

## Along the Line.

### THE CHINESE MISSION SCHOOL.

OUR readers are aware that a Chinese School was started in Victoria a number of years ago, and was sustained chiefly through the generosity of W. E. Sanford, Esq., of Hamilton, who gave a special subscription of five or six hundred dollars per annum for the purpose. That school, however, did not succeed well, and was subsequently discontinued on the recommendation of the District Meeting. Two years ago attention was called afresh to the needs of the Chinese by a letter from John Dillon, Esq., of Montreal, who had visited the Pacific coast; and in the spring of 1885 a mission was begun and a school opened under circumstances already detailed in the *OUTLOOK*. In December last a gentleman from Montreal visited the Pacific coast, and at Mr. Dillon's request made personal inspection of the Chinese work, and enquired fully into the condition and prospects of the school. His impressions may be learned from the following letter, which he addressed to Mr. Dillon:—

"MY DEAR MR. DILLON,—I have just returned from the Chinese Mission School (9.30 p.m.), and I thought I would sit down and write you while what I have been witness of is fresh in my mind, though I am not likely soon to forget it. I have been more than interested and pleased with what I have seen. The school has been in existence now for not quite a year. They have lately moved into the premises presently occupied, a room over a Chinese merchant's store. The entrance is by a narrow, dark alley, and not very inviting. School begins at 7.30 p.m. There were gathered to-night, I should say, from sixty to seventy, ranging in age from boys of thirteen and fourteen to middle aged men, and their attention, avidity to learn, and perseverance were astonishing.

"In Mr. Vrooman, the teacher, they have a man whose heart is apparently in the work, hence his great success, which is largely due to his individual efforts; for, as you are aware, so great is the prejudice against the Chinese that for a long time the Rev. Mr. Percival could hardly induce helpers to come to the school. Now I am glad to learn that workers are coming forward, and to-night there were three ladies and six gentlemen teachers assisting.

"It requires a great many teachers, for the scholars being in all stages of advancement it is impossible to teach as effectively in classes as by "hand to hand" work. Mr. Vrooman and the volunteer assistants take all, one after the other, and hear them read and spell in English. On being asked to help like the rest, I felt diffident, but soon got "roped in" and interested with the first one I took, and then it was quite contagious; the desire to learn and get everything right, the repeating over and over until it was learnt, and the aptitude and quickness displayed, would interest a person in spite of himself, and soon I had passed six or seven through my hands, while others would come to me for the proper pronunciation of this or that

word, and all seemed so grateful for the least thing done for them. It certainly is a splendid field for work.

