

was with thankful hearts that on the morning of January 11th, we resumed our journey, while a favorable wind and a bright sun were sent to cheer our weariness. Surely we have every reason to be grateful to God for His many mercies. Our boat might have been torn to pieces in swift rapids, and all our effects totally lost, even life endangered. On the contrary, she sank slowly in shallow water, near the shore. We ourselves escaped easily. Our absolute loss, though considerable, is light as compared with the damage done to recovered goods. A great many things are in bad condition, but yet are usable. I must mention that during our five days ashore, the people of the neighboring village and surrounding country came in crowds to look at the curious foreigner. But they were uniformly quiet and well disposed, scarcely a disagreeable word even being heard. On account of our many delays, we cannot reach Chentu this month as we had hoped. It must be February now.

The Indian Work.

A MISSIONARY TRIP.

Letter from HENRY TATE and SAM. BENNETT, of PORT SIMPSON.

ON Monday evening, Jan. 14th, 1894, four of us—Henry Tate, Robert Tate, Sam. Bennett and Peter Jones—were talking with Mr. Wm. Oliver on board the steamer *Boscowitz* as she lay by the Port Simpson wharf. We had just come from service, and he asked us how we were getting along. We answered, "All right, good meetings, all have warm hearts." He began to tell us of the tribes to the south that he had seen on recent trips in drunkenness and heathenism, adding, "When you are happy here and filled with the good Spirit, you should not forget those in darkness around you." Immediately each said in his heart, "I ought to go and try to teach those heathen; but how can I, as I have no money to pay expenses?" None of us spoke, but Mr. Oliver added, "If any of you feel like going to visit those tribes, don't fear about the means; remember the words of Jesus, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you.'" As we returned to the village we began to speak to one another of our feelings, and soon decided to go, all four of us, by that steamer to Nawittie, and spend a few weeks preaching the Gospel there. We went to our brethren, the leaders of the "Band of Workers," and told them of our intentions, but they thought we were too hasty, and asked us to wait for a meeting of the Band to consider the matter, but we felt that God's voice had called us and we would go trusting only in Him. We soon found a man who loaned us \$40, saying, "Although I am not a Christian I'll lend this to help the good cause." He and his wife each gave us \$3 besides, to help pay our expenses. We now went for the first time to tell our wives that we were going, and in the house of Herbert Wallace, one of the chiefs, we found two more volunteers, Herbert himself, and John Ross—Herbert borrowing \$20 from the village council for their expenses. After this some of us visited the homes of several Christians, having prayer, receiving encouraging words, and here and there 50c. or \$1 material help. Herbert was the first to apprise our missionary, Mr. Crosby, of our intentions. It was now after midnight and he dressed and came out and met us on the street, where we had prayer in the snow. He was very pleased and said, "This is what I have long prayed and hoped for." He took us to his house and gave us food to take with us, and words of advice and encouragement; he also accompanied us to the steamer and procured a reduction of rates. When we got our blankets and food aboard it was nearly morning, and the steamer was soon under way. At 8 a.m. we had prayer and felt our hearts full; the sailors told us to "stop that noise as it would waken the captain," but we kept on praying and singing, and every morning and evening we had our prayer-meeting with no further molestation. The second day out we had a few minutes at Hartley Bay, where our townsman, George Edgar, is working as native missionary. He was very glad to see us and supplied us with tent, cooking utensils and soap, articles that we had forgotten in our hurried leaving; he and others gave us food also. We now felt that the Lord was indeed leading and helping

us, and our hearts were filled with joy and gratitude. Thursday afternoon the steamer called at Bella Bella, and we wished to see the people there and have service with them, but there was not time. We felt disappointed as we sailed away, and knelt and prayed that if possible we might even yet have a visit at Bella Bella. While we prayed the storm of wind and snow increased, and as we rose we found that the steamer had turned and soon dropped anchor in the harbor at Bella Bella. We called for a canoe and went ashore and spent the evening and most of the night in services in the church, on the street and in a chief's house. The missionary and teacher gave us help in money and food, and best of all we had good times with the native brethren, and four souls professed repentance. Friday evening, our last on board, the steamer anchored in Safety Cove. We had a good service, feeling the Spirit in great measure. All the white passengers and most of the crew were present. We all spoke in Chinook, which is understood by nearly all the whites and natives along the coast, and a white lay missionary spoke in English. After the meeting a passenger headed a subscription list to which nearly all contributed, and it was handed to us with \$18 cash to help us on our way.

