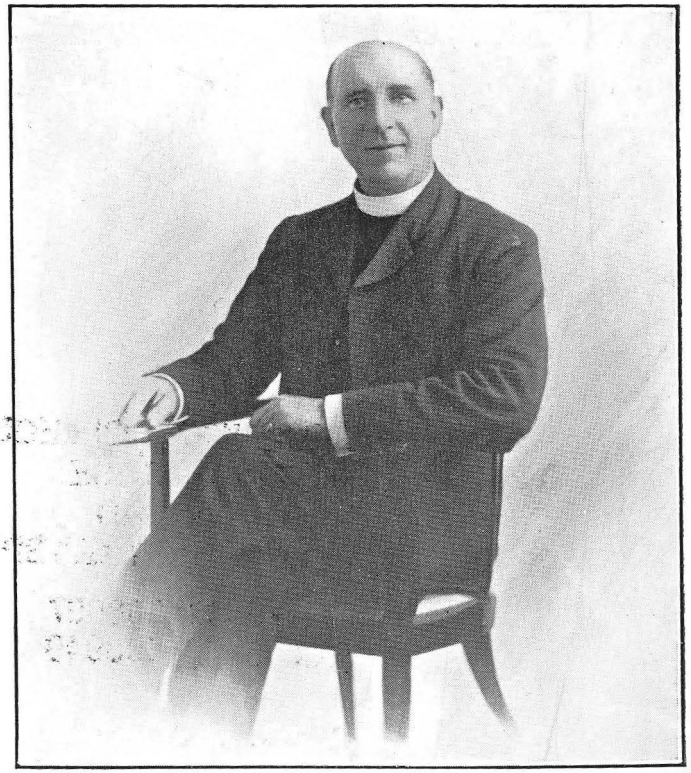
McCULLAGH OF AIYANSH



THE REV. J. B. McCULLAGH.

McCULLAGH OF AIYANSH

BY
J. W. W. MOERAN, M.A.
Sometime Vicar of St. Simon's, Southsea
Author of "Teaching by Illustration," etc.

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PROLOGUE

THIS book is not so much the history of a Mission as it is the story of the man who was the life and soul of the Mission. It is primarily a biography, written with the purpose of portraying the character and gifts of James Benjamin McCullagh, and of showing how he applied his talents to the pioneering enterprise and subsequent development of the work he had undertaken.

As the greater part of his life was spent in a far-distant and out-of-the-way corner of the world, he was necessarily known only to a limited number of people. Those who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship and were acquainted with the marvellous work he accomplished will ever remember him for the inspiration of his personality and example and also for the attractive winsomeness of his delightful humour and joyous temperament. The aim of his biography is to make him known to a wider circle, in the hope that others too may be inspired and helped by the story of his faith, his courage, his unceasing labours and the full use he made of his splendid gifts.

The privilege of attempting to do this has been entrusted to me by his widow.

It will be seen that the story is told, as far as possible, in the missionary's own words. His letters and journals, together with a few booklets and articles written by himself and published during his lifetime by the Church Missionary Society, and also a collection of sketches penned by his hand with the obvious intention of being some day published, have supplied an abundance of

material for preparing and linking together the incidents and events which show the strength and beauty of his many-sided character.

I desire to express my indebtedness to the Church Missionary Society for giving me permission to draw so freely from Mr. McCullagh's writings published by them. Mr. C. B. Robinson and the late Mrs. Foquett preserved for many years the missionary's journals and very many of his private letters, all of which were generously placed at my disposal. Without such help the book could not have been written.

To Mrs. McCullagh I owe more than I can say for the way in which she has enabled me to understand many things about her husband which otherwise I should never have known. By what she has told me in conversation, and by allowing me to read some of the letters he wrote to her, I learned much about his inner life.

I should like also to acknowledge my great obligation to the Archdeacon of Kingston (the Ven. R. C. Joynt) for the invaluable help he has given me by reading the book in MS. and afterwards in correcting the proofs.

The work has been to me one of absorbing interest, as well as a labour of love.

J. W. W. MOERAN.

LAVERTON, NEAR BATH,
January, 1923.

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CHAPTER I

A Great Renunciation

AMONG the noble characters who have spent their lives in the service of humanity are men whose work is known because they held high positions in the State or in the Church. They had the advantage of family traditions or influential friends, a University degree, the interest which wealth can always purchase; or, if these things were wanting, great opportunities came their way; the conditions or circumstances of their lot helped to make them famous. Their deeds of philanthropy or the achievements of their genius are written in large type on the pages of national history or public events. Other men, equally endowed by nature, equally faithful in the use they made of their natural gifts, have fulfilled the task allotted to them in some humble sphere of labour, and have died in obscurity, the outside world knowing little or nothing of their unselfishness, their fidelity, or the splendid influence of their example, by which those who knew them were inspired and uplifted.

It is also true to say that some men need the stimulus of popular approval and encouragement. They could make a fine display on the stage of publicity, all their efforts being seen to advantage in the glare of the foot-lights; but without such an incitement to action their energies are not aroused. They fail to respond to the call of humble duties; they do not shine in places remote from the observation of onlookers; they settle down to lives of ease and pleasure if they see no prospect of becoming known to fame.

On the other hand, there are men gifted head and shoulders above the common order of their fellows; conscious of their power to win celebrity under circumstances favourable to renown; but they can never stretch out beyond the reach of their limited opportunities, and of these they make the noblest use, expending the very best of all they are and have to the utmost; willing to endure the reproach of ignominy for Christ's sake,

> Content to fill a little space,
> If God be glorified;

choosing rather to be unknown if thereby they can help others to rise from the depths of moral shame and degradation to the heights of noble living and heavenly aspirations.

To those who enjoyed the privilege of knowing him the Rev. J. B. McCullagh has left behind him the fragrant memory of a character strong and tender, true and brave: an intellect superior to most men; and the example of one who never courted popularity; who only sought to make his work known for the purpose of enlisting the sympathy of those able to help him in his beneficent schemes for the religious and moral advancement of the Indian settlement at Aiyansh, which he loved more than any spot on the earth.

During one of his furloughs, after thrilling a crowded audience at Exeter Hall with one of his eloquent and racy speeches, he said: "I would far rather go back to work among my Indians at Aiyansh than do this sort of thing in London."

. . . . .

James Benjamin McCullagh was born in County Down, Ireland, in 1854, his father being the agent on a landed estate near Newry.

At quite an early age he gave evidence of the qualities by which in after years his character was so strongly marked.

On one occasion, at the country school where he was being educated, he was accused of some offence which he

knew had been committed by another boy ; but he refused to tell the name of the real culprit. The master, a harsh and brutal man, said he would flog " Jimmy " unless he confessed, or else named the wrong-doer. This he refused to do ; so the master began to beat him. Not a sound came from the lips of his innocent victim, who had made up his mind that he would not cry : nor did he. Jimmy went home, but said nothing of what had happened until the evening came and his mother went to bath him as usual. To her horror she found the child was covered with bruises caused by the beating he had received. At once she called her husband to come and look at the boy. Mr. McCullagh, naturally, was greatly incensed when he found what had been done. The next morning he went to the school to make his complaint ; and it is a satisfaction to be able to record that shortly afterwards the master was dismissed.

In writing of his boyhood, long years afterwards, McCullagh said :

" As a boy my out-of-school time was invariably spent where some mechanical operation was going on ; now in the village forge, prying into everything ; now in the carpenter's shop (my favourite place) ; now in the saddler's, the shoemaker's, the garden, greenhouse, etc., etc., so that there is hardly an operation, apart from complicated mechanism, of which I do not carry a fair textbook in my head. They used to say to me, ' Oh, you'll never be anything ; you keep changing about too much ; you'll only be a jack-of-all-trades ! ' and behold ! that is the very thing I, unconsciously, needed most to be."

It was from his mother that McCullagh, as a child, received his first religious impressions. Throughout his life he always spoke of her with deep reverence and love, gratefully acknowledging how much he owed to her wise teaching and saintly influence.

At the age of ten years he was taken to a missionary meeting. The story there told of the condition of the heathen world—its cruelty and misery and ignorance of God, and its need of a Saviour—made a deep impression

on the boy's mind. He felt that he must take his share and do something " to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

So the next day he started with a collecting box, knocking at the doors of all the people he knew and asking for contributions to the object which had awakened his spiritual sympathies and fired his generous impulses. He continued doing this for some time, and occasionally went such long distances into the country as to lose his way. But these journeys were too limited in scope to satisfy the boy's enthusiasm for the cause he had espoused. Even at that early age he possessed a fertile imagination and was resourceful in devising schemes for carrying out the purpose on which his heart was set. So he begged from his father three lambs whose mothers had died ; burrowing a hole in a haystack to serve as a warm home for the little creatures, he made a leathern bottle with which to supply them with milk. His intention was to nourish and feed them until they should grow into sheep ; then he would sell them and with the purchase-money buy a donkey on which to ride further afield in his journeys to obtain funds for his beloved missionary work. Alas, however, for the success of his scheme ! the lambs died, and the boy had to learn thus early in life the lesson so often enforced in later years, that even the noblest and highest work can be checked for a time by difficulty and discouragement.

Side by side with his interest in foreign missions another strong desire grew in the lad's mind. From his earliest years he had a longing for the Army ; he was a born soldier. When he was old enough to decide on a profession there was only one which had any attraction for him. His father's death crippled the family finances so much that his education was left very incomplete, and the purchase of a Commission had to be abandoned. Rather than be balked of his purpose, young McCullagh enlisted as a private soldier. Although in many departments of knowledge he was entirely self-educated, yet his natural ability and faithfulness to duty took him easily

from one step to another until he was promoted to carry the colours as a sergeant.

But his love for the Army and his devotion to military duties were not allowed to absorb the finer instincts of his nature. The religious aspirations of his childhood had not been quenched but rather grew in depth and vigour with his ripening manhood. By the grace of God and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit he developed into an earnest Christian man, with the definite purpose of consecrating his talents and energy to the service of his Redeemer. This nobler ambition took shape in his mind and grew alongside of his desire to excel in the military profession. It led him to start a Bible-class among his comrades, in which he infused into many a young soldier a zeal for God and the love of Christ. His passion for souls at that time was so great that he endeavoured to train some of these young men for service in the Church. Several of them are now working in the mission field.

Then came the climax of his military career. It was in the year 1883, when McCullagh was 29 years of age. The regiment was at that time stationed at Malta. One day his commanding officer sent for him and said:

"I have the pleasure of informing you that you are to receive a Commission in the Army—an honour to which you are entitled by your social gifts and education, and which you have richly deserved by the faithfulness and efficiency you have always shown in the discharge of your military duties."

But God had another plan for His servant. On the very day when the Commission was offered to him he received a letter from the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, asking him if he was willing to give up the Army and go out to work among the Red Indians of British Columbia.

We have no record of the struggle of conflicting emotions that must have been waged in the young soldier's heart; but we can easily imagine how severe was the test; and we know the result. The alluring prospect of a life he loved, holding out the promise of worldly advancement

in a sphere for which he knew himself to be endowed with exceptional gifts, was refused ; and in its place he accepted the humble lot of a lay-missionary to a tribe of degraded Indians, with the certain prospect of toil and privation, and the probability of an obscure grave in a far-distant and lonely part of the world.

It was a great renunciation, but it was one he never regretted. Here it may be said that the old passion of his early manhood was never quite killed. It was kept under and lay dormant until something aroused it to reassert its former hold on the mind and imagination. In after years McCullagh could never hear a military band or witness a parade of soldiers without the old ambition surging up in his breast.

I remember well one day during the Great War, as we walked together through the streets of Great Yarmouth and a troop of cavalry came along. McCullagh stood still as they passed by, drawn up to his full height with a gleam of fire kindling in his clear blue eyes. " See them," he exclaimed, with outstretched arm, " the brave bonny lads. How splendid they look ! Oh ! " he added with emotion, " I never can see these boys going by but the old longing comes over me, and I feel as though I would give anything to leap into the saddle with them, or march with them in the ranks and go out to take my share in fighting this great conspiracy against the peace and civilization of the world."

About this time another important step in his life was taken in his engagement to Mary Philippa Webster, a daughter of the English Chaplain at Malta. They were married a few months afterwards before leaving England for their future home in British Columbia.

Some preparation for his work in the mission field being necessary, McCullagh was sent by the C.M.S. for a few months to the Training College at Cheltenham, where he lived in the house of Mr. T. Lyon, one of the College tutors. Writing in April of last year (1922), Mr. Lyon says :

Mr. McCullagh proved himself a most desirable addition

to my family circle. He was almost my own age, and soon became my companion. My wife and I feel that we owe him much. Our three children learned to love him, and they hold his name to this day in affectionate remembrance. He conducted the children's services at the Mission Hall in Trinity parish, and in doing this he showed himself to be eminently fitted for the spiritual side of the work that was to be his, and many survivors of that period remember most gratefully the unsparing and indefatigable way in which he also worked gratuitously for the uplifting of some of the poorest people in Cheltenham. At the Training College he threw himself with characteristic whole-heartedness into the studies, the sports, and the social life of his fellow-students. He gave himself no airs on the strength of his seniority; he was utterly devoid of affectation, and the younger men with whom he was brought into constant touch received him into their brotherhood as one of themselves. The teaching staff of the College soon realized that he was a man of very exceptional ability and of the most intense purpose. For nearly forty years it has been my lot to labour there, and during that time I have encountered no student who turned his opportunities to better account than J. B. McCullagh, and I am only repeating in my own case the opinions of the other members of the staff who were then my colleagues and of whom I am the sole survivor. On the rare occasions of his return to England he never failed to get into personal touch with us, to our intense pleasure. Our memories of him are the happiest, and I regard him as one of the finest embodiments of Christian manliness that it has ever been my privilege to encounter.

CHAPTER II

Westward Ho !

"AND so you are going abroad again," said a friend to me, as we walked up and down the platform of a London railway station.

"Yes," I replied, "I am off to British Columbia."

"British Columbia!" he exclaimed. "I know the name, but that is about all. Do you know what sort of a country it is, and what you are going to do there?"

"As to where it is, and what the country is like, I really do not know any more than one can find out from the map," I replied; "and as to what I am going to do there, I am going out as a C.M.S. missionary to the Indians."

This explanation was met by an amused look of astonishment, a long low whistle, and "Well, I never!" "But there," said he, changing his tone, "you were always that way inclined."

"And how long are you going to stay out there?" asked another friend. To which question I could only answer, "Can't say; years, I hope."

This was in June, 1883, as the young missionary and his wife were commencing their long journey to the Far West. Leaving Liverpool, a voyage of eight days brought them across the Atlantic and up the great St. Lawrence River to Montreal, where they booked their places on the train for Vancouver, at that time the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The rail journey lasted from six to seven days, and even then it was made easy by the many modern conveniences and comforts of the American railway carriages.

McCullagh was gifted with keen powers of observation, an intense love of nature and the genius for describing in picturesque and graphic language the wonderful sights unfolded to his vision in the grandeur of mountains and the beauty of forest and river. Thus he wrote of the Rocky Mountains, as he saw them for the first time from the "observation car" attached to the train while the magnificent range was being surmounted: "Mighty wooded slopes, proudly towering battlements, cold blue fields of ice, and snow-capped peaks surround you and impress you with wondering awe. Rushing torrents, foaming and dashing in the sombre depths of yawning cañons, now to the right of you and again to the left, thrill you with their thundering roar. From over the giddy precipice above leaps forth the overflow of mountain lakes replete with irresistible energy and dazzling self-abandonment; and there, in columns of ascending spray, behold the colours of the rainbow, bright and clear."

Having crossed the Rocky Mountains, they found themselves in British Columbia, and, skirting the Fraser River, reached Vancouver, then the youngest city of the Dominion of Canada. Here the overland journey terminated. By a saloon steamer they crossed the Straits of Georgia to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, situated on the southern point of Vancouver Island. Desiring to get north as soon as possible they took passage on board the *Otter*, a small steamer combining a very primitive passenger accommodation with a general cargo, including coals, timber and oxen. The *Otter* took the "inner passsage," that is, the course between the mainland and the island of Vancouver, a distance of some 300 miles. The whole coast of British Columbia is embroidered with islands, on many of which in those days no white man had ever yet set his foot. Eventually they reached the Skeena River, where the salmon fisheries were in full swing. At the wharf a motley crowd was assembled—Chinese, Europeans, Indians and children.

Leaving the Skeena on the seventh day of their voyage

they soon reached the well-known Indian town of Metlakahtla.

"We thought we were going to be stationed at this place, but on landing discovered that our final destination was to be at the head waters of the Naas River, farther north among the Nishga Indians. Accordingly we began to make preparations for this last trip. The first thing necessary was to get together some bedding, provisions and cooking utensils. All the bedding we could get just then, however, was a few Indian trade blankets and a bark mat; while the provisions consisted of tinned meats and other kindred things, ship's biscuit, coffee, tea, etc. As for cooking utensils, we had to learn to do with very few. Then we hired a canoe, engaged a crew of Indians, and, having stowed our belongings as best we could, started on our journey. The Indian canoe of British Columbia is cut out of one solid piece of timber, generally a cedar tree, and as these trees grow to very large dimensions, the canoes can be made proportionately large and shaped gracefully."

Early the next morning the missionary and his party set out from Metlakahtla, and in the afternoon reached Port Simpson, an important trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, meeting with a warm welcome from the officer in charge of the station.

"About four o'clock we again resumed our journey, and camped for the night some ten miles farther on. Drawing into a little bay, we pitched our tent upon the shingly beach and, lopping off a number of small branches from the adjacent cedars, spread these over the stones inside our tent, laying our blankets on the top. The branches made a very good spring mattress, but we were awfully hard up for pillows. A bag of rice, however, made a good pillow for my wife, while something rolled up in my ulster coat to give it bulk, with the help of a small bag of potatoes, made for me a bolster. Of course we had supper—boiled potatoes, tinned corned beef, and tea; while the Indians discussed smoked salmon, seaweed, ship's biscuit and coffee. How strange it all seemed

to us, but how delightful! But it was not quite so delightful towards morning, when the tide came fully in and its little lapping waves washed under our spring mattress. I always make a point of pitching my tent well up the beach since then; there is nothing like experience.

"Breakfast in the rain; but then the rain of British Columbia is one of its most agreeable features. Of course you are prepared for it, not with an umbrella, but with a 'gum' suit. Gum boots, which come up to the thighs, and are held up by a strap round the waist, a long gum coat, and a gum hat. With a suit like that on you can sit in your canoe all day and enjoy the rain.

"But how shall I tell you about canoeing on the Naas? It is a mighty river as far as it goes, with a grand estuary, five miles across in some places, up or down which there is always a strong wind blowing. It was blowing up on this occasion, and the billows were rolling onward with foam-crested tops. Directly we got into the race there was no more laughter and joking among our crew. It was grand to see the captain's keen eye and set face, to watch him wield the steering paddle, now turning the canoe off a point to avoid the surging of too big a wave, and then bringing her up again with a swing to bound forward like a thing of life.

"The tide affects the river for more than fifteen miles up, and for this distance the navigation is easy. There are many shoals and sand-banks, however, to be avoided, and one night we were left high and dry on one of these. Having sailed right on to it, we stuck fast; and, as the tide was running out at the time we had to remain there until it came in again and floated us off.

"Above the tide-water you must work along the bank with poles, the men standing in the canoe and using these ten or twelve feet poles with splendid dexterity. Sometimes it is more convenient to use a towing-rope, that is, when skirting long reaches of sand or gravel on which the men can walk easily.

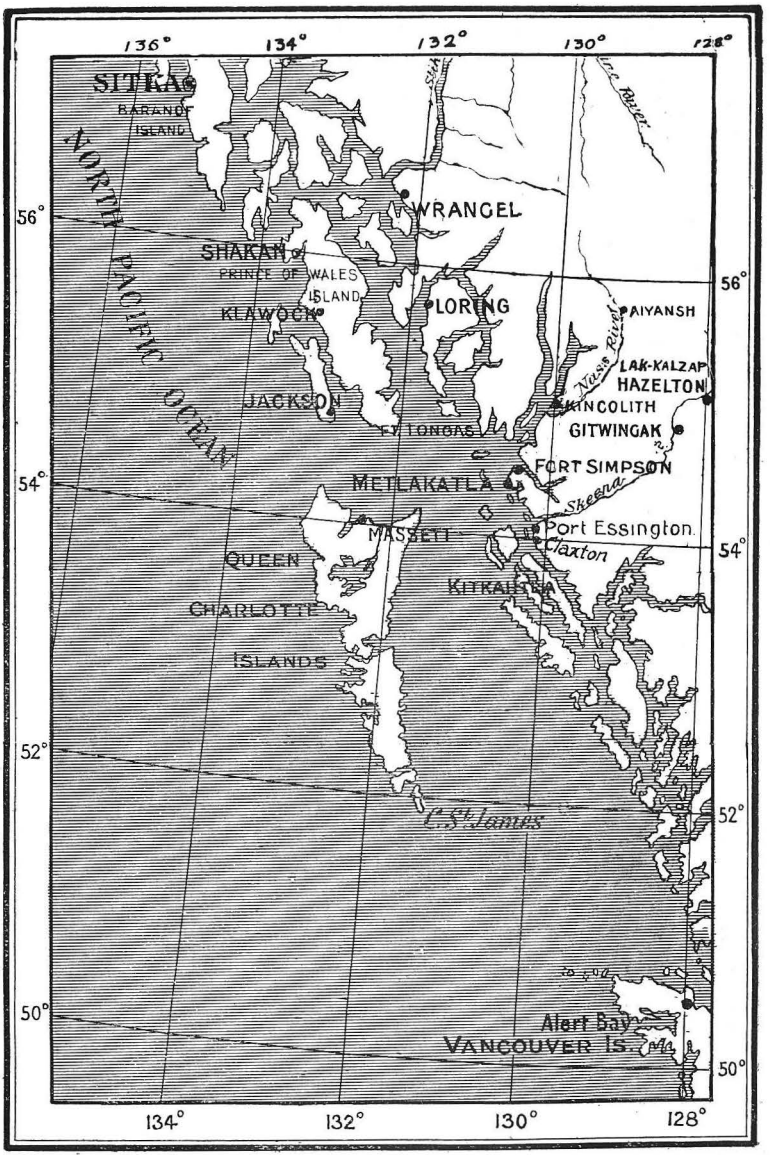
"About seventy miles up the river there is a great

'rapid' or 'rapids,' to navigate which requires consummate skill and knowledge of the various currents, etc. Ascending the 'rapids' we had to work by stages, that is by putting out two or three men with a rope, who take up a position on the nearest and outermost rock and there haul up the canoe to that point; then by putting them out again, and so on. There must, however, be a couple of men in the canoe beside the captain to keep her off the rocks with poles.

"On one occasion, when half-way up the 'rapids,' our towing-rope broke and down we were being swept broadside on to a sharp jutting rock. A young Indian in the canoe also broke his pole in endeavouring to stop her, but just as we were about to be precipitated upon this rock he vaulted out backwards and came down astride it, making a buffer of himself, and holding the canoe like a grappling-iron turned her bow up-stream and so saved us.

"'Snags,' that is, fallen trees, whose roots have been caught in the river bed and whose tops float just beneath the surface, are very dangerous. If you strike on one of these your canoe may be split from stem to stern. Falling trees, when the water is high in summer, are also dangerous. Once we were resting in the shade of a large cottonwood tree, our canoe tied to its roots, when, almost before we could cut ourselves clear, the bank began to crumble away, and the tree became very shaky. Presently down it came with a crash like thunder, sending up a column of water which nearly swamped us."

Here we must break the thread of our story and make a digression into the history of the country and its people before resuming the personal narrative of the missionary's life and labours.



THE COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, SHOWING AIYANSH AND DISTRICT.

CHAPTER III

The Land of the Setting Sun

BRITISH COLUMBIA was so named by Queen Victoria in 1858. The colony, as a province, had previously been known as New Caledonia, having been discovered more than half a century before. Two sons of Britain shared the honour of its discovery. In 1792–3 Alexander Mackenzie crossed the Rocky Mountains, travelling from east to west. Simultaneously with his arrival at the coast, Captain George Vancouver, R.N., having explored the island to be named after him, reached the mainland, his ships terrifying the natives, who fled from the beach on the approach of what they considered to be a new species of sea-monster. British Columbia was the land of the Red Man until the fur-trader and the explorer came and took it from him.

It is a country possessing wonderful natural assets and magnificent scenery. The timber resources of its vast forests are almost unlimited; and their value is greatly increased by the water-power stored in its numerous rivers near ocean navigation. Until recent years maritime commerce between the British Isles and the Pacific coast was at a serious disadvantage compared with Canada east of the Rocky Mountains, The distance by Cape Horn from Liverpool to Victoria, British Columbia, was 14,558 miles, as against 2,456 miles from Liverpool to Halifax on the Atlantic. It was this difference in distance which caused the lop-sided development of the American continent. The cutting of the Panama Canal, however, reduced the distance from 14,558 miles to 8,512. There is no finer country in the world for growing fruit.

In 1921 British Columbia produced for export trade 3,027,000 boxes of apples. In 1910 she won the highest fruit prize in the Empire, the Hogg Memorial gold medal. At the Imperial Fruit Show of 1921 she carried off seventeen medals, or more than all the other provinces combined.[1] For many months of the year it is a land of golden sunshine. "Vancouver Island has been called the Madeira of the Pacific; British Columbia is the Riviera of Canada."

The Red Indian of the North American continent belongs to a race in which it is impossible for the white man not to take a deep interest. He has sometimes been honoured by an exaggerated sentiment and invested with a halo of romance far outshining his real attributes. Fancy pictures have been drawn of him as a very noble savage, emulating the white man in deeds of heroism and chivalry. Pope's redskin was one who "sees God in clouds or hears Him in the wind," while a modern writer asks: "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, that he has never wished to be a Red Indian?" Certainly most of us who were boys fifty years ago when we devoured Fenimore Cooper's stories would have given a great deal to see an Indian chief in his war-paint and feathers, paddling his own canoe or smoking the pipe of peace in his wigwam. However, those were the Indians of fiction, the creature of the novelist's imagination, ideal, not real characters.

None the less for that, the Red children of the forest and the prairie still remain one of the most interesting and romantic races in the world.

British Columbia has been inhabited by many tribes of Indians for centuries past. On the banks of the lakes and rivers inland their encampments were pitched. Others dwelt near the sea or on some of the many islands

[1] Most of these facts and figures are taken from a lecture on "British Columbia, the Awakening of the Pacific," delivered by Mr. F. C. Wade, K.C., the Agent-General for British Columbia, on December 7, 1921, before a crowded gathering of the Society of Arts.

which fringe the coast, gaining a precarious livelihood by hunting and fishing, and latterly by trading with the white men who were attracted to the country by the valuable furs and the unlimited quantity of salmon procured for them by the natives. These Indians are not all alike.

The Haidas of Queen Charlotte's Islands are a very fine race, as white as the average European. The Nishgas of the Naas River are tall, well-proportioned, flat-nosed, bronzed, some of the men wearing a beard or moustache. The various tribes speak different languages; but since the country was opened up by the white man's invasion, they have learned to converse freely by means of a kind of *lingua franca* called "Chinook," a conglomeration of languages both European and aboriginal.

Without going into details, it is necessary to state for the better understanding and appreciation of the work accomplished by the Christian missionary, that these tribes were all, more or less, addicted to cruel practices and debasing customs, giving evidence of the depths of moral degradation into which human nature, left to itself, inevitably sinks. Dog-eaters and cannibals ranked very high, and were invested with the insignia of a noble order by their fellow-tribesmen.

One of the most demoralizing customs of all was the Potlatch. This consisted of a series of feasts or tribal banquets, usually held on the accession of some one to the chieftainship, pandering to the vanity and pride of the chief himself, impoverishing his family and destroying the virtue of his women.

And yet these people were not lacking in some of the finer instincts that distinguish the children of civilized lands. Among them was often to be found a craving for God. Where this is so, God does not leave a people to themselves. Wonderful are the ways of His Providence.

In the year 1856 Captain (afterwards Admiral) Prevost, R.N., commanding H.M.S. *Virago*, returned to England after a surveying expedition along the seaboard of British Columbia. He had been much impressed with the character and intelligence of the Red Indians. As an

earnest Christian man, he was glad to observe that they were not idolaters, but believed in two Great Spirits, one good and one bad, and he greatly feared the result of their contact with the undesirable elements of the white man's civilization.

On his arrival in England, Captain Prevost pleaded the Red man's cause before the committee of the Church Missionary Society with such telling effect as to infuse into their hearts something of his own burning zeal and Christ-like compassion for the people that had aroused his interest and sympathy. As the result, when Captain Prevost returned to the North Pacific in 1857, in command of H.M.S. *Satellite*, he carried on board a young schoolmaster named William Duncan, who was honoured in becoming the first Christian missionary to the Indians of British Columbia.

For about five years Duncan remained at Fort Simpson, the station to which he was appointed, learning the language, establishing schools and preaching the Gospel.

During these years a scheme took shape in his mind, growing with the intensity of a strong conviction and maturing into action in 1862. Duncan realized that if the Indian was to be saved—saved from the backward influence of his old tribal customs, and from the worse evil of the white man's vices, he must be taken right out of his old surroundings and away from the contamination of irreligious and unscrupulous men. So in the early summer of 1862 he invited all the Indians near Fort Simpson who desired to lead a better life to follow him. At first about fifty responded; these were soon joined by nearly 300 more, and with this beginning the Christian settlement of Metlakahtla was founded.

The success of Duncan's scheme was great beyond words. Some twenty years later McCullagh records his first impressions of the place thus:

"Here we were astonished and delighted to find the Indians well housed and clothed, leading civilized and Christian lives, under their missionaries, agents of the C.M.S. The largest church in British Columbia, built by

the Indians themselves, with the monetary assistance of friends in England, graced the centre of the village. We also found schools there and a fine mission-house in which the Bishop and some of the missionaries lived."

This effort was followed by others more or less striking in their results, to say nothing of the faithful and devoted missionaries of the Wesleyan Methodist Church who established stations on the Naas River and elsewhere. In 1864 the Rev. R. A. Doolan joined Mr. Duncan at Metlakahtla, and on the suggestion of the latter went on to establish a permanent mission on the Naas River. Having gathered together about fifty Indians, he planned a settlement similar to Metlakahtla, at a spot named Kincolith or " the Rock of Scalps." The work there was carried on by a medical missionary, the Rev. R. Tomlinson, until 1878, when he left to open a mission higher up the river near the heathen village of Gitlakdamiks.

Then occurred one of those dramatic incidents which prove that " truth is stranger than fiction," illustrating the marvels of divine grace, whereby the Spirit of the Lord works on the conscience of untutored men and moves them to become the instruments of His Providence.

CHAPTER IV

Tkaganlakhatqu

AT this time Tkaganlakhatqu, of the Wolf tribe, was second chief of the Nishgas, whose head-quarters were at the village of Gitlakdamiks, near the head-waters of the Naas River. He had gained for himself a great reputation for courage, being a fierce and hot-tempered man. This chief had a proud, ambitious and vindictive disposition, quick to resent an injury, implacable in avenging an insult. In a recent tribal feud he had gained notoriety as a " brave," being fearless in the pursuance of revenge, and having shot remorselessly those who had dared to outrage his family pride. And yet he was warm-hearted, generous and loyal to his friends.

Tkaganlakhatqu was held in great honour among his tribe, being the chief member of the Ulala or cannibal degree of the *Alaid*. He was also a " medicine man," famous for dreams. He owned the finest *wilp* (Indian tribal house) in the village, and he had four wives.

When Mr. Tomlinson visited Gitlakdamiks, this great heathen chieftain secured the honour of being his host, thereby incurring the envy of the other chiefs.

After several visits Mr. Tomlinson appeared one day with a couple of canoes laden with lumber, his intention being to build a school-house in the village. When the people of the place became aware of his purpose, in a moment they were up in arms against him and demanded how he dared thus challenge the ancient customs, social and religious, of their proud race.