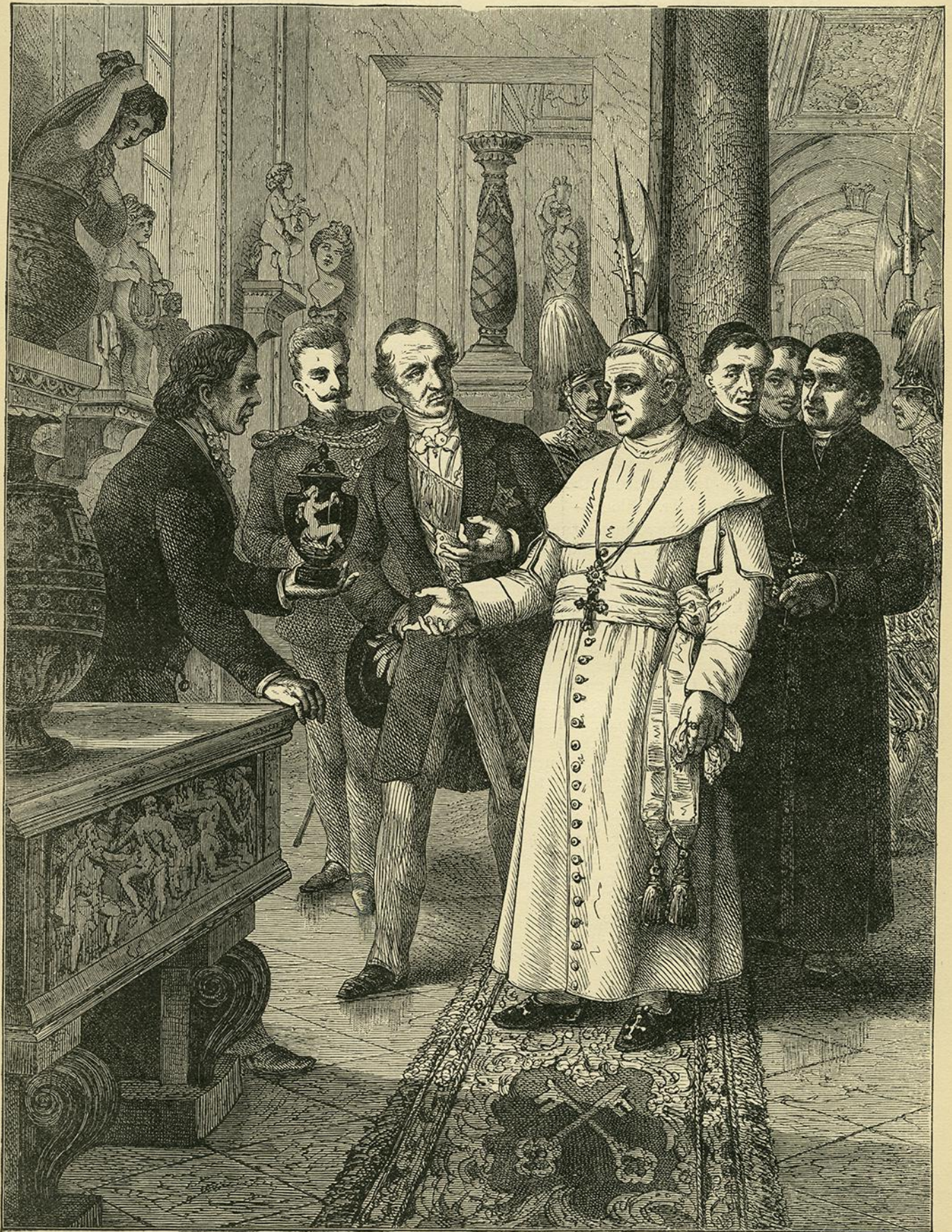
"After lessons Mr. Vrooman stated that he had been requested by the Chinese to thank those who had come to teach that night, and on asking them in Chinese if that was not so, they held up their hands with great good will, and showed by their beaming countenances that they meant it. I felt quite flattered by one Chinaman asking me several times, "Come again?" Then a hymn was fastened to the wall, written in Chinese, so that all could see it, while one of their number pointed to the words with a stick, and all joined in the Chinese version of "Nothing but the Blood of Jesus," set to the English music for it, and sung well. The soft cadence of their language suits the tune admirably. I felt strangely affected as the thought came into my mind, what a blessing, under God, that these poor heathen (spurned by the many) could be brought under such influences, and what might not come of it through seed sown here. Already, I am told, eleven have come out and made profession of faith; and Mr. Vrooman said, while at first he was alone, and had to read, pray and sing, he was thankful God had raised up followers of Jesus among themselves now. These men have to stand persecution and scoffing amongst their own people, too, and have stood the test and are doing well. Then, again, they say the school has an influence for good in keeping the pupils away at nights from evil influences and opium smoking, which I can readily believe and understand. The evening closed with all repeating the Lord's Prayer in English. The hall is crowded to overflowing on Sunday nights, and a room twice as large could easily be filled. Mr. Vrooman gives an address in Chinese, in fact on that night prayers, singing, etc., are all in Chinese. As most of these converted men go back to China, like all their countrymen, there is no telling what good may be done through this apparently small effort. I was delighted with all that I saw, and knew you would be, also, to hear so good an account of a matter you have had so much at heart. Mr. Percival, who seems much interested, came in during the evening. He tells me that two ladies, I believe, get a small remuneration for teaching. Mr. Vrooman gets nothing, and this should not be so, for he is the life of the work.\* But what is needed most of all is, in Mr. Percival's opinion, some one to give his whole time to the work, and go in amongst them and visit them; then a better place to hold their school in. But all these things will come in time, if needed, and one can only be astonished that so much has been done with so little, and so much material to work upon."

