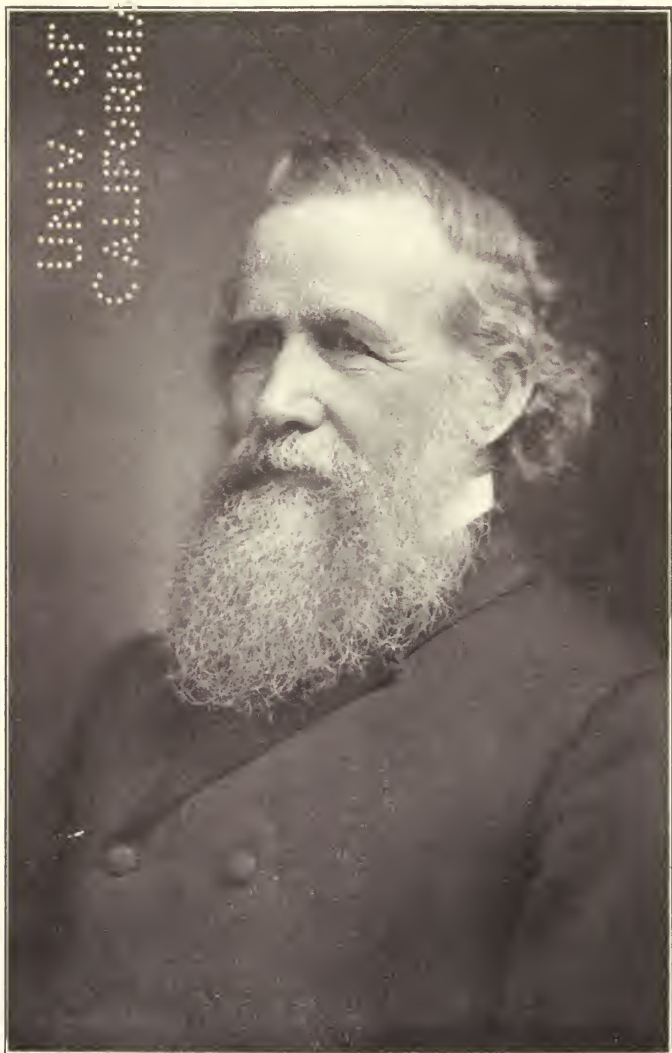




AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST
BY CANOE AND MISSION SHIP

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S FORWARD MOVEMENT
DEPARTMENT



REV. THOMAS CROSBY, D.D.

Born 1840. Died January 13th, 1914.

For fifty years Missionary to the Indians of British Columbia.

J. M. Evans

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST BY CANOE AND MISSION SHIP

BY

REV. THOMAS CROSBY, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE ANKOMENUMS"

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH
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F. C. STEPHENSON, Secretary.

Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto, Canada

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FREDERICK CLARKE STEPHENSON

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

TO

My Dear Wife

MY FAITHFUL PARTNER IN TOIL AND
SORROW AND SUCCESS

AND TO

THE FRIENDS OF INDIAN MISSIONS.
EVERYWHERE

“ They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.”

INTRODUCTION

THE story of missionary effort and enterprise among the people of this or any other land is one of the most thrilling and interesting that its history can reveal. What deeds of heroism! What struggles and loneliness! What sacrifice of personal comfort and ambition! What inspiring faith and sublime hope! What determination, in spite of fearful odds! Enough here to make a romance that would stir the heroic heart of a nation with pride in its noble sons and daughters, willing to brave the hardships of isolation, and the dangers among savage tribes, that to those in darkness they may bring the Light of Life and raise the less favored of the earth to the higher planes of Christian civilization! Every story of true missionary zeal and effort enriches the historic annals of a people; and yet the whole missionary story of this land of ours will never be told. Many a beam of revealing light has flashed upon the dark corners of earth; later generations knew it not, for its pathway was not recorded in their histories. To have known it would have been to understand better than we do the heroisms of the past and to be nerved for a nobler future.

There is but one native race in Canada, now rapidly passing away, the North American Indian; and the history of the early years of our Canadian life cannot be written without giving to the Red Man a large place therein. At times he was the trusty friend, at other times the treacherous foe, of the settlers in the East and along the Great Lakes. In the West he is gradually yet sullenly retreating

INTRODUCTION

before the progress of the White Man and his civilization, and the day seems not far distant when he must be absorbed by that advancing progressive life or be pushed into the Western Sea. The contact of the White Man with the Indian has been closest and most intense where it has been due to the desire of the White Man to Christianize his dusky brother. No more uplifting and transforming results of such contact can be found than are to be seen on the North Pacific Coast, from the borders of Washington to the heart of Alaska.

The author should not be expected to make any apology for giving this story to the public, since he has spent the past fifty years in mission work on this western coast of Canada. Beginning when paganism was rampant and when but little had been done for the heathen Indian, he has seen the work advance and darkness recede before the dawning light, until to-day churches and schools under Christian control are to be found in almost every Indian village and white settlement on the Coast. To-day this Province, that fifty years ago had scarcely a beginning in religious development, has a population quite as well provided for in religious and moral influence as any in the Dominion. This has not been accomplished without heroic effort on the part of many, and it is with the hope that the story here told may lead others to devoted service to the Master and may deepen the interest of the Church in the Indian race that this book is given to the public.

W. J. SIPPBELL.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

To My Friends,—

For many years I have been listening to the requests of lovers of missions that I would give in book form a record of missionary work among the Indian tribes of the Northern Pacific Coast of our country and of the wonderful transformation in character and conditions which the introduction of the blessed Gospel has brought about. Believing that such a record will have the effect of encouraging the missionary spirit and the missionary hope in the Church, I feel that I can but accede to these solicitations of my friends.

The following annals are from sparse notes and from memory, supplemented by various missionary records; and although I feel free to claim them to be correct, yet I am sure that if any defect be observed, my readers will readily overlook it. Not writing books but working for the spread of the Gospel among benighted peoples and striving to extend the influence of the Kingdom of Christ in the hearts of my fellow men have been my occupation and object.

THOMAS CROSBY.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION	vii
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS	xiii
I. THE COAST AND ITS INHABITANTS	1
II. DIEX, A PRINCESS OF ROYAL BLOOD	13
III. THE FORWARD MOVEMENT OF 1874	26
IV. FORT SIMPSON	35
V. SIMPSON DISTRICT	49
VI. MUNICIPAL AND INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION	63
VII. EDUCATIONAL AND SOCIAL WORK	81
VIII. BELIEFS, TRADITIONS AND LEGENDS	97
IX. A COUNCIL OF PEACE	113
X. CANOES AND CANOE TRIPS	126
XI. OTHER CANOE TRIPS	135
XII. ALASKA	151
XIII. AN APOSTLE OF ALASKA	163
XIV. BELLA BELLA	181
XV. THE NAAS MISSION	195
XVI. OUR WORK ON THE SKEENA	213
XVII. ON THE SKEENA AGAIN	231
XVIII. KITAMAAT	247

CONTENTS

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
XIX. THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS	261
XX. IN NEED OF A DOCTOR	275
XXI. MEDICAL WORK	291
XXII. THE INFLUENCE OF TOTEMISM	305
XXIII. SHAMANISM AND ITS EVILS	317
XXIV. "THE GLAD TIDINGS"	325
XXV. "THE GLAD TIDINGS" AT WORK	337
XXVI. ON BOARD "THE GLAD TIDINGS"	351
XXVII. INDIAN CHARACTERS AND TRIUMPHANT DEATHS	371
XXVIII. A SUMMARY OF RESULTS	389

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
REV. THOMAS CROSEY, D.D.	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
PIONEER MISSIONARIES	18
TYPICAL INDIAN VILLAGE OF THE PIONEER DAYS	18
"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA"	30
GIRLS AT THE KITAMAAT HOME	30
INDIAN FIRE BRIGADE, FORT SIMPSON	42
THE CHURCH AND SCHOOL AT FORT SIMPSON	42
THE SIMPSON DISTRICT MEETING	56
AN INDIAN WEDDING PARTY	56
THE CAROL SINGERS, FORT SIMPSON	72
THE MISSION HOUSE, FORT SIMPSON	90
CROSBY GIRLS' HOME, PORT SIMPSON, 1913	90
A COUNCIL OF PEACE	116
THE DROWNING OF MR. WILLIAMS	128
CARRYING THE GOSPEL TO THE INDIANS—CROSBY'S CANOE	144
PHILIP MCKAY	166
NEW BELLA BELLA—A CHRISTIAN VILLAGE	186
A HEATHEN VILLAGE—AN APPEAL FOR THE GOSPEL	186
HOW THE INDIANS ON THE NAAS WELCOMED THE MISSION- ARY	208

ILLUSTRATIONS

AN EVANGELISTIC TRIP UP THE SKEENA RIVER . . .	226
THE MILITANT MISSIONARY—DR. CROSBY AND THE MEDICINE MAN	254
THE SCHOOL CHILDREN AT SKIDEGATE, Q.C.I. . . .	270
MISSION BUILDINGS	298
PIONEER INDIAN MISSIONARIES	310
A MEDICINE MAN AND HIS PATIENT	322
"THE GLAD TIDINGS"	334
"THE THOMAS CROSBY"	334
STUDENTS OF COQUALEETZA INDIAN INSTITUTE, CHILLIWACK, B.C.	386

THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST AND ITS INHABITANTS.

Extent and Character of Coast Region—Lord Dufferin's
Description—Marquis of Lorne on Climate—Vancou-
ver and Queen Charlotte Islands—Position and
Resources — Aborigines — Their Houses —
Nations and Villages.

*“ O Lord, how manifold are Thy works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all.”*

Up and Down the North Pacific Coast

CHAPTER I.

THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST AND ITS INHABITANTS.

STRETCHING from Puget Sound in the State of Washington to the westward bend of the great Alaskan peninsula lie a thousand miles of sea coast, the only close competitor of which is the coast of Norway, thousands of miles away. Throughout its entire length the mountains of the Coast Range rise abruptly from the sea, with only here and there room for a village at their base.

A subsidence of the land during the glacial age has resulted in the flooding of the ancient mountain valleys, and has produced a maze of islands, channels and inlets, which fringe or indent the coast. A straight line drawn from the outermost islets to the headwaters of the fiords would sometimes exceed a hundred miles in length, and, following the channels themselves, the distance to be travelled after leaving the main Pacific is sometimes more than three hundred miles before the head of tidewater is reached. It is quite possible to travel, by ship, throughout the entire length of this region by "inside" channels without a vision of the open sea at more than two or three points, and in doing so one views a panorama of sea, mountain, waterfall, forest and glacier unequalled anywhere in the world.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

This entire region is supposed to have been covered with ice during the glacial period, and the mountains everywhere show traces of its action in their rounded forms and polished rock surfaces. For the same reason very little soil is to be seen except in valleys and on islands some distance from the main shore.

Of this coast, some six hundred miles in lineal extent lie within Canadian territory, while the remainder, to the north-west, belongs to the United States territory of Alaska. Owing to the deeply indented nature of the coast, the Canadian portion of it has a shore line of some seven thousand miles. It affords almost innumerable harbors and access by the deep inlets far into the interior of the country.

Every traveller who has threaded this labyrinth of waterways, teeming with varied marine life, and gazed upon the magnificent mountains, covered with the finest forests in the world, has expressed his judgment of this region in terms of unqualified admiration. Among others, we may be allowed to quote from Earl Dufferin, who visited the coast of British Columbia in September, 1876. "Such a spectacle as its coast line presents," says his Excellency, "is not to be paralleled by any country in the world. Day after day for a whole week, in a vessel of nearly two thousand tons, we threaded an interminable labyrinth of water lanes and reaches that wove endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories and peninsulas for thousands of miles, unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn an ever-shifting combination of rock, verdure and forest, glacier and snow-capped mountain, of unrivalled grandeur and beauty. When it is remembered that this wonderful system of navigation, equally well adapted to the largest line-of-battle ship and the frailest canoe, fringes the entire sea-

ITS INHABITANTS

board of your Province, and communicates at points sometimes more than a hundred miles from the coast, with a multitude of valleys stretching eastward into the interior, while at the same time it is furnished with innumerable harbors on either hand, one is lost in admiration at the facilities for intercommunication which are thus provided for the future inhabitants of these wonderful regions."

The Duke of Argyll, when Governor-General of Canada, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, travelled along its Pacific coast, and describes the climate as follows:

"No words can be too strong to express the charm of this delightful land where the climate, softer and more constant than that of South England, insures at all times of the year a full enjoyment of the wonderful loveliness of nature around you. Agreeable as I think the steady, dry cold of an eastern winter to be, yet there are many who would undoubtedly prefer the temperature enjoyed by those who live west of the mountains. Even where it is coldest spring comes in February, and the country is so divided into districts of greater dryness, or of greater moisture, that a man may always choose to have a rainfall small or great as he pleases."

British Columbia west of the Coast Range, including Vancouver Island and the Queen Charlotte Islands, enjoys an oceanic climate wonderfully like that of Great Britain, except that the summers are very much dryer. A warm ocean current, known as the Japan current, strikes the western coast of North America just as the Gulf Stream strikes the coasts of Great Britain and Scandinavia.

Vancouver Island is an important country by itself, measuring 285 miles in length from Gonzales Point to Cape Scott. Its greatest width is about eighty miles and its area 16,400 square miles, or about ten million acres.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

The western coast is indented with inlets in somewhat the same manner as the coast of the mainland, and is more mountainous than its eastern side. When communication by rail across Seymour Narrows is established, there is no doubt that a remarkable development will occur in this part of the Province. The Queen Charlotte Islands are also mountainous on the western shore, with a considerable tract of level land in the eastern part; and they likewise only await the advent of the railway to become the scene of the development of tremendous natural resources.

In addition to what has been said of the resources of the British Columbia coast, we must add that it is also one of the most richly endowed regions of the world in mineral wealth, including coal, iron, copper, silver and gold.

British Columbia was at one time wonderful in its production of fur-bearing and food animals; and no story of the development and history of the country with respect to the coming of the White Man and his contact with the native population would be complete without some reference to the hunting grounds, the product of which was one of the reasons for the contact of the Pale Face with the dusky Red Man. The days of these hunting grounds, teeming with game, have almost gone, and yet among mountains and along rivers there are still many animals, constituting a paradise for the enterprising sportsman.

From the seaboard to the centre of the Province, throughout its entire length, there exist numerous and extensive valleys presenting most valuable arable and grazing lands and destined some day to become highways of commerce when railways have made them better known.

When we consider that British Columbia occupies a position in relation to the Pacific, with its trade routes

ITS INHABITANTS

and possibilities of future commercial development, exactly equivalent to that occupied by Great Britain on the Atlantic, it is surely no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that, with its magnificent resources in fish, timber, fruit and minerals, and with a rapidly developing interior which must find an outlet for its products through British Columbia ports, this coast may support a dozen or more large cities between Puget Sound and the Alaskan boundary. As a centre of trade and civilization it seems likely to take rank among the greatest commercial sections of the world. The inflowing tide of immigration has not yet affected the coast as much as it has the Prairie Provinces, but the great inducement of its remarkable climate must make it, when once rendered thoroughly accessible by rail, one of the most thickly populated parts of the Dominion. As it stands at present, 1913, it offers homes to thousands far better than those they now occupy on the Atlantic seaboard.

The region thus richly endowed, and of such glorious promise for the future, has supported in the past an Indian population as interesting, and in many respects as admirable, as the land in which they dwelt. More numerous and more concentrated than any other of the native American races, owing to the comparative ease with which a living could be gained on this coast, they have developed mechanical and artistic skill to a degree unequalled elsewhere. The varied nature of their occupations, divided as they were between sea and land, has contributed to the production of a type of social life somewhat less stoical than that of other Amerinds. In physique, the Coast Indians are short as compared with those of the plains and of the eastern forest region, with relatively longer bodies and short, sturdy limbs. This fact has been attributed to their life in canoes, but is probably more

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

inherently racial. Their faces resemble those of the Japanese so closely that a newcomer to the Province has at first some difficulty in distinguishing between them. In general, however, they are larger, heavier in build, and lack the physical grace which is characteristic of their Oriental cousins. The more northern tribes were superior in war, customs and language to those further south.

The Indian villages were generally situated on islands, or at the heads of inlets, where the deltas of inflowing streams afforded a level space, backed by hills and well supplied with water and fish. The houses were arranged in rows along the beach, with little or no space between them, and were often placed on piles so that the tide, when full, flowed underneath, and canoes could be unloaded at the doors.

In the north, they consisted of a framework of massive timbers formed by setting up posts at each end with hollowed or mortised tops, upon which were laid large trunks extending the whole length of the house. One such timber under the eaves and one on a higher level on each side of the centre line of the house supported the roof, which was covered with slabs and cedar bark held in place by stones and left open in the middle of the ridge where a sort of double trapdoor, pivoted in the centre and arranged to open on either side as the wind required, allowed the smoke to escape.

The sides of the house were covered with cedar slabs, hewn to a thickness of about two inches and often as much as five or six feet in width, which were arranged horizontally, and mortised into posts set upright at intervals of from ten to twenty feet. The totem or crest poles of the families residing therein—who were usually four or five in number—often formed part of the front of the house.

ITS INHABITANTS

Through the base of one of these totem poles a round hole was sometimes cut, which served as a door to the house.

In times of war a more secure dwelling was constructed by making an excavation five or six feet deep. The sides were further raised by mounding up the earth taken from the excavation. The whole was then roofed over.

The house within consisted of a single large room. The interior dimensions were generally about fifty or sixty feet square. In the early days the Indians slept on the floor with their feet towards the fire, which was always in the centre of the house; but in more recent times they arranged sleeping platforms along the sides of the room. These were divided into separate compartments or berths, and the bedding consisted of matting woven from grass, of rushes or of the inner bark of the cedar tree, of skins, and sometimes of the wool of the mountain-goat or of dog's hair. The floor itself was of mud, with loose cedar slabs laid down here and there.

Within the house, besides cooking and preparing or curing food, work, such as weaving mats and baskets, bead-work and carving in slate or ivory, was carried on. In addition, the large floor space offered considerable opportunity for gatherings of various sorts, such as councils, dances, theatricals and sleight-of-hand performances. These were engaged in especially in winter.

The houses of the northern tribes were much stronger, more elaborate and more weather-proof than those of the nations to the south.

The various Indian nations on the coast, with the territory occupied by each, may be briefly summarized, beginning with the most southerly.

The Ankomenums, a branch of the Flathead race, occupied the Fraser River valley as far inland as Yale, the Puget Sound shores as far as Olympia, and perhaps

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

southward to the Columbia River, also the south-west coast of Vancouver Island and the shores of the Straits of Georgia. They originally numbered thousands, where only hundreds now remain.*

To the north of the Ankomenums were the Clayoquots (Klaquets or Kwa-Kualth), who inhabited the islands and shores from Cape Mudge, at the northern end of the Gulf of Georgia, to the north-west extremity of Vancouver Island, including Jarvis, Butte, Knight's, Kingcombe and Seymour Inlets and Johnstone Straits. They were about two thousand in number, occupied villages at Cape Mudge, Mamalelachie, Alert Bay, Green Point, Knight's Inlet, Kingcombe Inlet and Koskemo, and extended as far as Smith Sound on the main shore. The Bella Bellas, about a hundred miles north at McLachlin Bay, belong to the same race and speak practically the same language. Their villages were Hyhise, China Hat (in part), Kitlope and Kitamaat, thence up the inlet to Bella Coola proper, and they are found at the North and South Bentick Arm (Kimsquit) and at Taliome.

The Tsimpsheans (or Tsimsians) commence at China Hat, where they are mixed with the Bella Bellas, who occupy the coast to the south of that point. They are also found at Hartley Bay (or Kithata), Kitkhatla, Metlakatlah, Port Simpson and for some distance inland along the Naas and Skeena Rivers. There is also at New Metlakatlah, Alaska, a settlement of eight hundred Tsimpsheans.

The Tlinkets occupy the coast of South-eastern Alaska from the Naas River to a point somewhat west of Mount

* The work accomplished among the Ankomenums by the Methodist Church in the early days of the Crown Colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver Island and up to the time of the admission of the Province into the Dominion of Canada has been described in a previous book, "Among the Ankomenums," by Dr. Crosby.

ITS INHABITANTS

St. Elias, where they border upon the Eskimos. They included the Tongass, Stikene, Hanega, Keke, Huna, Chilkat, Tagish, Yakutat, Yaktag, Ugul, and other tribes.

The languages of these different nations blend somewhat into one another, as in later years the people have intermarried. It is probable that they all represent one original stock, which became broken up by civil wars into distinct tribes who developed different forms of speech among themselves.

DIEX, A PRINCESS OF ROYAL BLOOD.

Fort Simpson—William Duncan—The Illegal Liquor Traffic—
A Prayer-meeting and Its Results—The Bar-room—
Elizabeth Diex—Alfred Dudoward—C. M.
Tate—Father Pollard—A Call from
the North.

*“ Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o’er the erring ones,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.”*

CHAPTER II.

DIEX, A PRINCESS OF ROYAL BLOOD.

PORT SIMPSON is about five hundred and seventy-eight miles from Victoria, on the north-west point of the Tsimpshean peninsula, just to the south of the entrance to Portland Canal, which has been recognized as the boundary between British Columbia and Alaska. "Lach-wal-lamish," the Indian name for Port Simpson, or more properly for the small island on which part of the village is built, means "the place of roses."

It was formerly an old camping-ground of the Tsimpshean people while on their way from the Skeena and Old Metlakatlah, where they resided originally, to the Naas River for oolachan fishing. The Hudson's Bay Company established their fort here about 1835, and soon great crowds of Indians gathered around the post and built a large village of between two and three thousand people. It became not only an important trading-post but also a distributing point to other places inland and on the coast.

Port Simpson is a desirable site for a large town or city. It has a good, well-protected harbor and a climate mild in the winter and cool in the summer. In nearly twenty-five years of residence we saw very little ice in the harbor. There is plenty of rain for all purposes.

It was to this place that William Duncan, lay missionary of the Church Missionary Society, came in 1858 from England. He was induced to come by Admiral Prevost, then captain of Her Majesty's warship, who had visited Port Simpson and seen the natives in their savage wildness.

After five years' stay at Fort Simpson, William Duncan, with most of his converts, fifty in number, moved south some seventeen miles to the old village site of Metlakatlah, and there built up a Christian community. Such centralization at one place involved calling the Indians away from their own hunting and fishing grounds—the home of their fathers.

The heathen people thus left at Simpson needed help. They had formed the habit, with the Hydas of Queen Charlotte Islands, of going to Victoria for cargoes of whisky, which they took north in their large canoes. While in the south they occupied encampments in the neighborhood of the city, and were in fact being decimated by the vices and diseases of civilization. From Governor Simpson's time (1828), the Hudson's Bay Company had refused to sell liquor to the Indians, but with the coming of the miners in 1858 conditions had changed for the worse.

The Tsimpsbean and Hyda tribes, the latter under "Captain John," a celebrated Chief, were frequently camped in considerable numbers on the shores of Victoria Harbor, and there came under the observation of Christian workers. Under the influence of the vile liquors with which they were supplied by unscrupulous traders, feuds and murders were rife among them. An eyewitness of these events in the early days describes them as follows:*

"An Indian's love of strong drink is so keen that he will sell his wife or his children into worse than slavery to obtain money to buy it. No sacrifice is too great, no price too high to gratify his appetite for the inebriating bowl. Several so-called 'importing' wholesale liquor establishments were the headquarters, the manufactories, where most of the vile liquid was made and sold by a bottle or

* Higgins, "The Passing of a Race."

a thousand gallons at a time. Several large fortunes were made from this awful traffic. The guilty parties were immune from the visits of constables, and Justice was not only blind, she was also so deaf that she could not hear the plaintive cries of the wretched victims of man's greed and rapacity as they rent the night air and seemed to call down heaven's vengeance upon their poisoners. There are men and women now living who can recall the awful scenes of debauchery, outrage and death that were enacted on the Victoria reserve and all along the island and mainland coasts because firewater was ladled out to the savages in unlimited quantities. Is it any wonder that the grave-digger found frequent employment at all the Indian reserves, and that sometimes now when a post hole or cellar is dug the bones of the wretched people who perished before the withering blast of the illegal liquor traffic are turned up?" Such were the conditions that existed for very many years among these wretched tribes.

The traffic in women for immoral purposes was another evil that followed the opening of the mines. The awful condition of the Indian women in the streets and lanes of Victoria finally led to an effort on the part of some Christians for their rescue.

Very many of the great events in the history of the Church have been born of prayer, and so in this case it was after much thought and prayer, at a meeting in the house of the late William McKay, formerly of Prince Edward Island, that the work for the Indians had its birth.

After listening for years to the advice of the faint-hearted who said, "Nothing can be done; they are too low, too vile and deceitful," a number of such devout souls as "Father" McKay, the late Sheriff J. E. McMillan, Mrs. A. E. Russ (whose husband was pastor of the

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Methodist church at that time), and others, fired with love for the perishing, went forth from that prayer-meeting to rescue and save some of these lost sheep.

Their first attempt was made on the Songese reserve, just across the bay from the city. Here in 1870 they started an Indian Sunday School. A few of the scholars knew a little broken English, but most of the work had to be done by means of the Chinook jargon. Very soon they were twenty-five in attendance.

It was here that Amos Shee-at-ston; Sarah, his wife; and a number of their friends were converted. They left their old heathen houses and built nice little homes. A great change came over the tribe, and a class and fellowship meeting was started.

Every time the workers went to the meetings they had to pay twenty-five cents each to cross the ferry. The difficulty in getting to the work, and the fact that they were not reaching some of the worst cases from the north, who were strolling about the streets of the city, led to the renting of an old bar-room on the corner of Government and Fisguard Streets. Here the Sunday School was reopened and carried on with great success.

Little did these earnest souls think that they were kindling a fire that would spread to the great north with wonderful and far-reaching results.

The Rev. William Pollard, who was Superintendent of the Methodist Missions in the Province, writes regarding this work, in December, 1871: "We have had a gracious revival among the Indians. . . . William McKay, Mrs. Russ and some others commenced a Sabbath School about a year ago, and Brother Crosby and David Sallosalton commenced preaching and holding prayer-meetings every night. On October 30th a meeting was held which resulted in nineteen experiencing religion." The work



Rev. Ebenezer Robson, D.D. Miss Susan Lawrence.

Capt. Wm. Oliver.



PIONEER MISSIONARIES.

A TYPICAL INDIAN VILLAGE OF THE PIONEER DAYS.
Totem poles and native houses.

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was carried on in the old bar-room regularly. In June, 1873, Mr. Pollard writes: "Mr. Crosby, who was in charge of the Indian Mission at Nanaimo, visited Victoria during March District Meeting. Revival services resulted in the conversion of forty or fifty Indians, some from Fort Simpson, Alaska, the Queen Charlotte Islands, the Naas, Bella Bella and other places along the northern coast."

One of the most remarkable incidents of the revival and its results was the conversion and missionary work of Diex, a Chieftainess of the Tsimpshean tribe. This remarkable woman was the daughter of a great head chief, and thus a princess of the royal blood. In her girlhood she had lived at her uncle's house in Fort Simpson, and had been trained to observe the customs and manners fitting her position. Like others of her rank she was not allowed to go out unless attended by her slaves. Diex, who was a handsome young woman, while out one day with her attendants, espied several canoes approaching her uncle's house. In wonder she gazed upon them, and as they drew near she saw that they were filled with blankets. Surprised, she exclaimed:

"Slaves, what does all this mean? Why come these canoes here laden with these things?"

"Don't you know?" was the reply.

"No," said she.

"Why," said they, "old Chief So-and-So's wife is dead, and they are going to marry you to him. This is your wedding day, and these are the presents they bring."

The young woman was filled with disgust, and her hot Indian blood rose in indignation when she knew that they would dare to marry her to this decrepit old man. Making all possible haste, she fled at once to the fort, where she remained for some time protected from the Indians. There she contracted an alliance with a Frenchman named

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Dudoward. Later she went to Victoria, where she lived for some years, and was married to a man by the name of Lawson, whom she survived.

One Sabbath morning in October, 1872, Diex happened to pass by the old saloon, now hired by the friends for Sunday School purposes, and heard the singing. She asked a little girl, standing at the door, what they were doing there, and whether she could go in. The child said, "Yes, come in!" The next Sabbath she came at the same hour to visit the school. On invitation she took a seat in one of the classes. She had been taught some English, and could read a little in the First Book of Lessons. At this meeting one of the teachers led in prayer, and a native also prayed in his own tongue with great earnestness and power. Diex looked around, so she said, to see what kind of book they were praying from. To her great surprise she discovered that they were not using a book, but in their own simple way were telling the Heavenly Father their great needs. On the afternoon of the same day she attended school again and brought some friends from the north with her. On this occasion she heard Amos Shee-at-ston pray in Chinook, every word of which she understood, and was deeply impressed.

The following Wednesday evening the teachers arranged for a prayer-meeting in her house. They found everything in readiness and several of her northern friends present. That meeting proved to be the beginning of a revival which lasted for nine weeks and resulted in the conversion of upwards of forty Indians. Among the first converts was Diex herself. She was soon afterwards baptized and given the name of Elizabeth. She was a woman of commanding appearance and of great force of character, and exerted a powerful influence over her people. No sooner was she converted than she realized the power of

Divine Grace in her soul and entered into the work of bringing others to Christ. She was the means of leading into the light quite a number of her own people who were wandering in sin on the streets of Victoria.

Far to the north lay Fort Simpson, her former heathen home, where lived her only son, Alfred Dudoward (Lap-la-dalth). He was said to be a desperate and lawless character, living in riot and debauch. To him her mother heart now turned, and she longed to bring him the peace and joy which she herself had found. Whole nights she wrestled in prayer that her son might be induced to visit Victoria and be led to Christ. Others joined her in these petitions.

Some weeks after this a large canoe, containing Alfred Dudoward, his wife and child, and some ten or a dozen other natives, arrived at Victoria. To believers in prayer this will appear as neither a remarkable coincidence nor a chance circumstance but a direct answer to the effectual, fervent prayer of this believing mother. Scarcely had he and his wife taken their seats under her roof when she introduced the subject of religion, and told them of the "Pearl of Great Price" she herself had found. Her son listened respectfully to what his mother had to say, but intimated that he had no desire to share her religious enjoyment, as that was not what he had come for. He told her afterward that he and his people had come from the far north for a load of whisky. The evening after his arrival his mother attended class meeting alone, and the greater part of the night was spent by her in conversation with her family on the subject of religion and in prayer to God for their salvation. Next evening Dudoward consented to go with his wife and mother to the meeting, where he sat a silent spectator. He retired with a stubborn will but a convicted conscience. His wife was con-

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

verted. It was after much persuasion that he was again induced to attend the services. He did so, however, and before the meeting closed was on his knees crying for mercy, and found peace through believing in Jesus. The conversion of this couple was the first fruits of a rich harvest of precious souls.

In July of that year, 1873, a camp meeting was held at Chilliwack under the direction of the Rev. Cornelius Bryant, then pastor of that mission. Dudoward, his wife, and a number of other northern people attended and were wonderfully blessed. In August of the same summer a most wonderful series of services was held in the old bar-room.

In September many of the northern people wished to return home and tell their friends what God had done for them. This they did, some travelling by the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Otter*, and others by canoes. Before leaving, they urged me to come and visit them at Fort Simpson. On arriving at their homes, they began to sing and pray and repeat the Gospel stories as well as they could; and thus in story and in song, from hearts full of new-found love, they told what a Saviour they had found. This resulted in the sending of a strong invitation from Fort Simpson during the following winter to the chairman, Rev. Wm. Pollard, desiring him to visit them. This he did in February, 1874, and found hundreds of people hungering for the truth and eagerly waiting for a missionary. Responding to their urgent appeals, Mr. Pollard directed Mr. Chas. M. Tate, then missionary teacher at the Nanaimo school, and in later years so well known as one of the most successful Indian missionaries, to proceed to Fort Simpson to teach school and hold services until the newly appointed missionary should arrive.

Though some of Mr. Duncan's friends thought the coming of the Methodist Church into this field might interfere with his work, nevertheless time has shown that there was room for both Churches and that there was no necessity for overlapping, as their fields of labor were from fifteen to twenty miles apart. Throughout the years there has been no encroachment by the Methodist Church upon the territory occupied by the Church Missionary Society.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT OF 1874.

A Visit to the East—E. R. Young—A Missionary Campaign—
Appointed to Fort Simpson—Marriage—Journey
to the New Field.

*“ Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to
every creature.”*

CHAPTER III.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT OF 1874.

THE Chilliwack Camp Meeting of 1873, which was attended with such blessed results, marked the close of a period in my missionary labors. My first furlough was granted after twelve years of toil. I was afforded the opportunity of revisiting my home and friends and invited to take part in a missionary campaign covering the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

What a home-coming it was, and how it thrills the heart with memories as I recall it now after forty years! Twelve years before I had left, a mere boy, to go to lands known only in name, and which seemed at that time "the regions beyond." Now I was going back to the old home to relate the story of the years. What stories there were to tell! Some of them sad and painful, recounting the ravages made by sin upon the souls and bodies of men; and yet some, too, of inspiring hope and strong faith on the part of those who had come to know the power of a Saviour's love!

Not the least interesting thing about the homeward journey was the improvement in the means of transportation. Twelve years before it had taken six weeks of constant travel to reach British Columbia from Ontario. Then the journey was made by New York, Aspinwall, and, after crossing the Isthmus of Panama, by steamer to San Francisco and Victoria. Now the return journey was made more direct and nearly all the way by rail. Then

the trip to British Columbia was considered quite as great and arduous as to-day we consider a journey to China, while the accommodations were by no means as convenient. Now there stretched across the great continent the first band of steel. Taking the Union Pacific train at San Francisco and passing Salt Lake City, Ogden, Omaha and Chicago, I found myself, after nine days, at home in Ontario once more.

After a short rest among my friends—father, mother, brothers and sisters in old Oxford County—I was called by the Rev. Enoch Wood, Missionary Secretary, to attend a meeting of the General Board of Missions in session at Peterborough. There I met the Rev. E. R. Young, who had spent six or seven years at Norway House among the Cree Indians, a nation that lived under different climatic conditions and differed entirely in language, physique and customs from the Ankomenums of the Pacific Coast, among whom I had spent twelve years.

At the request of the Board, Mr. Young and I together visited most of the leading cities between Quebec and Windsor, Ontario, in the interest of the mission work. The results were most encouraging. The whole Canadian Church became aroused. The meetings were carried on in the old campaign style. We generally conducted the regular services on Sunday and held week evening rallies at each centre. The association of Mr. Young and myself was pleasing both to us and to the people, as the difference in our fields of labor afforded a variety of interest. Mr. Young's work had been among the prairie and forest tribes of the cold interior, dog-runners and fur trappers; mine, among the seafaring and mountain nations of the coast.

During the campaign, services were held in most of the Methodist churches of Montreal, closing with a great mis-

sionary breakfast in the basement of old St. James' Church. On this occasion the place was crowded by the leading Methodists of the city. The late Senator Ferrier occupied the chair; addresses were delivered by Dr. Alexander Sutherland and the two Indian missionaries. It was a most inspiring occasion and added materially to the income of the Missionary Society.

Later, we attended a great gathering of Kingston Methodists at a missionary tea—the forerunner of the modern missionary banquet—held in the basement of Sydenham Street Church, and were afterwards hospitably entertained in the home of our good friend, Mr. Arthur Chown.

A memorable Sabbath was spent in the city of Hamilton. The Centenary and other churches were filled to overflowing and a gracious influence was felt at every service. No more enthusiastic friends of missionary work could be found than the late Senator and Mrs. W. E. Sanford of that city. Their home was always open to us, and from the beginning they gave enthusiastic and sympathetic support to the proposed new mission to the Indians of the North Pacific Coast.

During one of my visits to Hamilton it was my good fortune to meet the young lady—Miss Emma J. Douse—who afterwards promised to share the missionary's life and labors, and who through the years that followed bore as important a part in the work in the far north as the missionary himself. Miss Douse was a teacher in the Wesleyan Ladies' College and a daughter of the Rev. John Douse, who himself had spent some years in mission work. The fire of missions burned in her heart, and when we learned that instead of returning to my loved field among the Ankomenums we were appointed to the remote work

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

at Fort Simpson, on the borders of Alaska, six hundred miles away from civilization, she offered no objection, but, like a true, devoted follower of Christ, said she was ready to go. From this time Fort Simpson was ever before our minds, and all our plans had in view this new field of effort.

Our friends in Ontario now began to send in special donations towards the opening up of the new mission. These were in addition to the regular subscriptions to the funds of the Society, which had already been increased some twenty thousand dollars by our winter's work. A special instance of this occurred at an enthusiastic meeting held in the Centenary Church, Hamilton, which was crowded to the doors. We had already spoken in several of the city churches and they had given liberally towards the General Fund. As the meeting was nearing its close, while a collection was being taken, our kind friend, Mr. Sanford, stepped upon the platform. After asking the chairman's permission to introduce an important matter, he intimated that he had a secret he would tell them if they would raise a thousand dollars towards establishing the new mission at Fort Simpson.

In a few minutes the required sum was promised. Mr. Sanford then pointed to the corner of the church where sat the staff and students of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, and said, "The secret is that a young lady in that corner is going out with the missionary." The enthusiasm burst out afresh, and "Fifty dollars from the Ladies' College" was promised if the missionary would go and address the students next day.

During the winter's campaign what might be called a general "Forward Movement for Missions" took place. We not only had good success with regard to finances, but the services were often of great spiritual power and bless-



"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA,"
A grandmother of the old days.



GIRLS AT THE KITAMAAT HOME.
The result of Christian training.

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ing. Souls were converted, and many decided to devote their lives to God's service at home or in the mission fields. These volunteers were not confined to the Methodist Church. The Rev. A. B. Winchester, now resident in Toronto, heard the addresses in Woodstock and afterwards went to China as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church. The Rev. H. J. Robertson, who was moved by hearing the same addresses in Woodstock, devoted his life to missions and is now in charge of the Presbyterian work among foreigners in Winnipeg. Miss Lund, who was teaching in Belleville, gave her life to Methodist mission work in Japan. Among others who state that their first missionary or ministerial impulse was received from the movement of that winter are the Rev. J. H. White, D.D., now Superintendent of Methodist Home Missions for British Columbia, and the Rev. W. H. Barraclough, who spent some time as missionary to the Indians of the Fraser River and afterwards was one of the earlier missionaries to the Klondike gold fields.

As spring came on the missionary campaign drew to a close and general preparations were made for our return. Our marriage took place in April at the home of Mr. Henry Hough, Cobourg. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Enoch Wood, D.D., assisted by the Rev. John Douse, the bride's father, and her brother-in-law, the Rev. George Browne. Mr. Douse was the last survivor of the band of English missionaries who came out to join the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada. He served as Treasurer of the Superannuation Fund for over twenty-five years.

After some time spent in completing our arrangements, we took leave, first of Mrs. Crosby's father and mother at Lefroy, Ontario, then of the college friends in Hamilton,

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

and last of my own in Ingersoll. We then continued our journey westward, via the Union Pacific Railway, to San Francisco. The trip and the scenery were delightful. At San Francisco we made a short stay, then went on by ship to Victoria and from thence to Chilliwack, where we spent a week at camp-meeting with the friends of my old field.

Our friends in Victoria, Westminster, Chilliwack and Nanaimo were all intensely interested in the opening up of the new mission and greatly inspirited us with their words of cheer. The chairman, the Rev. Wm. Pollard, having been up the coast and having had a warm reception from the natives, still further encouraged us.

We took passage on the little Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Otter*, the only one running up the north coast. There was not much business in this region at that time, only a little at the Hudson's Bay posts and the Cassiar mines. The Company had a large store in the fort at Simpson, and on that account we were told not to take any large stock of provisions.

The trip was a very interesting one. We had on board a number of miners, bound for Cassiar, many of them very agreeable, jolly fellows. The *Otter* was a little ship with no cabins or staterooms, and the miners had to sleep on the deck. One of the officers gave up his room to the missionary and his wife. If we did not hurry to bed in good time we would have to step over a number of miners rolled up in their blankets on the deck. In that whole trip of nearly six hundred miles we had only five places to call, most of which were Hudson's Bay posts. To us, as to anybody who had never travelled that coast before, it was most interesting to pass for days among those thousands of islands. Often a group of mountain goats, gambolling away up near the snow line, or a deer, swimming from one island to another, would cause great excitement on board.

One day we called at Bella Bella, and after the captain had landed some freight we took in tow a good-sized canoe. While crossing Millbank Sound it was rather rough, and I accosted the captain, saying, "What are you doing with that canoe hanging on at the stern?" He remarked, "You take care of your good wife, and you will find out soon enough what the canoe is for." When we got up into Chatham Sound, eight or ten miles off Fort Simpson, he had the steamer slowed down and his men draw the canoe alongside. The bride and bridegroom were then told to get on board and "paddle their own canoe." An Indian woman, who was returning to her home, steered the canoe while we paddled and thus made for the shore. The kind-hearted miners, the ship's crew and the good old captain gave us a warm cheer and were off at once to Fort Wrangel to land the passengers and freight for Cassiar Mines. The steamer had all our goods on board and so, until she returned, we had to camp at the fort for a day or two.

The sea was calm and we were soon ashore, three miles south of the village. Here we met a canoe, the occupants of which begged us to delay an hour or so while they hastened to the village with the news of our arrival and made ready to receive us. It was a delightful June morning, serene on sea and shore. We paddled into a lovely bay on Finlayson Island, and there sat down to wait. At our feet were the deep blue waters and opposite, behind the mainland shore, the rugged line of mountains which were to grow so familiar through the years to come. Still a little farther to the north and east stood Mount McNeil, about six thousand feet high, where the natives say the "big canoe" rested at the time of the flood. For generations this old mountain was looked upon by them as the place where the great Evil Spirit, "Tha-am-sum," dwelt,

and they would seldom pass along the shore at its foot without praying and crying for help or mercy and, it may be, throwing overboard food or other sacrifices to appease his anger, especially in a storm. They believed he had power to ward off disease and danger and give them success in war and hunting.

FORT SIMPSON.

A New Language—Building Mission House and Church—Roof
off the Church—Church Work—New School House—
Our First Pentecost.

"Come over and help us."

CHAPTER IV.

FORT SIMPSON.

HAVING completed this wonderful trip by land and sea, with its cities and prairies, with its forests and snow-capped mountains, with its islands and long, narrow stretches of waterway, we landed from the canoe in front of the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, and there shook hands with hundreds of people, some fairly well dressed, some in meagre clothing, others rigged out in gay-colored blankets and shawls, and some with painted faces.

Our work here lay before us. We were welcomed by Mr. Charles F. Morrison, the kind English gentleman who was in charge of the fort, and also by Mr. Charles M. Tate, our missionary teacher from Nanaimo, who had been holding the ground for a few months until our arrival.

At that time the fort was well walled in with a fence of solid posts about eighteen feet high. There was a tower at each corner, with very heavy gateways nearly always under lock and key. Outside the gates stood a number of large cannon, ready to fire a salute of welcome to friendly visitors or a blast of warning to hostile Indians. Inside was a little trading store, which was only large enough to allow for one customer at a time. Long rows of heavy log buildings stood on the east and west sides of the enclosure. The building to the east was where the Company's goods were kept; those to the west were for men's quarters, workshops, etc. On both sides of the fort gates were officers' quarters. To the rear, on the south side, was the house of the governor or chief factor. This arrangement of the buildings left an open square in the middle of the enclosure.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

The old cannon in front of the fort were now put in use to fire a salute on the arrival of the missionary and his wife. As we had no house, we were kindly allowed to use part of the officers' quarters within the fort until the lumber should come from Victoria and we could build a home.

A day or two was now spent in going around to see the general condition of things. It was clear that at once we must have a place built in which to worship. The people themselves also talked much about the building of a church, as the only place available at present was a large heathen house, fifty or sixty feet square. Nearly all the houses in the village were of a similar character, having a low, flat roof covered with slabs and bark, a fire in the centre of the floor and a hole in the roof to allow the smoke to escape. There was but one shingled house outside the fort.

We were permitted to use Chief Scow-gate's house on the island, where part of the village was built, for school and church purposes. There were no roads or bridges, and we had to walk out to the island on the beach when the tide was out. We at once called a meeting in the chief's house to decide about building a church. This was necessary in order to secure supplies, as the steamer was going south in a day or two. Some of the people at the fort said:

"You are not going to ask these poor people to help you build a church, are you? They have no money, they have heard that you have been in Canada and collected lots of money; and indeed they have heard that you would not only build a church for them, but also build them little houses to live in."

I said, "How do you purchase those beautiful furs?"

They said, "We trade blankets, muskets and ammunition."

FORT SIMPSON

“Well,” I said, “blankets will do for us.” We had learned enough about human nature to know that the more you get people to give towards places of worship the more they will value them when built.

Notice was given to everybody to meet in the chief's house. The Indians crowded in from all parts of the village. I had to speak through an interpreter, as we were now face to face with the fact that we were among another people, speaking a strange language. There seemed hardly any more similarity between the Ankomenum and the Tsimpsean than there is between the Chinese and the English. We now told them that we had come to live among them at their invitation; we hoped to learn the language, preach the Gospel and teach them, as well as we knew how, the arts of civilization; but we had met to-day to talk about church building. Through the kindness of an architect, Mr. Thomas Trounce of Victoria, we had brought along plans of a building calculated to hold about a thousand people.

I told them also that although some of our friends in Canada had contributed towards helping to start the mission, this money was all left in the hands of the missionary authorities, and that we would like to have them first do all they could towards building the church, and then help would come from the Missionary Society. I then laid down ten dollars for myself and ten dollars for my wife, to start the subscription. Some of the people seemed pleased and some otherwise, and presently the big doors flew open and most of them went out as fast as they could go. I said to the interpreter,

“What is the matter? Are they angry?”

He said, “No, I think they will come back by and by.”

I said, “Let us sing, ‘Shall we gather at the river,’” a hymn that they had lately learned at the revival in Vic-

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

toria; and the few of us that were left around the little table sang nearly the whole hymn. Soon many of the people came back with blankets over their shoulders, some ten, some five, some two, and others one. These blankets were Hudson's Bay Company's trade blankets. The Indians had to pack them away in boxes in order to keep them clean, as they were their only cash in trade. They were worth \$1.50 each. Those who had no blankets laid down a musket or some furs, until we had over four hundred dollars donated that day towards building God's house; and before it was completed the subscription went up to one thousand dollars, with some aid from white people. Many of them gave until it was a real sacrifice, as they had given their last blanket.

After this spontaneous liberality the real welcome to the missionary began. A number of very interesting speeches were made by chiefs and leading men of the place, which left no doubt as to their hearty appreciation of our coming to them.

The converts from Victoria had carried on religious services among their friends since their return, and by the splendid help of the missionary teacher, Mr. Tate, who had left for his work in the south by the return boat, much good had been done. Our first class meeting was held in a little room inside the fort. Mrs. Crosby taught the school in the large house, while we got to work getting out timber for the Church and clearing away a foundation for the Mission House. Most of the summer was spent in this way.

The lumber arrived in November by schooner. It was all thrown overboard—as there was no wharf—rafted alongside the ship and towed ashore. Without horses, oxen or team of any kind, we had to get all the lumber and timber up the hill and, soaked as it was with salt

FORT SIMPSON

water, every piece had to be packed on men's backs. As we had no carpenter, the Missionary had to lead the way in superintending the building and, with the assistance of an old French-Canadian, in showing them how to hew and whip-saw timber and make shingles. A number of the young men, however, were very anxious to work as carpenters. We had great trouble to prevent them from spoiling lumber by splitting or cutting the boards in the wrong place, but they were quite gifted mechanically, and on the whole very ready to learn. By dogged perseverance, and through a dreadful amount of wet weather, we had our little Mission House up, and got into it about a week before Christmas.

We had services nearly every night in the week and four or five times on the Lord's Day, in addition to visiting the sick and giving out medicines. Most of our services had to be carried on through an interpreter. We felt that every effort must be made to get hold of this new tongue. In this Mr. Dudoward, our interpreter, was a great help. We had many a struggle before we were able to preach and teach the people in their own tongue, but every missionary should master the language the very first thing. Our Watch Meeting was a time long to be remembered, and was followed by several weeks of special services, which were "times of refreshing." About a hundred joined the Church on trial. During the winter several died, one an old woman, who wished to have the rite of Christian baptism. On being asked whether she had given up all her heathen ways, she said, "Yes, and now I am going to die and be with Jesus, and I wish the mark before I go."

Our Sunday School was a great means of instruction and help to the people; we had from five to six hundred in attendance. Our Day School was well attended, and

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

was a great source of hope for the future. We had seventy-five adults in attendance and about one hundred children. Mrs. Crosby took charge of the Day School nearly all the time with the assistance of Alfred Dudoward and Kate, his wife, who were valuable helpers.

Up to this time both Sabbath services and School were held in an old house covered with bark, but we had the Church and a good School House up before long, by the help of God and the liberality of Christian friends.

The following summer, with a first-class carpenter as superintendent, we began the building of our Church, a large frame structure with a spire at the front. During the process of building word came from the Chairman that the Missionary Society could not afford to put up the spire, as shown in the plan. So the people met to talk about it, and gave an extra donation of labor and goods for the purpose. We went to the woods to get special timber for it and also a raft of cedar blocks for shingles. For a time it was most difficult to get shingles made, but after a while we had the building all covered in, although we had not lumber to quite complete it.

The time now came for the opening of the Church and its dedication to the service of God. We found, when our accounts were all made up, that there was a balance of about four hundred dollars due on it. As we had received word from the Mission Rooms that nothing more could be expected from that quarter for the present, we talked the matter over with the leaders and some of the people, who urged that we call a public meeting. There were also present at this meeting some of the Company's servants and the owners of a sawmill, which was just being built about seven miles away. I told the people we should like to open the Church and dedicate it to the service of God, but there was a debt of about four hundred dollars on



THE FIRE BRIGADE, FORT SIMPSON.



THE CHURCH AND SCHOOL AT FORT SIMPSON.

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material, and how could we say that we gave this house to the service of Almighty God when some one else owned part of the building, in lumber, nails, paint, etc., not paid for? We must have this put right before the dedication. After a few little speeches the people brought their offerings of blankets, goods and money, enough to cover the whole deficiency. Then "Grace Church" was dedicated to the worship and service of God.

For some time after our arrival, with the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Dudoward, Mrs. Crosby had taught the school, of about sixty or seventy adults in the afternoon and one hundred children in the morning, in the large heathen house, till it became a very serious strain upon her health, and a better room was a necessity. The frame of an old Indian house, about twenty-four by thirty-six feet, had been purchased by Mr. Tate while he was teaching. The first lumber cut at the Georgetown sawmill was secured to enclose this house, and we told the people we wanted each of them to bring a board. There were no sawed boards in the place at that time, but they brought slabs of cedar of all shapes and sizes. We spiked them down in the rough for the floor, and then with their native adzes they smoothed them off, so that we had a fairly good floor. We got poles for rafters, prepared some boards for sheeting, got out cedar blocks and cut them into shakes or long shingles to cover the roof, and thus had a better house for our school work.

We were finishing our last row of shingles when the steamboat, which had been away four months, arrived in the midst of a snowstorm. When we got hold of our mail bag we found, among the letters, a note with a cheque of fifty dollars from a friend in Quebec, saying that it was for some comfort and help for my wife, as a memento of our last visit to them. I said, "Look here, my dear, I

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

am going to use this entirely for your comfort, for it is solely for your comfort that the School House is being fixed, and here is half enough to pay for the material." I wrote to our friend that I had done as he had said and spent every cent of it for my wife's comfort, explaining the whole thing. Months passed away, when another cheque came from the same friend for a like amount, and thus we got the bills for our temporary School House paid.

The people crowded the new Church with delight, but we had not worshipped in it long when, in the month of November, 1876, during a terrific south-east gale, the massive roof was swept entirely off, and for a time the danger seemed to be that the whole building would go. The wind caught in the tower and spire, and we had to chop out the front of it to let the wind through and thus save wrecking the whole building. While the storm was raging, and shingles and boards were flying, some of the poor people came running up the hill, holding up their hands and crying and praying, saying, "You have taken the roof, now spare the building. Oh, don't take all our fine Church." In the midst of this excitement, we knelt in thanksgiving to God that our lives were spared, for we saw that some of the timbers of the Church had fallen within about four feet of where we had been sitting at family prayer in the little Mission House. Had those timbers struck the house some of us might have been killed.

Some of the men then ran to the Fort to borrow ropes, and others climbed up the main rafters, which were sticking up, and got ropes hitched to the front of the tower, and thence, from one pair of rafters to another, back to the gable at the south end, and then moored them down to the stumps behind the Church.

After all was done that could be done to secure the building, and the storm had abated a little, we all met in

the old house we had fixed up for a School Room. Some of the men began to make speeches. One old man, acting as though he were buckling his belt around him, said, "Long ago, when our canoe was split out at sea, we would buckle our belts a little tighter; and with our hair tied in a knot at the top of our heads, we would pull for the shore, get into a quiet place and sew her up. Now God's great canoe is split, and we must fix it." Then somebody said, "No more long speeches; let us get to work;" and they began to bring in their blankets, furs, muskets, earrings, finger-rings, bracelets (for they were very proud of jewellery, like some other heathen people), and everything that could be turned into money. The Hudson's Bay officer in charge acted as Secretary.

We bought a large raft of cedar logs which had been got for the Company's firewood and started with them to the sawmill to get them cut for lumber to repair the building. The canoes, each with a crew of two men towing a log, raced to the mill, a distance of seven miles. The good man at the mill came to see what he could do to help us; and, as he was a clever mechanic, we soon found out where the weakness in the first roof had been and how much lumber it would need to repair it. As soon as it was cut, he came back to help us in the work.

We had shingles made, and everybody soon became interested in fixing up the Church. While the young men were nailing shingles on the roof, even the old women would come up the hillside by the Church and tie the ropes to the shingles and say, "That is right, young men. that is good, young men, work away and fix God's house. Very good! Very good! (Sim-wil-am, sim-wil-am)."

In three weeks after the day it was blown off we had the roof on and held a thanksgiving service in the building. Great indeed was the joy of the people that November

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

day when we met to give thanks to God for the restoration of our fine Church. Some spoke, some sang, and some cried for joy, while the blessed Spirit rested down with great power upon us all.

The estimated cost of putting on the roof was one thousand dollars, and when the accounts were all finally made up and the whole of the bills paid, we had sixty dollars to the good. Miners and fishermen along the coast sent donations to the Missionary when he was in trouble; special subscriptions also reached us from afar; so that what at first seemed our greatest trial became a means of grace to us all. We now had a stronger roof on the Church than ever, and all these difficulties which we had overcome only tended to make the people love and respect God's house the more.

The old patched-up Indian house served as a School House only for a time. It was now decided that we must have a new one; so, after the people had subscribed towards the new School House, we began to build, deciding to have it not too far away from the other buildings. We found, on account of the swampy condition of the land, that we could not very well get our foundation posts down to solid ground, so we put in mud-sills—large heavy cedar logs—flattening them on one side to set our posts upon. We built a large, fine building in the shape of a "T," the back part of which was partitioned off by large folding, or rather rolling, doors. This was all sealed inside and a blackboard put around the whole interior. We thus had a comfortable School Room for both adults and children. When opened up it made a good lecture-room for week-evening services. The whole of this building, even the sash and doors, was made and built by the Indians under the direction of the Missionary, as we had no carpenters.

Before the Church was completed, in answer to prayer,

and we think in a great measure to the fact that the poor people had made such sacrifice for God's House, for in some cases they had given all their earthly goods, a mighty revival swept over the Mission. God is not slack concerning His promise, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." The story of this wonderful outpouring is the story of a modern Pentecost. Once more we were taught that it is "not by might, nor by power," but by the gracious Spirit of God, that such a work is wrought.

The Missionary had gone, with his crew of Christian helpers, about one hundred and fifty miles away to visit a heathen village, when, in our absence, the blessed Spirit came down in great power upon the people. As we were returning we met some Indians in a canoe who were coming to tell us the news. As we approached them, a man in the bow jumped up and beckoned us to stop paddling. Our first thought was that something was the matter at home, some one sick or dead. But he cried out in his own language, "Jesus has come, Jesus has come. Many of the people are converted. A great change in our village now." The young man seemed to be overjoyed, and sat down crying. The man at the stern got up and said, "My brother can't tell you all about it, sir. I will tell you. Soon after you left home the Spirit of God came down in wonderful power. Old people have been converted, young people have repented, women and children are seeking salvation. There is a great change among the Tsimpsheans now." "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," we sang together on that lonely, dismal channel, with the mighty mountains on both sides of us. My boys said, "Now, sir, we would like to pull all night. We want to get home

and get some of that blessing." They pulled all that night and all next day, Saturday, until midnight.

The Missionary's wife and the lady teacher welcomed us at the door. They said, "We can't tell you what a wonderful work God has wrought since you went away. Nearly the whole village has been moved. One night hundreds of people came up and wished to get into the Church. We advised them to go home and pray, telling them that God would hear them in their homes; but they said, 'No, no, lady; please let us into the Church. We think we shall find Jesus in His own house.' So, taking a lantern, we opened the door, and hundreds of the people crowded into the Church, where many of them fell on their faces on the floor, crying to God for mercy. For some time that scene continued and many were blessed; then we advised them to go home. On leaving the Church, as they were going down the hill, although a terrible wind and rainstorm was raging, they nearly all fell down on the ground as if they were under a strange spell and began pleading earnestly for God to have mercy upon them."

We now retired to rest, but were awakened early next morning by a crowd of people singing. They had been to the Sunday morning prayer-meeting; now here they were, crowded around the Mission House. There was the rough old conjurer; the man who said his hands were red with his brothers' blood; and the young men and women, for many of whom I had prayed by name—but so changed! Their very faces were altered. Here they stood around, with tears in their eyes, singing "Jesus paid it all." Faithfully we exhorted them to stand fast in the faith. No one could doubt the mighty change that had taken place in these hearts when he saw how earnest they were and witnessed their anxiety to carry the good news to other tribes.

SIMPSON DISTRICT.

"School-um-text"—Wee-na-lke—Hall-obe—Backsliding Over a
Stovepipe—Growth of the Work—Simpson District
Organization—Band Workers—Dr. Carman's
Opinion—Sabbath Services.

“What hath God wrought!”

CHAPTER V.

SIMPSON DISTRICT.

AFTER the revival meetings recorded in the last chapter many became intensely interested in the study of the Bible. Every Sabbath morning after service the young people who could read a little met in the Church for what was called "School-um-text." They would find the text of the morning in the English Bible and read it over and over until they had it memorized in both English and Tsimpshean. It was a joy to see with what pleasure they went home, repeating the text as they went. Soon some of them had memorized as many as forty or fifty texts, so that when they were off at the fishing and logging camps they would always hold service two or three times a day, using these texts and what they remembered of the sermon connected with them.

"Wee-na-lke," or old Susan, was a native Tsimpshean, and must have been about sixty years of age when she was converted. She belonged to the Kit-an-doo tribe at Simpson. She and a number of her children were converted about the same time in the revival. Among others, she applied herself very earnestly every Sabbath morning to learning the text. We often had as many as sixty old people at the "School-um-text," after the morning service, for the purpose of committing the text to memory in their own language. Old Susan rarely missed, hence she had a great many texts in mind; and a short time before the Missionary left on a visit to the East she came to the

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Mission House and asked if she might recite her texts. I said, "Well, Susan, I will try and take time to hear you." She opened out a little bunch of pebbles, tied up in a piece of rag, and took one in her hand. Looking at it, as if the shape of the pebble brought the text to her memory, she began to recite, and thus, one after another, picking up a new pebble for each, she recited forty texts of God's Holy Word.

