

season on the Sabbath day. The people are erecting a school-house in which the children will be taught and services held. Another three miles through a cut path, to which the recent rains had in many places given the appearance of a running brook, brought me to Noggin Cove, where I enjoyed a chat with Bro. White, who, beside doing his share of work as a fisherman, has earned for himself the honor of being the pioneer Methodist missionary here and at Bassett's Harbor. He sustains the offices of lay-reader and class-leader. Here we have about a dozen families, and here on Sabbath afternoons, and on a week-night when in the neighborhood, I conduct a service which the people of Bassett's Harbor and Beaver Cove are able to attend. This service is now held in Bro. White's house, which has grown too strait for us, and the people have decided to arise and build. At nightfall I reached Western Arm, about two miles farther on. In this settlement we have nearly fifty families, although the first Methodists arrived but eighteen years ago. With commendable ambition and religious zeal the people erected a good school-house ten years ago, and last winter commenced to build a commodious church. Last year the missionary resided here from December to May, and it appears likely that this will be a permanent arrangement. Last winter Western Arm was visited with a very gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, resulting in the addition to our membership roll of over sixty names. Here I stayed a week, meeting the five classes for tickets and conducting five services. The conversions last winter were accompanied with more noise and excitement than I had ever witnessed (I had seen Newfoundland revivals as well as Yorkshire revivals before), but the converts so far stand well, a fact worthy of consideration by those who are inclined to look askance at physical demonstrations in religious services, and desire to apply the standard of unemotional and cultured icicles to an emotional people who have never learnt to restrain their feelings.

On my way to Indian Islands, which lie nine miles to the north of Western Arm, I had hoped to visit Alder Harbor, five miles to the east, but after spending three hours in a boat, want of wind compelled me to give up the attempt. About thirty people live there, all Methodists. Nearly all of them were converted last winter, since which time a man, who was previously anything but an angel, has regularly and zealously conducted service every Sabbath. I reached Indian Islands on Saturday. These islands (two inhabited) appear to have been reclaimed from the surrounding waste of waters, so little do they rise above the waves. On Perry's Island all the people, about sixty, are Methodists. Here we have a comfortable church, to which a legacy of William Perry, one of the first settlers, has just given a beautiful communion service. The service will be used for the first time next month, when some thirty candidates for membership will receive the right hand of fellowship. I preached on the Sabbath at Perry's Island morning and night, and in the school-house on the other island in the afternoon.

On the Monday, having completed my three weeks' tour, I returned from Indian Islands to Seldom-Come-By, four miles, and yesterday preached here morning and night, and at Little Seldom in the afternoon. Thus in a month I have preached at all my appointments save one.

The above gives some idea of how scattered our people are, and of what it means to be pastor of a thousand people in Newfoundland. The people here, as elsewhere within the bounds of this Conference, are eminently religious, and ignorance is the great barrier to their moral development and uplifting. Most of our young folk have now an opportunity of attending school for a few months in the year, but when they have learnt to read, good reading matter is scarce. If some Sunday School superintendent, or other friend in highly-favored Canada, will put us on his mailing list, and forward to me papers or magazines, I will guarantee their distribution among a people who will read them and pass them on.

The Indian Work.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, *dated* KISHPIAX, UPPER SKEENA, B.C., *Sept. 30th, 1895.*