### PORT SIMPSON DISTRICT.

*Letter from REV. THOMAS CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, April 15th, 1886.*

I THOUGHT I ought to give you an account of my last trip. Left home at 10 a.m., March 25th, by *Glad Tidings*, and after a short call at Inverness, and also at Essington, reached Aberdeen by evening, and

\* Mr. Vrooman was engaged for a definite amount, but, with the exception of two months', declined further pay. If he continues to serve the Church in the future it will be at a fixed salary.



THE POPE RECEIVING PRESENTS.

preached in Mr. Dempster's office. Next morning made an early start, put Bro. Jennings off at Essington, then with a fair tide made a good run out of the mouth of the Skeena, past Kit-hat-lap with a light S.E. wind, which we made a leading wind, and crossed to Skidgate, Queen Charlotte Islands, where we dropped anchor by dark.

The people met us gladly, and next morning, after an early prayer-meeting, we left for Gold Harbor, five miles distant, stopping by the way to have a meal at the Oil Works. We found the people away, but a canoe was at once despatched to call them, which we put some distance on its way and then returned to the village. This was Saturday. The chief, who was at home, our native teacher and myself then looked about for a site for the church. Next morning had an early prayer-meeting, and preached at 9 a.m., after which Oliver and I took the small boat and crossed to Oil Works, when Mr. Tennant, who is in charge, was kind enough to have the dining-room fitted up for service. After preaching here I went on to Skidgate, where a number who had been away had gathered in, having heard of our arrival. Following this was a funeral of a chief who had died two weeks before, which had been delayed awaiting our arrival. Usually I object to Sunday funerals, but here the circumstances were peculiar. Preached again at night, after which we had a fellowship meeting. Everyone spoke. This, as you know, is where Mr. Hopkins was stationed, and they felt sorely being left last fall without a missionary; but Amos, our native agent, has been faithful to the means of grace, and all the people seemed to be in good spirits. Monday morning was spent in advice and counselling with the people while the *Glad Tidings* was taking on wood. This over, we put off to Gold Harbor. The people had now returned; some of them had travelled all night, and at 7 p.m. they came together for a meeting, which continued till 1 a.m., and it was a wonderful meeting. During the winter, as you have heard, these poor people gave of their own accord of their blankets, etc., towards building a church, and now it was with warm hearts that one after another rose to tell what God had done for them. The meeting increased in interest and power, until a deaf and dumb man arose and by pointing to heaven and to his own breast tried to tell us something that had evidently come with power to his heart. Nearly every one was in tears; it was truly good to be there. At the close of the meeting 251 blankets, five head dresses, and three other chiefs' blankets were on board the *Glad Tidings* as their donation towards the church they hope to see built this summer. This is the people who a year ago refused to hear us praise God for what He has done!

Next morning at 5 a.m. we were off; found a stiff breeze when we got out, and in seven hours entered Browning's Passage, on the mainland side. The Indians living at Kit-hat-lap were all away, so we kept on and anchored that night in Stewart's Anchorage, in Grenville Channel, at 8 p.m. Next morning off early; contrary tides; reached Swanson Bay for the night.

April 1st, made an early start; called at Chinaman Hat, crossed Millbank Sound, and reached Bella Bella. Preached to Mr. Cuyler's people that night, and left next morning with a large canoe in tow for Belle

Coola, where we arrived at 3 p.m. Glad to find Bro. Hopkins well. Visited from house to house, prayed with several who were sick and pointed them to Jesus, and after a service with the people returned on board. By this time the people were coming off with potatoes to ship.

