

calls out, "I will give \$1.00 for him." Then a son gives a subscription for his aged mother, and so it goes on till almost all have given something. In all we raised \$84.90. Need I say that this service was a real means of grace to my own soul.

We were greatly cheered by a visit in August from our Superintendent of Indian Missions, Dr. McDougall, accompanied by his wife and little Douglas, their youngest boy. Such visits are few and far between, and they are more than welcome. Mrs. MacDougall is probably the first white woman who has visited Nelson House, certainly the first in our time. They were with us three days, and the Doctor conducted four services. The time came all too soon for them to start on their return trip.

Our Indians are all busily at work hunting the wild game, moose and deer, trapping for fur; taking supplies for the Hudson Bay Company out to the distant camps, or hauling home their fish caught in the Fall. Fur is fairly abundant, so that it promises to be a very good year for the people in material things. May they open their hearts to receive fuller spiritual blessings. Pray for us.

Yours, in the Master's work,

S. D. GAUDIN.

LETTER FROM

**Rev. Thomas Crosby,**

SARDIS, B.C.

*Supported by the Epworth Leagues of the Kingston District.*

SARDIS, B.C., November, 1903.

Dear Fellow-workers of the Kingston District,—It is now time for me to write you another letter. I wish to keep you posted, for I know you will be more interested in mission work if you know what is being accomplished.

I have told you that this is an old but very trying field. The Church of Rome has a large number of Indians on this Lower Fraser. This and the whiskey influence, together with the remains of heathenism, witchcraft and superstition, from which some of the people are not yet free, makes the work very trying. The people are scattered far and wide up and down the valley. My last trip was one of fifty miles. Part of the way up the river the roads were very bad. I held five services during the day. The first was in a small house early in the morning. I had three men, one woman and a child. A mother and two children, seven miles farther on, where I had often stayed before, were my next hearers. Then I visited a poor dying woman, her son and his wife—what a privilege to tell of "His wondrous love" to that poor woman for the last time. She seemed to drink in the Word, and I knew I should not have the chance to visit her again. She thanked me again and again for coming. The dear old sister had often got out the old Bible for me to read on former visits, and had often made me welcome at their table. Two weeks later I heard she had sweetly passed away, trusting in Jesus. How thankful I was that I had been able to visit her so soon before she went away.

"Where two  
or three are  
gathered  
together in  
My name."

The next place, miles farther up the road, I met three white men in a little log house. They listened to the Word with attention and received the papers and tracts I left for them to read with thanks. Surely you will say this is scattering seed by the wayside, so different to what it used to be on the north coast. We had hundreds all in villages up there, but our blessed Master set us an example when he preached to the one woman at the well. So we should be glad to tell the two and threes of the great salvation.

During the salmon fishing season at the mouth of the Fraser we had a chance to meet the great crowds and tell them of a Saviour's love. When we see the awful Sabbath desecration and other debauching influences, we are led to think the Indians, in many cases, would be better if they remained at home.

**The Harmful  
Influences of  
the Salmon  
Canneries.**

As soon as the salmon fishery is over the hop harvest commences, and hundreds of Indians come to the hop yards here, many from the Upper Fraser and Thompson Rivers, others from the coast as far up as Fort Rupert. In

the five services held each Sabbath amongst these people we were much helped by the Epworth League of the Carman Church.

**Services at the  
Hop-Picking.**

During the services at the camps some seemed careless and would walk about or chop wood, while many others were very attentive, and in some cases, would put aside the wood and gather around as soon as the singing commenced. We usually had good attention, considering so many were Roman Catholics, while others were heathen. There are many who do not come to the services, but who sit at their tent doors and listen. We may leave results with the Master when we have faithfully done our part.

The weather was very bad this season during the time of hop picking, which was very trying to the little children, many of whom were sick. Soon after the hop-yard camps broke up word came from Nal-nates, across the Sumas Lake, that Charley Thit-sawmit, our class leader at that

**Charley  
Thit-sawmit,  
our Class-  
Leader.**

place, was very ill. I knew he had been poorly for some time, so Monday morning at daylight I started off in a heavy rain, and for six hours it kept up till we got to the sick man's home. I found he was very low indeed, still he seemed so pleased to hear my voice (he could not see) and could only speak in a whisper. With several families of his friends present we engaged in divine service. I spoke of the willingness of Christ to save, and that He was right here to help our brother over the river into the better land. Then we engaged in a prayer-meeting, and as we sang, "Come thou fount," and "Nearer, my God, to thee," in the native language, he became so bright and happy. He clapped his hands and said, "Thank Jesus, thank Jesus, glory to Jesus." The people