In our absence in the East she sickened and died. Brother Jennings, who was in charge of the work, visited her regularly, and sent us word that poor old Susan was gone. She had a most triumphant death. As she lay, suffering great pain, the Missionary would say, "Well, Susan, you are very sick and suffering very much to-day."

"Oh, yes," she said, "but when I feel so sick that text of God's Word comes with such comfort, and that other one"; and, repeating the texts, she would say, "Oh, these good words make me so happy, and seem to take away the pain."

Day after day and night after night the precious Word was her comfort. Surely in her case was fulfilled the Scripture, "My Word shall not return to me void." She thus passed away, triumphantly and peacefully, to the land where there is no sickness. We missed her very much on our return, but we are sure we shall meet by-and-by.

Hall-obe was a native of the Tsimpshewan nation, one of the old middle class and of those who had great respect for Chief or superior. He was one of the early converts to Christianity at our Mission, and sought baptism with a number of others. His wife also joined him and was baptized in the Church on a public confession of faith in the Lord Jesus. They promised to put away all forms of heathenism, God being their helper. He was baptized "Enceh Wilson," was very earnest and devoted for some

SIMPSON DISTRICT

years, and really seemed to enjoy vital religion. He might have been sixty-five at the time of his conversion and was among the class of most earnest, elderly people who delighted to stay in the School Room after the morning service to commit the text to memory.

He had been much troubled for some time with rheumatism, brought on by exposure to the cold and wet, and by a life of wild dissipation. The rheumatism became much worse as he grew older, and finally he had to walk with crutches. So severe was it that it often kept him from Church in bad weather, and then he would have his wife bring home the text to him, for he loved God's Word. We gave him remedies and he tried many kinds, which he said helped him much. More than once he came to the Mission House to ask if I had time to hear him recite his text. He would recite fifty or sixty texts of God's Holy Word that he had committed to memory in the text school. He also often helped others to learn a text, and thus assisted in services when they were off at distant fishing or hunting camps.

Poor old Enoch had his ups and downs, his trials and failures, as others have. On one occasion he joined in a semi-heathen ceremony of raising a stone to the memory of a dead Chief. He subscribed some twelve dollars towards the undertaking, money which he had saved for the purpose of purchasing a stove. Speaking of it he said: "When the monument came I got proud, and that day I lost all my texts. I could not remember one of them; they were all gone, and I have been unhappy ever since. I am praying every day for God to give me back His love in my heart, and also to give me my texts back again."

The loss of a dear child was the means used of God to bring him to Himself again. He became very happy,

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

lived a Christian life, and treasured up more and more of God's Word in his heart.

The Rev. A. E. Green, who was supplying at Simpson at the time, tells this interesting and somewhat amusing story of old "Enoch Wilson."

One day he and his wife were fixing up the old stove, and trying to put the pipes together, but they would not go. The poor old man was suffering from rheumatism, his hands all bent with it, and his wife was urging that he did not put the pipes together in the right way. He tried again and again, but they would not come together. He could not fix them, so he took up the axe, and broke the stove all to pieces. Then he said he was tired, and would lie down to rest. He covered himself up in his old blankets in a corner of the room, and the Minister was sent for. The messenger said, "There is great trouble in Enoch Wilson's house; he has broken the stove to pieces, and some of the furniture." The Minister went at once to visit "lame Enoch, the class-leader," and when he reached the house what a sight met his gaze! The stove, broken in scores of pieces, was lying in the middle of the floor; his poor wife had got another old lady in to sympathize with her, and they were both sitting on the floor resting their heads on their hands and crying over the broken pieces. He asked what was the matter; they said Enoch had got angry, and had broken the stove. He asked where Enoch was then. Pointing to a bundle of blankets in the corner, they said, "He is there." They started to sing,

"Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,"

then prayed and exhorted Enoch to look to the Lord for forgiveness. The poor old man uncovered his head, and

SIMPSON DISTRICT

began to cry, and then to pray very simply, sobbing out, "Come back, Lord, come back; please don't leave me, come back, Lord Jesus, and forgive me." Turning to his wife he also asked her to forgive him. His repentance was very sincere and his after-life witnessed to the complete change that was wrought in his heart.

In spite of many afflictions and bereavements, he would rejoice and praise God in the class-meeting in his own house, when often, if he sat up, he had to be propped or held up while he told his experience.

The greatest trial of all came in the death of the good, faithful wife of his youth, who strangely enough passed away first. Mournful, indeed, was his experience. It was pitiful to hear him moan, "Oh, what will I do now? She who has been hands and feet to me so long and who cared for me so well, she who would go to God's house and bring back the texts of God's Word when I could not go, has gone, has gone from me."

Doctor Bolton, who had now come to our help and the help of these poor people with his medicine, had been a great comfort to Enoch for some time. Christian natives, as well as the Mission people, now visited him regularly and on the Sabbath would carry him the text as of old, and sing with him such pieces as he delighted in. The day came when Enoch passed sweetly away from his sufferings on earth to the land of light. His last words to his friends were, "Meet me there! Meet me there!"

Within a few years from its commencement, our work had extended to a large number of tribes on the northern part of the Canadian Coast, and it was thought best in 1881 to organize these Missions into a separate district, under the Chairmanship of the Missionary at Port Simpson. The Port Simpson District reported at the following Conference, 1882, a work consisting of ten missions,

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

namely: Port Simpson, Port Essington, Kitamaat, Naas, Kit-wan-silk, Kit-la-tamux, Bella Bella, Hyhise, Wee-ke-no and Bella Coola, in charge of three Missionaries and six native assistants.

There were regularly established Churches at Port Simpson, Naas and Bella Bella, having a total membership of six hundred and seventy-five—of whom three hundred and seventy-four were full members and the rest on trial—seven local preachers and fourteen class leaders. There were in all sixteen preaching places with a total attendance of about thirty-four hundred; three parsonages; and seven schools, having an enrolment of seventeen officers and teachers and one thousand and twenty scholars.

The effects of the first revivals at Simpson passed over somewhat as years went on, and, although many continued very earnest and happy, there was a falling off, which was very painful to us. We made this a matter of prayer and asked also for the prayers of the Church as a whole. In answer to our petitions, the Spirit of God came upon us again in the year 1890, and the people were roused once more to a renewal of consecration and desire to carry the message to others.

For some time it had been perplexing to some of the Missionaries to know how to get a large number of the young people to do Christian work, which is of such great importance to young converts themselves. Having heard from Ontario some years previously of the Rev. David Savage, and the great work he and his Christian Band Workers were doing through that country, it occurred to some of us that this was just the plan we needed to get our young people to work. Hence in 1888 one or two such bands were organized.

In the Missionary Report for 1888, Rev. W. H. Pierce, the Missionary at Kitzequcla says, "Our Christian Band



THE SIMPSON DISTRICT MEETING, 1896.



AN INDIAN WEDDING PARTY

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SIMPSON DISTRICT

is increasing, and God is raising up some young men to carry the good tidings to those who sit in darkness." In the next Report he says, "We organized a band of workers who were anxious for the conversion of their benighted countrymen." About the same time the Missionary on the Naas says, "Our Christian Band has carried the Gospel hundreds of miles into the far interior." In the Missionary Report of 1889, the General Secretary says of Kitwan-cool, "A most hopeful feature on this, as well as on other Missions on the Simpson district, is the organizing of the Bands of Workers, who have visited outlying heathen villages and preached Christ to their heathen countrymen."

In the Report of 1890 the Missionary at Essington says, "The Band work which was begun last year is still carried on. Most of the young people, several children, and some of the older people are connected with it. They hold open-air services."

The first of these Bands was composed of the most earnest Christian workers at Simpson. Others were formed at Kitamaat, Bella Bella and on the Skeena. They generally carried on street preaching or open-air services in their own villages, and also took trips with their Missionary, or sometimes alone, to distant heathen villages. They were organized with a President and a Secretary. They also carried a banner or flag with the name of their organization, or Scripture texts, on it, such as "God is Love" or "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

On nearly all of our Missions, the Bands were then entirely under the control of their Missionaries. It was a great pleasure to witness the earnest, self-denying zeal of many of them. In all kinds of weather they would cross the mountains from one river to another or travel by canoe, toiling hard for days at the paddle, the pole or the tow

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

line, to reach the heathen villages that they might tell their dying countrymen of Jesus and His love. Some of them travelled hundreds of miles down the Coast to visit the heathen villages of the Kwa-kualth nation. One could not doubt that such work was a great blessing to themselves, as well as to those to whom they went, and had these young people kept faithfully attached to the Church and under the direction of their Missionaries, they might have proved to be a still greater power for good.

Rev. Dr. Carman, on his visit to our Missions, thus describes these Bands of Christian Workers among the Indians:

“Anyone visiting our Port Simpson District, with an eye open to spiritual, intellectual, moral or social movements, must see that the bands of Indians within the spheres of our influence are aroused and stirred by some great energy that for weal or woe must powerfully affect their character and destiny. When assemblies of scores and of one, two, three or four hundred come frequently together, say six or seven times a week, and sing and pray earnestly, and rise into ecstatic fellowship, and talk and sing of nothing but Jesus and His love, it must mean something; and it must produce some results; and results it does produce; for savage natures are subdued, heathen customs are abandoned, and heathen gods, forsaken, fall. Meekness takes the place of pride, and love of hate. The change of spirit and life is quickly noticeable. No man, till he has seen it, can form any idea of the moral, spiritual and intellectual death of the pagan Indians. Oh, what darkness! Oh, what blindness! Oh, what ignorance! What utter torpor and vacuity of mind! One would say it must take generations of time and toil to lift them anywhere near the level of Christian civilization. And so it must—by mere human devices and agencies. But who

SIMPSON DISTRICT

dare limit or restrain the power of God? And yet do we not restrain the power of God when we fail in any way to meet the claims of Missions upon us? And who dare falter in his faith and trust before such a problem? And yet do we not falter in our faith and fail in our obedience when we are slow to commit ourselves in our several callings with all our powers to this Missionary work, and the salvation of our race? It would not take generations to effect this great work if the Church were in earnest. What mine eyes have seen, what mine ears have heard, yea, what I hear at this very moment of writing—for it is eight o'clock in the evening, and the Essington band of workers is making this end of the village lively with their songs and prayers and shouts—is to me a matter of amazement. Scores of young men and young women in these meetings witness for Christ. I do not understand their language, but when I listen to their testimony I hear the oft-repeated name of Jesus, and many of their songs are in English, and the theme is that blessed Name. Never to me was the divine wisdom clearer and brighter in giving us a Person, the God-man, to whom to look for salvation, and not a system or an abstraction.

“These bands of workers were organized by the Chairman of the District, I am told, with the approval of the District Meeting, eight years ago, four or five years before the Salvation Army or any of its members looked this way at all. The Bands have their flags, drums, tambourines, etc., and certainly are showy enough in their parades, and demonstrative enough in their worship. They have not used these instruments in the churches. Of course, doubt, apprehension and controversy have arisen as to the propriety of such means at all; but when it is remembered what these people were, and witness what they are, much criti-

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

cism and severe judgment may well be deferred. There will, of course, in the worship be demonstrative and vociferous jubilations, but there are also solemn and impressive lulls. And the reading of the Word, and the instruction of the minister or teacher, are received with the closest attention and deepest respect. Many have their Bibles and pencils in hand, and do their utmost to catch and retain the ideas given. I never elsewhere witnessed such hunger for the truth of God. And to such a people no one of a right mind could think of giving anything else but the sincere milk of the Word; and as they are strengthened in grace and knowledge the stronger meat of holy doctrine. Speculate and theorize, decorate and criticize, invent and tincture elsewhere, but not here. And possibly the kind of Gospel that carries converting power with it here would do the same thing in other places.

“The readiness with which these people speak in their meetings is an inspiration and a charm. They are very democratic and great talkers in stories. In this they differ from the habit of their native councils. One rises while another is speaking, and that often seems a signal for a speaker to stop and give another a chance. Often ‘the experience’ is begun with a lively verse in singing, in which all join, and sometimes it is closed in the same way. They are sincere and simple-minded in their fellowship, and have not yet learned the fear of man, that bringeth a snare. If there be oddity, strange singing, or a mistake, there is no staring, snickering or giggling all over the house. But we are civilized, and these are just out of savagery—and oh, how much remains to be done for them and for us!

“A. CARMAN.

“May 14th, 1896.”

SIMPSON DISTRICT

The intrusion of the Salvation Army into our Christian villages, which superseded this work, entailed a great expense and loss of energy.

We had at Simpson, about this time, nine classes organized. It was a blessed sight to see fifty or sixty adults coming forward to be baptized, after weeks and, in some cases, months of preparation in special classes. A further interesting experience was the presentation of infants for baptism, the young parents decently dressed and the children beautifully arrayed, in imitation of white babies whom they had seen.

The sacredness with which they regarded the obligation to attend the various services was very interesting. We held an early morning prayer meeting on Sunday at six o'clock in summer and at half past six in winter. We often had sixty present, and everybody took part during the hour. There was no time for long speeches. At ten o'clock there was a teachers' class. At half past ten there was a short ringing of the bell, and then at fifteen minutes to eleven it would begin to ring again, and continue until the minister had taken his seat. When the bell stopped, the doors were closed and service opened. It was very seldom that anybody was late and everything took place promptly on time.

We had Sabbath school at half past two, and at four o'clock went out into the street for an open-air service, while some went from house to house, to visit the sick, singing and praying with them.

There was an evening preaching service at half past six, with a testimony meeting at its close.

MUNICIPAL AND INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION.

The Organization of a Governing Council—The Composition—
Meetings Opened with Prayer—The Laws Enacted, and
Their Enforcement—The Indian Sabbath, and Its
Strict Observance—Heathen and Christian Mar-
riage—Industrial Work and Exhibitions—
Sawmills—Newspapers—Christmas Carol
Singing — “ Ashegemk ” — Teaching
the People Self-reliance.

“ Where no counsel is the people fall, but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.”

CHAPTER VI.

MUNICIPAL AND INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION.

WITH a village of about a thousand people, where a thousand little difficulties were constantly arising, it was at once felt that we must have some kind of law or rule; and as we had no Justice of the Peace in the place, we suggested to the people the organizing of a Municipal Council, remarking that it is the way the white people do in small communities. They seemed pleased with the idea. Some time after the Mission was opened, we met for the election of a Council, and I suggested to the Chiefs and the young men that we ought to have some of the strongest characters in the Council. This might mean some of the worst conjurers, the worst gamblers, the professed "man-eaters" and "dog-eaters," indeed, the most knowing men of the place. We soon found that we had many such characters in the Council of twenty that was elected. All our Council meetings were opened with prayer.

Later on we met to make laws with the understanding that we should have an entirely Christian village. On motion of a former conjurer, we enacted first a law against gambling. Then one against conjuring was proposed by a leading gambler, which meant no more rattling or demon work of the medicine man. The Indians said, "The Missionary must bring us good medicine now, as the old medicine-man must stop." We also decided to allow no Sabbath-breaking, no dog-eating, no whisky-drinking, no

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

quarreling, no fighting and no heathen marriages. These laws were all put down in a big book, and fines or forfeits placed at the foot of each of them.

The people had been used to Councils of War and many of the old people had great respect for their Chief's rulings. Thus, the Council had control of the situation from the beginning. This body was judge as well as law maker. It appointed watchmen to keep it fully posted about everything that was going on, and lest the conjurers or gamblers might be tempted to break the law, a Committee was appointed, with a Chief at its head, to go to the houses, take away the gambling pins and destroy or take away the medicine-man's rattles or charms. By this means much of the temptation to break the rules was in a measure taken away. Of course this made some of the old conjurers and gamblers very angry; but, when they were told that they or their friends had helped to make the laws, they quietly submitted.

For many years before any Justice of the Peace, Indian Agent, or other Officer of the law was sent to that part of the country, these people were governing themselves under the direction of their Missionary; and no more peaceful or quiet community could be found. The Sabbath was kept most sacred, marriage and the Christian home were established, drunkenness was kept out of the place, of fighting we seldom had any. We have passed through the village at night, on numerous occasions, and observed that almost every family was engaged in family worship.

As one would naturally suppose, in such a community some violated the law; and were punished. The fines or forfeits, as they accumulated, were spent in making roads and bridges through the village.

A flag was hoisted every Lord's Day so that strangers as well as villagers, when they saw the flag, were reminded

to keep sacred the day of rest. Canoes would not arrive in the village or be allowed to go away, unless in case of sickness or death or to relieve any who might be in distress. This Sabbath law was most strictly observed for years by our people, whether at home or abroad. In traveling to the mines, working for miners, they would persistently keep the Sabbath, although often tempted by a promise of more pay if they would work on the Lord's Day.

A party of white men, returning from Cassiar mines, said, "A number of your Indian boys last spring showed us that men can do more work in six days than they can in seven. When we were leaving Fort Wrangel, we engaged a party of your Christian Indians to take us to the mines; another crowd of miners who were going engaged a crew of heathen Indians. They started out before we did. We soon passed them; and, when it came to Saturday afternoon our crew looked out, about four o'clock, for a good camping place. Some of our white men urged them to go on. They said 'No, we are going to camp here for the Sabbath.' When they saw good camping ground, they got ashore, chopped wood and prepared for the Sabbath morning. Early they had a prayer meeting; at eleven o'clock they had preaching; each man had his Bible with him, and they had a Bible class afterward. They had service in the evening. During the day, about noon, the other party came along, tugging and working all day, and they hissed and cursed at us as they passed, calling us Sabbatarians. Our boys retired early for rest and were up bright and early next morning. The fire was soon going, we had breakfast and off we started; and how all those boys did work! It was not long before we passed the fellows who had worked all day on Sunday, and we were in the mines a day ahead of them, clearly

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

proving to us that men who regard the Sabbath can do more work in six days than others can in seven."

This condition of affairs continued, as we have said, in perfect peace and quietness for some years, until a white man came to the village and on Sunday morning was taking his gun and a little canoe off to hunt, when the Church bell was ringing. Some Christian men warned him not to go, as it was the Sabbath Day, and it was against the law of the village to go hunting on the Sabbath. He swore and said that he was not going to be governed by a lot of Indians; he would do as he liked; it was a free country. About four o'clock in the afternoon, a message came to the Mission House to say that there was someone in distress, as a little boat could be seen going round and round and making no progress. A couple of men in a canoe went out and found that this white man had had an accident. His gun had burst, and torn one of his hands rather badly. Of course, he was reminded about the rude way he had acted in the morning; and, when we dressed his wound, he promised to be a better man. It was too bad to think that our civilized white brothers were the first to come and disturb the peace of the village, as some of them did, regardless of the sacredness of the Sabbath.

As the salmon canneries began to be established on the Skeena, the Dominion Fishery Law was arranged to have the fishermen go out at six o'clock on Sabbath evenings instead of at twelve. Our Christian Indians unitedly protested against this arrangement and refused to go until twelve o'clock. This aroused the anger of some of the cannery managers, and they swore that, if the Indians would not go, they would get someone else. The Indians quietly left and went away up the river to fish and dry salmon for themselves, as they had done for generations before. Next season the cannery men asked that a Parlia-

mentary Order-in-Council be granted especially for the Skeena, as their best fishermen would not fish on Sunday. This arrangement stood for years in the north, and they were not allowed to go out till twelve o'clock on Sunday night. In this way the Christian Indians really held the key of the situation, and enforced the sanctity of the Lord's Day.

At one of our Missions a sloop had been anchored for several days, trading with the people. When Sunday morning came, the Captain was shaking out his sails, getting ready to start, when the people were going to Church. They begged of him not to go, but to come to Church, and wait until the Sabbath was over, but he declared he was going. With a fair breeze down the inlet, he started off. All seemed to go well till he got about ten miles down the inlet, when a squall came up. It was so furious that he had to put back. His sails were torn to shreds before he got back to anchor. In the same village, an old, heathen man refused to obey the law, took out his canoe, and, with his little boy, went a few miles down the inlet to gather herring spawn. When they got their canoe loaded, a wind came on, they were upset, lost all their load and their canoe, and barely got ashore safely on the rocks.

At Rivers Inlet, where canneries and a sawmill had been established, a Christian Indian from Queen Charlotte Islands refused to go out and fish early on Sabbath evening. The boss swore at him and was very angry. However, he rested, went to Church, and, early next morning, had his large canoe out and was packing down his things, preparing to leave with his wife and babies. The boss came down in a hurry, and said, "Dick, where are you going? Why don't you get your boat out and go to work?"

"Oh," said Dick, "I am not going to fish for you any

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

more. You swore at me yesterday, and said if I would not go to fish I might leave."

"Oh," said the boss, "there's money for you in the office and you had better go and get it."

Dick put up his sail and left without getting his money. About nine miles down the inlet, he came to a place where they were putting up a new cannery. A white man had just fallen from the roof, broken some ribs and was badly bruised generally. They wanted to send him to the doctor, and, as there was no doctor within three hundred miles, they engaged Dick with his large canoe. He took with him another man, started with a fair wind, and, he said, the Lord gave him a fair wind nearly all the way. He was back in a few days, when he was paid a hundred dollars. He smiled and said it paid to keep the Sabbath Day.

At another place, an agent of the Government was surveying land some distance away from the village. He sent a canoe for his mail on Sunday. It arrived at the village when the people were in Church; but the watchman arrested the men, took possession of their canoe and said that they must wait for the Council wanted to see them on Monday morning. Monday morning they were brought before the Council, fined ten dollars and then sent on with their mail. The Government Agent sent a letter back to the Council and to the Missionary, wishing to know by what authority his men with his mail had been interfered with. The Council met and wrote a letter in reply, saying that it was against their village law for anybody to work on Sunday and that they had fined the men. If the agents would come on Sunday, they would be fined also, as the Council believed that our good Mother the Queen would not want her servants to break God's law. They heard no more from this agent.

This so-called Mosaic law was carried out in all our Missions, under the authority of Councils similar to that established at Port Simpson. These Council laws were at times broken by some of the villagers, when the guilty parties were fined.

It was very painful in after years, when the salmon business increased along the Coast from the Fraser River to Alaska, to see the Indians driven to the extremity of working on the Sabbath Day, or losing their job, which meant their bread and butter. This was all brought about by white men, who did not care if they took every salmon out of the water, and thus "kill the goose that laid the golden egg." A few more hours of closed time each week would have prevented thousands of people from working on the Lord's Day, and also have helped saving the salmon industry for years to come.

Heathen marriages were also done away with. Heathen courtship and marriage were very much different from ours. When a young man was going to be married, his friends would give presents to the young lady's friends, although the couple might not yet have seen each other, or have known anything about it until the whole arrangement was made. This sometimes brought a difficulty to us that had to be guarded against, as they now wished to be married according to the rites of the Church. I suggested to them, as we had no license, that banns should be published three Sundays in the Church, according to the old English law.

Next Saturday night a couple came in and wanted the banns published on the morrow. We took their names, warned them against misconduct of any kind for the next three weeks, and promised that, if no one objected, they could then be married. The time came for the marriage, no objections having been offered; the church bell was

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

rung; and the people gathered to see the new performance in the Church.

After the ceremony was over and the people had gone, a party ran into the Mission House very much excited and said that I had done an awful thing to marry that couple; that another young man had expected to marry the girl, as his friends had given large presents to her friends. Now there would be great trouble if that property was not returned.

"Oh," I said, "you are a silly people. Do you think if in my country a young fellow had given presents to a girl, expecting to marry her, that he would kick up a row because of a few paltry presents? No, he would go off and try to get another girl, and be ashamed to say anything about it."

They said, "Oh, sir, you needn't talk about your people. We must have these presents back or there will be trouble."

I said, "You have only yourselves to blame, as I gave notice three successive Sabbaths, and no one objected in any way; and now you come to bother me with this."

"Oh," they said, "we must have a Council Meeting and have this settled up or it will cause great trouble." Accordingly, that evening a Council was called and we sat until nearly two o'clock in the morning to get the matter properly settled.

The next Saturday night two couples came who wanted their names published the next day. Speaking to the first, I said, "James, you wish to be married to this young woman (who had just come in accompanied by another woman); you wish to be married in the Christian way?"

"Yes."

I said, "Now, James, I want you to answer me truthfully this question, 'Did you think of marrying any other



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girl or have you given any property to any other party than this young woman's friends?" If so, tell me."

He sighed and looked very serious and said, "Yes, I believe I have."

"Well, then," I said, "leave the room, go away and don't come near me with any property unsettled, as I don't want to be counselling all night over you and your presents."

They went away and came back about eleven o'clock when they said all was straight and that they were ready to be married. They were married two weeks from that time and gave a great wedding feast, attended by the whole village and accompanied with speeches and rejoicing.

I have married scores since then, but I was always careful to find out if more than one party had presents. After a great revival, I married forty couples in one week. Many of the poor, old people who had married according to heathen customs and some who had lived together for years wished to be married according to Christian form. We kept a man and a woman in the Mission House for days to act as witnesses. Christian marriages became a settled thing, and the barter marriage, or the sale of girls, was entirely done away with in that village and also in other Mission villages.

In these days the question is often asked, 'What would Jesus do?' The question should not so much be "What would Jesus do?" as "What would He have me do?" A Missionary, following the command of our dear Master, would not first tell the people that their god is a bad one, and his God is much better, but would first tell the heathen people of their sin and loss by the fall and of the peace and salvation brought within their reach by the atonement of Jesus—of "the disease and the cure." Then, while constantly keeping before them the sweet story of love, he

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

would naturally show them how to work for a living; how to take care of their food at the proper time; and the necessity of cleanliness in their habits and homes. There is no better teaching than the object lesson of a good and well-ordered Christian home. If he is walking "in His steps," the teacher will naturally illustrate by the fields, the sower, the harvest, the birds, the fish and by everything around us, and should be able and willing to show how to build a nice little home, from the foundation to the last shingle on the roof. Indeed, this is the only way to win the savage from his lazy habits, sin and misery. So soon as the Missionary gets the language of the people—and every Missionary should do so—he should make an effort to get them out of the wretched squalor and dirt of their old lodges and sweat houses into better homes.

As soon as we were in our northern field, we had to build our Mission House, and here we showed the men how to take the block of cedar and make it into shingles. A number of them also helped to build the house and Church, which became a means of real education to them.

As we found the people were naturally of a mechanical turn, we instituted, almost at the beginning of our work at Simpson, an Industrial Show or Fair. The first Industrial Show was held December 7th, 1875, and, although they had only about a month to get ready, it was a very interesting affair. There were nearly one hundred articles exhibited, and sixty prizes were given. The exhibition showed much taste in articles of needlework, knitting, beadwork and patchwork. The carvings and woodwork showed ingenuity. One man had made a very good model of a river steamer, another a model of a European house, another of an Indian house, and there were several pieces of furniture including a rocking-chair and two very nice cots for babies. There was also a great variety of food-

stuffs such as berries, bark, vegetables and fish. Among the best exhibits were several drawings and paintings of steamboats, and one of the Church, which was very well done. Most interesting was an exhibit, by a class of children, of proficiency in spelling and in the multiplication table.

The show proved to be of great benefit and interest to the people, and, when eventually given up, it was only for want of funds.

We urged the Government Department to help us in this work with prizes, but, though we continued the Industrial Fair year after year and the Indians themselves made appeals, we could get no help. I gave, as prizes, all the money, books and slates that I could get hold of. Here, we claim, is where the Government could spend their money in promoting industry, thrift and self-reliance, and thus do a great deal of good. By giving a prize for the best-built house, the best-kept house, the best garden or farm (where ground can be had), the best blacksmith work, the best tinsmith work, the best sash and door carpenter work, the best-built boat or canoe, the best-preserved Indian fruit, and indeed for everything that would tend to uplift or civilize, much could be done.

We went on with our industrial work, showing them how to construct their own houses, roads, and bridges. The sawmill that had been built started a new state of things in that once heathen village. A great number of families now began, out of their small savings, to put up little "Christian" homes, of three to four rooms each, and thus got out of the old heathen lodges or community houses, where four or five families had often been herded together. This entailed much work in measuring plots of land, and in preparing plans for houses and streets. This continued for some years until the village began to show a

quietly civilized appearance. Finally every heathen house was removed and nearly every family, by their own industry, had a nice, little, separate home. We had no strict model, everyone building according to his own taste or ability. In later years a much better class of house was built, and we could say we had a Christian village.

At first there were only trails running among the large heathen houses, and the beach formed a highway when the tide was out. Streets were now laid out, and necessary bridges built. One bridge, connecting the island with the main shore, was five hundred feet in length. Indian stores also made their appearance.

It was also agreed that we must have a settled burial ground, instead of burying the dead in every little knoll or leaving them in boxes along the mountain sides. A piece of ground was marked out for a general grave-yard on the island, "Lach-wal-lamish."

As other heathen villages became Christianized, they followed the example of Simpson in many of these matters. Our people at Bella Bella built a wharf for their village, and put down sidewalks. They had also two trading stores. The village put a tax on dogs, as well as on the people, to help to improve the village roads.

The people were also taught printing, and for years printed the hymns for Christmas and New Year, translations of prayers and the Commandments. We also published a little paper, called the *Simpson Herald*. The first copy of it, Port Simpson print, dated September 27th, 1882, says, "The weather has been very fine lately, the people are coming in from their salmon fishing and other work. The Brass Band practises every evening. Marbles are also in season, and the boys are having a big time. We hope the young men will not forget to attend School regularly, and be wise. An Industrial Show is to be held

the latter part of October, when some valuable prizes will be given. Intending exhibitors take notice. It is thought that His Excellency, the Governor-General, may visit Fort Simpson soon. Let everyone be ready." This was the first paper published on the Coast, and was followed by the *North Star* of Sitka, founded by Dr. Sheldon Jackson; the *Northern Light*, of Wrangel; the *Akah*, at Naas River; and the *Na-na-kwa*, published by Rev. G. H. Raley, at Kitamaat.

We soon found that there were a large number of young men who needed some amusement. Although they played football often on the beach, this was not thought enough, so we organized a Fire Company, and in their dress and parades and false alarms of fire, they took great delight. As they became well practised with their buckets and hook and ladder apparatus, they were a great help in case of fire. By subscriptions, a number of band instruments were purchased, and a Brass Band organized, which, after a time, gave splendid music. Later on, a Rifle Company was organized; they also had a Band, and built a fine hall. In the holiday season they all dressed in their best costumes and marched to music; this helped much to improve their gait and physical appearance.

Christmas was the grand holiday of the year. For a week or two before it, we had a great time settling old feuds and misunderstandings. Nearly all of the Christians wished to be at peace with one another, as they were told Jesus came to bring peace on earth. In the meantime, as a preparation for Christmas, from forty to sixty people would gather at the Mission House for practice in carol singing. They would meet in the Church in the evening, about ten o'clock, and, after praying for God's blessing and direction, they would start out through the village, which was now all lighted up, the streets already

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

festooned with evergreens and the paths covered with white gravel. The singers would be accompanied by half a dozen watchmen, who would clear the way, that everything might be quiet and peaceful through the village. It was interesting to see many of the very old people sitting around a big fire, with lights and candles in the room, waiting, as they would say, to hear the angels sing. They would keep up the singing through the village until about four o'clock in the morning. They would then return to the Mission House, where coffee and cakes were provided; these they seemed heartily to enjoy. This good old English custom of carol-singing in connection with Christmas festivals, was marvellously enjoyed by the Tsimpseans.

What could be more appropriate or beautiful than that we should continue to imitate that first Christmas carol of the angels at Bethlehem; and that, as the Christmas time came round, we should go into the beauty and glory of the night, over the snow-clad fields and along the frozen streets, our mouths filled with songs of gladness and peace and brotherhood, echoing the music of that Eastern night, so long ago, which has, ever since, made men's hearts grow tender!

Three days before our first Christmas at Port Simpson, a dear, little, white girl came into our home; and on Christmas day hundreds of people came to the house to see the baby and to shake hands with the mother. A great feast was prepared by the people. In one of the large houses four or five hundred people gathered, and they had a great ceremony in giving the baby a name. Amid clapping of hands and shouting, they said she was to have the name of King Legaic's daughter, "Ashegemk,"—"The Leg of the Sun or of the Moon," that is, "Sunbeam," or "Moonbeam." This changed also the names of the Missionaries. Ever after they were called "father" or

“mother” of “Ashegemk,” as all people in high rank were named after their first-born.

From the first, we tried to teach the people self-reliance, or a practical gospel. They gave liberally, helped to build their own Churches and Schools and made their own houses, roads and bridges. They helped the Missionaries to carry the Gospel thousands of miles, and by this means, many of them became intensely interested in the conversion of the heathen tribes around them. Another principle of self-help was to teach the boys and girls, whenever possible, to buy their own books, slates and other school supplies. Some opposed this and said we should give these, as they had no money to buy them, but we thought otherwise. To illustrate:—Johnny came to me for a book; I said, “Johnny, go and get me some fresh fish for breakfast”; I got the fish and he got his book; thus Johnny earned the book and would take better care of it; then Johnny would run and tell other boys he had bought his book. Others would bring us dried salmon or seaweed in the winter time, and thus get books or slates. Of course the very sick and poor had to be helped; but, as we believe in making men and women self-reliant, we kept the principle of self-help always before them. Much of the organization into companies and many of the plans for work were for enjoyment and amusement in order to have something to do during the winter season. These, with all the Church services and School work of different kinds, were to take the place of their old dancing, feasting and reveling, which in the days of heathenism lasted for months, when dog-eating and gambling and all kinds of savage customs were carried on. Religion, or the Gospel taught in a practical way, can fill up nearly all the wants of such a people. Of course, some did not like to enter into all this new arrangement of things at once.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

After a time certain white men, and sometimes men in authority, found great fault with these laws. They called them Mosaic rule or Missionary rule, and tried to dissuade the people from following them. Indeed, some had the audacity to say that all the Missionaries had to do was to teach religion. It is not out of place here to say that the Missionary who cannot teach the Indian or heathen how to build his home and cultivate his land, or is too lazy to do it, is not a practical or successful Missionary. How can a man teach religion and not teach industry, cleanliness and thrift of all kinds, for the Bible is full of such lessons?

EDUCATIONAL AND SOCIAL WORK.

Development of School Work—Schools on the Skeena—Mission Point—Trade in Girls by Vicious White Men—The Crosby Girls' Home—The Woman's Missionary Society—Its Origin—Mrs. Platt's Account of Its Early Operations — Miss Hendry — Miss Knight — Boys' Industrial School—Homes on Other Missions — Sindow — Betsy — Tilly —
A Love Letter—Influence of the Movement.

*“ And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness
of the firmament.”*

CHAPTER VII.

EDUCATIONAL AND SOCIAL WORK.

It has always been clear to Missionaries among the Indians that the School work should be a very important part of the Mission; indeed a Mission large or small cannot be successfully carried on without a School. Our first School, as already described, was carried on in an old heathen house with a mud floor. The roof was covered with slabs and bark on which the grass grew a foot or eighteen inches high; and often, as our work went on, we found that the heathen people could be reached by a School more quickly than any other way. In some cases they would ask for a School, so that their children might be taught to read and write, and they would call each other "School people" in preference to "Mission people." Our way to a heathen tribe was often through the School.

Growing out of our early operations in School work, there is now a large Day School carried on at Simpson, and others at Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands; Port Essington; Kishpiax, above the forks of the Skeena; Kitamaat; Bella Bella; Nanaimo; Cape Mudge; and Nitanat, at the south end of Vancouver Island. These are all partly supported by the Government, or receive a grant of \$300 a year. It is over six hundred miles from the one farthest south to the one on the Skeena, at the extreme north. We have other Day Schools, such as Rivers Inlet, Bella Coola, China Hat, Hartley Bay and Kitlope, which do not receive Government aid.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Mention should here be made of our system of Boarding Schools, among which are Coqualeetza Institute at Chilliwack; the Girls' Home at Simpson; the Boys' Home at Simpson; and the Kitamaat Home. We have been desirous for years to have one of these latter institutions, or a Boarding School, built near Bella Bella, which is in the centre of a large population without such School facilities; and it is our opinion that the Government should help to build and equip such an institution.

We had the first Day School up the Skeena at Hazelton, and also for a time Brother Edgar and others taught a School at Hag-wil-get. Edward Sexsmith also opened a School at Kishpiax. Mr. Pierce and others at Kitzegucla did the same. Indeed, in all our Missions it had proved to be of the utmost importance that we should have Schools. The Missionary, however, finds among a people that are so constantly moving about that if he is to expect real, good work it must be done by gathering a number of the children together in a Home or Boarding School or Industrial Institution, where they can be kept constantly and regularly at School and away from the evil influences of the heathen life.

For these reasons, by the direction of the Missionary Secretary and the late Hon. John Robson, then Premier of the Province, I was advised in 1888 to take up a piece of land for Industrial School purposes near the forks of the Skeena. As the Government would not make grants of land for Church purposes, we took it up under the old Pre-emption Act. We then had to stake out our land, record it in the Government Office, get out papers to that effect, and put on the statutory improvements. It took some years to do this. Finally we got the land surveyed and a Crown grant or title deed for it.

For years the British Columbia Conference urged the

EDUCATIONAL AND SOCIAL WORK

General Missionary Society and the Woman's Missionary Society to impress upon the Government the importance of starting such a School. It was acknowledged that we had a beautiful piece of land for the purpose and in a central place for a large number of Indian tribes in that part of the country. This land is about one hundred and eighty miles from the coast, and there is yet no Industrial School in all that region. As the Woman's Missionary Society has been kind enough to make a small grant for this purpose, and there are a great many children needing such a School, it is to be hoped that this enterprise will yet be pushed on to success.

The most trying part of our work was to see the people sell their little daughters to wicked white men for the basest of purposes. We went after them in the south to the white man's house, and then to the magistrate to ask him if it was allowable to have slaves bought and sold in this country. Twelve or fifteen of these poor girls were thus sold in a short time from one of our Schools. One man bought a child who soon died on his hands, after which he bought another one.

We had not been long at Simpson when it was evident to the Missionaries that something must be done to save and protect the young girls of that coast from being sold into the vilest of slavery. They would come, one after another, and ask the Missionary's wife for her protection; and thus one and another and another were taken into the house until it was crowded and we had to enlarge it. A good lady, giving us a twenty dollar gold piece, said, "This is all that I have saved, but I will give it if you will build an addition to the house." Lumber had become cheaper than at first, and, by the help of a white man who came to stay with us for a time, we put up in August, 1879, a seven hundred dollar addition to the house on the twenty

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

dollar gold piece; and all the bills were paid without asking anybody for money.

In the midst of all this, the Missionary's wife had been writing to her friends, to her associates on the Staff and to the student body of the old Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, with which she had been connected for six years. She found a great many sympathizers, and indeed caused quite a stir in the minds of the women in the East. It was suggested that a new Mission House be built, and that the Indian girls should take full possession of the old house. This was decided upon, and a second Mission House was built by the Missionary, the Indians helping him, at a cost of about one thousand two hundred dollars. This was all paid for by the donations from friends, without cost to the Missionary Society of a dollar. Thus was established the first Crosby Girls' Home, which was succeeded by the present institution.

On our return to Ontario in the winter of 1881 and 1882, the Woman's Missionary Society was organized in the city of Hamilton. Mrs. Platt, in her *Story of the Years*, thus describes its inception: "Dr. Sutherland suggested to some of the ladies not to wait for someone else to do something, 'but to go to work and do it. Consult your pastor; ask him to bring it before the ladies of the congregation; do not wait to do some great thing, but organize three members if you can't get any more; arrange for occasional meetings, especially meetings for prayer in behalf of some existing interest, such as the Crosby Home or the McDougall Orphanage.' . . . At that memorable evening in the Centenary Church, when addresses were given by the Rev. T. Crosby, Mr. John McDonald, of Toronto, and Dr. Sutherland, and while the offering was being received, Rev. Dr. A. Burns, who presided, suggested that life memberships be given, and at once sub-

scribed twenty-five dollars to place his wife's name first on the list. Mr. McDonald increased his donation of one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars, constituting his wife and six daughters life members, desiring to have all his family in this privileged class; he also made Mrs. Crosby a life member; the Rev. John Douse immediately added to Mrs. Crosby's name those of his other daughters, Mrs. Geo. Brown, Mrs. H. Hough and Mrs. G. P. McKay. Mr. Sanford, Mr. Dennis Moore and others followed until, at the close of the meeting, it was found that one thousand dollars had been subscribed, besides forty-one dollars in collections."

Under the heading, "Our First Field," Mrs. Platt says:

"Charter members will remember the thrill with which they listened to the story of Mrs. Crosby's Home for Indian girls at Port Simpson. From the beginning of their work among the Indians, the condition of the young girls, their degradation and danger, had appealed strongly to Mrs. Crosby; and when a little outcast came and announced that she was going to come and live with her, she was not turned away. Others came, until the house was full. For several years these girls were clothed and fed at the Missionary's expense; and better still, Mrs. Crosby shared with these defenceless ones the mother love of her heart, and her own little children learned to talk Indian before they could speak English. From one of Mrs. Crosby's letters we quote the following: 'The care of these girls has been thrust upon us. There are Indian villages where scarcely a young woman can be found, all having left their homes for a life of dissipation and shame, only to come back in nearly every case to die a wretched, untimely death among their friends. These girls, who are bartered to cruel brutes of men, both Whites and Indians, for a mere pittance, afterwards appealed to the Missionary to save them.'

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

“The first two hundred dollars raised by the Hamilton auxiliary was given to the Crosby Home. In 1882, while on a visit to Ontario, Mrs. Crosby engaged our first Missionary, Miss Hendrie, of Brantford, as matron. That year an appropriation of five hundred dollars was made by the Woman’s Board, Miss Hendrie being the first one engaged by our Society in that good work. . . . Previous to the organization of our auxiliary we knew nothing of the character of the work undertaken by Mrs. Crosby; and it was indeed a revelation that such a state of things could exist in our own Dominion and that one of our own refined and cultured women had been called to spend her life in such surroundings. From the atmosphere of a minister’s home, a graduate and teacher of Hamilton Ladies’ College, Mrs. Crosby had been transferred to a heathen village, six hundred miles north of Victoria; and for some years was the only white woman in the place. What this life meant to Mrs. Crosby, and what her beautiful Spirit-filled life meant to these benighted people, only the future will reveal.”

Some years after, Miss Hendrie, our matron, having been married, Miss Knight was sent out; and later Miss Hart of Nova Scotia was assistant. The work went on until finally the Woman’s Missionary Society, under Miss Cartmell’s direction, bought land and built a fine three-story building. Here they have since housed and instructed many an unfortunate girl. From time to time many orphan children have also come to the Home.

It was during the early years of our Mission that work opened up in Alaska, as recorded elsewhere, and Mrs. McFarlane established her Home for girls at Fort Wrangel on a similar plan.

It soon became evident that we must care also for the boys, as we had several little orphan boys in the Girls’

Home. An appeal was made to the British Columbia Conference, held in New Westminster, which resulted in donations and subscriptions sufficient to enable us to build a temporary home for boys at a cost of one thousand five hundred dollars. We have now twenty or more boys in the Port Simpson Boys' Home. We have been assisted by benevolent people, by Sunday Schools, and by kind individuals, giving fifty dollars a year to support a boy. Our Girls' Home also received a small grant from the Government.

The Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Raley in later years opened up a Mission Boarding School and Home for children at Kitamaat. They received help from the Woman's Missionary Society and from friends. Some years ago the Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Tate started Industrial School and Home work at Sardis in the Chilliwack Valley, at first in their own home, the Mission House. They obtained help to build a fine Home, which was afterwards burned down. This was replaced by the present beautiful large brick building at Coqualeetza—the finest Indian Institute in the Province. The Coqualeetza Institute is a monument to the plodding perseverance and noble self-denial of Mr. and Mrs. Tate.

Our work in the Home or Boarding School was of a most interesting and encouraging character. Some of the girls who joined us at Simpson have done very well as teachers and workers. Others have married Christian Indians, have helped to build up Christian homes, to civilize the people generally and to aid in developing their own neighborhood.

The first child that came to us at Simpson, "Sindow" by name, was a bright but mischievous little girl. We had to do a good deal of correcting and teaching to keep her from taking things that were not her own; but she became truly converted and was afterwards married to a young

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

local preacher and evangelist. Together for many years they did faithful work at the opening up of new Missions until, in the year 1898, the Lord took away from this earth Josephine Russ (Sindow), who went triumphantly home.

Another case was that of a woman who had for some years lived a sinful life in the gold mines of Cassiar. She heard about our Home when she was staying at Fort Wrangel, came the one hundred and sixty miles, and begged for admittance. We took her in and she stayed for several years with us. She was converted and became a most earnest Christian. She married a local preacher, a steward of the Mission church, and they lived very happily together for some time. Poor Betsy for years had desired to visit her old heathen mother and friends on the Prince of Wales Island in Alaska, to tell them about Jesus; and at last, late one summer, she got a chance to go to see them. So, with the hearty consent of her husband, and with the idea that she would return in a few weeks, she went away in a canoe that was going to that country. While there she contracted a cold and became exceedingly ill with consumption. Her husband got a large canoe, took a good crew of young men, and started off to look after her. He found her rapidly sinking. Delighted to meet her husband and the Christian men who had come with him, with joy on her face, she said, "Oh, how much I have longed to see you, and I have been praying that God would send some of you, in some way, that I might get back among the Christian people at Simpson before I die. I have told my friends in much weakness about my Saviour, and I do hope that some of them will 'come to Jesus.'"

The husband and his friends left with Betsy in her feeble condition to return to Simpson, some sixty or seventy miles away. They got along very well to Tongass,



THE MISSION HOUSE, FORT SIMPSON,
Which Dr. and Mrs. Crosby made a refuge and home for many Indian girls.



CROSBY GIRLS' HOME, PORT SIMPSON, 1913.

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where they encountered a terrible gale of wind blowing down the Portland Canal, and they could not cross. Here, during these anxious days of waiting, poor Betsy passed away in the arms of her husband, saying to him, "I thank you all for coming to see me; I send my love to all the Christian people at Simpson, and give my warmest love to Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, who so kindly took me into their home years ago, when I had been so bad and had gone so far in sin, and told me of Jesus, the great Saviour, and how He loved me. I have found Him to be my loving Saviour all this time, since I gave my heart to Him. Tell them I shall meet them in Heaven." Surely Quankwe, or Betsy, was "a brand plucked from the burning."

Another girl, who came from the mouth of the Stikine, had been sold to a man old enough to be her grandfather. We had to take her to the Home and protect her, as she said she would never live with him. She was a modest child, about fourteen years of age. We kept her for a time in the Home, against much opposition from the head tribe of the village. Finally, at the organization of the Home by Mrs. McFarlane at Fort Wrangel, we transferred "Tilly" to that institution in her own country. She was educated, then married to an evangelist named Louis Paul, a native converted under the Presbyterian Board. He was drowned on a long canoe trip, and Tilly was left with two children. She was taken from that Mission to the Home work at Sitka, where she has for many years been one of the most devoted helpers in that institution.

Another of our "Home family" was a young woman who came from the streets of Victoria. She was converted and became a very happy Christian. She was a good singer, and quite a help to us when we opened up the Mission at Queen Charlotte Islands, as she was a Hyda by birth. She would often go on evangelistic trips with

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

the Missionary and his party. She married a young chief of the Tsimpshéan nation; they had quite a little family, some of whom have gone home to heaven. Lucy often spoke in the fellowship meetings with reference to the happy meeting she expected to have in the home above with her dear little ones who had gone before. She loved to sing:

“Now I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear and wipe my weeping eyes.”

In the spring of 1897, in the absence of her husband on a trip on the Mission ship *Glad Tidings*, Lucy was called away. The doctor and those who attended her in her illness say that she bore to the last most glowing testimony to the triumphs of grace.

There are many others of whom we might write who married into Indian homes in the different villages and, by their industry and cleanly habits in caring for their homes and children, showed the marvellous civilizing influence such work as ours may exert on whole communities. Let this be its justification.

It was not difficult, in visiting around among the villages, to pick out those Christian mothers who had the privilege of the “Home” life and training. To us, who watched them through the years, their influence was a source of great encouragement and indeed an inspiration. We may have had to mourn over one here and there who did not do so well; but, on the whole, the life of the people was marvellously changed by this home-educating work.

Instead of a young man with his friends going with property and buying a wife, as was done formerly, many of our brightest young men tried to make the acquaintance of the girls in the Home. There was no doubt in our minds that real, true love again and again developed

between the young people who thus became acquainted. This acquaintance finally resulted in their marriage and the happy life that followed. We taught them to consult their parents, as well as the Missionary, at this time, and also to pray much to the Lord for help.

Here and there some amusing little letters came to light. This was a condition of affairs very different from that which existed when the young people had nothing to do with arranging their own marriages and in many cases never spoke to each other before the ceremony. Here is one of the letters: "Port Simpson, Miss S—— of the Crosby Home, Jan. 6th, 1897, I have to take to write you this opportunity to you to tell you about my heart to you this time, because I want you very much with my heart. Please if you finish read this letter, and you tell your mother about this words, which I send to you, please if your mother say words to you, and I hope you write to me and explain to me about it. Well Miss S——, if God help me next year, and I write to you about my heart to you again, I wish your mother kindness to me. Please if they want what I spoke to you to get married to you, just the reason I write to you this winter. That is all I wish to say to you dear loving yours truly affectionate yours from Joseph M——. Good morning young lady."

From the foregoing facts it will be seen that the crowding of the Missionaries' home with these poor and destitute children was the means, through our Woman's Missionary Society, of starting a work in the Methodist Church of the Dominion, of which eternity alone will reveal the importance. The influence upon the women of our Church, the reflex influence upon their own homes, the interest awakened among the young people, the workers sent out by the Society to Japan and China, as well as the many workers in our Homes, Schools and Hospitals in

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

our own Dominion, have been a great blessing to the whole Church, and doubtless will be an increasing blessing to the end of time.

In connection with this subject, as bearing upon our Educational work and interest, we close this chapter with the following letter from Mrs. Crosby, taken from *The Missionary Outlook* of December, 1890. It gives some interesting facts regarding the School work and the Home.

“By the kindness of a devoted friend of the Crosby Home, Mrs. Harrison, of Barrie, we are permitted to give our readers the following letter. It came in acknowledgment of a parcel sent by our Mission Band. The many friends of the Rev. T. and Mrs. Crosby will enjoy this bright glimpse of the Mission life into which these earnest laborers weave so much love and enthusiasm.

“A. P.

““PORT SIMPSON, November 26, 1890.

““Dear ———: Your letter and parcel make me hasten, for they must be acknowledged at once. The things will come in very useful—the aprons and neckties and handkerchiefs—and please give our best thanks to all who helped to make and send them. There are so many of them, and some of our little girls are quite too small for the aprons, so I feel almost like taking some of them to give to the village children, which I suppose would not be against the wishes of the ladies, if they knew just all the circumstances. There are so many children in the village, and we have very little for them. We have to prepare for nearly two hundred. However, I am not sure that we shall have a tree for them this year, and we will consult together and try to make the very best use possible of the Barrie gifts. I will ask Miss Hart to mention this in her quarterly letter, which should reach every Auxiliary, and the *Outlook* may possibly hear from Port Simpson soon also, as we have just formed an Auxiliary among ourselves, with Miss Hart as Secretary, and Mrs.

EDUCATIONAL AND SOCIAL WORK

Bolton and Miss Ross and me each with an office. As yet we have only three other names, but we intend to ask the ladies at the Fort (three of them) to join us, and a few of the Indian women will probably do so also.

“The Home children are all well. The boys have been placed in the new building, under the care of Dr. and Mrs. Bolton, which leaves Miss Hart's family somewhat reduced. She has, I think, fifteen girls, and there are six little boys in the other house. One of the girls, who was a long time in the Home and afterwards lived with us about a year, is helping Mrs. Bolton, who has a babe a few weeks old. This girl is very useful. Miss Ross, who came out last summer as teacher, has taken hold of the work vigorously. We are all kept pretty busy. The Doctor finds a great deal of work in professional duties, besides the charge of the Home. Then we have been without a Day School teacher since last summer, and with so many children the School cannot be given up, so we have had to manage as best we could between us. Miss Hart taught for a time; at present I take the morning session and the Doctor the afternoon.

“We had quite a lively time one evening last week. The whole Mission community, numbering thirty-one, including Baby Bolton and our own family, took tea with us in the Mission House. We had three tables for tea; but it was not much trouble, and the children were delighted and had a very good time, playing games, looking at pictures, etc.; and certainly everyone looked as well and neat as could be, and behaved very nicely. I was very glad you saw Jessie and Grace last summer; they told me about it. Gertie and Harold are growing so fast. I am so thankful that they have all good health.

“Mr. Crosby reached home two weeks ago, after a trip to Victoria, taking in the Missions by the way. He finds plenty to do at home. There is a large number of people here, and he will not likely be away much during the winter. The want of a teacher makes it more difficult for him to get away. The services lately have been full of interest, and many of the people seem much in earnest. They are improving very much in their homes and living. In sight of our windows is a very pretty two-story house

a young Indian has built lately and into which he has removed his family. It would be a nice little house in the street of any town of white people. You pray for us, I know; do not cease to do so. I find a book, also, from someone in Barrie; thanks to the giver. Mr. Crosby joins me in kindest love and prayer that you may be comforted and borne up day by day.

“ ‘EMMA CROSBY.’ ”

INDIAN BELIEFS, TRADITIONS AND LEGENDS.

Beliefs—Sacrifices—Ancestor Worship—Transmigration of the
Soul—Naas Legends—Weeget, the Origin of Light, Origin
of Man, Philosophy of Death—Bella Bella Legends—
Death, Origin of the World, the Deluge, Thunder
and Lightning, Luganu and the Fish Hook,
First Possession of Fire—Bad Children
Punished, Origin of the Sun, Another
Version, Origin of the Moon,
Whispering Bay—Legends of
the Upper Skeena.

“Knowing God, they glorified Him not as God.”

CHAPTER VIII.

INDIAN BELIEFS, TRADITIONS AND LEGENDS.

THE general religious attitude of the Indians in the heathen state has been described by one of our Missionaries, as quoted in another chapter of this book, as "a feeble and quite indefinite polytheism." It was not, apparently, a coherent system, nor otherwise of a high order, either intellectually or morally. They had a vague conception of a supreme deity, known to them as "The Great Chief Above," but their worship was directed in most cases rather to natural objects. The tree, stone, mountain, bluff or rapid was worshipped as the stopping-place of God, or as the abode of spirits.

The Tsimpsheans and Tlinkets also painted figures on mountain sides or on formidable headlands. These might last for an indefinite time and they often visited them, for periods varying from four to seven days, to offer prayer when they desired to obtain some special object. They prayed also to the sun, the mountains, the thunder, or other mighty or awe-inspiring objects. They believed that fasting was well pleasing to the spirits, and that they could have success in hunting, fighting, gambling, etc., while they fasted and bathed themselves. The Tsimpsheans, like many others of the Coast tribes, offered by the graves of their friends sacrifices and burnt offerings to the spirits. In a storm, they prayed and cast offerings of food to the waves, if they were out at sea; or, if ashore, they bathed and sometimes took an emetic in order to purify themselves completely and thus please the deity

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

and calm the storm. They also whistled, prayed and waved their hands in order to "raise the wind" in a calm.

Hunters prayed and fasted for days in the mountains, bathing themselves and going through certain exercises in order to ensure success. Men sometimes went through days of fasting and absence from their families, praying, bathing, rubbing and painting themselves, even for weeks together, before going out to a hunt or on a war expedition. They believed that the Great Being gave them all the fish and food. They were often found in the woods praying. It is likely that the great occasions of dancing and feasting in the early days were part of their religious worship.

The Tsimpshans also believed in the transmigration of souls and held that a child may have the spirit of any ancestor, descent being reckoned on the mother's side. One may often hear them say, "That boy or that girl has the spirit of so and so," who has long been dead, and sometimes a child receives the name of a dead ancestor, who is then supposed to be reincarnated in the child. Frequently, too, we have seen them go and weep by the graves of their dead, telling all their wonderful and clever characteristics, wailing and repeating the story over and over again. In all this a strong tendency to ancestor worship is apparent.

INDIAN LEGENDS.

The Coast Indians were very fond of legendary stories, some of which seem to be quite recent and fairly correct, while others have lost nearly all semblance of a natural occurrence. Some of these, collected by Miss Jessie Crosby—"Ashegemk"—when a teacher among the Indians, are here presented.

The Origin of Light.

Weeget made his way to the Naas, where the people were waiting for the oolachan. He changed himself into a small leaf, which floated on the river. The servants of the daughter of "The Great Chief Above"—Semoyget Kilahagah—came down with a woven basket of curious workmanship (baskets that would hold water were common), to get water from the river. The water in these sacred baskets was never exhausted. With the water they dipped up the little leaf and carried it away home to the "Great Chief Above." The Chief's daughter, in taking a drink saw the leaf and tried to blow it away, but failed and swallowed it. She became the mother of a child—Light.

Weeget and Lok-a-bola, or the Nasga Version of the Origin of Light.

Weeget (Wigiat) or T-k-ames and Shingeget (Shingi-giat) or Lok-a-bola were brothers, sons of a great Chief. From infancy Weeget showed signs of a peculiar temperament, remarkable characteristics and marked ability beyond that possessed by the ordinary child. In spite of his unusual intelligence, however, he was very backward in learning to talk. His brother Lok-a-bola was younger than he and apparently less precocious. While still young, Weeget was seized with a great desire to gain possession of the ball of light, said to be in the possession of the Great Chief of Heaven. One day he and his brother Shingeget went off to the woods, and in their wanderings shot a hawk and a woodpecker with their bows and arrows. They then took these birds and, having removed their entrails, placed themselves inside of them. Weeget, in some mysterious way reducing his size, entered the hawk,

while Shimgeget placed himself in the woodpecker. The region which was inhabited by the Great Spirit was then unknown. The entrance to this region was through an aperture in the clouds, which was guarded by fire and which opened only at certain intervals. Weeget and Shimgeget determined to fly up to the opening and, watching their chance, slip through. This they did, the hawk going first, the woodpecker following close after. It is said that the tail of the woodpecker was singed in passing through, and that this accounts for the yellow spot on the tail of that bird.

Having entered this higher region, Weeget extricated himself from the hawk and transformed himself by some miraculous power into a child. He then found his way to the house of the Great Chief. After having played around in the house for a while he began to cry and to beg for the ball of light to play with. As he could be appeased in no other way it was finally given to him. He amused himself for a considerable time, making his way slowly and unobserved towards the main entrance of the house. At last he watched his chance and ran out of the house, making his escape with his brother, as he had come, through the clouds. Carefully carrying the ball of light the two descended through space and alighted on the river opposite Fishery Bay, a fishing camp fifteen miles from the mouth of the Naas River. All was darkness, but across on the ice were some Lulak (spirits) boiling oolachan on camp fires. Weeget called over to them, asking if they wished light. They, however, paid no attention to what they considered his jesting. Weeget then burst the ball and forthwith the universe was flooded with light.

INDIAN BELIEFS, TRADITIONS, LEGENDS

Nasga Version of the Origin of Man.

The Nasgas believed that man was originally the production of the mountain fish. The rocks were agitating the question of giving origin to man but in the meantime he was produced by the mountain fish. This, they say, accounts for his being mortal; had he been the production of the rocks he would have been immortal.

