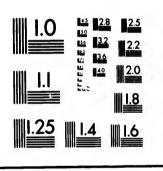


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WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

S usual the annual report of the Columbia Mission is full of interesting matter, specially suited, we may add by the way, to afford materials for Missionary readings. We cannot do more than notice two of the Missions, but to these we must give some space. Our readers will remember that in *Mission Life*, vol. iv., page 581, we protested against the strictures on Missions passed by a Presbyterian minister, who had made a rapid rush through Canada, and then compiled a book, *Ocean to Ocean*. We are not surprised that the

Rev. J. B. Good smarts under such unmerited and ignorant censure, and trust that the author has already repented having given pain to an excellent self-denying Missionary. But the best answer to these calumnies is work, good honest work for God, and such we find in the following account of a winter journey made by Mr. Good for the purpose of opening a Mission chapel at Stryan. He writes:—

"Leaving far behind all bitter controversy and vain jangling, permit me to invite your readers to accompany me in spirit during my late Mission tour through only a small section of this extensive district; and often having stood behind the screen of circumstances, which separates our work from the world's highway, let them see how it is that one may pass through our midst and fancy nothing is being done or going on, whilst on every side a mighty upheaval of dry bones, of old usages and opinions, of a resurrection to life and healthy action is taking place, of casting away the works of darkness and putting on the armour of light, and of fighting the good fight of faith in and through One who is still mighty to save. Such a glimpse or peep at Mission-life in the rough and thorny path of every day's experience will perhaps preach more effectively to the looker-on than any amount of assertion in proof as to whether our life and labour are real and earnest indeed.

"Rising up before the break of day on a cold November morning, accompanied by my native Christian catechist, Silas Nalee, we proceed on foot to our appointed rendezvous, a farm-house on the right bank of the Fraser, some three miles from Lytton. To reach this we have to cross the Thompson and Fraser Rivers. Here, after a frugal meal, I mount my Mission horse, so kindly lent me by the Bishop, and which I had sent forward the previous evening as he could only be taken across by swimming, and then by a rough path I set off on my way to Lillooet; my first object being to open a Mission chapel which had been built by the chief of the Indian village Stryan, six miles from Lytton.

"I had not proceeded far before I sighted the watchman of Stryan coming on at great speed, having been sent by his chief to meet me, and to announce the readiness of all in the village to receive me on

my arrival.

"A very frail bridge of native construction over a deep and roaring creek had to be crossed just before reaching the village, and no sooner did I arrive at the chapel than all of every age crowded round me to express their joy at my coming. All looked neat and clean, and headed by Justus Quohipkan, their chief, and a communicant of our Church, they all reverently entered and took their places in the neat structure they had toiled so hard to erect to the honour and glory of God, and which I was here to formally open and bless in Christ's

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ROAD ALONG THE FRASER (17 MILES ABOVE YALE).-From a Photograph. (See p. 22.)

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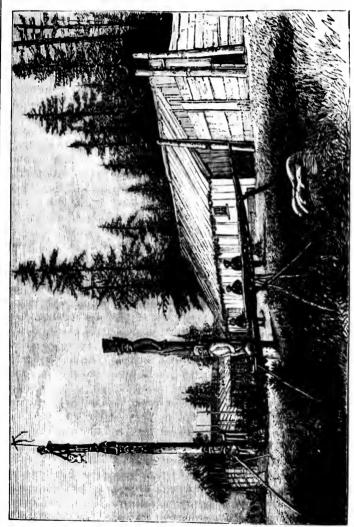
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name. Prayers, exposition, and declaration of acceptance followed; and then, on coming out, after inquiries about their sick (for whom I always carry medicines with me), and temporal concerns, amidst fervent expressions of thankfulness and pleasure I took leave, shaking hands with all.

