

Dr. Cook Esq.

With the writer's sincere  
grateful thanks for  
kindnesses received.

Sep. 10. 1895



TO

E. A. S.,

TO WHOSE KIND APPRECIATION IT OWES ITS PUBLICATION,

THIS VOLUME IS

RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.



# English Lands & English Homes

IN THE FAR WEST;

BEING THE STORY OF

*A Holiday Tour in Canada,*

BY THE

REV. J. WAGSTAFF, B.D.,

VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, MACCLESFIELD.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

JOSEPH WRIGHT, ESQ., J.P.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

*Macclesfield :*

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## INTRODUCTION.

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It has been my privilege twice to visit Canada, on each occasion in the depth of winter, and previous to the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway—and though my observation was principally confined to the chief cities, I returned possessed with information and impressions gathered from a variety of sources, affording many an hour's enjoyable recollection.

The genial and esteemed Vicar of Christ Church has charmed my home circle by a fire-side description of his extended travels, and has since done me the unmerited honour of asking me to write a word or two, by way of introducing his interesting and graphic description of "English Lands and English Homes in the Far West."

I have great sympathy with the sentiment which says "The travelled mind is the catholic mind, educated from exclusiveness and egotism;" and having read the letters of Mr. Wagstaff, which appeared in the *Macclesfield Courier*, and subsequently the revised sheets of his tour, it is pleasing to find that his pen has had entire freedom to depict, and describe, with a frankness and naturalness positively refreshing, the varied scenes he has visited.

Great Britain is on the eve of great changes with regard to her "kith and kin" beyond the seas; and the results of the deliberations now

transpiring between the Government of Her Majesty, and the Representatives of Her principal Colonies, are fraught with such stupendous consequences as to demand more than ordinary attention ; hence, all, both old and young, should seek to become intimately acquainted with the present position and future prospects of the English speaking people wherever they may dwell, and the record of Mr. Wagstaff's journey across Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, cannot fail to inspire a profound interest in the growth and prosperity of a Colony which has hitherto gallantly upheld the best traditions of the Mother Country.

While grateful to all travellers who have shown us visions of this beautiful world, I earnestly hope the present volume will have a wide circulation, and meet with the success it so richly deserves.

JOSEPH WRIGHT.

MACCLESFIELD, *March 23rd*, 1891.

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The following pages are, in the main, a reprint of a series of letters which appeared in the *Macclesfield Courier* in the summer and autumn of 1889. They assume their present form in response to very numerous and pressing requests. Nothing could well have been further from my thoughts when writing them than the making of a book. I had but two very simple objects in view. One of these was to keep myself in touch with my parish and congregation during an unusually long absence from them. The other was to enable them, as far as I could, to share with me the pleasures of my tour. When I mentioned these objects to the Editor of the *Macclesfield Courier*, he at once placed at my service the direct and ready facilities afforded by his columns, and in doing so, gave to the letters a currency much wider than my own immediate aims required. Thus widely published, the letters not only reached a large circle of readers, but were read with an interest which to me was altogether unexpected. Other journals at home quoted them, and they also found their way back to Canada, and were there re-produced. I can only account for this interest by the fact that I tried to convey to my readers the impressions formed as I went along upon my own mind while those impressions

were still warm and vivid. It is this fact which induces me, in complying at length with the request for their re-publication in this small volume, to retain their original character, instead of re-casting them in a form less influenced by the local surroundings of those to whom they were originally addressed.

I have but to add an explanation of the reason which has made me hesitate so long to accede to, and now at length comply with, the request for this re-publication. It is simply this. I could not be brought to believe that they retained interest enough to ensure the sale of a sufficiently large edition to cover the cost of re-production. But this reason has now been removed by a generous offer to relieve me of the pecuniary risk involved. If, therefore, this volume should afford interest or pleasure to those who read it, their thanks will be mainly due to the nameless friend through whose kindness it appears.

J. WAGSTAFF.

MACCLESFIELD, *March*, 1891

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*POSTSCRIPT:—The Photographs which illustrate the Special Edition of this work have been executed by Messrs. Bullock Bros., Macclesfield, to whom I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness.*

J. W.



## CHAPTER I.

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# IN MID OCEAN.



VOYAGE across the Atlantic to Canada is fast becoming a common experience. It has been so often described that I cannot hope to present it in any new or specially interesting light. The only novelty attaching to what I may say will be that which always belongs to the descriptions of one who is telling just what he sees and hears. The very commonest circumstances, when thus described, have an interest which no laboured presentation of facts, otherwise obtained, can possess. And for this reason, as well as for others of a more personal character, it may be possible that these jottings of my experiences may interest the readers of the *Courier*. The majority of them must always see life on an Atlantic steamer, and feel the sensation of an ocean passage, through the medium of others; and they may find some pleasure on this occasion in using my eyes and ears and thoughts.

I will not inflict on them any details of events prior to my embarkation. It will suffice if I say that on July 26th I left Macclesfield for Liverpool to take charge of a party of emigrants for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, whose work on behalf of those who leave the old country for

new homes in our colonies is certainly not the least important of its operations. The plan is to place the emigrants in the care of a chaplain during the voyage. His duty is to attend to their spiritual welfare and their physical comfort, and, on landing, to see them safely transferred to clergymen specially told off to the duty of attending to their wants. In this way they are saved from mistakes on landing in a new and strange land; they are helped to suitable situations; and they are so located as to be within reach of the ministrations of the Church, which thus follows them with the care which a mother would feel for her children. As one of these chaplains, with a body of emigrants under my care, I am now on board the Dominion steamer Sarnia. The ship was timed to leave the Alexandra Dock in Liverpool, in the afternoon of the 26th July. It was about 5-20 when we first found ourselves on the move. Our first stage, however, was to be only a very short one—to take our position before the dock gates so as to be ready to steam out into the Mersey as soon as the tide would permit. There we lay till about 9-30, and I may use this idle time to give a few particulars respecting the ship and the incidents of embarkation. The Sarnia is a vessel of 2,500 tons, built for the Canadian passenger trade seven or eight years ago. The present passage is her 56th voyage across the Atlantic. Though she has been eclipsed in speed by more recent vessels of the same line, she is a most comfortable and well-appointed steamer, and several passengers on board express their preference for her above her newer rivals. The saloon, if not so gorgeous in its fittings as some I have seen, has an attractive air of comfort. The intermediate accommodation is decidedly good, and to those who can dispense with carpets and velvet upholstering, and content themselves with food plain, but ample in quantity and variety, the intermediate offers a cheap and not uncomfortable accommodation for a voyage across the Atlantic. There is of course a greater mixture of society than in the saloon, but no more than one meets with in a third-class railway carriage. The steerage, I confess, is not attractive. I suppose the passage money is so



small that nothing in the shape of refinement can be afforded out of it. The bunks are arranged on large shelves, one above the other, two being on each side of the ship. The dining tables are placed between, along the middle. These shelves are divided into compartments by upright divisions extending down their whole length, and about nine inches or a foot in height, making sleeping compartments about six feet long and two feet wide. There is no bed provided, but each passenger can purchase a bed and pillow for the voyage at a cost of 3s. 6d. This takes off the hardness of the boards, and is, at any rate, clean and wholesome. The whole of the fittings are unpainted deal, simply planed. The food supplied is plentiful and good; but at first passengers in the steerage would do well to provide themselves with a little of their own, as it takes a day or two for their appetites to grow accustomed to the hours of meals. I found on the first night that some, having not much appetite for tea, deferred their meal until supper time, and found there was no supper. If I had not been able to procure them a few biscuits they would have gone hungry to bed. I have frequently enquired since, and found no complaint either of the food or the accommodation; on the contrary the passengers express themselves warmly in praise of their quarters. The chief complaint is as to their inability to retain their food when they have partaken of it.

Before leaving the dock side a Government inspection, known as "clearing," had to be undergone by the steerage passengers. This was called "passing the doctor." This gentleman came on board at about 2-30, and, I should judge, does not find his work very oppressive. A cord was stretched across the ship, and all the steerage passengers assembled behind it. They were made to pass in single file between the ship's surgeon and the Government Inspector. The examination did not appear to me to be very searching, but no doubt familiarity with the appearance of infectious disease enables those accustomed to it to detect it at a glance. A further ordeal, I am told, awaits them at the other end of the voyage.

Those who cannot produce a certificate of successful vaccination will have to be vaccinated before leaving the ship.

At about 9-30 we again felt ourselves on the move, and on reaching deck we saw the lights on both sides of the river receding from view. Soon afterwards we passed the New Brighton lighthouse, and saw the light-ships marking the channel over the bar far out before us in the darkness. I stayed on deck until these were passed, and then, as there was nothing more to be seen, I went below and sought my cabin. I was fortunate in having one to myself, and in the best part of the ship, so that the motion is often scarcely perceptible. Early in the morning the southern shore of the Isle of Man stood out clearly in view to the north of us; and to the west, in the clear, bright morning sun, the coast of Ireland lay stretched out in wonderfully distinct outline. As the day wore on we approached nearer and nearer to it, and every house and meadow, and rock and tree, stood out with the utmost clearness. We were to call at Belfast, or, rather, to put in at the Lough, and await a tender from Belfast with passengers and goods. As letters had to be sent off, I went below to write them, and also to prepare a telegram to be sent on shore by the tender. When this was done, there was the opportunity of gazing at leisure upon a truly beautiful scene. The sea, with its curling and white-crested waves, sufficiently ruffled to be picturesque, without causing much motion to the ship, was glittering in the bright sunlight all around. Ballyholme Bay, with the town of Bangor, lay off to the west, and farther up we caught sight of Helen's Tower, of which Tennyson has written. The green slopes and wooded hills stretching northwards along the coast of the County Down, are the property of the Earl of Dufferin, a name which Canadians on board uttered with an emphasis of pleasure. In a little while after, we turned the point, and Belfast Lough lay spread out before us. I had never heard it spoken of for beauty, but as it appeared to us from the deck of the ship it certainly made one of the prettiest pictures I have ever looked upon. An Irish gentleman who had a few weeks before visited Queenstown Harbour, so famed for its beauty, said that in his estimation it could not be said to

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exceed Belfast Lough as we saw it that morning. On the South the wooded shores of the County Down formed a green slope down to the edge of the sparkling bay. In the distance behind could be seen the Castlereagh Hills and the tops of the Mourne Mountains blue and indistinct. At the bend of the bay, seven or eight miles away, was Belfast. So clear was the morning that we could see the shipyards, the factory chimneys, and even the houses, with wonderful distinctness. The town extends itself upon the north shore of the Lough, and with few vacant intervals there were houses and villages all along the shore. Right before us was Carrickfergus, with its old grey castle with square massive keep, which gives its name to the bay in which it stands, and on whose beach William III. landed when he went to Ireland. In the background rose in succession Caine Hill, Black Mountain, Divis Mountain, Colin Hill, and farther back, peeping over the tops of intervening hills, the summit of Knocklayde. Stretching away to the North was a coast increasing in ruggedness, with the rocky promontory of Blackhead bounding the view. The tender, bringing chiefly steerage passengers, and goods in cases for Toronto, had discharged her freight, living and dead, by noon, and at 12-30 the anchor was weighed, the ship's head turned to the North, and we were fairly on our long voyage. We might, until then, have changed our minds and returned home by the tender. Now there would be no more stopping of the engine, and no place of call, till we should be in sight of Canada. The sensation of feeling oneself committed to a voyage approaching 3,000 miles without sight of land, with all the probabilities of storms or accident, and with no help nearer than that which some passing ship might give, is one which I cannot describe. We could only hope in God's goodness to bring us safely over the wide waters, and we committed ourselves to Him.

For several hours the north coast of Ireland was kept in sight, its scenery ever increasing in wildness and grandeur. In places it seemed to rise up sheer from the water, in an unbroken wall hundreds of feet in height. At others it was scarred and indented by centuries of Atlantic weather, honey-combed with great caves, or broken by inlets running far

up into the land. The mountains of Donegal stood out in the background like a wall of mist in one long range, which, as we advanced, were to be shaped into distinct ranges, and to be separated into bold and clearly cut peaks. The two islands called "The Maidens," and the island "Magee," were successively passed, as were also the entrances to Loch Larragh and Loch Foyle. A very curiously shaped mountain named Slemish mountain was pointed out to me. It rises abruptly from a plain, though, when first seen, it appeared as one of the summits of the Antrim Hills. At the foot of it, St. Patrick is said to have resided four years. Fair Head, Bengore Head, and the Pleaskin were rapidly passed, and we were steaming not far from the coast of Rathlin Island, a wild and barren-looking spot, as seen from the sea. Here Bruce was imprisoned when he saw the spider renew its attempts to reach the roof of the cell until it succeeded, not only in its own immediate object, but in stimulating Bruce, and after him many others to persevering effort and exertion. The last land to be seen was Tory Island. We passed it at 7-10 in the evening, and as it receded into the distance behind us, and finally disappeared, we felt that we were indeed out on the ocean. No landmark of any kind was now to be seen to guide us over the more than 2,000 miles of water which intervened between us and the nearest point of land on the other side. Yet, straight almost as an arrow, the ship would speed to the point aimed at, guided by the trembling needle, and making a line more direct (though not so rigid) than a railway line would be. In her homeward voyage the Sarnia ran hardly 13 miles more, from port to port, than the shortest possible distance between Montreal and Liverpool. Let my readers try to imagine how small a deviation that represents on a line 2,630 miles in length. In the evening of Saturday I held my first service on deck, being assisted therein by two ministers of Wesleyan bodies, who each spoke simply and earnestly to the assembled passengers. All present seemed grateful for the service, and asked that it might be repeated.

Sunday on board an Atlantic steamer had, for all of us, some points of special interest, and it may not be amiss if I try to describe it. The

regulations provide that, weather permitting, there shall be morning prayer on board, and, if possible, a sermon every Sunday. It was fixed for 10-30. This in our longitude would be at least three quarters of an hour later than at Macclesfield. Notices were put up in every part of the ship, inviting all to come. On this occasion no distinction is made between first-class and other passengers, but all alike are invited to take their places in the saloon. As many as were well enough to be present came, including Germans, Swedes, and Russians, who could not understand a word of what was said. The only exceptions were French Canadians and one or two Roman Catholics. The saloon was transformed as much as possible into a church. A cushion, covered with crimson cloth, was placed at the end of the centre table for a pulpit, the piano in the music room, which has an opening into the saloon, served as an organ. Prayer Books and Bibles, with Sankey's hymn books (the only ones on board) were supplied to every seat. At 10-25 a bell was tolled, and the congregation began to assemble. The steerage passengers were placed in the best seats, and the saloon and intermediate passengers left to fill the vacant places and the music room. Every place was filled when the service began. We took a shortened form of morning prayer with two lessons. The second lesson for the day (Acts xxvii.) was singularly appropriate (except, happily, as to weather and shipwreck), and was read by the Rev. Mr. Grundy. I preached from Psalm xl., 17, "The Lord thinketh upon me," and tried to apply the strength and comfort of the text to the special circumstances in which we were placed, or those to which many present were going. It may be that in time to come, when alone on the wide prairie, or still more alone as strangers in a great city, unknown and without friends, some may find the text recurring to their memory, assuring them that the best and mightiest of friends is near at hand. In the afternoon a deck service was held at 3-0, and in the evening, at my request, service was again held in the saloon, at which Mr. Grundy preached an admirable and interesting sermon on "The Sea."

