The Indian Work

Rev. Thomas Crosby,
Supported by the Epworth Leagues of Kingston District.

Sardis, B.C., June, 1903.

Dear Epworth Leaguers,—For four years Sardis has been our home. It is about fifty miles up the Fraser River. The river here is called the Down Fraser. Coming over on the C.P.R. as soon as you get to Yale the Down Fraser Valley begins to open out until it reaches Chilliwack, the valley in which Sardis is situated. It has opened out till in some places it is ten miles wide, and on it goes widening till it flows into the salt water at the mouth—say sixty miles. Throughout this Down Fraser Valley the Indians are scattered (many of them Catholics) in small bands. This makes a great deal of travelling. My work lies mostly within a radius of fifty miles. The more distant places are only reached about four times a year.

Salmon Fishing.

It is a grand sight to see the hundreds, yea, thousands of fishermen and their boats out on the three branches of the Fraser River and away, far away, out on the Gulf of Georgia, all at work, some sailing, some hauling, some casting their nets, some rowing, some drifting, all intent on doing their very best, especially if they are having a good catch, when many of the boats come in loaded down with great fine salmon.

Going to District Meeting Forty Years Ago.

What a change since Rev. (Father) E. White and I crossed the gulf forty years ago in a canoe from Nanaimo to attend District Meeting at New Westminister. There were no steamboats running at that time between the two places. Our canoe was large and our passengers

and crew were Mr. White, three good Indian men and one Indian woman. The storm was so great that we never expected to reach shore. Three of us kept bailing out whenever there was a chance, still we were nearly swamped, with that north-west gale sweeping us on the sand heads against the tide and current. It caused a dreadful sea and a sight never to be forgotten. Last summer, when I remembered this trip, I could well sympathize with the poor fishermen on that terrible night in July last, when more than one boat was upset. One boat with two men was upset, one man went down, while his mate got on the top of the boat till the Indians from the shore seeing them, pushed out in their canoe and brought him to land. The poor fellow was so chilled that they failed to bring him back to consciousness. Yes, that gulf is a tough place in a storm and when we see poor fellows who have been out all night, or may be two nights and a day, without catching many fish, as is the case in the poor season, we cannot but feel it is a hard life. Of course, in a good season men do well and make money easily. More than once have I been caught in the gulf storms in those early days. The shores were very lonely, not a sound to be heard, except perhaps in the summer season we would come across a family of Indians camped, busy drying fish and berries for winter use. They were always ready to share even the last fish with us, if need be. The islands at the mouth were then all covered with moss and blueberry bushes. Now, what a change! What a sight to behold! Hundreds of acres of fine timothy hay, much of it four tons per acre; grain and root crops equally good—the whole valley a beautiful garden. In this grand climate we seldom have much trouble in harvest. I heard a man say, "I have been here twenty years and have never lost but one crop in that time."

The Dreadful Storms on the Gulf of Georgia.

The Garden of B.C. Better Than Gold Digging.

The flats at the mouth of the river and this Chilliwack Valley have rightly been called the garden of British Columbia. This brings to mind the words of Rev. E. White, one of the first four missionaries sent out by

the Methodist Church over forty years ago. When the miners were returning by hundreds (dead broke) from Cariboo, cursing the country, he would say: "Go and take up land." The poor fellows would say, "What! do you call those mud flats and moss beds, land? No one could ever live on such ground." Some were wise and took up land and are the men of wealth to-day. The C.P.R. have put a short line out to Steveston from Vancouver so people can run out and back in a day.

But we must get back to real missionary work. Some one asks, how do you get in five, six, or even seven services in one day? We are off at an early hour and reach the first salmon camp before the people are really ready for visitors. The camp usually consists of two long rows of cabins 8x10, built of lumber, and is part of a cannery outfit, for cannery owners must provide places for the people to live in while the work is going on. An open square between the rows of shacks, in which is a temporary shelter for cooking, provides us with a gathering place for our service. After we have arranged, as best we can, seats made of logs of wood, boxes and boards, our church is ready and in fine weather is all right. After our "church" is ready the task of gathering the people begins. We go around and knock at every door, and sometimes in response to our rapping we hear "Chacks" in the familiar Chinhook, or "Come in" in English. Often we accept the hearty, homely invitation and enter, wishing all "Good morning" and asking all to come to the meeting. In a few minutes after the invitation is given the meeting begins and soon we have a crowd around us. Some have hurried through breakfast, others left all breakfast preparations until after service, while many are present who have paid little attention to their morning toilet. As soon as the singing begins the people all come, for they don't want to miss it. After singing and prayer the blessed Word is read, followed by a Gospel talk. We are never at a loss for illustration, with sea, fish, boats and nets, and sinful men all about us.

