

these old historic faiths of the East to meet the deepening wants of awakening hosts of men, the very tendencies of the world to-day are such as to leave all these creations of pagan centuries a mass of shapeless and hopeless ruins. Behold, the feet of them which have buried many of the old myths of the past in deep graves of oblivion are already at the door, and shall not fail to put away into the shadows of forgetfulness the old errors which remain. As the momentum of the Christian influences of the nineteenth century strikes the dull, drowsy lands of the Orient, a breaking up of age-long slumber is the result, and the very conditions which made heathenism a possibility and power are assuredly passing away.

Without hesitation, or fear, or one touch of pity, this great process of demolition and spoliation goes on, and gradually the older world begins to lift itself, and feels the thrill and quickening of some new and better day.

In striking contrast to all this stands one force which looms up full of vitality and victorious energy. The progress of centuries, and all the laws of change and decay, have not lessened its power or arrested its march among the nations of the earth. Christianity stands committed to the work of a world's evangelization, and after the most malignant and prolonged opposition, its eye is not dim nor its natural force abated. With calm and lofty gaze it looks down upon the perished systems of the past, and, with a tone and attitude confident of final and universal conquest, watches the elements of dissolution as they proceed in the gradual but absolute overthrow of the dark citadel of heathenism the wide world around.

However strongly the politicians may claim that the "flowing tide" is with their favorite party, one thing is clear, that the great forces which are set for the remaking of this world are turning towards the missionary movements as never before, and whatever oppositions may protest, they are only like so many eddies in the deep and broadening tide.

Can the Parsee, the Buddhist, the Confucianist, the Mohammedan, or any one of the poor remnants of an expiring heathenism say for a single moment that the "flowing tide" is with them? No! Absolutely no! Can any form of irreligion claim the friendship of the best powers abroad in their high mission to-day? No! Forever, no! The richest sympathies, the noblest manhood, the spirit and ambition of the worthiest civilization, the trend of all true progress, of all purified and instructed consciences, the deepest convictions; in fact, the great, grand aggregation of all upward and onward movements of the age are shaping into line with the purposes of the Gospel, which contemplate the moral enfranchisement of the race and spiritual enlightenment and redemption of a world.

This, then, is the inspiration and hope of all the toilers engaged in the advancement of the missionary enterprise—an enterprise which has, in itself, the elements of an indestructible vitality, a past marked by the most sublime achievements, and an outlook on the future as wide as the world's vast need and as lasting as all the eventful and enduring years.

Along the Line.

The Indian Work.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. THOMAS NEVILLE, dated KITZEGUCLA, Skeena River, B.C., Sept. 25th, 1894.

BEFORE the river closes I will send you a brief account of our trip up to the Forks of the Skeena. But, as preliminary to this, perhaps a few words about the summer's work at the mouth of the river will not be out of place. Leaving Victoria on the 11th of June, I arrived at Simpson on the 16th and was there met by Brother Crosby. I stayed at Simpson until the following Tuesday morning. I can assure you I was agreeably surprised to find such a manifest interest among the Indians regarding spiritual

things. To attend one of their meetings is to be taken back to the days of Whitefield, Ousley, Nelson and the Wesleys. There must have been nearly five hundred Indians at the morning service, yet I was informed that many had left for the different canneries on the Skeena.

Perhaps a programme of Sunday's work will give you a better idea of how Sunday is spent at Simpson: 6.30 a.m., prayer meeting, and from that until the time of the eleven o'clock service there seems to be class and prayer meetings in almost every room you go to. After the morning service there is a text-school, where many stay to learn the text in English and also in their native tongue. After the text-school, questions are asked, many of which would puzzle some of our best theologians to answer.

At 2 p.m. Again there is public service held in the church, and at the same time two Sunday Schools (one for Indians and one for whites) are kept going by Brothers Bolton and Richardson, ably assisted by the ladies from the Girls' Home, Hospital and Mission-House.

After the afternoon service the missionary and helpers usually go through the village and visit the sick, and speak a few comforting words by the way.

In the evening there is again public service, after which there is held a prayer and praise meeting. This meeting usually lasts from seven o'clock until nine, and later, if the interest is well sustained and souls are being blessed.

I would like to say a few words for our noble workers at Simpson, but hate anything that would seem like "puff," so will abstain this time.

On Tuesday morning I left Fort Simpson for the mouth of the Skeena, and was there met by our missionaries, Dr. Bolton and Brother Pierce. Here I found the same good work going on in and around the eight different canneries, where from two to three thousand people meet ever summer for the fishing season.

The missionaries go from cannery to cannery by boat, and tell of the Great Healer of all Spiritual diseases.

During the summer Dr. Bolton makes periodical visits from cannery to cannery, carrying in his hand a medicine chest that which will heal the body; while, at the same time, he carries in his heart that which will heal the soul.

On August 15th, after spending nearly two months at the mouth of the Skeena, we (Brothers Pierce, Cole, our new teacher for Hugwilget, and the writer) left Essington for our future homes in the interior. We had a good forty-foot canoe (which had a little too big a load of freight to ensure any comfort for passengers) and a strong crew of four Indians and a captain.

Our first day out was not very encouraging, as after going about five miles the tide turned, and we had to camp, as it was raining hard and a strong head-wind blowing. At 11 p.m., the tide having turned, we resumed our journey, and until 5.30 a.m. next morning. What a night! As dark as pitch, head wind, and the rain beating in our faces. I have spent nights on the bank of the Ottawa River, and have slept on the shores of Lake Temiscamingue when it has been from 30° to 46° below zero, but don't believe I ever put in such a miserable night. Our legs cramped and stiff with the cold and our clothing soaked with the rain, we went ashore at an old fishing camp and tried, but in vain, to find a spot where the rain did not come through the roof.

On the 16th we started at 1 p.m., and at 4 p.m. overtook about thirty canoes (about 200 people) which had left a day or two before ours. We camped with them at night, and after service and prayers with our crew, we retired for the night. From the time of retiring until next morning there was an incessant downpour of rain, and long before getting-up time our blankets were wet through.

17th.—Rained hard all day. Our run was ten miles. During the day one of the canoes, about fifty yards behind ours, met with what might have been a very serious accident. In ascending one of the rapids, for which the river is noted, the canoe got into an eddy and was hurled on to the rocks. The canoe was turned over with lightning rapidity, and had it not been for two canoes which were in the near vicinity all lives (seven in all) must have been lost. Had a prayer and praise meeting in the evening, which was well attended. It rained heavy during the night, and our clothes and blankets were again soaked with the rain.