

Along the Line.

Manitoba Conference.

IN a letter received from the Rev. James Woodsworth, he says: I have just received the enclosed letter from Brother Chegwin, which, I have no doubt, will be of interest to the readers of the OUTLOOK as illustrative of the devotion and heroism of missionaries who, in the face of grave difficulties, are cheerfully and loyally working for Methodism and building up the cause of Christ on our Domestic Missions.

Lacombe is a new mission in the Calgary District, on the C. & E. Railway, not far from the old Woodville Indian Mission. Brother Chegwin, a last year's graduate in Arts of Wesley College and lately married, was appointed to Lacombe by our last Conference. He has no idea that I am forwarding this for publication:

*Letter from REV. E. J. CHEGWIN, dated LACOMBE,
Sept. 19th, 1894.*

We reached our field in August and have become settled in our work. I was somewhat frightened when I came and found everything so new and so much disorganized, and especially when we could hardly get a place to stay over night in; but we managed to get board for a couple of weeks at \$8 per week, and by that time rented a house. The ladies bought a stove, and now, with everything home-made except a table and a few chairs which different ones have brought, we are running what we call the parsonage. I have also bought a rig and a span of ponies.

When I came, none of the work was done on the inside of the church and there was a great deal to do outside. As you know, the people were building it themselves, and as this is a busy time and, I judge, most of them were tired of the contract, the work was at a standstill, the only thing to do was to pull off my coat and go to work, which I did, and most of the time since I came has been spent in carpentering. I got the trustees to hire a carpenter, and he and I have been working steadily, and on Sunday next we hope to open the first church built in Lacombe. Rev. L. Gaetz will preach for us at one service, and as we have failed to supply the other service I can see no other plan than that one of the carpenters take it. I have never had a mission where there was so much to do, but we are looking to God for strength to carry this mission through to success. But this year will be a very hard one financially, for two-thirds of the people have come in within the last year, and, having to build houses, stables, etc.; buy machinery, stock, etc., there is hardly a dollar among them; but it seems to me there is no more promising field in the whole of Methodism, and if we can get over the first year or two this will be one of the best points on the line.

I may say that the ladies are counting on getting us a few pieces of furniture soon, and by the time you can manage to spend a Sunday with us we will be able to entertain.

Amidst all our work and modest surrounding we were beginning to be very happy, and were looking out with high hopes of doing so much when my freight got here from Manitoba. I went over to the train regularly for five weeks but it did not come. Hearing of the fire at Moose Jaw, I became suspicious, and as I could get no word any other way, wrote to Mr. Stacey; he inquired and wrote me, telling me that all my freight had reached there on the 15th August, and the sheds were burned the next day and all was a total loss.

You can imagine how we feel in our home with its little stock—all my books, papers, sermons, pictures, and also my furs and winter clothing, in fact, everything but what I had in my valise. We felt almost discouraged, but, by the grace of God, with my Bible and "Bunyan's Characters," by Whyte, I will try and preach the Gospel, and will trust in God both for sermons and clothes. But it seems so hard just in starting, and especially as there are so many things to buy and everything is so high.

Pray for us that our faith fail not.

The Indian Work.

*Letter from Mr. J. W. GALLOWAY, dated POPCUM, B.C.,
Sept. 28th, 1894.*

TOWARD the latter end of June the Indians began to gather at the mouth of the Fraser River for the annual salmon fishing. Many of these had had disagreeable experiences during the high water, and they were no doubt anxious to get away from their desolate farms.

The fish were unusually late in making an appearance this year, and in consequence there were abundant opportunities for the Indians indulging in all kinds of vice. Gambling and drinking was the order of the day when we reached the camps. Thousands of Indians were gathered at Steveston. Illicit whiskey-selling was rampant. As soon as Bro. Baker and myself landed there, one Saturday evening, we were met by several Indians, complaining bitterly of these whiskey dives. They implored us to urge the authorities to stop it, so many of the women having commenced drinking. In one den, where I endeavored to get some of the young women out, I was grossly insulted, and this by men who called themselves white men. In an adjoining room I could hear the filthy language of others, mixed with the low laughter and chinook of some young Indian women more or less under the influence of liquor. I believe the municipality of Richmond is to blame for all the vice and immorality at Steveston. The constable endeavored to do his duty, but what was one constable for a population of perhaps four or five thousand—Indians, whites, Chinese, Japanese, and negroes—and it was very discouraging to him to have case after case dismissed through some technicality.

This year the Indians were not so much scattered as in former years, so we were able to reach a larger number in the few hours of the Sabbath at our disposal. I made Ladner's my headquarters, being midway between Westminster and Steveston, and within easy reach of one large camp of Cowichans at Canoe Pass.

Bro. Green, with his assistants, managed the work at Steveston and the North Arm, leaving Bro. Tate and myself to take the work on the river—far too great a distance to be travelled to do effective work. There should be at least six men for this work. It only lasts a month or six weeks, and as most of the villages are deserted at that time, the men on adjacent missions should be brought down, and then go in twos. We come into contact with many Indians at these times which otherwise we could not reach, and many who have never heard the Gospel are drawn out of curiosity, and so the good seed is sown broadcast.

Nearly all the Indians from the upper part of the mission were at Spuzzum, on the canyon of the Fraser. As I could not be in more places than one at the same time, they were neglected. Mr. Robson went up once, but failed to find any of our own people.

We had some very interesting services. Very often our congregations would be small, but there was the spirit of reverence and devotion manifested, and in some cases a seeking after Christ and a desire to enquire about holy things. Although we cannot measure success by visible results, yet we are assured that the seed faithfully sown will bring forth fruit to the praise and glory of His name.

With regard to the mission itself I am somewhat discouraged. Owing to the removal of Bro. Tate, and the terrible floods from which so many of our Indians have suffered, there has been a spirit of murmuring. I pray that when they are all gathered home again and become settled, that this spirit of discontent may disappear and our prospects brighten. A winter of hardship and suffering is before us; many will be the claims.

"I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes;
Yet o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise.

"So on I go, not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than walk alone in the light."