REV. W. J. STONE,
Supported by the Epworth Leagues of Goderich District.

CLO-OOSE, WEST COAST,
VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.

Dear Fellow-Workers,—While you are working at home that the mission on the West Coast of Vancouver Island may be supported, through prayer for the missionary and the people among whom he works, as well as by your offerings of money, it will be to your advantage to know something of the history of the work done on this great West Coast.

The work of the Methodist Church could be given in a few words, but there is much relative to it and to its need which may be of some interest to the reader. The Rev. C. M. Tate states that Nanaimo was the birth-place of Protestant missions. From there the Word was carried to the Indians of Victoria, while from the latter place a few Tsimsheans of Port Simpson bore the news of salvation to their brethren in the north. It was at Nanaimo also the now sainted Amos Cushing was "born again." Fired with zeal for the Master's cause, and hungering after the souls of his benighted brethren, Cushing wended his way over the blazed trail between Nanaimo and Albernii to preach to the Shishats. His name is still held dear by this tribe, and the Indian agents have often remarked how, even in his old age, our brother made his periodical visits to Albernii.

Nanaimo the Birth-place of Protestant Missions among the Indians.

It is a noticeable fact that, though over a hundred years have elapsed since Captain Cook touched on the Island at the point which now bears his name, the inhabitants just to the north in Quatsino Sound are yet in the darkness of heathenism. Years before there ever was a Nanaimo, the navigator and explorer visited this people, and all along the

coast the Indians have their respective traditions which bear somewhat the impress of the white man's ideas and belief of virtue and truth.

A Spanish colony was founded at the entrance to Nootka Sound, but we do not observe any civilized trait in the lives or habits of the Moatchat Indians, among whom they dwelt. When your missionary visited the place, he found a line of crumbled stone work which marked the walls of their fortification, a sad relic indeed, for the whole colony, with two exceptions, were massacred by the jealous Indians. The Claoquahts also relate a tale of crime. It is presumed that the first trading vessel sent out by Mr Astor, of New York, who founded Astoria, Oregon, was seized by this tribe, and its captain and crew murdered. Their narration of one of the ship's crew blowing up the vessel is identical with that of the author of "Astoria" (Capt. Washington Irving).

The Spanish Colony and its Destruction.

The First Trading Vessel sent out by Mr. Astor of New York.

We have diverged a little, but the events narrated are a part of the history of the West Coast Indians, and help to show the characteristics and tendencies. They will also serve to show the difficulties met with by the missionary in his endeavors to secure their confidence and respect. We trust to enlarge on this in another letter.

Roman Catholicism has been putting forth missionary effort on this coast for the last thirty years. Missions have been established at Dodge's Cove, Albernii, Claoquaht, Ahouisaht, Nesquiat, and Kyuquot. The first four were abandoned about seven years ago, but Claoquaht has again been supplied by a priest. Some of these missionaries have faithfully pursued their labors while others have not, but it is quite evident the Romish Church cannot supply the spiritual need of the Indian.

The Roman Catholic Missions.

In 1892 the first Protestant mission was founded at Albernii, by the Presbyterian Mission Board. Though we must not lose sight of the fact, as stated before, that our departed brother Cushing first gave the glad news to the Shishats. We are glad our sister church is raising such a substantial structure on the foundation he laid.

The First Protestant Mission, 1892.

The Rev. Thomas Crosby made an occasional visit with the *Glad Tidings* steamer. The Indians very aptly named her "The Come to Jesus Ship." There is not a tribe on the coast but can sing this familiar hymn. The names "Come to Jesus" and "Palla Leemens" (Father Lemmens) are quite familiar to the West Coast Indians. But it was the Nitinat tribe who first gave the Macedonia call, "Come over and help us." In 1888 they met Bro. Tate on the Fraser River, whither they had gone to engage in salmon fishing. A delegation called on him and presented their request for a missionary. For five years the General Board could not see their way clear to open up this new field. At last, in November of 1893, your missionary received orders to proceed to Nitinat, and the end of January found him at this new mission. For ten years we have lived among this people, endeavoring to rightly divide the Word of Truth. Their minds are slow to perceive, and heathenism in all its forms holds sway, yet the dawn for Nitinat has appeared. We thank God for this measure of success and take courage. Some are holding in childlike faith to the promises and testify to the assurance "That the Spirit itself beareth witness with their spirits that they are children of God." Some have gone home trusting in Jesus who has counted them worthy to walk in white. But none of us can rest content till we see all within the fold of Christ.

