

“HE NEVER FAILED ME.”

A GENTLEMAN once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher. As he turned to go down the platform, the master said, “There is a boy I can trust: he never failed me.” We followed him with our eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. We thought a good deal about the master’s remark. What a character had that boy earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and, what is better, to the whole community. We wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighborhood is known, and opinions are formed of him: he has a reputation either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, “I can trust him: he never failed me,” will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness, and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere, and are prized everywhere. He that is faithful in little will be faithful in much.

HOW SOME GIRLS HELPED TO ENLARGE THE CHURCH.

THE little church in Lodiāna, India, had grown so small that the congregation had to be squeezed in order to get in, or else the congregation had grown so large that they squeezed the church when they crowded in. However it was, the church was certainly too small for the people. What should they do? They were very, very poor; but they prepared a subscription paper, and the men and women passed it around, and subscribed great things for them. Still there was not enough.

The girls in the boarding-school talked it over, and decided that they would go without one dinner every week for six months, and give the price of it to enlarge the church. What do you think of that, you children who can hardly spare your candy-money once a month for the missionary box? Perhaps you think I have made a mistake; but I haven’t. Miss Given told me about it; and she was right there in the school, and heard the children make the offer. That church deserves to be enlarged. I dare say there are other churches that need enlargement. What offer will you make to help?—*Children’s Work for Children.*

“DON’T SAY THAT, JACK.”

A GOD-FEARING lad was reasoning with a companion about his continuance in a wicked course. The rejoinder was: “It is the right thing for you, Harry, to be good, for you have lots of people who care for you; but as for me, nobody prays for me. I’m so bad that nobody thinks it worth while to pray for me; if they ever did pray for me they have given it up now.”

“Don’t say that, Jack; God is my witness that I never lie down without praying, ‘O God, bring dear Jack into the fold of Christ!’”

Jack wept and repented. Let no perishing school-fellow be able to say: “You would not *take the trouble* to pray for me, or you might have saved my soul.”

Along the Line.

PORT SIMPSON DISTRICT.

Letter from the REV. GEO. F. HOPKINS, dated SKIDEGATE, Q. C. IS., Oct. 2nd, 1885.

IN the spring, Bro. Crosby came over to this place, with the steamer *Glad Tidings*. The boat brought over several thousand feet of lumber for the people. It being the first trip, the most of the Indians were delighted to see the little craft.

The next evening the principal men of the village gathered together, and after speaking of several matters to Bro. Crosby, a subscription was started, to paint the church and procure lamps and fixtures for lighting the building. About fifty dollars were soon raised.

The same night two couples were married. The next day, being Sunday, Bro. Crosby baptized six adults, and three children. Monday morning the *Glad Tidings* steamed off and was soon out of sight.

Our people at once began making preparations for their summer’s fishing. Line after line was stretched out, and a hundred or more hooks attached to each. Anchors were brought out; herrings caught and salted down for bait. Then in a few days the large, strong canoes were pushed down to the water, loaded, and in a few minutes more their white sails were spread to the wind, and off they went for the first dog-fish of the season.

This work requires often hard and dangerous labor. Most of the fishing is performed at night. Starting at a place where a buoy has been anchored, they attach one end of the line to the buoy and run out the line. Before the hook passes out of the canoe it is baited. As soon as the whole line has been passed out, another buoy is anchored down and holds this end of the line. Then returning to the starting point, the line is passed over the bow of the canoe. Hook after hook is drawn in, the dog-fish removed, and fresh bait attached. Thus they work on till daylight. Then they go ashore, cut out the livers of the fishes, and throw away the bodies. When a sufficient quantity of the livers are procured, usually enough to fill their canoes, they take them to the Skidegate Oil Company. Here they are refined into oil. The Indians receive so much a gallon for the livers.

But when the wind is strong little or nothing can be accomplished. This season there were several heavy gales, some lasting ten to fourteen days at a time. So the people were unable to earn as much money as usual. However, they did better than most of the tribes on the mainland. Many of these people, on account of the salmon canneries not working this year, have been unable to get any work whatever this summer.

When the weather is windy, our people carve slate-stone. Some of these carvings are made in the form of crest-poles; others into boxes, or plates; while others still are fashioned to illustrate a “doctor” and his patient, or some other tradition.

One piece of flat stone had worked on its top a large spider-crab, holding in one of its claws the wing of a raven.

