

NASS RIVER (B. C.) MISSION.

EDITOR WESLEYAN.—The following extracts from a letter addressed by Bro. A. E. Green, of the Nass River Mission, to the undersigned, I forward for insertion in the WESLEYAN, feeling assured they will be perused with interest, and possibly result in arousing a heartfelt and abiding interest among our Eastern brethren in this new and interesting mission field.

JAS. E. McMILLAN.

NASS RIVER MISSION, B. C., November 5, 1877.

MY DEAR BRO. McMILLAN.—Your kind letter, dated Oct. 23d, came safely to hand, and I wrote you a short note while aboard the steamer "Otter," as I was afraid I would have no other opportunity of sending this fall; but Mr. Robertson just came to tell me that he will dispatch a canoe this evening to Fort Simpson, to meet the steamer on her down trip, and I will therefore try and give you a short account of our work, such as I could not give amid the noise and bustle of a steamer unloading freight. We had a rough time getting home from the "Otter,"—the wind blew a gale down the river, so that we were two days and nights ere we reached the Mission.

• • • We have abundant cause to rejoice, for God is greatly blessing His Word. Two or three days after I wrote you in September, Na-ouse, the head chief at the middle village, came to ask if it would be right for him to call his friends together and give them a little food, as he wished to speak to them. I told him to do so, and promised to be present; so he collected his friends together at his village—about 400 were present—and, after eating salmon, Na-ouse rapped on the table, arose, and said: "My dear friends, I am glad to see you all to-day, it makes my heart very warm. You have known me for a long time, and I am now an old man. I have danced with you, and feasted and fought just as our fathers did before us; but for a long time I have not been happy. Sometimes when dancing in the big feast, I would think about the great God, and when in my canoe I would say, 'I wish I was a good man; I wish the great Spirit would send His word to me.' One moon ago I go and hear Mr. Green, and all the time he speak something keep telling my heart 'that's what you want.' Then I think I am a great chief, and if I turn Christian all my people will laugh, and I shall get more blankets. But my heart keep praying to God, and last Sunday when our Missionary preach about the bad heart and the new heart, I say, 'Jesus, take my old bad heart, and give me a new one,' and just then I feel very happy, my trouble was gone. So I call you together. I want you to know that I have left the old way. God has made me a Christian, I have his word in my heart. I am very happy, and don't want you to speak bad words about me. I love you more now than I did before I take God's word; but I can't do what is bad now—my name is in God's book—I have all the old fashions. You know I gave a *patlatch* not long ago, and by the old-fashion law you all owe me blankets; but I don't want them back, I give them all to you to keep. You are my people, and I hope you will all take God's word, and be Christians. I don't want to keep it in the dark—I love God."

Oh how good it was, my dear brother, to hear that old chief bearing testimony for Jesus. Also a doctor, who did all he could against me at first, has been converted, and is now one of the foremost to help me in my work.

On Sunday, 30th September, just after morning service, a man came to ask me to go to a house at the other end of the village immediately. I went, supposing some one was sick. When I entered the house, I saw them all seated on the ground around their food, but no one eating. The man who owned the house spoke and said: "Our food is all ready but we want to go the new way and be Christians; we want to ask a blessing, all the same as you do, but we don't know what to say to God, so we send for you to ask a blessing for us." We did feel the presence of the Master as we returned thanks in that Indian house over that simple food.

