

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. W. H. PIERCE, Native Missionary, dated KET-ZE-GUCLA, B.C., UPPER SKEENA, November 6th, 1886.

AS the Hudson Bay Co.'s freight canoes leave tomorrow, I take this opportunity to inform you how the work of God is going on here. The good Lord is still carrying on His work amongst us, in bringing my benighted brethren out of their old ways and darkness into the light of Christ's Gospel. But we are not without trials; it must, however, be so, and our blessed Jesus has forewarned us of them. By the help of God, our meeting-house is finished, which we need very much here. It is a very good and strong building; it will stand for many years. The timber is all hewed logs. When everything is paid, it will cost nearly \$200. You will rejoice over two more converted young men, who accepted the offer of salvation, and they are willing to suffer with the people of God. It is a great cross for these to forsake their old religion, but by the power of the Spirit there has been a moving amongst them towards the new way, one of the young men in our meeting, like the jailer of old, asking, "What must I do to be saved?" I bless God for what He has done; the voice of praise to God is heard in our midst. It is true those still living in sin and darkness are unhappy and they need something better than potlatching and heathen dancing. So whether our success be little or great, we need not despond while Christ leads us on into the battlefield. Several of the young people are leaving their heathen homes and come here to build new homes, as they want to live in the new way. Even the head chief wants to have windows in his house, so that the light might come in. Half of our village are civilized, and it is our prayer that the day may not be far away when all the people along this river shall learn the name of Jesus. It has encouraged our hearts to see the young people and children all decently dressed, and listening to the story of the Cross on Sabbath. A few years ago none of the inhabitants on this river wore civilized clothes, or heard the Gospel. Thank God for the happy change. My dear white friends, who love the souls of British Columbia red men, is not this encouraging to all my Christian friends in Canada? Oh, send forth the Gospel, and more faithful labourers into the vineyard of the Lord! Here is a wide field for faithful ones. The visit of our District Superintendent has done us good. The Hay-wil-get tribe is again asking us for the bread of life. May God hear their cry. We had a happy time together last week with the children and their parents in the new building. After taking tea, children sang several pieces, some of the old people saying that it was a new song; they never heard like it before. Sometimes we are encouraged by the attention of the other tribes on Sunday, and other times we find them very bad, but these things must not move us. The cold is increasing daily, and very soon we shall have to use our snow-

shoes to visit the other tribes. May the effect of the Gospel be felt by all the benighted tribes in the interior, and to God shall the glory be given forever!

Letter from the REV. GEO. F. HOPKINS, dated SKIDEGATE, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, Nov. 23rd, 1886.

RETURNING to this mission in July, on board the *Glud Tidings*, work was at once commenced on the Gold Harbor church building. Most of the men came to aid in its erection, and in less than two weeks the walls and tower were up and the shingles mostly put on. The inside has since been completed. A house of cedar, standing on a ridge, with a hill near by for a background, and the row of houses in front, it presents an attractive picture.

Meantime, the religious fervor ran high in every meeting. At the prayer-meetings, two or three would sometimes be praying at once, yet with no apparent confusion. In less than forty-five minutes, on one of these occasions, about seventy persons prayed.

During a fellowship-meeting one Sunday evening, the door of the house where the meeting was being held was thrown open, and a man entered. Hitherto he had taken no part in "school affairs"—missionary work of any description. In a moment he arose and said, "I have been walking up and down outside this meeting-house many, many times, too proud to enter it or to yield myself to God. To night I am here, and God saves me."

The same evening a little girl of nine years arose and testified to having found Christ as her Saviour.

It is wonderful in our eyes to think that, in about a year, they have left their heathenish practices to "work out their salvation" through faith in Christ. Though rejoicing in Jesus, they were somewhat cast down by the removal of George Edgar, the native who was so instrumental in leading them to a Saviour's love.

At Skidegate, meanwhile, we have been cheered by a few accepting Christ. The people have been away much of the time gathering food for winter. They have just now returned, and are beginning to ask how soon Christmas will come. Holiday season is always the great time of the year to them.

A Sunday-school for the children—separate from the afternoon service on Sunday—has been attended by all the little folks when they were at home. When the bell first starts ringing they begin coming, and usually they are all in the mission-house long before their parents get up to the church.

One of these little boys said to his father, "Papa, when I get to be a man, what am I going to do? Will I be a preacher?" His father told him only good men were missionaries, and if he wished to be one he must always be a good boy. "Then," the boy said, "I will always be very good."

The chief of Clue—a village about thirty-five miles off—came in July, asking that a man be sent to his people to tell them about the good way. When visited later on, he still pressed the request for a "teacher"—missionary—at once. It is reported now that the whole village observe Sunday, and are awaiting some one to instruct them. Oh! that we had a suitable man that could be sent at once to bear them the glad