

in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were, the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that white clay came to be used in refining sugar.

The origin of blue tinted paper came about by the mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue bag fall into one of the vats of pulp.

"The Daughter of a King."

BY CORA E. HOWES.

I KNOW no earthly king or queen,
Nor any royal personage grand;
And yet a "heavenly King" and I
Walk hand in hand.

I, who am of humble state,
And have not much to call my own,
But yet the King that walks with me
Has promised me a throne.

My earthly pilgrimage is short,
But for a "heavenly" I am bound;
And when I reach that happy place
I shall be crowned.

Sometimes, in my waywardness,
I try to journey on alone;
But, oh! the way is dark and drear;
I bruise my feet on thorns and stone.

But He who leads me knows the way;
He is indeed a royal Guide;
And now I am content to live
And walk close to his side.

My garments all are travel-stained,
Bedraggled with the dust and heat.
A robe of white awaits me there,
And I can "rest my weary feet."

My King can calm the rushing waves;
The winds are stilled at his command.
What other king can do the same,
O'er this broad land?

I wish that I could see his face;
I know it is not stern or fierce;
But such a glory round him shines
These earthly eyes can never pierce.

But when I reach the "promised land"—
The land to which my footsteps haste—
There I shall know him as he is,
And see him face to face.

The King and I—oh blessed thought!
And if I'm faithful till I die,
I am an heir to great estate—
A mansion in the sky.

Up the Skeena.

LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—An account of a trip up the Skeena River may be of interest to you. I went to Aberdeen, at the mouth of the Skeena, by the steamer *Sardonyx*, August 21st, hoping to meet the Hudson Bay Company's canoes with freight for the Upper Skeena, in two days; but, on account of stormy weather on the coast, they did not get to Aberdeen till Saturday, August 25th, at noon. The tide was fair, and the men all ready to go on, so I had to get aboard at once, and we were off.

We had two canoes in company—five men in each, and each canoe carries about two tons of freight. We went on about ten miles, when the boys stopped for mid-day meal. After lunch we went on, calling at Skatsoy—a camp of our Port Simpson people, where they fish salmon, and sell them to the canneries. I visited nearly every house; all seemed glad to see the missionary, and we were soon on our way again. The boys worked

hard, keeping time with their paddles and poles till nearly eight o'clock. It was a dull, showery night. We had just passed a camp of two canoes of up river people, which proved to be a party that left Aberdeen twenty-four hours before we did, but they had a heavy load, and could not get on fast. The Rev. Mr. Field, of the Church Missionary Society, and Mr. W. Green were with them.

Here we camped for the Sabbath. On either side of the fire a large sail is stretched over poles, to make a rude tent, and under each sail five men sleep; while a third sail is fixed up to one side for the writer. Every one is tired enough to sleep till late the next morning. I went down to the neighbouring camp, where I preached, at 9 a.m., to about twenty in all. Mr. Field led us in prayer. Back to our own camp, and had preaching with our own men; again, at 6 p.m., had service with our up-river friends, followed by a closing service in our camp. Thus we spent a happy day, though it rained nearly all the day. I thought, how different this from the old days in Old Canada! A large rock just above our camp, I was told, the Indians used to worship, and throw food to it in passing. Now they are bowing to the God we love.

Monday morning was wet, and we did not leave camp till after eight o'clock, and were sorry to leave our friends behind. We called at the Kitsoes camp, where a number of our people are getting food for winter. Had service with them.

On the boys pushed, wet through from the rain and poling up the rapids. It was nearly eight when we camped. There was plenty of wood at hand; and a fire, about ten feet long, was soon on, and a camp at each side of it. Supper and prayer over, we retired.

Next morning I awoke at half-past four, and had time to do some writing before the boys were up. We left camp at half-past seven. The weather looked better, and the boys were in good spirits. We soon had the first tug at the towline for a short distance. On the point of the bar the boys jump out, leaving one in the bow, and the captain, with his long oar—about fourteen feet long—to steer, and getting hold of a rope, pull the canoe over the bar. This is done for miles when we get further up the river, where the banks are steeper.

