

LETTER FROM

Rev. Thomas Crosby,

SARDIS, B.C.

Supported by the Epworth Leagues of the Kingston District.

SARDIS, B.C.,

July, 1903.

Dear Friends and Fellow-workers,—In one of my trips to the head of Sumas Lake, I was called to visit a dying woman, one who, like some others, had wandered far away from God and right. She left her husband some years ago and went on to one of the Coast towns, and by a dissipated life it was not long before her health was broken, and that dreadful disease consumption took hold of her and she had come home to die. When I arrived at the little hut where she lay her poor old mother and friends were with her. I could see the poor girl was sinking fast. I hardly knew her, she had changed so much since I had seen her last; then she was a strong, healthy-looking woman, now weak and feeble. I said, "Mary, do you know me?" She recognized me and I sat down on a little box by her side, and said, "Shall I read some of God's Word?" She nodded. While the big tears rolled down her face I told her that the blessed Saviour came to seek and to save that which was lost. The poor woman seemed so glad to hear that message. We sang in her own tongue, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," then we had prayer. The poor old mother prayed, and she said she was so glad I had come.

Later in the day after I had preached to the people in the little church, in response to a request, I went with a number of people to the house and held a short service. I do trust the poor wanderer found peace. She said she hoped the Christians would come again and sing and pray and talk about Jesus. She said, "I shall not be long here

**Take My
Little Girl.**

now," and she asked me to take her little girl to the school or "Home" when she was gone, as she wished to have her taught to love Jesus. She thought the grandmother might not know how to care for her, and she hoped the child would love Jesus and not do as her mother had done.

Two weeks later I made another trip round the foot of the mountain and across the slopes twenty-two miles, but before I reached there poor Mary was gone, I trust safe "home." The little girl is now in the Home.

On the same trip it was my privilege to visit an aged and much respected friend, Mr. Millar, a white man who thirty years ago was a leading worker in the great revival and a class leader in our first church. At that time he was wealthy, as far as this world goes, and a good supporter of his church, but by signing notes to help others he has lost nearly all his earthly goods, but, thank God, he has not lost his hold on Christ. He was very sick, and as we read and prayed together, and talked of other days, he spoke with great confidence of his hope of heaven, and the thought of reaching that glorious home. It was a great joy to him to have a visit from me; being so far out of the way they did not have many callers. It was a very Bethel to me.

After service in the church I went back to Mr. and Mrs. Millar's and spent the night, and I shall not soon forget the blessed season of grace. We worshipped together. Mr. Millar responded as I read the blessed Word; we prayed together. Little did I think it would be the last time we should hold sweet fellowship together on earth, but so it was, for a short time after he "was not, for God took him."

Another trip took me up the river to Popcum Squatters, etc., twenty-five miles away; the roads were very bad nearly all the way. My first call was at Cheam (Place of strawberries). Most of the people were away. An old man wished me to come into his house and tell him about "the Way." He said he was a Catholic, but he would like to

hear about the "Way" in his own tongue. So we read and talked and prayed, and the poor old man seemed so glad to have heard the Word. My next call was at Popcum Mills, where I had service with Mr. Anderson and family. The next call was at an Indian house; read and prayed with the family. The next place I stopped at (for this is work from house to house) was a white man's home, who says he has been on the Coast for forty years. I was asked

A Clean Heart and a Clean House. to sit down in the little cabin, and, oh, such a dirty place. I never saw a dirtier place. I read the blessed Word and we sang "What a friend we have in Jesus," then we bowed in prayer, and as soon as I stopped he prayed, and then he told me he has found Christ since my last visit when we had service together. We praised God together. Then I told him if he had found the blessed Saviour and was so happy, he must go to work and wash his poor body. "A good bath every morning for awhile," was my advice. I recommended him to clean his house, then he would have better health. Some time after I met him and he said he had taken my advice and taken a bath every day, and the dear fellow looked so much better in every way.

The next place I visited was a Chinaman's cabin. I talked to him as best I could about Jesus. The next stop was to visit an aged woman and her son, a half-breed, with his Indian wife. The old woman is poorly and not long for this world. I talked to her about the blessed Jesus, His life and death, and that He is now an intercessor at the Father's right hand. She was very attentive to all that was said, and as usual brought out the old Bible that her husband Jones left when he died. Here I have often been entertained for the night with a bed on the floor, and my horse well fed in the barn.

