

now we are only a few. Once I was the only Protestant clergyman in all this region, now I am only a Methodist missionary.

So be it, so long as everyone will do his part. Well, the blacksmith has done his, and we make a fresh start, pick up our baggage and go on our way to meet the sad intelligence of the drowning of a young man in the river above where we are about to ford. Several times had we narrowly missed the same experience in this stream, and thinking of these things and especially of the family now sorely bereaved, we come to the river where again we unload our baggage to have it come over in a loftier vehicle than ours, and perching between dashboard and seat we crossed and soon reached the New Industrial School, which now in its surroundings assumes the aspect of a village; for the buildings the Commissioner and myself had planned when here in April, were now completed and presented a fine appearance. Mr. S. Lougheed, one of the staff who had the work in charge, has made a first-class job of it, and now there is a good and well-furnished dwelling house of six rooms and a comfortable kitchen attached, and fine building for carpenter and shoe shops, the lower floor fitted with splendid benches and arranged so that eight pupils may be taught to work at carpentering at the same time; the upper floor to be used for boot and shoe factory. A substantial blacksmith shop, with two forges set up; a stable 24 x 50, with implement shed, 14 feet full length on one side, and capacious loft and well-fitted arrangements for both cattle and horses all through; a piggery on modern plans, ice house, poultry house and closets, and the total cost of these only amounting to \$3,439.67, which speaks well as to economical management. The members of the staff I found on the ground were the principal and matron, the carpenter and farmer, all busy trying to bring order out of chaos, and putting things into shape for the reception of pupils, the gathering of these being one of the objects of my present trip. I had arranged with Bro. Nelson to drive over to the Battle River Mission on Friday, where I had intended to put Saturday and Sunday in the interests of our work, and especially those of this Institution; but to our glad surprise Bro. Rob. Steinhauer, who is appointed to the work of teacher, turned up with a number of families from Whitefish Lake; Pakan, the chief, with them, bringing some seventeen pupils for the school.

Here was work to hand, and as yet the main building was unfinished and general equipment incomplete. Pakan and party strongly requested that I should stay with them over Sunday, and thinking it better to do so, we arranged accordingly and went to work to explain everything about the Institution to the native brethren from the distant Northern Mission.

Helping to equip the children and fix up temporary accommodation for them; driving out west of this to inspect a new settlement and look over hay-fields for the school; holding two services in Cree in the dining-room of main building on Sunday; driving down in the afternoon to the English service held by Bro. Barker in the town of Red Deer, and enjoying an old-fashioned class-meeting led by Isaac Gaetz—thus the time soon went by. Monday afternoon and the Edmonton train are here and I make a fresh start, and as Bro. Somerset meets me to-night at Edmonton as per previous arrangement, I am going to pass the Battle River work this time and will hope to take it on return.

From Calgary to Edmonton the railroad is always in sight of the old trail, and as we thunder along with our mixed train, every bluff and hill and valley is familiar. Here is Blind River now strongly bridged, and yet often in the past a regular bugbear to the traveller. Once in one of its wanton moods it ran away with our raft, and before we recovered it miles down the stream, the frolicsome river had tipped out into its deeper hole our provisions, and axe and kettle, had stolen my friend's bridles and martingales, and very considerably had left him the collars and traces; had taken to its bosom my wife's dresses and boots and other articles of clothing; had dished my buckboard wheel the wrong way, and yet with "Shaganappi," and "Self-reliance" and God's blessing, we eventually crossed, and battling with other streams by and bye reached Edmonton, as I hope to now, alive and well.

Yonder is where two of my Stoneys put to flight fifteen Blackfeet, killing one of their number and taking their blankets and robes and horse linen, etc. Here is where we were surrounded one night by the enemy and had no water, and casually saying sometime in the night that I was thirsty, was surprised about an hour afterwards to have some brought to me by another Stoney. He had worked through the enemy's line and ran the risk for the sake of his missionary. One never forgets these men and scenes.