On being summoned to meet the assembled chiefs, he went to the council-house and took his seat in the presence

of a hostile crowd. It leaked out that the presiding chief had a double-bladed dagger concealed under his blanket, and that he intended to use it. An Indian friendly to the missionary slipped out quietly, and at the critical moment Tkaganlakhatqu returned from fishing. He was at once informed of the danger to his friend. He went straight to the council-house, flung wide open the door and strode in, "a noble figure, with his head thrown back, his eyes aflame, his nostrils dilated, and his mane of coal-black hair falling down his neck." Throwing one arm over the missionary, he turned to the presiding chief and exclaimed: "You have a dagger concealed in your blanket; if you would flesh your blade, flesh it here," at the same time baring his own breast, and adding: "If you are man enough, strike me. You dare not? Then learn, and let all here know, that he who would strike the white man must strike me first." Turning to the missionary he said: "Come with me." Not a word was spoken as they both went out together, Tkaganlakhatqu pushing Mr. Tomlinson out of the house, while keeping his own body always on the side from which danger might come, and challenging several who had raised their rifles to fire.

The missionary spent the following night in the house of a friendly Indian named Giekqu. There he sat thinking over what he should do. There was the lumber he had brought up from the coast for building a school-house. He did not want to take it all the way back again. Then an idea came into his head. He remembered that about two miles down the river was a large flat, thickly strewn with fallen timber and overgrown with dense bush. The place was called Aiyansh,[1] or "The Valley of Eternal Bloom." To float the lumber down the river and use it for building on that piece of land would not be defeat; only a change of plan, and it might serve some useful purpose in the future.

The next morning he began to carry out his plan; the

[1] *Ai* = eternal, and *yansh* = foliage, bloom, leaf. Hence the title, "The Valley of Eternal Bloom."

school-shack was soon erected all alone on the river bank, and Mr. Tomlinson returned with his canoes and men to the coast. In the heathen village of Gitlakdamiks the empty house was treated as a great joke, a standing monument to the defeat of the Christian faith. "But that house solved the problem and saved the situation in a way that no man expected."

For some years it stood among the trees, unused except by the birds and rats. Then one autumn there came along from the northern gold mines a renegade white man, an evil-disposed person, who had deserted his wife and children and formed an alliance with an Indian woman. Taking up his abode in the village, he said he wanted a piece of good land for farming. He soon heard about the missionary's scheme and, desiring to curry favour with the tribe, he announced his intention to claim (as he was by law entitled to do) the piece of land on which the school-shack stood. He would then become its legal owner. "I will use it," he said, "as a storehouse for potatoes and turnips; and then if that psalm-singing missionary ever comes here again with his Bible and Prayer Book, he may whistle for his school-house."

With the exception of one man the people of the village were greatly pleased and exultant. Tkaganlakhatqu, when he heard the news, was strangely moved and very much perplexed. He sat by his fireside all night, with his head between his hands and his elbows on his knees, smoking the pipe of reflection. He remembered the missionary as his friend; and the instinct of loyalty in his heart cried out against any betrayal of that friendship. But he was not a Christian; he and his forefathers had done very well without the white man's religion. "What did the boys of this generation want with a school? Why did not the missionary take his lumber back to the coast?" He had often reasoned like this before; but as he now thought of the boastful talk and evil intentions of the renegade white man the smouldering fires in his breast leaped up into the hot flame of a generous indignation. That night he made his decision.

"With the first glimmerings of dawn was heard the sound of an axe-man hard at work. Hark! did ever anyone hear such chopping and crashing? What can it mean? So thought many of the Indians as they rubbed their eyes and sallied forth in the early morn to see what was going on. Around Tkaganlakhatqu's house they gathered in astonishment. And no wonder; for there he was on the roof hewing right and left, levelling his house to the ground. Nobody dared to question him as to what he was doing; and so they watched him until, having completed his work of destruction, he chose the best pieces of timber from the wreck and arranged them in the form of a raft on the water. Then flinging his bundle of blankets on the raft, together with some food, his rifle, and an axe, he sprang on board, seized a pole and pushed off from the shore with a yell and a whoop, being whirled away by the current from the astonished gaze of wives and kinsmen.

"Let us follow him. He reaches Aiyansh, pulls up before the weather-beaten little shanty, draws his boards ashore, arranges them close by in the form of a tent, closes up one end and lights a fire before the other; and there he makes himself comfortable as only an Indian can; toasting a piece of smoked salmon, he eats it, washing it down with a draught of water from the stream.

"As he stood in the dusk of the following evening on the river's bank, he saw a canoe going past the place, making for the village above. Hailing it, he called out: 'Hau! Tell that white trash to come and make a potato-house of this now—if he can!'

"The white renegade never responded to the challenge!

"In about a week one of Tkaganlakhatqu's hunting chums, feeling lonely without his companionship, joined him. This man was followed after a few more days by three other Indians, who took up their abode near the little school-house, building huts for themselves and their families with such materials as they could scrape together. Then Tkaganlakhatqu's first wife came to him in his

exile ; the other three never went near him. The heathen party made many attempts to get him back to the village; but he would not yield. He and his faithful followers became as it were outcasts and were a laughing-stock for the heathen. From being a man of great importance, Tkaganlakhatqu was now counted as one dead by his tribe, and his nephew took his chieftainship. It would be difficult to account for his unflinching attitude, in the face of opposition and temptation, merely as the obstinacy of one who was too proud to yield. He and those who joined him had made what was for them a supreme sacrifice in coming out from their own people ; they had done this in defence of what they believed to be right and honourable. And in their untutored way they were seeking for God, like men struggling to find a path out of a thick dark forest into some clearing where they could see the light of day.

" Picture to yourselves the situation ; a little band of five believers, unable to give a reason for the faith that was in them, standing firm against the aroused hostility of nearly five hundred foes, erstwhile their friends and brethren ! Without the support usually accorded to converts by the presence of a missionary, they fought a ' retiring action,' and won the initiative by taking up a new position.

" Thus the Christian settlement of Aiyansh, which in time eclipsed the heathen village, had its beginnings."

The white missionary had gone back to his old station to work among the Indians on the Skeena River ; he never again revisited the upper waters of the Naas. A native teacher was sent, however, to form the nucleus of a Christian church. After a course of instruction from him, Tkaganlakhatqu and his four Indian comrades were baptized. The native teacher remained with them for two years ; but they needed some one better qualified to establish them in the faith and knowledge of God. And He who knew their need was preparing his chosen servant to come and guide their feet into the light of His full salvation.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

In a far distant island of the Mediterranean Sea His messenger had been waiting; ready to say with the prophet of old: "Here am I, send me"; and one day towards the end of that summer of 1883, a canoe was observed coming up the river, propelled by Indians from the coast. As her prow touched the bank at Aiyansh Mr. McCullagh and his wife stepped ashore and received a glad welcome from the small community located there.

They had held the fort with courage and patience, and their faith was to be rewarded with a richer harvest of blessing than they had ever dreamed of. The advent of God's messenger to that lonely spot was to be followed in the years to come by a wonderful transformation, whereby the Indian tribe on the Upper Naas River was to be purged of heathen rites and the degrading customs of many centuries and to learn the way of Redemption and Righteousness through the power of Jesus, its crucified and risen Saviour.

CHAPTER V

The Dawn of a New Day

BEFORE they could feel themselves at home in their new environment, the missionary and his wife had plenty of hard work to get through. The bare necessaries of life were not wanting; but there were none of the comforts to which the white man is accustomed. Their lot was rough, demanding manual labour, endurance, courage and the stimulating tonic of a cheerful outlook. What McCullagh once wrote in describing others might equally well be applied to himself and the brave quiet woman who had given up her home and loved ones to share with him the noble enterprise on which he had adventured:

> There is no grander specimen of humanity in the world than the Anglo-Saxon backwoods settler—with one exception, namely his wife. If you want to know a really noble man, and to see one of the greatest and most important works in which man can engage, look in upon the backwoods settler and see him at work—subduing the earth.

The first thing necessary was, of course, a dwelling; and so the building of a log-house was at once commenced. This occupied six weeks, they living meanwhile in one of the Indian's huts. The house was barely completed by November when the snow began to fall. Even then it lacked doors and windows; but patient toil, ingenuity and resourcefulness overcame all obstacles and discouragements.

"Early in the winter my usefulness as a 'settler' was sadly impaired by an accident (which I always think of as an axe-i-dent)—a deep cut in the ankle with an

axe, which placed me on crutches for many a week to come. But this did not prevent my falling in love with the beautiful snow-clad winter, the crisp frosty days, bright moonlight nights and delightful zero weather. Never before did I feel such joy in nature, a joy that has never left me in all the years following. And this happy frame of mind led quickly to the acquirement day by day of that experience of backwoods life which enables a man to adapt himself easily to his environment. I discovered, as need after need arose for such conveniences as go to the making of a house, that I possessed the mechanical gifts of Bezaleel in a moderate degree. The house gradually assumed an air of comfort; moss and mud packed in well between the logs kept out the snow at any rate, if not the wind. Articles of furniture and a variety of fittings mysteriously materialized; the interior was lined, two rooms partitioned off and papered; and sundry little attempts at ornamentation indulged in, so that within a year the house seemed really comfortable from the point of view of the simple life. The fare was extremely simple, too; from 1883 to 1887 we only had a piece of fresh beef once. Canned meats I could not relish, although one had to eat them in order to live. Fresh salmon there was in abundance, but even that loses its savouriness when dished up for every meal. I must confess that I often used to dream greedily of beef-steak and mutton-chops. The great thing in circumstances of this kind is to keep up your heart; life does not consist of meat and drink. Half the hardships we meet with can be overcome with a smile; therefore one should never take them too seriously."

Certainly the missionary and his wife could not be accused, at that or any other time, of luxurious living. During the first few months their bed was dried grass, their bedstead the floor, while boxes served for tables and chairs.

"At night we were invariably entertained by the rats, who frolicked about us in pairs. Although these creatures had not yet come into contact with civilization, they

were not at all shy; in fact, they resented my vocal efforts to scare them by staring rudely at me from some point of vantage. I had therefore to get a long stick and keep it by me at night for the purpose of poking them; but nothing short of killing had any effect. Frequently I used my gun at them. They are called 'bush-rats' because they live in the 'bush,' or 'bush-tailed rats' because they have bushy tails like Persian cats."

There were other kinds of work to be done, difficulties of a different order to be faced and overcome. The language had first to be learned, and time was needed for that.[1] The Christian missionary and his wife were there for a more arduous task than that of the ordinary settler. Their real purpose was not to subdue the earth and replenish it, but to uplift their fellow-men and women out of their ignorance and the superstitious practices and degrading customs of heathenism.

The little band of nominal Indian Christians who formed the settlement of Aiyansh in its infancy had advanced but a short distance on the road of their new endeavour when Mr. and Mrs. McCullagh came to live amongst them. It must not be supposed that they walked straight out of the pagan darkness of the past night into the full daylight of Christianity.

"At first they hardly understood what they intended to do; but being directed no doubt by the Spirit, they embraced Christianity and appealed for a missionary. Thus our God overturns, overrules, and even makes the wrath of man to praise Him. I need not dwell upon the difficulties of commencing work under such circumstances. Suffice it to say that with continued Scripture instruction and preaching the Gospel a marvellous change was accomplished, and many were added to the little flock. In no one was that change more manifest than in Chief Abraham (the name adopted in his baptism by Tkaganlakhatqu). When I first knew him he was anything but tame and gave me no small amount of trouble. He seemed to think that I had come to Aiyansh

[1] See Chapter VII.

to be taught by him instead of to teach him ; he had no principles, no conscience and no scruples ; and yet he and those who were with him thought that, having left the heathen village and given up their heathen customs, they had attained to the highest point of perfection. Of course I had to bend his will to mine to begin with, and in conquering him I practically captured all the others. I had not been among them very long when he organized a general meeting against me and my teaching, and Sunday was the day chosen for putting it into practice. I called him and the other men into my room that same afternoon and spoke to them, telling them that, as they evidently did not want a teacher, I would not waste another day's precious time among them ; and that I would pack up and be off the following day. I would not hear one word in reply from any of them, but left the room when I had finished speaking. They wanted a big *wau-wau* (council) that evening, but I would not listen, and so about 10 o'clock at night I received a message to the effect that if I would reconsider my decision and be content to remain with them they would obey me in all things in the future ; my word alone would be as the Queen's law to them ; and should I feel inclined to order Chief Abraham, or any of them, to walk into the river they would do so at once ! "

CHAPTER VI

Early Morning Clouds

GRADUALLY the infant Church at Aiyansh grew in numbers. From the heathen villages of Gitlakdamiks up the river, and Gwinnahat farther down the stream, inquirers came to the settlement, and some stayed to learn more fully the way of life. As the missionary acquired a better knowledge of the language, he visited the chiefs, endeavouring to conciliate them by friendly overtures, but never leaving out of sight the one great object for which he had come to live among them; never losing an opportunity of trying to win them for Christ.

This was much resented by the Indians in general, and by the medicine-men in particular. Of these latter McCullagh wrote: "They had also perhaps a personal objection to me. I think they found the way I looked them in the eye rather disconcerting, and I am sure they felt it very awkward to tell me lies. Moreover, I would not stand any nonsense from chiefs or big men. Those who tried to bluff me never had the heart to repeat the experiment; neither would I flatter them by useless *wau-waus* (handshakings or feasts); therefore they declared I was *alugt, nigi amt* (fierce and no good)."

Their hostility at length became serious, imperilling the missionary's life. Only a man of exceptional qualities could have survived the danger by which he was threatened at one time. In McCullagh were combined an unshaken faith in God and an utter fearlessness of man. Without these two moral characteristics an early grave would have been the end of his high adventure for Aiyansh, as the following incident will show.

Late one night he was sitting at his table writing, when his ear caught the sound of stealthy footsteps and a low muttered conversation outside the log-house. He knew this could only mean mischief, but he thought it wiser to remain as he was, waiting and watching to see what would happen. Presently the door was softly opened and an Indian cautiously stepped in. Probably he had counted on his intended victim being in bed and asleep. But no! there was the white man sitting at his table, writing. For anyone lacking the gifts of self-control or resourcefulness in the face of danger, certain death could have been the only issue of the treacherous purpose of that midnight intrusion. But McCullagh was the man for an emergency: already he understood the Red man's nature. He knew that if he made any hurried movement or betrayed the least sign of fear or nervous apprehension, that would be the signal for the Indian, standing silently inside the door, to spring on him and plunge into his heart the knife that lay concealed under his blanket. So looking up quietly he said in steady masterful tones, "Stand there until I have finished what I am doing." For some minutes he continued writing, while he prayed for Divine help and turned over in his mind the best course to take.

His knowledge of the Indians had taught him that there is one thing more than all else of which he stands in awe and before which he quails; and that is courage. So he quietly passed the blotting-paper over his writing, arose slowly from his chair, and confronted the Indian. "I know quite well," he said in measured tones, "why you and your friends outside are here. You have come to kill me because I try to show you the trail that leads to the Great Spirit. It is a fine thing, is it not? for a party of Indian 'braves' to come in the darkness of night and murder a white man in his sleep. It needs some courage to do that. If you are brave enough to do it, why don't you take out that knife you have concealed under your blanket and strike me as I stand here? See! I open my breast for your blade! Strike, brave Indian, strike!"

The Indian looked at the tall upright figure before him; he looked at the bare breast and into the face of the white man. And there he saw no tremor on eyelids or mouth, but two clear blue eyes steadily reading his thoughts and dominating his will. He felt as though he had no power to raise a hand; he dared not draw that hidden knife. His courage melted away. He felt afraid. Slowly he backed out through the door and closed it after him. Then the missionary heard once more the undertone of voices outside and the shuffling movement of feet until they died away in the darkness of the night. And by his table he knelt down and poured forth his soul in thankfulness to the Lord who had heard his prayer and stood by him and strengthened him in his hour of need.

When the first convert at Aiyansh died, a site was chosen and consecrated for a burial-ground. The body of the Indian who had "fallen asleep in Jesus" was carried out there and committed to its last resting-place with the comforting words of the Church of England Service for the Burial of the Dead. Soon after this, tidings were brought to the missionary that a company (eight in number) of the Ulala or cannibal section of a semi-secret society called the *Alaid* had come from one of the heathen villages and were inquiring for the whereabouts of the burying-place. There was no need to explain the meaning of their visit. McCullagh understood in a moment, and he determined to frustrate their vile purpose. Seizing his rifle he hurried off by a short cut through the brushwood to the place where the grave was. Snow had fallen and covered the ground with its white shroud. Drawing a wide circle in the snow round the grave, as guardian of the dead, McCullagh stood in the centre. He had not long to wait before the Ulala party appeared. Calling on them to halt and raising his rifle in readiness to fire, he addressed them: "Stand where you are and come no nearer while I speak. I know what your object is in coming here. You want to dig up and eat the body of my friend, Simass, buried

beneath the ground on which I stand. I will die over his dead body before I suffer you to outrage it by carrying out your loathsome purpose. The first man among you that crosses the circle I have marked I shoot; and you know that I shoot straight."

The Indians looked at the stalwart white man standing before them with his rifle raised. In his face they read blazing indignation and stern resolve. No one among them dared put his foot across that fatal circle. A few words of hurried consultation between themselves were followed by retreat. As they disappeared from view, and McCullagh heard the sound of their snow-shoes growing fainter on the frozen snow, he threw his rifle down and, kneeling on the mound of earth that marked the grave, he thanked God for directing and sustaining and delivering His servant in the discharge of a duty which he knew had to be done if he were ever to wean the Nishgas as a tribe from the revolting customs of their heathen ancestors.

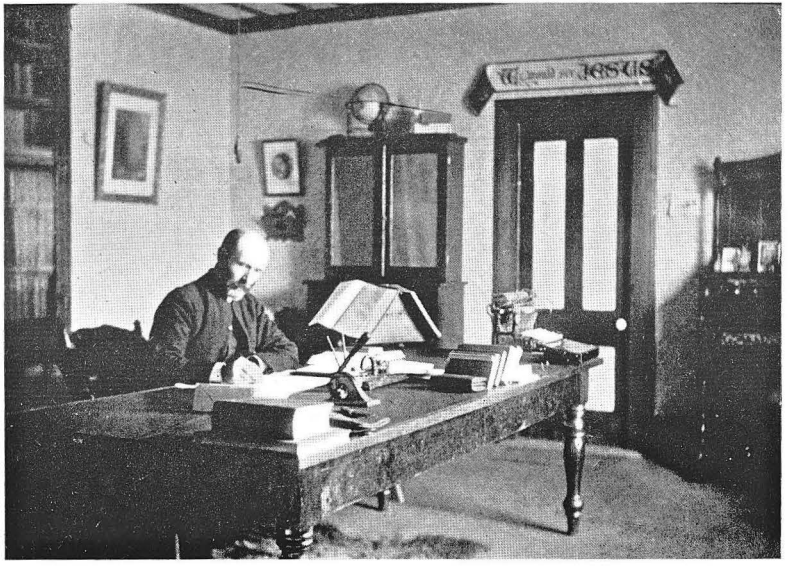
McCullagh, I believe, never set down these two incidents in writing. Probably his humility forbade his thus recording things which might seem like glorifying himself. But we who heard them from his lips, as we gathered round the fire one autumn evening during his first furlough, have never forgotten them. His vivid description of each event made a lasting impression on the memory. They are chronicled here in order to show what kind of man he was. How splendid his courage! How inflexible his will in doing what he felt to be right! How conscious he was at all times of the presence of God! How unshaken was the faith by which he looked up into the face of his Lord in every time of need and danger! But the best of men, including those whose faith and courage shine the most brightly, are subject at times to periods of depression. It can hardly be otherwise, especially when refined, spiritual natures are compelled to live in daily contact with debased human beings.

McCullagh was no exception to this form of trial. "My first experience," he wrote, "of Indian heathenism lay very heavy on my heart. I sometimes imagined

that I was a second Ezekiel, taken up by the Spirit and set down in another valley of dry bones. Indeed, it seemed to me easier that God should have made dry bones live than that those up-river Indians should become disciples of Christ. Dry they were too, but in addition they seemed to be embedded hopelessly in a mass of fossilized degradation. Even those who had come out of heathenism to put themselves under instruction in the way of leading a better life did not all at once give up their old ways of living. Some of their habits were indescribably filthy." The missionary's soul revolted against such things; to himself and his wife they were sometimes almost beyond endurance.

One day a feeling of despair seized him; but like the prophet Elijah he made his complaint to the Lord. Casting himself on the ground, he cried out, "O Lord, why hast Thou brought me here? These people sicken me with their vile habits. How can I ever win them for Thee unless I learn to love them? And instead of loving them I loathe them."

"And then," he adds, "as I remained on my knees in the forest, I seemed to see the Cross of Calvary and the Figure of Jesus there. And I seemed to hear His voice saying to me, 'I loved these people well enough to die for them. Canst thou not love them well enough to live for them?' And in the strength of that vision I arose from my knees with a new feeling in my heart for the Indians. I had begun to love them"



TRANSLATING THE BIBLE.

CHAPTER VII

The Language and Education of a People

ONE of the most important tasks to be accomplished by a missionary if he is to succeed in preaching the Gospel to a heathen people, is to acquire a knowledge of their language. This was easier for McCullagh than it would be for most men. He was naturally endowed with exceptional linguistic gifts. Before going out to British Columbia he had mastered several European languages. Philology was always a favourite study with him. One of his hobbies in later years was to trace affinities between root-words in the Indian tongue and the etymology of those old languages from which the modern speech of civilized nations derives its origin.

"All my conversation with the Indians was, of course, at first carried on by means of an interpreter—a man whom I had brought up with me from the coast, who could speak a little English. But I did not make any progress with the language until the following spring, when I set myself to acquire it with some purpose. Just then my interpreter failed me; he evidently did not want me to know the language; thinking, I suppose, that my ignorance would be his bliss in the way of paid labour. However, I employed two old Indians who did not know a word of English to do some fencing work in the garden with me. One I kept on my right, the other on the left as we worked; the one on the left having been informed by many signs that on no account was he to speak, but rather to do everything the other man told him to do. Thus with an open ear on the right, and an open eye on the left, I began to put things together, that is, to associate

certain actions with certain sounds, and then to pronounce those sounds myself. Many a time have my Indian companions rolled on the ground with laughter at my attempts to pronounce some of their words, but I always succeeded in the end. Whenever I got real hold of a word I always wrote it down phonetically, with the meaning in English opposite (my book and pencil were always with me), and so at the end of six weeks I essayed the writing out of a short sermon, much to the delight of the Indians in general, especially those who had been helping me. These assumed at once a most amusing air of importance : they had done what the interpreter could not do, they had taught the white man to speak Nishga. But pride always goeth before a fall ; they had so credited themselves with everything else, that they had to be credited also with my mistakes. I did not make many, it is true ; but one mistake is enough to mar a whole sermon. Unfortunately, in this case, the word for ' bread ' and that for ' woman ' are very much alike, and when in my discourse I had occasion to speak of the crumbs which fell from the table, instead of saying ' *kuba gum anak* ' (little scraps of bread), I said ' *kuba gum anag* ' (little single women), utterly spoiling the effect of my laboured first effort. But I persevered and, entering into a compact with the Indians small and great, we agreed that they should always tell me if I made a mistake in pronunciation, idiom or grammar. Of course they did not know anything of grammatical rules, but they could tell me if the talk ' walked right.' Then I would make notes of all the criticisms and comments made, correct my pronunciation, idiom or grammar, as the case might be, making sure, if possible, not to fall into the same errors again."

In the end McCullagh acquired a reputation among the Indians of knowing more about their language than they knew themselves, and of being able to speak it as correctly and fluently as any one of them.

For him to know the Nishga tongue, however, was not enough. He could indeed converse with people and preach sermons to them ; but he knew that if ever they

were to become settled in the Christian faith they must be able to read the Bible. And for this purpose he set to work and reduced their language to writing. "I gave eight solid hours a day for one year," he writes, "to the making of a Nishga-English Grammar on Ollendorf's system; and it was grand in those far-away days when I began to feel my wings!—when, instead of stumbling along amid the intricacies of the Nishga Grammar, I began to fly."

The letters of the English alphabet were insufficient to give the phonetic equivalent of many of the Indian words; so he added to their number, incorporating several Greek letters and thus making up the full number to thirty-two. Then he taught the people to read. The young Indians, he soon found, were keen to learn the vernacular, and when he started to print the Grammar on his typewriter, "they gathered round like flies round a sugar-barrel."

Let us here anticipate the results of McCullagh's efforts to educate the people. During the winter months, when the boys were not needed by their fathers to help in the fisheries, he collected as many of them as he could get, boarded them in a tent near the mission-house, and regularly taught them to read and write. He did this, hoping in time to train them for setting up the type of the printing-press which eventually became so important a feature of his work. Some of the boys proved sharp and intelligent; others were not so bright. It was all very strange to them to try and learn things of which neither they nor their fathers before them had ever heard. One boy named Gaigiat became quite discouraged. "The book did not speak to his eyes as he expected it would do." His idea of reading was, that if one were to hold a book sufficiently long before the face, the writing would by some occult process convey the meaning to the eyes; but that there was any work to be done in learning to spell was incomprehensible to him; consequently it was a very difficult matter to get him to learn the Nishga alphabet and to plod through the spelling of syllables. He could not see the use of learning letters and bits of

words which in themselves meant nothing, or, as he put it, " did not tell him any news." " He had no joy in his lessons, and was always glad when they were over, and he at liberty to scamper about the rocks at play."

One day the missionary called him in and lectured him on his apathy and indifference in learning to read. He seemed very much bored and appeared to think himself unfairly treated in not being taught to read without any trouble to himself.

" Taking a sheet of paper I wrote in large letters (he had already got to the fourth spelling sheet) *am mi dum gint Gak al habesqu al yuksat kin* (feed the rabbits with grass this evening), and handing it to him, said, ' Spell out those words, beginning a-m am, m-i mi, and so on.' He got to the end. ' Now,' said I, ' pronounce them without spelling.' This he did with evident growing amazement, until at last, looking up at me, with eyes actually starting out of his head, he broke into an hysterical kind of laugh, and throwing up his feet, rolled off the box where he was seated, and out at the door like a bale of goods. On going into his tent later, I found him for the first time really intent upon his lessons. ' Well,' said I, ' how are you getting on now? have you done what the paper told you to do? ' His reply was, ' I have been very foolish, chief.' ' Well, it is something gained to know that,' I rejoined ; ' add the fear of God to that, and you have the beginning of wisdom.' "

This was the turning over of a new leaf in Gaigiat's education, and before long he had learned to read intelligently and to write neatly.

The question of the education of the Indians was a difficult one. " When the people are in their villages," writes McCullagh, " school is open daily, and nearly all the children attend, and are instructed in reading, writing, geography and arithmetic. Unfortunately the breaks occurring in the spring and summer, owing to the migratory habits of the people, tend to retard the progress which might otherwise be made. Still, notwithstanding these drawbacks, we make considerable headway. To

overcome this difficulty I have kept all the boys back as far as I could, during the past ten years, by boarding them in my own house and clothing them. By doing this their parents have been satisfied to leave them with me. These boys are the joy and crown of my labours. They stand out conspicuously among all the Indian boys of the country for alertness of intellect, more than average intelligence, discipline, good conduct, mechanical ability and general efficiency for the life that lies before them."

In 1891, eight years after he went out to Aiyansh, the progress of the people's education was so far advanced that McCullagh was able to circulate among them an occasional newspaper, entitled *Hagaga*, cyclostyled in the vernacular, on one side only of a large sheet of paper, containing items of interest general and personal, and embellished with drawings in the way of instruction and humour.

The success of this system of educating the people in their own language before teaching them anything more than conversational English was very marked. A marvellous instance of this occurred about the year 1891, when he first began to distribute spelling-sheets and reading-lessons among the boys.

" One of our little boys," he writes, " meeting with some hunters from a distant tribe, taught them the rudiments of spelling in the vernacular, and gave them a few copies of our little *Hagaga*. These young men were very much taken with the idea of learning to read and write in their own language, and persevered with the lessons the winter through in their own village, using pieces of split wood for slates and burnt sticks for pencils. About a year after this, not knowing what had been going on meanwhile, I was much astonished to receive letters from men of this tribe in rapid succession, stating their intention of coming to live at the Mission, that they had already ' repented to God,' and wanted to be further instructed and baptized. And so they came and had their desire fulfilled." These young men remained for some time at Aiyansh and eventually became consistent Christians.

But the crowning glory of the Nishga people's education began in 1893 when a printing-press arrived from England. Nothing could illustrate more clearly McCullagh's gifts of patience, perseverance and manual skill than the way in which, without assistance from anyone, he taught himself the art of printing. Thus he described the process in one of his letters home :

" Very few amateurs, I imagine, have begun printing under greater disadvantages than those which beset me at the commencement of my mounting the hobby. The first time I obtained more than a passing glimpse of a printing-press was when I unpacked the cases containing one sent out to me by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in 1893. The parts were there in perfect order, I had no doubt, but the question was, how to put them together ? I had attempted to solve many a problem in my time, but this was *pons asinorum* at last. However, by the help of a cut in *Webster's Dictionary*, I eventually got it into working order. The type I distributed easily enough, but there were many things of the use of which I had no idea, *e.g.* composing stick, setting rules, marble slab, a kind of stone pestle (of the use of this I am still in ignorance) and a few other things. I began composing therefore on the bed of the press, within a frame laid thereon, setting up each word in my fingers, and then transferring it to the frame, frequently spilling it, and sometimes knocking down a whole line ! Every now and then, as I straightened up my aching back or turned around my stiffening neck, I exclaimed, ' Well, this beats all other kind of work in the world ! '

" My task was a hard and tedious one. But joy ! at last the frame was filled and the type tightened. Then getting roller and ink ready, I pulled with nervous impatience my first proof.

" Without waiting to give a look at the sheet, I took it in for my wife to see, waving it triumphantly at arm's length, thinking, if I did not shout, ' Eureka.' But, oh ! the consternation, the mortification, the humiliation !

it was printed backwards and could only be read in the looking-glass."

Having served his apprenticeship to the art of printing, alone and unaided, he began to teach his Indian boys. At first they were slow in learning ; but the more intelligent among them succeeded in the end. In 1900 McCullagh completed his revised translation of St. John's Gospel into the Nishga language. In due course the other three Gospels were translated and printed. A school Primer, a Nishga Grammar, a Nishga-English Grammar, a Dictionary, an Old Testament history in Nishga and an English Prayer Book with Hymns, all passed through the printing-press before many years were over. The Primer was published in 1897 by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for use in the day-school at Aiyansh ; it includes a translation of Psalms i. and xxiii., St. Matthew v. 1–12 and 1 St. John ii. 1–11. The same Society also published an undated volume entitled : " A Nishga version of portions of the Book of Common Prayer," containing various Canticles and some extracts from the Scriptures. Although these two volumes are preserved in the Library of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Bible Society itself never published anything in the Nishga tongue. In his annual letter for 1895 McCullagh stated that the Bible Society had consented to print the Nishga New Testament for him ; and indeed this great and generous Society has always taken a keen interest in his work and would gladly have done for him what they are doing for other Missions all the world over. That they never actually published anything for McCullagh during the early years of his work is probably because he wished to educate his Indians in the qualities of self-dependence and self-culture by making them responsible for printing and binding the books he translated into their language. He believed in the practical utility of Industrial Missions, and he put this principle into practice whenever it was possible. During his last furlough (1914–1916) the Bible Society promised to give him the Epistle to the Romans in the Nishga

language. After his return to Aiyansh he set to work at once and had just finished the translation of this Epistle when the great flood came and destroyed it, together with many other valuable manuscripts.

As the people grew in their capacity and desire for receiving knowledge, he used to give, during the winter evenings, lectures on various subjects; as, for example, "astronomy, agriculture, carpentry and building, the care of domestic animals and poultry, electricity applied, physiology, the generation of disease, the importance of sanitary arrangements in and about the houses of a village, the use and care of tools, the principles of steam and water power, law and justice, and many other things too numerous to mention." Also in 1907 he wrote as follows in *The Story of a Great Transformation*:

"From the pictorial papers and periodicals which I receive monthly I generally cut any illustrations of interest and, together with typewritten explanations in the vernacular, paste them on a large sheet of printing-paper, so that the Indians are always able to gain a little variety of knowledge in this way. Thus they know all about airships, flying machines, X-rays, wireless telegraphy, damming the Nile, bridging the Zambesi, new ships, people of other lands, their habits and customs, and so on, *ad lib.*"

In 1909 the *Hagaga* was revised under a new name and form, entitled "*Hagaga*, the Aiyansh Parish Magazine and Indian's Own Paper." It was printed in English, the printers being four of the old Mission boys. The Magazine consisted of eight pages of three columns each. It was brimful of useful information about educational and sanitary problems, the Government of the country, and many other matters; one page (sometimes two) being reserved for the children.

