

these old historic faiths of the East to meet the deepening wants of awakening hosts of men, the very tendencies of the world to-day are such as to leave all these creations of pagan centuries a mass of shapeless and hopeless ruins. Behold, the feet of them which have buried many of the old myths of the past in deep graves of oblivion are already at the door, and shall not fail to put away into the shadows of forgetfulness the old errors which remain. As the momentum of the Christian influences of the nineteenth century strikes the dull, drowsy lands of the Orient, a breaking up of age-long slumber is the result, and the very conditions which made heathenism a possibility and power are assuredly passing away.

Without hesitation, or fear, or one touch of pity, this great process of demolition and spoliation goes on, and gradually the older world begins to lift itself, and feels the thrill and quickening of some new and better day.

In striking contrast to all this stands one force which looms up full of vitality and victorious energy. The progress of centuries, and all the laws of change and decay, have not lessened its power or arrested its march among the nations of the earth. Christianity stands committed to the work of a world's evangelization, and after the most malignant and prolonged opposition, its eye is not dim nor its natural force abated. With calm and lofty gaze it looks down upon the perished systems of the past, and, with a tone and attitude confident of final and universal conquest, watches the elements of dissolution as they proceed in the gradual but absolute overthrow of the dark citadel of heathenism the wide world around.

However strongly the politicians may claim that the "flowing tide" is with their favorite party, one thing is clear, that the great forces which are set for the remaking of this world are turning towards the missionary movements as never before, and whatever oppositions may protest, they are only like so many eddies in the deep and broadening tide.

Can the Parsee, the Buddhist, the Confucianist, the Mohammedan, or any one of the poor remnants of an expiring heathenism say for a single moment that the "flowing tide" is with them? No! Absolutely no! Can any form of irreligion claim the friendship of the best powers abroad in their high mission to-day? No! Forever, no! The richest sympathies, the noblest manhood, the spirit and ambition of the worthiest civilization, the trend of all true progress, of all purified and instructed consciences, the deepest convictions; in fact, the great, grand aggregation of all upward and onward movements of the age are shaping into line with the purposes of the Gospel, which contemplate the moral enfranchisement of the race and spiritual enlightenment and redemption of a world.

This, then, is the inspiration and hope of all the toilers engaged in the advancement of the missionary enterprise—an enterprise which has, in itself, the elements of an indestructible vitality, a past marked by the most sublime achievements, and an outlook on the future as wide as the world's vast need and as lasting as all the eventful and enduring years.

Along the Line.

The Indian Work.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. THOMAS NEVILLE, dated KITZEGUCLA, Skeena River, B.C., Sept. 25th, 1894.

BEFORE the river closes I will send you a brief account of our trip up to the Forks of the Skeena. But, as preliminary to this, perhaps a few words about the summer's work at the mouth of the river will not be out of place. Leaving Victoria on the 11th of June, I arrived at Simpson on the 16th and was there met by Brother Crosby. I stayed at Simpson until the following Tuesday morning. I can assure you I was agreeably surprised to find such a manifest interest among the Indians regarding spiritual

things. To attend one of their meetings is to be taken back to the days of Whitefield, Ousley, Nelson and the Wesleys. There must have been nearly five hundred Indians at the morning service, yet I was informed that many had left for the different canneries on the Skeena.

Perhaps a programme of Sunday's work will give you a better idea of how Sunday is spent at Simpson: 6.30 a.m., prayer meeting, and from that until the time of the eleven o'clock service there seems to be class and prayer meetings in almost every room you go to. After the morning service there is a text-school, where many stay to learn the text in English and also in their native tongue. After the text-school, questions are asked, many of which would puzzle some of our best theologians to answer.

At 2 p.m. Again there is public service held in the church, and at the same time two Sunday Schools (one for Indians and one for whites) are kept going by Brothers Bolton and Richardson, ably assisted by the ladies from the Girls' Home, Hospital and Mission-House.

After the afternoon service the missionary and helpers usually go through the village and visit the sick, and speak a few comforting words by the way.