I may mention a circumstance which greatly touched and impressed me this Sunday afternoon. A tall and stalwart German, with his wife and child, who are among the steerage passengers, held a little service for his family and himself on the hatches covering the hold. He took out his German hymn book, and sang to a plaintive and monotonous tune a hymn out of it. Then uncovering his head, he prayed in an earnest voice and with much readiness of speech. Though I could not follow him intelligently, I tried to join with him in heart, and felt how close God could be to every one of us, however widely separated we might be by distance, nationality, or speech.



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## CHAPTER II.

### IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.



AS I write this, I am in the midst of a scene of marvellous beauty. We are on the great Gulf of St. Lawrence, so wide here that only on an unusually clear morning, such as this is, is it possible to see the land on either side. There are parts of the estuary where it is quite impossible, in any state of weather, to see from land to land, its width in its widest part being 265 miles. The sun is shining gloriously, the air is clear and balmy, and the estuary spreads itself out like a molten looking glass, so still that even the steamer's progress through it seems hardly to disturb its even surface. Cast across it is a broad stripe of glory, caused by the sun's reflection, it being early morning. The sky is of a deep clear blue mottled with fleecy clouds, which reflect themselves as in a mirror, and a gentle wind from the west is breathing on us as we glide along almost unconscious of motion. I am seizing the last opportunity I shall have, perhaps, before I reach Quebec, to continue the story begun in my former letter, and I must go back to relate the incidents which have occurred in the interval. We passed the "Half-way House" at midnight on Wednesday, the 31st July. Of course, this house exists on no better foundation than a pleasant fancy, though the children on board, seeing it figured in pencil on the chart,

imagined it was some island and house upon the way. Though the house existed but in fancy, the effect of passing it on the spirits and faces of the passengers was real. To those whose abode is on Canadian soil, it seemed to mean that they were almost home; and to those of us who regard ourselves as strangers going to a strange land, it at least had the effect of making us realise that one half of our ocean perils were over.

An interesting operation every day was the ascertaining of our latitude and longitude. This is done at eight, and at twelve o'clock; and at the latter hour there is quite a small excitement to know the number of miles run since the same hour on the day before. I am bound to say that this excitement is not wholly due to a pride in the ship's performances, but derives no inconsiderable share of its interest from the fact that it determines who shall claim the sweepstakes. In these days the gambling spirit is so universal that even so small an uncertainty as whether the ship's run shall be 299 or 300 miles is made the subject of a bet. The stakes are small, I believe, but the vicious principle thus stimulated is not unlikely to be applied to larger amounts, and with far less innocent results.

This taking of the ship's position is simple enough. Only three things are required—the sun, the sextant, and knowing how to do it. I am afraid I am not sufficiently conversant with this last matter to be able to enlighten my readers upon it. In general, I may say that the sextant—an instrument which has a series of mirrors and a travelling indicator on a numbered arc—brings the reflection of the sun on to the horizon and determines its altitude. Then, by means of a kind of nautical ready-reckoner, known as "Pity me" by the sailors, and the chronometer, the calculation is made in a few minutes, which gives to within a mile the latitude and longitude of the vessel. This, compared with the previous day's position, gives the number of miles travelled. The ship's clock is then adjusted to the time of the sun, and our watches are regularly put back to correspond with it. Every day we add about 31 or 32 minutes to the length of the day, and have consequently to put back our watches by so many



minutes. As I write, I am nearly five hours behind Macclesfield time. You get the sun, and with him your getting-up time and your breakfast time, so much before we get him here. Though I seem to be losing these hours now, I feel that I am only dropping them on the Atlantic to pick them up again as I return.

At about two o'clock on Friday morning, August 2nd, we entered the iceberg belt. At three, several fine bergs came in sight, and then we were charmed with a scene of much interest and beauty. The great danger of this iceberg belt is that the weather may be foggy, and that the ship may run into one of these floating masses before it can be perceived. On this morning the wind was from the North-west, and the whole horizon as clear as we could possibly desire. We were, therefore, without any sense of danger, and able to enjoy the magnificent display. At first only one or two eastern stragglers came in sight, but as the day wore on they became more numerous, until we must have passed many hundreds, large and small. Our channel between them was perhaps nine or ten miles wide, and they seemed, by the regularity of their distance apart, like Nature's buoys anchored in the ocean to mark out the safe channel for the ship. For 168 miles we steamed through this magnificent avenue, with our white and glittering sentinels on either hand. It is well known that they often present the most fantastic shapes. Some are merely floating blocks with a smooth, even top, as level as a table. But the majority were worn and melted into strange and beautiful forms. One was like an enormous swan, with its pure white neck and body, almost perfect in shape, but cyclopean in proportion, riding gracefully on the still sea. Another was like the solemn face of an Egyptian Sphinx. A third looked exactly like a huge white horse swimming in the water—Neptune's horse we called it, only Neptune had probably gone below to bathe. Some were floating mountains, hundreds of feet long, and looking nearly as high. One was especially beautiful and curious. As seen at first it reminded me of our Wensleydale hill Shutlingslow, as seen from Wildboarclough. By-and-bye, as we came nearer to it, it took the form of a volcano with one side of the

crater broken down, and, out at sea, at the extremity of a level field of ice, stood a tower, castellated in form, and so perfect that it might have been chiselled masonry. But as the berg floated past, quite near to us, and we saw it on the other side, it became transformed into a Gothic cathedral, with high-pitched nave, transept, and cloisters, and a square, low tower, surmounting the beautiful and translucent pile. Nothing could exceed its strange and marvellous beauty; and as the sun shone on it and lit up its ridges and angles, and reflected itself from the crystal surface, it looked like a palace of light, in which angels might worship, and the "Father of Lights" might dwell. Later in the day a beautiful mirage entranced and delighted everybody. The sea behind was become a placid lake, bounded, as it seemed, by banks over which foaming cascades were falling; iceberg seemed piled on iceberg in the strangest and most fantastic way, or became transformed into tents pitched on the margin of the lake, or gabled houses dotted grotesquely up and down.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we turned our faces from the east, where we had been watching the mirage, to the west, at the cry of "Land in sight." Gladly did we look away from the beautiful illusions to the more real, if less poetic, prospect before us. The land was the coast of the little island called Belle Isle. In a few minutes the coast of Labrador, like a cloud spread along the horizon, came into view. Even Labrador, though its very name almost makes one shiver, was welcome to our eyes. As this became more clearly defined to the north-west, the coast of Newfoundland, with Cape Bauld, became visible towards the south-west. At four o'clock we passed the lighthouse of Belle Isle, and entered the straits of that name. Why this island should have been honoured with this fair name is not very apparent, unless it was that to those early pioneers of Atlantic voyaging who first discovered it, any land was beautiful which told of the probable termination of their journey. In fact, the island is wild and sterile to a degree. Few persons see more of it than we were able to see, and to us its treeless surface covered only with the thinnest colouring of verdure, looked most inhospitable and forlorn. There is said to be a lake abounding in excellent fish

in the interior, but this, of course, we could not see. Only four people live on it—the lighthouse keeper, his wife, their daughter, and her husband. They are said to be very happy and contented. And why should they not be so? Government supplies them with food and shelter. They are lords of the land they survey. Their cattle, if they have any, never break down their neighbours' fences. They need neither policemen nor soldiers. They are never troubled with gas or water collectors, rates, taxes, School Boards or elections, and there is nobody to envy them. Their society, if not a wide circle, can claim to be select. Why should they not be happy? Still, with all these advantages, few of our Macclesfield people would care to exchange places with the inhabitants of "Fair Isle." Nor can I say I felt any strong inclination to share in their advantages, whatever they may be.

The straits of Belle Isle, into which we were now entered, are about 10 miles wide, and 23 or 24 miles long. The coast of Newfoundland, to the south, was low and featureless, with no sign of human habitation upon it. The coast of Labrador, on the north, was more interesting in a certain way. It was bolder in outline, and at times assumed even a savage aspect. But one's mind went out beyond the coast line, and pictured a wild and desolate interior, never thawed by the summer sun, and too inhospitable to maintain life, save to a few wandering tribes. Yet even in this land, inviting, perhaps, above all others on the face of the globe, Christian missionary enterprise has penetrated, and in it simple and devoted men have been content to live and labour, whose only motive was love of Christ, and whose only reward the blessedness of doing good.

Of Newfoundland there are many curious and interesting facts which might be mentioned were it not that space in the *Courier* and patience in the readers of it might be overtaxed by their recital. It does not, properly speaking, form part of Canada, though it is a British colony. When the federation of provinces was effected, in 1868, Newfoundland preferred to remain outside. Beyond these uninteresting coasts, shrouded as they are in fog all the year round, except on brief occasions such as that which

favoured us, there are said to be beautiful lakes reflecting clear skies, and lands unoccupied which might largely contribute to the world's wealth. But nobody thinks of stopping at Newfoundland on their way to the West. It is left to fishermen of all nationalities, and the idea generally entertained of it by the outside world is chiefly compounded of codfish and fog. It is largely "run," to use a phrase common on this side of the Atlantic, by a few English and Scottish merchants, who control its destinies and direct the politics of its 193,121 inhabitants.

As I am just at the gates of Canada, it may be convenient if I cast a forward glance over the vast country known by that name, and give a few particulars in outline about it, which may be filled up in places in subsequent communications. I would specially say at first, lest I forget it afterwards, that Canada and America are terms which should not be confounded. To some readers it may seem needless to point out what to them is so obvious. But I have heard it complained of many times, since I have been on board, by Canadians that their country is confounded with the United States in the popular mind of England. Though, of course, Canada is a part, and a very important part, of the great Continent called North America, yet the country known as America is the United States, which, on their assumption of independent existence, a century ago, assumed that name. Canada, as a country, is as distinct from it as Belgium is from France. I give prominence to this fact because of the complaint I have alluded to. The Canadians do not wish to be identified with the United States. They glory in their connection with England. Their greatest pride is in being British subjects, their next in being Canadians; and the strength of that national sentiment is likely to preserve them from ever casting in their fortunes with the great American people.

This great country, Canada, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, bids fair to become the great cornfield of the world. While the corn-producing power of America is decreasing, that of Canada is increasing with rapid strides. New territories in the North West, until now

unexplored, and supposed to be too sterile or too cold to sustain or attract settlers, have been shown to possess vast areas of fertile land, only waiting for the plough to produce food to an incredible extent. Strangely enough, the lands lying to the North West, though in higher latitudes, are found to have finer climates and milder winters than those more in the South, and plains hitherto given up to the hunter and the trapper are being rapidly opened up to the wheat grower and the grazier. The great Canadian Pacific Railway crosses it from east to west, forming a highway for commerce between ocean and ocean, and is not unlikely, ere many years have passed, to be the connecting link between England and the far East,—China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and even Calcutta. Of no smaller thing do Canadians dream; and if the reports I have heard on board ship be true, the steps towards the realisation of that dream are already far advanced. This country, then, must eventually become of the first importance to England. Not only does it offer homes to our surplus population in climates suited to a northern race, but fields of vastest enterprise, in its mines of gold, and silver, and iron, and coal, and its wells of oil and other hidden riches to the largest capitalists. Already in a commercial sense it merits our best attention. It is a customer which we cannot afford to lose, and it furnishes a market which we could not see closed without a sense of serious loss. The last Blue Book tells us that Canada in the year 1885 had in imports and exports a volume of trade amounting to £37,269,487. She bought £5,526,355 worth more than she sold, and Great Britain was her principal customer. We sold to her goods amounting in value to £8,281,355, and we bought from her wheat and other products of the value of £8,375,541. She is thus not only important as a field for emigration but a customer of no inconsiderable value. We sell to her coal, iron, earthenware, dried fruits, glassware, hardware, cutlery, hats, caps, bonnets, leather goods, linen, salt, silk, wool, and manufactured cotton and woollen goods. Of iron, in its various forms, we send to her nearly a million pounds' worth every year; of cotton manufactured goods another million; of woollen fabrics £1,715,000 worth; of silk nearly another half-million, and of salt, a special product of Cheshire,

£41,474. And in return we obtain from her a large proportion of our food supply, bacon and hams, cheese and butter, flour, fish, wheat, barley, oats, and other grains, besides an immense amount of timber from her magnificent forests. On these grounds, therefore, Canada is a country well worthy of our best attention at home. And this commerce must vastly increase. It is natural that settlers from the mother country should send home to England for such articles as they cannot produce for themselves; and as the country becomes populated, this volume of trade must in the future be many times multiplied. The trade of to-day is the growth of not more than about 80 years. In another period of like duration, if the rate of progress in the past is maintained (and it will probably be immensely exceeded,) a mighty nation will be dwelling on her boundless plains; the shrill whistle of the railway trains will be heard where now all is solitude; towns and cities will be scattered over the rolling prairies and the northern wastes, and the Atlantic be alive with vessels bearing costly cargoes to and fro between it and the parent isle. Whereas on our way out we only saw some three ships between land and land, then the way all across must be like lines of ocean rails, on which the floating trains must keep for safety in their outward and homeward tracks, if collision is to be avoided. If my visit, and the account of it which I may be able to send you, should in any small measure help to a more intelligent knowledge of this great country on the part of our people at home, I shall feel that my holiday has been doubly pleasant. When I write again it will probably be from Winnipeg, nearly as far westward of the spot on which I write as I am now from England.