The Nasga Philosophy of Death.

The ancient tradition was that after death there were two roads open to the departed, one to the right and the other to the left. The road to the right was red, smooth and ever growing more beautiful all along; while that to the left was dark, rough and ever growing worse the farther one travelled along it. Those travelling the red road had abundance of fish to eat and water to drink, while those on the dark road had neither. The red road led to the habitation of robins. Robins were, therefore, supposed to be enchanted and possessed of supernatural power. The dark road led to a bridge, beyond which was the rendezvous of the poor unfortunates, who were continually calling across for food and water to appease their hunger and thirst. The ancients believed when the wood on their fires teamed and cracked it was a sign that the departed spirits on the dark road were calling for food. They would then throw salmon or grease on the fire to pacify them.

BELLA BELLA OR HAIL-TSUCK TRADITIONS.

Philosophy of Death.

The Hail-tsucks believed that the destination of the spirits of the departed after death was a village below the surface of the earth. There were four villages at different

depths. Mourners wailed and cried to the spirits or deities that the departed might be well treated. They also burned food over their graves that they might have sufficient in their subterranean abode. Dancers and medicine men were supposed to have visited these lower regions. Corpses were cremated or put in cases or in boxes which were hung in the branches of tall trees.

Thunder and Lightning.

Thunder was thought to be caused from the flapping of the wings of an immense bird with gorgeous plumage. It had a large glassy beak like an eagle's, and from this and its eyes flashed fire, which was represented by lightning. The Nanaimos said that a small lake on Mt. Benson was the home of the Thunder bird.

Other Hail-tsuck Myths or Traditions.

The ancient traditions said that when the world first came into existence the sky was very low and gradually rose higher, and that islands at first consisted only of floating kelp. Then rocks gradually formed, which at first were not stationary; these eventually became fixed and grew large. In their prehistoric days there was very little soil on these islands and scarcely any trees. The climate is said to have been intensely cold and much snow and ice abounded. The tides were said to rise and recede very slightly in this prehistoric period (an intimation of the glacial period or great ice age). Seals and sea-otters were trapped before the aborigines learned the art of fishing. Their skins were used as clothing and for tents and their bones and oil as fuel. (This would make it appear as if they had at first Eskimo habits, which agrees with their tradition that they came from the north or north-west.)

The Hail-tsuck Theory of the Deluge.

We have found among all the tribes of this Coast some tradition of a flood. The tradition tells of the time when the whole earth was submerged in water and only a few natives escaped by moving their canoes to a high rock on the top of the highest mountain at the head of Rivers Inlet. It is said that around this rock was a fossilized rope and this mountain was the only one not entirely covered by water. Each of the other tribes relates a similar story of some mountain in their own country, such as Mt. Benson near Nanaimo, Mt. Cheam near Chilliwack, and Mt. McNeil near Port Simpson.

Luganu and the Fish Hook.

In ancient times the raven was supposed to be enchanted and possessed of supernatural powers, and, like other birds and animals, had the power of speech by which it could converse with men. A raven which was of a very enquiring mind determined to get possession of some useful implements which at that time were the property of the gods of the Sea and of the Four Winds only. During his wanderings in search of these he came upon a house floating out at sea. In this house lived a man named Luganu, who had invented the only fish hook in existence. Upon entering the house the raven commenced conversation with Luganu. He said, "I am delighted to have found you at last, Luganu; I have searched for you a long time. You know you are my brother; we are of the same parentage and I have come to take you to my home."

Whereupon Luganu replied, "Do not jest in that way; we are not related. Just compose yourself and I will prepare you something good to eat." He then took down his hook from where it hung and, opening a trap-door in

the floor, lowered the hook and line and presently drew up a large halibut, which he threw down on the floor with a flourish. In the meantime he had heated some stones on which to cook the fish, and this he now proceeded to do. Meanwhile, the raven schemed as to how he might further prevail upon Luganu to go with him, that he might eventually get possession of the coveted fish hook and line. At last the repast was ready, and, having partaken of it, the raven again broached the subject of Luganu accompanying him to his home.

"But," said Luganu, "you have no canoe and we are far from land. How do you suppose I can go?"

"Oh," said the raven, "that difficulty is easily overcome. I will carry you away on my back."

"But," said Luganu, "you will let me fall."

"Oh, no," said the raven. "Just let me fly around the house here with you and I will show you how well I can manage it." So Luganu mounted the raven's back, and he flew around with him, sometimes tipping him from one side to the other as if to show him how impossible it would be to let him drop. They started off, but the raven had not gone far when he dropped his burden into the sea.

Thinking Luganu was well disposed of, the raven flew back to the house to get the long-desired hook and line. Before leaving the house, however, he thought he would experiment a little and see if he could manipulate it as Luganu had done. He accordingly opened the trap-door and lowered the hook and line as he had seen Luganu do. Presently he felt a weight—a fish, he supposed—and he commenced to pull in his line; but to his dismay he could pull it in but a short distance; and then, cautiously looking down, he felt himself being slowly drawn into the depths of the sea, not by a fish, but by Luganu, who had found his way back by a submarine route to his house. He

had suspected the raven and, upon seeing the hook and line lowered, immediately seized upon it. Having dragged his enemy down, he beat him severely, then drew him up through the trap-door and threw him on the floor, as he supposed, lifeless.

The raven soon revived and, though defeated, was not disheartened. With continued scheming and planning, however, all he was able to do was to scrutinize the hook and line closely; and, having satisfied himself as to how they were made, he departed. The hook was made of wood and the line of dried kelp twisted together; these the raven proceeded to make, taking another animal into his confidence. The two started out to fish halibut together. The raven, however, had poor luck and could not catch any, while his companion caught a large number. The raven became jealous and determined he would get even. His companion at last ran short of bait, and in revenge the raven suggested that he should cut out his tongue and use it, claiming it would make excellent bait. This he did; and upon their return to camp the raven claimed all the halibut. His companion, for want of a tongue, could not defend himself, and so lost his fish into the bargain.

The First Possession of Fire.

According to the Hail-tsuck traditions, fire was first found in possession of Kumuqu, the Monarch of the Deep, who lived in a house half a mile long and partly submerged in water, and who always rode on the back of a great halibut. Various birds and animals had tried to get possession of fire without success, owing to the fact that the route leading to his place of abode was very difficult to follow. The bear, the wolf and the humming-bird had all tried this feat but had failed, and the deer finally

determined to make an attempt. Despite discouragement and opposition from the other animals he felt confident of success. He prepared himself first by tying stones to the soles of his feet to prevent his falling on the slimy backs and fins of myriads of fish, which formed the floor of Kumuqu's house; and he also tied a piece of pine to his tail. Having successfully reached the house, he entered and, leaping to the fire, hastily kindled the piece of pine, and then made his exit by the way he came. He was ineffectually pursued by the servants of Kumuqu, the Monarch of the Deep. He thus gained possession of fire.

A Tsimpshewan Story of "Whispering Bay."

The Tsimpshewans were catching halibut and heard some strange, whispering noises. They concluded that their enemies, the Hydass of Queen Charlotte Islands, were in the vicinity. They quietly and quickly "pulled for the shore," whispered silence to all in the houses, gathered up their chief effects and took to the woods. The Hydass rushed in, smashed everything they found, and finally left in their canoes. A poor old blind Tsimpshewan was left, hidden in a grease box, when the halibut fishers took to the woods. After the Hydass left the others returned, and the old blind man drew their attention to a sad, wailing noise out in the bay. They went out and found a drowning Hyda, whom they rescued. Through the Tongass Indians, as go-betweens, they sent word to the Hydass that one of their people had been saved from drowning and was cared for by the Tsimpshewans. The Hydass offered to redeem their countryman by handing over a number of slaves; but the magnanimous Tsimpshewans gave him up freely, with the result that a peace treaty was concluded which lasted many years.

Bad Children Punished.

About forty miles from the mouth of the Naas River, long, long ago, the Indian children were very cruel. They used to catch fish, stick sharp-pointed pieces of wood into their backs and throw them into the river again. They enjoyed seeing the helpless creatures trying to get away. The Spirit of the Mountain was very angry with the cruel children, and to punish them shook the mountain so as to cause an eruption. The lava flowed down the slopes and destroyed the wicked little red-skins. It did not stop here, but flowed on until it reached the Naas River, and for half a mile of its course filled up the channel. To-day the lava wall may be seen on the south side and the ordinary rock wall on the north bank of the Naas, at the Canyon.* That the eruption took place is a fact. The lava is there to prove it. The assigned cause is quite another matter. There can be little doubt that the lava is of recent occurrence. The forest growth on the slope of the mountain is all young and sparse, with the lava showing in many places. Old Indians say that when they were young people and travelling over the base of the mountain, any object could be seen at a long distance, as there were very few trees or other vegetable growth. The coasts of British Columbia and Alaska furnish splendid opportunities for the study of volcanic, glacial and water action. The wonderful history of a mighty past is written by the forces of nature over a stretch of more than a thousand miles.

Origin of the Moon.

The Tlinkets of Alaska say that a long time ago it was very dark when the sun went down into the big water. An

* The only recent lava flow known in British Columbia, according to the Geological Survey.—Ed.

old woman who had a large family found it difficult to get along with them, as they usually all wanted the same thing at the same time. On one occasion she had a bright large ball of transparent ice. Because of its shape and clearness all cried for the pretty toy. She could not give it to all nor divide it among them without destroying it, so she hit upon a happy expedient. She went out into the darkness and threw it up into the sky, where it has been shining ever since.

Legend of the Upper Skeena.

The Upper Skeena people speak of a time when the Hydás, the Tsimsheans and some of the Tlinkets all lived a few miles below the Forks (Hazelton). They point out a very nice locality as the place where they resided. They state that there were thousands of people and that they had great traps placed across the Skeena, where they got all the fish they needed. The people became so proud and wicked that the great wood sprite scattered them; there came a great flood and took them down the river. The Hydás were drifted on to the Queen Charlotte Islands. The Kit-khatlas and the Tsimsheans remained near the mouth of the river. It is known that the home of the Tsimsheans was formerly on the Lower Skeena during the summer, while Old Metlakatlah and Naas were their winter residences.

There is also a legend about another great flood, so great that it covered all the mountains. The Indians point out the mountains where their canoes rested when the waters subsided. This deluge tradition is found in localized form among all the tribes of the Coast.

A conjurer on the Lower Skeena near to the homes of the Gin-a-cun-geak tribe professed to have supernatural

INDIAN BELIEFS, TRADITIONS, LEGENDS

power and made his way up the north side of a mountain back from the river where he was fasting to get his power. The south-west side of the mountain was so smooth and bald that no mortal could stand on it. The old conjurer is said to have made a large rope of cedar bark and let himself down the south side of the mountain to the river. Here the people saw him and wondered how he got there. All at once he seized the rope and pulled himself back to the top of the mountain, which is about two thousand feet high.



A COUNCIL OF PEACE.

Tribal Wars—Their Destructiveness—Liquor and Firearms—
The Hydás—A Battle at Port Simpson—A Treaty of Peace.

“He maketh wars to cease.”

CHAPTER IX.

A COUNCIL OF PEACE.

WARS among the Coast races were of constant occurrence from time immemorial, but became more frequent and deadly after the introduction of liquor and firearms by the Whites. They were undertaken chiefly for the purpose of procuring slaves. In these dark deeds the Hydas were the principal offenders and were always a warlike race, boasting of valor and indifference to pain. From the earlier bone or shell-tipped arrows or spears, they protected themselves by complete suits of armor made from the dry pelts of the thick-skinned sea-lion, but from the later musket bullet they could get no such protection.

“After the introduction of firearms among them,” says the Rev. B. C. Freeman, “the Hydas became the terror of the nations, far and near. The wide seas were their highway. Steel-edged tools, at first in the forms procured from civilization and later remodelled to shapes adapted to their own peculiar uses, gave these clever people facility in the manufacture of immense cedar canoes, forty, fifty and even sixty feet long. With a fleet of these remarkably seaworthy craft, they sped over the stormy waters to the mainland on marauding expeditions, swooping unexpectedly on some village, murdering or carrying into slavery as many as possible, then fleeing again in their canoes over the wide waters where few dared follow. With their pre-eminence in seacraft and daring, they became veritable Vikings of the Coast, and ranged for hundreds

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

of miles up the coast of Alaska, down the western shore of Vancouver Island, and as far as Puget Sound.

“In later years the bloodthirsty nature thus cultivated brought about its own retribution in fierce inter-tribal wars, which almost decimated the race. In feuds originated at their heathen orgies, whole families and sometimes whole villages were wiped out. The same conditions as to feuds and inter-tribal wars existed also among the other races of the Coast. When such a feud once commenced, it might go on almost indefinitely, as after the first mortal wound had been inflicted the killing must be kept up till the loss of the opposing tribes should be equal. A man of high class was held to be worth two men of lower class, or four slaves. Any man was worth two women of the same class, and so on, even to the mutilation of an ear or a wound of any nature whatsoever. It was not only ‘an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,’ but a tooth of the same size and an eye of the same color. Insult followed by the suicide of the insulted party still further complicated affairs by requiring a life of equal value from the tribe of him who gave the ‘shame.’”

Such wars were among the most potent causes which had reduced the Alaskan tribes to about one-tenth of their original number since the time of the first Russian occupation of the Coast. These wars were aggravated by the first New York and Boston traders, who supplied the natives with rum and firearms. The Hudson’s Bay Company, who came afterwards, denied the Indians liquor and did what they could to stop the wars for a time; but were themselves obliged to strongly fortify all their trading posts in order to maintain a foothold on the Coast. Among the Indians there were to be heard awful stories of massacre, of the scalping of men and the enslaving of women and children.



A COUNCIL OF PEACE.

A collection of 100 small, stylized, circular motifs arranged in a grid-like pattern, resembling a decorative endpaper or a page from a book. The motifs are dark and set against a light background.

A COUNCIL OF PEACE

Among those whose reminiscences included accounts of those tribal wars was Henry Pool, or "Stand-up-on-High," one of the Port Simpson men. He related many stories of the times long ago when the Hydas would come in great crowds and fight with the Tsimpsheans, killing men and also taking men and women and children slaves. Again, the Tsimpsheans would go to the Hyda country, have another big fight, bring back scalps by the score and hang them by the camp fire.

He tells of a hard struggle they had some time before the Missionary came. The people had been called together to a great whisky or firewater feast. One of the Chiefs had brought a canoe load of the vile stuff all the way from Victoria. This feast was hardly over when a man of the Kit-seese tribe shot a man of the Gin-a-han-gake tribe. At this time there was a large crowd of Hydas in the place. These people were at Fort Simpson trading, as they were wont, their great canoes for grease and other kinds of food, as well as blankets and other property. When this shooting commenced, the Hydas were on the west side of the Fort Simpson Island, or in front of the Gin-a-han-gake tribe. A man of the last-named tribe shot a Kit-seese man, intending it as retaliation for the Gin-a-han-gake man who was shot earlier in the day. In so doing, the ball went right through the Kit-seese man, and struck and killed a Hyda man near by. The Hydas were now insulted and enraged and ready for a fight. These were said to be the proudest people on that great north coast. At first they fired a volley of muskets at random. This brought together a great crowd, representing nearly all the ten tribes that then resided at Simpson. They commenced firing in dead earnest on both sides and men were shot down all along the beach. Some of the Hydas, who had remained in their canoes, got away round the west end

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

of Finlayson Island, and some got away over the land; but large numbers were killed. The struggle lasted about four days. Some time after this the Hydass, to retaliate, waylaid the Tsimsheans some distance south of Simpson and killed a large number.

Old Kah-shakes was a Tlinket Chief of the Cape Fox tribe in Alaska, and was a strong character. A man past middle age when we first met him, he had seen the old heathen life from his childhood and had been in many a bloody conflict in their early wars, both among the Tlinkets themselves and between the Tlinkets and other tribes along the Coast. He had doubtless taken many a scalp in his younger days, and left the impression on one's mind of a man who was a strong warrior and a great hunter. He and his boys, or slaves as they were in the olden times, brought many bear and other pelts to the Hudson's Bay Company's stores at Simpson for trade. He was a decent, old man to trade with; and, when we first came among the Tsimsheans, his people were inclined, when they crossed the line to Simpson, to attend Church. He always spoke in favor of it, but only once in a while did he appear in the Church himself. He was, however, always friendly and would come and wait in the Mission House to get medicine. Some of his children were in our Girls' Home for a while before the Home in Alaska was established. He was well-known along the southern coast of Alaska, had attended many a big feast and potlatch and was evidently a man of high caste. We often met him in those early days.

He came to the Mission House one spring morning when a party of the Hydass from Queen Charlotte Islands had been in the place for a few days, as they came every summer to sell their new canoes to the Tsimsheans. The old Chief of the Cape Fox tribe, looking dejected and dis-

A COUNCIL OF PEACE

turbed, walked into the waiting-room and sat down. I shook hands with him pleasantly and asked him how he was. He commenced to talk, through a young man whom he had brought as interpreter, saying, "Han-kow, Han-kow (meaning Chief, Chief), I should like to speak to you, sir. You are the great Chief who has brought peace all along this coast; and I wish you, the great peace Chief, would help me. You, sir, have seen these Hydas come here. There are some in town now and there is a great Han-kow in this village from Queen Charlotte Islands. Nin-jing-wash is his name. I always feel when I see him that I should like to kill him. I feel angry at him; and so I came to tell you, sir, that I hope you will make peace between us. It has been a long trouble. If you will call him up to your house, I will speak to him and tell him my heart; I can't speak to him on the street. I want to speak to him in your presence, sir. Call him quickly, Han-kow."

We sent for Nin-jing-wash, a proud, ambitious Chief from Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands. He was not the first in the ancestral line—Skidegate was the Head Chief—but he was perhaps second in order and was desirous of being first. He must have been in his younger days a large, fine-looking man; and we are told that in those early years he had "rushed things," got rich and given many potlatches. He had amassed great wealth by the large number of slaves taken and sold; and, following that most debased way of making money that some of his nation carried on, he sold his own "naturally pretty and attractive wife" and also his slave women to a degrading life on the Puget Sound and other places in the south. All this he did to get property that he might spread it before the people at these great feasts, to show how rich he was.

He came to the house at my call and we invited him to

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

a seat. I said, "Chief Nin-jing-wash, the reason I called you is that your brother Chief from Alaska, Kah-shakes, has something to say."

Kah-shakes began by saying that he did not want to be angry, for since the light had come so near to us we ought to be good. He said that there had been great trouble between the Hydas and his people for a long time. In those great battles of former years, when so many people were taken slaves and so many were slain, the Hydas had taken at least one who had never been atoned for, and he a great Chief of the Tlinket nation.

Chief Nin-jing-wash said, "I am alone here now; there is no Chief with me. Let this man go away and tell his people and bring his Chiefs. I will go back to my country. I think I return in one moon and a half, or less, if it is good weather." It was a journey of seventy-five miles over a treacherous sea.

We had them both sign a paper, or "make their cross," that the decision of the Missionary or his Christian Council should be final; and off they went. The time came for their return and next day we met in Council. Nine Hyda Chiefs were present, one from Masset, the rest from the south, including Nin-jing-wash, Skidegate and others of their leading men. Kah-shakes and several of his people were there; and six of our Christian men sat with us in Council.

We opened that never-to-be-forgotten Council with prayer. Then I rose to explain why we had met. I said that the two leading Chiefs had promised on a former occasion that, whatever our decision was, they would abide by it; and I hoped that all the Chiefs and men present would try to keep down any angry or bad feeling that might arise in their hearts.

Nin-jing-wash, the Hyda Chief, made the first speech.

A COUNCIL OF PEACE

He said, "Long ago we were not the first to fight; we had come from our country to visit the Tsimpshans and that kind Chief, Sick-sake, had entertained us in his house; the Cape Fox people came to fight in the night and killed several of our people. Then we went to have redress in their country, killed some and brought back some slaves. Then they came to our country again, showing that Kah-shakes and the Tongass people had fight in their hearts. The Foxes are bad."

Kah-shakes then arose. "I have not a bad heart or I should not have come to this God's servant to make peace. If I had not a good heart, I should have thought over the bad and have gone away and done something bad another time. In our great war, which Chief Nin-jing-wash has spoken about, there were many killed and many taken slaves. It is the way with our law, as the Chief knows, that, if the same number is killed, scalped or taken on both sides, peace is proclaimed by a good Chief putting white eagle down on the heads of the contending Chiefs."

The Council, which proved to be of two days' duration, was now fairly opened. One after another told of dark, bloody conflicts in which many were butchered and women and children taken and slain—in some cases where the condition of the women was such that they should have had the tenderest care. Often the feeling rose to such a pitch that it seemed we should have a fight right there. Then some one or other of our Christian men would rise in a very dignified, quiet way and, by some kind words, pour oil on the troubled waters. He would say, "Now, friends, don't get angry; you know this is a time of peace and you have come to a great peacemaker." We closed each session of our meetings with song or prayer.

I did not rest much those two nights; and sometimes when the Chiefs told their heartrending stories of the ter-

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

rible conflicts and how their people were savagely slain, I would rise to say a word to quell their rage or sit and lift my heart to God for help. Much prayer was made among our fellow-Christians of the village during those days and it was a real comfort to see how much they were interested in making peace between these once great nations of proud people. Some of the Chiefs talked quite calmly, others told most exciting and awful stories of savage butchery. It seemed to us that the Foxes had been the aggressors and had evinced a most daring, bloodthirsty, warlike spirit in going all the way to the Hyda country to fight with such a formidable people; yet the Hydass were not behind a whit in their cruelty and violence. They took all the slaves they could get and were noted slave traders. It was clear that they had the best of the fray more than once.

After hearing every one speak—and some spoke a good many times—we proposed that they should settle the difficulty by appeal to the two laws. They must use the Christian law of forgiveness, as we thought that no blankets could settle this affair; and, according to the Indian custom, they might pay to the Foxes fifty blankets. Thus we hoped that they would be at peace.

Old Nin-jing-wash, on behalf of the Hydass, rose and said, "My Chiefs and I are willing to do what the good Missionary Chief says."

Old Kah-shakes rose and said, "Do you think my heart can be bought with a few blankets?" and as he rose he took off a fine, new overcoat, walked across the floor and handed it to the Hyda Chief. Then he stepped back into the middle of the room and beckoned to the Chief to come to him. He took him by the hand, as if he were going to shake hands with him, embraced him with the other arm and turned round three times to the place where he started;

A COUNCIL OF PEACE

then the two great Chiefs kissed each other. He went through the same ceremony with the eight remaining Hyda Chiefs and kissed them all with the exception of one. He shook hands with this man and embraced him, but did not kiss him. We asked him, after it was all over, why he did not kiss the last one. He said there was just a little in his heart that he could not forgive, as that was one of the men who had so savagely and brutally destroyed one of the women of his tribe.

Every one then rose and shook hands with the others. We had a short prayer meeting to thank our Heavenly Father for bringing peace to so many hearts. All the Chiefs concerned put their signatures to the following paper:

"Fort Simpson, June 16th, 1878: It is hereby certified by terms agreed upon this day between the Hyda Chiefs of Skidegate, Gold Harbor, Masset and Clue, and also the Cape Fox and Tongass tribes, that all of the claims of the Fox tribes against the aforesaid Hyda tribes are satisfied in full; and that there is now peace made in our presence between the aforesaid peoples. Signed on behalf of the Hydass, Chief Skidegate and Chief Nin-jing-wash; on behalf of the Cape Fox tribes, Chief Kah-shakes and Chief Kad-da-shan. Witnessed by T. Crosby, John Ryan, and Chief Dudoward."

We trust that no trouble will ever rise between them again, and that all concerned may have the blessing of the Divine Master, who said, "Blessed are the peacemakers."



CANOES AND CANOE TRIPS.

“ Dug-out ” Canoes—Their Manufacture—A Disastrous Voyage—Chief Sick-sake, Hat-lead-ex.

*“ Lord, if at Thy command,
The word of life we sow,
Watered by Thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow.”*

CHAPTER X.

CANOES AND CANOE TRIPS.

THE canoes on the North Pacific Coast were among the finest of the native productions. They were what are called "dug-outs," that is to say, they were mostly hewn out of a single cedar log. In the south, the large ones were usually called Chinook canoes. They had a "stub," or a rather short stern, with a very high bow or neck. There was a variety of smaller canoes used for hunting and fishing. There were also what they called spoon canoes. These were used for travelling on very shallow rivers. They were flat-bottomed and had hardly any rise at the bow or stern. Sometimes these were dug out of cedar, but cottonwood was always preferred. The farther we went north, the larger we found the canoes. The great war canoe was fitted with a very heavy bow and a heavy stern, and carried easily fifty or sixty people. It was so shaped that it would sail over almost any sea when properly managed. Then there was the very large Hyda canoe, which was a beautiful model, with gracefully-shaped bow and stern, and was what, in English phraseology, would be called a clipper." This was often from thirty to sixty feet long and of five or six feet beam.

The Hyda people of Queen Charlotte Islands made the largest and best canoes, as they had larger cedar trees on the Islands than grew on the mainland on that part of the coast. They used to bring the canoes over in great numbers to Fort Simpson and other places to be sold or bartered for fish, grease and blankets. They were sold at

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

from \$75 to \$200 each. One of these large dug-outs, seventy feet long by eight feet beam, was presented to Lord Lorne when he visited British Columbia during his term of administration as Governor-General of Canada.

The medium-sized canoe was the best. It carried two large sails. In early times the Hydats did not seem to have the idea of ribbing the canoes, hence they would sometimes split with fatal results in a storm on the sea. Later, we taught them to rib them with small cedar sticks or branches flattened on each side. In after years we showed them how to steam ribs about three-quarters of an inch thick by two and one-half inches wide. These were screwed down on the inside of the canoe eighteen inches or two feet apart. The bow and stern were well fastened with natural crooks.

While in the south, in the early days, we were compelled to travel by canoe; and in the north we found the same necessity where the heavier seas and longer distances from shore made it necessary to have a larger canoe. The canoe we travelled in for almost eight years was about thirty feet long with five feet beam and ribbed in the way above mentioned. The ribs were screwed down with copper screws and butted up to a piece running fore and aft on each side of the canoe from stem to stern, about eight or nine inches below the gunwale. On this strip the thwarts rested, where the men would sit to work while travelling. I had a good seat at the stern and a small, shifting rudder. I could sit with my feet fastened to the ropes which were attached to the rudder, and thereby steer in ordinary water while reading or otherwise occupied. Oars as well as paddles were provided, so that we could use either, and there were two large sails which we also used as flies or tents to sleep under at night. When everything was kept in good order, the ropes well cared for and a good coat of



CANOES AND CANOE TRIPS

paint applied to the canoe once or twice a year, we could live up to Cromwell's command, "Trust in Providence and keep your powder dry." We took good care of her, often getting up at a midnight hour during stormy weather to haul her up or see that she was all right. This canoe lasted so many years that the Indians called her the "everlasting canoe," or "God's canoe to carry the Gospel of light." The unribbed canoes were split by the sun and rarely lasted more than a year or two.

Following a plan of itinerant evangelism, which soon developed in answer to the calls which poured in from outlying tribes, we made many trips to nearly all parts of the Coast, obeying, as far as we could, the command to "go into all the world." This also enabled us to make use of native evangelists who were very zealous and eager to help in this work.

For a number of years some of these canoes were used by the Hudson's Bay Company to freight up the Skeena, some two hundred miles. They usually took two tons of freight and five men each. These boats all had to be ribbed for this purpose, yet some of them would come to grief, notwithstanding all the care. "Pacific" though the Coast may be, it often becomes boisterous enough, especially if there is a tide running against the wind. It can easily be seen that a very large canoe, say forty-five or fifty feet long, without ribs would be in danger of being split in a heavy sea, unless great care were taken. This is especially the case when the craft is new, before she has been soaked by the water.

One of the most painful accidents from this cause, and one which brought bereavement and sorrow to several families, occurred on June 8th, 1877, when Inspector Williams, of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a party of five Indian men were all lost but one on their way from Queen Char-

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

lotte Islands. Mr. Williams had been over to Masset to inspect the Company's post, books, etc. Before leaving the Island, the Hyda people begged the party not to go, as there was going to be bad weather, but our Simpson men, expecting to meet the Indian Commissioner on his visit to that place, pushed out. They were carried out for many miles by a south-west wind somewhat under the shelter of the Island. When they got out near to what is called "Rose Spit," the wind veered around to south-east. They then saw that the weather looked bad and thought they had better pull back towards shore. They lowered sail and rowed hard, but in vain, for they were drifting farther and farther out. The wind was now a strong south-easter, which always means bad weather on that coast. Mr. Williams said they had better put up sail, run before the wind and try to make the Alaskan shore. He gave them the course with his compass, as they could not see the land. They did as he said, got up two sails, and soon were running well up to windward. They had not run long before a huge wave swept over them, and split one side of the great canoe completely out; immediately another wave struck the other side, taking it off also.

Matthew Hat-lead-ex, the only survivor, in describing what followed, says, "We all got on the broken wreck, as the thwarts and withes held the pieces together at the bow, and the great bottom slab was still attached to the two side slabs which looked like wings. Mr. Williams had caught hold of one of the wings, and Chief Sick-sake was clinging to the other. For some time Mr. Williams held on with his head down on his arms. It was very cold; and after a time Mr. Williams said, 'Boys, pray'; he bowed his head and we all prayed. Mr. Williams then threw up his arms and dropped off and we saw him no more. We could not see any land at this time. After Mr. Williams

CANOES AND CANOE TRIPS

ank, we prayed again. Soon our Chief and guide got old and weak, let go his hold, and disappeared.

"After this, we succeeded in cutting in two a pole or mast that was still attached; and, with the ropes hanging to it, we got the slabs of the canoe together. We lashed one piece of the pole at each end and the planks were still attached by the withes at the bow. Now we felt better, as we had a raft; but one paddle and a broken oar were all we had with which to pull.

"Darkness soon closed around us, and we prayed again to God to take care of us for the night. Before daylight Saturday morning, another of our number got weak and fell off the raft. The wind was blowing hard at this time. Towards sunrise the sea was calmer. The sun shone on us and we felt warmer. With our paddle and our oar we worked hard, but did not seem to make much headway, as the tide was against us. The next night the wind blew strong from the north-east, and seemingly drifted us farther out to sea. We prayed that night for God to help us. Another day came and we remembered it was Sunday. We had services three times that day on our raft." (This man, the local preacher, was the weakest in the company physically, and I believe it was his faith in God which kept him up and finally saved him.)

He said, "I spoke from the text, 'The eyes of the Lord are in every place,' and urged my comrades to have strong hearts, for God's eye was upon us for good. That night it grew stormy and it seemed hard to keep our raft together. I still told my friends to have strong hearts as I yet hoped that God would bring us to land. Monday was a better day. We had prayer and singing on the raft. Monday night, far on in the night, one of our brothers got out of his mind. He jumped up and shouted, 'I see a fire, let us get ashore!' Either he cut the rope with a knife or the

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

ends of the raft parted, and there in the darkness I was left alone on one slab of the broken canoe. I saw my friends no more.

"The wind got round to the north-west. It was not very strong, and helped me towards shore. Towards the morning I thought I saw a bright light come down from heaven. I had been praying, when something seemed to say, 'You will be saved over there towards where that light is.' On Tuesday morning I was drifted ashore on an island near the place to which the light in the night seemed to point. I crawled up among the rocks for the tide was out. When I got above tide mark, as if God had put it there, I found the bones of a deer with part of the skin attached; and there, on the rocks, I broke the bones and ate the marrow."

He continued, "Oh, I was so thirsty, and prayed to God to give me water to drink. I crawled along a little further, for I could not walk, and found a little water in the hollow part of a rock. It had come there from the rain and the sun had warmed it. I now prayed to my Heavenly Father, thanking Him for saving me from the stormy waters, and asking Him to please send me help to get home. I fell asleep, and must have had a long sleep, for the tide had come up and gone down again. After this, I crawled down and found some shell fish which helped me much. I got a little stronger and still moved along the side of the island. That night I slept. Next day, Saturday, I got more food from the beach and crawled a long distance, until I found a small canoe pulled well up on the land. I got a flat piece of stick or board to serve as a paddle, launched the canoe and paddled along till I came to Old Tongass village, where I broke into one or two houses in hope of finding food, but there was none there. I then started to paddle across to Cape Fox. While crossing the channel, a steamboat came from the north; and my heart jumped

CANOES AND CANOE TRIPS

for joy. I thought they would take me up. I lifted my stick and waved; the captain or someone on the deck, took off his hat and bowed, but the steamer went on, and my spirits sank very low. By hard paddling, I reached the village at Cape Fox." (That is in Alaska, about seventy-five miles from Masset.)

"There the people came out to see me, and were very much excited when I told them about our trouble. They helped me into the house, and, as soon as I had got by the fire, I fainted—and forgot everything. After a while I revived, and found the old conjurers with their rattles rattling over me, and a lot of the people singing to the conjurers' song. They were shouting and saying, 'Don't you die here; don't you die here!' I said, 'No, I think I will not die; but if I do, you take my body to Fort Simpson, and do not be afraid. God will protect you.' Some of the friends by this time had baked a cake in the ashes and got some hot tea. I took it, and as soon as I had eaten a little and drunk some of the hot tea, I fainted again. When I revived after some time, they were rattling over me again and shouting, 'Don't you die here; don't you die here!' I think they were afraid that if I should die there the Tsimsheans would say that they had murdered our party. However, thank God, I did not die. I rested that night, and on Sunday I spoke to the people from God's Word in Chinook. The next day they brought me over to my home at Fort Simpson."

This awful accident cast a gloom over the whole village, as the heads of three families, including our noble Chief Sick-sake, were all taken away, and Inspector Williams' family left fatherless in Victoria.

Before he went over to Masset, Mr. Williams had been staying at the Fort. He was a very nice, friendly man. A day or two before he left we attended a funeral together,

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

and, while I read the service at the grave, he held an umbrella over me, as it was pouring rain. Little did I think that was the last time I should see Mr. Williams. Hat-lead-ex, poor fellow, seemed for some days more dead than alive. His hands and thighs were cut through to the bone where he had sat holding on to the broken piece of the canoe. He was one of our first converts. The Chief, Sick-sake, was a very kind man and a Christian, beloved by all his people. A little while before this, he, with twenty young men, went through a great storm to look for the Missionary, who, with a crew of ten, was without food, wind bound on Portland Channel. We felt that in him we had lost a warm friend and supporter of Mission work. Other sad tales of wreck by canoe splitting might be added to this.

OTHER CANOE TRIPS.

Big Jim—A Trip to Bella Bella—Wockite—Ebstone Jack—
W. B. Cuyler—Various other Trips—Adventures
on the Skeena—A Man Lost.

*“Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.”*

CHAPTER XI.

OTHER CANOE TRIPS.

WHILE we were yet working at our Church at Fort Simpson, a tall, rough man came in, his wife and child with him, very poorly dressed. They looked very tired and unkempt.

I said, "Good day. How do you do? Where are you from? What is your name?"

He said, "They call me Jim, sir; my Indian name is Qua-lth-nat. I am from near Millbank Sound." (This would be about two hundred miles distant.) "I wished to see you, sir; I was working a long way from my home, down at Burrard's Inlet and New Westminster (about four hundred miles from his home). I was there working at a sawmill. I was gambling and drinking, fighting and stealing; and I was put in jail. A nice, little man (the Rev. T. Derrick) came to see me. He said, 'Jim, you must come to Church.' I said, 'No, I can't go to Church; I am too bad. I get drunk, I gamble; no good for me to go to Church.' But he came to me again and said, 'Jim, you must come to Church.' I said, 'No, I can't go to Church; I am too bad, I steal, and have been in jail.' He came the third time and said, 'Jim, you must come to Church.' I thought the man was so kind I would go and hear what he had to say. When I got there, he told me the wonderful story about the great God who made all things, and about His only Son, who, he said, came down to this world to save sinners just like me. I thought it was a wonderful story. I stopped my drinking, left my

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

1869

gambling, got into my canoe and started away to my people to see them and tell them; I thought they would like to hear the wonderful story that the good man told me. When I got to my people, they were in the midst of a heathen dance and wouldn't listen to me; so I have come all the way to see you and hear more about this Jesus; and I want to learn to sing." (This man had actually come six hundred miles to hear about Jesus; do you think we show the same eagerness?)

We opened the Blessed Book, and told Jim more of the story; helped him to sing hymns, and, as day after day passed, we instructed him. He got a number of hymns off by heart, and constantly asked questions about the Gospel story.

One day he came to the Mission House and said, "Now, sir, I am going."

I said, "Good-bye, Jim, God bless you!"

He said he would like some nails.

"What do you want with nails, Jim?"

He said, "I am going to build a Church."

I went to the Hudson's Bay store and bought him some nails. Away he went, urging me to come and visit his people soon and tell them the good news.

Some months later I started off in my canoe with an evangelistic party of our people to visit all the tribes between Simpson and Bella Bella.

In preparation for a trip of this kind, we call together a number of people and ask for volunteers. The canoe is got ready and provisioned. We take along a box of pilot bread, dried fish, sugar and tea, potatoes and salt salmon; and our native friends take a good quantity of sea weed, dried herring spawn, dried salmon and halibut, and a good supply of oil. The time comes for starting, everything is in readiness, the canoe is launched. We have said good-

OTHER CANOE TRIPS

bye to the folks in the Mission House, but a number of Christian people are down at the beach to see us start. A hymn is sung—it may be “God be with you till we meet again”—a prayer offered for success on the trip and we start southward. The first place we reach is Inverness, a salmon cannery, where service is held. Then we put out to Kit-kat-lap, where our first night is spent, and services are held with the people, some of whom are delighted with our coming, while others do not seem to care for it, as they say they wish to keep their old way. Prayer meeting and service are held next morning and we leave southward bound amid rain and south-west wind. After a hard day’s pull, the next place is Kitthatta, Hartley Bay, having visited two Indian fishing camps on the way. Service is held here with very few people. Our next place is Kitamaat. We do not find very many people at home, but hold services at a number of fishing and hunting camps. We press on southward, every day with more or less rain. At night camp is made, with a fire ten or twelve feet long, built of driftwood, piled high in order, if possible, to get some of our garments and blankets dry.

Poles are hung up all around this great fire, and blankets are steaming for hours, while one of the large sails is put up on each side of the fire as a fly under which we sleep. While supper is preparing, the Indians tell stories of wars or great feasts or hunting expeditions. Then to service; the Word is read and explained, hymns are sung and prayers offered. Soon every one is rolling up in his steaming blankets and it is not long before all are asleep. Several times during the night some lively fellow gets up, rakes the embers together and throws on more wood. Early in the morning there is a loud call for everybody to get up and we emerge, steaming, from our wet blankets like men coming out of a vapor bath. Still the weather is wet.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Breakfast and prayers over, a start is made southward, leaving behind Kitlope and many hunting and fishing camps.

We reached Hyhise, the first village of the Bella Bellas, some ten miles inland, opposite where the present China Hat village lies, east of Millbank Sound. Here we found that Big Jim had built a little Church. There was no sawed lumber in that part of the country, so he had gone to the woods and split out cedar slabs about nine feet long to make his walls, and covered the roof with slabs and bark. He was having service every Sabbath among his people, doing what he could by telling the few that would come the story, as far as he knew it, of a Saviour's love. We spent some time among them. The Chief, a young man named Qunah, said he was very glad we had come and he hoped the Bella Bellas might soon have a Missionary.

Leaving this place, on we went, bounding through the Narrows with a tide of about six miles an hour. We made Wockite that night. In the morning we met the old Chief Wockite and I visited from house to house with Chief Kneeshot, my leader, while the rest of the boys prepared breakfast. A number of the people in the village seemed very much pleased to have us come; but the old Chief himself wanted to know why we were there. He didn't wish either us or the Book. He said God gave him and his fathers the medicine bag, the conjurer's rattle, the feathers, the dance and the potlatch, and had given the white man the Book; so we might understand they didn't want our preaching or our prayer.

After breakfast, several of the Indians came to our camp. One leading man said he was very sorry to hear the old Chief say he didn't want the Missionary or the Book; that the old man was going to have a big feast that day, and if we should be invited, we had better go. We were invited

OTHER CANOE TRIPS

to the feast and went, as we might have a chance to tell the story after that was over. Very soon word came that some of my crew with Chief Kneeshot had been invited and wanted to know if they should go. I said, "Yes, we will all go and, if there is a chance, you must all be ready to give testimony of your conversion."

At eleven o'clock we all sat down on mats close around the fire in the old Chief's house. After all were seated, a dish with water in it was passed around, so that each one might wash his fingers. They were very particular about this in those days. A dirty rag was passed around to dry our fingers. While these preparations were being made, loud conversation was carried on by different leading men, one of whom would tell of the war between the Hydats and the Bella Bellas long ago when slaves and scalps were taken; others, of wonderful hunting expeditions, struggles with bears and the like. Then long, wooden dishes were placed within reach of each one, and the courses, seven in number, commenced. We had potatoes, dried salmon and grease, sweet spruce bark, salmon, and finally wound up with some very plain flapjacks made of flour and water. A number of speeches were made which had to do with their families and their intercourse of more recent date with white people; they acknowledged the kindness of their host and spoke of his family history and the greatness of his relatives. We had been there from eleven o'clock until four in the afternoon when they got through.

At this stage I said, "Chief Wockite, have you done?" and he grunted out an answer which I took for an affirmative. I got up and gave the people a short talk on the fall of man and the redemption by Christ.

When I had finished, one of my boys, Robert, a young, converted man from Tongass, Alaska, rose and said, "Chief Wockite, you are a great Chief; I am pleased to say this

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

word to you. My uncles in Alaska were all Chiefs and my father's people were all great men, but they were all in darkness until the Missionary came to Fort Simpson and brought us the light. Wockite, see this tide!" pointing to the rising tide, "bring all your people and all your great power and try to push back this tide. Push away, Wockite, push away! You can't stop the tide; it will come up all around your village here and wash away all the dirt and bad into the great sea. So with the Gospel, Wockite; it is coming on; 'tis coming on; it has come all over Fort Simpson and the Tsimpshewan country; it came to us in Alaska, taking away all the darkness and the bad; and many of the Chiefs and people are happy now. All the great Chiefs have taken the Book. Wockite, you can't stop the Gospel any more than you can stop the tide; it will come on, and reach to all the tribes of the Bella Bella people, and the Gospel light will drive away all the bad. So, Wockite, I am sorry that you said you did not want the Book." Others of my men told a little of their experience. After having other services with some of the families, we left this village, bidding the old Chief good-bye.

Not long after this, we heard the sad news that old Chief Wockite and a number of his braves on their way to a potlatch at a distant village were going round by Millbank Sound, when they were caught in a great storm. Their canoe upset, and all were lost. I need hardly say that this event was partly the means of opening the way for the Gospel to all the Bella Bella tribes, for they looked upon it as a judgment from God because of the old man refusing to have the Gospel in his village.

We also visited other bands of the Bella Bella people. A trader who was among them said with a kind of sneer, "What do you come here for, Crosby? What do you think you are going to do with this people? I want to say to you

OTHER CANOE TRIPS

they are a different kind of people from the Tsimpsheans, and you will never convert them and get them under your influence and control as you have the Simpson people."

"Oh," I remarked, "I don't expect to convert them, but I have come to preach the Gospel to them and that will make as mighty a transformation among the Bella Bellas as it has among other tribes."

We spent a Sabbath at the principal village. In the morning we had prayer-meeting at seven o'clock, as our custom was at home. Some of the poor Bella Bella people attended, and, after my men had led in prayer, I asked them to pray also. They looked around at me and said they did not know what to say, that if I would tell them what to say, they would pray, so we had to "teach them how to pray." We had service three times during the day. I was asked if the Lord understood the Bella Bella language, and would understand them if they spoke to Him in their own tongue.

Here also I met Ebstone Jack, a happy-looking fellow who came to me all smiling, and said, "Oh, sir, I am so glad you have come. I was down in Victoria a while ago, and a good minister gave me this Bible," pulling out the Bible and holding it up before me. "He told me that it explained about God's love to us. I returned home, bringing the Bible, and I thought my people would like to hear all I had heard about this book, so I showed it to them. They laughed at me and persecuted me; I felt very bad, and day after day I used to go up that mountain side all alone where I had often gone before to offer sacrifice to the great storm. I would kneel down upon the rock, open the Book, and then say to God, 'Now, Great Chief, this is Your Book; I am all dark and wicked, but God's man told me that this Book tells of Your love. Now, please, will You not hear my prayer, and send us a teacher to tell us

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

what is in this Book?" Every time I prayed like that, I came away feeling strong in my heart, and believing that some way or other God would send us a teacher; and now I am so glad you have come." The poor man almost danced for joy, as the tears ran down his cheeks. He said also, "I have been telling my people that God was going to send a Missionary, and I asked them when we were eating food in our feasts if I might not pray to God; but they laughed at me, and asked if I was going to leave the way of our fathers and become a Schoolman like the Simpson people. Then they wouldn't invite me to feasts any more and they cut my name out of their councils. They persecuted me, and called me bad names. They said I was crazy; if I went that way, the witch power would take hold of me and I would soon die and all my family for our wise men, the conjurers, have great power. Now I am glad you have come and I hope you will leave us a teacher for our people."

From Bella Bella as a centre, we have travelled hundreds of miles to visit the villages of that region, which included Bella Coola, North and South Bendicaum, Hyhise, China Hat (at a later period), Goose Island, Rivers Inlet and Smith Sound, as well as the various fishing, logging and hunting camps and canneries which were established later at intervening points.

These were the stretches of water on which the sainted W. B. Cuyler afterwards truly laid down his life for the people of that region. A more devoted man we never knew. It was before the days of gasoline launches, and the calls of steamboats were very rare, so he travelled mostly by canoe or large fishing boat; and it was on one of those trips by boat in very stormy, disagreeable weather that he took a cold, brought on by working hard all day.



J.F. Lewis



OTHER CANOE TRIPS

and sleeping out at night, perhaps in wet blankets. From this sickness he never recovered.

Accompanied by our brave Christian men from Simpson, I made many trips to Port Essington, Lowe Inlet, Kitamaat, Kitlope, Hartley Bay and Kit-khatla. It was on the Rivers Skeena and Naas that we had the most trying trips, especially in a severe winter. At the mouth of the Skeena, we were in great danger more than once of being jammed in the ice and having our craft crushed in the floes. It was here that a Church of England clergyman and his crew were all lost. The Naas was equally trying, and many times we had to leave our canoe at the mouth of the river and walk over the ice or over the mountains twelve or fifteen miles to Lach-al-zap. On one occasion, while ascending this river, about half way up we came to nearly a foot and a half of water on the top of the ice, and had to wade through it for miles. On another occasion, we paddled to the village with our large canoe and spent the Sabbath in blessed services. The people were so much interested that they wanted the Missionary to remain another day. We did so, had three more services and started away on Tuesday morning over the ice, sliding the canoe along. We soon found the ice was not thick enough; but we went on, each one hanging to the canoe. Presently one broke through, we nearly lost our Chief and found it impossible to go on. We pulled our canoe to shore and, climbing over the mountain in the deep snow, got back to the village, where we spent several days. Great interest was aroused among the people and there was a revival of religion in the village. The cold increased and the ice became solid. After this, we had no trouble in putting our large canoe on a sled and hauling her away down to tide water.

We made a great number of trips up the Skeena with

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

the Hudson's Bay boats or freight canoes to the Forks. These trips were made in company with perhaps twenty canoes loaded with freight, five men being in each canoe; and we had abundance of chance to preach and hold services on the way. Every Saturday afternoon a good camp was chosen and all the boats unloaded so that the freight could be dried and any leaks or other damages to the canoes repaired. The whole Sabbath Day was spent in rest and religious services. We visited all the villages on our return trips. Later on, we made an evangelistic tour along the Skeena as far as Kishpiax, with from twenty to thirty warm-hearted Christian Indian evangelists, when it was a delight to see how the young men worked with paddle, oars, pole or tow line, singing on the way, "We work until we die," or "We'll work till Jesus comes." A full description of this and other journeys must be reserved for a later chapter, but we may here refer to some adventures connected with this and other trips.

There were some very dangerous places on the Skeena River. The "Canyon" in certain stages of the water, "Splashing Rapids," "Bee's Nest" and "Kitzegucla Canyon" were the worst.

It was just at the foot of one of these rapids when I was on one of my trips in the Hudson's Bay Company's freight canoes that the following incident occurred: The men in the canoes had poled as far as they could up the "riffle" and, not being able to get a tow line ashore, let go the poles and every man paddled for life to reach the opposite shore. Arriving there, a man, ready at the bow with a rope, had to jump ashore as soon as the canoe touched and whip his rope around a stump to save her going down into the terrible whirlpools below. As each canoe was loaded with two and a half or three tons of freight and usually carried a crew of five men, the loss of life must have been appalling

OTHER CANOE TRIPS

if, by any chance, the man who jumped ashore missed his fastening, for nothing could have prevented the canoes and their crews from being swept into the maelstrom below.

While my canoe was waiting in still water on the right hand shore and we were watching to see how the others would manage, two canoes got over all right. The third, with an old Tongass Chief who did not know the river as Captain, was not so successful. The men had let go their poles and were paddling for their lives. Getting too much down into the wild water they would often miss their stroke, as the waves were so high and they were sometimes in the trough and sometimes on the crest. Suddenly we saw a man's hat in the stream. Paddling with great force on the top of the wave, he had missed his stroke, and had fallen into the water. The next moment came the shout, "Man overboard!" The old Captain was now landing on the point and could not possibly come down from where he was to rescue his man.

My Captain shouted, "All hands to your paddles; what do you say, shall we go and save the man?" The men shouted, "All right" ("Ahm, ahm"), and out we plunged, every man pulling for his life right into the wild waters and into what seemed to be "the very jaws of death." Now came a shout by the Captain, "Back water, or we shall miss our man." Just at that moment, amid the whirlpools and rushing waves, we saw our brother as he came up for what must have been the last time, for, as he said afterwards, he was blind and could not hear a word we said. A long pole was thrust against his breast and he seized it with a death grip. A strong young man held the pole and, with the assistance of another man who grasped him by the clothes, their sinking comrade was pulled into the canoe. As soon as we got him on board, we rolled him and lifted him up and down to get the water out of him.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

This took some time and when he began to revive I gave him some Jamaica ginger. By the time we had finished rubbing and working with him, we were far down the river in calm water. During the day he seemed to be much better, but was dull for some days after.

This all happened in much less time than it takes to write it and I do not think any one of us would have been ready a few minutes before to make such a terrible venture for all the world.

Many a trip I made up that river. On a more recent one, a man was lost. I was travelling in company with the Upper Skeena people on their way from the salmon canneries. We had over one hundred people in the company. I travelled with them in order to hold services on the Sabbath and in camp. The first Sabbath we had a blessed day. We visited in camp all who did not come to service, for a large number of the people were heathen. On Monday morning it was raining, but some started early. After a while my Captain and party got out and, just as we were pushing from the shore, a shout came down the river, "Canoe upset!" Crossing the river, we met with evidences of it. We picked up a sack of flour, some mats and some clothing, floating down. Another shout came down the river, "Man lost!" I landed on the other shore and ran up over a bar about two miles. There I found a poor, blind man and his mother, sitting on the bank of the river, with part of the broken canoe lying along the beach. They were crying and told how it happened. A long tree was lying out from the shore on the surface of the water with its roots still fast. In trying to get past the outer end of it, their canoe sheered in, when the strong current pushed them under the log. The man at the stern was knocked off and he and part of his steering gear were carried away.

OTHER CANOE TRIPS

He was seen no more. The other two caught hold of the tree, and thus got ashore.

I need not say that was a day of great sorrow among the party. All went ashore to camp. The friends of the lost man prepared a feast on the bar of the river, and called every one to it. Here we had a good chance to preach to them and tell them to "prepare to meet their God." The same night a large party came up to the village of Kit-sum-ka-lem, just across from us. I preached to them also. Next morning I headed a search party of two canoes. We went down the river about ten miles to look for the body of the lost man, but did not find it.



ALASKA.

The Country and its Resources—Purchase and Military Occupation by the United States—Hootchenoo—Hostility between Whites and Natives—Alaskan Trade at Fort Simpson—A Taku Chief—Kasháh—Talh-lee—General O. O. Howard.

“ The morning light is breaking, the darkness disappears.”

CHAPTER XII.

ALASKA.

ALASKA is an English corruption of the native word "Al-ak-shak," which means "great country or continent." It is indeed a great country with an area of over 596,100 square miles. It was formerly a Russian possession, but was purchased by the United States in 1867 for the sum of \$7,200,000. Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, conducted the negotiations. There was a great outcry throughout the country over paying so much money for what was considered a worthless, icebound piece of territory. In derision it was called "Seward's Folly." Some time afterwards, on Mr. Seward's retiring from public office, when he was asked, "What do you consider the most important act of your official life?" the answer was, "The purchase of Alaska; but a generation or more must pass before the people will realize its value."

The Alaska Commercial Company pays the Government an annual rental of \$55,000 for the seal islands and a royalty on the skins of \$263,500. They paid into the treasury of the United States from 1871 to 1880 over two and a half million dollars for seals alone. Of sea otter about \$100,000 worth was taken annually, and other fur-bearing animals, including several varieties of fox, mink, beaver, marten, lynx, otter, black bear, wolverine, whistler, reindeer, mountain goat and sheep, ermine, marmot, muskrat and wolf, were secured in great abundance. The fur product alone amounts to \$1,000,000 annually.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

It is said there are no such fisheries in the world as those of Alaska; the timber resources are marvellous in extent and variety; almost unlimited supplies of gold, copper and other minerals are found; and yet in some quarters the impression long prevailed that Alaska was not worth the money paid for it.

After the purchase the United States Government made the great mistake of establishing military posts all through the southern part of the country. The result was that the fifty thousand Indians of the country were far worse off than before the purchase, on account of the degrading influence of the soldiers and of the white man's firewater. Some of the Whites thought that it would be better if the Indians were exterminated, and they took a sure way of doing it. At Sitka, the capital of the country, whisky was sold by the gallon on the streets. For ten long years the people waited for the Gospel but were still left in the dark.

A runaway soldier taught the Indians at the village of Hoot-son-oo how to make whisky from potatoes, dried apples, rice, molasses and hops. A knowledge of this Hoot-son-oo whisky spread until nearly every village had its own still and, indeed, in some places almost every second house had one. It consisted of two coal-oil tins connected by a hollow sea-weed stalk or, later, by a tin pipe. This "chain lightning stuff" caused fighting, death and destruction almost everywhere for years, until the warships stationed on the Coast finally undertook to destroy the stills and clear out the whisky. The doings of some of the men in connection with the warships and of the soldiers at the different stations or garrisons were a disgrace to any people. Wm. S. Dodds, the American Collector of Customs, declares:*

* See Bancroft's "History of the United States."

ALASKA

“Nearly all the troubles that have occurred since the time of the purchase may be traced directly or indirectly to the degrading influences of liquor, as it was supplied without reference to quantity. The excitement of a drunken and lascivious debauch became the one object in life for which the Indian lived and for which he worked. Early in 1878 there were about two hundred and fifty miners at Fort Wrangel, waiting until the ice should be firm on the Stikine River or navigation should become practicable. In his report, dated February 23rd of that year, the Deputy-Collector of Customs says: ‘While I was at Stikine another thing occurred at this port that put to shame anything that had happened heretofore. A gang of rowdies and others had been in the habit of getting on a drunken spree, going about town at midnight disturbing everybody and insulting those who complained of their doings. On February 16th these incarnate devils started about midnight and, after raising a commotion all over town, visited a house occupied by an Indian woman, gave her whisky, made her beastly drunk, and left. Shortly after their departure the house occupied by the woman was discovered to be in flames. Before any assistance could be rendered the poor woman was burned to death. During the last five months there was delivered at Sitka, from the steamer which carried the United States mail from Portland, 4,889 gallons of molasses, and at Fort Wrangel, 1,635 gallons, for the purpose of making up “hootchenoo,” as already explained. Nine hundred gallons were sold on the streets of Sitka, and thousands of gallons were shipped in by way of Port Simpson, British Columbia, until we appealed to the American Government, and they placed a couple of gunboats at or near Tongass, just on the border.’”

When we opened up our work at Fort Simpson, in 1874, there were not many traders in Alaska, and the Hudson’s

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Bay trading steamers, which had formerly made regular trips along the south-eastern coast of that country and gathered up immense quantities of furs, had ceased to visit those regions since the purchase and the military occupation of the coast. For this reason the Indians used to come in great numbers with their large war canoes from the far north—from Tongass, Stikine, Taku, Chilcat, Hunah, Sitka, Kake and Kussan—to trade at Fort Simpson. At times we were visited by natives from all south-eastern Alaska. Sometimes we would see the Hunah Chiefs with a dozen or twenty braves or slaves in each canoe, laden with furs. Then we would have the Taku Chief, a tall, fine-looking man, who kept a large number of slaves, and who, it is said, on leaving for the south on a trading trip once shot a slave dead on the beach and then got into his canoe and started off as if nothing had happened. When at Fort Simpson the same man and a number of his young men who had come with him, painted up and dressed only in long blankets and print shirts, attended service in the large Indian lodge, where we worshipped while the church was building. On Sabbath night, at the after-service, when a number of our people were giving their experience, and especially while the large congregation were singing with great life and power, "There's a land that is fairer than day," repeating the chorus again and again, this heathen chief partly rose from his seat and then settled back. He was wonderfully aroused, although he could not understand a word that was said. Next morning he and some of his young men came to the Mission House, bringing with them an interpreter, and said to the Missionary, "You are the God man! I and my men were at your Church house last night, and I heard your people sing. I wish to tell you that away in my country at Taku, in some of our great

ALASKA

gatherings, when the Chiefs and people come from all along the Coast, we have great singing; but I never heard anything like the singing last night. It lifted me right up as if I were carried away nearly to heaven. Then I would come back again; and oh, there was something in my heart that I never felt the like of before."

We took this opportunity to tell the old Chief and his men more about the "wondrous love."

It was from some of these people, on another occasion, that we heard that when they had been travelling and hunting in the interior they found some people who prayed before they ate their food and who could read and write a little. They said that they had travelled about one moon to reach them. We wondered if they had reached the Mackenzie or Peace River, or come in contact with some people who knew the Cree Syllabic writing.

More than once we met chiefs from the Chilcat country. One of these was Kadashák (or Kasháh), who had been at Fort Simpson many times before with his furs and his slave attendants. On the occasion when we became acquainted with him he was accompanied from the Chilcat country by a young chief, Kin-da-shon. At Fort Wrangel they met some Tsimpsheans who were returning from the Cassiar mines, and also Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who was on his way to visit Fort Simpson. These took passage with the Chilcats in their canoe to our village. On his arrival Kadashák made his way to an Indian's house, where he was entertained by one Samuel, who had learned a little of the Good Book, so that he could spell out in English a text here and there.

