

tween coming day and sunrise, we boiled our tea and warmed our pemmican, and then took to the ice of the big Saskatchewan and camped for the night more than forty miles from here. Seventy or more breezy miles since one o'clock the same morning with the old English missionary in the cariole and the young probationer on foot. And as there was no loitering by the way in those days, so there can be none now, for here, after a score and a half of years have gone, am I again with an Englishman and brother missionary as my companion. And while he looks after the horses I do the cooking, and on time we are through and have hitched up and are once more rolling up the rise on to the table-lands, with the rapid running Saskatchewan stretching away in long, majestic bends at our feet.

Thus far to-day the years have brought no change to the country we have been coming through. "As it was in the beginning it is now." But that is no reason to suppose for a moment this will continue, for every mile is rich in grand possibilities. Timber, coal, grass, soil, water and climate all indicative of boundless wealth. The only want is men; and these will come, and this lone land will become resonant with the hum of a Christian civilization. For years, with God's help and blessing, we and our companions have been preparing the way. Already the promise is with us, and our faith is strong.

And now we have passed the three Was-ah-huk-de-now creeks (this five-syllable word means "bay in the hills") and are rattling away for Victoria, which we reach in the early evening. As there is no missionary here just now the Mission House is closed, and we drive on to the Hudson's Bay Company's Post, where we are kindly received by the gentleman in charge, and where we pass the night with another heavy rain-storm to lull us to sleep during the dark hours.

JOHN McDUGALL.

(To be continued.)

## Along the Line.

### The Indian Work.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, February 6th, 1894.

JUST a word as to how we spent the last two Sabbaths. A week ago Saturday I left here in a small boat for Georgetown Mill. Arrived wet and cold late in the evening. Sunday morning preached to a congregation of twenty-five, including the mill hands, whites and Indians, and a number of Japanese. The presence of God was felt while the people listened to the Word from Gen. iv. 9: "Where is Abel thy brother?" Afternoon I attended the Japanese service, while Brother M. S. Okamoto preached to his brethren. All I could understand of the service were the tunes, as they sang in their own language, "Yes, Jesus Loves Me," and "There is a Fountain." God is making this brother a great blessing to his countrymen. I also attended a little Sabbath School, which Mrs. Williscroft has in her own house. Evening we preached again to about the same congregation as in the morning. Mr. Okamoto repeated as much of the sermon as he could remember, to the Japanese present, and lead in prayer in his own language. That night I had a little of my old trouble, the asthma, on me again, from cold I took getting wet on Saturday. Monday, back home early. It had turned very cold in the meantime. Our special services are still going on every night.

Saturday noon left here for Work Channel, where many of our people are camped at Hallibut, fishing. It was well we were near a large canoe full of people, who were on their way and who took us aboard, for a squall struck our little boat, and it would soon have been too much for us, as we found after we got aboard the canoe, the sea was all she could stand. As it was only seven miles we were soon there. I visited eight houses, and had prayer in each house, where there were twenty-six families; then at seven o'clock preached in the little church to a congregation of

about fifty. A collection taken up at the close for light, etc. Sabbath morning came out fine and bright. A prayer-meeting at 7 a.m., when about twenty-five prayed and about twenty spoke. At 11 a.m., I preached in the little church packed full of people, from Ephes. iv. 30, and many stayed to commit to memory the text. As soon as that was done, a party of ten got into a canoe with me to visit a camp about six miles up the channel. They sang and pulled against a strong tide, and we reached the place by 2.30. They were met for afternoon service. One brother had just given out his text, Matt. xvi. 25. A short talk from him, and an exhortation from the writer, and prayer and fellowship followed for the next hour and a half, when nearly everyone in the house spoke and prayed, and some twice over. One poor wanderer said: "I got away from our village soon after Xmas, for while many of my friends were getting good there, I was doing bad, so I moved away out here to get out of the way, and now Jesus has found me here."

At the close of this service I visited the three houses, with eleven families in them; prayer in each one. By this time our friend had food ready for us in his oven, and we were soon in our canoe and off down the Inlet. No sooner got off than a brother began to pour out thanksgiving and prayer to heaven, and this seemed to take hold of the whole party, till prayer, and testimony and song went up in turn from everyone on board. This continued for the whole hour and a quarter, until we reached the camp from which we had started. Landed in a blinding snow-storm just as the last bell was ringing for church, so everyone marched into the church singing, "You Must be Saved to Wear a Crown," etc. The church was well filled, and the people listened very attentively to talk from the missionary from John xii. 32, and then followed prayer and fellowship till about 9.30. One poor man made a start for life. He said he had been very bad, and had said he would not be a Christian, but God took his child away, and this had lead him to turn, and from this out he was determined to be on the Lord's side.

Yesterday it was so stormy we could not return home as we had hoped to do, so we got some men to work to finish the seats of the church, and the windows, etc., which had not been quite finished, and then some good sisters got to work and washed it out in the afternoon.

Evening, had preaching services again. One of the local preachers spoke, and a very blessed time in the after-meeting. This morning, though still stormy, Sam and I got off, and by hard pulling against wind and rain, got home by noon. All well at the "Home" but measles has broken out in a number of families, and will likely spread, and Dr. Bolton and assistants will have their hands full for a time. It is about eleven years since we had such a scourge, and many of the children died of this disease.

We hope to be off soon with a party on the *Glad Tidings* down the coast. We have had the little ship laid up on the blocks for some time to save expenses.

Extract from letter of REV. T. CROSBY to REV. D. JENNINGS, dated March 17th, 1894.

I AM just back from the Naas, where I spent Sabbath. We had a blessed trip. Bro. Osterhout is doing well in every way. The people wish him to stay with them.

We hear glorious news from the Upper Skeena—seventy souls have been saved at Kish-pi-ax; so Bro. Spencer got back just in time.

Last fall la grippe spread amongst the Upper Skeena people. Their superstitions led them to charge the missionary with spreading the disease throughout the country. Since then the Spirit of God has touched their hearts, and the people are being saved by Grace Divine.

Did you ever feel the joy of winning a soul for Christ? If so, you will need no better argument for attempting to spread the knowledge of His name to every creature. I tell you there is no joy out of heaven which excels it—the grasp of the hand of one who says, "By your means I was turned from darkness to light.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon."