

NASS RIVER, (B.C.) MISSION.

Concluded from last week.

On Monday morning I found out what caused such excitement on Saturday when we arrived, and why they wished me to leave that night. I had slept about a mile from the village, and early on Monday morning William Henry Lak-nate, (my interpreter), and I started for the village, and as we drew near the camp we encountered a most fearfully sickening smell, such as neither of us had ever before experienced. On enquiry we were told that the village doctors were burning a body. We hastened to the spot, and oh what a scene! About fifteen yards from the house they had built up a square pile by laying logs across one another, and at about three feet from the ground a kind of floor by laying sticks close together, and the sides were built up three feet higher and here lay the body consuming in the fire, while old men and women with long poles poked the body, and danced, chanting a dirge. I bade them all kneel down, which they did, around that fire, and there we prayed that God's word—that true light-giver—by God's Holy Spirit, might reach their hearts and drive away this dreadful darkness. I then preached to them, tho' the smell was sickening, and there, while that poor body was wasting away in the fire, we talked of the soul that must live forever. I enquired about the cause of her death, and was told she had died about four years ago and then came to life again, and that all the people said she ought not to live now as she knew everything—besides, she said herself she did not wish to live, and so her brother killed her. You see, my brother, the darkness and superstition of heathenism. I believe, from the account I got from those who joined the Church, she was sickly and at times subject to fits, that the old doctors told her brother she would always have them and that he ought to kill her. I found out from two women that on the Saturday morning she had a fit, and while lying in a state of unconsciousness her brother picked up an axe and with it struck her on the head; she then seemed to revive, when he went and got his shot-gun, loaded it, and shot her. This was the morning before we arrived, and when they saw us they were afraid, and this was why the old men wanted us to be sent away so that they might dispose of the body and have no trouble. They all promised that such a thing should never happen again. I thought it best to show them how dreadfully wicked it was in the sight of God, and that they had also broken the law of the country well; but as they had had no one to tell them better, and being without the gospel, not to appeal to the law. I remained with them a week and organized a day school, which averages about fifty pupils.

I must now tell you a little about the Council on the Monday. After singing and prayer the various chiefs spoke as follows:—

SCO-TIAN, (the chief that was at Victoria last summer) said: "Mr. Green's words are true; I heard the same at Victoria. God gives us our small fish and our salmon, and God gives us our drums, our rattles and images. My heart is bound to them. I can't give up our feast, by which we are made rich; but I will give my son to Mr. Green, as I want him to go the new way and take God's word. I will go to Church, and if you will let me keep these and use them (opening a box of images and dance dresses) I will be a Christian too." I showed him that he could not serve both Jesus and Satan at the same time, which seemed to give him great trouble.

ME-ANSK, another chief, said: "Yes, we will do as you say. Your words yesterday made my heart warm. We are very weak, but we know you are our friend and we are glad you have come. I want a new heart.

TOOK said: "We must have one word—God has one word. We want a school, and we want our Missionary to come often. We want to read and write. I belong to the Methodist Mission."

TON-KE-LOOK-OUT said: "For a long time we have been very bad, but now that God has sent us his words we will listen. Our Missionary will find us

very heavy—but I hope he will lift us up."

WIL-A-KA said: "You all call me the great bear-hunter, because I kill a great many bears. But I was not a great bear-hunter in one day. At first the bear almost eat me up. I was so afraid when I kill the first one; but when I kill the next my heart get a little stronger, and then it get stronger every day till I become a great hunter. So you, my people, don't be afraid; don't think God's words are too hard. You will not learn all in one day, but a little and a little every day, and by-and-bye you will be strong Christians. I want to be a Christian."

But the best of all was the speech of the oldest chief.

GRIM GAW, having got up and walked round the room, said: "Yes, we all said a moon ago we wanted a school and a missionary, but some are now getting half-hearted. Are we children? Do our hearts move all the time? We do want a school! We do want our children to be taught to read and write! One of the Chiefs says he will give Mr. Green his children, but will go the old way himself. See the animals in the woods. If you take their young they will come after you, and will come nearer and nearer, and if they can't keep with their young you may kill them if you like, they don't care. Look at the birds—see how they love their young ones. If you take them the old ones will follow. You are worse than the beasts or the birds. No, we can't do that. We want a school for our children, and we want them to have God's word and go the good way, and then, we must do like the animals and birds. I am old—I want my children to be Christians and I want to be one myself. A little light has come to my heart. Missionary, come and live with us."

