

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

KISHPIAX—HEATHEN VILLAGE.

do not suppose any of the readers of this paper could guess the meaning of the name of this village, Kishpiax. I will tell the story connected with it; how true it is I could not say, but the people believe it

A long time ago, so the story runs, a man from a village near the mouth of the river, killed one of his friends. The village people in revenge determined the man should die for the deed, but before they could take him, he got away and kept himself hidden. He wandered in the woods till he reached this place. In his wandering he found a wife, they settled here and formed the first family of a tribe. The whole village claim descent from this family and are called the "hidden people" or Kishpiax, after their founder "the hidden man." So we are living among the "hidden people." Sometimes one feels as if this was hardly connected with the outside world at all, we hear so little of what is going on outside our own village. We are two hundred miles from the coast. The river has a fall of 845 feet, so is a very rapid dangerous river to navigate. The people go up and down in canoes. The Hudson Bay Company have built a steamboat to travel on the river, but they make usually three trips during the summer, and often have very hard times to get up and down the river.

A GRAVE YARD IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

Just back of the village lies the grave yard, looking like a town for little people, for instead of graves and tombstones, there are numerous little houses scattered all around. As we get nearer we find some of the houses are not all boarded in, but have, what looks like a high fence without a roof over it, while others are all enclosed except the front, or a large window, which perhaps may have a curtain in it or may not. We are near enough now to look into one of the houses. We see a pair of little boots hanging from the inside of the roof, a little broken rocking chair and various broken dishes, show that this is the grave of a child. A little further, we find inside a house a table set, and behind it hang two looking glasses, besides several dresses, so this is a young woman's grave. Opposite this we find a man's outfit hung up. Near that, in another little house, we find a table with the remains of a broken doll and various articles of clothing belonging to a child. Every little while we pass places where there have been fires, often several sticks of charred wood remain—these have been where bodies have been burned. But what is that strange object in the next house? As we draw nearer we find it meant to represent a bear. It is carved of wood, the head and claws painted most hideously, the body covered with a bear skin. So in every house we find many of the things used by the person, while living, which friends have placed on their graves after death.

SADIE HART SPENCER.

Kishpiax, Upper Skenna, B. C.

JAPAN.

Last Friday our girls had their regular "Literary evening." These they get up so well, always something new. A dialogue last Friday gave a very practical lesson and showed how well their teachers' efforts were understood.

Three of the girls represented a mother and two daughters. The two girls sat at a table studying. The little one asked a question but was petulantly answered by: "There you are talking again, did I not tell you I was studying my Sunday school lesson?" Silence. Soon the little one timidly murmured, "Please help me." "Be quiet, I tell you, I am studying my Sunday school lesson," and the frowning face emphasized the words. "Mary, Mary," called a voice from the hall. No answer. "Mary, Mary." "Yes, mother, I'll go there," but she sat still. "Mary, Mary," came the call again. "Yes, mother." "Come and help me get the parlor ready; did I not tell you we are going to have company for tea?" "I am studying my Sunday school lesson, I'll go soon." Then she began studying out loud: "Then Peter began to sink and he cried out, 'Lord save me,' and immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand and saved him." "Immediately, immediately Jesus saved him, what lesson must I learn? Immediately. Peter was in difficulty and Jesus helped him immediately."

K-san closed her book and turning to the little one at her side said, "I will help you now, don't cry any more, now that is all right. 'I must go and help mother.' She hurries off, and O I-san enters with a towel on her head and sleeves tied back in true Japanese style, broom, duster and all. "Mary, Mary," she calls in a severe tone. "I am coming mother, I am sorry I did not go when you first called, but I was studying my Sunday school lesson. I learned that Jesus helped Peter immediately, and then I was sorry I did not go to you at once." "I am glad," said O I-san as they both shuffled out of sight. C.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Our missionaries scattered abroad throughout Japan, China, British Columbia, the Northwest and Province of Quebec:

"Grace unto you and peace be multiplied. We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you in our prayers, remembering, without ceasing, your work of faith and labor of love and patience of hope." And so, thinking of you all, and praying for you all, and remembering that you are our substitutes on those distant fields, we sympathize with you in every disappointment, in all the complications and difficulties that arise, and rejoice with you in each success that crowns your efforts. We delight to read your monthly letters from the different fields, as published in our leaflets, and when it comes still nearer home and you gladden our hearts and brighten the pages of our own little paper with the varied details of your daily life and surroundings, we are drawn more closely to you, and realize how kind it is of you to pause, for our sakes, in the midst of your arduous toil in the service of the Master.