The Editorial notes of the first number (June 1909) begin thus:

"There are a few young men and women, boys and girls, in our villages now who can read easy English, so that we feel they ought to have a little paper of their own to talk to them about those things that make for their welfare.

"The *Hagaga* is therefore brought to the front again, and we hope it will do something to help to open the doors of truth and righteousness of life, so that the hearts and minds of the rising generation may enter into a purer air and follow a higher life.

"When a man makes a garden he has no need to plant weeds; they grow of themselves without any help, and have to be pulled up or cut down. But the things he uses for food—wheat, oats, beans, peas, potatoes and other vegetables, as well as fruit, have to be planted and watered and taken care of. Whenever a man sows good seed in his garden a crop of weeds is sure to come up at the same time, as though they wanted to choke out the good seed. So that he has to work for the good and against the bad.

"Now this is what we hope the *Hagaga* will do: it will try to cut down and pull up the weeds of cunning, craft, guile and lies which are always on the grow, seeking to hinder the ripening of the good seed of truth and love, peace and joy. And we are sure that every true-hearted man and woman will be glad to see that which is good increase and grow, and all old evil things pass away.

"We hope all the young folk, and all the old people too, will help to make this little paper go well. Every one ought to push it on by placing an order for it. The price is sixty cents a year—very cheap."

To raise a tribe of degraded savages in the course of a few years, to teach them in their own tongue, and afterwards to educate them so as to make them capable of receiving such moral instruction as this, printed by their own hands in the English language, is of itself a fine achievement for one man. It will be reckoned all the more so if we bear in mind that it was only one department of the many-sided work McCullagh was enabled to accomplish.

CHAPTER VIII

The Red Man as a Heathen

THAT McCullagh possessed literary talents of no mean order is evident from the accounts he wrote at intervals describing the development of his work. Some of these have been published in booklet form by the Church Missionary Society; others have appeared as articles in the *Church Missionary Review*. In addition to these he sent home to his supporters in England, periodically or as some special necessity arose, journals recounting the progress of the Christian Mission to the Indians. Often he burned the midnight oil in writing letters to his personal friends in the old country, many of which, happily, have been preserved, especially those relating to the earlier years at Aiyansh. Unfortunately most of those written in later years have not been kept.

He was undoubtedly conscious that he possessed the gift of a flowing pen as the natural outcome of an active brain and a fertile imagination; and at one time he seriously intended writing for publication a book in which he could plead the cause of the Indians and show how the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ is the one hope of their salvation morally, socially and spiritually. In April 1899 he wrote to his friend Mr. C. B. Robinson: "On my return from the Conference at Metlakahtla I start (D.V.) to print the New Testament and to write the book I mentioned in my last letter. I have a mind to pitch my tent in a pine grove on a hill near by and ride there in the early mornings (on a cayuse I have who rejoices in the name of Joe) for four hours' slick writing." But in April 1900 he wrote again to the same friend: "The book is not at all satis-

factory. I write and rewrite, and still I am in the unsatisfying scribble stage. I digress so often and perhaps go in too much for moralizing. At every hand's turn I find some popular misconception, or what appears to me as such, peeping round the corner, and I can't resist the temptation to 'go for it.' However I'll 'get there' by and by if I live, and every year that passes now will add fresh interest to the pages of my book."

But he never did "get there," partly, as he himself says in another letter, owing to the financial risk of such a venture. The materials, however, of this work, which never saw the light of publication, survive in the form of "Sketches," some of which were actually printed in small type by their author. Three of these are here recorded by which it may be seen how intimate was McCullagh's knowledge of old Indian habits and how keen were his powers of observation. No one was better qualified than he for recording manners and customs now fast dying out. Incidentally they show how difficult was the task before him in breaking down the long-established practices in which the Red man was steeped and from which he must break away in the process of his conversion to the Christian faith.

1. A TYPICAL INDIAN CHIEF

"My first introduction to the great Chief Sgaden was in the late summer of 1883, just after my first arrival at Aiyansh. It was a sunny afternoon, and, standing on the river bank with my interpreter beside me, we watched a small fishing canoe, poled by one man sitting in the stern, come gradually up to where we were. The Indian in the canoe was an oldish man with broad, flattened features on which a proud, haughty expression was stamped for all time. His headgear consisted of an old piece of red cotton wound around his head and knotted in front; an old open-breasted, smoke-mellowed calico shirt and a pair of worn-out 'china' pants completed his costume.

"'Who is he, Frederick?' I whispered.

" ' He one velly gleat chief ! ' responded Frederick, with an impressive smack of his lips.

" Then he proceeded to inform the occupant of the canoe that the white man had been inquiring who he was. This started Sgaden on his own account. He smote upon his breast, pointed to his heart, put out his tongue and flicked it with his finger, and then pointed to the surrounding country.

" ' He say one gleat man, big chief, more dan all chiefs ; no oder man chief enough to speak him ; him velly stlong heart, all same one tongue speak for all country lound bout hea'. You come make eat 'long him tomollow ? ' said Frederick, with an air of great importance.

" Accordingly I took two friendly Indians with me on the morrow and repaired to his house, which was in a village about two miles away. This village, as is the custom, stands on a river bank, and was composed of about forty large houses or compounds with low-pitched roofs. Erected before the house of each chief (for there are many chiefs in a village) was an immense wooden pole—a whole tree—carved with the figures of queer animals and human faces, and surmounted by the carved image of some bird or animal showing the crest and tribal division of the chief.

" Presently we reached my host's house, and found him standing at the door ready to receive me. Without any greeting he led me in and, spreading a bearskin on the floor, motioned me to be seated. I sat down, as did also my two companions, while the old man, who had laid out all his possessions as for an exhibition, went round examining his goods critically as though he had seen them for the first time in his life.

" Opposite to us, on the other side of the hearth, sat Mrs. Chief, washing a pair of her husband's moccasins in a wash-hand basin. Having wrung these out, she emptied the contents of the basin into a hole in the hearth, and then, taking a smoke-dried salmon, held it before the fire to toast. This being done, she broke it up into small pieces, which she deposited in the basin and

set it before us. My companions began eating and motioned me to do the same. 'Dear me,' thought I, 'I am in for it this time!' Picking up a piece in my fingers, I looked at it, wondering if I could bolt it, and calculating, with my left hand on the pit of my stomach, the possible results. But there was no way out of it, I must not give offence, so I played with that piece of salmon, touching my teeth with it now and again and smacking my lips. I never do things rashly if I can help it, but on this occasion I tried, by closing my eyes and deafening my ears, to shut out for a moment all consciousness, and then a hurried bit of chewing, a big gulp down, and all was over. My friends had cleared the basin by this time, so the old lady took it and began to prepare a second course. This consisted of seaweed, salmon roe and fish oil, and was mixed all up together in the basin. Laying this in front of us, she served out a horn spoon to each, and then began to lick her fingers one after the other, for she had been mixing the dish, you know!

"That was the only time in my life that I can remember wishing for a cold in my head—a good stuffy one! It would have been too rude of me to hold my nose with one hand, while with the other I plied the spoon. But what was to be done? Eat I must, and that quickly. So, taking up a spoonful, I took it in very small doses, whiling away the time until the dish had been emptied by my friends. Our hostess then took the basin and wiped it out with her finger, which she carefully licked, as also the spoon! Preparations were then made for another course—berries dried upon leaves were taken out of a box and put into the basin with water, and squeezed up into squash by our chiefess. How she did enjoy drawing her tongue across those hands every now and then! Dear old lady, she gave my spoon an extra lick by way of courtesy, before laying it down for my use again! These mashed berries would not have been half bad if she had not poured a lot of that awful fish oil into the basin with them. While we were discussing this dish our host was standing in the doorway looking out for somebody, who

turned out to be a young man in a blanket. Him he ordered to fetch a bucket of water—a bark bucket—and to mash up a lot of red and yellow berries in it. This he did, kneeling in front of us, and then proceeded to whip the whole into a foaming mass with his hand. Long wooden spoons were served out for this course, and the enjoyment to be derived from this particular mass consisted in drawing into the mouth the contents of the spoon, and then expelling them into the same again, repeating the process three or four times, and finally swallowing the delicacy.

"After lunch the chief took me round and showed me all his treasures, to which he was evidently anxious that I should add something.

"In due course I returned the chief's invitation, had quite a spread for him, and watched him eat my good things with pleasure. But I was not prepared for the end of it, viz., stuffing his pockets with all that was left on the table. How could he be so rude as to leave aught of that which had been set before him? Such is Indian politeness.

"After I had settled down in Sgaden's country I found him very much opposed to the Gospel. Whenever I went into his house to preach, he invariably started chopping wood to make a noise. Once he sent a message to me to caution me not to say too much against heathen ways. I was but a leaf in his country, and he had only to blow with his mouth to send me flying back again to the sea!

"In 1898 Sgaden made a profession of repentance and faith in Christ, was baptized by Archdeacon Collison and lived for some time at Kincolith. But he again returned to his heathen surroundings after a few years, and died virtually a heathen in 1904.

"He would listen to no Indian preaching, neither would he sit still while family prayers were being conducted in any house where he was. His pride was sufficient to clothe a whole tribe with arrogance, and as he lived, so he died."

2. THE INDIAN HA-ALAID

"There is among the Nishgas a Society called the *Alaid*, a semi-secret Society, consisting of four degrees of mysteries, to be initiated into which is the ambition of every Indian who can afford it. Originally this Society was composed only of chiefs and leading men, but now that articles of property can be acquired by any industrious Indian from European trading-posts and stores, it is open to every one who can give the required feasts and presents to the tribe. Anyone not belonging to this Society is classed as Um-giat—unmade, rude or raw-made; from '*um*,' the makings of; and '*giat*,' man—so that Umgiat is, literally, the makings of a man. On the other hand, those who have taken their degrees are styled 'shim-gigiat,' from '*shim*,' real, fact, made; and '*gigiat*,' the plural of '*giat*'—literally made men, real men, i.e. chiefs. The 'Umgigiat' have no special position at all in the tribe, while the 'Shimgigiat' are classed according to the number of degrees they have taken. The first degree is Milthat (plural Gamilthat, sons of being); the second Lulthim (dog-eaters); the third Ulala (cannibals); while the fourth is Hunanalthit (destroyers). The fourth degree is only open to members of the third, the third to those belonging to the second, the second to those in the first, while the first is open to anyone who can afford to give a big feast and who makes a distribution of property.

"You must now allow me to introduce you to a young Indian just out of his teens. He is a hunter and a fisherman, splendidly built, pleasing to look at, as brown as a berry, keen-eyed as a hawk, and rejoicing in the name of Dozqum Gaik (Black Feather). He has been working hard for the last four years and laying up the fruits of his labour. He is now worth about a hundred blankets, four or five dozen cups and saucers, five bags of rice, twenty boxes of ship's biscuit, a small barrel of molasses and a quantity of tobacco. Just notice his gait as he walks, observe the elasticity of his step and the way he holds up his head! Why should he not hold up his head?

Is he not lord of a hundred blankets, each measuring six feet by four; and the coveted prefix 'Shim,' is it not within measurable distance of his name?

"The happy hum of summer is hushed throughout forest and glade; the ground is strewn with the recent glory of autumn; the snow-line is nightly creeping lower and lower down the mountain sides, the harsh sound of the rapids is heard from afar on the still frosty air; another week and it will be winter. Dozqum Gaik is busy in his uncle's house preparing for the long-anticipated feast. A goodly pile of fragrant cedar logs stands near the door ready for the hearth, half a dozen eagles, with the assistance of Black Feather's rifle, have filled yonder bark bag with their fine white down, while the kindness of the neighbours has multiplied the number of pots beside the door. All is ready for the feast. Pots of rice are boiling, Black Feather's female relatives are to the fore in force, the blankets are piled up near the entrance ready for distribution, and in the corner the lord of the feast is putting on a coat of paint, to which he adds a kilt or jingling apron, and a pair of leggings, finally enfolding his body in a coloured blanket. The guests begin to pour in, each bringing his or her dish and spoon, while a man at the door points out the place of everyone, uttering the word 'Git' (there it is).

"The principal chief's place is at the end opposite the door, while on his right and left sit the other chiefs, according to rank, with their heirs (i.e. their nephews) squatting in front of them. The guests sit all round the house in four ranks, the 'Umgigiat' near the door. The food is served out first to the chiefs and last of all to the 'Umgigiat.' The feeding over, Black Feather's uncle addresses the chiefs, standing out in the light of the fire, his blanket gathered across his breast by his left arm, while his right is extended towards the nobles—"Now, ye chiefs . . ." He introduces his nephew, whose good things he flatteringly deprecates, while recalling to mind former famous feasts given by those whom he is addressing. Black Feather then comes forward and, taking two

blankets off the pile, gives them to the Min (First Chief), to each of the other chiefs and their heirs he gives one, to the leading men he gives half a blanket each, while the 'Umgigiat' come in for one-sixteenth each. Thrice happy day for Dozqum Gaik—the smiles of his guests and their reiterated title of 'Nat' almost turn his head, he is giddy with elation, and already looks forward to creating a greater sensation a few years hence when he takes the 'Lulthim.'

"Bang! Bang! Something has struck the roof of the house, and Black Feather falls to the floor as though he had been shot. In a moment a dozen stalwart men have cast aside their blankets and stand around him in their paint and kilts. Tearing his blanket from him, they roll his apparently lifeless body into an elk-skin, which four of them hold at the corners, and sway it to and fro to a slow drumming and singing on the part of the others. The drumming grows more rapid, the sing-song more jerky, and they toss him up and catch him again as they whirl round the fire in the centre of the floor. Now a few of them have got the bark bag of eagle-down, the contents of which they throw up by the handful, assisting its flight with their breath.

"See! they are enveloped in a cloud of whirling, eddying feather-flakes as, circling round and round in the firelight, they toss Black Feather higher and higher towards the large opening (chimney) in the roof. Closer and closer they mingle together in the cloudy maze, then a final toss and out of their hands goes the elk-skin, to come down limply on the floor. Black Feather is gone! Tossed up to heaven![1]

"There they stand looking up at the starry sky as seen through the opening in the roof, while smothered exclamations of awe and wonder escape from the lips of the 'Umgigiat,' and the chiefs sit on in quiet dignity. The party then breaks up, and each person goes home in silence. Four days have elapsed since Black Feather

[1] The vanishing operation is, of course, a cleverly performed trick.

was tossed up to heaven, and the guests are again assembled in his uncle's house, where they are seated as before, enjoying a second edition of the feast. Around the fire stand the painted and kilted members of the 'Milthat' looking up at the opening in the roof and calling upon 'Miltham Kila' (God of Miltha) to restore to them the missing youth. One of their number takes a large wooden spoon filled with fish oil, which he presents aloft, crying out, 'Alu kwilth Ye, dum gibin t'kon' (Walker abroad, you will eat of this), after which he deposits the huge spoon with its contents on the fire. Suddenly the flames leap forth, ascending in a fluttering stream through the aperture above, illuminating the interior and exterior of the festal hall.

"Thud! Bump! Something has fallen upon the roof, and out rush the dancers, uttering the peculiar yell of the 'Milthat.' Presently they return with Black Feather in their midst, whom they lead around before the guests. Then putting him again into the elk-skin, they sway and toss him as before, and again cause him to vanish in a cloud of eagle-down.

"The next morning Black Feather is seen sitting on a rock on the opposite bank of the river quite naked, while all the inhabitants of the village stand before his uncle's house looking at him. Through this crowd a party of naked 'Gamilthat' urge their way with a dancing step, cross the river and bring him over. Through the village they lead him four times, a hungry-looking creature (for he has not eaten anything since the first night of the feast), and then conduct him to his uncle's house, where for four days the members of the 'Milthat' continue to drum and rattle over him. During those days a wreath of teased alder-bark is hung outside the house, and nobody is allowed to pass by the front; they must go by the back. A third edition of the feast brings the ceremony to a close, and then Black Feather goes into retirement for the remainder of the winter. If you go into his uncle's house you will observe a corner screened off by a bark mat, behind which someone is evidently at work.

NISHGA CHIEF WEARING STATE BLANKET.
These blankets are of great value and are now unobtainable.

It is Black Feather in seclusion, whiling away the dreary hours in making and repairing his hunting and fishing appliances.

" There will be, perhaps, a session of the ' Lulthim ' in February, at the feast of which he will be liberated. But you will not find him then the beaming youth of the summer before; there will be a hard look of the world on his face, his smile will strike you as a little cruel, his look cunning and crafty, while the whole demeanour of the man shows that he has been morally ruined. He has imbibed quite a store of selfish, worldly and debasing principles from the instructions of the old ' stagers ' who initiated him into the mysteries of the first degree. Don't let any of my readers suppose that these ceremonies are got up for the amusement of the Indians. What the Universities and other noble institutions are in the estimation of the youth of England, such are these customs in the estimation of Indian youths.

" The ' Lulthim,' or second degree, is much the same as the ' Milthat,' except in one particular. At a certain stage of the dance one of the old members catches a dog, kills it on the spot and throws its body to the man who is being initiated. This person takes the dog and tears out its yet warm and palpitating heart with his teeth, gorges on it like a ravening wolf and smears his face with the blood.

" The ' Ulala,' or third degree, consists of eating human flesh instead of dog's. In olden times a slave, generally a woman past work, was handed over by the chief of the Ulala to be torn to pieces by the dancers. Now they content themselves by biting pieces out of each other's arms, cheeks, shoulders, etc. The winter before I returned to England (1890) they made a lay figure, covered it with stiff dough, and ate that as a substitute for flesh.

" The ' Hunanalthit,' or fourth degree, consists in a man's accumulating as much property as he can, then giving a feast and a dance, at which he works himself up to a pitch of frenzy when, with a club in his hand, he runs amuck through the village, destroying some article

of property in each house, afterwards making a restitution from that which he has laid up. A greater honour than this no Indian can attain to!

"Such then is the nature of a little bit of Red Indian heathenism; such is the nature of the darkness the Church of Christ is called upon to dispel."

3. THE AVENGER OF BLOOD

"The 'Shegit' is the avenger of blood whose duty is to kill the person, or any relative of the person, who may have slain a member of the family to which he belongs. Any member of the family can take upon himself the office of Shegit if he chooses. A son, however, would only avenge his father's death in a case where a father had no nephew, but a father could and would take up the case of his son.

"On one occasion I had a narrow escape from the Shegit:—There was a medicine-man who threatened to take the life of a youth by witchcraft in the event of the boy's assuming the title of a certain vacant chieftainship to which he, the medicine-man, asserted a prior claim. Notwithstanding, the boy's family helped him to take the dignity, and after that he sickened and died. His mother then took a gun, loaded it, handed it to the youth's father, and pointing towards the door uttered the word *Shegit!* Out strode the man, gun in hand, going in the direction of the medicine-man's village. The next day the body of the 'doctor' was found stiff and stark on the snow; the Shegit had taken the required vengeance.

"About a week after this event the relatives of the murdered medicine-man came to me to report the circumstances of the crime, and saying that they would not perpetuate the feud if the Queen's law could be set in motion. I wrote informing the Indian Agent of the murder, and in a short time fourteen specials were despatched to arrest poor Shegit. In attempting to carry out their instructions they shot him and nearly brought a hornet's nest about, not only their own ears, but the ears of every white man in the district. The Indians,

however, held a council at which they fixed the blame of Shegit's death on me, because I had given information to the authorities. Whereupon Shegit's father and other members of the tribe set out for Aiyansh. Arriving there, they found that we had gone down to the coast for the annual Conference, and that we would be back again in three weeks' time. Those three weeks they waited patiently for my return. Meanwhile, we were at Metlakahtla waiting for the steamer by which we expected to return to the Naas where our canoe was. One day, however, near the end of the time, I made one of a boat's crew to go to a place called Inverness for some necessary things, and was utterly astonished on coming back to find that the steamer had called and left for the Naas in my absence. This appeared to be a great inconvenience, as she would not touch there again for a month to come. We thought ourselves very unfortunate until we reached Aiyansh and found that the ' Shegiting ' Party had left for the interior the evening before. They had waited the three weeks and given me two days' margin to make up for possible delays ; but when I failed to turn up at that time, they concluded that I had got wind of them, and would, therefore, not come up at all, so they left !

" Some may think my escape was owing to chance, good fortune, or the like ; but I attribute it to God's good providence.

" I am now on very good terms with this family, and the old father always comes to see me when passing through my district."

CHAPTER IX

The Red Man as a Christian

"WHEN we speak of 'believers' it is necessary for people to understand exactly what is meant. Let us imagine a large mountain. Those who dwell on the mountain know all the peaks, passes, valleys and slopes and have names for them. This mountain is Christianity, and the people are, we will say, English believers. Imagine now a people who never saw a mountain; up out of the bowels of the dark earth they came into the day; standing afar off, they wonderingly gaze at the blue hazy immensity rising up to the sky. They see it clothed in the glory of a heavenly light; they see it in its entirety, but they know nothing of its wealth of detail, its lovely crags, charming glens and sparkling rills; they only hope to reach that mountain and live there some day. These are Indian believers just emerged from heathenism."

By this metaphor McCullagh described the mental attitude, the moral outlook and the unformed character of the Indian while yet in the infant stage of his new life in Christ.

Among the early converts of the Nisĥga tribe one man stood out prominently above the others; he was also pre-eminently typical of the rest of his tribe who renounced heathenism for the Christian faith. This was Tkaganlakhatqu, who had been baptized by the name of Abraham, and was henceforth generally known as Chief Abraham Wright. Before his conversion he was recognized as a great chief and allowed to be the bravest and fiercest Indian in the country. There were in his char-

acter many noble traits and also many weak points. "I often found him," wrote McCullagh, "a great hindrance to the spread of the Gospel among the heathen. He wanted everything to be done by force and with an imperial hand; he could not understand why anyone should be at liberty to reject God's Holy Gospel. He would put all such revilers in irons and keep them there until they repented! Nevertheless, there ran through his disposition a large vein of tenderness and magnanimity. He would die for the cause of truth in the whole much more readily than he would comply with some of its minor requirements. But that was because he could grasp the idea of the Kingdom of God as a whole better than he could comprehend the why and the wherefore of subordinate details in their relation to the whole. Under given circumstances Abraham would certainly have belonged to the 'noble army of Martyrs'; indeed, it was not his fault that he was not one! He was a very graphic preacher and very fervent in prayer; as for singing, he put his whole heart and soul into it, and indeed all his throat and lungs too."

His progress in grace was very remarkable. The natural man remained always; but as the spiritual man grew, the evil instincts and base qualities of heredity became less and less marked, while the noble qualities of courage and generosity became refined and sanctified by grace, proving the truth of that old inspired utterance, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." [1]

Two incidents in his life illustrate this. They are thus described by McCullagh in the annual letter he wrote in 1905 for private circulation among the friends of his work at home:

"Shortly after I first came to Aiyansh I saw Abraham training a dog to draw a sled upon the ice in front of the Mission-house. The poor animal was of course anything but clever at this work, and tried Abraham's temper and patience so sorely that he belaboured the unfortunate

[1] Proverbs iv. 18.

brute most unmercifully with a stick, and continued to do so even after the dog lay quivering and senseless upon the ice. The sight of this so aroused my indignation that I strode down the bank fully determined upon giving Abraham exactly what he had given the dog; but by great grace I was enabled to confine my castigation to words only. These, however, were so effectual that Abraham expressed immediate regret for what he had done, and promised never to ill-treat a dog again.

"As a sequel, and by way of contrast, let me add the following incident: A few years ago the council condemned some distempered dogs to be destroyed, and Abraham and Jonathan were deputed to carry this order into effect. Away they went accordingly, Jonathan carrying the rifle and Abraham leading the dogs. 'Now then,' said Jonathan, 'just hold this one out a bit while I put the muzzle to his ear.'

"'Wait a moment, my son,' replied Abraham, 'not so fast; let us pray first.' And, kneeling down on the shingle, he began, 'O God, the Creator of all things that live, these poor dogs are Thine, the work of Thy hands. We do not willingly or wantonly destroy the life that Thou hast given them. But as a matter of necessity we are compelled to put them away on account of the children, lest they should contract an evil disease from them. Have mercy upon us, therefore, for we do not seek to dishonour Thee in this matter.' 'Now,' he added, turning to Jonathan, 'you can shoot.'"

The same law of conduct governed his actions in other ways. As his character developed so did his instincts become refined and his impulses controlled. It will be remembered that, of his four wives, there was only one who cared enough for him to join him when he first renounced his old heathen life. Her name was Esther. She was getting old at this time and soon became rather blind and less capable of the drudgery which was the usual lot of an Indian's wife. Her husband therefore began to think of putting her away for a younger woman. McCullagh was told of this privately; so, one day, while speaking

to Abraham, he said, " I hear you are going to cast off your wife." Abraham made no answer. Then his spiritual friend and mentor went on to say, " If you were getting blind and your wife thought she would leave you on that account, how would you like it ? Would you not think she was a bad woman ? " After a pause Abraham said, " You are quite right I will not cast her off."

" Some time after this," McCullagh wrote, " I wanted each man to have his marriage solemnized in church, and every one agreed to do so. But on the day when the ceremony was being performed Abraham declined at the last moment to marry Esther, although the poor old woman had prepared for it and was looking as tidy as possible. This showed me that he still cherished the idea of putting her away, so I said to him, ' You have still that intention in your heart ; why don't you put it into practice ? We will have a special wife-putting-away ceremony next week ! '

" Time passed away ; Abraham did not cast off Esther, and I had quite forgotten that the marriage had not been solemnized in church ; a certain number were being prepared for Confirmation with a view to the Holy Communion being administered. The day for the first Communion was drawing nigh, and I was astonished to find that Abraham did not think he would communicate. Questioning him elicited nothing, and I was puzzled to know what was keeping him back. However, a week before the time he came to me and, after much hesitation, asked, ' Chief, can you marry me to-morrow ? ' Ah ! here was the reason of his hanging back. ' What do you want to be married in such a hurry for now ? ' I inquired. ' I want to be present at Communion,' he replied, with an audible tremor in his voice, ' and I would like Esther to be with me.' And so it was done as he desired."

It can easily be understood that even a brave Indian like Abraham stood considerably in awe of the white Chief, who spoke to him so plainly and who would make no compromise with his faults and failings.

" I happened to be in my dispensary one morning,"

wrote McCullagh, " when Abraham and a new convert came into the waiting-room. Not expecting me to be there so early, their conversation was loud and free. Abraham was giving his companion hints as to how he should behave, especially with regard to the missionary. ' Smile,' he said, ' always smile when you speak to him, and say " Ahm " when he tells you to do anything. It is better to meet a grizzly bear than come near him when he is angry ! You can always tell ; if you see two little red spots in his cheeks, then get out of his way as fast as you can ! Mind you never go to sleep in church, because he will stop preaching and call on you to wake up, and you will be ashamed. He is very warm-hearted when preaching—he kicked the front out of the pulpit a few Sundays ago ! ' Here I thought it was time to cough ! ' O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oorsels as ithers see us ! ' "

It will be remembered that Abraham had first left his native village in order to defend a school-house at Aiyansh. This was afterwards put into a good state of repair by McCullagh, and one winter was used by him as a hospital. There were five patients in it, and Abraham and Esther were in charge of them, when suddenly, one evening, the whole place was in flames. It was just possible to get the patients out safely, but their belongings were all burnt, and so were Abraham's possessions. The heathen up the river, seeing the flames, came down to ascertain what was on fire. Their presence seemed to excite Abraham, and he began talking loudly to himself.

" There is among the Indians a custom which consists in shaking eagle's down on a person's head in order to pacify him, and if the putting on of this down be accompanied by an invitation to a feast, the person dare not refuse the invitation.

" Before Abraham was aware, then, two heathen chiefs were shaking the downy eagle's feathers over his head, loudly inviting him to a feast that very night and, having done this, the whole heathen party returned to their village to make preparations for this dance and feast,

which they intended to be the means of drawing back Abraham Wright into heathenism. Soon after their departure Abraham came to me and asked my advice. 'Take no notice of their invitation,' I said. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I would if I thought I should soon die, but I am ashamed to break the custom of the feathers!' 'Well,' I said, 'if you must go, go in the strength of the Spirit, and take two Christian friends with you.'

"So about ten o'clock they started off for the heathen village, but before reaching it they had to traverse a long valley at the end of which stood the heathen houses. While going through this valley they could see the flames shooting out through the opening in the roof of the principal chief's house, where the feast was going to be; they could hear the loud hau-hauing of the men, the shrill voices of the women, the tom-toming of the boys and the excited barking of the dogs. This foretaste of the temptation into which they were about to enter took the heart out of them. 'Let us pray!' cried Abraham; and down the three Christians fell upon their knees in the snow, praying God to deliver them out of the snare. How long they remained praying they could not say, but I should judge more than fifteen minutes. Rising to their feet, calmed and strengthened, they resumed their journey but were astonished now not to see any light in the village before them, nor to hear any sound; a dead silence seemed to have fallen on the place.

"Wonderingly they went on, passed through the village and returned without seeing anyone; in every house there was darkness, the dogs had all been called in and the fires extinguished for the night. They came and told me all this on their return, but it seemed inexplicable to me. What could it mean? Next morning, however, we heard the reason of it all. It appears that when the preparations for the dance and feast were at their height, the wife of the principal chief stood forth and addressed her husband, advising and cautioning him to have nothing to do with any attempt to draw back Abraham into heathenism. 'Hitherto,' she said, 'you have held your chieftainship

without any molestation from the white man ; you have never suffered the indignity of being brought before a judging-man (magistrate). Why then will you run the risk of getting into trouble now you are old ? Leave Abraham alone, you do not live by him.' This speech caused the chief to cover his mouth with his hand, in which attitude he pondered awhile ; and then, turning to the young men, he said, ' Quench the fires ! Away, go every one to his own house ; let there be no more words to-night.'

" This was taking place while, not a mile away, the three Christians were on their knees in the snow, praying. I never knew anything have such an effect for good upon Abraham as this little experience of God's love and care. He seemed to think that God had remembered his passionate defence of that same house years before and had defended him when its burning brought him into a snare."

Abraham was very keen on learning to read his own language, and he made good progress. He developed the gift of preaching, knowing many parts of the Bible well and effectively, pointing his sermons with illustrations drawn from the common incidents of Indian life.

McCullagh commissioned him to lead a band of open-air preachers to a heathen tribe at their fishing-camp. He became a pillar of strength to the Christians at Aiyansh, and during the absence of the missionary on furlough in England he was able to take charge of the mission with conspicuous success. He tried hard to become civilized in his manners and in the way he conducted the affairs of his household, showing what a real power the Gospel of Christ has to uplift a man socially as well as morally and spiritually. His devotion to McCullagh evoked a glad response from that warm-hearted man, who felt able to write of him years afterwards in these words. " From being a poor benighted heathen, having no hope and without God in the world, he is now a dear brother in Christ, whom I respect and love, and who, without any exaggeration, I can truly say, deeply loves me."

Abraham's name will appear again, incidentally, in one

or two later chapters; but this seems the most fitting place in which to insert a brief record of his decease: [1]

"Abraham's death was triumphant; with his last breath he sang, 'Lakhaim Zabi-Vl'l amit ge' (My heavenly home is bright and fair), and then, waving his hand to his friends, he passed in through the gates."

[1] He died in October 1901, his wife following him a month later.

CHAPTER X

The Art of Healing

THE Medical Mission Auxiliary of the Church Missionary Society was inaugurated in the year 1891, and has proved itself of inestimable value as an adjunct to the spiritual work of the Church in heathen countries. But when McCullagh first went out to British Columbia the medical side of missionary work was almost an unknown quantity. And yet nothing was more important for most missionaries than to have some acquaintance with medicine and surgery.

" From the first," he wrote, " I found that my efficiency as a missionary to the Indians must depend largely on a practical knowledge of medicine and of the treatment of disease. Now, to begin with, I knew absolutely nothing in this line beyond a bowing acquaintance with physiology and anatomy. However, that was not a bad foundation on which to begin the study of drugs and the symptoms of disease. I therefore provided myself immediately with a supply of medicines, a medical dictionary and a couple of good medical works and, with these to guide me, my study and practice went along determinedly, hand in hand. The Indians took it for granted that, being a white man, I knew everything there was to be known under the sun ; and this expectation I had to live up to as best I could. A clinical thermometer is a wonderful little instrument, not only for the information it imparts, but also for the professional air it gives to one's diagnostic preliminaries, and for the confidence with which it inspires the wondering Indian patient. The same may be also said of the stethoscope. With the aid of these, coupled with

downright study of my books, I found myself effecting cures. I gave myself up to this work without stint or grudging. It filled me with joy to be able to remove pain or suffering in any degree.

