

to see the strain they stand in the rapids. Sometimes the men are over two hundred yards away, and at others but forty or fifty. All along the rocks are marked by ruts, cut by the constant passage of the ropes over them. The men pull the ropes by means of long sashes worn round the waist.

It was decided, when the agreement was signed with the captain of the house-boat, that we were to leave Ichang on Monday, November 13th. He kept his word to this extent, that he moved a few hundred yards up the stream, and then tied up to wait for his men, who had not yet put in an appearance. The next day we moved another few hundred yards across the stream.

When Dr. Kilborn and I went down to the boat with the first lot of baggage following us, the captain went to the open space at the stern and took his big gong; at the bow stood another man with a package of Chinese fire-crackers, and, as the first box was lowered into the hold, the captain pounded his gong, and the other man let off his crackers. When we had crossed the river, a more elaborate ceremony took place. First, a lot of fire-crackers was let off; then the captain pounded his gong. At the bow were placed three or four lighted incense sticks; a man then came along with a living hen, and after bowing with it and waving it a few times, he hacked at its neck and killed it, spilling the blood all over the bow of the boat, he then plucked several handfuls of feathers and stuck them in the spilt blood, then the hen was thrown to the cook.

On the 15th we reached a pretty little place called Ping-Shan-Pe. The customs officer being a Belgian-Frenchman, treated us most cordially, and spread for us a most sumptuous luncheon. As we walked along the hillside we picked oranges from the trees, so you can imagine the kind of climate we have. Since leaving Shanghai we have had most delightful weather.

On Friday, Nov. 17th, we passed the Te-Tung rapids in safety, and that evening tied up at the entrance to the famous and beautiful Tukan Gorge. One cannot but be deeply impressed with the grandeur of the scenery in passing through these gorges. The river is confined in many places to less than half its usual width, while the rocks in many places rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet, like an immense wall. In some places they even overhang. We have passed through a great many rapids, and have had many stirring experiences. More than once our boat has been turned around by the rushing, swirling torrent. Again and again our cables have parted, or our men have had to let go, and we have gone down the current some distance before we could pull up.

The *great day* for intense excitement, however, was Tuesday, Nov. 21st. As we were nearing the Yeh rapids—at this time of the year the worst on the river—our boat came into collision with another boat. We were just at morning prayers when it happened, and for a short time at least assumed the attitude of watching instead of praying. This was a good beginning, but what followed was still more exciting. We anchored at the foot of the rapids at about ten o'clock, and waited our turn to ascend.

At about one o'clock we swung out into the stream. In addition to the usual single rope used in ordinary tracking up stream, of about an inch in diameter, we had a very large one of about double the diameter of the other. There were also about forty or fifty extra men to pull. As the boat swung out into the stream and began to breast the boiling waters, the ropes tightened and soon gave forth sharp, snapping sounds. We were rather anxious lest they should prove unequal to the strain. Inch by inch we ascended, and were beginning to feel that the worst was over, when we reached the head of the rapids, and our boat seemed to be unable to move an inch further. The ropes seemed strained to their utmost, and the men on shore seemed unable to pull another pound. Suddenly, with a snap, the smaller of the ropes broke, and instinctively we began to unbutton our coats and prepare for a bath. We scarcely dared hope that the other rope alone would be strong enough. However, the men who had pulled on the smaller rope now ran and caught hold of the larger one, and in about ten minutes more we were safe at the head of the rapids. Had the other rope parted, we could scarcely have avoided being wrecked on the rocks. Many a boat goes on the rocks every season. There was a deeper tone of thankfulness in our prayers that night, "for His mercy endureth for ever."

## The Indian Work.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from* REV. W. H. PIERCE, dated PORT ESSINGTON, B. C., February 6th, 1894.

SINCE I came here last fall, to carry on the work, the Lord has been so good in helping us over many hard places. He has ruled everything for the glory of His name, notwithstanding the imperfection of us, His agents. Under the preaching of the truth some have felt the need of a change of heart.

The blessed revival, which began two years ago, does not lose its power. Often the power of God's Holy Spirit comes upon us while waiting at the feet of Jesus. I am thankful to be able to report 9 baptisms during the winter, 8 of these were children and 1 adult. One pagan from interior has accepted the Christian religion, and we trust many of his brethren will follow in due time.

