

by canoe," are animating illustrations of zeal for God and the salvation of souls. The fine testimony of an American officer to Mr. C. and his converts is worthy of preservation.

*From the Rev. JAS. TURNER, dated Nicola Valley, 30th Dec., 1876.*

Since I wrote you last I have gone on endeavouring to sow the good seed in faith, and have reason to believe I have not laboured in vain. I think I can see considerable improvement in the people socially, and in some of them religiously. Several white men who were living with native women have been induced either to get married to them or give them up. And though to those unacquainted with the circumstances it may seem a very poor evidence of the efficacy of our work, to us, who are more familiar with the facts, it is gloriously encouraging. To see a man (from principle) breaking through what has been considered a legitimate custom for years; not only so, but, in a sense, breaking up his home, or else having to undertake the duties of cook, laundry-maid, and housekeeper, in addition to the toils common to farming, is to us a far greater proof of a man's sincerity than to stand up in some powerful revival meeting to solicit the prayers of the Church.

Labouring among such a people we easily learn not to despise the day of small things. Where the material we have to operate upon is found in the crudest state, or strongly biased against the gospel we proclaim. By far the majority of those to whom I preach are men who have been virtually beyond the reach of gospel influences for a great part of their life; many of them having told me that I was the first they had heard preach for ten, fifteen, and even twenty years. Think of all those years under the hardening influences of sin, removed so far from all means of grace, and you can easily understand the difficulties lying in the way of their conversion to God. At two or three of the places where I preach, outside Nicola Valley, sometimes one-third of the con-

gregation, numbering from thirty to fifty, is made up of men who come direct from the gambling table. The wonder to me often is why such men patronize us as much as they do. It leads me to hope that there is still something good left in them. Some early impression that years of sin have not completely annihilated, which may yet germinate and yield a harvest. I have reason to believe that in many instances during the year the preached word has been honoured of God in leading careless ones back to seriousness, and, it is to be hoped, to a change of heart and life; but as many of those to whom we preached during the summer are not likely ever to hear us again, because of their wandering habits, it is hard to calculate on the amount of good done. In order to minister to the wants of the white population as much as possible, I have continued my long rides all through the season, allowing no weather to hinder me, and though I have had to go on horseback all the year, and some of my preaching places a hundred miles apart, I have only disappointed a congregation once. I had, very reluctantly, to relinquish the thought of taking up the Indian work, as I saw I could not attend to both. The Indians in Nicola Valley alone would be sufficient to occupy the time of a Missionary without taking any part in the white work. They were once nominally under the supervision of the English Church Missionary at Lytton, fifty miles from here, but for the last two years no attention has been paid to them. The congregations, as a rule, continue very good, considering the distance that settlers live apart, some of them having to come as much as twenty miles to service. Indeed, the general willingness to attend the means of grace