While the old Chief from Alaska was his guest, each evening Samuel took down the Bible to read a little and pray. Then the old man began to ask him questions which he could hardly answer. so he said they would go up to

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

the Mission House and God's servant would tell them all about it. They came, and I was introduced to Kadashák; Samuel, who had learned some of the Tlinket or Alaskan language on his trading trips to that country, acted as interpreter. After talking a little, we read out of the Good Book and told of man's fall, the redemption by Christ and the great love of God, "Who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." He listened with great attention and a tear stole down his cheek. He looked sick and wan and his cough indicated a pitiable condition of health, but still he was a willing pupil and seemed very glad to hear the Word. Before leaving, Kadashák begged the Missionary that a teacher might be sent to his people. * "The Chilcat people are in great darkness," he said, "they die with their eyes shut. Some souls are crying for the light. Oh, man of God! they cannot find the way out unless you come and tell them. Tell God's people that the Chilcats are dying, that their children are born blind and cannot find the way." Dr. Jackson who was present at the interview, promised that a Missionary would be sent as soon as possible.

The trade was over and the day came for departure. As the weather was getting stormy the Chief and his party had to be off, and we bade them good-bye. Off they went to the north, calling at Fort Wrangel, where they were entertained by some of their friends. It was now evident that the old Chief was getting worse; the cold fastened on his lungs. The men hastened homeward, as they had nearly three hundred miles farther to go. They got part of the way up the Lynn Canal, now known as the great

* See "Kin-da-shon's Wife," and Jackson's "Alaska."

ALASKA

highway to Skagway. A severe storm came on in that open channel, with sleet, rain and searching wind from the glaciers. The old man was getting worse very fast, and they had to put ashore, build a fire and get him as warm as possible.

As one of his party held him, the old Chief leaned on his arm and said, "I had much desire to reach home and tell my friends, but the Missionary at Fort Simpson said that some day a teacher would come to our village, and we were to be very kind to him when he should come." . . . He said, "Tell my people these are the words of the servant of the Chief Above, and these are my words, 'Be very kind to the Missionary.' Tell them what God's servant said, 'God so loved the world that He gave . . . so loved—'" and the old man expired. They hastened on then with the body of their good Chief, and great was the sorrow, wailing and crying when they arrived at home and reported that he was no more.

Old Chief Shakes, Toy-e-att and others from Fort Wrangel, and the Foxes from the Cape also visited Fort Simpson. Kah-shakes and Neesute from Tongass came in turn with their loads of furs. Besides visiting them at their camps, we often had a special service in Chinook for them when they were with us on the Sabbath Day, or sometimes we got old Samuel or Talh-lee to act as interpreter.

The personal history of the latter furnishes a good illustration of the condition of things among the Indians of Alaska at this time. Talh-lee was the wife of Chief Neesute at Tongass, Alaska. He died very suddenly. In those days they said that those who died from sickness or accident were bewitched. They consulted the old witch doctor and he seemed likely to fasten the responsibility for the death of the Chief on Talh-lee, his wife. She over-

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

heard and, in fear of being taken as a witch and tortured to death, got a little canoe and stole away in the night. She travelled all the way to Fort Simpson and there she remained, never daring to go back. She became a devoted Christian and was often very useful to us as interpreter to the Alaskan people.

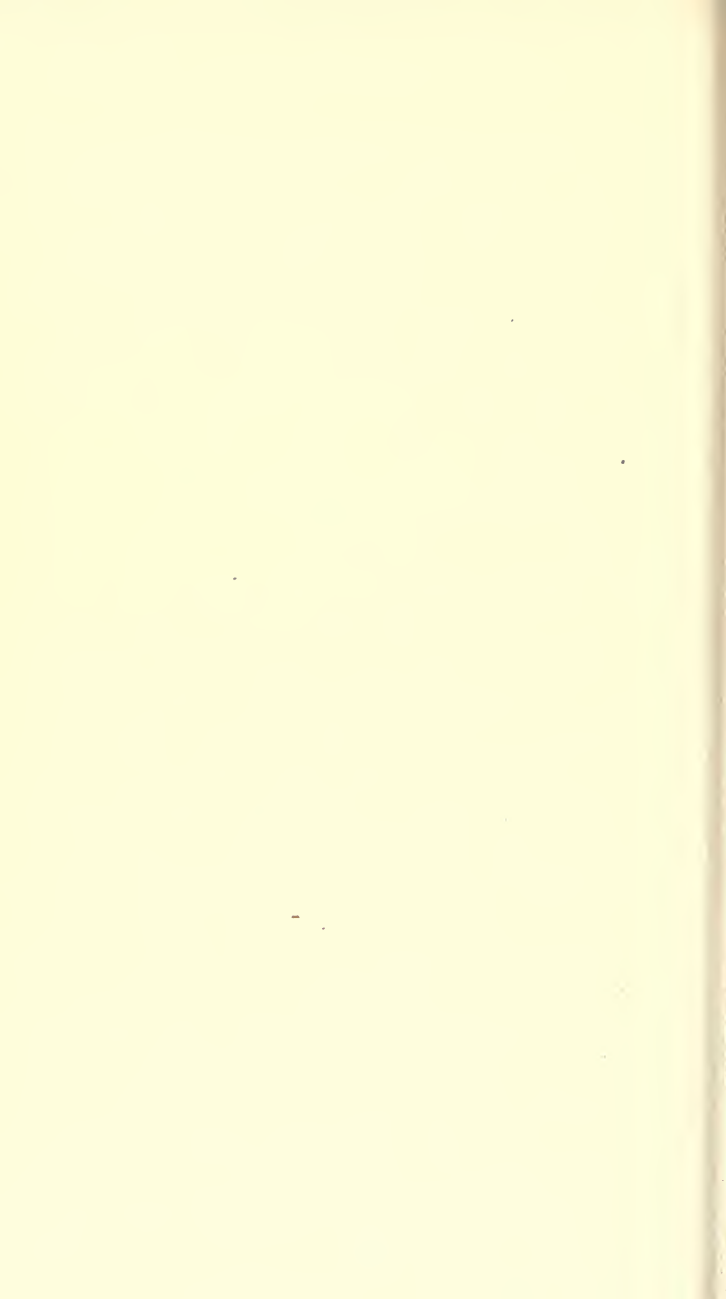
When they found that she had gone, they blamed an old, helpless grandmother, who, they said, was the witch who had caused the death of the Chief. They took her to the beach, drove a stake into the ground and tied her to it in a crouching position. No one at the risk of his life dared to release her. As the tide rose she perished.

We had been in Fort Simpson over a year when one Sunday morning the steamer *California* came in from Sitka. She had on board General O. O. Howard, commanding the Pacific Division of the United States Army, with his Staff. He had been to Alaska on official business. The usual quiet was somewhat disturbed, as the arrival of any vessel in those days was quite an event and a vessel with such a company aroused the whole village. A number of Indians from Alaska, in their elaborate button-trimmed blankets and painted faces, were in the village, having come to trade at the Fort. These strangers at once concluded that this American boat had come in to intercept their smuggling into the north country. The steamer anchored and soon a boat was seen coming ashore. The handbell was now ringing for service and the people were gathering in the large heathen house on the Island, which we still used as a church, as our own building was not yet complete. The boat made for this point, and on to the rough beach stepped General Howard, that devoted Christian soldier, and his Staff. He had dropped in on his way south to join in our morning service. Two ladies were with the party, one of whom was the General's wife.

ALASKA

These were the first white women we had seen since our landing here. The strangers were given seats of honor, the General on the platform facing the congregation.

The Daily Standard of Victoria alludes to this visit as follows: "On the 20th, being Sunday, General Howard, together with his officers and the officers and passengers of the steamer, went ashore at Fort Simpson and attended church. They were all greatly pleased to see so much order and attention. On entering the large house used as a church they were met by the Rev. T. Crosby of the Methodist Mission and his accomplished and estimable young wife, to whom too much praise cannot be given for the great change for the better that has been brought about by her in that place. While at church they were greatly astonished at the interpreter, an Indian woman, who interpreted for Mr. Crosby, word for word, all through the service without any difficulty. At the close General Howard, on invitation from Mr. Crosby, addressed the people and led in prayer. The General was greatly pleased with his visit to Fort Simpson and was heard to say that he would not have missed going there and seeing for himself the great change that had been brought about by the simple preaching of the Gospel amongst the northern Indians."



AN APOSTLE OF ALASKA.

Wil-um-clah, the Apostle of Alaska—Fort Wrangel in 1876—
Native Missionaries—Dr. Sheldon Jackson—Mrs. McFar-
lane—Girls' Home—Lynching—Rev. S. Hall Young
—Organization of the First Presbyterian
Church—Extension of Mission Work
in Alaska—A Visit in *The*
Glad Tidings.

*“ Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar.”*

CHAPTER XIII.

AN APOSTLE OF ALASKA.

WIL-UM-CLAH was born at Fort Simpson and belonged to the Kish-pach-lots tribe, of which King Legaic was the leader or the Chief. "Clah's" mother belonged to the same tribe, hence, following Indian usage, all the children belong to the crest of the mother. His father was of the Kit-wil-geaots tribe of the Tsimpshewan nation. The family all lived at Fort Simpson. "Wil-um-clah" means "an eagle darting down on its prey and taking it ashore." Clah's crest was Lacks-geake or King of Birds (eagle).

Wil-um-clah's father was one of the Kish-put-wetheth or Blackfish crest. Clah must have been born about the year 1848, or about the time an accident occurred at Maeth-koo Point, near Fort Simpson, when the trees fell and killed a number of Kit-seese Indians. They date his birth from that sad occurrence.

During his boyhood he was compelled to go through all the terrible usages and customs then prevalent among the Tsimpshewans—tattooing, fasting, dancing, and dog eating. He was driven into ice-cold water in the depth of winter by sticks in the hands of the Chiefs or head men, who every morning drove the youth of the tribe, like a troop of dogs, to the shore and into the water. He took part in all the dark deeds of his people which ruined so many of their youth. He became a Dog Eater, belonging to this most disgusting secret society, the members of which were viewed with terror by the uninitiated.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Often after the feasts, carried on for weeks during the winter, a party would start in canoes for Victoria to procure a fresh supply of liquor, and while there would sell their daughters to lives of shame to obtain the white man's gold, wherewith to continue their unseemly doings or raise crest poles in honor of their dead. Returning on one of these occasions, while camped near Cape Mudge in the Gulf of Georgia, Clah fell into the water, and was rescued as he came to the surface for what seemed to be the last time. A kind Providence snatched him from the jaws of death to begin a work of which no one at that time had any conception.

Some years later he with others went to Victoria, thinking to make money. He spent several years there and took unto himself a wife of the Tsimpshean nation, her crest being the Wolf. Most of his time was occupied with heavy work and his hard-earned wages were usually spent in liquor and revelling. He passed some time in jail. It was about this time that the blessed revival, already described, broke out at the Methodist Mission, Victoria, in the old saloon building on the corner of Government and Fisguard Streets. Although he was not converted there, he attended the services. He returned the same fall to Fort Simpson by canoe, and there he found a company of converted natives who had arrived from Victoria before him in the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Otter*. Clah and his wife were both converted through the instrumentality of these native workers, who held meetings night after night in crowded houses, telling the Gospel story and the history of their conversion in the bar-room.

In 1873, during the visit of the Rev. William Pollard, Superintendent of Methodist Missions for British Columbia, Clah and his wife, with a number of other natives, were baptized. Clah received the name of Philip McKay.



PHILIP McKAY.
The Apostle of Alaska.

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AN APOSTLE OF ALASKA

and his wife that of Annie. They became very earnest in the work of God, as evidenced by their continued attendance upon the means of grace and the Day and Sunday Schools. Clah was a diligent student in the School conducted by Mrs. Crosby in the old heathen house on the Island. He became, like some others, especially fond of committing Scripture texts to memory in his own language, and would often come with his Bible for explanations of particular passages. This helped to store his mind with a great deal of God's Word. He was very fond of class-meeting, and his experience was often noticed by his teachers for its clearness, his life meanwhile bearing witness to his quiet devotion to his Saviour. With other natives from Fort Simpson, he made several summer trips to the Cassiar gold mines as a packer for the white miners. It was on one of these trips that some of these intelligent and rugged miners were convinced that it was better to rest on the Sabbath Day than to work.

In the spring of 1876 John Ryan, Philip McKay (Clah), Andrew Moss and Lewis Gosnall, all native Christians, left Fort Simpson to go to the Cassiar mines; but having reached Fort Wrangel, Alaska, they contracted to cut five hundred cords of wood for the American garrison. While thus engaged, they held religious services among the natives of Wrangel, which was a centre for all the various tribes belonging to that section of the Coast, as well as for gold miners, traders and others.

The Indians at Wrangel had been noted for their quarrelsome disposition and bloodthirsty character. It is said that many years ago the Stikines of that place took a ship and butchered the whole crew; and they had often been at war with the Tsimsheans and the Hydats to the south and with the Chilcats to the north. It was to such a community as this and in spite of scoffs and jeers, that Philip

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

McKay and party commenced to proclaim Jesus to a "dying world." It was in a house where white men and native women used to dance, drink and debauch themselves that these religious meetings were first held.

Wrangel was then the chief business centre of Southern Alaska and contained about a thousand Indians and five hundred traders and miners, with a garrison of about a hundred soldiers. As has been said, Shakes Shu-staks and Toy-e-aat, Chiefs of Wrangel, had visited Fort Simpson and had seen the effects of the Gospel there, but it was not until our converted young men began to preach to the Stikines at Wrangel that Missionary work commenced among this long-neglected people.

In the garrison of United States soldiers were some who did not help these Indian Missionaries as they might have done. On the other hand, they received great kindness from Captain Jocelyn, 21st United States Infantry, and some officers and men who greatly encouraged the Christian workers. These gentlemen supplied Bibles and hymn-books, which had been donated by some of the Churches in the United States. The Sabbath services were continued all summer and until the dance house became too small. The congregation then removed to Chief Toy-e-aat's house, which was larger. During the summer of 1876 Captain Jocelyn wrote a letter to me at Fort Simpson urging me to come and see what the boys were doing. He declared that this band of native Christians was doing more good and having a more blessed effect than his whole company of soldiers; and at the same time offered in a most hospitable manner to entertain me in the best way possible.

About the same time another letter came from the young men themselves, written for them by a white man. This is here given in full:

AN APOSTLE OF ALASKA

“FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA,

“August 27th, 1876.

“*Dear Sir,*—We reached this place about the first of June on our way to Cassiar mines. We stopped on Sabbath and found the people here in utter darkness as regards the Saviour and His love. We held services on the Sabbath Day and, as we found employment here for our party, we decided to remain and work for the sake of Christ, trying to lead the Stikines and Hydas living here to the truth. We have held services every Sabbath and twice on week nights and God is blessing our feeble efforts. Philip (the leader) says, ‘In July I went away to look for some salmon and stopped all night at a Stikine camp. I read some out of the Bible and the poor Stikines thought, when they saw me pray, that some great monster was about to come up from the ground.’ In our first service George Weeget opened the Bible and at Sunday School Philip McKay opened the service. Our first meeting was led by Andrew Moss, and John helped him. We all send our love to our friends. Your brothers,

“GEORGE WEEGET,

“A. MOSS,

“PHILIP (CLAH) MCKAY,

“JOHN NEAS-QUO-JUO-LUCK.”

I started on the journey of one hundred and sixty miles with my canoe, and got in tow of a small steamer going up. On arrival I found that many of the natives were converted and were attending services in the large heathen house belonging to Chief Toy-e-aat. This was my first visit to Alaska. At the opening meeting the Chief said, “We welcome you, Missionary, to our place. Your friends, the Tsimpsheans, used to be the worst people on the whole Coast. On account of their fighting and bloodthirstiness, we counted them as our enemies. Now your young men are here teaching about Jesus, the great King of Peace. Since you have come, you must stay with us.”

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

I said, "No, I can't stay; there is too much work among the people in my own country."

"Oh," he said, "your wife is there; she can teach the Tsimpshans. Many of them have become good now and they will help her."

"No," I said, "it is impossible for me to remain, but I will keep one or more of the young men here until we get a Missionary."

He said, "How many snows shall we have to wait? We have waited a long time; and not only we Stikine people but there are thousands to the north and west of us who need the light. How long do you think we will have to wait? I am getting old; my people, many of them, have gone down into the darkness. My heart is sick with fear that if a Missionary does not come soon many more will be gone."

It was touching to hear him and others speak for the fifty thousand souls in Alaska. Could the Christian people of America have heard their cry, as we heard it, surely they would soon have sent a Missionary.

At that meeting the Captain of the garrison, some of the soldiers and several white traders were present, and a subscription of about four hundred dollars was taken towards building a Church and School.

When I got home I wrote Dr. Wood of Toronto, but our Mission Board said they could do nothing with Alaska, as we had more than we could do in our own country. The Methodist Episcopal Board, New York, said they could not do anything for Alaska; and then I wrote to General O. O. Howard, whose visit to Alaska and Fort Simpson I have described. I said, "General, you will be glad to hear what God is doing for Alaska. We want a Missionary."

He handed my letter to Dr. Lindsly, of Portland,

AN APOSTLE OF ALASKA

Oregon, who wrote me a very kind letter, saying, "Hold on to Alaska; you shall have a Missionary."

We kept Philip McKay there, teaching school and conducting services, until the promised help should arrive. His wife Annie joined him soon after to help as well as she could.

About this time Captain Jocelyn was succeeded by an officer who was not so kindly disposed towards the work. Soon Philip and his fellow Christians began to see that a piece of ground was needed in which to bury their dead in a Christian way. They applied to the first Officer, but the new Captain told them that the Indian style of burying and burning their dead was good enough for them. He bade them go away and burn the body—get rid of it anyhow; the custom of cremation was fast becoming fashionable in the country from which he came. Philip asked the Captain if the people in his country painted themselves hideously, put the body on a large fire and danced around it half naked, poking it with sticks every now and then and shouting and yelling in the most hideous manner until the body was consumed. "This," said he, "is the way the Indians do."

"Ho," said the Captain, "you shall have a piece of ground."

Philip thanked him, and thus the first native Christian burying-ground in Alaska was got from the American Government.

Clah kept steadily on with his work and a number of Indians professed conversion. The following summer a young Missionary came up, and I was asked by letter to go to Alaska and transfer everything to him; but he proved to be sickly and could not stay. Still Philip remained, preaching and teaching as best he could, although he was in delicate health.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Not long after that the Christians passed through severe trials. A large number of drunken Indians arrived at Fort Wrangel and a quarrel ensued, when good old Chief Toy-e-aat and several of the best of the leading Christians were shot.

The next summer, 1878, the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions sent the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., on a tour of inspection, with a view to the establishment of Mission work in Alaska. At Portland, Oregon, he met Mrs. A. R. McFarlane, the widow of a Missionary who had labored at Santa Fe, New Mexico, and among the Nez Perces Indians in Idaho. The brave woman was willing to go to Alaska, and it was decided that she should accompany Dr. Jackson. On August 10th they reached Fort Wrangel where they found, to their great astonishment and delight, the School and religious services already established by Clah, our Philip McKay.

Dr. Jackson soon left for the East to advocate the Mission cause for Alaska and Mrs. McFarlane took charge. Her coming to Wrangel had been an experiment; her stay was a success. The military forces had been withdrawn and she was alone with a few Whites and about a thousand Indians, without law or order. She became nurse, doctor, undertaker, preacher, teacher, practically mayor and administrator generally, for all came to her. Burdened almost beyond endurance, she kept writing for help, for a magistrate of some sort or an ordained minister. Such a thing as a marriage ceremony was unknown, polygamy was common and domestic complications were appalling. Tribes around began to hear of her and came for help. One old Indian of a distant tribe came and said, "Me much sick at heart, my people all dark heart and nobody tell them of Jesus Christ. By-and-by my people die and go down—dark! dark!"

AN APOSTLE OF ALASKA

The young girls especially appealed to her care. It is thrilling to read how she fought to save them from being sold by their parents to white scoundrels or to heathen masters. She even rescued two girls from the horrors of the "Devil's Dance." Finding them naked in the centre of fifty frantic fiends, who with yells cut them with knives and tore off pieces of their flesh, she rushed into their midst and, after hours of pleading and threatening them with the wrath of the United States, she took the half-dead girls to her own house, only to have one of them recaptured and killed during the night. This work developed into the well-known Rescue Homes for Indian Girls in Alaska with which Mrs. McFarlane's name is inseparably connected.

On one of my visits to Mrs. McFarlane's Mission in Wrangel, she said to me one summer evening as I sat on the balcony of the log Mission House, "Mr. Crosby, I have many things I want to tell you, but I must tell you this. Last fall, when the miners came down from the mines, many of them had done well and had considerable gold, and here they got into gambling, drinking and carousing. One white man shot another and, as we had no law, either civil or military, the miners united and said, 'We will have lynch law and hang this man to-morrow at eight o'clock, as it will never do to have men shooting one another.'

"That night, about midnight, there came a knock at my door. I called out, 'Who is there?' A man said, 'Excuse me, madam, but the man who is to die to-morrow morning would like to see you.' I dressed immediately, took my little Bible and hymn-book and followed the man with his lantern along the winding path until we came to a large log house. Here we entered. There were many strong, intelligent-looking white men sitting around the

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

room. The poor man who had shot the other sat there bound. He called out, 'Madam, excuse me for calling you at this time of night, but I have to die to-morrow morning and I thought you would have something to say about my soul.'

"What was I to do? I was brought up a Presbyterian, and my mother had taught us girls not to speak in public, especially in the presence of men; but what could I do? I opened my little Bible; I read the account of the dying thief and told the poor man that if he would repent God was just as willing to save him as He was the thief on the cross. After I had talked a while, I said, opening my little hymn-book, 'Let us sing now, men. I want you all to join with me and sing this, "There is a fountain filled with blood."' They sang heartily through the first verse and until we came to the second, 'And there may I, though vile as he.' As soon as they got to that part many of them burst into tears and the singing broke down. The poor man cried, 'Oh, madam, that is the very hymn my mother taught me to sing when I used to sit on her lap. If I had been a good boy and done as that mother told me I wouldn't have to die to-morrow morning.'"

The noble woman had the comfort of pointing the poor boy to the Saviour of sinners.

Slaving was perhaps the worst feature of Alaska. Added to that was the sale of young girls, especially in the mining centres. For a few blankets mothers would sell them for a few months or for life. As the work went on this for a time got worse, for, after the girls were taken into the Homes and Schools and became bright, clean and intelligent, they also grew more attractive and were more sought after by these white scoundrels. Some of course married them, which was better.

AN APOSTLE OF ALASKA

The Rev. Hall Young was sent to relieve Mrs. McFarlane and took charge of the Mission at Fort Wrangel, while she continued her Rescue work there for the time being and afterwards in other parts of Alaska. Later the Mission was visited by some of the leading men of the Presbyterian Church in the East, who organized the work on a permanent basis. The money was subscribed for a Church building and the new converts were handed over to them. Afterwards they opened their large Industrial and Training School for girls and boys at Sitka and Girls' Homes at Hunah, Haines and Jackson.

Philip Clah continued his work until near Christmas the following year, when he became very sick. His father and brothers heard that he was dying and went in canoes all the way from Fort Simpson to bring him home, but he said, "No, I came to preach Jesus to the Tlinkets, and I cannot go and leave them until Jesus calls me." Mrs. McFarlane said that literally with his last breath he was pointing them to Jesus. He passed away triumphant in Christ. Our converted native men were indeed the instruments in God's hands of opening the way of the Gospel to Alaska.

On Clah's death his poor old father brought his body to Fort Simpson, where he was buried. A small tombstone was purchased by the aid of a few interested Christian friends and erected to mark the last earthly resting-place of one whom they described as "the first resident native Protestant Missionary of Alaska, Philip McKay (Clah)." He was really the "apostle of Alaska."

In 1879, when the first Presbyterian Church of Alaska was organized, it consisted of twenty-two natives and six Whites, which represented the outcome of Philip McKay's heroic work. In *Among the Alaskans* Mrs. Julia McNair Wright says, "Some of that holy fire which stirred the

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

heart of Paul when he entered heathen cities burned in the soul of Philip McKay.”

In 1887-1888 a Council of the various sects in the United States agreed to partition the whole of Alaska among the various Christian bodies. The Presbyterians took the southern and the Methodist Episcopal Church the middle portion, the northern portion being left for the Episcopalians, who began work in the great Yukon basin in 1887. The Moravians had established themselves in the Aleutian Islands in 1885, and the Congregationalists at Cape Prince of Wales, about forty miles from the coast of Siberia, in 1873.

I had the pleasure of a visit to Southern Alaska in November, 1895, when we travelled over one thousand miles, calling at all the Missions. It was a delightful privilege to visit so many devoted Christian workers and, though it was a stormy time of the year, our Heavenly Father protected us so that we got safely home, and had the pleasure of knowing that God had blessed His Word to the salvation of some souls. We had a number of Christian Indian evangelists with us and Professor Odlum from Vancouver added much to the interest of the trip by his lectures to all the white people who would come to listen.

The Presbyterian Church is doing a grand work in that country. They have six ordained ministers, seven Churches, eight hundred and twenty Church members, seven hundred scholars in Sabbath School, eight Day and Boarding Schools, thirty-seven teachers and four hundred and thirty-one pupils in Boarding Schools from eleven different tribes—a great work, surely, from such a humble beginning.

“How great a matter a little fire kindleth!” Surely this was kindled by our Philip McKay.

AN APOSTLE OF ALASKA

Sow by all waters. Who shall know which shall prosper, this or that, or whether they shall be alike good?

When our evangelistic party on the little ship *The Glad Tidings* reached Haines Mission on a Wednesday night in the fall of 1895 we intended, as we put our anchor down, to stay there only two nights and a day because, on account of stormy weather, we had been longer on the other parts of our trip than we had expected. On going ashore we met the Rev. W. W. Worne, who had not been long out from Princeton College. As it was now night I said to him, "We have come ashore and, if it is your pleasure, would like to have a service with your people in the school-room."

He looked at me as if he were measuring me from tip to toe, and then said, "Well, you may have service if you like."

As we talked a bright young lady stepped out of the School and shook hands, saying, "I know you, Mr. Crosby, but perhaps you don't know me. When you first came to Wrangel to establish a Mission, many years ago, I was a forsaken little girl on the streets. Philip McKay, the first teacher, got me to attend his School; and when Mrs. McFarlane came and organized her Home I was one of the first taken into it. After a time some kind ladies from New York visited us and one wished to take me home with her. There I was educated, and I was also baptized and received into the Christian Church. They called me after Frances Willard, and now I am here as teacher in this Mission School. I am so delighted, sir, to see you."

She acted as my interpreter in the Tlinket language, and we had a pleasant service.

The following day, as it blew a heavy south-easter, we anchored our ship on the other side of the bay, thinking

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

our Heavenly Father had still further work for us to do. There she remained until the following Tuesday morning, as the gale continued the whole week. This gave Brother Worne and me a chance to get acquainted, and he became most friendly. He said I was the first Missionary who had visited him, and asked if I would excuse him if he submitted questions in regard to the work and what I would do under certain circumstances.

We had services each evening and visited the Chilcat village about three miles across the neck of land. Here I met with a large number of the Chiefs and older men whom I had seen twenty years before and who with their friends used to come to trade at Fort Simpson. On the Sabbath we had two services among them, Mr. Worne and some of his pupils joining us in the morning service. We then invited them over to the evening service at the Mission and they came in crowds, with them some of the worst gamblers and murderers in that part of the country. As the service went on the blessed Spirit of God came down upon us. After a short sermon, several got up to testify to the power of grace upon their hearts, and some of the most wicked seemed to be marvellously affected. One of the roughest drunkards and gamblers in the country got up and shouted, "I am the man the Missionary has been preaching about; this is the man that has been the worst in the country, and I do feel that I want to find the Saviour we have just heard about."

By this time there was great excitement in the house and many men and women were in tears. At the close of this wonderful service Mr. Worne shook hands with me, while tears ran down his cheeks, saying, "I am so glad that Providence kept you here." His wife, the matron and the teacher all expressed themselves in the same way,

AN APOSTLE OF ALASKA

saying, "If it was only for the conversion of that one man, it was worth your while to come."

Monday was a blessed day, when we had several services. Very late on Monday night many of the Indians came to the beach and some of the wildest, who had been drunkards, gamblers and murderers, were there on the shore at our farewell prayer-meeting; as we bade them good-bye we urged them to go to all the tribes and tell the Gospel story to their people.

Tuesday morning at three o'clock, with steam up, we started down the channel. A beautiful moon in the last quarter, shining upon those lofty, snow-capped mountains, and the glaciers coming down almost to the water's edge, presented a sight never to be forgotten. We reached Juneau in good time that afternoon. As soon as we had supper and I had met the Rev. Mr. Jones of the Presbyterian Church, we marched up the street singing the songs of Zion. Hundreds came to our open-air prayer-meeting and the Presbyterian Church, where we had a most glorious service, was filled.

Here I met a number of the smugglers who used to come down to Fort Simpson to smuggle whisky into Alaska. Some of them said they were glad to see me, although many of them had never been in a Church for years.

We spent the next day among the two tribes living near the town and had service several times. On Thursday we started away, but on Friday, on account of the storm, had to turn back and tied up at the wharf at Douglas Island, where the great Tredwell mine is situated. There we had services among the natives three or four times on Saturday and Sunday. The kind Manager allowed us the use of the "Bees' Nest" Mine Hall, where we had the most blessed services, both among the Indians and the white miners. Professor Odlum lectured each night to the men at Newtown.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

About eighteen months after this I had a very kind letter from the Rev. W. W. Worne, our Presbyterian brother at Chilcat. He expressed himself as sorry that he had not written to me sooner, and said they should never forget our visit to them. He continued, "You will remember my very conservative way of meeting you the first evening you came to us, and yet how warmly we became attached to you and your friends before you left. We shall always feel thankful to God, who in His kind providence kept you with us so much longer than you expected to stay. The work went on and increased marvellously after you left, all through November and December and away into January, until the poor people crowded us so we had to send many of them away. Some of the men expressed the conviction that now nearly all the people in the Chilcat country want to find Jesus.

"In the midst of a terrible blizzard in the month of January, one night about midnight, our School building and premises took fire and were burned to the ground. We, with all the children, had to run for shelter to a little outhouse. A kind Providence stirred the hearts of our friends, so that they came nobly to our help in the day of trial, and now, by the grace of God, we are in one of the finest buildings in Alaska."

BELLA BELLA.

Fort McLachlan—Fights with Indians—A Model Steamship—
Our Second Visit—Rev. C. M. Tate—China Hat—
Rev. W. B. Cuyler—Dr. R. W. Large.

“ I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance.”

CHAPTER XIV.

BELLA BELLA.

BELLA BELLA, or Fort McLachlan, was the site of a Hudson's Bay Company's Fort, built in 1833. Difficulty arose between the natives and the Company, and the Indians burned the Fort, which had been abandoned in 1839. The Chiefs' names were "Wacash," "Oyellow" and "Wockite." In 1846 the Fort was one hundred and twenty feet square, and there were two bastions mounted with four nine-pound guns each. The Fort was also provided with a quantity of small arms. The square was surrounded with pickets made of small trees, eighteen feet long and about twenty-four inches in circumference. These were mortised into square sills at the bottom and placed so close together that you could not see between them. There were double gates at the entrance, with a small wicket gate. The tops of the pickets were mortised into planks and fastened by spikes. About four feet and a half from the top there was a gallery around the wall inside, so that the watchman might keep a lookout. Inside the entry a man was always stationed to let the Indians in and out to trade, only one being admitted at a time. There was a large house inside for the servants and another for the Governor. Sometimes the Chiefs were allowed to visit the Governor's house.

The natives here were called Millbank Sound Indians and were scattered in a number of villages within ten or fifteen miles of the Fort. They were said to be very treacherous but very ingenious. On the occasion of a

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

visit by the Company's steamer *Beaver* a writer says: "When we visited them with our steamship they watched everything about us; and after awhile some of them boasted that they could make a steamship from the model of ours. In a short time they fixed up a large 'dug-out' from the trunk of a cedar tree and worked away at it until the model steamer appeared. It was thirty feet long, all in one piece excepting the bow and stern, and much resembled our steamer. It was painted black, decked over and had paddles which the Indians had to turn laboriously to make it go. Seven men were at work and the vessel triumphantly floated around us, going at about three miles an hour—a steamboat without boiler or engines."

These Indians were said to be warlike, and in later years were the dread of some of the Coast tribes, as well as of the white settlers. It is said that at Whitby Island a Colonel Eby was murdered in cold blood by them. This happened years ago when some white man had wilfully shot down one of their number. We can scarcely wonder at their action, for Indian law is life for life. They think that all white men are relatives, and if they cannot get the murderer the natural way is to kill another white man. The Bella Bella tribes are evidently part of the Kwakwalth or Fort Rupert nation, the language of the one being a dialect of the other. They lived by fishing and hunting.

At our second visit to Bella Bella I found a young, aspiring chief who wished by wealth and strength to get the place of Humpshet, the hereditary chief. The people had spoken of the need for a Church building. He said to me, pointing to a pile of property, blankets and furs, "Do you see that? I was going to Victoria to change that for ammunition and muskets to fight that Chief over there," pointing to a village about seven miles away. "Now, sir, if you will bring us a teacher this summer, I

will give you those blankets towards building a Church; but you must come this summer or else it will be too late. We shall fight."

A day or two afterwards I visited the village of Humpshet, the King of Bella Bella, whom all the people delighted to honor. As I sat for several hours with him in the little council chamber attached to his great heathen house, every few minutes someone would come in with a little food in his hands, or in a little dish, for it seemed that no family in the whole village would eat a meal without sending a taste to their Chief, in order to show their great respect for him.

I talked with him about a Mission for his people, and told what the haughty, aspiring young Chief had said about giving us the blankets if we would build a Church. After talking to one of his wives, he pointed to a pile of new trade blankets and said, "I will give those if you will send us a teacher at once." I promised that I would send them a teacher at once and expressed the hope that he and his people would come to the central village and live there. I had to do it in faith. There was no time to send word to Toronto or to wait twelve or thirteen months until the Mission Board should sit, to find out whether they could have a Missionary or not. Under the circumstances, by faith in God, we promised them a teacher.

The people, seeing their Chiefs giving blankets, brought in blankets and rings and bracelets, and some of them furs. Their donations went far to help buy material for our first little Church at Bella Bella. One woman, who looked very poor, taking the ring off her finger, said, "This is all I have that is worth anything in the world; and if you take this, I will give it as my donation to the Church." I was told afterwards that this woman took a

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

little canoe, paddled nearly sixty miles to a heathen village, where her sister lived, and brought her back with her. When the teachers came they were both led to Christ and lived happily together. Think of it, travelling one hundred and twenty miles in a small canoe to bring her sister to Jesus!

As soon as I got home and could make arrangements I sent W. H. Pierce, our native brother, to take charge of the work until we could get a Missionary. That summer Rev. Mr. Tate and his wife were appointed by the Toronto Conference to the Forks of the Skeena, but owing to a strange turn of affairs were not permitted to go, and they were sent to Bella Bella to open up the new Mission there. We at once got out plans for a Church and a Mission House, and ordered our lumber at the Georgetown mills. It was taken down by the Coast boat, thrown off into the water and rafted ashore. After this we commenced in good earnest to clear off ground and put up the buildings. I never saw anyone more enthusiastic or more faithful than many of the young people and some of the old ones, who helped us to carry the lumber up the hill on their backs. This was the commencement of what is now one of the most successful Christian villages on the north-west Coast of British Columbia.

Chief Humpshet and his people joined the Mission. Here he found Christ and, years after, although he had many struggles with heathen tendencies and some of the heathen, he passed safely away, trusting in Jesus. Some time after the young Chief Wockite from Millbank Sound joined the village with all his people.

The Hyhise people joined with the Kitishtus, a band of the Tsimpshian nation, and formed a village now called China Hat (from a conical mountain near by). Here



NEW BELLA BELLA—A CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.



A HEATHEN VILLAGE—AN APPEAL FOR THE GOSPEL.



BELLA BELLA

we now have a Christian village, with Church, School and teacher's residence.

It was found very difficult to keep a regular Missionary at Bella Bella. Mr. Tate remained four years and was succeeded at short intervals by W. B. Cuyler, James Calvert, Cornelius Bryant, R. B. Beavis and G. F. Hopkins. Then Miss Reinhardt, our teacher there, had to take charge for one winter alone. Mr. Brett and his wife supplied for a time; then came Dr. Jackson, who remained only a year and had to leave on account of sickness. This is perhaps one reason why the Bella Bellas never heard their Missionary preach in their own language.

They are a clever, industrious people and have made good industrial progress. The new village is a very neat one with Hospital, Council Hall and Mission House. The Indians own their sawmill, which has been a great help in improving the village. They also have a good wharf and stores, where they do most of their own business. They make canoes, boxes and mats. In later years they have spent a good deal of the time at the salmon canneries, where they do useful work as fishermen. With the exception of the Hydás, the Bella Bellas are said to be more clever than the other Coast people in their own crafts, such as making canoes, boxes and carving wood and stone. A few years ago they made a very large canoe. It was said to be seventy feet long with eight feet beam, and a carrying capacity of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty persons. A short ladder was necessary in order to get aboard. As canoes gave place to launches and Columbia River boats, they became adepts at boat-building.

Rev. C. M. Tate did good work during his stay at Bella Bella. He writes of his experience there: "We paddle our own canoe out to Goose Island, where a large number of Indians are camped shooting fur seal. Ocean breezes and

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

outdoor life give us good appetites and, although we have service almost every day, besides school, attending to the sick and visiting, yet it seems like almost a holiday. Whilst we listen to the songs of praise and stories of Christian experience, we think of the scenes of heathenism and sin that previous years witnessed on the same spot, for gambling and witchcraft, conjuring and profligacy of the most cruel nature have been carried on here.

“We are right in the midst of manual labor about the Mission premises. It is hard work to get out the old stumps and roots, but we expect to have things cheerful without and comfortable within in a short time. Several of the Indians are building neat little houses this year. This is the way to get them to live like Christian men. We must see to Weekeenno and Hyhise (China Hat). We should have native teachers at both places.”

Thus the Missionary reaches out to the regions beyond. The motto, “Go ye,” should ever be before the Missionary of the Cross until all the earth is saved. When Mr. Tate left Bella Bella he reported over one hundred converts among the natives on that Mission.

These people are very superstitious and, like most others on the Coast, very much afraid of death. Mrs. Tate, the Missionary's wife, speaks of this in one of her letters: “A child was very sick; I did not go to see it at once; a man passed the house and told me it was dead. I slipped down to the house and found that two or three people were engaged in crowding a lot of blankets and clothing into a large square box. A great crowd of women were wailing around. I requested to see the child; they told me it was all right, it was dead. I thrust my hand between the clothing that they were putting in the box and felt the warmth of the child's body. I pulled the shawls, blankets and other things out. The people in the meantime were

BELLA BELLA

determined that I should not take it out and tried to close down the cover. I managed, however, to get the child out and found its pulse was still beating. It was rolled up tightly in five or six yards of cotton, of which I soon divested it. They were filled with horror at my proceedings. I carried the child to the Mission House, scarcely expecting that they would allow me to do so, but to my surprise they offered no objection. It did not live long, so I had some of them prepare a coffin purposely for it. Their custom is to put the corpse in a deep box in a sitting posture. Who can tell the hours of agony endured by many poor creatures thus buried alive!"

Continuing, Mrs. Tate refers to the happy deaths of some of the children: "A little girl named Maggie, about thirteen years of age, was taken away by death. Ever since the Mission had been organized Maggie was found in her place both in religious meetings and school. She had already learned to treasure and read her Bible and she frequently expressed her love for and trust in Jesus during her illness. She was perfectly happy, for she said she was going to be with Jesus. The night before her death, she asked her mother how near it was to Sunday, for she wanted to learn one more text before she died; but before Sunday Maggie was in the presence of Him who is the Word.

"Little Willie, aged about eleven, who died February 1st, had been confined to his bed for many months. During the long, sleepless nights he delighted in singing the hymns he had learned at school, 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' and 'Come to Jesus, He will save you.' As the end drew near I was often surprised at the clearness of his ideas about the way of salvation, as he had received but little instruction.

"The most interesting was Jane, who died February

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

12th. She was about thirteen years of age. She had attended school very regularly, was foremost in her class and could read the Bible remarkably well. Early last fall she told her mother that she would not be long here; she said she loved Jesus very much and thought He would soon call her to live with Him. She wanted her mother to leave the old ways and think of Jesus' way. On one occasion her mother expressed her regret that she was so poorly clad. 'Never mind, mother,' she replied, 'Jesus will give me a beautiful dress by and by.' In January she went to the hunting-grounds with her parents. She got worse and they brought her home to the Mission House. We tried all in our power to restore her health, but after three nights of watching she passed away. One of her last conscious acts was to take her Bible from under her pillow and, kissing it, exclaim, 'Oh, how I love Jesus!'"

Again the Missionary writes: "Some souls have been brought to Christ. Some of the old people come frequently to the Mission House for a chat with the Missionary and tell of the terrors of heathenism. They were kept in fear by the Chiefs and medicine men and, most of all, by the surrounding nations, who were wont to pounce upon them at their fishing camps, kill all the men and take the women and children captives."

As Chairman, on my visit to Bella Bella I reported: "A great change has taken place since my last visit. Surely the blessed Gospel has done wonders for Bella Bella. On Saturday the Missionary in charge and I took a trip to the neighboring village, with about thirty people, in canoes. We found the people in the midst of a heathen feast. We went from house to house, singing the songs of Zion and praying. Later on in the day we preached to most of them in a large house."

Rev. W. B. Cuyler, in October, 1884, says: "We arrived

BELLA BELLA

safely in Bella Bella on August 6th. A great work has been done for these poor people. They show upon their arms scars where in former days mouthfuls of flesh were torn off; and, comparing the past with the present, we conclude that the former days were not better than these."

In November, 1885, speaking of the death of Chief Humpshet, he says: "The singing of hymns and the hearing of strange stories, the evidence of which they were incapable of understanding, did not fully satisfy the Indians. Their old system of feasting and dancing gave something for their sensual natures; the new system denied these and, so far as many had gone, did not satisfy the soul's desires. We frequently sang, prayed and talked to Humpshet and about four days before he died he was completely broken down and wept like a child. Who can tell the struggle going on in that Chief's breast? Indians regard the shedding of a tear as a great mark of weakness on the part of man. Crying is the work of women." The Chief passed away, requesting with almost his last words, the singing of "Come to Jesus."

It is now our sad duty to refer to the sickness and untimely death of our dear Brother Cuyler. Here let me quote from one of my reports, dated November 2nd, 1886: "I am just back from a trip to Bella Bella. I had hoped to hear that Brother Cuyler was somewhat better, but the dear brother had become so sick that he had to leave his work and go south. Miss Reinhardt had just heard that he was not likely to be back, as the doctors said he must seek another climate. It would be a sore trial to him, for no man loved his work more than he and the poor Indians loved him in return. We thought to take Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas from Bella Coola to supply at Bella Bella. In this case Bella Coola would be left. Our noble Sister Reinhardt, who had been teacher at Bella Bella, said she

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

would rather stay alone all winter and carry on the work until some one came from the East than let Bella Coola go without a teacher."

Later, in the *Outlook*, Dr. Sutherland writes: "Letters from the Pacific Coast convey the sad news that Brother Cuyler has fallen in the battle. For several years he has been in charge of the Bella Bella Mission, where he was much beloved by the people. He was 'in labors abundant,' and it was through exposure in 'journeyings oft' that he contracted the disease of which he died. Brother Cuyler was obliged to desist from active work in the early part of the Conference year and went down to Victoria for medical advice. For several months he had been residing in the Nicola country; but, finding that his strength was failing, he expressed a strong desire to return to his old friends in Ontario. A start was made but, after one day's drive towards the nearest station, he was unable to proceed, and in a few hours fell asleep. His devoted wife was with him to the end and in her hour of sore bereavement has the sympathy and prayers of the whole Church."

From the reports of Rev. James Calvert we gather still further news of Bella Bella: "Our week-night services are encouraging; we hold nine services a week and practise singing nearly every night besides. There have been four deaths since my arrival, touching but triumphant. One dear little fellow, the brightest scholar in the School, after several months of sickness, fell peacefully asleep. His education being complete, the Master called him away."

Mr. Calvert did not stay long, as his wife's health would not permit it, and the Rev. G. F. Hopkins took his place at Bella Bella. In March, 1892, Mr. Hopkins writes: "Two or three years ago a subscription was started among the Indians here to build a new Church. Nothing further, however, was done until, last fall, Mr. Thomas Hooper,

BELLA BELLA

architect, of Victoria, B.C., kindly presented us with plans and aided the work in other ways. We got at the building. The main part is thirty by forty feet, and there is also a pulpit recess sixteen by sixteen feet and a porch eight by eight feet, which gives a tower eight by eight feet, crowned with a four-square spire, the tip of which is eighty feet from the ground. The whole makes a very neat and beautiful exterior. This replaces the first little Church, which became the Council Room and School. The Indians of this place have acted as carpenters and, with the superintendence of your Missionary, have done almost all the work. Our people promise to subscribe again after the fishing season. We need about two hundred and fifty dollars, which does not include lamps or stoves. The two native trading companies here gave money enough to purchase a forty-pound bell. It has a sweet, clear tone. The people have built up a nice village, all European-shaped houses. They have built for themselves a good strong wharf, and the village of Bella Bella is said to be one of the prettiest along the Coast."

In association with our work at the Bella Bella Mission a branch was opened at Rivers Inlet. During the visits of the Rev. Mr. Tate to the Owee-Kenno tribe he discovered the wonderful rush of salmon up that inlet and made it known to some white men. This led to the establishment of the first cannery, where there are now seven. In the summer we have a large field of operations there. Heathen people and Christians for hundreds of miles along the Coast, also Chinese, Japanese, and a number of white men, visit and work at these canneries.

We have five Churches in the Inlet and a Hospital in a central place. Mr. and Mrs. Brett, Mr. W. H. Gibson, our long-trying and faithful Lay Missionary, and Dr. R. W.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Large, one of our most successful Medical Missionaries, have in turn had charge of the work at Rivers Inlet.

At Bella Coola, which was once a branch of the Bella Bella field, we have now a flourishing Mission with Brother Gibson in charge. With Bella Coola are associated the names of Dr. Spencer and Brother and Sister Nicholas.

At Kimsquit, up the north Bentick Arm, we have another little Church and still another at Namu, where Mr. Draney's salmon cannery is situated, about twenty-five miles south of Bella Bella.

The China Hat Mission, where the people are all professed Christians, is composed of part of the old Hyhise and Kit-ee-stue villages. Some of the people speak the Tsimpshean language, while the remainder speak the Bella Bella; but they are all united in trying to serve God under our long-tried and enthusiastic native teacher, Mr. G. Edgar. This is a very nice place, well sheltered for the small craft on their way up and down the Coast. The people mostly live by fishing, hunting and getting out cordwood, with the exception of the summer, when they go to the salmon canneries. There they earn good money to help them through the winter. This part of their lives is not always the most conducive to spiritual health.

The success of the present Bella Bella village is mainly due to Dr. Large's judgment and enthusiasm in pushing on the work. There is a wharf, a School, a Hospital, and a well-organized village. It is still the centre from which other villages are easily reached.

THE NAAS MISSION.

Early Visits to the Naas—Sick-sake—How the Naas got its
Missionary—Scenes of Mission Life—Back to
Heathenism—Treasures in Heaven—
The Band—Oolachan—A
Retreat.

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“ I will make you fishers of men.”

CHAPTER XV.

THE NAAS MISSION.

THE mouth of the Naas River is in latitude 55° north; the course of the river is south, south-west, passing through the Coast Range Mountains, which in many parts rise directly from the edge of the water. Here and there are low flats suitable for the growth of roots and hardier vegetables. As one enters the mouth of the river the mind is struck with wonder and admiration by the sublimity of the scenery. It appears as if one were in a land-locked sea, surrounded by high mountains, the peaks of which are in some cases thickly mantled with snow. It is a scene in which one can always delight.

My first visit to the Naas was made over the ice in the spring of 1875. We found the people at a great heathen dance in old Chief Claycut's house. Most of them were covered with paint and feathers and wished to know what I had come for. They didn't want any Missionary troubling them. An old Chief said, "God gave you the Bible, but He gave us the dance and the potlatch, and we don't want you here." This was near the place where shortly before that time a Chief had ordered some men shot because they and their Chief put up a taller crest pole than he had.

As we stood there by the fire, with the heathen dancers rushing past us and brushing off their feathers and paint on our clothes as much as they could, I said to them, my Bible in my hand, "I came to tell you what is in this Good Book, to tell you of God's love and His law, of heaven

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

and hell." I talked on in this way, partly through an interpreter and partly in Chinook, for some time. Finally the old Chief called to some of his men and told them to bring his bed alongside the fire. It was a box-like thing, standing about eighteen inches from the floor and containing a feather bed. Then one of his wives brought half a box of fish grease, containing perhaps four or five gallons, and threw it all on the fire. This blazed up at such a rate that it set the roof on fire. I said to my men, "What is the matter? Are they going to burn the house down?"

They said, "Oh, no, this is done in honor of your coming. They always did this in olden times when they were pleased at the arrival of a Chief; this is to show that they now welcome you."

We had a good service that night, as we were privileged to speak to a goodly number in that large heathen house.

My next visit was in the autumn. With a large canoe and party we had visited all the villages on the river. When we returned to the lowest village, Kiteeks, which is about twelve miles from the mouth of the river, it was a very cold night. I said to my man before I went ashore, "We must get out of the river to-night or we will be caught in the ice, as it is going to freeze. I'll just go ashore and preach to this people, and we will go right on."

I went in to the large heathen house. Men were dancing all over the floor, the old conjurer's drum was going, and hundreds more were beating sticks on boards to keep time. They were covered with paint and feathers, a grotesque sight. They never danced promiscuously. When the men would sit or fall down exhausted, the women would sally forth and dance, they in turn falling near the fire or even on it. The people would throw water on them to bring them to.

I said, "Stop!" in a very decided voice. "I want to

THE NAAS MISSION

reach to you." I walked up and down in the house, giving them the Law as well as the Gospel.

Then I went out and, stepping into the canoe, we started to paddle down the river as hard as we could. We camped for the night on the beach by salt water.

About six weeks from that time a party of thirteen men, including the two Chiefs, came down from the Naas to ask for a Missionary. They said the people were all sorry for the unkind way the Chief had treated me on my former visit, and, from the way I left so suddenly the last time, they felt afraid that the Great One Above might be angry with them. The Chiefs had sent them down to ask for a Missionary. A thousand people up the river were wanting a Missionary. I promised to visit them soon.

As it was getting near the Christmas holidays, I couldn't leave at that time and during January the weather was too severe. With a party of ten I started away in February, 1876. As the weather seemed mild and favorable, we expected to reach Naas the same night or next day, but that night the weather cleared up and became frosty, with a very strong north wind. Next day we struggled against the storm up Portland Channel until it got so bad we had to camp. In the night it was very cold in our camp on the beach. Next day the wind blew terribly and the cold increased so that we had to move camp up into the woods and cut down trees to make a booth or brush-house to shelter us from the wintry blast. Here we remained for several days until our food was all gone; and so, in the midst of the gale, the wind making water-spouts of the waves on the Inlet, we started back home, assured that we couldn't get up the Naas, as the river would be freezing over. On our return trip near a headland known as Ten Mile Point, in a most miraculous way we were saved when our mast broke away at the foot and came near cap-

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

sizing the canoe. Had we been upset here we must all have been lost, for the rocks rose perpendicularly from the water's edge and there was no way to get ashore. We recovered the sail, got it fixed, and on we went, the waves dashing over us and the spray every time forming ice on our covering and clothes.

Within ten miles of home we met Chief Sick-sake from Simpson with twenty-one young men in a large canoe, plunging away bravely through the waves in the face of that terrible gale to take food to the Missionary and his party. They had become convinced at home, the night before, that it was impossible for us to reach Naas, so they had gone through the village collecting food. They had got a hundred dried salmon, fish grease and other things, and were bent on pressing their way even to Naas through such a gale. We have been sometimes asked, "Have the Indians any gratitude?" Here we saw it in its purity. Where in any other part of the world would twenty-two men be found to go against such a storm, so bitterly cold and so dangerous, to look after a poor Missionary, without anything of reward in view? Needless to say, as soon as they met us, they whipped their fine large craft around, holding up their paddles, with the flat sides to the wind, to act as sails. We swept along until we got shelter at the next island, where we soon had a fire. With thanksgiving and prayer, we ate a good meal in old-fashioned Indian style.

In the early part of March we tried the trip again. We found the people all at home, and many of the Chiefs spoke, urging that a Missionary be sent at once. One said, "There are fifteen hundred people reaching away up the Naas and on to the headwaters of the Skeena, and this is the door to them all." They urged that we should not

THE NAAS MISSION

fail to send a white Missionary that summer. I left a native with them.

Later on I made my way south to attend the Annual District Meeting with a view to getting a Missionary for the Naas people. The meeting was held in Victoria. Business went on until Saturday afternoon, when the Chairman suggested that there was now a chance to hear from Brother Crosby about the work in the North. The Naas people and their "Macedonian cry" were first on my mind and heart. I told them the story of the open door to that people. As I pleaded the Chairman said, "Brother, you will pardon me, but I must say here that word has come from the East that the Society is in debt and not one dollar more can be spent this year for the opening up of new work." A minister from a sister church was in the meeting and sat with tears rolling down his cheeks. Said he, "Mr. Crosby, I wish you were in Bristol, England, to-night; you would get both the money and the man if you would tell them that story." I said, "I can't go to Bristol, brother, but I must have a Missionary." After what the Chairman had said I felt almost broken-hearted; I sat down in one of the big seats in the church and had a good cry. Then I left the room, went to the parsonage near by, where I was billeted, and there, on my knees, I told the Lord all about it.

I could not take any supper that night, but went out and took a walk up one of the back streets, feeling oh, so lonely. I felt as if every friend in the world had forsaken me and, crying, I kept telling the Lord I must have a Missionary. After I had walked some distance, I thought of a cottage prayer meeting that used to be held in Father McKay's house on Saturday nights. I went around to that place and there I found a number engaged in prayer—Presbyterians and Methodists, Episcopalians and Baptists,

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

white and colored. They were having a glorious time. After a while the leader said, "We will change the exercises; some would like to speak." One or two spoke and then I got a chance. I didn't go back over years of experience but told them of the cry from the Naas for a Missionary, of the experience I had that afternoon and how my heart was nearly broken by what the Chairman had said. By this time nearly everybody was in tears. An old colored man jumped up and said, "Brother Crosby shan't go back widout a Missionary. I'se give two dollars and a half." Another brother said, "We must get it higher than that, brother; I will give fifty dollars." Another gave fifty dollars, another twenty-five dollars, and on the list went until it ran up to over three hundred dollars. All at once a young man, who had been teaching our School at Nanaimo, said, "I'll go, I'll go." The late Sheriff McMillan, a lay representative to the District Meeting, took charge of the subscription list and presented the man and the money to the District Meeting on Monday morning. I need not say there was not a happier man in the world than I was that day; I was praising the Lord wherever I went, shouting and happy for what He had done. I met a young Yorkshire man whose father had died and left some money in Nanaimo. I knew the dear old man some years before. His son had just come out to see about the estate. I said, "Young fellow, you missed it you were not with us last night; we had a glorious time." When I told him what had been done, he said, "I'll help; I will give fifty dollars for that."

Mr. A. E. Green, the young teacher at the meeting, was forthwith sent, and the people of Victoria sustained him that year and part of the year following, as well as giving largely to the General Fund. After the Missionary reached Port Simpson we made a trip together to the

THE NAAS MISSION

Upper Naas, visiting and preaching in all the villages. A site was chosen and presented to us by the Chiefs for a Mission at Lack-al-zap (Greenville).

In December, 1877, the Naas Missionary writes: "A blessed revival has been going on at Port Simpson; the Missionary from there, with fifty people, visited the Naas. It was a time long to be remembered."

Again in February, 1878, he writes: "We were encouraged and blessed in November by a visit from Brother Crosby and fifty of his people, many of whom gave clear testimony. . . . When we came here the young people thought the Gospel could help them, but that there was no hope for the old; they said they had been too long in darkness. They brought a young man who was sick twenty-six miles to the Mission. He wept when he saw us and said he wanted to hear about Jesus before he died. We told him to pray. He said, 'I can't; I don't know how.' We pointed him to the Lamb of God. A few days ago an old Chief came to ask a question. He said, 'The white people are very wise; they know a great deal; the Indians are very foolish. Why did not God make us all white, so we could all be wise?' The old man seemed amazed when we pointed him back to our common parentage, to the origin of sin, and pointed him to Christ." Afterwards the Rev. Mr. Green reported that this old man had become a convert to Christianity and had begged for a copy of the Word of God, which was given him. He drove a stake into the ground to which he fastened it. In answer to the question why he did this, he said he could not read, but he knew the book was God's Word and he wanted to have it near him, so he fastened it this way as a source of comfort.

Later, we made a trip up the river, spending six days at the upper village. Heathenism in its worst forms had

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

been carried on by the doctors and conjurers. We preached to large congregations and pointed them to Jesus.

In April, 1881, Mr. Green reported thirty-nine taken into the Church during the year. He said, "On the 6th of last month twenty adults were baptized. On the same day a love-feast was held, and the Spirit of God came down upon the people. An invitation was given for all who would consecrate themselves to the Lord to come forward. The whole congregation pressed forward. The house was full of cries and prayers. Several families, leaving heathenism, have united with us during the winter.

"No sooner is an Indian converted than he becomes anxious for the conversion of his heathen friends. A young man from the interior, who last spring joined our Mission, came one morning, with his Testament, saying, 'Please find me that text where it says, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin."' When I heard you preach from it, it warmed my heart. Now I have heard that my mother is sick and I want to carry that word to her.' He went one hundred and twenty miles to tell his heathen friends about Jesus.

"Twenty of our people started up the river on snow-shoes, visiting all the villages for forty miles, praying in every house and declaring to old and young what God had done for them. Even those who before had persecuted the Christians opened their doors and invited them to eat with them. One old man said, 'My friends, you know this river; it flows to the sea; it lifts and carries away the old logs, taking all it reaches into the sea. Sometimes the river is low; winter comes; the river is dry; the snow is deep. Then spring comes, the sun shines; the rain falls; the snow melts and the mountain streams rush down into the river. It fills; it overflows its banks and carries away old, dry logs that for years have been lying on the banks.

THE NAAS MISSION

So it was with God's work. It flowed on, but not very wide; it did not reach us all. It was winter. Then summer came, the sun shone and the good rain fell; the river of God overflowed its banks and reached me. I was a log, but the Good Word lifted me. I am saved. I am on my way to heaven. Blessed be Jesus!

"The children formed themselves into a praying band. It was a lovely sight to see them going from house to house, singing the songs of Zion and speaking of the wonderful works of God. The oldest of the band was not over nine years of age.

"A great heathen Chief died in the Mission village," continues Mr. Green, "and the heathen people rushed here with their songs, dances and eagle feathers to carry on their superstitious practices. This sorely tried our Christians. It is strange to see how determined these heathen are to get the Christians back to heathenism. If they cannot get them by persecution they will try them by force, or by kindness work on their feelings.

"A man and his wife came to stay at the Christian village. They hadn't been there a week before the woman's friends came in the night and carried her off, back to heathenism. She, however, managed to escape and returned to the Mission, but in a day or so a strong party came and took her away again.

"A young man who had lived in a Christian village was converted and had commenced to preach when his old uncle, a Chief in a heathen village, sent for the young local preacher. He showed him boxes filled with blankets, furs and other property. Then, sitting down by the fire, he said, 'My nephew, you are my heir, you see my property; I have been saving it up all my life for you, so that when you take my name you will be rich and a big Chief. But you are going a different road; you are poor;

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

you have no good clothes; you have no boxes filled; you won't dance, so the people don't give you presents. It is true you have a little house at the Mission; but I can't see your property. Come to me and I will give you all. I have no child; you are my son; come and take all I have.'

