

the Master's feet, and took hold of the precious promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." On our reaching the village their hearts failed them, and they listened to the story of the Cross. However, the chiefs told me they considered themselves better as they were, but knowing this was not the sentiment of the people, a teacher (Bro. Patrick Russ) was sent, and now we understand he has been invited to live with the chief. May the Lord open the eyes of these dark people to behold the light. We are looking for greater blessings. O that the Spirit of power may rest upon us! W. B. CUYLER.

BELLA COOLA.

I am very happy to say that the Lord Jesus has been with us during the hard winter. Often your native missionary felt very much encouraged while trying, by God's help, to lead these perishing souls to the foot of the Cross, and when I recommend Jesus as the great and good physician, able and willing to take away their blindness and restore the light of truth upon them. The starting of this new mission field is in a hopeful state. Amid the storms of heathenism and darkness of sin, the power of the Gospel of Christ has got hold of the hearts of some. Tom Looncumboux, one of the heathen chiefs, and his tribe are willing to suffer with the people of God. Notwithstanding persecution, like in the days of Mr. Wesley, is very trying to those that have accepted the invitation of King Jesus. The surrounding tribes—Kimquite, Till-o-man and Weckemos—have been here during the winter months attending potlatches and dances. The wild dances are getting smaller, such as dog-eater and man-eater. Our visit among our Bella Bella Christian friends has done us good. Since we returned, Chief Tom has burnt all his vain idols, such as the gods of their own hands, and is now learning about the Great Spirit. When his heathen friends heard what he had done to the idols, his friends invited him to the dance-house, but Tom would not go. The next day several of the old chiefs came in and said, "You a chief and now you turn to be Christian?" "Yes," he replied, "my being a chief won't save me from death, Christ alone can save me." I spent two weeks with my little flock at the canoe camp. We had a blessed time both in prayer and reading the Bible under the trees on Sunday. Six of the young men are doing very well, the Lord has helped them. Parents have turned their own children out of doors because they want to attend our service. One of them, named Harry, is now acting interpreter to your missionary, others are getting on nicely with the alphabet, which is no small matter to the children in Bella Coola. The steamer "*Glad Tidings*" has already made her first trip to Bella Coola, with lumber for building a mission-house, which we need very much. We trust the Missionary Committee will give us a little grant. During the short stay of the steamer "*Glad Tidings*," seven of the heathen came on board in the evening, and we invited them down into the cabin. After praying together, they asked Mr. Crosby to put their names down, as they