thankful for the experience gained; I have found myself able to walk my twenty miles a day. I have learnt to sleep as soundly upon the floor of a log-but, or on the ground, as in a bed, and to rise refreshed and

thankful; to clean my own shoes, wash my clothes, make my bed, attend to horses, pitch tents, and all such matters have become easy duties. There is no merit in doing this; everybody here does such things. I note them down in order to record my thankfulness at finding myself permitted, with so little difficulty, to take this necessary part in furtherance of my ministry. May God grant me, of His love and mercy, to spend and be spent in a true spirit of devotedness to my Saviour, who hath sent me to preach the Gospel and bring in sinners to His Cross.

I have had encouragement; I have spoken publicly and privately to many; I have discoursed to my fellow-sinners in the stores, the hut, and by the wayside.

I have often seen the glistening tear fill the eye at the sound of the tidings of a Saviour's love. I have seen the sign of smitten conscience manifested in the flushed look of the rough and hardy sinner. I have been wished God speed on my work in accents which left no doubt of sincerity. I have still sounding in my ears the last words from a miner's party—"Be sure, sir, and send us a minister, and we will support him," words at the moment which drew tears from my own eyes; and I have the fullest persuasion, did not God give me encouragement, that His word spoken, even by such feeble lips as ours, cannot go forth and return void, but will accomplish that whereunto it has been sent.

One case I may here mention. In my journal of the 29th of June, I have noted an instance of reproof to a swearer. The Rev. Mr. Crickmer, one of my most zealous and useful clergy was with me. He afterwards returned alone the same way. An interesting letter from him gives me an account of his journey, and the happy opportunities he had of holding services. He says, "one case, especially, I must adduce which showed the good resulting from my going over the ground so soon again. Your Lordship reproved a man for swearing—an impudent but pleasant sort of face; it wonderfully struck him; it gave me a good opportunity in conversation to follow up the wound; he came to the service. Next day when I got to Enaley's Flat, there was the man again. His countenance was changed; his eye sank before mine, not with a cowed, but with a subdued look, which told that some chord had been struck when that man was reproved for swearing, which promised, under God's blessing, to produce no small change in his mind, and may be, under future Providence, in his life also." I had the gratification moreover to find that after my visit, and by the zealous efforts of Mr. Pringle and Mr. Crickmer, in the two towns of Hope and Yale, steps had been taken to lessen the Sunday desecration.

So that in the midst of some trials and difficulties, we are not left without encouragement. May we more and more be stimulated by the precept and the promise of the Apostle, "Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

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LETTERS FROM THE BISHOP TO MISS BURDETT COUTTS.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.

July 14th (on the Fraser).

I mentioned in a former letter my anxiety about the education of girls of the middle and upper classes. Rome has this at present altogether in hand. My desire is to form a female collegiate school, where the best education can be given. Governesses cannot be had, nor could they be retained by private families. The institution must have, in the first place, the right person for head.

We may find some competent, devoted Christian lady, who, for Christ's sake, would undertake this important work. I have made application to the *Christian Knowledge Society* for a grant towards the female collegiate school, for the building, which will not cost less than 2,000*l*.

I hope to see it recognised as a blessing, not merely for these colonies, but for the many British subjects living all along the Pacific coast. We shall have children from California, Mexico, and the Sandwich Islands; where English parents desire for their children English habits, feeling, refinement, and, above all, the pure and sober and evangelic religion of England's Church.

Victoria, September 28.

By means, in part, of your kind and special aid, I have been enabled to open the *Female Collegiate School*,¹ under an excellent staff of teachers—Mrs. Lowe (temporarily until the arrival of Mrs. Woods) and the two Miss Penrices. It has been hailed as a great boon; and we have a goodly number of young ladies. Several have been withdrawn from the Roman Catholic School; and such is the estimation of it, that those not of our faith are at times sent to us. We commenced with about twenty. I have no doubt we shall have children not merely from this colony, but from various parts of the coast. One difficulty which we cannot at present remedy is the want of a *piano*.² There are not many in the colony; we cannot, therefore, even purchase one. We have announced "music," and a goodly number are ready to be taught, and, I am told, make frequent inquiries with awkward messages—"Please, ma'am, mamma wants to know when I am to begin my music?" This is a natural difficulty in our early struggles as a colony. I fear we shall have to wait a little. We shall probably try Francisco.

I have also the thankfulness to record the success of the *Boys' Collegiate School*³—under, also, an efficient staff. I like Mr. Woods. We have thirty-five boys, which is more than I expected. Mr. Glover, our second in command, gained Hebrew distinctions at Cambridge. Singular to say, the Jews, of whom there are many, have sent their sons, and are delighted at the opportunity of their learning *Hebrew*. Mr. Glover has a class of bright, sharp boys learning Holy Scripture in Hebrew.

Then I am thankful to say I have succeeded in establishing a *Mission*, close by this town, to the *Indians*. We have built an octagon school and residence. The Rev. A. C. Garrett, brother to my zealous Commissary, a most efficient and excellent clergyman, has thrown himself into the work, and has made much progress with the language. He has a large and interested attendance. The Indians are very quick and intelligent. A little girl, nine years old, in about an hour and a half, *learnt*, so as to *repeat*, to *point to*, and to *write* the English vowels. A diagram was placed upon the board, of small words and representations: one was *PIG*—*fig.*⁴—An Indian was told to copy the *letters*.

¹ The Society very kindly made grants as follows—Female College, 400*l*; St. John's Church, Victoria, 100*l*; the Church at New Westminster, 100*l*. Books in various languages, 60*l*.

² See prospectus, page 65.

³ Miss Burdett Coutts has generously sent out a first-class instrument, and also an harmonium.

⁴ See prospectus on next page.

⁵ In writing to another friend the Bishop says:—Under MR. GARRETT are two European teachers and a Native Policeman! We have an interesting service on Sundays.

⁶ The Bishop here inserted a sketch of a pig.

of the second word as that for *living*. Almost immediately he returned his slate, with both words well copied, and a capital drawing of a pig!—better than mine. We are going to have a grand clothing-day of the poor little girls, who now are in tatters and dirt.

My next and fourth subject of rejoicing just now is the successful *Consecration of St. John's Church*—the iron building; it is capital. The interior is complete. The organ, which was destined for Nice, answers well; and to hear the "Hallelujah Chorus," beautifully played by Mrs. Lowe, brought one back to Old England, and started a tear. The opening of this church has given a considerable impetus to the religious feeling here. Many who never went anywhere, have now, I trust, permanently changed their course. Last Sunday was my first Ordination. I was assisted by three Clergy. The people were impressed. Several American clergy and lay people came over to the Consecration. At the luncheon we gave the health of the President, and did all sorts of fraternizing acts. No more San Juan difficulty!

I fear I weary you; but my heart is full just now of thankfulness for much manifest blessing upon the work—so my pen runs on. * * *

G. COLUMBIA.

PROSPECTUS OF THE COLLEGE SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Visitor.—THE LORD BISHOP OF COLUMBIA.

Principal.—The Rev. Charles T. Woods, M.A.

Vice-Principal.—The Rev. O. Glover, M.A. Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge.

Professor of Modern Languages and Drawing.—Mr. E. Mallandaine.

The want of a School, conducted on the principles of a superior English Grammar School, has been long felt by English residents along the shores of the Pacific.

