

not speak with the rest, as my heart was so weak. But there was a burden on my heart. I felt so much that if Samuel were alive, he would have much to tell you, and I felt that I could not rest until I told you all this, as Samuel would have me do were he alive. I thank you much for your sympathy and encouragement to us. My heart is very full. I am very grateful to you, chief. When you pray, will you ask God to make my heart strong? I want to be faithful too, I want to meet my son and all of you above. I ask your prayers to help me. My heart is strong and glad now, because I have seen you and told you my heart."

One afternoon the girls in the Mission House, five in number, were given a half-holiday, to pick berries on the opposite islands. We availed ourselves of the fine weather and this picnic, to see the village gardens. We started in a large canoe (every Indian from his earliest childhood can handle a paddle), towards the head of the estuary, which leads through a labyrinth of islands, to the pine-clad shores of the snowy mountains, nearly twenty miles distance. We landed at some of the islands, most of which have some cultivated land. Every man and woman had a certain portion of ground measured out by Duncan, when the village was first settled, and set apart by him for their sole use. As the children advance in years, an addition is made. At present only potatoes are planted, and these are not properly attended to, for just at the time when labour is required for weeding, hoeing, &c, all hands are absent at the fishing stations. Duncan hopes, in course of time, to make better arrangements. How we all enjoyed ourselves in that holiday trip!—all of us like children escaped from school. Berries were plentiful, and we returned by moonlight, paddling and singing hymns alternately, till the sparkling wood fire in the Mission-room welcomed us to our home.

One evening I was invited by Matthews (one of the elders, and a good carpenter), to hear him perform on a parlour organ, which he had bought at Victoria for 80 dollars (£16). It was a wondrous sight—the Indian and his wife at his side playing and singing many of the well-known Sankey's hymns! Had I accepted an invitation to visit an Indian hut in years gone by, I should have seen all kinds of devilry, witchcraft, and cannibalism, often followed by murder. How strikingly were the words of Holy Scripture brought before me, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

Much of the missionaries' time is taken up in visiting and recovering the sick. Collison and I went together one morning