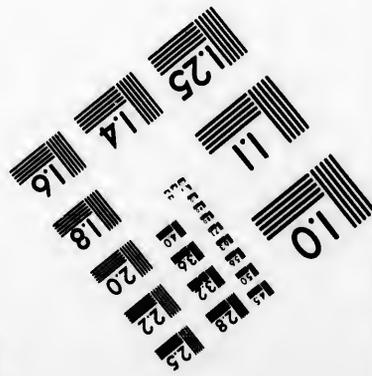
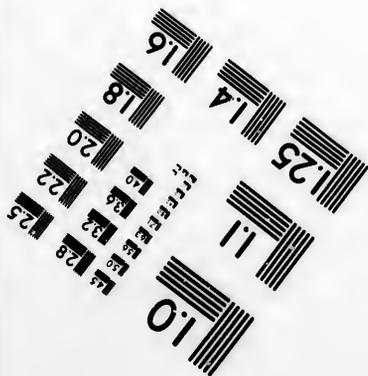
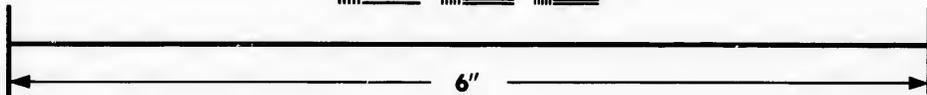
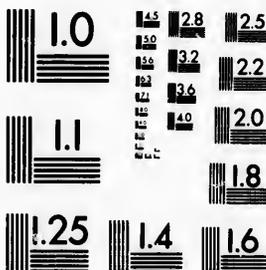


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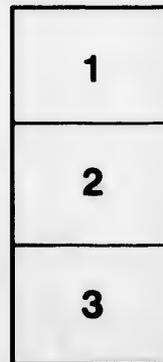
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"peculiar institution," which he could not help accepting, and could only modify by his use of it. In doing this, however, he established a glaring contrast between the native planter and himself: a contrast which Eastern jealousy could little brook, and which Eastern subtlety would soon seek to avenge. These men, Zemindars, are landed native gentry. It has been the latter-day policy of our rulers in India to conciliate them, fully as much as to discourage and discountenance the English settler. With all an Oriental's cunning, they studied to make the position of the planter untenable; insubordination was excited amongst the ryots, the spirit of litigation was fostered, agents were sent amongst them with pretended stories of rights of which they were defrauded and gross hardships to which they were subjected. Poverty has sharp ears for its imputed wrongs, and it was not a difficult task to make these poor peasants imagine themselves injured and aggrieved. They were told, among other things, that indigo was only remunerative to the capitalist, and was ruinous to the peasant; and that rice, the food of the people, was the only crop that repaid labour. Former tales of cruelties, stories of oppression in days long past, were raked up against men not born when the acts occurred.

To make these atrocities matter of accusation against men in our day would be about as fair as to arraign the present landlords of Ireland for the barbarous illegalities practised in the middle of the last century. The English settler in India was, however, to be discouraged. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal proceeded in the year just elapsed, to institute a commission of inquiry into the cultivation and manufacture of indigo in Bengal. A brief acquaintance with such commissions enables any one, from the name and character of the individuals composing it, to anticipate the report. Let us quote two of the recommendations, and leave them to the appreciation of our readers. By one, they advise that no indigo planter should ever be an honorary magistrate—pretty much like declaring that the only squire in the parish shall not be a justice of the peace. By another, they decide that no summary legislative enactment is required for the planter's protection. And this where twenty-four hours may jeopardise a crop worth tens of thousands of pounds. A cheap and easy redress, however, would facilitate British settlement in India.

The schism which now threatens the disruption of the North American Union is pregnant with the gravest consequences to our own manufacturers. There is no limit to the disastrous results to ourselves, that would ensue from a failure in the supply of cotton. The soil and climate and labour of India would furnish not alone all the cotton that we need, but enough for the consumption of the whole of Europe. English intelligence, capital, and enterprise, would not long delay to develop the new field. The railroads now planned or in progress offer further facilities for the project. Everything in the material condition of India is highly favour-

able to it. But if the English settler in India can be surrounded with embarrassments by the civil servants of the administration, if his property can be jeopardised, and the operations of his industry interfered with, is it likely or unlikely that British capitalists will subject themselves and their fortunes to the capricious wisdom of a lieutenant-governor of Bengal?

