

MANITOBA AND NORTH-WEST CONFERENCE
GLEANINGS.

THE gracious work of revival goes on in various places, so that this is likely to prove a good year. Cyprus River, Shoal Lake and Beulah have been visited with seasons of refreshing, while Boissevain and Roland have had showers of blessing; and, as we write, Zion Church, Winnipeg, is the scene of many victories for Christ, as the pastor, assisted by Rev. George Kerby, B.A., is being owned of God, in leading souls to the foot of the cross. We have heard that Mr. Kerby is likely to visit other points before returning east.

It is to be hoped that the new Parliament will do more for the education of the Indians under our charge, than did any previous Parliament. The Indians are delighted with the improvement made by the New Industrial School at the McDougall Orphanage. It is time we had a large Industrial Institute in full working order, for our Indians north of Winnipeg.

The centennial of Wesley's death and of the introduction of Methodism into Canada, has been pretty well observed by Sunday services; but it is rather a pity that there was no concerted and united action, so that our beloved Methodism might have been put on a better footing in this land.

Missionary and other connexional funds are likely to be in advance of last year, but the Centennial should have been used more than it was either to pay off old debts, or to get building schemes well launched, as there are many fields with neither church nor parsonage.

GLEANER.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C.,
January 23rd, 1891.*

A WORD from this mission may not be out of season. When the people came home in the fall, a spirit of inquiry was manifest and signs of good. We took a collection of about \$35 for lighting and heating church and school-house, and soon after a cash subscription of \$300 was raised for Dr. Bolton. The Sunday following Christmas-day our missionary meeting was held, with collection of nearly \$40. The interior of the church needs painting and renovating, and as a subscription was started in the summer for this object, we had hoped to get good help to go to work at it in the spring; but this has not come yet. The attention of the people has been so taken up with other things, to their great loss, in some cases, spiritually and socially, some are much inclined to lean to the old ways or to follow the follies of the white man.

The singing on Christmas-eve, led by Henry Tate, was good. Congregation on Christmas morning the largest for many a day—many strangers were with us. The watch-night service was good, and the week of prayer a great blessing, although there seemed to be something nearly every day to interfere with the meetings. We are like one large family here, and a wedding, or a funeral, or a feast affects us all. There have been several weddings, with bands of music and great display. They try to fall into the ways of the white people. Death, during this time, has been making inroads. There have been seven deaths the last

month. God has been speaking in loud tones to the sinning. Some in the prime of life have been taken away. Among this number was Paul Legaic, acknowledged to be the head chief of this people. His death, which was under painful circumstances, caused great excitement. He had been attacked with epileptic fits some weeks previously, but was as well as usual again. On the evening of January 7th he left his house to attend a meeting of the Rifle Company, which he never reached. Failing to return at a reasonable hour, his friends became alarmed, and nearly the whole village turned out to search for him. About 3 a.m. his body was found on the beach, not far from his own house, drowned. It is supposed that he walked down the beach, the tide being out, fell in a fit, and lay there till the rising tide overtook him. His tribe had promised that they would give all in their power if the body of their chief was found, and the poor people gave away all they had.

Oh, may these poor people be led to see there is nothing safe out of Christ! We long for a blessed revival of religion all along the coast. It is too bad we are still without a teacher. Soon the people will be scattering and many of the children gone. The sooner we have our boarding-school established the better.

ONTARIO.

*Letter from REV. W. A. ELIAS, dated WALPOLE ISLAND
March 16th, 1891.*

IT seems now a long time since you heard from us. We are yet struggling against heavy odds.

We are not discouraged in any form, but are often greatly cheered by the continual presence of the Holy Spirit in our various services. We have cheerful workers among our people, which makes our hopeful hearts bright for the future. One of our members died lately, who was a regular attendant of class and prayer-meeting. On his sick-bed he was never known to be in a sad, desponding mood, but was always cheerful. When I went to see him he was always glad, and when we were singing that well-known hymn,

“Jesus my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon,”

his face would beam with sacred love. Undoubtedly it was the reflection of divine illumination. At one time, in one of the darkest rain-stormy nights, while our revival services were going on, and the last time he was attending the church, on the way to church his lantern went out. He remarked to a man overtaking him, that “though his light was out and he was wading through the mud, he was bound to get to the house of prayer.” He said to me just the day before he died, “There was nothing like religion; it is a blessed reality.”

At present our people are at work erecting a driving shed for our Methodist church—the size will be 16 x 60 feet—and also a wood shed of 12 x 16 feet for the same place. Both will cost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$100. This will be a great accommodation to most of our worshippers.

We are trying to raise \$100 for our missionary money, and will not be far from it any way.