Letters from Missionaries in the Indian Work.

REV. T. CROSBY,
Kingston District E.L.
See Appendix.

SARDIS, B.C., Jan. 5, 1903.

Dear Fellow Leaguers,—I wish you all a very Happy New Year. This we shall have in just so far as we give up ourselves to the blessed Master and spend and be spent in His service. I must now hasten to give you some account of our work and how we try to do it. I said in my last that I would tell you of the Hop Fields. Soon after the great salmon fishing season at the mouth of the Fraser closes, the people begin to gather at the hop yards. This brings a lively time for a few weeks in visiting the people and holding extra services. I am pleased to say that we again had the help of the young people of Carman Church Epworth League, their singing was very valuable in four of the six services held each Sabbath. Many of the people who came from the south coast and the Lower Fraser, were Roman Catholics. Large numbers gathered from the Upper Fraser, Thompson River, Lytton and North Bend, the majority of these being Church of England. Then there were the heathen and our own people from all around. The people were very desirous to hear the word and in many cases listened attentively. Some who did not come to the service heard the preaching and the singing while sitting at their tent doors. We speak to the people of the Lower Fraser in their own tongue, for the Thompson people we have to use the "Chinook."

Hop Fields and the Peoples who gather.

I shall not soon forget the last Sabbath night of our service at the lower hop camps. We were gathered as usual around a little fire, lanterns were hung around the large tent of our chief, Wm. Sagars. The seats were sticks of wood, boxes, boards and rails. The Leaguers were there in good force and sang many of the Gospel songs. The text, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark," gave a good chance to urge these poor dying people into the ark of safety. As the service went on I felt I was speaking to people (mostly R. C.), many of whom would never hear the truth again. I could see them about their tents and sitting at the doors. As my voice rang out I felt sure everyone could hear and I trust that the seed sown may bring forth fruit. I fear I broke Wesley's rule "not to speak too long nor too loud."

During these times we have additional work with the sick and we must do what we can by food and medicine. Some come who fancy they are sick or for fear they will be sick. One has a cold or a chill, or sore hands with handling the hops, and a boy or girl is sent for medicine. Another has inflammatory rheumatism, a bad case, so medicine is given and a bottle of the best liniment. If we have not got the remedy we send to the druggist in town. Another has a broken leg which has been splintered and fixed up and is nearly well again, but the mother wishes to have a pair of crutches made, and she must have something to rub on the joints for fear her son will never be able to walk again. Another has a bad tooth (this kind are frequent), and Sunday or week day he must have it out. As soon as that one is relieved, another comes and sits down, and says, "O, what trouble he has had," well, which is the one, I ask? Putting his finger in, then says, "there are two or three all sore." I get hold of one and out it comes. He gets it in his hand. "O, mis-

Mr. Crosby and the Sick Folk.

sionary, says he, you got the wrong one." Then hold still and out comes the next one. Then he says, "Now you have the right one—which is quite evident—and then the first one is put back and he is told to be careful for a while and it will be all right. Some time after he laughs and says it is all right. Another poor old man is suffering with Bronchitis and must have help. His wife is blind and has been for years. His son's wife is a Roman Catholic and does not make much out at cooking, so, as he lives near by, the missionary's wife has arranged for him to come and take one good meal at the Mission House each day.

The Week-day Services.

Our work each week is as follows, when we are not off on the long trips: Tuesday, services at Kulting Lake, six miles; Wednesday, at Snow Lake, near by; Thursday, Survor's Landing and Atlitze, a trip of nine miles; Friday, at Jackston a trip of four miles and Sunday a full day. Our Squatters' trip takes us away for several days as it is a trip of 50 miles. Sumass Lake trip is 45 miles. Capt. John, the hired local preacher helps in most of these services with me or in my absence. All this work is done by horseback or cart. Pray for us that we may have grace to go on and sow by all waters. It is a great honor that God has placed upon us, that we should be permitted to point the ones and twos to Christ. We cannot tell which shall prosper, this or that. Oh, that we may have a revival and see souls saved.

Your missionary in the fight,

T. Crosby.

Rev. B. C. Freeman, B.A.
Guelph District Epworth Leagues.
See Appendix.

Skidigate, B.C.

Jan. 13, 1903.

To Epworth Leaguers of the Guelph District:

Dear Fellow Missionaries,—Miss Kitching writes us by last mail of your successful district convention, and especially of your advance in givings to our support. Since this is a personal matter, we should feel personal gratitude, and we trust we do. But to you are due congratulations for the interest you have won in the missionary cause.

Sunday Services and Epworth League at Skidigate.

Just now is our busy season, while for two or three months the people are at home. Four in-door services beginning at 7 a.m., two out-door services and a Sunday school fill up the Sunday. An open-air and in-door service are taken by the Epworth League, while I am with the Sunday school. Our E. L. President and Vice the people call captains, after Salvation Army fashion. But "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and I find them loyal supporters and most effective helpers in the work. Our annual election of E. L. officers by ballot between Christmas and New Years passed off very quietly and satisfactorily. I hope our League may be induced to join your district in the "Forward Movement."

This fall we have not had many conversions, though one or two notable ones, and some who had withdrawn have come back to the church. Last Sunday night three more souls gave themselves to Christ. We thank God and take courage. There is also very noticeable among the believers a better understanding of Christian principles and a deepening of the work of grace.

