

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. THOS. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C., March 7th, 1888.

I HAVE just made a two weeks' trip, taking in Inverness, Essington, Queen Charlotte's Island, Skidegate, Gold Harbor, and Clue. We called at Inverness the first night from home. Here we were told of the dreadful accident that had just occurred at the mouth of the Skeena, by which the Rev. Mr. Sheldon, of the S. P. G., Mrs. Robt. Cunningham, and two native men were drowned. We had service here, and went on to Essington next day, and the *Glad Tidings* went off with four or five canoes in tow, and about twenty-five men to search for the bodies. I spent the Sabbath with Mr. Jennings' people, while he and Oliver went to Inverness for the day.

Monday, at noon, we left with a fair tide, spent the night at Kit-kat-lah, and started across next morning. It was clear and bright,

BLOWING A NORTH WIND,

which was a side wind for us to Skidegate. The wind and sea increased until things were quite lively, so much so that an old Hydah man who was with us, put up his hands and screamed: "Take down the sail." He had often crossed here in his canoe, and he would take down his sail when there was too much wind. All went well, thank Providence, and we were over to Skidegate in good time to have service with Mr. Hopkins and his people, who were nearly all at home. Found Mrs. H. in poor health. Next day I spent at Gold Harbor, in a good church service, and a council. Many of the people were away. Back to Skidegate for the night, when we had a meeting to consider the

IMPROVEMENT OF THE CHURCH,

and the people subscribed about \$200 towards it. We had purposed to leave the next morning for Clue, but the wind was so high it was thought best not to go out, so the day was spent in marking out streets, and building lots, and taking down old houses, etc. Another meeting at night. At 2 a.m., Friday, we left for Clue; arrived at 8 a.m. Passed two large village sites with houses and crest poles, but no people.

We found the people at Clue very glad to see us, and Wm. Wilson, the native teacher, doing what he could to lead them in the way of life. The people were all at home except the head chief, who is called Captain Clue. We had service at once, which all attended, in a large house—say 40 by 50—which is fitted up with seats and a nice little stand with a

LARGE HEATHEN POST,

elaborately carved, at the back of it. We had a good time, and preached again at night. The wind was so strong that the *Glad Tidings* had to go and anchor in the lee of an island, some two miles away. It was not thought safe to cross to the steamer, the sea rolled

in so high, so Chief Paul had a bed fixed for me in his house, and I stayed all night. Next day we had a meeting early. All wished that I should mark out the village site, as they wished to build new houses and a church, so most of the day was spent in this work. During the winter they had removed to a graveyard, and buried in one common grave, about 300 dead bodies, or what remained of them, which, according to their old customs, had been

BURIED IN THE HOUSES,

or in large hollow posts in front of the houses. It is a wonder there has not been more sickness and death among them, with all this corruption about the houses. The Gospel is what leads people to improve their homes, and to a more healthy way of living. They gave us orders to one of the mills over here for lumber for nine houses, and a subscription of over \$200 towards a new church. I hope it may be built this coming summer. We shall need a small grant for it. Sabbath we had a very blessed day—prayer-meeting at 7 a. m., preaching at 10 a. m., Bible class after it, preaching again at 2 p. m., with singing meeting at the close. Visited some sick, and preaching in the evening, after which the whole congregation

BOWED AT THE PENITENT FORM

to give themselves to Jesus. Then followed a fellowship meeting, when eight or ten were on the floor at once.

Later I baptized two sick and dying women. One of them said: "It is just two years since I first heard of Jesus. It was at Skidegate. I went to Victoria, but I was not happy, and could not do bad as I used to do, so we came back, and last fall before Christmas I gave my poor heart to Jesus, and now I love Him." The other said: "What a kind and loving Father we have. He sent His Son, and sent His Word to us poor people. I am trying to love Him. It is eight weeks since I was able to meet with our people in their services, but GOD DOES BLESS ME in my house, so I want you to baptize me." May the blessed Lord comfort these poor people!

We left Clue at 2 a.m., Monday, and reached Skidegate and Gold Harbor for a service. Left Skidegate early Tuesday, and made Port Simpson soon after dark.

And now we are startled by the fact that three fine young men of our village are missing. They went away to hunt on one of the outlying islands, and have been gone two weeks longer than they intended. Several parties went off in search. Their canoe was found broken up. Poor fellows! No doubt their canoe upset, it is supposed, about the time of the accident on the Skeena. Oh, that the living may lay these things to heart, and "Prepare to meet their God!"

SO DEAR, KIND-HEARTED DR. WOOD is gone to rest! I always had great respect and reverence for him, years before I met him. It was not till I came home, sixteen years ago, that I had the great privilege of meeting him; and fourteen years ago this month, when he was at our wedding at Cobourg, and the prayer he offered on that occasion has often been a benediction to us. I received much comfort from his