

Before coming to Port Simpson I had an impression that nearly every day was a rainy day, but am happy to say my experience has not verified that impression. There is certainly a great deal of rain, still there are glorious days of sunshine and many of them. The spring is opening out pleasant and warm and a little preparation for a gardening experiment has been made, but it takes an immense amount of labor to get the soil into a condition suitable for planting, though a number of very good gardens in the place testify to the fact that it can be done.

A mail steamboat has come from Victoria regularly every two weeks all winter, and sometimes oftener, bringing messages and news from the outside world. To those accustomed to a daily mail and a daily newspaper, the intervals may seem long, but we soon get used to it, and though somewhat isolated, are a united little band of Christian workers, really happy in our work, though sometimes perplexed, troubled and disappointed.

The village has been very quiet for the past month, nearly all the people being away at the Naas for the oolachan fishing and grease-making. There were some wonderful meetings before the people left, but the few that remain keep bravely at work and I have yet to attend a dull or uninteresting service among them.

The work of the missionaries has not been lost, as this community of respectable, law-abiding Indians, clearly demonstrates. I imagine if we could summon before us a true picture of the Port Simpson of twenty-five or thirty years ago, and place it beside that which we see to-day, the good work that has been accomplished would be even more evident than it is, and we would be less inclined to discouragement.