It is confidently hoped that all by whom that want has been felt will recognize it as efficiently met by the educational advantages offered by the above School.

The Principal, the Rev. Charles T. Woods, has had considerable experience in tuition, having been for the last sixteen years engaged in the education of youth.

Mr. Woods is assisted by the Rev. O. Glover, Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, who highly distinguished himself in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at that University, as well as in Hebrew and Theology.

The Principal is also enabled, with much confidence, to refer to the valuable services of Mr. Edward Mallandaine, who is thoroughly conversant with the French and Spanish languages, and the different branches of a Commercial Education.

On the basis of sound Scriptural Instruction, in accordance with the views of the Church of England, and the Episcopal Church of America, will be raised a superstructure of Secular Education, calculated to fit the rising generation, as well for commercial and professional pursuits, as for the Universities.

The Course of Education comprises:—Religious Instruction; a thoroughly sound English Education; Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Book-keeping; Modern languages—French, German, and Spanish; Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; Elements of Natural Philosophy; Drawing—including Landscape, Figure, and Line Drawing, together with the principles of Architecture and Design.

TERMS—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

	Dollars.
From seven to twelve years	5 Per Month.
" twelve to sixteen	6 "
" sixteen and upwards	8 "

For terms for Boarders, or any further particulars that may be desired, apply to the Rev. Charles T. Woods, Principal.

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND, September, 1860.

¹ In a letter dated 11th November, MR. GABBETT mentions the safe arrival of Mrs. Woods; and says: I have now a school with an average attendance of FIFTY INDIANS, made up of various tribes; and on Sundays an average of ONE HUNDRED and FIFTY. I am happy in my post, and delighted with my work, though I have many discouragements.

² On the 9th October there were FORTY-ONE young gentlemen in attendance.

EXCURSION BY THE BISHOP IN VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

BARCLAY SOUND—INDIANS VALUING EDUCATION.

VICTORIA, November 17, 1860.

I can only send you a short letter. I mentioned in my last my intention to visit Barclay Sound, and a new settlement recently formed on the west coast of this island. I have been much interested by my visit.

Not the least interesting feature of this settlement is its proximity to numerous Indian tribes, which have not yet become contaminated by the vices of Europeans. Drunkenness is hardly known amongst them. They speak a different language from the Indians here and on the north-east coast. I had several interesting conferences with them. I am most anxious to open a Mission to them. The principal tribe is called the Sheshāat. The language is spoken by all tribes for 200 miles up the west or Pacific coast of Vancouver. The southern and south-eastern tongue is the *Cowitchan*, for which we have our Indian Mission here; and the other, or third language of the island, prevails along the east or inside coast for I suppose 160 miles.

Fort Rupert is the chief place. Recently the Fort Rupert Indians were excited about the death of a chief who was killed by the Songees Indians. The officers of H. M. S. *Plumper* found them preparing an expedition of revenge. They threatened to slay man, woman, and child of the Songees or Victoria Indians. They were told such deeds could not now be allowed. The laws of England now prevail. If they are wronged, the law will avenge. They replied—"You tell us about the laws of England. You say they are good and you expect us to obey, but how do we know the laws? If they are so good, why do you not send teachers to us? There are our neighbours, the Chimsyans; you have sent them teachers. They can read and write. They make us now ashamed. We cannot stand up before the Chimsyans." They referred to our Church Missionary work amongst the Chimsyans at Fort Simpson.

SERVICES.

Barclay Sound is a bay of some twelve miles in width and twelve in depth; it is studded with islands, and many small rivers flow into it; at the head is the Alberno lake—reminds me of Loch Ness—extending twenty miles inland, and at the head of this again is a circular bay about two miles in diameter. Here is rising up a new settlement, established by a London shipping firm, James Thompson and Co., for the procurement of "spars" and timber of other kinds. Here were located more than forty persons, amongst them two "ladies"—all are "ladies" here—from Norfolk, two respectable young women married to superior artisans. I stayed ten days and had services. The crew of the *Grappler* attended also.

I will now give you an extract or two from my journal to describe the kind of work.

Oct. 21.—Morning service in a large upper room of the store. All the settlers present, some forty, with the ship's crew, in all seventy-five—a goodly congregation in the midst of this wild country, in the very heart of Vancouver's Island. We sang three hymns, and chanted the Canticles; there seemed a hearty appreciation of the service, and I perceived great attention to the sermon. At half-past six in the evening, we had service again in the large upper room. It was lighted up with lanterns, and adorned with flags of all nations from the ship, as though emblematical

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of the Saviour's kingdom gathering of all people, and the spreading of the Gospel for a witness in all the world. I preached upon prayer. During the day Indians came about, wondering at our psalmody and asking what it meant.

Sunday, Oct. 28.—In the afternoon the Indians of the Sheshaat tribe were collected in the "upper room." There were present the two principal chiefs. I spoke to them in their own language upon a few simple subjects of religion, such as, God made all things—made man good; sin came, and death—God displeased—Jesus came—His love and work—God reconciled—Heaven—Hell. The Indian agent, Mr. Banfield, told me they understood. I trust some glimmer of truth may have reached those two men, and that several of their tribe may have been touched with a wish to make inquiries. One Indian chief brought me presents, and I gave him and the other a blanket each.

Lieutenant Helly and myself, with three Indians, started in a canoe for the river Olcestaikuit, which runs into the bay. We passed two small rivers: on either side were rich prairies and meadows, covered with grass, ready for herds of cattle. Varied trees bowed down upon the water. Noble Douglas pines 150 or 200 feet, cedars, maples with the brightest yellow tints of auburn, the nider, and a tree with leaves of deep crimson, lined the bank. Wild-fowl flew around in abundance—geese and ducks innumerable. The river literally swarmed with salmon. They swam against the canoe, they scrambled out of the way, they rushed up to shoal water, where they floundered about; the Indians struck them in the side, and knocked them on the head. I saw many caught or speared; their average boat load of salmon weighed each from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. The river is about one hundred yards wide. The gentle winding of the stream, its placid flow, with the noble trees and meadows, reminded us of the Thames between Richmond and Windsor.

After some time we came to the Sheshaat village. We visited the lodges, which are square boarded houses, of roof and sides. The people are a fine race, but meanly clad; men and women all but naked, and very shy. They were somewhat alarmed, but, on the whole, pleased to see us. Great quantities of salmon were in all stages of preparation for winter use, some open and undergoing the process of smoking. The women were making oil, and cooking, and mat-making. They have no metal pot. Instead of boiling the pot over the fire, they have wooden boxes, the sides of which are sewn together. In them are placed the articles to be cooked, then water, then red-hot stones.

AGITATION—DANGER—CALMING THE INDIANS.

Next day we visited the Indians again; we found them disturbed, and one man came past us with his face blackened, a sign of anger and war. We heard there was great excitement, caused, in part, by the coming of the gun-boat; and, in part, from notice having been given them of our views respecting the ill-conduct of one of them. All looked to the chief, however, and we heard afterwards, from our Jacob, one of our canoe-men, that a conference was held with good intentions, and with a design to pacify the angry gun-boat.

