

We called at China Hat the same night, where I went ashore and had a service by the camp-fires with all who would come. Here we left Bro. Gibson, who has spent some time at Nanaimo, and who, I trust, will be a blessing to those poor people in teaching them of Jesus' love during the winter months.

Next we called at Hartly Bay, where Bro. Edgar is working away. They expect to take down the old church and erect a little larger and much better building. Not many of the people were at home. Here I sent letters, etc., on to Bro. Anderson, Kit-a-mat, where I must visit soon, should I have to go in canoe.

Last week I made a trip to Naas, partly by canoe and partly by steamer. Found Mr. Stover and family well. We had a blessed Sabbath together—love-feast in the afternoon, and missionary meeting at night. Collections and subscriptions \$50, which I hope may be doubled before the close of the year. Several new houses are going up. I do hope and pray that the people will be united and become a power upon the heathen around them this winter.

I spent last Sabbath with Bro. Jennings at Essington, where I went to take the H. B. Co's up-river steamer for the Upper Skeena; but she did not go up again, so I had to forego my visit to the brethren and people up there. We are hoping and praying, as the people get home, to see a blessed revival here and all along the line.

Our boys are doing well, but we need more help for them.

#### ALDERVILLE.

OUR last Quarterly Meeting for this Conference year was held yesterday, April 30th. It was the most spiritual ever held during our five years on this mission. The Lord was powerfully present, and the testimonies were full of power and unction from above. Never in all the years of our past labors on the mission was the work as encouraging as at the present time. Our Sabbath School is still prospering, and our Band of Hope is doing good work. To God be all the praise. JOHN LAWRENCE.

#### WALPOLE ISLAND.

*Letter from REV. W. A. ELIAS, Native Missionary, dated May 1st, 1893.*

I AM very happy to report that the work of God is still moving on very pleasantly among us. The great revival which began last year does not abate. The power of God's Holy Spirit comes upon us still.

Our camp meeting held last fall was a great blessing to us spiritually. Although a great burden to our congregation, yet it has not been without fruit. Souls have been saved, and two pagans have since accepted the Christian religion. After renouncing pagan worship and habits of drunkenness, they were baptized and received on trial. They have since proven themselves sincere Christians. We are hoping that others will follow in due time. About three hundred Indians attended from neighboring reservations and from the State of Michigan, who were all entertained by our people for five days. We had in the tented grove somewhere over a thousand Indians altogether. I am thankful to say we had many local preachers on the ground willing to work. We had also the help of Revs. R. W. Millyard, of Wallaceburg, A. S. Edwards, of St. Clair Mission, and John R. Robinson, of Vassar, Michigan, U.S., an Indian preacher. These brethren did very good service among the Indians.

Last Conference year we had made plans in the way of improving the church within, to make an alcove for the choir, but failure in crops last year left our people in a critical circumstance, and the work had to be postponed.

This has been the most enjoyable year of my missionary life spiritually. I feel somehow that it is only the beginning of my life's usefulness. There has been a great deal of affliction among the people. Since Conference, over twenty persons have died, and there are yet many sick who may pass away any day. Ten of these departed souls were members of our Church. While on their sick-beds I visited them very often, and all had the joyful assurance that heaven was their eternal home; they have triumphantly entered the

portals of heaven. Sometimes our friends lose interest in the support of the Indian Work, and become fault-finding about it. Such persons I would answer by simply giving one day's experience, to show how missionaries are laboring among the Indians. On Sunday, January 29th, 1893, I had a funeral service in the church. At the hour of 10.30 a.m. the church was crowded—their usual hunger and thirst after the Bread and Water of Life—consequently the service was impressive and effective. About noon a great mass of people followed the remains to the last resting place. After burying the dead, without first going home to my dinner, I was at once called to see an afflicted family. Food was first given to us, and I read a portion of Scripture and sung several hymns, after which we all engaged in prayer together to our great spiritual good. We at once visited another home in similar condition. After exhorting and singing hymns we implored God's blessing upon them. God who hears us when we pray indeed blessed this family. The time for opening the Sunday School had already passed, and when we entered the church the children and young people in great numbers were waiting. The hour being late I opened a song service only, omitting the Sunday School lessons. Oh, how delightful it was to see those future workers of the Lord sing with joyful faces. Within half an hour the congregation began wending their way into the church, and soon the pews were mostly occupied. The service began, and directly after the sermon I was called away to see a dying brother; but before I left the church a child had to be baptized. The after service was left in the hands of our local men, who are never unwilling to do anything for the Lord Jesus. When I got beside the dying brother he told me that God had forsaken him all that day. I assured him that God would not hide His face from him in this hour of sore affliction, that if he would pray God would hear. He desired to take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Within an hour I was beside him again, with another praying brother with me. Before administering the sacrament to him we sang a penitential hymn, and then prayed the Almighty to bless the dying man. All this time he was waving his hand triumphantly, and divinely smiled—thus was at peace with God. At partaking of the Lord's Supper he was filled with the fulness of God's blessing and joy in the Holy Ghost. With profound gratitude to God we left him with such a divine comfort in his soul. At one o'clock a.m. I retired to rest, feeling unmistakably that I was divinely edified by the way God had led me to labor for him. Had I time and space I would gladly record many more similar instances experienced by your missionary.

I am thankful to our Father in heaven that our Sunday School work is progressing very favorably. Chief Joseph White, of the Chippewa Council, is taking great interest in our work among this people, and laboring as a Sunday School Superintendent with marked efficiency; besides, many others are falling into line.

Will you permit us to thank the ladies' missionary society of Park Street Methodist Church, Chatham, for the valuable clothing they so kindly sent to us for distribution among the destitute, and for many magazines, Sunday School papers, and other very valuable papers to help our Sunday work. They are the means of attracting many young people to the Sunday School. We have also devised other means to attract their attention and understanding—with the crayon illustrations on the blackboard. When our people learned of the bereavement of Mrs. Sylvester Hadley, the President of the Chatham Woman's Missionary Society, Park Street Church, they engaged in earnest prayer for her, that the Almighty would sustain her in this time of need. We feel it our duty to testify to the Church at large that this means of Christianizing the aboriginal race is not to be despised, for such practical religion teaches them to do likewise. The more well-to-do Indian Christians have tried to imitate the example given, having gone to help the needy as necessity demands according to their ability. There is plenty of work yet to be done among the Indians. There are many in the Counties of Essex and Kent, dispersed here and there, who have no fixed abode and have never heard the Gospel preached. Their life is nomadic and vagabond in habit, and they seem to belong to no particular reservation; if they did they would be under the fostering care of some church, but as they are at present it is hard to know how to