

*lots of trouble*

*Maurice Hesson  
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WORK OF THE METHODIST MISSION BOAT "UDAL".

Sailed from Vancouver Saturday, June 5th, 1909, for Bourne Island, where service was conducted at 11.00 A.M. on Sunday by Rev. W. H. Barraclough, B.D. About fifty men were present and one woman. The singing was bright and helpful, the Udal's organ being a great boon. The service was held in the mess room of the Powder Works. Mr. & Mrs. Green, the cooks, did their utmost to make the service a success. Service was held again in the evening, when a large number were in attendance. We stayed at this place until Monday afternoon.

MONDAY - Left Bourne Island at 3.00 P.M. for Sechelt, which place was reached at 6.00 P.M. The sea was pretty rough coming round. We were met on the wharf by the hotel proprietor, who very kindly made the Udal fast for us, etc. We then went for supper (by invitation) at the hotel. After supper service was held in the smoking-room of this hotel. After every house had been visited only about nine persons met for worship. The boat's missionary, Rev. C. W. Webber, sang two solos, Captain Oliver led in prayer, while Rev. Barraclough gave an inspiring address. Sechelt is an Indian village where nearly all are Roman Catholics.

TUESDAY - We threw off at 3.45 A.M. for Campbell River. After about six hours run we cast anchor off Texada Island, calling at Veranda City, where several bibles were sold and other books, but no service held as the men were all at work through the day, but the saloon keeper invited us to stay the evening and hold a service, but we felt more could be accomplished by going on. Next call was at Mallaspina Mining camp, where the missionary met with two fellow-countrymen from Yorkshire, Mr. Raper and Mr. Greaves, the owners of this Camp, who received us very kindly, buying about \$10.00 worth of testaments for the use of the men. After a short service these gentlemen pulled off to the Udal to inspect her engine, etc. and were delighted. One of the Udal's crew pulled these men

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back to their camp, but Mr. Raper, a man of middle age, say 59 or 60, said "Watch me jump ashore" instead of which he fell into the sea cutting a strange figure and causing much laughter on the Udal for we were watching through the glass the landing of the party. About 3.00 P.M., as we were leaving Cape Mudge, we sighted a person waving something from the top of some rocks as though they were in distress. Bearing down upon them we found a man and his wife from New Westminster, who were camping here and recognized the boat, also Bro. Barraclough, their paster. They had made this journey in a canoe. Upon coming aboard the "Udal" we held a service with them, the missionary presiding at the organ, which service they appreciated, after six weeks absence from home. About four miles further on we cast anchor again a party going off to the Lighthouse where we found Brother Rendall and his wife (the Indian Missionary at Quathiaski and Sug-kwa-luten) waiting for the tide to turn so as to get to their home, for it is nearly impossible to buck the tide here. After service at the lighthouse all returned to the Udal and soon we were under weigh for Campbell River, towing Bro. Rendall's boat, and eventually landed them safe at their village home, promising to call there next morning. About 5.00 P.M. we were safely moored to the wharf at Campbell River. After supper the Missionary was met by Mr. & Mrs. Johns (late of Wellington, Vancouver Island) members of his late church, who gave us information about the International Logging Camp about two miles distant; so shouldering the organ and taking books, etc. Bro. Barraclough and his son Reggie and the ship's cook, Walter, a boy of thirteen years, and the missionary started out for this Camp, a hot tedious journey, beset with difficulties and dangers. Upon reaching the Camp we fixed upon the best spot to hold service, when dozens of men listened to the soles and addresses of the missionary, also joined heartily in the singing of the hymns. The head cook, Mr. A. Oldfield, regaled us with lemenade and cake, expressing fer

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the men and himself their gratitude and inviting us to come and spend a Sunday there. It should be said that this International Logging Camp is about the finest and best equipped one along the coast. The cups and saucers and utensils are not tinned ware, but porcelain; the spoons are of Nevada silver, knives and forks of steel (not iron) and the bunk houses very comfortable, airy and clean. There are a good many Finns and Swedes employed here, but the majority are British. After an hour's tramp the wharf was reached, where an Indian was waiting for the missionary to get some medicine for the disease, so common here, known as the Itch. Before retiring to rest we had to find another berth for the Udal as a steamer was expected during the night, so after tugging at ropes for nearly half an hour, we made fast, retiring to rest about 11.00 P.M. tired.

