

sad news I had got the night before, I should have turned back, for it seemed to be dangerous to cross ice in such a condition; but

SIX HOURS OF THE HARDEST TRAMP

I ever made brought us to Greenville, but we first called at Kiticks, a small village, where we found the fever was in every house, and they had buried seven. One poor old blind man came and said to me, "Oh, what shall I do next spring at the fishing, for the one who was eyes to me, and used to lead me to God's house, has gone. Tell Mr. Green she has gone;" referring to his little daughter who had died. These poor people gave all praise to Mr. Green, that he had done so much for their children while they were sick. They took two large canoes full of sick children to Greenville, and they all got over the fever. I told them of the land where there is no sickness.

When we got to Greenville I found Brother Green very poorly, and both he and Mrs. Green were feeling very keenly the loss of their fine boy; but they have two with them who are getting over the fever, (the eldest son and daughter being away at school). Well, as soon as I could get on some dry clothes, the poor people commenced to come in, and arrangements were made for services next day, which consisted of a prayer-meeting in the morning, preaching at 11, then a funeral of a little child, and then a missionary meeting, with native speakers and the writer.

THE POOR PEOPLE DID WELL;

in all about \$75 was raised at the meeting. I have only to say if all our congregations would do as well according to their means you would have half a million instead of a quarter, which you ask for. And just as it always is when the people make a sacrifice to the Lord, He blesses them. He did that night. The blessed Spirit came down, and there was such a confession of sin and a fresh consecration of themselves to God. I shall not soon forget the poor people prostrated in the deep snow, near the mission house, pleading that God would bless the missionary and the visitor, and then the people, one by one, were named, and this service was carried on far into the night, as they went from house to house. Oh, may God bless those poor people! But I feel the most for those away up the river, with all this suffering amidst their heathen blindness. I had visited every house with Brother Gibson, our teacher, during the day, found the fever in every house; many of them

GETTING BETTER SLOWLY,

but some poor things will suffer for some time with sore eyes and deafness. This disease was contracted in Victoria last fall or summer, and as soon as they came home it began to spread. This is one of the bad results of the people having to go away so far in search of work.

On Monday morning I found Brother Green much revived, and Mrs. Green was in better spirits. After some letters were written, etc., I started at ten a.m. for down the river. Mr. Gray, a white man, engaged an Indian with his dog sledge to take me down, as the ice was now sufficiently frozen to bear us on the top crust. The Indian started with his two fine

dogs and put us down to our boat in an hour and a half, a distance that took us six hours of hard travel on Saturday. Here we got our boat, and had five hours and a half of hard pulling to get to Naas Harbor, or Echo Cove, where the *Glad Tidings* was anchored, and this morning we were home by 11 a.m. Two little children have died here since I left, of the same fever. We are hoping it will not spread so much as on the Naas. This brings us very near Christmas. May God save the people.

Letter from the REV. G. F. HOPKINS, dated SKIDEGATE, Q. C. I., Nov. 22nd, 1887.

I TAKE this opportunity to send a few lines to you before our communication with the outside world is closed for the winter. I have just returned from a trip to Clue. Some of the people at that place accepted Christianity last winter, but the greater number of them were away at Victoria. This fall, as soon as they returned, they also left off their heathen practices, and are now seeking to be followers of Christ Jesus. One of the old men then said: "In winter we often have deep snow, but when the spring sun comes out it melts rapidly away. Thus it has been with our people. We were many a few years ago, but

NOW WE ARE NEARLY ALL GONE;

only a few of us have lived to hear about Jesus." His words are only too true. Five large houses at that place alone, occupied once by, perhaps, fifteen or twenty persons each, now stand vacant, every claimant to them having died. Out of several large villages on the south end of the islands there are now only three left. But we rejoice to say that in every one of these songs of praise rise to Him who has redeemed them by His blood.

We spent several days with them, having services of some kind every evening but Saturday, besides numerous conversations about matters of interest to them. The whole population, about 100, came out to every meeting. While there we baptized four, married two couples, and carried the body of one who had recently died triumphant in Jesus, to her long resting place in their new cemetery. They also took up a subscription for a small church building. We hope to be able to get this up some time next spring.

MOST OF THE GOLD HARBOR PEOPLE

have been doing pretty well during the summer. We have visited them often. Lamps have been procured and placed in their church, paint put on the outside, and the altar rail (all carved by hand) placed in position. They have subscribed sufficient to send for a good bell, which they expect when the *Glad Tidings* comes. Several new, "white man's houses," have been erected, greatly improving the appearance of the village. The people of Skidegate have been much scattered this summer, but they are nearly all home now. We have always had a sufficient number home, however, to keep up all our Sabbath services and most of the other means of grace. For some time past, they have been counting up how soon Christmas, their greatest time of the year, would come, and they are