On New Year's day the band workers all came into the church, it was a melting time; both sides expressed their feelings of sorrow for what ill they had done and said during the past year. Last fall I told our people that the temperance people were working hard in Ontario to put down the liquor traffic and were smashing up the fire-water bottles this year. Some of them asked if the law would allow them to vote. I told them that I did not know. They promised that if they are not allowed to vote against the fire water, they will pray earnestly for the temperance to gain the victory. Thank God, by prayer the weakest of us can touch the "heart of God" and bring blessings upon our friends who are a long way from us.

We have two Bible classes going through the week, one on Wednesday afternoon, for the young people, and one on Saturday evening for everybody. Also one Bible reading amongst the Chinese in the Mission House, conducted by Miss Granter, our school teacher. The people are anxious to find out more and more of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. We have had some great snow-storms this winter. It cheered our hearts to see some of our people coming to 7 o'clock Sunday morning prayer-meeting with their snow-shoes. In a few weeks' time great crowds of strangers will come in seeking work. It is for us to break to them the Bread of Life that their souls may not die.

*Letter from* REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, March 17th, 1894.

I AM just back from a trip to Naas River. We left here by the steamer *Glad Tidings*, with ten warm-hearted Christians on board. Had a good trip up. Called at Kincolith to see the Rev. Mr. Collison of the C. M. S. Mission about a petition against liquor licences on the coast. Left our little steamer at Naas Cove, from thence we proceeded by small boats. Reached Red Bluffs, where we found many of our Port Simpson people encamped, waiting for the small fishing, etc. After visiting and praying in every house, we proceeded on our journey, taking to the ice, unfurling our flags and dragging our traps, etc., on a few small sleighs procured from the Indians. We soon arrived at Fishery Bay, where the people met us with great kindness. Here we were much delighted to meet Bros. Buker and Osterhout, the former just over from the Skeena with the glad news of a blessed work of God's grace at the village of Kishpiax, where Bro. Spencer has labored for many years past. Seventy souls saved, and still more to follow, I trust.

Bro. Spencer left Simpson in December last, travelled over the mountains to Kishpiax and was there just in time to see the blessed work begin.

It seems that, after we had visited the Upper Skeena last fall, la-grippe spread very much among the people, some of whom, in their ignorance, ascribed it to me, saying that I had taken it there in a box and during the night time opened the box and blew the disease all over the country. At another place they said I had it corked up in a bottle, and at night that I secretly visited their houses and dropped a little from the bottle at each place, etc. A comparatively large number died, making this foolish talk all the more serious. Yet, praise the Lord, while all this was going on among them, some Christian natives from the lower Skeena held meetings among them at the different villages, espe-

cially at Kishpiax, where a good work began. Just as Bro. Spencer arrived it broke out in good earnest; souls were saved nightly, praise God! We preached to a large number of these people, who had come down to the Naas River for the "small fish harvest." Some of the young converts gladdened our hearts by their testimonies that Christ had saved their souls, etc., etc. Sabbath was a great day, prayer-meeting 7 a.m.; preached at 11 a.m., to a crowded house, from Matt. xxii. 37-40.

A large party of our Simpson people came up the river to spend the day with us in addition to the band I had with me, so as soon as preaching was over the combined parties started up the river to the heathen village of Kit-eaks, with banners flying and Christian song, etc. Arrived there, but as the Christian bands could not go inside the house, etc., they preached and prayed out of doors. Our Simpson band was led by Henry Tate, the Greenville band by Arthur Calder, Bro. Osterhout, and I. Upon my arrival I had been invited by the chief to his house, so went, taking with me three brethren and Bro. Osterhout. The house was perhaps 60 feet square and must have contained at least 300 people, assembled for the purpose of "potlatching," etc., etc. They listened attentively to the word delivered unto them. Two of their chiefs briefly addressed us, at the close of which we returned to Fishery Bay for evening services. At 5 p.m. the "English Church Army," with the red cross banner of the C. M. S. flying, marched out. Soon the Methodist bands joined them and held a large open-air meeting. Towards its close the bells of the two churches rang for meeting, so we marched to our own church and while standing by the doorway the C. M. S. army came along on their way to the English church, singing as they marched

"It's the old-time religion,  
And it's good enough for me."