Our holidays passed by without any dancing or other questionable practice. On the contrary, several quarrels which had much disturbed the peace of the community were dropped, and the principals publicly shook hands.

A $200 Organ Bought and Paid for by the Indians.

At the close of the fishing season our people determined on getting an organ for the church. Previously we had relied on the instrument from the mission house for special events such as concerts, etc. A subscription of nearly two hundred dollars was raised, and now we have a handsome Bell organ from your city in our church. Christmas night we celebrated with Christmas Tree and Concert. It was the first Christmas Tree ever seen at Skidigate and consequently attracted considerable interest. Five or ten-cent toys were provided for all the children. The tree was well hung with bright-colored trinkets, while a bevy of prettily dressed dolls hovered before the admiring gaze of eager little black eyes. To them it must have seemed almost a vision of Paradise, and the older ones were proportionately pleased. It cost Miss Stevenson and myself three or four dollars each. I wonder if our friends in the East would like to have a share in our next. Miss Stevenson presented each of the school children and little ones with a treat in the shape of a little bag of candies and nuts with an orange.

The First Christmas Tree at Skidigate.

The accompanying copy of concert programme may not prove wholly uninteresting.

Lives almost lost by poisoning.

A glimpse of the other side of life here is afforded by the occurrence of an incident last week which came near to having a fatal termination. Eight people were poisoned by eating salmon roe which had passed even the edible stage on its way to (or through) putrifaction. We completely despaired of saving the lives of some of them for a time, but all are now happily on the way to

recovery, and once again we are taking full allowance of sleep.

New Road made by Blasting.

Just now I hear the report of some blasts where the Council is cutting a road through some rocks, with much labor and expense, to reach the oil factory with a waggon. When completed a few weeks hence it will be a road of which they may well be proud. So we keep moving.

Yours in the work,

B. C. FREEMAN.

Eight Converted.

P.S.—Jan. 19—The best news for the post script, which is of course the very proper thing. Last night, in a crowded meeting, eight more souls made a start for the Kingdom of Grace. It was hard to close the meeting. We trust there may be more to follow.

A symposium of expressions of sympathy and interest reached us by last mail in the shape of a letter from all the leagues of your district. Some of the signatures recall memories of all too brief acquaintances made during our visit to the East, while all express such Christian sympathy and desire to help, that we are much encouraged. We need the confidence and prayers which we believe you heartily offer.

B. C. F.

Programme of Concert and Christmas Tree at Skidigate, B.C., Dec. 25, 1902.

1. Hymn No. 298 Canadian Hymnal—Congregation.
2. Prayer.
3. Anthem, "Triumph of the Skies."—Choir.
4. Motion Song, "Hush-a-bye."—Four little girls.
5. Selection by Band.
6. Solo, "Pretty Moon"—Lydia Bell, 11 years.
7. Song, "Message of the Bells."—School.
8. Anthem, "Christ my Hope."—Choir.
9. Solo, Tiny little Snowflakes."—Gertie Russ, 12 years.
10. Motion Song, "All for Jesus"—Five Children.
11. Carol, "Praise Him."—Choir.
12. Selection by Band.
13. Collection and Intermission.
14. Organ Solo.—Miss Stevenson.

15. Song, "I would be a little Light."—School.
16. Recitation, "My Doll."—Gertie Russ.
17. Song, "Ring in the Morn."—Young Ladies.
18. Motion Song, "Dollies Dear."—Five little Girls.
19. Anthem, "I was Glad."—Choir.
20. Solo, "Little Feet"—Sophia Gladstone, 8 years.
21. Motion Song, "The Shoemaker."—Four Girls.
22. Club Swinging.—Maggie Chamberlain.
23. Anthem, "Joy to the World."—Choir.
24. Selection by Band.
25. Distribution of Presents.
26. "God Save the King."

R. W. LARGE, M.D.,
Toronto Central District E.L.
See Appendix.

BELLA BELLA, B.C.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Many of you may have noticed in the *Outlook* that we were at work on our Bella Bella Hospital. In April there were not many men home but we made a bee and succeeded in getting the framework up. Then when the people returned from fur-sealing at Goose Island, in June, the men turned out splendidly, so well that inside of ten days we had the building almost complete. Two or three men did the cooking for the workers, and the Hospital supplied the food. Meals were served in the firehall. We had as many as forty men working some days, and as all the work done was free labor, we were pleased they turned out so well. On our return from Rivers Inlet in August, we had two or three of the best carpenters finishing the inside. We were delayed by the non-arrival of material, but on October 27th, the building was opened and at time of writing we have six in-patients. Two of these belong to Bella Bella, and the other four are from surrounding villages. We are all much pleased with the arrangements of the Hospital, and while we have to do without some of the furnishings for the present because of shortage of funds, we can manage very nicely.

How Bella Bella Hospital was Built.

The School Built by the Indians paid for out of "Fines."

We have our school house built and are using it for church and school purposes. The Council of Chiefs—who are appointed by the Indian Agent, and have the power of fining members of the tribe guilty of gambling, drinking, fighting and immorality—paid for the erection of the building out of the funds they had on hand from fines imposed. Two or three of the Indians took the contract and did very creditable work. It relieved me considerably and the Indians took pride in putting their best work upon it. The building is 25 x 31 feet, and while it is small for Sunday congregations, it is a great comfort after the make-shifts we have had since moving to our new site.

