

Along the Line.

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.

Letter from REV. JOHN MACLEAN, dated Fort McLeod, July 6th, 1881.

The other day, as I scampered over the prairie alone, I began reviewing the events of the past year. I felt like singing as my horse galloped along—

“When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.”

The work has been delightful and my soul has been made glad. I have ridden

THOUSANDS OF MILES ON HORSEBACK,

enjoyed the luxury of having the prairie for my couch and heaven's canopy for my covering. Chopping wood, plastering buildings, gardening, teaching school, preaching, visiting the sick, learning Blackfoot, with various other kinds of work have taken up my time. Difficulties have come, and when the human has taken hold of me, I have had a slight touch of the blues, but when the divine steps in, I laugh at the difficulties and go on my way. Of course it has not been very pleasant to ride from thirty to fifty miles with the thermometer below zero 35° or 40°, but then there have been warm days. There have been days when I have had to swim on horseback. Yet there is a glorious feeling follows when I know I can do it, and when I am assured that God protects me.

A long journey and nothing to eat is good for dyspepsia; mosquitoes, and horse-flies, have not been very pleasant companions as I wrapped myself in my saddle-blankets and lay on the ground to seek rest for the night; but then there comes the joy of jumping on my horse, and without any fear of trespassing or running against my neighbour, I gallop over the boundless prairie performing my mission work, feeling “I am monarch of all I survey.” A grand life is the life of the missionary. 'Tis true there are many trials but they don't become less by despondency and grumbling, so I sing to “drive dull care away,” and employ my time devising new methods of doing good and working busily upon the old. I believe I am

STRONGER IN BODY, MIND, AND SOUL

after my first year's missionary work. Sometimes I am apt to get discouraged when I look for conversions and there are none, and then I think of Judson in Burmah, toiling for many years without any souls rejoicing in a knowledge of sins forgiven. Have I nothing to be thankful for? Yes. Many have heard the Gospel who have not listened to its truths for many years. Some have expressed a desire to lead a new life. The sick have been relieved and have been glad of our assistance. The poor have been helped, and the young have been taught. Tears have trickled down the cheeks of some, when thinking of childhood's early day. Joy has filled the souls of others through our ministrations, and many have expressed their goodwill toward the work. I am thankful for the goodwill manifested by some, whereby we hope for good results. I have had to fight the devil in myself and rebuke him in others. When he has shouted and opposed me in my work, I have been placed anew on my guard, and whilst buckling on my armor have prayed—

“Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely.”

I would rather fight Satan face to face than have him come to me as an angel of light. This is a

GRAND FIELD FOR THE EXERCISE OF PATIENCE

and a glorious one for the employment of latent power. Some four Indian scholars have acted as missionaries to white men, as they sang when going along the street or sitting by the stoves in some one of the stores, “Come to Jesus,” and “We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love.” Some of these singers have gone to that land where “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,” and as the Blackfoot mothers are singing the funeral song, we join our little mission band in that song, “We shall meet beyond the river.” and thus we improve our time and circumstances. Do not get discouraged because I cannot report conversions. Give me time. Let the Church pray for me and my work. Have patience and the fruit will appear. Next week I begin building a school-house on the reserve. Success has attended us already in our work in the school. I am

HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG.

whilst engaged in my work, although stronger and deeper would my joys be, were I to hear my Blackfoot brother sing—

“My God, I am Thine what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine.”

I am glad that you are telling the people in Canada of this great and glorious country. If only some of the poor farmers would come out here they would live comfortably and not work as hard as they do. This section is going to be a populous district in a short time.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. THOS. CROSBY, dated Port Simpson,
July 7th, 1881.*

We have had many encouraging seasons, especially on Sabbath since my last.

June 13th.—Yesterday was a day long to be remembered. Although many of our men have gone off to work, yet so many strangers were here that it quite filled up our church, and our congregations have been large all the time. We had people from S ickeen, Tongass, Ques-ann in Alaska, also from Massett, Sked-ate, and Gold Harbor on Queen Charlotte Island; so that the chinook had to be used in a special service for the strangers, after each of the other services, and we all felt it good to be there.

June 16th, Wednesday.—A large deputation of Hydas from Gold Harbor, came to the Mission-house to ask me to send them a teacher or a missionary. I took their speeches down and proposed to write you about them; these people have frequently come to us during the last five or six years, asking us to send them the Gospel.

July 4th.—A blessed day yesterday; crowds of strangers, so that we had to use the chinook after every service to reach them. And again, another large deputation of chiefs and leading men came from the north end of Queen Charlotte Island to ask the Gospel at our hands. I told them the Church Missionary Society had a mission on the Island, and that we did not wish to go too near to their work. But they were urgent in their calls for a Methodist missionary.

July 8th.—Was a very busy day, taken up by a visit of Dr. Powell, Indian Commissioner. Speeches from the Council on all village matters, also from officers of rifle company, fire company, and temperance society, addressed to the Commissioner, and then visiting the sick, kept us very busy till near midnight, as they were to leave next morning.

Our American friends in Alaska are increasing their staff of workers all the time. Why is it that they can get men and means and we are so slow?