We proceeded up the river and took a western branch, which led to the lake. The rapids buried one large canoe, so we sent up a small one, and

walked by a shorter way through the forest. We launched again from a bank of the lake, from which was a delightful view; islands and bays and distant mountains, several sorts of trees and placid water, with a bright day and blue sky, formed items of this pleasant scene. The lake is some five or six miles wide, and twenty-five miles in length. The valley, in which it lay embosomed, was some ten to twelve miles in breadth, and thirty-five to forty in length. The Indians call the lake *Cleccoot*. We paddled about till the sun set, and then, by a bright moon, made our way back, and reached the ship about nine o'clock.

Oct. 24.—The treatment of an Indian on board the *Grappler* was an exciting scene. He was tied up for flogging—his people thought he was going to be killed. They had knives, and for a short time it was doubtful whether they would turn upon us and stab each his man, or whether they would leap overboard. The wife of the chief got out of the canoe, mounted the side of the ship, and reproached her spouse for want of spirit. "Why don't you fight? fight for the honour of your race, and be a man! Die, rather than be disgraced!" Such was the speech of this fiery lady. Three chiefs then came forward in a solemn manner with three seal-skins in compensation for the injury done. The aggrieved person, a white man, then begged the Indian off, and he was released. I then addressed the Indians. Speaking of God, who was good, who hated evil, and of Jesus Christ who had died; I exhorted them to do well, and that one day there would be blessing and reward for the righteous, and condemnation for the wicked.

I showed them the Bible, told them it was the word of God, and that my desire was they should know it, for it contained a message to them as well as to us. At length they went away with good feeling; but not before their chief had addressed those present, who were strangers from other tribes. "Think not," he said, "that the Sheshāta alone are bad; amongst you are many quite as bad as this man, about whom all this talk has been to-day." It was interesting to see his anxiety that the honour of his tribe should not suffer in the estimation of his neighbours.

Mr. Sproat and I took a walk in the forest. We walked several hours, and in returning lost our way and became entangled in the dense forest. Persons have been known to wander many hours and even days, unable to extricate themselves.

It was getting dark. Luckily I had a compass, and, after many tumbles over huge fallen trees, we came to the track. Presently there was a noise—a crackling in the woods—crack, crack—and out came a black animal; it was a bear. He crossed our path at a short distance and passed round at the other side. At length the beach was reached, and we thankfully found our way.

The compass was one I always carry about with me; it was a kind parting gift from Miss Coutts. In the lid is this inscription from the 14th Psalm, "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth for evermore." What an encouraging promise is this, when isolated and far away from all loved associations!

We returned after a fortnight's absence, putting in at several places. One stormy day at sea was the only small exception to the pleasure of this exploring trip.

THE INDIAN MISSION AT VICTORIA.

THE following communication was recently received from the REV. ALEXANDER CHARLES GARRETT, Principal of the Victoria Mission to the Native Indians. It was written as a letter to his brother, and, probably, strict rules of propriety might require much of its language to be modified, and many of its expressions refined; but it is felt that any attempt to bring it into shape more suited for ordinary publication would destroy the freshness of the pictures it contains, and lessen its real value. Some indulgence is claimed for it under the circumstances.

Victoria, V.I. Dec. 21, 1860.

THE examination of my Indian School comes off to-morrow. I hope the mail will not leave until I can write you a report of our proceedings. In the meantime I will copy a few extracts from my journal illustrative of Indian character and practice, which I trust may prove interesting.

DIFFICULTIES.

Oct. 4.—On visiting through the camp was struck with the large numbers suffering from disease. White vice is doing its sad and destructive work with lamentable speed and certainty. . . . Spoke to them of God, sin, hell. Some laughed; others admitted the evil of their conduct, but pleaded poverty; others again looked grave and thoughtful.

Oct. 11.—Sad amount of drunkenness in the camp. The unfortunate creatures are supplied by depraved whites with pure *alcohol*, which often puts a speedy period to Indian life. A melancholy case has lately occurred. Ecleusaw, the great chief of the Hydah Indians, brought a very powerful man down here, whom he had taken captive in one of his military achievements. Ecleusaw is a very steady and well-behaved man himself, and so are all his immediate people, with one or two exceptions. Not long since Ecleusaw returned to Queen Charlotte Island alone. During his absence the unruly members of his band procured some of the intoxicating stuff sold by the whites to the Indians. After they had all become somewhat tipsy, they induced the captive above referred to, to drink a quantity of the alcohol. He did so, and immediately fell down dead!

Oct. 15.—Measles have broken out in the camp of the Songees. Numbers are ill and in great terror, because, upon a former occasion, they died rapidly from this disease.

Oct. 17.—Waited on the Governor to know if anything could be done to provide medical attendance for the poor creatures. His Excellency nobly placed 20*l.* at my disposal for that object, 10*l.* to provide a doctor, and 10*l.* to supply such wholesome food as he might prescribe.

Oct. 22.—Went round a large number of houses with the doctor, where, in one particularly dark hut, we heard a very peculiar noise, as if somebody were gasping for breath. On going in the direction of the sound, I found that it came from a boy about twelve years of age, who was *sitting up*. On inquiry I found that this poor child had been stabbed in the back by a Stickem Indian some months back. He lost the use of his legs, and could

neither stand nor walk. He was wasted to a skeleton, and was the most wretched object I had seen for a long time. Poor child! Helpless, wasted, friendless (both his father and mother were dead), and starving, he formed a picture such as is, I trust, but rarely witnessed.

INDIAN CUSTOMS, FEASTS.

Oct. 5.—Saw a large crowd consisting of some two hundred people, men and women (besides children, who flitted about in clouds), seated upon the ground in an oval ring. In the centre of this ring was a vast heap of ship-biscuit, about the size, at the base, of a large sheet, and going up as high as they could be made to stand. At one end of this display of food was a pile of *bread* consisting of several loaves, and at the other end was a good-sized cask of *treacle*. Before each individual were three and sometimes four vessels—tubs, dishes, pans, basins, and what not. A host of waiters moved about the ring, some carrying biscuits, some bread, and some treacle, and depositing them in the vessels before each of the company. These waiters had their faces painted in the most fantastic style, but had on clean dresses of flannel and looked respectable. The treacle-cask was presided over by an individual of fierce and forbidding aspect, who added to his natural hideousness by painting his face in a manner which distinguished him from his neighbours, but did not give him a pleasing look. He was naked to the waist, his body being tattooed with some bluish substance. He wore trousers, but protected them from injury by an apron of sack. Thus attired, and armed with a huge tin ladle, he dispensed with unceasing liberality the sweets of the treasure committed to his charge. When the vessels which all had brought were full, and a complete clearance had been made of the biscuits, &c., the people arose in a body and retired to their huts.

On inquiring into the meaning of all this, I ascertained that a chief had died, and that his friends, to mark the greatness of his dignity, and of their grief and respect, had given this feast to all the members of their tribe here. This is their constant practice, they told me, and is common among all the tribes of Queen Charlotte Island. These were Hydah Indians from that island.

TREATMENT OF THE SICK AND DEAD.

Oct. 29.—Went round with the doctor. All the patients doing well. Found in one house a child about ten months old, very ill and dying, but not from measles. The child was held upon the mother's knee, while a very old man, whose skill in medicine none dared to doubt, squatted at the woman's feet. He held the child with both hands round the waist, and at the same time kept bellowing into its ear as loud as he could roar. The operation was a most painful one to witness. I stopped him, and had the child examined. The doctor pronounced it past relief. It was dying from inflammation of the lungs. I spoke to the mother about God's love and our Lord's atoning work.