In the evening there is again public service, after which there is held a prayer and praise meeting. This meeting usually lasts from seven o'clock until nine, and later, if the interest is well sustained and souls are being blessed.

I would like to say a few words for our noble workers at Simpson, but hate anything that would seem like "puff," so will abstain this time.

On Tuesday morning I left Fort Simpson for the mouth of the Skeena, and was there met by our missionaries, Dr. Bolton and Brother Pierce. Here I found the same good work going on in and around the eight different canneries, where from two to three thousand people meet ever summer for the fishing season.

The missionaries go from cannery to cannery by boat, and tell of the Great Healer of all Spiritual diseases.

During the summer Dr. Bolton makes periodical visits from cannery to cannery, carrying in his hand a medicine chest that which will heal the body; while, at the same time, he carries in his heart that which will heal the soul.

On August 15th, after spending nearly two months at the mouth of the Skeena, we (Brothers Pierce, Cole, our new teacher for Hugwilget, and the writer) left Essington for our future homes in the interior. We had a good forty-foot canoe (which had a little too big a load of freight to ensure any comfort for passengers) and a strong crew of four Indians and a captain.

Our first day out was not very encouraging, as after going about five miles the tide turned, and we had to camp, as it was raining hard and a strong head-wind blowing. At 11 p.m., the tide having turned, we resumed our journey, and until 5.30 a.m. next morning. What a night! As dark as pitch, head wind, and the rain beating in our faces. I have spent nights on the bank of the Ottawa River, and have slept on the shores of Lake Temiscamingue when it has been from 30° to 46° below zero, but don't believe I ever put in such a miserable night. Our legs cramped and stiff with the cold and our clothing soaked with the rain, we went ashore at an old fishing camp and tried, but in vain, to find a spot where the rain did not come through the roof.

On the 16th we started at 1 p.m., and at 4 p.m. overtook about thirty canoes (about 200 people) which had left a day or two before ours. We camped with them at night, and after service and prayers with our crew, we retired for the night. From the time of retiring until next morning there was an incessant downpour of rain, and long before getting-up time our blankets were wet through.

17th.—Rained hard all day. Our run was ten miles. During the day one of the canoes, about fifty yards behind ours, met with what might have been a very serious accident. In ascending one of the rapids, for which the river is noted, the canoe got into an eddy and was hurled on to the rocks. The canoe was turned over with lightning rapidity, and had it not been for two canoes which were in the near vicinity all lives (seven in all) must have been lost. Had a prayer and praise meeting in the evening, which was well attended. It rained heavy during the night, and our clothes and blankets were again soaked with the rain.

18th.—On account of the continual rains the river is rising rapidly. Only moved about two miles to-day, to gain higher camping ground for Sunday. A canoe has just arrived, and brings the information that the body of one of the seven men drowned in the canyon in the spring has been found about two miles from our camp. They brought the body in a box to the camp, and it has caused great excitement. They recognize the clothing as that of a brother of one of the men who happens to be in camp. The heathen are greatly excited, both men and women wailing their heathen songs around the box. After prayers we retired for the night.

19th (Sunday).—It rained all last night, but stopped at 8 a.m. this morning. The writer conducted the service at 11 a.m., and Brother Pierce the one at 2 p.m. Brother Pierce led the evening meeting, when we had a blessed time. The meeting was prolonged until a late hour, as poor sinners were coming home, and it was 11.15 p.m. when Brother Pierce called upon the writer to pronounce the benediction. We had a blessed day, and God's Spirit was with us.

20th.—River has risen more than six feet during the night. Cannot leave this place until the river falls. Rained all day. Brother Pierce and the writer held meetings in the evening at different parts of the camp.

21st.—Morning bright and fine. River very high and still rising. Had Bible class in the morning, singing class (led by Brother Cole) in the afternoon, and Gospel meeting in the evening.

22nd.—Fine day. Had usual Bible and singing classes during the day and service in the evening.

24th.—Beautiful morning. Not a cloud to be seen in the sky any place. Had to move our camp, as there had been too many people camping on the one small piece of land (Small Island). We moved up the river about two miles. After prayers with our crew we retired for the night.