(To be Continued.)

Along the Line.

The Indian Work.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. S. S. OSTERHOUT, dated NAAS RIVER, B.C.,
December 26th, 1893.*

I PRESUME a few lines from this mission would be of interest to you. I left Ontario with the expectation of being stationed on the Upper Skeena, but an all-wise Providence has made different arrangements. Having failed to reach that work, owing to an unprecedented failure in the water supply, I returned to Simpson expecting to reach Kishpiax *via* the trail from Naas.

While there, Mr. Spencer came from San Francisco to take charge of his own work, so I have been left at the Naas as Mr. Stone's successor.

Both he and the people were very much excited when we arrived, Mr. Stone anxious to go and they determined to have a new agent. Mr. Crosby naturally enough was greatly perplexed at the situation, and being thrown upon his own judgment did the best he could. I was fearful of consequences for a time, but already the Lord has so abundantly manifested His presence that my fears are becoming faith.

It does seem a pity that the church which is pre-eminently qualified to do a glorious work (under the blessing of Providence) has, for the past few years, not only failed to accomplish anything, but has become a stumbling-block to the heathen and a subject of ridicule for sister churches. I sincerely hope and pray that during this coming year God may so bless us that we will wield an influence for righteousness on this river. We have already had a glorious revival to the extent that the entire village, except one or two, have returned to the Master's fold, and are now constantly praying for unity of spirit and purity of life.

We are making weekly visits to the surrounding villages with this encouraging result, that three have not only professed conversion, but as a proof of their sincerity have moved over with us.

Our Xmas services were blessed seasons of grace, and on Xmas eve the meeting lasted all night. One cannot hear their earnest prayers, mingled with sobs and cries, without sympathizing with them and even admiring the simplicity of their character. Remember me in your prayers.

*Letter from the REV. C. M. TATE, dated CHILLIWACK, B.C.,
Jan. 10th, 1894.*

HAVING just returned from the west coast of Vancouver Island, I take the opportunity of giving you a few items.

After successful missionary meetings in Victoria, at the James' Bay (white) and the Herald St. (Indian) churches, on Sunday, Dec. 31st, we made preparation to visit the Indians at Nittinat, and install Bro. Stone as missionary. On the second day of January, we left Victoria, on board the steamer *Mauds* and after a somewhat rough trip, we reached our destination the following day. There is no harbor, and the surf on the beach is generally very heavy; but the Indian who landed us, manipulated his canoe so well that we got on shore with only a slight wetting. The first village, Clahose, we found nearly vacated, the Indians being at the old village, Wiah, where dancing and potlatch-

ing were the order of the day. Chips, the canoe-maker and village carpenter, with his wife, assisted us in landing and carrying our things up to the store, where Mr. Robinson made us welcome to his bachelor-hall. Spent the afternoon in seeking a house where Mr. Stone could take his family, but found that the only place with sufficient accommodation was too far away to be of any practical use. In our search we came across numbers of ducks, geese and beautiful white swans gracefully sailing on the placid waters of the Clahose River. In the evening we held our first service in Chips' house, our congregation being five Indians, the store-keeper and the two missionaries. Next morning we started by canoe to visit the old village, Wiah, where most of the people are, but had only rounded the point when we met a large canoe with about twenty men on board, bound for Cowichan to pay for a girl, with which one of the Nittinat young men had eloped during the fishing season at the Fraser River. One of the chiefs was on board, who promptly removed his hat when he knew who we were, and delivered an address of welcome. He moreover deputed Chips to help us find a suitable site for the mission premises, and promised to do all in his power to aid the missionary. In all my experience I never saw a people more pleased, or who received the missionary with more enthusiasm. The chief said they would go and make matters right between the Cowichans and themselves on account of the elopement, and then return quickly. The young lady in question was seated in the canoe. I asked her if she was contented to leave her people and live among strangers, not even knowing their language, as it is entirely different from the Cowichan, to which she replied that she was quite contented. I cautioned them about getting liquor at Victoria, when I was given to understand that they had a hundred dollars with them, the greater part of which would have been spent in purchasing liquor to bring back with them had the missionary not arrived; but they promised me at the Fraser River that as soon as they saw the missionary they would give up the liquor, and they would abide by their promise. They told us that there was a very heavy sea at the mouth of the Nittinat River, and that we could not land. Yesterday, while a canoe of Indians from the States was trying to land at the same place to which we were going, their canoe was capsized and broken up in the surf, and but for the timely assistance of the Nittinats, they would have been drowned. Their smuggled cargo, among which was a lot of whiskey, all perished in the surf. Two unfortunate white men lost their lives in the same spot a few weeks ago.