The tradition is, that in the early times, soon after

life existed on the earth, the crab was on the beach as if dead. The raven being hungry, flew down and tapped the crab on its shell, to ascertain if it were alive or not. As the crab did not move, the raven proceeded to try to feast on it. But the crab caught the raven's wing in his claw, and slowly crawled down to the water. On he went till the raven's wing was submerged. Then the raven besought the crab to let him go, "For," said he, "we belong to one family; our fathers were brothers. See, I know you will release me. Even now you are laughing." But the crab still dragged on, the raven meanwhile pleading harder than ever for release, till only a part of one wing and his beak remained above water. Just as the raven was despairing of life, the crab took compassion on him and released him.

Thus runs their tradition of the flood. How much it has been twisted out of shape from the Bible account! Yet, with all this contortion, the knowledge of the great event has been preserved down to the present time. The Bible not only gives a true account of the flood, but also tells to these people of the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

When Saturday came, as many as could always returned to the village. Then those who remained in their camps held services among themselves on Sunday. One Sabbath morning, just as our people were assembling for worship in their camp, a messenger came from a heathen camp and asked all our people to go over and hold a service with his people. The invitation was gladly accepted by all, and one of the young men of the party spoke to them of "Jesus and His love to all." The strangers were observed to give good attention to what was said. After the service they asked many questions as to the manner in which "Jesus could save."

Beside the work among the Skidegate people, weekly visits during the summer have been made to the heathen village of Gold Harbor. The meetings here were all well attended. One feature of encouragement at this place is, that often the middle-aged and a few old people come to the service as well as the young folk.

As well, occasional meetings have been held amongst strangers who were camped at the oil works; so that the seed of life has been scattered. May God give an abundant increase!

Our prayer is, that all the tribes on these islands may soon be brought under Christian instruction and influence, and that Christ may be "a well of water springing up into everlasting life" in their midst.

*From the same, dated SKIDEGATE, Q.C. Is., Oct. 3rd, 1885.*

I WRITE you now concerning the Hydah villages—their distance from Skidegate, population and plan of future evangelization.

The most northern settlement is Massett. The population of this is reported to be above 200. It is about 90 miles from Skidegate. It has been occupied by the Anglican Church for some years past.

Skidegate is the next south. Its inhabitants number 100 at home; several more live in Victoria, and these mostly will never return.

As to missionary work at Skidegate, you are already

acquainted with it for some time past. For its future a remnant may be preserved. It will never increase in size much, unless other villages are united with it. A live, active man is needed here, one who knows how to lead men out of pride to Christian humility, for these people are exceedingly proud and selfish. These characteristics are a natural outgrowth of their former position among the other tribes as mighty warriors. None but a married man, and, if possible, none but one who is ordained, should be sent. The first on account of the isolation, and the great benefit these people receive from seeing a Christian in home life. The second, since it is difficult for the superintendent of Port Simpson to visit here for several months at a time during each year. Thus the people are deprived of many needful ordinances, as well as the sacraments of the Church.

Gold Harbor is five miles from here. These people number 115 persons. They have had only a small amount of gospel teaching. George Edgar has now commenced his work among them. This village can be easily worked from Skidegate, by keeping a native there parts of the year. The school alone is the drawback to this plan. As they speak the same language as the Skidegate people, my idea at first was to unite the two villages into one at the present site of Skidegate. But this hardly seems practicable, at least at present.

Twenty miles south-east from Skidegate is a village called Skedance. This consists of about 20 people, and these are the remains of two large villages. They have had no Christian work among them. They are friendly with the Gold Harbor people. By visiting them, some arrangement might be made that they come in a body to either Gold Harbor or Skidegate.

About thirty-five miles from Skidegate, still to the south-east, is Clue. These people are said to be about 150 or 175. They mostly go in a body to Victoria early in the spring, and remain till the last thing in the fall. Often, indeed, the most of them have remained down all winter. A few only return to procure their necessary Indian food. They are hostile to any missionary work. Yet, if they remain at home, visits as often as the weather will permit should be made from Skidegate.

One more village, Hinstins, to the south-east, is at a distance of about sixty-five miles from Skidegate. These people are only about 20 or 25 in number. They mostly are with the Clue Indians. So they could eventually be amalgamated with that tribe.

For the present Skidegate and Gold Harbor are the most important. Visits should be paid to the others. And the missionary to the Queen Charlotte Islands should ever keep in view the union of the smaller ones with either Gold Harbor or Skidegate and Clue respectively. A native could, sooner or later, be stationed at Clue. It might some day be made a separate station.