## CHAPTER III.

## WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

**T**HE friend, whose hospitality I am enjoying, was once asked in England some questions about Newfoundland, his questioner being under the impression that Winnipeg, because in Canada, could not be very far from that island of fog. It is difficult to realise it, but it is nevertheless a fact, that Macclesfield is nearer to Newfoundland than Winnipeg is, by several hundred miles. And Winnipeg is only the half-way house across the continent. I have yet 1,500 miles to cover before I see the western boundary of Canada, and the waters of the Pacific Ocean. This fact may help my readers to realise the vast size of this country, and will, I hope, correct the impression that it is some insignificant tract of land forming a sort of appendage to the United States. The City of Winnipeg, from which I am writing, is situated at the junction of the Assiniboia and Red Rivers, and is the capital of Manitoba, the prairie province of Canada. It is as yet rather the promise of a city than a city complete. For though it has grown with marvellous rapidity, being a few years ago a mere cluster of settlers' houses, and now has a population of 22,000, with fine buildings and all the arrangements of a town, it is yet largely a city of streets without houses.

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It has been laid out on a grand and far-seeing plan, with streets of unusual width. It has its tram lines, telephones, and electric light; and its fire brigade is the most perfect in all its equipments that I have seen, except in our largest towns and cities.

But, perhaps, I had better continue my story from the point at which I broke off.

Our voyage of 900 miles up the St. Lawrence was one continual delight. Except for a fog for part of one day, the weather was beautifully fine, and the views along the river were seen to perfection in the clear air. We sailed near the south bank until we reached Quebec, and for many miles the northern bank was out of sight, owing to the river's great width. The shore in sight was bold and grand, a succession of wooded promontories pushing themselves out into the stream, with green, bright intervalles between, on which at first a few fishermen's huts were seen, and then, as we pursued our way, rows of white houses, and village succeeding village with hardly a break, until we had long passed Quebec. In every village could be seen a clean, new-looking church, with a spire covered with tin, glittering in the sun. Occasionally there were two spires, but the sameness of these churches was remarkable. They might all have been turned out of some wholesale manufactory; they were all in the same style, of the same colour, and, as far as I could judge, of the same size.

At the quarantine station, our medical officer had to give a clean bill of health before we were allowed to pass on. I may take this opportunity of mentioning, for the benefit of intending emigrants to this country, who may take steerage passages, that a written certificate of successful vaccination is required from every such passenger. If he does not possess it, he has to submit to vaccination by the ship's doctor, or else be left in quarantine for a number of days. Not one of our steerage passengers had this certificate, and accordingly all had to submit to the operation, except those under seven years of age,—in which category was included an aged grandmother, verging upon four score years.



As we approached Quebec, the river seemed to expand and then suddenly contract, till it was only four miles wide. This narrowing of the stream was caused by the high steep rock on which Quebec is built, on the top of which, looking down the river, is the citadel, which Wolfe so courageously captured. I was somewhat disappointed with the height of this rock. The pictures I had seen of it led me to expect a much more lofty eminence. But we could not properly estimate its elevation from the ship, and I could not get the time to examine it from above or below. The monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, the two opposing generals, who, as victor and vanquished, fell together in the same battle, stands a little below the citadel. The natural situation of Quebec is its greatest attraction. As a place of trade and commerce it seems to be decaying. Its wharves and quays were almost silent, and only a couple of coal ships were discharging cargo or taking it on board. Its great commercial rival, Montreal, bids fair to make it into a second Venice, with only a memory of a greatness which has departed. Nor is this impression removed by a visit to its streets. They are narrow, ill-paved, steep, and dirty, and the houses of the poorer classes look as if inhabited by people without either spirit or ambition. The Citadel, the University, and the Custom House, are fine buildings. Besides them, only the religious houses look as if anybody cared for them. These monastic and conventual establishments—huge sepulchres for living people—are seen in plenty. If the people are poor, and their houses squalid, those, at least, are rich and beautiful; and if the city is decaying, these are flourishing, like a parasitic plant upon a rotten tree.

At Quebec we parted with a number of our passengers. By taking train here a day may often be gained by those who are going west of Montreal. Those of us who remained with the ship had no reason to regret it, for the warm day and clear atmosphere, with scenes of ever changing interest and beauty on either hand, rendered our voyage delightful. For at least 100 miles above Quebec the river shows no signs of narrowing, and not until Lake St. Pierre is passed is there any striking

change in the scenery. This lake is a shallow flat, not more than from four to six feet deep, over which the river spreads itself. The enterprise of Montreal has, however, led to the digging of a deep channel through it—a submerged canal—along which the largest ocean steamers can go to the deeper water beyond. The shores of the lake, fringed with trees, were never out of sight, and here and there were low swampy islands, hardly lifted above the water's level, which were covered with masses of scarlet flowers, giving them a very gay appearance. From here to Montreal the high banks and bold scenery disappeared, and only a level, uninteresting stretch of country intervened. Churches of the same everlasting pattern were thick upon the ground, and village and town succeeded each other all the way. We passed at one place a sunken ship, with its masts still out of the water. A collision had made a great gap in her side, and she had sunk, with the loss of eight lives. Thirty-six escaped, drenched, to land, in the early morning, and walked two miles to the terminus of the Montréal tramways. I have never heard of such red-tapeism as that which they experienced on endeavouring to enter the cars and find their way back to Montreal. They had just escaped with only their lives from the wreck, and none of them had a coin upon them, or any article of value except the captain's watch. The conductor refused to take them until they had paid their fares, and declined the captain's gold watch as a security because it would not go into the money box. And so these unfortunate men had to walk eight miles into Montreal, while the conductor, with his empty car, rode beside them.

Montreal is as much alive as Quebec is dead. Here are factories and warehouses, rubber-works and iron foundries, wharves full of people, and all the indications of an energetic commercial capital. Its streets are not so wide as they might have been with advantage, but there are buildings as fine as can be seen anywhere, and squares with grass and flowers and fountains, giving the city a cool, refreshing look. But the city is spoiled, as far as its appearance goes, by the endless, and not elegant, telegraph poles. The main streets are a perfect network of wires, crossing and re-crossing in

every direction, which must, in winter, be a source of considerable danger. The signs in the streets and the notices in the shop windows tell you at once that you are in a city containing a heterogeneous population. French and English are both spoken, but while both these races are contained in nearly equal proportions within the city, there is no coalescing of the two elements. A visit to those quarters which are inhabited exclusively by one or other of these nationalities is instructive. The one reminds us of Quebec, the other of Manchester. Race is not the only division. Religion is another, following almost the same lines. The French are nearly all Roman Catholic, the English Protestant. Grave difficulties are before the Dominion in connection with this dual nationality, with its dual faith, into which I must not enter now. The English Cathedral would make a fairly large English parish church. It is a Gothic building, with aisles and transept, and struck me as being more pretentious than beautiful. St. George's Church is a more complete and satisfactory building of its kind, built in a style perhaps best described as American Gothic. Attached to it is a church house, or institute, of the most perfect kind I have ever seen. I could hardly help coveting it for Christ Church. Opposite to it is a miniature of St. Peter's, at Rome, and of St. Paul's, London, as yet incomplete. The Roman Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame is a shoddy structure, and made one think, from its external appearance, that it had been built on reduced plans to save expense. Its two tall and disproportionate towers would have made one of decent dimensions, which would have looked less contract-like. Inside it was one blaze of blue and gold, which, though tawdry by daylight, would, no doubt, be thought by some to be very splendid when lighted up. There are two galleries running round three sides of the church, one above the other, the remaining side, or end, being occupied by the sanctuary. One of the newest of the public buildings, and not the least impressive, is the Station of the C. P. Railway—a block of Norman masonry, which is imposing from its massiveness.

The railway journey from Montreal to Port Arthur is through a wild and broken country. Until within a hundred miles of the latter place, it is

somewhat monotonous through the constant repetition of the same kind of scenery, which, though wild and interesting at first, grows wearisome when you have looked at it for days. River and lake, tracts ravaged by fire and looking like a forest of bare, charred poles, stumps of trees in the clearings, rude fences, small towns consisting of wooden shanties, built without any regard to symmetry, and now and again a more luxuriant forest growth, with noble trees and beautiful streams, make up my recollection of it. Yet this country, with only the very thinnest streak of population along the 700 miles of railway, is probably destined to become of exceeding importance. These rocks and mountains contain rich veins of precious ore, which some day will attract miners and the diggers in great numbers. Already in some spots, people are flocking together, and the time must come when the silent wilderness will sound with the hum of busy life.

But how shall I describe the superlative grandeur and beauty of the remaining hundred miles to Port Arthur? The railway runs along the shore of Lake Superior, and follows all the sinuosities of the coast line. Now we were rushing through a short tunnel, now by the edge of the waves, and now on a shelf of rock cut out of the face of a perpendicular cliff. Mountains of Laurentian rock rose above us as straight as the side of a house, 400 feet, 500 feet, and even 700 feet, and round their base, bathing it with its white lapping waves, rolled the great inland sea, studded with beautiful islands. Here and there the geographical formation underwent a sudden change, and huge outstanding bluffs of stratified rock, capped with basalt, rose sheer up out of the bosom of the lake. The ride through this glorious scenery was simply intoxicating in its delight. A party of medical men were travelling with us, and their admiration knew no bounds. But while all this enjoyment was at its height, another object caught our eye, which gave rise to one loud burst of cheering, such as the magnificent scenery we had passed through had failed to elicit. This was nothing else than a group of ladies and children, who emerged from some sheltering cliff as soon as the train had passed. It was a sign that we were nearly out of the wilderness, and approaching civilised life

again. Soon afterwards the train drew up at Port Arthur. I must not stop to describe this city now, and, indeed, as we had only a passing look at it, it would not be easy to do so. The chief object of interest to us all was an Indian baby, carried by its mother in a kind of cradle on her back. The child was like a swathed mummy, but with a dark skin and lustrous eyes, and looked out on the world with a good tempered face.

I will not now enter into particulars respecting the produce and fertility of Manitoba. As I hope to see more of it, and to pay a second visit to it on my way home, it will be better if I wait till then, that my present impressions may either be confirmed or corrected. But I wish I could give my readers an idea of the prairie. There is no comparison that fitly represents it. It is as level as a cricket field, and seemingly as boundless as the sea. Looking over it from Stony Mountain, (the highest eminence near Winnipeg, though it is barely 100ft. in elevation,) it looked more like a level sea or lake than anything else. The soil is a deep black loam, with a substratum of clay, and is so tenacious that after rain it is like walking in birdlime. An American, wishing to describe the almost bottomless depths of mud in the streets of Winnipeg, before its main street was paved with wood, related the following veracious story:—He saw, he said, a man's felt hat lying in the street. It looked a good one, and he picked it up, when, to his surprise, he found a man underneath it. He helped him out, and as soon as he was able to speak he thanked his preserver, and added, "I was on horseback, and my horse is down below; will you help me to get him out?" Not quite so deep, perhaps, as this story would imply, but very deep, and seemingly bottomless, is the prairie mud. The grass, where the prairie sod has been broken, is like a field newly mown, and as clear of weeds. The breaking of the sod, when it is not followed up, leads to deterioration and a rank growth of weeds. Though this year is exceptionally unfavourable, through long drought, I have seen some splendid specimens of wheat; and the cattle which graze at large over the prairie, with no fodder given them by their owners, are sleek and plump in condition. Stock raising even here, which is not the locality best adapted for it, must be a

profitable business. I have mentioned Stony Mountain. There is a herd of buffalo grazing near this spot, and as these animals are fast becoming extinct in this country, they are especially valuable. They are herded like other cattle. Bears and prairie wolves are found in the woods but are not dangerous. Here are the penitentiary and asylum for the province.

I went out one day to the end of a new line of railway and saw a country just opened up to the world. A picnic had been got up to celebrate the railway extension, and to provide a holiday for the grocers and other tradesmen of the city. It afforded me an opportunity of seeing the life of a section of the population under a new aspect. We sat and watched a seemingly endless procession of vehicles, of all sorts and sizes, full of visitors bent on enjoying themselves. Though there were between 2,000 and 3,000 people, I noticed particularly that there was only one man who seemed the worse for drink. Non-intoxicating drinks are used more largely here than in England, and the result is probably due to this.

I fear it would be tedious, and my time is too limited, to attempt to describe the incidents and places here. But a visit to St. Andrew's on the river side, which is a settlement of half-breeds, was specially interesting to me. There I saw the grave of the pioneer of all the religious life of the province. Its inscription was as follows:—

ARCHDEACON COCHRANE,  
Died October 1, 1865,  
Aged 70 years.

This man, whose name will be little known to my readers, came here in 1825 as a missionary to the Indians. This country then could only be reached by way of Hudson's Bay, the straits leading to which are only navigable for three months in the year. Letters and supplies came only once a year. Mr. Cochrane began to teach the Indians to settle on the land and cultivate it. His disappointments and difficulties were many; but his perseverance and faith, aided by his robust individuality, overcame all obstacles, and were crowned with great success. He built St. Andrew's

Church, largely with his own hands, and ministered for many years to the congregations assembling therein. After a sojourn of 40 years in the wilderness, as he used to term it, he died in 1865, leaving behind him a memory revered and loved. Missionary enterprise can tell of many more romantic and thrilling careers than his, but of none whose work has been more self-denying and abiding. Lower down was the "Lower Fort Garry," a typical Hudson's Bay fort. It is a square, enclosing four or five acres of ground, with round towers at the corners and walls about 9ft. high, both towers and walls being pierced with slits after the manner of ancient city walls in England. The chief factor's house is in the centre, and the store, stables, and houses of inferior officers are round about. Chief factor McLeod, now resident there, was with his wife and family, except two children, made captives by Big Bear, the Indian chief who took part in Riel's second rebellion. They were made to walk 30 miles a day without shoes, and were in constant danger of their lives. Their residence was then at Fort Pitt, in the north-west, and after the suppression of the rebellion they came to this place. But I must not be tempted to enter into details. As soon as I have closed this letter, I shall be starting for Portage la Prairie, where I preach an ordination sermon, and thence I go westwards to Victoria. From thence I may perhaps write again. I shall then be looking out on to the Pacific Ocean, with the Rocky Mountains, and 6,000 miles of land and sea between me and home, but with a feeling that my furthest limit has been reached, and my next steps will be homewards.