**A Glorious  
Home-going—  
Once Heathen,  
Now Christian.**

were very much affected. Indeed, it seemed the "very gate of heaven." Just a week from that day a message came that our dear brother had safely passed over into the glory land. Without delay I started off at daylight through a terrible storm of wind and rain. I got to the church by two p.m. The bell tolled and the people gathered. I preached from Job 14. 10: "Where is he?" After a most blessed service amidst the storm, a number of white people being present, we laid the remains of our departed brother in the little graveyard on the mountain side, in certain hope of a blessed immortality. One white man remarked many more white people would have come to the funeral if the day had not been so stormy, as all the settlers respected Charley. He always had a smile for every one, and whenever he stayed to share our hospitality, he always asked a blessing before he touched his food. Praise God for a religion that will so change an Indian, who for many years of his life had lived in pagan darkness, so as to enable him for over twenty years to so live that the people all around, both native and white, respected him. Old Captain John Thit-

Charley  
Faithful unto  
the End.

seem-it-ston, the former chief and class leader among the people, was one of our converts at our first camp meetings over thirty years ago. He was a wonderful man. I should

like some time to give you a short account of him. When he died about twenty years ago, Charley Thit-sawmit took his place as chief and class leader. Charley always took care of the key of the little church, and many a time when the people were away, or some indifferent, and did not come to church, he kept up the services, and was faithful to the last. It will be hard to find a man to take his place. But God buries His workmen, and yet He carries on His work.

We had very heavy rains here in September and October this year. At Kultus Lake, five miles from here, where we have a little church, Captain John, our old local preacher, lost his garden and fruit trees by the floods.

The News  
from Kultus  
Lake.

One man lost all his potato field; it was all washed away, and the people had to work hard for days getting brush and timber over

the bank to stop the washout. Just after that, at the same place, a young man of twenty years, only two months sick, passed away in consumption. During my visits to him how much I saw the necessity of being prepared to die while in health. I had often talked to David White while he was well, and urged him to be ready, and though he would listen and treat me with respect, yet like many others,

A Death-bed  
Coming to  
God.

he put off the "one thing needful," but towards the last hour how he prayed; he said, "I do pray God to help me." I know

God did help him, but, oh that men would give God *the heart and life* while in strength. Would to God that young people would spend a young, fresh life in the service of God. Then there will be no fear in their death. The poor family miss this young man much, and they fear that a witch doctor must have had something to do with his death. Witchcraft has still some hold on many of these people.

We had our Bicentenary services, and did what we could

to help raise the quarter million dollars, but we had just commenced painting our centre church; it needed it so much that we had to put on two coats of paint. The people gave a little towards that, and then, as we could not pay for a painter, I went to work myself, and also taught the boys how to paint. Many of them are too old to go up any distance, and some of them would waste more paint than their work is worth. A white man passing one day said, "I say, you are too old to go up that ladder. The Mission Board ought to make a grant for such work as that." I said, "Oh, no, no; no mission grants for this kind of work. They have too much other work to do."

While I was up the ladder one day, painting the side, a man on the roof passing the chimney knocked a brick down.

The Artist Hit  
with a Brick. It came down with a bang, struck my head and gave me such a jar I was glad to get down. I sat down for a while, then I went

to a stream near by and bathed my head with cold water, glad it was not worse (there might have been a dead missionary), though it was very sore for many a day.

We like to have some special work to do every year. It is much better for the missionary and his people. One year we painted two little churches inside. A Little Every Year. Last year we had our new organ to pay for, and we hope to get the centre church painted this year. So you see we are trying to teach the people to help themselves, and then I hope it may induce the people to paint their houses, indeed, it is an education, if nothing else.

What we need most is a mighty revival. Will you not join with us in special prayer for this? I should like to see something like we had up the coast in '92-93, when the dear people were so mightily stirred some could not eat or sleep, and they went from place to place all along the coast, till nearly the whole coast was on fire with revival power, and souls were saved all along the line. Oh, but some

"Don't we all  
need stirring  
up?"

say the Indians don't need stirring up, they need education, etc. The Lord help us, don't we all need stirring up? Had we waited in the past till the poor souls were educated, where would these hundreds of dear souls who have gone to heaven, where would they have been, viz., David Sallerton, Amos Cushman, Philip McKay, Charley Amos, Old Cagston, and a mighty army who are safe amongst the blood-washed, who got saved at our camp meetings and revival services? Stir them up, yes, to save them from going back to heathenism, gambling, and the potlatch. Oh for a revival! Could we have 150,000 souls as well as \$150,000 this year? Yes, we could if we would all get in earnest about it.

"Pray for your missionary." God bless you all.

Yours in the work,

T. CROSBY.

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi. 15.

"It was God's good pleasure through the foolishness of the preaching to save them that believe."—I. Cor. i. 21.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life."—John iii. 16.

"The blood of Jesus, his son, cleanseth us from all sin."—I. John i. 7.