Church at a Salmon Camp.

It may be before we get through some one, perhaps a working boss, rushes through the crowd, for he is searching for some one to do some work. He may take his hat off as he passes or he may not, just as he feels. Or perhaps just across the way there are a number of men boat-building, some at one part of the boat, and some at the other, so as to get it ready for use as soon as they can. Often we are interrupted by the tug boat whistling for the men to get their boats out; a call is given for "All aboard," and the men have to go. We think it is a disgrace to our Christian Government that the people should be almost compelled to work on the Lord's Day. In all, our service lasts a little over an hour. Some one may speak at the close, others will shake hands and thank us for coming. Going thus from one camp to another we have held seven services in one day. I have heard of missionaries who have done more than that. While visiting the camps we are called to see the sick folk and often word is left that some friends of the sick will call on us and get medicine. Among the fifty canneries there is enough work to do to keep several stirring men busy during the time the people are at the fishing. We try to do our part to help those we meet to give their hearts to the Lord Jesus and reform their lives by His example. We ask your prayers.

How Church is Interrupted.

We Need Your Prayers.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS CROSBY.

REV. B. C. FREEMAN,
Indian Work, B.C.
Supported by the Epworth Leagues of the Guelph District.

PORT SIMPSON, B.C.,
Summer, 1903.

Dear Friends,—Circumstances have changed very much with us since I wrote you last. Conference moved us very unexpectedly last spring from Skidegate to Port Simpson.

After conference I came up here to await the boat for Skidegate. Two steamers were leaving for that place at about the same time, and uncertain which would reach there first, I sent a letter to Mrs. Freeman by one boat telling her of the change of stations, and took passage myself on the other, which I thought more likely to arrive first. But, unfortunately, we were some twelve hours behind the other boat, and when I reached what had been our home for ten years I found it quite dismantled and most of our belongings already on board the steamer. Mrs. Freeman and Miss Stevenson had not wasted much time on sentimentality after receiving that morning the first intimation of the change.

Leaving the Old Home at Skidegate.

Next day we were ready to go on board for Port Simpson, but a storm prevented our leaving for two days longer. Our children wandered disconsolately about the old home, as they said, "for the last time," and it was by no means a pleasant task for us to say "good-bye" to the old associations and the few people who remained at the village. Our people showed genuine regret at our departure, though they submitted loyally to the ruling of the authorities, and await our successor with a ready welcome. Another tie that was tender in the breaking was our association with the mission teacher, Miss Stevenson, who had been with us for nearly two years, and who retains her appointment at Skidegate.

The Welcome at Port Simpson.

After a stormy passage on a not too seaworthy craft, we finally had our family across the dreaded Hecate Strait for the last time, and for this were not unthankful. At Port Simpson we received a cordial welcome from the missionary staff employed in the work of the Boys' and Girls' Homes and the Hospital as well as from outside friends. Most of the Indians were away at the salmon canneries, and as they have just returned this week, we have not had much taste of the actual mission work here yet.

Port Simpson a Great Change from Skidegate.

This place has many features that to us are especially attractive after our life at Skidegate. There are the pleasant associations of the numerous missionaries, employees of the General Society and the W.M.S., besides a small but very agreeable outside community of whites. Medical help is within reach, which is an important item of interest to us with our large family. There is a good white school which three of our children attend. Then we have weekly mail here, which perhaps we do not appreciate as we should after having been accustomed to write up our correspondence only once a month. We have also telegraphic connection with the outside world, and we never forget that the railroad is coming. But this last will probably not be a help to our mission work.

There are other features of the change which to us are not so agreeable. The language is entirely different from the Haida and quite unknown to us. This is the first thing to be mastered. There are about three times as many people, and of course that means three times the opportunities for getting into or making trouble, three times as many difficulties among the people to smooth over, and three times as many perverted human hearts to keep in line. But we have still our Great Resource to fall back upon, and the Holy Spirit working in the heart

The Language New, and Opportunities Many.

accomplishes more here, as everywhere, than all that we can do beside.

We Need a Revival of Grace. We are Praying for it. Will You Pray, Too?