A FATHER was once describing to his little boy the wonderful ladder of Jacob's vision—"as high as the sky." After he had vividly pictured its great height, he asked the child, "Wouldn't you be afraid to climb a ladder as high as that?" The little fellow replied, "No, I wouldn't, if God held it."

*Letter from MISS MARY A. GREEN, Teacher, dated GREENVILLE, NAAS RIVER, B.C., Sept. 9th, 1885.*

YOU requested me to write you about our work here; but, as the departments are various, I think in this letter I will tell you a little about the orphan boys in the mission house. It is many years since the first destitute little boy came, and from that time they have increased, until now we have six. You are aware there is a girls' home at Port Simpson, but nothing along the coast has been offered to the friendless, uncared for boys, till my brother and his wife felt impelled to open their home to receive them. Could you have seen some of the lads as they came to us—dirty in the extreme, and with nothing in the world, save a few rags on their backs, and not even knowing their A. B. C.—you would hardly credit that these are the same boys. At first we always find them very untruthful, and they will often steal, and then seem surprised that they are doing wrongly, and wonder why they are punished, as they are not brought up in the fear of the Lord. Yet it is astonishing how quickly, in a great measure, they overcome their bad habits. Then they are getting to understand English quite well, indeed it is nothing unusual to hear them talking it among themselves, and very pleased they are over it.

Each morning they repeat a text before prayers, and then separate to their various duties till school time. They are taught to be industrious, for instance: they sew, darn, cook, wash and iron, run the sewing machine, make rag mats; besides taking care of cattle. This is their work out of school hours, and of course when it is properly finished they are allowed to play.

On Sundays we distribute among them the *Sunbeam* and *Pleasant Hours*, and they seem delighted with them. Of course they find many words they do not understand, but they generally come and ask for the meaning. They are also very fond of singing, and sing quite a number of pieces very nicely. And I believe they are all trying to be good boys, and want to be soldiers for Jesus.

I must not close this without a few words about a young man named Henry McKay. Always a good, thoughtful boy, and being only a child when his parents renounced heathenism (his father and mother being the first to accept the Gospel when the missionary came), he has had many advantages which many of the poor Indians have lacked. He took great pleasure in attending school, and it was a hard trial for him when he could come no more. He persisted in coming as long as he could walk at all. I regretted his absence much, for he was the best scholar, and always so persevering in his studies. About two weeks before he died, I took my album to him to get his autograph. He said, "I am weak, and my hand trembles, but I will try." He took the pen and wrote, "My dear teacher, God bless you all the time." In Mrs. Green's album he wrote, "Meet me in heaven." The day he died, he said to his father, "Call the friends in, and let us pray." They complied with his request, and after singing, he said, "Father, you pray;" and as the prayer ascended up to heaven, so did the spirit of dear Henry. Yes, he had gone to be "forever with the Lord."

Chief Mountain just called in to see me, and after inquiring to whom I was writing, wished me to say he "shakes hands with you in his heart."

## ONEIDA INDIAN CAMP-MEETING.

*Letter from the REV. E. HURLBURT, dated ONEIDA, September 30, 1885.*

OUR camp-meeting on this mission opened on Sabbath, 13th September, and continued over the second Sabbath. Three services were held during the days and nights. The good Lord favored us with delightful weather, day and night. The attendance throughout the meeting was good. On the second Sabbath we had at the least over two thousand people, whites and Indians, on the ground. We had good order during the entire meeting, and good preaching, just the right kind. The ministers present were Bros. Whiting, Holmes, Preston, Shepherd, Edwards, Parsons, and W. R. Parker, D.D. Of the local staff we had Mr. Peers, of British Columbia, who was on a visit to Ontario, and a goodly number of Indian local preachers, who rendered good service. The meeting was a grand success, all things considered. Sinners converted; eleven new members added to the Church at the close of the meeting; some left before the close; backsliders reclaimed; believers revived; and a good influence gone out from the meeting, which may in the near future result in much good, and bring glory to God. Nothing like a good camp-meeting of the old-time Methodist school, and the same old story of Jesus and His gospel. We require no new gospel, and no new fantastic notions to convert and save our Indian and white sinners.

The meeting closed with a fellowship-meeting, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, marching around the camp-ground, and the shaking of hands—including the singing, in the Indian tongue, of the well-known hymn beginning,

"On Jordan's stormy bank I stand."

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