LETTER FROM

**Horace C. Wrinch, M.D.**

HAZLETON, B.C.

*Supported by the Epworth Leagues of Belleville and Picton Districts and Students of Albert College.*

HAZLETON, B.C.,

January 26th, 1904.

My Dear Friends,—I wonder if the time between our letters seems as short to you as to me. I expect not; probably it is short to me because our mails are so infrequent, only one or two mails have come since I last wrote you, yet I am reminded that another letter should go this time.

You will be glad to know that we have an improvement in our winter mail service. When we first came here we had two mails in the winter, last year we had three, now this winter we are to have at least four. In a short time I expect we shall have weekly mails, or perhaps oftener, if the railway comes very close to us.

Again we are in the midst of our winter's work. Yet it hardly seems like it. We have had very little cold weather this season. One night about a week ago our thermometer registered 30° below zero. That is the coldest we have noticed in the four winters we have been here. But it was only cold for that one night. Then it turned warm again. There has not been frost enough to freeze the river well, so we have not had the advantage of trails on or across the ice yet. All the older settlers and inhabitants declare that the climate is changing greatly. We have not had as much really sharp weather as we used to get in Ontario. Every one who spends a winter here is surprised it is not colder.

**A Mild  
Winter. No  
Trails Over  
the Ice.**

Now that we are able to take patients into our house we are finding how much such care and treatment are appreciated by those who need to come to us. You will get some

**Our Little  
Hospital in  
Our Own  
Home.**

idea of how isolated some of the miners are when I tell you of one who recently came to us for treatment. He and his partner were living by themselves working at making a tunnel into a hill. They had to do a

good deal of blasting, and so, while handling an explosive cap used for setting fire to the fuse for the dynamite charge, it went off in his hand and shattered the ends of a thumb and two fingers. They decided that the injury was too extensive for them to deal with themselves, so they decided to come here. This is the worst time of the year

**180 Miles on  
Snow Shoes to  
Our Hospital.**

to travel for the snow is deep but is not settled as it gets to be in a month or so. They came 180 miles, walking on snow-shoes all the time. Two trappers who lived

near them accompanied them a distance of 20 miles to their next neighbors (two miners); then one of the trappers returned home, and the other one with the two miners proceeded with them 40 miles to the next neighbors (three miners). Then the two went home, and the three miners accompanied the party to the next occupied habitation, an Indian village 60 miles from their camp. The three then returned home, and the party came on the rest of the way by themselves, having a team of dogs and a toboggan to draw their camp outfit and provisions. They arrived here eighteen days after the accident happened. They said they had come through snow five feet deep in

**Hospitality  
and Good  
Fellowship.**

some places, and one night in camp had had it 35° below zero. From this incident you can gather how much hospitality and good fellowship there is among men when

they get into isolated places. At every camp as they came along the occupants got up and left their work for days, and came with them to help make a trail for the injured man to come in by, and so that the dogs could draw the

toboggan with supplies. The injured man and his partner had neither of them been out as far as this for three years, and had not seen a white woman or child in all that time. But they very quickly made friends with our little fellows. They had neither of them heard an organ since that time. Both were fond of singing, and although at first they did not join in, it was

not long before they were singing with the rest, and were asking for favorite tunes when we were having some hymns on Sunday. One of them is the son of a Presbyterian minister, and both are well brought up and most pleasant in the house. This is just a sample of the kind of people we are continually running across here. One must never conclude because a man happens to be unshaven and in coarse clothes that he is ill-mannered or uneducated. There are such up here, but they are the exception rather than the rule. We find it pleasant, and believe that we are doing acceptable work for the Master in taking such men into our home and letting them have a glimpse at least of Christian family life. And it does one good to see how they enjoy it. We were able to remove portions of the injured members, and the patient is now getting nicely over the effects of the chloroform, and says his hand is quite comfortable already.

Another of our patients in the house is an Indian woman from whom we removed a large abdominal tumor weighing about ten pounds. She is now sitting up, having made a good recovery, and is brighter than I have ever seen her before. She is the wife of a man on whom we operated about three months ago for appendicitis. These two cases have made a great impression upon the Indians all round us. They are any of them willing to come in and undergo any treatment we may advise now. Already we notice a great improvement amongst them in this regard. They follow our directions much more

**Two Miners  
Hadn't Seen a  
White Woman  
or Child for  
Three Years.**

**The Miner's  
Shattered  
Hand a  
Successful  
Operation.**

**An Indian  
Patient.  
Confidence  
in Us.**

faithfully than they used to at first, and this winter are resorting much less to heathen doctors than I have seen before. Of course it is not all ideal work with them by any means, yet we are glad to note real improvement.

Since writing our last circular letter we have received cheering letters from Picton Main St., Belleville West, Albert College, and Toronto Central Methodist Church (2). We are not a bit tired of reading your letters, so hope you will not forget us.