The next friend I visited was a white man all alone in a log cabin. He is well on in years, not very tidy, having lived so long alone. He always feeds my horse, but has no place for me to stay. Yet he is always glad to have me call and read and talk and sing and pray. He is a great reader, and will ask me for the *Guardian* and *New York*

The "Christian Guardian" Asked for.

Christian Advocate. Indeed, any papers I take him he seems glad to get.

I scatter my tracts, books and papers, and many seem very glad to get them. You will see, as I have told you before, my work is to scatter the seed by the wayside. I called at Squatters, where there are many Catholics. In our little church we have very few people; but then as the blessed Master would preach to one, so may we.

We had a blessed time at our late camp-meeting, souls saved and God's people renewed. "Pray for us." My letter is too long, so I must tell you of the camp-meeting again.

Yours in the work,

THOMAS CROSBY.



INDIAN CHILDREN.

LETTER FROM

Rev. Geo. H. Raley,

KITAMAAT, B.C.

Supported by Wingham District Epworth League.

KITAMAAT, B.C.

Dear Fellow-workers,—An old question, for reviving which my only apology is nearly eleven years' continuous work in an Indian village, during which period there has been afforded me an excellent opportunity for closely studying their mode of life.

A gruesome fact is ever apparent : generally speaking, the mortality amongst the Indians is frightful.

One is led to ask two questions very seriously :—

(a) What is the cause of the high death rate?

(b) Can other methods be employed, besides those already in operation, in order to save the original owners of the soil amongst the "fit things" of the twentieth century?

What is killing the Indians?

In order not to cause offence by selecting one or two tribes for illustration, let whatever may be here said be construed as bearing on all the tribes of the North Pacific, even though there may be exceptions.

The potlatch, as it is called, is responsible for many deaths directly and indirectly.

Journeys are taken generally in the winter to and from the potlatch by sea and by land ; canoe trips on stormy seas, long journeys over fields of snow and ice, in rain and slush. The days of weary travelling and exposure so thoroughly exhaust and chill, that the ailing children, the weak, the sick and especially the feeble aged seldom recover. Such cases were brought to our notice last winter.

Some of
the Evils of
the Potlatch.

Infection is often carried from place to place because of the potlatch ; measles, whooping cough, chicken-pox, grip, or consumption seldom hinder them from going ; cases are known where last winter whole communities were affected by disease being carried in this manner.

During the potlatch season it is very distressing to see the neglected children and the uncared-for old on bitterly cold days left without fire, food or friend. Is it any wonder that the old people sometimes tell the missionary they are "tired," and ask for medicine to put them to sleep forever.

The Rev. J. B. McCullagh, M.A., of the C. M. S., who has written most comprehensively on this subject, designates the potlatch a thug.

Closely allied to the potlatch is the witchcraft which is exercised by the interior and coast Indians. A great part of the black art is a direct result of the potlatch system ; and no one can live long in an Indian village without learning something concerning "Indian poison," as it is termed by the white man.

Let reliable information come to an Indian that a shaman or other adept is practicing the art to compass his death, and generally death will ensue through terror of some fancied disease, or through the quickening of some real disease by a morbid imagination.

The ravages of tuberculosis amongst the native tribes of the coast are apparent to the most casual observer.

Are there any remedies other than moral suasion for such a sad condition of affairs? The Dominion Government has legislated against the potlatch and witchcraft, and the Provincial Board of Health to prevent the spread of tuberculosis.

To Suppress the Potlatch.—58, 59 Vic., Chap. 35. Sec. 6. "Section one hundred and fourteen of "THE INDIAN ACT" is hereby repealed and the following substituted therefor :—

"Every Indian or other person who engages in or assists in celebrating, or encourages either directly or indirectly another to celebrate, any Indian festival dance or other ceremony of which the giving away or paying or giving back of money, goods or articles of any sort forms a part, or is a feature, whether such gift of money, goods or article take place before, at, or after the celebration of the same, and every Indian or other person who engages or assists in any celebration or dance of which the wounding or mutilation of the dead or living body of any human being or animal forms a part or is a feature, is guilty of an indictable offence and is liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months and not less than two months; but nothing in this section shall be construed to prevent the holding of any agricultural show or exhibition or the giving of prizes for exhibits thereat."

