

fragrant, and the poor widow at Nain, whose gratitude bloomed ever fresh and fair, were, no doubt, faithfully following in the footsteps of Christ; but they were as nothing in face of the fact that the world at large, and especially the Roman Empire, was arrayed against the new faith. For eight centuries the name and fame of Rome had made itself felt among the nations; her standards were planted in fifteen countries in Asia, seven in Africa, and fourteen in Europe; her galleys glided across the sea from the "Pillars of Hercules" to the Empire; her eagles hovered on majestic wing over the Atlantic and Euphrates alike, or screamed with delight as they extended the sway of the Cæsars from the banks of the Rhine to the hidden sources of the Nile. Why, then, did Jesus

PREDICT THE IMPOSSIBLE?

Well, they trusted Him, that was all, believing that the fulfilment would be realized in wide, sweeping conquests, each adding new features of interest to their wonder-smitten intellect and conscience; but alas, for us, we now have no material such as continually came to them, with which to draw and thrill the audiences gathering to our anniversaries. Practically, the world is occupied, and every avenue not only opened but entered.

Do not imagine for one moment, that I hold that the Church at large, or that portion of it which we call Methodist, has yet reached the full measure of possible work and duty; not at all. I simply hold, that to a certain extent we have passed the exciting stages of missionary enterprise, and that the masses are no longer held by the constant reiteration of foundation principles, which fall like sermons on the popular ear—and that, as a consequence we are handicapped in our efforts to make our missionary anniversaries really interesting. The question is, How can it be done? I do not know that I can really answer the question; but perhaps the way may become clearer under discussion. Let me ask, Is it to be done by getting out of the ruts? Not at all! but by staying in the ruts. Rather strange, possibly, but nevertheless the fact, that we advance by going back. Test it, by touching the question of

MISSIONARY LITERATURE.

Here the ruts are best—the ruts which we have left to our cost. The example of John Wesley, who deluged England, Ireland and Scotland with tracts, pamphlets and even bound volumes, is the best standard for to-day. 'Tis true, many people thought him mad in this matter, but the methods have proved to be so successful that we see him wiser in his madness than his critics in their wisdom. Wesley believed in the consecration of literature to popular evangelization and instruction. Are we wiser in our day? I think not so wise. By this means we can flood the country with the facts and geography of missions, in their varied religious, social and even political phases, and arouse public sympathy for this side of our work. I am aware that the wide dissemination of this kind of literature will, to some extent, sap the stem from which we as ministers gather the fruit of information for public addresses, but I am convinced, nay, deeply convinced, that the true method is to flood the country with missionary literature, till there is not a man or woman in all Methodism, at least, that is not fully informed of our work, methods and triumphs. I must leave this point to touch it again later on.

The congregations, however, must do their part. It will not do for the good folk to say, "We are not going to have a deputation from the west this year. There is no live Japanese, or Indians, grim with war paint, coming this time. We are only to have Rev. — from —, and another local minister from —, and I guess the meeting will be pretty flat, and I don't know that I'll go." No! no! Go to work in earnest; bring the children forward with recitations and dialogues bearing on missions. Let the music be up to par, and if thought best, let our friends organize "missionary teas," on the basis of "missionary breakfasts" in the Old Country. So many workers will be brought together, each influential in a given circle, that, providing the almanac favors you, you are sure of a crowd. There is yet another idea on which I lay stress—let our Missionary Secretary (now with us) have prepared if possible,