We greatly need a revival of grace. We are praying for it, and looking for it, and working for it. Will you also join us in your prayers? Some few more of the girls in the Home made a start in the way of Life this last month, but there are many yet of the more than forty girls in the institution undecided. The teachers are doing their utmost for them, and we have a meeting with the girls every Monday afternoon in the school. But it requires divine energy to overcome spiritual inertia. In the Boys' Home, too, there are nearly twenty boys being sheltered from the demoralizing influences of the village, and for these we pray that their hearts may be established with grace before they go out from the protection of the Home.

In the village the people are greatly divided, and consequently sadly weakened. The latest departure in this line is the advent of a "Seventh Day Adventist" missionary, who is doing what he can to instil his particular views into the minds of the people and secure a following. The greatest danger of all from this is that the people may lose their regard for the Christian Sabbath, which has always been a strong point with all these northern missions, while it will be impossible for them, especially in the salmon season, owing to the Sunday fishing laws, to observe Saturday strictly as a day of rest. All these things occasion a spirit of unrest which militates sadly against the spiritual advancement of the people.

Our Christian Sabbath in Danger.

It encourages us to think that we have your sympathy and prayers; and meanwhile we do not forget that you have your own difficulties and discouragements at your end of the line.

Yours in the work,

B. C. FREEMAN.

REV. S. D. GAUDIN,
Indian Work, N.W.T.
Supported by the Epworth Leaguers of St. Catharines and Welland Districts.

NELSON HOUSE, KEEWATIN,
via WEST SELKIRK.
March 16th, 1903.

Dear Fellow-Workers,— Let me tell you how much we were helped and encouraged when the news reached us that your districts had taken up Nelson House as your portion of the Master's work. You can hardly realize how much it means to the distant worker to know that so many are united in real earnest, sympathetic prayer for him and his work, and we are glad to be able to say that already the Lord has been answering prayer. These three months since the New Year have been to us personally the most blessed since we have been in the Master's service.

Prayer is Answered.

Let me tell you a little about it. I had felt for some years that there was a baptism that I had not been baptised with, an experience of "full salvation" that I had not yet received. On the first Sabbath of the New Year, with my soul hungry and longing for this, I invited forward all those who would join me in special consecration of ourselves to the Lord. I was rejoiced at the response, so many came. We had a real old-time Methodist revival experience. We wept, prayed and praised the Lord together, and in my own heart, at least, the Lord did mightily revive His work. I do praise His dear name. Dear Epworth Leaguers, while I cannot unite with you in such a service of praise as I could wish were possible, yet allow me to send you my humble testimony to the power of the Lord to save and to keep unto the very uttermost.

Special Consecration at New Year's.

I am glad to be able to say that the work has not ended with that first Sabbath. Like Bro. Pierce away in British

Columbia, we, too, have been using the old-fashioned penitent form, and some who have been long in the church, and others for the first time, have been seeking the Lord. Now, as to results. Some (we are sorry there are not more) show by their words and lives that "they have been with Jesus," but we are more than convinced that the great majority of our poor people know little or nothing of experimental religion, though, like the Athenians of old, they are extremely religious. All married people think they should be members of some church, but for the young people to join has been disapproved of by the parents, as that they could live right was not even imagined to be possible. This, of course, does not presume a very strong faith in the saving grace of the Gospel. The average Christian Indian never professes to have any certainty as to the forgiveness of sins or of his acceptance with God; he will even deny the possibility of any such knowledge. I refer to the average member of our Church on our missions out here in the North. An Indian always says, "I want to love the Lord," but never "I do love the Lord." It is true we have a few who get pretty close to certainty of expression, and perhaps were they white men with the same experience they would be out-and-out, but being only poor Indians it would be great presumption to make any very definite professions. This state of affairs, you will easily see, rather militates against our class-meetings, and so far as I know as a weekly institution the class-meeting has not been a very marked success. The objection is raised by the Indians themselves that it is no use for people to make fine speeches in the church and then go out and belie them, perhaps before the day is over. Perhaps the workers have been to blame; perhaps we have not sought faithfully and patiently to lead the Indian to a real experience of salvation; perhaps we have not made him feel that we are terribly in earnest about his salvation;

The Lives of Some Show They Have Been With Jesus.

The Difficulties of the Class-Meeting.

that we believe except he find it here and now he must be forever lost. Be that as it may, the fact remains that it is only the few among our Indians who, by life and word, bear witness unto salvation.

Are We Terribly in Earnest About the Indian's Salvation?

