

Though I regret not being so prompt as I should have been in communicating with you on the subject of our work here, but since my strength has recruited a little, I have not been idle, but have endeavored to do the work assigned me, as well as I know how, thankful that God in His mercy blessed the feeble efforts which are being put forth for His glory.

I am thankful that I am blessed myself, and my people are blessed, inasmuch that I find I am enabled to explain the truths of the Gospel better than I did, and my hearers appear to appreciate what I have to tell them more than they used to, so that I am very thankful that I have had the privilege of visiting the different parts of Canada, and of being permitted to share in the Christian converse of good ministers and people there, and also of seeing how Mission work was carried on among our Christian Indians in Ontario. I went thither to learn, and am glad to say I have acquired a little knowledge in regard to these things, and trusting in God, I hope to make use of what little knowledge I have acquired for the good of my people, which is my only desire that I may do a little towards helping the work which tends to raise the poor Indian from his degradation, if not in a political point of view, it will at least be a satisfaction when life ebbs, to look back that during life he has done something for his race, of having in some degree succeeded in instilling into their minds the greatest of all knowledge,

SALVATION, BY JESUS CHRIST.

As I have said already, I have not been idle, nor do I wish to be; as far as my strength will allow I will try to do the work of an evangelist, and visit my people in their own homes, exhorting and praying with them, and this I have been enabled to do in some degree since I returned. Friends in other places have expressed a desire that I should visit them, as yet I have only visited one place after a repeated request for me to come and see them. These were formerly our own people, now living at Saddle Lake, but are now under the instruction of a Church of England Missionary, who himself was once a member of our Church, but not getting what he most desired in our Church, he thought he might obtain it in the Church of England.

You know the man who did not scruple to insult Mr. John McDougall in your presence at Victoria, at the time when you saw him, you could then know what kind of a man he was. My coming was not very agreeable to him; intruding on his parish as he may have thought, but my thoughts were different from his; I thought I was coming amongst my own people, as it proved afterwards by the attendance of the people at my services. I arranged with the people to hold religious services at such hours as not to interfere with his meetings, but the whole of the people came to where I held service both at morning and evening, while not one went to his, which was very annoying to him, and he did not hesitate to give vent to his feelings in one of the meetings, as he had to be one of the hearers, having nobody to preach to. At this meeting there was a very good feeling amongst the people, many were affected to tears, and we would, perhaps, have had one of those shouting Methodist meetings, were it not for his interference, for as soon as I was done speaking he requested me to allow him to say a word to the people. I did so; I thought he would go all along the line, but instead of doing so, he switched off the track and spoiled our meeting, which in effect spoiled his own cause, and established mine in the hearts of the people. I do believe if this affair was worked right, we would be able to reinstate our cause amongst this band of Indians, for they are apparently more attached to us than to this innovation. The next day after the Sabbath, I held another service with the Indians, who, in a body, requested that I should continue my visits to

them, for they say they feel as if they had no father to guide them in the right way. I could not part with them without promising that I would try and visit them occasionally.

On leaving the next day I paid my friend a visit, and had a sober talk with him. Amongst other things on which we conversed, I made him to understand that I did not come on another man's grounds, I considered the Indians of this place my people. It was a mistake on the part of the person or persons who advised to establish a Mission on a field already occupied by another Church. All this he acknowledged as a fact, and was very sorry that he was sent to occupy the ground; as far as I can judge, their cause is very small at Saddle Lake.

Dear Dr., you will, perhaps, remember my having spoken to you about

THE WANT OF THE GOOD FISH LAKE

Settlement, respecting a school being established at that place. There is only a part of the settlement being benefited by the school that is now established at this Mission. I have spoken to the Indians of that part of the settlement, regarding the matter of their helping to get out timber for a school soon, telling them at the same time that if they help in that way they will have a teacher of their own. They appear to be well pleased with the proposal, and I have no doubt they will help in this good cause. I think there are enough children in that part of the settlement to warrant an application for Government aid, both for building purposes, and also for the salary of the teacher. I hope the Committee will favorably consider this matter now proposed.

Now, dear Doctor, I must bring my letter to a close, by which you will know that we are yet alive as a Christian community, following on in the good way of the Lord, trusting that we will yet share in your prayers, and the prayers of our good Christian friends in Ontario.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated NAAS RIVER, B.C.,
March 20th, 1882.*

OUR winter continues very severe; the wind actually shakes our strong house. Yesterday was a solemn day; in the morning I baptized three men and one woman, who had professed to find Christ, and had been duly examined and instructed.

A CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

In the afternoon I preached a poor woman's (Lucy Sharp's) funeral sermon, after which the funeral took place, the body being followed to the grave by nearly all the village. All felt the solemn fact that life is very uncertain, as she had been one among the last number baptized, previous to those in the morning. She had been, during the past six weeks, a great sufferer, but was very patient, and spent nearly the whole time in prayer. My visits seemed to give her great pleasure, and she always asked me to come again. Her brother says she would often ask him to tell her about Jesus. I visited her the day she died; she knew me, but could not speak. Her last words, addressed to her brother, were, "kiss me, and meet me in heaven."

The four whom I mentioned as having been baptized, do not belong to the Naas, but to the interior, 100 miles from here. They belong to

THE KIT-WAN-COOL TRIBE.

We have had a native teacher with them at their home, and twelve have come out on the Lord's side. They are a poor, ignorant people, but very anxious to be taught.

The first night David McKay, our native teacher, reached their camp, they wished him to teach them a hymn. Having no black-board, and wishing to have the words written so they could see them, they made an attempt to make one. Splitting a cedar stick, they having no plane or knife, their only tools being an Indian "tuckwince," (adze) and a stone axe, with these primitive instruments they made the wood as smooth as they could. Now the question was how to make it a black-board, as they had no paint whatever. However, this difficulty was overcome by taking a salmon roe, and a burnt stick, bruising them up together with a little water till they furnished a black paint. This was then rubbed on the rude boards, and after it had dried by the big camp-fire, David wrote those old, but beautiful, words—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

This they quickly learned to sing.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE FROM THE INTERIOR

and Skeena River arrived here a few days ago for the "oolican" season. This fish they catch by cutting holes in the ice, on which they stand, letting their nets down the holes. Our people will move this week to their fishing camps, and then I shall be busy going from camp to camp preaching. We expect crowded services, and hope much good may be the result.

During the month of January, I gave medicine to 129 persons; much time is taken up visiting and attending the sick. Miss Green is getting on nicely with the language.

Three of the Indians are learning to play the organ, and are succeeding very nicely, while the sewing class is being usefully instructed in household economy.

Facts and Illustrations.

TWENTY SEVEN missionaries to China and Japan, recently left San Francisco on one steamer.

FIVE Christian newspapers are now published in Japan, one of them being a Sabbath-school monthly for children.

ALL the Churches in the world are spending less money for foreign missions annually than the theatres of the single city of New York receive every year from their patrons.

THE *Jewish Intelligencer* says, that in a town in Persia (Hamadan), recently, forty Jews and fifteen Jewesses have been brought to believe in Jesus by reading the word of God alone.

THE Maori Christians are unusually self-reliant. Six new churches were last year provided by them for their own wants.

THE *Friend of India* says there is a wonderful religious movement in Eastern Bengal, and that several thousand native Christians have seceded from the Catholic Communion and become Protestants.

A SCOTCH Baptist church has been organized in Patagonia. There are Chinese Baptist churches in Guiana, and a French one in the Argentine Republic.

INSTEAD of sprinkling the places in the Indian zenanas with Ganges water where the missionary ladies had sat when

when they came to teach the inmates, their pupils now laugh at the idea of being defiled by their presence, and fearlessly sit side by side with their teachers.

BISHOP BOWMAN, of the M. E. Church, was the recipient of ten thousand dollars for the College at Foochow. It was given by a wealthy Chinaman, who is not a professing Christian.

MR. SOPER, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Japan, in a recent tour north of Tokio, baptized twenty-nine Christian believers, representing both the educated and uneducated classes of society, the fruit of less than a year's work on the part of a native preacher and assistant.

It is a little remarkable that in earlier years in our foreign mission work, specially in some fields, there were two men converted for one convert among the women. Now there are four women converted for one convert among the men. A generation will realize the difference.

THE American Board of Missions was compelled to make some reductions in its expenditures last fall, and these reductions chiefly affected the native agency. We are glad to be assured by an article in the *Missionary Herald* that the result has not been altogether harmful. The people, it appears are struggling along, doing their best, giving generously out of their poverty, and developing, it may be hoped, a spirit of self-reliance.

ONE of the most beautiful works of Christian charity of our day, is the visit of missionary women to the Zenanas, or the apartment of the native women of India. Entirely secluded from all men but their husbands or near relatives, and with no female doctors, their sufferings when sick are indescribable, and thousands are left to die without needed aid. An Indian princess recently said to a Zenana visitor: "Tell the Queen whose slave I am, the Princess of Wales, and all the men and women of England, of our misery when we are ill."

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