April 3rd, we left at 10 a.m., Bro. Hopkins on board with us, bound for District Meeting. This was Saturday. Got back to Bella Bella in time to get wood on board ready for a good start Monday. Sunday we had a good day. Bro. H. preached in the morning, Bro. Oliver in the afternoon, and the writer at night. A number of Bella Coolas were present, on their way to Victoria.

At 7 a.m. next day we started, and as Miss Reinhart, with Mrs. Cuyler and the baby, wished to go to Goose Island, some twenty miles or more away, they took books, etc., to carry on the school, the Bella Bella people camping here for about two months. We brought them on their way to the Island, put them ashore in an Indian canoe, while Bro. Cuyler went on with us to District Meeting. God bless these dear sisters in their real missionary work on the Island!

We reached Chinaman Hat that night in time to have service. We went from house to house, and got through about ten o'clock.

Left next morning at five o'clock; wind and tide against us most of the day, so we reached Kit-a-maat at a very late hour, long after dark. The people of this place were part of them away to Kit-loop, and the rest of them camped on the river fishing oolichan. Early in the morning we left the steamer and took a small canoe to go up the river to visit the people—Mr. Robinson, our teacher, Mr. Cuyler, Mr. Hopkins and myself. The canoe was leaky, and I was kept busy bailing out while the others paddled. The water was so low that we failed to get our canoe up, so we anchored it and waded through the mud and water the rest of the way. It was pleasing to see the people all so busy. We were invited to partake of some small fish broiled before the fire. They say they never boiled or fried them in the old time; if they did the fish would leave the river. We soon had a little bell rung, and the people quickly laid aside their work, put on their shawls and coats, and gathered to service. Each of the missionaries gave them a portion of the Good Word, and then we said good-bye, and in a large canoe, well manned, started down the river, taking with us a good supply of the little fish. We had a strong wind and tide against us, and were wet with the spray when we reached the *Glad Tidings*. In the meantime Oliver and his man had got wood on board, and we soon had the anchor up and were off. The tide was with us, but we had a strong head wind, and came to anchor about half-way down the Kit-a-maat-arm, about 8 p.m. Left next morning at 4 o'clock; a thick morning, but fair tide till we reached the mouth of the Skeena. Called at Essington at 4 p.m., and took wood at Aberdeen; took on Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, at Essington, for District Meeting, and by 2 p.m. reached home. Thank God for such a good trip, having been away from home fifteen days and having travelled 900 miles. We found all well at home, and had a good time at our District Meeting. Report an increase of 100; good reports from all the missions.

*Letter from REV. W. PIERCE, Native Missionary,  
dated KIT-SE-GUCLA, SKEENA RIVER, B.C.,  
February 20th, 1886.*

