

at the last, when the journey of life is over, and the work all done, he may say to each one of us, "Well done, good and faithful servant—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

✠ Along the Line. ✠

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. THOMAS CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C., September 20th, 1888.

I HAVE to report another trip of the *Glad Tidings*, taking in Essington, Skidegate, Gold Harbor, Clue, and Massett. We left Port Simpson, August 31st, and after taking in two cords of wood at Inverness, reached Essington late that night. September 1st, went to the mill to see about lumber, and in the evening across to Aberdeen for wood. Here an accident happened. Our teacher at Essington, Walter Vermil-eay, had come over with us, and going aboard at night fell off the wharf into the river. They had him out, and found his lip was badly cut, but we were thankful it was no worse. Next day was Sunday. I took a service in the morning, and the steamer *Cariboo Fly* coming in, preached on board at 11 a.m., and at Essington at 2.30, and again in the evening. Monday we were delayed on account of the lumber, and had to lie two days at Kit-cat-lah on account of the weather. A few people were here, and we had service with them each day. We made Skidegate Thursday by 3 p.m., and held a service same evening. Next day, after the lumber had been put ashore, we went on to Gold Harbor, and spent that day and Saturday in painting and fixing up the church. Sunday took a service at Gold Harbor, and then up to a fishing camp at 4 p.m., at 5 p.m., and again at 7 at a coal mine further on. Monday, off to Clue, anchored there at 4 p.m.; service ashore that night, most of the people home. Tuesday, rose early, and all hands ashore to work on the new church. Mr. Oliver managed the building while I had a party carrying the lumber, and also divided the village site into lots, and got the people to work, fixing the roads, etc. Revival service that night, had a blessed time. Wednesday night, Mr. Oliver with the men had all the frame up; we had another good service in the evening. Thursday, we left for the old Clue, twenty miles distant; took nine cords of wood; blowing a gale all the time, dragged anchor. Took on board also 4,000 feet of lumber. Left at 6 p.m., with two canoes in tow. Before we had got half way a very heavy sea, wind from S.E.; were in great danger. One of the canoes was smashed against the stern of the steamer; man got aboard all right, but lost all his effects except a little alarm clock he brought aboard in his teeth. The rope of the other canoe parted, and with the one man in it was left to the winds and the waves, but turned up all right at 4 o'clock next morning. Got safe to anchor that night at 10 o'clock. Went to work next day on the church, most of the outside boards put on. The building is 24 x 36. A very good road made nearly the length of the village. Meeting again that night, followed by a council to a very late hour.

Left at 1 a.m. and put out to sea, but about 5 found the wind was too high, and, after a good rolling, turned in to Skidegate, which we reached 8 a.m. Spent Sunday there, taking two services at Skidegate and one at the Oil Works, while Brother Miller was at Gold Harbor. Brother and Sister Miller have been pushing round their mission, and seem very happy in their work. Monday, a fine morning, we left for Massett, and had a fair wind up to Rose Spit, which we rounded at 2 p.m., and anchored at Massett at 7 p.m. Called on the C. M. S. Missionary. I found many of the people who had urged my visit, after waiting a week to see me, had left that day. During the night there came on a strong south-east gale; the steamer dragged anchor on to the sand; got her out with two anchors down; but as the storm increased in fury, Mr. Oliver was obliged to keep steam up, to keep her to anchor.

I hope my visit did some good. The storm kept up twenty-four hours. We lost our ship's boat. Wednesday, 9 a.m., we left, and had a lively trip over; most too windy, and a very high sea. When Capt. Oliver says everything ought to be lashed, it is well to look out; but by a kind Providence we anchored safely in Simpson Harbor at 8 p.m., having travelled in all about 450 miles, and found all well.

Letter from E. SEXSMITH (Native Missionary), dated KISHPIAX, SKEENA RIVER, B.C., August 22nd, 1888.

I GOT the OUTLOOK and also your kind letter, for which I feel grateful to my kind heavenly Father. My poor Indian heart was warm and proud with joy of heavenly feelings while reading both of your papers. I wish to tell you that more of the heathen are converted to God, and many more are preparing to renounce heathenism, when the white missionary comes up. The foundation of darkness has been shaking up by God's mighty power. Our log school-house is now completed; my wife and myself packed five hundred shingles on our backs from the mountain side to finish the roof of the school-house. Eight persons joined our mission this summer. Our people are busy every day like bees in gathering lots of good Indian food for the winter, also they are eating the angels' food, even the Word of Life. Two of the head chiefs of this tribe are willing that their people should forsake their evil ways and walk in the new, living way. Pray for these chiefs and their people, that they may be saved by grace through faith in Christ.

Letter from the REV. J. P. BOWELL, dated SALT SPRING ISLAND, 1st September, 1888.

THIS Island, after being two years in connection with the Saanich Mission, was by last Conference again joined to the Maple Bay Mission, and in this way became part of my field of labor. Seen from Vancouver Island, it presents a coast line of precipitous mountains that have their continuity broken in but two or three places. These, however, form the outlets of a complete network of exceedingly fertile valleys, which are well settled by a people who have strong faith in the agricultural and horticultural possibilities of their respective farms, as their persistent encroachments