

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. A. E. GREEN, dated GREENVILLE,
NAAS RIVER, B.C., September 21st, 1886.

AFTER a pleasant trip over the new railroad I reached Victoria on August 28th. At Nanaimo I met Bro. Crosby with the *Glad Tidings* on his way to Victoria for supplies. Our family being so large it was not convenient for them to go north by the mission boat, and we feared we would have to wait three weeks for another, for although the *Boscowitz* was daily expected back from Port Simpson, the owners informed us that the next trip would be only to Rivers Inlet. But being very anxious to get back to my work I prevailed on them to go to Simpson, where we arrived late on the 9th of September. Early the next morning we got a canoe and crew and started for Naas. After two hours' paddling a light wind sprang up and we hoisted sail, but soon the wind increased, and our little ones were sea-sick. We made good time up Portland Inlet, and at 9 p.m. were off the mouth of Naas River, and as the tide was flooding we kept right on and at midnight were at Greenville, having come fifty miles from Simpson without getting out of the canoe, or the canoe going ashore. The village was still, the few at home being asleep. We thought they would not know until morning that we had arrived, but an Indian came to the door to see what his dogs were barking at, and recognizing us, ran through the village from house to house crying, "Clah ah-dox lee-plate-um!" (Our missionary has come), and the people ran from their beds to grasp our hands and welcome us back. They made us feel how glad they were to see us again, and quickly they carried our children and our baggage to the mission house. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas were not expecting us for a couple of weeks yet, but greeted us warmly and soon made us comfortable in the old home. The Indians filled the house and had so much to tell me about and so many questions to ask; to tell of deaths and of births, of times of sorrow and seasons of joy; of troubles, and how they settled them; and all had something to tell, and all wanted to talk at the same time, and while some would be telling something, another would cry out, "Have you brought the band?" Another, "Are we to have a church built now?" They were so excited it was not until we had sung a hymn and returned thanks to our Heavenly Father for His mercy in preserving us to meet again that they became more calm. We missed some of our old friends, and although at first sad, we could but rejoice as we heard of how they died. One George Whitefield was among the first little band to join me in the summer of 1877, and for five years helped me much. Then a trouble came, he wavered, and for two years lived very unhappy, but returned again to his first love, and the Lord greatly helped him, and when very sick he loved to talk of the Lord's goodness to him, and calling his friends around his bed earnestly exhorted all to keep near to Jesus, and telling the Christians that he wanted them to take his children and teach them to be Christians,

and not let his heathen relations take them, or else they would be taught heathenism. A day before he died he said, "Last night a great company dressed in white came to my bedside. I knew some of them and they looked so lovingly on me, and they said, 'George, be patient and you will soon be with us.'" And with his dying breath he said, "Jesus has come! Jesus has come!" Another—a poor old woman—told them that Jesus had her hand, and that it was well with her.

Our people are very pleased that through the kindness of our friends in Canada and England we have a band for them, which we expect up by next steamer. They are delighted with your plan of our new church, and are anxious we should commence it at once. I am waiting for those to return who are from home; we will then have a large meeting and see how much we can raise by subscriptions toward it. I am sure they will do all they can, and we need the building so much that we must get at it as soon as possible.

Our boys in the Mission House have made good progress during the year, and I shall deeply regret if we should be compelled, through lack of a little help, to send them adrift. We have had some of them in the Mission House five years, and they speak our language as if it were their own. We trust they may be native preachers to carry the Gospel work on in all the surrounding villages.

The Indians have much improved our mission village since you saw it, having put down a plank sidewalk at a cost of \$99, and built a band house at a cost of \$135, and these works done by themselves greatly encourage them to make further needed improvements. The potatoes are nearly all bad this year, which will be a serious loss to the people. Being the only vegetable that will grow here the Indians depend on it for their winter food with dry salmon. They have a good supply of the latter, as there was an excellent run of the silver salmon.

Thankful to the kind friends in the East whose sympathy made our visit so pleasant to us, we come back with pleasant memories to "thank God and take courage," in laboring to bring the poor "Nescah" Indians to the Saviour.

Mountain, Victoria, Job and many other Indians wish to be remembered to you.

JAPAN.

Letter from the REV. GEO. COCHRAN, D.D., dated
TOKYO, Sept. 22, 1886.

LAST Sunday was a red-letter day in our little church in Azabu. It was the quarterly Love Feast and sacramental service. The little church was crowded; the speaking was brief, earnest, and to the point. Sixteen persons were presented for baptism—ten adults and six children. You may imagine my thankfulness and joy when I found in the congregation Mr. Asami, my first convert in Japan, whom I baptized in April, 1874, this day, with his wife and three children, uniting with the Azabu Church. When he came to our house in 1873, and begged permission to stay with us a little while that he might study English, he was a poor boy, cast out of his inheritance by the political changes of that trying period in Japan. Some two