The Ladies' Aid are going to Furnish the Church.

A Ladies' Aid has recently been organized among the Indian women. The nurse, school teacher, and Mrs. Large direct them in their sewing and knitting. They expect to have a sale of work sometime this winter and the proceeds are to be kept for furnishing our new church, when built. The women have not been very enthusiastic but are attending better now and are becoming interested. Both men and women are so undemonstrative that it is difficult sometimes to know whether they like a thing or not. They resemble children in wanting constant changes and in showing often a persistent preference for those things they would be better without.

A Pathetic Attempt to save a Little Girl.

On Sunday at church we noticed one of our middle aged married men, who has no children of his own, carrying a little girl of about two years of age. On inquiry we learned that the child had been given to him to raise. The parents of the child had never been able to bring

up their little ones and so had given their only remaining child to another to see if he could succeed where they had failed. He had already successfully reared two children left to him by departed relatives. It was pathetic, knowing all the circumstances, to find them giving the child with its inherited disease to another and expecting him to nurture it into healthy girlhood and womanhood.

Sad Death of an Old Hunter.

Since writing the above, one of our oldest members has been brought in from one of the camps dead. He was out with his son-in-law and another Indian hunting. The two younger men started up a mountain after a mountain sheep. They each succeeded in shooting one. Old Duncan rowed out into the channel to direct the hunters, if necessary, as to the position of the game. A squall coming up capsized his boat. He managed to climb up on the upturned boat and saved a pair of oars and rowlocks. The hunters descending the mountain side saw the position he was in and, dropping the sheep, hurried to the beach. It was sometime before they reached him. He had got the boat close to shore and was clinging to a fallen tree in the water. With difficulty they got him ashore. They took off their warm underclothing and put it on him. One woollen cap was put over his feet and another on his head and their coats were wrapped about him. The capsized boat was righted and they started for camp, the son-in-law holding the old man in his arms all the way and trying to bring heat into his body with his warm breath. It was some hours before they reached camp and he expired as they were carrying him up to the house. His body was brought home to Bella Bella in a box made of rough hewn boards. Willing hands were at the beach to carry him up to his home which was soon full of sympathizing neighbors.

One living on an Indian reserve could hardly forget

the shortness of human life. If we can only get them to live well we need not care if death comes unheralded.

At the end of September I made a trip to vancouver and Victoria to purchase supplies and furnishing for our hospital. I had the pleasure of spending two or three days in the company of the out-going missionaries as we all boarded together in Victoria, and I saw them on board the "Empress" a few hours before starting on my return journey. We should all thank our Heavenly Father that such workers are offering themselves for the service in the regions beyond. Miss Boynes has sent us recently a very newsy District Letter. Mrs. Large purposes sending a letter to the Juniors very shortly.

Wishing you all richest blessing.

Yours in the Master's service,

R. W. LARGE.

KILAMAAT, B. C.

REV. G. H. RALEY.
Wingham District E. L.
See Appendix.

Dear Fellow Leaguers,—Knowing how interested you are in this mission and hearing so often of the support you give to the work here, I readily act upon Mr. Raley's suggestion to write to you. "The custom pertaining to the dead" is especially interesting to me and may be equally so to you.

The Indians are so superstitious. Just now there is a prisoner in the Council-house accused of witchcraft. His Indian name is Weguin-nat.

Witchcraft.

This is the story as told to Mr. Raley: "He was seen at midnight moving slowly along on his hands and knees, to the lower graveyard, in among the trees on the edge of the forest

The dreaded Dead Box.

where it is believed he keeps his 'dead-box.' His covering of a blanket and heathen head-dress, so completely disguised him that those who saw him believed it to be a bear at first."

The very name dead-box suggests something weird does it not?, Those skilled in witchcraft have a dead-box into which is placed all sorts of dreadful things as skulls, arms and legs of both human beings and wild animals. These have accumulated year after year until the box is well filled with bones from which the decayed flesh had fallen off (this is too dreadful to believe and yet it is all quite true.) But you wonder at the purpose of this dead-box?

Well, it is believed by the Indians that an order of witch doctors can through this dead-box produce death not only to *one* but to as many as they will, by placing in close proximity to one of the limbs in this box, a lock of hair or a piece of worn garment taken from the person whose death they want to accomplish.

Now, it is all very well for people who have not been brought face to face with the horrible effects of this witchcraft, to laugh at superstition. For while it is obvious that there is nothing in it, yet the effect on these people who do earnestly believe it, is simply wonderful. When they become aware that some enemy has sought the aid of the witch-doctor to kill them, the nervous system receives a shock from which it never, or seldom recovers. The victim of this witchcraft, or "Indian poison," as it is called by white people, pines away and eventually dies. Their last days are filled with indescribable horror, they refuse to take food, they believe their is no possible escape, they must die, and they do. The mind in this case as in others controls the body.

When a lock of hair or piece of worn garment is put into a coffin with a corpse, the person from whom it is stolen is doomed to death in like manner. A few

weeks ago an old man died and his wife was accused of putting a lock of her enemy's hair into the coffin. Her son came to tell Mr. Raley and begged his consent to have the coffin taken up and opened to prove that his mother was not guilty of such a crime. This is no uncommon occurrence. They do not trust each other but generally come for Mr. Raley to witness that nothing is put into the coffin when the body is nailed up, which is done immediately after death, and not at the funeral as is the custom elsewhere.

