

stores doing much business. Four white men, living at the place, treated me very kindly. We found 250 native residents, others had gone to the mines; many from other places were in to trade. Here is very rich land; vegetables grow well, and the cattle thrive on the beautiful pasturage. This place would make a good location for a mission headquarters; a school could be kept up all the year. Mr. Anken, merchant, has built a small but neat school-house, which he offers to give to the Church who shall send the first missionary or white teacher. He would also give a cabin for a missionary to live in. From this place many villages could be reached. Young men came forty miles to see me here, and pleaded very hard for a missionary. Two miles and a-half from here is another village, Ogal-gat, with 175 inhabitants.

A Kish-pi-ax chief, who had by force, two weeks before, taken goods from a store to the amount of \$49.50, brought them to me to restore to the owner.

We spent two days here preaching with the people. The head chief said they had long wished for a missionary, but he was afraid they would all die before one came to stay with them. We should have a man here at once. It is deeply impressed upon my mind, that if these thousands of souls, redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus, are saved, it will have to be through the instrumentality of the Methodist Church. Give us the best man you can for that field. Bro. Matheson, of Nanaimo, would do well. The school would draw the government grant, which would help the salary at the start.

Here we took a canoe and started down the Skeena. Eighteen miles run brought us to Kit-sah-zokely, a village of sixteen houses and 250 people. We preached, and heard their many cries for a missionary. Twenty miles more and we were at Kit-wan-gah, with 450 souls,

hungry for the bread of life. After service they told me they wanted to be Christians; that half the village had thrown away the old dance and feast, and they wished to know when Sunday would come; they wanted to keep it holy, but did not know when it came, and had no one to tell them. It is quite exciting travelling this river. These gigantic mountains, the swift current, and "shooting the rapids" fills every moment with interest.

A run of sixty miles and we were at Kit-sah-lash, a village of 100 souls, who gave us a hearty welcome, telling me they belonged to Mr. Crosby. These speak the Tshimptsean language. (The other, above, speak a different tongue.) Every one in the village came to the service. Twenty-five miles lower we visited Kit-somekalim, with fifty people. These, too, have been to Fort Simpson, and have learnt of Jesus, and are trying to serve Him. They look to our dear Bro. Crosby as a father. Fifty-two miles lower, at the mouth of the river, we visited Port Essington, one of Bro. Crosby's outposts. From there to Inverness, which we reached on Saturday evening. One hundred of Port Essington people, working at the fishery, greeted us kindly. We spent the Sabbath with them, and had a blessed day. The manager was very kind, and a Christian lady, with her husband, made me very comfortable. Monday we reached Fort Simpson, finding our dear friends at the Mission House well and happy. On reaching Naas we will have travelled 428 miles, and preached twenty-one times.

These thousands of souls, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and so anxious to hear of it. Can no one be found to tell them the story of the cross? Crying for help, must they die in despair, without a knowledge of Jesus, the Truth, the Way, the Life? My heart is moved by the solemn thought that God has chosen our Church as His instrument to use for the salvation