These are not the things which we long to say, and it may seem to you very discouraging after so many years of missionary work, but dear Epworth Leaguers, these are the burdens that every earnest worker in these fields has had to carry through the years, and we have sometimes felt that we have not had the kindly sympathy and prayers of the Church as we should have had, though possibly we may have been mistaken, but now, if we understand it aright, you are our fellow-workers; you are going to help us carry the burdens; you are coming to our aid with your sympathy and prayers; you are going to "hold the ropes." May God bless you! You surely will not be discouraged if we are not, and by the help of the Lord, while our work is at Nelson House, we are going to push the battle to the gates. We want you to pray on and work, and better things will yet come to the Indian work.

"You Are Going to Hold the Ropes."

Now, something about our work during last fall and winter. In the fall we completed our little church, which had already been in use for ten years. About time, you say, but you know Rome was not built in a day, and that would have been still more true had it been built out in this north country, where material is hard to get and where every board has to be cut in the old pit-saw style. Then the missionary has to be head carpenter, doing the work with whatever help may be available, and times convenient to both missionary and people have to be waited for. During the time mentioned we have also built by degrees a mission house, also the walls of a school-house, so that every summer has had its share of this kind of work.

Great Building Operations—All Handwork.

Our school teacher left us last summer, and her successor not turning up, I took up the work myself. We began in the kitchen,

The School Work.

but so many came that we moved into the church. The trouble began about wood, however. After some delay a bee was made, resulting in about five cords. We have the names of twenty children with an average of about fourteen, and have found the work in the school pleasant and profitable.

Our Mission House Family.

We have not yet succeeded in our project of a little boarding school, owing to difficulty of building, but we have at present three children in our home, two boys and a girl, each eight years of age—Jonathan Wood, Angus Bonner and Anna Hart. These are children of some of our best men, the parents all living. Jonathan has been with us since the fall of 1901; Angus since that time, except last summer; Anna only for a few months. They are all doing well at school, the boys reading and speaking English very well. Mrs. Gaudin is very anxious that we should have a Christmas tree next winter for the school children, and would be glad if you could send out a box of such things as would be suitable for that purpose, also trimmings for the tree.

We Appreciate the Kind Letters We Receive.

In conclusion, I want to say that both Mrs. Gaudin and myself have appreciated very much the many kind letters which we have received from Epworth Leaguers and other Christian workers. Don't forget that you can help and encourage us in this way; we can promise to answer through THE BULLETIN all who may write us.

Irene, Ida and baby May are all well. Mrs. Gaudin's health is fairly good at present, but she has had too much work for her strength, through a good deal of sickness among the people.

Yours, in the Master's work,

S. D. GAUDIN.

R. W. LARGE, M.D.,
Indian Work, B.C. Supported by Toronto Central District Epworth Leagues.

RIVERS INLET HOSPITAL.

June 12, 1903.

Dear Friends,—Another three months have passed and with them has gone a Conference year. There is always a certain amount of interest in reviewing the year's work. Coupled with it, however, is a feeling of disappointment because of the small success or the inability to tabulate the results longed for. We have already forwarded a spiritual and a hospital report to the Mission Rooms, which will appear in the Missionary Report in due time, so that it may be best to present a different phase of our work in this letter to you. A few reports of cases treated may be of interest.

A Father's Care and a Stiff-necked Old Woman.

Case No. 1.—An old Indian brought his wife to the office at Rivers Inlet and asked me to prescribe for her. He said she had been deaf and stiff-necked for many years. When a young girl her father did not wish her to turn her head from side to side to look at the young men and get into trouble, so he caused her to look at the mask of a beaver, and her neck became stiff like that of the beaver. As she was now old he would like me to limber up her neck a little. I judged that it would be quite safe to allow her perfect freedom in the matter of gazing about her as her face now would certainly never get her into trouble, so gave her some liniment and they went away satisfied.

Suspicious Parents and Their Sick Boy.

Case No. 2.—An Indian with his wife brought their young son to the Rivers Inlet Hospital unconscious. On examination he was found to be suffering from brain pressure caused probably by a tumor. They were

told that it was uncertain whether we could do much for him or not, but we would like to try. We were much interested in the case, and as the parents seemed suspicious, we allowed the father to remain with the boy all night. Next morning there was quite an improvement. After breakfast, on going into the ward, I found the father and son had gone. The mother had slipped around to the back door with blankets, in which they wrapped the son and quietly removed him. A boat was ready on the beach, and when I went down they were nowhere to be seen. I learned that they took him to their camp and made preparations for his death, which occurred three or four days later. They had concluded we could not save him and therefore removed him.