"The young man said, 'Yes, uncle, your words are true. I am not rich; I do not have fine clothes or boxes filled with blankets. The people don't give me presents since I went to follow Jesus. I know you cannot see my property; but I have a treasure. Yours is in these boxes; mine is in Heaven. You see yours now, but soon, you say, you will leave it; and you won't see it again. I don't see my treasure now, but it is yonder, and I shall soon have it forever. I love you, my uncle; but you must do what you like with your property. I can't leave the treasure I have in Jesus.'

"The old man went away seemingly angry. These two became reconciled on the following Christmas Day, 'the day of peace,' and at the nephew's urgent invitation the old Chief took dinner with him. He afterwards became an earnest Christian and died happy in the Lord."

Still another instance is given by Mr. Green of the effort of heathenism on the Naas to recover its lost ground: "A Christian was called by his heathen relations to their house, and he went; the heathen Chiefs came and were given seats according to their rank; spoons were given them, food placed before them and blankets put down at their feet. They wanted the Christian to eat with them and take the presents. This would be the formal way of taking him back again into heathenism. He understood them and spoke, asking, 'If you were to bring a dead body into this house and put food before it and put a spoon in its hand, would it eat? If you put blankets at its feet would it take them? No, no, it would not, because

it was dead. Friends, you bring me into this house, you put food before me and a spoon into my hand, you put blankets at my feet; but I cannot eat, I cannot take these blankets because I am dead—dead to your old way. I used to live in it, just as you do, but now I am dead to it all.' He then preached Jesus to them.

"Another time a Christian young man's friends wished to take him back into heathenism. He said, 'You see this stone that rolled down this mountain side from the top of the mountains. It was up there a long time and was very strong—a part of the great mountain; but a great power reached it, moved it, and it rolled down and came into the river. Will it go back again? Will it roll up there again? Will it go back to the old place? No, it won't. So it was with me. I was with you a long time, a part of your great, bad mountain; but God's great power came; His Word loosened me, moved me out of the mountain of sin and rolled me down to God's new river. I cannot go back up the mountain to my old place. It is cold there; the snow is there; but here down by the river it is warm. Now God comes to shake you and to move you to come to Him.'

"A young man from a heathen village thus expressed himself in a Class Meeting: 'Friends, I am nearly dead; it almost takes my breath away to see how you people live. Oh, it is so different from the lives we live! I am going to ask my mother if she won't come with me to live here in this new way.'

"The Indians have much improved their village, having put down a plank sidewalk at a cost of ninety-nine dollars and built a Band house at a cost of one hundred and thirty-five dollars."

In January, 1886, the Missionary in a letter to the *Missionary Outlook* tells this story of the Mission: "A

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

young white man who had come to spend a few days was converted and made to rejoice in the Saviour's love, and oh, how happy he was! The people also got very happy. A man who had recently given his heart to God said, 'My wife often wakes me up and tells me, "George, we sleep too much; let us get up and pray," and, as we do so, our hearts get warm and we feel as if we should like to go away straight home to Heaven.' "

In January, 1887, the Missionary, Mr. Green, says: "It gave great joy to the Indians to hear that they were to have a new Church. They had already got out the foundation timber.

"We have had plenty of Band music during the past six weeks. A teacher came from the Coast to teach them to play their new band instruments, presented by friends in England on my visit. They are proving to be good ones. One of our men soon thought he could teach as well as the teacher. We were all astonished at the progress they made. For thirty-three days they had three sessions every day. The Indians can now play 'The German Hymn,' 'The Fisherman's Prayer,' 'Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow,' 'God save the Queen,' 'The Dead March in Saul,' 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and 'Around the Throne of God in Heaven.'

"On Christmas eve we had a tree with presents for the children. The Chieftainess, 'Long Arm,' had a beautiful shawl and other things sent by a friend in London. She spoke very nicely, saying God had answered her prayers and had sent her a sign that the white Christians remembered her and her people, and that morning and evening, every day, she would pray God's blessing upon them.

"During the Christmas time, and indeed any other time, there is danger of the Indians going into debt for food for the feasts. This is one of their great weaknesses.



HOW THE INDIANS ON THE NAAS WELCOMED THE MISSIONARY.

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THE NAAS MISSION

“News was brought to our village that a white man and three halfbreed children were without food and blankets at the upper village, Kit-lach-tamux. We made the journey on snowshoes through a storm, reached the village and preached the Gospel. We found the old man, a daughter and two little boys in a corner of their little log cabin with a bearskin over them and but fragments of clothing. The old man died. Before dying, he begged the Missionary to take the children. He took them, baptized the boys, calling them John and George, and kept them both for some time. John was soon able to care for himself. The youngest, George, stayed on at the Mission. We also took another boy and baptized him Fred. Boys such as these were transferred to the Crosby Boys’ Home at Port Simpson or went to work for themselves.

“In the spring, when the small fish come into the river, the gulls are so numerous as to resemble a heavy fall of snow. The eagles soar high above the myriads of gulls, seeking their chance. In the water are seals and larger fish after the small fish, all under intense excitement. We have Indians from the interior, from Skeena River, Alaska, Port Simpson, Metlakatlah, and other places, making in all about five thousand people, some Christians and many not. Those who are heathen are known by their faces—some red, some black. They are dressed in all kinds of strange, fantastic costumes and present a wonderful sight as they move about on the ice. We have man life, fish life and bird life, all seeking to destroy the delicious fish. In former years the people used to offer sacrifice to the Great Spirit for giving them the fish, and the one who caught the first fish would put it in his bosom and run about, crying, ‘Oh, you salvation fish, you salvation fish.’ When asked why they called them salvation fish, they said, ‘Oh, years ago, many Indians were here on this river,

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

starving to death before the fish came, hence as soon as they did come we called them the salvation fish, for they saved the people from death.' These oolachan fish are called also 'small fish,' 'candle fish,' or, as above, 'salvation fish.' They are most delicious, and the grease obtained from them is a wonderful help to health in that climate."

In 1888, Mr. Green, writing of the trials and triumphs of his work on the Naas, says: "When Brother Crosby was up here, I wrote about the death of our little boy. Our loss is his gain. Indians from every village on the river brought their sick to us when the fever was very bad. Among them were the Chiefs from Kit-heeks. One family brought five children very sick with the fever. They stayed at the house of a local preacher who was married to their eldest daughter. The daughter said, 'Father, you don't believe the Gospel; but, when you all get sick and think you are going to die and don't know what to do, then you come to the Christians and ask them to help you. God's servants give you medicine, God shows His mercy and spares all your children, when so many around you die. Then you all go back to the devil's work again. I am a Christian, and I thought now you would give me one of my sisters to serve God. She would live with me and would become a Christian. Yes, I thought you would give me Hath-kun to be a Christian.' 'Yes,' her father replied, 'but Hath-kun is not willing to stay here.' 'Hear what he says,' cried Hath-kun, 'I have wanted to be a Christian for a long time but father would not let me.' The father consented to let her join the Mission; she became a Christian and was baptized.

"One of our local preachers said in Class Meeting, 'I am so glad I am a Methodist. I was never so pleased with this before. There is good in the other Churches, I have no doubt, but they do not have Class Meeting. If ever so

THE NAAS MISSION

happy, they cannot tell it in the meeting. God has helped me very much while my child was sick. He has blessed me much; my heart is full; and I thank God I am a Methodist, for I can open my mouth with joy and tell of His love.' ”

Rev. D. Jennings, writing from Naas Mission in 1889, says: “I have seen many weep on account of sin, but I never saw one weep as bitterly as a strong, intelligent man at our principal Mission station wept on account of his sin. He said he wanted to be a genuine Christian, not a half-hearted one.

“The Lord was present with us at the opening of the new Church at Lach-al-zap.”

Our work on the Naas is described by another missionary as follows: “About sixteen miles from the mouth of the river is Fishery Bay, where we have a neat little Church. Four miles above Fishery Bay, on the same side of the river, is Lach-al-zap (Greenville), our headquarters on the Naas. Taking this village as a centre, there are several others at which Missions are established, extending as far as Kit-wan-silk and Kit-lach-tamux, some forty miles above Greenville.

“We have preached the joyful tidings of salvation in all these villages. At one of the camps we found a medicine man practising over a sick old man. The old medicine man was physically and spiritually blind. He had a box containing shot or small stones which he rattled over the sick man, while he uttered his wild incantations. When the sick man saw me he gave a piteous look as much as to say, ‘Help me.’ As the doctor rattled, I gave the sick man some medicine; this made him better by next day. It was laughable to see the doctor finish up his practice. He rattled near the sick man’s mouth with great force; put down his rattle; put his two hands on the sick man’s

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

head and, with too much friction to be comfortable, drew them down over his face, grasping the mouth, and pretending to take something away. Then placing his closed hands together, as people do when looking at a distant object, he blew into them with great force; and thus took the disease away from the sick man. The doctor said to the sick man, 'Has he given you medicine?' When he was told I had, he said, 'Good! good!' The doctor then asked me to give him some medicine. I replied, 'You are a doctor, take your own medicine'; but doctors do not often do that."

The Naas was for many years a most successful Methodist Mission. The Rev. A. E. Green, our first Missionary, was followed by the Rev. D. Jennings, the Rev. R. B. Beavis, the Rev. S. S. Osterhout and Dr. Wm. Rush, each of whom did faithful and successful work. Dr. Rush failed in health and it was found impossible to supply his place. The Church Missionary Society has since taken over the work and the Methodist Church has withdrawn from this field.

OUR WORK ON THE SKEENA.

Blind Jack—Our First Trip to the Forks of the Skeena—A
Unique Fishery—Native Bridges—Entertained by a
Conjurer—The Gospel in a Heathen Salmon
Camp—The Forks—Mr. Mathieson's
Work—The C. M. S. in the
Field—Later Visits.

*“ The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad
for them.”*

CHAPTER XVI.

OUR WORK ON THE SKEENA.

It was while still engaged with the native carpenters, finishing the work on our Church at Port Simpson, that a medium-sized man, a native, rather thick-set, walked into the Church and nearly to the altar where we were at work. He turned up his head, moving it quickly around, and seemed to be looking at every part of the building. As he came up, I said, "Good day," shook hands with him, and said, "How do you do? Where are you from? What is your name?"

He said, "My name is Jack; I have come ten suns to see you, sir. I heard you were building a great house for God, and I thought I should like to see it."

I said to a young man, "Take him outside, around the Church, show him the posts and everything."

He felt all around the buttress posts, came in again and felt all around the altar. Then he said, "Sir, I am so glad I have seen the Church."

I found he was quite blind, but of course he had seen it in his mind. "Now," he said, "I hear the people give you money to help to build the Church"; and I said "Yes." He took out all his money, seventy-five cents, and gave it. I found afterwards that his poor sister had given him this to buy a shirt.

He seemed very happy, prancing around and saying, "I am a great singer; I do all the bad songs in my village, away far up in the interior, at the head waters of the

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Skeena. But now, sir, I should like to hear some of the songs your people sing."

Mrs. Crosby got him by the little melodeon and played a number of pieces that took his fancy. He went away and they say he sang them all night in the big house. Next day he came back. We told him the story of redeeming love; and he said he wished to sing some more and be a good man. He sang again and got one piece after another. He said he wished to be "filled up," so we worked away to fill him up as well as we could with the good Word and song. One day he came up to the Mission House and said he was going.

"Well," I said, "good-bye, Jack; God bless you!"

"Well," he said, "I should like to have a Bible, sir."

I wished to know what he would do with the Bible.

He said, "I want to take it; I will hold it up before my people and tell them that is God's great letter that tells of His love."

I gave him a Bible and then he said, "I should like to have a handbell."

"Jack," said I, "what will you do with a handbell?"

"I wish to ring it through my village to call my people to Church and tell them all you told me and sing the new song."

I had some handbells I had got to lend out to the people when they went hunting and fishing, as they all wished to have a handbell to ring for Church services on Sunday in camp. He got the handbell and, with the Bible under his arm, he tinkled the bell and went away, looking very happy. Months after this, I heard that Jack was ringing his bell in his village in the mountains, calling the people to Church and telling them all he knew—"doing what he could."

About two years afterwards, a poor, forlorn-looking little

OUR WORK ON THE SKEENA

woman stepped inside our house and crouched down by the door. Seeing she was a stranger, I said, "Who are you? Where are you from?"

"Oh, sir," she sobbed out, "my poor boy Jack, my boy Jack, he has gone, sir, he has gone, sir; but oh, he was so good, sir, and told us such good things. He has gone, sir, he has gone. He was working on the Hudson's Bay Company's boats, getting freight up the river; he took cold, got sick and died; but before he went away he said, 'Go and tell God's servant I am going to be with Jesus in that happy place he told me about,' and oh, he was so happy, sir." Then the poor mother, taking out the Bible from under her dirty blanket, said, "Here is the book, sir. He told me to bring it to you and to thank you for telling him about Jesus and the home above." As we sat and wept together, I thought that if all Christian people would do as poor Jack did and tell all they know about Jesus, we should soon have the world converted. It was a good while before Jack's people could have a teacher, as the funds were small.

For some time people kept calling on us, Blind Jack among the rest, to begin work on the Upper Skeena; but, as many other points, such as Naas, Essington and Kitmaat, were opening up, and we were pushing buildings in some of these places, we did not get away to the Upper Skeena until the summer of 1878.

We left Simpson by canoe for our Mission on the Naas, where we spent several days in blessed service. We then left Greenville with an Indian, Robert McMillan, who had volunteered to be my guide to the Upper Skeena. We called and had services at Kit-wan-silk and at Kit-lach-tamux, passing by canoe to the end of the celebrated "Grease Trail."

This trail had been used for years by the Upper Skeena

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

people, who came down by hundreds to the Naas for the oolachan fishing in the early spring. In those days they had a great heathen dance in the month of February for about a week at each village, before going to fish. They would get down to Fishery Bay on the Naas River in the early part of March to prepare for the small fish, which generally came up the river about the middle of that month. Here they would work in their primitive way by putting red hot stones into boxes partly filled with fish and water. When the grease was all rendered out in this manner, they put it into large boxes made of cedar slabs, without nails.

This work ended about the last of April when, with borrowed canoes, they would make their way up the Naas River to the end of the trail, which was one hundred and forty miles in length. Sometimes, when they had a big catch, it would take them weeks to "pack" their stuff away. Some of the women were the greatest "packers" among them and carried these great grease boxes, some of them weighing from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds each. They started from camp in the morning, mother and father, and even little boys and girls, each one with a pack on his back, attached by a rope to a strap round the forehead. Even the dogs, if there were any, had their packs also. They went a distance from their camp, putting down their loads where they thought they could bring up all their belongings during that day by making a sufficient number of trips over the same ground. With hundreds of people scattered for miles along this wonderful trail, there was a lively scene during the month of the exodus or that of the homeward trip.

Robert and I started on the trail, with blankets and provisions. We each had a heavy pack; indeed, it proved too

OUR WORK ON THE SKEENA

much for me those hot September days. The first night we reached a number of Naas people at their summer fishing camp by the canyon.

Here we saw some real, native ingenuity. They had ladders made with poles and native ropes, extending some twenty-five feet each from one ledge of rock to another, then to a similar rock below; and thus they went down one or two hundred feet till they reached the river. Here one man would stand on a point of rock, where there was a very rapid current. With a native scoop-net at the end of a long pole he would haul out the beautiful silver salmon, while his wife, that greater burden-bearer, would fill a big basket with salmon and start up these wonderful ladders. We watched more than one as they made the trip to the top of the cliff, and I trembled as I watched lest they slip or the ropes break.

It was a lovely spot to camp, covered with moss and wild berries. Here we were treated to a supper of delicious fresh salmon and the native blueberry. We closed the day with a nice service among the people.

After a good night's rest, we were away bright and early. It was hard travelling for me over this peculiarly shaped trail, for these people who walk with toes in do not leave a trail wide enough for a white man. Added to this was the fact that the ferns and foliage were so high, and so often leaned over the trail from both sides, that we literally had to push our way through. When these were loaded with the heavy dew, it was almost as wet as going through a pond of water. This would continue till far on in the forenoon, when the sun got high enough to dry up the dew. Then our clothes, which had been wet through, began to dry. My boots got so dry and hot during the afternoon that my feet became terribly blistered and I was usually glad when the time came to strike camp for

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

the night. After supper and prayers we lay down to rest. Oh, how I would sleep, with nothing but the canopy of heaven overhead!

Here I met with the first native bridge that I had seen. One might call it a suspension bridge. It was made by cutting down saplings six or eight inches through and twenty-five or thirty feet long. These leaned over the river, being made fast on the banks by means of piles of stones laid on the butt-ends to keep them firmly in place. These trees, fixed on each bank, might not reach more than two-thirds of the distance across, but by withes or ropes of roots other poles were fastened to the outer ends of those extending from the banks, and thus the river was spanned. Hanging from this by withes or pieces of bark or rope, the bridge on which one had to walk swung about level with each bank. It consisted of native planks laid from one pole to another, with light poles on each side, of which you could take hold.

I told my friend to go first. He did so with his pack on his back and got safely over. Then he had to return to take my pack. For the life of me I couldn't have taken that pack over that swinging bridge; but when Robert told me that these poor women would pack over their grease boxes of more than one hundred and fifty pounds and think nothing of it, I began to think that the proverb is true, "It is nothing when you get used to it."

We passed a large fishing camp, and here we saw in the shoal water of the river hundreds of beautiful salmon, some of them with their fins and tails worn off in the journey up stream. I was told they must have come all the way up the Skeena River, then into the Kit-wan-cool River, then into the lake and then up this river in the mountains where we saw them. Here the Kit-wan-cool people gather in the summer to dry berries and salmon.

OUR WORK ON THE SKEENA

We had service among them at their camp and then pressed on our way across the mountains.

The next point of interest was a large berry drying camp. Here a great, rough frame shed had been erected, perhaps one hundred feet long, roofed with slabs and bark, but open at the sides. As we approached this camp, we heard the song of an old conjurer, and when we came up we saw him sitting with his back towards us, a long spear and a scalping knife by his side. He was a wild, rough-looking old man, his face all painted up and his hair tied in a knot at the top of his head. As soon as he heard our footsteps he sprang up and seized his spear. Robert, my guide, called out in his own language, "It is the Missionary coming; don't be disturbed."

"Humph," the old man grunted out, "I thought it was some of the wild men from the mountains. They are all the time troubling us, and we have to be on our watch for them."

He very shortly afterwards prepared us a dinner. First he handed us a dish with water in it to wash our hands. As soon as this was done and we were seated, he set before us on a dish the greater part of a very large salmon which had been broiled before the fire. The blessing was asked and we started to eat, using our fingers of course—knives and forks he had none. There was no salt, but we enjoyed the salmon "straight."

The old man was really very friendly and Robert and he kept up a rapid conversation in regard to all the news of the day. Meanwhile our host was preparing further for our comfort. There were yards and yards of dried berries spread out very thinly on leaves and laid on very slight racks or trays, made of split cedar, which in turn were placed on a kind of frame. Great rows of them extended the whole length of the house, some three or four

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

feet above the earthen floor. He took from one of these scaffolds what seemed to be about half a yard square of berries in the little dish in which we had washed our hands, broke the cake of berries into small pieces, then poured in some water and began to squeeze and knead the berries with his hands until he had got quite a dish of juice extracted. Still Robert and he kept up the conversation. As I looked across at him, I saw him lay down the great lump of seeds and refuse from the berries. He then took a very large bone spoon and filled it with oolachan grease, which he was about to pour into the berry juice. I called out to Robert, "If that is for us, tell him to keep the grease out of it."

"Oh," the old man said, "it is a very strange thing if you can't eat grease with berries." It was a very common thing for them to eat grease with almost every kind of food.

After partaking of the berry juice, we had singing and prayer together and a long conversation with the old man about the plan of salvation and the wonderful love of Jesus. He looked amazed and said, "Yes, if all you have said is true, it was a wonderful thing for the Great Chief Above to give His only Son." After asking him to tell his friends when they came from the mountains what we had told him, we bade him good-bye. We started on our journey, quite refreshed by our intercourse with our old friend, praying God to bless the word which we had spoken.

We soon reached Kit-wan-cool village, on the edge of a beautiful lake of that name. We arrived there on Saturday evening. The few people who were at home seemed all excited on our arrival. We were invited into the Chief's house, where we held service and preached to them the wonderful story of love. A great fire was piled on in the house and grease thrown on it to make it blaze up,

OUR WORK ON THE SKEENA

until the slabs of the old lodge roof took fire, and a young fellow had to rush up with a bucket of water to put it out. Here we had more delicious, fresh salmon. We found several sick in the little village and gave them some of the simple remedies we had with us; but the old conjurer and his drum seemed more in demand than any medicine we could give them. After conversation with some of the leading men as to our plan for to-morrow's work, they suggested that, if we had early service with them and then travelled on towards the Skeena River a half day's journey, we would come to a large camp of their people, who were fishing and drying salmon.

It was now time to retire. We lay down amid the din of howling dogs, the conjurer's rattle and drum and what seemed to be a score more beating time with short sticks on boards to his weird song. We were soon asleep. Next morning we rose bright and early and called the people to service. Robert and I then had breakfast and started off towards the Skeena River. We walked on and on but, instead of getting there in the afternoon, as they had said, it was nine o'clock at night and just getting dark when we reached the camp.

Here were two very large houses and a great number of people. I was a little distance ahead of Robert and, as I came up, I put my head in at the door at the end of one of the houses, when an old woman cried out, "Young men, where are your muskets?" Several of them rushed for their guns; but, by the time they had them in their hands, Robert popped his head in at the door and cried out, "Stop! this is a Missionary."

In a few moments crowds came in from the other house. I slipped my pack off my back and, Bible in hand, commenced to tell them of the wonderful love of God in the gift of His Son to save a lost world. They crowded in and

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

crouched on the floor. We had no other light than the dying embers of the fire, which was there more to smoke the salmon which hung over it than to give light. As I spoke on, all I could see was a mass of faces filled with wonder and amazement. I continued talking for a long time, as they seemed intensely interested; but, being very tired, was about to stop, when a number with tears in their eyes said, "Oh, go on, do tell us more; we never heard such a wonderful story; tell us more!" Some time after this we closed the service, glad that we had come so far to tell them of the Saviour's love.

Robert and I retired to the woods to sleep, thinking we would have a better chance to rest there than in the smoky houses, where there were hundreds of dried salmon hanging over the smouldering fire and the quarreling dogs upon the floor.

Early next morning we got our breakfast, made a visit through the camps, had prayer with some families and then started up the Skeena. We were advised that, as the river was low, we could travel better on the beach than we could over the rugged hills and rough trail. We started along the river shore; and now the blistered feet from which I had suffered so much pained me more than ever as the soles of my shoes had got so soft that they were worse than moccasins would have been for walking over gravel beds and boulders.

At last we got to the Forks of the Skeena, having visited the Kitzegucla and other bands on our way. We were graciously received by two old-time white traders as well as by most of the Indians that were at home. While we remained we had service with them night and morning. A few miners arrived from Omenica and a number of others were expected. At this place many of the miners spent the winter. We also visited Kishpiax, where we

OUR WORK ON THE SKEENA

found a great many Indians engaged in fishing. Here we had service at a large fishing camp some distance up the river. We also called at Hag-wil-get, where the Catholic priests had visited once in a great while. The people there were very desirous to have a Methodist Missionary come among them.

As I was about to leave on the return trip, the Kit-en-makes or Hazelton people urged that we send them a teacher at once. That fall we sent a young man named Mathieson to teach at the Forks. Regular preaching and teaching were thus established up the Skeena, though in the year before this visit the Rev. A. E. Green, then on the Naas Mission, had made a trip to the Upper Skeena and preached the Gospel at all of the villages.

Mr. Mathieson had been employed for a time as teacher on the Naas; and while on the Skeena did good work and seemed to have wonderful influence over the people at the Forks. He got them to give up their heathen dancing and gambling and many of them attended service. In his School report to the Government, dated November 25th, 1878, he says: "Morning session, 10 to 12; afternoon, 2 to 4; evening, 6 to 9; total number enrolled, 120. Forty-eight of these are grown people who can attend only one session. Most of the pupils have made wonderful progress; many, who did not know their letters, already read pretty well in the First and Second Primer. We have an average attendance of forty. But for the three great heathen feasts held in the neighboring villages, the attendance would have been better. We closed for two weeks at Christmas to enable the teacher to provide a more comfortable School, but night session was continued. Owing to the wretched condition of these people there was much sickness during the winter. We hope the authorities will furnish us with some simple medicine at their earliest con-

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

venience. All indications point to a prosperous future for this School, as there is a large population of children who are willing and anxious to learn. A new School is much needed. As soon as we can get a grant of land from the Government, the lumber is all ready."

On account of some unforeseen difficulty, Mr. Mathieson left the work. Then for some time we tried to get a Missionary, and finally the Rev. C. M. Tate was appointed by the Toronto Conference of 1880. He and his wife were proceeding to the Forks of the Skeena, but, finding that in the meanwhile a Missionary of the Church Missionary Society had been sent in there, they went to Bella Bella, which was then urgently asking for a Missionary.

Hearing that another Missionary had been sent to the Forks, the Chairman of the District directed me to make a trip there, in order to explain why our Missionary did not go, and thus keep faith with the people. I made the trip by the Hudson Bay freight canoes. The Editor of the *Outlook*, to which I contributed an account of this journey, says that records of Mission work on the Pacific Coast remind one of the heroic age of Methodism, when "in labors more abundant" was the badge of the true apostolic succession.

The following is an extract from that letter: "I am just back from my three weeks' trip to the Forks of the Skeena. By the kindness of R. H. Hall, Esq., Chief Officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, I took the trip in their freight canoes. Our party consisted of two boats and five canoes, with forty-four men in all. The weather was wet, with only one dry day in the whole trip, and the mosquitoes made it lively by night, not to mention their depredations by day. At several places we had to have ten or fifteen men to haul up each canoe, and then it was hard work to get them over the rapids, or 'make the riffle,' as the miners



1

OUR WORK ON THE SKEENA

say. There were also three portages to make, when most of the freight had to be taken out and carried over. It took sixteen days and a half from here to the Forks, a distance of two hundred and twenty-five miles. The men seemed always glad to attend the services; and I preached at a number of the different villages besides visiting hundreds at their fishing camps. Many of the poor people received the Word with gladness.

“As it was more than a year since we had promised these people to get them another Missionary or teacher, I told them that I had come to explain why Mr. Tate had not come to his field. We had no desire to go into a field where another Church was taking up the work; and so, though we had secured a Missionary for that station, we were obliged to send him to some other part of the great field. The Missionary of that Church, who was there, said to me, ‘Mr. Crosby, we have no business here; you had the field before us.’ Many of these poor people expressed themselves as sorry that we were not going to take up Mission work, for the present, among them, and asked if we could not go to another village, Kishpiax or Kish-kagag, where poor Blind Jack had told them something about Jesus. Moreover, the Hag-wil-gets, three miles back of the Forks, said the priest had left them for a long while, and they begged us to give them a teacher.”

The downward trip was a grand one. Poor Charles Youmans and I made the trip together in a small canoe. He was a trader, who had lived there for some time; and was afterwards murdered by an Indian at mid-day in front of his own house. Mr. Youmans was very anxious that the Methodist Church should not leave the river, and he took me on to the Kit-won-gah Reserve to show me the land. As they had no Missionary, he begged me, as did also many of the people, to start a Mission here and offered

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

to give me a large log house that he had used for some time as a trading store. I was indeed sorry that I could not promise him to do so. We two pressed on our way down the river in our little canoe and in a day and a half reached Port Essington. On the third Sabbath from home, I preached at Essington to good congregations of Brother Jennings' people, both afternoon and night. On Monday, at 10 p.m., I reached home, having travelled from Essington fifty-five miles, with a man and his wife in a very small canoe.

Some time later our Naas Missionary made some trips to the Skeena, of one of which he says: "Two days more travelling over nice land brought us to a fishing camp of Kishpiax people, two miles from their village. They were catching salmon and received us very kindly, bringing us wood (a scarce article on the prairie), salmon and potatoes; and, after expressing their thanks, said, 'You are the only one who brings us the good Word. Come and live here yourself, or bring us a minister.' One old Chief said, 'I will give you my house if you will come and live in my village. There is good land which we will give you to build a Church on. We all want to hear of God and take the new way.' They pleaded very earnestly for some one to go and live with them and teach them the Gospel.

"There were over four hundred people in the village. We met the friends of a young man who had accidentally fallen into a salmon trap in the dark current of the Skeena River. They were in great trouble. We exhorted them to cast their burden on the Lord. They said, 'Oh, our friends are all dying; bring us God's Word.' At the Fork we visited from house to house and prayed with the people. These also pleaded earnestly for a Methodist Missionary. They said, 'You promised years ago to help us. You sent us a teacher. He did well for a time and went away; the

OUR WORK ON THE SKEENA

you told us you would send us another teacher. We have waited but he never came.' I had to explain again to them how our Missionary was on the way to them when he found another Missionary had taken up the place. 'Yes,' they said, 'several teachers came. There is not one left. We know we are bad, thieves and murderers, but we want to be good. We have trouble among ourselves every day, and we want peace.' Hag-wil-get, three miles from the Forks, is visited by the Catholic priest sometimes, and they are desiring a School and a Methodist Missionary."

Thus, during several years, we had frequent deputations from the Upper Skeena.



ON THE SKEENA AGAIN.

Work Commenced by Native Agents—Death of Youmans—A
Macedonian Cry—Kit-wan-cool Jim—Sickness Among
the Tribes—Rev. J. C. Spencer—An Evan-
gelistic Trip—Mrs. Spencer's
Letter.

*“And a great number believed and turned unto the
Lord.”—Acts.*

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE SKEENA AGAIN.

IN the Missionary Report of 1883 the Missionary on the Naas refers to the work on the Skeena as follows:

“In my last year’s report I mentioned that twelve people of Kit-wan-cool had embraced the Gospel. They had a native teacher but desired a white teacher. As we could not promise them such, and owing to the persecution they encountered from their heathen brethren, they, with some others, came out of their tribes—left their homes and travelled more than one hundred miles to Greenville, where they secured a permanent home.”

Many times during those years we were urged to go to the Skeena, but shortage of men and means prevented us from accepting the invitation. In 1885 our native Missionary, W. H. Pierce, was sent to Kitzegucla. In the early spring the Naas Missionary writes: “Brother Pierce, who has just arrived from Skeena overland, reports two hundred deaths from fever in that part of the country.”

In the same year the Rev. A. E. Green reports a trip made: “In company with Brother Jennings I visited the interior and Skeena tribes. We found them in great trouble; but have evidence that God guided us to them and trust that His Word was a blessing to some. These poor people from Kishpiax and Skeena Forks are now on the Naas, preparing food. They have sent to me several times during the last quarter, asking for a Missionary.”

The Rev. Mr. Jennings in a letter in 1885 says: “I began my journey of over five hundred miles to visit the

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Indian villages on the Upper Naas and the Skeena Rivers. At the Forks of the Skeena, Mr. C. Youmans, a white trader, had been murdered a few months before." Concerning this occurrence the Rev. Mr. Green writes: "Poor Youmans is gone. He was a well-meaning man. He had a number of Indians hired to carry his goods up the Skeena River from the Coast. While on this trip an accident caused the drowning of a young Indian, one of his crew. Youmans, who travelled overland, on arriving earlier than the others at the Forks, where the young man's father lived, said nothing about the drowning accident. When the old man heard it from another source, he became enraged and said to Youmans, 'Why did you hide it from me?' Youmans tried to put him off when the Indian asked for compensation for the loss of his son. This was according to the Indian law in those days—blood for blood and a life for a life, or property to compensate. In an unguarded moment Youmans said to him, 'Go and ask the river for your boy.' The old man walked right away and came back in a few moments with his arms folded. He walked past Youmans, who was talking to another white man on the street, and, when about two feet away, whirled round and stabbed the trader in the chest with a knife. He fell dead."

Our first work on the Upper Skeena was begun with the aid of native agents. Edward Sexsmith, who had been a native worker on the Naas River, under Mr. Green, was about this time sent to Kishpiax, where he did faithful work as a teacher; but they wanted a white Missionary.

In the Missionary Report of 1887 we find the following concerning the work on the Skeena: "The General Missionary Society states that for many years we have abstained from occupying this region, in order to avoid seeming rivalry with another Church; but as nothing was

ON THE SKEENA AGAIN

accomplished, the appeal of the people to send them teachers became urgent. Brother W. H. Pierce was sent to Kitzegucla, whence he writes, 'Our God and Saviour is still doing great things for us. Nine have turned from the darkness of heathenism to the light of Christianity.' The Hag-wil-get tribe still ask for a teacher as earnestly as ever. One Chief and his son have promised to give a room to a teacher when he comes. At Kishpiax village Edward Sexsmith, one of our native teachers, is doing well among them; thirty-five attending Night Schools."

In the Missionary Report of 1888 we read: "The Chiefs at the Upper Skeena are earnestly asking for a white Missionary."

Mr. Pierce writes: "God has given us a fresh baptism. A man who was our greatest enemy now wants to be a Christian. The people are coming out of their old ways into the new light that leads to Heaven. One of our village men was shot down, caused by the potlatch. By the help of God we were able to stop them from having a big fight."

With regard to this trouble another Missionary writes: "One of the Chiefs in Brother Pierce's village was murdered the first day of February by Kit-wan-cool Jim. The men were both heathen. A quarrel arose as to who should take the Chief's seat in the potlatch lately vacated by a Chief who had become blind. The Chief named Neat-squ wanted it and Jim wanted it for his son. A few weeks after, two of Jim's sons died of fever. He said they died because they were bewitched; that Neat-squ had ill-wished them; and he announced that he would kill the Chief for bewitching his boys. Meeting him on the trail carrying a box of grease, he shot him dead.

"Extravagant representations of this affair were made to the Government, and a number of special constables

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

were sent up to take Jim. Instead of taking him alive, as might easily have been done, a man named Green shot him. This caused great excitement, expense and trouble. While trying to take him, a warship also came up six hundred miles to the mouth of the Skeena. This cost the Government thousands of dollars, a totally useless expenditure."

The native Missionary at Hag-wil-get, Brother George Edgar, pathetically refers in his report to the trials of his work and to a personal sorrow: "A hard winter and much sickness; one of our children died of the fever, but God comforted us. My little boy was taken sick January 16th and died January 29th. The sickness was too strong for him. He was a nice boy. We loved him very much."

Another Missionary writes: "The poor interior people suffered very much this winter. A great sickness came and in six weeks over two hundred had been swept away, mostly children and young people. Some of these young people died very happy, trusting in Jesus. I heard some of them asking their heathen fathers and mothers to give God their whole hearts, that they might meet them in heaven. Over twenty Hag-wil-get people died of the fever. On Christmas Day I held service in the Chief's house, and baptized five adults and seven infants. Kishpiax School people have taken up a subscription for the Church bell. Fifty-two children are attending Day School taught by our native teachers. Two head Chiefs and a number of their people ask strongly for a white Missionary. Brother Edgar, native teacher, has been working at Hag-wil-get Mission during the winter. The potlatch and the wild dances, such as dog-eating, have made it hard work."

The call was sounded loud and long for a white Missionary to spread the Gospel among these poor people, but apparently all to no purpose, for word came from the

ON THE SKEENA AGAIN

East that no one could be sent although the people had asked many times for a white Missionary.

Brother J. C. Spencer was teaching the Mission School at Port Simpson, and, hearing these loud calls for a Missionary, he finally took his blankets and volunteered to go, trusting in Providence to help him, as the Mission Board said they had no money to spare. Some friends from Self-Support Mission Funds supported the brother that year.

In the fall of 1893, after a year of blessed revival effort, when the summer fishing was all over, some of our warm-hearted Christian people at Simpson talked for some time of taking a trip to the Upper Skeena, to carry the blessed light and influence of the revival into that region. They said, "We read it was so in the early Church—'they went everywhere.' " At a prayer-meeting, the leaders and officials of the Church spoke of making a start. Many subscribed food and money for the trip. First, we thought of taking canoes right through; but, as the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Caledonia* was about to make her fall trip and reduced fares were offered to our party, we agreed to go by her.

We left on October 2nd and had services at Metlakatlah, Essington and Aberdeen, either on the deck of the steamer or on shore. At Essington, Brother Pierce, Brother Osterhout and two others joined us. When about forty miles up the river, it was found the water was too low for the steamer to proceed. While the boat was tied up waiting for the water to rise, we had blessed services on shore for several days by a large camp fire; and souls were blessed. We had Bible Class each day, as well as services at night, and we sang such hymns as "Whosoever heareth, shout, shout the sound," "Oh, the blood of Jesus makes me white as snow," or "Soldiers fighting around the Cross, fight for the Lord."

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

We were anxious, however, to reach some villages further up, and, hailing a passing canoe, sent word up the river to Kit-sum-ka-lem, and canoes were brought down. By this means we reached Kit-sum-ka-lem and Kit-see-lash for services on Sunday. On this trip I took a severe cold, as we were saturated with sleet and rain all day. We spent a most blessed Sabbath at Kit-see-lash with the people, a little below the noted canyon of that name. Before we left the steamer, the good Captain assured us that he expected to catch us at Kit-see-lash on Monday, as he thought the water would rise sufficiently from the melting of the snow on the mountain. In this, however, he was disappointed. Through this delay Brother Osterhout's plans were changed, and he went to the Naas instead of continuing with us to the Upper Skeena.

The water still kept low and the weather cold and we were hardly prepared to continue the trip by canoe, as much of our food and some of our clothing were left on board the steamer. Still our party were enthusiastic and determined to go ahead if the way opened up. Some said if the Lord wished us to go and needed canoes, He would find them. When He wanted an ass to ride upon, He knew where it was and sent His disciples to get it. Special prayer was made about this at an after-service on Sunday night and at another lively, earnest prayer-meeting early Monday morning. The idea seemed to take hold of the villagers; and, as if by magic, canoes, with paddles, ropes and poles, were offered to us. Then the people brought gifts of food, dried salmon, berries, potatoes, flour and rice; and everything was got in readiness. While the canoes lay at the river bank, the crowd gathered round us, and again prayer was offered for blessing upon the trip. The parting song, "God be with you till we meet again," was sung, and we were off on our journey up the rushing, rapid Skeena.

ON THE SKEENA AGAIN

We pushed off against the powerful current, with snow and sleet driving in our faces. Early the first day we came to Kit-sec-lash canyon, the greatest obstacle to navigation on the Skeena. Here we had to make a portage. Through the canyon and on we went, crossing and recrossing many times in a day, using tow-line, paddle, pole or sail, as best answered the purpose.

At our camps at night we generally had preaching. Most of my crew, using their English Bibles, followed the preacher most attentively. We wound up with a warm fellowship and prayer-meeting. No difficulties seemed to be so great as to cool the ardor of these Christians. If we got into a difficult place, we were cheered by prayer, or by the singing of such hymns as "There is a Happy Land," or "We'll work till Jesus comes."

The third day we reached Men-sken-eass, the Rev. Mr. Thomlinson's Mission, a neat little village, with Church and sawmill. We were most kindly received. Mr. Thomlinson and his people with my party had a good service in the Church, in which, however, I could not join. I had suffered three nights with asthma, brought on by cold, and was obliged to rest. The next day, Friday, we were off again with a nice supply of fresh food, which the poor people and their Missionary furnished.

That night we reached Kit-won-gah. We were invited into the Chief's house, which was about forty by fifty feet, and had several crest poles around it. In this village many of the old-time houses remained. We were all treated by the Chief to a good supper of fresh salmon which we ate gathered around the fire in the middle of the house. After supper service was held and souls were saved. Next day Brother Pierce, with six of our people, started on foot for Kit-wan-cool, about twenty miles from the river, where they spent the Sabbath. The rest of us

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

remained at Kit-won-gah, visiting, singing and praying in every house. On the Sabbath we had a great day. Service was held three times in the big house and twice out of doors. Several were led to seek the Lord. Many were attracted to the services in the big house by the street preaching and singing. Our people carried a banner with "Come to Jesus" in large letters on one side and on the other side, "Seek ye the Lord."

Monday morning, amid snow and cold and new, thin ice on the river, we were off again, pressing our way upstream. A fresh supply of food had been given us, and six more people had joined our party. About noon we were joined by Brother Pierce and his band, whom we heard over the hills singing, "We'll work till Jesus comes" and "We'll fight for the Lord." The echo was grand, resounding from hill top to mountain top. We could hear the sound several times repeated until it died away in the distance. We rejoiced to hear their report that several souls had been converted at Kit-wan-cool.

The next stopping-place was old Kitzegucla. Here heathen dancing was going on. A wild dancer, almost naked, ran among our Christian people, while they were preaching on the street, and threw a dead dog in the midst of them. However, we had very successful service in this village and visited some sick folk. One man gave up his log house to us for the night.

The mountain scenery along the Skeena at that season of the year beggars description. Next day, on leaving the village, we had to pass what the Indians call "death hole" or "dead place." This is a very dangerous crossing where a few years before a whole boat load of miners was lost. "Splashing Water" and "Bees' Nest" farther up are also very perilous places. Sometimes our boys at the tow line would have to wade up to their waists in crossing

ON THE SKEENA AGAIN

mountain torrent or other tributary; but not a word of complaint was heard. That night we reached Hag-wil-get Mission, at Mission Point, and had a wonderful meeting in a log house. Next day we had good and well-attended services at Hazelton. Some Chinese and white miners were present. Some of the white miners who knew us said, "Crosby, you'll kill yourself if you go on like this." We had good services in the old Chief's house as well as out-of-doors. Here the steamer *Caledonia* lands goods to be sent by pack-train to the interior posts. We had great services that night, the power of God "came down our souls to greet, while glory crowned the mercy seat." The following day we pressed on about twelve miles farther, our boys often up to their knees in water at the tow-line, and singing with all their might, "We'll work till Jesus comes."

It was reported that if we went on to Kishpiax we would not be permitted to land. As our party of thirty got ashore on the beach in front of the large village of Kishpiax, we commenced at once to sing and pray and preach. Hundreds of people gathered around us to listen, not a word of complaint was uttered, and ere we were through our open air service, a message came from the head Chief telling us we were welcome to his house and to his village. Here we spent a glorious Sabbath, and many poor souls were brought into the light. Eternity alone will record the result of that visit to those villagers. Some were present from far up the river at Kit-tal-doo and Kish-ka-gas.

As the weather was getting colder, we did not think it was wise to go to the upper villages; so we began our return journey.

During that most interesting and blessed trip, we travelled about five hundred miles. Some of us had the grippe for three weeks out of the five we were away; but we

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

reached home, thankful for such a successful and happy time. All seemed to rejoice that they had the privilege of telling about Jesus and His love to those in the regions beyond.

Our first white Missionary to the Upper Skeena was the Rev. J. C. Spencer, who married Miss Hart, matron of the Girls' Home at Simpson. On their wedding trip they travelled by canoe two hundred miles up the Skeena, where they spent over a year in work.

An interesting letter from Mrs. Spencer, dated November 8th, 1894, gives the following account of their journey:

"It may be of interest to many whom I addressed last year to hear something of this Mission and of our journey here. We left Port Simpson on August 26th and came to Essington on the Skeena River, hoping to get up to our own Mission without delay; but travelling on the river was impossible, as the water was running so high that it was not until after three weeks that we commenced our river trip. Even then the water was very high; but we had a good, strong canoe and a reliable crew of Indians, five in all. I had rather dreaded this part of the journey, having heard so much about the Skeena River. It has a fall of eight hundred and sixty-five feet in the two hundred miles; from that you may judge it does not flow very quietly or slowly.

"We made our start at two o'clock one morning, having got everything ready the evening before, but too late to leave on that tide, and waiting until daylight meant losing the most of another day. The night was cloudy and showery. I hoped to be able to sleep; but, though I had the best place in the canoe, I found it very uncomfortable and sleep out of the question. Daylight found us at the head of tide water. At seven, we stopped for breakfast. A heavy shower of rain did not add to the comfort of

ON THE SKEENA AGAIN

that meal and my sympathy for Missionaries who have to do much travelling on the river began greatly to enlarge. I thought I was realizing what some of their discomforts were, but the rest of the party did not seem in the least affected by the rain.

“Breakfast and prayers over, a little warmed by the camp fire, but not drier, we embarked again on our way. But travelling was slow. The canoes have to keep near the shore to avoid the strong current. It is not often deep enough for paddles, so long poles are used; thus our canoe is pushed along. When the water is deeper, paddles are used. More force can be applied with the poles, but poles and paddles are put down whenever there is a beach or even a foothold along the water's edge. Then three of our crew would take a tow-line and pull the canoe, the other two remaining in to keep the canoe off the rocks; this was the fastest mode of travelling. If we let our eyes rest on the water, we would imagine that we were speeding along at a most rapid rate, but one look at the shore told us we were travelling at a snail's pace. I soon learned to be thankful when we got along even at that rate, for so often there would be places to mount where we could scarcely hold our own for moments at a time although every nerve was strained to the utmost to force our way up against the water, which would almost seem to be pouring down on us and often would come into the canoe. Then again we turned rocky points that jutted out into the rapid current. Those were exciting times indeed; paddles and poles were kept in readiness. It astonished me to see the intense alertness of our men, one second pushing with all their force against the rock with the pole, the next paddling with every power till the next point was reached; then down went the paddle, and the pole was put into use again.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

“But what I dreaded the most was crossing the river. Sometimes they would cross in a comparatively quiet place, but usually the water rushed with all its force. In the power of those waters it seemed to me as if we must be swept away with some of the whirling eddies long before we reached the opposite shore or crash with such force on the shore that nothing would be left to pick up. However, neither of these things happened. On the whole, we made a good trip for the time of year; and I realized what made it so expensive travelling on the river or getting goods up. It cost us almost the price of our supplies to get them up the river; indeed, some things cost more than their price, so that nothing that can be done without is brought up.

“Our crew was very kind in pointing out all the interesting things along the river. One place they indicated was a bold, rugged rock, rising perpendicularly from the water. Here the people in olden times believed the river-god resided, and in their coming and going offered sacrifice that they might have his protection.

“But what impressed me most on the river was the great amount of drift wood, heaps upon heaps. It seemed as if forest after forest must have been washed down to supply such islands of *débris*. I learned that every year the water changes more or less. Often whole islands are swept away and in other places new islands formed. Sand bars are carried away and deposited in other places so that the course of the river is ever changing.

“At noon, September 30th, we reached Hag-wil-get, the village where I hope a Home for Indian children will be built in the near future. I was very much pleased with the place. We stopped here for dinner, went around a little, saw the vegetable gardens and found that from this place trails go out into the far interior, where there are

ON THE SKEENA AGAIN

many villages and many people living in heathen darkness. We were now ten miles from home; this is a part of Mr. Spencer's Mission. A young man carries on the work here, lives alone and seems happy and contented. We hurried off so that we might reach Kishpiax before night. We arrived here about six o'clock.

"Kishpiax, the largest village, is situated on the banks of the river. A little elevation at the back of the town reaches out till the snow-capped mountains cut the distant view. On one side a high mountain, covered with all the colors of the rainbow, reminded me of our woods at home. In front is the Hag-wil-get mountain, one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, and, on the other side, the river winds around, being lost to view by its winding course and the foliage on its banks. In the distance the clouds touch the mountain tops, so that we seem shut in on all sides, bringing to mind that Psalm, 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,' and we can claim the promise, 'so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth, even forever.'

"The people here live in large houses, many families together, with a common fire in the centre of the building. The cracks between the boards that form the sides and the hole in the roof to let the smoke escape, supply the need of windows.

"As we arrived in sight of the village, the people came out of the houses and, when we landed, there were many to bid us welcome.

"The blessed work begun last year is still going on with new converts from heathen darkness every week. The people generally are very much interested in the study of God's Word. The School and services are well attended; indeed, the School is too small for the Sunday services which have been held in an Indian house. Bedding, cloth-

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

ing, skins and boxes are all packed against the walls; boards are placed on sticks of wood for seats and when they give out the people sit on the floor. A square of about ten feet in the centre of the room is without flooring and a large fire burns in the centre of this. For once the dogs are put out; an occasional cackle tells that the hens, like the beds, have been packed out of sight; but a more reverent and interested congregation could not be gathered together than that found in these services.

“An Epworth League, in which all seem very much interested, has been organized among our Christians lately. Still, even the most enlightened minds know very little. We need your interest and your prayers for our Indian work.”

KITAMAAT.

Wahuksgumalayu—His Early Life and Conversion—Persecution—Training and Baptism—A Trip to Kitamaat—Old Frank—George Edgar—A Disturbance in School—Bewitching the Oolachan—Miss Lawrence—The First Church and Schoolhouse—Mr. Anderson—Rev. G. H. Raley—Children's Home—*Na-na-kwa*—Death of Wahuksgumalayu.

“ The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

KITAMAAT.

KITAMAAT is a village at the head of Dean Channel, about one hundred and forty miles south-east of Port Simpson. The introduction of Christianity among the Kitamaat people is inseparably connected with the name of Wahuksgumalayou (Charlie Amos), who was born at Kitamaat about the year 1853. The following account of his life is largely quoted from the Rev. G. H. Raley's letter to the *Missionary Outlook* in the year 1898. His father was one of the leaders in a secret dance called the "Thig-walla." We know but little of his early boyhood beyond the fact that he was lively and full of fun and delighted in sports. His frequent companion was Jessea, who became afterwards the Head Chief of the Kitamaat tribe. Together they became skilful in the pursuit of game and in the use of the bow and arrow, fearless alike of grizzly and cinnamon bears with which the Kitamaat valley abounded.

When about twenty years of age, after much urging and entreating from his uncle and the old tribal leaders, he decided to be initiated into the mysteries of the secret but peaceful "Thig-walla." He offered himself as a candidate and underwent long-continued fasting, invocation and other preparations, such as tattooing, painting and being driven into the water on the coldest days and afterwards beaten on the back with the "devil's club" or other prickly rods to make him strong. All this was intensely trying to both physical and mental powers; but he finally became proficient in the art.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

His religious belief was a feeble and quite indefinite polytheism. In the storm he could hear the voice of an angry spirit which needed to be appeased. In the mist and twilight he could see dim shapes of superhuman beings which foreboded evil. In the hootings of the owl he could catch the sound of a death sentence. He, with others, held that there was a large animal in human shape which periodically visited the village, and cast upon people an evil eye which bewitched them. He had but weak faith in Shamanism. He believed that there was a power that rewarded the good and punished the bad by sending them to different places after death and also that there was a greater medicine spirit than any of the medicine men had yet possessed. For the coming of that beneficent spirit he was constantly hoping. He felt the darkness but was powerless, like one blind.

His entrance into the light was after this manner: About the fall of 1876, he with others went south to Victoria with furs which he intended to exchange for whisky and blankets. Happily the purpose of his trip was changed. While in Victoria, he heard the story of the Cross from the lips of the Rev. Wm. Pollard who, in tender, simple words, such as a child mind could understand, related the history of our creation, fall, redemption and hope of the hereafter. While he listened, he became convinced of the need of a Saviour and sought the mercy of God in Christ. This was the medicine of the greater Spirit for which his restless heart had long been anxious, medicine that did not bewitch him but gave him the calm of utter peace, inspiring implicit trust in God the Father and a hope of immortality. Eager to repeat the good news to his fellow tribesmen, he determined to make the return journey to Kitamaat, a distance of five hundred miles, with no unnecessary delay.

KITAMAAT

Instead of the proposed cargo of whisky, he carried back with him "God's letter," the Bible, a British ensign and a paper signed by Mr. Pollard, stating that he had become a Christian and recommending him to the kind encouragement of anyone who might be shown the letter.

On arriving at Kitamaat, he at once opened his heart to the people, telling them of Jesus. For a few days the savage feast and wild dances were suspended in order to hear him; but, when a few converts resulted from his preaching who objected to returning to the dance house, a Council of the Chiefs was called and Wahuksgumalayou, whose Christian name after baptism was Charlie Amos, was ordered to desist and return immediately to his dance, the "Thig-walla." To this he objected, saying that the "New Way" was the better and he had finished his old work. Thereupon they became enraged and persecution began, a bitter struggle between light and darkness. All evil was let loose on the little band of Christians. Sometimes they were pelted with red hot stones by the fire-dancers; at others, bitten by one of the Man Eaters. The cedar roof of the large Indian lodge they occupied was torn off. They were forsaken by their friends, and at last took refuge and held their services in a den at the back of a large house, the door of which was strongly barricaded to prevent the entrance of the infuriated dance men. The Tribal Council again met and Charlie Amos and his associates were condemned to death by witchcraft. One of the leading Chiefs passed sentence in a characteristic manner. He took in the palm of his hand a bit of dried cedar bark, powdered it to fine dust, then blew it away and remarked, "Thus shall you, Wahuksgumalayou and your family, and you, Wingohse and your friends, perish and vanish from the earth. Your names shall not be handed down. You, Wahuksgumalayou, shall be the last

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

to perish and shall see all your friends pass before you. This is all I have to say."

Charlie answered the Council respectfully that, while he knew the words of the Chiefs were not idle threats, they believed in the Great Father who would protect them and set the time of their departure into the hereafter. Open opposition ceased for a while but secretly the doctors were at work with Indian poison and witchcraft. One after another the early Christians died mysteriously.

Early in the year 1877 Charlie built a small log Church and a few more joined him. In the spring of the same year he went with two canoes filled with men and women to seek a teacher. They went to Port Simpson and were received kindly by the Missionary, who promised to visit them.

For several months Charlie and others tarried at Port Simpson at School. The difficulty of language retarded his progress somewhat as he knew neither English nor Tsimpshean and had to use the Chinook jargon. He was one of Nature's sons; all her manifestations delighted him; but none the less was he a child of God, beginning to see that for his moral being there was a spiritual world, an untold wealth of beauty upon which to feast his newly-found sight. Shortly after New Year in 1878 he returned to Kitamaat with his friends who had been with him at Simpson and had learned much about the "New Way."

On my first visit to Kitamaat we travelled by canoe with a crew of fourteen men. On our way down Granville Channel the journey was pleasantly varied by the discovery of some mountain sheep near the snow line. Some of our young men begged that we go ashore, as the tide was against us, and allow them time to secure one or two of the animals, promising, if we consented, to paddle during the night. To this we all agreed and, after pitching camp, three or four of the stalwart young fellows shouldered

KITAMAAT

their muskets and started up the mountain. Before long we heard the report of their guns and in two or three hours they were back in camp with the skins and choice parts of the meat of two sheep which they had killed. This addition to our larder proved a very acceptable one.

On our arrival at Kitamaat we found a typical heathen village, situated at the head of tide water, and were told that there was also a summer village farther up the river. The only shingled house was that of "Old Frank," a blind trader. This man owned a schooner in which he made periodical trips to Victoria, returning with cargoes of goods, a large part of which was usually whisky. He buried the barrels in the sand on the beach where they were convenient to supply the people who came to trade their furs for his goods and liquor. The older houses were all built of large cedar slabs and roofed with slabs and bark. The people generally were painted and wore blankets.

It was some time after this that Charlie Amos returned from his stay at Port Simpson. He was accompanied by a native teacher, George Edgar, a Tsimpsean, with his wife and two children. He was made welcome in Charlie Amos' house and later built one for himself. His work met at first with considerable opposition during which some of those who had been at Simpson relapsed into heathenism; but some were faithful, as will be seen from the following extract, quoted from the native Missionary's own account:

"In Charlie Amos' brother's house (Noah Amos) wild dancers came right into our School and Charlie and his wife tried to stop them but they were too strong for us. At last one of the men that eat dead bodies went to where Magnus (George Edgar's son) was in his hammock asleep and tried to get the boy and eat him alive. By the help

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

of God, Mrs. Edgar, who was young and strong, was too quick for him, caught the boy in good time and held him in her bosom. The wild man went to Charlie's little baby and tried in the same way to take it. Charlie's wife took hold of the man's head, for he had long hair, and knocked him down; Charlie came and helped her. There were fifty or sixty people in the house and there was a good fight by all for about half an hour, some on our side and some on that side."

The opposition and persecution continued and the Christians were again put under the ban. Charlie Amos, however, rallied them once more. A noted witch professed that she could drive the fish out of the river and threatened to do so. This was intended to array the people against the Christians.

When the bell was rung for the meeting by a boy, a Chief tried to stop him. The boy exclaimed, "You may kill me if you like but the bell must ring." A stalwart Christian ended the struggle by rescuing both boy and bell.

Another illustration of the opposition with which we had to contend, and which had a somewhat amusing side, was furnished by an incident connected with our first visit to Kitamaat. A Council had been called by the Chiefs, to which I was invited. They proposed that, if I would not pray the judgments of God upon them, they would in turn prevent any evil to me and any interruption to our services from the conjurer who was then in the mountains preparing to destroy us. I promised that if they would desist from their wicked practices on the next day, which was the Sabbath, we would not offer any prayers against them. They readily promised. I seized the opportunity to challenge them with their want of power while our service was proceeding the next night, when the conjurer with his crowd came rushing to the place, howling and



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KITAMAAT

destroying property in his track, and declaring that he would put a stop to the proceedings. This man, with his tongue protruding, was the most diabolical-looking object that one could imagine. He had a thick rope around his waist to which his followers had been clinging. His object doubtless was to let it be known in that heathen tribe and on the Coast that the conjurer had more power than the Missionary and his religious story. It was then that the Missionary felt it necessary to assume the *rôle* of the militant preacher; and, taking his position at the door, boldly challenged the savage to come on, at the same time suggesting what might be the consequences to him. To the surprise of those assembled, the fellow was cowed and slunk away with a scowl on his countenance, leaving us to our devotions.

After this, the Christians had rest for a while. Chief Jessea promised protection to the teacher and his wife; and Brother Edgar, the native teacher, remained for the greater part of two years and did valiant work for God. He was succeeded by Chief Alfred Dudoward, who with his wife also taught the Kitamaats for a time.

After an interval without a teacher, Miss Susan Lawrence, who was our teacher at Simpson, at the earnest request of the Kitamaats volunteered to go to their help. We consented to this; and she left in their canoe on their return to Kitamaat in October, 1883, taking Patrick Russ as interpreter. Our Miss Lawrence was thus the first white Missionary at Kitamaat. On her arrival Charlie Amos gave her his house to live in until they could erect a little Mission House for which lumber had been brought in their canoes.

A great revival followed in connection with Miss Lawrence's work; and Charlie now urged his native Christian brethren to subscribe with him towards the building of a

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Church in the village. There was no lumber except split cedar to be had in Kitamaat. We chartered a sloop, and a Hudson's Bay man and I had it loaded with lumber at the Georgetown mill, a hundred and fifty miles distant. Neither of us knew much about sailing a craft of that kind and we had a slow trip during which our sloop scraped the rocks several times with a rushing tide around us, but we finally arrived in safety at Kitamaat. We took subscriptions among the people and these, with a small grant from the Missionary Society, provided us with funds to pay for the materials. Then we got the assistance of a white man who, with the aid of the Indians, whipsawed the scantling for the frame of the building. At last it was erected and served for several years for Church and School House until the present Church was built.