## CHAPTER IV.

## ACROSS THE PRAIRIES.



HAD not intended to write again until I should reach Victoria but I find that to crowd so long a journey into one letter would be at once wearisome to your readers and make too great a demand on your space. Here, then, in a comfortable hotel at Banff, at the entrance to the Rocky Mountains, and with an evening unemployed, I take up the thread of my story again. To describe the prairies is no difficult thing ; but when they are described as fully as words can do it, no mere reader can picture them to himself with any true sense of the reality. In some parts they are wide plains, with scarcely an undulation from the dead level, like an endless cricket field, or like a sea of land. In other places they are broken by low rolling hills, and scored out by what have evidently been shallow river beds, or chains of marshes and lagoons. But one feature characterises them everywhere, for days of travel, and as far as the eye can reach on either side. That is the entire absence of trees. Dwarf willows may rise here and there to a foot in height, and near some river bed, or in some creek, trees of some considerable growth may be seen. But these are the rare exceptions, and every traveller will feel and note this characteristic of treelessness everywhere. The landscape as I passed through it, was generally uninteresting in the extreme. After



the first hour or two's travelling the grass was withered and brown. In many places it had caught fire, and vast black patches disfigured the country. These fires were, in some instances, burning as we passed, and several times came up to the very edge of the railway. But there were also large tracts of a bright green; and when I say large tracts, I mean much more, perhaps; than my readers may imagine—many miles in extent, and sufficient to make farms for half the people in Macclesfield. Often these bright spots are as green as a newly-mown field, on which the grass has begun to spring again. In one part of our journey we passed along the margin of great lakes which have no outlet, and are therefore salt. Around these a fringe of white alkaline deposit glitters like a coronet of ice, and in many cases the water has altogether gone, and a white dazzling patch, relieved with rusty red, marks the place where once it was. But so vast is the stretch of land between Winnipeg and the place at which I am writing that plots such as these, though bigger than a whole county, are no more than a pond in the middle of a field.

Of course the soil over such an area must differ much in one part from another. A description of it in one place would be far less likely to apply to another, than a description of the soil of Scotland would apply to the South of England. Around Winnipeg it is a stiff, tenacious loam, black and very fertile, but with clay at about two feet below the surface. At Portage la Prairie, 50 miles westward, I obtained a section of it to the depth of 17 or 18 feet. There were four feet of the richest black loam that ever a farmer could desire, then a thin layer of arenaceous clay, then ten feet of a light coloured earth with a clayey subsistence, then three feet of white quicksand, full of water, and then, apparently, hard rock. This is the richest spot in the province of Manitoba, and yields enormous crops of grain, year after year, without a particle of manure. At Regina, 12 hours by rail west, the land seemed much the same, but hardly so rich; while still further west, with places equalling Portage la Prairie in fertility, there were great stretches of land looking poor and unprofitable, or parched and sandy. The Saskat-

chewan Valley was rich again, and seemed made to become some day cornfields and gardens, in which everything would grow to perfection.

All along the line at intervals, are seen farms, measured by square miles, on which the capabilities of the country are illustrated; and certainly no one looking at these farms would have much misgiving as to the corn-producing qualities of the land. But this year has been a very bad one. There has been great drought, and the streams are dried up, so that I certainly did not see the best which the land can do. In some places the crops have failed altogether; in others they have been poor. In most there is a crop, deficient as it is, which an English farmer would count as better than his best.

Of course in every country there must be variety of seasons, and drawbacks of climate, and these prairie lands are certainly no exception. The two greatest drawbacks are dry seasons, with want of water, such as this has been, and frosts when the grain is ripening. The way to obviate the effects of the former on the crops has been found, so practical farmers have told me, in an improved and more careful method of cultivation. This improvement seems to me so little and so obviously necessary that I almost hesitate to write it, and should not do so if I had not the best of evidence as to the difference of results. It seems that by ploughing the land in the fall, and drilling in the seed in the first days of spring, while as yet the ground, frozen four feet deep, is only thawed three inches from the surface, the crop can be relied upon to withstand such a drought as this year has witnessed. In addition to this, this "improved" method of farming includes the leaving of, perhaps, one third or one fourth of the farm, in summer fallow. The wheat drilled in in April, on the hard under soil frozen to the hardness of a rock, requires no more attention. As the summer advances the thaw penetrates deeper and deeper, and the ascending moisture feeds the plant, and renders it independent of rain-fall for months. There is no manuring, and no more attention of any kind till harvest. It may be asked, as I asked, with

some curiosity, where the element of "improvement" comes in in such a method of farming. If this is "improved," then what was "unimproved" farming? The answer was—sowing on the stubble, just drilling the seed into the land as the harvest had left it, after the winter frost, and saving the labour of ploughing. And this, surely, is simple and unimproved farming enough. Yet even this, it seems, produces in fair seasons excellent crops, and farmers have been tempted to risk it. In such a year as this the result has been a straw too short to cut, while side by side with such "crops" could be seen on plots treated on the "improved" method, fields of wheat promising 20 and 25 bushels to the acre. No doubt there are places where even the "improved" farming has failed, but I speak only of what I have seen. There seems, no doubt, from the testimony of everyone I have spoken with, and I have taken some pains to enquire, that intelligent farming can defy all droughts.

As to the August frosts the case is different. These frosts are very singular. Their approach is indicated by a gradual fall of the thermometer, which is anxiously watched, in the earlier days of August. For one night, perhaps, while the grain is full and juicy, the fall reaches a point which nips and spoils it. Then the thermometer rises, and no frost is felt again for weeks. If the fall should, as it did this year, stop short of this injurious degree, then after the first turn upwards, no more fear is felt, and the crop is counted safe. Curiously enough, this frost is not felt in some places, as at Portage la Prairie for instance, though apparently as likely to be subject to is as others. Nor does it seem to be felt to the same extent in the west and north-west, as in the more eastern parts of the prairies. How to avoid these frosts, and render them innocuous, has yet to be discovered, only it seems that a grain that ripens early passes the dangerous point with safety. But notwithstanding these drawbacks, these prairies, and their extension to the north-west, must become the great corn field of the world, surpassing the United States, or any other country yet discovered, in the yield and quality of its grain. Cattle rearing, combined

with grain growing, seems to be the safest kind of farming. The cattle feed nearly all the year round on the prairie, costing their owner nothing for food. Horses run out all the winter through, and cattle (except those in milk) require feeding and housing only for a few weeks in the winter and spring. I was told by one farmer near Regina—who, up to now, has been in doubt as to the future of the country, but who, since this year's experiments are turning out as they are, is convinced of its great resources as an agricultural land—that he had never once given a handful of fodder to one of the large herd of horses I saw being driven up to the house for water during the whole of the last twelve months, and that he took in his cattle on the 1st of February, and turned them out again on the 4th of April this year. And the hay for this foddering is the wild grass of the prairie, the right to cut which on unoccupied land is about a shilling an acre, with nobody to measure the acres. This man—now a man of substance, and a member of the North-West Legislature—came to the country five years ago with nothing.

As to the climate, I am, of course, not competent to speak from much actual knowledge. The weather has been hot while I have been here, registering 89° in the shade at one place, and 103° at another. Yet, I felt it far less oppressive than a hot summer day in England, and could not have supposed the thermometer was so high if I had not been told it. In winter the cold is great, but dry. From all I hear of it, it is far more endurable than a cold winter is with us. The snow is dry and powdery, and the air clear and bright.

I did not mean to give you this long dissertation on agriculture, and it is time that I remembered the proverb about the shoemaker sticking to his last. And my last just now is rather the personal incidents and impressions of my visit. If any farmer who may chance to read the foregoing thinks he sees in what I have said a proof of how little I know about farms, and grain, and cattle, and qualities of land, I will cordially join with him in his conclusions. Only I must beg leave to say that if I cannot

plough a straight furrow, I can ask a straight question and take note of the answer.

But now to my last again. At Portage la Prairie I stopped for a Sunday. There was an ordination there of a missionary to the Indians, and the Bishop had asked me to preach the ordination sermon. I will not repeat that sermon now, though to do so would be sticking very closely to my last indeed. Neither will I repeat the much more admirable sermon which the Bishop himself preached in the evening. But I may record my impressions of church life in this colony as an agreeable variation to the sermon. Its two characteristics which have struck me most forcibly are the increased personality of the Bishop on the one hand, and the prominence of lay influence on the other, above anything which I have seen in England, whether in diocesan or parochial church work. To explain and illustrate this statement would take me too long. The Bishop is certainly no merely dignified head of the diocese, coming down occasionally, like a god from Olympus, to show himself at a respectful distance to his awe-struck and admiring clergy and laity. He lives amongst them. He shares the hospitality of the humble parsonage or the farm house. Dines on pork and beans, if these are all that the larder affords. Has them for breakfast, dinner, and tea—unless the beans run short; drives in a buggy, or carries his own valise. The laity of his diocese have ceased to wonder at his lawn sleeves, or think a sermon any the better because of them. He knows every parish and mission in his diocese, and is really the counsellor and friend of his clergy. Bishop's Secretaries, to answer letters and levy fees, have not been discovered in these parts, nor have Registrars, Sealers, or Chancellors, though all of them may some day be found among the, as yet, undeveloped resources of this country. Churchwardens are even admitted without payment of fees, and actually succeed in discharging their duties notwithstanding, though such a thing would be deemed incredible in England. And I have been so fortunate as to meet with venerable archdeacons, who go from parish to parish of the poorer missions, and hold visitations which are really visits of brotherly help and sympathy, without

a "charge." And, most wonderful of all, very reverend deans and reverend canons are the cathedral mission staff, going out every Sunday to help the weak places and fill up the gaps. Thus the bishop becomes the central figure in Church life, and his active and pervading personality shows itself in the officers which surround him being a great deal more of men and a great deal less of dignitaries than we are accustomed to see.

And then as to the laity; I noticed with much surprise, and more pleasure, how much they made the Church their own, supporting it liberally and using every effort to make it prosper. With no interference with the proper work of the ministry, they assume and carry out all duties pertaining to the temporalities of the Church. The Diocesan Synod is to them a matter of real interest, and they take an intelligent and active part in its discussions—a thing all but unknown in England, where our laity take scarcely more interest in such matters than in the eclipse of the moons of Jupiter. With these excellencies of organisation, there are serious drawbacks and defects. There are too few clergy to cover the ground. Mission districts in which one man has charge of several congregations, lying 20, 30, 40 miles apart, are far from uncommon. These congregations are small and in new settlements, where everyone has to fight his way to a livelihood, and where the people cannot, therefore, contribute enough to maintain a clergyman for themselves, though they give with great liberality. Men are greatly wanted for this work, and though it sounds rough, yet those engaged in it say it is a pleasant and happy life. And there is a great want of funds in a country where there are no old endowments on which to rely.

But the story of my personal doings is being forgotten, and I must tell you something about Portage la Prairie. It is an extensive town, in the midst of the fairest portion of Manitoba, and, as a municipality, is in the bankruptcy court. I do not know how it reached that position, but perhaps it was through the "boom" a few years ago, which may be taken as the date of every disaster in these parts. Notwithstanding its insolvency, the town prospers, and the people bear the matter lightly. My host had been

moving his house bodily a short time before I saw him, and there was scarcely a house in the town which had not undergone the same process. Not long ago hotels and stores as large as the Angel Hotel, or Mr. Tittensor's establishment, might have been seen moving up the main street, with business going on all the time.

At Regina, I spent not an easy, but a very enjoyable day. Mr. Brown, a Macclesfield man, met me at the station, at 4-30 in the morning, and showed me all possible kindness for the sake of the old town, notwithstanding the heavy bereavement he had lately undergone. Through his kind arrangement, I was enabled to visit Government House, and the different Government offices, from the heads of which I derived much valuable information, especially on educational matters, while they, in turn, were glad to know something of the working of our systems in England. Regina is the head-quarters of the north-west mounted police, a kind of civilian soldiery, in which some Macclesfield men have served. The Commissioner, with great readiness, allowed me to go over the buildings and through the prison. This latter building has some little interest in being the place in which Riel, the leader of the rebellion in 1885, was confined, and from a window of which he was led out to his scaffold. The window was in the gable of the building, and the small courtyard in which the execution took place is just beneath it. Riel's cell, when I saw it, was occupied by a murderer, who had escaped from the States, and been captured by the Canadian police. He was a spare, hardened-looking fellow, who seemed to view his position without any concern. His feet were bound with chains, and he was sitting on the floor of his cell enjoying his dinner. Among the other prisoners was an Indian, undergoing punishment for rape, and his fleet foot was fastened to a heavy weight of iron to prevent his escape. There was much to talk about with my hospitable host and his brother concerning Macclesfield, and we sat up so late at night that I nearly missed the train next morning.

Our way west took us through Moose Jaw, Swift Current, and many other stations to Medicine Hat. All the country we passed had once been the home of great herds of buffalo. There now remain of them only their well-marked trails and wallows, and their bleached bones. Large heaps of these bones were piled on the railway side to be shipped eastwards for manure. I possessed myself of two grinder teeth, one of which would suffice to make a complete double set for a man. At Medicine Hat we struck the great river Saskatchewan, a wide and powerful stream, running between soft clayey banks. In the upper reaches of this river are numerous rattlesnakes, found, I believe, nowhere else in Canada. I had no wish to see them, except at a safe distance. Their bite is not in all cases absolutely fatal, for a gentleman was at Banff who had been bitten years before, on whom the effect was that of severe blood poisoning. It is a fact, I believe, that pigs eat them without taking harm, but the bacon of such pigs would scarcely find a ready sale at home. At Medicine Hat was a garden in which every kind of English garden produce was growing in great perfection, and one great breadth was gay with a magnificent bed of flowers. A cinnamon bear, and several foxes, eagles, and owls were in pens by the railway side, and were objects of much curiosity.

We drew up at Banff at 5-20 in the morning, and found ourselves amidst the Rocky Mountains. I wish I could describe this place. To see it was alone worth a journey from Europe. Banff is in the valley of the Bow River, which runs in a deep blue stream, and pours itself over a ledge of rocks, forming the head waters of the Saskatchewan River. This valley is nearly circular, and is walled in on every side by great mountains, rising to 3,000, 4,000, and 5,000 feet. I counted six distinct peaks, forming around me an almost perfect circle. One of these I climbed for 1,000 feet for a better view, but unfortunately the weather was not clear, and a thin blue haze of smoke, arising from forest fires, hid the landscape. Nevertheless, I saw enough to fill me with awe and wonder. Coming down I fell in with two "lumber men" felling trees, and had the satisfaction of felling one myself, about a foot in diameter. Unfortunately I quite forgot to collect the chips,



which might, possibly, have come in useful for presentation to a bazaar. Banff is chiefly celebrated for its hot springs. They are indeed very remarkable. The Medical Association which met here a few days ago, were much impressed by their value; and rheumatic persons, or wealthy valetudinarians at home, could not do better than try these healing waters. The sea journey, and total change of scenery afforded by the railway ride, would of themselves be likely to aid in the patient's recovery, and the hot sulphur waters might probably complete it. One well was hung round with crutches left by the grateful patients who had come crippled and gone back whole. The springs are three in number, and issue from as many great fissures in the mountain, which, by the action of these sulphur-charged waters, are now filled up with soft tufaceous rock, forming round hillocks one above another high up the mountain. These hillocks sound hollow to the foot, and doubtless are caves containing boiling water. The one in which I bathed had been reached by a gallery driven into the side, and was nearly circular. It had a hole in the top, and looked like a huge bee-hive. A curious property of these waters seems to be to reduce obesity. One person so afflicted had lost 22lbs. in 22 days, to his great comfort and to the improvement of his general health. Here, then, is a new hope for stout people who are afraid of the advertised nostrums. A more pleasant method of cure than a stay here can hardly be imagined; surrounded by all that is beautiful in nature, with comfortable hotels, or separate houses if required, drinking waters that are not unpleasant, and enjoying baths of natural warmth that are luxurious. And even if the desired effect should not be realized, the visit in itself would be a joy for ever.