We can use to advantage several of the large Sunday School picture rolls. If any of you good friends can remember us and forward some we shall be most grateful. I believe they will come alright by mail, if not they will be forwarded in the summer if left with Miss Wrinch, 95 Charles St., Toronto, or Dr. F. C. Stephenson, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

With our kindest regards and assurance of our earnest prayers for your welfare and Christian development, in which Mrs. Wrinch heartily joins,

Yours most faithfully,

H. C. WRINCH.



INDIAN BOYS, BRANDON INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

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.,

October, 1903.

Dear Leaguers of Stanstead and Waterloo Districts,—The fact that you are supporting me, and that I have the honor, as well as the responsibility, to represent you on the mission field, is to me a source of strength and inspiration.

After having labored for years among the heathen, and still finding many so far from what we would like to see, one is apt to feel discouraged; then we remember that you are praying for us and for our work, that you are giving your money and time for our support, and the latter more than counterbalances the former.

For months a young girl in our village has been sick. Lately she died of tuberculosis. We visited her almost daily. Since her death we have been told that when persons die a slow, painful death, as above, that the Indians think the patient is being poisoned by a medicine man, that poison from the "dead box" (see Miss Markland's letter in the March number of the BULLETIN) has caused the death. In such cases the friends have the corpse opened and something put inside, which is to act as a poison to the medicine man. The heathen world is full of fear of many things, and when physiological processes end a human life, they often attribute it to some evil and designing person.

We have begun the regular meetings and classes for the winter. A Bible class is held, taking up the Old Testament at Genesis, and we expect to follow the events of Old Testament history.

The season for heathen practices, such as dancing, feasting, etc., has arrived. From this on, for three months, our

A Boy Home  
from School  
Joins in Heathen  
Practices.

work will be much broken into. Last June a young man returned to his parents from Coqualeetza Institute. He is a bright boy, and was counted a Christian while there, but we are sorry he has again joined in with heathen practices. We do not know whether it is his desire, or the influence of parents and friends, probably the latter.

If I was putting down any one cause that hinders our work more than another it would be the making and drinking of a sort of wine, made from native fruits, Indians see white men, Japanese and Chinese, all using intoxicating liquors, and they naturally feel they should be able to do so, too. We have strong enough laws against such beverages, but the law is not enforced.

The Liquor  
Traffic.

With all the drawbacks that surround us, we feel that progress is being made. The people are surrounded by more comforts and modern conveniences than ever before. The children of each generation are an improvement on the one before them. A boarding school, we believe, would be a great boon to us here. The children are away from the village so much that a day school cannot accomplish the good we would wish. But, so far, our Church has not been able to help us in the matter, and the Government will not open a school unless the Church bears part of the expense. It seems to us a strange fact that the Government will support gaols and reformatories, but will not support mission or boarding schools, by which we might reasonably hope to make good citizens instead of criminals.

It may be some encouragement to you, as it certainly is to us, to know that the Indians are no worse than the white people among them. In many cases they live far better lives than the white people with whom they come in contact. This fact alone is a guarantee for missions. I shall close hoping to hear from some of you, and to know what the young people wish to find out.

Write and ask  
Questions about  
the Work.

Yours in the work,

J. C. SPENCER.

LETTER FROM

Rev. John McDougall, D.D.

CALGARY, ALTA., N.W.T.

*Supported by the Epworth Leagues of Walkerton and  
Warton Districts.*

TORONTO, Feb., 1904.

Dear Fellow-workers,—I wrote you from Norway House in September, having just returned from Nelson House, Cross Lake, etc. For a fuller account of that trip and of our mission work in that country I would refer you to the *Christian Guardian* of Jan. 27th, Feb. 3rd and Feb. 10th. Since then, in company with the Rev. Mr. Rice, I have gone over the western portion of our field. His mission was to become acquainted with the people and to secure pupils for our Industrial School at Red Deer, of which he is the principal. Mine, to help him in all this, and also to inspect the missions and visit and encourage both missionaries and their families and also the people in every good work. To accomplish this, we travelled many hundreds of miles, mostly by horse team and with wheels. Following one of the wettest of seasons in the cycle of our western climate, the hard frozen roads were very rough and we broke four different vehicles, and yet came off without serious accident to either horse or men. In one case the buggy collapsed altogether and we were forced to walk twenty miles to our destination for that night. I might say that I felt those twenty miles far more than I ever did in the old days, when I often compassed sixty and eighty miles in the day under far more trying conditions, but then I was costumed and fit for the work. On these trips we went over nine reserves and visited almost every house and camp within these bounds. We held many meetings and preached and lectured to both red and white people. We came in contact with the Wood

We Visited  
Nine Reserves  
and Held  
Services.