"I enter on a twenty mile ride, over a wretched and difficult mountain trail, before I can hope to find shelter and food for myself and horse. An Indian accompanies me as guide, also mounted. catechist and the Stryan watchman follow behind on foot. After riding some ten miles we spy a horse and rider coming towards us with great speed, and on meeting we find he was riding to Lytton to consult me; his wife was lying dangerously ill, five miles further on across the river, and she was crying for me to come and help her. Joyfully we hastened on, and when opposite his tent, relinquishing our horses, I crossed the Fraser, and was soon offering the consolations of the ministry and the best medical aid in my power to bestow. The gratitude and pleasure of the poor sufferer were very great. Then, saying farewell, we recrossed, and setting forth in the dusk it soon grew quite dark, and I blindly followed on, passing now and then a native home with its barking chorus of curs, and thankfully accepting a crust of bread at the hands of a Chinese rancher, with which to satisfy a somewhat troublesome appetite. We at length, after several narrow escapes of falling and stumbling, reached my old friend Jacob Quolsopah's dwelling, where we were to stay for the night; here many were gathered together, praying and edifying one another in love. After caring for my tired and faithful steed, I entered and engaged in the exercises going on, whilst my attendant did his best to procure something he thought I could eat, he being well accustomed to civilised taste and requirements. After a while my catechist and watchman arrived, and after them many of our people, who came in from various distances, till at length the house was quite full. We had barely time or room to eat, so great was the pressure, and so anxious the inquiries concerning the meat that cometh from above.

"Far into the night we sang and prayed, and conversed together, and exhorted one another, till, quite worn out, retiring with only a rug for my covering, I laid down in an inner room on a thin blanket spread upon a few raised boards that served for a bedstead. The night was bitterly cold, the walls were open, and there was no fire. Others followed and sought a sleeping-place within the same enclosure; but the great majority continued earnestly engaged in religious exercises; and whilst vainly striving to snatch a little needful rest, I could not help listening to many of the speakers, whose addresses were full of the very pith and marrow of evangelical teaching. My catechist's exhortations are particularly distinguished for minute acquaintance



INDIAN CARVINGS, COMOX, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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of di C fo with the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles, and as treasured and enshrined in the Liturgy of the Church, the witness and keeper of Holy Writ, whilst he can lead the simple devotions of his native brethren in a way at once edifying and easy for all to follow. About four I rose and sought the common room, now full of sleepers, amongst whom it was difficult to find room to set one's foot, so many were reclining in every direction; and rousing my attendant, I helped him to rekindle the fire; and then, after thawing myself, for I felt well-nigh frozen, I enjoyed a short repose till the dawn of day, when all arose; and then followed earnest conversation, a simple meal, and a summons to the Mission chapel built by Jacob, whom all regard as a veritable patriarch amongst his people, and here I conducted service in their own beautiful tongue, exercised discipline, reconciled those estranged, exhorted one and all to cleave unto the Lord, and then gave them the blessing of peace.

"After prayers nearly all prepared to accompany me to Lillooet for the Sunday gathering-many, in order that they might do so, having to walk a distance of over sixteen miles of difficult trail carrying their children on their backs. It made one quite ashamed to ride. It was quite late before I reached Lillooet, having to make several calls on my way; and after a hasty tea I proceeded to the beautiful Mission church, whose bell, that had been so long silent, was now saying, as it were, to all who loved its joyful sound, 'Come and worship, for now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.' The church was full, well warmed, and a beautiful instrument was ready to my hands. enabling me to give so much more effect to our native psalmody. Then we commenced our preparations for the Sunday. I cannot give here the details of these accustomed exercises, but one main feature is personal interrogation of chiefs, watchmen, men, and women, that all may witness a good confession and put away any evil doings. The holy morrow was full of blessed toil. From 9.30 to 11 native service; 11 to 12.50 European; 2 to 5 native, with two adult baptisms; 6.30 to 8 European service, when all the white inhabitants attended, of all denominations, and most heartily joined in worshipping one common Lord. Discourses were both written and extempore, and seemed to produce a marked effect upon both civilised and uncivilised hearers. May the fruit be found, though after many days. The next day was given to dismissing our Indian congregations, whose varied wants it would be impossible for me to particularise, and of whose many acts of faith, devotion, and service I could willingly make joyful mention did space permit.