25th.—Raining hard. Did not move out of camp until 12 o'clock. Our canoe had a narrow escape to-day. She got into one of the eddies which shot her out into the swift current, which immediately turned her on to her side, and had it not been for the coolness of our captain, it might have proved very serious. Travelled about four miles, and camped for the night. After prayers we retired.

26th (Sunday).—Beautiful day. Most of the large band of canoes are camped where they were last Sunday. Brother Pierce, with a Christian band of Indians, returned and spent the day with them. Brother Cole and the writer attending to the services at our present camp.

27th.—Water too high to leave camp. Our provisions are getting short, as we only provided for about twelve days, as they usually make the trip in nine or ten. In the evening we had a good evangelistic meeting, after which we turned in for the night.

28th.—Beautiful morning. Reminds one of the middle of June in Ontario. Made a run of twelve miles to-day. River high and very dangerous in many places. Had a meeting in the evening and prayers with our crew.

29th.—Left camp at 7.30 a.m. Morning fine. Made a good day's run, arriving and camping at Kitkalkalem for the night. Slept in chief's house, and though we had but the soft side of the floor, we were thankful it was dry. Had service in the school-house with the village people, and prayers with our crew, and retired for the night.

30th.—Left Kitkalkalem at 7.30 a.m. Had a good run of twenty-five miles. Caught about thirty-five canoes which left nearly a week before we did. After having prayers at different parts of the camp we retired, feeling thankful that God had spared us thus far. During the day an accident happened which the writer will long remember. When climbing one of the rapids, and helping to pole, his pole slipped and out of the canoe he went like a shot. The river was taking him down when he caught hold of the side of the canoe and was helped in. Had he missed or let go his hold nothing could have saved him. How appropriate the words: "I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." (Gen. xxviii. 16.)

31st.—Beautiful day. Arrived at the Canyon about 11 a.m. Unloaded canoe. Packed our freight to the other side of the Canyon (about a mile) and camped there over night. Had prayers in an Indian house at which there were about twenty present.

September 1st.—Reloaded canoe and made a good day's run. Camped about ten miles below Lorne Creek. Had prayers with crew and retired.

2nd (Sunday).—Fine morning. Have not many people with us. Our captain wanted to push on having been so long on the way. We held service in the morning, Bible class in afternoon, and prayer and praise meeting in the evening.

3rd.—Beautiful morning and a fair wind. First fair wind of the trip. Called at Lorne Creek at noon, then we pushed ahead and did not camp until 7 p.m. Having made a good day's run.

4th.—Arrived at Rev. R. Tomlinson's at 10 a.m. and stayed there for dinner. Arrived at Kitwauga in the evening. Camped in chief's house. Had prayers and retired for the night.

5th.—Left camp at 8 a.m. Arrived at Old Kitzegucla (where the writer is now making his home) at 4 p.m. Camped about three miles above this place for the night. Had prayers and retired.

6th.—Left camp at 8.30 a.m. Arrived at New Kitzegucla at 10 a.m., and at the Forks (Hazelton) of the Skeena at 4 p.m. We thanked and praised God for bringing us through safely.

We are now busy making preparations for the winter, as it is as cold here (I am told) as it is in many places in Manitoba.

Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated Eburne, B.C., August 14th, 1894.

THE packing of salmon for food is one of the leading industries of British Columbia, affording employment to thousands of people and yielding an annual income of several million dollars. The Fraser is the greatest salmon-producing river, and on its banks there are many canneries. On this mission there are sixteen of these canneries, and Steveston is the centre of operations. In the winter season it is a small village of 250 or 300 souls, but in the summer has a population of over 5,000, representing nearly every nation—about two-thirds are Indians, mostly pagans. In no other portion of the province is there such a gathering of those who most need to be reached by the Gospel, and living for several months so near together that it is easy to reach them in large numbers, while to try to reach these same Indians when scattered in their own villages would necessitate hundreds of miles of travel, months of time and great expense.