Twice last winter (1901) when Mr. Raley was away at Port Simpson, I was called upon to go and witness. It is so weird at these ceremonies over the dead. All the people crying about the floor, not crying as we cry, but a heartless, stony wail, sometimes loud, sometimes low, rising and falling in a weird chant. When any one dies the mourners cut their hair at the neck and let it fall in veil-like fashion over their faces.

Hired Mourners.

Many of those that mourn are hired to do so, and the honor conferred on the dead is according to the amount the family has at its disposal in blankets, trinkets, etc., wherewith to pay the criers.

There were many deaths in January. The missionary having to conduct two or three funerals daily sometimes. The cry for the dead in so many houses was continuous for weeks, the last thing at night and the first thing to be heard in the morning was the weird "Annah-nah! Annah-nah!" their wail of woe, rising and falling on the winter wind that so often moaned as a sympathetic accompaniment.

The Feast for the Dead.

A feast is given for the "dead," either between death and burial or immediately after burial, when heathen songs are chanted and sometimes the pagan-dance indulged. This latter is almost a thing of the past, many are ashamed to do it now. They love to be

called *Christian* Indians, and yet these old customs are very dear to them.

Christian burial and heathen rites

It is the custom to place a tent or build a small cedar house over the grave. In it they place garments and other possessions of the dead, as wash-basins or any such treasures. While they want Christian burial for their dead, as the missionary is most anxious to give them, yet if they are allowed they will mingle heathen practices ; for instance, not long ago a leading chief died and while Mr. Raley was reading in their language the burial service, a very near relative of the dead chief started to kindle a fire on the snow to burn some garments. By this means it is thought the departed benefit. The missionary, of course, put the fire out before proceeding. At another funeral the other day, the same person repeated the attempt to sacrifice to the dead in the Christian graveyard.

Perhaps you may know that in some parts of British Columbia the Indians place their dead in boxes *on* the ground. The Kitamaat's tribe did that until recently. Just a few years ago other tribes placed their dead high in trees. In some villages of the interior not under the care of missionaries and away from white settlers, the custom of burning the dead is still prevailing, though this is discontinued generally when the influence of the missionaries teaching begins to be felt.

Trusting the foregoing description of *one* of the characteristic customs has been of interest to you.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

NEATA MARKLAND.

PORT SIMPSON, B. C.

Dec. 5th, 1902.

REV. S. S. OSTERHOUT, PH.D.

Brampton District E.L.
See Appendix.

Dear Epworth Leaguers,—I received a very cheering letter from your President and my old college friend, Brother Bowles. Before writing my letter, let me first congratulate you upon your happy choice of a President. I can easily tell by the tone of his letter that he has the missionary spirit and if we can but instill that same spirit into each and all of the Leaguers of the district then your trouble will all be at an end and league work will become a real pleasure. The Church or League which always gathers and never scatters abroad has in it the sure elements of decay. History proves it.

The Missionary Spirit Means Life.

Now my dear Leaguers let me tell you something of the work we are doing, and have blocked out to do for the winter. Our people are all home now for the season and Port Simpson is a busy little town I assure you. We have now about seven or eight hundred Indians here, all of whom have long since adopted Christianity. They no longer live in their old style of Indian houses with the low flat roofs, but in new neat cottages, snug, warm and ornamental. They now have an Elective Council which administers the laws of the town, twelve representative men and chiefs, elected by public ballot. They have a Temperance Society, a Fire Department and several stores. To all outward appearances they have embraced civilization and Christianity also, for we have a large church, a day school, a Home for girls and another for boys, where they are taught God's Word and the principle of our religion. They

An Up-to-date Indian Town.

all dress in European costume, although some of our good old women, as yet, have not abandoned the old custom of wearing handkerchiefs on their heads instead of hats. In this we have not discouraged them, for we think they look better in their own head-dress.

Many old Customs yet Remain—The Marriage Gift.

Although in outward aspects they are accurate imitators of the white man, as yet they have not been able to conform morally and spiritually to the best approved customs and habits of the whites. Their old-time customs in marriages, burials and the appointing of chiefs are very hard to root out. Only this afternoon we called in a number to see if, for the coming winter, we could take some aggressive steps to prevent or induce our more sturdy Christians from indulging in these practices, which are clearly contrary to the principles of the Master. Let me explain.

When a young man marries it has always been the custom of the Indians who are related to the bride to make a great present to him, the amount ranging anywhere from $100 to $500. Ostensibly this has been given to the bride, but as a matter of fact for future reckoning, it has only been loaned to the groom, and he must return it all with usury. You will all readily see the evil entailed. It is not a hardship for the bride's friends to raise this amount, for they are many, but it is very hard indeed for the newly married couple to return this amount. The result invariably is that the young people slave year in and year out, submitting themselves to all kinds of hardship and exposure in order that they may the sooner be free of debt. But some of you will say, why don't he keep the money and return it the following day? But he cannot for it has all been eaten up. With that money he has to give a big feast and call all the friends of both their tribes. At this great feast hundreds are in attendance, and all seem happy and full of flattering remarks and compliments, but only the young man knows how

much he shall toil and prespire before he will be able to refund the money used.