We push on, and soon a fair wind springs up, to the great satisfaction of the men, who quickly hoist a large sail. This helped us over the rough places, and we went on at a fine rate. Now, one of the boys got a hook attached to a pole, and, as we rushed along, he took out three salmon in a few minutes.

The wind increased, and a second large sail was put up, which brought me work to hold the sheet rope, and we did bound away! not without danger, as it was hard for the captain to steer with his long oar, as the canoe ploughed up against a strong current. These canoes are made of a single cedar-log, hollowed out. The one we had was forty-two feet long, by five and a half feet wide, and has been on the river for four years. It is ribbed, and has been well cared for, or it would not stand so long. Charles, the captain, is a good, faithful man. Each man is paid \$20, and the captain \$22, with as much for the canoe, for the round trip of about four hundred miles, which usually takes two weeks or more. A fair wind, such as we had, shortens the time by two or three days. The weather was rather cold for the season. Already fresh snow on the mountains.

About half-past six we were opposite the Indian village of Kitsom-kalam, when the people called to us to come over. This is a dangerous place in the river, but our captain crossed at once. We found the people in great excitement. The Sunday afternoon before, a child had been lost from the

camp up the river. She had been playing outside the house, and another child said she saw a strange man carry her off. They supposed some wild people from the mountain had taken the child, and the father and others had gone in search. I told them I was sure the child had not been stolen, and exhorted them to look to Jesus in their grief. While I was speaking, we heard the report of a gun, which was repeated several times. Soon one of the Hudson Bay Company's large canoes came in sight, with a small flag flying at half-mast. The captain called out, "Be ready for the news. We have found the child you had lost;" and then he told how, after a fruitless search through the wood, he and his men were in their canoe and leaving the place, when he caught sight of the little body stranded on the shore. The child had been drowned. I shall not soon forget the sight of that poor mother, as she clasped the dead body of her child to her breast, and her frantic cry, "Oh, my child! my child!" I exhorted them all to thank God that the body was found; and told the poor mother to think of her child so safe in heaven; and was glad to see her soon sit down quietly by the child, now laid on a blanket, and hear her say, "Oh, Jesus, you gave me this child, and it is you who have taken it!" This family learned of the blessed Jesus at our Mission at Essington. We were all soon gathered in a large camp, for meeting, when I preached of Jesus and the resurrection.

The next morning we were on our way again, and the following day brought us to the Kitsoes-lash canyon, where the river runs through a very narrow channel. You would wonder how it would be possible to get those large freight canoes through. Indeed, at certain stages of the water this freight has all to be taken out, and the canoes pulled over the rocks or falls.

I was put ashore, and directed to a rough trail leading to the houses on the bluff. We had a service with the few people I found there, and by the time this was over, our men had their canoes through the canyon. One canoe had been split a little with a bang against the rocks. Now the river is narrow, and the whole volume of water is to be met. It is hard work to get over some of the bars—the boys at the towline are up to their waists in water. At 7 p.m. we camp. There is plenty of brush to lay under our blankets, and soon we have a good fire, supper cooked, and the boys dry their clothes, and we close the day with a good sing and prayer. It was wet all night; and, right in the midst of a heavy shower, the tent fly, or sail, all came down on the other side of the fire; but the poor fellows were up, and had it all fixed again, with only a remark from one man: "I would like to know who knocked my house down!"

Two days more brought us to a place where the Rev. R. Tomlinson, formerly with Mr. Duncan, of Metlakatla, has begun a mission on an industrial plan. He farms some lands, has a saw-mill, etc. A number of Indians are building houses around him. It was pleasant to stop awhile and have a chat. The men were in a hurry to go, as the wind was fair. We had two large sails up, and every one had to look out for a time. It was so strong that we could run the rapid bars of the river. On Saturday evening we reached Kit-won-gah, one of the largest villages on the river. The conjuror's drum was beating, but we were kindly invited into a chief's house, and a supper was soon ready, by a good fire, for all our party. Here I met a man who was converted ten years ago, at Port Simpson, and I gave him a Bible. He has been trying to hold on all these years against great odds, and has recently lost his wife, who was a great help to him. We had a talk about what we should do on the Sabbath. The chief offered his house, in case the