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NASS RIVER, B.C.

The phenomenal growth of Uganda & evangelical Christianity in Metlakatla. Central Africa, and the popularity which the UGANDA Mission enjoys in missionary circles, remind one of the time when METLAKHTLA too was a word to create enthusiasim.

In contemplating the history of these missions one cannot help noticing the dissimilarity of the methods employed, and the essential difference in the nature of the success achieved in each case.

After reading through the reports, there is left upon the mind a blended, yet distinct impression—somewhat like a composite photograph, of the work of each mission. With regard to Metlakatla one rises from the perusal of its history with a village as the leading idea, where a savage community is led, by one man into a Christianized state of civilisation — a fascinating and truly heart-expanding picture ! but, as subsequent events have proved, too much of an outward work.

On the other hand the leading idea one gathers from the accounts of the Uganda mission is that of a little printing press, from which fly abroad scores of vernacular reading lessons, portions of Scripture &c., into the hands of the people. We seem to see the missionary always translating, and the people constantly learning to read—not English, but their own language. And it has been by this simple, albeit laborious method, that a healthy evangelical Christianity has been developed there, whose bulwarks the combined intrigues of heathenism, Mohammedism, and Romanism have sought to undermine in vain.

Had the printing press found a place at Metlakatla among the many other means there employed for the advancement of the Mission, such as Salmon Cannery, Trading Store, Saw mill &c., there would be very little heathenism left around us to-day; for the Metlakatla mission was in existence nearly a quarter of a century before that of Uganda.

Since the advent of Bishop Ridley, however, a good deal has been done in and around Metlakatla to remedy this defect; but it is up-hill work, and being strange, its nature is hardly comprehended by the natives. Contributing nothing at first hand to their exterior appearance of advancement it incurs their contempt. But there is no doubt whatever, notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, it is only by means of the Vernacular that the inner man of the Indian can be really advanced, in this and the next generation, to that stage of Christianity and Civilisation impropriated by his outer ₹man.

Here and there the right ideas are at last taking root. Some time ago I had the pleasure of listening to an address by A. Wright of Aiyansh, on the subject of learning to read Nishga. Pointing to a spelling sheet he exclaimed:—

"Let us not despise these tiny syllables; but rather let us be very earnest in learning to read them. What! are they small things to us? No, they are rather the roots of everlasting life, for by them we shall know more about Gop."

Well said, Indian Chief, well said! The printing press should be the *Gattling Gun* of every mission station.

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