Before this the large majority of the people were still heathen; and gambling, dog eating, potlatching and general pagan practices were carried on. The people of Kitamaat, above all others on the Coast, were under the spell of witchcraft. On one of my visits I found them in great excitement on account of the discovery of a "death box." This was a conjurer's box containing the limb of a child or of some animal. Into this box the conjurer would insert something connected with the body of one whom he wished to destroy. As this article fell into decay with the limb in the box, the Indian believed the victim intended to be destroyed gradually decayed and finally perished with his whole family. Their excitement was caused by their desire to know who was to be the victim. Their distress was finally removed, but it took days of instruction and quieting to do it.

Gradually the influence of the Gospel increased, until the greater number were walking in the Christian way. It was during Miss Lawrence's time at Kitamaat that "Old

Frank" was converted and the stronghold of heathenism in the village practically broken up.

Miss Lawrence remained at Kitamaat, a sower in God's field scattering precious seed, sparing not herself, nor counting her life dear unto herself, that she might win souls for Christ's Kingdom. She had a warm place in the hearts of many whom she strove to help and her memory is still precious to the people of Kitamaat. Laid aside by paralysis, she afterwards spent many years of invalidism in the city of Toronto before passing to her reward.

A striking illustration of the faith of this devoted woman and of her influence among the converts was given on one occasion when all signs promised the swarming of the small fish in the river. The taking of these fish was important to them as a matter of food supply. The day when the swarm was expected was Sunday; and Miss Lawrence exhorted the Christian people not to engage in the catch, assuring them that she believed God would protect them and supply their needs if they obeyed His commands. They resolved to do so. The heathen Indians, however, made all preparations; and at midnight on Saturday, when the fish were evidently coming in, they set out and fixed their nets, a work which occupied a good part of the Sabbath. These nets were soon filled with fish; but at night the black fish, a species of sea monster, attacked the nets in their search for food, broke them and helped themselves when the tide was in. The tide receding, the remainder of the fish escaped with the broken nets which were carried out to sea; and thus the heathen lost both nets and fish. When the promised light in Miss Lawrence's window indicated that the Sabbath was past, the Christians repaired to the river, fixed their nets during the night and on Monday were rewarded by a great catch

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

of the desired fish. This had a most remarkable effect on the heathen who concluded that God must be on the side of His people.

George Robinson also was lay teacher at Kitamaat for some time and, among other things, taught the people the art of gardening, which materially aided their advancement.

In 1893, the Rev. Geo. H. Raley was appointed to Kitamaat, which thus received its first ordained Missionary. Mr. and Mrs. Raley arrived in August when the people were nearly all away at the canneries. It was October before the villagers, some three hundred and fifty in number, had returned. School was opened in September. In January most of the people left to hunt and make canoes; and it became apparent that a Children's Home must be undertaken if the work of the School was to be effective. Accordingly, a temporary building was erected in which the children were accommodated during their parents' absence. This work was instituted entirely on the faith principle, without financial aid other than what the Missionaries themselves were able to afford. The following year Mr. and Mrs. Anderson took charge of the Home and School and a new house was built to accommodate the Missionaries. The Woman's Missionary Society took a very helpful interest in the work of the Home which is now established in much more comfortable and commodious quarters. Soon after Mr. Raley's arrival a new Church was built with the aid of carpenters from Simpson.

After the inception of the Young People's Forward Movement, the Epworth Leagues of the Wingham District undertook the support of the Missionary at Kitamaat; and the quarterly magazine, *Na-na-kwa*, was thereafter issued by Mr. Raley as a connecting link between the Mission and its supporters. This journal, edited by the Missionary and

printed by the Indian children of the Home, proved a very potent factor in contributing to the success of the Home and of Mission work generally, as well as a valuable record of their progress and of many facts relating to the Indian life of the Coast.

Charlie Amos (Wahuksgumalayu) continued his services to the cause of Christ to the end of his life. He took several long trips with the writer to visit other heathen tribes for it seemed always to be his delight to point others to the Lamb of God who had taken away his sins. He lived to see the work extend among his own people and along the Coast until many hundreds had professed conversion.

We sent him as a teacher to the Kitlope tribe, about seventy miles away, where he proved a most earnest and useful worker and was the means of leading some of these people to the Saviour. He helped to build a Church among them also. He ever stood faithfully by the Missionary, who at times had to give strong words of warning—strong medicine they called it—in order that the Indians' feuds might be settled in a peaceful way. They would sometimes object and complain but Charlie, never. He would stand before them and with much earnestness would say, "My brothers, we asked God to send His servant to us and God sent him. We promised to obey his words. It may be hard for us but, if his words be wise, we should listen. We are like children; let us listen to his counsel."

For some time his health was declining but, when we would ask him if he were sick, he would not complain. The end came suddenly, upon a beautiful Sabbath in August, 1897. He gave clear evidence of his readiness to depart and be with Christ. In answer to a question, he said, "Why should I be afraid? I am going into the calm; I have been in the tempest. I am happy, all the time happy." Thus he passed to receive the crown which fadeth not away.

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

Opening of Mission Work Among the Hydats—Gedanst (Amos Russ) and his Work—How an Indian Boy is “Hardened”—The Operations at Skidegate and Gold Harbor—George Edgar—The Decadence of the Race—Visits to the Islands—A Council Meeting, and the Plea of the Chiefs for a Missionary—Rev. B. C. Freeman’s Report of Results.

“The multitude of the isles shall be glad.”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

WHILE we were in the midst of house and Church building at Simpson, the people commenced to come in from all parts of the Coast, seeking for light and asking for a teacher or a Missionary. In 1876 a large party came over from Masset, Queen Charlotte Islands, most of them painted and in their blankets. They wanted to take me back with them to see their people, most of whom, they said, wished to have a Missionary. It was impossible for me to leave my work at that time, and we thought that the Church Missionary Society, who had Missionaries along the Coast, should take that part of the Island, so we urged them to make application to that Society. The Church Missionary Society afterwards took up successful work at Masset.

A year or two later, an urgent call came from the Skidegate and other peoples in the south. These Indians made regular visits in the summer to Fort Simpson for business purposes, both with furs for the Company and to trade off their large canoes among the Indians for fish-grease and other food. On these occasions they generally spent one Sabbath or more with us; and we would have week evening services especially for them and also special services in Chinook in the Church on the Lord's Day. When they saw how the Tsimpshewan people were improving and how many of their children were beginning to read and write, they began to urge for a teacher at Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

The leader in this movement was Gedanst (Amos Russ), whose early life is thus described by the Rev. B. C. Freeman: "He was a dirty, ragged Indian youth, fifteen or sixteen years of age, wandering aimlessly about the streets of Victoria, expecting to return in a few months to his far-distant home, when Miss Pollard, daughter of the Chairman of the District, succeeded in coaxing him into the class she had formed from the streets. But Gedanst was a prince of royal blood, the favorite grandson of the most powerful Chief of his race. He possessed an extraordinary acuteness of intellect, which enabled him to grasp, in the short time he remained at Victoria, principles which were to turn his whole world upside down and a great strength of will which enabled him to cling to his purpose though the stars fell.

"The lad's previous life had been more interesting than happy. Living in the same great house with his grandfather at Skidegate, he had been taken under the Chief's special care. No interference by his parents was tolerated. To toughen his body, many a time had the grandfather carried the child to where the winter storms were breaking on the beach and thrown him into the benumbing waters, tossing him out again and again, as often as the surf cast him ashore, until the little limbs were so stiffened with cold that they could scarcely move. Then, to revive circulation, the child's back was switched until the blood started through the skin. At last the mother, disregarding the grandfather's authority, would come to the rescue; and, carrying the child home in a blanket, would rub the half-frozen form back to life before the blazing fire.

"At Victoria, he attended a revival service in a deserted saloon, where he learned and accepted those precious truths of grace which were through him to leaven his nation.

"When, a few months later, he returned to his home

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS

at Skidegate, it was as an avowed Christian. He was noted among his people as a dancer; but now he would take no part in any of their heathen orgies. The once favorite grandson and popular prince was subjected to all the persecution and ignominy of which his people could conceive. The tearful pleading of his grandfather came nearer to effecting its purpose; yet Gedanst stood firm.

“Gradually persecution ceased and he began to take the aggressive. Missionaries had come to Fort Simpson, where Gedanst now came to live for a time and where he secured a wife from the Girls’ Home. On his return to his former home, he won the consent of the old Chief to his bringing a Methodist teacher to the village of Skidegate. It was now November, and a hundred miles of open, stormy water must be crossed by canoe before Fort Simpson could be reached. But, nothing daunted, Gedanst called for a crew and found hearts as stout as his own ready for the trip.

“Reaching Fort Simpson, they hastened at once to the home of the Missionary and made known their errand. Mr. Crosby could do nothing. The Missionary authorities had been warning him, over and over again, that no extension of the work must be made as the funds would not warrant it; they must retrench. With tears in his eyes he explained the circumstances. Again relief came through courageous devotion. Mr. George Robinson, the teacher of the Mission School, nobly volunteered to start in the Indians’ canoe next morning for Skidegate, trusting the God of Missions for support until an ordained man could be sent. This was in the year 1883.

“Shortly afterwards Mr. Crosby paid a visit to the Islands, a number were baptized and the people began to feel they must have a Church built. They gave liberally of their own means, in blankets and other goods towards

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

that object. It was very expensive building there in those times, as there was no regular steamboat communication, and it cost fifteen dollars a thousand freight to bring lumber from Victoria.

“Mr. Robinson remained at Skidegate for nearly two years. In the summer of 1885, he was succeeded by Rev. G. F. Hopkins. Three years later this Missionary was compelled, by the decline of his wife's health, to seek a change from this isolated appointment. In 1888 he was succeeded by Rev. A. N. Miller, who in four years likewise found a change necessary. An interim of a year followed, during part of which a lay teacher, Mr. S. Lazier, supplied the work.”

The Rev. B. C. Freeman, to whom we are indebted for the information we have quoted, arrived in 1893.

I also made visits to Gold Harbor, which is about four miles distant from Skidegate. A few at this point were inclined to take up with Christianity but a number were bitterly opposed to it; and on my first visit to them, I was told by some of them, who were gorgeously painted, ready for a big dance, that the Skidegates might give up the old way that God had given them, and become School people, but they would never give up theirs. God had given them the dance and the potlatch and the conjurer's drum and the medicine bag and their Chief's great powers. He had given the white man the Bible; but all these other things were the Indian's Bible and they would never give them up. I said to them in reply that we had not come to force the Bible upon them, but that we believed it would not be long before the blessed Spirit would direct their hearts to a better way. They were a very proud people; but only a year or so had passed when they sent us an urgent request for a teacher to live among them. They saw that Skidegate was improving, and they

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS

felt that unless they had a teacher Gold Harbor would be left behind. We had urged them, in preference to building a Church at their own place, to move over to Skidegate, where they could all be together and have one School, as there were not children enough to have a School at each place; but they strongly opposed my suggestion and said they never intended to leave their own place, that it was their town, and they must have their Church and School built there, with a house for the teacher. They were too proud to come together, although the population of their villages had decreased so that some were almost deserted.

Brother George Edgar, a native missionary, took charge of the work at Gold Harbor, which had been commenced by Amos Russ, and soon after sent the Chairman of the District a report of the proceedings, which reads as follows: "Oct. 15th, 1885.—The people here have a great time one night. All the Chiefs and the old men and old women and young people and children were come together and giving their blankets and their head dress, and some of their Chief's blankets to build a Church house. Monday evening I was in my house, and D. McKay came in and ask me if I let him ring the bell. He said, 'We be going to have a Council to-night.' I said, 'Very well,' and he ring the bell, and all the people come into James Watson's house, and when they are all ready, they call me and I go in and sit down. They said, 'We want you to write our names down, to-night. We going to give our blankets to-night because we want to build a Church house here now.' I said, 'All right,' so I put all their names down, and they all come in with the blankets, and we get done at twelve o'clock at midnight. I count up all the blankets, and it is all about four hundred dollars that

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

night. The first Chief, name James Watson, he give twenty blankets, and his wife give one head dress, some Chief twenty blankets, some Chief ten blankets, and all down to one blanket, and the next night all the people come in again, and those that did not give their blankets at the first night, they all come in again and give all the blankets. Now I count all of it. All the blankets is about two hundred and thirty-six blankets and five head dress and one dance blanket and two other blankets and one large flag.

“Now, dear sir, I am going to tell you what all the Chiefs said, and what they want:

“‘Dear Sir, Mr. Crosby,

“‘We are Chiefs at Gold Harbor; we want to say to you what we want. We want to have a good Church house here at our place. We would like to build a good size one. We want forty-four feet by twenty-eight feet wide, because we think some of the strangers will come and will be with us here; and we want eight pair windows, six pair square windows for both sides, and two windows at the front, round top windows. The Church will face the water.

“‘We hope the Society will help us too. We want you to tell the Society to help us, to send us a bell. We want a good bell and large one. We hope all the good people will help us too. We want to build a Church like Port Simpson Church, but we want good boards on outside, rustic on outside, and we want you to bring the lumber over here as soon as you can, for we will be ready when you come. We will be ready to make a place where we are going to build; we will make the road too, and we will go and get some logs for a foundation, and everything will be ready before you come. All our young men will go and cut down tree and make ready the beams for foundation of the church, and we will take our axes and cut down the tree and stick where we are going to build the Church. Now, if you please, come over here as soon as you can.

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS

“ ‘ Now we sent our thanks from our hearts to you ; we want you to help us all you can.

“ ‘ We all Chiefs at Gold Harbor.’

“ When the people come home I went to every house on Saturday night, and I tell them to be ready on Sunday to come to Church, and they all come in. In the morning I preach to them about Lazarus raised from the dead. This people here want a School all the time. We have a School sing every night, but we have no hymns (books). I have only three or four hymns. We have a Sunday School in the afternoon. All the young men ask for Bible and hymns. Sir, I think you better send to me about thirty small hymns and thirty Bibles. I think they will buy them because there will be money here in the summer. I think the people here will do very well this winter. I don't think they will be very bad ; I think they will try to do what's right. We have a good Sabbath Day, all quiet in the place and in all the houses. They all come to Church on Sunday, and on Tuesday and Friday we have meetings, and they always come. Thank God for it. They come to my house and call, ‘ George, come and sing ; sing all the time, sing ;’ and I went in D. McKay's house and sing with them till ten o'clock every night. One man came to me one day ; he said, ‘ George, please tell me how to pray before I eat my food,’ and I told him so. Now, sir, I think God will work among this poor people here this winter. I pray to the Holy Spirit to come down and work mighty in the hearts of the people. May God bless His work to Gold Harbor people. Pray for me, sir, that God may bless me and my wife ; and ask all my friends to pray for us.”

Brother Edgar reports also a number of conversions. It was not long before lumber was secured and a little Church and Mission House built.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

The Clue people, some thirty miles down the Coast, were the next to ask for a teacher. They said their people were all dying; they had gone so much to Victoria that they would soon have no people left, but if we would send them a teacher they would stop this evil practice. It has been a painful sight for a number of years to observe how these Hyda women would go every summer—indeed some were coming and going nearly all the time—to and from their life of dissipation and sin in order to get money for crest poles and to give away in potlatches.

On the first visit we made to Clue we saw an exceedingly pitiful sight. On my way south we passed the heathen villages of Cumshuah and Ninstinks, which had hardly any people left. There remained a forest of crest poles, as monuments of their pride and folly. Arriving at Clue, we found what had once been a large heathen village, many of the houses dilapidated and falling down, and their former inmates dead. Other houses had beautiful, new, large totem columns only recently erected. There were about eighty people, but not more than three or four healthy-looking women in the whole village. On the other hand, there were sick ones in nearly every house. The people received us very kindly, and were pleased to have us visit the sick and pray with them. In the services they were all very attentive listeners.

What a pitiful sight met us as we visited the crowded little graveyard! We looked at the many different ornaments, crests and little totems about their graves, and thought of the thousands of people who had once inhabited those beautiful islands. We realized that we were among a decaying race, almost all swept off into eternity by the white man's fire-water and debauchery.

We met in Council with the people that night, and the pathetic speeches uttered by some of them were most



THE SCHOOL CHILDREN AT SKIDEGATE. O.C. ISLANDS.

The image shows a page of handwritten notes in a cursive script, likely from a 19th-century manuscript. The text is arranged in several columns and includes various symbols and abbreviations. The handwriting is dense and somewhat difficult to decipher, but it appears to be a form of shorthand or a specialized notation system. The page is numbered '1' in the top right corner.

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS

touching. They said, "Sir, if you will come and give us a teacher, we will stop going to Victoria. Victoria has been the place of death and destruction to our people, as you see we have no children left to us. All our young women are gone; some of our young men can't find wives any more; and we wish that you could help them to get wives among the Tsimpsean people." Several of the Hydas did get wives on the main shore.

It was arranged afterwards by the consent of the Chiefs that they should move from Clue to a more sheltered place on Louisa Island. They gave liberally of their goods, Chiefs' costumes, copper and blankets, towards building a Church, and by the assistance of the little ship *The Glad Tidings* they got over lumber to build both the Church and a new village on the Island. Before all this, we had urged them to move to Skidegate and make one village; but, as we found that this was impossible at that time, we got them to move twelve or fourteen miles nearer and to a better site. This was a step in the right direction. Here they lived and, under a native teacher and a lay worker, did good work and seemed happy until in 1897 they were induced to move to Skidegate, where the Gold Harbor people had already preceded them in 1893. There the three tribes—afterwards five—lived together, forming one nice Christian village. The Churches at Gold Harbor and Louisa Island were taken down and moved to Skidegate. They were used in enlarging the Skidegate Church and in building a School for the united tribes. There are a few families whose children are increasing and altogether they have enough for a nice School.

As to the future, the increase or decrease of this once great nation will depend very much upon their moral living, and upon some of the unmarried men getting good wives from other tribes. Our duty is clear. We should

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

do what we can through the blessed Gospel and all civilizing agencies to uplift and save the remnant of this nation. If they are united and earnest in all good work, it will help them very much.

After the commencement of the Church Missionary Society's work at Masset, we had frequent applications from a section of the people there, under the leadership of Richard Russ, who wished us to establish Methodist work at that point. We did not deem it wise to interfere with the work already in progress; but Mr. Harrison, the Missionary in charge, made arrangements to have one Church of England and one Methodist service every Sunday. This plan was followed for a time. The work at that point is now satisfactorily re-united under the management of the Church Missionary Society.

As to the results of our work on these Islands, we take the liberty of quoting further from Mr. Freeman's book:

"The contrast between the former condition of the people and the present seems almost incredible. Who would have dared to predict, at the coming of the first missionary to Skidegate, that in but nineteen years the three antagonistic heathen villages would be peacefully united in one Christian community, with their own Municipal Council directing public affairs and administering laws for the maintenance of public morality, and in every way capable of a most favourable comparison with any community of our own race similarly deprived of educational advantages? Yet, such are the facts. In the light of to-day, it is more than amusing, it is inspiring, to read the prophecy of Mr. Francis Poole, C.E., drawn from his experience with the Hydats thirty-eight years ago. He says:

"When the telegraph does come to Queen Charlotte, Chief Clue will be the first to clip just one little bit of the wire, which crime, if not punished on the instant, will

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS

lead to a general robbery of the telegraphic apparatus. The Indians will be sure to want to cut the wire all up to make fish-hooks, fasteners, and rings for their own ears, or their women's noses and under lips. . . .

“‘To effect a solid and permanent reform in these savages, it is absolutely necessary to enlist the sympathies of the heart as well as of the head. To reform them will be a work involving prolonged time, formidable labor and tried patience. The Queen Charlotte Islander needs conversion, if ever savage needed it; but, to use a maxim of the great Lord Stafford, ‘less than thorough will not do for him!’”

“The telegraph has not yet come to Queen Charlotte, but should it come it will be safe from the depredations of Chief Clue and his friends. We have a body of native constabulary quite capable of safeguarding it from any evil designs of the Indians, nor are they likely to require the wire for nose or lip ornaments. Neither do nineteen years seem a ‘prolonged time’ for the redemption of a race from heathenism to Christianity, and from utter helplessness to productive independence. What labour should seem ‘formidable,’ or what difficulty great enough to try our patience in view of such an end?

“In matters of local government, our community had availed itself of the special provisions of the Indian Advancement Act. A Council of ‘seven good men and true’ looks after such public affairs as the maintenance of the streets by statute labor; the control of the village police; the allotment of building sites; the guarding against fire; and the enforcement of by-laws against breaches of the peace and other moral misdemeanors by the infliction of fines up to a limit of thirty dollars.

“In commercial enterprise, the native joint stock company, incorporated under the title, ‘Skidegate Oil and

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Trading Company,' opens for the people a field for independent labor in the manufacture of dog-fish oil and the canning of clams, which has thus far proved very remunerative. Besides their general store at the village, carrying usually from \$1,500 to \$2,500 worth of stock, they have, a little farther along the beach, an excellent plant for the manufacture of oil. A substantial and well-finished wharf runs out, on piles, some three hundred feet to deep water. The main building, forty by sixty feet, contains in one part the two huge retorts, refining and storage tanks, and steam hoist and car used in the process of refining the oil; while in another part are the crates, racks, hand-soldering machines and other apparatus for canning clams. At the rear are the boiler and wood sheds, the little blacksmith shop with its outfit, the water tank with its half-mile-long flume, and three snug cabins for the accommodation of the employees.

"All the work in connection with the erection and fixing of the plant the Indians did themselves, and they are now practically free from debt. Last year they put out about nineteen thousand gallons of first-class dog-fish oil, and some clams which they canned during the winter. Besides the direct profit from the products, the Indians, thus independent, are able to secure fair rates for their labor as fishermen, which could not otherwise be the case. Nearly all the men and a number of women are shareholders in the company and naturally feel a commendable pride in the enterprise.

"In considering the condition of the people in these matters, their industry, cleanliness, general uprightness, morality and self-respect, one cannot but recognize some power at work, enlisting the sympathies of the heart as well as the head. Such power can be found only in the Gospel of Christ, 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.' "

IN NEED OF A DOCTOR.

Need for Medical Work—Two Bear Stories—A Gallant
Rescue—Trials of Missionaries'
Families.

“I was sick and ye visited me.”

CHAPTER XX.

IN NEED OF A DOCTOR.

THE physical condition of the people along the North-western Coast constituted an urgent call for medical assistance. Besides diseases due to dissipation and other causes, cases of injury by wild animals were constantly occurring on hunting expeditions, as the following story, vouched for by Bishop Ridley, well illustrates:

Up in the mountains bordering on the Naas River, a great Chief was out hunting, his little son his only companion. They had camped near the river, and were walking one evening not far from the camp. The Chief (Quakshan) was unarmed, as he was just about to settle down for the night's rest. As he was passing around a rock by a very narrow trail, he suddenly met a large grizzly face to face. Unarmed as he was, it was not possible to do anything but fight, as the monster attacked him at once. Quakshan was an Indian of great strength, wiry, brave, and hardened by experience and adventure. He was ready of wit and quick in decision as well as action. At once he grappled with the brute which now stood on its hind legs. He put his arms around the bear, hugged it close and, with his teeth, began to eat his way through the hair and skin of the monstrous throat. As his face was close under the bear's lower jaw, the beast could not bite him. He was between the two fore legs, hugging and being hugged, breast to breast, and for this very reason the animal's fore paws were unable to inflict any wounds. The hind paws were the only destructive weapons

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

the bear could use and the teeth of the Chief were his only effective resource. They rolled and tumbled, under and over, up and down, in desperate combat. The bear tore and lacerated the man's legs and thighs in an awful manner but it could not get its hind paws up to his vital parts. All the while the intelligence, will, spirit and teeth of the Chief were telling. Though sore and bleeding, he chewed away till he made an opening through the skin and tore the jugular vein almost out of the savage throat. Both were bleeding but the grizzly's wound was now more deadly, and only a little time was required to see the end of the struggle. The moments seemed eternities but at last with a growling groan the bear sank dead at his feet; and the Chief was saved. With the aid of the little boy, he managed to bandage his limbs, which were torn till sinews and bone were almost scraped clean, the parts hanging in shreds. Finally the Chief and his son arrived at home. He got well and lived many years afterwards to tell the horrible tale.

A similar case that came under our own observation was that of Shu-we-le-hitk-cum-hil-hag (Henry Pool), generally called Na-guads Puikes. He was one of the Tsimpshewan nation and one of the men who in olden times would sit near the Chief at feasts so that he could give advice to him. When we first met him, he was a strong, able-bodied man, but thirty-five years told on him and in age he became somewhat feeble and quite gray and patriarchal-looking. He was one of the old school—one of the class who had great respect for their Chief and were always ready to do him honor. All of that class were always kind and respectful to those in authority, hence they were especially kind to teachers and Missionaries when they came among them. Though his name meant literally "Stand-up-on-high," he was not one who wished

IN NEED OF A DOCTOR

to be at the top, but a very quiet, thoughtful man. As age came on, he was very much respected, especially after he was converted and became a good, earnest Christian.

His son was Puikes or Flying Crow. Among the Tsimp-sheans it was not common to address a man of rank by his own name, but to speak of him as the father of his first-born. Na-guads means father, so he was also called Na-guads Puikes, or the father of Puikes. The mother also is not addressed by her own name, but is called the mother of her first-born. Naus is mother in that language, so she would be addressed as Naus Puikes, or the mother of Flying Crow. When Na-guads Puikes was seated by the camp fire, he would thrill the crowd by the hour with his stories of the war and bloodshed of the old heathen days.

Stand-up-on-high or Na-guads Puikes, together with Naus Puikes and Puikes, his son, was on one occasion hunting and fishing up the Skeena River. This was really the old home of the Tsimpsheans, and the old man had hunted many a season on some of the tributaries of that river. There he had slain many black bears and some grizzlies also. On this occasion we well remember his coming home with one arm broken, his thigh badly cut, his knee cap injured and one eye nearly torn out. This accident left serious marks on him, some of which remained as long as he lived.

The old man had nearly all his traps out when the time came to move down to the Coast. As they were about to leave for the salt water, they packed everything into their large canoe, left the old camp and started. Down the river some distance they came to "Tsom-utes," a tributary of the Skeena. Here Na-guads Puikes said to his son that, as they had some traps up this stream, he would like to go and see them again. They therefore agreed that they

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

would leave Naus Puikes with the big canoe and all their belongings, and they two would go up the bank of the stream to a place above the canyon or rapids at the mouth, where they kept a small dug-out.

When they had found the dug-out, they paddled for some distance in smooth water, working up the lake-like stream, and examining a number of the traps on the way. Soon they came to one containing a fine, black bear. They killed him and got the carcass into the canoe. On they went, taking up other traps, and not far from the bank of the river they found another fine bruin. They had now reached all the traps.

On their return trip they began to think they had made a mistake in not taking two guns with them as Flying Crow, the boy, had suggested when they left the big canoe. The father had said he didn't think they were needed, so they had only one musket between the two of them.

As they started down the river, the father said to his son, "Puikes, as we are going down the stream, we shall very likely see a bear or some other animal; if you see anything, don't speak but give the boat a little shake." They had not gone far when, according to the old hunter's directions, the boy shook the canoe; and the old man saw a movement among the bushes on the bank of the stream. Seizing the flint-lock musket, he did not wait to get a better view but blazed away at once. A little farther down the stream, they got ashore; and their wise, old, hunting dog was soon on the spot and told by his bark that old bruin was still alive. Taking his powder and shot bag the father told Flying Crow to keep back, as he thought the bear was still alive. He now got up on a little eminence to load his gun, but could not get the ramrod to work; it was swollen by the wet. He pulled it out with his teeth, got in the powder, but could not get

the ball down to it, as the ramrod seemed to be too large. The dog was now barking fiercely, and he found the bear and the dog were coming nearer to him. He was still trying to press down the ball by jamming the ramrod against a big log, when all at once the bear stood right before him. He fired, and the gun kicked, but the powder was so far away from the ball that little damage was done. The grizzly monster was now upon him, although he struck it as it came with his gun and jammed the muzzle into its jaw. The bear now stood up on its hind feet, and got hold of old Stand-up-on-high, who still pushed and struggled until something caught his foot, and he fell over. He had already been scratched on the face, and one eye was nearly gone. The bear seized his arm and broke the bone, got on top of him, grabbed hold of his thigh with its teeth and cut and tore it badly. It also seized his knee-cap, he thinks with one of his claws. Little Flying Crow, his son, now came up behind the old monster with a big club, and, as he had no gun, shouted and screamed. After he struck the old bear a few times, it turned to look at the boy who was making such a noise. The old brute let go its hold, and walked away. The Lord had some more work for our friend, Stand-up-on-high, to do.

The poor boy stood over his bleeding father. Na-guads Puikes attempted to get up, but he fainted twice, and the boy then tried to get his father down to the canoe. He was a stout little fellow, and, by getting his father on his back, he managed to partly carry and partly drag him. One leg seemed strong but the other dangled about, and the blood flowed freely from his face and arm. He got him to the canoe by a hard struggle, and again the poor man fainted. The boy bathed him with water; and paddled away until he got to the head of the rapids. Here he had

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

to get his father out and pull the canoe up to a safe place. Before they left the little canoe, the old man told Flying Crow to throw away the two bears. He would not do that; but skinned them and with pieces of the skin tied up the wounds to stop the bleeding. Then he got his father on his back again, and the old man, in telling it, says he wonders how the boy ever brought him down over the canyon and the rough beach. It seemed so far that it looked as if they would never reach the canoe. He says the Lord must have helped Flying Crow. He dragged his father down the bank of the stream until they got back to Naus Puikes, who said she had some misgivings that something had happened.

They were still about a hundred miles from home. They all prayed to God to help them and to keep the father in life until they could get to a place of help. The mother warned her husband, as he had taken upon him the new name, that is, been baptized, not to take up the dance song if the "bad spirit" came upon him to tempt him to do so. They worked away almost night and day, stopping only to warm a little water for a drink for the fainting man, until they got to where there was a doctor on the Coast. Then he was cared for and his wounds dressed.

Stand-up-on-high (Henry Pool) became a very useful, good man, a great leader in our Temperance Society for years, and a very sincere, devoted Christian. He would often take charge of services when he was out camped with others, and when no local preacher was near.

Some years later, he was one of a party camped at Port Essington near the mouth of the Skeena River. A strong wind was blowing down the river against the tide running up, and there was a high sea rolling. Two poor Chinamen attempted to cross, and, not being very good boatmen, were upset from their little skiff. Seeing the accident, our

old friend, Henry Pool, and Albert Edward Neilson (Chief Kneeshot)—with their wives, who were both feeble, as all of them were rather elderly people—pushed out their canoe, and, while a large number of white men looked on, rushed to the rescue. They reached the Chinamen, who were struggling for life, and who in some mysterious way had tied their cues together and were hanging over the upset boat, one on each side. They got them into their canoe and safely to the shore, amidst the shouts and cheers of the onlookers.

The incidents which we have narrated, together with numberless cases of sickness, suggest the need which existed for a resident doctor. For many years the nearest physician was more than five hundred miles away. The missionaries' families often lacked necessary attention; and loved ones were buried when it was felt that medical aid might have saved their precious lives.

The hardship of missionary life was never felt more keenly, though we were called to be away so much from loved ones and without mail for four or five months, than when our sweet, healthy little girl became sick with brain fever and lay in our arms for four or five days and nights, passing from one convulsion to another. The little sufferer gave us such looks of thanks, when we cooled her head or gave her something she seemed to like. We had no doctor to call in, no one to come and talk with the mother while our dear one passed away. She had been so long in that dreadful state of suffering that we felt it rather a relief when she was at rest.

While the lovely, little, waxen form lay in our home, the Indians came in. There was no one else to come. They all seemed sad, and some wept. One man got up and said, "You are God's servant, you are wise; we have come in to see you and the mother of the child, but what

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

can we say, what can we do? I just thought I would like to say to you some words, but what can I say? You have the Book, and we have heard that the Book says, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'” Just then no one could have said a better word; and really the poor fellow, had he been ever so learned, could not have said a sweeter thing. When the mother came in, I told her what he had said.

The day came for the funeral; and the Indians gathered round, some dressed in their best. Some of the young people carried the little casket to the grave. Crowds followed to see us put all that was mortal away in the grave on that Island on the far Pacific shore. The land had been chosen as a graveyard for the people some time before. As the dear mother leaned on my arm, while I conducted the burial service for our little one myself, it did seem very hard; and I wished so much that I could have had some one else to take the service. When I had to say, “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” it seemed as if my heart would break. The poor people around us sympathized all they could and showed it in many ways.

Another day of sorrow and trial came, years afterwards, when I had left home for a trip down the Coast, taking two of the eldest children with me and leaving three most healthy and strong children with their mother. They had never had an ailment. The day after we left, Mrs. Crosby went to visit a family where a child was sick with what seemed to be a bad sore throat. A day or two after her visit, our youngest daughter Mabel was taken ill with diphtheria; the day following our sweet blue-eyed baby of fourteen months was gone. Then Winnifred, three years old, was the next. While she sat in her mother's lap, she would ask where Mabel was. The mother said Mabel had gone to heaven to be with Jesus. Then she

said, "Mamma, I will go and be with Jesus, too, for I want to be where Mabel is;" and two days later our bright, little girl was gone. She was a sweet little singer, and the last time I had returned home from a long trip before this, she met me at the door, and said, "Papa, I have another hymn I can sing to you," and she began to sing, "When Jesus comes to reward His servants, whether it be noon or night."

I did not have to bury these dear children; other hands put them away in the cold grave to await the resurrection morn. In less than three weeks we returned. As we came within one hundred and fifty miles of home, a party hailed us from the shore; and, as we stopped the little Mission Ship, the canoe came off flying a little, black flag. I wanted to know from the people what kind of a flag they had now, and they said very seriously, "Oh, it is for you, sir; two of your children are dead and buried." As I stood there in front of the wheel-house on the little ship *The Glad Tidings*, my two daughters standing by my side, I said to the man, "It can't be so; my children were not sick." About ten days before we had left Simpson; and now they were buried. We ran all that night, and got within thirty miles of home, where we called at a salmon cannery. The manager there also told me that my children were gone. I had now to leave the other two daughters with a lady some sixty miles from home.

Our youngest remaining daughter and the servant girl, who were very ill when we got home, recovered. My dear wife was at death's door for months; indeed, for a year and a half we did not think she would get over it. The family from which Mrs. Crosby took the disease lost two children, and we lost two. They have never had diphtheria there before or since.

A few years later we had to lay another sweet babe by

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

her sisters. The children all had colds and in less than twenty-four hours our baby had gone from us. This left our home again lonely and our hearts sad. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." The Indians, some of them, had laid away children in the graveyard, and now how kind they were! One in the prayer meeting said, "The little one was so bright, so sweet." Every one who came to the house felt we had got some of the life back that we had once lost in the two that had left us so suddenly.

One of the Indians said in his prayer at the meeting, "Lord, Thou hast Thy servant, our Missionary, and his wife on the highest crest of the wave in the storm, and they have often been in the storm before; O Lord, take them into a calm harbor and keep them there, for Thou dost love them." Another man, a good Christian, said as he came in to visit us, "This is a sore trial, very sore; you have come far away from all who love you and all your friends who could help you; you came to this land of sorrow and trial, you came to us, poor, wicked, dark people, to tell us of Jesus. He has tried you so much these four times but do trust Him; He has all power; have strong hearts; He will help you and bring you to meet your dear ones by and by."

I shall never forget the terrible trip we once had over the ice to reach Greenville on the Naas. We had gone with the little steamer, *The Glad Tidings*, to the mouth of the river, and as the river was full of ice the Captain took the ship back to a safe harbor, Naas Cove, while a boy and myself, with a small boat, pressed our way up the river. Thinking it was only float ice, and that by night we should reach the village, we took with us only two or three biscuits in our pockets and no blankets. We had not gone far before we became jammed in the ice; but after a hard struggle we got to the nearest land, which was about

six miles from the Mission. When we reached land, the tide was rushing down, carrying ice that seemed to extend almost solid from one side of the river to the other, with only a little passage along the shore. Here we camped in what had been a small slab house; it had only one side and part of the roof left. We built a fire of such pieces of wood as we could find, and after eating a biscuit, we prayed and then had a song service for a while.

A canoe came down the river when the tide was nearly out, as that was the only time it could come through the ice. It was now long after dark, but the men passed right on after telling us that many of the children up the river were sick and dying. Among others, the little son of the Rev. Mr. Green, the Naas Missionary, was dead.

We spent the night in the old slab house as it was impossible to go up through the ice in the dark. The wind blew cold down the river. After crouching around the bit of fire until bedtime, we tried to sleep but had to keep turning over to warm each side alternately, and thus passed the night, terribly cold. Next morning we pressed our way up the river over the ice and were glad that we had gone, as we found the Missionary and his wife in great bereavement and sorrow. When they told us about the dear little boy and described the course of the disease from the time it took hold of him until he passed away, it was not difficult to "weep with those who weep," having passed through such days ourselves. I shall never forget how earnestly the poor Indians prayed for the Missionary and his wife, in their sorrow, at the Sunday morning prayer-meeting.

George Edgar, our missionary at Hag-wil-get, the Forks of the Skeena, is one of our native Missionaries who did good work, while the fever and measles were raging up the river that winter, when scores of the little ones died.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Brother Edgar said, "Our good little boy has passed away from us; he was the treasure of my heart, and now he is in the arms of Jesus."

"Spokes," or Patrick Russ, was another of our native missionaries. His wife Josephine was one of the first girls that came to our Home. They were faithful workers at different posts for some eighteen years. They suffered the loss of several fine children; and later, while poor Patrick was a hundred miles from home, teaching on the Skeena River, his dear wife, after a lingering sickness, passed triumphantly to the skies.

The Bella Bella Mission has also had trial upon trial, owing to the Missionaries leaving. Brother W. B. Cuyler, who had been sent there, was so consecrated, gave his life so fully to the work and loved the Bella Bella Indians so much, that the poor people in return loved him, and never ceased to speak kind words of him. He took some very hard trips in order to reach Oweekeno, Bella Coola and Kimsquit, and thus brought on sickness which eventually proved fatal.

It was always a delight to visit Mr. Cuyler at his home and in his work. When we urged that he rest, as we saw his health failing, it was hard to get him to do so. Finally, by medical advice, he was persuaded to go away to the interior. The people all sorrowed much when he left, never to return. It was not long before Mrs. Cuyler and the two children were left alone; the devoted husband and father had passed away sweetly and triumphantly, to the land where there will be no more parting. Only those who have experienced it can tell how lonely it is to be thus left far from home and friends. Our Indian Missionaries were much more isolated in those days, some of them more than our Missionaries in Japan or China at the present time.

IN NEED OF A DOCTOR

The records of Kitamaat (1895) furnish another sad incident. The Missionary writes: "The saddest event which has ever happened on the Simpson district occurred at Kitamaat on the 14th of May in the death of Mrs. J. L. Anderson, the wife of the teacher. She was taken seriously ill, and died after nine hours' intense suffering. As I was absent, there was no white friend near, and the superstition and nervousness of the few Indians who were there prevented them from rendering any assistance; and thus to the husband's agony of separation and loneliness, was added the necessity for the performance of the last sad duties pertaining to death and burial."

Grief was universal; and when we received the tidings, sympathy and condolence were extended to the husband.

Mrs. Anderson was a favorite with all our Missionaries. Her unassuming demeanor and Christian kindness made her very much beloved; and we have reason to hold her in a most grateful memory, not only for personal kindnesses, but also for the self-sacrificing interest she took in all Mission work. It is terrible to think how some of our early Missionaries got along with their little families, without any nurse or doctor save a poor Indian woman. How our brave women did manage God only knows. Such conditions, however, proved the urgent necessity of establishing Medical Missionary work.

Our Medical Missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Bolton, whose labors have been so abundantly blessed, and who have been such a great help to many suffering and sorrowing ones in days of darkness and trial, were called to pass through bereavement themselves, when the death angel entered their own home, and took away their sweet little baby Marjorie. The sad event occurred on the 20th of June, 1896, at Port Essington. We need not say that our

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

brother and sister had the sympathy and prayers of all the missionaries, as well as the kind sympathy and prayers of many outside of our own mission band, in their hour of trial; and we are certain that they have the sweet assurance that their beloved little child is safe in the arms of Jesus.

MEDICAL WORK.

Dr. Bolton—His Arrival and First Report—The Port Simpson Hospital—Marked Benefit—Branches at Essington and Rivers Inlet—Dr. Wrinch—Dr. Large—The Work at Hazelton
—A Letter from Dr. Carman.

*“ Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my
brethren, ye did it unto me.”*

CHAPTER XXI.

MEDICAL WORK.

IN the preceding chapter, by recounting many cases of sickness and accident, we showed the urgent need of Medical Missionary work on this Coast.

In the winter of 1887-1888, three students were just completing their medical courses at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. These devoted, young men, W. J. Hall, O. L. Kilborn and A. E. Bolton, were ready to undertake Missionary work.

Hall went to New York to work in the slums and later went to Korea, where after a few years of service he died.

Bolton, who had been strongly influenced by the visit of the early leaders of the Student Volunteer Movement, during the sessions of 1886-1887, went to pursue further studies in New York. While there he wrote to Dr. Sutherland, the General Secretary of the Missionary Society, asking whether there was an opening for Medical Mission work under the Methodist Church of Canada, as he preferred to work under his own denomination. The reply was to the effect that the Church had no funds for such a purpose. This constant reply of want of funds was not only heart-breaking to Missionaries, who had to listen to many pathetic appeals, but had doubtless the effect of retarding the progress of the great general work. Does the responsibility rest upon the Church in this matter? Dr. Bolton soon after returned from New York and commenced practice at Portland, Ontario.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Dr. Kilborn was still disengaged when I arrived in Ontario. I met him at Kingston, and after discovering his desire to enter upon a Missionary career, suggested to him that he was needed in British Columbia. He thought British Columbia was not his proper field of work; but mentioned Dr. Hall and Dr. Bolton as perhaps available, with the result that we opened negotiations with Dr. Bolton by letter and he at once applied to the Missionary Society for appointment as a Medical Missionary.

Medical work had not been previously undertaken by our Board of Missions; and there was considerable delay and manifest reluctance in accepting his offer. In the meantime, the Missionaries in the field promised substantial contributions from their own salaries toward his support; some contributions were also offered by the Indians; and the British Columbia Conference, at its meeting in 1889, formally asked for the appointment of a Medical Missionary. Dr. Bolton then proceeded to British Columbia at his own expense; and thus began the work of the first Medical Missionary connected with the Methodist Church, Canada. No pecuniary assistance was received from the Missionary Society during the first year.

On his arrival at Port Simpson on November 17th, 1889, Dr. Bolton went earnestly to work. The results achieved were from the first sufficient evidence of providential leading in the matter, as well as of Dr. Bolton's zeal and ability. As to the conditions met with and the nature of the work, no better account can be given than that contained in his letter to *The Christian Guardian*, written after a year's experience in the field. This letter is here given in full:

“*Dear Sir*,—Having now spent a year in Medical Missionary work in the Port Simpson District, I venture to address a few words to the friends of Missions among the

readers of the *Guardian*. First, my wife and I wish to thank those kind-hearted friends, whose sympathy and prayers upheld us and who extended a helping hand to us in this work. It has been a busy year with us. Sometimes I have had more work on hand than I could well attend to, especially during the ravages of la grippe, in March last.

“The winter and spring were spent here in Port Simpson, where there is the largest Indian population on the Coast. Being the chief trading post, it brings me many visiting patients. During June and July, I made my headquarters at Port Essington, on the Skeena, and found a great deal to do among the Indians of the many tribes who gather there during the salmon season. Part of August I put in on the Naas, where the fishing continued later. During September, there were not many of our people home, but I had a great many patients from a distance. They come to me from two hundred miles inland; the same distance from the south; from Alaska in the north; and from Queen Charlotte Islands in the West.

“Of course there is a great deal of sickness among this people. Ignorance and uncleanness are ever accompanied by disease, while the travelling and exposure of their semi-nomadic life add to the liability; but a larger part of their suffering is caused by hereditary diseases arising from their impure lives and the wantonness of members of our own race and color.

“To instruct in hygiene, to check the progress and alleviate the suffering of seated disease, to soothe the dying agonies, and at the same time to point to Jesus, the Saviour, as the healer of the soul, have been my work, together with preaching occasionally and helping with class-meetings, Sabbath School, Day School and Boys' Home. Under Providence, I hope I have done some good. I have treated over fifty-four hundred patients. A great deal of suffering has been relieved, and perhaps some lives saved; but lack of proper means cripples us in the work. So many surgical cases need antiseptic operations and dressings, with warmth and good air; and other cases need care and food such as they cannot have in their

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

homes. In cases of visiting patients, I have had as many as a dozen here at one time, all lodged in tents on the beach; or, a little better, roofed in by the guest house of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"Let me instance two cases from among my list of visiting patients. One, an Indian from Massé, Queen Charlotte Islands, came to me in July, suffering from syphilitic throat, and each leg a mass of ulcers. I treated him some weeks at Port Essington; and he paid his last dollar for a passage to Port Simpson to meet me on my return from the Naas. By daily dressings, I sent him home in September quite recovered; and I heard a few days ago that he remained well.

"A woman from the same place came over last January, having a running sore, which proved to be deeply-seated necrosis of the tibia. Notwithstanding the cold weather, I operated in an Indian house and removed the dead bone; and she made a good recovery.

"While we are thankful for some good results amid such unfavorable circumstances, yet there are so many such cases as the above that one cannot but feel deeply the need for a Hospital at this place; and we are going to have one. An interest is awakened among the few white people in the vicinity; and a petition has been sent in to the Local Government asking for aid and we have been assured of a grant to help pay running expenses. The Dominion Government should aid through the Indian Department and I have no doubt will do so if the matter is properly presented to them; but we can all have a hand in this great work.

"Are there among the readers of the *Guardian* men to whom God has entrusted wealth, who will come to our aid with handsome donations to provide a building? Many more could give a little, and thus help to care for the remnant of the predecessors of our race on this continent, who have gained so little and we so much by our usurpation.

"In regard to evangelistic work among the sick, I look upon this as one of the most important departments of our Mission work here. I would rather have the privilege of

MEDICAL WORK

a few words of exhortation and prayer with a single, dying Indian, whose hold on this world is loosening, than to preach to a Church crowded by his white friends who are full of pride and the enjoyment of life. During the epidemic last spring, when I was almost worn out in body by overwork and personal sickness so that I could scarcely walk from one smoky, ill-smelling house to another to see whole families ill together, and when the work was rendered discouraging by the many, who were weakened by previous disease, succumbing in spite of all my efforts, nothing so cheered and encouraged me as the pleasure of talking and praying with the sick, and seeing in some cases the true repentance and faith which turned their death beds into an entrance of glory. These privileges of doing good would be greatly augmented by hospital accommodation, where the sick would be constantly under such influences; and as some might be expected to come to us from heathen villages, where they could be instructed in the Gospel, and perhaps find healing for soul as well as body.

“Yours in the work,

“A. E. BOLTON.

“Port Simpson, Nov. 17, 1890.”

There was at this time only one other doctor within five hundred miles.

The much needed hospital was finally erected at Port Simpson in 1892. It was felt that a grant for this purpose could not be expected from the Missionary Society, but the Woman's Missionary Society was asked for a nurse, and sent Miss Spence, who rendered fine service in that capacity, and remained for thirteen years in the work. They afterwards sent other nurses. The building was erected with the aid of five hundred dollars from the Provincial Government and local subscriptions from both Indians and whites.

The effect of this work on the physical condition of the people was very marked. Many incidents of an encourag-

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

ing nature, some pathetic and some humorous, took place in connection with it. The simplicity of the Indian mind with regard to religion and civilization was often strikingly illustrated. One Indian declared that "the doctor was wonderful man; he could heal just like the Master."

In 1895, a branch Hospital was opened at Port Essington and kept open for the benefit of the Indians and other fishermen during the summer months only. It proved a great boon to the people gathered there during the fishing season.

A second branch was opened in 1897 at Rivers Inlet, two hundred and sixty miles south of Simpson. Here, where many of the people had not been under the influence of Missions at all, the conditions were awful; putrid sores and cases of chronic disease were to be seen on every side, and the people accepted these things as inevitable, not knowing that they could be helped.

During this season, Dr. Bolton, by securing a pass on the Coast steamers, tried to work the three Hospitals simultaneously until the arrival of Dr. Jackson, who took charge of the Rivers Inlet Hospital, but had to relinquish the work on account of ill health.

These Hospitals were built largely by the labors of the Medical Missionary, assisted by the Indians. The whole work is a monument to the industry, devotion and endurance of Dr. Bolton, our first Medical Missionary.

In November, 1898, Dr. R. W. Large arrived to take charge of the Mission at Bella Bella, where he established a new Hospital; and the Hospital at Rivers Inlet was turned over to him. It has since been used as a summer Hospital in connection with the principal one at Bella Bella. These Hospitals also serve the villages of Bella Coola, North and South Bentick Arm, China Hat, Kimsquit, Smith's Sound, Cousin's Inlet, and Swanson Bay;



The Hospital, Bella Bella.
 Girls' Home, Kitamaat. The Mission House, Bella Coola.
 Coqualeetza Indian Institute, Chilliwack.
 The Hospital, Hazelton, on the Skeena River.

(Faint, illegible handwritten notes)

... ..

MEDICAL WORK

and are a blessing to hundreds—Whites, Indians, Chinese and Japanese—who come to Rivers Inlet from all along the Coast during the fishing season.

Another Hospital was much needed at Hazelton, at the Forks of the Skeena. When attending General Conference in Toronto in 1898, I met Dr. Horace C. Wrinch, who then intended going to China where the numbers are so great. I argued with him that he could find on the Skeena River all that one man could do. He is a man especially qualified for this work, being strong and having a practical knowledge of carpentry and farm work. He finally yielded to the call from British Columbia, and began his work in Hazelton in 1900, where he has succeeded and is succeeding beyond all expectations.

The following description of Dr. Wrinch's work is drawn from his various reports:

"Leaving Toronto on July 17th, 1900, I reached Vancouver on the 22nd of the same month, and, after reporting to the Chairman of the Indian District, went on to Victoria. At Victoria I made myself known to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in British Columbia, and secured from him a small grant of drugs for use among indigent Indians."

After visiting the Medical Missions, under Dr. Large at Bella Bella, and Dr. Bolton at Port Simpson and Port Essington, Dr. Wrinch proceeded to the Upper Skeena. His report published in 1906 contains the history of his work to that date:

"To understand rightly the situation as we found it on our arrival at Hazelton, early in September, 1900, it is important to remember that the foundation for Hospital work there had been strongly laid. The ten years already spent by Dr. A. E. Bolton, at Port Simpson, with his branch hospitals at Port Essington and Rivers Inlet, had

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

told in breaking down prejudice against, and in creating a sympathy with, the Medical Missionary and his Hospital throughout an extent of country not by any means limited to the points actually reached by the visits of our pioneer medical man.

“A very few weeks were sufficient, however, to show that no Medical work could be satisfactory, either to patient or Doctor, without provision for proper care and treatment during acute illness. Patients would be brought by friends from very considerable distances, in one case a hundred and twenty-five miles, and would be virtually laid at the Doctor's door. The giving of suitable care to many of these would often mean much more than the mere medicine or surgical treatment required; and so the question of ‘How to secure a hospital’ became at once the great problem.

“Every reasonable consideration, both as to securing funds and accessibility, seemed to point to the vicinity of Hazelton as the only right place for the Hospital. In looking for aid, we approached the Provincial Government in the interests of the white people; and the Mission Board and the Indian Department at Ottawa, in the interest of the Indians. We were told to see what we could raise locally, then come to them and they would do what they could. In this way, the sum of five thousand dollars was finally raised from these joint sources, and the work went on with gratifying success.”

Throughout his whole period of service, Dr. Bolton was never recognized by the Church as a fully paid Missionary. From the second year after reaching Port Simpson, he received an annual grant of six hundred dollars from the Missionary Society. This he voluntarily dropped, after some years, retaining only a nominal allowance of one hundred dollars a year until 1901. In 1902 he resigned

MEDICAL WORK

from the Hospital management, to the great regret of all those who had been associated with him in that work. On leaving Port Simpson, he was presented with addresses testifying to the high esteem in which he was held by both Indians and whites. Apart from his Medical and Missionary duties, in which he showed unremitting zeal, he never hesitated to undertake any other necessary work, no matter what its nature. His services, as a Justice of the Peace, accomplished a great deal of good in combating the various evils by which the Indians are beset, especially the illegal liquor traffic, and won high praise from the Attorney-General of the Province and from other competent judges.

The following letter on Port Simpson District Hospital work was written by the General Superintendent, Dr. A. Carman, during his visit to the District in 1896:

“The Medical Missionary of the right stamp is a factor of immense importance in Christian evangelization, especially among the heathen; and certainly, as the world views it, there is no more sublime consecration to the service of God and humanity than is made by the learned and skilful physician when he gives his life and his powers to save the bodies and the souls of pagan people. There is little prospect of earthly reward and glory. When prosecuting his work in a right spirit, he is most emphatically following in the footsteps of the Great Preacher and Physician, enlarging the knowledge of mankind and bringing health and salvation to soul and body. The Christian doctor of medicine anywhere has a glorious office and dignity; but, when he yields up his professional attainments and ability wholly and directly to Christ, he has the means of usefulness, honor and eternal reward, available to but few beside him. What is too good for Jesus, the Saviour of men? What is the use of singing, ‘Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small,’ without such self-surrender? What is too

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

great a sacrifice? Thanks be to God, we have some noble men with these qualifications of self-renunciation and Christ apprehension already in the field. Why should not the Church have more?

"Among these consecrated and faithful men, noticeably, is our brother, Dr. A. E. Bolton, at work in this capacity on this District among the Indians. After seven years' practice, he enjoys the unqualified confidence of the people, in whose language he now converses freely, and whom he abundantly instructs and exhorts in the Gospel. He has succeeded in erecting a good Hospital here in Port Simpson, and a branch building at Essington. In these he has a nurse and apprentice provided by the Women's Missionary Society. He also visits the afflicted in their homes, and, while without fees, must supply the Indians.

"Besides him, there is only one other doctor on the Coast, that one residing at Metlakahtla, about midway between Simpson and Essington, say twenty-five miles from each place. For another, a journey of five hundred and fifty miles must be made to Nanaimo or Vancouver. Surely there is not overlapping here. There is abundant room among the Indian tribes, and among all the races of unchristianized men, for such toilers as Dr. Bolton and his heroic fellow-laborers in Japan and China. Why should Christian physicians stand all the day, all life's day, idle? There are diseased and stricken men everywhere to be healed. Is it not a noble ambition to go forth to heal them, and preach to them the Gospel? It is not without its significance that Paul, the apostle, had Luke, the beloved physician, as his companion in travel, when he went forth on that Christ authorized and unsurpassed evangelistic system, two by two, through the cities of Asia Minor.

"Breaking down the old Indian medicine man with his rattle and fierce garb and soul-trap, with his charms and savage yells, the least we can do is to give the poor natives our best substitute, especially when that substitute is one of the most effective agencies in spreading the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. The preacher, doctor and teacher must go together or else the preacher must cover

MEDICAL WORK

the whole ground. Even that is keeping Christian Missions within narrow limits. Oh, for more brave, consecrated, efficient workers! Oh, for tenfold ability and liberality in the Church and among the people to enable the Missionary Society to employ every laborer and occupy every field! There can be no question that if the Church had filled up the measure of her obligation there had been multitudes more converted to God.

“There is another aspect of this question which deserves faithful consideration. Christianity is designed to save the bodies as well as the souls of men; it has the promise of the life that now is as well as that of the life to come. Let us see how we are measuring up to our duty in this regard among the aboriginal inhabitants of the country God has given us. The horrors of Armenia shock the world. Turkish atrocities outrage the moral sense of mankind. What about ourselves? What about the Christian Britons’ treatment of the Hydas, a noble race that less than a generation ago numbered eight thousand, and now numbers less than eight hundred with hardly a healthy woman of their own race among them? Here is a splendid tribe literally decimated. What is the Turk doing? Blessed are the poor pagans of the interior, out of reach of the Capital. The white men wrong and purchase the Indian woman till there is hardly a healthy progenitor left. Talk about the extermination of a race. Here it has gone on in our own land and under our own eyes, and who has felt the burden and the shame? The white man’s traffic: the white man’s drink: the white man’s diseases: the white man’s indifference to the Indian’s immorality, darkness, disease and sin, have wrought it all and suffered it all to come to pass. Under Christian Missions there seems some hope. What a field for Christian physicians to instruct the people and pluck men and women, yea, nations of men and women, as brands from the terrible burning! How dare the Church of God face this state of things in our own land, and be indifferent or illiberal to the cause of Missions? Gross darkness covers the people; the remedy can come only by the Light of Life. The Lord hasten the day. “A. CARMAN.

“Port Essington, May 12th, 1896.”

THE INFLUENCE OF TOTEMISM.

Totemism—Tribal Subdivisions and Crests—Social Effects—
Marriage—Descent—Prostitution—Totem-Poles
and their Erection—Potlatching.

*“ And they painted on the grave posts
Of the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral totem,
Each the symbol of his household.”*

CHAPTER XXII.

THE INFLUENCE OF TOTEMISM.

TOTEMISM is one of the most widely distributed institutions found among the non-Christian races of the world. It formed the basis of the religion of ancient Egypt, and has existed in recent times, not only among the Indians on the western coast of America, but in all the border lands of the Pacific Ocean. It is therefore of great value to the ethnologist; and nowhere can it be more completely observed, or more easily studied, than in the isolated Indian villages of British Columbia and Alaska. It is not merely a system of rough crests and monstrous heraldry, but is symbolical of a vaguely religious and very definite social institution.

Indian society is said by a writer on the subject to consist of three classes or grades, which might be called the nobility, the gentry, and the common people. In addition to these, there were also numerous slaves. These classes are organized into families (houses), clan-sections, clans, tribes (communities or villages) and confederacies.

“A *family* or *house* is a portion or branch of a clan-section. It has its own crest and sub-Chief, subordinate to the clan totem and clan-sectional Chief, and of itself, or in combination with other kindred families, forms a complete clan-section. This does not mean that the various families inhabiting an Indian house always belong to the same crest.

“A *clan-section* is a company of one or more families having the same totem and totemic name, and forming one division of a tribe.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

"A *clan* is the aggregate of kindred clan-sections, having the same totem, and totemic name.

"A *tribe* or *band* is a community of two or more different clan-sections residing in one place, bearing a common *territorial* name, and governed by the Chiefs of the clan-sections in Council.

"A *confederacy* is an alliance of several tribes for offensive and defensive purposes, and is governed by the united suffrages of the clans in public assembled."

Mr. James Deans says: "The social standing of the Hydery was represented by three divisions or crests. First, the sexual crest; second, the clan crest; and third, the secret society crest. Apart from these, there was the totem." (By the latter he appears to mean the individual crest or totem.)

"The sexual or family crest was inherited from the mother, and passed through her from their grandmother to all of her children. For example, if the mothers were 'bears,' all the children were the same. The girls, in turn, when they became mothers, gave their 'bear' crest to their children, the father's crest going for nothing.

"The clan or brotherhood crest was held by every member of the clan.

"The society crest could only be got and held by initiation into the order, and often cost large sums to obtain.

"The totems were any animals, birds, or any living thing which crossed a child's path when first trying to move about; or anything a child tried to say, such as deer, dog, or bear. This became his or her totem, that is, guardian angel, through life. Totems, as far as I have been able to learn, have long been in disuse among the Hydasyas.

"Hydery crests were divided into two great clans, or brotherhoods, represented by the raven and the eagle.

