

though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them. Just imagine, if you can, the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I'm sure I can't describe it to you. But I can assure you of one thing: They each have a missionary garden, and it thrives.—*The Pansy*.

## Along the Line.

### THE IROQUOIS OF MUSKOKA.

LAST year a number of the Oka Indians removed to Muskoka, and settled on a new Reserve in the Township of Gibson. Bro. Fish, Chairman of the Bracebridge District, has lately visited them, and speaks in high terms of their Christian and social character. We have received from Chief Louis Sanation the following account of Mr. Fish's visit:—

GIBSON RESERVE, Oct. 18th, 1882.

To the Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—Thinking it will be of interest to you to hear of our meeting here last evening, I take the liberty of sending you a few of the particulars, which are as follows: On Monday, the 16th, I received word that the Rev. Messrs. Fish and Dunlop would be here on Tuesday, and, according to the word received, they arrived here last evening, accompanied by Mr. Scriven. At seven o'clock, most of our band had been collected, and at 7.30 the meeting was opened by the Rev. Mr. Fish—he taking for his text the 2nd and 21st verses of Jude. The remarks were made in English, and interpreted by myself, and were very much appreciated by my people. At the close of the service, the Love-feast and Sacrament were administered, 42 taking part in it, including the two ministers and Mr. Scriven. After this a request for a missionary was written out and signed. The meeting then closed, leaving us much happier and with the fond hope of having a missionary sent us. Hoping this will interest you, and that you will do your best for us,

I am, yours most sincerely,

CHIEF LOUIS SANATION,

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated NAAS RIVER, B. C., May 18th, 1882.

MAGGIE DERRICK, a young woman of about 21 years of age, died on the 12th instant. On my coming to this Mission, five years ago, she was one of the first to come to school. She quickly learned the alphabet, and being very regular at school she made rapid progress, so that in a short time she could read from "Peep of Day." Greatly delighted was she when able to read a chapter from the Bible. She gave her heart to God at the very commencement of this Mission, and lived a most consistent life. Often has she come to tell me of her troubles respecting her sisters living in sin, at Victoria, and how she pleaded with God to spare them yet a little longer.

Three years ago she was married to a worthy young man, Timothy Derrick, and their wedded life has been a most happy and exemplary one. Seeming strong, we had no idea her end was so near. But that dire disease—consumption,

had marked her for its prey, and quickly she sank beneath its weight. In pain, she was resigned and patient, and without fear looked forward to rest with the ransomed ones. She was at the fishing station, three miles from here. I visited her the day before she died. She said she should be glad when Jesus would take her home. An hour before she died she asked her husband to call some one to hold a prayer meeting in the house. Patrick, with a few others held a service of prayer and song, during which she asked them to raise her in bed, and then in heavenly accents exhorted them to trust only in Jesus, and with her dying breath bade them sing—

"There's a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we can see it afar,  
For the Father waits over the way  
To prepare us a dwelling place there."

And then she fell asleep in Jesus.

On the 15th, in the presence of a large company of people, we committed the body to the tomb, in a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. So much did we admire the consistent Christian life of Maggie, that we feel as if we had lost one from our own family. May many live as consistently and die as triumphant a death as she, is our prayer.

To this end may the Gospel be preached in every village.

The heathen perish—day by day,  
Thousands on thousands pass away,  
O Christians, to the rescue fly,  
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

Letter from the REV. THOMAS CROSBY, dated on board  
Steamer OTTER, July 20th, 1882.

AS we are now on our last section of road in our journey, I hasten to give you a short account of our trip &c. We have great cause for thankfulness that in such a long journey we have had so much blessing. We left on the 29th of June, which was a trying day to my dear wife. At 7 a.m., we parted with her father, her sisters, and all the dear friends at the Toronto station; and then we went on to Ingersoll, when my dear mother and two sisters came on and rode with us to St Thomas; then we had another good-bye, then off and on to Chicago. On the next day, Saturday, to Council Bluffs. Spent the Sabbath at Omaha, where it was very hot. Made off again on Monday at noon by the U. P. R. R., to Ogden, then on C. P. R., reached San-Francisco by Friday noon.

### IT WAS VERY HOT

crossing the plains; one hundred and one in the shade. But it was now very pleasant in Frisco, where we rested and spent a very pleasant Sabbath. Monday, much refreshed, we left at 3 p.m. on the P. S. S. *Dakota*, which carries the mail to Victoria and Puget Sound.

After a tossing and rolling of three days and three nights, when hardly any one went down to eat, we got into Victoria harbour, on Thursday, glad to meet Brother Watson and other brethren on the wharf waiting for us; and as soon as we were landed, Brothers Dowler, Jennings, and Wood, and Miss Hendry, were sent round to good kind friends, while Bro. Watson took myself and family to the parsonage, where we were kindly cared for until we left, on Tuesday last. We spent the days in business, laying in provisions, &c. Sabbath I enjoyed a drive of twenty miles into the country, taking North and South Saanich and back to town for service at night. Brothers Jennings and Wood took the services in town. I had the pleasure at night of meeting the Indians in their little church; several were here from the Northern tribes, who have come down to work.