Clo-oose Mission begun in 1893.

As we pray "Lord of harvest send forth reapers," let us take up our part cheerfully and gladly to go ourselves or send someone.

Yours in His service,

WILLIAM STONE.

REV. J. C. SPENCER, M.D.,
Supported by the Epworth Leagues of Stanstead and Waterloo Districts.

BELLA COOLA, B.C.,
April 4th, 1903.

Dear Leaguers,—You will be glad to know that the long winter, now past, has left us apparently none the worse. Snow came in November, and continued till about the middle of March.

Our adult attendance has been small this season, owing to several reasons, but the attendance at school is increasing, and we are glad to say some of the children are making good progress. We expect to send specimens of writing from our Indian school to the provincial exhibition in the autumn. They are also doing well at needlework.

The School Children Making Good Progress.

There have been erected some snug frame houses by Indians, which serve them well as homes. The people are beginning to plant fruit trees and cultivate the soil. They have also begun raising horses and cattle. These things all indicate to us that in a few years more Indians will have a good living without wandering from place to place for it, as formerly. Then, again, as they stay home more, the children will attend school more regularly. At present irregularity is one of our principal difficulties.

Making Homes, and Prospects of Good Livings.

In this country the birds which winter in California emigrate to the north, but all, or nearly all our Indian missionaries go south at this season of the year. The reason is, our District Meeting for Indian work is always held at or near the seat of Conference. This year it is to be Victoria.

The District Meeting.

About the 18th of April there were three steamers off Bella Coola. Two were loaded with lumber, one with general merchandise. Two were going north, and one going south. As I was anxious to go south, I made special

inquiry when the boat would leave. They told me, and I went home to get ready and wait. But they unloaded faster than was expected, and left twelve hours ahead of time.

Steamer Service *vs.* Canoe.

Of course I was left, too, and was now obliged to make sixty miles of a trip in a canoe, in order to catch one of the steamers on their return trip. The wind blew a gale up the outlet for several days, preventing us from starting. I felt anxious, as the time was almost gone.

On Sunday evening the wind ceased, sky cleared, and the Indian I had engaged to accompany me said he thought the next day would be favorable. We left Bella Coola at 2.30 a.m. on Monday, and as dawn advanced the off-shore breeze sprang up. By sunrise we had a booming wind, our sail reefed to about one-third its size, while we were making excellent time. At nine o'clock we had covered half the distance, but the breeze was too strong, and we were obliged to go ashore. We made a fire and had lunch. In the meantime the wind had dropped a little, and we ventured out again, not wishing to miss a fair wind, for already the sky showed signs of a storm ahead of us and a breeze in our face. It kept us busy to manage the sail and canoe. At one o'clock p.m. we had only fifteen miles farther to go. But, alas! the wind died out, the tide was running strong against us, and a head wind sprang up. We now plied our oars and hugged the shore to escape wind and tide. When about six miles from our journey's end we heard a deer screaming, and as we advanced we saw a wolf doing his best to kill it in the water. At our approach he left the deer. We took the latter ashore and did what he had intended. The Indian, I noticed, took special pains to carry the head and intestines of the deer up in the woods, and called the wolf to come and get his share. The Bella Coola tribe have a superstition regarding wolves. They think some of their dead friends now go about in the person of wolves. Hence, wherever they kill an animal they always leave part for the wolves. We took the deer aboard and hastened on our way. At six p.m. we landed at Namn

The Journey to District Meeting.

Harbor, on Fitz Hugh Sound. At that place is a cannery, and steamers call going both ways.

