

Two Pictures from British Columbia.

The Hudson Bay Company has for many years traded with the Indians over the northern parts of British North America. Their business has been to obtain from the Indian population valuable furs, which the natives obtain by hunting. In exchange for these furs, the Company gave the Indians articles of commerce, blankets, clothes, and implements, whereby the condition of the Indians has been much improved. It has been the endeavour of the Hudson Bay Company to keep drink from the natives. The Indian loves drink, because he is a savage. He is excitable, and drink increases his excitement, and therefore he loves it; the desire for excitement being planted in him by nature. Some years ago, when the exclusive license to trade with the Indians, held by the Hudson Bay Company, was removed, it was a bad thing for the poor Indian. Now, the trader who goes to deal with them says, "I know the Indian likes drink;" and he makes a mixture, a vile mixture—bad spirits and a little burnt sugar—and calls it rum, which maddens the poor Indian. He makes casks and casks of this mixture, and fills his schooner with this stuff, and proceeds up the rivers to trade with the native Indians. They come to trade with him, and bring their valuable furs and skins, which are most valuable in the markets. I will take one instance. Some of the skins are worth 10s. each out there; and if a native takes one of them to any trading post in the forest, he will get for it 10s., the full value. Now, what does the liquor trader do? He gives the poor ignorant native a gallon of this mixture, which costs him 1s., for the skin which is worth 10s. When the native has disposed of all his skins for his drams, he takes the blanket off his back, sells that for more liquor, and goes his way. I have often seen the Indian sell all that he possessed—his rifle and everything—for the cursed drink; and then he has been known to go into the forest, and lie down and die. Fights take place between them, in which both men, women, and children perish, and none can imagine the results of this crime of the ungodly trader. Still the trader continued to bring his schooner up the river, and a deputation of Indians called upon me to ask why he should not be stopped? Why should the white man come and bring the evil spirit amongst us? Still nothing can be done; and I visited a village last April, where two schooners were lying out in the river to carry on the liquor trade. I saw the place again, and found there two chiefs lying dead after the visit of the liquor trader, they having killed each other when under the influence of the drink. From the same cause a son had murdered his own mother, and a brother his sister, and when the latter came to himself he committed suicide. Such, my friends, is the result of the liquor traffic in British Columbia. We see the misery that is introduced amongst these poor creatures, depriving them of the means by which their comforts should be increased, causing

death and slaughter, and throwing them into such a state of depravity, which unfits them to receive the higher influence of Christianity. Now, I will take you to another picture—a brighter one. We have a number of natives in British Columbia, who have left their heathenism, and have been brought to Christianity. I went up to their fishing ground last April—to the river called Mass River—where they were engaged for six weeks at a particular fishing of great consequence to them. It was a wonderful scene. The river was about a mile and a half wide. There were five thousand natives collected on the banks, fish swarmed in the river, and the birds were seeking for their prey amongst the rising fishes. It was a great scene of excitement, and there were other birds of prey to those that came up the river. Of them I shall speak presently. It is the custom amongst the natives, and has been for years, for them to greet the fish as they come into the river in a kind of superstitious ceremony. They imagine that the fish have spirits, and wish to keep in favour with them. But the Christian natives on this occasion withdrew from the supports of the superstition of their heathen forefathers, and went apart and had a thanksgiving service, sang Christian hymns, and prayed God to make them worthy of His gifts. When the Sunday came, there was a great temptation to the Indians to spend it in a lawless manner; but the Christian natives resisted the temptation, and kept holy that day, and every Sunday of the season. They had no teachers or ministers with them, but it was the work of God in their hearts that moved them to good works. But those other birds of prey I have mentioned—they were two schooners, laden with liquor, that had come up the river to prey upon five thousand human victims. How were they met? The Christian people had a consultation, and selected ten young men, who offered to go and remonstrate with the traders, and request them to go away. They boarded the schooners, and found them commanded by an Englishman. They said to him, "We know you have come up and bring nothing—nothing but misery with your liquor. We don't want it." The captain scoffed at them; but they said, "We are determined you shall not bring it to us." They took up the anchor of the vessel, and sent it away. After that, the "Petrel" (that is the name of the other vessel) slipped its anchor and fired a cannon amongst the Indians, and wounded one of them. The natives then held a consultation, saying, "Shall we fire upon them, or go and speak peace to them?" Some of the natives expressed a fear that they should not be strong enough to go and argue with them; when one young Indian stepped forward and said, "If no one else will go, I will go alone." Then eighteen were selected, and went out in their canoes and boarded the vessel. After a long consultation with the captain, and having received many insults from the crew, so determined were they, that the captain was obliged to take the vessel out of the river. Not a drop of blood was,

however shed by the Indians, as they said, "It was not right to shed blood, though they might protest." All these Christians are Total Abstinents; and you see what Christianity has done for them, for no mere pledge would have produced such bravery. It was Christianity that made them temperate and brave, God-fearing men. So you must ever bear this in mind, never to pull up Temperance as to stand in the place of other spiritual progress. Not because we have learned to abstain from drink, therefore to think we have gained any possession which may make us acceptable in the sight of God. It is only dependence on the merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and that inworking of the Spirit of God, that sanctifies us, and makes us true temples of the Holy Spirit, and true members of Him into whose body we have been baptized. Let us keep these things in their proper place, and we shall do well. If in this great work we can join together and associate ourselves in mutual help, so that we may be enabled, under God's blessing, to rescue some soul from perdition, how blessed indeed will be all the trouble that has been taken. This is the ground, I think, upon which we may well stand—the ground advocated by the Apostle Paul, when he says that "it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor do anything whereby our brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Ye are convinced that it is good to abstain for the purpose of helping our brother, and being weak for the weak. If as Total Abstinents we help our fellow-creatures in this particular matter, I believe we shall do good in this day by contributing towards shaking what I see in the land after several years' absence, a great growth of luxury and self-indulgence, in consequence of the great prosperity of the country. We shall be doing good in our generation by setting a higher standard of simplicity of life, and exemplifying the great principle of Christian life, when we say, "If ought makes my brother to offend, I will do so no more while the world standeth."—Bishop of British Columbia.

LIFE'S ANSWER.

I know not if the dark, or bright,
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag, for years,
Toil's heavy chain;
Or, day and night, my most be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and gloe;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One, who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the ravings of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light,
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land—
The end is this:
And then, with HIM, go hand in hand;
Far into bliss.