ILLUSTRATED ADDRESSES

or lectures. Not that we would burden him with more work—his busy hands are already more than full; but perhaps he could devise means by which large pictures, say 6 x 6 ft., somewhat on the principle of these Sabbath School illustrations hanging here on the wall, with a carefully prepared lecture by a competent missionary, might be placed in the hands of our ministers, say one set for a District, or two if the District is large, and then work the District for all it is worth as the regularly appointed deputation—the District making the selection of one or two men for the purpose. We might have Japan one year, then China, and then the North-West, or we might run all three in different sections, and then transfer the pictures from east to west and *vice versa* from year to year, and thus reduce the required number to a minimum and keep expenses down. My experience along this line has clearly proved that "illustration" will draw a crowd at any time. They ought to be issued in sets of not less than fourteen or fifteen; not stale cuts which have appeared in pamphlet form or in Sunday School papers, but fresh, living pictures, representing current missionary experiences. Posters could be prepared for general use at the Mission Rooms and sent out as needed. This would be good for three or four years at least, then other things might be devised to keep level with the times. The question here involved is this,

HOW TO MEET THE EXPENSE.

I have a plan, I do not say it is perfect, it is based on principle. I have here a copy of the sixty-eighth annual missionary report. Looking over it rather hurriedly, maybe, I make an approximate calculation which may help us. About 17,000 copies are published annually, at a cost of about \$3,000. Well, if you look you will see that it embraces about 400 pages, 275 of which, roughly speaking, are not needed. Do we here in Nova Scotia feel interested in the statement that John Smith, of Vancouver, gave \$2? Not enough even to glance down the lists. No practical good ensues to my mind from this source; but it costs money. It may be useful in Vancouver, but not here. What is the proposition? Simply this: publish only that which is necessary for each conference only, or drop the lists altogether. It is a neat way to release at least \$1,000 towards enlarging the report proper if deemed best, or for the publication of the illustrated addresses as already outlined, and no true lovers of missions will be angry because he no longer sees his name in print between the covers of this excellent annual report.

If you please, Mr. Secretary, do not misunderstand me. I do not for one moment imply that you are not doing your utmost to keep expenses down. No report published, that I am aware of, is published so cheaply as this; the cost is reduced to a minimum. I for one have perfect confidence in the administration emanating from the mission rooms; I am sure, therefore, that you will, with our friends present, receive these suggestions in the spirit with which they are given. All of which is respectfully submitted.

Along the Line.

The Indian Work.

NOTES FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF THE "GLAD TIDINGS."

AFTER leaving Comox, where we had been storm-bound, we had a pleasant run to Cape Mudge, where we found the Indians engaged in a great potlatch.

WHAT IS AN INDIAN POTLATCH?

The word itself, "potlatch," means simply "to give"; but when applied to the demoralizing custom which the Indians keep up, in some parts of British Columbia, it means the devil's high carnival.

A few weeks ago it was announced in the daily papers that the Cape Mudge Indians were about to give a great potlatch, when so many thousands of blankets would be dis-

tributed, so many tons of flour, sugar, pilot-bread, and other things be given to feast upon, and a general good time anticipated. When the affair had got into full swing we visited them with the mission boat, *Glad Tidings*. On landing at the village we found some 1,200 Indians congregated, from a radius of one hundred miles or more. Their tents were made some of white cotton, some of cedar bark, and some of cedar slabs. Into these places the hordes were huddled until there was scarcely room to step. Strewn about in all directions were pieces of refuse, food, and other filth, in which the young children were rolling, some of them entirely nude, others with a mere rag of clothing on them. To make the mixture complete, were scores of Indian dogs lying about with the children, others in their beds, or nosing about their foods, licking out their pots and kettles, until the scene was disgusting in the extreme. This is a meagre sketch of the scene by daylight, when a great many of the family were out. Under the cover of darkness this seething mass of corruption puts on another aspect. Morality among the Indians themselves, under these circumstances, is at a very low ebb; but when a score of white men come in with a few gallons of "fire-water," and spend the night with the Indians, the scenes become indescribable. Men and women in their drunkenness actually tearing the clothes off each other, and wallowing about in reeking filth—the picture is more like hell upon earth than anything we ever heard of.