## CHAPTER V.

## THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

**I**T is related of a certain Indian chief that he had a great wish to see the ocean, across which the white men had come. He left his home for a time, and journeyed eastwards till he stood upon the shore of the Atlantic. When he returned to his tribe, they were full of anxiety to know what the sea, which he had been to look upon, was like. He sat and smoked his pipe for three days in silence, and when at length they pressed him to tell them, he made them a reply to this effect:—"If I should tell you what I have seen, and how large is the water, you would count me for a dreamer, or put me away as mad." It is with feelings akin to those of the Indian chief that I sit down in Victoria to describe my journey through the mountains. All along the route I kept saying to myself how is it possible to make anybody who has not seen it realise this? Can I do more than helplessly pile up adjective on adjective, making the whole round of descriptive epithets which the English tongue affords, till the circle is completed, and then begin again? In truth it is not possible for any word-painter to colour these glorious scenes to the eyes of far-off readers, and I do not know whether it might not be best, even now, to relapse into the Indian's expressive silence. But my readers,

having followed me to the threshold of these scenes, will wish me, in however clumsy and inartistic a fashion, to conduct them through the crowning glory of this 6,000 miles of travel; and with whatever sense of inadequacy and even of despair, I must attempt the task.

The gateway of the Rockies had been passed when we were at Banff. We followed the course of the Bow river as our clue line to the summit of the pass. Here nature has been the best engineer, and opened a natural pathway. It was early morning, and there was, besides, the smoke of forest fires filling the air, and draping the mountains with a thin blue haze, so that for distant views we were unfortunate. Nor, in the nearer objects—if the huge mountain masses that drew so close at times, and threw their lofty summits straight above us into the clouds, be mentioned, once for all, as now common features—was there anything to specially excite our rapture. The first thing that awoke attention, and aroused us from a feeling almost of disappointment, was the lake called "Summit Lake." Its special interest, beyond what its name conveys, was in the fact that it has two outlets—one to the east and another to the west; the former growing into the Bow River, which we had been following, and the latter into the Wapta, or Kicking Horse. We could not perceive that we had ascended at all, and if this was the summit of the pass, then we could not realise what special charm there could be in crossing the Rockies. We were soon to see. The ordinary engine was unyoked, and a huge steam monster put in its place, with low wheels, coupled in fours on either side. After various trials, the pneumatic breaks were found to be in perfect order, and the signal "All aboard" being given, we began slowly to move. I had secured a place at the back of the train, on the projecting platform of the sleeping car, and there enjoyed a coign of vantage. We soon realised that we were descending a fearfully steep grade, but the engine's slow, strong, steady motion made us feel secure. In a little time the scene grew wild and terrible; the bed of the Kicking Horse became narrow and steep; cataract succeeded cataract in

quick succession, and, leaping into profound and awful depths, it soon left us more than a thousand feet above it, and looked like a narrow streak of glittering silver amidst the rocks below. And we had to overtake it in its mad and headlong career somewhere in those depths beneath us. Slowly we wound round the sides of the pass, till it afforded us no more foothold, and we had to leap across by means of bridges, whose giddy height made one shudder. Very thrilling it was to feel ourselves supported in mid-air by these fragile-looking structures, built and bratticed up from the hundreds of feet beneath us, or lightly springing from cliff to cliff over abysmal gulfs. The track is laid for one line of rails only, and the train filled the whole width of it, with neither parapet nor guard, and from our position we could look straight down below us with nothing to intercept our view. Nor was the terrible gulf beneath, with the foaming, dashing waters, the only thing. When we could so far forget what was below us as to look up, great walls of rock rose up above, whose summits seemed to be in the sky. And this fearful but magnificent gorge proved to be but the beginning of many. At Palliser the scene was, if possible, more wonderful still, with a darkness and gloom, due to the high natural walls which shut us in, adding a weirdness and strange creepiness to the scene. Savage and fearful this gorge was, and one that will have burnt itself into the memory of all who have seen it, though they will find it impossible to describe it to others. After many miles of such scenery we struck the Columbia River, here a whitish-looking muddy stream of considerable size, though very far from the sea, and crossing it we were out of the Rocky Mountains.

And was this the extent of our mountain ride? On the contrary, it was but the vestibule we had passed through; the mountains themselves, as far as this railway journey is concerned, had yet to come. For lying west of the Rocky Mountains is another range, which we in England, used to our own small maps, are generally not acquainted with. This is known as the Selkirk Range, and into this we entered on reaching the farther side of the Columbia River. We had dismissed our great engine some time ago, and been swiftly borne along by another of ordinary make. We now,

in view of the pass which we had to mount, at a uniform gradient of 116 feet to the mile, had to attach an engine specially made for this purpose. Two of our party obtained a permit to sit on the cow-catcher of the locomotive, after undertaking to hold the railway company free of all blame in case of accident. Permits, with this condition, are not difficult to obtain, and a ride on the cow-catcher is no uncommon thing. Even a lady has ventured upon it before now. But there is considerable risk, as a fallen tree across the path might prove fatal. I kept my place in the rear of the train, and had the advantage of finding myself in the company of an engineer of the line, who was able to point out objects of interest by the way. Nature had here also done her engineering in preparation for that of man, and we followed the windings of the rivers and streams as the route naturally marked out for us.

At first we followed the descending stream of the Columbia River, and then when the Beaver River joined it, we followed the up course of the latter through a gorge of singular beauty and interest. As we ascended, the sides of the gorge contracted, until they came so close together as to confine the river to a narrow channel between two great rocks, and so narrow was this that a tree laid across it formed a bridge. But who would walk upon that bridge, over so deep and fearful an abyss? This is known as "The Gate." Passing through it, we rapidly ascended through an increasingly wild and grand region to the heart of the mountains. Their lofty summits, towering as much as 6,000 feet above us, were capped with snow; great glaciers filled the hollows in their shoulders, and foaming cataracts rushed over their sides.

But the Beaver River route at length failed us, and we took the guidance of a noisy stream up Bear Creek, mounting higher and higher, and forcing our way through a pass discovered by Major Rogers in 1883, and till then untrodden by the foot of man. The highest trestle bridge on the line has to be passed as we approach it, 295 feet in height and built up, tier upon tier, from the broad base far below to the narrow line above. Let

your readers imagine, if they can, a bridge three times the height of Christ Church tower, and fancy themselves on the top of it, on a platform 12 feet wide, looking down on a roaring waterfall at the bottom. It is just beyond this bridge that the mountains reach the climax of their grandeur. We pass, as it were, into a great fortress, through a gateway whose flanking towers are giant mountains, springing up a mile above us in perpendicular height, and broken at the top into minarets and pinnacles of dazzling white. From the glacier-clad sides of these vast monsters, avalanches often descend, carrying trees and rocks before them, and hurling them into the streams below. Their sides are all scored and torn by these slides; and uprooted trees, head downwards, are seen, which have been left after the terrible fall. And these fleecy clouds which float around the summits and across the valley, will, with a little fall of temperature, descend in snowstorms of terrible severity. To obviate the risk of the line being altogether carried away or buried by the one or the other of these, tunnels of wood have been erected over the line, called snow sheds. They are made of great strength, and over their sloping tops the avalanche slides in safety, or the snow lies thick upon them, while the train can pursue its way unimpeded.

And now the summit of the pass was reached, and the shutting off of steam told us we were beginning to descend towards the Pacific coast. Looking out upon our right, the line of railway was seen taking its way through a very deep valley far below, and we were wondering how, without taking a path too direct to be pleasant, we were to reach that lower level, when suddenly the train drew up, and we found ourselves at Glacier House. If anyone supposes that travelling in these mountains means hardship, he should have seen this charming hotel, and, better still, have sat down with us, with the keenness of a mountain appetite, to the elegant dinner that awaited us. Here I met a portion of the Medical Association, with whom I had travelled to Winnipeg, and who were returning from the coast delighted and amazed at all they had seen. When quinine and bark and all other tonics fail to create an appetite in their patients, or brace their unstrung

nerve, they may perhaps send them here to drink in the ozone of these mountain heights, and taste the exhilarating and appetising air around this warm and comfortable hotel. It would be certainly a pleasanter, and perhaps a more effectual, tonic than any that can be rolled into pills or poured into bottles. Near the hotel is the great glacier, hundreds of feet thick, and sending forth ice-cold streams, the parents of great rivers. Half-an-hour's walk from the hotel brings you to its foot, but to reach its top is a work of greater time and difficulty.

Refreshed by our stay at the hotel, we hurried again, at the conductor's call, to take our places and witness the descent into the valley below. It is accomplished by a wonderful feat of engineering, and the line is here called the Loop. In zigzag coils, winding in and out upon itself, and going alternately backwards and forwards till three railway tracks are seen one above another, the line finds its way to the head waters of Illecilliwaet River; just come from the glacier and green with the glacial mud. The journey through this river gorge was fine in the extreme. The bare, savage mountains we had just left were changed into forest-clothed heights, lofty and grand, with higher summits peeping over their heads. The rocky defiles of a river are known in this country as "canyons," and in one part of our course the train stopped to give us time to get out and view one of these, known as the Albert Canyon. The mountains suddenly closed in, making a chasm, very narrow and deep, with their almost perpendicular walls; and down where the roots of the mountains joined, through a gorge looking only a few feet or yards wide, the Illecilliwaet ran. From a projecting ledge of rock, protected by a hand-rail, we were able to look into the dark depths below us, and up the singular gorge. Some of our party threw stones into the stream to count the seconds occupied in their descent. Most of these passed out of sight, and their striking of the water was never seen; but one I followed occupied a space of time while I counted eight rather slowly, between leaving the hand and touching the water. The beauty of these valleys and gorges is often disfigured by the great patches of burnt and charred trees, for these forests of spruce and

pine and cedar easily ignite, and the fire rapidly spreads. One steep mountain side, at least 2,000 feet in height, had been completely swept by a forest fire, and was bare and black from top to bottom. Very sad it was to see noble trees, and hundreds of acres of them, turned into a black field of charcoal. One curious thing I noticed respecting the cedars. They burned from the inside, and were converted into tall chimneys, the bark being unconsumed, and the smoke issuing from the top.

Towards the evening of that day, as the sun began to decline, we reached a large and beautiful lake, called the Shuswap Lake. On the map it is a large and straggling sheet of water, with great arms stretching out into the mountains, like the tentacles of an octopus, but to us, as we skirted its shores for sixty miles, it presented the appearance of a long narrow lake about a mile or two miles in width; and very beautiful this lake was. It reminded me strongly of our own Ulleswater. The cloudless blue of a prairie sky, to which I had been accustomed for so long a time, here gave place to a heaven mottled with moving clouds, whose edges were fringed with gold, and between which were deep interspaces of blue. It was an English sky; and, spite of all that this country has to show, was all the lovelier for that. As these clouds moved in the gentle evening breeze across the heavens, their shapes and colours came out in beautiful reflection in the calm, unbroken surface of the lake, and mountain and island, and rock and tree, and passing bird repeated themselves again as in a molten mirror. Steep mountains dipped into the lake, their sides painted in all the most lovely hues, and striking contrasts of colour, which forest growth, and moss and fern, and changing leaves, and dark and gloomy rocks bare and scarred as if by lightning, mingling together could afford. Every now and then some gap in the hills around revealed a vista of wondrous beauty, and afforded peeps into the realms of fairyland, where all was lit up with the glow of a setting sun, and bridged by a sky of blue and gold. A lovelier landscape I never hope to see.

The night now closed in, and covered, doubtless, views as rare and picturesque as those I had looked upon. But one may tire even of scenes



like these, and with no sort of regret at what I was losing, I turned in to sleep. By morning we had reached the Thompson River, and when I looked out at four o'clock we were slowly and cautiously threading our way along its windings, 170 miles from the end of our journey. In spite of all that I have tried to describe, I think this last day's ride will, on the whole, be best remembered; for the canyons of the Thompson and Fraser rivers are such scenes of exciting grandeur that they must leave a vivid and abiding impression on the memory of anyone who beholds them. Perhaps, however, it may be that as I have seen them last, they are the more vivid to me. Really I do not know where to begin and what to say in describing them as I saw them that morning. My first sensation was one of creepiness as I found myself being carried over high bridges, whose foundations seemed to rest on a loose and rubbly mountain side. And next I remember being struck with a thin line which kept appearing and disappearing far below me, and which I afterwards found to be the Cariboo Road, but so far down as scarcely to be visible in the early morning haze. And now and again I passed a solitary hut or shanty, whose occupants—gold diggers, no doubt—were still asleep. These shanties, often not bigger than a good-sized packing case, were evidently the drawing-room and bedroom of the occupant. His dressing-room, where his boots, taken off the night before, hung over rails, was out of doors. So too was his kitchen, roofed in by the sky, and with a cooking range, which consisted of a round iron pot. But as the morning brightened other things attracted my attention. A wondrous scene spread out before me when the sun lifted himself above the eastern summits. The steep hills which formed the opposite bank of the river were one beautiful and fantastic mixture of colours—orange, and green, and purple, and blue, and dark rich brown,—made not with changing foliage, but being the natural colours of the rock itself; and up above shone white limestone summits broken and jagged, and reflecting back the sun's rays. Beneath was the great river, and beyond were snow-clad mountains, glowing with changing tints of purple and gold.

We stopped for a time at the junction of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers, at the town of Lytton. Up the latter river, on the further side, was the place where there was the great gold rush some years ago. There is no rush now, but only the slow and regular work of patient crushing and washing, with the expectation of moderate finds—a healthier, if less exciting kind of speculation.