On October 2nd, having finished my little house, I moved in, and it was with a thankful heart that we knelt at a throne of grace and thanked our Heavenly Father that we had a comfortable home to live in. Having promised the young men of the Upper Nass that I would visit them as soon as possible, I started on the 12th October, the distance being from 26 to 30 miles north of this place. I had promised the young people that I would provide them a teacher, and had written to Bro. Crosby to send me a young man to teach school who could speak English, and he sent me a man and wife whom I took up with me. We were two days on the way, and when we arrived we found the Devil busy at work among the people. We found the village in a state of great excitement. While I went to get a bit of supper, the old doctor and conjuror got a meeting of the old men and told them that I had come to make the people slaves, as Mr. Duncan had done, and that if they were to let me preach, their dancing would be broken up, and their feasts and *patlaches*, and they would all lie; so they sent some old men to ask me to leave the village that night. I told them I was not a child—they had sent for me, and I had come—and they must all meet me in the big chief's house, when I would tell them what I had come for. At seven o'clock that evening the house was crowded. I told them I had been sent to them by kind friends who wished them well, and dwelt on our commission from God: "Go ye into all the world," etc., after which I told them it was Saturday night, the next day would be the Sabbath, and I could not reach any other place, so I must stop there and preach, but promised them that if they would all come and hear God's word the whole day on Sunday, I would have a council on Monday, and if they did not wish to hear any more I would leave them. Never shall I forget that Saturday night. I could not sleep, but thank God I could pray. We had announced for service at six a.m., and at that time about sixty-six were present, when we felt the power of God and the dropping from above. I announced to preach again at 10.30, but just after breakfast, scarcely 9 o'clock, two young men came for me, saying the house was full and the people wanted me to come and preach, and as I dwelt on God's words to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again," the Holy Ghost came with such a sweet melting power, I could stand and weep but could not speak. We had a glorious time. The services lasted till near midnight, with little intermission, and many were pricked to the heart and have been added to our church. My heart is so full, as I think of God's goodness, I can only say with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord. O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." For "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointed my head with oil, my cup runneth over."

(Conclusion next week.)

MISSION ROOMS, METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA. TORONTO, Jan'y. 31, 1877.

INDIAN MISSION, CHRISTIAN ISLAND.

This Island is in the Georgian Bay, an arm of the great Huron Lake. Like many other localities, there are evidences of the population being much greater in former times than now, and remnants of considerable establishments once occupied by Jesuit Missionaries. There are now resident there 180 Ojibways, and 40 Odawabs and Pottawatamies. There the society maintains a missionary and day-school teacher. The people are quite isolated, and are not subject to allurements and vice which surround some other Indian communities. Brother Allen Salt, the minister labouring among them, is a converted native Indian, fairly educated, of some religious experience, good address, and useful amongst his people. He speaks English correctly, and would form an excellent member of the next deputation to the East. He has travelled twenty-five years. Letter from the Rev. Allen Salt, dated Christian Island, Jan'y. 14th, 1878.

The first Christmas Tree at Christian Island, on the 25th ult., produced without

doubt a desire in the minds of the day and Sabbath School scholars of this mission to look anxiously for the return of the next Christmas. The tree was fixed in the school-house, and many who desired to see could not get into the standing crowd.

The Indian children sang a hymn in their native tongue. One repeated in the English the Lord's Prayer, another the Apostles Creed, and others some of the Commandments. Questions on the first catechism were given in the Ojibway language, and the answers repeated in the English; this, and the delivering of the little presents had a pleasing effect on the spectators. The exercises were closed by the singing of another hymn, and the benediction pronounced. Soon after the usual feast, and the Christmas tree exercises, the Ojibways, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, resolved to build a larger and more comfortable school-house, determining not to be crowded out again the next time. They commenced, a few days after, the chief taking the lead, and cut cedar logs 30x24 feet, and hauled them to the shore, ready for rafting next spring, and to be brought to the village.

The Watch-night meeting, held in the Methodist Church, was well attended. Some expressed afterwards of having experienced a gracious influence in the meeting.

The covenant service interpreted caused a sincere solemnity in the congregation. A few who had gone astray now attend the means of grace.

CHURCH DEDICATION AT FORTUNE, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The history and status of Methodism in this settlement may be gathered from the fact that the older part of the Old Church, erected upwards of thirty years since, has lately been entirely demolished, while the new part built some eighteen years since has been repaired for a school room.