Now for a few side pictures, and they are by no means scarce. We stepped into one tent to see a poor woman whose leg is actually rotting off. She was all alone, her husband having left her, and her son "thrown her away," or left her to herself. The poor creature was entirely without food or care. Hearing some women crying in another tent, we went in, and found a baby dying. We asked where the father was, when the poor mother told us that he was up on the raised platform throwing away his blankets, in which he took a great deal more interest than in his dying child. A great drumming was going on in one of the large houses, upon entering which we found a number of Indians beating on boxes and boards, as an accompaniment to the death-song which they were chanting. We inquired why they were singing it, and they told us that a woman had died that morning, and, after hurrying her away to the graveyard before the corpse was cold, they were now singing the death-song to drive away the spirit that it might not linger near them, as they have an awful dread of the spirits of departed friends. Piled on the top of that very house were hundreds of blankets, which the owner was throwing to the ground one by one, at the same time calling out the names of the persons to whom they were given. These blankets are carried away to other villages, when potlatches are called, and the blankets returned to their owners; and thus it goes on from month to month, and from year to year. The number of the blankets is increased from time to time, not by dint of industry on the part of the men, but through the immoral practices of the women, who prostitute themselves in all our towns and cities, as well as among the logging and fishing camps throughout the country.

In places where the potlatch has ceased, the morality of the people has risen to a higher standard and, as a natural result the people, especially the children, are more numerous and more healthy; whereas, in some of the villages where this fearful vice remains, the few children that may be found are full of disease, and few of them live to grow up; and even if they do, their life is a burden to them.

A few years ago a law was passed prohibiting the potlatch. This was as good as winked at by some of the officials; and when a certain tribe asked permission to hold "just one more potlatch," and that permission was granted, the Indians said, "If one tribe can break the law by permission, we will try breaking it without permission," and they have done so ever since. The law remains on the Dominion statutes, but is practically a dead letter; and the Indians, instead of being an upright and industrious people, are a filthy, indolent, degraded set, a disgrace and a curse to our country.

Surely there is some remedy for this crying evil!

C. M. TATE.

Letter from REV. J. W. GALLOWAY, dated CAPE MUDGE, B.C.,
December 6th, 1892.

PERHAPS a few lines from this mission will be in order, considering it is a new mission, and no report has hitherto been sent to the Mission Rooms. As Cape Mudge has been so liberally treated by Bro. Tate in his "*Glad Tidings* Notes," I will not trouble you with any geographical features, but speak more on the prospects for the future.

In August the northern tribes began to gather for a great feast and potlatch, and it has been one continuous potlatch ever since. It has been almost impossible to do anything with them whilst the craze is on, but now the visitors are returning and the village is resuming its normal aspect. Whatever has been said about the degradation of these "Lach-kwill-tachs" of Cape Mudge, I have found from careful observation that the tribes from Alert Bay and Nimskish are as bad, if not worse. They have caused considerable trouble during their visit, not only by bringing in whiskey, but also by house-breaking.

Acting under instructions from Bro. Tate, I applied to the Indian Agent for four acres of land for mission purposes. The Indians were perfectly willing that we should have four acres, but Mr. Pidcock decided to give us only one acre. Tsi-ka-ti, the hereditary chief, has given up his potlatching, and has come out for Jesus. We are now busy building a mission house (with my money), and two or three Indian families are to move their houses alongside the Mission premises. An old house belonging to the Missionary Society will be utilized for a temporary school house; we move it near the new house.

Rev. J. H. White, President of Conference, and Rev. A. E. Green, visited the Mission during November; they were very welcome visitors and gave me much encouragement. The steamship *Glad Tidings* also visited us, and stayed here four days, stormbound, on her way to Port Simpson.

Owing to the number of Indians congregated, the crowded state of the houses, and the constant use of the street for their potlatches, it has been almost impossible to do anything lately. But now school has begun, and we are looking for great blessings during the winter. I intend to commence special meetings amongst them in January, and would ask the prayers of God's people that this degraded and immoral tribe may be led into the glorious liberty of the Gospel.

In the Government report on Indian Affairs, the whole of the Lach-kwill-tachs are designated Roman Catholics; such is not the case; several here are Protestants. It is my intention to take the native language, as I find I can do more effective work by so doing. Chinook is all very well for traders, but not for preachers.

