

almost alone in the fight against prevailing ungodliness, and the wonder is not that they have accomplished so little, but that they have accomplished so much. Labouring, as many of them do, in isolated places, among a scattered people, numbers of whom hate alike the missionary and his message, and uncheered by that frequent intercourse with fellow-workers which is enjoyed in older fields, is it any wonder if the toilers are sometimes discouraged by that "hope deferred" that "maketh the heart sick?" All honour to the faithful men who, in despite of such difficulties, stand manfully at their post, and wait patiently for the harvest that will yet come if their faith fail not.

Vancouver Island is large—some 300 miles in length, by an average of 60 miles in width, comprising an area of some 20,000 square miles. The climate is all that the most exacting could desire, and what soil there is may be described as fairly productive; but it is to be found only in limited quantities, the general character of the Island being mountainous.

#### MISSIONS TO THE INDIANS.

The work among the Indians on the Pacific Coast furnishes one of the most interesting chapters in the whole history of Christian missions. The striking contrast between the habitations, dress, appearance, and, in fact, the whole surroundings of those who have received the Gospel, and their still heathen neighbours, affords a most suggestive commentary upon the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to civilize and elevate a people; while the zeal displayed by many in carrying the Gospel to their countrymen, their fidelity in the face of temptation, no less than their consistency of life and conversation, proves that the Gospel has come to them, "not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

Nanaimo was our first Indian Mission on the Pacific Coast. It was here that Thos. Crosby first began his work as a teacher. It was here that the first converts were won, and the first separation of the Christian from the heathen Indians took place. It was here that David Salassellon, of saintly memory, found the Saviour, and from here he went up and down the coast and across to the mainland, as a flame of fire, urged on by a consuming desire for the salvation of his brethren, till the feeble body gave way beneath the ceaseless strain, and the ransomed spirit went home to God. It was here that the Indians first learned to prize the sacredness of home life, and a street of neat cottages was built, in striking contrast with the huge buildings in which the heathen herded together.

At Victoria we have a neat Indian church, and as large numbers are coming and going, especially at certain seasons of the year, someone should be on the spot to look after them. Victoria should not, I think, be made the headquarters of an Indian mission. The dangers and temptations are too many, and the Indians should be dissuaded as much as possible from going there at all; but as large numbers of them do go, on the way to or from other places in quest of work, the little church should be a haven of refuge to shield them from the dangers of the town.

Port Simpson, with which the name of Thomas Crosby and his devoted

wife will ever be associated, at once arrests attention as the foremost Indian mission. Twelve years ago this spot was the site of a heathen village, with all the darkness, poverty, filth, cruelty, and vice characteristic of such a condition. Now there is a Christian village of 800 inhabitants. All the old heathen houses have disappeared, and have been replaced by street after street of neat cottages of various designs. A rise of ground in the rear of the village is crowned by a commodious church, capable of accommodating seven or eight hundred people. On one side is the school-house, large and well built; on the other the "Girls' Home," with about a dozen inmates, and room for more. Near by is the Mission House, neat, comfortable, and attractive, with a reception room for the Indians, where they find ready access and welcome at all times. Here, in a word, where but twelve years ago all were heathens, we have now a civilized and well-ordered community, and a Church numbering 238 full members, and as many more on trial. We can but look on and say, "What hath God wrought!"

No sooner had the power of the Gospel been felt at Port Simpson than the people longed to spread the good news. This soon necessitated the appointment of other missionaries. The Naas was put in charge of A. E. Green, who for the past six years has been doing good service in that region. In the fishing season the Indians come from other places, and for several months in spring and summer vast numbers hear the Word.

I venture here to express the opinion that one problem in regard to the Indian work on the Pacific Coast will be solved by the staunch little mission steamer the *Glad Tidings*. The great problem has been how to reach the scattered thousands along the coast, with so few missionaries in the field, and no means of navigating the waters except the native canoe—a method very slow and very dangerous. A remarkable series of providences led to the building of the steam yacht above referred to; and a series of providences, equally wonderful, led to the conversion of the man who built her and is now her engineer. This man was indeed lifted out of "an horrible pit, and the miry clay," and from the hour of his deliverance his heart has been aflame with love to God and human souls. He thinks (and I quite agree with him) that the *Glad Tidings* should spend a good part of every year in cruising up and down the inlets and among the innumerable islands of the coast, with one or two missionaries on board, who would preach the Gospel to the scattered bands wherever the little vessel could penetrate, and thus convey the good news to multitudes who have not yet heard it. I think also that this man, Oliver, should be recognized in some way as a part of our regular missionary force. His whole soul is in the work, and his flaming zeal and devotion would make him a power for good.

