

people came. Bro. Spencer preached morning and evening. At the morning service three babies were baptized, and in the afternoon a love-feast was held—the first one ever held on the Skeena. Of course, I had to explain to the people the meaning of it. Just before the bread was passed, one of our men got up and left the church; he could not swallow the piece of bread because he had a bad feeling toward his neighbour. On Monday, the people united and gave a tea, and afterwards made big speeches to encourage one another to be faithful unto the end. Shortly after the opening of the church, special services began, and our night school that had been started a little while before had to be given up on account of that. One night, just about midnight, we were aroused out of our sleep by singing and prayer right in front of the church, and it continued throughout the night until 7 a.m. A meeting was then held in the church, and I preached to them. For about four weeks we had early prayer-meeting every morning, and felt it good while waiting at the Master's feet. Half of our people went down to the old Kit-ze-gucla to hold services among their heathen friends. In one of our meetings one of the Hag-will-get men said, "For the many years that I spent in the Catholic Church, I never found food to satisfy my hungry soul, but now that I have come to your meetings I have found what I need." Some souls were saved, backsliders returned to their loving Saviour, and all the people were quickened, and very much in earnest to try and lead others to Jesus. We hope these are only the drops of a mighty shower of blessings on the Upper Skeena missions. On Christmas-eve, we gave a supper to all our people, and they seemed to enjoy it very much; afterwards many speeches were made, in which they expressed their happiness and thanks to God for being permitted to spend their first Christmas on the new mission. On Christmas-day we had preaching service in the church, and although it was bitterly cold (the church being in a half finished state), yet the people seemed to enjoy the service very much, while listening to the story of the Saviour's birth. We spent the last few hours of the old year in solemn waiting before God. It was a time of heart-searching. While our old year was passing away, the one great comfort we had was that Jesus was the same yesterday, to-day and forever. It has been on our hearts for some time, to lay before the mission friends the necessity of doing something for the rising generation. The only means by which we can train and save the children, is to have a Home for them. In this Upper Skeena there is great need of an institute of that kind, and our people are very anxious to see one started on this mission. There is any amount of good land, so that enough vegetables could be raised without any difficulty whatever. Then there is always plenty of fish and plenty of berries near at hand. We trust and pray that the Woman's Missionary Society may see their way so help the Kit-ik-shan tribe.

*Letter from REV. E. A. GREEN, dated WELLINGTON, B.C.,  
February 9th, 1891.*

ON arriving here from Port Simpson, in the last week of June, we found the mines shut down, and the strike showing signs of lasting for some time.

The people were fast moving away. At the end of the first quarter, only one official member remained—Class leader, Sabbath-school Superintendent, Recording Steward, all leaving to seek work elsewhere. The church and parsonage were in a most dilapidated condition, and I at once set to work and painted the parsonage inside and out, and the church outside, and repaired the fences.

In September, people commenced to come to take the places of those who had moved away. All kinds of folk—Belgians, Swedes, Italians, Americans, Irish and English, chiefly coming from San Francisco, many of them not church-going men, but a few nice people among them. You will see there is ample room for missionary work among such a vast number of strangers. Nevertheless, we have been much encouraged of late, for although we missed so much the old members and congregation that we had only just become acquainted with, and felt greatly cast down to see them move away. Others from the new-comers are coming up to the house of the Lord; a few united by letter, some have been converted here. One fine young man, who had been a farmer in the North-West, then a book-keeper in Oregon, latterly out of work in Frisco, came with others to Wellington, attended the services and gave his heart to God. He is now Recording Steward, Secretary of our Sabbath-school, and foremost in all good work. The prayers of his Christian mother in Ontario are answered. Brother J. Coulter is an earnest Christian. Brother Williams who joined us by letter, is Superintendent of Sabbath-school and a local preacher. The Sunday-school is largely attended. Three weeks ago we had our anniversary services, the President of the Conference preaching morning and evening. The services were very successful, realizing enough to pay for the repairing of church and parsonage, and a \$50 bell for the church. Four young men united with us just lately.

In July, I opened Sunday-school and preaching service at Northfield, distant two and a half miles from Wellington, at the new mine of the Vancouver Coal Company. The first two months our meeting place was the Company's stable at the pit-head. Mr. Evan Evans then opened his house for the preaching service. Soon it was too small for the members who came out. I waited on S. M. Robins, Esq., of Nanaimo, Superintendent of the Company, and laid the matter before him. He received me very kindly, and expressed his pleasure that we were carrying the Gospel to the miners, and authorized me to go and select a lot, which the Company would donate to our Church. The contract was let, and on November 23rd, the church was opened free of debt. A good congregation is gathered, services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. each Sabbath, with prayer-meeting on Thursday evening. The Sabbath-school numbers ninety scholars, and is still growing. A new organ is on the way from the East, and several have been led to unite with us. Northfield has a population now of 500 souls, with every prospect of growth, as a large bed of coal has been located, and the works will be extended. Pray for a mighty revival. We have a few earnest souls here; may their numbers increase.

"Manoose" Bay, twelve miles north of Wellington, on the Comox waggon road, embraces a section of