

His service. We left Alert Bay on the very nice passenger steamer "Louise," about three hundred were on board, mostly Chinese and Indians bound for the canneries. A good number of our people were with us. A warm welcome awaited us at the head of the Inlet, from both whites and Indians, we are so thankful our Indians are glad to have us, for it is when away from home, exposed to much temptation, that they particularly need our help and sympathy. We find that the combination of heathenism, and the badness of white men is truly appalling. Our poor Indian women are taken on the Sunday to dance houses, and are so easily led astray, but a good deal is ignorance. We do try so hard to teach them of the Saviour's love. Where we are now is the largest cannery in these northern waters, and was only put up last year. Between five and six hundred people are employed, white men, Chinese, Indians, and a few Japanese. There is no building for worship, but Mr. Wadham tells us he will most likely put one up next year. There is no one for the Indians here, but ourselves. On Saturday we went round to all the cabins to find our people, and were warmly welcomed—knowing the language is such a help to us. Brochie, at present working with his wife near by, came round with us. Sunday morning, Brochie, who has been, you remember, a teacher to his people, held service, with about seventy of them, in an empty house. In the afternoon we had a little service for white men, in the mess room of the cannery, about twenty-four came, they enjoyed the reading and singing. We go in and out among all the people, and I find several sick cases needing my attention. We are having little services for the children on the beach, yesterday we had thirty. We expect to go to the Head to-morrow, but return here in about ten days, taking other canneries on our way. This cannery is nearly twenty miles from the Head, so it is quite a little distance on the water. I thought this would interest you, dear Mrs. Davidson. Miss Beeching and I are both in excellent health. [Written June 30th.]

*From Miss Marsh, Onion Lake, Saskatchewan, July,*

Last Sunday I was going into the school room, when one of the boys came up and said, "Please read me from the Bible." I read and talked to him of the 14th chapter of St. John, he listened as earnestly as if it was the most exciting story. I felt so glad of the opportunity, he is such a nice boy of fourteen—indeed they are all nice, and love to have us talk or read to them; the difficulty is to get suitable books, they don't understand English well enough to take in long words. Miss Shaw is so good with them, they just love her, her whole aim is to point them to the Saviour. Miss Phillips' control over the children is wonderful, and all done with such kindness and love. I never thought I would be here unpacking a bale. Well, the more I see of the work, the more I realize the great help the W.A. gives, everything that was needed seemed to come from bales—one from St.