EPISCOPACY IN THE ROUGH.

It is only quite of late that the attention of the English people has been turned to the Pacific side of America. There was a kind of vague feeling of Indians, sands, big rocks, buffaloes, pine forests, bears, and the Hudson's Bay Company out there, but nothing more. English pluck was equal to Toronto and Quebec; but the Far West—Vancouver's Island, Columbia, and all that wide region of the Hudson's Bay—remained in illimitable shadow, and appalled even the hardy. The Company did their best to keep up the delusion. According to them, the place was sterile, full of wolves and desert plains and wicked Indians; an inhospitable shore, on a par with Labrador, worth no one's visiting; certainly worth no one's attempt to colonise. This might have gone on for generations yet to come—as long, indeed, as the monopoly could be renewed, or the tide of emigration kept out—but for the lucky chance which one day discovered certain round, bright, shining particles, called by men gold. This discovery brought crowds of worshippers to the shrine, and broke down the hedges of the Company's garden of the Hesperides. The quiet valleys were invaded by crowds from all parts of the world; Chinamen jostled Indians round the cradles of the gold-washers; South Americans banded oaths and pistol-shots with New Yorkers and Londoners; the restless said that there was no elbow-room left in California, and a man could not mark out a "claim" in the Australian diggings without running into his neighbour's hole; and the scum of the floating populations drafted off on the top of the tide: Vancouver's Island was made to go through the same social phase as the valley of the Sacramento and the gold region of the Southern Land had gone through before.

And what did these adventurers find? How far true were the reports and superstitions which the Company had spread about, that it might preserve the monopoly of furs, and keep out all other men from a trade in beaver skins and mink? A climate very nearly equal to that of England, only a little more moderate, having a Gulf stream of its own to make it so; a soil thick, loamy, fertile, producing most of our English fruits and flowers, perhaps a trifle bettered; apple-trees yielding enormous crops, and hops and hemp growing wild; turnips as large as hassocks, radishes as large as beets, and great clusters of potatoes to a single stalk; abundance of coal to the very surface; a fine land for all sorts of grain; furry creatures with costly skins; fisheries inexhaustible, and game

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of all kinds; magnificent timber, excellent breeding-grounds for cattle; bears truly, and Indians, and tremendous rains, and a want of hands to work the ground, but capabilities of all kinds, agricultural and commercial, and an evident future before the colony: this was the true state of the country which had been so dimly represented: these the fruits found behind those terrible hedges set up to keep in what was in, and to keep out what was out, that the beavers and martens and minks and sables might go through only one net—that of the Hudson's Bay Company—and no skins be dropped on the highway for stragglers.

After the discovery of gold, the whole face of things was changed. A full flow of emigration set in, carrying all sorts of people with it, good and bad indifferently; and where the land had been dead and barren for want of human life, it now became burdened and oppressed by excess. The virtues practised there were not of the most primitive character; and it was felt that if the "untutored heathen" were to be reclaimed from their vices, it must be by a somewhat purer agency than the hideous influence of these lawless godless whites, only occupied in digging up the earth for gold. It was resolved to erect Columbia into a bishopric at once, that the teaching of the Church might be made under proper authority, and the Mother be seated in her chair from the beginning. A lady, whose wealth is only equalled by her munificence, and who has already founded two other colonial bishoprics, came forward with twenty-five thousand pounds, which she laid down as the nucleus of the English episcopal establishment in Columbia. That lady is Miss Burdett Coutts; the new bishop, the youngest of the prelatial body, is Dr. Hills, formerly rector of Great Yarmouth, and in a singular manner well fitted for his position—one of the muscular, Livingstonian men given to doing, not to talking only, and trusting as much to practice as to precept. "He is a real man, he does not only soil his episcopal knees by praying, but uses his hands and works," said a friend of his, emphatically; a graphic touch worth whole pages of elaborate description. He had need be such a man, for he has rough work before him; and, if he feared to dirty his hands, the very purpose and aim of his life there would be frustrated. The luxuries of civilisation are not very plentiful about him at home or abroad. His episcopal palace is a small wooden hut, the outer door of which opens into his sitting-room; there is no hall or passage; so, when people knock he answers the door himself, and in this way dispenses with puce-coloured plush and powder. Victoria—Vancouver's Island—where this luxurious palace is to be found, is, says the bishop, "the most lovely and beautifully situated place in the world. In the summer it must be exquisite; there is every sort of scenery, sublime mountains, placid sea, noble forest trees, undulating park-like glades, interspersed with venerable oaks, inland lakes and rivers abounding with fish. The climate is thoroughly English, a little milder."

