

Where Christ is preached we do rejoice and will rejoice. But alas for those who "neither fold nor feeder have."

The facilities for visiting the different localities of this Bay are much better than they have been in years past. In connection with the lobster factories now in operation, one small steamer and several boats, schooners, etc., are frequently passing from harbor to harbor, so that during the summer months especially, a fine opportunity is afforded for working Fortune Bay.

Some of the people of Fortune Bay have manifested in a practical way an interest in behalf of the less favored settlements. We trust a brighter day has dawned. May the Lord of the harvest thrust forth laborers into the field, who shall come, by and by, "rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them!"

T. H. JAMES.

### THE WORK AT BEREN'S RIVER.

BY THE REV. E. LANGFORD.

(Continued from page 90.)

**POPLAR RIVER.**—Having written some time ago a not very encouraging report of the people of Poplar River, you will, no doubt, be glad to hear that there are signs of improvement. When I went to that reserve last July I spent most of my time there visiting the people in their tents.

To people of Canadian life and habits, there is much in such visits that is repulsive and disgusting. We cannot shut our eyes to the surroundings. Some tents are always clean and tidy, and the inmates as much so as could be expected under the circumstances. Others are never clean and to sit down in these and carry on a conversation, is more than a person can at first well endure. But as "necessity knows no law," and "practice makes perfect," we learn to "stomach" a meal in one of these tents, when no way of escape presents itself. I shall not, however, attempt to describe the peculiarities of these people, but shall endeavor to keep constantly in view the object of our visits.

The chief from Beren's River was my interpreter on this occasion. He is greatly interested in work of this kind, and is an excellent assistant; for if your interpreter is not interested, or in full sympathy with your efforts, it is up-hill work, if not wholly fruitless. I never care for any but a truly pious interpreter.

In my review at Poplar River in 1884, most of which was printed in the *OUTLOOK*, I spoke of visiting these Indians from house to house. I reported at that time several families who were non-Christian, and of one Tommy Thomas, who refused to be enlightened, and said plainly that he would never join us. We now found this man and his brother more

reasonable; not at all refusing to learn, but excusing themselves for not accepting Christianity. The Counsellor and several of our people being absent, we were not able to hold such services as we had intended; our visits, however, were encouraging.

Before the close of navigation I again visited Poplar River, and learning that the Indians were all now on the reserve, I proposed to my interpreter (Timothy Bear), that we at once begin from house to house, calling on every one, for in no other way could we obtain the views of the people, or even have an opportunity of speaking to all, as some never attend the public services.

Meeting an Indian whom, to my knowledge, I had not previously met, I asked if he was going to remain about the reserve for a few days? He replied that he was just preparing to leave for the woods. "Then I shall call at your house first," I said. He led the way from the H.B.C. store, and we followed. Such a house as we entered! Add brush, straw and shavings to confusion; then multiply dirt by filth, without an application of soap and water, and you will have an idea of the situation. But I promised to say nothing in this line—let this suffice. Notwithstanding what we have described, these inmates appeared happy. After shaking hands with his whole family, I said:

"Now, you are going off soon, so I shall not long detain you, but at once state the object of my visit. I have not learned from you whether you are in sympathy with our work, but I presume from time to time you have heard more or less of the Gospel of Christ, the Word of God—the Great Salvation, etc. You have no doubt thought of these things, so I should like to know your mind in reference to this great matter."

He seemed lost in thought, or to have lost track of what I had said, for he did not at once reply. His wife spoke to him and he replied to her. She explained to him in a few words what I had said, and then added:—

"The Praying Chief has spoken true words to us. He is right, and we should listen and try to learn. You see we have given up our children to be educated in the white man's faith, and it is only right that we should follow."

For some time she reasoned with her husband in this way, and urged him to state to me his mind. He said at length, that he could not at once say what he would do, but implied that he did not care to join us unless those of his neighbors who were still pagan would go along with him—or rather take the lead, and he would follow.

After further exhortation and prayer, we left to visit other families.