Next day I called, the child was dead!

Nov. 6.—Should a chief of a northern tribe die, his friends prepare his body for burial with many strange customs; especially by charring it with fire; after which they press it into as small a box as possible, and, having deposited some ashes with it, they carefully secure the lid of the box with nails. This box they guard with the most watchful care, placing

it under a small tent close to their own dwelling, and intending to carry it to their native land when they return. Should a common man die, they pay him none of this respect, but bury him at once. This burning is not practised among the Cewitchins, as far as I have been able to ascertain.

Nov. 12.—While busy in the tribe which comes from Gold Harbour, Queen Charlotte Island, I was puzzled by the long and passionate wail which emanated from a house, and went to see what was the cause. On entering I found a mother with dishevelled hair sitting before a chair in which was propped up on pillows the body of her dead child! She had painted his face fiery red; there was a large silver ring in his nose, a new cap on his head, and the body dressed with the best she had in the shape of embroidered blankets, &c. She was gazing upon the still features, and crying as though she was determined to make the loved one hear and return to her bosom. So intent was she upon her work, that I entered unnoticed, and stood for some time a silent and unobserved spectator of the scene. At length I addressed her, and, after gaining her attention by a series of inquiries about the length and nature of its illness, &c. I spoke to her of Jesus and the resurrection, of heaven, holiness, sin, and hell. She listened at first without seeming to care much for what I said. Gradually, as the ideas dawned upon her benighted mind, her face changed its expression of sadness for one of inquiry, passing on to desire and anxiety, and ending in gladness and joy. She dismissed her tears, and for a time forgot her sorrow. Never did I see the glorious hope of an infant's interest in the blood-shedding and kingdom of Jesus produce such a decided and glad-some effect.

SACRED FEAST OF THE SONGEES.

Dec. 16.—When crossing the bridge to the Indian School to-day, I was astonished by a very loud noise proceeding from one of the houses of the Songees. Guided by the sound, I entered the house to see what was going on. For a time, so addling was the dip, I could make nothing of it. At length, by force of inquiry, and pressing through the crowd to the front, I witnessed the following scene:—A space, about forty feet by twenty feet, had been carefully swept; three large bright fires were burning upon the earthen floor; round three sides of this space a bench was fixed, upon which were packed, as close as they could fit, a crowd of young women. I do not think there were any men or boys among them, but there being only the light of the fires, I could not see very distinctly. Each of these individuals was armed with two sticks. In front of them, extending all the way round the rectangular space, was a breadth of white calico. Under this calico the row of sticks exhibited themselves. Upon the ground, in the corner on my right, was a young man provided with a good-sized box, which he had fixed upon an angle and used as a drum. Also, on the ground, still nearer to me, sat an old man and an old woman; and flat upon the ground, apparently dead, lay a female chief, with her head reclining in the lap of the old crone; while around me there stood a motley crowd of all tribes, staring first at me and then at the stage. All this time the choir upon the benches kept up a sort of mixture between a howl and a wail, while they beat time upon the bench with the forest of sticks with which they were armed, our friend upon the ground making his wooden drum eloquent of noise. It is utterly vain to attempt to give any description

of the terrible noise which was thus occasioned. This continuing for about twenty minutes, the female chief began to show signs of life; first, by a slight motion of the hands, then of the arms, then of the shoulders, and so on, until her whole frame became violently agitated; the din and the uproar increasing in intensity as her agitation increased. At length she shook herself into a sitting position, when, with hair dishevelled and glaring eyes, she formed a singularly repulsive spectacle. Her agitation increased, until there could have been no part of her body which did not shake; the storm and rattle of sticks, and the howling unmeaning wail steadily keeping pace with her; when, suddenly, at a motion of her hand, there was an instantaneous silence. They watched her narrowly, and her every motion was observed. Upon a signal they began again, and stopped as suddenly. At length she got upon her *hunkers*, and in that not very graceful position, jumped about between the fires. Presently, as her inspiration increased, she raised herself and ultimately got herself erect. Having, then, by a series of very ungraceful motions, completed a journey round the fires, she came to a stand at the end of the rectangle next which the old man and woman were sitting. The music stopped, and there was a perfect stillness, while the old man rose slowly and opened a box, and, taking out a pair of scissors, proceeded solemnly to the heroine, and cut off a lock of her hair, which he immediately placed in the fire near one end of the rectangle where she was standing. This being done, such a clatter and rattle and yell were raised as very nearly deafened me. A signal stopped it in a moment. Then the old woman gravely rose, and opening a box, took out two handfuls of white down, and, proceeding to the centre fire, placed one handful in it; and then, passing on to the other fire, pretended to deposit the other, but did not, so far as I could see. This completed, the noise began again with redoubled energy. My time being now exhausted, I was obliged to leave this strange but interesting scene.

It was refreshing to breathe the sea air again, and gaze upon the light of day, after emerging from so unearthly a place. Pursuing my way, I met a man carrying two large boilers. I cross-examined him about the din inside, and ascertained that they *always* did so—a favourite method of escaping from an unwelcome question. I then inquired about the boilers; when he told me that the female chief, who was playing her part within among the women, would presently give an abundant feast of wild-fowl to all the men, and that he was bringing down the boilers to cook the same. He further stated, that all the men were assembled in his house, awaiting the gift, and that, if I wished, he would gladly show me where they were. I accompanied him joyfully. I found a very large house, carefully swept, with several good fires burning brightly upon the earthen floor, and about fifty or sixty men assembled, in patient expectation of the birds. I inquired into the nature of the musical entertainment going on. They told me that was their "Tamānoos," or sacred feast; that they always played and danced so during the latter half of the last month in the year; that they did so for two reasons—first, to make their hearts good for the coming year, and, secondly, to bring plenty of rain, instead of snow; that if they did not do so, a great deal of snow would come, and they should be very much afraid. I told them that God made the rain and snow to come when He thought best, but that they did not know about God, or His great wisdom and love. I said I wanted to make them know what God said in

His Book, and that, if they would come with me now to the school, I would speak to them the very words of God's Book. They quickly held a council; when, presently, I heard the word "Inā," (come) passed round, and the spokesman said, "Mucka inalittā" (We will all come). I led the way, and, followed by the whole number, and many from the female party, I reached the school. There were already about one hundred and twenty waiting, whose patience had well-nigh worn out, as they could not tell what had delayed me. There were also some white people, who were obliged to sit on the table, to make room. We then began our service by singing "Rock of Ages," in such a hearty congregational style as is not easily attained in Christian churches. I then read my Chinook Liturgy, consisting of the general Confession, the Absolution, the Gospels, Lord's Prayer, and a special prayer composed expressly for the Indians. This being over, we sang, "There is a Happy Land;" and then I gave out as my text, Matt. xi. 28. I then endeavoured to point the right way to obtain pardon and rest. They paid marked attention, and such interest was evidently felt in the great subject. We then sang, "Here we suffer grief and pain;" after which we resolved the congregation into classes, and, assisted by Mrs. McDonald, and her party, who have been hands and eyes and mouth to me since I undertook this work, we had a monster Sunday School. After which we sang again; I drilled them into line by their tribes, young and old, and marched them out, two by two. Surely, seed so readily received, must some day yield an abundant harvest.

I want books, diagrams, pictures, and everything of that kind. We are obliged to make our diagrams, which is a very slow and very unsatisfactory process.

