

are now, and have been for some time, using our own potatoes, early turnips, carrots, beets, peas, beans, etc. Garden truck grows at a rapid pace here ; it is a semi-tropical climate. The Indians at this place are of the Kuagiutl family, and bear a strong resemblance to the Japs. They fish, hunt and make canoes (when they have to). They are veteran loafers, having that art down to a nicety. They live in houses, made of slabs, old sails and other flotsam and jetsam ; the insides of these houses look like old junk shops ; babies, dogs and fleas all huddled together with fish, berries, deer and bear meat, old iron, old women, canoes, blankets, and hundreds of other articles. Some bear the sobriquet of Skookun Sam, Long Tom, Clutus Charlie, Jim Secgate, (chief), Stinking Charlie, Jim Harry, John Dick, Charlie Short, Hurry Moon, Billy Sheep ; with such family names as Assui, Kopoi, Manakakin, Quok-quistor, Peterson, Coleman, and even Mackenzie (a half-breed logger) have their abode in the village. I teach a school five days in the week from 10.30 to 12.30, to Indian, Jap, and Chinese children, — teaching them English. They take on quickly. On Sunday we have two services, one at 11 a. m., and the other at 7.30 in the evening. I speak to them in Chinook, a standard jargon known by all the coast Indians. I am also making fair progress in their own language, the

*Quāgultl*. They all arrive at church in a body, making a fair "horrible" display for a New Year's celebration. They keep good order, sing well, and wish the service could last till night, (to which I object.)

We are having good health here, the children and all being out from morn to night. I have to fell trees, chop all the wood, fish and shoot for the pot, teach school, preach to Indians and white ranchers and loggers, act as Indian agent, medical man, Justice of the Peace, supposed to know and do everything. One has to foot it almost everywhere here, and I have not forgotten how to walk.

Last Sunday I preached to my own people in the morning, and after lunch, took an alpenstock and climbed the mountain back of the house, struck a trail through the table-land above for four and a half miles, then a skid-road two miles till I found a clearing, on which was a log school house. Here were gathered the white settlers of the Island for preaching service loggers, cannery men, ranchers ; all fine healthy men, mostly English and Scotch immigrants. Several were Oxford men ; one man was senior wrangler at Cambridge six years ago, two P. E. Islanders, Billy McLean (Wood Islands) and Harry Urquhart (Dundas). I stood at the threshold speaking both to those in and out—a grand service. The men and their families were very kind to me (I