The Indians commence to settle at Steveston the middle of June, and by the middle of July thousands were there. Those from the west coast of Vancouver Island spend the time in wild dances and gambling. The President of the Conference sent a young man (Brother Sharp) to help carry on the white work, so I could be free for the season to do missionary work among these fishermen.

The first of July some sixty of the Port Simpson Indians arrived, and quite a number from Naas River, and have been a great help in carrying on the Master's work, singing in church and on the streets the soul-inspiring hymns, and testifying everywhere to the power of Jesus to save from sin. Having lived thirteen years among these people, it was sweet for me to hear the language again and to join with them in the work of the Lord. Some of the Naas men walked six miles several times to the parsonage with their Bibles, for me to translate texts of Scripture for them.

Steveston is a hard place. Sabbath desecration prevails, and traffic in liquor is carried on to a fearful extent. As there was no church in this place, services were conducted in the open air, or in the "Opera" (dance house), and proved very unsatisfactory. A year ago, in the fishing season, a friend from England, who takes great interest in mission work, visited Steveston, saw the people and the need of a building. This summer, just as the Indians began to settle there to be ready for the fishing, he cabled me to buy two lots for building a church, and that he would send a draft for the same. Within a week I had the lots secured and the contract let. The floods delayed the mills in cutting the lumber, but the building was finished and opened by ex-President White, July 14th. Indians and whites crowded the building, and a blessed season of

refreshing was realized. I expect in six weeks to have the whole paid for. It was difficult to commence. A few years ago a subscription was taken up for a Baptist church, the foundations were laid, but after a time was sold to another Church, who put up part of the frame. This blew down two years ago and was then abandoned. So the residents, when I asked for help to build, would reply, "I subscribed once, paid the money, but no church; won't do that again."

The church is 24 x 40 inside, nicely finished for a plain building, costing \$800. It was much needed as a basis of operation among the thousands of poor souls who are in darkness. God's blessing is upon it: souls have already turned to Jesus, both Indian and white. We have preached to many pagans, and precious truths have been instilled into their minds and hearts, which we hope and believe will germinate and bring forth fruit in godly lives to the glory of God.

Besides Indians representing nearly every tribe in British Columbia and white men from many nations, Japanese and Chinese attended the church and listened to the Word on the streets. The Gospel seed is being scattered broadcast, Bro. Tate and his helpers going from camp to camp on both sides of the river, carrying the message of free salvation to all races and conditions of men.

The white people here say, "What a difference between the Christian Indians and the pagan! Can see it in their faces." How different their actions are, too! Only a week ago—right here—James McRoery, a Christian white man, went from church on Sunday night to his own house on his little farm. On Monday morning he was found murdered in his bed. A drunken Indian was arrested, and confessed the crime. He said: "I drank the whiskey; then I began to think I would go in and kill him, and I did so." Of course, he was a pagan Indian. The white man who sold him the liquor gets only six months. The Indian goes to the scaffold.

Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C., September 13th, 1894.

I INTENDED to take our first trip around the west coast of Vancouver Island immediately at the close of the fishing season on the Skeena, as the weather is most suitable for the trip at that season of the year; but we were in need of a captain, and some of the machinery needed repairing; so, while Bro. Crosby was getting the Gospel steamer, *Glad Tidings*, in readiness, I thought it wise to accompany the Indians on their way to their homes in the north.

The revival of God's work had been continued at the several canneries on the Skeena throughout the summer, and the Kishpeax and Kitzegucla—converted men and women—have each formed themselves into a band of workers, thus showing their earnestness for carrying on the good work among their heathen brethren.

