

Letters received since from Mr. Stone give us reason to believe that the worst is well over, and that it only remains for the missionary to be judicious, and the lost ground will soon be regained.

We left again for Simpson on Friday morning, and succeeded in reaching there on Saturday, about noon. I was detained at Simpson for nearly a week, during which time I was enabled to see a good deal of the work there. The Boys' Home was occupied by eight or nine boys. The school was not as well attended as it ought to be, owing, I suppose, to the fact that the Indians were just getting back from the hop fields, and to the further fact that whooping-cough was in almost every family.

I cannot speak too highly of the noble work being done by Dr. Boulton. The amount of work he does is almost incredible, and his influence with the Indians, which is very great, is used most wisely for the help of the work in every regard.

Miss Hart is a heroine. She was entirely alone, with all the care and work of the Home on her hands.

I need not speak particularly of Bro. Crosby's work. It is well known how he and his noble wife have toiled, and watched, and prayed, and pleaded, for the work on this interesting field, and it lies upon their hearts still as it did in other days. As I saw Bro. Crosby and his daughter visiting from house to house, among the poor and sick Indians, often where it could not be very congenial to the tastes of a refined young lady to go, I saw how "the love of Christ constraineth," and that the mantle of the parents was falling upon the children. Indeed, the whole family seem to be imbued with the same spirit.

Letter from GEORGE EDGAR, native teacher, dated HARTLEY BAY, B. C., January 25th, 1892.

WE are well, thanks to the Giver of all good. We have been very busy since we came here. Brother Crosby landed us here on the 26th of August last year, and a mission house was put up. We found very few people at home, so I went up to where they camp, about twenty miles from here. First the people were not quite satisfied because I was not a white man, but after a while they turned and thanked God for having answered their prayer, for this people have been asking for a teacher for a long time. The school did not commence till the 1st of October. My wife has eighteen children who attend day school and Sunday-school as well. The Sabbath services are well attended, and also weekly meetings, and Bible-class on Saturday night. Thank God for sending me to this people, for I can use my own language to them. We had only one death this winter. We do not forget the day when our brother Mr. Betts visited us here; it warmed our hearts to hear him telling of the love of God. Sorry to tell you that our church was nearly blown down this winter, for it was weakly built. Now our people made up their mind to take it down, and build a stronger one. I went out with all our men, and we got some logs and took them to the mill, and Mr. Bouner cut them for us, and the lumber was divided; we took half and the saw mill took half, for our people have no money to buy the lumber. We had a very good day on Christmas day; \$20 was collected on that day, and \$8.12½ on New Year's day. This is for lights in the church. This church is still in debt.

Letter from the REV. D. JENNINGS, dated Port Essington, B. C., February 3rd, 1892.

We are pleased to report a gradual growth of the cause of Christ on this mission. The present aspect of the work is reason for gratitude to Almighty God. We have amongst

us many truly healthy Christians, anxious to see sinners coming to the Saviour, and to hear the cry, "What must I do to be saved?"

During the past few months your missionaries have been greatly encouraged by the zeal so manifest for Christ, and by the growing piety of the people.

Some time ago we were called to visit a man, suffering intensely, apparently unconscious, and unable to speak. At length consciousness and speech returned, and he cried, "Give me water!" One in attendance gave him water; then in the most striking manner he exclaimed, "Jesus! Jesus! give me the water of life." This man evidently felt his need of more of Christ. This man has a large acquaintance with the Word of God. Although he cannot read, yet he can open his English Bible, and from marks to him familiar, he can repeat in his own tongue many passages in both the Old and New Testaments. Most of the incidents in the life of the Saviour, his parables, etc., he is familiar with, and the contemplation of them affords him much comfort. We have been cheered to hear the well formed resolutions of many of our members, and more to see these resolutions carried out in their daily lives.

Our services have been well attended this year. During the holidays there was no undue feasting and revelry, for many of our people are setting their faces against these relics of by-gone days.

What a grand step Christianity will have made when her votaries see eye to eye in the great moral questions which lie at the very foundation of our heritage. Some—too many—can see no harm in the dance, the card table and the social glass, heeding not the harvests of evil yearly reaped from these sources.

We have had no liquor cases to try since last summer. The vigorous efforts then put forth have had a salutary influence on the illicit vendors and their poor dupes.

Our week of prayer was a season of deep interest which has continued almost unabated up to the present. It pays well to continue preaching the distinctive doctrine of our Church, complete submission to the will of Christ and an entire consecration to His service, that "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

The whooping-cough has lessened the attendance at our day and Sunday-schools, yet we rejoice to say the epidemic has been mild in type, without serious complications, excepting two or three cases brought down the river, which proved fatal. Yesterday a splendid boy of four years died of membranous croup.

Now is the time for active work among the Indians in this part of British Columbia. In conversation with one who took, in 1881, the census of the Kitikshans (the people on the Upper Skeena, speaking a dialect of the Tsimpshian language), I was told they then numbered 1,600 souls. In 1890, according to the report of the Babine Agency, there were only 1,079 Kitikshans left. In the previous nine years not only a number equal to all the children born in that period died, but 521 people besides.

One who ought to know, used to tell me that the population of Kit-lac-tamux, on the Naas, numbered a few years ago 400. In 1890 the Indian agent reports the population of Kit-lac-tamux to be 219.

In regard to the Tsimpshians, I have no reliable data on which to make a statement. This people was greatly depleted by the exodus of Mr. Duncan's followers to Alaska. The Tsimpshians proper now number about 1,200 souls.

The Hydahs, numbering thousands a few years ago, now number only 730. The present condition of the Indian, in this part of British Columbia, calls for serious and prayerful consideration on the part of the friends of the aboriginal race—a race possessing good intellect and excellent mechanical skill. Those with whom I labor I have learned to love