This is only one of several customs we have yet to eradicate and they all are as deeply rooted as the Indian nature itself or the Indian's blood.

The Epworth League Services.

Our League is in a more prosperous condition than it has ever been before. They are organized in all four departments, but work the Christian Endeavor most. Before these meetings they march with banner and drum through the town, singing Gospel hymns. They form a circle on the square and preach the Word and invite all to join the League and labour for the Master. They have new recruits every month and seem greatly encouraged. Next Sabbath they are going to hold a seven o'clock a.m. prayer-meeting in the League room and will continue it through the winter months. During Christmas and New Year's week we shall join them and hold the meeting in the church every morning throughout the week. So while you are praying for us we shall pray for you, and for the baptism of the Spirit upon the whole Christian Church, that for the coming year we may move forward with more faith, zeal and self-sacrifice for Jesus.

The Spirit of Gideon Needed.

Next Monday we are going to see how many Indians we have of the spirit of Gideon, who was by his father called "Jeru-baal" or the "destroyer of Baal" because he overturned in his own town the altar of Baal and the images. I hope all the Leaguers over the district will pray for us that we may gain a decisive victory this winter, a victory not for ourselves but for the glory of God and the advancement of His own cause. My Leaguers here to a man are with me in this work of reformation, but their influence is almost nothing in comparison to the strength of the chiefs and those who favor these things. May God help us all and make us more useful. Yours in cheerful service,

S. S. OSTERHOUT.

REV. W. H. PIERCE,
British Columbia Conference
Epworth Leagues.
See Appendix.

KISHPIAX, UPPER SKEENA, B.C.

Oct. 6th, 1902.

Dear Fellow Workers,—It is now about five weeks since we reached home from the coast after fishing was over. Last Sunday our new church was used for the first time, after the people returned from the coast where they spent the summer months. Carpet and matting had just been put down and the church looked very nice. The people felt quite proud of its improved appearance. This improvement was all due to the efforts of our Ladies' Aid. At the close of the evening service we had the old-fashioned penitent form. Several came forward seeking for a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit. Many heathen present were deeply impressed and felt the time had come when they should begin a new life. We feel confident that ere long they will take the step. Next Sunday night we will have the penitent form again. There are indeed, many cheering signs around us for good to encourage us in our work.

Church Re-opened. Ladies Aid.

What a difference now from what it was a few years ago. Then, to come up from the coast into the interior was considered unsafe. No one dare go half an hour's distance from his camp or village. There was war, robbery, piracy and slavery reigning everywhere. The Gospel of Jesus Christ has changed all this, now everbody is free to roam where he wills. There is active Christian life everywhere. Many have renounced their heathen customs. The sick are visited and are prayed with. Christians go to their enemies

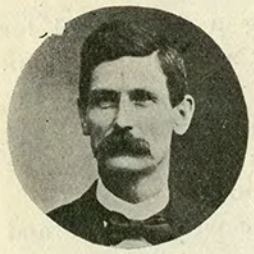
Without the Gospel War, with the Gospel Peace.

and make reconciliation with them. This has often made a powerful impression on the heathen, because they saw that the Christians could do what was impossible to the heathen. Many heathen have been so overcome by this conduct of the Christians, that they have come to us and said, "The Lord Jesus has conquered." Now churches and schools are planted along the river.

Travelling in the Old Days and the New Days.

Not a dozen years ago the only mode of travelling into the interior was by canoe, but we can now reach our destination by steamboat. When any special message had to be sent off to the coast in the days gone, a canoe had to be engaged which cost quite a sum of money. Now all we have to do is to go to the telegraph office and the message is flashed over the wire. And the next thing we hear of, coming right to our doors, is a railroad. So who will say that the former times were the best, or that missionary efforts are a failure. The Lord be praised.

Yours in Christ,
W. H. PIERCE.



REV. J. C. SPENCER, M.D.
Epworth Leagues of Stanstead
and Waterloo Districts.
See Appendix.

BELLA COOLA, B.C.,

Nov., 1902.

Dear Leaguers, — Just a week ago to-day, three Norwegians and myself left Namu Harbor for Bella Coola. Our conveyance was a small row boat. Namu Harbor is a cannery establishment on the regular steamboat channel for all northern vessels. Bella Coola is 60 miles distant at the head of an inlet. We left Namu 10 a.m. Tuesday, and knowing that a cold, strong, off-shore gale might meet us any moment which would render it impossible

How Dr. Spencer Reaches Some of his Patients.

to go ahead or even to return, we worked incessantly till Wednesday, 5 p.m., when we landed in Bella Coola. The evening we landed the cold wind began and continued for a week. At present writing, a snowstorm is on which is likely to last for several days and end up in a rain.

In the kindness of your hearts you ask us to tell our difficulties, which we seldom do, but I am going to let you have a few this time. In this village some of the people subscribed towards a new church. In all, we raised $188.00. That of course was not enough to begin a building with; in the meantime we are trying to raise more. At present some of the original subscribers say as we have not built a new church they want their money back.

New Church Needed, also the Money for Building It.

The Indians of this place set apart six acres of their Reserve for Mission purposes, on which they want us to erect a Boarding School, but we have not seen our way clear to open such a school as it incurs considerable expense. Some of the people now say the land must be handed back to them at once or a school opened.