We paddled our canoe back to shore, and as the tide was out, we walked around to Wiah by the beach, a distance of two miles. What a delightful walk it was! The smooth bare rocks, washed twice a day by the surging tides of a thousand ages, whose breakers dashing against the iron-bound shore, sound like the thunders of Niagara. Here and there are stretches of gravel beach, the polished stones rolled smooth and round by the restless ocean wave. Seaweeds of the finest texture and various colors are to be found in great abundance. Ever and anon a sailing vessel appears in view, or one of the many steamships which ply between British Columbia or Puget Sound and California, South America, Australia, China, Japan, or Old England, picturing to our minds the flight of the soul across the ocean of time, and watched by the friends from the other shore. Soon they hear the glad shout of "Home at last!"

"Drop the anchor, furl the sail,
I am safe within the veil."

After our two-mile walk we received a hearty welcome from the people at Wiah, who soon congregated in one of the large houses and eagerly listened to our story. We had some Chinook translations which we tried to teach them, and in the singing of which they all heartily joined. The following is the chorus of that beautiful hymn, "I will follow Jesus":

"Kyimta, kyimta, nika kyimta Jesus,
Kah-ta coolie, konaway kah nika kono-moxt,
Kyimta, kyimta, nika kyimta Jesus,
Kah-ta yaka elip coolie nika kyimta."

We are not without hope that some good impressions

were made at that most interesting service. Several of the Indians made speeches, telling of the pleasure it gave them to welcome the missionary.

Bro. Stone went through the village and saw the sick people, with the view of prescribing for them; whilst I went with some of the Indians to seek out a building site. We did not decide upon any as we thought that probably Clahose would be the better place on account of the landing.

We returned to Clahose at dusk and held another service in the evening. We spoke about getting a house for church services, when one of the Indians placed a very comfortable frame house at our disposal. Next morning they carried out all their things and swept it up clean. We held our first service in it that evening, when we baptized four children, and three men stood up to express their desire to serve God. May He lead them into the light!

Next morning we were called upon to settle a case of theft; but after searching all the boxes and bundles of the accused without finding anything, the accuser expressed her willingness to let it drop and be good friends. But the accused brought up a counter-charge which, after tracing through a number of families, we found that the article had been taken to Queen Charlotte Island by the Hydahs, and was hopelessly lost. Just as good friendship had been restored, a messenger told us the steamer was coming, so we had to say a hasty good-bye.

There is a grand opportunity for Bro. Stone to do faithful work for the Master here, and we pray that he may be made abundantly successful in winning souls for Christ.

*Letter from REV. J. W. GALLOWAY, dated PAPCUM, B.C.,
January 10th, 1894.*

BY appointment of Conference I arrived here July 1st, and as the fishing season was about to commence, I had barely time to get round the field before the Indians went down to the mouth of the Fraser River. Brother Tate accompanied me as far as Ohamen, and Brother Lovering took me on to Hope. We had several services on the route in which I was duly introduced to and welcomed by the people.