The year before we had a somewhat similar case in which the only chance was to give the patient treatment for a constitutional disease which was causing the brain trouble. As the stomach was very irritable, we limited the amount of food and water taken, as we wished him, if possible, to retain the medicine given. We failed to save him and the report went around that we would not give patients water to drink. Since then we have sometimes had a special request from the friends that the sick one be allowed all the water desired.

A Homesick Indian with a Broken Thigh.

Case No. 3.—An interior Indian with a broken thigh was brought to Rivers Inlet Hospital from a cannery one hundred miles away. He proved to be a rather difficult patient to manage. He did not wish us to make extension to get the fragments into position, and the plaster of paris cast on the leg bothered him greatly. It was hard for him, being so far away from his friends, and he often cried from homesickness. On one occasion he was heard crying, and on going to him, it was found that a fly had lit on his big toe, and the plaster cast preventing him moving the toe, he was crying for help. When the fishing season closed we wished to take him to Bella Bella with us, as the bone had not yet thoroughly united. On the way up our steamboat

called in at Bella Coola, where some of his friends were staying and he would not go any farther. He said he would die if he went with us, so we were forced to put him ashore on the hospital bed, and told him to send the bed and bedding to us when he was better. It was some time before he brought these to Dr. Spencer to ship to us, and when he did everything was unwashed. One would have thought, that seeing his leg had healed satisfactorily, he would send the bedding home clean, but it did not strike him that way. Perhaps he was grateful and perhaps he wasn't.

The Power of Indian Superstition.

Case No. 4.—An Indian from another village, who had accidentally shot himself through the elbow joint with his rifle, came down to Bella Bella to have us remove the arm. There was a chance of saving it and for nearly three months we dressed it daily, removed some of the dead bone, and everything gave promise of his having a fairly useful arm. His wife came down with him and Jim, one of our Indians, invited her to remain in his home during her stay. Jim came to see me one day much perplexed. He brought an old sock of his out of which the foot had been cut. He said his wife had found the cut sock with a big knife under the bedding of the woman they had invited to remain in their home. As no one else had been in the house, they were forced to believe that the woman they had befriended had been induced by some one to get a portion of some old garment of his which might be placed in a medicine man's box with the object of causing his illness and death. He did not believe that his death could be caused in this way but did not like to be treated thus.

Not Afraid of the Medicine Man.

I had a chat with the patient and his wife. They were much ashamed. The woman stoutly denied it, while the man said they had been trying to be Christians for a long time, that his wife had never shamed him in this way and he did not now believe it of her. The soiled dressings from his arm were taken down every day by his wife to the beach and thrown into the water. If they believed in the Indian

medicine man they would not so readily expose themselves to being injured by him but would dispose of these dressings in the safer way. Old Jim said, while it might be true that they did not believe in the medicine man, the woman might have been bribed by some one who did. There was nothing more we could do so we comforted the patient as best we could and he prayed much about it. We went down to the Conference in May and he promised to remain till my return, as I did not wish him to leave till the wounds were healed. The day after I left the nurse was surprised to find that he had left the ward. His wife had secured a boat and they had undertaken the fifty miles journey home. He left no word, but we were told that they felt so badly over the affair of the sock that they could not remain longer in Bella Bella. We have not heard how his arm has been since he left, but if it fails to get better it will be because of his having gone out in this way. We felt very sorry as he is a good Indian and was grateful for what we had done for him. His wife, too, had been ready to help with the rough work about the Hospital and Mission House, but if you have read the very interesting Kitamaat letter, in the March BULLETIN, you will better understand how serious was the charge laid against them.

Wanted a Square Meal.

Case No. 5.—An Indian from a village to the south came to Bella Bella with stomach trouble. We gave him easily digested food in limited quantities and washed out his stomach daily. He stood the treatment for a couple of weeks, but on learning that we objected to his going out to an Indian house to get a square meal now and then, he said he would like to go home. He was getting weaker, and he did not wish to die away from his friends. We consented to his leaving, and by latest reports he is still living.

Case No. 6.—A young married Indian woman was brought to the Rivers Inlet Hospital. She told us that her husband had beaten her, and fearing internal injuries, she had come to the hospital. On examination we found that the greatest injury had been sustained by her feelings.

She wished to impress others with the hard treatment she received from her husband and to shame him, and so came to us. 'Twas said by those who knew them that the fault decidedly was not all the husband's.

What One of the Patients Told.