"Tuesday, November 25th.—I left Lillooet for Clinton and Cache Creek, at which latter place I had arranged to hold service on the following Sunday. I got thoroughly drenched with rain before I had

crossed the Fraser, and had a cold, wet, and lonely ride till late at night. A baptism and catechetical household service followed after refreshment. On Wednesday had a similar service in another Christian household, and by daybreak on the morrow all assembled for worship —the Litany, a sermon, and Holy Communion. On leaving this most united Christian dwelling, with thermometer falling rapidly to zero, I next found myself guest at a wayside farm inn, where I slept, having had a short service. On Friday I reached Clinton-called on all the settlers on the way, reaching Cache Creek on Saturday, and had the pleasure of seeing on Sunday a goodly number in readiness in the common bar-room, to whom I preached from the words, 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.' Some were present that day in whose ears the Word of God had not sounded since they left their native land years ago. How many sad histories, what bitter experiences, what unlovely and lonely lives! The offertory was eighteen dollars, which may serve to show they were not offended by what they heard. After dinner I rode to Ashcroft, the residence of Messrs. Cornwall brothers, where I was kindly received. Here I conversed with my Indian flock under Chief John Mahascut, who also has built for himself and people a Mission chapel. Joud were the calls to worship on the part of this good old chief and his active assistants, the captain and watchmen. The evening was far advanced before I had done with him and his; and afterwards I had prayers and preached to an European audience. On Tuesday I rode to Cook's Ferry, where a large body of our Indians reside under Chief Chinamitsa, a distance of twenty-four miles. A watchman went before and heralded my coming. It was bitterly cold. The evening was devoted to discipline, the next morning to a long and hearty service in the underground dwelling, this being the 3rd of December, the great Day of Intercession. I had then twenty-three miles to ride before reaching Lytton. calling at various points on my way, and it was dark before I arrived home.

On the Day of Intercession our underground dwelling, capable of holding 300 people, was the scene of a variety of incidents, touching discipline and morals, that would fill a volume to describe in detail. My labours did not end till nearly midnight. On the morrow some 250 were assembled for worship. The service, addresses, and various affairs—such as decorating a watchman with the red cross worn over the sleeve, admitting the catechumens—lasted over five hours. Such a service in such a place is most exhausting and trying to all one's senses: but a stranger passing through the village would have said there was not an Indian to be seen nor any visible work being done amongst them. On looking round upon that congregation of native worshippers, it was impossible not to be struck with the change that

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had come over them in every respect; and to hear them tell in their own forcible and eloquent way of what God had done for their souls, would have filled any earnest mind with gladness, and stopped the mouth of the loudest scoffer. Gambling, theft, drinking, and other vicious practices, once so common, are now rare amongst them, and practised only by those who are outcasts from the camp. Sunday is a day of happy rest and holy worship. For the last two years none of our Indians have been guilty of any known serious crime."

The Rev. D. Holmes, long a colleague of Mr. Good, has been removed from Yale to Cowichan; but he thus describes winter in

the mountains:-

"The long tedious winter in Yale makes it very difficult for a Missionary to get about from place to place; but many indians constantly winter there, so that when the cold is intense, and the snow

deep, our chapel is frequented by a goodly number.

"Saturday, January 18th.—I swept out St. John's Church, afterwards walked through snow three feet deep to the graveyard, and buried poor Oney. At 3 P.M. twenty-one Indians from Qui-yome came to see me, and to attend the services on the morrow. Poor creatures! they were wet and weary, having walked twenty-five miles through snow. At 4 P.M. Humsennà (Chief Spuz-zum) and two others came to pay their respects. Such is the routine of daily work when itinerancy is impracticable."

The following passage shows the anxiety of the Indians for Christian rites, and it seems a strange contrast to read of these people, barely reclaimed from savagery, availing themselves of the electric telegraph

to send for Christian pastors:-

"After Mr. Holmes's departure from Yale, that Mission was left without a resident clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Good giving monthly visits from Lytton. November 3rd the Bishop received a telegram from the daughter of an Indian chief, one of our Christian Indians at Yale: 'My father about dying; he wants minister to come up.' And on the following day another telegram: 'My father, Utsapahmot, died 12.30 this morning; will you send minister to bury him? Answer.' The desire unhappily could not be complied with. The good old chief had been a most consistent adherent of the Mission. It was his delight to have under his care the Indian Mission chapel at Yale, whose frequent services he never failed to attend. Mr. Good saw him a few days before his death, and found him in a most pleasing state of mind. At the last he gathered his people round him, spoke to them of the good that had been brought to him and his tribe by Mr. Holmes in particular, the Bishop, and Mr. Good; and exhorted them to be steadfast in their attention to the Christian instruction that was given, and attendance at the services of the Church. These farewell

counsels were full of touching interest, and made a deep impression. 'His remains were kept in the church, watched over by his people night and day for several days, in hopes that a minister would arrive for the funeral, and at length was borne to the grave followed by his tribe and many friends from neighbouring villages."