The Day School and the Boarding School.

We are teaching a day school for Indian children, but some of them think if they send their children to a day school they will never get a boarding school. So they keep their children home thinking to force us or the Government to open a boarding school.

We have in this village a clever wood carver and silversmith. We looked upon him as a standby, but much to our surprise he left us this year and went back among his heathen friends. He makes considerable money doing work for the heathen dancers. Such things as head dresses, masks, whistles, etc., are among the articles he makes. His last production is a large wooden face through which

A Silversmith Goes Back to Heathenism to Work for the Heathen Dances.

the doorway opens into the house, the nose serving for a porch.

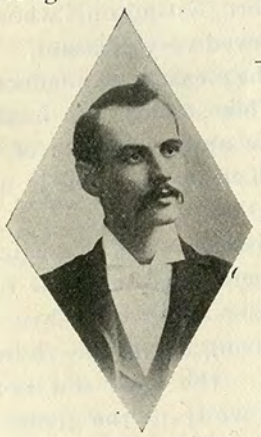
I am at present treating a young man with pneumonia. The friends think an evil spirit has entered him, since he has the same symptoms another man had who was cured by the Indian doctor driving the evil spirit out. These people have arrived at the stage where they are afraid to forsake the ways of their fathers and advance according to the white man's notions; or else from love of old and evil ways they cling to them. During the last year heathenism has been revived. Now what shall we do? Shall we leave them in their superstition and darkness, to go out sooner or later in extinction, or shall we still hold a torch to lighten the gloom surrounding our fellow creatures? The heathen Indian lives in dread of something going to happen to him. Sometimes it is to be killed by a wizard (medicine man) who is supposed to poison the system of the victim, at other times some equally untimely end.

Indian Superstition and Fear of the Medicine Man's Power.

Shall we leave him or bear with the ignorance, superstition and uncongenial surroundings, hoping that at some future time the tide of truth may rise high enough to cover every Indian village.

It is for you to answer,

J. C. SPENCER.



Rev. R. A. Spencer.
St. Thomas District E.L.
See Appendix.

LAK-KALZAP,
NAAS HARBOR, B.C.

Dear Epworth Leaguers,—Leaving Bruce Mines, Ont., our former charge, on Friday, September 5, we arrived in Vancouver, B. C., on Tuesday, September 9. The journey overland was interesting and pleasant. Interesting to the farmer, for away to right and left stretched fields white unto the harvest. Interesting to

the sportsman, for from every pond, marsh, and lake rose innumerable flocks of wild fowl. On our journey many pleasing acquaintances were made. At Calgary, where we stopped for breakfast, on Monday, September 18, we had the pleasure of meeting Rev. W. H. Wood, B.A., a former college friend of Victoria University.

Going through the Rocky Mountains.

The trip through the mountains was magnificent. Snow-capped heights gleaming in the sunshine, wooded mountain sides, rushing waters, made an everchanging picture. There still rings in my ear the excited words of our colored porter, as he sought to point out to an anxious passenger the famous "Kicking Horse." "There! There! don't you see it? See, right up there by that hole in the rock. See it now eh?"

In Vancouver, we had an experience of waiting, but the time was fully occupied in getting ready our supplies for the winter.

On September 19th, we left Vancouver on the Canadian Pacific Navagation Company's steel steamer *Tees*. On board were several lady teachers returning to their respective schools, after holidays. Among these was Miss Turner, of Port Essington, whose friendship and companionship proved very pleasant.

On Sabbath morning we had the pleasure of conducting divine service on board. This service was made more interesting by the presence and assistance of a converted and educated Haida chief, whose home is at Nasset, Queen Charlotte Islands.

At Hartley Bay we saw the missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Reid, but there was only time to say "How are you?" a hand grasp and "Good-bye." At Port Essington it was our pleasing misfortune to be stranded for about seven hours. The time did not hang heavily upon our hands, as we spent the greater part of it in the genial company of Rev. D. Jennings and wife at the mission house.

A run of eight hours from Port Essington brought us to Port Simpson, where we found Rev. Dr. Osterhout and wife waiting to see us. With them was Mr. Richards, principal of the Boys' Home.

The trip to Lak-Kalzap with Mr. Osterhout as Guide.

By request of Dr. Whittington, superintendent of Indian Missions in British Columbia, Bro. Osterhout accompanied us to Lak Kalzap, to introduce us to the people, and see us properly initiated. Right royally did he perform his work. Nor can we forget the kindness of Mrs. Osterhout, who leaving her own little ones at midnight without even saying good-bye, came along and literally cleared the way for us in the mission house at Lak-Kalzap.

At Naas Harbor, our post-office, we left the steamer, and embarked in a fishing skiff for our twenty miles' sail up the Naas river. Our reception was a most kindly one. The people, after two years' loneliness, were very happy to have a missionary once more among them. Perhaps the intervening period has not been without its good effects. Our treatment at the hands of Christian and heathen has been that of uniform kindness. One's heart aches to help these people in their struggles upward to the light.

