

Committee will say we have not the means to help those perishing thousands, (see Bro. Green's letter,) and do let us have help *at once*.

I expect to give that dear people a long-promised visit in August, but by that time I wish we had the man to go with me, and thus be a guide

to those perishing people. Would to God that we could now enter all the doors opened for us. And shall those souls be left to perish? My soul says no; I know you will say no; and I trust the Missionary Committee and the whole Church will say No! No!!

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*From the Rev. A. E. GREEN, dated Naas River, B. C., June 5th, 1878.*

As many of our people went from home three weeks ago to prepare sea-weed for food, I thought it a seasonable time to make a missionary tour.

We called the leading members, and explained to them how our hearts burned with a desire to take the Gospel of Jesus to the distant tribes. They were well pleased. One said, "Yes, there is food enough for all; take them some." So I made arrangements for them to carry on the services during our absence, and early the next morning, May 21st, started up the river, calling at Kit-wan-silk and Kit-lah-tamox, the upper villages on the Naas, and preached to our people there, and passed on.

Arriving at the head of canoe navigation, we started by an Indian trail for the interior, taking two natives with us; one to act as guide and to carry my blankets, while the interpreter carried our food. After a half-day's walk, we camped near a small camp of natives, and preached to them. The second day we found a very rough trail across the mountains. I preached at two camps during the morning, and at five in the evening. We came up with 325 of the Kit-wan-cool people on their way home. They gathered quickly and listened to the "old story" very attentively. Many asked us when we would return again, saying they wished to hear about God every day.

We passed Kit-wan-cool, as we had seen the people on the road. Three days more brought us to Kish-pi-ax. There nearly 400 people came to meet us as soon as they saw us, and made us feel how glad they were

to see us at their village. They sat down and we told them of Jesus and His power to save. Never did I see a people so eager for the bread of life. At the conclusion, after service, the chiefs spoke. One said, "Your face makes me glad, and your words make my heart warm. I want God's word, and my people want it, but we have no one to teach us. We are glad you came to see us. You walked five days across the mountains; now we know you love us. Put your coat down; say with us; live with us; we want to love God. We will give up all the old way, and do what you tell us. If you go away and leave us many moons, our hearts will get cold and weak."

A chief who was at Naas in the spring, and whose adopted daughter is a member of our Church, said, "I heard my daughter sing, read, and pray. I want all this people to do the same. Give us this great light. We have heard of the Fort Simpson people, how wise they are. They used to come up here to fight us, but they don't any more; all peace now. We want to be just like them."

We crossed the Skeena River on our way to the Forks, nine miles lower. Half this distance brought us to a branch trail, that leads to Con-dolt, with 350 inhabitants, and a few miles further one with 500 souls. We arrived at the Forks of the Skeena at 8 p.m., a distance from the Naas of 138 miles, being a rough mountain trail. We were five days crossing, only staying at the camp's long enough to preach. This is the trade post for all the surrounding country, three large