We left by the *Otter* on Tuesday night at 8 o'clock, and



reached Departure Bay by 7 a.m. on Wednesday. I had met Bro. Bryant at Victoria, who thought he would meet us at Departure Bay, so I did not see Bro. Sexsmith, neither did Bro. Bryant come over. I went ashore and baptized the daughter of J. Dunsmore, Esq., son of the proprietor of the Wellington Mines.

WE HAD A PLEASANT TIME,

and then left at 12 a.m. for the north. To-day at noon we were at Albert Bay, where a large salmon cannery is now established, and the English Church has a mission. We hope to reach Port Simpson by Saturday night. We have had delightful weather so far, and all well, with the exception that Mrs. C. and children are very weary, and we long to get home. I write now, for I shall be crowded on our arrival, and the boat turns back from Port Simpson, so we shall have little time to write.

July 21st.—We called at Fort Rupert last night about 7 o'clock, and then on over Q. Sound. Had a little rolling, but it was all right as we were all in bed. At 7 a.m. to-day we reached what is called River's Inlet, where a new salmon cannery was established this spring. We found them in good spirits, as the salmon are running finely. Here I went ashore and found many of the Bella Bella people, and some Bella Coolas. They all seemed glad to see us. The Bella Coola chief said they were hardly ready for us, as his people had some feasting next winter which they wished to get through with, &c. Of course this is from one part of the people. This is what Mr. Tate calls *Weekeeno*, or *Owee Keyno*. The chief of these people is very desirous to have a teacher come at once. I shall advise Bros. Tate and Wood to visit here at once; unless, indeed, we see it is better for Bro. Wood to go to Queen Charlotte's Island.

We have had to go out of our way to-day some 60 miles, which will take us twelve hours, and we will not get home now for Sabbath, I fear.

July 24th.—Expect to arrive at Port Simpson in five hours. We have had a long trip. We were in at Port Essington, the mouth of the Skeena, all day yesterday, Sabbath. Preached in the morning to a large congregation in the church.

Letter from WM. H. PIERCE, Port Essington, British Columbia, Oct. 12th, 1882.

We have pleasure in giving *verbatim* the following letter from Wm. H. Pierce, a native (Indian) assistant, who is holding the fort at Port Essington, in British Columbia:

DR. SUTHERLAND,

Dear Sir,—I have intended writing. But multiplicity of duties has prevented me. During the Summer the Lord has been on our side, and blessings from on high rest upon us, (While others crying as in the days of old) the harvest is past & the summer is ended and we are not save. Our congregation is increasing. So we want a new church. The village are growing. Nine new houses built this month. In fishing season Six hundred people heard the word of life every Sabbath. Our people at Methakahtla join us in all our divine Service one chief and his family has removed from Methakahtla to our place, also several others building their houses here. We have much to encourage us. When our chairman Mr. Crosby telling us the such good news. It does our hearts good in this heathen land to hear from you. Our English school is getting very well, the Kit-See-bass people are not afraid of Bible instruction. Every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock our Bible class meet. It has been very refreshing to our spirits. The arm of the

Lord seems now to be made bare in the sight of these dark tribes. A bright and glorious day is dawning upon people on this West coast that have been so long covered with gross darkness. Mr. Crosby has visit us since he return from Canada we had a blessed time he preach three times to us. On Monday morning subscription taking up to finish the church Improvements we had \$40. Still there is a several villages on the Upper River that have no one to tell them of Jesus and His Great love. I will try by God's help to go and tell them of Him who saith I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. I love my field of labour and hoping that, if I should be removed far away or laid low beneath the dust of British Columbia, others may reap where I have sown, and the time will come when both sower and reaper will rejoice together. Neither is he that planteth anything, neither is he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase. I witness many of our members as they are passing away saying that Jesus has power on earth to forgive sin. My work is sometimes very trying in this place by the white sinners. But I have the promise, I am with you even to the end of the world. Our people have to contend good deal of temptation. Only the almighty power and the grace of God keep them. We are praying for the outpore of the Holy Spirit as the people are coming home for their fishing. While I write this note Sarah Robinson sent for me, as I set by her. She could not speake much. I ask if she love Jesus. She said I am prepare to meet my Saviour. Thank God for the religion of Christ, it has save thousand of Indians on this land. I would like to be a man of high education. But saving souls is better.

From your unworthy young brother in Christ,

WM. H. PIERCE.

## THE FRENCH WORK.

MANY of our people watch with much interest the progress of Missionary effort among the French in the Province of Quebec, but we doubt if the difficulties and needs of the work are understood as they should be. The Rev. L. N. Beaudry has recently issued a circular on the subject, and we make room for it here:

### FRENCH-CANADIAN EVANGELIZATION.

#### A MACEDONIAN CRY.

DEAR FRIEND.—Please give a few moments of prayerful attention to the following important facts and figures relative to French-Canadian Mission Work:—

There are in Canada one million-and-a-half of French Canadians, with another half-million or more in the United States, mostly in New England, Northern New York, and Illinois.

More than one-half of the adult population of the *habitants* in Canada can neither read nor write.

Prejudices against the Bible and Bible Christians have been instilled into their minds by their spiritual guides from very childhood; but, thank God, even these are giving way before the magic wand of Christian charity, and a new day is dawning! An important future opens before this peculiar people.

About fifty years ago a Methodist Missionary from the Channel Islands, named De Putron, came to this country to undertake Evangelistic labors. Unable to get a foothold among the people he was compelled to return to his own land.