

Evangelistic Trip of the "Glad Tidings."

ON the afternoon of Good Friday, the 23rd day of March, the *Glad Tidings* made her appearance at the Kit-a-Maat Indian Mission. Although we had been looking for her for some time, she came as a delightful surprise. We had not seen a "white man" since November, with the exception of two miners, who, in their turn, had not seen civilization for eight months; so, you can imagine, it was with a thrill of pleasure we saw the smiling face and felt the sympathetic grasp of the hand of Rev. T. Crosby, the veteran missionary and chairman of the District, who was on his semi-annual visit to the various missions south. The crew of the boat consisted of some warm-hearted "Christian Indians" from Port Simpson. There was also on board the native teacher and wife, with two others from Hartley Bay. A prayer-meeting was held shortly after the arrival of the steamer, followed by the ordinary service at seven o'clock. We had six services on Saturday and eight on Sunday—some on the street, some in the church. The open-air services, which were so effective in the days of Wesley, and also at the present time in many countries, have been a blessing to the Indian tribes of the north Pacific coast. We choose Indians, who are most reliable, and whose hearts are all on fire with love to speak to their fellow men of Jesus. These Indians have the gift of talk very largely developed; some are most eloquent, and when they receive the good news of salvation, which brings so much happiness and peace to their own hearts and homes, must tell somebody else the glad tidings they had heard, etc. The services held on the street were helpful and the church crowded on all occasions. Each service was interesting, and characterized, so far as the human mind could judge, by a genuine realization of the presence of the Lord. The chairman thought it advisable for me to accompany him on the trip south, with a band of Indians—a dozen in number—for the purpose of carrying on "evangelistic work" amongst the tribes whose language is nearly akin to that spoken by the Kit-a-Maats.

On the 26th March we got off in good time, had a pleasant trip, filling in the day with Bible study, in which all took part, except of course those engaged in the management of the ship. We had a good chance in these Bible studies to ground and train the Indians on board the vessel. Reached Kit-lope, at the head of Gardner's Inlet, in the evening. The snow lay nine feet deep on the level at this place. Some of the Indian houses have been crushed beneath its weight. The Indians live on ground belonging to the Cannery company, in cabins built by themselves; but are not satisfied, and, as the cannery is now closed, are going to move to the old village, twelve miles down the inlet. Many of these natives are demoralized by the vices of evil white men, whiskey, etc. However, they were heartily glad to see us. It is pleasing to be able to note that we found some faithful who had received the Gospel from a band of Kit-a-Maats, who visited them about a year and a half ago. The fact of finding these still faithful at a place surrounded by every evil and no missionary or teacher, is a proof to me of the genuineness of the work now going on. Had a meeting which will never be forgotten by all who were there. Fifteen sought and found the Saviour.

At 5 a.m., Tuesday, we were at it again. At the close of this service Mr. Crosby and I were called to attend a Council of the Chiefs of the tribe, at which they begged for a "white teacher." Our Society has had a "native teacher" at this place, off and on for the last few years, until recently. At Kit-lope our band

of Christians was increased by five. We left the place at 8 o'clock, with two canoes in tow. As we were passing Ke-man-ach, a deserted Indian village, our boat was struck by a squall; the wind gained force as we steamed along, sweeping over the barren mountains with a fury elsewhere unknown on the coast. Mr. Crosby gave a strong rope to an Indian with which to attach his canoe; but the man, to his sorrow, thought a weaker one would do. After towing in the storm for some time the rope snapped, and the poor fellow was adrift on a wild sea. The engines were stopped. He battled with the waves, and paddled at least one and a half hours before he succeeded in bringing his canoe alongside, and only just in time, as it was half full of water and split from stern to stern, and in a few moments more went to pieces. The other canoe we got at Kit-a-Maat, as a convenience for getting ashore, was swept away by the violence of the gale and lost; fortunately there was no occupant in her. We ran into a little bay for shelter, found some Indians in a fishing camp, drying halibut, who were glad to hear the Gospel. When we reached good anchorage for the night we had a "thanksgiving service." In every heart there was devout gratitude to our Heavenly Father, whose presence had cheered us in a mighty storm, and who had brought us all safely to a desired haven.

Next day, Wednesday, early morning, weighed anchor. Had the usual services. A canoe ran alongside with two Indians; we took them aboard into the cabin, had prayer with them, found that they were Christians. As they left they gave us not only good wishes, but also a supply of venison and halibut. I might say just here that owing to the kindness of both whites and Indians we were bountifully supplied with food all along the journey. Reached China Hat in the evening; not many Indians at home. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson were there, happy in the work. Two children were baptized here. On Thursday we got to Bella Bella at 2.30. The missionary, Bro. Beavis, was not at home, but Miss Ross, the teacher, met us at the wharf and gave us a hearty welcome. We sang on the wharf and along the street stirring "sacred melodies," as at other places. The aged and sick who are unable to go to church are much cheered by these open-air services; they were quite taken with the singing, etc. It is wonderful how quickly these people grasp an idea or doctrine of Scripture from the singing of a hymn, and in less than five minutes will turn it over in their mind, translate it, and sing it again in their own language. At this place several backsliders expressed their desire to return to God. Before leaving we took in a good supply of wood—six cords from the Indian store. On Friday noon at one o'clock, left Bella Bella with an addition of five to the party, making in all thirty Christians aboard. Reached Namoo at 5 p.m., where we had services for both whites and Indians. On Saturday we intended to reach and set out for the head of the inlet, but Providence intervened, and we were prevented by a very strong south-east wind, so we turned into Wannuck cannery, where we found the Indians had gathered from several villages to do preparatory work and be in readiness for the fishing season. Amongst them we found the Bella Cooles and many from Kimisquet; some, who were dressed in highly-colored blankets, with painted faces, looked hideous. There were many heathen at the place, but when we began to sing our happy hymns of love and salvation in the languages they understood, they flocked in crowds to hear, and followed us to the church, where they joined in the singing, then listened to the Word of God, and were faithfully and impressively taught the exceeding sinfulness of sin and the