WEDNESDAY - All were astir by 6.30 A.M. as Brother Barraclough and his son Reggie were going down to Vancouver by steamer. Bidding them God speed, we threw off making a course for Quathiaski, an Indian Village with twenty Totam Poles planted along the beach painted and decorated and of the ugliest forms man could devise, calling forth from our hearts the prayer, "Send forth thy light and thy truth, Oh Lord, among the heathen". Upon the missionary landing, Brother Rendle and his good wife gave us some milk, butter, bread and eggs, which we were very grateful for; then taking Brother Rendle aboard for Salmon River we weighed anchor at 8.30 A.M. for Menzies Bay, calling at Quathiaski Cannery. We sold several books, visited several homes, having prayer in each home. Weighing anchor, we made for Gowland Harbour, where we were met and welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Walker (Methodists) who invited us to their house for dinner, which invite we accepted. After dinner we held a short service. Finding the tide was away out and shallow water, Brother Rendle and Capt. Oliver had to ride pick-a-back to the boat, while the missionary, with boots and stockings off, waded through the water to the boat. At 2.30 we called at an Indian Camp, but found the men away

fishing. We held a short service there with the women and children, Brother Rendle speaking in Chinook. 5.30 P.M. found us at a large logging camp, where scores of men are employed, but no service had ever been held here. After the missionary had interviewed the boss, who was not very favorable to our suggestion of holding a service, we decided to hold an open air service on the beach, which was well attended and much appreciated both by the men and women, some of whom were Roman Catholics. After this service, we threw off making for another camp, where another service was held, the missionary singing two solos and taking for his text the words, "What must I do to be saved?." The rapt attention of the men and the hearty singing of the hymns, chosen by the men themselves, amply repaid the boat crew for their help; the men of the camp saying, "Come back again." 6.30 A.M. next morning we heard the order "weigh anchor". Soon we were on our journey to Salmon River about 70 miles North. We had not travelled far before the bell signalled the missionary that another camp was in sight, so, after magazines and other reading matter had been put in order for distribution, the order to get boat ready was given, the anchor cast and in a few minutes the missionary was pulling for ashore. After jumping logs (big fellows by the score) we reached Terra Firma. Upon learning that a logging train would be going to the Camp soon we waited for it. The engineer and fireman were very anxious that we should ride with them on the engine and we were equally anxious when we saw the outfit that followed the engine. Soon we were rocking almost as bad as when on the Udal; up grades and down grades, over trestles, besides streams and through forests of trees when at length we reached the Camp where about 120 men are employed. We also visited the few settlers who lived in this lonely spot, sold several copies of the Word of God, had prayers in the home, a thing never before heard of in this place, but which was very much welcomed and enjoyed. Our stay was not lengthy as the train was going back with a train of logs, so boarding the engine once more we reached the bay safe and sound.

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After thanks to the Engineer, etc. we jumped the logs and reached the boat only to go on another trip across the Bay to some settlers (Finns) where we held a service and sold a bible and hymn book. After regaling us with new milk they bid us adieu. After a quarter of an hour's pull we reached the Udal and soon were making nine knots an hour. After about three hours run we struck another Camp, where the Missionary sold about \$4.00 worth of bibles and testaments, left literature, had prayers and read the Word of God in the bunk house; then off again for awhile when we saw a boat approaching us, so we reduced speed, bore down on the boat and handed them some reading matter, speaking a word, we trust, in season. Getting under weigh again we ran for about five hours until darkness settled on us and we were yet miles from any port of call and as the darkness deepened and no stars appeared we found it most difficult to find our bearings so had to reduce our speed to half speed, strengthen our look-out watch and for an hour and a half creep cautiously with the missionary throwing the lead and peering with cat like eyes into the darkness. Finding we were nearing shore we sounded our whistle once, twice, thrice over and over again yet no lights, no reply; when Brother Rendle thought of his hand search light, an electric one. This helped us very materially for by its aid the Missionary, Mr. Webber, sighted an object, which proved later to be a wharf. About midnight we made fast, after a long and trying day, at the mouth of Salmon River.