And now we turned to descend the Frazer River, but words fail me to describe our passage through that most wonderful and most terrible canyon. To tell of high cliffs, and rushing waters, and lofty blood-curdling bridges, and sheer precipices with wooded heights, and snow-capped mountains in the rear, and mighty cascades—is but to repeat once more language that I have used already. And yet, though the scene is not the same and has none other in the world to equal it, I have no other terms in which to describe it. Like a huge serpent wriggling between the rocks for many miles, ran the great river, and following every bend of its mighty folds, went the railway, now close to the water's edge, and now a thousand feet above it, the very rocks which seemed to defy our progress, themselves affording the means of forcing our way. On the other side of the gorge was another road, which, before the railway came, had been the only mode of access to the country beyond. This was the Government road to Cariboo, the same which I had seen on the Thompson River. How anyone had nerves to make or travel on this road is a marvel. It is the most perilous path, at least as seen from the opposite side of the river, which the foot of man could tread. Now skirting the edge of the angry stream, and now hanging at a giddy height above it, there was hardly a yard of ground that was not paved with danger and death. In some places it was built on piles driven into the hill side, and at others on poles laid horizontally, and oftener over loose ground, where landslips from above frequently blocked the way. I thought at first it was but a mule track, but wheeled vehicles, wagons with teams of horses, used to pass over it, and perhaps may do so still. Often has a poor laden mule rolled over and been lost in the stream below; and wagon teams coming on

treacherous ground, with perhaps a restive horse, have slipped and fallen hundreds of feet, and been dashed to pieces. It may be asked, why should men follow such perilous paths, and put their lives in jeopardy on such high and treacherous ways? For here were no towns or villages, but only great mountain fastnesses. The answer is in one word, "Gold." The scent of gold brought men from afar, and no path was too narrow or too dangerous if it did but lead to it.

I must not forget to mention a sight on this Frazer River which anyone would have to wait at least four years to see again. This was the ascent of the salmon to their spawning grounds. They were literally in hundreds of thousands, nay, I may say millions, forcing their way up the eddies to the higher water. The river was darkened with them, and it was hard to believe they were not stones of some dark colour lying in the river bed. Nor were they small fish either, but fully as large as the salmon we see ordinarily sold. This journey up to their spawning grounds is always their last. They lay their eggs and die; and remembering this, it was with a disposition to moralise that one watched them mount that watery ladder of death. This year will witness an enormous export of salmon from the "canneries." Indians catch the fish by sitting on a ledge of rock, or in a canoe, and simply dipping a hand-net into the moving shoal, and Chinamen prepare and "can" them for the markets of the world.

I must, however, close, and hurriedly relate that I reached Vancouver, the Canadian San Francisco, at about 2-15. The steamer for Victoria was waiting, a floating palace, to convey me along the last stage of my outward journey. Through a beautiful archipelago she took us, past islands that looked like earthly paradises, and at 9-30 I stepped on shore, to find myself greeted by kind friends, before unknown, but whose hospitality knows no bounds. After a few days' rest and quiet here, I turn my steps towards home; but, if your readers are not wearied, I propose to continue my story as I make my way, through scenes and cities unvisited as yet, which lie in my homeward route.



## CHAPTER VI.

## VICTORIA, B.C.



HAD space at the close of my last letter very barely to mention the city of Vancouver. It is too important a place to be passed by without some farther mention. It derives its importance from two circumstances. One is that it is the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway; the other is its harbour, called Burrard Inlet, on the shore of which it stands. This inlet is a fine sheet of water, entirely protected from ocean storms. The Railway runs along its south shore, close to the water's edge. On the opposite side are beautifully wooded hills, and here and there the white tops of snow clad mountains are seen behind them in the distance. The railway platform and the landing stage for the steamers are connected, pretty much as is the case at Fleetwood. Passengers going direct to Victoria find the steamer lying alongside, and timed to start immediately after the arrival of the train. Those who have time to stay find Vancouver City well worth a visit.

Perhaps no city has had a more remarkable growth. In May, 1886, not a house was in existence. A magnificent forest covered the whole site. The remnants of the forest, now made into a public park,

contain some of the largest trees in the world. In May, 1886, the first buildings were erected, and in three months a new and flourishing city had sprung up. The houses, of course, were of wood and soon erected. Streets were laid out, and all the preparations made for a large population; then came a fire, which destroyed every house but one. The city, as I saw it, was just the growth of three years. Yet it presented all the appearances of an old established Colonial town. Streets were laid out in due regularity; tram lines, telegraphs, telephones extended in every direction; hotels, stores, municipal buildings, and handsome private houses met your eye everywhere. The population numbered about 6,000, and every acre of land in the neighbourhood had been eagerly bought up. In the centre of the city I saw one of the best possible indications of the hopeful future of the place. Three places of worship were being built within almost a stone's throw of each other, for the Baptist, Congregational, and Presbyterian bodies respectively. Each of these would hold, when completed, certainly not less than six or seven hundred people. And in close proximity to the same spot were a Methodist Church, substantial and spacious, and a Roman Catholic Church, undergoing enlargement. The spot where all these places of worship were grouped together is known as the "Holy Hill," and would seem to have some title to the name. It may illustrate the rapid rise in the value of land in this city, if I mention a fact concerning the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms. Four years ago the site on which these premises stand might have been bought for almost nothing. They front one of the main streets, having a depth behind of 132 feet and a frontage of 25 feet. Six months after the second founding of the city this plot was purchased for £140. The two adjoining lots, with the same depth and a frontage of 46 feet, are now worth together not less than £1,400, though only the stumps of large trees and clumps of luxuriant ferns occupy the ground.

This rapid prosperity is due to the fact that the railway, which, until 1886, had stopped at Port Moody, at the head of the inlet, was then carried on to its present terminus. Vancouver has probably a prosperous career

before it. Lines of steamships are already formed to sail between it and Japan and China. Others—of the newest type and swiftest make—are being formed to run to Australia and New Zealand. And as this new route to our great Colonies at the Antipodes is both a varied and pleasant one as well as being rapid, and takes in Canada by the way, there is every prospect of its being largely used in preference to the routes hitherto opened.

But I must pass on with my story. From Vancouver City to Victoria is a sail of seven hours. A more delightful trip can hardly be imagined. The course is down the Straits of Georgia. On the left is the mainland, on which is one interesting feature. The boundary between the United States and Canada is here the 49th parallel, which, of course, is a purely imaginary line in most places. But here, that boundary, where it touches the ocean, is marked by a clearing of trees. Passing it, you have before you the beautiful Olympic range of mountains, and the noble peak of Mount Baker, nearly 14,000 feet in height and covered with perpetual snow. On either hand, as the steamer makes its way, are green islets, covered with trees, and on the right is the coast of Vancouver Island. Turning a headland on it we catch the first sight of the city of Victoria.

A more beautiful sight than the harbour of Victoria it would be hard to find. The darkness began to fall on us ere we reached the landing stage, and the reflection of the lights of the city in the still waters was almost fairy-like in its effects. I found so much to interest me in Victoria that perhaps a more detailed account of it may not be without interest to others.

The city extends itself around its lovely harbour in every direction. The streets are all straight, and run either parallel with or at right angles to one another. This is the case with all colonial towns. This seems a not unfitting characteristic of business thoroughfares, since the purposes to which they are devoted ought to be straight and square. But it does not add to their beauty. This regularity of arrangement is relieved, however, in

the residential parts of the city, and is even forgotten, through the taste of the citizens, aided by nature in her softest mood.

The first thing which will strike a visitor from the west will probably be the Chinamen, with whom the city abounds. Their look of unruffled serenity reminds you that they term their own country "The Celestial Land." Here they are dwelling for a while in voluntary exile. They do all the menial work. That which with us is done by the general servant, waiting maid, cook, washerwoman, laundress, is there done by Chinamen. They are likewise the scavengers and porters. But they are only *in* this country, and not *of* it. They make a separate stream in the currents of city life, with a colour of its own, and never mingle with the rest. Their dress, their religion, their family, and household customs, all are distinct. So little do they regard themselves as more than temporary sojourners in the land, that, not only do they send back to China the money they earn, but even their bones, after they have been buried for a certain time, are dug up, duly scraped and cleaned, packed and invoiced, and returned for re-interment in their own land. The Government derives a regular revenue from the permission to thus exhume their remains.

The Chinese quarter of Victoria is known as China Town. I paid many visits to it, and had the advantage of seeing it in company with a friend on good terms with them, and, in some of the lower parts, with the presence and knowledge of the Chief of Police, who kindly did his best to afford me the fullest opportunities of seeing this quarter to advantage. For some time I had difficulty in knowing the men from the women. Their faces seemed all alike—smiling, placid, yellow. Their dress, mostly of blue, and loose fitting, seemed alike, for all wore trousers. I first learned the difference of sex by observing the hair. The men plait it into a pigtail, which is beautiful in proportion to its length, and often reaches down nearly to the ground; the women are deprived of this adornment. The other mark of distinction was in the amplitude of the trousers—wide and breezy—which are the special adornment of Chinese female loveliness. Their shops or

stores are always interesting, displaying the skill and taste of this strange people. So, too, but in another way, are their social habits. After much difficulty, and many bland assurances that no such place was to be found, I visited an opium-smokers' den. It was a sad a sickening sight; wrecks of humanity lay there, in the dark and close rooms, stretched out at full length, either inhaling the deadly fumes or reposing in the temporary dream-like happiness which the smoke is inhaled to produce. Quite close to this den was the abode of a leper, who was kept secluded from all society. I should have had no wish to see him in any case, but if I had had such a wish, the sickening effect of the atmosphere I had been breathing, and the sights I had been witnessing, would have made this additional horror too much. A Chinese barber's shop is not exactly an inviting place. To watch the mowing of a Chinaman's skull, the stubbly growth on which is not previously softened by any such grateful emollient as Pears' Soap, and to listen to the regular swish of the razor, like a sickle in the corn, is enough to make one abjure shaving for ever, as a heathenish custom. The additional operations of the barber's art I prefer to leave undescribed.

At the religious customs of this singular people attracted my attention most. Their temple or Joss House, as it is called, occupies the upper floor of a large store, and my friend was able to procure me the most unreserved information about the mode of worship therein. The Joss is like a dressed doll of unusual size, decorated with a black moustache, and with the usual oblique-looking Chinese eyes. He is dressed in scarlet and bedizened with gilt and spangles. He is placed in a kind of tabernacle, and before him are placed smaller dolls or deities. The curtains of his shrine are richly draped, and a profusion of gilding is displayed in all parts. Before him, at a little distance, are joss sticks burning—small thin tapers of wax—which give off a sickly smell. And further away still are placed three cushions. The devout Chinaman on entering first pays his fee at a corner desk or counter. All the benefit of his devotions depends on that fee. In



return for it, and in proportion to its amount, he receives a bundle of sticks. Kneeling devoutly on the cushion, he puts his forehead to the ground, rises, extends his hands, kneels again, and then whispers to the Joss the questions he has come to ask. "Will the child he is expecting to be born to him be a son? Is the place of employment he is going to likely to be a good one? Is the speculation he has embarked upon going to turn out well? Will his enemy overcome him? Is there any charm against him?" These are the questions he asks. He receives the Joss's answer in this way. On the side of the room is a set of pigeon-holes, like those containing labels at an English Railway Station. On these are numbers corresponding to those on the lots he has drawn at the counter, and in the pigeon-holes are printed slips of paper in Chinese character, containing the god's answer. I obtained two, and had them translated for me. One informed me that next year would be better than this. The other assured me that if anybody tried to hurt me a black dog would bite him. I mention this that my enemies may beware. They told me they did not worship this Joss. He was, they said, only a reminder, as a picture might be, of some virtuous man departed, whose example should be imitated. This may be only what they tell to strangers, and what their intellect suggests as some sort of justification for their folly. As a matter of fact, they offer to this gaudily-dressed doll their worship, if worship there is in a religion which can hardly be distinguished from fortune-telling. One could not help a feeling of compassion at the sight of such mental and spiritual degradation, and breathe, in the idol temple, a silent prayer that the dayspring of a purer, holier light might dawn upon them.

This thought was not less powerfully present when visiting the Cemetery, a spot where one cannot but reflect on the great future. The contrast presented between the Christian and Chinese portions of this enclosure was striking and suggestive. On the one hand there was brightness,—epitaphs breathing the language of Christian hope, and flowers to speak of love and peace. On the other,—graves ill-kept, the grass in

places burnt and black, with a kind of hearth in the midst, reeking with the odours of recent religious performances.

But I must pass on. The Chinese are, after all, only a fraction of the population of Victoria, and I must say a few words about the English portion. I use the word English advisedly, and with emphasis, for when I once ventured to speak of them as Canadians I was immediately corrected. Being bound up in the Dominion of Canada does not, as I had ignorantly supposed, make them Canadians. They claim to be English, living in British Columbia, proud of their country, its climate, and productions, but, of course, no less English on that account than the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight. In their view the Canadian is an inhabitant of the country east of the Rocky Mountains, who speaks with a nasal twang and "guesses" very much, in fact a cross between an Englishman and a Yankee. The inhabitant of Victoria is English; his very skies are English; so are his climate and the productions of his country. He is simply living in an outlying portion of the dear old country. If my own experience is any guide, the fact of being an Englishman, and having recently come from home, is a sure guarantee of friendly treatment and lavish hospitality. And, indeed, Victoria did seem to me more like England than any other place I had visited in Canada; but England improved in many things. Here I saw little to suggest the idea of poverty. There are no poor, and no slums. Labourers working on the roads were getting their eight shillings a day, joiners twelve, bricklayers twenty, and all in full work. The climate, too, is English very much improved, and the fruits and flowers perpetually remind one of home.

The public buildings of the city are not numerous. The Government buildings are small, but complete in their way. There is a City Hall, a Theatre, and Post Office of moderate dimensions, but without attractions. The Stores, on the contrary, were equal to almost anything in Montreal and Toronto in the choice and selection of their goods. The Cathedral is a wooden building, with an imposing-looking square tower, situated on a

commanding eminence, in the centre of the city ; it is a conspicuous object from every part. Close by is Bishop's Close, the residence of the Bishop, an inviting, pretty, unpretending house, surrounded by a lovely garden. There are other churches, but they are chiefly small. Roman Catholics, Prestbyterians, and Methodists have each their own places of worship. I may mention, to the honour of the last-named body, that they alone seem to realise the fact that the Chinese in their own city are as much heathen, who need evangelizing, as those who are farther away, and appear to feel that it is a Christian duty to preach the Gospel to them. Their mission is not, indeed, successful, but at least it bears testimony to their faith and zeal.