I send you a copy of the *New Westminster Times*, containing an account of the consecration of the church. I need not therefore spend the few precious moments now at my command in giving you an account of what took place.

Dec. 22.—Our Examination came off to-day. There were 157 Indian scholars in the room when the Governor arrived. We had the Governor, the Bishop, the Colonial Secretary, Chief Justice of British Columbia, and many other influential laymen, with all the Clergy here who could attend, and Mr. Knipe, who arrived yesterday, among the number. We began by singing. Then Mr. Mallandaine, the Catechist, examined them in reading the diagrams, and showed that they knew the English names for the various objects, and could spell and pronounce them. This, for three month's work, was considered very excellent by the Governor and all the visitors. After this the most advanced class, who have been somewhat longer at school, read in their books, and satisfied the suspicions of the Chief Justice of British Columbia by reading *backwards*, thus showing they were not crammed like parrots, but that they thoroughly understood what they had learned. This being over, the copies were produced, which elicited universal admiration. One, especially, the production of a fine young man, who has received but *one month's* schooling in his life, fairly astonished the strangers. I send it to you as a curiosity. I then examined the various tribes (there were three present, Songcees, Hydahs, and Chimsians) in the Chinook catechism, which I have composed; and showed that they knew the History of the Creation, the Fall, Cain and Abel, and the Flood—in the Old Testament; and also that they knew Jesus

Christ, whose Son He is, what He did on earth, why He died, how long He was dead, where He is now, what we must do to be saved, &c. We then sang again, and I distributed the clothes supplied by the Dorcas Society here, as prizes to those who had been most regular in attendance. I then spoke a few words, showing the great difficulties against which we have to contend, from want of any means of enforcing or inducing attendance, we have no power parental or otherwise to do the former, and we have no funds to do the latter. After which the Governor, in a very kind and encouraging speech, thanked the Bishop for all he had done; thanked him on behalf of the Government for the valuable effects they had seen; promised every aid and assistance in his power to further our work; expressed his entire satisfaction at the progress and efficiency of the school, and wound up by addressing the Indians in Chinook, after which he left. We then gave them a great feast of rice, molasses, and buns, six large buckets-full of rice, and 300 buns! Three cheers for the Governor, three for the Bishop, and three for the school, completed the operation, amidst the glee and rejoicing of all. I must now close this letter, or I shall fall asleep to-morrow when I wish to be awake. * * *

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DESPATCHES WERE read at the *Church Missionary Society* Committee, January 29, from British Columbia, announcing the arrival of the Rev. L. S. and Mrs. Tugwell, on August 21, 1860, at Fort Simpson, to the great joy of Mr. Duncan, the Society's Missionary Catechist, who has been labouring there for upwards of four years alone. Mr. Tugwell speaks with deep interest of Mr. Duncan's most encouraging work among the Chinaman Indians. "I have never seen," he writes, "an English congregation more orderly and attentive; with only a few exceptions, both children and adults come clean and tidy. The children sing several hymns very sweetly, among them a morning and evening hymn composed by Mr. Duncan."

Mr. Duncan's letter, October 25, contains an earnest appeal for another clergyman to labour among the Nishkal Indians, while he also represents the vast field for usefulness in the neighbourhood of Fort Simpson, where four distinct Indian languages are spoken by at least 40,000 natives. "Again," he concludes, "I would earnestly crave for another helper. I can assure you it is NOW, or NEVER, if the Indian races of this coast are to be benefited by Christian Missions."

THE MISSES PENRICE.

FRIENDS, whose hearts beat with sympathy for the devotion which led the Female Missionaries to answer the call of Christian duty, and leave their English home, will read the following statement with deep interest.

THE LADIES are giving their hearts to the work and are much interested in their pupils. From nine to twelve, and from one to three they are engaged in teaching in the Ladies' College.¹ They are in great want of drawing paper, and simple music for beginners; also simple drawings, such as Harding's copies, or some of the studies used in the Schools of Design: these cannot be procured in the colony.

¹ See Prospectus, next page.

After the school is over, Miss Anna Penrice goes three times a week with Mr. Garrett, to the Indian School, for two hours, to teach the women and children to work. The children are much pleased when her kind face appears at the door. They stroke her hand, and say it is "beautiful and clean." Through her interpreter (Mr. Garrett) she assures them that theirs may become as beautiful and *clean*, if they will but wash them. She hopes soon to be able to speak to them herself. She writes,—“As to the poor Indians, I can truly say at present, nothing but their want of cleanliness offends my feelings, and their bright kind looks when I go in draw my heart to them. Mr. Garrett is very kind, judicious, and persevering with them, and has so much quickness in acquiring languages, that he is able readily to speak to them in their strange jargon. They are sadly disinclined to hard work, but take readily to using their needles and making themselves dresses. The difficulty is to find them sufficient materials for their work, as prints and calico are so dear here.”

The ladies are also employed in teaching in the Sunday-school belonging to Christ Church, and are ready also to carry out any plans of usefulness which the Bishop suggests, and which are feasible in the present state of the colony.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LADIES' COLLEGE,

(The House lately occupied by Chief Justice Cameron.)

It is the object of this Institution to provide careful religious training, in combination with a solid English Education, and the usual accomplishments.

Visitor.—THE LORD BISHOP OF COLUMBIA.

Lady Superintendent.—Mrs. Woods.

Ladies Assistants.—Miss C. Penrice; Miss A. Penrice.

The Course of Education includes—Religious and moral training in conformity with the principles of the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America.

English in all its branches, including Grammar, Geography, History (ancient and modern), Arithmetic, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Latin; Modern Languages—French, German, Spanish, and Italian; Music and Singing; Drawing and Painting.

Industrial Classes for instruction in Domestic Economy, Needlework, &c.

Victoria possesses peculiar attractions for an establishment of this kind, being situated near the sea, with a public park, in a country unsurpassed for salubrity of climate and for beauty and grandeur of scenery; there is speedy and direct communication with the chief ports on the Pacific, affording an opportunity for a first-class Education to families residing not only in Victoria and British Columbia, but in more distant places of the Continent.

TERMS, INCLUSIVE OF FRENCH.

	Dollars.	
Under ten years	5	Per Month.
Above ten and under fifteen years of age	6	„
Above fifteen years of age	10	„

The only extras are (1) Modern Language, (2) Music and Singing, (3) Drawing and Painting, 2 dollars per month each.

For terms for boarders and other particulars, apply personally or by letter to the Lady Superintendent at the College.

N.B.—Boys under seven years of age will be received at the lowest rates mentioned above.

There will be two Vacations in the year. All Fees to be paid in advance.

1 On October 9th, the Bishop reports TWENTY-ONE young ladies as attending.

CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, NEW WESTMINSTER.

(From the *New Westminster Times* of December 8th, 1860.)

