

building a boarding school upon, one at each of the following: Morley, Hobema, Wabamum and Saddle Lake, and upon these sites build an improved type of day school, which could be part of a larger plant, if found necessary in the future to adopt the policy of boarding schools on these reserves. Provide transportation, and, if necessary compulsion that these day schools shall be an educational force on the reserves, and from these schools assume the responsibility of keeping Red Deer Institute supplied with pupils.

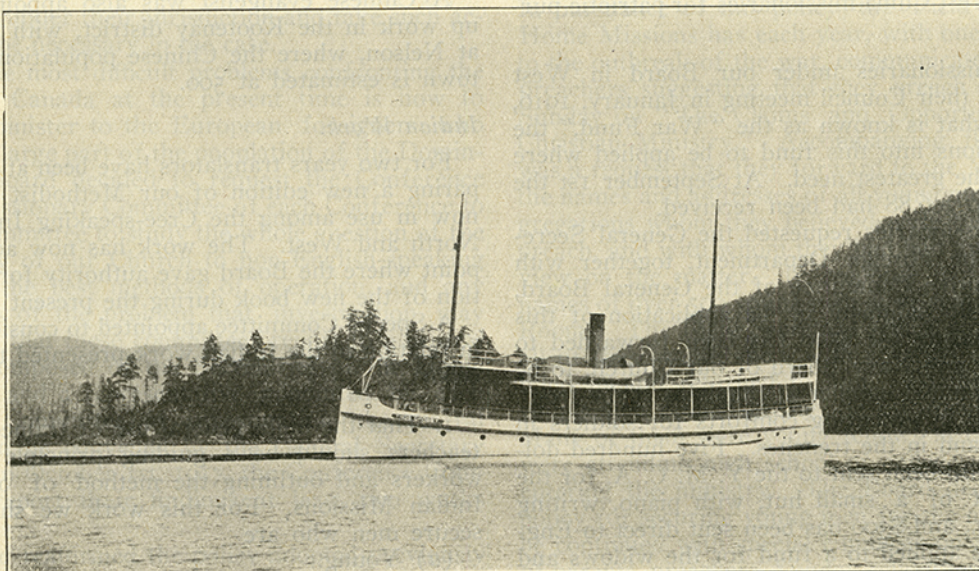
The "Thomas Crosby"

Letter to Rev. J. H. White from Rev. G. W. Dean.

We have been unexpectedly held up here for a few days, owing to repairs. There is a good beach over at Alliford Bay Cannery near here, and to save dry dock expenses at Vancouver we went on said beach last Friday night, intending only to clean and paint below the water line. On examination, however, we found that the rudder post was in bad shape, and were thankful that the heavy seas at Triangle and Langara had not put us out of business. Last night we got

close the doors of many church buildings. Then the question of advertising may be worthy of notice. On this basis the *Crosby* is sure that she is of some service. For a distance of at least 700 miles north and south along this coast the ship is an active reminder that the Methodist Church is trying to do something for the development of the province in the foundational work of spiritual education, in a most difficult outpost field. As a sea-going ship, she holds the respect of the class best qualified to judge—the seafaring men.

At the wharves of Vancouver and Rupert she lays alongside the halibut schooners, that hardy class who take the worst buffeting of Old Neptune. She passes them at work on the halibut banks, and on occasion pitches a bundle of papers into the dory when out with the lines. She rolls and pitches with them in the south-easter, and shelters with them behind some island or spit, when the south-easter becomes too demonstrative. On such occasions she sends representatives of her crew on board for a friendly visit, and, if permitted, holds a religious service with them. The passenger ship, as she lifts to the sea, catches a glimpse of the *Crosby* as she turns to the slight shelter of a rock, and sends her small boat through the surf to the light-



THE "THOMAS CROSBY"

back here with everything in good shape, but the captain and crew were in need of sleep and rest, as they had to work at all hours when the tide would permit. To-day a dense fog has settled down, but we hope to get away early in the morning for the mainland.

The last complete trip, that of June-July, occupied fifty-seven days, from the day we left Vancouver until we tied up again at that port, having covered over twenty-five hundred miles. In those fifty-seven days your missionary (I believe that is the correct way to submerge the personal pronoun) preached at forty-two services, at as many places, with a total attendance of 694 people. In addition, he made forty-five old-fashioned pastoral visits, having prayer or reading the Scripture and prayer, at as many other places, with 156 people. Then he had what might be called pastoral conversation at still other places, with 236 individuals. That is to say, in the fifty-seven days we made 139 landings, not counting duplicates, and in some way called the attention of nearly eleven hundred people to the fact that life is not chiefly a question of meat and drink, but of righteousness, joy and peace in the Holy Ghost.

We think, therefore, that the *Crosby* proves her usefulness, compared with any church, according to the capital invested. And it seems to be required that the mission ship should prove her worth on the dollar basis, though I fear if that rule were pushed it would

house, carrying the unusual cargo of a friendly visit, a bit of Scripture and a prayer to those watchers who keep the lights burning at the points of danger. These all know the Methodist mission ship, and do not rank her as a fair-weather friend.

In my twenty-eight years' experience from Winnipeg to Tidewater, I have been in touch with a great number of missions, and this with nearly eight months of service on the *Crosby* may excuse me if I say that, in my judgment, no one of these is doing more of pure missionary work than the mission ship piloted by Capt. Oliver. As you are aware, the majority of the places visited have no services other than the monthly or twice a month visit of the *Crosby*. The loneliness of these places, some settlements as well as lighthouses, appeals to one. The settlers struggling to make a home is an invitation to help them with sympathy and cheer, if nothing else. The proportion of infidelity of the Tom Payne type one meets with seems to demand, in some special way, the attention of the Church. As one young man said, when refusing to have any religious service in his cabin with several comrades, "The Church cares nothing for us," though the *Crosby* visit that day was a proof that the Church, at least in part, did care. As a matter of fact, however, apart from that mission ship visit, rare as it was, there was no minister of any denomination to look in on them through the weary months.