But I must not prolong this description. I will therefore just add that Victoria is feeling keenly the rivalry of Vancouver City, and the disappointment is deep at the railway not having been made a little further North, where the straits are narrow, and islands are so placed as to be like the piers of a great bridge, and which seemed like nature's invitation to the engineers to carry the line across and terminate it in the capital city of the province. Some day, it is said, this will be done. But, however that may be, Victoria is meanwhile suffering. Though still the capital, and boasting the title of the Queen City of the West, the stream of commerce seems not unlikely to flow past it, in the newer channels which are being dug for it. Nevertheless, Victoria must be pronounced one of the most inviting places in the world to live in. With a beautiful sea washing its shores, and wooded heights rising behind it; with snow-clad mountains across the strait, and lovely islands dotting the blue waters; with a climate all but perfect, and an air of refinement about the place which contrasts with most other Canadian cities, and with unlimited opportunities for sport, there is no wonder that Victoria is regarded as an attractive spot. Perhaps it was due to such considerations as these, or perhaps I was influenced in my judgment by the unbounded kindness I received there from people whom I had never before known; but, whatever the cause, I left Victoria with greater regret than I felt at leaving any other place I have hitherto visited.



## CHAPTER VII.

## WITH THE MISSIONARIES.

**T**HE town or city of Gleichen is not likely to be found on ordinary maps of Canada. It may contain some 20 wooden houses, of which, of course, one is a store, another an hotel, and a third a post-office. There is a church which will hold nearly 40 people, and the whole population may number something under 100. Tourists do not stop here ; and though there is a railway station, it is very unlikely that many travellers, though going through it, have ever seen it. For the two trains passing it in the day are at hours when most passengers are either asleep or are trying to court "nature's sweet restorer."

It was at this station that I alighted one Sunday morning at something after five o'clock. I had been to Victoria, and enjoyed several days' welcome rest there with friends who knew not how to do enough for me, and I was retracing my steps by the way I had gone. There was great temptation to stop at Glacier House, in the midst of the Selkirk Mountains, and visit the great glacier. Nearly all tourists do this. But I had to make my choice between this lovely spot and Gleichen, on the dreary, uninteresting prairie. And the latter won the day. The reason was that there is near it a large Reserve occupied by the tribe of Blackfeet Indians in all their native barbarism, in which the

Church Missionary Society has recently established a mission. I was wishful to see heathenism in its coarsest and most savage form, as found in this country, and to learn by actual experience the nature of the mission work which is carried on there. So, after travelling continuously from the previous Friday morning, I alighted at Gleichen.

I had no expectation of having a companion, but I happily met with one in the person of the brother of the lady missionary among the Indians. He came up to enquire of me, at the moment that I was approaching to enquire of him, the way to the Indian Reserve, and we both together enquired of some one else, who was able to direct us to the trail. We left our baggage at the station, and set out to walk, the distance being something over four miles across the prairie. The clear, bright morning air and the springy turf made walking only an enjoyment, and for a long time we had stretched before us, in glorious outline, the white summits of the Rocky Mountains. By-and-by we descended towards the river bed, and they were lost to view. The river here is the Bow, the same as that seen at Banff, and forming the head waters of the Saskatchewan. After a while the Indian tents, clustered in groups or scattered over the plain, appeared in sight, and in half an hour more we were at the outposts of the camp. As we passed through, a dog would sometimes give warning of our approach, and a black head with a pair of glittering black eyes would be projected through the door or opening of the tent or "tepee." This would be hastily withdrawn, and one or two more take its place. But no one accosted us, and we made our way to the building which we rightly judged was used for a church. Near it was the mission house, and a little farther beyond lay the residence of the lady missionary, and the small boarding school. We were both unexpected visitors. I had written, but my letter had miscarried, and only arrived after me. Nevertheless we were received with the utmost cordiality, and for my part, since I had satisfied the rules of courtesy, I was very glad to think that we should see and share in the life of the missionaries just as it was, and without any preparation being made for us.

The clerical missionary in charge of this station, the Rev. Mr. Timms, was away in England in broken health, employing his enforced leisure in printing a grammar and dictionary of the Blackfeet tongue. It has never before been reduced to writing. The mission, therefore, was in the temporary charge of his two lay helpers, Messrs. Stocken and Swainson, and the lady missionary, Miss Brown. Mr. Stocken was holding service at some place 27 miles away and would not return till evening. We saw Mr. Swainson coming out of the mission house just as we turned the corner of the church enclosure. He received us warmly and without the least reserve. We were Englishmen, and I was a clergyman, and this sufficed for introduction. When, in addition, I informed him of my interest in the Church Missionary Society, and my wish to see something of actual mission work, I was made thoroughly at home.

We were taken first across to the house of Miss Brown, who, doubtless, was surprised at having such early visitors. She asked us inside, and as soon as the cow was milked we all sat down to breakfast. Hunger, after a morning walk across the prairie, made all things good. Porridge and milk, brown bread and preserved apples, with a small pot of raspberry jam brought forth for our special honour, and tea, constituted the repast. There was no butter and no delicacies of any kind—for, as they said with needless apologies, we had taken them unprepared. While we were at breakfast Indian men, women, and children came and peeped in through the window, or walked in by the back door without thought of apology. One, the second chief of the tribe, named "Old Sun," a tall old warrior said to be over 90 years of age, walked in with stately step, and shaking hands with each of us, took his seat on the sofa close to me. He has been a great warrior in his time and has many scalps in his possession—trophies of his victories. He was wrapped in his blanket and had a covering over the back of his head. He had been very ill and was very despondent this morning, telling the missionaries, with expressive gestures, that he was "going to the sand-hills." We gave him a cup of tea, and I enquired the nature of his ailment. In mercy to me,

in the midst of breakfast, only an evasive answer was given. But when our meal was over, and we got into the open air again, the missionary informed me. It illustrates the filthy habits of these savages, but out of consideration for the nerves of my readers, I withhold it.

The day I found was somewhat unfortunate for seeing the regular Sunday work of the mission. The Minister for Indian Affairs, from Ottawa, had notified his intention of visiting the tribe that day, to hold a great "pow-wow," or palaver, and the Indians were in a state of great excitement. The choice of Sunday for such a function was an unusual circumstance, and contrary to the general custom of the Government, whose desire it is to train the Indians to regard Sunday with something of the respect shown to it by the white people. The exigency of circumstances, as the Minister himself explained, caused, in this instance, a departure from the general rule. The result was that the whole tribe was in a great state of commotion. Men and boys and women on horseback, galloped wildly about, and the "braves" of the tribe were dressed up in all the glory of paint and feathers. One whom I particularly noticed had an enormous pair of wings flapping about on his back as he rode his horse, and had grotesquely ornamented his head to represent that of a cock with a great red comb along the top. Mission work was rendered impossible by this interruption, except in an individual sort of way, and I did not see the usual Sunday service held among them.

But to resume my story after this digression. I accompanied the missionary to the mission-house, determined to lose nothing of his whole day's proceedings. The mission-house is a low, one-storeyed building, built of trunks of trees smoothed on two sides, and jointed together at the corners. Inside there is a lining of planed deal boards, tongued and grooved, but not painted. Entering the house from the back there is a room which serves for the reception of the Indians. Leading out of it is the kitchen, in which is a well covered by a trap door, with a pulley arrangement for drawing water in one corner. Next is the study, occupied by one

of the mission party, and further on a larger room, used by another. Three small bedrooms and a larder complete the whole. The furniture is of the simplest kind. Of carpets there are none. A goodly collection of books was arranged on shelves, which were home-made. There was a complete absence of those numberless comforts which we should look for in the simplest parsonage, and often in a cottage in England. These noble and self-denying men, in addition to their isolation, working on unknown and unthought of by the world, have all the petty drudgery to undergo of doing with their own hands every menial office about their house.

The first duty of the day, after breakfast was swallowed and family prayer had been held, was to attend to a number of sick cases. These were mostly cases of scrofula or syphilis. The whole tribe is in a state of most horrible corruption from these complaints. The cases which I witnessed and assisted to dress were loathsome and sickening in the extreme. It was with difficulty I could retain my breakfast, and those sights cause a shudder as I recall them now. Little children had their bodies twisted and distorted by their complaints till they hardly retained the human form. One whom I saw could only move about like a wild animal on all fours. If I had been able to photograph him, I doubt whether anyone would have guessed at first that it was a human child. Beside the patients at home there were others to be visited in the "tepees." I will leave their cases undescribed. The "tepee" is the Indian's tent or wigwam. It is made by placing a number of poles in a circle, three of which are fastened together near the top, and the rest made to lean against them for support. Around these poles is then stretched the material for the tent, a hole being left at the top to serve as a chimney. The circle inside will be about 12 or 13 feet in diameter, and in the centre a fire of wood is always kept burning, the smoke from which nearly chokes you as you enter. In a single tepee there will sometimes be three or more families, and rarely only one, and not the slightest separation or privacy of any kind is possible.

It was now time for church, and I officiated. It was an English service at Gleichen, which the missionaries, in addition to their own special work,



carry on. After service, and dinner which we ate in the midst of a perfect swarm of flies, we visited every house in the town, and at half-past two came Sunday school, at which, being the stranger and guest, I did the whole teaching, telling the children something about our own Sunday schools, and about England generally—a never-failing topic of interest in Canada. We then all drove back to the mission. The evening after tea was spent in visiting the Indians in their “tepees,” to minister to their bodily wants and to say a word about the Good Physician, where there was an opportunity. Then, the labours of the day being over, the mission assembled together once more for quiet Sunday conversation and prayer.

The succeeding day was largely a repetition of this, with the omission of the service at Gleichen. Mr. Swainson had his Indian school in the morning, teaching them both in Indian and English. They were taught to repeat familiar texts, such as “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,” and to sing some well-known children’s hymns, *e.g.*, “There is a happy land,” &c. Their voices were harsh and un-musical, and their departures from both time and tune frequent. The patience required to teach these Indian children must be great indeed. Unused to be under the slightest control by their parents, the restraint of school life, even for an hour in the day, is very irksome to them. At every whim and impulse which crosses their minds they expect to be allowed to give expression to it, to get off their seats, to do just everything they should not do at school. I can conceive no labour more truly arduous than to teach these Indian children. All honour to the patient, single-minded workers who are willing thus to sow for future labourers to reap.

An incident of to-day was the Government distribution of rations. This is done twice or three times a week, and consists of a certain quantity of beef and flour given to the head of every family, at the rate of so much per head. The rationing was not interesting as a spectacle, and was slightly disgusting. The Indians are the pensioners of the Government, and are supplied with every necessary of life. It is a premium upon idleness, and the Indian is not likely to work when he can

live without it. The Government, however, is acting upon policy. These Blackfeet could bring 1,000 men into the field at any time, all six feet high, and powerful in proportion to their stature, besides their squaws, who make no insignificant part of an Indian army. They know the hiding places of the rivers and creeks, and could do a world of mischief before any sufficient force could assemble to put them down. Hence the Government aim at making them feel it to be to their advantage to be peaceable. The indolence thus fostered is a serious hindrance to mission work amongst them. It confirms them in their present state of life, and sets before them no gain or benefit attending exertion. The progress of the mission has been slow and discouraging. For five years labour has been carried on amongst them, and no definite results are perceptible. It has been so among many tribes of North American Indians, who now are wholly Christian, and if the delay is a trial of faith and patience, the sovereign power of the remedy the missionaries bear with them has been too often tried to render the issue doubtful. Mr Timms, by reducing their language to writing, has largely prepared the way. When they read the Scriptures for themselves, and talk over their contents around their tent fires, the work may probably go on much faster.

On the evening before I left there was an unusual commotion in the camp. Tom-toms were beating, dogs barking, and women howling in the most horrible tone of voice that human throats could utter. It turned out to be nothing but a tea dance, and a woman calling to remembrance the loss of a child. The moon had just completed its second quarter, and was shining in a clear and cloudless sky. They are worshippers in some dim way of the sun and moon. Professing to believe in one great spirit, and having no idols, they are, in this respect, above the level of some other heathen tribes. Good and evil spirits, to whom they attribute all the good they experience and all the ills they endure, are the real objects of their worship. To cast out the evil spirits from their bodies when they are ill is the work of their medicine man. I went into one tepee where a

fine young woman lay ill, her husband caressing her. The medicine man had been, but I had come over the sea, and was "a great holy man," and no doubt I could do her good. I was passing towards her, when I was suddenly turned back and made to go the other way round, lest I should tread on the spot where the medicine man had wrought his charms, between the patient and the fire. At another time I saw the exact spot where the evil spirit had entered into the back of an Indian. He laid his back (as broad as a small table) bare for me to see, and a companion made a mark by wetting his finger and dipping it in the wood ashes to show me the spot.

These Blackfeet Indians, as I have already said, are less influenced as yet than any others by the development of the country, and the Christianizing and civilizing influences which have been employed with marked success with other and milder tribes. It was for this reason I desired to see them. They have a custom (now happily rare, and forbidden by the Government) of admitting their braves by a terrible ordeal. This is the hanging of them up by skewers passed through the flesh of the back or breasts. They hang until the flesh breaks. If the man so much as utters a cry of pain he is disgraced. I heard that this had been recently performed.

The chief of the tribe is Crowfoot, a stately, dignified Indian. He has a buggy, a gift from the Government, and the only wheeled vehicle in the tribe. After the rebellion in 1883, in which the Blackfeet took no action, this buggy was given to him for his loyalty; and with a view of impressing him with the power of the white man, and adding fear to interest for his loyalty, he was taken to Winnipeg, and shown all that was likely to impress him. The constabulary were drilled before him, 24 in number, the fire brigade brought out, and he was taken to the theatre, where he saw and heard artificial thunder and lightning. He was too much of an Indian to show any surprise, and acted out the *nil admirari* part to perfection; but when he returned to his tribe he gave voice to his thoughts. The thunder and lightning had impressed him greatly, but the constabulary

evolutions had had on him exactly the contrary effect to that which was intended. He thought the white men must be great cowards when 24 men could frighten them all. He had been particularly struck with the slender waists of the Winnipeg ladies, and ventured on this explanation of the phenomenon:—"You see," he said, "we Indians feed our horses on grass, and they are large and round. The white men feed their horses on oats, and they are thin and slender." The inference follows of itself.

The Indian names are curious and descriptive. Here are a few, copied from the ration list:—"Round at Night Woman," "Flying Calf," "Trembling Man," "Tried to Fly and Could Not," "Killed in the Night," "Thin Woman," "Dying for Nothing," "Skunk Tallow," &c.

My visit closed with a very enjoyable meeting of all the mission party for prayer and praise and the reading of God's Word. As a stranger, the honour was put upon me of conducting the meeting. We sang three hymns from our Hymnal Companion, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile," "O, the bitter shame and sorrow," and "Go labour on," and we read together the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard. The fervour and earnestness of that meeting I shall never forget. I had to start the next morning at 4-30, but the interest kept us all absorbed till nearly midnight.

This account I feel is a most imperfect one, but I hope, with all its faults, it may have the result of making all who read it, and value Christianity, endeavour to uphold more earnestly and continuously the hands of those engaged in this trying work. One of the greatest needs of the mission I found to be a stock of medicines, and a simple, reliable, and yet moderately complete medical guide, or *vade mecum*. The missionaries are almost hourly in request for such healing knowledge and appliances as they possess, and being without any special training in the healing art, and with a very limited supply of remedies, their success falls far short of their intentions in the treatment of

their patients. I resolved, when leaving, that I would endeavour to supply this double want as far as possible. It may be that some have been sufficiently interested in this story to be wishful to add to my ability to make such a gift to the mission complete. If so, I shall gladly welcome such assistance for so good a cause.





## CHAPTER VIII.

## ACROSS THE GREAT LAKES.

**T**HIS letter must be my last. Not that there is no more to tell, but my reader will, I fear, have grown tired of my story, and besides, by the time this reaches you I shall, I hope, be far on my way across the Atlantic, homeward bound. I purpose, therefore, in this final communication, to gather together the remaining threads of my narrative. To describe again the railway route through which I passed on my return would be at once useless and wearisome. After emerging from the Rockies it had no interest. But the traveller to and from the west by the Canadian Pacific Railway should always, if the steamers be running, and the weather permit, take in the Great Lakes route in one direction. I took it on my return, as most others do. When you are outward bound, and all the novelty is fresh upon you, you can endure the almost endless stretch of forest through which the railway runs from Montreal to Port Arthur. But when you have crossed the Continent in a railway carriage and are returning, with no novelty to sustain your attention, you will hail with delight the escape from wheels and cars to the steamer and the lake.

There is not much to describe in the voyage from Port Arthur to Owen's Sound. The bold scenery around Thunder Bay and the rocky islets which dot the surface of the lake are grand and pretty. The well-known "Silver Islet" was pointed out to me soon after we passed Thunder Cape. It is a low-lying spot, hardly raised above the water's edge. The mines, I believe, are not being worked now, but such was its extraordinary richness at one time in this precious ore that it used to be dug out in solid lumps. The moon was at the full during our voyage, and the moonlight effects on Lake Superior were very fine. So was also a sunrise which I was so fortunate as to see one morning, the sun's disc lifting itself up out of the smooth, mirror-like water, and pouring a flood of glory, increasing every second, across the lake. One of our days on board was Sunday, and we had divine service, morning and evening, in the saloon. At 1-30 on Sunday we reached Sault Ste. Marie, called for brevity "The Soo." Here Lake Superior flows into Lake Huron, making a broad and beautiful river. The rapids at this point prevent navigation, and a canal, with a lock, has been made to enable ships to pass them. This canal is on the American side, but one is being constructed on the Canadian bank. It took us two hours to make the drop of 22 feet and pass through the canal, less than a mile in length, the pressure of traffic being so great. I used the time to go ashore, and touched American soil for the first time. Most of the stores in the town were open and carrying on business, and I found it hard to realise that it was Sunday. An electric railway car made its frequent journeys, and the only tribute which seemed paid to the day was in one or two large "dry goods," *i.e.* drapery, stores, where blinds were down and doors closed. Resuming our voyage, we passed, on the Canadian side, the Shingwauk Homes for Indian boys and girls. These homes are the result of the untiring labours of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, a nephew of the late Vicar of Prestbury, who has devoted his whole life to this work. It was moonlight again as we entered Lake Huron. The course taken by the C.P.R. line of steamers is not through the prettiest scenery of this lake, which lies further north, but the trip is sufficiently enjoyable for anyone.

In the early afternoon we came to anchor in Owen's Sound, a narrow creek, surrounded by a horseshoe of low hills. The town is prettily situated, but I had not the time to make any further acquaintance with it except what the landing stage and railway afforded. And now the cars and the iron road had once more to be endured, as far as Toronto. For a time the country was uninteresting; farm buildings dotted the hills all along, and the small fields attached to them made it seem as if land was as scarce as in England. The stumps of trees left from the first clearing were seen constantly disfiguring the fields, and the heaps of great stones which had been gathered out showed with what difficulty the land had been brought under cultivation. But this changed after passing Orangeville, and from thence all the way to Toronto, fields of golden stubble, or green with meadow grass, or orchards in full perfection, occupied the whole interval. This is evidently not the place for a farmer to come to from the old country, if he wants to obtain cheap land. It cannot compete with Manitoba in the growth of wheat, and must become largely dependent on dairy and fruit produce.

The city of Toronto, which I reached in the evening, is the finest and most progressive in Canada. I do not remember any city in England which equals it in many of its features. Its fine, broad streets, shaded with trees; its tastefully built houses; its noble public buildings, and the general sense of modernness with solidity, will impress every one. Tram cars run in every direction, and the city is at night illuminated with electric lights, which makes it seem to be always enjoying a bright full moon. The poles for telegraph and telephone wires are here, as elsewhere, a great eyesore, and detract much from the appearance of the streets. The principal street is King-street, which runs parallel to the lake; and crossing it at right angles is probably the longest street in the world, said to be 32 miles in length in nearly a straight line; but of course only a very small portion of this is in the town. Toronto prides itself on its English character, and one feels indeed the English spirit pervading it.



Toronto is a convenient place from which to visit Niagara, and of course I went to see the great Falls. We took a lake steamer, and landed at the point where the Niagara river opens into Lake Ontario. Thence the Michigan Central Railway took us to the falls themselves, through a rich country where vineyards, peach, pear, and apple orchards, and fields of Indian corn abounded. Niagara has been so often described, and yet is so indescribable, that I may spare myself any lengthened account of it. I had made up my mind to be at first disappointed. Many people are, and I thought it best to modify my expectations. But my disappointment was quite the other way, thanks, I think, to the intelligent guide, who showed us the various points of interest in such an order as to make the grandeur grow upon us. The River Niagara is the stream by which Lake Erie pours its surplus waters into Lake Ontario. It is about 36 miles long, but all the interest of it is confined to about four miles of its course. Above the Falls it is several miles wide, broken by rocks and rapids. Then leaping over the Falls, it turns sharp at right angles down a deep gorge with perpendicular sides, clothed with almost sub-tropical foliage. For a mile and a half it is comparatively placid, and a small steamboat plies on it. Then for about an equal distance it rushes through a narrower channel, and along a steeper bed, at a terrific rate, the underlying rocks twisting and contorting the torrent into grand and angry forms. Every now and again, great waves will splash up in foam, and the deep-blue water become all white. These are the well-known Niagara Rapids, and it was in the foolhardy attempt to swim them that Captain Webb, the great swimmer, lost his life. The river then suddenly turns once more at right angles, but the force of the stream has scooped out at the angle a huge basin covering some 60 or 70 acres, in which it swirls itself round, and partly seems to cross its own track. This is known as the Whirlpool. Here the river seems to recover its equilibrium, and to prepare itself to flow on less madly. Here, too, in the constant circling of the water, the drift-wood carried down the stream comes again to the surface. And here, again, the bodies of the numerous suicides for which, alas! Niagara is

famous, are recovered. While I was there the body of a young woman was sighted and dragged to land. She had been overcome by the fatal fascination which the Falls exercise over some minds, and had cast herself over. After visiting the rapids and the whirlpool, we retraced our steps to the Canadian Falls. The river is divided by an island called Goat Island. Between it and the Canadian shore are the great Horseshoe Falls. Perhaps the greatest volume of water passes over here, but in some respects the American Falls have the advantage. We saw the Horseshoe from above, and then below, going behind a small portion of the mighty veil of waters by means of a gallery driven through the rock. The American side was left until the last. A fine gossamer-looking suspension bridge crosses the river, and brings you to the park or reservation bordering the Falls. The first thing is to go down the elevator, and look at the descending flood from below. Then ascending in the same way you look at it from above. The angle of rock which forms the edge and lip of the Fall is protected by a low wall over which you look and see the water tumbling 167 feet without a break. But the most exciting experience of all is a visit to the Cave of the Winds. This is made from Goat Island. You are first shown into a dressing-room and told to undress entirely. A pair of trousers and a coat of some rough woollen material are then brought to you, and you invest yourself in these. A boy then brings a piece of cord and ties you tight round the waist. A pair of shoes, made of thick felt, and tied with a string round the instep, completes the first part of your toilet. An oilskin jacket with a cap attached is then put on over all, and you emerge into the light of day. Never before did I feel how much a man is what his tailor makes him. How I looked myself I do not know, but my friend, a high dignitary of the Church, was transformed all at once into an escaped convict. The first descent is down an enclosed spiral staircase of wood. You then emerge again into daylight, and follow your guide along a narrow shelf of rock towards the falls. A staircase of wood has been made in parts for safety, and you descend this till you come to the bank of the cataract. Then a perfect

deluge pours down upon you, which takes away your breath. Your guide holds your hand firmly, and you follow on step by step through the terrific shower, and then, rising by slippery ledges of rock, to the Cave of the Winds. The noise of water and the rush of wind is deafening. You can hardly look up for the pelting showers, which fill your eyes and beat upon your face. But in time you get more accustomed to it, and can note the vast cataract which forms a white veil between you and the world. And now your guide takes you forward, and you thread your way from rock to rock and stone to stone, but into the open once more, until you arrive by another path at the point where the Falls are first entered. When we had finished our circuit I threw off the oilskin and went to the Falls again to get a proper shower bath, and I can safely say I never enjoyed one more. A shower bath in Niagara is not an every day experience, and I got the most out of my opportunity. In dressing, I observed that the wooden walls of the dressing-room and the back of the door were covered over with names of visitors, written in pencil. Englishmen are fond of testifying in this way to their existence. There was one inscription thus pencilled up behind the door which struck me at once. It ran, "John Potts, Macclesfield, England, September 15, 1884." I did not leave my name underneath it, though, of course, I entered it in the visitors' book. There is always one source of annoyance at every place of interest at Niagara, to which the visitor is subjected. He is perpetually tormented by photographers who wish to take his photograph with the Falls in the background. Imagine anyone placing himself as the foreground of a picture of Niagara!

A few words about Ottawa must bring my story to an end. There is no place in which I have been so agreeably disappointed. I looked for a city of wooden houses, with here and there one of a better class, and with nothing worth looking at but the Government Buildings. I found a large and flourishing city, built of stone, with handsome churches and public buildings, and with only a wooden house here and there. Ottawa, as everyone knows, is the capital of Canada. It was probably chosen for this honour because neither Montreal nor Toronto could brook to see the other have this

advantage conferred upon it. In itself there is nothing to mark out Ottawa for this pre-eminence, though it is beautifully situated in a charming country, and with healthy surroundings. The Government Buildings are separated into four noble blocks. That in the centre contains the House of Commons and the Senate House, and in the rear is one of the most beautiful and well-appointed libraries I have seen. The other two blocks in the same area are for the various departments of public service. The fourth stands outside, and has but just been completed. It is for the Post Office and some other departments. From the grounds are lovely views up the Ottawa river, towards the falls, and acres of timber yards, where sawn wood of every size and description stands stacked for sale and exportation. The beauty of the river is disfigured by the sawdust thrown out upon it from the mills. I have been struck here, as at many other places, with the extreme richness of the flower masses which adorn the public grounds. Flowers seem to grow to perfection and to luxuriate in the long days of sunshine they enjoy in this climate.

And now, in drawing to a close, I felt that I ought to say a few words about the great Canadian Pacific Railway, to the courtesy and kindness of whose managing secretary I am indebted for having seen at all much of the country I have described. This line does not include the word "great" in its official title. But its greatness is on a scale which sufficiently describes itself. When you think that in one unbroken line, without change of carriage, or the stoppage of more than a few minutes at any station, you can travel on it for more than 3,000 miles; that it touches the Atlantic Ocean at one side and the Pacific at the other; and that it takes you six days and nights from end to end, the greatness of the line will become in one way apparent.

But this is only one way, and to my mind the least. The engineering difficulties which have been surmounted in its construction; the variety and magnificence of country it develops; the changing scenery which you see from its cars, are all such as no other line in the world could show. As you pursue your way—your weary way it

may be—through seemingly endless forests, where not as much local traffic can be looked for as will pay to keep the line in repair or supply fuel for the engine, you wonder at the perseverance which went on with the work of blasting granite rock, and carefully laying sleeper and rail through those hundreds of unprofitable miles. When you emerge on shining lake or river, cross waterfalls, run alongside still waters whose surface is clothed with water lilies, you forget the profits of the company in the pleasure and wonder of these endless pretty waters. Then when you reach the rich prairie, already largely the wheat-field of the world, with its stretch of unlimited plain; when you see cornfields like English counties, and meadow lands grazed by innumerable herds to whom, in a general way, the only fence that is known is that which their own habits define, you think how great and beneficial an undertaking this was which opened these vast reservoirs of food to the hungry sons of men. And then as you enter the mountains, climb the summit of their passes in your easy carriage, run along their most beautiful river courses, rise up to the neighbourhood of their snowy summits, skirt the feet of their glaciers, and descend to ocean again through the wild and terrible gorges which their streams and rivers have made for themselves, experiencing all the while a sense of security even when your head almost grows dizzy with the danger—all this is such as no other line on the surface of the earth can show you to the same extent and on the same grand scale. Tourists in search of new scenes and sights, and who have not crossed from east to west by this link of rail, have a pleasure before them which, once experienced, they will pronounce unique.

But this C. P. R. is great in another way. It is doing more than anything else to unify this vast Dominion. It brings its separated peoples and provinces together. It reveals to Canadians what Canada is,—a fact of which, till this line was made, most of them were as truly ignorant as we in England have been. For what could people be expected to know of each other, or of a country separated from them by 2,000 miles of wood and forest, which it would take weeks to traverse? As well might we in England be expected to be acquainted with the interior of Russia. Now, regular railway service,

with excursion trains at cheap rates, tempt people to see it all ; and all the parts connected by this iron band of peace and industry draw close to one another, as part and parcel of the same country. Nor is it for Canada alone that it offers advantages. It will become Britain's highway to the East. China and Japan are nearer to us both in time and distance by this than by any other route, and some of my fellow passengers, on my return, had chosen this route from India and Australia as the pleasantest and the best. I wish it may be the pleasurable lot of many of my readers to travel as I have done by its comfortable cars—on which, by night, a comfortable bed invites you, and in the morning an English bath, with every toilet requisite, refreshes you ; where meals are served regularly, or the train waits for you at charmingly located hotels while you refresh yourself—on this unique journey through wood and prairie, by river and lake, through canyon and mountain-pass, from "Ocean to Ocean."

