

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

COQUALEETZA INSTITUTE. CHITTEWACK, B. C.

I had a nice class meeting Tuesday evening, after which one of our biggest girls found peace. When I went in to their dormitory to see if all was safe for the night, I found her in great distress, and took her into my room. We were on our knees thirty minutes before light came. When we rose from our knees she threw her arms round my neck, put her head on my shoulder, and looked too happy to speak. Poor girl, she seemed completely tired out; she had been seeking for weeks. Two more boys found peace last week, and one last evening. But the best happened last evening. Martha, a girl of fifteen, one of the first to enter the Home, was soundly converted. She had been a professor before, but had gone back, and during the past year had caused us many anxious thoughts. But, thank God, our prayers were answered last evening. In the preaching service she was in great distress, and when in her room fell on her knees, begging for mercy. Two of our new converts, of her own age, knelt beside her, and there I found them long afterwards, and brought them into my own room. Miss B. joined us, and we all five knelt together until God did bless us. We were just one hour on our knees. The devil tried hard to get her, but Christ is strong. I shall never forget. It seemed like a taste of Pentecost. It was 11.30 when the Light came, but as we all got so blessed we could do nothing but pray for others, so that it was one o'clock before we could think of going to bed. One of the girls who knelt with us was the one who was converted last Tuesday. The other was converted in class five weeks ago.

May this account prove a blessing to all your Mission Bands and Circles. Tell them I am growing in grace and faith, and thank God for sending me here. May He speak to some of their hearts, and give them a desire to be missionaries at home or abroad.

Peter is ill again. I am afraid his life is to be a short one. George is growing and improving in every way. I feel that you and my other friends have been praying for me. I have written this very hurriedly, and it is now school time.

Yours, in the Lord's service, M. S.

INDIANS.

READ AT THE LATE CONVENTION IN P. E. ISLAND.

OF 121,000 nations scattered through the world, more than one half are still reported heathen, so the time has not yet come when we may abate our efforts on their behalf. Among many of the tribes slavery still exists; man-eating and dog-eating

are still carried on, as well as witch-craft, the heathen feasts and Pot-Latch. Lady D. tells of a feast they disturbed at Albert Bay; it was one of their most savage orgies; they had been singing, dancing, and feasting for six days, and that morning their "medicine man" had been out on the rampage, and in his tantrums had bitten six people. On these occasions he rushes out of the house naked, and all the people are bound to run away, but if caught they stand still to be bitten, as they consider it a great honor; it is a most terrible phase of savage life.

It is not many years since a supposed witch in Alaska was tied to a stake on the beach, and left to drown in the rising tide. Others have been locked up and left to starve or perish on some desolate island. The missionary looks upon the children as the most hopeful material he has to work upon, and finds a powerful incentive to effort in the neglect and cruelty to which heathenism subjects them. Who knows how many a little fevered child has been tortured to death by the hideous rattle and frenzied antics of the medicine man, who plies his vile arts as long as a blanket can be extorted from the parents. When the fire-eaters, and dog-eaters, and those who have reached the distinction of being able to bite human flesh, rush wildly through the camp and into the houses, all the little children can do is to fly in turn, or hide away, trembling, in some dark corner; and they are often taken from the mission schools and forced to go through these heathen rites.

I will now speak more particularly of a tribe of Indians living in Columbia Valley, B. C. They are known as the Sou Indians. They practice many heathenish rites, such as the Sun dance, with all its horrors. At these feasts or dances they paint their persons in various colors, and go through many cruel and dreadful acts, such as piercing holes in their bodies, and cutting out pieces of their flesh, considering the one who can allow the largest piece to be torn out is entitled to the highest honors, and is exempted from labor. Some of this tribe receive religious instruction from a Roman Catholic priest. He is the only Christian teacher here. There are two schools, one built by the Government, and the Roman Catholic nuns teach there. Many inducements have to be offered to the parents before they will allow their children to go to school. A lady who has lived in this valley for some years, and has had ample opportunity of forming an opinion, says that she does not know of any place where missionaries are more needed than amongst these people. Every Indian has two squaws, some have three. They have no marriage rites of their own. The Government has been trying to compel them to have but one squaw, and the priest has lately married some of them. The squaw usually carries heavy burdens, while the lazy Indian walks by her side. The squaw, with one hundred weight of flour tied on her back, and on top of the flour a papoose, and a large parcel in her arms, trudges homeward, and her selfish lord does not even attempt to aid her, considering it her work, not his. But why enumerate or add to this tale of darkness and cruelty? Such are the conditions of all people where the light of the gospel does not shine.