Things are dearer there yet than in England; servants and house-rent are high; meat is extravagant, so is butter, so is all wearing apparel; tea and sugar are cheap, and excisable articles escape the well-known brand. A great trade is to be done in fishing; and here Dr. Hills is eminently qualified to speak, for he learnt all about this subject at Great Yarmouth:

"A famous trade might be done in this country in herrings; they are plentiful beyond measure. The present catchers are Indians, who go out and scoop them in along shore with nets and boats. If they were to go farther out they would get larger ones. As it is, many they catch there are as large as those at Yarmouth. One gentleman has turned to curing them, and he makes four hundred per cent. of his outlay. There would be a vast market all down the coast of the Pacific. Wood, for curing, is of course in great plenty. There are several other kinds of fish—sturgeon and salmon, for instance. This latter, of the finest description, you can have daily for a mere song—twopence or threepence a pound. These are cured also. I will welcome any fishermen who will come out with introductions, and can promise them a lucrative business."

On the mainland the scenery is exquisite. The Fraser river—navigable for steamers for a hundred miles, but with a tremendous barrier of sand and surf at the mouth—is studded with islands; so, indeed, is the sea "a very archipelago of islands," offering lovely subjects for the artist—who has never gone to sketch them. There are mountainous glacier clad, lithe streams and rivers rising in all directions, and, above all, mighty forests of pines, some four hundred feet in height, and of corresponding girth. The bishop is very graphic on the subject of trees. It is only fair to let him speak of them in his own words:

"Every wind brings down many trees. The fall of a tree is like the report of a cannon. There are huge trees in all stages of decay, some standing erect without a leaf and without bark, others on the ground. I have stepped upon what seemed the firm trunk of a large tree, and my foot sank in, and split open the soft body almost as pulp. One trunk lay its long length of some one hundred and fifty feet, with a diameter of five, entirely rotten, but complete in shape, and a row of young trees growing upon the old one—not shoots, but new trees. The whole soil for a considerable depth is vegetable substance, very rich, thus continually renewed, and sending forth with rapid growth a vigorous supply of young trees. The forest is the settler's enemy. He tries to get rid of it in every way. In the autumn fires are lighted round and inside the trees, and they will burn for days, and then come down with a crash. The fall of a tree is a fine sight, I may say impressive. Two men will take a day for some of the largest. They use their axes with great precision. Every stroke tells, and they can lay the tree in any direction they please. They cut behind and before; the side on which the tree

is to fall has the lower cut. When the time comes there is a crack, then a quivering of the mighty thing to the topmost twig, which is up in the clouds almost, then slowly and reluctantly it moves over—crack, crack—on, on—and down terribly on the earth; and again, in settling, it strikes and beds itself, and the branches stand up like arms, and shake convulsively, as in the agonies of death: and then the giant is still, and the vacant sky is seen through where for ages he has proudly stopped the light and warmth of heaven's orb from the earth beneath."

Besides the felling of trees, the bishop has had to cut down a few prejudices, and those gigantic weeds of life, misrepresentations, which need keener axes than your pines and oaks. The idea of a bishop engendered the not illogical idea of a state Church and its corresponding taxes, and when Dr. Hills arrived, he found the papers full of warfare about the "attempt" to have a "state Church." It took a good deal to calm this agitation and satisfy the non-episcopal citizens that they had not stepped into taxes, tithes, church-rates, pew-rates, and Easter offerings, as necessary adjuncts of their existence. In other things, too, the bishop has come out in a large, generous, free-handed way. There are many negroes in the island, and the Americans of course are unanimous in demanding that they shall be put to worship God in a separate place. The same roof must not echo to negro prayers and American supplications; and God must not be insulted by the mingling together of His white children and His black. Of course, too, the American ministers have given in to this demand; so have some others—Romanists, Congregationalists, and Methodists—who ought to have known better. One independent minister, however, upheld the English and Christian sentiment of union and brotherhood; but he was thrown over by his masters, the British Colonial Missionary Society, and the bishop, who stands no nonsense, recorded the fact scathingly. This led to a disturbance amongst the denominations at home, and has recently drawn out severe resolutions from the worthy society, denouncing the very Mr. M'Fye whom they had previously upheld.

