

who are neither, but still hold to their old paganism; these are also very friendly, and I think, perhaps, some of them would join in with us, if they fully understood the beautiful plan of salvation of our Saviour, and how He gives rest, and joy, and peace to the weary, heavy-laden ones, as revealed in His word.

Rev. C. E. Sommerset, who lives at White Whale Lake, about forty miles to the south-west, visits Riviere Qui Barre occasionally, preaching the Word through his interpreter. In his absence we try to hold services, but we find one great difficulty, and it is one which some of the friends in the east can do very much to remove. The one thing most lacking in all our services is music. A few of these Indians attended Methodist mission services long ago, when Rev. George McDougall lived on the Saskatchewan, and though they have remained true Methodists at heart, still they have forgotten the hymns, etc., and much of the Christian teaching, and when we came to them last summer, we found them not very particular about keeping the Sabbath, and some of them joining in the heathen dances and conjuring, the same as the Roman Catholic and pagan Indians around them. We didn't blame them severely for this, for it is a wonder they kept at all loyal to Protestantism when so long neglected.

But they have now, some of them at least, a longing desire to do better, and to be taught the way of righteousness and happiness, and soon we hope the drum and dance song, "Hi-yi, hi-yi, hi-yi-yi," will not be heard amongst any of our people. But we can't take away this, their *only* tune and song, without giving them other and better ones in their place.

What we need most, to do this, is a small organ to teach them the tunes of the beautiful hymns in the Cree hymn book. We would be very, very thankful if some friends of missions in the east could send us a little portable organ like those in use in the rooms of the Christian Institute, at 14 Richmond street west, Toronto. They are about the size of a sewing machine, and I think they cost only thirty or forty dollars; or perhaps someone, or some Sunday School, has a small second-hand organ that is being replaced by a new one; it might do good out here. As our services are, for the present, held in Indian houses, a small organ that we could take with us to each meeting would suit us better than a large one.

Although some of our Indians are often reminding us that the Roman Catholics give them lots of second-hand clothing, etc., while we have had none to give them; we would rather have our friends send us an instrument than clothing, for we want to teach them to be independent, and to earn their living and clothing like a white man. And though there are some helpless old people, and ragged, half-frozen little children, to whom clothing would be a blessing, still the majority are able-bodied persons who can earn their own living if shown how to do it, and this is one thing we want to teach them. Riviere Qui Barre (which means in English, the river that bars, or is difficult to cross, because very miry), is not a hard place for Indians to make a living, and these Crees and Stonies are better workers than the average Indian of the North-west.

In our services we have sometimes found it hard to make it interesting without an interpreter, for though the writer can converse in Stoney, still it is very much harder to lead in prayer or preach a sermon in Indian, than to engage in common conversation. But we have been able to get some of the elder Indians to lead in prayer, and very earnestly they pray too, sometimes in Stoney and sometimes in Cree. We had one young man who could start a few Cree hymns, and we joined in and helped him.

Then I spoke for a little while in Stoney, and had one interpret into Cree, that all might understand. And after several prayers by Indians, we closed with another Cree hymn. Lately we have used some Sunday School lesson pictures and explained their meaning in Stoney, bringing home the truths of the Gospel as opportunity offered, and always having one interpret into Cree. One old man called Moses, "the Big Crow," said that he liked our services better than the Roman Catholic, because in ours he understood everything (he knows both Cree and Stoney), while he understood very little of the Roman Catholic service.

We have a blackboard in one Indian's house on which I print the Lord's prayer, the benediction, and the grace (to be said before eating), in Cree syllabic characters, and taught them to the Indians, that they may not any longer eat like a heathen, or like many a churchgoer in Ontario, without giving God thanks, and that they may at least repeat the Lord's prayer every night before retiring. We hope to begin at once the study of the Cree syllabic Bible with them, and keep at it till they can read it for themselves daily, and feed on the Bread of Life contained in it.

PORT SIMPSON DISTRICT.

Letter from the REV. THOS. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, February, 1893.