6.00 A.M. found Capt. Oliver and his chickens astir on the Udal for we had news that an Indian Chief's son (aged two) was very sick nigh unto death, so Brother Rendle (the Indian Missionary) and Captain Oliver launched the row boat and proceeded up the River to an Indian Village where they met the funeral procession taking the Chief's son to his burial. The Captain and Brother Rendle dug the grave, etc. and, after wrapping the body in clothes (according to the customs of the tribe) they performed the last rites of the Church. The wailing of the women and men were heard by us on the Udal two miles away as the wind was that way. The sight was most

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pathetic, the grief of the Chief being great over his only son. Brother Rendle and Capt. Oliver reached the Udal about 8.00 A.M. ready for breakfast which the missionary had made ready for them. After prayers and breakfast the Udal's missionary, accompanied by three Indians, rowed up the River to the village. After visiting several homes we held a service at the house of the Chief whose son we buried. About thirty men and women were present, including the Chief. The service was a most impressive one, brother Rendle acting as interpreter. The house was large, quite 80 feet square, with large fire pile in centre and raised platform on the two sides. At one end of the house were Totam poles and figures of beasts of shapes such as a white man could never imagine; horrible looking monsters. Nearly all the women present had scars or scratches, newly made, which is a sign of their grief and mourning for the dead. At the close of the service several who said they were sick were served with medicine. The wonder is more are not sick, the sanitary arrangements are so bad, the stench fearful. After three quarters of an hour stiff pull we regained the Udal, waited patiently for the rising of the tide until 6.00 P.M. when we threw off for Port Kusom, which place was reached about 7.30. Upon going ashore the missionary was met by a big burly negro, the worse for liquor, who asked if we knew the hymn "Where is my wandering boy to-night", The missionary said, "Yes, and I will sing it to you presently". After the saloon had been visited (the only house on the ground) the saloon keeper very kindly offered the missionary the use of the largest room he had in which to hold a service, so after the organ had been brought ashore by some of the men of the place the missionary (presiding at the organ) opened the service by singing the solo requested by the negro. Everyone joined heartily in the chorus except the black man who was too much overcome by the hymn of his choice. The congregation was composed of publicans and sinners, the proprietor of the saloon, the Chief of Provincial Police and about twelve others, but the presence of the Master was felt and his word honoured by the

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reverence paid. After the service two of the men would pull us to our boat and see us safe for the night. At 6.00 A.M. we weighed anchor making a course for Port Neville, a good days run. En route we called at a settler's log cabin and found an old man living alone thirty five miles from the nearest town, thirty five miles from a place of worship or Church. How pleased he was to receive a visit from a minister was expressed when he invited us to lunch, but we were unable to accede to his invite so, after reading a portion from the Word of God and prayer, we weighed anchor once more. About 5.00 P.M. we reached the raft near Morton's logging camp. After making fast the missionary and boy pulled ashore and made the acquaintance of the boss, who welcomed us, but asked if we came to hold service or only to take up money. The latter he was much opposed to for, I learned, that some other mission boat used to call there, but only to collect the mens' monies and not even hold a service there. Upon being assured that was not our object, he extended to us all an invitation to take supper with him and his sixty men, which invitation we accepted. At the supper table the missionary asked the men how they would like a concert. "Fine; Grand; ah;" were the replies, so there and then time was fixed for a Saturday night concert in the bunk house, and a grand concert we had, most of the talent coming from the men of the camp. Such songs as "The Lost Chord", "Queen of the Earth", "Watch on the Rhine" (by a German) "Memories of Home", a recitation from one young man, (a college trained man) which was of ten minutes duration and very fine. The evening was spent very pleasantly and before we separated arrangements were made for service on the morrow (Sunday). After an invitation from the boss to come to breakfast we bid them good-night.