We had a great gathering of Indians at the canneries this year, and considerable anxiety was caused, owing to the disagreement between the white fishermen and the cannery owners. As usual they endeavored to get the Indians dissatisfied and then put the whole blame on the poor Indians. There was also some like hostility shown to the Chinese on account of Chinese taking the place of Indian women in the canning of the fish. Probably over 4,000 Indians were gathered between Steveston and Westminster, scattered all along amongst the numerous canneries, making it impossible for us to reach the whole in one Sunday, and as they went out at 6 p.m. our work had to be done early in the day. Brother Tate arranged the work so that we could take it alternately, so on my first visit I remained over two weeks.

My successor at Cape Mudge was sent down by the President, as all the Laichwill tacks were at Ladners' Landing, and Amos Cushan, our native preacher at Nanaimo, came along on the Saturday, so I arranged some services for the following day. At our early morning service we had a crowd of over 700 Indians, Chinese, Japanese and white people, drawn together by the call of the bell, and some attracted by the singing. Our meeting was in the open air, and my platform was a large packing case with a biscuit box for a seat. As we talked about Jesus and His love, how He came to seek and to save that which was lost, we truly felt the presence of the Master; a blessed influence was manifested. May the seed sown bear much fruit to the praise and glory of God.

We managed to get in seven or eight meetings that day, and walked under a burning sun over ten miles.

Nearly the whole of the Indians on the upper part of this field are either Roman Catholics or Episcopalians. The work is much more difficult than in more isolated places, where the visits of the priests are not so frequent. I understand that some years ago we had a good hold on these people, but owing to the removal of the missionary many

drifted back to Catholicism, and a few went to the Episcopal Church; yet we have a number who have remained loyal and are intensely in earnest, and to this number we hope to add during this year. Some of our people have gone through the dark valley this fall. Trusting in Jesus they obtained the victory, and are now enjoying sweet rest at home. Many have been sick, and now the department has notified me not to distribute medicines, etc., except to really destitute Indians; the difficulty is to discriminate.

I make periodical visits to Spuzzum, Yale and Hope, and speak to the few I can gather together. At Ohamen we have a faithful few and keep up regular services there.

At Squattets we have the whole village, with about two or three exceptions, and our services are well attended in the little church. On Xmas day we had a gathering of all the Protestant Indians at Squattets, where they partook of their Xmas dinner. A bountiful supply of beef, biscuits, cakes and apples was provided, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, and full justice was done to the eatables.

Popcum has a nice church, built by Brother Tate, but somehow the Episcopal bishop consecrated it, and took our pulpit, turned it to the wall and made an altar of it. It is probable they will come back, but they are afraid of losing their land if they leave the "Queen's Church."

Cheam is the most difficult part of my work, as the rule of the priest is absolute. Only a week ago he fined nearly every Indian in the village, some for coming to me for medicine, one man for cutting my wood and his wife for doing my washing; half a dozen were fined for drunkenness, but as no one can enforce payment of a penalty without proper process at law, I have notified the Superintendent of Indian affairs at Victoria, and expect he will take action to put a stop to this business.

May the dear Lord grant that whilst showers of blessings are descending on other fields, that the revival flame may reach these poor deluded people, and may they see that there is freedom in the service of Christ, and not a burden, and may we, His servants, have our hearts and lives in accord with His will and word, and so be ready to push the battle to the gate.

MANITOBA CONFERENCE.

Letter from REV. W. P. MCHAFFIE, dated FISHER RIVER, January 2nd, 1894.

THINKING that perhaps some of the many friends of missions in the east might be interested in a few items from Fisher River, I venture to send you the following for the OUTLOOK:

The holiday season, the season of joy and rejoicing to many, of multiplied evils and temptations to others, has again left us, not to return for another year. Xmas day was quiet; it usually is with us, though we at the Mission found ourselves busy enough dispensing candies to the children, cake and tea to the older people who called during the day to leave their good wishes and best respects, always expressed in good round English merry Xmas with the friends at the Mission. New Year's with us is always the holiday of the winter season. Young men and often whole families who have been absent from the reserve for months return for New Year's day, some of them travelling distances of twenty-five and thirty miles. The missionary, as a rule, finds his hands full. The people are bent on enjoyment, and some form of amusement and sport must be resorted to as an outlet for the exuberant spirits of the young. If left to themselves and to their own limited resources, an empty house and a fiddle is about all they ask. However as this is not in harmony with Methodist rule and discipline, nor is it in any way beneficial to the morals of the people, we find it our duty to give it a good healthy opposition in the form of something better. The New Year always finds us assembled in the church in a good old-time watch-night meeting. The day is usually spent in eating, drinking (tea) and making merry, kicking foot-ball, and tobogganing on the sloping sides of the river bank. This year we varied the programme slightly by introducing a magic lantern lecture on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The views, forty-two in all, were shown by the writer, and the lecture given in Cree by

John C. Sinclair, a man of mixed blood who has been engaged during the past year translating the entire work into the Cree language. It required both New Year's eve and New Year's night to complete our programme. The interest with old and young never flagged from first to last. The Indians are passionately fond of pictures, and I think that even the most pleasure-loving spirit amongst us would admit that it was better than dancing. I am more than ever convinced that the illustrated lecture or sermon could be used with wonderful effect among the Indians had we the facilities for carrying it into effect, and hope some day to see this line of mission work more general than it is at present. I shall therefore be pleased to hear from any friends interested in it who could help me to solve the financial problem connected with the undertaking.

Letter from the REV. JOHN SEMMENS, dated WINNIPEG, Jan. 31st, 1894.

THE Christmas Packet has just returned from the far north, bringing with it tidings of the workers here and there, who, amid difficulties many, are faithfully shepherding the Lord's wilderness wanderers. I have thought it advisable to send some quotations from the letters received, in order that you may judge of the trials and the faithful service of these our brethren and sisters who at the peril of their lives are loyal still to duty's call:

From Mr. C. G. Simpson, School Teacher, Oxford House: "About the end of August last I had to close school on account of an outbreak of measles of a most virulent type, which became epidemic. My own household was the first to sustain attack, fortunately I think, for as I succeeded in nursing all through safely, the Indians had some confidence in my mode of treatment. As a rule they do not take kindly to the white man's suggestions in cases of sickness. I had a hard time with them, daily visiting their wigwams, scolding in some cases, encouraging in others; always returning sore at heart to think how little I could do for them after all, where so much was needed. After the first trouble was past, one sickness after another followed in quick succession, each in its turn adding to the death roll which now stands at *seventeen*—a large number in a small community like ours.

"The first to leave us was Howard Hall, my favorite pupil. He was one of those good, honest, hard-working lads who generally succeed. I had entertained great hopes for his future, and had thought to have seen him do good service in our mission work."

From Edward Paupanikiss, Native Evangelist, Oxford House: "At fishing time last fall, when the people generally put up enough to last them for the winter, all were sick with measles. As a consequence there is very little food on hand, and already calls for help are numerous, while our own supplies are low enough. Our only hope lies in the deer hunt, but so far they are very seldom seen. God only knows what may come, but we are trusting in Him.

"Our house needs repair or it will soon be falling down, and the poor people are unable to sit with any comfort in the church, it is so cold. Can something be done for us?"

From Rev. S. D. Gaudin, Nelson House: "Oh, what havoc the measles have made among our people here! Now for one month almost the entire community has been prostrate. At times hardly could anyone be found able to crawl far enough to bury the dead. For one whole week Mr. Stout did nothing but make coffins. Some days as many as three were required. The boatmen on their return trip were stricken down with the epidemic two days before reaching Cross Lake. Only three of all remained well. Alone there in their misery, without canoe or provisions for seventeen days, they suffered unaided. The three well ones had tried to feed themselves and the sick by snaring rabbits with threads pulled out of old bags, and by hooking jackfish out of the stream; and it is wonderful, that under circumstances so adverse, none of the men died. The epidemic is somewhat abating, but *twenty* have gone down to the grave, and we have not full returns from far-away camps. Among