It would be unwise for me, a new comer in this field of Indian missionary effort, to say much, nevertheless I do believe that the Indian is not altogether to blame for the present low place he holds in the estimation of the more civilized. Let it not be forgotten, however, that it was the civilized (?) white who brought to him the cup that inebriates; and it is the so-called civilized white who is the bane of the mission work on the frontier. He it is, who going up and down among them, by his looseness of life teaches them lowness of morals. These thoughts are the result of observation and conversations with missionaries grown gray in this work called Indian missions. While

The bad white man's influence over the Indian.

the Indians will never become white, they may, by true and constant teaching, be led to renounce sin, become law-respecting, law-obeying, home-keeping people. By renouncing sin and by believing in Jesus Christ, and obeying His words, they will be fitted for the great life here and the greater life beyond.

Last, but not least, we have had the pleasure of baptizing and receiving into our church here, two who but lately renounced heathenism.

Pray for us, and for these people, whom our blessed Lord died to redeem.

R. A. SPENCER.

REV. W. J. STONE,
Goderich District, E.L.
See Appendix.

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

Dear Epworth Leaguers,—Again I am reminded of my obligation to you. Assured that you are deeply interested in our work I am the more encouraged, and were it not for the further assurance that many prayers ascend from the altars, and within the private seclusions where none but God hears, I would grow faint at times. The winter's experience has indeed been a trying one. Heathenism rife in all its forms opposed us as never before. Withal the leaven has been working and the seed sown, watered by Divine Grace, will bring a glorious fruitage in our Redeemer's cause. God hath said, "My word shall not return unto Me void." Jesus hath not died in vain. Looking at the condition metaphorically it may be somewhat significant of Pacific Coast winter weather, in which we have the cloud predominate the sunshine. But enough of this. We can pray more earnestly, believe more firmly, and examining our hearts

Heathenism everywhere.

as we pray "Thy Kingdom Come," let us comply with the condition "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations."

However every cloud has its bright side and how often it is interlined with the silver and the gold. A pleasant reaction has set in. The attendance is better than ever and a manifest interest is shown. The other day one of the heathen chiefs from a village 6 miles away came to me and said, "Mr. Stone we want to do better. The white man's curse—referring to liquor—is killing us. We would be glad to have you come and talk with us. My house is ready for you any time you will speak." How my heart warmed as I thanked him and told him I would not fail to call on him as often as I could. Twice since then have I visited them, holding services both times, and the old man and his tribesman present. The last time one woman remarked that our words were good and their hearts were made glad. May the Spirit of Light illumine these dark benighted minds.

A heathen Chief says "The white man's curse is killing us."

I would give you an instance of gratitude expressed by a sick Indian. He became afflicted with a most loathsome disease. We waited on him for four or five times a day to administer medicine. He was giving up hope of life but we encouraged him not to despair. When recovering he said, "My heart is glad to the Missionary whose medicine helped me so much. I cannot forget such kindness as through God, and I pray to Him always. If my mother were alive she could not do for me, nor would she, she would be afraid. My father would be afraid also. I am now attending on God every day." The above is a literal translation.

An Indian's Gratitude.

Shall I now translate a triumphant death of one of our Christian Indians, Bob Johnson. He contracted a very heavy cold which aggravated the tubercular disease

How the Christian Indians die.

that had taken hold of him. He felt he could not survive, so made ready for the change. He entrusted his wife's and children's interests with me in a verbal will he made—the first of the kind among the Nitinats. He also requested me to make his coffin for him, adding, "I want it round just like Lorne's" our little fellow whose grave is among the other graves. Then he would have us sing his favorite song.

There's a beautiful land on high
To its glories I fain would fly,
When by sorrow pressed down
I long for my crown
In that beautiful land on high.

In that beautiful land I'll be
From earth and its cares set free,
My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

And dear Leaguers he had a word for you. "Tell them" he said; "I thank them for sending the missionary with the Word to Nitinat. Tell them I am ready to die and I will meet them up yonder." My eyes welled with tears to hear such testimony. What a bright ray of hope from the dark cloud heathenism had cast over us during the winter.

Dear co-worker, if we shall have accomplished no more than this, our effort will be well repaid when we meet our red brother

"Where over the river we're happy for ever
In that beautiful land on high."

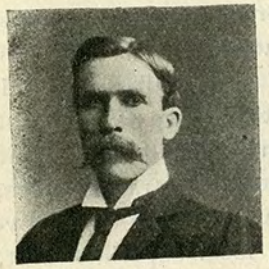
Four days of intense suffering and the soul was released, while we placed the inanimate clay by the side of the missionary's boy he loved so well. And what a touching scene at the grave. His heathen sister kept repeating, "My brother when sick heard the church bell ringing, but said, 'I cannot go to church. I am not strong.' My brother had a white man's heart." May she believe as Bob believed and at last enter the glorious rest.

So may we dear Leaguers "be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as 'we' know that 'our' labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Yours in His Service,

WM. J. STONE.

HAZELTON, B. C.



H. C. WRINCH, M.D.
Albert College, E. L.'s of Picton and Belleville Districts.
See Appendix.

My Dear Friends,—In beginning, I must congratulate you all on the fact, that you are to have in future, quarterly letters from nearly all our missionaries. I gather from a recent communication from Dr. Stephenson, that this is in prospect, and I am very sure that it will be a great advantage to you. Even in the Indian work you will find that there are many phases of work, there being so many nations and tribes. And beside that you will get glimpses of life among the Chinese and Japanese people through their respective missionaries, that will keep you all posted on the very latest developments and conditions in each place. This ought to be much more interesting than books alone. I think though, the letters will be still more interesting if read in connection with some standard book which describes the primitive condition of each people, and so leading up from the first conditions to the very latest happenings.