That night we had a wonderful meeting; we had persons telling their experiences from Queen Charlotte Islands, the Upper Skeena, Naas, Simpson and other places, and before we got through the people from the English church crowded in so that we had no sitting room left; but blessed be the Lord, we had a glorious time. Monday also was a great day, many of the people were hard at work preparing for fishing, etc., so Brother Osterhout and I decided to take our party up to Kit-eaks. We started up the river, and upon our arrival at the village, we preached in the several houses, nine in all, and after that to two large bands of gamblers in the open air. We had been singing, "We'll fight, we'll fight," etc., so some of the heathen imagined we were really going to fight them. We drew near to the gamblers singing, "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save," etc., they all the while rattling their gambling sticks, beating their drums as loud as possible so as to drown our voices, but still we sang on, the chorus rolling grandly forth, each mountain around helping by its echo to swell salvation's song, until the gamblers became confused by its volume and power, broke up and left the ground, going to their fellow gamblers who were still trying to hold forth at a little distance. Just then George, who carried the flag with "Come to Jesus" on one side, and "Seek ye the Lord," etc., on the other, planted it as our standard right on the spot just quitted by the gamblers, after which we all knelt down in prayer. By this time there were hundreds out to see the "fight." When we turned around and preached Jesus to them, soon the gambling party broke up, and drew nigh to hear the Gospel. From this place, in company with our band of warm-hearted Christian friends, I pushed up the river to La-howse and preached there to a lot of Upper Skeena people who were camped there waiting the arrival of the small fish, etc. Returned to Fishery Bay, 11 a.m., by the light of the moon, a tramp of five miles over the ice; another day at Fishery Bay, with a blessed time at night; next morning left for the steamer at Naas Cove; thence to Simpson, calling at four camps on the way to hold service, etc.; got back to Simpson just as the bell was ringing for service. It was a good trip, in spite of the strong winds, severe cold, snow, etc. This has been the longest winter we have seen since we have been on the coast, and still it continues on.

The measles having broke out amongst the Simpson people, keeps Dr. Bolton very busy.

## The Home Work.

**Bonne Bay** (Newfoundland Conference).—The missionary writes as follows: Enclosed you will find the names of our juvenile collectors and the sums they have gathered. I am pleased to say that we have made a good advance in missionary contributions on this mission for the present year. We had no outside help for our meetings, but Messrs. S. Avery, J. Campbell, W. Stanford and other friends, threw themselves into the work most enthusiastically. The result, by God's blessing, is that for two years following we have gone forward. Last year we went from the \$37.00 of 1891-92 to \$42.61, and this year we have got up to \$95.00. This has been achieved, I believe, partly by the interesting and instructive character of the meeting, and partly by the method we have of taking up the collection. In every place we have two collections. First, what is called the "negroes' collection," which is, every one who gives a dollar or upward brings it to the front; then we go round with the box to gather the smaller sums. At one place the children were very anxious to give something, they had no money, but most of them had some rabbit skins. We announced that we would have a rabbit skin collection, and at the meeting we were delighted to see them bring some four and a half dozen skins up to the platform. These we sold and the proceeds go into the fund.

My excuse for troubling you with this note, is the hope you expressed in one of the tracts on missions. I received a large number of letters telling of such advances.

G. EDGAR HEAL.

**Cornwall Island** (Montreal Conference).—We are glad to learn from the Chairman of the Matilda District, Rev. George Rogers, that as the results of thorough evangelistic and educational work on the part of the missionary, Rev. E. Tennant, there are encouraging signs of progress on that Mission. There are three or four appointments, 28 families, 119 persons, of whom 38 are members all meeting in class. Bro. Tennant is educating them to give. The missionary services were successful, and the contributions are much in advance of last year. They are now talking of holding a camp-meeting in June.

**Emsdale** (Toronto Conf.).—The work has advanced very pleasantly on this mission, marked by progress in various lines. During the first six months here, *itinerating* was our experience, with a strong emphasis, having no less than five moves between Conference and Christmas time. But these discomforts are of the past, and now we are settled in the comfortable new parsonage. The parsonage has been erected at a cost of \$700, and compares favorably with any in the District, or indeed, in the Conference. A subscription of \$200 has been raised, and there is prospect of an additional \$100; and apart from the above, \$90 has been spent for furniture. The connexional funds all show an advance. The collections and subscriptions at our missionary services on Feb. 25th, show an increase of fifty per cent. over last year, so this mission will aid in reaching the quarter of a million mark. Special services were held at Emsdale appointment, beginning the second week in January, resulting in about twenty conversions, half of whom are heads of families. We trust for a continuation of the work in our ordinary means of grace. There is great pleasure and encouragement working among such zealous and faithful people as we have here. W. CRAWFORD SANDERSON.

**Kamloops** (B. C. Conf.).—Since entering upon our work here in June last, we have had many signs of success. The Sabbath and week-night services have been kept up regularly and have been seasons of blessing. The congregations have increased at all these services and we have seen some conversions in the ordinary services. An Epworth League has been formed and regular meetings have been held, many of which have been very interesting and profitable. Our