Case No. 7.—A Southern Indian, while in the office for treatment, told us of how he had been cured of hemorrhage of the lungs seven years previously. The hemorrhage had continued for a long time, and finally he grew tired of taking care of himself, and after New Year's went hunting. His father took some of the blood he expectorated and mixed it with pitch. He then took four pieces of copper and wrapped some of the mixture inside of each piece. Pitch was then smeared on the outside of the copper. Securing four pieces of hardwood, he placed the pieces of copper in an end of each and sharpened the opposite ends. The sticks were taken to a lake and the sharpened ends thrust through the stem of the water lily (which they call the beaver's blanket), and left them thus submerged in the water. The improvement was marked and continuous from that time, and there has been no recurrence.

A Substantial "Hand Shake."

Case No. 8.—An Indian boy, who had his right arm shattered by a gunpowder explosion, was brought to Bella Bella by his parents. We had to amputate the arm, and the boy was with us about two months. His parents remained in an Indian house during this time, and the father split wood for the hospital, helped to carry freight and made himself generally useful. Before leaving for home he came into the office with his son. He said he wished to thank me for what we had done for them in saving their boy's life. His son wished to "shake hands" with the hospital before he went away, and so saying the father placed $10 upon the table. The warmth of such a handshake we much appreciate.

Case No. 9.—A young man had been in the Bella Bella Hospital for some time with ulcers of the leg. He took his departure one day without notifying us. There were extenuating circumstances, however. He was "engaged"

to a young girl, and her father was leaving with his family that day for his hunting camp. Willie wished to accompany them, and said nothing to me, fearing I might object. He came back again when the hunting was over and called to pay his missionary subscription. He said he was sorry he left without asking me. His leg was almost completely healed. We will leave it with you to decide whether this was due to the protracted treatment he received in the hospital or to the fact of his being in his young lady's company at the hunting camp.

Witchcraft and a Chief's Wife.

Case No. 10.—The wife of one of our chiefs, who had given us considerable trouble a year or so ago, was taken ill, and I was called in. We thought it was a good opportunity to smooth over the old difficulty, but soon learned that there was suspicion of witchcraft in the case.

One night a noise had been heard outside her window, and when the husband went out he saw a man running away. It was quite evident to them that this man had come to cause her a serious illness, and we heard rumors of her sickness being caused by a stone lodged internally. We tried to convince them that such was not the case, but could see that there was a wish to call in an old-time doctor to see if he could not overthrow the work of the evil disposed doctor and remove the stone. By performing a small operation we were able to show them the real cause of the trouble, and the woman's mind being relieved she made a slow recovery. Her husband has been one of our most active supporters since his wife's illness, so that the results in this case were doubly satisfactory.

The Hospital Cases Reveal Character.

We would wish to guard you against concluding that all our cases are similar to the ones herein mentioned. We have selected these from those treated during the year because they reveal some phases of Indian character and belief. We have many others who come to us about whom very little can be written that would interest you apart from the fact that we have been able to do something towards

helping them physically, and we hope in some cases spiritually also.

Two Old-time Doctors in Bella Bella.

We have two old-time doctors at Bella Bella who have quietly been treating some of the sick ones and keeping alive the old superstitions. Stones and pieces of bones have been taken out of the patients without operations—the work being done by sleight of hand. One doctor claimed to be able to converse with the spirits of the departed, and sometimes told the people that he had seen certain of the dead going around crying because they were hungry. The result would be that food would be taken to the graveyard and there burned, the old doctor naming over the departed spirits who came to partake of the feast provided. We recently talked with these men and told them if they did not stop misleading the people we would report them to the Government. They promised to stop their practices entirely, and so far as we have been able to learn have kept their promises.

A Good Man and his Hard Trial.

About the end of April our most faithful Indian, James Star, went off with his wife to gather seaweed. They took with them an old woman, a relative of Mrs. Star, who had been sent down from Kitamaat some years ago for them to take care of. She has been a great care as she has become quite childish. While James and his wife were gathering the seaweed old Alice went into the woods to get cedar bark used to make mats. She never returned, and they searched in vain for her for three days. They came home with the sad news, and we felt extremely sorry for them. They have been censured by some, and it is a great calamity to have a friend die and not recover the body in order to give it a suitable burial. Old James is one of the missionary's truest friend on the reserve, and he has had some trying experience since becoming a Christian.

We have had a letter from a member of the Yonge Street League during the quarter and hope to receive word from some others soon. With kind regards,

Yours sincerely, R. W. LARGE.