

Our missions among the Indians.

Where they are, number of missions, number of workers. (See Dr. Sutherland's article in February CAMPAIGNER.)

What our missions are accomplishing.

Industrial training in Indian Institutes.

Medical missions. (Dr. Bolton's letter December CAMPAIGNER.)

Our Christian Indians and native helpers. (See Missionary Report, also Woman's Missionary Society Report for 1897.)

Questions and discussion on our Indian work.

HYMN 210.

PRAYER.

The CAMPAIGNERS for this programme may be had free by sending to F. C. Stephenson, 568 Parliament Street, Toronto.

From a Well-known Campaigner, Rev.

J. A. Jackson, S.T.L., M.D., C.M.

BELLA BELLA, Dec. 2nd, 1897.

MY DEAR FELLOW-WORKERS,—Were we to open this Christmas greeting to you expressing the true feelings of our hearts, we should begin with the doxology, as this would be the index of our inner self. There have been so many indications of God's presence and power that one cannot help but praise and magnify His name.

After writing our last epistle we went to China Hat, an appointment under our care in charge of a lay worker named Mr. Edgar. The scenery along the route was a sight to be seen but not described. The recent snowfall gave the trees on the mountain-side a very beautiful aspect in the alternating green and white that was everywhere visible. China Hat has no wharf, so the means of communication with the shore is by canoe. The people were sure the missionary would be on this boat as they had been looking out for him during the past six weeks, so that on our arrival it was not long before a canoe was alongside the vessel to convey us to our destination. There was one man who appeared more than delighted to see the *la plate* (i.e., missionary), and we afterwards learned that he had been expecting me for over six weeks, and consequently had not gone hunting with the others for fear I might come and go before he could see me. The secret was soon told when he expressed his ardent desire that I should marry him as soon as possible. We appointed the ceremony to take place in one hour from the time of the interview. In the meantime four other couples wished to be united at the same time, three of whom had lived together for years, and had children grown up, but had only been married by heathen customs, and not according to Christian rites. When the question of rings was mentioned there wasn't one in the whole party that could produce the like, and for the next fifteen minutes five bridegrooms searched the village from end to end for the mystic emblem. Finally they returned in triumph, and the ceremony was proceeded with, no questions being asked as to how the jewellery was obtained, though we strongly suspected some of the younger women came to the rescue of these seeking lovers. After the last knot had been tied we next proceeded to the baptismal service. There were in all twelve persons, adults and children, who presented themselves for this sacred rite. Mr. Edgar had instructed them as to the meaning of baptism, i.e., to those

of riper years, and we gave them a short address to encourage them to steadfastness and faith in the Christian warfare, explaining to the parents the great responsibility devolving upon them to train up the children in righteousness by example and precept. The service was not quite over, when the whistle of a steamboat was heard. A young man was despatched to enquire as to what steamer it was, with orders to ask the captain to wait if she was going towards Bella Bella. Very fortunately for me it was a steamer bound for Victoria, which was two weeks overdue, and was also going to Bella Bella; so that instead of having to wait four or five days in an Indian shack, we made the return trip in one day, to the great joy of Mrs. Jackson as well as Miss Crosby.

The inhabitants that make up the village of Bella Bella are not all from one tribe. Other tribes have joined them at different times. The latest addition was made four years ago by a small but influential tribe called the Kokites. These people, it must be remembered, were all heathens on coming to join the Bella Bellas. As might be supposed, they brought with them all their old heathen customs and ceremonies. The resident missionary at that time taught them the evil and folly of adhering to these old customs which could never save but merely demoralize them. Their evils were not uprooted in a day, nor the old ways entirely forsaken for the new. The "flesh-pots of Egypt" still had an inviting flavor about them, and on special occasions it was plainly manifest that old ways were still dear. These Kokites have had a great influence upon the original inhabitants of Bella Bella. In fact, I cannot give you a truer idea of the matter than call your attention to Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, the whole tenor of which is a strong protest against false teachers who sought to bring them back again to serve under a law which meant perpetual bondage. This, on a small scale, has been the difficulty among this people.

A few weeks ago I looked out over the water towards the Indian cemetery, and was surprised to see quite a column of smoke arising. My suspicions were aroused that someone was burning bread for the dead, which proved to be the case. This is a very old heathen custom. Then, since most of the people have returned to their homes, they have indulged in a heathen feast called the "pot-latch." Some man who wishes to stand in good favor with the people will issue a proclamation to the whole village to attend a feast to be given by himself, not necessarily in his own house, but in the largest available for the purpose. After the feasting is over comes the ceremony of bestowing gifts upon those who have attended the feast, and for a time he is talked about as a man with a "klosha tum-tum," i.e., good heart. You will at once see that such a custom is fruitful of many evils, not the least of which is that of gluttony, for it is simply marvellous the amount of food some of those robust mountaineers can dispose of, especially when it is free. It reminds me of my early boyhood, when the annual Christmas tree was given to the Sunday School scholars. One boy ate twelve pieces of cake, and when he could no longer stow any more in this direction, he made his pocket serve as a second mouth. When remonstrated with, he merely replied that if he didn't take what he wanted then, it would be twelve months before he could get the chance again. The way some of the Indians eat at the feast would lead one to conclude that it had been a case of short rations with them for a year or more, but their huge frames are a flat contradiction to this. There are other customs that have been followed which