One very instructive lesson is taught by these mixed mission-places—the greater liberality of what it pleases people to call "the heathen," than of the different sects of the Christian Church itself. Here, in Victoria, a Chinese merchant, a Mr. Quong-Hing, gave ten pounds, and then five pounds, towards the erection of two Christian and episcopal churches. The Roman Catholics were forward in the mission. The Sisters of Mercy being the only educators of girls, and their bishop, Demas, having the only well organised schools. Most of the better class youth of the town attended, Protestant as well as Catholic. The Americans greatly value education, and above all English education, which is more substantial and less superficial than their own, and our English bishop desired to see the education of the youth taken out of these dan-

gerous hands, and put under the care of English Protestantism. In this he has greatly prospered, having founded two colleges, with such a combination of learning that even Jews are delighted in having their boys taught Hebrew by the Christian professor.

The Chinese are flowing into Vancouver's Island and the mines by thousands. They are peaceably conducted, as a rule; funny, rather immoral, full of good humour, and very friendly. They respect the English much, and are the universal clothes-washers everywhere. "At one place I came to a pretty bridge over a river," writes the bishop. "It had been built by a Chinaman named Ah Soo. He takes the tolls. On our approach he ran forward with cool waters to drink, and told us we were free of the bridge: 'No Englishes pay over de bridge and no poor Chinaman. Me makee no chargee to de English; me chargee Boston man' (American). 'Boston man chargee Chinaman very high in Californy—Chinanian now chargee Boston man—ha! ha!'" But indeed strangely mixed are the populations of these new towns. In Douglas, a "rising town on the route to the upper mines," there were eight coloured men, twenty-nine Mexicans and Spaniards, thirty-seven Chinese, sixteen French and Italians, four men from Central, and four from Northern Europe, seventy-three citizens of the United States, and thirty-five British subjects: two hundred and six souls in all. Of these, two hundred and four were males, and two females; and one of those females was a child. The miners are in a sadly destitute state so far as opportunities for spiritual culture are concerned. They have no churches, no clergy—or at least had not, till the bishop sent them two Church of England clergymen,—and some of them have not heard a prayer, or attended public service, for ten or fourteen years. They have no sinecure of it, these hard-worked Columbia miners. The want of all roads makes their labour doubly severe, and their gains have never been so exorbitant as to compensate them for what they must have undergone. The average earnings have not exceeded one hundred a year since 1858, when mining first began in Columbia, and the average cost of living has been sixty pounds for each. Forty pounds, then, do not quite reward a man for the immense risk, toil, hardship, and suffering of such a career as the Columbia miner; and many have made even less. They are a fine hardy race of men, of all nations, but with a terrible lack of women, and other softening influences, among them. At the mines, the average is one woman to every two hundred men. It is not to be wondered at, then, if property is somewhat insecure, if morals are of the lowest, or if life is more rough than polished in such a society. How any way can be made is wonderful, considering the want of a central bond among such incongruous shifting materials. But the bishop seems to be setting his mark, and doing a notable work. The iron church and mission-house were taken out all safe, and it was a pretty sight to see the captain and crew,

mostly Yarmouth men, going up in a body like a great school, to hear their former rector. His old servant headed the procession, marching before them to show them the way; by no means an unnecessary precaution over roads with mud above the ankle. The church is now put up and is full to overflowing; so full, that the funds for another are being raised by subscription. The bishop has got nearly a thousand pounds towards it, including Mr. Quong-Hing's fifteen: by no means an unpromising beginning, even for a more settled society. We shall next hear of the Indians subscribing—if, indeed, they have not done so already—under the gentle persuasion of their white fathers. Dr. Hills is sanguine about the Indians, and other authors speak of them as useful servants, sometimes honest (only to their employer), and always servicable and ingenious. They are hospitable when at home, and teachable when dwelling among the whites, courageous and intelligent, good-looking, with fine aquiline features, and, as guides, huntsmen, and fishermen, invaluable. They are notorious for their great power of locality: give an Indian a pencil and a sheet of paper and he will draw you a map of any country he may have passed through. Great gamblers, they are also great traders, and not easily taken in. In fact, they have all kinds of capabilities for civilisation, not omitting their love of strong drinks and finery—round hats and voluminous crinoline being common adjuncts now to red ochre and wampum—while other kindred vices, such as swearing and the like, attest their aptness of imitation, and their delight in the white man's ways. The men are universally employed, and get from ten to twelve shillings a week.