The law has not been enforced. It is unpopular; however, for the good of the people for whom it was framed it should either be enforced, amended and enforced, or repealed. As the case remains at present, unenforced laws tend to weaken the faith of the Indians in the Government's power and demoralizes them.

The potlatch system is antagonistic to civilization, Christianity and good government, and is the forerunner of a long list of crimes.

To Suppress Witchcraft.—55, 56 Vic., Chap. 29, Sec. 396.

"Everyone is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to one year's imprisonment who pretends to exercise or use any kind of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment or conjuration, or undertakes to tell fortunes, or pretends from his skill or knowledge in any occult or crafty science, to discover where or in what manner any goods or chattels supposed to have been stolen or lost may be found."

To Prevent the Spread of Consumption.—

"Whereas tuberculosis is now proved to be infectious, and is at the present time existing in many parts of the Province, the Provincial Board of Health enacts the following regulations:—

The Wise Law of the Board of Health.— "Inasmuch as spitting is purely a matter of habit, and is offensive to many and is

often very harmful and a fruitful means of carrying disease, it is here declared unlawful to spit in tram-cars, railway cars, or other public conveyances, or on sidewalks, or on floors and other parts of public buildings.

"The penalty attached for violation of above by-law, is a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars with or without costs, or to imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding six months, or to both fine and imprisonment."

There are other ills which cause many deaths, nevertheless we believe if the foregoing or similar statutes were enforced there would be a saving of life; also protection to the Christian Indians would be assured.

G. H. RALEY.



INDIAN GRAVES, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

LETTER FROM

Rev. William Stone,

CLO-OOSE, VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.

CLO-OOSE, B.C.

Dear Friends,—On the western boundary of our fair Dominion, with none to dispute her rights save the bold Pacific, lies the island of Vancouver. In its peaceful moods the old ocean gently laves the Island's front, but again with its angry seas it "Bleaches and tears the ragged shore" as if mindful of the time, centuries ago,

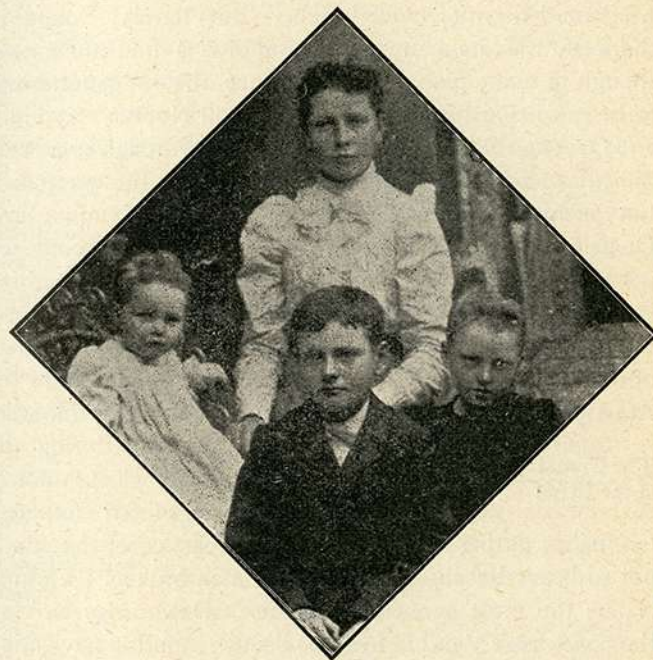
Vancouver
Island of
Volcanic
Formation.

when this encroachment was made upon its surface, for geologists claim Vancouver is of volcanic formation, of which there are strong indications, as seen in the conglomerate rock with its fossilized remains of submarine life. To the east of the Island we have the Gulf of Georgia joined to the main ocean at the south by the Straits of Fuca and at the north by a continuance of passages, the most important of which is Seymour Narrows. The towering Olympians on the one side keep guard over the peaceful waters of the southern passage, while on the other side stand Esquimalt and the Fort, on Macaulay Point, the marks of man's prowess. Seymour Narrows can tell a tale of wrath in the destruction of vessels with their crews, who ventured upon its angry waters at forbidden times. The tide here from the ocean rushes through a space of a few hundred yards with such force as to oppose strong steamers in their course.

