

## Along the Line.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. THOMAS CROSBY, dated Port Simpson,  
Dec. 20th, 1882.

#### QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLAND.

SINCE I had last an opportunity to write you, I have made a trip to Victoria, including a call at Skit-a-gate, Queen Charlotte Island, where Bro. Robinson is at present among the Hydahs. There is the remnant of a once powerful nation. Their village is literally a forest of crest poles—some of which are hollowed out for twelve or fourteen feet, and are the graves of chiefs long dead; others represent the family crest of the owners. The people are passing away: there are few children in the camp, and no young women—all have gone to Victoria, or elsewhere, to ruin; and the people of the villages, who twenty years ago numbered 2,000, would not exceed 900 now.

These people have been coming to us year after year ever since we came to Port Simpson, asking for a missionary, but we could not supply them.

The C. M. S. sent a good man to the northern end of the Island some years ago, but he was taken away, and now they have no agent there.

On one occasion a band of twenty leading men waited on us. They said they would give up going to Victoria if we would send them a teacher. May God bless Bro. Robinson among them!

#### ALASKA.

From Skit-a-gate we went on to Wrangle, Alaska, where five years ago I had the privilege of introducing the Gospel into that land. Now the Presbyterians have here a church and day school, and an Industrial Home, where thirty Indian girls are provided for under the care of Mrs. H. R. McFarland, of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S.

Their work has extended rapidly. They have a mission at Sitka, one at Tah-coo, one at Tsil-cat, and one on Prince of Wales' Island. May God bless them all in their work. We spent a pleasant evening with the missionaries, and had a special service with the people.

#### VICTORIA.

Next morning we were under way for Victoria, with a number of miners on board—pleasant men to travel with. Four days in Victoria, and a run to New Westminster, where I found Bro. Robson in the midst of a blessed revival. There were signs of a coming shower at Victoria also. Oh, how much it is needed throughout all the country! There are fifty thousand Chinamen, living, many of them, in the grossest vice, and ruining the white population as well as themselves, and not a single missionary for them! May God pity them and send them a Christian teacher!

Then the Indians about these towns get all the whiskey they want. It is a lamentable fact, in spite of the law, that this is the ruin of hundreds of these poor Indians. Many of our Northern Indians, being good workers, are induced to go to the lower country

by the high wages they can get, and are thus led into temptation, and often to ruin.

#### BELLA BELLA.

On our way up, I had a chance to stay over a day and a night at Bella Bella with Bro. Tate. Glad to find the work in a good state. Neat houses are replacing the old lodges. There is a great deal of work that ought to be done at outside places—Wee-kee-no and Hy-hies, while Bella Coola is still without a teacher. We must send a native agent there as soon as possible.

Kit-a-mat needs a white teacher, and as no man could be found to undertake it, Miss Lawrence nobly volunteered to go. She started off with a party of Indians, by canoe. They were two weeks on the way, in very stormy weather. She is 160 miles from us. May God bless her in the self-denying work she is engaged in.

In Victoria I found a young man from Chicago, who paid his own way out on the emigrant train, bent on giving himself to the Indian work in this country. I left him at the Bella Bella school for the present. He is promising, and seems to have the right ring about him.

#### REVIVAL AT PORT SIMPSON.

On reaching home, I found a blessed revival was in progress among our people. Praise the Lord! This is what we had been praying for. Many of the most indifferent had been clearly converted. We had prayer-meeting every morning at 7 o'clock, and at 2 p.m. some earnest ones would gather in the street to sing, then proceed to some house for a meeting. And at half-past six in the evening there would be service in the school-house, when the people would come singing up the road like a Salvation Army. It is a glorious work.

Bro. Jennings has been a great help in carrying on this work. Many of the children have been led to Christ. It has been a time of rejoicing for us all.

#### UP THE NAAS.

Some of the people, with their hearts burning with love, felt they must carry the good news to other tribes, so on Friday the 8th Dec. we set off, twelve in number, by canoe for Naas. We got out of the harbor, when the wind came against us, and we were obliged to put in about eight miles from home. There we found several families, had a blessed meeting, and some were blessed. Here we spent the night. Next morning we were off again by five o'clock, and travelled a long way before daylight, reaching Kincolith by one o'clock. Rev. Mr. Dunn, of the C. M. S., invited us to have a service, that our people might tell what the Lord had done for them. After a pleasant meeting we set out again, thinking we might get up the river with the flood tide; but we found a strong wind, and so much floating ice in the river, we could make no head way, so we had to make for a camp at a place where some white men are engaged putting up a saw-mill, where we remained for the night, and were treated very kindly.

#### CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

We were now about ten miles from Greenville, our

Mission Station. At 7 a.m. Sunday we were off with a flood tide a little ahead of the floating ice, as we thought; but about ten o'clock we were caught in the ice, our canoe was jammed in, and every moment we thought our craft would be broken up, and all of us go down. We were helplessly drifting with the ice at a terrible rate, into the very jaws of death, as it seemed. Then these good men began to pray, and one after another prayed, until I looked up, and the ice was parting, and our canoe was left in open water. A song of praise was sung with a will, and another hour found us in a comfortable camping place, where we found two white men and some Indians with a good fire, and a welcome for us. Here we took dinner, and had a good prayer-meeting. By this time the ice was out of the way, and we started again and run five miles to the Fishery, when we had another meeting with some families we met there. Embarked again, and crowded our canoe through the ice till within about half a mile of Bro. Green's place, when we had to haul up our canoe, leave our things in it, and walk through the deep snow to the village. The people ran from their houses to welcome us, and right there in the snow we had a grand prayer-meeting, and my friends related to them what great things the Lord had done for us. The evening service came on—a time long to be remembered; the people crowded the church, and an after-meeting in the village was kept up till far past midnight.

Monday morning, prayer-meeting at 7. Meeting again during the day, and a gathering in the church in the evening. This was kept up as long as we were there.

Friday we made a start for home, but the river had closed up, and we found it impossible to travel, as the ice was not thick enough. Several of the party broke through, and one was nearly lost. We had to return to Bro. Green's for another Sabbath, when we had a blessed love-feast. Monday morning we left, got out on the ice; had our large canoe and traps to haul for about three miles over the roughest field of ice I ever saw. Got to open water. Next day by noon got home all well.

## NEWFOUNDLAND.—MISSION WORK IN WHITE BAY.

BY THE REV. J. EMBREE.

WHERE is White Bay? Looking on the map of Newfoundland, White Bay is seen on the north-east side, the most northerly bay of the island. It is large, has a coast of more than one hundred miles, one of the best for the cod and seal fishery, has many fine harbors, well wooded and capable of extensive cultivation; valuable copper mines have been discovered, and no doubt vast mineral wealth will yet be developed.

At the Newfoundland Conference, held last June, a resolution was passed, placing White Bay under the care of Twillingate Circuit—to be visited by one of its ministers to find out the Methodists scattered around its coast, and open a mission if there was a prospect of success.

## LABORERS NEEDED.

Why has the Conference been so late doing so many may ask. Because the greater part of our work is new. As fast as possible, new fields have been occupied. Even now there are four places, besides White Bay, that must be looked after, and formed into distinct missions: these are, St. George's Bay, on the north-west of the island, a large farming and fishing district capable of supporting thousands of people; Fortune Bay, on the south-west; Glover Town and other places in Bonavista Bay, on the north-east; and Little Bay, Jackson's Arm, and other places, important as the best mining region in Notre Dame Bay.

As my mission tour to White Bay was very nearly a pioneering one, only a few harbors having been visited by Methodist ministers previously, a detailed account of my work might interest some of the lovers of missions. With this hope I give it as briefly as possible.

## THE TOUR BEGUN.

Leaving Twillingate, September 5th, I went to Moreton's Harbor to take passage in a schooner of Mark Osmonds, Esq., going on a trading voyage to White Bay. The privilege to travel by her, as long as convenient, was gratuitously given.

The sail over the magnificent Bay of Notre Dame, with a light breeze from the eastward, was pleasant in the extreme. Landward, the many islands in the distance made a charming scene. Thousands of squid hounds, sporting, rushing, and leaping far out of the water, greatly added to the delight. Oceanward, the water and sky kiss each other, and one thinks of time lost in eternity. Conscious that the work done here is work done for eternity, a prayer is breathed for strength to do what is possible for the blessed Master well. How grand life is when we can forget self, and feel that we live for Christ and His redeemed!

## AN OCEAN TRAGEDY.

At 6 p.m. we passed Cape St. John, sailing close to Gull Island—the scene of such a fearful tragedy some years ago, when an English vessel, in a snow-storm, ran against it. Several of the crew and passengers landed, but before provisions could be secured, she broke loose, carrying with her those on board, never more to be heard from in this world, leaving on the bare island those who reached it, to meet a far worse fate from cold and starvation. A journal was kept by one of the number, who described the painful days and nights spent, until one after another died, and the writer's hand lost its power to write more, then lay cold in death, like his comrades, to be shrouded in a mantle of snow until the spring, when some men, seal hunting, landing on the island, found them. How barren and old the island looks! Hard and defiant the rocks rise high above the ocean, capable of resenting its fierce storms for many ages to come.

## A GLORIOUS SUNSET.

Far away in the north-west could be seen Partridge Point, the headland where White Bay narrows to about fifteen miles, changes its course on the south side and runs up about west nearly sixty miles. Over this point the sun went down, touching the whole