Yesterday was a glorious day; several came forward to the penitent bench, and soon rejoiced in Jesus. Among the rest was the oldest man on the river, and nearly blind, who asked some one to lead him forward to the bench, as God had given him a new heart. You know, my dear brother, as expressed in the address of the Chiefs, they thought that the old people were too bad to be reached by the gospel; but thank God his mercy reaches all and, as if to show them their mistake, the oldest man on the river has been converted and is now happy in Jesus. Every day sinners are giving themselves to God, and this has been going on for two months. Praise the Lord. With kind regards, my dear brother, I am yours in Jesus.

A. E. GREEN.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The horrors of war are described with ghastly realism in some "side Notes from an Artist's Sketch-book" in the Daily News. On the first morning of the year the correspondent set out from Fratesti for Puteien in Roumania. A far-off, a long, dark line moving in caterpillar-fashion broke the horizon. It was a column of Turkish prisoners marching—the men who once kept the flower of the Russian army at bay around Plevena. Half-starved, almost dead with fatigue and severe cold, many with fever burning in their eyes—mere stalking bones and fowl rags—came the brave troops who made the fame of Osman Pasha. Thousands of birds of prey whirled round and settled in front and rear, always following this grim procession like sharks around a doomed ship. A few yards further on lay, half covered with snow, a nude body of another dead Turk, stripped by his companions for the little warmth of the rags he wore. A crow had settled on his clenched hand, and the dogs were slinking round their victim. At night a star and the crescent moon, the only signs in the clear sky, shine brilliantly. There is the ominous black line wending up the valley—more wretched prisoners, footsore and weary, with their cadaverous faces and ice-laden beards. A halt is made at the little bridge, to dole out to each their frozen loaf of bread. A few poor fellows throw themselves down on the snow and fervently pray after their fashion. How the heavens, with the bright symbols of their faith glittering on the frosted snow and on their misery, seem to mock these poor Turks!

THE NEXT POPE.

Of the sixty-four Cardinals who are eligible to be elected Pope, five are supposed to stand out most prominent and have their chances more discussed. These are Pecci, La Valetta, Bilio, Simeoni and Franchi, all Italians. The three last-named are considered to be likely, if elected, to carry out the policy of the late Pope in its integrity. La Valetta and Bilio are the two most prominent candidates. The former is Cardinal Vicar and head of several of the congregations of Cardinals, and the latter is Bishop of Sabina and Prefect of the congregation of Sacred Rites. He was one of those who helped to frame the Syllabus. Simeoni, another prominent candidate, has since Antonelli's death served as the Pope's Secretary of State. He has long served in the office of Extraordinary of Ecclesiastical Affairs, and has been Diplomatic Envoy to Spain. The name of Cardinal Manning was recently hopefully mentioned as a Candidate for the Papal Chair, but the correspondents who profess to know most of what is going on at Rome, do not now give his name the same prominence as is given to those of the Cardinals above mentioned. We should have said, in a former article, that the election of the Pope is by a two-thirds majority.—Telegraph.

THE MONOLITH IN LONDON.

Cleopatra's Needle is in London at last. While the cylinder ship was in port at Ferrol a new mast was put in, new sails were bent, the ballast was carefully arranged, and all was made taut and trim. In appearance the strange craft resembled a huge Cornish boiler, with a small deck house and a mast. Its length was ninety-two feet; its diameter sixteen feet, and barely a third of it was above water. The Anglia, which has so successfully towed the object to the East India docks, is the largest paddie-wheel tug in London, and has done a great deal of ocean towing. The cable used was fifteen-inch hawser, and the length usually allowed was one hundred fathoms. Starting from the Bay of Biscay on Jan. 15, the two ill-mated companions put to sea, with a fresh gale blowing and a heavy sea running, and arrived at Gravesend on Jan. 21, after an uneventful voyage. Here John Dixon and his wife went on board and congratulated the captains of the two vessels on their safe arrival. Hardly had a start been made up the Thames when a boat was seen putting off from the shore and a waterman excitedly waving an envelope above his head. It was a telegram from the Queen to the successful engineer, announcing her gratification at hearing of the safe arrival of the needle. The news having spread that the obelisk was coming up the river, crowds gathered at every wharf and pier to cheer and wave handkerchiefs, and at Blackwell Mr. Dixon was enthusiastically greeted. The monolith that was raised 3,300 years ago by Thothmes at Heliopolis was in an English berth.

OBITUARY.

DEATHS AT ADVOCATE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We have recently been visited by the messenger death. Three persons with whom we have been acquainted, and to whom we have had the pleasure of speaking words of comfort, have within the past few days been summoned to the spirit-land. AMBROSE DUFF, a young man of thoughtful turn, and we have reason to believe of piety towards God, was suddenly called to exchange worlds, on Monday, 24th inst. While engaged in his usual work, he is supposed to have burst a bloodvessel, in consequence of which life was very soon extinct. We trust that he enjoys a higher life, that he has passed from a prison to a palace, from a lower to a higher realm, the realm of eternal day. How true the words, "Infinite joy or endless pain Attends on every breath."

Of Diphtheria, on the 4th inst. in the fourteenth year of his age, JOHN MILBERRY, after a short period of severe suffering, passed away. John was a good boy, one of those, so seldom found, superior to his advantages, a rare example of youthful piety. Situated not less than four miles from public worship, and the same distance from day and Sabbath schools, his advantages outside of the home circle must have been very limited. Three years ago he was deprived of death, of the head of all teachers, a pious minister, by whom he was doubtless wisely instructed, and often led to Him "who was

meek and lowly in heart." Since then he seems to have had a deep sense of his own unworthiness, and a firm confidence in Christ as his friend and Saviour. In the midst of disadvantages he has maintained a steady course, and now that he has passed away, he has left for the comfort of his relatives and friends the best of all treasures a blooming testimony of Christ's power to cleanse from all sin. The following is a letter dictated by him the day before his death:—

"Dear Aunt,—As I am very low with the diphtheria, and am not able to write myself, I have dictated it to Rebecca to be written. It may be the last opportunity I will have in this world, I wanted to tell you that the disease is most cruel, but Jesus is just the same to me as he has been. I trust that I experienced the blessing of holiness after you went away this summer. I have prayed for you many times and now I pray for you. I think it is almost my latest hour. Oh aunt my suffering is most severe. The Lord only knows, I have given myself to Jesus soul and body, if it is his will to let me live he will do so. This is the Lord's-day, it may be the last Sunday that I will see in this world, but I trust to live an endless Sabbath in heaven. We shall all soon meet to part no more. This world is all misery and woe. If you only knew my sufferings it would touch your heart. Oh what would I give to have one day without pain and agony. If I never see you in this world I hope to in heaven. Tell Mrs. D. that I have prayed for her many, many times, I hope to meet her in heaven. May God bless you. From your affectionate, but I fear dying nephew,

JOHN MILBERRY.

Of consumption, MARY MILBERRY, after a protracted period of suffering, borne with Christian patience, was called to rest on Sunday 10th inst., a fitting day for the exit of one so well prepared for the heavenly Sabbath. Since coming to this circuit I have frequently visited her, and always with great satisfaction. Her clear testimonies of Christ's presence and saving power, have sent me away with stronger faith in Christ, and with clearer views of the great and important work of saving souls. Three days before her death she said to me, "O how I prayed last night that he would take me home. My sufferings were so great that I wanted to go." I expect "she said it will be the same to night. If it is his will, I want to go home, but I am willing to wait his time." From that time it was apparent to all that her end was near, but as her bodily strength gave way her spiritual strength increased—her eye of faith became brighter and brighter. The night before her death, she said to me, "I have left it all with Jesus, I will soon be home now." In this state of mind she passed away to join the triumphant procession on the eternal shore.

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past,
And dying find my latest foe
Under my feet at last."

B. BIRD.

ROBERT ELLS, OF SHEFFIELD MILLS.

Another of our fathers has been gathered home to God. Bro. Robert Ells, was made the partaker of the pardoning mercy of God, many years ago. Having earnestly sought, and obtained the pardoning love of God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. He united himself with the Methodist Church in Cornwallis.

In the early days of Methodism in Cornwallis, Bro. E. with those who at that time united with him in church fellowship, had to endure the churlish and unchristian reproaches of those, whose motto appears to have been, "The temple of the Lord are we." But with that peacefulness of mind and consistency of life, ever after his conversion so peculiar to himself, he prosecuted his Christian course with fidelity. His religious experience was not that of great ecstasy, but calm, confiding, and persistent in all religious duties.

For many years, and down to the time of his death, he with great acceptance the duties of a church trustee and society steward. He freely gave of his substance for the support of the Christian ministry both at home and abroad. Brother Ells's house was ever the welcome home of the ministers of God and his people. To all such it was one of his greatest pleasures as well as that of his now sorrowing wife, to minister. As a mark of confidence he was years ago appointed by the Government a Justice of the Peace—but his habitual unobtrusiveness, as well as a love of quiet, led him practically, to ignore that position.

Although firmly and intelligently attached to the church, with which he stood connected, yet, he was a lover of all God's people, and never countenanced a bigoted spirit. To the several ministers who have been stationed on this circuit, the name of Robert Ells, as well as that of his beloved wife, will ever be refreshing reminiscences. His place in the house of God and at the quarterly board, was never vacant. After such a life so lovely in our recollection in all its aspects—it pleased his Heavenly Father to call him home without the premonitions of pain and

bodily weakness. On Sabbath, the 21st of October, 1877, he was at his post in the house of God, and on the afternoon of the same day, attended preaching in the Hall adjoining his own house. He presided at his own table in the evening, and enjoyed the company and conversation of his minister in his usual health. On the following morning after conducting familiarly prayer he repaired to the field of labor, where in a short time his mortal body was fourfold prostrate on the earth. His happy spirit had gone home to be forever with the Lord. He exchanged mortality for life, on the morning of the 22nd of October, 1877. His funeral was attended by a great number of relatives and friends, who all felt they had lost a truly Christian friend. A most appropriate sermon was preached by the resident minister on the succeeding Sabbath.