The Island takes its name from one of those dauntless navigators who, with only sailing vessels under their command, explored the many inlets and sounds which form the broken coast line. Daring the perils of possible ship-

Named after
Capt.
Vancouver.

wreck and the opposition of superstitious Indians, they planted the English flag upon many a point. Capt. Vancouver, in his log, relates a conflict he had with a tribe in a bay at the mouth of the Straits, supposed to be the Pacheinahts, a band of the Nitinats. Of the east coast of the Island we



LUELLA,
GWEN, STEWART, AND GEORGE STONE,
NITENAT, WEST COAST VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.

(Goderich District.)

have a fair description in our school atlases and geographies. So there is only needed a mere mention of Victoria and Nanaimo, as the two important cities, the first, noted for being the chief seat of government, and containing one of the finest pile of buildings in Canada. These are the Provincial Parliament Buildings: the latter is noted for its extensive

coal-mining industries. Comox and Union, smaller towns to the north of Nanaimo, are also coal-mining towns.

Of the west coast we might enlarge somewhat. From Victoria to Cape Beale, the coast line is bold and unbroken.

The West Coast Of this, from Port San Juan to Cape Beale, a distance of forty-five miles, there is not the least shelter for shipping, and many a vessel has stranded on its cruel beach. But Barclay Sound, to the west, with its many islands, affords a fine anchorage, though in many places at its entrance the sea gauntlet has to be run. Farther west are Clayoquot, Nootka, Kyuquot and Quatsino Sounds, all safe anchorages, though somewhat difficult of access. There are no towns on the west coast, but such places as Alberni, Clayoquot, Kyuquot and Quatsino will, with the advancement in mining, become important centres. The whole west coast is yet in its embryo state.

The climate of the Island is moderate, due to the effect of the warm waters of the Japan current, which strikes the American continent here. This would be enjoyable were it not for the heavy rainfalls during the

The Climate of the Island winter months. The meteorological station at Carmaanh Lighthouse registered ten feet ten inches during the year. On the east coast the rain is not so heavy but the weather is as much broken. Victoria claims the most agreeable climate. Dense fogs envelop the coast from Victoria to Cape Scott, rendering navigation very difficult. It is a marvel how the captain of our coasting steamer finds his way through the many channels and sounds without mishap to his vessel. It requires nerve as well as caution to pilot, besides a precise knowledge of the coast.

Agricultural pursuits can not be encouraged, as the growth of cereals is not a success, except in the interior.

Agriculture. The Chinese The Market Gardeners. Roots and vegetables, however, are highly productive. But it appears the ubiquitous Chinaman has the monopoly of the vegetable market. A colony of Danes has lately immigrated to Cape Scott at the north-

west end of the Island. It is reported they are making a fair success at farming there.

Lumbering is carried on extensively on the sea coast by a large firm operating at Chemainus, a small town fifty miles from Victoria. There, timber and logs are taken from the vast limits on **Lumbering on the East Coast.** Valdez Island, at the north of the Gulf of Georgia. Immense firs are transformed into huge sticks of square timber or into spars for the great ocean-going vessels.

But particular attention is turned to the mineral productions of our Island. As before stated, coal is mined at Nanaimo, Wellington, and Union. The quality of the coal is much superior to that obtained in the State of Washington, and is in great demand by all foreign vessels, including not only the British, but the American Navy, whose warships are stationed on the Pacific coast. Another coal bed has been discovered at Quatsino Sound, which may prove a successful rival of those on the east coast, for it certainly could supply the shipping much more readily than Nanaimo.

The Coal Mining. Iron of no mean quality has been found in Barclay Sound. The group of claims comprising it is under the control of a wealthy syndicate which will operate them should the demand in the market increase.

But the mining prospector rests his faith on the gold which he expects the rocks of Vancouver to offer him. With his pick and shovel he scours the mountain side seeking vein after vein for the precious metal, and he does not go unrewarded. **The Gold Wealth.** Claims have been bonded, others sold entire, so it is to capital we are looking for the development of this greatest of resources. Near Alberni several claims have been proved, though not with the success anticipated. The Hayes mine, about 12 miles from the town, is the best proposition. The owner refused \$200,000 for this claim. The Bonthorn claim ranks next. There are many others

awaiting development which may prove them to be richer than these.

