

### The Indian Work.

*Letter from the REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, Sept. 29th, 1893.*

I SHOULD give you some account of our recent trip south. We left here with Mr. and Mrs. Raley for Kit-a-mat, on the 1st of August. We were glad to have a Sabbath with them, and the day was greatly blessed, though many of the people were away. We took Mr. Robinson with us, bound for Kimsquit, and calling at Hartley Bay took some lumber aboard for Kimsquit. This is the place where the Government steamer *Quadra* visited a few months ago. They had just left our neat little mission at Bella Bella, and when they saw the dirt and wretchedness of this people, they exclaimed, "Why do not the missionaries come here? A more needy people are not to be found." For four or five years these people have been calling for us. At Mr. Draney's new cannery at the mouth of Bella Coola Inlet, we preached to a good number of people. As the pumps were not working well, it was thought best to send Mr. Robinson and the lumber up to Kimsquit by Mr. Draney's boat, and we proceeded down the coast. We called at Rivers Inlet, where we met Indians from the Fort Rupert tribes, Nuqulto, Nowittie, Tsowetina, and other places south. We preached the Gospel to them in the open air, as many of these poor dark people would not come into the church. In the evening we had a most blessed service with our white friends who are engaged in the fishing and saw-mill. God is making Brother Gibson a blessing among these people in the salvation of souls. A number of O'Wekunos have started in the new way of late.

Here we parted with Dr. Bolton, who had made the trip with us to visit the sick by the way, and Brother Osterhout who had come along with the doctor to learn what he could of medicine and the work before going up the Skeena. Many of the people had been very ill with la grippe, and Brother Gibson writes, "The doctor's visit has been a great blessing to the people here."

We spent a Sabbath at Cape Mudge and the adjacent logging camps. The people seemed to hear the Word with gladness. How much we need a man to go in and out among these logging-camp men! They are a kind-hearted lot of men. Since this Mr. and Mrs. Walker have gone to Cape Mudge. Here our pumps gave out, and we were towed into Nanaimo by the kindness of Capt. Smith of the tug steamer *Estelle*, for which Mr. Haslam, the proprietor, refused to make any charge. Here we got repairs made. As we had been delayed, we could not get round to the west coast of Vancouver Island.

Our trip homeward was a good one. We spent a blessed Sabbath at Mr. Draney's camp, where we had good congregations. This is on Brother Beavis' mission. He has got to work, and I hope will get the language of the people at once.

When we set out on our trip down the coast our people were all busy at the canneries, but a good number are now at home. We are preparing for an evangelistic trip up the Skeena, and hope to have twenty-five in the party. May the blessed work spread into the far interior. These trips cost considerable, but the people have subscribed towards the expense, and if the Society would help us a little it might be well, for this is a grand way to spread the good news.

*Letter from A. E. BOLTON, M.D., dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C., Oct. 20th, 1893.*

IT is now some time since I last wrote you. We had a busy summer on the Skeena, no epidemic, but the largest run of ordinary medical and surgical work that I have had there. Many cases came from other parts for treatment, and our temporary hospital with four beds was filled nearly all the time, while many cases could not be admitted for want of room; I had to refuse three applicants in one day, all of whom had come from a distance. I was kept so busy at Port Essington that I did not get around the river as much as other seasons, but managed to hold services somewhere almost every Sabbath.

Returning to Port Simpson at the close of the Salmon

season, we had only two patients in the hospital, and there were very few at home in the village, so I took a three weeks' trip southward, accompanying Mr. Crosby on the *Glad Tidings* as far as Rivers Inlet, and calling at many villages on the way. I stopped a few days at the Inlet, where they had a visit from la grippe. In the vicinity of Rivers Inlet and Bella Coola I found some of the most distressing pictures of disease and suffering that I have ever witnessed. Such a large proportion of the people are affected, and mostly with such diseases as good morals and hygiene prevent, and science most strikingly relieves. While the best opportunities for evangelizing and teaching exist at the winter villages and during the winter months, such centres as Skeena, Naas and Rivers Inlet afford during the summer grand openings for medical missionary work. The hospital here increases our field of work during the winter. Since my return two months ago we have admitted fourteen patients—eight Indians, three whites and three Japanese, none of whom reside at Port Simpson. We have had in as many as seven at one time, making far too much work for our one nurse; however, as eleven have gone out recovered, and one has died, we are having a breathing spell, but in the order of events we cannot expect it to last long. It is evident that the influx of Japanese as fishermen, boatmen, etc., will add to our work and responsibility. So far we have had five of that nationality in our hospital, and Mr. Okomato, a Christian of San Francisco, who visited us here lately, reports the conversion of one of our ex-patients. Just here I might say that some Christian literature in the Japanese language placed in the hospital would undoubtedly do good. Although this is a healthful climate, the physical ills of all classes are numerous, and there is a soul-sickness at the bottom of it all that would find prompt healing with the Great Physician. To lead souls to Him is our real aim while ministering to the bodies of men, and for which we ask the prayers of all God's people.

Allow me to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a box of bedding, etc., for the hospital from friends at Lachute, Quebec; and a like box from Portland, Ont.; and seven pairs window curtains from a friend here.

Mr. Crosby and a number of natives are away up the Skeena River on an evangelizing tour. They were delayed by low water, but we trust have, by this time, reached the interior villages, and we hope soon to hear of a great revival among those tribes. The attendance and attention at the services here are all that could be desired, and many and earnest are the prayers that go up for the absent brethren. Last Saturday was pretty generally observed here as a day of fasting and prayer on behalf of their mission.

### FROM THE NAAS.

*Letter from REV. W. J. STONE, dated GRENVILLE, Oct. 4th, 1893.*

AS no news has reached you for some time from the above mission, excepting through the annual report, or indirectly through Bro. Crosby, I now venture to give you a brief account of the work on this river. The spiritual interest awakened by the revival of last winter is yet pursued with unflagging zeal; but we regret to admit this "zeal for God is not according to knowledge." The excitable nature of the Indian carries him so far that the true spirit which should be manifested is lost—in this mistaken zeal. This is not said with any other feeling than that of sympathy. Indeed, if any other feeling were maintained, we would class ourselves with the worldling and bring reproach on the name of our Master. We acquaint you with the state of affairs to enlist the sympathy and prayers of all true lovers of Christ who read this.

There is a bright side to the fact, however. The cannery men who employ the Indians to fish have acknowledged that this last season was the quietest spent with this people. The absence of Ginger and Florida Water, which are the Indians, chief intoxicants, was noted by them. O, for the light of the Gospel to penetrate the yet darkened minds of our Indian brethren, to show them the follies and vanities of human pride, and light them into closer communion with the Saviour they profess to love.