

interesting spectacles on the occasion of our visit was their reception of Her Majesty's representative and his charming Countess.

It was the height of the fishing and hunting season when we were there, so most of the men except the old and the very young, were absent as they generally are at that season on their hunting and fishing grounds; but the school children and such as remained in the village, were drawn up at the landing place and their Excellencies walked up the little landing stage between two rows of as neatly dressed children as many an English Sunday school can boast; and when arrived in front of the school-house, the whole, old and young, stood up on the grass and sang "God Save the Queen" *in thoroughly good English!* They then sang several simple part songs in English with great taste, and showing no little pains-taking on the part of their conductor, (none else than Mr. Duncan,) finishing with a very pretty National Hymn to the tune of "Home Sweet Home" "Sweet Metla-Katla," composed I believe also by Mr. Duncan himself!

In a few days we crossed to Queen Charlotte Islands and took a peep at one of their largest villages called "Skidegate." How different this to the orderly and trim appearance at Metla-Katla. No school-house, no church, no missionary, and as far as we could see at first no inhabitants; this last however was sadly accounted for after we had landed, when we found that the whole village had been almost depopulated within the last few months by a most virulent attack of small pox—whole houses had been