Next morning we passed Nawittie, but as we had heard the heathen were gathering somewhere to feast, we thought it well to go on to Alert Bay, and thence by canoe, to find them. On reaching the latter port in the afternoon, we found the inhabitants of seven villages gathered there for potlatching, feasting, dancing, etc., so we decided to stay there. The proprietor of the salmon cannery kindly gave us the use of a house, with stove, etc. We first visited a family whose mother is a native and father white, and prayed with them. A young man, who met us on the wharf carelessly smoking a pipe, was now warmed with a different fire, and was with us in all the subsequent services; and a blind girl broke down in tears as she recollected the Methodist services she used to attend at Victoria. In the evening we went through the village entering every house that was not locked against us, saluting the people, telling them why we had come to visit them, and sometimes having singing and prayer. In one house as we prayed our hearts were opened, and we cried to God to save the people, when a number came in shouting and beating sticks to scare us, but we kept on praying till they went out. A white man advised us to enter no more houses, "as these Indians," said he, "are very bad when angry." We paid no attention to that advice, even entering a door over which was displayed the "louie" (a strip of scarlet cedar bark), as a sign that no one could enter but those initiated in the "Allide," or secret society of heathen conjurers. A large number were gathered around five fires that were burning openly in the large house. No one objected to our entering, and all returned our salutations but one man. We also had prayer in the houses of the only two Christian Indians in the place. That night a steamer from the north brought a brother whom the "Band of Workers" had sent to us with some funds; he also brought us some food from our wives. We were glad to see him, but did not need the money, as the Lord had supplied our wants in that line. On Sunday, at 10 a.m., after prayer in our house, we had service on the street, to which a great number of the heathen listened. We all felt that the Lord was helping us in the use of the Chinook. At 11 a.m., we attended service in the mission church (C.M.S.). In the afternoon we had a street meeting, and then repaired to the mission school-house, which Mr. Corker, the missionary in charge, had given us the use of. Some of the heathen followed us in, dressed only in blankets, with scarlet bark head-dress. Sunday was a great day of dancing among the heathen; and we found afterwards that they had gone to the authorities to ask that we be stopped preaching on the street on Sunday, as it would interfere with their dancing. In the evening we had another street meeting, and thence to the mission service. None of the Indians attended service in the church excepting the two Christian families.

Every afternoon during our stay we had open-air service, followed by meeting in the school-house. On Monday a good many stood around as we sang and spoke on the street, and followed us as we went toward the school-house. Presently we were confronted by two men entirely naked, with the "louie" on their heads, their faces blackened, and bears'

paws fastened on their hands, to which were attached copper claws; they stood abreast, stretching out their arms to intercept our passage at a narrow part of the street. They gnashed their teeth, distorted their features, and made gestures to frighten us; but we kept on singing and paying no attention to them, and they backed slowly away, and soon entered a house of the "Allide." After passing this house, we stopped and knelt in prayer. Many gathered around us, among them women and girls, with the "louie" on their heads and their bare feet in the snow. Soon the bear-handed (and bare-skinned) men came out again, and throwing themselves in the snow pawed it about furiously, at which the spectators fled, apparently afraid, and we passed on, a number following us into the school-house. Next day, as we spoke on the street, four young men came along very threatening, carrying great clubs; they wore blankets fastened around their loins, and the "louie" on their heads, and had faces blackened. But, as we kept on with our service, they soon went away. On Wednesday again, as we passed singing to the school-house, four men confronted us in the same dress, bearing spears, and tried to frighten us, but ineffectually; thenceforth they desisted from such threats. But each day some would walk through the crowd, talking in their own tongue, which we did not understand, apparently trying to oppose the effect of our words. Almost every day we had good attentive hearing in the school-house, while one of our number preached in Chinook from a text of Scripture; and afterwards as we sang, prayed and testified, some few professed repentance. The two Christian Indians were greatly warmed, and a few whites and half-breeds, some of whom had in former days been accustomed to Methodist worship. As for the remainder of our time, we spent it mostly going about talking personally with the people, and the whites and half-breeds invited us almost every evening to some one of their houses, where we had good meetings. We had prayer in our own cabin five times a day.

On Tuesday evening, one of the head chiefs of Alert Bay called us to his house, and after we had partaken of dried salmon and tea, he addressed us, saying: "I am glad that you have come to my house; I scarcely expected that you would come. I am ashamed that you find us in our heathen doings, for you are Indians, as we are, and yet have such different life and better customs. Do not think that the people do not heed what you say; it is all well received. One thing prevents us from following your teaching immediately; we have on the 'Allide' head-dress, and are pledged to go through with our feast. If you had come before we invited these tribes, we might have given it all up." Herbert Wallace answered him, recalling the time when the Tsimpshans discarded the "Allide." "We had thought that this was our only source of pleasure, and that we should be very miserable if we gave it up, but now we find far greater joy in Jesus' name." We had singing and prayer with him and his family, and next evening went in again and had service with them. While we were engaged, we heard the "Allide" boys coming. A party of them ran through the village in a nude state, breaking through every door that yielded to them, shouting, beating sticks and blowing whistles. We heard their hideous noise in the next house, and as we were at prayer we heard rifles banging outside the door; some came inside, and two shots were fired at the door.