"As a backwoods missionary one forfeits all that the world can give in the way of social pleasure, convenience and comfort; but it is ample and sufficient compensation to have the joy and satisfaction of helping those who really cannot help themselves in times of trouble, sickness and distress, to say nothing of leading them out of the darkness of heathenism into the light of Christianity."

Before long, annual grants of medicines were supplied to McCullagh by the Dominion Government. There was a certain amount of risk to be run by the novice in practising medicine and surgery among a people who understood nothing of the real nature of disease or the necessity of obeying the directions of their medical adviser.

For instance, the Indian would carry home from the dispensary a bottle of medicine with instructions to take a large spoonful in the morning and another in the evening. In his house he would sit down and look at the bottle. It puzzled him to know why he should take only a small quantity at a time, until he thinks he has solved the problem—"If one spoonful can do me good, half the bottle may cure me at once." And forthwith he has two or three swigs, to be followed by the rest of the bottle before he goes to bed, and in half an hour he comes back to the missionary to complain that he must have given him the wrong stuff, for "it made him feel so sick!"

McCullagh's sense of humour shows itself in the following incident: Shagaitkshiwan was one of those who were early drawn to the Aiyansh settlement for instruction. At first he was very unsatisfactory, being a wild sort of man, and for many years the missionary had to keep him back from baptism.

"He used to gamble the clothes off his back at the heathen village where he was wont to go and stay for days together, coming back to the mission again like the

prodigal son. I could not get him to learn anything; all instruction seemed so irksome to him. At first I compelled him to attend with the others, but he set me at defiance by putting his fingers in his ears, and sitting there with his elbows on his knees. For several evenings he did this, and then he went on a hunting expedition. It was winter, and having to make his way up the side of a hill, he kept the forefinger of his right hand in the muzzle of his rifle to keep the snow from getting into it. A twig, however, caught the hammer, and bang went the gun, blowing Shagaitkshiwan's finger off. He came home in a very sorry plight and sent for me to dress his wound, thus providing me with my first surgical operation. He caused quite a deep feeling of sympathy by his woebegone appearance and asked me if the wound would be very serious, to which I replied, 'Yes, very; you will never be able to put that finger into your ear again.'"

After this, Shagaitkshiwan took a turn for good, giving up his gambling habits and manifesting a real desire to learn the truth. In a couple of years he had quite abandoned his wild ways and was baptized by the name of Moses, after which he was always called Moses Wan. Henceforth he led a humble Christian life and showed considerable ambition to be a civilized member of society.

Sometimes a patient would forget to take his medicine during the day, but when the evening came he remembered the omission and thought he would make up for it by taking three doses at once. The humorous side of the red man's ignorance sometimes displayed itself, as the following story shows:

"Once an old chief paid me a visit, saying he had heard that the white man had medicine which could make people young again; he would like me to give him some! 'Well,' said I, 'I have nothing that will make a man young again, but I may be able to give you something to strengthen you.' Yes, that would do very well, that was what he meant. 'Now,' I said, 'you must go and stay in A's house until to-morrow morning, when I will attend you.' Meantime I thought some beef-tea would do the

old man good, so having made a mugful from Liebig's extract, I took it to him with some biscuits. In the Indian language there is only one word for 'beef' and 'cow,' so that when I handed the mug to the old man and told him what it was, the idea which came into his head was not to be wondered at. How was the poor old fellow to draw the line between cow tea and cow's tea?

"He did not say anything just then, but the following morning I heard he had sent for his friends, and that they were all holding a council concerning the great indignity I had put upon their chief.

"Going into the midst of them I inquired what was the matter. At first no one would speak, but presently the old chief intimated that he was a very great person indeed. Telling off on his fingers the various points which went to show the essence of this greatness, and winding up by expressing his astonishment that I had treated him like an animal, he declared that he would receive no further help at my hands. 'But, my good friend,' said I, 'this is not animal's medicine; it is rather good stuff made from the flesh of a cow.' As there never was a cow within eighty-five miles of the place, and as cow's flesh never reached my backwoods table, he failed to understand how it could have been made as I described and became more confirmed in his own opinion than ever.

"The whole party then left, returning together on the ice, but before long the old man slipped and fell, sustaining a serious injury to the back of his head. This accident was put down to my account; no doubt I was well up in witchcraft, and this I had brought about by way of revenge. For a long time the old man was in a dangerous condition; his tribe had a council-meeting, and named two of his nephews as avengers in case of his death. Eventually, however, he recovered, and so the avengers were not wanted."

The missionary's efforts to alleviate pain and disease were bitterly resented by the native doctors or "medicine-men." Like Demetrius, the Ephesian silversmith, and his fellow workmen, they foresaw that their craft was in

danger, and the hope of their gains would soon be gone. The medicine-man was a person of great power and influence among the Indians.

" When anyone is taken ill he is sent for at once, the messenger usually taking with him at least half the fee intended to be paid. If satisfied with this the medicine-man proceeds to get ready for work by smearing his body all over with red earth, painting his face, putting on his kilt, leggings, bearskin cloak and adorning his head with either a crown of bears' claws or a mask. He then takes his rattle and fetish, and off he goes to make his call. Should he, on entering the house where his patient is lying, be taken with a short catching of the breath or an inclination to sigh, he regards it as a favourable omen and promises a speedy cure. But should such symptoms be absent, he considers the case to be very serious, if not fatal, and will not just then issue any favourable bulletin. In any case he will begin rattling away, jumping round the patient to the tom-toming of a number of boys, who usually accompany him. His idea is to drive out the spirit of sickness which he supposes to have entered into the patient, but if he fail to accomplish this, he consults with other medicine-men as to the nature of the disease and the probable hiding-place of the spirit of health or soul of the sick person. The accuracy with which they pretend to describe the patient's internal condition to his friends is most amusing, and many and curious are the terms used by them to denote complications of the disease.

" To ascertain the hiding-place of the spirit of health it is necessary that one of their number should be sent into spirit-land; and this is done by pouring on the head of the one selected a continuous stream of ice-cold water until he is rendered unconscious. In this state of insensibility he is accredited with supernatural powers of vision and, on regaining consciousness, tells where he has seen the spirit. Generally the hiding-place is the tomb of some great medicine-man of the generations that have gone; and thither they all repair to offer a sacrifice of fish-oil to

his spirit and to extract the truant soul of their patient from among his bones. After laying bare the tomb, one of their number crawls in among the bones with his eyes shut (it is only with closed eyes they can see these souls) and hands outstretched at the ' Ready.' The others are standing round rattling, hee-heeing and haw-hawing to their lungs' extent. Out pops the hiding spirit (at least so I suppose), to be grabbed by the outstretched hands of the watcher, who cries out, ' I've got him ' (Ltha ni godt), whereupon they all wend their way home again to put on or restore the lost spirit to its owner. This is done by the one who has caught the spirit passing his hands over the patient's head and uttering certain words. Sometimes the spirit is discovered to have gone into the stomach of one of the doctors themselves—inadvertently swallowed by him at dinner! But the other doctors very quickly make this greedy one disgorge ; their method, however, I will forbear to describe.

" One part of the medicine-man's duty I must not omit to mention, viz., the mastication of his patient's food in bad cases. But this is merely a matter of self-precaution lest he should be accused of poisoning in the event of the person dying.

" All this would appear very amusing to an enlightened Englishman, were it not for the painful earnestness with which the Indians enter into it. It is not to be supposed that there is no anxiety in an Indian household over a member lying sick, or that an Indian, because he is yet a savage, has no feeling. Many white men treat the Indian as though he had none, whereas he is highly sensitive in every way. Their affection for their children is very marked, though some would deny them the credit of this. But I knew an Indian so grieved over the death of his only child sitting, on the night of its death, out on the river-bank, with upturned face and outstretched hands, wailing and moaning, ' My child ! My child ! ' until the intense frost silenced his voice and the pain at his heart for ever.

" When the medicine-men found I was really effecting

cures, and that the sick were being brought to me rather than to them, they gave out a law that first a sick person should be rattled over, and then he could be brought to me or I to him. Or, if it were not possible to rattle over them before they were attended to by me, they must be rattled over afterwards. How manifestly clever! They would thus be able to take the credit of every recovery, and saddle me with every failure. Then too I made a law, that I would not on any account receive for treatment any person who had been rattled over by a medicine-man. This retaliatory decree caused a great commotion in heathen circles, and they tried their Indian cunning on me in every way possible, but without effect.

"We had an epidemic of measles once, and sixty-one children were down at one time in Gitlakdamiks alone. These were all being treated by me, and would undoubtedly have recovered, but the medicine-men secretly prevailed upon the parents to have my work supplemented by the rattle, and so they exposed these poor children for hours in zero weather, and spurted (as is their custom) ice-cold water over their naked bodies. When the children all died they boldly declared it was the white man's medicine which had caused their death. But the fact that all the children who were entirely in my own hands at the Mission recovered showed the people that this was false.

"In dentistry, too, I have had a little experience. How well I remember my first attempt! My patient was suffering acutely, but alas! I had no forceps with which to extract the offending molar. Still one must never give in to difficulties. At any rate one ought to try to overcome them before giving in, and even then I would say, 'Don't give in.' While my patient waited I made a pair of forceps from an iron rod, and within two hours the patient and I were offering each other our mutual congratulations. It was a good forceps, too, and did duty in twenty-eight other cases before being superseded by a more scientific instrument."

Besides medicine and dentistry, McCullagh felt obliged

THE REV. J. B. McCULLAGH IN THE DRESS OF AN INDIAN MEDICINE-MAN.

to deal with difficult cases both in surgery and mental disorders, requiring natural skill of hand, a cool head and a clear judgment, which the two following incidents, told in his own graphic way, will illustrate :

1. A CASE UNPARALLELED IN SURGERY

" There was an Indian who formed one of an early spring hunting party from a distant village. During their wanderings among the mountains he got separated from his companions and, in crossing a frozen shallow stream, slipped through the ice and got wet feet. The day had been fine, but towards evening it began to freeze very hard, so the hunter set about lighting a fire in order to dry his wraps and moccasins, but when he put his hand in his pouch to get his matches he found them all damped with snow which had somehow got into it. Then he tried to ignite a little heap of dried twigs and moss by discharging his rifle into it, but shot away all his powder with no avail. His companions, however, heard him shooting, and were able thus to trace him, though they were too late to save his feet from being frozen. They then brought him to Aiyansh to me ; but what could I do ? It was necessary to amputate the fore part of each foot ; no skill was needed to see that. But how was I to do it without proper instruments, of which I had none ? However, I did it eventually with my pocket knife, a pair of scissors and a small tenon saw ; and the man made a good recovery, learning, during his convalescence, the Gospel of Christ. He never returned to heathenism, but continued joyfully to learn the way of salvation, and was subsequently baptized, taking the name of William Frost. As a Christian he was a great satisfaction to me and most useful ; wherever there was a sick person there was William daily, teaching, exhorting and comforting. This he did for five years, growing himself meanwhile into a spiritually-minded man of prayer, and finally dying the death of the righteous in Christ. He left a widow, a devoted, humble-minded Christian woman, named Hannah "

2. A UNIQUE INSTANCE OF MENTAL THERAPEUTICS

" We met for worship one lovely Sunday in June in our little shack-church at Aiyansh. On his new-fledged wings the missionary sought to rise to the occasion; his teaching was full of illustrations drawn from Indian life; his appeal and application were convincing, and he was cheered to behold the expression of rapt attention on the faces of his hearers, when lo! in the doorway stood the grinning, gibbering figure of a perfectly naked wild man of the woods. An idiotic laugh brought every head round as on a swivel.

" The missionary cried, ' Catch him! '

" The women exclaimed, ' Duanai! '

" The men jumped.

" But the figure had gone splash into the river, with just the remnant of his ' ha-ha-ha ' floating in the air behind him.

" This was my first introduction to T'Gak—just a nodding acquaintance, destined to grow into a closer friendship later. He was, I learned, from Gitlakdamiks, and had been rather ' dotty ' all his life, but had quite gone off his head lately; and now he lived as a wild man of the woods.

" Next Sunday he appeared again. Several men succeeded in getting hold of him, yet they could not keep him; he slipped through their fingers and into the river as before. But when he turned up the third time we got him—hooked him like a sheep—and deposited him in one of the shacks. Sitting there before him and looking into his monkey-like eyes, I wondered what I was going to do with him. No matter what I said I failed to kindle a gleam of intelligence in his eyes. At last I tried the line of fear. Pulling out my pocket-knife I pretended to make a jab at him; he winced, and a flash of apprehension glimmered for an instant in his eye. Putting back my knife I followed the clue. ' You have too much blood, too much blood,' I insisted, looking fixedly at him. ' I take some blood,' I went on, repeating the words many times,

It seemed as if the word blood had really penetrated to his brain; and so I made up my mind to try an experiment, rushing in, I suppose, where angels would have feared to tread. I had been delving into Gall and other writers on the brain, and had been much interested, and it occurred to me that if I could reach the brain I might get a result. So, having taken two or three intelligent Indians into my confidence and instructed them in the parts they were to play, we took the patient (I had almost said the victim) and laid him out upon a table and bound him down. His arms were then held out at right angles by two assistants, each of whom had a tin bucket at his feet and a bottle of warm water coloured with red ink in his pocket. In my own hand appeared a little blade of gleaming steel. Again I insisted, 'Too much blood, too much blood—I take some blood,' looking into his eyes and pressing the forefinger of my right hand on the middle of his brow. Then we blindfolded him, and I noticed a tremor of the lips.

"There was a dead silence. With a chip I sharply scratched each arm, my assistants dropping warm water on the places, and this trickling down the forearm fell drop-drop-drop into the buckets. The dropping continued and could be distinctly heard above the deep breathing of my assistants and the ticking of my watch, as I kept my fingers on the pulse.

"At a motion of my head a man cried out: 'Awnai gusgaul ile!' ('Oh dear, what a quantity of blood!') Then silence again. Another motion of my head and two others made the same exclamation. The pulse was now distinctly feeble, then it began missing a beat or two; so I thought it was time to stop, and gave the word 'Clear away.'

"There was a bustling sound of washing and wiping and moving buckets; pieces of adhesive plaster were put on each 'wound' and the bandage removed from the eyes. Our subject lay as limp as a rag, but in his eye there was a natural look, as he gasped out: 'Ukdak nei!' ('I'm hungry!').

" We took him to Abraham's shack, put him to bed, and gave him some food, and by and by he fell asleep. Every day I visited him and talked with him, and presently walked about with him, clothed and in his right mind.

" T'Gak stayed on at Aiyansh, became a candidate for baptism, and was eventually baptized. Soon after this we had a revival of religion among the Indians and, as is usual in such cases, there was a good deal of emotional excitement in the air. Personally I don't favour this kind of thing ; it does not help to ' build up,' and the results as a rule are not lasting. But we must take hold of things as they transpire and try to make the best of everything. Joseph, as he was now called, got very excited, and one night I heard him out on the street, yelling and shouting and praying. I thought, ' He will soon be crazy again if he goes on like that.' So I got up and dressed and went out to him as he stood addressing the stars. Slipping my arm through his I led him into the mission house. In a low, quiet voice I talked to him, and he responded on a high falsetto note ; it took him some time to divest his voice of the timbre of the stars. We sat together all night and in the early morning I got him to bed. But it was a near thing.

" In after years a company of the Church Army was formed at Aiyansh, which Joseph joined. He took turns at carrying the banner and beating the drum when the Army marched forth to war. Once, when the Army marched 150 miles in zero weather over the snow to preach to the heathen on the Skeena River and got lost in a blizzard on their return, it was Joseph who enabled them to weather the storm. He climbed a tree to the very top and took observations, he located springs and spied out camping-places where there was plenty of dry fuel. And when one of the party got frozen feet it was Joseph who rubbed snow on them and rushed the man forward on his own sled at express speed. When the Army returned Joseph was a hero ! And he had all the

true marks of a hero, for he never thought he had done more than his 'little bit!'

"But, alas and alack! sore trouble came on Joseph. He married an attractive Indian maiden. To please her and to buy many things that she coveted he went off to the goldfields to work, taking her with him. For an Indian with a young comely wife this was a disastrous venture. Jealousies arose and quarrels ensued. Then she left him, saying that, because he was once mad, no bond or tie held good in his case.

"After this I lost sight of my young friend for some years, and then it came to my knowledge that another man (a heathen) was 'leading about' his wife, and that they sometimes passed through my district.

"It was with great joy and pleasure that I saw Joseph sitting, one Sunday, in his old place in church. His eyes were fastened on me during the sermon, and there was a look of conflicting emotion on his face. After service he came to see me in the vestry. He was trembling, and it plainly cost him an effort to control himself.

"'I will speak to you, master,' he cried. 'You know about me, that I have been made an outcast, and that every day I eat my tears with my food, and my heart is sore within me. The man who has done this thing is making himself happy on my unhappiness, and the fire is warm in his wilp (house). Behold! I go mourning and sad, and there is no fire alight in my wilp. Thinking of these things, my heart arose within me and said: "I will avenge myself on that man, I will trample his life into the earth with my feet—I shall be satisfied." I knew they were coming up this way, and I came here yesterday with the full intention of sitting across that man's trail and killing him.'

"Here he broke down and, putting his face in his hands, he wept. 'Oh, Mini Jesus,' he groaned, 'gaimgaudin laui, gaimgaudin laui!' ('Oh, Lord Jesus, have mercy on me, have mercy on me!') 'I was in great darkness,' he went on, 'but now the light of heaven has once more shined across my path, and I cannot go that way any

farther. I have heard again the words of life, the darkness has been cleft in twain, and I have seen the glory of God this morning. I now let go of my intention. My hands shall not shed that man's blood. I could not go away again without telling you, my father. My heart is calm now, my heart is happy, and I will try to follow the Lord Jesus Christ all the days of my life.'

"I gave him my blessing; I assured him of God's readiness to forgive, of God's gracious mercy and protection to those who, amid all the trials and tribulations of life, put their trust in Him, that always and ever around and under us are the everlasting arms, and that He will never leave us nor forsake His own. I have not seen Joseph since, but I am told he is doing well, and that the fire of the love of God is alive in his wilp to comfort him.

"No comment is made upon the restoration of my friend to a normal condition of mind. Science 'knows its own know,' and the verdict is that the shock I administered neutralized the effects of a previous shock—probably one received in infancy—and restored the balance of nature. What is of interest to me is that a brand has been snatched from the burning, and one more soul added to the 'great multitude that no man can number who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

"It was very largely my amateur medical work which, under God, was the means of gathering together many Indians under the influence of the Gospel. Very few of the people who were brought from the heathen to me for treatment ever returned to their old ways after recovery. They remained at the Mission and settled down there; and in this way the Mission grew into a small town in the course of years, until to-day the Indian medicine-man and his rattle are seen and heard no more."

CHAPTER XI

Indian Fishing Camps and Salmon Rivers

THE estuary of the Naas is famous for its spring and summer fishing. About the middle of March the oolachan come in shoals to the mouth of the river. This fish, otherwise called the straik, is about the size of a sardine, and is chiefly caught for the sake of its oil. Many tribes of Indians come from inland early in March, so as to be on the ground before the fish reach the waters of the Naas. They cut holes in the ice through which they let down nets, drawing them up when filled. The fish are then taken ashore by dogs and sleds, to be boiled in trenches made for the purpose. The grease floats on the top and is ladled off by the women and packed in boxes, either for the Indians' own use or for sale in some market. While this process is being carried on it would be difficult to find a more odorous spot on earth than Fishery Bay, where the principal camp is, about fifteen miles up the river, near the extreme limit of tide-water.

This great annual assemblage of the tribes affords a unique opening to the Christian missionary for preaching the Gospel to large numbers of Indians. It was an opportunity which McCullagh never missed except when away on furlough. To spend three weeks at Fishery Bay during the oolachan season was reckoned by him a most important feature of his work.

An account of one of these visits from his own pen is worth inserting:

"On Thursday April 17 (1890), leaving Aiyansh at 9 a.m., we (that is, my wife, little daughter [1] and myself)

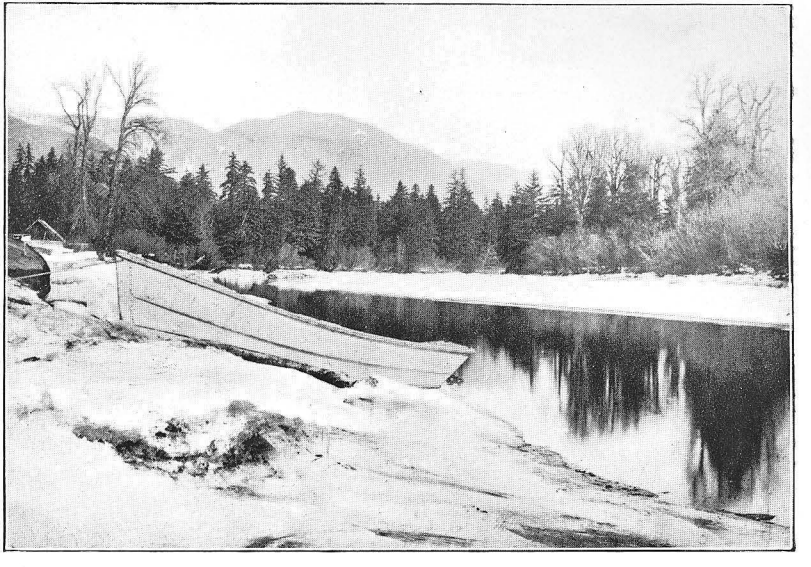
[1] Melita, so named after the Greek synonym of Malta, where her father and mother first met.

walked a short way upon the ice to the open water, where our canoe was in readiness. Our camp equipment, provisions and medicines having been previously put on board, we quickly made ourselves comfortable with wraps and furs, for a cold north wind was blowing, and, though the day was fine, it was freezing hard. The Indians shoved off with a hearty ' wai wauh ! ' and away sped our shapely bark like a swan down the stream. The country was still covered with snow, and large drifts of ice were here and there piled up in the shallows and on the bars, glistening in the sun. Now and then we shot past picturesque nooks in the steep cliffs, where the sprays from a tiny cascade were frozen in sparkling beads and flashing pendants to the tangled roots and jutting rocks, through the light and shade of which gleamed the energetic little cataract dashing and splashing away with a merry ring.

" On either side of the river the mountains rose like towering battlements, white and radiant, so that one's eyes became abashed with looking and one's heart overwhelmed with a sense of the impossible ; for, though man can ride the billows of the mighty deep and ascend beyond the clouds, yet who could scale those lofty turrets or tread those plains of everlasting snow ?

" Occasionally our sailors would awake the solitudes by striking their paddles against the gunwale of the canoe to disencumber them of the ice, a proceeding against which both squirrels and crested jays invariably protested by irately chattering at us from the adjacent trees.

" About one o'clock, having lit our oil stove and made tea, we pulled into a sheltered spot and had some refreshment. On starting again we put up a sail, by the help of which we went spinning onwards. Before long, however, we reached some rapids overlooked by a mountain gully, whence the wind swept down upon us unexpectedly, driving us in the direction of a shallow where, diagonally in our front, lay a giant cottonwood tree, root and trunk. The water was now running faster than our



EARLY SPRING ON THE NAAS.

canoe, a fact of which we were not aware until our captain sought to steer clear of the obstruction and found he could not. With a yell the sail was attacked and literally torn down, and then such paddling! A moment more and the bow of the canoe shot clear of the rooted stump, but struck athwart the stern, our captain being nearly ousted from his place by an outstretched, vindictive-looking root. A brief silence followed this exciting joust, when the captain, who might just then have passed for a pale-face, declared very fervently that the sail should go up no more. But nothing is so soon forgotten as danger; and before we had made another six miles the sail was mended and gallantly unfurled again in hope of better fortune. Soon we reached the base of a large mountain where the river turns at right angles, and where swirled and crunched a vast accumulation of broken ice.

" ' Let us go right into it after this large piece,' shouted Philip the captain, referring to an immense block of ice which crushed into the floe just in front of us. Accordingly, in we went, sail and all, the ice immediately closing up behind us. But with the aid of long poles we soon worked a passage through. From this point we had a fair stretch of about fifteen miles to the fishing camp, which we reached at five o'clock in the evening, well pleased with our trip, and thankful to our Heavenly Father for His loving and never-failing care.

" There is at the camp a small unfurnished C.M.S. Mission-house, into which we straightway bundled our things. I then hastened off to see our old chief Abraham, who was lying in his fish-house, dangerously ill. I found him suffering from congestion of the lungs, complicated by another complaint peculiar to the Indians (milthatqu), really a bad bilious fever.

" My entrance was greeted by an outburst of wailing from the women, Abraham ejaculating, ' God is merciful in letting me see your face again. I had almost despaired but my heart is strong now; I shall not die but live,' unknowingly quoting Scripture.

" What a miserable plight the poor man was in ! No English farmer would keep his pigs in such a hovel ; the would-be walls all open to the wind and weather ; a large opening in the low, leaky roof through which the smoke wriggled and struggled ; the floor, a very bog, out of which the foul, black water oozed ; and there lay my dear old friend, on his couch of fir branches, wrapped in a few blankets. The sight quite unmanned me. I could only ' hunker ' down by his side in the silent sympathy of a breaking heart, while his horny hands held mine tremblingly and gratefully, the women standing round, wailing ' haiwa, haiwa ! ' But something practical had to be done, and that quickly ; so, having spoken a few words as I was able, I left to see about some medicine for him, though I hardly thought he could recover. But God's mercy is everlasting towards them that fear Him.

" The next morning at 5.30 I was again by Abraham's side. He had been delirious during the night, but his temperature had gone down a little. After a hasty breakfast I made a tour of the camp, visiting fifty or more houses, in each of which two or three persons were lying ill. What a spectacle of misery, helplessness and utter wretchedness they presented ! The grease had to be made, no matter who lived or died. Consequently the weak and sick were, in most cases, left to take care of themselves, while the strong and healthy devoted all their attention and energy to the work out-of-doors. There they lay on the cold damp ground, shivering by the smouldering embers of the fire, which had cooked the morning meal of the strong, in many cases too sick to care which way the current of life tended. My visit seemed to rouse their flagging spirits.

" Sometimes a poor smoke-dried old woman, too weak to work and too withered-up to be sick, would extend her upturned hands towards me, shaking them entreatingly, as she cried, ' Anhka, anhka, Ithgolthqui, Nut ' (' Slave-master, slave-master ! my child, sir ! '). Frequently the ' child ' indicated would turn out to be some old man or woman whose childhood was a thing of the remote past.

The next day (Saturday), in the afternoon, up came a pretty little steamer and hove-to in the bay in shapely style. It was our Bishop's steamer, the *Evangeline*, with himself as captain. Mr. Collison had also come up from Kincolith, so that we bade fair to have a good day on the morrow.

"The C.M.S. Church at the camp partakes rather largely as yet of the shanty order of buildings; it is spacious enough and the roof is good, but it still needs to be floored, lined and seated. On the Sunday the church was well filled at three services; the Bishop, at the morning service, preached a splendid sermon in the native tongue, proceeding afterwards to the Holy Communion. In the afternoon I preached, and in the evening Mr. Collison. Between afternoon and evening we had a meal together in the little Mission-house. There was a small table but no seats, so we had to set up junks of firewood on end to serve as chairs. In travelling about in this country one has to dispense with everything not absolutely necessary; so you may imagine that our little two-feet-by-three table was not very luxuriously garnished —a tin of corned beef, a few soda biscuits and a cup of tea.

"Many notable conversions have taken place among the heathen at this camp, and the most interesting mission services I have ever attended have been conducted here.

"Three weeks at the camp brought me to the end of my own strength. Every one was beautifully convalescent, my old friend Abraham included; so I thought that while I could walk I would get away. But it was no easy matter to pack up; the Indians kept on crowding in till the last moment. My head was throbbing with pain, and I longed for a breath of fresh air—a less odorous atmosphere, which ere long we were enjoying on our return voyage to Aiyansh."

During the months of June, July and August these same Indians were employed to catch the salmon which at that season abound at the river's mouth. The depôts to

which the fish are brought are called " Canneries." The salmon are landed at the wharf by Chinamen, some of whom begin to dress the fish at once, cutting off their heads, tails and fins with a knife and cleaning out the insides. The fish are then cut up and washed by Indian women and girls, soaked for a few minutes in a brine tank, pressed into cans (an Americanism for tins, hence the name " Canneries "), which, after the process of boiling, are hermetically sealed and packed in wooden boxes for transport by steamer to their ultimate destination, wherever that may be.

McCullagh, with his wife and daughter, usually spent the summer at the " Cove," an inlet walled up on three sides by high mountains, so steep and closely overhanging that the sun is only visible there during the summer months. On the shores of this inlet were several large buildings or warehouses, with offices attached, one big wooden house for accommodating the Chinese and a number of cabins in which the Indians dwelt. On one side of the bay, right on the rocks, among the fir-trees on the sloping base of the mountain, stood a little shanty, like a railway signal-box, beneath the great cliff that overshadowed it. This was the missionary's summer residence. Its position was dangerous, owing to loose boulders on the slopes above, which might at any time be dislodged, undermined by mountain streams. But it was the only spot available for the purpose. The greater part of the place was owned by two men, an infidel named B—— and his friend Ned D——, whose views on religion were not much better. These two men refused to let McCullagh have a piece of land on which to build his shanty when he first went to the Cove in 1888, so he had to build where no one else would have dared to take the risk, at the foot of a mountain precipice.

" What is my work at the Canneries ? Well, I have plenty of work to do in putting up medicines daily, attending to the sick, and preparing lessons for my Indian readers, many of whom take their lessons with them to their fishing-camps. But they all come in from the

camps on Saturday evenings for the Sunday services. I have from four to five services on Sundays; some are mixed, that is to say, some prayers are in the Indian tongue, others in English, hymns the same, and the Scripture lessons also—one in English and another in Indian—while there are two sermons, one for my European friends and another for the Indians. Sunday with me is a very happy day. I go from one Cannery to the other, holding services at each, and having a chat here and there with the whites, or, as they are called out there, 'the Boys.' Dear fellows, right glad I am to be there, for their sakes, to give them a word in season and a helping hand when necessary."

In one of his Journals for circulation among friends in England McCullagh thus described the summer services at the Canneries in 1893:

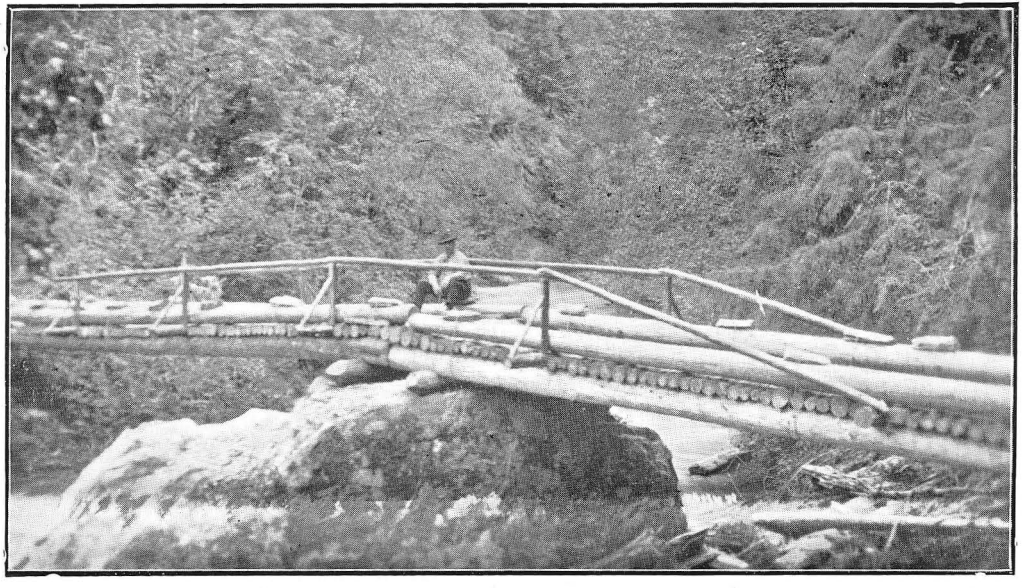
"The summer was spent as usual at the Cove. There being no place of worship there, I have generally held services in the net-loft; but as only the Christians turned out on Sunday mornings, the heathen preferring to lie abed until the afternoon, I decided this year to take advantage of certain new arrangements made by the Company for the better housing of their *employees*, and to hold an open-air service between two parallel rows of cabins, and on this we stood in a row (it was only one plank wide), and conducted a service of about an hour's duration. The cabins were like so many pews, the occupants at church *nolens volens!* We found the single plank a very inconvenient standing place. The ground beneath was an accumulation of boggy matter through which the water oozed. As there was plenty of room between the cabins, we decided on having a collection towards erecting a spacious platform. So on Sunday morning, July 2, I went down to the cabins about 9.30, to beat up my contingent of open-air workers for the morning service. At 10.30 we were all on the plank, singing. The China house being near at hand, the Chinese were out in a body to see—poor fellows, they could not hear. After the service two of our members engaged in

prayer. Moses Wan, *quondam* wild man and gambler, prayed thus: 'I asked you, O Chief of heaven, to give me good success with my fishing and you filled my boat. The reason I besought you was that I might be able to help in erecting the standing place of which we spoke to you last Sunday. I now thank you very much for what you have done, and I lay down one dollar for this work.' One by one our people laid down their offerings on the plank, and then moved away, the last man literally taking up the collection, eleven dollars, or about £2 5*s*. The Chinamen, who are always interested in the clink of money, wondered what part of the service this was!

