

friendly toward us. Our Sabbath services are generally well attended, only a few are not constant church-goers. I meet with and talk to them in the forenoon, after which we have class-meetings, in the afternoon Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting. We had meetings Tuesday and Thursday evenings during the winter, but now they are all busy putting in their crops, and we find it more convenient to have services only on Sabbath.

We had a pleasant visit from Bro. McLachlan and wife in January. He conducted Sabbath services, baptized and married quite a number.

We had our first visit from our Chairman, Brother McDougall, last month. His visit did us good, he encouraged us in our work, delivered a practical discourse to the Indians in the morning, followed by a conversational meeting which took up the remainder of the day.

The report is encouraging, but a Missionary's experience in the far North-West is not all rose coloured. Such losses as are here chronicled are serious matters in a country where prices are abnormally high, and where some articles cannot be replaced at all till brought through from Ontario:—

Last fall I got a cow, had her only a few weeks when one morning I found her dead, caused by eating turnip tops, I suppose, having been in an Indian's garden the evening before. I thought that I could not afford another. On getting goods from Benton several things were missing or lost, and my stove broken so as to be useless. My coal oil did not come, and I sent to Edmonton for five gallons at \$2.50 per gallon, and when it came there were only three pints in the can, so we had to forego that luxury during the long winter evenings. This spring the freighters were bringing me in twenty bushels of potatoes for seed, and they were so long on the way that cold weather overtook them and froze my potatoes. Being unfortunate in having things sent in, I determined to do my own work, or at least oversee it. The geese and ducks were coming in myriads, but not stopping at our lake, as it was not open yet. Our people could not resist the temptation of hunting them, so they nearly all left the lake. We took advantage of their absence and started for Edmonton for potatoes to replace those lost. On the 4th of April we took carts, Mrs. N. driving one cart. We were accompanied by Mr. Whitford and family. The next day it snowed which prevented our travelling. It continued to snow till it was too deep to travel with carts. On the fifth day it was still stormy and we concluded to leave our carts and return home on horse-back. In the meantime we heard that Bro. McDougall would be in, in a few days. Being pleased at the prospect of meeting our friend we waited for him. The snow was gone in a few days, and we started again and had a pleasant trip down, though the creeks and rivers were full. On my way back one of my horses died. Though not much of a loss to some, yet at that particular time and place it was a great loss, as it necessitated the leaving of one of my carts and load in the woods. After being detained three days in a storm we reached home twelve days out from Edmonton. Probably I never was so glad to see any place in my life as to see the shores of Pigeon Lake on the evening of my arrival. I had walked nearly a hundred miles, through miles of ice-cold water, often nearly three feet deep, every night with wet feet. I can assure you it is no pleasant experience after working and walking through snow and water all day to sit around a fire drying one's clothes. The experience of some of my trips will not soon be forgotten. I only had one horse left to do my work, but having surmounted all difficulties thus far I managed to get a little ploughing done, and will be able to put in some vegetables for our own use.

Though we have suffered many privations during the past nine months the God in whom we trust has brought us safely thus far, and visited us with many mercies. To Him we will offer all praise and take courage, hoping for brighter days to come.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. C. M. TATE, dated Bella Bella, June 9th, 1881.

As we are just at the commencement of another quarter I will try to send you a brief report of what we are doing. After returning from the District Meeting we took our tent and a few cooking utensils, and

PADDLED OUR CANOE

out to Goose Island, where a large number of Indians are congregated for the purpose of shooting fur-seals. We spent three weeks among them, and a very enjoyable time it was. Ocean breezes, and out-door life gave us good appetites; and although we had services almost every day besides school, attending to the sick, visiting, &c., yet it seemed almost like a holiday. Whilst we listened to the songs of praise, and Christian experience, we thought of the scenes of heathenism and sin that previous years had witnessed on the very same spot. Gambling and witchcraft, and conjuring and profligacy of the most cruel nature have been carried on from year to year. We praise God the gospel has had its effect in destroying these works of the devil. The hunting season is nearly over and the people are returning to their homes. We are

RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF MANUAL LABOR

about the mission premises. It seems hard work to get out the old stumps, and dig up the roots. We expect to have things cheerful without and comfortable within in a short time. Several of the Indians intend building this year.

At our District Meeting we asked for a teacher, when it was thought advisable to procure one if possible, as the school is large, and Mrs. T. cannot do justice to it, besides her household duties, visiting the sick, and other matters. I expect to go to Balla Coola shortly and leave a native agent there to take charge of the work until the missionary arrives, if one is appointed.

In order to care properly for the people at Weekeeno and Hy-hies we will have to place native teachers at both of those places.

The Japanese Government has separated itself, as a Government, from its former idolatry and idolatrous support. Within the last year it has abolished the department of religion, which has been one of its principal instruments, and it has directed the Shintooists to elect their own chief-priests. The pope of the idol-worshippers had formerly been nominated by the Government, which is now quite willing that Shintooism and Buddhism should die a natural death. The number of converts in Japan has trebled within the last two years.—*Illustrated Missionary News.*

But here it comes! "I don't believe in foreign missions." You don't? But for foreign missions you would have been a pagan, and if all believed as you do, the world would soon relapse in paganism. Foreign missions are either right or wrong. If they are right, you ought to believe in them. If they are wrong, we ought to recall the workers. Must we give up India, China, Japan, the islands of the Pacific, the coasts of Africa? Who is ready to believe that—who!

Nothing is more certain than that we shall have to return finally to the old method of converting the world by work in detail, man to man, rather than by any more ambitious or wholesale method.