

Where white robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered safe
From fear and toil and care.

Refrain.

"There'll be no parting there."

Although the words conveyed but little meaning to the mind of Wahuks gumalayu yet they fired him with a determination to face the future hopefully; and set his big heart throbbing with desire to know more of the heavenly home about which they were singing. Then the missionary would stand up in the "church house" and take that wonderful Book containing God's message from Heaven, and read such passages as:—

"Come unto me, all ye that labour,
and are heavy laden, and I will give
you rest."

And with tender but powerful words of love, the ambassador for Christ would graphically relate the story of God's gift to man. He would tell of Christ's mission, of forgiveness, of a Father's welcome and of eternal life. Great happiness came to the wistful soul of Wahuks gumalayu.

Many a time had he feasted his senses on the marvelous beauties of nature. In summer frequently would he wander alone about the solemn rugged forests of hemlock and pine, or he would stroll lower down the valley where with more grace vine-nar'e, willow, and rose-brier, grew side by side, while under his feet lay a thick carpet of flowers, varying in colour, and emitting, at every step fragrant perfumes.

All nature delighted him. The animal world was one of his studies. With birds, beasts, and fishes he was familiar in name, and with their habits he was quite conversant. Had he not also feasted his eyes thousands of times on the surpassingly grand scenery of his own inlet, had he not dwelt all his life amongst the wildest, and most beautiful forms of nature.— The chining rivulets, silvery cascades, roaring cataracts, snow covered peaks, mediaeval glaciers, dark forests, thousands of islands had been with him from infancy. It charmed him to gaze on the mysterious above, as —

"Silently one by one, in the infinite
meadows of heaven.

Blossomed the lovely stars,

the forget-me-nots of the angels."

He always had the listening ear for nature's sweet melodies. He could hear fine music when others of different temperament would only find confused sounds. To some, nature is all out of tune, but to Wahuks gumalayu it was the exquisitely toned organ of the universe, upon which a great beneficent spirit played the grand Hymn of Wonder with perfect harmony. Wahuks gumalayu was one of nature's sons, but none the less truly was he a child of God, beginning to see that for his moral being there was a spiritual world, an untold wealth of beauty upon which to feast his newly found sight. His spiritual ears had already caught strains of heavenly music, such as angels sing, and this new song "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men" was infinitely sweeter, than earth's grandest recitals. His spiritual being was refreshed while listening to the happy services of the mission church, and he learnt more fully that the work of redemption was greater than the work of creation—

"Twas great, to speak a world from
nought,

Twas greater to redeem."

After some preparation, Wahuks gumalayu was baptized by the Rev. T. Crosby, taking for his Christian name Charlie, and as Charlie Amos has he been known to all our missionaries on the N. W. Coast since that time.

Before the close of the year he was joined by a canoe and boat full of young men from Kitamaat, who were desirous of spending Christmas at the christian village of Port Simpson, to see the "new fashion."

(To be continued.)

Some of the Bella Bella Indians have moved to their new town-site, where already they have built several houses and a wharf.

Four new light-houses have been erected since last June; which we pass, travelling from Kitamaat to Victoria. viz. At The Sister Islands — Cape Mudge — Egg Island (Q. C. Sound.) — Millbank Sound.