"During the week we obtained a supply of material and built a very good platform alongside the planked way, and there we held open-air service every Sunday during the summer, mostly in the rain. Thus the heathen, without even the trouble of getting up, had the Gospel preached to them. About the end of June a quarrel took place between an Indian and a white fisherman, which almost brought disaster on the whole community by setting race against race. So strongly, indeed, did feeling run on the subject that the whites ceased to attend Divine service where Indians were present, but God graciously restrained the spirits of both parties so that no open rupture took place."

In his Journal for 1910–11, McCullagh sorrowfully relates one of the greatest obstacles to his work:

"During the latter part of September and the earlier half of October the Indians who had been away at the salmon canneries and other places on the coast, were returning to their villages. And this is where the missionary is called upon to witness the saddest sight in the whole round of his work; *i.e.* the annual return of his flock utterly demoralized, shorn and torn morally and spiritually beyond recognition. It seems to make no difference whether the missionary goes with those who go or remains at the mission with those who remain at home; the result is the same for those who go to the coast. His presence at a cannery does nothing to stop the accursed traffic in



INDIAN BRIDGE ACROSS THE NAAS.

liquor carried on alike by Chinese, Japanese and a certain low class of whites ; it only makes the Indian more cunning in getting it and the Chinaman more wily in selling it. Whereas, if the missionary set his face against these annual migrations and encouraged the Indians to stay at home and cultivate their gardens on a larger scale, so as to be able to sell the produce thereof, even if that were only potatoes, to residents on the coast, they would be much better off both spiritually and temporally. But, alas! the bird in the bush has always proved more attractive to the Indian than the one in his hand. I suppose it is his hunting instinct."

And yet on the preservation of the salmon depends a vast industry in British Columbia. For, not only does it give employment to many hundreds of Indians living inland, but the welfare of a large number of whites and of nearly all the coast-tribe Indians is bound up in this one interest. A good salmon river is therefore a valuable asset for any country. As the continued run of the fish in such a river depends on good spawning grounds, it is very important that the upper reaches of the river and the lakes by which it is fed should be open and easy of access to the fish. The supply of salmon on the Naas was never what it should have been, owing to some obstructions at the head-waters of the river ; only a small percentage of the fish ever being able to surmount these and reach Lake Meziadan, which formed their spawning ground.

In the summer of 1905 the Fisheries Department of the Dominion Government asked McCullagh if he would undertake an expedition for the purpose of surveying and reporting and eventually engineering the work of removing the obstructions. He gladly consented to do this, making the expedition his annual holiday and giving six weeks to the task. He took with him four Indians to carry supplies and equipment. " Desiring," he wrote, " to test by experience a phase of Indian life, the inward side of which has hitherto been a sealed book to me, I carried my own pack ; field-kit, camera, plates, etc., and sketching outfit —about seventy pounds in all. How enriched I have

been by this experience I can hardly say. It was well worth the pains. What I really desired was to feel in my own body the hardships and temptations peculiar to the Indian, that I might be able to understand him better and sympathize with him more fully."

Every night, after getting into camp, he wrote up an account of the day's doings. After his return he revised the notes of this diary and published it as a serial narrative in consecutive numbers of *Aiyansh Notes* and in the *North British Columbia News*, 1908–1910.

He was able at the time to write home: "I returned from my surveying expedition near the end of October, having been out since the middle of September, during which time we climbed four hundred miles—I say climbed, because that word more closely describes the manner of our going than any other. As far as the weather was concerned our party did not have a dry garment to its back for six weeks, nor a dry blanket to sleep in at night! But, as for catching cold, one never does that out in the wilds of B.C. It is when one returns to the comforts and conveniences of indoor life that one takes cold!

"With regard to the object of the expedition; it has been entirely successful. I have been able to send in an exhaustive report to the Government, accompanied by surveys and photos taken on the spot, maps of salmon-spawning streams and lakes, plans and diagrams of operations necessary for removing the obstructions at Meziadan lake and Salmon river, together with estimates for prosecuting the work down to the smallest detail. It seemed like old Army times again.

"It has been a very pleasant holiday for me, full of interest and delightfully near to nature."

CHAPTER XII

A Forward Movement

FOR the first six or seven years he spent at Aiyansh McCullagh worked as a lay-missionary. In 1890 he received his ordination to the office of deacon and priest at the hands of the Bishop of Caledonia. Those early years at the Mission had been spent largely in sowing the seed of the Kingdom of God in the hearts of a people who needed instruction in the A B C of civilization as well as in the elementary principles of the Christian Faith. And yet, even then, the seed sown had produced the firstfruits of a rich and abundant harvest. Such a high-born spirit as McCullagh possessed could, however, never rest satisfied without the kind of progress which had perfection (so far as was possible) for its ultimate attainment. The truly great mind can under no conditions be content with things as they are. Ambition is such a noble quality when rightly directed, that the man who lives for the glory of God and works for the welfare of his fellow-men can never acquiesce in mediocrity where the soul of any human being is concerned. Nothing is more apparent, nothing was more fundamental or more passionately felt by this crusader to the land of the red man, than the noble purpose he cherished of raising to the highest possible standard the Indian tribe which had been reared in barbarism, superstition and degradation. No half-measures of social or religious enfranchisement for them could satisfy his eager desire for their well-being. The strength and reality of his faith in the power and love of Christ to save impelled him to believe that the Lord was able to uplift the Nishga Indians to the same spiritual plane that the white man had

reached. He believed that he was commissioned by his Divine Master to accomplish such a purpose. If we bear this in mind we can more easily understand the projects he formed and the very great success with which his efforts were crowned. But the road was often rough, and obstacles had to be removed with patient toil and perseverance. Thus he wrote of the plans which took definite shape in his mind during the transition period which reached its climax about the date of his ordination:

"During the first six years of the Mission, the converts, gathered in from the surrounding heathen tribes, built each for himself a little 'shack' upon the river bank. And these shacks were so close together as to resemble peas in a pod, a very bad arrangement from a sanitary point of view. Moreover, they were so small and so overcrowded that it was impossible to attempt anything like the inculcation of new habits among the people. They were practically worse off than the heathen, for the houses of the latter were very large, airy, open and spacious, and, though many families lived together in them, they had ample room and were not insanitary.

"The more therefore the Mission grew, the more dissatisfied I became. It seemed a fortuitous, happy-go-lucky way of attempting to do a really great work. Had the Mission been established in a heathen village, the condition of the village, the houses and their surroundings, would not have reproached me nor appeared inconsistent with the moral obligations of the Mission. But at Aiyansh, it seemed to me, the Mission which drew converts there was responsible for the way they lived and settled down, and if responsible for them individually (which cannot be denied) how much more so collectively? Therefore the project of a village or town in connection with the Church must be regarded as consistent with the work of the Mission. How very inefficient the Mission appeared when viewed from this standpoint!

"I looked around on the splendid and perfectly flat piece of land on the edge of which the Indian shacks were perched, like a row of insensate seagulls peering into the

water, and the sight inspired me with the idea of laying out a small site. Immediately therefore I set about the prosecution of this idea ; but when the Indians understood what my object was they thought I had taken leave of my senses. Not while the world was a world could they think of putting up a house anywhere except on the river bank ! They could not see what canoes were passing ! They would never hear any *malasqu* (gossip) ! Every one was dead against me, and the heathen made songs on the idiotic white man's project. But I made my survey and drew up a map showing the streets and lots laid out, and this I hung up in my medicine room where every one could see it. I also made coloured sketches of what the new town would look like, painting in fancy fences, shrubs, planked side-walks, street lamps and a variety of pretty houses. I would have no other topic of conversation with anyone. I dreamed dreams for the Indians and fed them with my idea until they, too, began to dream the same dream. I began the design of a church, and the Indians used to gather round and take an intelligent interest in the sketches I made, but they always shook their heads at the tower and spire. How beautiful a church with a tower and spire would look at the end of the main street, with the forest timber showing up behind and the hills and mountains rising up immediately beyond ! And I would like to make it large enough too, to accommodate 400, for surely the heathen would be gathered in one day. 'I will concentrate all my energies upon achieving that object,' I thought."

McCullagh began thinking seriously of this about nine years before his vision was fully realized. The small wooden structure which did duty as a church during the early years of the Mission was a poor mean little building, and he longed for something more worthy of the Lord and more suitable for public worship. He wrote home to a few friends in England, making his desire known to them. In response to this appeal about £200 was sent out, but, he tells us, that when he sat down to estimate the expense of building, he could only see his way to a very miniature

church for this amount. The cost of freighting material along the coast and then up the seventy-five miles of river to Aiyansh would have equalled the value of the material itself; thus half the funds in hand would disappear before any work on the spot could be commenced. Also this payment for outside labour would not benefit the Indians who formed the Christian community. This part of his scheme must not be overlooked. He wanted to teach them, and by his teaching to develop in them an ambition to learn and practise the arts of civilization. This would add to their material welfare, as being a distinct improvement on their hand-to-mouth way of getting a livelihood by hunting and fishing; it would also qualify them for competing on more equal terms with the white men.

"Somehow," he wrote, "I grudged the expenditure of so much money for freighting"; and then he went on to reason, "if this is all I can accomplish with £200, how on earth are the Indians to build themselves decent houses? Here is the country teeming with timber, and yet we have to go 100 miles or more to buy lumber ('lumber' is building material in Canada), and then pay as much again to bring it here. That will never do. Neither do I see any reason why log cabins should be the best structures of which we are to be capable in this district. Why not have a saw-mill of our own? Thus the idea of a saw-mill came to me, and I thought it over day and night for a long time. From every point of view one thing was certain: whatever money was put into it could be recovered in lumber on the spot, without the expense of freighting lumber for school, mission-house and church. Why, the realization of the mill would be the realization of everything else! Yes, we must certainly have a saw-mill, if it be within the limits of possibility, and if I can have the Indians taught to run it.

"I therefore added what I could afford to the £200 I had in hand for the church and bought the necessary machinery that same year, a mill to be driven by water-power. To bring this up the river safely was a great undertaking, but God was with us and we accomplished it without mishap.

Next spring, after considerable labour, we were compelled to abandon our attempt to dam a stream in the vicinity of the Mission, by which we had hoped to get a sufficient head of water for driving the wheel." And so the machinery was stored away until better conditions could be provided for its use. In 1891 McCullagh came home to England. It was his first furlough since he had gone out to British Columbia in 1883. The story he told of his work, at the Missionary Exhibition in Manchester and on platforms in other towns, excited something of a sensation among the people who were interested in the evangelization of the heathen. Friends rallied round him, so that he was able to return to his work in 1892 with another £200 to add to his nest-egg. He used this money to purchase a boiler and engine and went back full of energy and hope. His arrival is worth describing, if only to show how strong were the ties that bound him to the place and how greatly he was beloved by the Church he had nurtured from its infancy:

"As we approached Aiyansh we noticed bits of bunting fluttering in front of the various fishing camps. 'What is the meaning of the flags, etc., in front of the fishing tents?' I inquired of Philip. 'They are for you,' he replied; 'they know you will arrive to-day.' Soon we came in sight of Aiyansh, bright with sunshine and fluttering banners, and were received with great rejoicing and warmth of feeling. And here we are again in our log-house, where for years we toiled and worked and endured the heat of summer and the cold of winter. It is like beginning again with a tenfold increase of the first love and singleness of aim. There seems to be no burden to bear now, no yoke to gall and fret one's spirit, and yet the circumstances and conditions are the same—the burden becomes light in bearing and the yoke easy in wearing. Abraham is looking quite young, and is almost too happy to live; he has much to tell me, both good and bad news. I am glad we are back in time to behold once more the autumnal glories of forest, mountain and stream. The group of mountains facing our door I love passionately.

My spirit worships God on those mountains which speak so eloquently of His strength. Melita's joy at being here again is boundless. 'England is a lovely place, but this is Aiyansh.'"

On Saturday, October 8, a party of eighteen stalwart young Indians were sent down to Naas Harbour to bring up the boiler and engine for the saw-mill, which had been shipped on a large scow (that is, a square barge with a flat bottom). To work this up the river was no easy task; some of the Indians said it would take a whole month. The heathen, who had no sympathy for the scheme, sarcastically predicted failure. "I confess," wrote McCullagh in his Journal, "I am in rather a nervous state about it; but I have made it the subject of constant prayer, and my trust is in God whose glory I seek."

On Saturday, October 15, he writes again: "Standing out on the river bank this evening I heard the sound of distant shouting. As the voices grew more distinct, we perceived them to be those of our Indians with the scow, containing the boiler and the engine. The whole village turned out to welcome them and give them a hearty cheer. 'Wonderful, wonderful,' exclaimed Abraham, 'God is a hearer and answerer of prayer.' Many were the questions put to the sturdy voyagers. 'How did you get through such and such a place?' and the answer always came 'Gum wilt ltha am Shimoigiat Lakhage gau welum ge!' ('By the grace of God only we got through.') They had Divine service twice a day all this time and had to dry their clothes by the camp-fire every night. Henceforth let no one say there is nothing in the Indian of any worth. 'Now,' cried Abraham, 'let the heathen hold their peace; it is evident to the whole world that God is with us.'"

Everything being now on the spot and ready for use, McCullagh engaged a skilled white man to come and erect the mill and then teach the Indians to run it. When they had learned to do this efficiently he handed the mill over to them on condition that they would produce, as it might be required, an equivalent value for the mill in lumber to be

used for the building of the school, mission-house and church. Paul Sgaden, formerly chief Muddywater of Gitlakdamiks, was appointed mill engineer. Then the real work began. In the neighbouring forest any amount of choice timber was waiting for the woodman's axe; but to obtain the most suitable trees for their purpose the Indians would go five or ten miles, sometimes even farther, into the mountains. In one place, fifteen miles away, the selected trees having been cut up into lengths, the logs were piloted down a neighbouring stream into a lake; thence over two cataracts into the river, where they were lashed together in the form of rafts and floated down to Aiyansh; were landed there and taken to the saw-mill. McCullagh's Journals about this period are full of interesting details of this, which may be called the material part of his work. It would be easy to enlarge here—indeed, it is hard to condense—but a ruthless compression of facts is necessary unless this chapter is to be extended beyond its due proportion in relation to a life which was always brimful of energy, sustained efforts and accomplished facts.

McCullagh very wisely felt his way, learning as he went on from one venture to another, acquiring a rudimentary knowledge as a craftsman of the art of building before he attempted his great feat in the science of architecture; like the Alpine climber who masters the lower slopes and lesser peaks before he attacks the high and difficult mountain summits.

"My first attempt at frame-building was the erection of a school-house, sufficiently large to be used for the time being as a church. I began by making a model of the framework according to scale, every beam, rafter and scantling being shewn in its place. Then we had the material cut to order at the mill, and forthwith the building was begun. On this we tried our prentice hand, gaining experience for more skilled effort later on. The school was completed before the autumn and was used for Divine service as well as for school purposes for four years while the building of our Church was in progress."

Twice during the time the school was being built, the old mission-house caught fire ; the two incidents occurring within a few weeks of each other and practically destroying the building; many valuable letters and papers were burnt, and the contents of the dispensary rendered useless. This double misfortune afforded some compensation to its owner in the sequel. He was able to make the new building more commodious and much more comfortable, adding several rooms and a proper kitchen.

" I also changed the frontage of the Mission premises, so that the house now stood with its back to the river, enclosed with an eight-foot hoarding all round. This seemed to sever its connection with the Indian shacks, and the people felt as if they were being left behind. Then Abraham made a dash for a corner lot on the new town site, and in his impetuous way pushed forward the building of a very comfortable house with three rooms and a kitchen. Then one after another the Indians picked out building lots on the new plan, and the place in a short time assumed the appearance of an anthill ; everybody hurrying hither and thither with boards, planks and scantling on their shoulders. Streets were cleared and levelled, and the old shacks pulled down and re-erected on the new lots, to provide temporary accommodation for the inhabitants while their new houses were being built. Such is the manner in which Indians move ; they are like an arch, and stand as solidly as an arch against all attempts to move them ; but, directly the keystone goes, in the shape of a leading man or two, they all follow like a flock of sheep.

" Abraham could not endure having the back of my house alongside his frontage, so he made the first break, so as to secure a good position in the new front street. Then he was so pleased with himself and satisfied with the change he had made that he became immediately the apostle of the new movement."

By the time the school and mission-house were finished, this novice in the art of building had become sufficiently

expert in the higher branches of architecture to attempt his more ambitious scheme, the erection of a Church worthy of the name and capable of seating a large congregation. Although he knew, of course, that he alone possessed the brain-power for directing such an enterprise, even to every detail of the work, he did that which men of less mental stature are often too vain and self-satisfied to do ; he was great enough and wise enough to take the Indians into his confidence and to consult with them about everything, and thus enlisted their enthusiastic co-operation. Therefore he invited them to hold a series of "*wau waus*," or councils, to discuss the whole scheme. "The Indians, of course, did a large amount of talking, which consisted of a most wonderful display of idiocy and contrariness. I let every man talk himself empty, listening patiently and saying nothing." When they had all disagreed hopelessly among themselves over the site of the Church, the missionary laid his plan before them ; and finally what he proposed was unanimously accepted, and so "the *wau wau* terminated very satisfactorily."

Another council was held to discuss ways and means :

"For this occasion I had a number of small canvas bags made, one for each Indian (men and women alike), with the name of each person written thereon, and these were distributed with the request that, during the building of the Church, everybody would practise some sort of self-denial so as to save as much money as possible, and the money so saved, put into each bag, would be offered to God for this work on the day the Church was opened.

"Our Indians are poor from a wage-earning point of view. They only handle cash once or twice a year, viz., after their spring hunt and after the close of the salmon season, when they are paid for their fish at the Canneries. And as a rule when they receive money they spend it at the cannery store (shop) in providing for their various needs and necessities. When I distributed the bags, there ensued an animated discussion, as to how a saving was to be effected in each individual case."

Moses Wan (the Shagaitkshiwan of the missing finger) said, " Did our fathers have sugar in their tea ? No, and they got on very well without it. I am going to do without sugar ; and I shall put into this bag all the money I would otherwise spend on sugar. I shall not taste sugar again till the Church is built." Then a woman stood up and cried out, " Of what use are these ornaments in my ears ? I will put them in my bag now." And into her bag went her gold earrings ; another woman did the same with her bracelets.

" Simoigit " (master), said Chief Muddywater, " there are twenty dollars coming to me for working on the mission-house ; I want to put that into my bag to begin with. Let my body go without certain things I had thought of."

Another chief stood up, and in a quiet dignified way said, " It is not yet evident to me in what way I can best economize, but I promise you all here now to have fifty dollars in my bag when it is offered."

" Yes," exclaimed another chief, " I like that idea ; I bind myself also to fifty dollars ; it is a good thing to have a definite aim. I shall hunt and fish more diligently. Brothers, it has come into my heart while you have been speaking that I can take it out of my sleep and out of my sitting about."

Before the building operations were commenced a special prayer-meeting was convened to ask for God's blessing on the undertaking, and soon the work was in full swing. " Day after day the hum of machinery and the rasping echo of the saw, as it bit its way through log after log, indicated continual progress, piles of building material—beams, rafters, scantling, joists, boards, planks, etc.—began to accumulate on the river bank."

As the site fixed on for the Church was some distance from the river, it was necessary to lay down a trolley line between it and the river bank. McCullagh had frequently asked the men to make a road in preparation for this ; but they shirked the job, time after time. At last the women came to him and said : " Master, don't ask those lazy

husbands of ours to make the road again ; if they don't do it before Monday next, we will arise and make it." And so indeed they did ; and the road was soon ready for the trolley ; a railway of the requisite gauge was laid on sleepers and firmly spiked. Chief Abraham took charge of this trolley, to which he harnessed a team of dogs ; and day by day as the logs came down the river and passed through the saw-mill, he hauled the lumber to the site of the Church.

While the Church was being built, Bishop Ridley came that way, when touring through his diocese. In one of his letters home he thus described his visit : " Arriving at Aiyansh on the Naas River, after inspecting the Indians' steam saw-mill on the opposite shore two miles below, I climbed up the steep bank expecting to find Aiyansh as I last saw it, but it was nowhere to be found. I stood in speechless amazement. All things had become new. Instead of the narrow trail in front of a single row of huts, I saw fine broad roads with really beautiful cottages dotted about, set in the lovely autumnal foliage, each with a large garden separating house from house so widely that a fire in one could not damage its neighbours.

" The little old mission-house, built by Mr. McCullagh himself, was quite lost amid the well-planned adjuncts. Within and without it is now a perfect model. I wish I had such a dwelling, and I see now why we must not covet our neighbour's house.

" The house stands close to the river bank. Looking from it northward, the lofty mountains hedge in the intervening rich plain called Aiyansh, meaning ' evergreen ' ; before me stretched the long new road ending at the Church under construction. It has a deep, broad ditch on either side, from which the soil cast up makes a roadway that must be always dry. The trees, hewn into square sills, lie on the ground, ready for making the sidewalk. It is the best piece of road-making in the diocese.[1]

" On the east side of the Church stands one of the prettiest school-houses I have seen. The interior arrange-

[1] This was the road made by the women.

ments and exterior decorations of all these new buildings, private and public, expressed the ideas of a single mind. It is a model village, planned by an artist's eye and pleasing in every feature. It expresses the thought of a Christian, the civilization that springs from the resurrection, apart from which in our day solid progress is impossible. Let those who deny it disprove it."

In May, 1896, McCullagh wrote home:

"We are getting on very well with the Church this year, though of course amid many difficulties. At present we are making cedar logs on a mountain about five miles away, and we have to bring them down by a small stream, five miles to the river. The stream is icy cold, coming as it does straight down from the glacier, and our men are in it up to their waists from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. I go to the scene of action every morning and return in the evening. Money could not pay for work like this (walking in the water all day), and it is not done for money but for love."

CHAPTER XIII

The Realization of a Splendid Dream

"OH, the joy of building this sanctuary in the wild forest! It filled us one and all with unspeakable happiness. Every morning we began our labours with prayer and praise, at noon we assembled for the same purpose, and again in the evening. How a willing mind and a heart glad in God can make material things fly! We felt not our labours, there were no fatigues, no accidents, and no disappointments; all went smoothly as a running stream. For days at a time we were up to our armpits in the cold water of some mountain stream, removing obstructions and taking out logs, yet nobody caught cold and there were no complaints. On the contrary, the voice of joy and gladness resounded through the primeval forest, until it seemed as if the very trees clapped their hands for joy, and the mountains broke forth into singing; and the joy that came to me then is with me still:

> The joy He gives is joy that lives,
> Whate'er betide.

"The foundation complete and the timbers for the frame ready, we held a Service for the setting up of the corner posts. These were hoisted up and lowered into their sockets to the singing of hymns and with prayer, and then as they were braced and plumbed, each chief having driven home his spike, they were declared well and truly set up. I can see them now, particularly Chief Abraham in a long white coat, choking with emotion as he offered prayer. Each chief in turn offered prayer after driving home his spike. We managed to complete the frame and

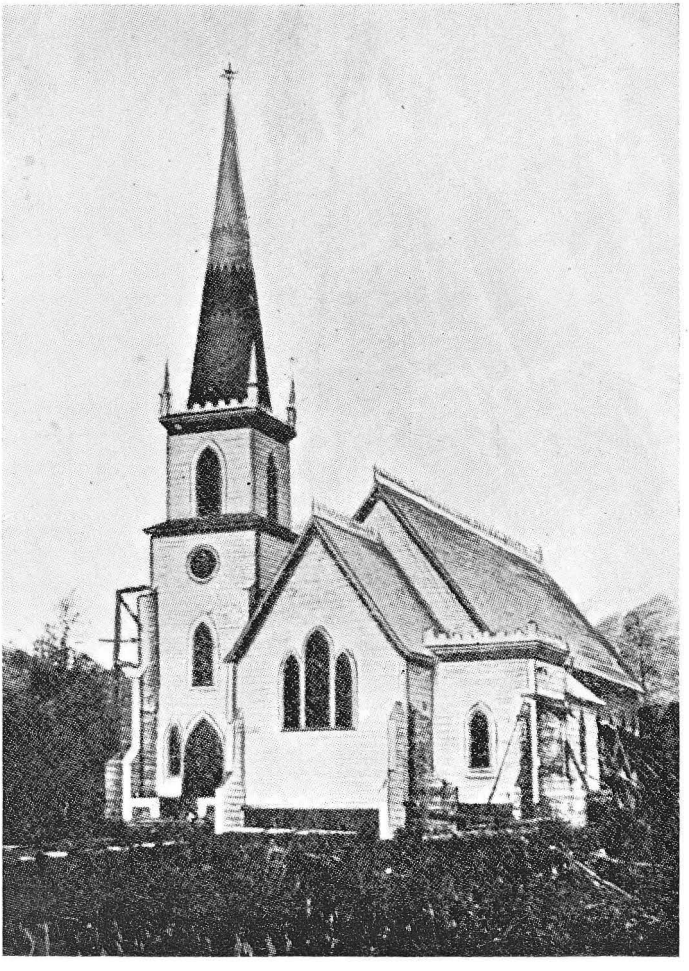
roof in the chancel before the winter (1895-6), and during the winter we made more logs.

"In May we resumed operations, the most difficult part of our task being the dressing and setting up of the large cedar cross-beams forming the interior of the roof. While these were being prepared below, Abraham kept moving about very dejectedly, saying, 'It can't be done; they won't fit when set up; we must cut and fit them in their places as we set them up.' At last they were all ready, and when the old chief saw them slip smoothly into their places he sat down on the scaffolding and, clapping his hands like a child, cried, 'Now let me die; I have seen all there is to be seen in this world!' Besides directing the operations generally, I reserved the work on the chancel for myself alone, carving the two large cross-beams over the screen and otherwise attempting to beautify the interior.

"When it came to building the spire, the older Indians begged me to desist. Somebody would surely be killed, and the house of God would incur reproach in consequence. But the thing seemed quite feasible, and with proper precaution and care there ought not to be any accident. So we determined to build it, and within six weeks the spire was completed—the only round spire in British Columbia—the height from the ground being 106 feet. But the only man I could depend on for outside work on the spire was Joseph T'Gak, whom years before I had cured of lunacy. This man would go anywhere and do anything on the spire just like a cat, and so they called him the 'pussy-man!'"

By the end of the summer the building was completed. The Church was dedicated to "The Holy Trinity," being so named in memory of McCullagh's connection in his early life with Holy Trinity Church, Cheltenham.

The interior of the Church was finished with yellow balsam and red cedar; the floor was of spruce pine. The chancel window consisted of three lights of coloured glass—the Good Shepherd in the centre, with emblematic designs of Holy Baptism on one side and of the Holy



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, AIYANSH.

Communion on the other. On each side of the nave were seven lights—fourteen in all—of Cathedral glass with a violet border ; there was besides a fine west window high up with three lights in one, and also a window in each transept.

October 29, 1896, was the day fixed for the opening ceremony.

The Bishop of Caledonia had arranged to come and dedicate the Church, but unfortunately the steamer from Victoria to Metlakahtla was late in arriving. The service was delayed till 3 p.m., when it became evident that he could not be there. His instructions were that, should he be prevented from being in time, the service should commence without him.

Christian Indians, with their missionaries, had assembled from all parts of the country, even as far away as the Skeena River, and a procession was formed at the Mission-house. Preceded by thc massed bands of Kincolith and Lak-Kalzap, the procession marched to the Church, the choir and clergy being followed by the school-children, the Church Army and Red Cross contingents and the Aiyansh council of chiefs. The churchwardens were distinguished by orange-coloured sashes and wands of office. All the arrangements were evidently most carefully thought out beforehand so as to make the ceremony an imposing one and worthy of so great an occasion. To the band accompaniment the choir sang " If the Cross we meekly bear," as the procession moved on. At the Church door the Rev. S. Osterhont read a portion of Scripture, offered prayer, addressed a few words to the assembled people, opened the door wide and declared the Church open for Divine Service in the name of the Triune Jehovah. A special form of service had been prepared for the occasion, copies of which were supplied to all those who were present. All this was done in the vernacular. Mr. McCullagh himself took the prayers ; the lessons were read by the late Archdeacon Collison of Kincolith, and a sermon, distinguished by earnestness and eloquence, was preached by the Rev. A. E. Price, C.M.S. Missionary

from Gitwingak on the Skeena River, who had come 150 miles over the mountains to be there. Not the least interesting among those who took their official part in this unique service was the organist. "Twelve years before a shock-headed tatterdemalion boy, just arrived with his parents from the heathen, might be seen at Aiyansh running after birds and rabbits with his bow and arrows. His attendance at school was erratic; he was flighty and uncertain in all his ways; until, getting hold of a Jew's harp from someone, he seemed to wake up to the fact that there was something worth learning. Presently we found him reproducing our hymn tunes upon a mouth-organ. From that as he grew older and earned a little money at the Canneries he proceeded to a kind of hurdy-gurdy which ground out tunes from slips of perforated paper. Mrs. McCullagh then took him in hand for music lessons, teaching him to play on the piano. Then, with a little help from us, he bought an American organ, on which he continued his lessons and practice." At the opening ceremony he was able to take his place at the organ. He and the choir who were under his leadership acquitted themselves with credit on the whole.

"The last verse of the last Psalm ended in 'Hallelujah,' and the whole congregation came out with it like a mighty wave breaking on the shore. Then after a moment's impressive silence they, organ and all, burst forth with the Gloria. Many of the people praised God with the tears running down their tawny cheeks."

McCullagh thus describes his own feelings on that memorable occasion:

"It was nearly evening when the long-looked-for moment arrived. And at last when I stood up in the Church which not so long before existed only as a dream in my imagination, and looked around me at the beautiful sanctuary, and then at the happy eager faces of those whom years before I had known as hopeless, degraded heathens, I felt an uncontrollable desire to prostrate myself on the floor before God and weep. I could not find my voice to give out the hymn, and I stood before the

congregation for some minutes absolutely dumb. But that pause with its solemn hush was the most thrilling part of the service—we stood there waiting as it were for God Himself to come to us."

"The previous estimate for the labourers' wages (i.e. beyond the value of the material supplied by the saw-mill company) during the summer months had been about 600 dollars. Before the end of August, however, the wages account amounted to over 700 dollars, and I had to draw upon my faith; before the end of September the wages account was up to 999 dollars; by the 26th of October I was almost afraid to reckon, and found the wages thermometer up to 1,350 dollars. My faith began to tremble at the knees; were we about to encounter shame and confusion of face on the day of opening instead of joy and gladness of heart? Then the tempter whispered: 'Your faith is absurd; it is unreasonable; how do you think God can bring 1,350 dollars out of your handful of poor people?' But, turning from the tempter, I cried in anguish of soul: 'O my God, Thou hast brought water out of a stony rock!' and so I trusted, although the tempter said as a parting shot, 'Sheer presumption!'"