The Bulletin and Missionary Books.

Dr. Wrinch and his Neighbors at Hazelton.

Our surroundings now are somewhat different to what we had at Kishpyax. There are several families of white people here in Hazelton, with quite a number coming and going, giving us a white population of between thirty

and forty. But there is a large Indian village here too, so that while we see more white people than we did before, our work is still principally among the Indians. Before we moved down here to Hazelton I used to make regular weekly visits here. Now I do the same for Kishpyax, keeping a stock of medicines there as well as here. This being the central business point in this district, people often come here from Kishpyax on business, and similarly from other surrounding villages, so that a doctor is much more accessible to all, when living here, rather than in any other village around.

The following are some of the occupations of the white residents here: Hudson Bay Co. store and trading post, two other general stores and trading posts, Dominion Government Indian Agent, Dominion Government telegraph operators and local superintendent, Provincial Government constable, Church of England missionary, two restaurant keepers, one hotel keeper, carpenter, teamster, etc. The transit population is made up of miners, prospectors, pack train employees, and telegraph line employees. A number of miners often winter here, amongst these are sometimes quite a number of Chinamen. So we have Chinamen even up here. Chinamen are also employed as cooks at the three stores. This will give you some idea of our neighbors.

Some of you have asked in your letters whether the people are willing to listen to the "Old, Old Story," and have asked us to tell you of some cases of conversion among them. In answer to this, I think I may say, that genuine enquiries after truth are not very frequent amongst them just now. A good many of them would be "Christians" if they could go on in many immoral or sinful practices to which they are accustomed. But they don't like to give them all up. And even among those who have already been admitted to church membership, we see tendencies to fall away into evil.

Christian Indians and Heathen Customs.

There are two leading divisions of evil to be resisted by them. First, their native heathen practices; these were what our first missionaries among them had mostly to contend with and to win them from. And these they seemed to be able to break away from fairly well. But of late years these bad habits or evil attractions have been reinforced by other forms, introduced and fostered by white men. These are principally, drink, immorality, desire for money and Sabbath breaking. These evils, added to those formerly indulged in by them in their native state, make it very much harder to win them for Christ. And they also present such formidable attractions to those who have broken away from heathen life and are trying to adopt our methods of living, that some of our Christians are at times found yielding to them.

Bad Example of White People.

The loose lives of many of the white people in these frontier places make a very bad example for the Indians, and when these very white people will offer them drink and urge them to take it, or hire them to work and then almost compell them to work on the Sunday, it makes it very hard indeed for them to resist the temptations or for us to keep them back. You will at once ask, "Is there no law to prevent giving Indians drink?" There is, and it is strictly enforced where a direct charge can be brought in. But when a number are working with a pack train miles away from a village or town it is not easy to bring home the charge.

Work Helpful.

Personally, I am persuaded that our work among the people is helpful to them, and has helped to keep some in allegiance to our Master and to bring others back to Him. This is as much as I can claim. I wish there were more to be said. I would gladly tell you anything I could that would assure you that your selfdenial in helping to keep us among these people, living the Gospel among them, is winning them over for the

Master, but I cannot say more than I have. I might add this, however, "I believe that such work as we can do and are trying to do is very much needed in the interest of God's cause here ; and so we are willing to stay on to do what the Master sets before us here." There are places and spheres of work where more brilliant results are in evidence than here. Perhaps these are for more brilliant workers. I do not say I am satisfied with what work we may have accomplished here, but I am satisfied that there is scope for all our powers, and so am satisfied to remain. We thank you for your many and earnest prayers in our behalf, and would ask you to continue in prayer with us, that together we may be permitted to carry on His purpose in our lives.

Ever yours most faithfully,

HORACE C. WRINCH.

Letter from Missionary in the Japanese Work in B. C.

REV. GORO KABRUAGI, Chatham and Ridgetown Districts Epworth Leagues. See Appendix.

VANCOUVER, B.C., Box 826.

Dec. 6th., 1902.

Dear Leaguers,—It is with much pleasure I write to the Leaguers, of Chatham and Ridgetown Districts ; I trust the time will never come when it will be wearisome and monotonous. "We should run and not be weary ; we should walk and not faint."

We have never forgotton the sweet communion we had with the Leaguers of Chatham and Ridgetown Districts, and are remembering them in our prayers and longing to visit them again if it is in the good providence of God.

We have had much moving about from one place to another in the city, finally are settled down one block from the Mission, it being much more convenient to attend to our work there. That we may have more direct contact with our people living in the Mission, we take tea there every night. While we are partaking of our meal, we have talks of our daily experiences, and can look into their soul's needs in a "family-like" way,

A Gymnasium Needed.

We are greatly in need of a gymnasium. Owing to such limited quarters, we are obliged to remove all the tables and chairs used for school work, in order to afford our young people any exercise at all, however, we are glad of the opportunity to do even this. We have bought a great many Japanese fencing outfits and some European apparatus, but for lack of room we cannot use the apparatus as much as we wish. A larger building is