AFTER more than ten months of silence, I am glad of an opportunity to inform you that our hearts have been cheered during the five months since we came here by the tokens of good which our Father in heaven is showing us. To God be all the praise. I have also to thank Him for giving us access to the hearts of these benighted people, the parents bringing their little children to be taught in the school, and I have over thirty to commence with. It is surprising to hear them singing the gospel hymns and saying the Lord's Prayer in opening the school. As we have no civilized house my little school meets, in one of the Chief's house, and the children use the floor for a black-board, on which they write the letters of the alphabet and figures as they learn them. During last month we had over three hundred people here. One of the chiefs invited the other tribes to join him in the Potlach, and they had a great time in raising the big stick in the front of his house, as the white people for the grave-stone. The stick is 80 feet high. Hundreds of blankets, and much flour and sugar and all kinds of other food spent. But on Sunday we have a blessed privilege of preaching Christ amongst them. It did my heart good to see the old people coming to the service and listen to the story of the cross; some with their faces painted black or black and red; nearly all wore blankets. We sang many of Moody and Sankey's hymns, and this drew in the people. We believe the word of the Lord will not return unto Him void. Sometimes we feel very feeble before all this sin; but the Spirit of the Lord is with us, and we will not fear; nor will be in too much haste for great change. This is a slow country, and we are trying to show the people that we have come for their good, not to make money out of them, as the white people are already beginning to tell them. I have visited the other villages during the winter, and they receive us kindly, the young people often begging us to come again. Towards the New Year we visited the Hagulgets village, and we have a good time. The poor people told me that they wanted a Boston (Methodist) missionary, who would lead them and teach their children just like the missionary does at Salt Water. One of the head chiefs who came to our service had a little boy with him, and expressed a strong desire that the child should go to school if the teacher comes. The chief said, "It is true the priest has been among us for the last twelve years, and not one of our young people know anything. The only thing he teach us is to wear little cross, and to confess our sins to him, which didn't make us any better; we are still in darkness of our sins. We want a religion that will make us free from our darkness." I promised them to report their wishes to our great Indian Missionary Society in Canada. These very people, not many years ago, have a war with my tribe, and several of my people got shot, but now they want to be friends to the Port Simpson people. Surely, only almighty power can change these polluted beings. Oh, how much wisdom, love, patience I want to enable me to act as I ought. What a sweet comfort that one of the last words of our dear Saviour was, "Lo! I am

with you always." There are signs of the coming victory in our labors among these people. Pray much for us, and remember the interior people at the Throne of Grace. Christmas day was a great and happy day with us. We had a Christmas tree for all the children. The old chief's house looked very nice with all the bushes and leaves on the walls. The old fathers and mothers were pleased to listen to their children singing Christmas hymns. Surely the Lord will hear the prayers that have been offered up in this meeting, and make Himself a glorious name among the heathen by the conversion of hundreds, through the preaching of the everlasting gospel.

*Letter from REV. GEO. F. HOPKINS, dated BELLA  
COOLA, B.C., March 2nd, 1886.*

OUR little band here are holding steadily on their course. In the fall, the heathen party tried to compel one of those who have joined us to dance, but she was determined not to be compelled. A number of the dancers came across the river and pleaded, urged, and tired out their lungs by many and great words with her relatives. Meanwhile the young woman and her uncle were quietly sitting in the mission building. After an hour or so the baffled company betook themselves to their canoes, and were soon engrossed in their wild revelries. The unwritten laws of years were broken by this act, and a precedent formed for other young people to do likewise.

No others have united themselves with us since I last wrote, yet a little encouragement has been given by having a few more attend our services. Then a word or two about Christ healing the sick, and His power to heal the souls of all who will come to God through Him, can be edged in while medicines are being dispensed.

An indication that seed is beginning to take root is seen from the fact that several have come, as Nicodemus, "secretly, for fear of the people." They have asked many questions about this way, and some of them have promised to soon come with us. So, though the sunlight has not yet pierced its way into their hearts, we praise God for sending a flickering ray or two on their life's dark pathway.

The customs of generations, the deceptions of centuries, and the superstitious belief of ages, have stamped their lives and moulded their characters. They say that the dance has been from the beginning. Also, that "The chief on high (God) gave us the dance." To convince them that God never gave to human beings so much deception and vice as are connected directly, or indirectly, with these occasions, is one of the first things to be accomplished.

During the dancing season, just before night settles down, a large wooden horn is sounded. No human being is supposed to blow this; but the spirits in the upper world thus nightly make known their presence, and manifest their approval of the dance.

Doctor Jack holds the people in a constant state of superstitious fear. He is believed to be able by a mere word, or by charms, to cause the speedy death of any person. A person being jealous of another, pays the great magician (for such in reality he is), procur-

ing his services to effect the permanent removal of the object of his hatred by the above means.

