

him rub his heart against the bleeding, anxious heart of this poor people, and hear the pleadings for a missionary that have more than once brought the choke to our throat and the tears to our eyes, and I feel assured that he would shove his hand into his pocket deeper than he ever dreamed of before.

The dawn of Monday morning came, and with it the dip of the paddle and wake of our canoe, and for six long days up the roaring rapids, along the winding rivers, across lakes, and over portages of steep hills, swamp, marsh, and mud up to the knees for half a mile at a stretch, with a pack of a hundred pounds on our back, our course lay toward the people we had often lifted to God in prayer and were so anxious to see. As the sun was sinking toward the tree-tops in the west on Saturday afternoon, nine days from the time we started, we could see the tops of buildings comprising the Hudson Bay Co.'s fort at Island Lake. Soon we reached it, and were met at the gate by Mr. Linklater, the fort master, and his wife, who showed us every kindness. We were soon after introduced to Mr. Campbell, a clerk, and an excellent young man. To our great delight we saw a goodly number of Indians standing around, some of whom came and shook hands with us, but many seemed strange and distant. Mr. Linklater told me afterwards that most of them were heathens, pure and simple; that they were going away soon; that they were curious to know what we came for, and were half-inclined to flee for fear of me, but that he told them we would not hurt them, and he would tell them soon what we came for. Sabbath morning they all came into the front yard, and we took our place on the platform. The dream of our youth was realized. We told the wonderful story to many who heard it for the first time. We cannot describe our feelings on that memorable day. The shortness of their stay, the story of love to be told so wondrous, the tremendous importance of the impression left, our own inability to do justice to the occasion, together with the probability that many there would never hear it again, all conspired to deepen our feelings of sympathy, and throw us upon God with implicit reliance. We talked of God, His character and His laws; had our interpreter read the ten commandments; proved we had broken them, and dwelt upon the consequences. This opened the way for the story of Jesus and His death in our stead, and His invitation to all to come to Him for salvation. We preached only twice on Sabbath, though we know some might say we should have preached oftener. We, however, think it wise to give fewer truths, and give the people time to ponder them, than to overcrowd the mind, with the chance of the weak mind tangling the new and wonderful truths. At the close of the day evident impressions for good were visible in the quickened flash of the eye, and the increased sympathy in the grasp of the red man's hand as they bade us good-bye. Several were baptized into the Christian faith, but not all. Most were men who had left at home two and three wives each, and we had spoken plainly on this point. In their hearts they would have embraced Christ, but there was the difficulty. Their eyes were bathed with tears when we bade them *watcher*, and they promised to tell their friends, far away in the forest, the wonderful things they had heard. Until

the next Sabbath we remained, while the same scenes were over and over enacted, until on Monday morning we took our leave.

During our stay, one of the men we had with us on our trip, Frederick Apatakim, a man full of zeal for God, gathered around him a number of the younger people, and taught them to sing some of the familiar Christian songs, and soon everywhere we could hear the strains of "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

(Conclusion next month.)

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. W. H. PIERCE, native Missionary, dated KIT-ZE-GUCLA, B.C., October 8th, 1889.

BY the last mail I have learned of the death of my good friend and father in Christ, William Gooderham, Esq. I feel like Joseph, when he wept on his father's face. But when I think of that "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" which God our Saviour has bestowed upon him, my heart rejoices instead of sorrows for him. I only got his last interesting letter eight days ago. It fills my heart with joy unspeakable, and tears flow unbidden, when I read it to my people. Oh! how he prayed that the heathen may accept the Gospel which he loved so much. I will give you part of his last letter:—"My Lord, shake the slumbers from the souls of Thy professed followers, and let there be such a missionary movement in the Churches as will make the devil tremble and angels rejoice." This good instruction through his letters has been a means of grace to my soul; often when I feel cast down I receive and feast on his letters; but I am not discouraged, although I miss his prayers and cheering words of comfort; I know I will only meet him with more joy in the kingdom of our Saviour. God has taken him, I trust, for the conversion of others. There are some who refused to hear Christ while His servant lived. Oh! may they hear Him now, when He speaks by taking away their best friend. Mr. Gooderham will welcome many of his Indian Christian friends at the beautiful gate, who have been brought from darkness unto light. Won't it be grand when we all meet above, when we shall see in the presence of the King those who have been converted through preaching of the everlasting Gospel.

I am glad to say that the work is spreading; many of the heathen have been converted in the special meetings which the Band workers held down the coast during the summer months. They still have Jesus in their hearts and belong to Him by faith. This makes them rich; though they have not a dollar in money, yet they have something that is worth ten thousand times more than all the gold in the world. Our daily prayer is that God would bless the work on this Upper Skeena, and may many be saved through His name. The old chiefs are working hard against us; but Jesus shall conquer, and not the devil. We expect to have a large band of converted men and women this winter to take the light to those who are still in the darkness of their sins. Thank God for the great change! In the older times these tribes used to move by bands, fighting and cutting one another's heads off, but now bands of Christians are