I AM pleased to write you that we have had a most blessed revival of religion in this place. We have had nothing like it for over ten years. It was one of those revivals that came down in answer to the prayers of God's people, I believe, both here and elsewhere, as the people gathered home in the fall after the death of the smallpox. For they got so afraid of the dread disease in the summer, as we had such reports from the south, that none of them went to the hop-fields as before, but after the work at the salmon canneries they scattered to their own old camps for fishing and hunting, and others to get out logs, shingles and cordwood; and on coming home they seemed grateful to God for keeping away the smallpox from them, and a general spirit of thanksgiving seemed to come over the people, till one Sabbath night, the 30th October, the work broke out by crowds coming to the altar of prayer, some to seek the Lord, others to give themselves again fully to Him, and ever since the services have been going on. For weeks our large church was crowded every night till ten o'clock, and often persons praying and seeking the Lord till away on in the morning. Indeed, for a time the whole place seemed to be moved. The services were very simple, usually two short speeches, often from new converts, then testimony, prayer and praise and personal consecration; never any lack of interest, sometimes most too demonstrative for quiet people; often in speaking, five or six on the floor at once. It is said that some wag, who was here on one of the steamers, went away and said he never saw the like; he was at the Methodist church at Port Simpson the other night when 500 people spoke in less than half an hour. Of course, this was an extravagant remark, but there might be seen at times 600 people in the church, and all mighty under the power of the Spirit. Many have scattered now, and I trust, to spread the flame, and still the services go on. A few have not yielded as yet. Oh, may they all be saved! "Oh, that all might catch the flame!" It is a good thing to see the young men put away their tobacco-chewing and smoking, and the whiskey-drinking, etc., and attend the house of God, and some preaching to their fellows. Oh, may they be kept by power divine!

In December the steamer *Glad Tidings* came up, and Mr. T. said, "They have no funds to run her." About that time many of the people here were very anxious to go off to some of the other missions to spread the news or fan the flame, and would like to have the boat. But the holidays were near, and the work here seemed to demand all attention at that time. On the 3rd of January, however, we were off to Naas with a party of eighteen, and although it was a rough trip over the ice, yet we spent three days with Bro. Stone and his people, and the three surrounding villages; and they were seasons of grace never to be forgotten. Back home and spent one Sabbath, and then off south with another party to Essington, Hartley Bay, Kit-a-maat, Bella Bella, etc. And although we had some rough weather, and one of the coldest times we have had on the Coast for years, yet the trip was blessed from beginning to end, and I am safe in saying souls were saved at every place where we called, and great kindness was shown our people at every place in the way of food, etc. Although in the 500 mile trip the running expenses came up to about \$75, and about half that was given to us in money or food, I am sure the other will come from friends at home. Oh, that this blessed work may spread to the whole Coast, and to those poor dying tribes on the west coast of Vancouver Island!

*Extract of a second letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated
February 3rd, 1893.*

I AM pleased to tell you that we are just back from what I think was one of the most blessed and successful missionary trips I ever made, and the kind of trip that the good little mission ship, *Glad Tidings*, was given to us for. We left here on the 17th of January with eighteen on board, all told, all just red hot by the revival fire we have had for weeks. Called at Inverness, Essington, Hartly Bay, Kit-maat, China Hat, Bella Bella. Several more were added to our number at Essington and Hartley Bay, which gave us quite a party. Prayer and praise and study of the Bible was the order of the day when aboard. When at the different places, services were frequent, and often till away in the night souls were at the altar of prayer. Suffice to say that God blessed us with a rich out-pouring of His Holy Spirit in every place, and souls were saved. Praise God! It was a time never to be forgotten. Bro. Tate had sent me word that there was no money to run the boat with; that was one reason he had sent her up this way. So I felt it needed some faith to start on such a trip at such a time of the year, with such a party. But after travelling over 500 miles, and at times over some very rough seas, our loving Father brought us safely home, and indeed we seemed blessed in every step of the journey. And without saying much about it, the poor people where we went handed to us in food, cash, etc., nearly \$40 towards the trip, and I have no doubt the rest will come in some way; but the best thought is that the blessed revival flame is kindled, I trust, all along the Coast. We had hoped to get to Bella Coola, and Rivers Inlet, but the northerly storm came on, one of the most severe for years, and we had to return from Bella Bella. You will pray with us that this fire may spread throughout the whole country. The work is still going on here; services every night. I could give you some very interesting facts had I time and space. Pray for us.

PORT ESSINGTON, B.C.

*Letter from the REV. D. JENNINGS, dated January
11th, 1893.*

SINCE writing you last, I am thankful to be able to report progress in the work of God on this mission. In summer, as you well know, our work takes in a wide range, there being now eight canneries on the river and its delta branches, at all of which some of our people labor, besides the Tsimsheans from Alaska, who desire to attend our services during the fishing season, as they are more in keeping with their own simple form of worship, so long practised by them on this coast, and now in their new home across the border.