The next morning the steamer I wished to catch came along. The Indian returned, while I came south. After coaling up at Union, about forty miles north of Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, we continued our trip south. We had gone only a short distance when our ship stopped short. She was aground. No one knew how much water or what the nature of the bottom was. A boat was lowered and examination made, and it was learned that, though on the rocks, our ship was not leaking, and as it was low water would probably float off as the tide rose.

No one slept till we saw an anchor dropped out in the channel, and by the steam winch, as the tide rose, our ship was hauled into deep water. Lumber and coal, which had tumbled to one side, giving her a list, was righted, and we proceeded on our way. The rest of our journey was uneventful.

Each day now will see some of our men coming in from the outskirts of civilization.

Our District Meeting begins May 9th, and Conference 12th. Some of us shall not remain for Conference, but hasten back to our work after District Meeting.

The weather and general appearance of this beautiful city of Victoria is all that could be desired.

Yours in the work,

J. C. SPENCER.

VICTORIA, April 30th, 1903.

Dear Dr. Stephenson,—Please tell the kind friends of Berkeley Street Church, Toronto, and the ladies at St. Catharines, who sent us the barrel of hospital supplies, that they came to hand in excellent order. The goods were just what we need, and all of first choice. We could not have ordered more suitable articles. As we have not yet secured a Government grant for a hospital, we have not opened one, but we have been obliged to use some of the

goods. Last Christmas some of our boys were celebrating. They bored a hole in a tree, filled it with powder, put some wet powder around the top of the hole to serve the purpose of a fuse. One of the boys went to touch it with a firebrand. It was windy, a spark flew upon the dry powder, and a large block was blown out of the side of the tree. The young man's hand was dreadfully mangled, face badly burnt and cut, face and eyes full of powder. His arm was broken above the elbow and in several places below the elbow. Now, if we had a hospital, here was a suitable case, but we did the best we could. I was called at midnight, when the accident occurred, and spent till daylight in putting the boy in a comfortable condition. Of course, I was obliged to make splints. Our teacher acted as assistant, and after dressing the wounds and giving some directions, went home. There was no one at hand who could give an anæsthetic for me, nor any whom I could trust to assist me me in case I amputated his arm, so I concluded to send him to Bella Bella hospital. The steamer was expected in a few days. They did not want to go, but were persuaded. His arm was amputated, and he made a good recovery. He was a bright boy, and had just begun to attend our school.

I have given this case somewhat in detail that you may have some idea of our work. The articles you sent us we use as occasions require, which we shall continue to do till we have a hospital provided.

Yours in the work,

J. C. SPENCER.

REV. E. R. STEINHAUER,
Supported by the Epworth Leagues of Owen Sound District.

FISHER RIVER, MAN.,
May, 1903.

Dear Epworth Leaguers,—As I am your representative in the mission field, you will be interested in knowing a little of my history and the way the Lord prepared me for His work.

I was born at Whitefish Lake, Alberta, on January 25th, 1858, my father, Rev. H. B. Steinhauer, being the missionary at that place, and there I spent my boyhood days, attending the mission school when there was a teacher.

Sometimes I had the pleasure of going on a buffalo hunt with my parents, who accompanied the band on their annual hunt, the school teacher going as well, and holding school in the open air when circumstances permitted. These hunts lasted from some time in the spring till after midsummer.

In the spring of 1879 I left my home in the far North-West, and went, in company with my brother Robert, two years younger, and Rev. John McDougall, to Cobourg, Ontario, where Robert and I attended the Collegiate Institute, studying Theology in Victoria University. Just when my course was completed came the sacrifice of my life, as father finding the expenses of keeping both Robert and myself at school too great, requested one to return home; my brother remained to enjoy the advantages which one must resign. After reaching home, I taught a mission school until the death of my father in 1884. Having been the same year received as a probationer, I then took charge of the mission until the ensuing conference.

In the spring of 1885 the second Riel Rebellion occurred here. I did what I could among my own people, influencing them for peace and loyalty to the Government. It was a time of severe struggle and great excitement, but God