Well! the moment came for the offertory to be taken. McCullagh thus describes the event: "You can imagine somewhat of my mind and feelings as I handed young Mr. Collison the alms-dish at the Communion rails. It was the largest alms-dish I ever saw, being 2 feet in diameter and of solid brass. This large tray (for such it was) Mr. Collison bore down the aisle, while the church-wardens with alms-dishes of the usual size took up the offerings on either side, transferring the contents of their dishes to the larger one. Before they had got half way down the aisle Mr. Collison began to feel the weight of his burden, and had to hold himself well up to sustain it. Each person's offering was in a small canvas bag with the name and amount written on the outside. I, too, found when I came to receive the alms-dish from him at the rails that I must set my back stiffly to take it from him; indeed I had to call Mr. Price to help me to lift it

up and place it on the Holy Table. When the offertory was counted it was found to be 1,344 dollars 45 cents. Another ten dollars was afterwards added, making up the whole amount to 1,354 dollars 45 cents. With the exception of 81 dollars in loose cash on the plate given by outsiders, this noble sum was all contributed by the Indians of Aiyansh.

"It may be thought, as indeed it has been said, that people who can help themselves like that do not need help from other sources. But that would be a judgment quite at variance with the facts of the case. I have no hesitation in saying that every 25-cent piece in the above collection represented a definite act of self-denial. It is always the effort to help one's self that appeals to me as being worthy of help. It was not out of their fullness that these Indians did so well, but rather out of their poverty. And nothing but the fact that God gave them a willing mind can account for it. It is a purely spiritual result, for I suppose that after all is said and done in the sphere of one's religious profession, the test of true reality lies in a willingness to offer liberally of one's substance to God."

The dispersal of the general congregation was followed by a Celebration of the Holy Communion.

"It was a soul-stirring sight to see the people coming up in streams, and devoutly kneeling to receive the tokens of our blessed Lord's Cross and Passion, who a few years ago were a people 'without hope and without Christ in a world of darkness, sin and death.'"

Including two invalids who were carried to the Church and, being communicants, remained and received the Sacrament, there were eighty-eight communicants on that day.

Here let us try to realize, if we can, the greatness of the work accomplished by McCullagh. It was thirteen years and one month only since he had first stepped from his canoe on to the bank of the river at Aiyansh, where some half-dozen families of Indians, in poverty and discomfort,

were feeling their way out of darkness into light by the help of a native teacher, one of themselves.

What a transformation had taken place during those years! The Settlement had grown and prospered under the missionary's fostering care. The people were in all respects different from what they had been then. Out of the mire and clay of degradation and ignorance they had been uplifted and their feet firmly planted on the rock of a new life. Spiritually, morally, socially and materially they had advanced steadily until that day when they met to worship God in the Church their own hands had built, using Service-books of prayer and praise in their own language which some of their number had helped to print for this occasion.

Nor should we fail to try and estimate rightly the greatness of this achievement on the material side as well as the spiritual. McCullagh was the architect of that beautiful Church; the initial design and every subsequent detail had been planned by his brain and carried out under his direction. He had never been articled in the office of an architect or surveyor; he had never served an apprenticeship to the building trade; all that he knew, so far as we have any means of ascertaining, had been learned by himself from books and the drawings contained in them. There was no expert near at hand to whom he could go for counsel when difficulties arose; he had not even the advantage of skilled labour at his command. He was entirely self-taught, and he had to teach the Indians how to carry out his plans. But he was as humble-minded as he was truly great; his modesty forbade any parade of what he had accomplished. We who knew him well never heard a boastful sentence or a word of self-praise from his lips. So far from taking any credit to himself for what he had done he gave all the glory of his work to God, Who had enabled him to carry out the purpose of his life. The only reward he ever seemed to covet was the approval of his Divine Master and Saviour, whose Name and redeeming grace it was his greatest ambition and his highest joy to proclaim to the Nishga Indians on the Naas River.

CHAPTER XIV

Gathering in the Heathen

IN the foregoing chapters we have seen how the Settlement of Aiyansh grew from a few cabins or wooden shacks into a village, well laid out with comfortable houses, a school and a beautiful Church with accommodation for four hundred worshippers. The governing principle of the Settlement was that any Indians who wished to forsake heathenism for Christianity should come out of their old life, join the Gitaiyansh,[1] and with them be instructed by the missionary in the faith of Jesus and the practice of the Christian life. But here the question may naturally be asked: "How about the heathen who did not come out in this way from the customs and religion of their ancestors? Many of them must have held back from pride, or unbelief, or indifference, or the want of moral courage strong enough for taking such a bold step. Under these circumstances were they left to themselves? Was any effort made to win them over? What was their attitude towards this new religion which had invaded their land and claimed the right to dethrone the established usages of their forefathers? What was the line taken by the missionary towards them? And how did the Christian converts act towards their former co-religionists?"

It is the purpose of this and the following chapter to give an answer to such questions. The attitude of the Indians living in the heathen villages such as Gitlakdamiks was for the most part one of either open or veiled hostility. An instance of this occurred on the arrival of the boiler and engine which were brought up the river to work the

[1] *i.e.* Men of Aiyansh.

saw-mill. In his diary for October 18, 1892, McCullagh wrote:

"The heathen are up in opposition to the mill. They say it will frighten away the salmon (a mere pretence), and deprive them of their food. They threaten to throw the boiler into the water. I replied, 'You are welcome to throw all the machinery into the river if you have enough money to pay for the damages afterwards.' If an Indian threatens to do anything, it does not do to oppose him, rather encourage him to do it, even if it be to take your life, and you immediately take all the wind out of his sails; but you must not show the slightest ruffling of temper; be perfectly calm and you will utterly cow him."

On the following Saturday he wrote again:

"We have not heard anything more about the destruction of the mill from the heathen. They are ashamed of themselves, I hear, especially as some of them defend us. This morning I had a visit from Skaden their chief. It appears that his house was broken into the other day during his absence and some money stolen. He suspects a certain man of the crime and wishes me to investigate the case. 'My friend,' said I, 'you must settle your own difficulties among yourselves; but, as you are in trouble, I would certainly visit you and soothe your mind with the comforting words of God, if it were not for the law you have made forbidding the preaching of the Gospel among your tribe; I always respect the laws of any people among whom I live.'

"'Yes, I am very much troubled about this robbery; it dishonours me so. Now if it were a common man who was robbed I would not mind; but for the people of other tribes to hear that Skaden has been robbed is more than I can bear; I have not slept for the last three nights.'

"'Certainly, I am sure you have not; it is a most serious thing to be overtaken by a trouble like this,' I rejoined.

"'My nephew says that in troubles of this kind there

is nothing so pacifying to the mind as religion, and that is the reason I have come to you, Shimoigiat.'

" ' Your nephew is quite right in his advice,' I replied, ' and the grace of God in the heart makes great trouble very small indeed, but it is not right to my mind that you should be comforted by religion outside the walls of your own house, especially as you are the chief of a large tribe.'

" ' You are right, chief,' he answered, with tears in his eyes; ' but perhaps you would not come into my house after all that we have said against the word of God.'

" ' If you will ask me to come, I will stand within your house to-morrow at noon,' I replied.

" ' If you would, if you would, so be it.' "

The next day (Sunday), McCullagh gave notice at morning service that he had received an invitation to preach the Gospel in Skaden's house at Gitlakdamiks at 12 o'clock, and that he would be glad if some of the men would accompany him when the service was over. The astonishment of the Christians was great on hearing this announcement. Equally great was the surprise of the people in Gitlakdamiks when they saw the missionary and his band of followers pass through their village; and greater still when they saw them enter the chief's house and presently heard the sound of hymns being sung there. A number of shock-headed individuals, enveloped in ash-coloured blankets and with a month's dirt on their faces, came gliding in and, squatting down by the fire, listened to the preaching of the Gospel.

" Skaden sat listening *freely* for the first time in his life; for, although he had often before been present at preaching he always made it a point to be doing something, carving a rattle, a spoon, or plying his axe with a great noise, or something else to keep his attention withdrawn from the living word.

" ' Do you wish me to come again next Sunday, Skaden?' I inquired on leaving.

" ' If you would it would be well,' he replied.

" And so the law has gone overboard in a way no one foresaw.

"'How is this?' inquired Abraham, on our return; 'not one of us would have thought it possible.'

"'There are a great many of God's people in England praying for the Gitlakdamiks,' I replied, 'which accounts for it; we must write them a letter and ask them to keep on praying more earnestly for the repentance of the heathen here.'

"'God brings in His grace in a mysterious way,' remarked Abraham."

The following Sunday a similar expedition was made.

"To-day we again visited Chief Skaden and preached in his house. The chief was very gracious; his habitual scowl was gone from his face and he pressed my hand warmly in greeting. We hear there is great searching of heart among his tribe, because I have said I will not enter any house without an invitation, nor preach to any family without being requested to do so. My native Christians used their persuasive powers on me to induce me to enter a few other houses and preach to the people.

"'No,' I replied; 'for years I have done so, and they looked askance at my message; for the future, if they want to hear the Word of God they must ask for it; the Gospel has gone up in preciousness.'

"If I am right in my estimation of Indian character, this declaration will work in our favour."

The subsequent history of Gitlakdamiks proved that he was right in this conclusion. He was also right to enlist the co-operation of the Christian Indians. This indeed was a part of their education in the laws of the kingdom of God, felt by themselves to be an integral part of their new religion.

CHAPTER XV

The Church Militant

BEFORE endeavouring to show how the Christian Indians at Aiyansh acted towards their old tribesmen, and how the principle of missionary enterprise affected their conscience, let us pause and think of a common objection that is made against the conversion of the heathen.

The argument with which we are familiar has been put in some such words as these: "God has allowed the various nations of mankind to adopt the form of religion that best satisfies their racial needs. What right have we to upset their faith and to impose on them an alien creed? They are quite happy in the faith of their fathers; let them remain so."

Did the Christian converts of Aiyansh think after that manner?

They had seen both sides of the problem. They knew by early experience what it was to be brought up in heathenism; they also knew by their conversion what Christianity meant. Had they been on the side of the objector to missions among the heathen, they would, no doubt, have said:

"Let us leave the heathen alone; for generations they have enjoyed their religious festival of the Potlatch, at which they impoverish themselves by getting gloriously drunk and by tearing up their blankets into such small pieces that they are no use to anyone. When illness falls on them they are accustomed to call in the medicine-man with his rattle to frighten away the evil spirit which is supposed to produce the disease. Or, if their children

are sick, the medicine man will take them to the river and pour cold water on them to cool the fever that burns in them. It certainly is true that when this was done during an epidemic of measles all the children died; but then they have always been used to that kind of treatment as part of their religion. We ought not to disturb them when they cherish a faith in these things equal to the faith of the Christian in God as his Father and Saviour."

This was not the way in which the men of Aiyansh reasoned. They knew by the bitterness of a past experience the misery and the hopelessness of heathenism. Since their conversion they had learned by a new and sweet experience the joy of pardon for sin and of peace with God. They had found in the Lord Christ as their Saviour the secret of victory over temptation; their whole lives were now illuminated with the bright and certain hope of a life hereafter through the power of a risen Saviour. They knew well that in these things heathenism, as compared with Christianity, was as darkness compared with light. And they were not content with merely knowing this; they became possessed with a burning desire to carry to their heathen brethren the glad tidings of the new power which had entered and transformed their own lives.

Between Aiyansh and the village of Gitlakdamiks the distance was only about two and a half miles; but it lay for the most part through woods of fir trees and tangled scrub. It was a wretched trail, good enough for its purpose in olden days, but not so now.

"Let the Gitaiyansh rise up and make a proper road connecting the two villages." This proposition was hailed with enthusiasm. Preparations began at once; saws were sharpened, axes ground, picks and shovels furnished with new handles, ropes tested, spliced and strengthened for hauling logs. Arrangements were also made by the women for providing food for the workers.

"On the following Monday while it was yet dark the bugle notes rang out clear and long, calling all the men of the village to breakfast and worship. With the first

streak of dawn they were at the road, from which they were recalled for dinner at noon. At 11 a.m. I went out to visit them, and truly it was an inspiriting sight that met my view. The trees and withered vegetation were all covered with rime sparkling in the morning sunlight. An avenue of about 100 yards long had already been opened through the thickly growing firs, and axes were swinging with a happy ring on the frosty air. Some of the boys were singing, some were exchanging their ideas with each other at a distance, their voices mingled with laughter. I was greeted with the words, 'We are unusually happy, chief'; to which I gave them the idiomatic word of encouragement, 'Do well what you do, boys.'"

The road was soon completed—a straight road and a level one on which ten men could walk abreast. The value of the labour voluntarily expended on this work was calculated at 480 dollars, that is nearly £100. McCullagh was naturally proud of his Indians for the splendid way in which they tackled a difficulty of this kind. "I do not wish," he wrote, "to praise the men; but I do want my friends in England to understand that the grit and impetus necessary for this advance in civilization are not of the natural man; the heathen Indians are devoid of it; it is the energy which emanates from the 'new creature in Christ Jesus;' for that which is spiritual is not confined to thoughts, feelings and emotions. It is a poor spirituality with a bad circulation that does not go down to the finger-tips and find its way among the muscular fibres."

Everything about the Mission began to assume an air of civilization after this road was made, as though God smiled His approval. It was named the Gospel Road, and played an important part in the development of the movement that followed for the evangelization of the heathen. At the end of the road farthest from Aiyansh, and about three-quarters of a mile from Gitlakdamiks, the Christian Indians erected a cross, which in the course of time became a rendezvous for the open-air preachers before proceeding to their work in the heathen village. The

Christians would never pass by the Kazag (cross) without pausing to pray for the conversion of the heathen. The methods they adopted to accomplish this purpose, if somewhat erratic on the human side, displayed unmistakably the wonderful way in which the Lord blesses even the humblest men and women when their hearts are right with Him and their one desire is to glorify His name.

"One afternoon twelve large cases arrived by canoe. In one of these were the band instruments for the boys, and this they attacked like a pack of wolves. Very soon they were each possessed of an instrument, and then followed such a blaring and bellowing as was never before heard in this region.

"Mrs. McCullagh exclaimed, 'Oh, Mac, why did you bring them those instruments? They have turned the place into a bedlam.'

"They were each and all blowing and puffing like dragons, with distended cheeks and starting eyeballs. Y' Giak had the big drum strapped round his neck and strutted about, pounding with all his might. Oh, it was a sight to see! and I lost my appetite with laughter."

But to the performers themselves it was all real. They soon learned to play a few hymn tunes, which they sang through the streets of the village. Then, having made their *début* among their own people, one day they marched along the Gospel road and startled the people of Gitlakdamiks, just as in the early days of the Salvation Army the inhabitants of certain districts in our English towns were scandalized by the instrumental and vocal efforts of General Booth's followers to awaken souls dead in sin or respectability to the realities of things eternal. The heathen resented this raid on their Indian sense of dignity and propriety. The loud blare of the brazen instruments vibrated discordantly in their ears; but the sound of the big drum as it was vigorously thumped by Y'Giak awakened still deeper feelings of indignation in their breasts. McCullagh had warned the Aiyansh evangelists against being too aggressive in their

methods; but their zeal outran his discretion. One of their inroads ended in something very like a free fight, with a special onslaught on the offending drum which, in a marvellous manner, survived the attack. A compromise was attempted by the Christians: "We will give up the drum," they said, "if you will give up your sins." This offer was scornfully declined.

A truce followed, however, during which feeling still ran high, and Chief Skaden sulked and would not even listen to the missionary when he came to preach. Then a deputation was sent to Aiyansh to protest against open-air preaching at all at Gitlakdamiks. Chief Abraham met them in council with torrents of burning, indignant remonstrance; he was very angry and said a few hard things.

In the end an agreement was reached; the Christians consenting to give up the drum, on condition that they were allowed to preach, and "then the heathen began to listen to the preaching of the Gospel as they had never listened before."

Some weeks after the opposition had died down an incident occurred which formed a delightful sequel to the previous misunderstanding.

"As Christmas drew near I announced that I would celebrate the Holy Communion on the Sunday next before Christmas Day. In doing this I cautioned against attending any who entertained bitter feeling or ill-will against anyone or who were 'out' with their neighbours, whether Christian or heathen.

"When I made this announcement I had no one in particular before my mind; I had quite forgotten Abraham's tiff with the heathen deputation, but merely sought to direct attention to what might be lying hid beneath the surface. It was with something of surprise, therefore, that I heard from Abraham and another man named Philip that they were 'weak-hearted' because forbidden to attend Communion.

"'Forbidden to attend Communion! What do you mean?'

" ' What you said in Church, that no one was to attend who was ashamed to look his fellow-man in the face in love.'

" ' Well, what about that?—what has that to do with you? '

" ' Oh, a great deal. We are very much ashamed of the Gitlakdamiks chiefs and they of us, because we spoke angry words to their deputation.'

" ' Of course, I had quite forgotten; you are quite right; you must put the matter straight; you and Abraham are the trespassers; the words of the heathen to you were respectful, but you received them disdainfully. Now you ought to apologize publicly.'

" After a good deal of discussion it was decided that the heathen chiefs and principal men should be invited down to dinner by Abraham and Philip, and that after dinner these two should publicly apologize, and withdraw the offensive expressions used by them to the deputation." On the appointed day, at the invitation of Chief Abraham and Philip, a public dinner was given at the house of the former. The principal men of Aiyansh were there, seven chiefs and seven leading men of the Gitlakdamiks tribe being invited to meet them.

" After dinner a messenger came for me, asking me to be present at the speech-making, and to close the address with a few words and prayer. When I entered I found a seat prepared for me beside Abraham, which I took, and then, everything being ready, Abraham stood up to speak.

" ' Friends, chiefs, wise men, brethren, all; my heart is unusually gladdened to-day by the warmth of your presence in my house. The fact of your coming on my invitation without demur has touched me deeply, because I am conscious of having cherished bitter feelings and having used harsh words against you, not only recently, but on every slight occasion during the years that are past. But it is only lately that it has become evident to me that such things are offensive to God.

" ' Moreover, it is not seemly that I should be ashamed

to accompany the Master's servant when he goes to preach the Gospel to you, or that you should be ashamed to come here to see him because of me.

" ' It is the way of men to err, because they frequently misapprehend, seeing only the outside of things or looking at them from behind. Now I repent before you all, friends, chiefs, wise men and brethren, for the manner in which I misjudged you, and for the pungent language in which I condemned you. Let it all be thawed, wiped out, forgotten. Let nothing trouble your minds about the open-air preaching ; you did nothing, said nothing to the boys. Even if you did do anything to them it has been well done, which has increased our love to you in grace.'

" Such was Abraham's speech, delivered with no small dignity and feeling. I felt proud of my tawny old pupil. Though passionate and impetuous by nature, yet he did his duty this time humbly, yet nobly, by grace. I wondered what Philip would say, but he did not make a speech, preferring to repeat Abraham's words: ' Shall I add anything to or take anything from what you have just heard? No! Let my words be those of my brother.'

" Several of the heathen chiefs spoke, and spoke well, after which the missionary said a few words to them, prayed, and pronounced the Benediction.

" After the blessing Skaden rose up grandly at the head of the table and, holding his blanket folded across his breast, stretched forth his right hand. ' Chief Abraham,' he said, ' I take in mine the hand you have held forth. It is the first time you have held it out to us except when clenched. I take it to hold in warm friendship and in peace.'

" This brought the gathering to a close. There was a strange gleam of satisfaction in old Abraham's eye as he said to me on parting, ' Never was the grace of God so sweet before.' "

During the following winter news reached Aiyansh from the interior, telling of much sickness and many deaths at

Gitwin'lgol and also on the Skeena River. This moved the hearts of the Christians at Aiyansh and awakened in them a great desire to make an evangelistic tour among their brethren of the more distant tribes. On their expressing this wish to McCullagh, he readily consented. A brief narrative of the expedition is recorded in his diary :

" January 9 (1894). This morning a party of fifteen men and five women started off on this eight days' journey across country. Two youths carried the magic lantern and slides, etc., between them, and a supply of oil for working it. I had already taught them how to use it. The party had to carry all their provisions and bedding on their backs. They looked like business when they marched off through the snow-laden pines, their white flag with its red Maltese cross in the centre waving in front of them ! May God bless their effort to the souls of those who are sitting in darkness."

On February 8, he wrote again : " Between 7 and 8 o'clock this evening we assembled for a Bible-reading and prayer-meeting. It was a most solemn meeting, the subject being the proximate return of our Lord. I was just concluding my address by describing the blessedness of being found watching and waiting and working by Him when He comes, not to be taken by surprise when the angelic voices shall break upon our ear ! I had got thus far when, upon the frosty air, was borne crisp and clear the marching hymn of our brethren returning from their inland tour. How it rose and fell, swelled forth in volume and died away again in the distance ! After a few minutes' silence I continued : ' Our brethren have found us watching ; may the Lord find us so, too.' This circumstance affected the little meeting very much ; they were heart-broken in a moment ! Poor things, no doubt their minds were suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of their many infirmities and negligences as they thought of the Master taking them to account. As the band of singers drew up in the village street we were one with them, standing in a circle, praising God. How inspiritingly the red ensign fluttered in the

breeze while the little band of crusaders, with their heavy packs on their backs, staves and snow-shoes in their hands, threw back their heads and made the welkin ring with their triumph-song of praise! They had brought back *four captives!* But how thin they looked and weatherworn! No wonder, indeed, for they were on short rations on their long return journey."

This was the way in which the Christian Indians of Aiyansh acted towards the heathen tribes by whom they were surrounded. Had they been acquainted with the objection (previously stated in this chapter) against the evangelization of the world, we may feel sure they would have met and overthrown it by the same practical and spiritual methods they adopted in winning their brethren to the faith and knowledge of their Lord, and they would probably have included the people who object to Christian missions among those whom they looked upon as "renegade white men."

CHAPTER XVI

Vengeance and Reconciliation

CIVILIZATION, in its highest and truest sense, invariably follows the spread of Christianity. This is nowhere more apparent than in lands that were once heathen. It seems to follow, by a kind of moral law, as the diffusion of light follows the sunrise and chases darkness off the face of the earth. No one, possessing even a superficial knowledge of Christian missions, can help becoming aware of this. But the ignorance of most people about the nature and scope of the missionary's work is as deplorable as it is culpable. Even among ordinary Christians how few there are who seem to appreciate the debt of honour which the world owes to that splendid band of noble men and women who, while preaching Christ among the heathen, are at the same time uplifting them to the higher plane of civilizing habits and customs! Little indeed do they who hold up the missionary to ridicule know how worthy he is of the highest honour and respect that can be paid him; and this merely on social and moral grounds, to say nothing of spiritual reasons. The greatest—indeed, almost the only—pioneers of a lofty and beneficent civilization in heathen lands have been the missionaries of the Cross. The material welfare of those whom they have sought to instruct in spiritual truths has always fallen to their lot as a necessary part of the work they have undertaken. The name of David Livingstone naturally comes first into one's mind as a superb instance of those who have exemplified this moral fact. It is true that he ranks as a great explorer and discoverer. It is equally

true that the passion of his life was to stop the slave traffic; and this passion was inspired and fed by the love of Christ which he, as a missionary, preached wherever he went.

This same principle, to a greater or less degree, distinguishes all those who are sent forth into the dark places of the earth by the Church Missionary Society. Although it is a fundamental tenet of this Society only to commission "spiritual men for spiritual work," it is also recognized that, hand in hand with this spiritual calling, the missionary may and should exercise his natural gifts for uplifting, in every way possible, the people among whom he is sent to labour.

McCullagh felt this very strongly, and frequently expressed his convictions about it in the letters he sent home. The spiritual regeneration of the Indians was always the goal he kept in view; but the road thither had in places to be paved with the hard stones of common-sense in things material. For instance, in a private letter in 1887, he wrote:

"If the missionary fall into the mistake of regarding those who leave their heathen villages and come to the Mission for instruction as a pastor might regard his flock in England, and from that point of view do his work, his mission will be a failure."

He found himself continually up against customs and usages which had in the course of many generations become an integral part of the very life of the people. During the latter half of his ministry at Aiyansh, as a legally-commissioned magistrate, he was able to enforce the law against wrong-doers and evil customs; but during his first fifteen or twenty years among the Indians he took the law into his own hands many a time in dealing with unruly characters. In exercising his own masterful will he acted as a bold chieftain would, often risking his life, never afraid of adopting unconventional methods if need be, for the purpose of weaning the Indians from the mistakes and follies of their heathen ways and leading them to a better life. An instance of this occurred in

connection with a blood-feud between two Indians, which affords a fine illustration of this side of his character.

One cold winter night, the thermometer being 15° below zero, the village of Gitlakdamiks was heathenishly *en fête*, a potlatch being in full swing. From far and near hundreds of Indians had come, robed in their tribal *regalia* of paint and feathers. In the principal chief's house a piled-up fire of logs crackled and blazed on the central hearth, around which were seated the chiefs of Gitwingak, Gitwinksilqu and other neighbouring villages. Clouds of swansdown—the emblem of peace—were scattered over the assembled guests, pledging all to an understood vow of unity and good-will. After this ceremony the guests betook themselves to the various houses where hospitality had been provided. In one house a number of young men were trying their luck at a game of *lahl*, the gamblers squatting round a bark mat spread on the floor, upon which the wooden counters were shuffled and dealt out. A crowd of spectators, wrapped in their blankets, encircled the players. Among them was a Nishga chief named Hadagim-simoigit (which means "Bad Chief"). He had come there with the base purpose of avenging a blood-feud of long standing upon a young man who had come to the potlatch from a distant tribe. The swansdown was supposed to unite all upon whom it fell in a pact of peace: but what had the avenger of blood to do with peace? Was he bound in honour by a wafted feather any more than in years to come a white man would feel himself bound by a scrap of paper?

Edging nearer to the players he found himself standing close behind a young man who appeared to be deeply absorbed in his game. Suddenly there was a flash of gleaming steel, a swift descending stroke, an awful groan. With a whoop of triumph the slayer rushed out into the darkness of the night and bounded to safety, whooping as he went.

There was great excitement in the gambling saloon. Women who heard the death-cry came running from all quarters. The dead man was carried out, and the night was

made hideous with lamentation and woe. The name of the slayer was soon known to all; but, when the victim was examined, it was found that he had made a mistake; he had killed the wrong man, one against whom he had no grievance.

When Hadagim-simoigit learned what he had done, he pleaded the absence of malice aforethought and begged the family of his victim to allow him to perform *Gouigiani*. His request was granted by Shabaim-Neuk, a brother of the young man he had slain.

To perform "*gouigiani*" Hadagim-simoigit had first to collect all the goods and chattels he possibly could; and in due time he was able to invite Shabaim-Neuk to receive compensation for the loss of his brother. All the honourable men of the slayer's family went most humbly to the avenger and sat down in his wilp. A long time they sat in silence, and then one after the other presented their case, while the man to whom they addressed themselves sat scowling. Gruffly he asked for water to drink, and all jumped up to serve him. He remarked that the fire wanted renewing; they all set about doing it. They were his slaves; they performed his toilet for him, anointing him with red ochre and arraying him in his regalia. Then they supported him as he wended his way to the slayer's house. Shabaim-Neuk was placed in a seat of honour and Hadagim-simoigit made his humble "prayer.'" A leading man of Shabaim-Neuk's retinue replied to the prayer, and then the "*gouigiani*" began. Shabaim-Neuk was assisted to his feet and a rattle placed in each hand. He looked bored, disgusted and sulky. Could Hadagim-simoigit make him smile? Well, he would try.

From a large cedar chest a bale of blankets was brought forth and counted, each blanket being laid at Shabaim-Neuk's feet—fifty blankets, all told! He scorned to look at them. A dozen marten-skins were dangled before him and dropped upon the blankets. He merely glanced at them. Two large bear-traps were lugged out of the corner and thrown beside the blankets. There was a perceptible

flicker of the eyelids. Two guns were added, but they were old-fashioned and won no recognition. A trunk, with a new suit of white man's clothes in it, was opened; the clothes were shaken out, and the avenger visibly appraised the suit out of the corner of his eye, giving the rattles in his hands a little shuffle. The sound of the rattle made Hadagim-simoigit smile, and he produced out of many wrappings a very fine double-barrelled shot-gun, quite new.

The avenger was quite interested now; his body swayed just a little and the rattles were faintly heard. More items were added, more blankets, more traps, a saw and an axe, with a corresponding increase in the motion of the rattles. A bag of money—fifty silver dollars—produced a shifting of Shabaim-Neuk's feet. Soon they would have him dancing!

Presently there was a commotion at the door, which was burst open, and a number of young men handed in a beautiful cedar canoe which took up the full length of the house. In this more goods were placed—two tanned elk skins, a large copper shield, a coil of rope, two cedar boxes of fish grease, a fishing net and a large pot. The avenger was moving his body freely now and the rattles were swishing. But he had not smiled yet. Now, how on earth could Hadagim-simoigit surprise him into smiling?

Repeating-rifles were known by report among the Indians, but up to this time nobody had seen one. So, when Hadagim-simoigit drew a "Springfield" from its leather case, opened the breech-block and exhibited the mechanism, every hunter present crowded to admire the weapon and the avenger actually smiled! Not only did he smile but he danced artistically, while the tom-toms increased their tone and everybody clapped and applauded—the avenger was appeased, he had smiled!

Several years passed. The stain upon the honour of Shabaim-Neuk's family was supposed to have been wiped out by the "*gouigiani.*" Then it began to be whispered that vengeance was secretly cherished and that the truce might be broken any day. Rumours were spread

about that Hadagim-simoigit was dabbling in the black art. He had long since taken his degree as a medicine-man. Witchcraft was believed in among the Indians as a fruitful source of illness, accidents and death. Whenever any of these things happened to any member of Shabaim-Neuk's family, credence was readily given to the suggestion that they were brought about by the evil eye of Hadagim-simoigit. A family council was held, whereby the "*gouigiani*" was repealed and Shabaim-Neuk was appointed avenger. He announced that on the twenty-third day after that date he would publicly execute the slayer of his brother.

McCullagh knew him well as a friendly Indian and one who was well disposed towards Christianity. He had often gone to the Mission-house and had in turn frequently welcomed the missionary to his own wilp. Sometimes the two men had gone out together for the day on some exploring expedition.

When McCullagh heard of the decision to exact vengeance, he went to Shabaim-Neuk and endeavoured to dissuade him, pointing out the wickedness and folly of the deed he contemplated. All his efforts, however, failed to change the young chief's purpose. He then tried his hand on Hadagim-simoigit, striving to persuade each in turn to migrate to the coast or to some distant place inland so as to be away from the lure of the blood-feud. But each of them refused to do what he thought would be like showing the white feather.

"At last the twenty-second day came to a close, and I made up my mind, as a last resort, to kidnap Hadagim-simoigit that night. His wilp stood close to the river-bank in the centre of the village, and a canoe could easily draw up there in the dark without being observed. So, having previously located the exact position of his sleeping-place in the house, six of my trusty Indians stealthily crept up the river in a canoe at two o'clock in the morning, and drew in beneath the bank where a small path led up to the wilp. It was all done without a sound. The door was cautiously opened, the sleeper's head wrapped up in a

blanket, his hands and feet bound with cords, and himself bodily borne out and deposited in the canoe, which silently moved off and drifted down the river to Aiyansh. Here we provided temporary hospitality for him in a potato pit, and let him kick his heels there at his leisure. Meanwhile, with the dawn, Shabaim-Neuk sanctified himself in the traditional waters of Lishimis (Naas River), anointed his body with sheep's fat and red ochre, carefully donned his *regalia* and sallied forth for the great event. Standing in front of Hadagim-simoigit's door, he called his name loudly, challenging him to come forth and look him in the face. But no painted figure, correspondingly attired, came forth to meet him. From house to house he went, repeating his challenge again and again. But all to no purpose—Hadagim-simoigit had vanished! Even his wife knew nothing of his whereabouts. Had he run away? Oh, no; such a thing was morally impossible.

"All day long Shabaim-Neuk's nerves were subjected to much tension, expecting his enemy to step out suddenly from some quarter and get the drop on him first; so that when the shades of evening fell a natural reaction set in, on which I had secretly counted. When his friends were gathered into his wilp that evening for what was to have been the avenger's feast, he made a speech to the effect that, inasmuch as he had diligently sought his foe everywhere, with matured intent to kill him, he had practically kept his word and there was consequently no shame now in acceding to the missionary's request to let bygones be bygones. In washing off his *mishous* (rouge) now he would divest himself also of all desire for revenge. What the missionary said was quite correct—the true light was now shining and the old deeds of darkness should be put away. Let there be peace.

And all those there assembled cried with one voice: "Ahm, ahm; let there be peace."

But there was no peace for Hadagim-simoigit in the potato pit. When he was liberated and learned of all that had been done, he was furious. He raved and swore that he could only wipe out the shame and humiliation to which

he had been subjected with the blood of Shabaim-Neuk. But after McCullagh and Chief Abraham had reasoned with him he cooled down and at length returned to his village and accepted the terms of the new peace."