SUNDAY at 6.30 all were astir on the Udal and by 7.45 we were pulling towards shore as though pulling for a wager; the wager in this instance being a good breakfast; after which we had friendly chats with the men until 10.30 when we began our morning's service. The missionary took for his text "But he was a leper". The reverence of the men was most marked; some

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asking questions on topics of interest. After dinner with the men the boss asked us into his office and thanked us for our visit, inviting us back at any time. After getting one hour's rest on the Udal we threw off proceeding up the Bay about four miles, where we anchored; then, lowering the boat, the Captain, the boy and the missionary, with the Udal's organ aboard, pulled about three miles up to the next Camp where the missionary had arranged to hold an evening service. We were met by the boss and several of the boys, who helped us with our baggage, and extended to us a hearty welcome; also an invite to supper which we accepted. After supper every man in the Camp gathered in the bunk house for divine service, the first held here. The singing was most hearty, the hymns being selected by the men themselves, such hymns as "Jesus Lover of my Soul", "Rock of Ages", "Lead Kindly Light", "Nearer my God to Thee" and "Abide with me". The missionary sang a solo or two, one of which made a great impression "Never loose sight of Jesus". After farewells and expressions of regret from all the boys we made for an Indian camp, but were too late for evening prayers; they had all gone to sleep one told us, so after an hour's pull we reached the "Udal" tired and ready for bed.

N.B. We sold several dollars worth of bibles at these two camps.

MONDAY at 6.30 A.M. found us under weigh and by 8.00 o'clock we were at another camp, where we sold several bibles and left literature for the men. The evening of that day found us at Harbledown Island, where we held service in the house of a man who professes to be a Freethinker. He was present on condition we did not object to his smoking during the service. The missionary spoke with great power from the text "Kiss the son lest he be angry", showing how it was prejudice not ignorance that kept men from the Christ. 2. Submission recommended to all his enemies. At the close of the service the proprietor of the house thanked us, remarking that the distance between us was less than ever, and that he wished we could send a man to them as teacher, etc.



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7.00 A.M. the next morning found us striding over rocks and shells towing our row boat towards the shore, on which an Indian village stands. Finding most of the people were away fishing, we called upon two families, sold \$5.00 worth of bibles and testaments and had prayer with both families who gave us crabs and clams. Noon found us tied to a wharf about thirty miles further North, where we held service with over twenty men and women who were waiting for steamer.

Our next call was at an Indian village occupied by a tribe known as the greatest Pirates on the coast. No sooner had we dropped anchor than two canoes put off (while the women and children hid in the bush) and came alongside of the Udal. The Chief, a man of fine physique, recognized Captain Oliver who invited him and the others aboard our boat. After a quarter of an hours talk in Chinook, they invited the missionary ashore to attend sick women and children so after supper we lowered row boat, taking aboard our organ, medicines, books, etc. We landed upon a beach strewn with shells of rare beauty, but the stench from refuse was most offensive. We were greeted by barking dogs, bright intelligent looking boys, ages from about seven to sixteen, who followed us from house to house where the missionary dispensed medicine to the sick, after which he opened the Udal's organ and began to play, "Jackson's Te Deum" in F. Soon we were surrounded by boys and girls wondering where the music came from, while in front sat the Chiefs and head men clothed in their blankets of red, violet, orange and blue, making quite a picture worthy of a place in some art gallery as the missionary sang. The pipe of peace was passed from one to the other, even the women having a whiff. Captain Oliver gave an address in Chinook, the only language known after which the missionary taught all to sing the glory song to the words "I am so glad that our father in heaven". After this service a meeting of the chiefs took place when they agreed to ask the missionary to send them a white man as teacher and missionary, etc., promising to

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turn from their Idols and give up their evil ways and live goods. After dismissing this illustrious Company we pulled for the Udal. After hauling our boat aboard we retired to rest, but were soon roused by a dozen youngsters, who had come off in a couple of canoes to see our vessel. They scrambled over the Udal's stern when invited aboard, but were soon ready to quit her when the missionary switched on the electric light, so scared were they; but soon became confident all was right and safe, but a greater difficulty was ahead of us, viz. how to get them off the boat, but the missionary hit on a good plan when he presented each one with a picture lesson card, as used in our Sunday Schools, of which they were proud. Once more we tried to sleep, but once more were disturbed. The missionary, who was in night attire, with port hole open, saw a dark face at the port hole, jabbering something in Chinook, so fetching the Captain he learnt that this man's wife was sick, he was also sick and his son, there in canoe, might be sick to-morrow, so all wanted medicine. After mixing something in a bottle for the woman the missionary gave the man a dose of Friar's balsam on sugar, the son a chocolate. Thus ended the busy day.