

very familiar hymns, and, as a starter, gave out that soul-stirring hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." Our Indians always sing this with a good deal of spirit, but when the bass voices of one hundred miners joined them it produced a most thrilling effect. I asked Bro. Crosby to preach, which he did with good effect for over an hour, interspersing in his discourse many incidents in connection with his work among the Indians. Especially did the miners seem interested when he related the state of the Bella Bellas fifteen years ago to what they were as the men looked upon them in that meeting; and, to confirm his statements, Bro. Crosby turned the service into a fellowship meeting and asked some of the Indians to speak, which they did very willingly, interspersing their testimonies with beautiful songs in their own tongue. This seemed to take the miners by storm, arousing them to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. One miner rose to his feet and requested that some testimonies be interpreted. Before closing the meeting the invitation was given to any of the visitors present to say a word for the Master or speak of their own thoughts concerning the work done among the Indians. At once one man rose to his feet and confessed his faith in Christ, and said he was a Methodist. Another got up and said he was a Presbyterian, but had greatly enjoyed the meeting. When he left home he supposed he would never join again in church fellowship till his return, but he confessed that the meeting to him was a wonderful source of inspiration and blessing. Others spoke in a similar strain. Some of the audience requested that we sing as a closing hymn "There's a land that is fairer than day." I cannot describe to you the peculiar joy we experienced while singing this hymn. It seemed as though the inspiration from the sermon, together with the testimonies and songs from the Indians, all found vent while singing this last hymn. Personally I felt too much overcome to sing, for the thought pressed itself upon me that I was looking into the faces of men who, in many cases, were going to face the bitterest privation and hardship—men whose thoughts for a little while had been diverted from their eager ambitions for this life, and asked in all seriousness to weigh well the claims of the future; men who, in the vigor of youth and strength of their manhood, were having now perhaps the most urgent invitation they might ever receive; young men, whose faces bore the lines of culture and refinement, seated alongside sinners steeped in vice and crime. I thought of the mothers and sisters whose prayers were going to God continually on behalf of many who at that moment were singing the farewell song. Can you wonder that I was unable to sing? My hymn was a prayer that the good providence of God would shield them by His loving arm, and lead them that moment to take Jesus as their constant friend. When the last chorus of the hymn was sung, we sung it again, and then Bro. Crosby asked them to be seated, and requested those to stand up whose purpose was to enter the kingdom of heaven. Scarcely a man kept his seat, but rose as a body acknowledging at least their interest in higher things. We sang the same chorus again, and asked that a wave offering be given. The effect was grand. Handkerchiefs of all colors were brought forth and waved aloft. Where handkerchiefs were wanting the large brimmed hats did good service. The memory of this meeting will never be forgotten, nearly all waited to shake hands after the meeting was over, and expressed in the most genuine manner their appreciation of the meeting and most cordial wishes for our success in the labor to which we had set our hands. Pray with us, dear brethren,

that in the hours of their loneliness these hearts may look up to Jesus Christ and claim Him as their Saviour.

This incident is a little aside from our regular work, but we have related it to you, hoping it may prove to be both of interest and profit.

We hope in our next to speak more definitely about our work in Bella Bella.

Yours in His name,

J. A. JACKSON.

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