For some time after this occurrence Shabaim-Neuk oscillated between good resolutions and temptations to wrong-doing of one sort or another. His moral lapses were succeeded by periods of remorse and bitter self-accusation. The latter half of the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans exactly described this poor Indian's spiritual state. The climax was reached one day when he returned home and found that his eldest boy had been drowned in the river owing to some neglect on the part of the lad's grandmother. When he saw the dead body of his child, in a fit of passion he struck his poor old mother across the face. This blow wounded her pride and love so cruelly that the old lady went into the forest and hanged herself on the branch of a tree; and then the heart of Shabaim-Neuk wellnigh broke. In an agony of contrition, with the tears of sincere repentance streaming down his face, he went to his friend McCullagh, and sat down in his room, crying out, "What a sinner I am! Can God forgive me? Will Jesus Christ receive such a miserable wretch?"

"You are not any more sinful now than you were before," replied McCullagh; "only then you did not know it. But now temptation and trial have revealed it to you. You can see plainly that you need to be saved. You are the very man Jesus Christ came to save. He Himself said: 'I came not to call the good ones but the bad ones to repentance.'"

"Net, net," he groaned, "la aluda laui gon" ("Yes, yes, it is all plain to me now").

* * * * *

"So Shabaim-Neuk repented and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour and lived a happy Christian life for many years at a mission on the coast, out of sight of the scene of his dark heathen life, his trials and temptations. He trusted in God that He would deliver him from

sin in this life and receive him into the place prepared for him hereafter; and when it came to crossing 'the great divide' he was not disappointed of his hope."

And what about Hadagim-simoigit? He never did much to merit any other name than the one he had always deserved—("the Bad Chief"). When McCullagh was preaching in his village (Gitlakdamiks) he used to hide in a cellar excavated beneath the floor of his house. Then the missionary took to going there on Sundays and preaching to his wife and children with an extra loud word now and then intended for the ears of the husband and father skulking under the floor beneath their feet; so he could not altogether evade hearing the Gospel. One Sunday he did not go below as usual but sat among his family above ground on a heap of furs and dirty blankets, with his eyes closed.

"After holding a short service, we were about to leave, when he asked us to stop a moment and hear what he had to say:—'Chief McCullagh, no man ignores the fact; it is so, indeed it is rather so, that if there be peace to-day up and down this village it is owing to your presence among us. We are a hard lot (*sic*); we are like an undressed skin, the perfection of hardness. But, by dint of scraping and rubbing, our women soften the hardest skins and make moccasins of them, soft and easy to wear. And so it is with us and you; you have been rubbing and scraping us with the *Malashqu* (Gospel) for many years, and I think we are beginning to feel it; I think we are getting softer. Therefore, do well what you do, chief; keep on scraping us and you will make moccasins of us yet for the Chief on High. My say is finished.'

"We were not a little astonished at this unlooked-for testimony of Hadagim-simoigit to the power of the Gospel."

CHAPTER XVII

Through Deep Waters

THOSE who knew McCullagh intimately, staying in the same house with him or entertaining him as their guest, will always think of him as a man of sunny disposition, remarkable for his buoyancy of spirits, bubbling over with fun and humour, irradiating the happy quality of an unfailing cheerfulness at all times and under all circumstances. This was not cultivated ; it was transparently natural. Such a constitutional temperament must have been of much value to him in the kind of work he had to do, and in the face of the hardships and difficulties by which he was so often confronted. He possessed courage of that high order which made him not only fearless in the presence of danger but eager to tackle hard problems, never afraid to undertake difficulties, often glorying in them because of a superlative optimism allied to his strong faith in the presence, the guidance and the love of God as his Father, Saviour and Friend.

But there was another side to the shield, a side which was seldom exposed to view. At times he was subject to fits of depression. It was not hard work that he minded. " Sixteen hours *per diem* are not sufficient for me to do all I want to do ; but I love it so that I feel like a child playing all day. My only drawback is in not being able to write as many letters as I would like to send to all my friends."

Yet again he says : " People ask me, ' Do you ever feel weary in it all ? does it ever seem a burden ? '

" Sometimes there does not seem to be a smile left in me, and the work seems to press so heavily. But then I remem-

ber that it is part of the work and cross of Christ—His, rather than mine. At best I am only lending Him a hand, helping Him with His cross (O blessed privilege !), helping to roll away the stone from the sepulchre wherein the Nishgas lie dead in trespasses and sins, that He may call them forth into the light of everlasting life."

When writing a description of the Red man's character and of those innate qualities in him which made his salvation a problem requiring understanding, patience and sympathy on the missionary's part, he adds :

" I may say here, in passing, that it is not an easy thing to stand by this problem. It would be so much more to our interest to seek another sphere. But how any man, chosen to be a servant of the Lord, can place in the balance his own interests and preferences, likes and dislikes, and weigh them against the difficulties and trials involved in the service allotted to him, is quite beyond my comprehension. Of course there is the Lord's own manifest guidance ; but it does not always lead one in the line of least resistance. ' If any man draw back, My soul shall have no pleasure in him.' There is such a thing as backdrawing as well as backsliding, and it is so easy to draw back. I would say then, ' Brethren, pray for us,' that we may be enabled to stand by this work faithfully during the Lord's pleasure."

And once more he closes a long letter, to his friend Mr. C. B. Robinson, in these words :

" Ah ! dear brother, I envy you sometimes. Life is a haven of peace for you ; for me it seems to be war with the powers of darkness all the time. No sooner am I through with one fight than another is on, and so it goes. Well, the Lord reigns, at any rate, and that's enough for me. ' The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient.' "

In these extracts from his letters home we can see how he bore the lesser evils of life, the minor trials of his faith, incidental in their way, forming as they did the necessary complement of the success and progress of his work and spiritual welfare. But they were of no account in comparison with the great sorrow that broke him down

completely in December, 1900, when his wife died. She was one of those quiet retiring natures that shone with a very subdued light beside the brilliant gifts and intense fervour of the man for whose sake she had given up the comforts of an English home with her own people. The monotony of her life may be gauged from the fact mentioned in one of her husband's journals that at one time " for four years she did not see the face of a white sister of any degree or class."

Their daughter Melita (now Mrs. Priestley) writes thus of the old days when she was a child :

" I remember my mother teaching the girls to read and write, and trying to keep me interested in a doll or a book in the schoolroom too, so that she could teach them and keep an eye on me at the same time. Also I well remember her, when the bales of warm clothing came from England for the Indians, making up and addressing bundles of warm gifts for the poor, the sick and the widows, and then getting two Indian lads and sending them from house to house with the presents. The Indians dearly loved my mother, and have never forgotten her. When anyone was sick and father was away she would see to them, sometimes being called up in the night to go to them ; also she made soup and jellies for them when they were ill. My mother taught me everything ; being an only child she could not bear to part with me. At the age of thirteen I played the organ at the Church Service for the first time, thanks to my mother's patient teaching, singing all the hymns and chants in the Indian language."

In 1893 a White Cross Association was established for women only. It grew to a membership of more than twenty. This was Mrs. McCullagh's work. She organized these Christian women into a union for nursing the sick. When the new Church was being built she gathered together a number of Indian women to form a working-party ; the moccasins, beadwork and knitted socks thus made during the course of three years were sold, realizing about 360 dollars, which were given to the Church fund.

The illness which resulted in her death was caused by

eating a bad tin of salmon. Melita had a narrow escape, being at the outset more seriously ill than her mother; but her system was more amenable to the remedies employed; and the missionary himself nearly died from the same cause. Mrs. McCullagh was not in good health at the time, and her powers of resistance were small. The illness assumed a typhoidal character with dysentery and delirium, ending in her death on December 18, 1900. There was at the time no doctor on the Naas, and a messenger was dispatched to the Methodist Medical Missionary at Fort Simpson. He did his best to reach Aiyansh in time; but he got no nearer than Kincolith when the sad tidings met him that all was over.

McCullagh had not been quite alone, however. A few days before his wife's death a son of Archdeacon Sargent, who was on his way to Hazelton, called at Aiyansh and, seeing how great the need was, stayed until the end. His presence and quiet sympathy were a source of strength and comfort when McCullagh was passing through the fiery furnace of intense anxiety and sorrow.

Later on McCullagh wrote: "I did everything I could for her with the means at my disposal, and was able in some measure, I think, to mitigate her sufferings. During the last twelve days I got only about eight hours' sleep, as she needed constant attention. She seemed to know when I knelt by her side, with her hands taken in mine, while I entreated God to spare her; for on one occasion she passed her hands lovingly over my head. I realized fully the dangers incident to the disease, and used disinfectants freely, taking every precaution. Melita and an Indian woman had their full share of work, but I did all the nursing myself. About an hour and a half before the end she fell into a sweet sleep, breathing freely and enjoying apparent freedom from pain, and in this sleep she passed peacefully away. She did not die, but rather fell on sleep.

"The Indians were inconsolable and made great lamentations. They asked to be allowed to bury her themselves, and I consented. And so they made the coffin very beautifully and lined it with zinc; they also made an outer shell

—waterproof and hermetically closed—as though they would fain keep off all corruptive agencies from the dear body. It was a revelation to me to see with what delicacy and tenderness they did everything, and how those proud chiefs, be-painted and feathered only a few years ago, meekly knelt around the newly-made grave and wrought upon it in white shells from the sea-shore the emblem of the Cross, and how the tears coursed down their cheeks, and they thought it no shame.

"I never thought that the quiet, unobtrusive life and work of the dear patient worker had made such a deep impression on the callous Indian, and there by the side of her grave I silently gave God thanks for her and her good example. Thus closed the chapter of a quiet, meek and lowly life, diffidently consecrated to Christ and His service. She ever felt her little all was very little indeed, but she was faithful in that little ; she was not little in her faithfulness and devotion ; she was great.

"The same evening after the funeral, I was down myself with that awful typhoid. The Archdeacon was fortunately at hand, and he proposed that I should be taken down to Kincolith, but I would not hear of it for several days. Then, as I felt everything slipping away from me, I let them do what they wished, only stipulating that when all was over I should be brought back again and buried beside my wife. The disease, however, ran a low course, with only a short period of delirium and one relapse. Mrs. Collison was a trained nurse and looked after me well. Humanly speaking, I believe I owe my recovery to being in an upstairs room overlooking the sea."

McCullagh was a long time in regaining his strength and suffered greatly from the after effects of the disease ; sometimes feeling as though he could willingly have lain down and died.

" Try how I will I cannot readjust the focus of my life ; I cannot bear to think of resuming my work. I feel like a derailed locomotive ; how I am to get on the lines again I cannot tell."

He found his daughter Melita a great comfort to him ;

but his unselfish nature made her also the cause of much anxiety. He felt he ought not to take her back to an isolated place like Aiyansh, and yet he dreaded going back alone to the empty house. So an arrangement was made that he should go for three months to Esquimalt Harbour near Victoria, at the southern end of Vancouver Island—to act as *locum tenens* for the Rector of Esquimalt, who was also Chaplain to the Forces there. This would be a beneficial change, giving him a new kind of work. It was also arranged that his daughter should go to school for a time, spending her holidays between Aiyansh and the home of Archdeacon and Mrs. Collison at Kincolith.

After a time McCullagh felt able to go back to Aiyansh and take up his work again. The burden at first pressed sorely upon him, and indeed continued to do so for many months; but in September, 1902, he was able to write:

"Within the last two months I have become almost if not altogether my old self: nay, more than that, I believe I am now in better health than I have been for fifteen years. About twenty-five years ago I had a very severe attack of enteric, which not only left considerable intestinal debility, but also some physical obstruction, and this had been evidently increasing for the past fifteen years, until it had almost worn me out with languor and general decay. Now it seems that the last attack of typhoid has carried away the legacy of the former attack, leaving me as I was as a young man. . . . After the Conference held last May at Alert Bay I went to consult a doctor in Victoria; he put the final touch on my recovery. Since my return to Aiyansh I have put on twenty pounds in weight. Isn't that a good account of the great goodness of God? It is so much more than I expected or thought possible. I believe God has spared me to go on with this work, that He approves of the lines on which I have been trying to carry it on, and that He will so prosper and bless it that a remnant of this people shall be established to glorify His name. It seems to me the strangest, sweetest thing in the world to be in good health. When I look back, on the last nine years especially, I cannot conceive how I managed to

keep pegging away so well, and I alone know how I had to dig the spurs in to make the old nag ' get up.' I need no spurring now, but rather holding in. May God strengthen, sanctify and enable me to do all with a single eye to His glory."

CHAPTER XVIII

The Salvage of a Derelict Mission

FORTY-SIX miles below Aiyansh on the Naas River is situated one of the most ancient Nishga villages, known to the Indians as Lak-Kalzap. About the year 1874 the Methodist Church of Canada established a Mission here. The work was commenced by the Rev. A. E. Green, by whose untiring industry and ability the Mission flourished till 1888, when he left for another sphere of labour. The place was then named Greenville after him. He was followed by a succession of missionaries, some of them being excellent and devoted men who did a splendid work ; others attempting great things, yet failing through lack of understanding the nature and character of the Indians. The result was that the adherents of the Mission became seriously disaffected towards the Methodist Church, the process of disintegration steadily increasing.

In 1902 a young minister, utterly inexperienced in Indian work, was placed in charge. He only remained one winter ; the next two years were blank, and the relations between the Indians and the Church of which they were members became very strained. The Lak-Kalzap converts were made to bear the odium of all this, acquiring such a bad name that it was said that no missionary could do anything at that place.

In October, 1904, McCullagh wrote to a friend in England : " I take a special interest in this Mission, because the majority of the Christians here are, in reality, my own converts, that is to say, they are converts from the Gitlakdamiks tribe among whom my work lies ; but, on embracing Christianity, instead of settling at Aiyansh, they sought to

get as far away as possible from their old heathen *habitat*, and so came down to settle at Lak-Kalzap."

On several occasions deputations from the tribe waited upon Archdeacon Collison at Kincolith (a few miles farther down the river), begging that their people might be received into the Church of England. McCullagh was petitioned in like manner; but in both cases they were always sent away with the same reply—"Impossible." Neither of these two men ever had a thought of annexing the Mission; such an idea was repugnant to them both, and they always sided with the Methodists against the people whom they looked upon as recalcitrant and unmanageable. The sequel proved to be a strange and wonderful instance of the ways and workings of divine Providence, quite unlike anything else in the annals of missionary enterprise. Unfortunately, the recital does not reflect credit on the Methodist Church of Canada; but it must be regretfully recorded if justice is to be done to the memory of McCullagh, who, without any intention or desire on his part, was the human instrument whereby the turbulent spirits of Lak-Kalzap became happy and loyal members of the Church of England. The story is best told in his own words as related in the annual letter he wrote in January, 1905, for private circulation among his friends and co-workers at home.

"On the 10th of October last I was on my way up to Aiyansh with a freighting of supplies for the winter and, reaching Lak-Kalzap about 10 p.m., I put in there for the night. Even at that late hour many people came asking for medicine, and upon inquiry I found that nearly all the children were down with severe autumnal fever and colds, complicated by bleeding from the nose and ears and considerable constitutional disturbances. The following day I delayed my departure at the request of the people that each little sufferer might receive an adequate share of attention. Further, I was also compelled to remain till the next day in order to 'weigh off' a lot of drunken brawlers who had made the previous night hideous. Then again later, the people suggested that I should send on my

canoes and stand by the children until they were better, when they would find a canoe and men to take me up at their expense. I did not consent to this at once, as there were many reasons for my getting back as soon as possible, and many things remained to be done before the snow fell; but when I thought of the poor helpless children, and remembered that seven of them at least seriously required experienced attention for two weeks to come, I gave in and sent on my canoes. Then I called several of the principal men together and said to them, 'Now, I have agreed to stay for at least two weeks for the sake of the children, and I want you to promise me two things, that you will not trouble me with your Mission difficulties or your land grievances.' They promised.

"'Now that's all right,' thought I, foolishly imagining, like the ostrich, that I had put away the whole body of the difficulty by sticking its beak in the sand!

"But I soon found out that the old proverb is still true—'in fleeing from a difficulty we pursue it.' I already understood, of course, that the people here were very much disaffected, but supposed that the feeling did not go beyond resentment against their Church. Great was my consternation, therefore, as I went in and out amongst them, to find that the profession of Christianity had been almost entirely thrown off! There was no longer an observance of the Sabbath; there were no religious services and no means of grace. Every face wore an expression of heathen vacuity and sullen indifference. But this indifference was not merely passive, it was fast becoming an active principle of evil, for the whole community, with the exception of the sick, attended all the heathen dances, *halaids*, wine feasts and blanket tearings! Four times did this happen during my stay!

"My first thought was one of astonishment that, the leading Methodist Mission on the coast being so near as Port Simpson, this Lak-Kalzap station had not been periodically visited from that place. And here the people were almost right back into heathenism, and it seemed nobody's business to know, and nobody's business to care.

"'What,' thought I, 'if this community of nearly two hundred disaffected and disheartened Christians, neglected by the Methodists and rejected by our Church of England, lapse into heathenism, shall not we, equally with the Methodists, be held responsible? And how would the lapse of this Mission affect our own Missions on the Naas—Kincolith and Aiyansh? Would it not give a new lease of life to heathenism and so set back our work for two generations to come?' Still, though I thought like this, the idea of taking over the Mission never once seriously entered my head. On the contrary, I made an effort to pull the Methodist organization together. There was not time enough to communicate with the Methodist leaders; something must be done, and that immediately. I tried to haul the local preachers out of their holes; I tried to put the Epworth Leaguers on their feet; I tried to get the stewards to look after the Church; but nobody could be found 'in good standing,' and everyone was sullen and 'ugly' and anti-Methodist!

"The leading chiefs were all down, some through liquor and others through heathen 'nostalgia.' I found that every man's defection was cut and dried; that all eyes were turned to the other—the heathen—side of the river; that *Ulala* regalia and *naknogs* and things of that kind were being laid up in store; that everything, in fact, was ready awaiting the arrival of the psychological moment for the devil to start the whole place off into an outburst of heathenism.

'As far as I have been able to ascertain since, all this was a premeditated thing, deliberately conceived as an offset to the Methodist neglect of the Mission and our refusal to have anything to do with it. Just as the Chinaman tries to get even with his enemy by committing suicide upon the steps of his enemy's house, so these people intended to commit spiritual suicide at our doors to put us to shame. Meanwhile the psychological moment was drawing nearer, and nobody knew it but God Himself."

During the previous summer months a chief named Arthur Calder and another young Indian called Moses

McKay had been working at Vancouver. Whilst there, they had endeavoured to obtain from the leaders of the Methodist Church the promise of another missionary ; but their efforts had failed. They came away from these interviews in a disheartened spirit, and returned to Lak-Kalzap on the 16th of October. " Their hearts," they said, " had been made angry," and the report they gave of the ill-success of their efforts seemed to increase the feeling of bitterness which McCullagh had found already to be so intense.

" And this was the moment for which God had brought me down from Aiyansh, unexpectedly ; this was the moment for which the bad weather kept me at Kincolith so much longer than I intended to stay ; this was the reason why we were so delayed on the 10th of October, that we could not pass by Lak-Kalzap without calling in. And here I was, placed by God's own hand between this people and the abyss of heathen despair. The flash of enlightenment took away my breath. I saw it all as in a vision, and bowed my head and worshipped.

" The following day a general meeting was held at which every adult member of the Lak-Kalzap Band (a community of Indians on one reserve is called a Band) voted for withdrawal from the Methodist Church, and the Council forwarded a copy of the resolution to the superintendent of their Mission. They also notified the public through the *Colonist* newspaper and issued a notice to the effect that, thirty days after date, they intended making formal application to be received into the Church of England.

" Here then was a thing—the last thing in the world I would have undertaken to do of my own mind—absolutely laid upon me by the inexorable law of necessity. I had no choice ; we, the Indians and myself, were face to face in a very tight place. I had no ' backing,' no guarantee that my action would be sustained or this added burden provided for ; never was I weaker or more destitute of all that makes a man strong in this world ; but I had seen the guiding Hand and putting my trust in God, I replied to the deputation of chiefs who waited upon me that, as God

had laid the burden upon me, I would shoulder it in His name and do my best for Lak-Kalzap.

"I sent for Archdeacon Collison, and he at once came up to me from Kincolith. We talked the whole matter over, and in the end it was arranged that the Lak-Kalzap people should be received into the Church of England on the First Sunday in Advent, a month later. I then went on to Aiyansh, having had the joy of seeing all the children restored to health.

"On the 25th of November we returned to Lak-Kalzap, with the intention of wintering there. As we approached the village in our canoe at about 7 p.m., our crew boys began to sing a hymn, and immediately in the distance ahead we saw the light of many lanterns flashing to and fro; a bugle sounded clear and shrill; an alarm bell went ding-ding, ding-ding. Lights sprang out of the darkness in all directions; strings of Chinese and Japanese lanterns —all home-made—ran up every flag-pole. We got nearer and nearer to the landing-place: up goes a rocket, and a shower of varicoloured light falls, and flaring torches of coloured fires make the crowd lining the landing-stage look rather Stygian, and I stepped on to the wharf amid an explosion of Chinese crackers. In a moment every head was bared and, notwithstanding the spluttering of the dying fireworks, we raised our voices in prayer and praise.

"Three days after my arrival I received all the people individually into the Church of England, and again three days later, St. Andrew's Day—the very day our new Bishop was being consecrated—the people began to turn their town-hall into a temporary Church, which has been named St. Andrew's Church. About this time a delegate came along from the Methodist Missionary Society to see what was the matter. I was laid up with a bad cold when this gentleman arrived, and his first question on coming in to see me was:

"Well, Mr. McCullagh, what evil have you been inflicting on these poor people that they are so changed?"

"(Nobody in the town had a welcome for him, which was the change he alluded to.) To this I replied:

"'I am hardly the person, Mr. —— to supply you with information as to the evil which has been inflicted on these poor people; that is a question you should put to your own Missionary Board.'

"We opened our temporary Church, and set on foot our new parish organizations, two readers, two churchwardens, two caretakers and a sexton; Church Army with captain and lieutenants; a guild of elders; a choir and choir-master and an organist, Melita holding this appointment (!) *pro tem.*

"Everything is now prospering with us at this place, spiritually and morally; instead of lapsing Christians we have conversions from the heathen; but the village is in a poor condition from a sanitary and material point of view. A new town site has, however, been laid out—lines cut, streets laid out, and lots defined. The old huddled line of buildings along the water front which constitute the present village, the impossible street with its impossible rotten planks and foundation must all be swept away; drains must be cut, new roads planked, new houses built, fences made, a Church, school-house and mission-house erected, and many other things done, the prospect of which fills my heart with joy and dismay at the same time; joy, to push forward another work like Aiyansh, and dismay, to think that I may not be able to do it. This, of course, is want of faith, for surely God will provide for a work which He Himself has so manifestly blessed."

On his return to Aiyansh, McCullagh was immediately sent for to go to Gitlakdamiks, to quell a disturbance which had taken place among the people there, caused by an outbreak of drunkenness in which the villages of Angida and Gitex were also involved. This lamentable condition of affairs had been brought about by a band of thirty heathen Indians who had been doing their best, with the aid of privately-distilled liquor, to exterminate one another. The whole country was in a ferment, large numbers of the Indians being crazed by the drink. As a magistrate McCullagh at once took stern measures. Search-warrants were issued and served; all the distillery appar-

atus, together with quantities of liquor, were seized by twenty-eight constables specially enrolled for the purpose; the principal culprits were brought before the bench and sentenced by McCullagh to various degrees of punishment, and all were heavily fined.

Then a reaction set in as quickly and remarkably as the outbreak had occurred. "Nearly everyone concerned was so alarmed and shocked by the outrageous sin and folly into which they had been betrayed that they became repentant, and individually and collectively abandoned heathenism and joined the Mission at Aiyansh. Men who a few months before were the hardest of hard cases are to-day to be found praying and prophesying in the Name of Christ." In the last chapter of this Journal (for 1905) McCullagh was able to write to his friends in England:

"I am afraid I have been rather delayed in completing my letter, but the delay has been caused by events so glorious and victorious that I am glad and thankful to be able, by God's blessing, to conclude my letter with news undreamed-of when I began it: *there is not a heathen left on the Naas at this date!*

"The events of the past two months would fill a volume with the most interesting missionary matter if one had time to draw it out as a living picture. As you may imagine, our joy is as the joy of those who joy in harvest. We have sown the good seed with many a tear and heart-ache, but now we have gathered in the sheaves with joy.

"Pray for all those who have been gathered in, and do not forget us in the material part of the work. We shall need your help now more than ever."

CHAPTER XIX

The Shore End of the Net

THERE is an old-fashioned method of catching fish which is still practised by fishermen on the East coast of England. It is by means of the seine net. Some three or four men push off from the beach in their crab-boat, taking with them one end of the net; the other end is held by their partners on the shore. When the oarsmen have pulled the boat out to the full extent allowed by the length of the net, they begin to row parallel with the shore, the other men walking along the beach with them. Between them they drag the net for some little distance; then the boat is rowed inshore again; the net is drawn on to the beach and emptied of the fish which have been caught.

This illustrates a primary factor in the principle of missions to the heathen. Out into the distant parts of the world, across the intervening waters, go the "fishers of men," eager to win souls for their Master in lands of pagan darkness. They carry with them one end of the Gospel net; the other is held by their partners—those who remain at home and help them in their work by prayer and gifts. It is all done by co-operation. The missionary must be sent out over the sea; but he cannot maintain himself or carry on his work without the material help of the friends who undertake to support him in the homeland. They hold the shore end of the net; he and they work together, and both alike will rejoice in the great day when they lay their spoils at the Master's feet.

McCullagh could never have done the work of his life alone; he could not have gone out to British Columbia or

laboured with such conspicuous success for thirty-eight years among the Nishga Indians without the assistance of friends who gave generously of their substance and encouraged him by their prayers and sympathy. No one realized this better or appreciated it more than the missionary himself. When writing about it, he said: "It is this help which makes such work possible. Strictly speaking, there is no credit due to me, but rather to those who enable the work to be attempted and in some measure accomplished."

By whom was McCullagh sent out, and by whom was he supported when he adventured his life in the high enterprise of evangelizing the Indians at Aiyansh? Primarily by the Church Missionary Society. They held the shore end of the net.

It is no exaggeration to say that this Society has done and is doing one of the grandest works ever attempted for the regeneration of the human race. But its spiritual activities, like those of all missionary agencies, are limited and crippled through lack of sufficient monetary support.

McCullagh's stipend was for many years guaranteed by the C.M.S., but beyond this the Committee could do very little. All over the world there were other missionaries also struggling on their slender pay to establish native Churches. The building of the new Church at Aiyansh, for instance, could never have been attempted without the extra help afforded by outside friends. McCullagh had no private income; but God did not let His servant's prayers go unanswered nor his passion for souls waste itself in vain desire. During his first furlough in 1890 a large amount of interest was awakened by the wonderful story he told in public, enhanced as it was by his magnetic personality and his fervent appeals to the conscience and sympathies of those who listened to him.

The late Bishop of St. Albans (Dr. Jacob) was a warm friend of McCullagh, whom he looked upon as the ideal missionary, continuing for nearly thirty years to give his enthusiastic support to the work at Aiyansh.

Another true and loyal friend was the late Mrs. Foquett, the wife of a retired doctor living at Ilfracombe. The

Aiyansh Mission became her absorbing interest during the latter years of her life. She did not ask people directly for money, but she used to transcribe McCullagh's long letters home, sending them round the circle of her friends and, except for the prayers that followed them, leaving these to make their own appeal to the hearts of the readers. As she was a martyr to rheumatism in the hands, this self-imposed task must sometimes have been the cause of much pain.

For many years, during the early and middle stages of his work, McCullagh received substantial help for the Indians in the shape of blankets and warm clothing through the "Missionary Leaves Association;" its secretary, Mr. Malaher, being a warm friend of the missionary. Afterwards the same kind of help was rendered with equal sympathy and appreciation of the work by Mr. T. H. Baxter, secretary of the Exhibitions and General Wants Department of the Church Missionary Society.

During McCullagh's second furlough the "Nishga Union" was formed by his friends in England, with the object of supporting his work financially as well as by their prayers. The Bishop of St. Albans became President of the Union, Mrs. Foquett acted as secretary, and Mr. C. B. Robinson added his invaluable services in becoming the hon. treasurer. As a trained accountant he was able to relieve the missionary of a large amount of financial anxiety, thus consecrating his special gift to the service of his divine Lord and Master. In the last chapter we saw how, during the autumn of 1904, the Methodist mission at Lak-Kalzap came under McCullagh's control. The need of his presence in this place became so urgent that he decided upon deferring his much-needed furlough and wintering there, leaving Charles Morven, an Indian who had been carefully trained and educated by himself from boyhood in the mission-house, in charge of Aiyansh during his absence.

In June, 1905, the Canadian Methodist Church withdrew Lak-Kalzap from their official list of mission stations, and it was formally united to the Church of England. The Bishop of Caledonia compensated the Methodist Missionary

Society for their buildings, paying 1,500 dollars for them, although they were all in a state of decay. This was the utmost he could do with the limited funds at his disposal. The Church Missionary Society was already spending as much as could possibly be spared for their own stations in British Columbia, and they could not undertake any further liabilities. McCullagh knew this when he accepted the responsibility. From the very first day that the burden was laid at his feet and he took it up in obedience, as he believed, to the will of God, he clearly foresaw that the money needed must be raised by his own personal efforts. He therefore made up his mind to come to England, which he did early in October, 1906.

He had in readiness a staff of native catechists, trained by himself and licensed by the Bishop as lay evangelists. One of these, Charles Morven, he left in charge of the Mission at Aiyansh, two others at Lak-Kalzap and one each at Gitlakdamiks and Gwinoha. " These," he wrote, " will hold the forts during my absence, under the eye of the Archdeacon."

It was then that the Nishga Union was formed with a special view to financing Lak-Kalzap. This meant that the contributions of old friends hitherto given to Aiyansh must in future be transferred to that station.

" I don't think," writes Mr. Robinson, " that this very real self-denial on the part of Mr. McCullagh has ever been pointed out ; his scheme for Lak-Kalzap means his own serious loss."

For many years the Nishga Union may be said to have joined hands with the Church Missionary Society in holding and working the shore end of the net for McCullagh's work on the Naas River.

In September, 1907, was issued the first number of *Aiyansh Notes*, a small quarterly magazine, published with the object of maintaining interest in the Mission. In September, 1909, this journal put on a new guise, assuming the title of *North British Columbia News*. This change was owing to a wish expressed by Bishop (now Archbishop) Du Vernet to make known the needs of the

diocese of Caledonia. McCullagh willingly acceded to the Bishop's desire; the new journal becoming the official channel of information for the work of the whole diocese. At the same time he concurred in a scheme which included the amalgamation of the Nishga Union Fund with the Bishop's Mission Fund. "Here again," writes Mr. Robinson, "McCullagh must have seen that this would divert money from his plans, but he loyally acquiesced."

In these things we may see what a true servant of God he was, putting himself and his own work into the background if he thought that by so doing he could help in advancing the wider interests of the Church as a whole. The *North British Columbia News* still continues to run its course as a quarterly journal, brightly written and illustrated by photographs of exceptional interest.

By McCullagh's personal influence workers were obtained for Lak-Kalzap. Mr. E. P. Laycock, a young architect, arranged to go out there with his wife and take charge of the Mission. They were to be joined by Miss Copeland, who undertook to teach the children, and later on by Miss Clayton, a lady nurse, when her hospital course was completed, if sufficient funds could be obtained. A doctor had just settled on the Naas, and a small hospital had been opened in the valley; but there was, as yet, no nurse.

An urgent letter from the Bishop, pressing the needs of the Gitlakdamiks tribe, came at a time when McCullagh was making these people the object of special prayer. On the very day after receiving this letter he was to address a meeting of undergraduates at Cambridge.

"I was very much distressed in spirit," he wrote, "and prayed earnestly that God would raise me up a young man at Cambridge, some one with means of his own, who would come out and work for a few years in this village (Gitlakdamiks)."

At an informal reception (held before the big meeting) in one of the men's rooms at Trinity College, he met Mr. Ingram, the son of an officer in the Indian Army, who intended becoming a mechanical engineer and electrician. The result of their interview was that Mr. Ingram accepted

McCullagh's invitation to go out at his own charges and work as a lay missionary at Gitlakdamiks.