J. G. HENNING.

Canning, Jan. 1878.

MRS. REBECCA CROWE.

Died at Truro, Jan. 22nd, in the 75th year of her age, Rebecca, beloved wife of Mr. James Crowe. Sister Crowe was born in Onslow. She was the daughter of godly parents under whose pious training she was led to remember her Creator in the days of her youth. Early in life she connected herself with the Presbyterian Church. But after her marriage she with her partner united with the Methodist Church during the pastorate of Rev. R. Morton, over thirty-five years ago. From that period to the time of her death she maintained her Christian profession. Her home was the frequent resort of many of the early ministers on this circuit. She is doubtless well remembered by brethren Narraway, Morton, Tuttle and others, who often shared her kind-hearted hospitality.

Our acquaintance with sister Crowe was brief. But we learned to esteem her as an excellent Christian. She prized the means of grace, and when health permitted was a regular attendant. She was a member of the minister's class; and in her religious experience we observed a mellowness which indicated an increasing realization of the preciousness of her Saviour. Her last illness was of short duration. At times her suffering was intense, but the religion which sustained her amidst the duties and trials of life proved sufficient to support and comfort when her heart and flesh were failing. In the midst of her distress and pain, when praying for relief, she would submissively say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." Her faith in Christ was firm. The Lord Jesus was to her a living friend. On more than one occasion did she express her simple yet unwavering trust in these familiar words—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus, a
Safe in his gentle breast,
There by His love I'm shielded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

When her last hour came, we believe she was ready; and that her ransomed spirit, washed in the blood of the Lamb, passed away to the Paradise of God. Her remains were conveyed to Onslow, and after an appropriate service in the Presbyterian church, were interred in the Onslow cemetery. J. A. R. Truro, Feb. 11, 1878.

MR. JAMES S. COATES

Of Smith's Creek, Sussex, on the 31st of January, 1878, was killed by the falling of a tree, thereby causing his family, relatives and friends unutterable grief, but their loss was his gain. He was converted to God in early life through the instrumentality of the Rev. John Prince, about 23 years ago, and was providentially blessed in having the same godly man to minister to his spiritual necessities in his closing days.

From the time of his conversion until the day of his death he was steadfast and consistent to his profession, and loyal to the church of his choice. He was not only very desirous of being good, but he could, to the best of his ability, do so creditably sustained the offices of class leader, Trustee, Superintendent of the Sabbath school, and collector in connection with the church, and he was one of the principal men in the temperance cause of that place. He was a kind husband, a loving father, and a respected neighbor.

From the tears of the minister, the sobs of the multitude, the many expressions of sorrow which we heard, and the vast concourse of people who assembled to pay him their last token of respect, we were compelled to come to the conclusion that a good and useful man had been taken away. To improve the important opportunity of doing good at the funeral, the Rev. Mr. Prince preached an impressive and effective sermon from Prov. 11:18, in which he showed how the man of God was in many respects like the great luminary of the world, and in some of these respects, Bro. Coates had so shone. Who will fill up the gap caused by his fall?

Another hope again on Green and for whose melted winter well would glad on weather winter, after ing weather Business to multiply all the seas price of gold or two of the partial gress may the value of of a new bank and gr standing in pending in of our d ver, or about help accom course, if it the innume which it is t example. ver as curru the limitable coining it. come an in nces centres. fact, retail clogged with large sums, hence shop- loaded down but only wor notice that d in Mexican d. Whose spectu can't say. Last week Railroad Com ing popular trains. These full that the time to collect ber of station "raid" of ex long and ero resulted in the hundred "re residing in M other near nothing to ju train but a. Every one o ond Harlem) the mud bet as they were of trains hav occasion, to s pages.—Pitt

WHAT THE

WHAT THE The quiet broken by faith. Over the to music, and it echoes. The a message to telling with a sage ran thus "Come, come." But, altho was not heed what the peop t, and what Bell. "Com People. " to-day." are so many Many who are night are una and those wh cover when M seem as if som ed the town w aches, colds, ders." Bell. "Com People. "T sant to-day." Consience. Sundays is al cold, too wet, Sunday heats day rains are cold so pierci minister and church!" Bell. "Com People. "W