BY the advice of the President of the Conference and Chairman of this District, our appointment was changed, and instead of going to Bella Coola as expected, we were sent to Kishpiax. We left the coast July 17th by the steamer *Caledonia*, expecting to arrive at our destination in about four days, but to our disappointment we did not reach Kishpiax for seventeen days. We were delayed in some places because the water was too high, and in others because it was too low. Coming through Kit-see-lass Canyon was a trying time. Tow lines had to be cut in order to save the steamer. This rather alarmed the passengers, and well it might. The captain declared that he had never seen anything like it since he had been on the river. On arriving at Hazelton we had to wait two days before we could obtain a crew to bring us here by canoe. Just before starting one of our canoes split and filled with water, damaging some goods. Fortunately it was discovered in time, for in half an hour more our goods would have been totally spoilt. On the evening of that day we arrived here in safety, and our hearts went out in praise and thanksgiving to Him from whom all blessings flow. The first Sunday spent here I shall never forget. The sight of the poor people, as they were singing with all their hearts, caused me to shed tears of joys as I thought what the blessed Gospel had done for them. The head Chief, Kaak, and his son, who are among the leading Christians, were converted during the revival last fall. Shortly after our arrival here, Bro. Cole and I made a visit to Kish-ga-gass, the last village on the Skeena river. We had a blessed time. These poor people have never had a missionary to live amongst them, although they have been asking for one for years. Those who made a start during the visit of the Rev. J. C. Spencer and his people last winter, have all gone back to heathenism, because no one was there to encourage or help them. They urged us to give them a missionary who would enlighten them, and promised that they would all lay aside their heathen practices if one were sent. After this urgent request it was decided that Bro. Cole should go. About three weeks ago we had a visit from Rev. T. Crosby, Chairman of the District, which greatly cheered our hearts. What is greatly needed here is a church. Hitherto the people have worshipped in the school-house but the accommodation is such that many who would like to come stay away because of lack of room. When all the people are at home the Sunday services have to be held in a large heathen house. A plan of the proposed new church has been drawn up, the size of which will be 45 x 26 ft. The building, when completed, will cost at least one thousand dollars. The people and friends of the mission cause have already subscribed \$240.00 towards it. A grant from the Missionary Society would be a great help to these people in this undertaking. To obtain lumber and other materials means money. Everything is very expensive in this upper country. We are looking forward to a blessed outpouring of God's Holy Spirit this winter.

Letter from REV. D. JENNINGS, *dated* PORT ESSINGTON, B.C., *Oct. 14th, 1895.*

ANOTHER very busy season at the mouth of the Skeena has passed, and now this polyglot hive of industry is for a time broken up, and its inhabitants have gone to their respective homes to make ready for winter.

We have seven appointments that should be supplied every Sabbath during the fishing season. Sometimes there are too few laborers on the field to supply the work efficiently. We have, it is true, many local preachers, but it is difficult for them to make long canoe trips on Sunday after a hard week's fishing, during which their rest is so much broken.

But the work of God has been full of interest. The congregations have been usually large, particularly at Es-

"A CHRISTIANITY without a dying, atoning Christ, is a dying Christianity."

sington, where from early morning, say six o'clock, to near 9 p.m. the people were engaged in some religious service, excepting short intervals for refreshments. Any unprejudiced mind, knowing the composition of these gatherings and the tribal feuds that occurred among them before the Gospel of the Lord Jesus was preached to them, and seeing their present condition, that mind must say, "Here is a marvel of missions. The Gospel has not lost its power; it is still mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

Great changes have come over the Upper Skeena people. Two years ago it was hard to get them inside a house of worship. They would spend their Sabbaths lounging around, or would go into some quiet nook where they would spend their time gambling, for which they had a passionate regard. In the summer of 1893, every Sabbath a band of Christian Indians, led by a white brother, would visit these people at their cabins; stand outside at some point where all could hear, then relate their Christian experience and urge the heathen to forsake the ways of their forefathers and join themselves to Christ the Lord. These efforts, together with the earnest, faithful work of our brethren stationed on the Upper Skeena, are producing their desired results—the conversion of the Kitikshans (the name applied to the people of the Upper Skeena). The people of Kishpiax, with whom I come in close contact in summer, are deeply in earnest to build a church. Many of them have subscribed liberally, and while on the Coast they solicited subscriptions from their native brethren and others interested in the work of God. They succeeded fairly well. These people deserve much encouragement.

I was much delighted the other day when asked by an Indian to write a letter to his uncle, who has forsaken his first love to Christ and has gone back to eat the garlic of his old Egypt, and is now playing the medicine man in a village where the people are giving themselves to Christ. The head chief of that village had sent word to the backslider's nephew, saying, "Call your uncle away from here, for he is hindering the people from becoming Christians. As long as he plays the medicine man, so long will many of the people stand aloof from Christ. Call your uncle away—we want to become Christians." These are encouraging signs of the times. Let our people at home heartily support the propagation of the Gospel among the thousands yet in darkness in this land, and so enable the General Board to send more workers into this vineyard—men endued with Pentacostal power and good judgment; then results will follow eternity alone can sum up.