In a more recent letter of the bishop, he gives some very interesting particulars of a visit to an Indian village where Ilicoan, a chief known for his magnificent voice, took immense interest in what was said, and afterwards repeated it again to the people; the bishop hearing his loud clear voice explaining to the listening tribe all that their Father had told them in the morning. In the evening there was another meeting, which Dr. Hills must give in his own words: "Towards dusk, Indians began again to assemble. My two companions were gone to some distance, and I was alone with the Indians, who came up one after the other unobserved, except now and then when a greater glare from the fire revealed more faces. The Indian is stealthy in his movements. Amongst others who had come and taken a more prominent place, but wrapped this time in a blanket, was Ilicoan. I took my seat on a fallen tree in front of him; there was now a large gathering. I stood up and commenced devotions. Our talk was long; the evening grew darker; the fire blazed brighter. Ilicoan became very excited. He stood up, and with great vehemence and gesticulation, reiterated my words in Quayome. The scene was striking; my companions returned. As they approached they felt a slight alarm; they thought there was trouble, and were much relieved to

see me sitting in the midst of the circle watching Ilicoan. I was deeply interested, indeed, affected, to see the evident impression on these poor Indians. I was also eager to note the pantomime of gesture with which Ilicoan sought to move the spirits of his people."

During this visit the bishop asked how many children there were in the tribe. Two young men consulted together, then started off on the errand, Dr. Hills supposed, of counting the children; but presently, after a little more hesitation and consulting and evident perplexity, they returned, bringing back with them a crowd of Indians, each of whom held a child. The poor little dusky naked creatures had been dragged up out of bed to show themselves to the White Father who cared so much about them. What a picturesque, what a strange, presentation! When the bishop went away, every man and woman shook hands with him, and even the little copper-coloured papooses were brought to him to tender their tiny hands.

The bishop's latest expedition was to Barclay Sound, on the west coast, a bay of about twelve miles in width and twelve in depth, studded with several small islands; at the head of Barclay is a canal extending twenty miles; at the head of this canal is another bay about two miles in diameter. A London firm, James Thompson and Co., have already established a new settlement here for getting spars and timber out of the forest. This colony consists of forty persons, among whom are two "ladies"—all women here, the bishop remarks, claiming that title. Near the bay is the river Cleestachmitt. The banks of this river are lined with trees, rich grass, plants, &c. Noble trees cover the banks—Douglas pines from one to two hundred and fifty feet in height. The river swarms with all kinds of wild-fowl, ducks, geese, and salmon. A great many salmon are killed by the Indians for winter use; they stand up in the canoe, and either knock the fish on the head, or spear them. The Indians are a fine race. The women make oil, and cook, and make mats. Instead of boiling their food over the fire, they get square wooden boxes, in which they put the articles to be cooked; then they add water, which is made to boil by dropping red-hot stones into it. The lake Cleecot is five or six miles wide, and twenty-five miles in length. An Indian who had committed some crime was taken on board the Grappler, which happened to be cruising off the coast, and ordered to be flogged. His friends, who were on board, drew their knives, and seemed to meditate a rescue; and the wife of the captured Indian began to upbraid her husband 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!" The aggrieved white man at last begged the Indian off; three chiefs then came forward with seal-skins as an atonement for the injury committed by their countryman. The tribes near Barclay Sound are almost the only tribes that have not imitated the vices of Europeans. Drunkenness is unknown here.