A steamer coming in that day from Vancouver brought home a boy who had just completed a term in the provincial jail for some crime. This boy had spent some years in the Government school at Metlakahtla, and as he had acquired a knowledge of the Tsimpshian language while there, and as his native tongue was that of all the heathen, we thought of trying to get him to interpret for us at times, as being better than using the Chinook jargon; but before night he had cast off his clothes, donned the blanket and "louie," and was at the "Allide" work of his former life. We felt this more than all the abominations of the heathen, as this boy had been taught by Christians, and we thought how much better if the boys were first converted and then educated. There, at Alert Bay, we were shown through the new Government school, with accommodation for thirty pupils, and only one in residence. Surely it would be better for the Government to build their school

among Christian Indians, where it would be used and appreciated.

The second Sunday we had good services all day in the same order as the first, and all that week we had good times, and no opposition, but the dancing, etc., went on with unabated vigor. The younger members of our party were surprised and shocked at the degradation of the "Allide," such scenes among our own people dating beyond their recollection. After the first week, we stayed in the house of one George, a half-breed, who had been greatly blessed in the meetings, and who now, out of gratitude, entertained us. This week the constable returned with a prisoner, a Zawitty man, who was accused with the murder of two white men; the prisoner's wife and child accompanied him. We visited them and had prayer with them, when we all felt the Master's presence; the woman wept, and the jailer was affected. One day one of our number found a sick man in a lone tent in the snow away from the village, and his wife weeping near by. It is a custom among those tribes, when anyone is seriously ill to put the patient out of the community, and he is left to be cared for by his near relatives, if they are so disposed, as best they can. We felt that something ought to be done to provide for the sick among those tribes. We had a third Sunday, which was the best of all, and then began to look for the return of the steamer; of course, keeping on working as long as we were there. On Monday evening a white man entertained us, and a lady handed us an envelope containing \$8, which had been collected for us. The whites had shown us great kindness; two different men who owned land each offered a lot, if a house of prayer would be built on it. They said, "Some of you native Christians ought to come here and try to teach these heathen tribes. For fourteen years the agents of the Church Missionary Society have been here; they have established church, school, store, saw-mill, etc., but they have not converted the people."

The missionary, Mr. Corker, was very kind to us, entertaining us at his house one evening, attending our meetings and allowing us to speak in his. Both whites and Indians asked some of us to come again. We promised we would if God opened our way. We left by the *Boscowitz* on Wednesday evening.

We called next day at Rivers Inlet. We did not have much time, but we visited every house in the place, singing and praying. Some kept right on with their gambling, but others wept and were greatly stirred. Next morning we had a half-hour at Bella Bella again, and had service with as many as we could get together, advising them to keep on in the good way, and to stick to their missionary. Saturday night at Lowe Inlet we met four families of Hartley Bay people and had a good service with them. We had three services on board Sunday, a white passenger preaching in the morning, one of our number in the afternoon and Mr. Oliver in the evening. Monday at 4 p.m. we reached home. We were glad to be back, and our experiences cheered our friends in the evening meetings. We found that our families, some of whom we had left with very little food, had been well cared for by some Christian friends. We brought back every dollar that we had borrowed and paid it back again. We felt that we had been called to the trip by the Lord, and kept and helped by Him.

This is the first time that we Tsimpshans have started out by ourselves to carry the Gospel, although some of us had often accompanied our missionary on his trips. We hope that all Christians will pray for us, now that we have begun to help the servants of God to carry on the work, even as Aaron and Hur held up Moses' hands. Let all who have helped send us the Gospel rejoice that light has replaced darkness in our midst, but there remains a great work to do as many tribes around us are yet in darkness. We are ready to carry the Gospel light to them, but we have not much learning or material means. We trust in God's help. In former times if our young men went out to visit other villages it would be to fight their fellowmen, now we hope to go only to fight the devil and save men's souls. Don't be surprised, Christian friends, at what we have done, as it is only in answer to your prayers. It is not our own strength and wisdom that has brought us through safe and happy, but God's answer to the prayers of His people.