

Along the Line.

THE INDIAN WORK.

Letter from REV. C. M. TATE, dated CHILLIWHACK, B.C., Aug. 17th, 1890.

WE are now in the midst of our salmon fishing season, and I suppose there are not less than 4,000 Indians engaged at the seventeen canneries. A great number of these are from Vancouver Island, both east and west coasts. We reach about 1,000 with the Auka-me-num language, the balance with Chinook. I have spoken and written about those poor creatures until I feel almost in despair of ever getting a missionary for them. Scores of them are dying year by year, without a knowledge of the Saviour.

A chief from Nittinat—west coast of Vancouver Island—spoke to me some time ago about a missionary for his people. Since that time I have seen him frequently, and he has pleaded with me to send some one. He told me he had been considering what could be done to lift up his people, and had come to the conclusion that none but "Sagh-a-lie Tyee" (God) could help them.

Are there no young men in the Methodist Church to-day who are ready to make a sacrifice in order to tell the "Old, Old Story" to those anxious souls? I believe the door is open; shall we not enter? If we fail to do so, it may turn out to be a parallel case to that of Fort Rupert. About sixteen years ago, the chief (Wak-kish) of that tribe requested us to send a missionary to his people. We talked the matter over in our District Meeting; there were men ready to go, but the funds of the Missionary Society were at a low ebb, and the opportunity was permitted to pass. King Satan laughed, heathenism held sway, chief Wah-kish died, the door was closed; and although the Church Missionary Society has had a good, faithful, whole-souled man in the field for a number of years, those people are just as hard as ever, with no desire to better their condition.

Four weeks ago, a man entered one of the numerous Indian hovels (head-quarters of all that's filthy and impure) in the city of New Westminster, and under the cover of darkness smuggled in a bottle of whiskey. Two women who were in the den, one of whom had an infant in her arms, were induced to drink, and in their mad carousal a coal-oil lamp was knocked over and broken. Their clothes were saturated with the oil, which instantly took fire, and before help could arrive were frightfully scorched, the poor, helpless infant not escaping. When the fiend who supplied the liquor found how matters were, he got away as rapidly as he could, leaving his victims in their burning condition. He has since been captured, and will probably be put in the chain-gang (and fed well) for three months, then liberated to again practise his fiendish work. After living three weeks in the most excruciating agony, both of the women died; the child may recover. They both belonged to Fort Rupert. There are numbers of them in all the cities of this province, their only occupation being to sell themselves

to the devil. If a man had been sent to those people when the door was open, this, with scores of similar cases, might have been avoided.

We were pleased to note a short time ago that Providence seemed to be opening a way for the supplying of the east coast of Vancouver Island Indian Mission with a missionary, in the person of Bro. Hopkins, whose wife's health had so much failed as to necessitate their removal from Port Essington. I think Bro. Hopkins would be a good man for that work, as he is acquainted with most of the northern tribes who visit Victoria, and could save many of them from going to destruction. But it ought also to be understood, that between Victoria and Nanaimo there are from 1,200 to 1,500 Indians without a missionary, and to place a man at Victoria for that work alone would not by any means meet the demands of the work. I should say, at most, let the missionary spend every second Sunday in Victoria, and the alternate Sundays, with a good part of the week, along the coast as far as Nanaimo. In the summer he ought also to spend a good deal of time among the canneries on the Fraser.

I find it hard work to row myself about from place to place among the fishing camps, and single-handed, to reach all those people with the Gospel. Of course, it is some help to us to have an Indian church at Westminster, with the kindly assistance of Bro. Robson and some lay workers—a neat little building costing \$500, half of which we hope to raise, and trust that the Missionary Society will see the way clear to grant the balance, considering that we are getting a valuable lot from the Government free of cost. The white people of New Westminster have done so nobly in raising funds for the Society, I feel a little diffident about asking for this object.

Our work at Chilliwack and vicinity moves steadily along. We are compelled to enlarge our central church, as it is very unhealthy to pack so many people into a small building. We hope to raise \$200 for this object, and are asking the society to grant us \$100. This will give us a comfortable building.

One of the little girls died in the Home two days ago (Mary). She had been ailing for some time. The father's heart is very sore; this is the last of his family. He has buried his wife and four children all within a few years.

JAPAN.

Letter from REV. J. W. SAUNBY, dated, 26 HIROSAKA DORI, KANAZAWA, KAGA, August 7th, 1890.

I HAVE for a long time intended to write you concerning the starting of our work on the west coast, but on account of press of work, I have had to put it off from time to time. Now, however, as the convenient season has put in an appearance, I will try to describe our progress from the very beginning up to date.

As you already know, immediately after the return of Doctor Cochran and myself from the exploration of the west coast, I was appointed by the Mission Council to Kanazawa, and at once began to make preparations to plant myself in that city. This, how-