Dr. Hills believes that the Indians are fitted for Christianity and Civilisation. We string the words the other way; believing that Civilisation should come first. Savages may learn of a few names by heart, and may assent to a few circumstances which they accept as so many historic facts; but this kind of religion—the end and aim and crowning glory of a missionary's life—does no earthly good unless prefaced, supported, and vivified by civilisation. The Red man accepts Moses in the place of Hiawatha, and calls Kitchi Manitou by another name; but he must be taught the practical good of civilisation before he can possibly understand the real meaning of the Christianity he professes, or can judge of the superiority of the white man's law. It is a mistake to assume that the spiritual comes first; and that we can elevate a man's soul before enlightening his mind. We can teach him cant, but not truth, unless we build up from material foundations. After all, industrious and intelligent colonists are the best missionaries to the native "heathen." Example is the best teacher; intercourse, the best school. In the more special part of mission teaching, those men have had the greatest success who have been powerful, handy, common-sense men—enlightened citizens of the world rather than passionate and exclusive sectarians. Dr. Livingstone's manhood has done more for him than his mission-hood; so, we venture to say, will it prove with the courteous, practical, and earnest Christianity of the free-handed Bishop of Columbia.

But Columbia is not interesting only as a mission place; its chief value lies in its capabilities for successful colonisation, and the historical future before it. For all persons who can teach anything, for all handy persons, and men with nerve, courage, and strength; for small capitalists, who think twenty-five or thirty per cent a good investment; and for practical farmers; British Columbia affords admirable opening. Domestic servants, and all manner of female workers, can make their own terms there: from twenty to thirty-five—in the case of cooks, eighty—dollars a month, being the ordinary rate of wages. It is curious to notice the startling value of muscle in new countries. A drayman gets from fifty to seventy dollars per month; a hodman from two to three dollars a day; a bricklayer from five to seven; a blacksmith four dollars a day; with others in like ratio; great monetary respect being paid to well-developed thighs and sinews. But any one who can do anything, will find a fair field and countless opportunities in Columbia, which seems to be a fine swarming place for our old overstocked hive at home.

Several harbour towns and islands bid fair to become of great ultimate importance. There is Nanaimo, on the north shore of an excellent harbour, backed by a range of hills some three thousand feet high, with a capital stock of salmon in the inland rivers and harbour, and such facilities for shipping coal, that a thousand tons a week may easily be removed: in fact, it is the seat of

the coal district, and a rapidly advancing town. Esquimalt Harbour, and Victoria, are of first-rate capacities for harbourage and building, but Victoria is less easy of access than Esquimalt, because of a light bar of sand across the mouth, passable only at certain tides. Other valleys and islands of great beauty and improvable wait the coming of the colonists who are to people them, and develop their resources.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XL.

THE two great figures I had seen looming through the fog while standing in the stream, I at last made out to be two horsemen, who seemed in search of some safe and fordable part of the stream to cross over. Their apparent caution was a lesson by which I determined to profit, and I stood a patient observer of their proceedings. At times I could catch their voices, but without distinguishing what they said, and suddenly I heard a plunge, and saw that one had dashed boldly into the flood, and was quickly followed by the other. If the stream did not reach to their knees, as they sat, it was yet so powerful that it tested all the strength of the horses and all the skill of the riders to stem it; and as the water splashed and surged, and as the animals plunged and struggled, I scarcely knew whether they were fated to reach the bank, or be carried down in the current. As they gained about the middle of the stream, I saw that they were mounted gendarmes, heavy men, with heavy equipments, favourable enough to stem the tide, but hopelessly incapable to save themselves if overturned. "Go back—hold in—go back! the water is far deeper here!" I cried out at the top of my voice; but either not hearing, or not heeding my warning, on they came, and, as I spoke, one plunged forward and went headlong down under the water, but, rising immediately, his horse struck boldly out, and, after a few struggles, gained the bank. The other, more fortunate, had headed up the stream, and reached the shore without difficulty.

With the natural prompting of a man towards those who had just overcome a great peril, I hastened to say how glad I felt at their safety, and from what intense fear their landing had rescued me; when one, a corporal, as his cuff bespoke, muttered a coarse exclamation of impatience, and something like a malediction on the service that exposed men to such hazards, and at the same instant the other dashed boldly up the bank, and with a bound placed his horse at my side, as though to cut off my retreat.

"Who are you?" cried the corporal to me, in a stern voice.

"A traveller," said I, trying to look majestic and indignant.

"So I see; and of what nation?"

"Of that nation which no man insults with impunity."