China.

Letter from REV. V. C. HART, D.D., dated SHANGHAI, Oct. 15th, 1895.

I HAVE been ill with malarial fever since last writing you, and am still in a very weak and uncertain condition.

It is thought best by Bros. Hartwell and Endicott, who were with me during my illness, that it would be better for me to go home for the winter than to attempt to stay here. I had fully intended to leave with Mr. Hartwell for Sz-Chuan about this time, but my sickness has prevented me carrying out this plan. I cannot explain to you in writing my disappointment, but I cannot fight against the inevitable. My strength has gone out of me, and I am convinced that, with my present stock² of physical strength, I am not equal to a journey into the interior. Mr. Hartwell will proceed at once as far as Chungking, and perhaps Kiating, and be prepared to act as circumstances arise. Mr. and Mrs. Endicott will remain here for a few months longer, and be ready to go on by February, 1896, if affairs continue favorable. Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn will be here in November and will go up at the same time as the Endicotts. Dr. Hare is still at Ichang looking after the community and studying the language. The Society will receive forty odd dollars each month for the time which he daily devotes to the community. We think it best to have a slight foothold at Ichang, to further our western projects. Missionaries coming and going will find it invaluable.

I shall leave here within two weeks for Vancouver. I am hoping and praying for full restoration to health, and am convinced now that no other course is open to me but a thorough change. Our indemnity will without doubt be paid in full, and by such time as it can be used. I am more confident of a good settlement and future openings for work than hitherto. I am glad to say the brethren are in robust health, brave, and prepared to go forward as the Master's men to their great work. I have all faith in my fellow-laborers.

Our Young Folk.

Hassan and the Three Young Men.

THE wise old Hassan sat in his door when three young men pressed eagerly by.

"Are ye following after any one, my sons?" he said.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the eldest.

"And I after Riches," said the second. "Pleasure is only to be found with Riches."

"And you, my little one?" he asked of the third.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly said.

And each went on his way.

The aged Hassan in his journey came upon three men.

"My son," he said to the eldest, "methinks thou wert the youth who was following after Pleasure. Did'st thou overtake her?"

"No, father," answered the man. "Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou did'st not follow the right way, my son."

"How did'st thou fare?" he asked of the second.

"Pleasure is not with Riches," he answered.

"And thou?" continued Hassan, addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with Duty," he replied, "Pleasure walked ever by my side."

"It is always thus," said the old man. "Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. She herself goes hand in hand with Duty, and they who make Duty their companion have also the companionship of Pleasure."

A Japanese Lily.

A LADY, who in her girlhood was discouraged by her lack of beauty, but lived to become a leader of society, with hosts of sincere and loving friends, says; "If I have been able to accomplish anything in life it is due to the words spoken to me in the right season, when I was a child, by a wise teacher.

"I was the only homely, awkward girl in a class of exceptionally pretty ones, and, being also dull at my books, became the butt of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, and withdrew into myself, and grew daily more bitter and vindictive.

"One day the French teacher, a gray haired old woman, with keen eyes and a kind smile, found me crying.

"What is the matter, my child?" she asked. "Oh, madame; I am so ugly!" I sobbed out. She soothed me, but did not contradict me. Presently she took me into her room, and after amusing me for some time, said, 'I have a present for you, handing me a coarse lump covered with earth. 'It is round and brown as you. Ugly, did you say? Very well. We will call it by your name then—it is you. Now, you shall plant it, and water it, and give it sun for a week or two.' I planted it, and watched it carefully; the green leaves came first and at last the *golden Japanese lily*, the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight. It was the first time that it ever occurred to me that, in spite of my ugly face, I too, might be able to win friends and make myself beloved in the world."—*Selected.*