The beautiful edifice which was dedicated on Sabbath, Nov. 25th., 1877, to the worship and service of Almighty God, has been in course of erection upwards of four years. It is 90 feet by 50, with 23 feet post. There is a beautiful spire attached to the end fronting the harbor 103 feet in height which gives it a very prepossessing appearance from the sea. Access is obtained to the main building by means of three doors at the end of the church, one in the porch and one on each side of the spire. The internal arrangement is complete, galleries girding the whole building, those on the sides and one end being raised for the congregation while the gallery at the other end is left for an organ which we hope to get in due time. The body of the church contains four rows of pews, two in the middle and one on each side of two aisles which lead to the vestries and rostrum. The rostrum is attached to the end gallery supported by two pillars, and approached by two flights of stairs, one on each side. It is surrounded by a beautiful rail on which the reading desk rests, right in the centre. The communion rail surrounds and corresponds with the rostrum. The acoustics are very good so that a person with an ordinary voice can be heard distinctly in any part of the building, which is capable of seating upwards of a thousand persons. Mr. H. J. Haddon was architect and builder. The whole work was superintended by a sub-committee (of the original Building Committee) consisting of Mr. J. P. Snook, Mr. Wm. P. Lake, Mr. Geo. Keeping, and Mr. John E. Lake, to whom very great credit is due.

ORIGIN OF THE LETTER STAMP.

The alleged origin of the stamp had a tinge of romance in it. It was thirty-seven years ago that Rowland Hill, while crossing a district in the North of England, arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she turned it over in her hand and asked the price of postage. This was a large sum, and evidently the girl was poor, for the postman demanded a shilling. She sighed sadly, and said the letter was from her brother, but she had no money; so she returned the letter to the postman. Touched with pity, Mr. Hill paid the postage and gave the letter to the girl, who seemed very much embarrassed. Scarcely had the postman turned his back when the young inn-keeper's daughter confessed that it was a trick between her and her brother. Some signs on the envelope told her all she wanted to know, but the letter contained no writing. "We are both so poor," she added, "that we invented this mode of correspondence without paying for our letters." The traveler, continuing his road, asked himself if a system giving place to such frauds was not a vicious one. Before sunset Rowland had planned to organize the postal service on a new basis—with what success is known to the world.

collection was taken up. The collections for the day were very good.

The day will be remembered for a long time by the people at Fortune. Praying that it may ere long become the birth-place of many souls.

J. H.

A RITUALIST'S CHRISTMAS.

"The village of Claydon, Suffolk, was as usual, says the *Rock*, the scene of a Ritualistic display at Christmas. The picturesque parish church was decorated with holly, evergreens, sacred monograms, &c. The services were distinguished by that Popish ritual which has made the rector, Mr. Drury, so notorious during the last 30 years. They commenced on Christmas eve with first vespers, at which a shortened service, taken principally from the authorised form of Evening Prayer was used. Mr. Drury, who was attired in elaborate vestments and a biretta, conducted the service (standing or sitting almost the whole time with his back to the people) at a small desk at about ten feet in front of the "altar," and so rapidly were the lessons read that but few of the congregation could follow him; he frequently doffed his biretta bowing to the "altar." A nun from the convent presided at the organ, and the choir were dressed in surplice and cassock. The "altar" was profusely decorated, and apparently on a ledge at the back was a gaudy cross with six tall candles, which were lighted for a few minutes during the reading of the first lesson. On the top of the screen was a large crucifix and images, the head of each surrounded by a nimbus. A second "altar" surmounted by a cross and lighted candles, is placed in a recess on the north side of the church, and between this and the body of the church a temporary screen of evergreens is erected. On Christmas morning at half-past eight there was a celebration of the Holy Communion. Candles were lighted, although it was broad daylight, and Mr. Drury wore vestments so elaborate that it would almost require the pen of a milliner to describe them. Mr. Drury elevated the paten and cup above his head, and prostrated himself before the elements. The closing scene occurred on Christmas evening, when there was solemn vespers. Who can wonder if the parishioners of Claydon murmur when such scenes as these are enacted in a national church, and all true Protestants are driven from the church of their forefathers, perhaps forever?"