Again, this one, who "gives out that he is some one," is supposed to cure all manner of ailments of body and mind. He enters the house of his patient, clad in a long shirt, a dirty blanket, and a broad band made of the inner bark of the cedar. He sings in a quivering voice a weird song, while the beating of a hollow box furnishes his accompaniment. When he thinks he has performed long enough to claim a large fee, he clutches the air as if to catch an object. Then he throws away a stone, a bullet or a piece of bone. This, he assures them, he has extracted from the sick person's body, and that this is what has caused the illness.

His deceptions are so well carried out that not one in fifty suspect that he or his friends have been duped. But we must leave Doctor Jack, his patients, and his many other magical works for the present.

The wolf is held in awe by these people. They think that if a hunter of their nation kills one that he will soon die himself. One caught in a trap must be left without procuring the skin; indeed, not a bone of its body will be broken by the trapper. This is a superstition peculiar to this tribe.

There are numerous other customs and superstitions equally strange, and the word deception can well be applied to qualify all acts of their heathenism. But I shall not add more at this time.

For the speedy overthrow of all their superstitions and evil habits, and for all works of darkness around us to be made light, we look in faith to Him who said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

### THE HOME WORK.

**South Darlington** (Toronto Conference). — REV. JESSE WHITLOCK reports an advance in missionary contributions, which he hails as a move in the right direction, and is working on, praying and hoping for greater prosperity.

**Howard** (London Conference). — Bro. T. L. McCUTCHEON is thankful for continued prosperity. A meeting at the Beechwood appointment resulted in the conversion of twenty souls. This is the same appointment in connection with which about one hundred were converted last year. The pastor has been invited to remain a third year.

**Crystal City** (Manitoba Conference). — REV. C. CRICHTON, Superintendent. This mission, with six appointments and a membership of sixty-eight, is doing fairly well, though some of the congregations have been depleted by removals. Through failure of crops the people are poor, and the missionary suffers with the rest, but he labors on in hope and waits for better times. Two good Sunday-schools are kept open throughout the year, and two others during summer.

**Lombardy** (Montreal Conference). — REV. D. BRILL reports a year full of hard work and crowned with blessings. Fifty converts have been received into the Church, and as many more have united with the Presbyterian Church. A good site has been procured

in the village, and the contract let for a church 28 x 40, of frame, veneered with brick. Much of the material is already on the ground and paid for. If any generous friends in more favored places can send even a small contribution for a needy home mission in its struggle to build a church, they will be received with thanks.

## Facts and Illustrations.

A LIFE grandly holy is only the adding together of minutes scrupulously holy.

SHALL I grudge to spend my life for Him who did not grudge to shed His life-blood for me?—*Beveridge*.

SOME one says, "The Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying."

CHRISTIAN, make a note of this: The net gain in communicants the past year was *nine times* greater in foreign missions than in Christendom!

A NUMBER of Japanese have prepared a formal paper asking that in the work of translating the Old Testament, the Japanese Christians may be represented by a committee of their own countrymen, selected by themselves.

It is fashionable in some localities to be very proud of ignorance—as if ignorance were one of the virtues. Some one said to John Wesley, "Ah, Mr. Wesley, God has no need of any man's learning." Mr. Wesley replied, "No, friend; and he has far less need of his ignorance."

WE ought never to forget that whatever we do for the Chinese in this country may be of the greatest possible benefit to China itself, and to the other nations of the East. A striking instance of this is the fact that the Chinese ambassador to Corea is said, on good authority, to have been once a member of Rev. Dr. Loomis' church in San Francisco, and a constant attendant on its services.

A MOST encouraging sign of the times from a missionary point of view was the medical missionary convention lately held in Philadelphia under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of the city, the Association of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania and of the Jefferson College. The meetings were full of interest and were well attended by the students of the colleges represented.

"IF I were asked," says Max Muller, "under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the problems of life, and has found solutions of some of them which will deserve the attention of even those who have studied Plato and Kant, I should point to India. . . . India, of a thousand or two thousand years ago—aye, the India of to-day—is full of problems, the solution of which concerns all of us, even in this Europe of the nineteenth century."