On Sunday last (Advent Sunday) the interesting ceremony of the consecration of our church took place. The edifice, which commands a lovely view of the river, mountains, and surrounding scenery, is built in the early style of Gothic architecture, and, thanks to the skill and watchful care of our enterprising fellow-citizens, Messrs. Manson and White, to whom the building was entrusted, it presents the fullest richness of appearance as well as the closest consistency with the rules of ecclesiastical architecture. Externally, the porch, belfry, east and west windows, and general appearance, at once convince the beholder that he is viewing a building erected for no ordinary or secular purposes; while the interior immediately confirms that impression, bidding you with silent and solemn power to leave the world without, and to prepare for the worship of Him whom the Heaven of heavens cannot contain, and who yet humbleth Himself to dwell in the midst of His people. The interior consists of a nave, two aisles, chancel, vestry, and recess for organ. The uprights and rafters are of fir, and the walls of the best cedar. The roof is supported upon two rows of massive pillars, with Gothic arches between, a series of arches also spanning the nave and giving a rich and ecclesiastical appearance to the whole. The internal fittings are of the handsomest description. The seats, which have been presented by various individuals whose hearts warmed towards the completion of the good work, are of fir, trimmed with the famous California red wood. The lectern or bible-desk (a gift) is of fir and the Columbian cotton wood; the poppy heads, of red wood, are admirably carved. The pulpit, also a gift, is of maple, red wood, and cotton wood, skilfully contrasted, and presents an exceedingly rich and elegant appearance. The communion-rails, designed by one of the Royal Engineers, are beautifully executed. The whole building reflects the highest credit both upon the taste of the committee, who approved of the plans (presented by Captain A. R. Lempriere, R. E.), and upon the builders, Messrs. Manson and White, who have performed their part in a truly workmanlike and skilful manner.

At eleven o'clock, the Bishop, preceded by the clergy, and followed by the registrar, proceeded from the vestry to the porch door, where they were met by a body of the inhabitants. The petition for consecration having been read and assented to by the Bishop, his lordship, followed by the clergy, proceeded up the middle aisle repeating the twenty-fourth Psalm. The deed of consecration was then read by the Bishop's commissary, the Rev. E. Cridge, Rector of Christ Church, Victoria, and, having been signed by the Bishop, was handed to the registrar. The Consecration Service was read by the Bishop, and the Morning Service by the Rev. J. Sheepshanks, M.A., Rector. The psalms and the hymns, "Veni Creator," and the hundredth Psalm, were heartily sung, the whole congregation joining in; and Richardson's beautiful anthem, "Oh how amiable," was rendered with a taste and precision worthy of many a cathedral. Great praise is well-deserved by the voluntary choir, chiefly of the Royal Engineers,

assisted by ladies of the congregation, for the care which they bestowed upon their part, by which they made the thanksgiving portion of the services truly joyful and heart-stirring. The First Lesson was read by the Rev. A. D. Pringle, M.A., of Fort Hope, and the Second by the Rev. A. C. Garrett. The Communion Office was read, and the Holy Communion administered, by the Bishop. The Epistle was read by the Rev. E. Cridge, and the Gospel by the Rev. R. J. Dundas.

The consecration sermon was preached by the Rev. A. C. Garrett, B.A., Principal of the Indian Mission, Victoria, from St. John iii. 16. Having shown that neither reason, philosophy, nor speculation, could ascertain the origin and nature of Christianity, which Divine Revelation and experience have unfolded, he proceeded, in clear and forcible terms, to point out the cause, the price, and the object of human redemption, dwelling in warm language upon the vastness of Divine *love* as exhibited in the salvation of man; and concluded by urging a twofold duty upon his audience.—First, to maintain in a state of beauty and efficiency the building so happily completed and so solemnly consecrated; secondly, to attend with constant regularity the means of Grace thus brought within their reach.

A collection amounting to 125 dollars was made after the sermon in aid of defraying the debt still upon the church. The debt, we are happy to say, is only 228*l*.—a fact which reflects the greatest credit upon the energy and liberality of our citizens.

In the afternoon, the Litany was read and an infant baptized. The sermon was preached by the Rev. A. D. Pringle, M.A., of Fort Hope. The preacher, as the foundation of his excellent discourse, selected Psalm cxxii. 1.

In the evening another large congregation was assembled for Divine worship. Evening prayer was read by the Rev. R. Dundas. The psalms, canticles, hymns ("Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "Glory be to God on high"), and Kent's anthem, "Sing, O heavens," were admirably sung. The sermon was preached by the rector, from the text 2 Chron. vi. 40. The collection amounted to 27 dollars.

The crowded attendance at the services spoke well for the interest taken in the success of this the first undertaking of the kind in British Columbia; and if, judging from the present instance, we might venture to predict for the future, we should say that, as we earnestly hope, so we confidently expect, ere long many other towns in this vast colony will follow the example set by this capital, and speedily erect buildings of a character similar to that which we so happily possess, for the worship of Almighty God and the advancement of the best interests of man.

The dedication services were continued on Wednesday and Friday evenings, when sermons were preached by Rev. R. Dundas, and Rev. A. C. Garrett, and will be brought to a close to-morrow (Sunday), when the morning sermon will be preached by the Bishop, and the evening sermon by the Rev. A. C. Garrett, on each of which occasions the services will be choral.

ORGANIZATION MEETING OF THE CLERGY AND LAY MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

IN THE DIOCESE OF COLUMBIA.

(From the *British Colonist*, Vancouver's Island, of January 19th, 1861.)

In response to a circular addressed to the pewholders of Christ Church and St. John's, a large and highly influential meeting was held in the Collegiate School, on Tuesday evening last, the 15th inst.

The object of the meeting, as expressed in the circular letter, was to take counsel concerning the affairs of the Church in this colony, and to hear from the Bishop a statement of proposals for parochial and diocesan organization.

On the motion of A. F. Pemberton, Esq., J.P., seconded by H. Nichol, Esq., Alex. A. Dallas, Esq., was called to the chair.

The Chairman, in a few brief but pertinent remarks, set forth the objects of the meeting, expressing on his own part a strong feeling of duty as his reason for filling the post of chairman; and then, with a graceful allusion to Miss Burdett Coutts, through whose munificence so much had been done for the Church in this colony, he invited the Bishop to lay before the meeting a more definite statement of the objects and proposed action of the meeting than he (the Chairman) could hope to do.

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of British Columbia having thanked Mr. Dallas for his readiness in accepting the chair, and having expressed his conviction that the influence and weight of character of such a man must encourage all to unite and co-operate in the work about to be proposed to them, proceeded to open up more fully the purpose for which the meeting had been called.

He desired to address them on the following subjects: 1st—Their present circumstances; 2d—Means of support; 3d—Organization, parochial and diocesan; 4th—A Church Society.

I. The position of the Church of England differed from her position at home. The difference was not in doctrine or authority—these were ever the same—but in circumstances. Here the Church was unconnected with the State. There were no endowments from the piety of former days, nor a settled population. All must be commenced: churches and schools have to be built; parishes to be defined; clergy to be brought out and maintained; trust for property to be created; and discipline and order to be promoted. He would next state *what had been done*. Clergy had increased from one to fifteen; three churches had been built; regular and missionary services have been carried on in various towns and rural and mining districts in the two colonies. Two collegiate schools have been founded in Victoria, and also, at the same place, an Indian Mission and school, in addition to that at Fort Simpson.