Several canoes left Essington on the 13th of August, and on the 15th Bros. Neville, Cole and myself also were on our way for the Upper Skeena. We at first thought that there would probably be thirty or forty canoes, and were surprised to find that there were fully seventy canoes, which contained at least 500 people, half of whom had accepted the Gospel during the late revival. The usual time which it takes to make the trip from Essington to Hazelton is eight or nine days, but owing to high water it took us twenty-two days in going up. In one camp we were delayed over five days; even after we were started again our progress was very slow. While at one camp some of our people found the body of a man, identified as Wm. Morris, who was converted during the winter on the Skeena, and was baptized by our chairman at district meeting. A short distance up the river another body was found, that of a young Kitsolass chief, whom I mentioned in my last letter. The bodies were found about fifty miles from the canyon. These found were the only Christians out of the seven that were drowned through the canyon last May, and it seems a direct answer to the prayer of the Christians, "That these bodies be given back to their dear friends." At this camp we also had some very profitable meetings; like a great camp-meeting, sinners listen to the preaching of the Gospel, and have been converted. During the daytime had some Bible

reading and a singing class. It is very encouraging to us to see the people so anxious to learn the Word of God and the singing of His praises. Even the Kitzegucla dog-eaters, the leaders among them were converted this summer at Aberdeen cannery, and are now among the most eager to learn the way of a better life. Many earnest testimonies were given in our meetings, one of which we may here mention. Hobeids, who had been a leading man in heathen dances, said, "For years I have gone to the coast to make money and load my canoe with goods, but this time I have not many goods in my canoe, but I have something better in my heart—the pearl of great price."

Bro. Neville had a very narrow escape from drowning just before reaching Kit-somkalum, his pole slipped and he was thrown overboard into deep and rapid water, going directly under the canoe, but we are very thankful that the mishap did not result more seriously. We stayed at Kit-somkalum one night, and had service with them. On Monday we stopped at Mr Tomlinson's mission, and were kindly received by him and his people. While here, a canoe came along bringing the remains of Fred. Sullivan, a Kitzegucla young man, who had died just a few minutes before from blood poisoning. The poor fellow had been a pupil of Rev. A. E. Green on the Naas a few years ago, but had since wandered again into sin; his friends told us that he repented and was heard to say, "It is well with my soul," just before breathing his last. We arrived at Hougmilget on September 6th. Bro. Neville is comfortably settled at Kitzegucla and Bro. Cole at Hougmilget, at present preparing for a busy winter. Our earnest prayer is that the Upper Skeena may be shaking by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost.

CORNWALL ISLAND.

THE Rev. E. Tennant, who has charge of the Indian Mission on Cornwall Island, writes encouragingly of his work: "The work is progressing favorably. The first year we had a membership of twenty-seven; last year eleven were added, making thirty-eight. This year, so far, we have, in various ways, taken eleven more, and lost one—a young married man who was drowned—so that we now have forty-eight on the register, with prospects of others being reached." The missionary further intimates that the people are learning to give. In three years missionary givings have advanced from \$13.80 to \$40. "Meetings are excellent, good singing and testimony lively."

The Home Work.

Kemble (Guelph Conference).—This is one of our Home Mission Fields, yet dependent on the Missionary Society for aid; not either hopeless or useless. We have four churches and a parsonage all paid for, or very nearly so; we report 130 members. We have three Sabbath Schools, three prayer meetings with Bible classes combined. In common with adjoining mission fields in Grey and North Bruce, we suffer yearly depletions by our energetic, lively, intelligent young members moving to other parts; some to the cities and towns of our Dominion, some to the rich lands of our far North-West. This unceasing drain on our membership would be very discouraging if we did not know that the great centres of wealth and influence, such as Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Brandon, etc., were being built up by what leaves us. The managers of our Missionary funds do not need to be told of the self-denying, hopeful, cheerful labors of men on these fields. (Your correspondent says nothing of himself.) I am thankful that I have been associated with such men for twenty-nine years.

I come in contact from time to time with ripe, old Christians who speak respectfully and gratefully of Greene, Ralston, Hilts, Watts, Smith, Tyndall, Foster, Danard, Newcombe, Woodman, who labored and "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." There is still work to be done for Christ and humanity on these fields. If the Methodist Church will foster and care for her Home Missions as in the past, it will be well; if not, some sister society will gladly lay hold on our outcasts, and have the blessing of heaven and the respect and love of the weak and poor of Christ's people on earth.

ROBERT CARSON.