In the event of progress in mining, Clayoquot will become the chief centre of the west coast. Its location and harbor favor it, and it is rumored that enterprising parties have already secured a town site to be ready for the expected influx of people. But as inferred, before all depends upon the mining prospects maturing. The place will then have a steady growth. Already the scattered population of 150 to 200 forms a fair nucleus.

We earnestly hope the leaven of righteousness will exercise its influence on the social condition of the people.

The young men who come from eastern homes must not leave their moral and religious tendencies behind, as, sad to relate, is too often the case, for they form a most important requisite even if viewed only from the point of influence, and an essential factor in tempering the qualities of those already here, not forgetting our red brother, who unconsciously, as well as with intent, imitates the white brother.

We cannot better reward the Indian for his lands we have taken than to set him the example of a moral, godly life. We pray God to thus help our boys to retain the religious principles inculcated through the teachings of devoted fathers and mothers who reverently do His will.

Yours faithfully,

WM. STONE.

Bring Your
Religion with
You when
You Come
West.

We are an
Example to
the Indians.

LETTER FROM

Rev. J. C. Spencer, M.D.,

BELLA COOLA, B.C.

*Supported by the Epworth Leagues of Stanstead
and Waterloo Districts.*

BELLA COOLA, B.C.,

August, 1903.

Dear Leaguers,—During our fishing season there is more or less disregard for the Sabbath, owing to the wording of the fishing laws. Cannery steamers run any time during Sunday for the convenience, pleasure or profit of those concerned.

There is always more or less gambling among both whites and Indians, and general laxness of morals with the multiplication of numbers.

As far as our experience goes, it is to the effect that the closer Indians come in contact with white people the less they are inclined to openly profess Christ.

There is a law against Indians having, making or using any intoxicants. A short time ago, in a village near us, many of the Indians became intoxicated on some native wine. When spoken to about it the only excuse offered was that their leader, a white man in the village, had been in like condition, and why should not they?

Amidst all the discouragements in our work we are not without hope. A woman said to me lately: "You have done my boys great good. They are greatly changed. I thank you with all my heart."

You will be glad to learn that we expect to be in our new house for Christmas. It seems too good to be true. The main building is 26 x 30, with a kitchen 18 x 24.

Influence
of Bad
White Men.

A Grateful
Mother.

Our New
House.

Our School
and one of Our
Scholars.

Our school is in operation, but owing to many families going after berries or salmon or other native food supply, the attendance is small. One young girl from our school is far gone in tuberculosis. While her body is gradually losing strength, she is resigned and apparently ready for the change.

Social
Conditions
Improving.

From a social point of view and improvement of the natural resources of the land, much can be said.

Land is being cleared and broken up, orchards being planted, cattle, horses and fowl increasing in numbers.

These we look upon as healthful signs, but we long to see a spiritual uplift.

While we see good is being accomplished, there is so much to do that what we accomplish seems like drops, when it should be a copious shower. We are working and

praying, and we think we see signs of a breaking down of heathenism.

The Dark
Hour Before
the Dawn.

It is said "the darkest hour is before the dawn." That hour seems to have come in our work, and we are hoping for the dawning. Asking your prayers,

Yours in the work,

J. C. SPENCER.

THE
WORK
IN

CHINA



LETTER FROM

Dr. James Cox,

Supported by the Epworth Leagues of Carman District.

(Sailed Nov. 2nd, 1903.)

To the Leaguers of the Carman District:



DR. JAMES R. COX.

Dear Fellow-Workers,—I rejoice with you in the responsibility you have assumed in having a representative in the Mission Field. Dr. Cox wrote a short letter to you expressing his regret that as he only had three weeks in Canada after his appointment to China, it would be impossible for him to visit your district and meet the young people who had united in prayer, study and giving for his support.

Unfortunately this letter, together with some papers which I had taken with me to edit, was stolen from a valise in a railway station. I regret the necessity of asking you to accept this letter from me instead of the one Dr. Cox wrote. It is likely he will send a letter for the next BULLETIN from Shanghai.

Dr. Cox, Rev. A. C. Hoffman, Rev. R. C. Armstrong and Miss Fox, were the missionaries who sailed from Vancouver, Nov. 2nd. Mr. Armstrong is stationed at Shizuoka, Japan; Miss Fox, under the W.M.S., Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman and Dr. Cox will all work in our West China Mission.

Appointed
to China
Oct., 1903.

The Mission-
ary Party
Sailed Nov. 2.