II. *Means of Support*.—He had been enabled to raise in England the sum of about 11,000*l.* for the commencement of the Mission. This was already disposed of in outfits and passages of clergy, in grants, and in land investments. He had also obtained promises of an annual subscription for five years. The annual fund, including what came from present investments, he reckoned at 1,500*l.*, which would about meet his personal guarantee

in support of clergy and teachers; not including the clergy of St. John's, Victoria, and Trinity Church, Westminster, now to be supported by their congregations; while there still remains to be supplied means of outfit and passage for more clergy, and for building churches, and for other important objects of missionary labour. The clergy not supported out of the above-named fund have their incomes temporarily secured from three Church of England societies, to the extent of 1,700*l.* a-year; the total charge for incomes of clergy and teachers in the colony, amounting to about 4,000*l.* a-year; towards which the annual permit contributed in the colony, by pew rents, church collections, school fees, and other sources, appears to be about 1,200*l.* a-year. Some misunderstanding appears to exist with respect to Miss Coutts' endowment, which, by the terms of the gift, is confined to two objects, viz. a provision of 600*l.* a-year as the Bishop's income, and of 400*l.* a-year towards the archdeaconries not yet filled up.

III. *Organization*.—This is of two kinds, parochial and diocesan. The parochial in England consists of rector, churchwardens, and vestry. In some cases there is also a select vestry chosen by the general vestry. In the colonies and in the United States the same organization is followed, excepting that for a select vestry a church committee is substituted. He proposed that the constitution of a parish should be rector, churchwarden, church committee, and vestry, this last consisting of pewholders, and the committee elected annually by them. (The church committee will strengthen the administration of churchwardens and ministers, unite the energies of more earnest members of the congregation, and create a more general interest. Diocesan organization in its complete form consists of an assembly of the bishops, clergy, and lay delegates, meeting annually for deliberation and decision upon many subjects of importance to the welfare of the Church and the success of the Gospel. In nearly all the British colonies this organization is complete under various titles, as convention, synod, assembly, or council. This, however, cannot be completed at once, as congregations are not sufficiently formed; and, moreover, there are legal points of difficulty requiring consideration. He then entered into the nature of these difficulties.

IV. *Church Society*.—Pending the formation of this more perfect organization, he proposed there should be, as in Canada, Australia, Nova Scotia, and other colonies, a Church society, to be incorporated for holding land, and to be supported by subscriptions and church collections gathered from all parts of the diocese for support of ministers, building of churches, parsonages, and schools, widows and orphans of clergy, and other objects, administered by a committee chosen by subscribers. He instanced the Toronto Church Society, with an income of 9,000*l.*, and that of Newcastle, Australia, increasing in five years from 531*l.* to 5,323*l.*

The Bishop, having made a statement which occupied about an hour in delivery, of which the above is but a sketch, concluded by expressing his earnest hope that their deliberations would be furthered by the Divine blessing, and invited discussion on the various proposals set forth.

The first resolution, proposed by H. Fellow Crease, Esq. M. P. P.—“That in the opinion of this meeting, it is necessary that an efficient organization should be adopted for the conduct of the affairs of the Church of England in this diocese.” The necessity of system and cohesion was strongly

dwelt upon by the learned gentleman, and that, in advancing the one great work of the planting of the Church and the spread of the Gospel in the colony, all party and political differences should be set aside.

The Rev. A. C. Garrett, in seconding the proposition, dwelt, with considerable force, on the advantages of organization and unity in carrying on any great work, and, with his usual power of happy illustration, strengthened what had been so well said by the previous speaker.

Robert Burnaby, Esq., M.P.P., in a concise and clear speech, proposed the second resolution:—That it is expedient that the constitution of a fully organized parish should consist of rector, churchwardens, church committee, and vestry, which, having been seconded by the Rev. E. Cridge, Rector of Christ Church, was carried unanimously.

The third resolution was as follows:—That until the full diocesan organization by synod or assembly of clergy, and lay delegates, be constituted, a Church society be at once formed to carry out the following objects:—

- “(a) The building of churches, schools, parsonages, &c.
- “(b) The support of missionary clergy and teachers.
- “(c) The holding and managing of landed and other property, and other purposes connected with the welfare of the Church and the spread of the Gospel.”

The Rev. R. J. Dundas, Rector of St. John's, moved the resolution, showing the necessity of some organization pending the formation of a Synod, and the strong recommendations which the plan possessed; and it was seconded by the Rev. A. D. Pringle, of Fort Hope. The fourth and fifth resolutions—4th, “That the vestries of the two congregations meet in the ensuing week upon notice of which due notice shall be given, for the appointment of Church committees.” 5th, “That a committee be formed to draft a constitution of a Diocesan Church society, and that the following gentlemen be requested to act thereon with the Bishop;” [here follow the names]—were proposed respectively by A. F. Pemberton and J. McCroight, Esqs., and seconded by A. R. Green, Esq., M.P.P., and the Rev. Charles T. Woods.

A hearty vote of thanks to the chairman was carried, and the meeting closed with prayer.

VOYAGES OF MISSIONARIES.

IT APPEARS DESIRABLE to insert here a brief account of the voyages of the Missionaries engaged on the Bishop's staff, in order to render the narrative complete (which it is hoped this Report will supply) of the progress of the Mission during its first year.

The Rev. R. J. DUNDAS and the Rev. J. HERPESHANKS set forth as pioneers, to plant the standard of a fully constituted branch of England's Church in the two capital cities of Victoria and New Westminster. They sought and reached their destination by the most rapid route over the Isthmus of Panama, and sent home information that nothing could exceed the kindness and liberality of the steam-packet and railway authorities, in passing free of extra charge such boxes of books and luggage as they had with them for the use of the Mission. It will be seen that, *within twelve*

months, two churches have been built, consecrated, and occupied by devout congregations under the superintendence and ministration of these clergymen.

Soon after their departure, a small sailing ship, the *Heather Bell*, carried forth the Rev. A. C. GARRETT, with his wife and two children, and the Rev. R. L. and Mrs. LOWE. Their tedious voyage by long sea occupied seven months. The history of Christian Missions can scarcely contain a more touching passage than the account of their life during that period. Pent up in a narrow space with little room to move about, they had severe experience of the sin and weakness of the heart of man; and were brought into close contact with evil, manifested in the painful scenes which occupied the monotone hours of a few crowded people. No two brothers could pass through a preparation for arduous and trying labours more chastening to their spirits, or more convincing of the ever tender and watchful care of their heavenly Father. In the Indian Mission, and at the rising town of Nenaimo, fields of no ordinary interest have engaged their ministrations; and friends of Columbia will look with anxious hope to the results which may be permitted to flow from their exertions to spread the blessings of the Gospel.

Next in order, Great Britain beheld the departure of THE BISHOP; the friend, the brother, the father-in-God, whose gentle and warm spirit, combined with wise and firm judgment, draws and blends, into one communion of affection for himself and for each other, the souls of various men. The Providential care which attended his going forth has already been made known, and this Report will tell the simple but thrilling story of his first year abroad.

Following closely, and called out specially by the lamentable state in which the Bishop found the education of the children of various people in the colony, three clergymen and three ladies hastened to the scene of Missionary labour, taking the shortest route—by the West-Indian steamer—over the Panama railway—up the Pacific Ocean and past California—to Vancouver's Island. The Rev. C. T. and Mrs. Woods, with the Rev. OCTAVIUS GLOVER and the Misses PENRICE, supplied a staff for the two colleges which have effectually rescued from unsound teaching a most important portion of the very life-blood of the future population of the country; while the inland town of Cayoosh, with its gathering people from all nations, has given a suitable opening for the varied talents of the Rev. R. L. BROWN, who, calling himself "the owl in the desert," has found shelter in the dwelling of a German, being well received also by Frenchmen and other people, to whom his knowledge of European languages enables him to minister with effect.

