

26th, Thursday.—Storm-bound all day.

27th, Friday.—Toiled against a head wind, and reached Noo-noos.

28th, Saturday.—Sailed early, and reached Nanaimo at half-past three p.m. Glad to get home for the Sabbath's services.

I give you this as a fair sample of the kind of work Brother Cushan is now doing; for at the present time, in similar weather to that above described, Brother Cushan is coasting along among the various tribes at their respective villages and fishing grounds to the southward, as far, perhaps, as Brother Sexsmith's Mission, and carrying thither the message of salvation.

Brother Cushan met, at Barclay Sound, some Indians from Nootka Sound, who urged him to go thither and preach to their tribe. They said they could muster a congregation of 500. Very likely he may go as far north as that, upon his visit to the west coast, next summer, and at the same time, if possible, I intend to accompany Brother Cushan as far as Barclay Sound, in answer

to urgent requests from the Indians, who want their children baptised. I may then (D.V.) be able to report more intelligently concerning the prospects of our work at that most western point of our Mission.

In reviewing the date of Brother Cushan's journal above, it was a pleasing coincidence, and also an inspiring thought, that, while at Ottawa—the centre of the Dominion—the cause of our Master was being established and consolidated in the dedication services of the noble Dominion Methodist Church, Brother Cushan, at the westerly verge of the Dominion, close by the mighty waters of the Pacific, was planting the same cause, and, in an Indian wigwam was telling of Him, whose kingdom shall

“Stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.”

In my own work in the city, I was never more busy, especially in pastoral visitation, as we have had an unusual amount of sickness of late, and two of our people have died.

From the Rev. THOS. CROSBY, dated Fort Simpson, Nov. 1st, 1876.

As we are closing our last mail for this year, I feel that I must give you a few more items, although I have written you so recently. I think I told you in my last letter how our way had been opened to the Stickeen Indians, about 160 miles north of us, at Wrangel, Alaska Territory. Some of our young men working there had commenced to hold services, and upwards of three hundred were in attendance, and the work became so promising that I made a visit there about a month ago. I preached in a large Indian house to a crowd of people, the Captain of the garrison and many other white men attending. A subscription was made towards putting up a building for church and school, and near \$500 were subscribed. I left two young men there to carry on the work, and they write me that there are fifty attending a school they have begun. Now I

have no doubt but you will say that we cannot commence a Mission in Alaska Territory. I know that, but what can we do, we must help to save souls, when we have an opportunity, no matter where found, and I am hoping that some whole-souled Missionary from the United States may be led to take up the field.

Could you not write to some one of the Mission Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the subject? I am writing to them and requesting that any further information that may be desired, be obtained of Gen. Howard, Portland, Oregon, in whose military district Fort Wrangel is situated, and who has already interested himself in the matter. In the meantime I shall do all I can through our men to keep the work going.

A word about home and I will close. Our church is finished at last,