#### MISSION TO THE CHINESE.

At the present time there are from 8,000 to 10,000 Chinamen in British Columbia, of whom upwards of 3,000 are in the city of Victoria. They are all from the Province of Canton, and all speak the same dialect. The majority belong to the labouring class, but some are merchants, and a few are

mechanics. Very few have their families with them, and in some parts of "Chinatown" they swarm together in large numbers, overcrowding the tenements and neglecting sanitary regulations. As a rule, however, they are quiet, peaceable, and industrious. Few of them patronize the whiskey-saloons; but opium-smoking and gambling are common, especially the latter.

Prejudice against the Chinese is strong and general, but for the most part it is both unreasoning and unreasonable. It is said that they do not bring their families with them, and do not intend to stay in the country; but I am persuaded many of them would do so if they could have any assurance that their families would be protected. The treatment they have received gives them no encouragement to bring their families. It is complained that their mode of living makes it impossible for a white man to compete with them in the labour market, and yet not a few who make this complaint do not scruple to beat down the small wage which the Chinaman now receives, and thus make the competition still more unequal. Besides, there are very few white labourers in the country; and if the Chinese were banished to-morrow many industries would have to stop for want of hands to carry them on. The complaint that John underbids the Anglo-Saxon in the labour or other markets is true only in part. He does not willingly take smaller wages or sell at cheaper rates than others; but if he cannot obtain the price he wants, he wisely takes what he can get rather than waste his time in idleness; while his white competitor, if he cannot get all he demands, prefers to lounge about the saloons, grumbling at the country and cursing the unlucky Mongolian. And all this time John is quietly "pegging away," saving up his earnings (if he doesn't gamble them away), and waiting for the time when he may go back to his own country and enjoy in peace and quietness the fruits of his toil. He has come to stay, and the only wise policy is to transform him into a useful citizen if we can. Let the Chinaman learn English (which he is very eager to do), and let him accept the Christian religion (which as yet he is averse to do, and no wonder, considering the treatment he has received), and he will make a safer and better citizen than some whose support is now eagerly courted by the politicians.

It has been a standing reproach to the Churches that in all the years since Chinese emigrants first came to our shores nothing has been done to give them the Gospel. This reproach is now to be wiped away. The providence of God has opened a way to this hitherto neglected people, and the voice of the Master is heard, saying, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat."

A young man named Vrooman, the son of a Presbyterian missionary who has spent twenty-three years in China, was living in San Francisco. The preceding part of his life had been spent in the Flowery Kingdom, and he spoke Cantonese like a native. Early last spring Mr. Vrooman received a letter from a Chinese firm in Victoria, asking him to come up to interpret for them in a suit which was shortly to be tried. He responded to the invitation, and while in Victoria saw how spiritually destitute was the condition of the Chinese in that city. He strove to enlist the co-operation of the local

churches in behalf of a union mission, but without success. He then turned to the Methodists, from whom he received some encouragement. So on after a school was organized, and soon reached the Mission Rooms that large numbers were attending the religious services held by Mr. Vrooman, and that it was important they should be continued, but it was doubtful if he could remain much longer. Instructions were immediately sent to engage Mr. Vrooman for the time being, until some one else, able to speak the language, could be found. This was done, and Mr. Vrooman is still preaching the Gospel to the people, and over-seeing the school. The results of his labours thus far are indicated in part by the fact that during my stay in Victoria I had the privilege of administering baptism to eleven Chinamen, who had been brought to Christ since the mission began.

#### Only an Earthen Vessel.

The Master stood in His garden,  
Among the lilies fair,  
Which His own right hand had planted  
And trained with tenderest care

He looked at their snowy blossoms,  
And marked with observant eye  
That His flowers were sadly drooping,  
For their leaves were parched and dry

"My lilies need to be watered,"  
The heavenly Master said;  
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,  
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway,  
Empty and frail and small,  
An earthen vessel was lying,  
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it  
From the dust in which it lay,  
And smiled as He gently whispered—  
"This shall do My work to-day."

"It is but an earthen vessel,  
But it lay so close to Me;  
It is small, but it is empty,  
And that is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,  
And filled it to the brim;  
How glad was the earthen vessel  
To be of some use to Him.

He poured forth the living water  
Over His lilies fair,  
Until the vessel was empty,  
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies  
Until they revived again,  
And the Master saw with pleasure  
That His labour had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water  
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers,  
But He used the earthen vessel  
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,  
As He laid it aside once more:  
"Still will I lie in His pathway,  
Just where I did before."

"Close would I keep to the Master,  
Empty would I remain,  
And perhaps some day He may use me  
To water His flowers again."

THE use of tobacco is bad, but the smoking of cigarettes is worse. Physicians are speaking out with emphasis in condemnation of the practice. A prominent physician of Athens, Ga., says that "he has frequently of late been called in to see young boys suffering with diseased throats, and every case can be traced to cigarette smoking." Many of the youths, he says, are in a serious condition, as they have been poisoned with arsenic contained in the wrappers. This matter should have the proper attention of all parents.—*Pittsburg Advocate*.