THE INFLUENCE OF TOTEMISM

These two large clans were represented by a number of smaller crests, families or houses. For example, the Raven clan had eleven family or sexual crests, namely, wolf, bear scannah or killer-whale, skate, mountain goat, sea-lion, chee-moose, or 'snag-in-a-river,' moon, sun, rainbow, and scamsum or thunder bird. The Eagle clan had the following families, fourteen in all: Eagle, raven, whale, frog, beaver, shark, moon, duck, codfish, wasco, owl, dogfish, sculpin, and dragon fly. Each of these crests had its respective dance, as well as musical instrument by which it imitated the call of its individual crest animal. Their dances also were in imitation of the walk of the subject adopted.

"The degree or rank of the individual in the clan was marked by the number of divisions in the crown of his tall hat shaped much like a silk hat but taller, and much resembling several short lengths of stove pipe, when three or four degrees were indicated.

"The confederacies or nations are known generally by diversities of language, more or less marked. As the languages change very rapidly, being entirely unwritten, it is probable that the clan divisions are older than those marked by language. This agrees with the existence of sections of the same clan among persons of entirely different speech, who might be quite unable to understand one another. Such persons, even though their respective tribes might be at war, would feel under obligation to treat each other as brothers. The clan system has, in fact, been said to constitute a sort of free masonry among them."

Totemism thus affects the whole social and political life of the people. Members of the same principal crest were not permitted to intermarry. A learned Judge was once on a visit to the Queen Charlotte Islands, trying to settle a quarrel between Indians. A great deal about the bear

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

crest or totem was interpreted to him, until he finally asked, "What has the bear to do with it?"

"Oh," said the interpreter, a Hudson's Bay Company's man, in a sarcastic tone, "Judge, that's their law; a bear cannot marry a bear, a wolf cannot marry a wolf, an eagle cannot marry an eagle."

This law was so strongly imbedded in the minds of the people that "even now, though occasionally broken, such action is against the general sentiment." This is regrettable, for while it is not a preventive of consanguinity in marriage, it did prevent many otherwise most desirable unions, especially in the present condition of the people, reduced as they are in numbers. Owing to this fact, to the polygamy of the chiefs, and to the immoral intercourse with the whites, it has indeed become very difficult for decent young Indians to secure wives. Young men often could not marry girls for whom they had the greatest respect and love. This often led to immorality and ruin on both sides.

In the olden days marriage was merely a provisional contract between the two parties, formed by an exchange of presents between the families, and disannulled at any time by return of the presents. Nevertheless, at the opening of our work at Simpson, since we could get no marriage licenses, we arranged to marry by publication of banns, according to the old English custom. When our first wedding took place under the new system, all seemed right until the service was over. At the wedding feast, which took place afterwards, there were many speeches made. One or two young men expressed themselves as highly pleased with the event and glad that the old custom had been broken through and the new way of doing things adopted.

I noticed that many of the older men seemed very sad



Rev. C. M. Tate



Rev. A. E. Green.



Rev. G. H. Raley.



A. E. Bolton, M.D.



Rev. J. A. Jackson, M.D.



Rev. J. C. Spencer, M.D.



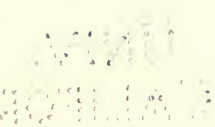
W. T. Rush, M.D.



Rev. R. W. Large, M.D.



Rev. H. C. Wrinch.



THE INFLUENCE OF TOTEMISM

and sullen but said nothing. During the evening four or five of these came to talk with the Missionary and expressed great regret at what had happened. It appeared that the young couple were of the same crest. According to their law, they were brother and sister. They looked upon the clan connection quite as seriously as we consider blood relationship. We pointed out to them that the marriage had been published on three consecutive Sundays, and opportunity given to make any objections; but that as none had been raised we felt warranted in proceeding with the ceremony. After this they seemed to feel that they had been in the wrong; but the feeling in the matter was very slow in dying out. Afterwards, if a marriage, arranged without regard to the old prejudices, turned out badly, they took care to ascribe the trouble to the fact that the young people were of the same crest, but if one of the heathen marriages went wrong, they were silent on the subject.

Under the crest system, the nephew became the uncle's heir; that is, descent was from a man to his eldest sister's son. The young man, who might be a mere boy, would have to erect a crest pole to his uncle's memory, and enter into possession of his house, name, title, wife and children and seat in Council, if a Chief. The result of this was in many cases a very "unequal yoking together," as the uncle's wife might be old enough to be the bridegroom's grandmother and might have a family of children some of whom were much older than her new husband.

Marriage among the Indians was practically binding before the whites came and the old clan system worked beneficially before the decimation of the tribes by drink and debauchery; but great demoralization followed the coming of the white race and temporary alliances became

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

common. The desire to erect elaborate totem poles, or give potlatches, also led, especially among the Hydats, to the wholesale prostitution of Indian girls in order to raise funds for the erection of totem poles to departed uncles and others. For this purpose they would sell their daughters, wives and mothers into a slavery worse than death. The women would go to Victoria, season after season, until they died from the results of the awful lives they led, and so was nearly extinguished one of the most intellectual and handsome native races on the continent of America. At many places their deserted villages were to be seen, marked by forests of crest poles.

Totem poles, crest columns or gayrings, were the most conspicuous feature of the native houses. Mr. Freeman says, "Immediately in front of these houses were erected totem poles, fifty or sixty feet or more in height, and three or four feet in diameter at the base. An immense cedar tree was brought to the village with infinite labor, and carved by professional craftsmen in part or all of its length with representations of the crest of the person erecting the totem pole, or 'standard,' according to the literal rendering of the Hyda term. It was frequently hollowed out at the back to reduce the weight and difficulty of erection. These poles were put up with great ceremony and expense, to commemorate the name of the person who erected them. They had no connection whatever with any form of superstition or worship." The carvings on the totem pole represented the crest or crests of the owner and his wife, and perhaps of their immediate ancestors, according to the Indian method of reckoning descent which, as already stated, proceeded through the mother's side.

Totem poles might be divided into three classes:

(1) Personal totem poles, erected by a man on his own behalf.

THE INFLUENCE OF TOTEMISM

(2) Memorial poles, erected in honor of a deceased uncle or other relative.

(3) Mortuary columns, used by the Hydas. These were generally about twenty feet high, consisting of a solid trunk which was hewn, tapering toward the base. The top was hollowed out to receive the remains of the departed Chief or Chieftainess, and closed by a carved cover. The prevalence of this form of burial gave rise to very unsanitary conditions in the Hydas' villages.

Totemism was often the means of bringing about war and bloodshed among the Indians themselves, as it was contrary to law to put up a totem pole higher than the owner's standing or rank would warrant. Trouble was often caused in this way. A man on the Naas, for example, put up a longer pole than he should, and was ordered by the offended Chief to take it down and shorten it. On refusing to do so, he was shot by someone delegated by the Chief for the purpose. They were often at enmity from this cause.

It has been said that no better description could be given of the Indian people than that supplied by the name they give themselves, "Alu-gigat." Truly they are a "public people," for they have no private business, no private rights, and no domestic privacy. Every right is holden and every matter regulated by public assent on the part of the united clans. This public expression of assent, made by the clans and acknowledged by the individual, is what they call "potlatch." Even babies are legitimized, so to speak, in this way; the naming of children is recorded and their admission to tribal privileges signalized, by the same means. Other specific occasions for holding a potlatch would be the initiation of a young man to a secret society or to a conjurer's or chief's position; the giving

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

him a totem; the building of a house; or the carving and raising of a totem pole.

When a totem pole is to be erected, the people are invited to attend from the various tribes for perhaps a hundred miles around. They arrive a few days before the appointed time, and, after having been received with elaborate ceremony, are quartered in the various houses in the village where they are entertained at the expense of the man who is giving the feast.

On the appointed day all are assembled. A hole has been dug six or eight feet deep to receive the base end of the pole. In olden times a slave was killed and placed in the bottom of the pit. That this had been done was indicated by the figure of a man, head downwards, carved upon the pole. Ropes were attached to the pole to serve as guys; and even the women and children with the older men, took hold of these, while the stronger men, all lifting together with loud cries of "Hoo! Hoo!" raised the totem from the ground, supporting it by poles fastened together in the form of shears. As it rose higher, the ropes were brought into play to bring it to the perpendicular and hold it in place.

An essential part of the potlatch is the distribution of presents by the host to all who attend, according to their rank or degree. In this way a man, who has been saving up blankets and other goods for years in order to become a Chief, may completely impoverish himself. It has been said that the potlatch corresponds in Indian politics to an election, the people signifying by their presence their assent to the new dignity assumed by their host. If so, it is an election in which the votes are paid for by the candidates for honors.

One of the worst features in connection with the potlatch is the wanton destruction of property which often

THE INFLUENCE OF TOTEMISM

accompanies it. In order to show his wealth, a chief will often throw blankets and muskets into the fire or wantonly destroy new canoes and other valuable property.

The word "potlatch" means simply "to give." One of our Missionaries thus describes the scene presented by one of these great heathen feasts: "A few weeks ago it was announced in the daily papers that the Indians were about to give a great potlatch, when so many thousands of blankets would be distributed, so many tons of flour, sugar, pilot-bread, and other things be given to feast upon; and a general good time was anticipated. On landing at the village, we found some twelve hundred Indians congregated from a radius of a hundred miles or more. Their tents were made, some of white cotton, some of cedar bark, and some of cedar slabs. Into these places the hordes were huddled until there was scarcely room to step. The scene was disgusting in the extreme. Under cover of darkness this seething mass put on another aspect. Morality among the Indians themselves, under these circumstances, is at a very low ebb; but when a score of white men come in with a few gallons of fire water, and spend the night with the Indians, the scenes become indescribable. Men and women in their drunkenness actually tear the clothes off each other, and wallow about in reeking filth. The picture is more like hell upon earth than anything of which we ever heard."

Not only does the potlatch swallow up the sustenance of an entire community, but the community itself. It consumes five clear months out of every twelve in simply gorging, sleeping and dancing; the most that any of its votaries can earn is all too little for it; the money that ought to be spent upon the necessities of life is mostly squandered on this idol, which is *fêted* and glutted to its heart's content, while the poor, the aged, the feeble and

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

the sick lie in poverty, filth and rags, dying in many cases for want of a little nourishment.

It is a pitiable sight to behold sick folk, invalids, delicate children and babies travelling to and fro, over fifty miles of waste ice and snow, the thermometer perhaps below zero, to attend a potlatch.

In places where the potlatch has ceased, the morality of the people has risen to a higher standard, and, as a natural result, the people, especially the children, are more numerous and more healthy. On the other hand, in some of the villages, where this fearful vice remains, the few children that may be found are full of disease, and few of them live to grow up; and even if they do, life is a burden to many of them.

There is no doubt that the potlatch is the inciting cause of three-fourths of the immorality that exists among Indian women.

A few years ago a law was passed prohibiting the potlatch. This was as good as winked at by some of the officials. The law remains in the Dominion statutes, but is practically a dead letter. Surely there is some remedy for this crying evil.

SHAMANISM AND ITS EVILS, OR THE MAKING
OF A MEDICINE MAN.

The Making of Medicine Men—Man-Eaters—Dog-Eaters—
Fire-Eaters—The Cruelties of
Witchcraft.

*“The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations
of cruelty.”*

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHAMANISM AND ITS EVILS.

THE various grades of medicine men or conjurers were organized into secret societies, initiation into which was considered an honor, and was solemnized by certain pot-latching ceremonies. The principal degrees of honor were Fire-Eaters, Dog-Eaters and Man-Eaters.

The Man-Eaters were a secret society of medicine men professing to eat human flesh. Sometimes they would exhume a body, tear it limb from limb, and stand before the public gaze professing to devour the flesh. The Man-Eaters, when initiating a doctor, went through a most cruel ceremony. To get power, the candidate for honors would go to the woods and be there for weeks, clothed in a bear skin, professedly fasting and having communion with the spirits. He would then come down through the village, and seizing hold of strong men's arms, tear the flesh off to the bone. It is needless to say that these Man-Eaters were a terror to all the people.

On my second visit to Kitamaat, years ago, several of the young men had been converted and wished to have a teacher come and help them. After many days of evangelistic work among them my party were getting ready to leave when one, Joe, came down to our canoe, and said he wanted to go to Simpson with us.

I said, "No, Joe, you must stay and help the other boys to be Christians and carry on meetings."

Joe said, "I'd like to stay, sir, but the Man-Eater is coming from the mountains and he'll bite me."

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

I said, "Surely not, Joe, surely no *man* will bite you."

He rolled up his old shirt sleeve and said, "Look here, sir; here is where I have been bitten many times," and to our surprise we saw that his arm was all deformed by old scars. I said, "You may go with us, Joe."

The Dog-Eaters, when making a doctor, had a revolting ceremony. After the candidates had fasted for some time, they would crawl forth, passing through the village, each with a live dog in his hands, some tearing them limb from limb and others eating the quivering flesh. The one who could eat the most live dog was said to be the bravest doctor.

The Fire-Eaters, after preparation by fasting in the woods or mountains, would rush into the houses and upon the roofs, throwing the boards and bark about. They would spread the fire all over the floor, walk in it, and profess to eat it.

The medicine man holds an important place in Indian life. He attains his position and influence through a process of preparation in accordance with long-established custom. From his childhood, the young boy is told by his grandmother, or the old men, that there is an unseen "power" he can get from the spirits, especially if he will get up courage to go to the dead house or graveyard. As the young fellow is aspiring to be a mighty doctor, he will do anything for this "power." There were periods of fasting, the old people tell us, of eight or ten days at a time.

On the night of the ninth day of almost superhuman fasting and prayer for this one thing, "power," the young candidate, nearly overcome by exhaustion, starts out as if he had come from the other world; he believes he is taken possession of by a mighty spirit. "By a power uncontrollable the lithe, young body is thrown about the

SHAMANISM AND ITS EVILS

great room, is doubled and twisted and knotted into a hundred contortions like a fowl deprived of its head. He is thumped against the earthen floor, and again flung high enough to touch the beams, backwards and forwards, into every corner of the house, no one daring to lay a hand on him but keeping as far as possible out of his way. Some one has run out and told that such a one is under the power of the mighty spirits. Crowds come in to see, no one questioning the genuineness of this 'power.' Such sights are not seen at the making of every doctor. The old men say this 'power' is stronger and mightier than their kind. Again, the poor boy springs and strikes a beam; he falls foaming at the mouth. The sight is terrible to behold. At length day dawns, and, as light comes, with his eyes wide open and with a wild expression not his own, he tears off the only little garment he had on him, jumps to his feet, still uncontrolled, springs through the door, and dashes along through the place, men and dogs alike trying to get out of his way."*

When the fast is over and the old doctors or medicine men have gathered in the house, while all the rest of the people are kept outside, the youthful student is told to go to the nearest place for salt water, keeping hid, of course, from any one, and drink; then take a feather and empty his stomach, drink again and again; pray by himself in secret; bathe; and so cleanse himself inside and out. He then takes his place in the feast house; but he must not speak to any one. If he still wishes to be a mighty doctor, he will go to the mountains and fast for a long time, hold communion with the spirits and live with the wild beasts. He must tear and eat their flesh, while it is yet quivering with life, and drink their warm blood to make his strength

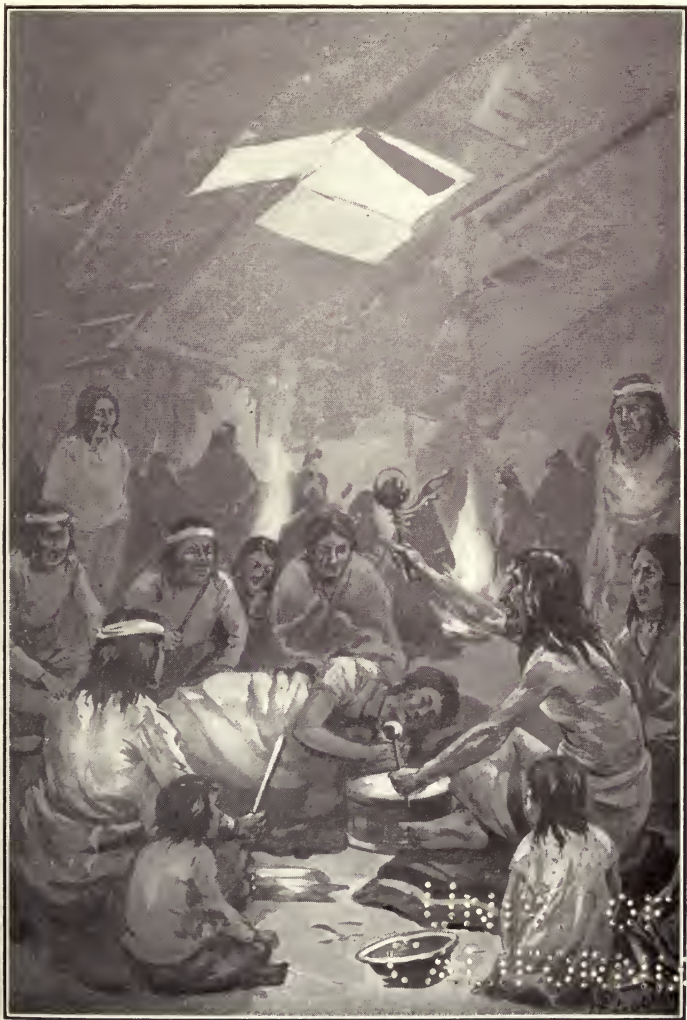
* "Kin-da-shon's Wife," page 124, from which this account is adapted.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

more fierce to do battle with all the spirits. When he comes back, he is to commune with the old men, the conjurers, the witch doctors and the wizards, as well as with all the wise men of the tribe. He must again sit at feasts, but not say anything, and visit the dead houses and sepulchres, so that he may get his power.

Now, in his fast of days, a strong sensation has come over him, such as he has never felt before, a current of superhuman feeling; and he feels alive to superhuman influence. As never before, he is let into all the mysteries by the old conjurers and medicine men. They tell him, if he keeps quiet and fasts, he will get greater "power" than all the rest of them have. His family, the old parents particularly, are willing that he should give his life in attaining it. If he dies, all right; but if he gets the "power" and lives, it will be a great honor to them to have such a mighty medicine man in the family, so no sacrifice is too great to get their son into all such secrets. He will have pre-eminence over other boys who may have put themselves up as candidates, but showed no proficiency, and got no "power."

Demonstrations by the older medicine men are mostly given in the night, or in the twilight when there is just light enough to see. While the old medicine men are carrying on their dark deeds, the young learner is still to keep silent. At one village where I was staying all night, there was a great gathering at a potlatch. They assembled all the old conjurers and doctors together, as a child had died, and they sent out word through the village that they were going to bring it to life. Here was the young aspirant looking on, and supposed to be let into all the secrets. At another place, a Chief was said to have died and was put in his coffin. Paid mourners were all around. All the old medicine men were hard at



A MEDICINE MAN AND HIS PATIENT.

A black and white photograph of a large, dense crowd of people, mostly men, gathered outdoors. They are wearing various styles of clothing, including hats, coats, and suits, typical of the early 20th century. The crowd is packed closely together, filling the frame.

SHAMANISM AND ITS EVILS

work to bring him to life. In their excitement, dancing and rattling around, foaming at the mouth, some of them would fall down and faint away. By and by a groan was heard from the box or coffin, the box burst, the death bands were loosed, and the Chief sat up. This was all a sham or play, as the Chief was not dead, and was put in there to have them go through this play in order to say that the conjurers had brought him to life.

In most cases in later years, the medicine man would have a heavy rope of cedar bark fastened around his waist, and three or four men would take hold of this to hold him back or keep him in check. A man under such "power," with his long hair half way down to his heels, and matted as if it never had a comb through it, presents a grotesque appearance as age comes on.

Such a man will divine or tell fortunes, or, in case of a sudden death, be called upon to tell who had bewitched the departed one. He comes, at such times, with his rattle and drum, and a few red-looking lines, made of cedar or alder bark, around his neck and waist. The friends of the dead or dying man all crowd around, rattling on boards to keep time with his weird songs. In a most demon-like voice he calls out, "I have got him," and perhaps gives the name of the wife, or her slave, or some one in the room, saying, "That is the individual who has bewitched the dead man, hence the death." The name is no sooner mentioned than the friends of the departed rush at the one indicated and tie him up to a stake and in some cruel way torture their victim to death. In the case of a poor girl, she is seized and bound, her feet close together, her hands behind her back. Her garments are then torn from her, while her friends disown her. Her own father, it may be, brings what is called the "devil's club," which grows in the woods and has very sharp thorns. With this

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

he whips the poor girl until her flesh is bleeding, and then spits upon her. Others join in the torture until the victim dies from their treatment. The old conjurer now gets pay for what he has done.

Our Missionary at Bella Coola gives the following account of such a practitioner: "Doctor Jack holds the people in a constant state of superstitious fear. He is believed to be able by a mere word or by charms, to cause the speedy death of any person. A person who is jealous of another pays the great magician (for such in reality he is), procuring his services to effect the permanent removal of the object of his hatred.

"Again, this man, who 'gives out that he is some great one,' is supposed to cure all manner of ailments of body and mind. He enters the house of his patient, clad in a long shirt, a dirty blanket, and a broad band made of the inner bark of the cedar. He sings in a quivering voice a weird song, while the beating of a hollow box furnishes his accompaniment. When he thinks he has performed long enough to claim a large fee, he clutches the air as if to catch an object. Then he throws away a stone, a bullet, or a piece of bone. This, he assures them, he has extracted from the sick person's body, and that this is what has caused the illness.

"His deceptions are so well carried out that not one in fifty suspects that he and his friends have been duped."

“THE GLAD TIDINGS.”

From Canoe to Mission Ship—The Means Provided—William
Oliver—The Launch—A Page from the Log—
Work Commenced—Accidents.

“ Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

“THE GLAD TIDINGS.”

WE had travelled for about twenty years by canoe, twelve in the south and about eight on the north Coast. We had been exposed in all kinds of weather and on all kinds of seas. Our Christian Indians had usually volunteered their aid and by canoe taken us thousands of miles.

It was not until the Rev. A. E. Russ, M.A., then of Victoria, came to visit our Northern District and to take a trip with me among the Indians, that attention was especially drawn to the particular difficulties and dangers of our journeys in open canoe. During our trip, on the way to the Naas, we had to sleep out all night, after our canoe had been partly upset and all our goods and chattels wet.

During the night there fell three or four inches of very soft snow. In the morning our feet, which were outside of the fly or tent, were covered with snow. Mr. Russ cried out, “Crosby, you must have a steam-boat; you will ruin your health and shorten your days in this kind of weather with this kind of conveyance.” This was the first suggestion we had of a Mission steamer. It seemed like a prophetic utterance.

About this time a subscription of five dollars was sent to the Mission Rooms from one of the Eastern Conferences for a Mission boat on the North Pacific.

In 1882, while visiting Ontario, Brother Russ and I were a deputation to Missionary meetings in London, Ontario. At the tea-table of a friend, Mr. Russ, in relating some of the incidents of the trip we had taken together,

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

suggested that the Missionary should have a steam-boat. The good lady of the house said she would give a donation for such a boat; her husband also promised a liberal subscription. The need of a Mission boat was mentioned at our meetings that and the following night. Next day, in the city of London, over six hundred dollars was subscribed. Thus, without our pushing it, assured that if God wanted a boat for the work He would have one, was started a matter that roused the whole Church from one end of the Dominion to the other. We moved slowly for a year or more, and prayer was offered continually that God would direct us in this most important project. God was in it; for there came donations from all parts from the little child's one cent to the one hundred dollar subscription.

As the money had accumulated in the bank until now there were several thousand dollars, I, as Chairman of the Simpson District, thought it time to be looking for a suitable boat. Speaking one evening in the Methodist Church at New Westminster, B.C., I told the people that God had given us money, and now we were about to see if we could find a suitable boat; that I was going to Puget Sound to see if I could buy one there; and failing that, we would have to build.

The day after I left for the Sound, a Scotchman named William Oliver came to the parsonage, and said to the Rev. Ebenezer Robson, then stationed in New Westminster, "Does that man who was speaking last night want to build a steam-boat? If he does, I should like to build her for him." He had been a ship carpenter for many years and had just been converted through the instrumentality of Mr. Robson. Having been lifted from the lowest depths of sin, his heart was overflowing with gratitude to God and he was anxious to give expression to it.

“THE GLAD TIDINGS”

“The Lord has done so much for me,” he said to Mr. Robson, “that I should like to build that boat for His work.”

On my return to Victoria from Puget Sound, without having found a suitable boat, word reached me about Oliver’s offer. I got out a model of the boat we thought we needed and sent it to Westminster. Brother Robson, one of the warmest friends of Missions in British Columbia, and the initiator of many a new project, took a lively interest in the matter, and William Oliver was given the desire of his heart—the responsibility of building our first Mission ship. He secured another good workman to assist him and they proceeded to build the little steam-vessel which was afterwards named *The Glad Tidings*. The model and construction reflected great credit upon the builders.

Later Mr. Robson writes: “Mr. Oliver’s services were the means of a great saving. He worked at less than half of his usual wages. With Captain Crosby, Engineer Oliver, and a native lad as deck-hand and cook, the ship was manned. Oliver was to take care of the vessel.”

The description given in her government certificate is, “A Missionary yacht whereof Thomas Crosby is master.” Her dimensions were as follows: Length over all, 71 feet; width, 14 feet; depth of hold, 8 feet; total tonnage, 40.02; occupied by engine room, 15.87; register tonnage, 27.15. The hull was built of the best Douglas pine for which our Province is famed. The forecastle at the bow had room for two men. Next to this was the freight hold. Amidships was the engine room, containing two capacious coal bunkers; a horizontal boiler, licensed to carry eighty-five pounds of steam; and a set of compound engines with condenser, etc.; all complete and first-class, 323 nominal horse power. The propeller was about five feet in diameter,

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

and well under water. She drew eight feet light. The cabin occupied the stern and was all under the deck. It was lighted by a spacious skylight, and had accommodation for eight.

As soon as her hull was finished, she was launched with appropriate religious services. A bottle of pure water, suspended over the bow by ribbons of white and blue, the color of two temperance societies in the province, was broken against the stem-plate by Miss Sophie J. White, M.E.L., as she pronounced the name, *Glad Tidings*.

Miss White was the daughter of the Rev. E. White, one of the first four Missionaries who came to British Columbia, and the man, above all others, who influenced the writer to come to this country as a Missionary to the Indians and who did more to encourage and help him than any other man.

After the masts were stepped in and the rigging bent on, the ship was taken from New Westminster to Victoria, where, from the work-shops of Messrs. Gowen & Son, she received her boilers and engines, which were said to be the best ever built in the country up to that time.

As we lay at the wharf in November, 1884, waiting for the finishing touches to be put on the engines of the new boat, and Oliver and I were busy getting our outfit and all in ship shape for our first trip north, we were visited on board by that great man, Joseph Cook, from the city of Boston, and some other friends. Mr. Cook had given three of his famous lectures in the city of Victoria, namely, "Fallacy of Unbelief," "God in Natural Law," and "Does Death End All?" Accompanying Mr. Cook were N. Shakespeare, M.P.; the Rev. W. W. Percival, Methodist minister; the Rev. Donald Fraser, Presbyterian minister; and some ladies.

The following is a leaf from the log of *The Glad Tid-*

“THE GLAD TIDINGS”

ings, giving a list of the visitors and travellers and their autographs:

“Health, Peace, Perfection.

“JOSEPH COOK.

“November 20th, 1884, at the wharf at Victoria.”

“May *The Glad Tidings* never go to sea without the presence of the great Captain on board.

“W. W. PERCIVAL.”

“The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

“DONALD FRASER.”

“Success to the Gospel ship.

“NOAH SHAKESPEARE.”

Mrs. Cook suggested that we should sing “Rock of Ages.” After this was sung heartily by all present, Mr. Cook offered prayer for the success of the boat, for God’s blessing upon the Missionaries and Missions, and for the whole Church. The Spirit of God seemed to rest upon all.

On November 29th, 1884, she started on her trip north, calling at Nanaimo. Here she was heartily welcomed by several of the old friends of the Missionary, including the minister in charge, the mayor of the city, the member of the Local Legislature, and the recording steward of the Circuit. To show their kind thoughtfulness, the two coal-mining companies, in addition to their subscriptions, gave eleven tons of coal as a starter for the Gospel ship.

The Rev. E. Robson, then stationed at Nanaimo, says: “We held a Godspeed meeting in our Church, when many earnest prayers were offered for *The Glad Tidings* and the noble band of Missionaries. On the morning of the twenty-fourth anniversary of the organization of our first

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

native congregation in British Columbia, several of us went on board with Brother Crosby, sang 'Precious Name,' and then commended the good steamer, her heroic commander, and all on board to the strong protection and tender care of Him, 'Who rides upon the stormy skies and calms the roaring seas.' "

Our first trip was successful, although the weather was stormy, as is usual at that season of the year.

With such help as *The Glad Tidings* gave, and such a force of workers, our Missionary work was destined to march on apace. The little ship was a great saving of time in getting around that very large District, six hundred miles long, which, including the numerous islands and the inlets, multiplied into six thousand. Here were found in the native villages the majority of the thirty thousand Indians of British Columbia.

In 1887, on our way to Conference during very stormy weather, some of the tubes of our boiler gave out. This caused us great delay, as we had to stop again and again to put in new tubes or plug up defective ones. So late for Conference were we that our friends, both in the Province and in the East, became alarmed for our safety. The General Secretary in Toronto wrote: "Much anxiety was caused by a despatch from Victoria, B.C., published in several papers, to the effect that the Mission steam-yacht, *The Glad Tidings*, was nearly a week overdue, and it was feared she was lost. A private telegram to the General Secretary conveys the gratifying intelligence that the vessel arrived safely at Victoria during Conference, after a stormy passage."

For years she not only carried the Missionaries to their work but helped to convey lumber, and thus assisted to build about thirty Churches and Schools and Mission Houses in distant places. She also assisted, by carrying

“THE GLAD TIDINGS”

lumber, in building at least twelve or fourteen villages. On account of the cost at that time, the natives were practically debarred from getting lumber. To take lumber to Queen Charlotte Islands cost fifteen dollars a thousand; but, after *The Glad Tidings* ran, it was carried for four or five dollars. Before her cabins were put on deck, some years later, she more than once carried ten thousand feet of lumber to help build up the Mission on these Islands. Along the Coast, she would carry twelve thousand feet in safety to the different Mission stations.

In November, 1891, while carrying lumber to help build Churches on the Queen Charlotte Islands, she met with her first serious accident. We quote from *The Missionary Outlook*:

“The following letter from the Rev. Thomas Crosby, under date of Feb. 13th, 1892, gives some details of an accident which befell *The Glad Tidings* during a heavy gale in November last:

“‘*The Glad Tidings* has come to us again from Hartley Bay, where she was detained all winter by a serious accident she met with in November last. She was ready to start for Queen Charlotte Islands with a load of lumber and a teacher for Clue. While at anchor, a gale came up and blew so strong that, although two anchors were down and steam up, she drifted ashore; one anchor was lost, and the other dragged. She struck a rock and broke a hole in her side. Just then the wind calmed down, and Mr. Oliver, having cut her anchor chain, steamed out again, although she was filling with water, and ran her ashore on the beach in a safer bay. The same night the wind came up again as bad as ever, and there she lay on the shore, battered and bruised by the high seas, amid pebbles and boulders. If she had not been well built, she must have gone to pieces. As it was, her keel was chafed

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

and bruised and one side of her planking very much injured.

“ ‘ When the weather became calm, Mr. Oliver got the lumber out, hauled her into the little creek, patched her up and ran her to Simpson. She had been full of water, hence the cement covering came off the boiler, the bunkers went down, lockers burst out, doors and skylights were broken, clock and weather glass lost, lamps and dishes destroyed and charts completely ruined.

“ ‘ I think it will take from five to seven hundred dollars to fix her up again. I have already spent a week at Georgetown mills, getting a place prepared for her. She will need a new keel and some planks; and we shall have all the ballast to take out and must put in some new machinery. Indeed, she needs a great deal of fixing up.’ ”

Blocks or ways were provided at Georgetown mills. For weeks we worked away at her in very cold weather, put on a new keel and almost a new bottom, the repairs amounting to over six hundred dollars. By the kindness of our noble Christian friends, the children of the Sabbath Schools and others throughout the Dominion, we had enough to pay the whole bill without a special grant from the Society; and our little ship, free from debt, was floated again on her mission of mercy and love to all the tribes along the Coast.

During the summer of 1892, by the recommendation of the British Columbia Conference, a new boiler was put in our little ship and she was also fitted up with new sails. Our friends, as usual, came to our help; donations were sent in; and, by the aid of the General Society, cabins were built on deck. *The Glad Tidings* was now more commodious and healthy for the Missionary in his long journeys, as he was suffering from asthma, supposed to have been contracted by sleeping in the close cabin below decks.



THE GLAD TIDINGS
Our first Mission Boat on the Pacific coast.



THE "THOMAS CROSBY"
Of the Waterways Mission, British Columbia.



“THE GLAD TIDINGS”

and by often having to get up at midnight in a storm to heave anchor or give her more chain.

More than once we felt she was a child of Providence. When out in gales, or when she dragged anchor, or when the anchor chain broke, still our Father was at the helm and all was well. We believe in the maxim, “Trust in Providence but keep your powder dry,” and we always tried to keep ropes and blocks, engines and boilers, and in fact everything in good shape, and then trusted in Providence.

“Clouds may lighten, lips may whiten,
Praying looks be dark with dread;
Sails may shiver, true hearts quiver
At death going overhead;
Yet, though winds and waters wrestle,
Masts may spring and bulwarks dip,
Safely rides the struggling vessel
While the Saviour's in the ship.”



“THE GLAD TIDINGS” AT WORK.

**The West Coast of Vancouver Island—Business Principles—
Rev. C. M. Tate in Charge—Rev. B. C. Freeman’s
Voyage—A Poetic Tribute—The
Revival of 1893.**

“ The Gospel Ship is onward sailing.”

CHAPTER XXV.

“THE GLAD TIDINGS” AT WORK.

THE Mission ship went on with her noble work of carrying light to the people who sat in darkness, visiting native villages and logging, mining and fishing camps, both on the mainland and all around the west coast of Vancouver Island. On our first trip on the West Coast, we translated into the native language the little hymn, “Come to Jesus,” and the people sang it with great delight as we spent day after day among them. As we moved from tribe to tribe, hundreds for the first time began to lisp the Saviour’s name. In all our trips after that one, the boat was called the “Come-to-Jesus steam-boat” by those poor people on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

There were many interesting and amusing incidents which occurred in connection with the little craft in her Christianizing and civilizing work. A waggish fellow at one of the ports where we used to call, cried out, “Good morning, Captain Crosby. I am told there are always two things, sure, on *The Glad Tidings*. I said, “What are they?” “Porridge and prayers,” he replied. True, we did not have many dainties, as, on most occasions, we had to do our own cooking in order to keep down expenses. At one time in building a small church at the canneries, at the mouth of the Skeena, we had struggled and worked hard all the forenoon in the rain, mud and storm, getting the foundation laid upon the hillside, while the little ship was at anchor in the bay. We got the foundation in its

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

place about eleven a.m., when friend Oliver, putting his hands on his breast, said, "Oh, I do believe there is nothing left but the prayers."

There were some people always in trouble about us, and afraid that we would run without being inspected properly. This matter, however, was always strictly attended to at the proper time. It was once reported that we were running with a wooden cylinder-head; and some one said, "Crosby is foolhardy and does not know or see danger." We always assured our kind friends that we had no more desire to die before our time than they had.

For two years, as the Chairman of the District, I was appointed to "The Glad Tidings Mission," as the boat and its work was called, and given a roving commission as Superintendent on all the Coast. It was during this time that the boat did most successful work; and Missions went on apace on that Coast. She was employed conveying evangelistic workers, building Churches, and carrying lumber to help build and improve villages. We travelled altogether as much as nine thousand miles each year.

Not only was every tribe on the Coast visited, but also many a logging, mining or fishing camp. Usually the men seemed glad to meet us, and listened to the Word, as these camps were in some cases far up the Coast, and were seldom reached by any other means. Not only did they receive us kindly and listen to the Gospel proclaimed in the bunk-room, but were always glad to receive the papers and magazines that we brought. Sometimes they gave a collection towards the expenses of the boat. Had our Mission ship been kept going in this relation, she might long ere this have been instrumental in evangelizing every tribe of Indians on that wonderful Coast; and the Bread of Life might have been given to every camp of miners and loggers within reach of tide water, between

“THE GLAD TIDINGS” AT WORK

Puget Sound and Alaska. However, for want of men and money I had to go back and take again the Port Simpson Mission.

It was our custom, on all occasions, in order to keep down expenses, to pay our own board on the boat, after working our passage. Some were not pleased with this arrangement, and would have liked to have the boat carry them and board them as well. While we were on our journeys, as often as possible, we took freight for the Missions, Schools and Missionaries. By this means and by taking an occasional tow and by other work, the little boat earned nearly half of her running expenses. I always maintained that the boat must be run on business principles. We were careful, as far as possible, to keep all her bills paid up.

When I, as Chairman, had to return to take care of the Simpson Mission, it was thought to be too much for me to run the boat, manage the District, and attend to such a large Mission. The boat by this time had been deeded over to the Church. The Conference arranged that the Rev. C. M. Tate, living in Victoria, should take charge of her and run her along the Coast and round the west coast of Vancouver Island, and that I, as Chairman, should have her once a year to visit the Simpson District.

This plan did not work long, and *The Glad Tidings* was sent back to the care of her old Captain. Afterwards, under the Chairman of the District, she was used for a time by the Rev. W. H. Pierce in travelling up and down the Coast with an evangelistic party, Mr. Oliver acting as Captain. Good work was done, and the poor people on the west coast of Vancouver Island as well as in other places received visits and were helped towards the Light.

The Rev. B. C. Freeman, Missionary at Skidegate, Q.C.I., also made a good trip down the Coast and round

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Vancouver Island. We here give some extracts from a report of his trip: "As our people were nearly all away at the fishing at Skeena River, I volunteered to my Chairman, the Rev. T. Crosby, under whose charge the boat is, for evangelistic work on *The Glad Tidings*. By Saturday, June 22nd, we were ready to start. Sunday was spent on the Skeena, where the Indians congregate for salmon fishing from many miles up the Coast and from far in the Interior. At Port Essington, the Rev. G. H. Raley and wife came aboard for their Mission at Kitamaat, and the Rev. Thomas Neville for Rivers Inlet.

"We spent a week or more on the Upper Coast. On Monday, July 1st, Miss Shellvey, teacher of the Mission School at Bella Bella, came on board from Warnock for Victoria. We had a good run across Queen Charlotte Sound, taking in tow two fishing boats, which were delayed by a light south-east wind.

"We dropped anchor off Nahwittie village, about two p.m., and went on shore immediately. Here I had my first experience with undaunted heathenism. The people crowded outside through curiosity, and it was a motley crowd, in paint, blankets and filth, that collected on one of the little platforms such as they erected in front of their dwellings, on which to sun themselves. Then began a struggle for their attention. Our singing pleased them; but, when I began to speak to them they interrupted me with 'Stop talking and sing! The singing is good. Hi! Hi!' So, we must sing again, and promise them more if they would listen a little. Finally we offered a prayer, and promised to return in the evening.

"Near sunset we went on shore again, taking with us, from one of the fishing boats, a man with a cornet. The cornet gathered the people, and this time they gave us better attention. I spoke and sang and besought until

my throat was completely played out. It was affecting to see them squatted about, some of them moved to tears, but none daring to take the radical step. When I asked them why they would not turn to the Lord, one man with not a handsome face, covered with brown and red paint, with tears in his eyes, said, ‘We do not know how.’ Again, I did my best to make the way plain. Many seemed deeply convicted, but more can scarcely be hoped for, until a teacher can be sent to them. The Chief of the tribe, Ya-koot-las, a young man of rather prepossessing appearance and address, assured me of the earnest desire of his people for a teacher.

“I have detailed our experience here at considerable length, as we found similar conditions almost constantly at the heathen villages at which we called throughout the remainder of the trip.

“Our next call was at Fort Rupert, another village of the same tribe. The fifty people at home gathered readily at the call for service. Afterwards, a Chieftess stood up, thanking us for our interest in them, and expressing their desire for a resident teacher, that their children might not remain in darkness.

“Pursuing our course down the east side of Vancouver Island towards Victoria, we called at Salmon River, visited another Indian camp, and in the evening reached a lumber camp in time for service with the forty-five hands employed. Thursday evening we made Cape Mudge; and were warmly welcomed by Brother and Sister Walker, who have charge of the Mission here. On Friday we had hoped to reach Nanaimo, but a heavy wind from the south-east compelled us to seek shelter in False Bay, where we did a little work among the ranchmen that afternoon. Next morning we ran to Nanaimo and took on coal. On Sunday morning I had service in an Indian village just outside

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

the town limits; next, among the drunken sailors on board a big collier ship, the *Rufus Wood*, and then went to my appointment at the Indian Mission, which is under Brother Cairns' charge. We steamed to Victoria on Monday, where we were delayed nearly two weeks, caulking decks, repairing machinery, and taking on freight, before we were ready to proceed to the west coast.

"It was the morning of Friday, July 19th, when we finally cleared from Victoria, taking with us the Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Tate for Nitinat Mission. Next morning we ran across the Strait to Cla-oose, a village of the Nitinat tribe, then under the superintendency of Rev. Mr. Tate."

On Mr. Freeman's trip, continued up the west coast of Vancouver Island, he visited Dodger's Cove; the Oiat villages; Ucluelet; Clayoquot Sound; two villages of the Kelsemaht tribes; a A-houssat village, where the Presbyterian Church has now a successful Mission; Nootka; A-hatchat; Ky-u-quot; the Koskimos; and, rounding Cape Scott, went back to Nahwittie, and then on to Simpson—a total run of one thousand eight hundred miles—preaching the Gospel everywhere, and being everywhere welcomed.

The Rev. James Calvert, who was for a time in our Indian work, and a great friend of our Waterways Mission work, contributes the following stanzas:

She's only a tiny vessel,
Only a modest yacht,
And, when upon the billows,
She seems nothing but a spot;

Yet she takes the Indian tidings
Of salvation, full and free;
And he loves her for the message
That gives him liberty.

“THE GLAD TIDINGS” AT WORK

And when, bowed in sweet devotion,
He calls upon his God,
One prayer goes up for the tiny craft
Upon the ocean broad.

God bless the sailing preachers,
God bless the gallant crew;
And may they, like their noble yacht,
Be staunch and trim and true.

We have often had most glorious and never-to-be-forgotten seasons of grace on board *The Glad Tidings*, at family worship and at other times. When making evangelistic trips, we have had as many as twenty-five or thirty Christian Indians on board, and in the services there was so much of the power of the Spirit that we had a real shout of “A King in the camp,” and souls were saved.

Here we give an account of one of those trips, reported in the *Onward*, February, 1893:

“*Dear Dr. Withrow*,—Other duties have prevented, or your readers should have heard from me before this as to the revival that so stirred our people, the visits we made last winter to other tribes, and the blessings that followed us wherever we went. After our return from Naas, as I told in my former letter, a band of fervent workers joined me and we set off for a trip south. This was in the latter part of January. Our first stopping place was at Inverness, where we had a good service ashore with the few people we found there. Next morning, after taking on a good supply of wood, we went up the Skeena River to Essington, where we arrived shortly before noon. Here we had a two hours’ service of song, testimony and consecration. Brother Jennings and two of his men joined us and we left at two p.m. with the ebb tide. At the mouth of the river we met a strong south-east gale and, though under full steam, we began to drift; we had to run for shelter to a harbor where we anchored for the night. We took on a supply of water and then gathered in the little

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

cabin for prayer and thanksgiving for such a safe retreat. All through the journey, as many as were not actually engaged in the work of the ship spent the time in prayer and praise and Bible reading.

"Next morning, long before day, we were up and off, and soon met some Indians in canoes. We took them on board and had service with them. That night brought us to Hartley Bay, where Brother George Edgar is in charge. The wind was still high and the glass going down. We remembered that it was here our little ship was driven ashore several years ago, so, after landing Brother Jennings and the rest at the village to go on with the services, James, our seaman, Fred, the engineer, and I took the boat to a more sheltered anchorage some three miles away. The gale continued; but, through it all, a large canoe came the next day to take me to the village and James and Fred were left with the boat.

"That night was a time never-to-be-forgotten. The power of God came down and many souls were saved. I explained to the people that we were on an evangelistic tour and they might help us, if they wished, with wood, food, etc. At the seven o'clock prayer meeting next morning, they came with their offerings of fish, grease and seaweed; some money was collected and wood promised.

"At ten a.m. the boat came round and we all embarked, Brother Robinson and three others coming with us. We made up the river forty miles to Kitamaat, where we anchored just after dark. As the anchor went down, the Church bell began to ring. Soon we were ashore and went singing through the streets to the Church. This is a village of some three hundred people. We had brought with us Miss Shellvey, a teacher for the School, who was heartily welcomed, especially by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, the Missionaries. Our first service was a time of blessed consecration. This was Friday evening, and we remained here over Sunday.

"After our early prayer meeting Saturday morning, a log was given us, which we cut up and put on board for fuel, also a good supply of water for the boiler. In the evening one of our native brethren preached. Sunday was filled with services, of which the people never seemed to

"THE GLAD TIDINGS" AT WORK

tire, and house-to-house visitation. In the evening every one in the house came to seek the Lord. It is safe to say fifty were blessed. Some children and adults were baptized.

"Monday morning we were off at 8.30. A large canoe came in tow with us. This contained about twenty Kitamaats, who wished to visit their friends encamped on the shores, hunting, fishing and logging. We had service on board during the morning and about noon reached the first camp where we had service ashore lasting about two hours. Five souls professed conversion. We married a couple and then were off again. Before dark we came to another large camp, where we anchored and went ashore at once for a meeting. Later we held a second service, when the people crowded into the largest house in the camp. Six souls took a fresh start for the Kingdom. Here we had to part with our Kitamaat friends who wished to visit other camps off our route.

"Next morning we were off at 6.30. The weather had now changed; it was clear, with a north wind, which was in our favor, and we made good time. We called at two logging camps on our way and souls were blessed at each place.

"That night brought us to China Hat, where we had a blessed service with Brother Gibson, the teacher, and the few people whom we found at home. Some old men professed to find Jesus. In the morning we had an early prayer meeting, got some food from the people and said good-bye. It was growing very cold, and the wind and sea were so high, that it was all the little ship could do to weather it as we rounded one point, but Fred kept on good steam and the pilot was at the helm, while the rest were holding a prayer meeting in the cabin. Soon we were in calm water again and, with our colors flying to the cold, north wind, we reached Bella Bella. As we came round to the wharf singing, 'Whosoever heareth,' many of the people stood ready to receive and to welcome us. Brother Hopkins, we found, had gone away to visit a place sixty miles distant but returned next day as they could make no headway against the strong wind. It was fortunate he did so as the gale increased and the cold was intense.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

"We were kept at Bella Bella five days by the storm, and had to give up our intention of visiting Bella Coola, Rivers Inlet, and the people farther south. Our stay was most blessed and good work was done. One poor, sick woman told us she had long been troubled in her mind and all she could do was to cry about her sins; but, as she lay on her bed and heard the people singing, light and joy came into her poor heart. Oh, how happy she was! Some days later she passed away.

"Tuesday it was thought best to start for home as the weather was so unfavorable. After getting some donations of food, we set out at 10 a.m., the Bella Bellas joining us in singing, 'God be with you till we meet again.' In the afternoon we reached China Hat, where we expected to get a supply of wood; but we found the bay frozen over with no chance to anchor and so went on. We passed a logging camp, where we called the men out with the whistle, and had service with them on board. Then against a strong head wind we made Swanson Bay at 9.30 p. m.

"Next morning we were off about eight o'clock, but the wind blew so fiercely that we made little headway for several hours. At a camp near Work Island, we took on board Chief Morrison of Kitamaat who was sick and wished to come to Port Simpson to Dr. Bolton for treatment. We also got a supply of venison. In the afternoon of this day we had to cross Wright's Sound, at the mouth of Douglas Channel, where it blew a terrible gale with a very high sea. However, the little ship did well, although every wave that struck her covered her with ice. We reached Hartley Bay that night, where we took on wood. We rejoiced to find the good work still going on; some of the most hardened had been converted. Some old people were married and baptized.

"Next day we were off early. Prayer and Bible Class took up most of the day. At four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Standard Cannery at the mouth of the Skeena where Brother Jennings, who had been a great help to us in the Bible services on the trip, left us, as the river was so blocked with ice we could not go up to Essington, his Mission. Finding no convenient stopping-place for the night, we pushed on; and about three o'clock Thursday

“THE GLAD TIDINGS” AT WORK

morning reached our own beautiful Simpson harbor, where there was no vestige of ice notwithstanding the intense cold. Roused by our singing, several of the villagers joined us and we came singing up to the Mission House, where a short service of thanksgiving was held.

“We have lately had *The Glad Tidings* put in order, and made a trip to Queen Charlotte Islands. We expect in a few days to start south to visit the Missions and some heathen places. May the blessed revival power spread! Some of our friends have sent on donations to help carry on this work. Oh, that we were able to reach every tribe!

“Yours truly,

“T. CROSBY.”

Sometimes when we met canoes full of people, we invited them aboard, banked our fires, and let the boat drift on the route they were going while we had a service with preaching, prayer and testimony until the whole company had come over to the Lord's side. Our cook then gave them coffee and biscuits, after which they boarded their canoe and went on their way singing and rejoicing. By this time steam was up, the boat was headed round and on we went looking for the next chance to “catch men.”

ON BOARD "THE GLAD TIDINGS."

A Dissatisfied Passenger—Yachting—A Change of Anchorage
—Anchors Lost—A Breakdown—The *Estelle*—Okamoto—Rev. W. H. Pierce in Charge—Delayed on
the Way to Conference—A Stormy Passage
to Cape Mudge—End of the Little
Steamship's Useful Career—William Oliver's Sacrifices for
the Cause.

“How can they hear without a preacher?”

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON BOARD "THE GLAD TIDINGS."

SOMETIMES men would take advantage of *The Glad Tidings* to try to save a penny. On one occasion a tender-foot preacher, just out from the East to the woolly West, wished to save his fare from the seat of Conference at Victoria to New Westminster. He asked me if I was going to the Royal City.

Said I, "I am booked for there on Sunday night next."

"Well," said he, "may I go with you?" (He would have to pay four dollars on the boat, and supposed he could get over on *The Glad Tidings* free.)

I told him he could go if he wished, but he would have to work his passage, as we carried no deadheads. He said he would be willing to work.

As soon as the little ship was on the way, I got a good, heavy, old axe, and told my brother to throw up some cordwood out of the hold and split it up. At that time our engineer used to think he could make better steam with the wood split up fine. My stout-looking friend stripped off his ministerial garb and started on his job. He stewed and worked at some of those hard, pine knots and almost spoiled his boiled shirt.

We arrived in the embryo city of Vancouver which, about that time, had lost the old historic name "Gastown," named after poor old Gassy Jack, and was known as Granville. As we came up to the town, my friend came to me in the wheel-house.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

"Say," said he, "the town is on the wrong side of the river."

"How do you make that out?" said I.

"Why, I am sure," he said, "New Westminster is on the left side of the river."

Of course my friend had mistaken the Inlet for the Fraser River.

"Well," I said, "this is Granville."

"What! Did you not say you were going to New Westminster?"

"Yes," said I, "that is where I am going; but I did not say the boat was not going to Granville; and, if you wish, you can get to Westminster the same way as I do, by paying the stage fare or walking the nine miles across."

"Ah," said he, "if I had known, I would have paid my fare on the other boat."

Our friend found out that on the Mission ship all hands had to work at something and it was not the best route to take to save money. Others have tried to come with us to save expense and, after a trip, did not want to come again, as they said it was too hard work, hoisting anchor at four in the morning, splitting wood and cooking our own food. By the way, I have seen many a good dish of soup made on *The Glad Tidings*. A pot would be put on and rice and vegetables all boiled together. It was often remarked that soup of that kind would last three or four days by adding a little water to it. There were some who were of the same opinion as the fellow who wrote to a city paper, saying that Crosby and his friends were having a nice time "yachting it" on *The Glad Tidings* at the Missionary Society's expense; but if they had made the trip, I think they would have found by experience, as our brother preacher did, that yachting on *The Glad Tidings* was not all it was reported to be.

ON BOARD "THE GLAD TIDINGS"

From the first, *The Glad Tidings* was a child of Providence. Her very hull was consecrated by prayer and she went forth with Godspeed to evangelize the thousands of Indians on the Coast. Had the Church been alive to her usefulness, she should not have ceased her mission of mercy till every tribe had been uplifted and saved. There have been complaints against the boat, as against all good institutions. Some have said they never saw a soul saved by her, or a village she had helped to lift up and civilize. They were like the old trapper and miner, who said he had never seen a good Indian in the country, although he had been in it for twenty-five years. A Missionary replied that he had never seen any gold nuggets although he had been in the country quite a length of time.

"I guess," said the miner, "you never went where they were, so how could you see them?"

"Quite true," said the Missionary, "I suppose the reason you have never seen any good Indians is because you do not go where they are."

These croakers about the little ship had evidently never gone to see the civilizing and soul-saving work that she was doing. At one time I am told that when on the south coast she took a noted preacher and his wife from Victoria, to visit the salmon canneries on the Fraser River. They had been tossed on the Gulf of Georgia a little while in a blow, and as they got into the calm waters at the mouth of the river, it was suggested they should have morning prayers on deck. While engaged in this solemn duty, the ship ran ashore on a sandbar. The preacher, not yet through his prayer, sprang up and made a bolt to see what was the matter. In telling about this, his wife said, "I never saw my husband quit his prayers so quick in my life."

At the anchorage at Swanson Bay, a nice cove about

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

one hundred and fifty miles south of Simpson, we had anchored one evening in what we thought was about seven fathoms of water, giving the boat about fifteen fathoms of chain so there would be room to swing. We went to bed and slept. When we awoke next morning the boat was around a little point in another bay, anchored in thirteen fathoms of water.

I said, "Oliver, how did you get the boat round here?"

He said, "The Lord brought her around here as we were evidently in the wrong place. This is what is called the North Corner, and by the chart we should have thirteen fathoms of water."

Her anchor had caught at that. It would seem a strange thing that the boat had drifted around there, but the anchorages on that coast are very treacherous. You may put your anchor down seven fathoms and think all is well; but, if the boat swings out with the tide and a little breeze springs up from the land, causing her to pull on the anchor, it may slip off a ledge into deep water and then she is gone. This is likely what happened that night, and the returning tide drifted her into the north cove where the anchor caught. In stormy weather we lost several anchors by having them caught in bad places.

On one trip south, we took Dr. Bolton and others as far as Rivers Inlet. This was the time when, among other things, we had a dish of the celebrated porcupine and salmon soup, made by our professional cook, George Robinson.

It was on this trip south, in 1893, when we reached Seymour Narrows, that our circulating pump completely broke down. We anchored in Plumper Bay, took a small boat and made our way up to what was called McDougall's logging camp, near Otter Cove, a little to the north, to ascertain if there would be any tug boat that way soon.

ON BOARD "THE GLAD TIDINGS"

"Mac," the boss, said he expected the tug-boat, *Estelle*, from Nanaimo in a day or two. After a good visit at the camp we went back to the steamer, spent our time in painting and cleaning up generally, and of course earnestly prayed for some relief to come as we were about ninety miles from Nanaimo and the tides were too strong to try to sail.

The morning the tug finally arrived, our mate, at family prayers, pleaded as only Jimmy Taffendale could. The last sentence in his prayer was, "Now, Lord, please do send us relief to-day." We had hardly got up from our knees when the whistle of the tug-steamer blew and she was alongside of us in a few minutes. Captain Smith of the tug said he expected to have gone south from Nanaimo, and would have been away for four or five days longer; but the wording of the telegram, that they got in Nanaimo the day before, changed his whole course. We had confidence to believe that it was in answer to prayer that the message reached them thus, and brought to our relief the tug a week or more sooner than she might otherwise have come.

He took us in tow, drew us up to his boom of logs and then started with us hitched to the stern of the boom about a quarter of a mile from the tug. He ran on that night through Seymour Narrows and anchored in Duncan Bay, just south of the rapids, where it blew half a gale. Indeed, it blew so hard that in the morning he thought it best to cross the Channel and get into shelter in another small harbor. It was now Friday, and the men commenced to say that we should get into Nanaimo Sunday afternoon, in time to hear a sermon Sunday night.

I said, "That will never do, as our little ship never travels on Sunday, and we must get there before then."

The captain and men said, "That can't be; we have

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

never made it in less time and we have a larger boom of logs than usual this time."

The captain started out on Friday with the tide, crossing from Cape Mudge to the mainland shore along which he ran. In the evening he whistled. I took my small boat and went up alongside of the tug. After a chat, I said, "Now, Captain, give us all the speed you can; get us into Nanaimo before Sunday."

He said they would do the best they could, but didn't see how it could be done. I told him I would go aboard *The Tidings* and pray for him and his men. We kept praying and believing God would give us a good run. The weather was fine, the tide seemed to be in our favor for a large part of the night, and a little breeze came down from the west and helped to push us along. The boom was so lively during part of the night, on account of the breeze and the tide, that we thought the logs would jump out. As we were behind them we could see the motion of them all. We had very little sleep that night but a good deal of prayer. Next morning we found we had made a good run and were now crossing below the south end of Texada Island, with the breeze from the west still helping us. About sundown Captain Smith called me again.

He said, "Now, Mr. Crosby, when we get opposite the mill stream at Nanaimo, I shall toot my whistle twice and you must let go your hold on the raft and drop your small anchor; I will take the boom into the mill and then come and take you alongside the wharf."

They pushed on and about eleven o'clock at night we let go our small anchor. The Captain was soon back and took us alongside the wharf at Nanaimo just before twelve o'clock Saturday night. Praise His dear name!

The next day we had a blessed Sabbath. It was noised

ON BOARD "THE GLAD TIDINGS"

about the city that Crosby and his praying crowd, on board *The Glad Tidings*, had been towed behind a boom of logs, and that, on account of their prayers, the *Estelle* had made the quickest trip on record.

Monday I met Mr. Haslem, M.P.P., proprietor of the tug. He also owned the sawmill at Nanaimo. I asked him what the charges would be and he said, "Oh, nothing. We may have to call on you some day to help us in a fix." We were very sorry to learn some time afterwards that this beautiful steam-tug which had done us such good service went down, with a new Captain and with all on board, near Cape Mudge not far from where she came to our rescue.

Our little ship was used in various ways during my absence inland on the Skeena River. On one occasion, she had been enlisted by the kindness of good Captain Oliver, to help Mr. Duncan, the successful Missionary of Old Metlakatla, who, with his people, on account of his serious trouble with the officials of his Church and the Government, left our shores and moved to Port Chester, Alaska. Oliver made several trips with them, taking as many as sixty loaded canoes in tow at one time. Port Chester, or New Metlakatla, is about sixty miles from their old home.