Letter from the REV. THOS. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON,
November 12th, 1892.

SINCE the *Glad Tidings* has gone south, it has been somewhat difficult to get round this large district, and still I have done the best I could with other boats and canoes; but, of course, some of my visits have been very brief.

Skidegate took my first attention, as you know that important field was left without a man last conference, just at a time when the Gold Harbor people were moving over and forming one village, so that with the people united in one place we could carry on school and mission more effectively.

At Clue, on Queen Charlotte Islands farther south, Brother G. Reid is doing well. I spent a night with him and his people. We were at service, etc., till two o'clock in the morning, as our boat would leave at daylight. The people here wished so much that the *Glad Tidings* could come here with lumber, etc., to finish their church. Brother Reid had visited Skidegate by canoe, and helped the poor people much.

River's Inlet is still a hard field, as the poor people do not give up their heathenism. Brother Gibson is working among them, and the mission has great and good influence on the large number of whites and Indians who come there to the canneries in the summer. May God convert the poor natives there. Our visit was very short here, and at Bella Coola, where Brother Nicholas is, faithful work is

being done amongst this poor blind people, and the mission is having good effect upon them. Settlers are coming into the valley, and this may yet be a road into the interior. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas told me of a trip they had just made to Tali-ome, where the people urged them to stay and teach them, and they would all try and become Christians. Kimpsquit, also, is much in need of a man. Last conference arranged to have Bella Coola a mission, and thus provide for help for Kimpsquit, but we failed to get the man, so the people there must be left for a time, as they have been for years, calling for the blessed light. There was a time when they did not wish a teacher, but it is not so now. Brother Nicholas will visit them.

I had time for a good service with Brother Hopkins and his people at Bella Bella. They have their new church about complete. I trust it will be a great blessing to them. Their village looks neat and clean, and I do hope the workers will see the desire of their hearts—a good revival and souls saved, and a good boarding school, so as to keep the children at their school.

At China Hat I had services, and then we left Brother Gibson, who had charge of the Nanaimo Indian Mission for a time. May God bless him and the people there this winter. We had a short stay at Hartly Bay where Brother Edgar is doing well. I failed connection with the Hudson Bay Company steamer for the Upper Skeena, so my visit to their mission will have to be put off. I was very sorry for it. May heaven's richest blessing be upon the brethren there and the poor people under their care.

I had a good visit to Naas, and I do hope there are indications of good at Greenville. Several are building new houses, and the people turned out to services well on Sabbath. We had a good love-feast in the afternoon and missionary meeting at night, with fifty dollars subscription and collection, which I trust will be largely increased. I do hope they may have a blessed revival and the wanderers brought back and souls saved, and that that village may yet be a great blessing to the heathen around them, who have been such a blight to them. I must in some way get to Kit-maat if possible this fall.

And now in regard to the work here. It seemed for a time that everything was beset with difficulties, but in answer to prayer the Lord is bringing light out of darkness. Two weeks ago, after a good day, we had a wonderful after meeting following the evening sermon. We had the penitent form out and many souls crying for mercy, and I am pleased to say that many of the girls and boys of our Homes were first to come out on the Lord's side, and for the last two weeks we have had service every night, and numbers at each service have been seeking the Lord. I do pray that every heart may be affected, and that the blessed work may spread to all the missions along the coast. Some who told us they had not prayed for years have begun to pray now. Pray for us that the whole coast may be visited with a mighty revival, yea, that the whole province may feel its power.

Letter from REV. J. A. McLACHLAN, dated BEREN'S RIVER, Oct. 19th, 1892.