Some incidents of the voyage of this party of Missionaries will be read with deep interest, as they are related in the following letter from the senior clergyman—

SERVICES ON BOARD THE STEAMER—NEGRO WORSHIPPERS.

ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET "SEINE," Wednesday, July 4, 1860.

I have just come from our first service on board. Let me try to give you some idea of it.

But first: I was introduced to the captain before we left Southampton, a young gentleman from Dunlop's, who, after particular pains and trouble to

make me and all our party as comfortable as possible, and through him I was at once introduced to the captain as head of the missionary party. Captain Revitt at once promised to further my wishes in all things, so far as he could do so without interfering with the duties of the ship.

Monday and Tuesday passed without any of us feeling very much settled into our places; but this morning (Wednesday) I spoke to the captain about our desire to have worship on board, and he at once conducted me to a cabin in the fore part of the ship, where we would be least disturbed, and, having seen the place, I settled with each of our party that we should commence to-day, at 11 o'clock. The order of service was as follows:—

Brown commenced by reading the Sentences in the Morning Prayer, just before the Lord's Prayer, and read on to the end of the third collect.

Glover then read the Second Lesson for the day.

I then read the Litany.

On Friday we propose to read the Morning Service without the Litany.

It is impossible to make arrangements for daily prayers (I mean, of course, as a congregation); our own cabins are too small. Four people could not get into them at a time; both public cabins are so entirely occupied by the passengers, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Americans, &c. &c. that the difficulties are almost insurmountable.

We mustered only nine this morning at prayers; but just as I commenced the Litany three negro soldiers (sergeants who have been over from the West Indies to learn the rifle practice at Hythe) came in and kneeled down amongst us; and you cannot think nor could I describe my feelings as I heard their voices rise with ours, "Good Lord, deliver us," and "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord." It was delightful to see their black faces looking so earnest.

On Sunday it is arranged that we shall have two services, and then I will give notice of our Wednesday and Friday morning prayers, and I doubt not but that this day week our little congregation will have grown. A Spaniard and a Portuguese, writing at a neighbouring table, laid aside their work the moment we commenced our service, and though they did not join in it, they did not despise it, but rather paid it reverence.

We are getting on gloriously, the good ship making nearly twelve knots an hour in a sea smoother than you could imagine. The Misses Penrice seem to suffer more than any one else on board, and even they are not really sick; and then they are so self-forgetful and retiring that I have to insist on their taking care of themselves, otherwise they must starve; but whatever I say *they try to do*, as they are under my orders! I do believe if I ordered them to the mast-head, they would try to get there.

Brown and Glover both are very nice fellows. I have no doubt but that we shall get on capitally, all doing their best for the common welfare and comfort. There are only one or two English gentlemen on board beside ourselves: the rest are nearly all foreigners. There is one English lady whose acquaintance I have not yet made; Mrs. Pringle has, however, taken her under her charge (she is a young lady going out, I think, to one of the West India Islands to be married), and brought her to our little service to-day.

July 9.—Yesterday was our first Sunday on board. Our morning service was well attended by all the crew except those actually engaged in duty, and by nearly all the passengers; then we had the day before (thanks to Brown's forethought) organized a choir to chant the "Venite," "Jubilate," "Magnificat," and "Nunc Dimittis;" the choir consisted of the West India soldiers mentioned in the former part of this letter, and though not first-rate singers, yet on the whole it was not bad. The chief officer, too, of the ship very kindly lent us an harmonium; and we found a German gentleman willing and able to preside at it; so that altogether our service was very imposing. Brown read Prayers, Glover the Lessons, and I preached from Matt. xvi. 26. My sermon was of necessity short, but as far as I could judge it was listened to with

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interest and attention. In the evening Glover read prayers, I the Lessons, and Brown preached; but our congregation was nothing like what it had been in the morning.

This morning we had service at eleven, and, as we gave notice of this yesterday, the fore-cabin, appointed for that use by the captain, was crowded. It gave me considerable pleasure to notice the attendance of a large number of the gentlemen passengers. It is our intention to administer the Holy Communion on Sunday morning next.

We all get on uncommonly well together, each one seeming to do his or her best to promote the comfort and utility of our own particular party.

The heat perceptibly increases day by day, and now no place is cool: one longs to plunge into the cool calm blue sea (and it is blue here) and get a good cooling, or, more preferable still, to get into the ice-box and have a good chill.

July 11.—We are now in the Gulf Stream, which I suppose accounts for the large masses of seaweed floating past.

July 13.—As we are not likely to reach St. Thomas's in time for the homeward mail, but yet there is a chance we may speak her, and so be enabled to pass letters aboard, I will now bring this to a close. We are all in health—very much as we have been from the beginning of our journey; and we enjoy ourselves quite as much as it is possible in the extremely hot weather we now experience. I do not know that there is anything further worthy of record, as our life day by day is so monotonous—that, having recounted the incidents of one day, you have given a picture of every day.

Believe me, faithfully yours,

CHARLES T. WOODS.

INFLUENCED by the appeal which was published in June, 1860, the REV. CHRISTOPHER KNIPE offered to devote himself for five years to assist in the work, without stipend, or any charge to the Mission Fund.—MR. GLOVER had nobly taken a similar course, and gone forth permanently as a theological and mathematical Professor in the newly founded College. Such an offer was hailed with joy; and MR. KNIPE, proceeding by the overland route to join those who were already at work, found the same Almighty Friend preserving him; his hurried words, describing the critical danger he passed through, are given in the following letter:—

DANGERS CAUSED BY BROKEN MACHINERY.

PANAMA, November 30, 1860.

I am writing on board the *Sonora*, which is to take us to San Francisco, but is at present waiting for passengers and freight from New York. We hope to be off in a few hours, as the New York steamer has been signalled. The papers will have told you by this time of an accident and providential escape on board the *Shannon*. After a voyage longer than usual by nine days, we were all very glad and thankful to reach St. Thomas. Not until we arrived there did we know the extent of the danger to which we had been exposed. The original accident, which happened on October 24th, consisted of the breaking of the main shaft, close to the larboard wheel, which of course became useless for the remainder of the voyage. We did very well for the rest of the way, making an average of eight knots; but a survey of the machinery the morning after our arrival revealed the startling fact that the main shaft was nearly fractured close to

the starboard wheel, with which we had much trouble for sixteen days of our passage. We have great cause to be thankful since the accident of the 24th, we had met with no heavy weather, as the consequences would probably have been most serious. The prolonged voyage of the *Shannon* caused us considerable delay, both at St. Thomas and Panama, as we were too late for the steamers, for which in ordinary course we should have been in time. With a passage of the usual length, I should have been in Victoria by December 1st, or a day or two later; as it is, I shall be well satisfied if I find myself spending my Christmas there.

Although the time of our accident and the detention so long in the tropics have been trying, my health has not suffered in any way. I have not had an idle Sunday since I left Southampton, as I found myself appointed chaplain on board the *Shannon*. At St. Thomas I had the pleasure of helping Mr. Robt, the very energetic incumbent of the English Church there; and at Panama, where there is no English clergyman, I held a service on Sunday last, and again by special request on Tuesday.

I must ask you to excuse this very short letter, for I hear that the tug steamer which brings the passengers has already left the shore, and her return may be my last opportunity of posting this. * * *

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