As most of Bro. Pierce's people leave their homes to work early in August, he finds it profitable after Conference to stay the at the mouth of Skeena in the spring, and return home a few months at Inverness, where we have a church and a small house built for him by the Canning Company. Thus Bro. Pierce takes charge of two canneries, and can hold service at each on the Sabbath, as they are not more than two miles apart. On alternate Sabbaths, we hold services at Aberdeen and Balmoral, the former being five miles and the latter two miles from Essington, the centre of our mission work on this river. At Aberdeen our services were well attended, both by whites and Indians. The Balmoral congregations were smaller, owing to its proximity to Essington, where so many people like to gather during the close time in fishing each week. It is difficult to form societies at these places, as the population is transient, being reduced, in the fall and winter, to three or four persons. At Claxton and Irving, where we have a neat church built, Bros. George Edgar and Lazier were able to do good service from time to time. Of course I visited all the stations as often as possible.

At Essington, Dr. Bolton and family, with the nurse, Miss Spence, spend the time from early in May to about the 1st of August in care of the sick. The medical work forms a most extensive field of labor, requiring great skill and energy.

The Kit-ik-shans, the people of the Upper Skeena, after their winter's dissipation in potlatching, feasting, dancing

and other heathen practices, come down to the coast much broken in health, and need the care of our good doctor and kind nurse to enable them to recuperate their wasted energies. Dr. Bolton never forgets the true aim of the missionary to point the sinner to the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of men. Besides the Kit-ik-shans, we have the Port Simpson people; some from Kit-kahta, some from Kitamaat, others from Queen Charlotte Islands; so you see the doctor has a large body of people to treat. Often he takes his boat and visits the outlying stations—anywhere to ameliorate the sufferings of humanity. He is an acceptable local preacher, but cannot do as much evangelistic work as he desires, owing to his extensive practice.

We are in great need of a hospital at Essington. Hitherto Dr. Bolton has rented a house, using it as a family residence and a hospital for the sick of every nationality needing special care.

The cleanliness of the hospital, and the tenderness shown in treating the Indians, have an elevating and refining influence, particularly on the heathen, who have a practical proof of the vast superiority of Christianity to their own depraved rites and modes of life. If our rich friends throughout our connexion could but realize the need and the blessings of a hospital at this centre, we should not long be without the necessary funds to erect a plain building. A few hundred dollars would put us on a good footing in the way of getting a hospital. The large congregations we had last season, at Essington, on the Sabbath, and the really deep interest taken in the different parts of the service, would encourage and cheer any lover of missions. At the close of the afternoon service, after a season of earnest prayer, our people would go out on the street and preach the glad tidings of salvation, and call sinners to repentance. Much good was done in this way.

The religious experience of these people is very encouraging. They seek after purity of heart, and they say, "I have been trying to live right this day, and by the grace of God I will try to do the same to-morrow, and every day of my life."

Our people leave this village a short time every autumn, and go up the river to their old homes, to can fish and gather berries, etc., for their winter food. Then they hold regular services, and provoke one another to love and to good works. Some returning home for a few supplies told me that every person at the old camping ground was a professing Christian. This was cheering news. On their return home later, the people entered heartily into the work of God, which has grown until there is scarcely a native left that has not openly expressed a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and is evincing that desire by a reformation of his life and attendance on the means of grace.

During Christmas and New Year's (just over), this village wore a truly civilized appearance. There was but little display in the decorations, but great zeal in the cause of Christ was manifest. The Christmas carols were well sung, and were very soul-stirring.

The week of prayer, beginning on the 1st, was a profitable time, long to be remembered. The gracious work now going on is the result of earnest and close study of the Word of God, and a deep desire that the Holy Spirit take up His abode in the heart. The ground had been broken; the seed had been sown, and now the harvest is being gathered in. Many of our young people spend hours of the night, some, whole nights in prayer, for the continued presence of the Holy Spirit. At times they enter a house at night, sing and pray and exhort the people to make a complete consecration of their all to God. Often a sinner will be convinced of his sin and is led to give his heart to God; or a cold-hearted Christian will be quickened into new life.

The good news we have heard from our co-workers, at Port Simpson, has greatly cheered our hearts. One of the natives of Port Simpson called to see me on his way home last fall. He told me his people had seen the folly of living so near heathenism, and that they had decided to renounce their old modes of life and give themselves to God.

What a wide promise we have in Matthew xviii. 19; let us lay hold on it as He that gave it would have us do.