BEFORE navigation closes and we are shut in for several months, I feel that I ought to send you a word from Beren's River. This mission has three appointments, Beren's River, Little Grand Rapids and Poplar River. Beren's River is the head of the mission, and also of the Indian agency. Here we have a good church and a good cause. There is not a pagan on the Reserve, and the people manifest the greatest interest in all our services. Nearly every communion we have been receiving some new members on trial by profession of faith. This country is entirely unsuited for farming, hence the Indians live almost entirely by fishing. A few are hunters and trappers, but fur-bearing animals are rare now in this section. Having no means of earning money they have been very badly off for clothing and twine for nets. I say "have been," for that difficulty is past. Kind friends in Warwick, Brussels and Goderich have amply supplied us with clothing, and our noble friends of Grace Church, Winnipeg, sent us twine sufficient to supply each family here with two nets, besides a net to each family at Poplar River. May the Head of the Church

reward them for their kindness. The Indians are all off now laying up their supply of fish for the winter, and the prospects are splendid.

Grand Rapids is about one hundred miles up the Beren's River. The trip is an arduous one either in winter or summer. In winter the snow is deep and there is no road, while in summer over fifty rapids have to be passed and nearly all have to be portaged both ways. The scenery, however, is grand and inspiring. These Indians are all hunters and are still mostly pagans. Their mode of life makes it exceedingly difficult to do much with them. They have no houses and are almost constantly on the move, so that we can only meet them occasionally; still we had some delightful services with them this summer, and I believe much good was done. While there, I was much interested in the rock paintings that abound. They consist of more or less rude drawings of moose, serpents, turtles, canoes, etc., etc., painted on the face of steep rocks with some red pigment, and remarkable for their freshness. They are objects of worship to these Indians, who never pass without making some offering and uttering a prayer for guidance and safety.

Poplar River is about seventy miles north on Lake Winnipeg. Though this point has been frequently visited, only a few have been brought to Christ; the majority are still worshippers of their Po-wah-guns or dream-gods. This fall, however, we have succeeded in getting a good Christian teacher for them, and with a man on the ground to back up the work of the missionary, we are expecting better things.

We very much need a supply of Cree Bibles. At Grand Rapids especially, is there an earnest call for these books. I was surprised to find so many among these wandering hunters who could read the Syllabics. They have had no teacher, but somehow have picked it up among themselves and now they are asking for Bibles. It does grieve my heart sorely to be compelled to say, "I have none," and see them go away with saddened faces. Please send us some Cree Bibles.

Japan.

Letter from the REV. J. G. DUNLOP, B.A., dated NAGANO, JAPAN, December, 1892.

OUR new church at Nagano was dedicated on Saturday, December 3rd, Dr. Eby coming from Tokyo to perform the ceremony. The church is a neat, white plastered building, 30 x 36 feet, in which 250 to 300 people can be seated quite comfortably on the mats. Dr. Eby has given us five days' work in the church and in the largest public hall in the city. The people have come in hundreds to the magic lantern lecturing and preaching, which we hope to take up in a few weeks again, on securing a lantern of our own.

Sacramental services and Love-feast were held on Sunday morning, December 4th. That was a dedication that must have pleased the heart of our God, when no less than nine were admitted to the Church by baptism, and over twenty came forward to the communion. Our hearts were wonderfully glad, and I saw visions of hundreds being born again in that little church, or in another and larger on the same lot.

One of the new Christians is a student in the Normal School, the tallest and manliest-looking student in the school. May he ever be strong and manly for Christ! He is the first of the students to become a Christian, but another asked for baptism the morning Suzuki was baptized.

Another of the newly-baptized is an old man, nearly seventy years of age. He has just learned to read, and has read his first book, and *that book—the New Testament*. I rarely pass his store down on the main street, but I see old Minamizawa Kyuzaemon (the name, to Canadian ears, would betoken a crabbed, cantankerous nature, but our old rice-seller is anything but that) poring over his Testament or hymn-book.

Our work is now two years old in Nagano. We have baptized nineteen in that time, and received others by letter; but others have gone away, and our society is still quite small. Of our new Christians, we have five preparing for Christian work, under daily instruction. One of these has gone to Tokyo, and is the best student of his year in the