

season on the Sabbath day. The people are erecting a school-house in which the children will be taught and services held. Another three miles through a cut path, to which the recent rains had in many places given the appearance of a running brook, brought me to Noggin Cove, where I enjoyed a chat with Bro. White, who, beside doing his share of work as a fisherman, has earned for himself the honor of being the pioneer Methodist missionary here and at Bassett's Harbor. He sustains the offices of lay-reader and class-leader. Here we have about a dozen families, and here on Sabbath afternoons, and on a week-night when in the neighborhood, I conduct a service which the people of Bassett's Harbor and Beaver Cove are able to attend. This service is now held in Bro. White's house, which has grown too strait for us, and the people have decided to arise and build. At nightfall I reached Western Arm, about two miles farther on. In this settlement we have nearly fifty families, although the first Methodists arrived but eighteen years ago. With commendable ambition and religious zeal the people erected a good school-house ten years ago, and last winter commenced to build a commodious church. Last year the missionary resided here from December to May, and it appears likely that this will be a permanent arrangement. Last winter Western Arm was visited with a very gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, resulting in the addition to our membership roll of over sixty names. Here I stayed a week, meeting the five classes for tickets and conducting five services. The conversions last winter were accompanied with more noise and excitement than I had ever witnessed (I had seen Newfoundland revivals as well as Yorkshire revivals before), but the converts so far stand well, a fact worthy of consideration by those who are inclined to look askance at physical demonstrations in religious services, and desire to apply the standard of unemotional and cultured icicles to an emotional people who have never learnt to restrain their feelings.

On my way to Indian Islands, which lie nine miles to the north of Western Arm, I had hoped to visit Alder Harbor, five miles to the east, but after spending three hours in a boat, want of wind compelled me to give up the attempt. About thirty people live there, all Methodists. Nearly all of them were converted last winter, since which time a man, who was previously anything but an angel, has regularly and zealously conducted service every Sabbath. I reached Indian Islands on Saturday. These islands (two inhabited) appear to have been reclaimed from the surrounding waste of waters, so little do they rise above the waves. On Perry's Island all the people, about sixty, are Methodists. Here we have a comfortable church, to which a legacy of William Perry, one of the first settlers, has just given a beautiful communion service. The service will be used for the first time next month, when some thirty candidates for membership will receive the right hand of fellowship. I preached on the Sabbath at Perry's Island morning and night, and in the school-house on the other island in the afternoon.

On the Monday, having completed my three weeks' tour, I returned from Indian Islands to Seldom-Come-By, four miles, and yesterday preached here morning and night, and at Little Seldom in the afternoon. Thus in a month I have preached at all my appointments save one.

The above gives some idea of how scattered our people are, and of what it means to be pastor of a thousand people in Newfoundland. The people here, as elsewhere within the bounds of this Conference, are eminently religious, and ignorance is the great barrier to their moral development and uplifting. Most of our young folk have now an opportunity of attending school for a few months in the year, but when they have learnt to read, good reading matter is scarce. If some Sunday School superintendent, or other friend in highly-favored Canada, will put us on his mailing list, and forward to me papers or magazines, I will guarantee their distribution among a people who will read them and pass them on.

"A CHRISTIANITY without a dying, atoning Christ, is a dying Christianity."

The Indian Work.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, dated KISHPIAX, UPPER SKEENA, B.C., Sept. 30th, 1895.

BY the advice of the President of the Conference and Chairman of this District, our appointment was changed, and instead of going to Bella Coola as expected, we were sent to Kishpiax. We left the coast July 17th by the steamer *Caledonia*, expecting to arrive at our destination in about four days, but to our disappointment we did not reach Kishpiax for seventeen days. We were delayed in some places because the water was too high, and in others because it was too low. Coming through Kit-see-lass Canyon was a trying time. Tow lines had to be cut in order to save the steamer. This rather alarmed the passengers, and well it might. The captain declared that he had never seen anything like it since he had been on the river. On arriving at Hazelton we had to wait two days before we could obtain a crew to bring us here by canoe. Just before starting one of our canoes split and filled with water, damaging some goods. Fortunately it was discovered in time, for in half an hour more our goods would have been totally spoilt. On the evening of that day we arrived here in safety, and our hearts went out in praise and thanksgiving to Him from whom all blessings flow. The first Sunday spent here I shall never forget. The sight of the poor people, as they were singing with all their hearts, caused me to shed tears of joys as I thought what the blessed Gospel had done for them. The head Chief, Kaak, and his son, who are among the leading Christians, were converted during the revival last fall. Shortly after our arrival here, Bro. Cole and I made a visit to Kish-ga-gass, the last village on the Skeena river. We had a blessed time. These poor people have never had a missionary to live amongst them, although they have been asking for one for years. Those who made a start during the visit of the Rev. J. C. Spencer and his people last winter, have all gone back to heathenism, because no one was there to encourage or help them. They urged us to give them a missionary who would enlighten them, and promised that they would all lay aside their heathen practices if one were sent. After this urgent request it was decided that Bro. Cole should go. About three weeks ago we had a visit from Rev. T. Crosby, Chairman of the District, which greatly cheered our hearts. What is greatly needed here is a church. Hitherto the people have worshipped in the school-house but the accommodation is such that many who would like to come stay away because of lack of room. When all the people are at home the Sunday services have to be held in a large heathen house. A plan of the proposed new church has been drawn up, the size of which will be 45 x 26 ft. The building, when completed, will cost at least one thousand dollars. The people and friends of the mission cause have already subscribed \$240.00 towards it. A grant from the Missionary Society would be a great help to these people in this undertaking. To obtain lumber and other materials means money. Everything is very expensive in this upper country. We are looking forward to a blessed outpouring of God's Holy Spirit this winter.

Letter from REV. D. JENNINGS, dated PORT ESSINGTON, B.C., Oct. 14th, 1895.

ANOTHER very busy season at the mouth of the Skeena has passed, and now this polyglot hive of industry is for a time broken up, and its inhabitants have gone to their respective homes to make ready for winter.

We have seven appointments that should be supplied every Sabbath during the fishing season. Sometimes there are too few laborers on the field to supply the work efficiently. We have, it is true, many local preachers, but it is difficult for them to make long canoe trips on Sunday after a hard week's fishing, during which their rest is so much broken.

But the work of God has been full of interest. The congregations have been usually large, particularly at Es-