our esteemed friends, brother and sister, Trask, passed away from our midst on the evening of the 28th of January. Her death was somewhat sudden, though she had been failing under some wasting disease for a few weeks. She was a lovely maiden, in her sixteenth year; distinguished for her amiability, and cheerfulness of disposition, filial and sisterly affection. Better than all, she was a true disciple of Christ. She was converted to God last winter, during the special religious services held in the vestry of our church, and in due time with a number who gave their own selves to God at that season, and cast in their lot with us, she was publicly received into church fellowship with us. Her testimony to the power of divine grace to save, was clear and distinct; her piety was marked by cheerfulness, love to her Bible, which was her daily companion; attention to private prayer, delight in, and regular attendance upon the class meeting, and the public means of grace. When sickness came, and wasted the body, and opened some film on the brain; and reason wandered she was heard frequently praying with surprising calmness and collectiveness. "The Light of Life" was not withdrawn, and death found her ready for her change. She passed very peacefully away, sleeping in Jesus. The bereaved parents with the only surviving sister and several brothers, feel the stroke severely; but they bow with un murmuring submission to the wisdom and love of Him, who "doeth all things well," having no doubt, their loss is eternal gain to the departed loved one, "not lost but gone before." The event was improved last evening to a very large and attentive congregation, by a plain discourse addressed to the young.

ELIAS BRETTELE.

MARY KILLEN.

Died at South Richmond, Oct. 10th 1877, Mrs. Mary Killen, aged 96 years. The deceased was the widow of the Rev. John Killen, who for many years labored in this Province as a Methodist local preacher. His self-denying and faithful labors among the early settlers, is still held in affectionate and loving remembrance. Mary Killen came with her husband from Ireland in 1824, and for 26 years was the faithful companion of one who lived for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. For 60 years she was a zealous and consistent member of the Methodist Church. Her Christian character during her lengthened life was in many respects most exemplary. She was not a stranger to the trials and reverses of life, her closing years were marked by some painful and bitter experiences, but with a patient and Christian relinquishment of earthly things she urged on her way to heaven. Steadfastly looking for the eternal inheritance of the skies and for that city which hath foundations whose builder and maker was God.

It was the privilege of the writer to visit this aged pilgrim in her last affliction and witness in the closing hours of this chequered life the sustaining power of Christ's dear Gospel. Her faith strong and scriptural never failed her. Her hope shone brighter as the hour of dissolution approached. The end came somewhat suddenly, and this aged pilgrim, tired and weary fell asleep in Jesus. "Blessed sleep, from which none ever wakes to weep!"

W. H.

The past six months have written a mournful record in our village. Around us constantly are dead and dying. Some two weeks ago, diphtheria broke out in the house of Mr. C. H. Chase, claiming as its victim, Laura May, a bright beautiful girl of nine years, and despite the utmost care, from parents and physicians, she continued to grow worse. Fondly did father and mother watch the unnummuring sufferer hoping and fearing to hope, till forced to the painful conclusion that Laura must die. On Tuesday the 29th after twelve days suffering, she revived, and, for a time, there was renewed hope, but toward night she became restless and weary, and as the shadows of evening gathered Laura began, hastily, to enter the dark valley, but was not afraid for He who gently bareth the lambs in his bosom was there.

She was calm in the prospect of death, and bidding all good bye said, "I am dying and shall go to heaven, weep not for me." And just as the day dawned her radiant spirit, angel guarded, returned to the Giver. And now she sleeps near a little mound by the side of a younger sister, who faded when the flowers of June were blooming. We shall miss her in the Sabbath school, of which she was a promising scholar. We will miss her "at home," and by the vacant chair. She is gone! She is not dead, only sleeping. "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep."

WM. BROWN.

Bridgewater, Jan. 31, 1878.

OBITUARY.

EMMA E. TRASK.

The heavenly Shepherd whom prophecy and evangelical history sets before us, as having a special tenderness and care of the lambs of the flock; often sees it good in his perfect wisdom, to fold them, where they are, and shall forever be—"Far from danger as from fear." One of these the Good Shepherd has recently taken to his heavenly fold, from the domestic circle and church enclosure in Digby, EMMA E. TRASK, the second daughter of