

# Along the Line

## The Home Work.

### NEWFOUNDLAND.

*Letter from REV. ROBERT K. PECK, dated GARNISH, NEWFOUNDLAND., Oct. 7th, 1895.*

HAVING just returned from a visit round Bay of Despair, Hermitage, Connaigre and Fortune Bay, I thought that some of your readers may be interested in hearing from these neglected parts of Newfoundland.

During the month (the time which our trip occupied) we visited many small settlements, where the voice of a Methodist preacher had never before been heard. At Hermitage Cove, it seems, we once had a small cause, and a school-house; some of the old folks there still remember Messrs. Randall and Peach who visited it forty-six years ago. For some reason the mission was abandoned, and the Church of England now has a fine stone building erected there.

Leaving Garnish on the evening of July 31st we turned our course toward Bay of Despair, *via* Harbor Briton and Galtoise, spending one night at each place. Thursday evening found us at Galtoise, awaiting a chance to get farther up the bay. Friday morning was occupied in looking over the whale oil factory belonging to Newman's firm; and in the afternoon the looked-for opportunity arrived. A party of Mic-mac Indians, consisting of three women and a man, belonging to Aaron's Cove, some nine miles from Mr. John Lake's saw mill, to which I was destined, was about to start for home. Ned Pullett (for such was the Indian's name) very kindly offered me a passage on condition that I said no prayers in his boat, for fear the wind should in consequence come ahead.

The journey through "Little Passage," which in many places is little more than two hundred yards wide, while its length is six miles, was delightful. The almost perpendicular cliff which rose up majestically on either side, the waterfalls, the little coves and islands, presented a picture of marvellous diversity and grandeur; while the merry talk of the Indians greatly enhanced the pleasure of the trip. Long after the sun had set, we arrived in Aaron's Cove. We were not sorry to find Mrs. Pullett with tea awaiting us, and in a short time to find ourselves at the table eating fried pork. Ned Pullett possessed only a tilt, covered with birch rind, but it was comfortable. The Indians can all speak English as well as their own tongue. Although extremely kind, we were greatly surprised at their ignorance, especially on religious subjects. The Priest seems to be their "all in all." Although the Indians number something over a hundred, yet they never had the privilege of a school. Before retiring to rest they seemed pleased to hear the Word read. The night passed away far more comfortably than I had expected, and why should it not, for the next morning I found a rosary hanging over my head and a crucifix by my side. After looking around the place and receiving a present of two beaver teeth (which I think is a sign of friendship with the Indians) Ned Pullett and his wife took me the remainder of the journey. The time occupied I hope was spent profitably to all. At their request I sang several pieces, and they, to gratify my curiosity, sang one of their Indian songs in their own tongue. Two or three hours' sail brought us to the saw mill, where, after receiving the old Indian's blessing and promising to send him some papers, we parted.

At the mill I found Brother James Hollett (our agent) working hard and much appreciated. On the Sunday we held three services in the mill house, and addressed the Sabbath School. The services, considering the small number of people living near, were well attended. Monday and Tuesday were spent in visiting the small settlements near. Tuesday evening Brother Hollett and myself started for Hermitage Bay. The first night, after rowing till twelve o'clock, we rowed into a little cove, stretched our dory sail on the beach, and there, although tormented by

mosquitoes, managed to get a few hours sleep. After breakfasting in gipsy fashion, we again made a start. On our way we visited several Indian families at Little River. Later on we visited Stickland's factory, and other little coves. Many of these places are sadly neglected. One man told us that during the nine years he had lived in the Bay no minister had ever before visited him.

At 12 o'clock on Wednesday night, tired out with a long row, we arrived at Hermitage Cove, and spent the remainder of the night in Mr. Lake's lobster factory. The following morning we were politely told by a young man that if we attempted to hold service we should be driven out of the place. We put it to the test. The service was well attended, even the young man referred to being present, and altogether we had a good meeting. The following night we held service at Dawson's Cove, where last fall I was refused the privilege, and almost starved in the bargain. Sunday was spent in Great Harbor. Mr. Thos. Foote's factory was cleared out for the occasion, and all services well attended. The following week was spent at Harbor Briton, Jersey Harbor, Coombe's Cove and other small settlements near. Services generally were well attended, and people seemed eager to hear the Gospel. The next week was spent in visiting various part of Fortune Bay, from whence we returned to receive a welcome from the friends at Garnish.

There seems every chance of doing a good work at all places visited. People generally were glad to receive us and treated us kindly.

*Letter from REV. HENRY J. INDOE, dated SELDOM-COME-BY, NEWFOUNDLAND, Sept. 16th, 1895.*

ON Monday, August 19th, I packed my valise for a round of pastoral visitations, which I expected would last three weeks. That evening I walked to Fogo, nine miles, and spent the night under Bro. Browning's hospitable roof at the parsonage. The next morning at nine I embarked on board the mail yacht *Snowbird*, for Garden Bay, thirty miles distant, and reached that point in the evening at 9.30. It may seem strange to the reader that in getting from one part of my mission to another by the shortest route I should have passed through two other missions, viz., Fogo and Change Islands (Herring Neck Mission) where I got dinner. The arrangement of these missions has, I am told, occasion much perplexity in the past, so I am not likely to disturb the *status quo*. The population of Garden Bay is about two hundred and eighty, of whom forty are Methodists. The rest are Anglicans and have, I am informed, received three pastoral calls within the last five years. I am not finding fault with my Anglican brother. His mission is in extent about equal to my own, and having a wife he cannot, I suppose, be expected to live one-half of the year in a boat and the other on the ice as I do. A large lumber mill is in operation in the Bay, and so all who desire it can obtain labor in the intervals of fishing. I aim at visiting this bay quarterly, and managed last year to squeeze six quarters into the twelve months. I stayed here five days, preaching at three points during the week and three points on Sabbath, four points in all. We have no building here, and so are obliged to utilize the dwelling-houses. The people during this visit showed an encouraging desire to hear the Word. On Sabbath I preached at George's Point in the morning and at Harris' Point in the afternoon. Then my host, William Harris, rowed me six miles to Nann Point, where I preached to about twenty persons. Four families reside at this Point. Although the day had been fine it commenced raining before we reached Nann Point, and the Monday proving wet and stormy, I was a prisoner until Tuesday, and had another opportunity of preaching to the people. At noon on Tuesday, in a "punt," not too seaworthy, rowed by two of the young men, I set out for Western Arm, Rocky Bay. A rough row of about five miles, through a lumpy sea, brought us to Beaver Cove, where we have three families. Without halting I walked on to Bassett's Harbor two miles (for the most part bog), where I got a cup of tea. Here we have nine families, and in the winter I preach fortnightly on a week night, and once or twice in the