On one of our trips down the Coast, in 1894, we visited all the villages and had most blessed meetings. At Inverness, Essington, Claxton, Lowe Inlet, Hartley Bay, Kitmaat, Kitlope, China Hat, Bella Bella, Nanaimo, Warnock, and Upper Rivers Inlet we held successive services. Here we met people of ten different tribes, working at the salmon canneries, from places as much as two hundred miles distant on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Brother W. H. Gibson, our lay Missionary, was rejoicing over souls saved.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

A lot of our people from China Hat were at Warnock, a cannery nine miles down the Inlet. Having left *The Tidings* at the head of the Inlet, we arrived at the cannery early on Sabbath morning by canoe. Here we found many of the people in prayer meeting and spent an hour with them, when most of them spoke and prayed. From there they went to an open air service, while I went to the mess-room, where the good lady of the house gave me breakfast.

She said, "This is not the first service those people have had; they were in Church at four o'clock this morning." This was the result of the blessed revival of 1893.

They then went around the place for open air preaching. We had service again at eleven, and then left for the head of the Inlet by canoe. I was told afterwards that the Indians kept up the services very late that night.

At 2.30 p.m. we preached to crowds in the Chief's house at the head of the Inlet. This very house we had seen used for potlatching, dancing and gambling; now the power of God rested on the people as they listened to the Word. We left the after meeting in the hands of Brother Gibson and hurried off to preach to the white people in the Church. The day closed with a blessed meeting on the mill side of the Inlet when we were led to say "What hath God wrought!"

The following Sunday we spent at Cape Mudge, having visited Nahwittie, Fort Rupert and other places. We found the Missionary, Mr. Walker, and his family all well. We had a blessed time with the people, held a nice service in English with the settlers and baptized one child.

Brother Okamoto, a native Japanese Missionary who was travelling with us, visited all the Japanese along the Inlet and held a number of services. Two young Japanese, who accompanied us on the trip, professed conversion

ON BOARD "THE GLAD TIDINGS"

before they left the ship. When we got to Nanaimo, Brother Okamoto and his fellow-countrymen left for Vancouver. A note from him says, "Now a large number of my people are staying in this city, but no workers. The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few. I think the Lord is with me, preaching Himself. I believe that many sinners should be returned to merciful Father, praise the Lord. Hoping you praying for me continually and my people, Amen." That was the last time I met Brother Okamoto. He worked a while in Vancouver and then left for Japan where he died. He was one of the most polite men and one of the most devoted Christians I ever met.

In 1895, Rev. W. H. Pierce was appointed to "The Glad Tidings Mission," under my direction as Chairman of the District, and made several trips. He says, "The scenes witnessed round Cape Scott, Cape Cook and Cape Beale" (on the west coast of Vancouver Island) "were never to be forgotten. The heathen dances, potlatches and debauchery were awful to behold. In some instances nearly the whole village was under the influence of liquor. At the time of my visit, they told us they had paid six dollars a bottle for whisky. The poor creatures know that they are hastening to destruction but are powerless to save themselves and beg to have a Missionary sent to help them out of their terrible condition. At Nootka Sound, a village where we spent Sunday, sixteen men came forward at the close of the evening service and said they were all ready to walk in the New Way if a Missionary could be sent to help them. During the round trip we reached over three thousand heathen Indians and held one hundred and sixteen religious services. Altogether we visited thirty-two villages."

The Glad Tidings travelled about seven thousand miles

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

during the year with Brother Pierce and his evangelistic party.

It was in the following spring that Mission ship, *The Glad Tidings*, started for Conference, leaving some of the Missionaries at Simpson to take the Coast boat. We left on April 30th, and had on board Brothers Jennings, Pierce, Robinson and myself, with two Indians to assist Captain Oliver. Ensign Edgecombe of the Salvation Army also joined us so that we might show him some of the heathen villages of the Coast, maintaining that these offered more suitable openings for Army effort than Port Simpson or any of our Mission stations. This was done because they wished to commence operations at Essington and Port Simpson, which they afterwards did.

We made a good run to Open Bay at the mouth of Rivers Inlet. With a falling glass and a heavy fresh breeze from the south-east, early on Friday morning we started out into Queen Charlotte Sound. We were forced to anchor in Shelter Cove abreast of Egg Island. The weather cleared about noon and the Captain thought we would start; but, as the tide was going down when we hoisted anchor, the keel of the boat caught in a sharp rock. He backed her at full speed but could not get her off. The ocean swell on the rocks soon wore a hole in the side of the keel. When the tide came up, she filled but by means of rope we got her towed into a little bay, and rowed ten miles for materials for repairs. We got her ashore; and, when the tide went down we patched her with strips of blankets, using some boards which we got from our table and bunks. This accident caused a delay of four days.

During that time, in the middle of our first night ashore, an incident occurred which caused no little excitement in camp. Our Salvation Army brother evidently

ON BOARD "THE GLAD TIDINGS"

could not stand fire, for a scream which wakened everyone told that he had got his toes too near the fire and burnt them. When we looked out, there was the brother running back to the woods and some of the other boys crying, "Fire! Fire!"

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas from Bella Coola were also with us. Mrs. Nicholas proved to be a real good Samaritan to the party for any time, night or day, when we were at work, often wet up to our knees, she would be there with a good drink of coffee for all hands.

Meanwhile the *Barbara Boscowitz*, a Coast boat, had gone south. She arrived in Victoria Tuesday evening after some rough weather. Now arose a rumor that the little Mission ship with all on board was lost, as there were no tidings of her. We were sorry to find that this report had been wired to the East, causing a sorrowful excitement among all our dear friends in that part of the country. The excitement can be understood from the telegraphic despatch by Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, inquiring from the Rev. S. Cleaver of Victoria as to the truth of the report. He received the following answer, "Urge the Dominion Government to send a search party for *The Glad Tidings*; nine Missionaries; Government steamer, *Quadra*, not available; steamer must be chartered." Dr. Sutherland telegraphed to Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Premier of Canada, as follows: "*Glad Tidings* left Port Simpson for Victoria, B.C., with nine Missionaries aboard ten days ago and has not been heard of since." We were sorry to know that so many of our friends had been caused pain and sorrow by this delay.

When we got down the Coast, some of us who took the steamer *Danube*, a coaster, met the steamer *Maude*, which Captain Irving had kindly sent out with a search party, in the Gulf north of Nanaimo, or about ninety miles from Victoria.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

The Glad Tidings was taken down, new plank put into her, and other repairs made. In about twelve years the good little ship ran on her missionary work 78,041 miles. She was never insured. In the fall of 1897 we had her placed on the ways, a new keel, rudder and stem-post put on and a lot of new planking done. She was newly calked and painted, the shaft taken up and lined, and everything put in good running order. On her next trip to the north she made as good time as she had ever done. Her builder, who saw her timbers when the plank was off, said that they were all as sound as ever; hence the little craft might be said to be in almost as good shape as ever and ready for all work.

On one occasion we left Departure Bay, bound for the north, having taken aboard ten tons of coal and some twenty tons of freight. This made a pretty solid ballast for the little ship. I was left with two Japanese as deckhands, one of whom could speak a little English and the other none. Captain Oliver had left us at Nanaimo as he wished to make a trip to Clue, Q.C.I.

We had no sooner got out of the Bay than we put up sail, as there was a light south-east breeze blowing. This was a fair wind and we made straight for Cape Mudge. The weather to the south-east looked threatening, and the glass was going down which indicated wind. By the time we got our coal in the bunkers and trimmed, the wind had fanned up to a good, stiff breeze. Our mainsail lay square over, and had to be braced back to save her from jibing as we had taken in the foresail. The jib kept well filled and this, with good steam, rushed us along at a fine rate. We must have made between nine and ten knots. Indeed, before we got our coal all trimmed, we had to put some down between decks, as it did not seem wise to leave much of anything on deck. The boat was now

dancing on the waves, as she often did in a lively sea; but as ropes and blocks, rudder bands and sails were all strong and good, and engines and boiler were in perfect trim, we felt perfectly safe in the hands of our loving Father. We soon passed "The Sisters," which is said to be half way; and it did not seem to be long till we were off Comox and on towards the Cape.

By this time the breeze was a good stiff one. I kept the wheel, while our English-speaking Japanese, who said he was an old sailor, was getting used to things and under direction making everything on deck fairly secure. The other poor boy was pale and seemed almost helpless.

On we sped at a furious rate until we came to within about ten miles of the Cape, where the tides meet from north and south. We now lost our fair tide, which had helped to keep the sea comparatively smooth; and, with the tide rips, we were facing seas almost mountains high. Things seemed to be going all right when, in a moment, our small boat got loose from the davits. Our sailor Japanese got round to it as quickly as possible. I had to leave the wheel in charge of the seasick boy while the sailor and I, just in the nick of time, got a rope round our boat, had her over the wheelhouse and lashed to the rail on the other side of the ship. The waves were now washing the decks; had one of them caught the boat another swing would have taken her overboard, davits and all. I was back to the wheel again in a moment.

The way the mountain waves rolled over us beggars description. We literally had to go through or under them. We reefed our jib but kept our mainsail as full as we could for I knew that with such a heavy tide running against us we needed all the power of steam and sail we could get. We bore well in under the Cape so as to keep out of the tide and worked our way around until we

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

got inside. No mortal men were ever more pleased to get into smooth water. It was just about dark, and a heavy rain pelted down on us. We made our way around into Quathiaski Cove where we found the steamer *Boscowitz* anchored. The crew hailed us to know where we had come from. When we told them we had come from Nanaimo, they said, "Can it be possible?" They had tried to get out three times but failed as the wind was so heavy.

It was just to the south of Cape Mudge that the staunch little steam-tug *Standard* went down. She was on her way north to the Skeena River cannery, laden with freight. Only one man, Murray, was saved, by clinging to a door which had broken adrift from the sinking ship. He was found in an exhausted condition on the beach next morning. This was about 1892.

It was in crossing these waters near the Cape that the fine, staunch, little tug-boat, *Estelle*, which came to our help at Seymour Narrows and towed us to Nanaimo, was lost. Poor McDougall, at whose logging camp I had preached some time before, was one of the missing ones.

This spot, Cape Mudge, was not only noted for its stormy water, but for its fierce and bloodthirsty men. The Cape Mudge, or Yuk-wil-toe, people lived there. The people of the whole northern Coast, after they got through Yuk-wil-toe Narrows or past Cape Mudge, felt themselves comparatively safe as they had passed what they called the "death-hole."

It was near Cape Mudge in 1861 that a number of Hydats, followed by the gunboat *Forward*, turned to fight the gun vessel. The Yuk-wil-toes joined the Hydats, not for any love they had for them, but perhaps because they thought there would be some booty. However, a few shells, belched out from the war vessel among their canoes

ON BOARD "THE GLAD TIDINGS"

and into their camp, made them ready to hoist the white flag and glad to stop fighting.

In the spring of 1906, Rev. B. C. Freeman, then stationed at Port Simpson, wrote: "The Mission yacht, *The Glad Tidings*, launched in 1884, was finally abandoned as a wreck three years ago in Shusharty Bay, where, little more than a year ago, I saw her hull lying rotting on the beach. My eyes swam as I thought of all that she had been to the work which is dear to us; of how many times she had gone up and down that coast carrying hope and cheer and news from the outside world to workers on isolated Missions; of how we had felt in the early years of our work at Skidegate, when, after months of lonely and disheartening effort, we heard the Indians wildly shouting 'Steamboat!' and, best of all, when *The Glad Tidings* loomed around the point and noiselessly dropped her anchor in the Bay. Here at last had come sympathy and help, brotherly hand grasps and warm hearts.

"What light and life literally she had carried to the benighted towns and villages! How often had that cabin rung with praise and thanksgiving as Mr. Crosby, with a band of devoted converts, travelled hither and thither, daring the winter storms of the Pacific in the little seventy-foot craft, enduring hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, bringing healing to the bodies and souls of the nations, till at last his rugged frame broke under the strain. To eke out the small grant from the Missionary Society and the uncertain income from personal subscription, it had been necessary to run the boat as economically as possible. Porridge and prayers were said to be the bill-of-fare. When good Captain Oliver, who built the boat out of love to God, and ran her out of love to humanity, had been working hard all the morning at

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

needed repairs, he turned suddenly to Mr. Crosby, and putting his hand suggestively on his vest, said, 'I think it is about time for prayers.' But they were such prayers as reached the heart of the Engineer Jimmy, and led many another to remember the little stuffy cabin as the Bethel of his spiritual life.

"Now she lay on the beach, left high and dry by the tide in this sheltered bay like one ignobly cast aside. She had not gone down in the stress of the tempest. Her enemies had said she was not seaworthy—though as staunch a craft of her size as ever ploughed the deep, for Oliver wrought with his heart in the building of her. She had traversed the boisterous Hecate Strait many a time, had faced the Naas wind when the mail steamers hesitated, and had repeatedly braved the winter storms, as when, in the winter of 1893, she spread the influence of the great revival of the north all up and down the Coast.

"Again and again had she gone around Vancouver Island to the benighted tribes on the west coast, daring the tempests of Cape Flattery, and rounding Cape Cook and Cape Scott safely, alike in winter and summer, for, as the Indians said, God was with her. She had been a terror to evildoers, checking the whisky traffic on the Coast, where it lingered in out-of-the-way places not visited by the other boats. Now she lay here on her side, bleaching in the sun and the rain, where not a sea big enough to break up her rotting timbers could come into the land-locked harbor."

This is the sorrowful account of the loss and abandonment of our little Missionary steamship, which had done us such good service in the more rapid carrying of the message of salvation to the thousands whom she enabled us to visit on that stormy north-west coast. Our old comrade, Captain William Oliver, felt the loss of the vessel as keenly as our-

selves. To work with her and to assist in her grand object had been the pursuit of his life since the day of her launching. When it was evident that all this had now come to an end, he at once determined that a new boat should be procured to take the place of the old one. What did the devoted man do? With his own money he had a new vessel built, under his direction, on his own original model, and, christening her *The Udal*, he set out once more on the great work so dear to his heart of carrying the missionaries of the Cross on their Gospel errands along the Coast. This was in 1908. By a sudden most deplorable and unforeseen accident, after she had been in commission only about a year, she ran upon a reef and sank in forty fathoms of water. This was his own personal loss; and to this very serious loss was added the grief of a second great disappointment. But the good man was not defeated. The British Columbia Conference bought a new small boat, the *Homespun*, for this evangelizing work upon the Coast, and Captain Oliver was put in command. Now the third boat, *The Thomas Crosby*, has taken the place of the *Homespun*. This splendid, seaworthy vessel, built to stand the roughest seas, enables our workers to carry the Gospel message everywhere on the Coast. We do not hesitate to describe the devotion and self-denial of this man as its most remarkable character deserves. At the recent General Conference in Victoria, the Rev. Dr. White, Superintendent of Missions on the Pacific Coast, in introducing him to the Conference, referred to him as the only one whom he had known since the act of the poor widow with her two mites who had actually given up his whole living for the promotion of God's work in the hearts of his fellow countrymen. We can only pray that he may be spared for many years to the work which has been and is the delight of his life.



INDIAN CHARACTERS AND TRIUMPHANT DEATHS.

Weeske-sha-nates—Lucy Olth—Neas-now-ah—Sick-sake—Naas
River Indians—Mee-deekes—Su-dalth.

*“Therefore are they before the throne of God.”—
Revelation.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

INDIAN CHARACTERS AND TRIUMPHANT DEATHS.

AT Simpson lived Adam or "Weeske-sha-nates." He was well up in years when the Gospel came. As a heathen, he had always been one of the most active and daring, a leader in the dances and a great singer of the heathen songs. He seemed to delight in the various rites, and painted in the most fantastic way. When he became a Christian, he showed the same earnest zeal. He was one of the first converts and his religion was of a practical kind. His happy experiences and earnest prayers were a blessing to hear.

He was always ready for any good work. For several months in the summer he used to go to Kinneemush about twenty miles from home to a salmon fishing camp, where he had a small garden. A number of people camped there, and some would also come from the heathen villages along the Naas to catch and dry salmon. It seemed to be Adam's work to shepherd this little flock every summer. We found one season that he had kept the service going three times every Sunday for thirteen weeks. During most of the time he preached from the same text and they said he had something new to tell them every time.

Adam loved his Bible; and conscientiously gave a tenth to God's cause. By faithful study, this old man became well acquainted with parts of Bible history, and especially with the life and sayings of Jesus. He was among the first to take down his heathen house and fit up his home

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

after a civilized fashion; but he used the largest room for class and prayer meeting and held it sacredly for that purpose, while he and his wife managed to keep themselves comfortable as best they could in the rest.

Between the afternoon and evening services on Sundays, he loved to gather around him a few old and ailing people, who had been unable to reach the Church, and explain to them the text and as much of the morning sermon as he could remember.

In the winter of 1881 he began to fail, but not until about six weeks before he died would he give up his work. A cold fastened on him and he could not get out. When the Missionary and his wife visited him, he told them from the first that he thought his work was done. All he regretted was that he had not heard of Jesus sooner, that he might have had a longer time to work for Him. He would sometimes say, "My body is very weak but my heart is strong; don't think, my friends, that my heart is weak." To the last he would ask on Sundays for the precious text of God's Word and with his trembling fingers would trace it out until he had learned it.

The end drew near and he was still joyful in the Lord. It was Sabbath morning, the church bell was ringing for morning service and the people were making their way to worship in God's house, as Adam's redeemed spirit was sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem. Thus passed away one dearly beloved by all. "The end of that man is peace."

Lucy Olth was a niece of old "Mee-deeks," the song maker, and she had, as a child, lived long in the dark. She was one of the first to be baptized and to join the Mission. She was a quiet, inoffensive, good creature, and often ready, as she saw her uncle do, to go with the Missionary to carry the word to others. One of the last trips

INDIAN CHARACTERS

she made was to the Naas River to the heathen villages, to tell of God's grace and the wondrous revival we had in 1892. We had to travel on the ice about fifteen miles with a large party. We called at all the camps on the way and preached, prayed and sang with the people. Our trip, however, was a very difficult and stormy one, as we had to row and walk and wade through deep water by turns. We pressed on, however, through slush and snow and rain, sometimes up steep elevations and sometimes down deep ravines. Everywhere we met with kind help from the people visited, who did all they could to assist us; and we preached Christ's Gospel to them at every point.

On our journey we came to where the water from an overflowing mountain tributary covered the ice on the river for about a mile. The leaders marched right through this water, some of them nearly up to their waists. Poor Lucy and the other sisters of the party managed to get through as best they could. When we came to the bank of the river lower down, we met a large heathen party going up, and some of our young men went out on the ice to meet them. They had a large canoe in their party and thus could make their way over the ice. The next sight that presented itself to our view was the heathen party bowed by the side of the canoe in reverence while the Christian young men were leading in prayer. The rest of the evangelistic company were with the Missionary on the shore, where we all engaged in earnest prayer for the salvation of the poor heathen people on the ice.

After we got home, poor Lucy had a cold, which seemed to fasten upon her; the next year she was obliged to remain in her house instead of going to the religious services she seemed so much to enjoy. As the fall wore away and Christmas drew near, it was a most precious thing to visit the home of Lucy Ward. All who came to her bedside

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

testified that it was a place which seemed near to the gates of Heaven; and, as Lucy bade us good-bye and urged all her people to meet her in Heaven, she passed sweetly away, giving a glorious testimony to the grace of God which had kept her in His love and favor all these years.

Neas-now-ah was a young chief of the Kil-oo-tsaue tribe of the Tsimpshéan people. The Chief in line, or Chief-ess, was a woman, as there was no male at that time to take the place; but Neas-now-ah came second in order of heredity. When a boy, he was initiated into all the rites and ceremonies of paganism and well-drilled, according to the custom of a Chief of his tribe, in all their secrets. We are told that, a little while before the Mission commenced, he, with his whole tribe of young warriors, was fighting with the Kit-an-dock tribe on the Queen Charlotte Islands. From the first, we saw in him a promising, young man who showed a desire to attend the services and a leaning towards Christianity. However, being a Chief, he had much pride to contend with, and he had married a wife from a heathen village. They had several children.

When he became a Christian and was baptized as Moses McDonald, he often assisted the Missionary with counsel and advice, and made speeches and addresses, generally wise and on the right side. On one occasion when the Missionary left to visit Ontario, he with some others of the Chiefs and people met to send their words to the Christians in the East. Moses said: "I wish to tell the people how happy I am; how I thank God for the light that has come to Fort Simpson. It looks like this to me,—There are two mountains, one little one and one big one. Not much sun on the little one, for it is hidden from the sun by the big one, but not much snow on the big one, for the sun takes it all away. That seems like us. A long time ago it was very dark and cold but now see what God

INDIAN CHARACTERS

has done. It seems to me all light now; all the frost and darkness are going; and oh, how I do thank God that He has sent us a good Missionary here! You see a young tree always bends with the wind; but he is like a big tree, he never bends, he never changes. I send my warm heart to all our friends in the East, who sent us the Missionary with the blessed Light."

Moses, like some of the other Chiefs, had a struggle with his pride in connection with their great feasts; but he left a dying testimony that his peace was made with God. Nearly all the villagers turned out to follow him to his last resting place, showing the great respect in which he was held by all.

Sick-sake was a noble Chief of the Kit-wil-gotes tribe of the Tsimpshewan nation. He was a fine man, naturally of good disposition. He was always ready to entertain strangers and hence, for years before the Mission was started, his large house was the home for visiting tribes. For some time before the Church was completed, he gave up his large heathen house for use as a place of worship. He had a great and good influence over the young people and, when the organization of the young men into a Fire Company was started, Chief Sick-sake was one of their first leaders.

He was the Chief who, on one occasion when the whole village was in great trouble and excitement as to the safety of the Missionary and his party, they having gone on a Missionary tour, took his large war canoe and twenty-one young men, and started away in the face of a terrific storm up the Portland Channel. They bravely battled with the waves until they found the Missionary and his suffering party, and gave them the food and other good things that had been collected by the Christian people the night before.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

This was the Chief who was chosen to accompany Mr. Williams of the Hudson's Bay Company on his fatal tour of inspection when all but one were lost off the Queen Charlotte Islands. It is said that, after they all sang and prayed in the terrible storm, poor Sick-sake, who had been hanging to one of the broken slabs of the canoe, slipped off into the great eternity. While the report of the dreadful catastrophe caused great sorrow throughout the entire village, no one ever doubted for a moment the safety of our brother, who we believe went home to the better land.

A Missionary on the Naas says, "Eleven have been called away by death but our loss is their gain for they all left a blessed testimony behind them that they loved Jesus. He was their support in death, and they have gone to be forever with the Lord."

One young man, who stayed a short while in our village and learned about Jesus, while going home with his parents was taken sick in a heathen village. Against his wish, the father called in the old medicine man who doubtless hastened the poor boy's death. He died in their midst, saying, "Father, forgive me and wash my sins away in Christ's precious blood," and so his ransomed spirit passed from that dark village to a mansion in the skies.

An aged woman died very happy in Jesus. On her death bed she saw what appeared to be four white women, who had come to carry her to her son on the other side of the river. This little son had died when very young. It was quite a trial for her at first to leave her seven children, but grace was given and she said, "Jesus will take care of my children," and passed away, speaking sweetly of Heaven.

About two weeks later a poor old woman, Susan McKay, died rejoicing that she was going to be with Christ where

INDIAN CHARACTERS

there would be no more pain or trouble. Just as she was passing away, she said, "Oh, Jesus, take my hand."

A poor old woman, feeling ill, wished to take a steam bath. This is a favorite remedy with the Indians and is made by digging a pit in the ground on a hillside. The place is completely covered with brush, earth and blankets. Stones are heated and put on the floor and the steaming process begins, the woman herself having been covered with wet blankets and placed over the hot stones. The entrance is closed from without. The woman should have remained there about fifteen minutes, but her husband, a poor deaf old man, entirely forgot her. The neighbors heard her screams but of course supposed her husband was with her. When the old man, remembering, went to her release, she was literally cooked, the flesh falling from her bones. She lived only a few minutes but during that time prayed to God to forgive her sins and to receive her spirit.

Another case on the Naas was that of Martha Wesley, who had been a Christian for some time and died in great peace. She partook of the Lord's Supper the night before and was very happy, saying, "Yes, the blood, the precious blood of Jesus washes all my sins away; I am saved by the blood"; and passed triumphantly to the land of light.

An old man, Jacob, the father of James MacLellan, our native teacher, passed away simply trusting in Jesus. Some people profess to believe that the Gospel may save the young but is useless for the very old. These cases overthrow that theory.

In the first week of the year 1887, the mother of Moses McKay died in great peace. She had asked us to take care of her little boy and teach him about Jesus.

Abraham Lincoln, one of our local preachers, died very happy. He prayed aloud before he died, "Oh, Lord, Thou art the Way of Life, and Thou wilt lead me through death.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

I have been very bad but Thy mercy has reached me. Where I am going, I know; I see the place where I shall be at thy right hand, my Saviour."

Jessie Calder, daughter of Queen "Long-arm," a girl about seventeen years of age, had been at our Mission about nine years. She had attended the day and Sunday School; and had given her heart to God. She was very devoted and attentive to all the services. She died trusting in Jesus. Her death caused great grief, not only to her own family but to many people along the river. She entreated her father and mother not to weep, saying, "I shall not be lost to you; I know you will come to me in heaven; I shall be with my Saviour." Then it seemed as if God opened the other world to her view, for she called the names of Christians long dead, and said, "I see them."

Among the remarkable characters developed during our work on the North Coast was Me-dee-kes, a native Tsimpshéan, one of the Gin-aham-geak tribe at Fort Simpson. He was one of the fruits of the first great revival, and was truly converted at the age of about seventy years. Although he was thought too old to get much book learning, yet he had a great deal of native shrewdness and sagacity and was very highly respected by all the people. He was one of the men next in order to the Chiefs, and, although he had been brought up a heathen in all particulars, yet he had great esteem for those in authority, and was always very respectful to the Missionary or teachers. He was truly a peacemaker, and enjoyed some of its blessedness.

For an old man he was a fine singer. The people had called him their great singer. He used to set some of the songs for their dances in heathen times. He was a large man physically and had a good deal of life in his nature. We asked him once how the Indians got their songs long ago.

INDIAN CHARACTERS

“Oh,” said he, “some got them in their dreams, but mostly we got them from things around us. We would get a song from the whistling of the trees when the wind was blowing, from the rippling of the stream upon the mountain sides or from the roaring, dashing waves on the great, salt seashore, from the great storm or tempest or from the singing of birds and the voices of different kinds of animals. There is song in everything.”

We have seen this large man get very happy until his big face would literally shine.

In special services or our Christmas and New Year's week of prayer, we used a number of hymns that the people knew well in English as well as those in their own tongue. The young people were inclined to get the new tunes. Me-dee-kes said, “Don't be in a hurry to get new pieces; let us get the old ones fixed in our hearts. I like ‘Jesus the Water of Life,’ and ‘There's a Land that is Fairer than Day.’”

He often accompanied the Missionary on trips to other tribes and was a great help to the young men on such occasions. He would talk to them for hours by the camp-fire, telling of the old wars and the terrible trips they made to the far south to capture slaves. Then he would recount the war with the Hyda people of more recent years and the troubles they had with the Tlinkets far away in Alaska. On one occasion we ran sixty miles in a large canoe in a terrible storm. The young men said, “We have Me-dee-kes with us and he is such a wise captain.” There was no fear, although the waves dashed over us at times with great force.

On an evangelistic trip up the Naas River, with about forty people, we found him a great help, and the wise, kind, earnest way in which he talked to the Naas Chiefs and leading men was a great blessing to them all and the

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

means of leading some into the New Way. Our trip was a very successful one; but on our return we got into a great storm at the mouth of the river. It was not thought safe to pass a certain point and so we camped for the night. We had blessed services in the camp, but there were some of the young people who were inclined to complain. Me-dee-kes contrasted our present mission with the terrible trips that he and others had to take when he was a young man, when they were all heathen. He told about trips of war and bloodshed when sometimes they were successful and at other times lost greatly in numbers and prestige. This kind of talk made them feel more thankful that the Gospel light had come.

When Me-dee-kes, with a number of others, received Christian baptism, he asked that he might have the name of one of the great Chiefs of the Methodist Church, who had been instrumental in sending the Gospel to his people. The name of Enoch Wood was given to him, the name of the then Missionary Secretary of the Church. This pleased him much. As the people had often spoken about this aged servant of God the Indians had gone so far as to have a letter of appreciation written to the great man who had looked after the Missionaries so long.

During many years of humble walking in the New Way, he was among those who often stayed after the morning service to commit the text to memory. Me-dee-kes would frequently come to the Mission House to sit and ask questions and would give us some very important information in regard to the life of the Indians when they were all heathen. He often spoke of the kindness of the good Christian white people in sending them a Missionary. Indeed, he, like many others, used to act as if the Mission House were a home to him. As years passed on he complained of being ill and was a little lame from inflammatory rheumatism

INDIAN CHARACTERS

in his feet and legs. Notwithstanding this, he delighted to be in the house of God and especially at prayer services.

His lot was not, like some others, to linger long on a bed of sickness. One day we were called very suddenly by a messenger who said, "Enoch Wood, Me-dee-kes, is dying. Come quickly." We ran with all haste to his house and had just time, as we knelt by his side, to hear him say, nodding his head, "All is well; Jesus is with me. Take care of my poor wife. Speak strong words to my sons and nephews. Good-bye, sir"; and this humble, devoted, old Christian was gone to be "forever with the Lord." The whole village was in sorrow at his sudden death which, I think, must have been due to heart failure. We had no doctor, and it was at such times that we longed to have a Medical Missionary. At the great funeral, for nearly the whole village turned out, a special translation of the hymn, "I love to think of the Heavenly Land," was sung by hundreds of people on their way to the cemetery and at the close of the service was repeated around the grave.

The name Su-dalth, which means "New Woman," was very properly applied to the vigorous and talented Chiefess whose official name was "Neas-tle-meague." In that day, among many of the northern tribes, a woman was usually looked upon as a slave. Sometimes, however, when the male successors to a Chiefship had died out, a woman was called upon to take the place. So it was with the subject of this sketch. She was a strong, determined character. In the wars of earlier times she was a person of considerable influence. After she was converted, she was generally very calm, dignified and deliberate, and was often a great help to the Missionary in counsel and advice among the people.

We were told that a little while before our Mission was opened at Fort Simpson, she and her tribe were fighting

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

with a tribe on the Island across the bay. The bullets were coming rather fast, which made things a little warm. Some of the men ran into the house and were met by this woman Chief dressed in her blanket trimmed with pearl buttons, her face all painted up red and black, her long hair hanging down her back, and her scalping knife in hand. Flourishing her knife she shouted, "Get out, you frightened dogs, and fight, or I'll make you go."

She had no children of her own but adopted several to whom she was very motherly and kind-hearted. She had several slaves and soon after the mission commenced, one of them was drowned; for a long time she was very sad about it.

After her reception of Christianity, she was a faithful attendant on the preaching of the Word and prayer and class meetings. A class met in her house for a number of years. It was she who sheltered the devoted Okamoto, the Japanese evangelist, in his service to his fellow-countrymen. As the Mission work went on, she, like others, became very much interested in the wellbeing of the heathen tribes around and urged the young people off on trips with the Missionary to carry the Gospel to distant places.

On one occasion, when nearly everybody was away from home fishing at the Naas River, a rare occurrence for those days happened. A strange minister visited Simpson. We were desirous to take a trip with him to the Naas, and we called on Neas-tle-meague to have her advice as to how to get a crew. She said that she would be Captain. She got a lame man and several young boys and off we started. She steered the canoe like a brave through the rough waters and we got safely to Naas although we had to camp in the snow one night, and more than once got well drenched with the waves. Her influence in the several

INDIAN CHARACTERS

religious services held for some days among four thousand people camped on that river was a great blessing; and the simple story of her conversion, told to the crowds who heard her, was also a blessing to many. It was on that memorable occasion that the Rev. Mr. Russ baptized Chief Mountain. Brother Russ and others never forgot that trip.

Often when we were leaving on a Missionary tour, Neas-tle-meague with a crowd of people would be on the beach. After the singing of a hymn, "Whosoever heareth," or the like, and the offering of prayer for our safety, her voice would be heard above the rest counselling the crew to be wise and cautious in crossing dangerous places, and to be kind to the Missionary. She would then add, "Sumoigetgelahug lemone sum," meaning, "God will take care of you and help you." After being away for weeks, we often found her the first one on the beach to greet us with a warm welcome, and she would join with others on such occasions in singing, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

It was more especially at times when domestic difficulties arose in the village that "Victoria Yonge" (which was her Christian name) proved a great help. Her good sensible advice was like the casting of oil on troubled waters. Being a woman she did not always sit in council, although, on account of being a Chief, she was often requested to do so. Whenever she knew that there was likely to be a tie vote on any important question, she would be there; and, after nearly all the men had spoken, she would speak in her dignified way. She was always listened to with great attention by all as her voice rang out a note of warning to those whom she thought to be wrong. She earnestly pleaded that they would listen to the advice of a woman, although she being a woman did not stand for much, and let their decisions be for truth and right.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

We have already said that she was fond of children. She was always very much delighted to be at the Christmas tree gatherings of the Sunday School children and it was a pleasure to listen to her good, motherly advice to them and the kind encouragement she gave to the Missionary and the teachers. More than once, to encourage the children, she marched with them in their Band of Hope processions on New Year's Day. She was usually very kind to the sick and poor, indeed the poorest slave would be a welcome guest at her house, especially if sick or in need. For some years she was at the head of a visiting committee whose duty it was to find out all the sick and poor, especially in the winter, and carry them food and such things as they needed from the Mission House supplies and a poor fund provided by the people.

She was generally glad, when she had the means, to help in any benevolent object. When our first church was built, as she had no money, her donation was a musket and some furs; and, as the years passed by, she generally gave something to the Missionary cause and other Church collections.

On a number of times, she with other leading people addressed large congregations at our missionary meetings. The last one she attended is thus described by the Rev. Ebenezer Robson, then Chairman of the Simpson District and Superintendent of the Missions: "We had a very good Missionary meeting. The speakers on the platform were two leading Indian men, Victoria Yonge, Dr. Bolton and myself. As the meeting went on, Victoria was called to speak. She sat still in her chair and commenced her address in a most quiet, easy, dignified manner. She went on to say, 'How thankful we should be that the Gospel has come to us! It has wrought a great change in our homes and lives. We used to be at war and in trouble;



The diagram shows a 2D hexagonal lattice. Atoms are represented by solid circles, and interstitials by open circles. A central atom is labeled 'A'. To its right is an interstitial labeled 'B'. Below 'A' is another atom labeled 'C'. To the right of 'C' is an interstitial labeled 'D'. Further right is another atom labeled 'E'. Below 'E' is an interstitial labeled 'F'. The lattice is bounded by a dashed line on the right. The diagram illustrates the movement of interstitials (B, D, F) and atoms (A, C, E) within the lattice structure.

INDIAN CHARACTERS

now we live in peace. But there were some things that we had in olden times that I would like the young to know. In the old days, the young people always paid great respect to the old people and to those that were in authority. Since our young people have gone among the whites so much, some of them have become rough and careless and are not nearly so respectful to the Chiefs and their Missionaries as they should be. Now we are at the Missionary meeting. I hope that all will unite in helping the Society all they can. Now come on, all you strong, young people, you who say you are so good. You have been earning lots of money;’ and, pulling out a piece of paper wrapped up tightly, she laid it on the little table by her and said, ‘Here is my ten cents. I want to help the Missionary Society all I can.’ She continued to urge the congregation to give what they could to help spread the Gospel in return for the blessings that they had received through the Missionary Society. Shortly after, Dr. Bolton spread out the little paper on the table and found that it was ten dollars, the giving of which must have involved a great sacrifice on her part, for she was very poor at that time. Before the next Missionary meeting came round, she had gone home to be forever with the Lord.”

The Rev. S. S. Osterhout, referring to her death, says, “Several adults have died, all of whom left bright testimonies of divine presence with clear and certain hope of heaven. Victoria Yonge, a Chiefess of considerable distinction and influence, who gave to the Missionary fund last year the sum of ten dollars, was among the number. We are certain that to-day she does not regret that she erected this beautiful little monument to her faith in Christ and love for the Church which led her from the thralldom of heathenism into the liberty of the Gospel.”

Oh, the thought of meeting such a trophy of grace in

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

the land of light and glory! She always made one so welcome at her home here. When she lived in her old heathen house, she seemed like a queen in her palace; and when she had a comfortable Christian home, she was so gentle and polite, always offering her best. What a welcome she will give us when we reach the House of Many Mansions!

A SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

Prominent Visitors—Dr. Carman on the Work at Simpson—
Professor Odlum's Testimony—Farewell
to Simpson.

“ And when they were come, and had gathered the church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them.”—Acts.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

DURING the years of our operations at Port Simpson, a large number of prominent visitors looked in upon us in the course of their travels in that part of the country. Among these were Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada; Rev. William Pollard, Chairman of the British Columbia District; Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., Superintendent of Education for Alaska; Dr. I. W. Powell; Rev. Amos E. Russ; Gen. O. O. Howard of the United States Army; Rev. Alexander Sutherland, D.D., General Secretary of Missions; Rev. John Betts; Sir Mackenzie Bowell; Rev. James Woodsworth and Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. These all made highly gratifying references to what they had witnessed and to the wonderful change which had been made among the tribes of that north-west Coast by the introduction of Christianity.

In an address before the Toronto Conference, shortly after his return in June, 1896, Dr. Carman said:

“In the good providence of God, I come among you again, brethren, in gladness and gratitude, from a land of both the wonders of nature and the marvels of grace. The Western Coast of British Columbia has scenery of mountain and ocean in grandeur and profusion unsurpassed on the globe. One might well think that Omnipotence had disported itself, had shown what could be done, in lifting these vast ranges to the sky and cleaving them asunder with inlets, rivers and channels, that puny man

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

might go among them with his ships and gather the enormous wealth in their ledges or in the waters at their base. For surely all our engineering had not made way over these rocky barriers or secured the treasures in and around them, had not the living God prepared the earth for the habitation of the sons of men. By these channels of the sea and these passages through the walls that gird in the floods of the great deep and lift their parapets and munitions into the sky, one is reminded of the processes of human thought and of the deep and immovable principles that direct and control the lines of reason and even the tides of passion, as they press their way either through personal experience, or by the pathways of science, or on the tracks of human history.

“When going by our great transcontinental route, the Canadian Pacific, I observed that that wonderful road followed the valleys of the rivers through the mountains; ascended by the tortuous course of one river, and descended by the loops and bends of another. ‘God has been here before man,’ my spirit exclaimed, ‘or man had never been able to go through it all.’

“Oh, how our God has made the passes through the mountains and the harbors in the seas! And how, by the glorious and eternal principles of truth that lie at the foundation of all science and all religion, and lift their parapets against all error, has He marked out a course for the moving thoughts and flowing passions of living men! Would that we were as wise in religion and science as we have been in engineering and commerce to use the routes and roads of God. ‘His lines have gone out into all the earth, and his words to the end of the world.’

“But I did not arise to speak so much of the wonders of nature and the analogies of mind as of the marvels of grace. Having visited our Port Simpson District on the

A SUMMARY OF RESULTS

north-west British Columbia Coast I may speak of what I have seen and heard. 'What we have felt and seen with confidence we tell.' Surely our devoted Missionaries, men and women, have blessed reward and proof of their toil. It is an inspiration to be among them, to think their thoughts, to share their conflicts, to breathe their spirit. They sometimes call us the great men; but before God they that sacrifice and toil are the great ones and this will appear in the final reckonings.

"To dwell among men in remote regions where you cannot get two mails a month is in itself an inspiration. You are a world in yourself, possibly an intense world if true to God and humanity, the intensest kind of world—a mighty work to do and a little time and space to do it in. This is the kind of work the brethren and sisters have been doing. Thanks be to God for such men and such women—buried, indeed, crucified with Christ in a way, as long as true, dead to the world but surely alive to God, to the salvation of souls, and, according to their loyal judgment, to the interests of our cherished Methodism.

"When in some of the fellowship meetings, I often wished I could transport them to the Metropolitan Church, Toronto; Grace Church, Winnipeg; St. James, Montreal—perhaps they do not need it—Centenary, St. John; or Brunswick Street Church, Halifax. To see from fifty to two or three hundred Indians present, most of them ready to speak for 'Jesus,' the one word I could understand in 'Tsimpshean, to hear their brief and earnest testimonies, to witness that no 'bore' had much of a chance—for the rising of one was a hint to the man on the floor to sit down; to listen to Indian men and maidens prefacing their testimony with sweet song—some songs and voices that would take a dollar a ticket in Montreal or Toronto; to behold their promptitude and their energy in religious

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

meetings, and, what was better still, to learn of their consistency of life, was surely a comfort, a strength and a joy. And it ought to be so.

“I confess that some of my notions have been changed—I think corrected. I used to think the Indians necessarily a fading, failing race; that they must die and pass away; that there could be no self-propagating church, no self-sustaining and propagating Christianity among them. Brethren, do we not dishonor the Gospel of God? Is it not to save the bodies and the souls of men, the races and the peoples? Our vices will destroy the races. Our drunkenness and dissoluteness will destroy the races, peoples and nations. But I believe Jesus Christ can save them, body and soul, tribe and nation, family and people. I have seen it in Port Simpson and Port Essington and other places. Nothing will do it but the Gospel. Nothing will do it but the converting grace of God. But, thanks be to God, that can do it and does it.

“Where men are regenerated, born again, truly born of the Spirit, live in families under divine ordinance, there is salvation for the man, the family, the tribe, the race. There can be no doubt of it. Boys and girls are playing in the streets of Simpson and Essington according to the prophecies of Jeremiah while the heathen Indians are perishing apace. The Hydás, once eight thousand strong, are now only eight hundred, and why? They have perished because they have taken the vices of the white men without the salvation of their religion. Talk of Armenia! Here is a greater wrong and a greater outrage—whole tribes decimated by the vices of our civilization that might be saved by the energies of our religion.”

Professor Odlum, M.A., at present of Vancouver, a well-known literary and scientific graduate of Victoria University and a former Missionary to Japan, accompanied us

A SUMMARY OF RESULTS

and some of our workers on one of our trips to Alaska in *The Glad Tidings*. He writes the following letter recording his impressions of the trip and the country and of the methods which were used in the work of evangelization among these tribes:

“ 1710 Grant St., Vancouver, B.C.,

“ July 18, 1910.

“ *Dear Dr. Crosby*,—Knowing that you are preparing a book for publication on your work in British Columbia, especially among the Indians, I hasten to compliment you on a purpose so suitable to your lifelong labors, and I congratulate myself and the Methodist Church on the prospect of seeing so timely a book in print.

“ You will remember that I spent three months on the Coast of British Columbia and Alaska during the autumn of 1895 and had the opportunity and great privilege of visiting, in company with yourself in *The Glad Tidings*, all the Indians of the Coast from Vancouver to Sitka, Chilcat and Juneau. While on that trip I had the closest insight into the Missionary work carried on among the Indians on that Coast.

“ At no time in my life did I witness Christian methods adopted among the heathen of any land which so powerfully appealed to me as did the methods and spirit of your engagements during the time I was with you. Never in all my Christian experience was I personally affected in my religious life as in the midst of your work and the labors of those with you. You will remember that our company was made up of ten workers on that most interesting missionary and old-time revival trip.

“ Seldom is any man so favored as I was during that delightful voyage for, on the journey, I met and conversed at length with two of the strongest and most successful missionary workers in the history of Western Canada. These were Dr. Crosby and Mr. Duncan. Your respective headquarters were Port Simpson and New Metlakatla. The history of either of these two would fill a large book and make most interesting reading.

“ Among my extensive notes I find many references to

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

specific cases of the hurtful presence of the white man and I have this to say in a general way: The most debased heathen life I have yet witnessed has been the direct result of the white man's whisky. The lowest representatives of humanity in all my observations were those who were under the curse of drink. When the white man comes with his drink curse to the poor Indian, then down goes the red man as low as the very beasts that roam over the mountains—yes, as low as the drink-cursed white man himself.

“At Chilcat, Sitka, Juneau, Wrangel, Port Simpson and all other Indian centres, I found the greatest blot not heathenism, but the white man's drunkenism and libertinism. I was quite in sympathy with the plan adopted by the Government, by which Missionaries were appointed as magistrates. In this way they were able to make the white whisky smuggler keep at a safe distance.

“Sometimes I feel sorry that advanced years have taken you from the kind of work we did together during our 1895 trip. Dear Dr. Crosby, your labors in my presence brought me nearer to the heart of God and nature than I had ever approached before.

“You remember how you and Captain Oliver used to plan to have me lecture at the different centres. Miners, fishermen, cannerymen, loggers, merchants, naval men, Government officers, and others, who would not go to any Christian service, were quick and ready to attend a lecture on a scientific subject. How you and the good Captain made me toe the mark on all occasions! At this distance I wonder how you managed to make me so willing to consent to your expressed desire.

“Here are some of my topics: ‘All rivers run into the sea, and yet the sea is not full,’ ‘The Voice of Nature,’ ‘Praying by Plants and Animals,’ ‘The Balancings of the Clouds,’ ‘The Fountains of the Deep,’ ‘Converging Lines of Force and Governing Laws in the Realm of Nature.’

“When the Chairman was appointed, he was asked to call on someone of our party for a short prayer. We usually had a hymn or two before the lecture; then, when

A SUMMARY OF RESULTS

the lecture was over and the usual collection to keep up steamer supplies taken, hymns and prayers followed.

"It was frequently a positive treat to see how you caught the white non-Christians by these apt methods. They were invited to a lecture on science. To this they would come, and they got what they came for. In addition thereto they got much else. You will remember that, at all of the centres we visited, there was a revival among the Indians and, in most cases, among the whites.

"By the way, you were not at all of my lectures. There was one given at Douglas City in a dance hall and gambling saloon. I got permission to give a talk on science and was on hand when the time came. The men came in from their gambling tables and wheels of fortune to hear me talk. I saw piles of bills and stacks of gold left on the tables. Every man but one walked out of the saloon and across the hall into the dance room where I talked. He stood at the door so as to keep one eye on the money and the other on me, but no man gave me a more devoted listening attention than that watcher.

"These gamblers, men and women by the way, gave no signs of resentment when I introduced to their attention the Master of all geology, of all chemistry, of all astronomy and of universal law. I was most heartily applauded by that strange audience and on quitting had a hearty vote of thanks.

"Among the Tlinkets we met Sitka Jack, Billy Dickenson and others. Here was a group of bad Indians in very truth. Fortunately our little steamer had to lie up for repairs and we were detained for a week. Many of the Christian workers and their work at that place seemed to be dead or so nearly so that little life was manifest. The Missionaries had the Indians I have named and others as their deadly enemies. Death had been threatened, and boldly attempted on several occasions. Chilcat and Yendastachy, just across the peninsula, were two centres of Indian villainy and straight into Chilcat you, dear Doctor Crosby, descended. Of course a part of your working band went along and war was carried into the enemy's camp.

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

“At the same time the official in charge of Haines Mission handed over to you his station for the purpose of carrying on a short revival service. Ah, me! How the fire burned! How the Missionaries and their co-workers received the fire! How the Spirit captured the place and all hands turned into the work with wonderful zeal!

“Then the fire reached Chilcat and Yendastachy. Mrs. Dickenson came and heard. Billy Dickenson came and heard. Sitka Jack was helpless in the grasp of the mysterious force. Billy and his mother broke down and sobbed like children and prayed for mercy. A light sprang up in the darkness and only those who were there could have any idea of the wonderful effect of that glorious light.

“Those were grand days, and nights too. The winds and waves conspired to make us stop at that place of safety long enough to see a most glorious work accomplished. Let not the critic sneer and say these were only Indians. In answer I would say that I would place Billy and Sitka Jack ahead of the average white man in pride, strength of will, clearness of intellect, and grasp of nature and human experience.

“I had the pleasure of sitting up nearly all night with Mr. Brady and his family at Sitka. Here I found one of the Christian pioneers of Alaska who had suffered much because of his fearless Christian life. I was glad in after years to learn that he had been honored by being made Governor of Alaska.

“My conversation with Mr. Duncan of New Metlakatla forced me to realize that he was a most remarkable man, pre-eminently fitted for his noble work. Men were ye, more than the salt of the earth. Teachers, legislators, executive officers, fathers, protectors and most faithful guides were ye, each according to his calling and station.

“It may be a surprise to you to know that between yourself and Captain Oliver I was impelled to give over a score of lectures and in the neighborhood of one hundred short talks.

“During that short, thrilling experience I learned much from the Coast Indians. Under the influence of the white men, apart from the Missionary, the Indians were rapidly

A SUMMARY OF RESULTS

sinking into debasement and dying out. But, under the help and protection of Christian teachers, they began to increase in numbers and to improve in health and physique.

“Even the streets, houses and dogs in the Christian villages were blessed and improved by the presence of the light of the new life. The man who tells me that the native in his natural state or in co-relation to the white man who is non-Christian is in a better and higher state than when he is surrounded by true Christian Missionary influences, is ignorant or is a wilful liar. This statement I make after visiting four continents, and examining through long years.

“The Indians of the Alaska and British Columbia coasts are, in my humble opinion, Asiatic and largely Japanese. If so, it is odd to read history. Here it stands! The Japanese, long since, came over the waters and possessed the whole Western coast of North America. Then came the white man and conquered the country, possessed it and made laws to govern its people. Then the modern Japanese came in large numbers to join their brethren who formerly were the undisputed owners. But, lo, the new-comer, the white man, says him nay, and makes so much objection as to limit the incoming numbers.

“The imagery and language of the Indians are simply marvellous. I am safe in saying that few, if any, natives on earth, are so saturated and gifted with imagery and ornate speech. They are true children of nature and are as independent of artificial aids from Caucasian civilization as it is possible to be. The forest, seashore, and open ocean give them all they need for food, shelter and clothing.

“They are the most natural congregational singers I have ever heard, outside the Anglo-Saxon Christian congregations, one of whose chief characteristics is song. One noted singer was asked how he came to learn to sing before he was taught by the white man. He answered in a manner thus: ‘I went into the mountains and heard the torrents singing their war songs and I learned to imitate them. I went out into the ocean in my canoe and heard

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

the hissing noise of the wind as it tore the heads off the wild billows, and I tried to do likewise. I walked by the sea, heard the gentle lapping of the quiet waters and felt that I could sing a love song. When the birds were mating, and chirping their songs of sweetness, my voice would break out in strains of praise. All nature and her children sing, cry, talk, chant and voice the Great Spirit; so I tried to do as they did. I got time from my paddle stroke and from the swinging of the tall trees.' So it is. One may learn much from those whom he would teach. And these noble red men taught me much on that memorable trip.

"But that which remained, uplifted, mellowed and blessed my life was your grand, your noble and big Christian example. Would that I could say all I would! Then much would be said. That most excellent devoted man, George Reid, and Captain Oliver, and many others! How it would please me to make detailed reference to their devotion, unselfishness, and high usefulness.

"But I must close my letter already too long. In doing so, let me say that among the many agents who elevated the Missionary undertaking in my estimation were the wives of the Missionaries and other women who were devoting their time, lives and talents to the uplifting of the Indians whom I visited; and no Christian woman in all my travels seemed more richly endowed and better suited for furnishing a lovely home and life model than your own beloved wife. In the Church and in the home, Mrs. Crosby was just such a wise, gentle, thoughtful and apt woman as must exert a quiet and yet powerful influence in the hearts and homes of those who were permitted to come within her reach. In so many ways she was a friend, an adviser, a guide and a mother to the Tsimpsheans. If her influence reached as effectively to others as in my own case, then happy were they who came into her sweet presence during the years she labored with you in Port Simpson. My dear Doctor, fare you well.

"Your admiring and loving friend,

"E. ODLUM."

A SUMMARY OF RESULTS

I may be permitted to close these annals with the following letter which I wrote to Rev. Dr. Withrow for *Onward* in October, 1897, giving a general record of the results of nearly twenty-five years of labor at Port Simpson and among other tribes of the northern Pacific Coast. This was on the occasion of my retirement from that part of the work, owing to increasing bodily infirmities, though I continued on other Indian fields for some ten years longer. This made a total service in the Indian work of some forty-four years.

In submitting this letter, Dr. Withrow said: "We have received from our veteran pioneer Missionary on the Pacific Coast the following interesting letter.

"Brother Crosby, who is the President of the British Columbia Conference, has now been appointed to the Indian Mission on the east coast of the Vancouver Island, with his residence at Victoria. He is also to have the superintendency of *The Glad Tidings* missionary steam yacht and will, we doubt not, as he has for many years, cruise up and down six hundred miles of Coast, visiting the Missions, most of which he planted, confirming the churches and aiding the Missionaries in their work.

"'The Glad Tidings Mission' is a part of the authorized work of our Church. We cordially commend its support to Leagues or Schools which may remit their contributions either through Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, or to the Rev. Thomas Crosby, 109 Quadra St., Victoria, B.C.

"Brother Crosby writes thus:

"'My dear Dr. Withrow,—For some time I thought I should write a few lines for the readers of *Onward* in regard to our removal from the north to this city. A strong attachment has naturally grown up between us and the people of Port Simpson, in whose language we have

UP AND DOWN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

preached the Gospel for nearly twenty-five years, whose new homes we have in most cases planned for them, while we have taught from childhood all the young people, and baptized and received into the church hundreds of converted men and women. As we came away, many of them promised to take good care of the four little graves we left in the Indian graveyard on the Island. That little plot is very sacred to us.

“In the twenty-five years of our residence amongst the dear people we have seen many changes. There have been wonderful developments in the fish, lumber, and mineral industries on that part of the Coast and trade has greatly increased. But we think the most wonderful improvements have taken place among the natives themselves, in their advance in Christian civilization. Instead of their old heathen practices, they have now a fire company, a rifle company, a temperance society and a Christian band of workers, each with a hall built for themselves. In addition they have their regular Church, together with two Homes, good Schools, and an efficient Hospital. There is also an excellent brass band for the village. The old heathen lodges have given place to neat, comfortable homes. A long time before any agent of the Government was stationed among them. they had their Municipal Council, under which their village was governed and order preserved.

“There has been a great change also in the number of workers in the Mission since we first started. Then in the frequent absence of the Missionary, his wife had to take charge of the services; now we have a noble band of local preachers and band workers among the Indians, besides the Doctor and his helpers in the Hospital, the ladies in the Girls' Home, and Brother Richards and his family in the Boys' School. Altogether a more noble company of workers could not be found anywhere and we were happy in our work. After Conference we had a farewell Sunday with the people, not soon to be forgotten. At the close of the evening service, while the large congregation sang, “On the happy golden shore, meet me there,” nearly all held up the hand as a pledge that they would try and meet us in Heaven. It was a solemn time.

“We remained a few days after Brother Robson

A SUMMARY OF RESULTS

arrived. Then, in our little ship, *The Glad Tidings*, with my books and some of our effects on board and Charlie and Fred as our crew, Mrs. Crosby, our boy and I set out for Victoria, visiting the Missions on the way.

“The first Sabbath we spent at Rivers Inlet, where there were about four thousand people at seven canneries. Here Dr. Bolton has put up his third Hospital, where he and his helpers care for the bodies as well as the souls of the people. We were pleased to meet Dr. Jackson and his wife, who had just then arrived from Toronto. May God bless them in their large field!

“The following Sabbath found us in Nanaimo, where we attended services in the gaol in the morning, preached to Brother Hall’s people in Wallace Street at 11 a.m., and at 2.30 p.m. held service in the Indian camp, where Brother Wellwood is doing good work. This is where I commenced my work thirty-five years ago. At night I spoke at the Chinese Mission, Dr. Lou interpreting. During this trip we held sixteen public services, married two couples, and baptized sixteen children.

“From the commencement of the mission at Port Simpson in 1874, there have been built on the District over thirty Churches, or preaching places; one Girls’ Home; one Boarding School for Boys, with others also projected; and three Hospitals. About fifteen hundred Church members have been gathered in and we are reaching some ten thousand people with Gospel light. The Simpson District, as now divided, includes Port Simpson, Naas, Queen Charlotte Islands, Upper and Lower Skeena.

“The new Bella Bella District extends from Lowe Inlet at the north to Cape Beal and round Vancouver Island, a coast line of over one thousand miles. Hence, as our friends will see, the good ship *The Glad Tidings* is much needed yet to reach all the inlets and bays where the regular steamers do not go. We have had her repaired somewhat since we came down, which has been a considerable expense, and we do hope our friends will come to our help to pay the bills.

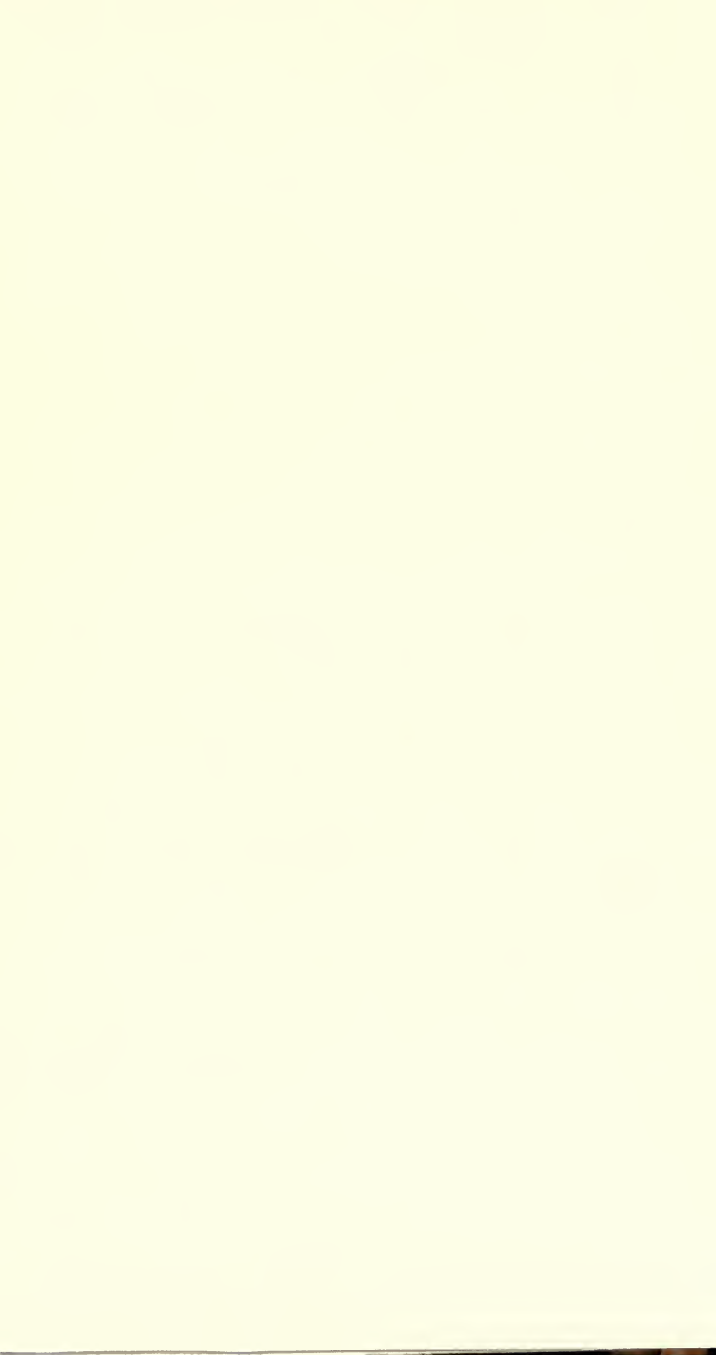
“Pray for us that every tribe may soon be reached by the Gospel.

“Yours very truly,

“THOMAS CROSBY.

“Victoria, Oct. 1st, 1897.”

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