With the prospect of such fellow-workers aiding him to carry out his plans, the missionary was able to face the future with a new courage and confidence. But there was something else of which he stood consciously in need, without which he never felt himself able to accomplish much, and that was intercessory prayer.

" I would like," he wrote, " to thank all those who came to my help in regard to the intercession list I sent home with my New Year's greeting. I do not need to ask who or how many have made request for me before the throne of heavenly grace, for I am receiving the answer in myself day by day, even more than I can contain."

Before leaving England an event occurred of deep importance, to his own personal life especially, and also for the Indians at Aiyansh. This was his marriage with Eleanor, the youngest daughter of the Rev. A. P. and Mrs. Wharton. For many years he had been the family's great missionary hero, visiting them as friends during his furlough. His second marriage proved full of happiness for them both. Henceforward his work and his trials were shared by one who understood and sympathized with his noble ambition for the souls of men.

CHAPTER XX

Sunlight and Shadows on the Naas

ON August 3, 1907, a meeting was held at the Church House, Westminster, presided over by the Bishop of St. Albans, to say good-bye to the Rev. J. B. and Mrs. McCullagh, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Laycock and Miss Copeland. On August 8, they left Liverpool on the "Corsican," many friends coming to see them off with a word of good cheer and some useful gifts for their trans-Atlantic voyage. Mr. J. T. Ingram was to follow them by a later boat. Owing to several delays and digressions *en route* the party did not reach their final destination until September 28.

McCullagh was conscious at once of some subtle, indefinable change in the Indians. By degrees he found out that during his absence a secret movement had been on foot—nothing less than a confederation of all the Indians of the Province to throw off the domination of the white man. This disaffection had been engineered by an Indian chief named Joe Capilano, who in 1905 had paid a visit to England and had been received in audience by King Edward. Taking advantage of this favour, on his return he stated everywhere, and it was believed, that the King was on the side of the Indians and against the Canadian Government. An anti-English league was to be formed in order to boycott and expel from the country all the whites except the missionaries. The Indians were to rise and go on the war-path, in conjunction with the Japanese, whom they regarded as their kinsmen. By this sinister influence the tribes on the Naas were rendered unsettled and spiritually unsympathetic. McCullagh was only back

in time to prevent a serious outbreak. His knowledge of the Indians' character and the confidence they had in him enabled him to reason with them and to convince them of the folly into which they had so nearly been betrayed.

In order to understand one very important side of McCullagh's influence in the valley of the Naas, it is necessary to explain somewhat fully the relationship or antagonism existing between the whites and the Indians in Western Canada.

Among the earliest white settlers and traders, British Columbia was recognized as a fine country for Indians, abounding as it did in wild animals which were valuable for their furs and abounding also in salmon with which the rivers teemed. But that was all, except for a few dreamers who saw visions of great possibilities in the future. With the extension of civilization and the development of industrial enterprise the visions rapidly became realities. And then began a race for land, so that soon not a square mile of arable land was left unstaked in the Aiyansh and neighbouring valleys or in any other place exhibiting a possibility of raising a potato.

" The Indian, however," wrote McCullagh, " seemed to be regarded as a negligible quantity in this race, for his hunting and fishing grounds are now all mapped off as the property of others, without so much as ' by your leave ' to him. Consequently he feels distressed in his mind, sore, hurt, aggrieved. He thinks that his ancient rights should have been respected, and that his long record of loyalty to the ' Great Queen ' better rewarded. Of his own native wit he understands that some sort of settlement should have been made with him by the Government for the alienation of his lands. He misses something to which he cannot quite give a name. I think it is Justice.

" The Indian loves his country with a deep, passionate, understanding love, even as I myself have grown to love its wild haunts. The rippling streams, the verdant slopes, the pine-studded parks, the glorious blue-berry patches and strawberry dells, the dense bush, the beaver meadows

and muskegs, the heavily-timbered forest with its mossy carpet and winding ways, the silent lake, the river with its everlasting supply of fish, the hunting and the trapping, and the labours and the joys of home—all this he sees coolly appropriated by strangers, whose only conception of him is that he is ' a jolly nuisance.' It must be hard on him when he takes his family off as of yore to the spring hunt, and they once more gather round the old camp-tree to make their temporary home, to find the old tree blazed and a notice inscribed thereon—

DON'T HUNT HERE ANY MORE, I HAVE STAKED THIS LAND.

(*Signed*) WHITE MAN.

He reads this and the warm blood runs cold to his heart. Then his cheeks begin to feel hot and burning ; there is a choking sensation in his throat ; his teeth are set and his eyes blaze. Look at him, as he stands alone by his rights against the magnitude and weight of the whole British Empire ! He does not cringe, he does not lose his head —he burns, and cries, ' Oh, I feel as if my heart would burst.'

" It must not be inferred that nothing has been done by the British Columbia Government for the Indians. Most of their villages have been surrounded by reserves of varying dimensions ; but these reserves have been made without a settlement. A few thousand acres do not appeal to the Indian ; he needs a wide range ; like the buffalo, he requires a national park."

To create an atmosphere of good understanding between the white man and the Indian ; to plead the cause of the latter before the tribunal appointed by the Government, on the one hand, and, on the other, to show the Indian that his true wisdom lay in adapting himself to the new conditions imposed by the onward march of civilization —this formed a large part of the missionary's work during the latter years of his life. As an instance of the frank, fearless way in which he talked straight to the Indians on the subject, we will take an extract from a speech he

once made to them. They had asked him to act as their chairman when they met for the purpose of electing a new Council. The chiefs and others who were present vigorously advocated a repeal of the "Indian Act," substituting for it an imaginary statute which they called the "King's Law," by which they hoped to obtain a larger measure of tribal authority. Thus McCullagh closed his final speech from the chair:

"I am glad to be assured by you that you are a wise people and that you want to walk according to wisdom, although my mind has lately been divided on this point. It seems to me you have got your wisdom tied up into a pretty bad knot; it would take a clever woman to unravel your tangled skein. I have listened to your talk all night, and said nothing; now, however, I am going to say one word, and give you one little bit of advice. My word is this: The Indian Department ought to be, and is, as far as I know, the Indian's best friend. My advice is this: keep your seats in the old canoe until you can get a new and better canoe. You want to jump out of the old canoe and get into another which is still growing in the woods, not made yet. You say the old canoe leaks. Well, I have never yet seen a canoe that didn't leak. Have you? There is nothing the matter with the old canoe except this: You won't paddle. The trouble is with you yourselves and not with the canoe. The Indian Act is all right if you will only make use of it. At any rate, I would not jump out of it, if I were you, until the King gives you another Act as good, perhaps better. Take your paddles and dig away. All the time that you are sitting still the canoe is drifting back. And then you say, 'It is a bad canoe, that is why it drifts back.'

"And now I have quite finished. I will just say this: I am ready to swear in a council and constables properly elected according to the provisions of the KING'S INDIAN LAW-ACT to-night or to-morrow or any day this week."

At Lak-Kalzap Mr. and Mrs. Laycock, with Miss Copeland, had a very trying experience. They found the

mission-buildings in such a dilapidated condition that even the Indians said that the house would only be habitable for one more winter. It was not, however, subjected to a full test of this gloomy prognosis, for on January 15 (1908) the place caught fire, and before the flames could be extinguished the unfortunate trio were burnt out of house and home.

The Nishga Union generously sent out help, enabling them, in conjunction with other sources of supply, to rebuild. Soon afterwards the Bishop took over the entire responsibility of the place, and its subsequent history forms no part of the present story.

Mrs. McCullagh was deeply impressed by the appearance of her new home, by the well-designed village with its streets of grassy sward in the centre and the sidewalks made of wooden pavements raised slightly off the ground, by the detached houses in which the Indians lived; and, above all, by the Church. She wrote home:

"It is beautifully situated, and its slender spire, the prettiest I have ever seen, stands out against the glorious background of snow-capped mountains some three miles away. The Church is painted white outside, but the spire is coloured in various soft shades, in an interlacing diamond pattern, and the effect of this against the white mountains is unique. . . . My first Service was a surprise to me. 'How is it possible,' I thought, 'that these neatly-dressed, nice-looking people with their grave demeanour and evident comprehension of the solemnity of the occasion can have been, only a quarter of a century ago, not only heathens, but savages in paint and feathers?' It seems incredible. . . .

"There is a Celebration of the Holy Communion twice a month. On the first Sunday in the month it is held in the Church at the time of Morning Prayer, and again semi-monthly in the Mission-chapel at 8 a.m. The chapel, which is part of the mission-house, is easily made ready and warm for an early service in zero weather, but it takes some hours to heat the Church. At my first Communion in the Church I was surprised to see 60

communicants go up, all so reverent, quiet and orderly; while at the intermediate service in the Chapel, just as the day was beginning to break, and the thermometer 10° below zero, there were 35! I really thought that was wonderful."

We can realize something of the pride with which her husband took her, one bright and sunny day, to the vantage point of a hill from which to view the valley he loved so passionately. "How do you like it?" he asked, rather proudly; "is it not beautiful?" After a few moments of intense gazing and wondrous admiration, she exclaimed: "It is more than beautiful, it is heavenly."

We may also understand something of his happiness and of the renewed spirit of courage and hope in which he was able to resume his work, by the way he wrote home of his wife's introduction to her new life:

"The Indians took to her at once, and she to them. I never saw anyone so gifted with instinctive insight into their character, or so capable of understanding the why and the wherefore of their racial limitations and imperfections, as well as of appreciating their good points, of which they have not a few. She and my daughter Melita have each found in the other a delightful companion and fellow-worker. Thanks to Mrs. Collison, with whom she has been staying for the last few years, my daughter is a perfectly capable cook and housekeeper, so that between them both they run our backwoods *ménage* in such a way as to make one forget it is backwoods life at all."

When reviewing long afterwards the early years she spent at Aiyansh, Mrs. McCullagh wrote, "the strife was, in a measure, o'er, the battle finished, by the time I joined my husband in his work." She meant, of course, that the citadel of heathenism had been stormed and taken; and life at the mission-house could be conducted on orderly lines. How the missionary spent an ordinary day may be gathered from his own description:

"I begin work daily with the Indians at 9 a.m. They come and sit in the entrance-room or mission-room,

which opens into my library. First, I attend to those needing medical care—for an hour or more the scene is a reproduction of a home dispensary.

"Then comes the turn of those who have other matters —our parish leaders of various organizations, making reports, asking advice, etc., our Municipal Council with some suggestion for discussion; a few private individuals with family matters to which I must listen patiently and give my advice as pastor of the flock.

"Then there may be one or more parties from the heathen villages with disputes to be settled—disputes concerning hunting and fishing rights, cases of assault, etc., which may have to be settled magisterially.

"And so each day begins and goes on. Usually visits have to be made to sick people in their houses, and the school has to be looked after; then, during the afternoon or evening, I am engaged in translating the Scriptures. There are, however, lots of interruptions, for Indians are always coming in with their Bibles, to have each one a certain text translated, explained and type-written. Hitherto the work has gone on till 10 p.m. or later, but since my illness I close at 6 or 7 at latest, although I would fain go on, like the brook, for ever."

And yet in some ways the strife was never over, the battle never finished. Although the tribes on the Naas had abandoned heathenism for Christianity, it must not be assumed that they were henceforth free from the assaults of many of the temptations to which they had yielded without compunction before they knew the joy and power of the Gospel of a risen Saviour. There was one evil which never could be entirely exorcised —the curse of strong drink. For this deadly form of mischief the white men were at first mainly responsible. The Chinese traders joined them in exploiting the Indian at the cost of his moral welfare; making merchandise of his soul and body.

"I have before me," wrote McCullagh, in an article he contributed to the *Church Missionary Review* (July, 1912), "the attested statement of an Indian setting forth

the fact that, in three consecutive seasons, he bought from the Chinese cook and drank six hundred dollars' worth of whisky at the cannery where he was employed. I understand now why the Chinese cook at that cannery was able to boast that he had cleared out of the Indians in one season a profit of two thousand dollars."

In some of the villages up the river (Gitlakdamiks, for instance) prior to the conversion of their people to Christianity, the demon of strong drink made havoc of the *morale* of their inhabitants. To a large extent this was caused originally by a well-meaning but very thoughtless and foolish act, which took place about the year 1900.

" Who sowed the seed ? " asked McCullagh, in a letter to one of his friends. And he goes on to answer his own question : " English women, making wine from raspberries and currants, criminally thoughtless of the monkey-like aptitude of the Indian for observing and imitating. Now all the berries in the country are turned into fermented liquor by the Indians."

As a magistrate he kept his foot well on the neck of the evil, but as an ordinary J.P. he really had no power to act alone in liquor cases, although he never hesitated to issue a search-warrant when reliable information was laid as to the manufacture of spirits or wine.

" At last, however, it was decided by one of the judges sitting at Vancouver that a Justice of the Peace had no power to issue search-warrants or make seizures on an Indian reserve. Thenceforth the by-laws of our progressive little Council at Aiyansh became so many dead letters, and the Council itself retrogressive. There was hardly a house that did not have its well-constructed frost-proof wine-cellar, where brews of all kinds, from pain-killer and canned tomatoes to swede turnip and strong tea, were set to ferment. Councillors, constables and erstwhile respectable citizens seemed to find wine-feasting in each other's houses a gloriously pleasant form of social intercourse. From keeping it quietly indoors they waxed bolder, and shamelessly appeared on the streets the worse for liquor. What a commentary upon our boasted twen-

tieth-century civilization to hear one Indian say to another, when the sidewalk has proved too narrow to accommodate them, 'Indian all same white man now, you bet!'"

After much patience, tact and determination, he succeeded in getting a Municipal Council elected by whose means the mischief was considerably checked. This Council was granted legal powers to deal with the evil, but its jurisdiction was limited; it could exercise no control over the heathen part of the reserve. "So we are forced," wrote McCullagh in one of his annual letters, "to look on helplessly while these deluded people ruin themselves in body and soul."

At Aiyansh a Temperance Society was formed for men and another for women. With two or three exceptions all the Christians became total abstainers. A Band of Hope was also set on foot for the children.

Pledges were taken and cards signed in the Church. Outside the chancel stood a small table on which were displayed pen, ink and pledge-cards. The pledge was taken before the whole congregation at the close of the Evening Service, and the cards, when signed, were hung on the wall above the table. If anyone broke the pledge, his card was painted with a black border an inch deep and was not taken down until the pledge was renewed! "This," said the missionary, "I considered a better plan than letting a man hide away his card in his box."

The temperance movement succeeded well among the Christians; but it is almost needless to say that it was impossible ever to persuade a heathen to sign the pledge.

CHAPTER XXI

Fighting a Forest Fire

AMONG the sketches written by McCullagh and intended for publication [1] was one with the title given to the present chapter. Many accounts have been written by travellers or newspaper correspondents of the great fires which from time to time devastate the forests and prairie lands of the North American continent. There is, of necessity, a great sameness about the way in which these conflagrations are depicted; but, as that cannot be said of the incident related by the missionary at Aiyansh, his remarkable narrative is here recorded in full, illustrating as it does the picturesque and graphic style which was so characteristic of his writings and by which he so easily enabled his readers to visualize the scenes he described.

"It was at the beginning of August, 1885, and intensely hot and oppressive; there had been no rain during the previous two months, and the country and mountain-sides were thoroughly parched. Vegetation in the valleys was crisp and brown, and the fallen timber by which they were strewn was like tinder; the river had been unusually turbid and swollen, and never before in the history of British Columbia had the mosquitoes a more delightful time in the swamps and marshes, to say nothing of our log-house, which I had to keep filled with the smoke of smouldering grass to keep them out.

"For a week or more the clear blue of the sky had been dimmed with a murky haze, through which the sun appeared as a tarnished disc; the distant mountains could no longer be seen; those adjacent were becoming indistinct, while an ominous silence seemed to have crept

[1] Page 51.

over the country—the forests in the neighbouring region were on fire!

"Many of the Indians were away at their fishing camps up the cañon, busily engaged in smoking salmon, and as the water was now low enough in the river to admit of navigation, I determined to visit them. Accordingly, hiring a canoe and a crew of Indians, I started off on a week's tour of the camps. The cool depths of the cañon were pleasantly refreshing; the 'dodging' and 'scampering' methods of our navigation exhilarating, while an unmistakable spice of danger made it exciting. It was on this occasion that I saw for the first time a man's hair 'stand on end.' We had reached the 'forks' of the cañon, a place where two rivers meet at a right angle and surge furiously, working themselves into a raging whirlpool before flowing on in unity, where on all sides the cliffs rise up as stiff and straight as the houses in Cheapside, but much higher. We had to get through by making a 'cannon' off the wheeling rim of that dreadful pool, in order to be driven into a 'pocket,' or reverse current, on the opposite side of the stream. Before attempting this the men rested awhile in a peaceful eddy by the cliff, when one of their number stood up and harangued the others, saying, 'Now, brothers, let your hearts be strong, it is every man for his own life; run the canoe with all your might, bow on, to the upper circle of the whirlpool, when she will be swept round with the force of a hundred men, then all you have to do is to keep her bow up-stream while you paddle for yonder current!' Up farther we went, and then with a mighty push out we dashed towards the whirlpool. The man who had just spoken occupied the seat in front of me; his hair was short, and I distinctly saw, as we rushed on to the whirl, a creepy, bristling process take place all over his head, while his skin turned a whitish yellow. He was not, however, any the less brave on that account, nor was he an exception, for I think a cold shiver ran through us all, as also through a group of Indians who were watching us with bated breath from the top of the cliff. A little farther up the cañon we

tied the canoe to the stump of a tree and, there leaving it, began to ascend the cliff. The Indians went first, climbing in good style, while I brought up the rear; it was a hard climb, but the descent turned out to be harder still.

"We had not been more than three days out when, noticing the smoke-fog growing more dense, we ascended a hill to see if the fire had made its way into our country. Our astonishment was great to behold not only the cañon country on fire but also dense volumes of smoke in the direction of Aiyansh. The fire appeared to have passed along the base of the mountains in rear of the Mission as far as the rapids, from which point it was evidently turning in an up-river direction. Directly this became plain to us, the Indians with one voice exclaimed, '*Dum milth Aiyansh!*' (Aiyansh will be burned); and then we started off at a run for the place where our canoe was tied. We were about one hour in reaching Aiyansh—a distance of twenty-five miles.

"When we got there we found the old people and women in a state of great excitement, digging pits and burying their goods in them. There was no longer any doubt as to the course of the fire; it was coming up the flat strip of land lying between the river and the mountains, on which strip the mission village stood. There was, however, just the possibility of its progress being stayed by a small stream which traversed this strip. Accordingly, I despatched a canoe and two men to reconnoitre the locality, who soon brought back the news that the fire had leaped the stream. Then we knew it must be a fight.

"The Indians were very anxious to clear everything out of the mission-house for burial; but to all their entreaties I replied, 'No, thank you.' Then they tried to reason with me, pointing out that the piles of fire-wood in the rear of the house extended to the verge of the *débris* of fallen trees by which the ground was covered, and that nothing could save the house. I thought, however, that an attempt to save the house might not entail any more labour than taking everything out and burying it; therefore I set about making preparations.

At a distance of nearly fifty yards on either side of the mission-house stood two Indian huts with two potato gardens of some extent behind them. The fire could not pass over those cultivated plots, and if I could but carry a trench from the outermost angle of one to that of the other, a distance of about 100 yards, the whole rear of the premises might be protected. No sooner thought of than done. In a moment I am a navvy, digging off the surface sod with a four-pronged fork and banking it up in the direction in which the fire must come; the sod comes off easily and I rapidly take my trench along; it is four feet wide plus the two feet of upturned sod. I tried to persuade the Indians to assist me, but they only stood looking on in wonder not unmingled with contempt, as though a little doubtful of my sanity, But I had no time for words; so I worked like a machine, utterly indifferent to fatigue and to the blinding streams of perspiration running down my face. I had not quite finished taking off the sod when the roar of the fire was enough to make one tremble; the sky overhead was black with rolling volumes of smoke; pieces of burning timber fell about us in showers, so that it was not very long before the fire was started here and there on the 'flat.' I was now labouring away with a shovel, covering the ground on the inner side of my trench, to the extent of six feet, with sand; for after the surface sod had been removed there was nothing underneath but fine black sand. The Indians were also now busy running down to the river for water, which they poured over logs and stumps near at hand, and with which they extinguished sparks falling near the houses: evidently they had given me up as a hopeless case!

"The whole 'flat' was now a raging mass of fire, the heat was scorching, the smoke stifling, gigantic tongues of flame were leaping up quite close to me with an uncomfortably fluttering sound, like Royal standards in the breeze. Every now and then I threw myself flat down in the trench to inhale a little fresh air near the surface of the cool sand. I was getting exhausted, but my trench was at last completed. My next step was to place a large

tub on the roof of the house and fill it with water, so that I could easily extinguish any sparks falling on the roof or piles of firewood. I felt considerable satisfaction as, perched upon the roof, I watched the futile efforts of the flames to leap my trench. The house with, of course, careful watching, now appeared perfectly safe, flanked by those two potato gardens; with a broad barrier running between, I could afford to sit and admire the terrific grandeur of the scene. For the first time I now looked at my hands, which were feeling stiff and sore, to find them in a dreadful condition!

"The fire was at this period devouring the mighty forest beyond the 'flat'; the flames swept along in sheets, like immense cataracts, enveloping many a stately spruce and cedar in a deadly embrace, and licking up with their fiery tongues the dense undergrowth. The crackling of branches was like incessant volleys of musketry; huge tree-trunks splitting with the heat, exploded with loud reports like the discharge of artillery, the crash of falling timber resembled the destruction of war as when mighty men of valour fall in battle, while the harsh rumbling swish of the relentless element sounded like the onward rush of a victorious host devastating all before it.

"The Indians now began to congregate near me, apparently in a very humble-minded condition. They were glad that the danger was over, but evidently sorry that their share of the fight had not been in the trench.

"Next day, however, they had an opportunity of making amends when the fire threatened a village a few miles farther up the river; there they dug a trench and no doubt saved the place by cutting off the approach of the fire.

"This first conflagration did good in one way by clearing the 'flats' of fallen timber and other *débris*, which would take much money and labour to clear otherwise: the mosquitoes, too, have not been so pestilent since the fire. The whole track of the conflagration is now distinguished by a growth of willows, which in a few years have shot up to the height of ten or twelve feet."

CHAPTER XXII

Burned Out

THE old mission-house at Aiyansh, with the additional rooms built in 1893, was in an advanced stage of decay by 1910 and had already been condemned by its owner. And yet he loved it ; most of the labour in constructing it had been the work of his own hands. " Inside this ramshackle, ungainly-looking backwoods structure were to be found at least some of the comforts and coziness of the old nest beyond the sea—a little touch here and a little bit there of ' England, home and beauty.' What a wealth of love for the dear old motherland is to be found stored away in many of the most inaccessible recesses of this vast Dominion ! Surely it is not possible that the sons and daughters who see the mother least should love her most ? And yet this often seems to be the case. Personally, I think if I were reduced to the condition of a palæolithic troglodyte I should still try to reproduce a little bit of England in my cave. And if I, who am Irish, feel like that, I wonder what the true-born Englishman feels ! "

After the incident related in the last chapter, it is easy to understand the haunting dread by which McCullagh was for ever afterwards pursued, alike in nightly dreams and in waking moments. Many years after that experience he wrote : " So it has been with me in all the years since my conflict with the great fire ; living in a wooden house, my one only fear was FIRE. A scratching mouse sends the blood tingling to my finger-tips ; I start up at the voice of a bird, and the sound of a grasshopper is a burden. How often have I been as quick as the fire itself and nipped it in the bud."

At last the dread phantom became a living reality, inexorable and merciless in the hour of its complete triumph. The story must be told in the missionary's own words, set down in his Journal and published a few months later in the *North British Columbia News*.

"The seventh day of September, 1910, dawned fresh and fair over the 'Valley of Eternal Bloom.' The Mission garden, for the first time for many years, exhibited a gorgeous mass of blossom—dahlias, poppies, sweet-peas, phlox, mignonette, stocks, pinks and pansies and many another homeland flower. The sun waxed hotter and hotter towards noon, glaring down pitilessly from a brassy sky. One could hardly bear one's hand for a moment's duration on the wood-work outside.

"At about 11 o'clock the village constable came in to make a report: there had been, it appears, considerable excitement among the dogs the previous night, and one woman who had been up late, on opening her door to see what was the matter, observed the figure of a strange man standing by her garden gate a few yards away. The light fell full on him, and she waited for him to speak, thinking he wanted something; but he slunk away into the surrounding gloom, followed by a pack of yelping dogs. She described him as 'short the stature, pale the face, broad the shoulders and Boston the hat.'

"'I imagine the woman must have been indulging in fermented berry juice,' I remarked to the constable.

"'That is what I thought at first,' he replied; 'but I have been looking into the matter, and find no reason to doubt her statement. She seems absolutely sure of her *niggit*, and of course we all heard the dogs.'

"'Yes, but the dogs may have been excited by the thrilling advent of a porcupine,' I suggested.

"'No,' he said, 'there is not a dog in town with a porcupine quill in his nose. I have looked over them all. No dog is missing and no dog is wounded.'

"'Then what do you make it out to be?' I asked, my interest still dormant.

"'Well,' he answered, very slowly and with an apolo-

getic air, as though half-ashamed to confess it, 'it was undoubtedly a *niggit*. I am not going to bed to-night. Indians never discard or think lightly of a *niggit*, and I would advise you to keep a close watch on the mission-house.'

"'Close watch for what?' I inquired, rather amusedly.

"'For fire,' he replied gravely.

"To the best of my recollection the above contains the sum and substance of the conversation which took place between the constable and myself. I was amused and, perhaps, a little interested from a psychological point of view, being aware that the Indians have intuitions and uncanny monitions which more civilized people have either outgrown or never known. If only I had taken the *niggit* as seriously as the Indian did, the history of this day might have been as peaceful and uneventful in the afternoon as it was in the morning. Twelve o'clock was our midday mealtime, and just as we had finished lunch, a solitary white man from Stewart arrived in town and had refreshment in the porch. The kitchen fire was then allowed to die out or was kept very low, and there was no other fire alight in the whole premises. After lunch our white visitor went out to the village store to replenish his pack and, at about 3 p.m., on going out to the wood-house, I found him there and entered into conversation with him for a short time. While thus engaged, my attention was attracted to the roof of the house by that unmistakable crackle which sends the blood tingling to one's finger-tips and a cold chill to the heart. On looking up I was horrified to see the whole roof covered with tiny waves of flame—no smoke, only just rippling flame everywhere. Seizing an axe I rushed indoors, giving the alarm, and essayed to ascend the attic stair. A single glance, however, into the attic was sufficient to assure me that by no means at our disposal could we possibly stay or extinguish the devouring flames. In much less time than it takes to tell, pandemonium seemed to be let loose in the entire attic space under the roof. A large room there was entirely lined with canvas, while the sheathing and shingles of the roof were so old, desiccated

and hot to the point of ignition almost by the down-pouring sun that it was just like touching off a powder magazine—the thing seemed to proceed instantaneously from tiny ripples of flame to the mighty rush and roar of a hurricane.

"It did not take many seconds to understand that little or nothing was destined to be saved. The first thought that took form in my mind was that my loved ones would, in all probability, have to sleep on the bare ground that night. Accordingly I made a dash for my wife's room and succeeded in getting out with some bedding and blankets, which I deposited safely in the summer-house. My wife had been working at her sewing-machine and baby Nancy had just awakened from her afternoon slumber. One or two women came to help, but the principal thing they seem to have got out in the short time at their disposal was the rag-box! My writing-machine was also saved and stowed away among the raspberry bushes, where the keys were being rapidly melted, when I espied it and hooked it out. It appears that several other things were placed too near the house, and were eventually consumed. Some Indians also went to the assistance of my son-in-law and his wife, who were frantically trying to save their effects in another part of the building.

"Leaving the bedroom to the women who had come to help, I made a dash for the sitting-room, where there were not a few valuable things, particularly some of my wife's wedding presents. On the first trip I brought out a large Indian brass tray and vase, with its stand; the next I got away with several articles of plate from the chiffonier; the third attempt was more dangerous: as yet the room was free of smoke, but the flames were fast enveloping it, and molten tar, from some patent roofing which I had put up a month before, was coming through the ceiling, while showers of glowing embers poured through the stove-pipe register. I sighed to think I was standing for the last time in that charming room, the fruit of so much personal labour and love. I felt loath to leave it and paused a moment for one last look round. On the table in the centre, on the

piano and on the writing table, vases of fresh flowers, which my beloved in the joy of her heart had arranged that very morning, were all unconsciously exhaling their last perfume. On the walls, in their gilt frames, hung several sweet English country scenes and well-remembered faces, all precious in our eyes because of the love and friendship of hearts beyond the seas. Sheets of flame swept down from the roof and whipped the windows like banners fluttering in the breeze. Panes of glass warped, buckled, shivered; soon they would be running down like water. One or two sweet-looking children in their silver frames found refuge in my breast; out of either trouser-pocket a candlestick craned its slender neck; under each arm was tucked a precious vase—'Good-bye, sweet home, good-bye!' and with a choke and a dash I was out in the open air, never again to enter the old house. One could not approach the house at all now; but nevertheless I managed to trundle the washing-machine to a safe distance, also a heavy box of hardware belonging to the Church. A few old stoves that were in an outhouse I lifted and carried (how, I don't know now) to a safe distance. I then felt I had about reached the end of my tether. Haizimsqu was on the scene now and had helped the Priestleys in getting out some of their things; a few old and invalid men stood around but could do nothing. Mrs. Haizimsqu was the very best 'man' in the field that day—she closed with my daughter's organ and never let go her grip until it was outside and safely bestowed.

"All at once I missed my wife and my precious Nancy. Surely the child had not trotted back into the house and her mother after her? To my rather wildly-yelled inquiries I could get no answer. I must get back into the house at all costs! Accordingly, I ran round to the front and made an effort to get in through the printing office. Here an Indian woman caught me up and pulled me back, trying to make me understand that my wife and child were up the street towards the Church. Meanwhile Haizimsqu, who was still on the garden side of the house, also caught the idea that Nancy had gone back into the bedroom, and

without any hesitation leaped through the burning porch and, on his hands and knees, went about the room, groping for the child, but of course found her not. His hands, however,came into contact with the sewing-machine, which he brought out with him. Burning coals had fallen all over his back, his clothing was on fire, and I have no doubt he felt pretty well roasted himself, so he wisely headed for the river!

"At this juncture James Smythe, our village constable, who had been out fishing in his canoe nearly a mile away and had observed the fire break out on the roof of the mission-house, leaped like a great cariboo into the midst of our confusion.

"'Where is the box of dynamite?' he panted.

"The dynamite had been utterly forgotten! It was stored in an outhouse off the woodshed, and the flames had already sent out a double line of skirmishers there—the action was head on! But James bounded easily through and presently emerged through flames and smoke with the box of dynamite in his arms.

"'I thought when I saw the fire break out that in all probability this box would be overlooked,'" he quietly remarked; "so I pulled right in-shore, without taking my net out of the water, and raced for all I was worth.' He was entitled to smile triumphantly.

"Most of the able-bodied men were, like James, away hunting or fishing, otherwise a great deal of property might have been saved.

"Realizing that there was nothing left now but the ash-end of things, I wended my weary way towards the Church, and there I found my wife sitting on the grass with Nancy playing beside her.

"'Well, Nell,' I said, 'it is all over. I did what I could, I am tired now.' May every tired head be as sympathetically pillowed in the time of need. We found that one small handkerchief had been saved between us, and with that the grime and moisture were wiped from my brow.

"'We have each other left,'" I heard her say, 'and Nancy.'

"'Yes,' I replied, as bravely as I could, 'nothing really is lost but a few things temporal; faith, hope and love never go up like this.'

"And so we comforted each other.

"It appears that the first thing my wife did was to send the nurse-girl away with Nancy up to the Church, and when she was forced to flee herself she joined them there. As my first thought had been about the bedding and blankets, so my wife's first concern was for the printing office, where she knew the things I most valued were to be found. Making her way thither alone immediately on the outbreak of the fire, she set to work on the press, but failed to make any impression. She tried this, she tried that—but everything was abominably heavy. With commendable resource she laid hold of two Indians, but her choice was unfortunate, being limited—one could not see clearly, and the other could not breathe freely! So the large trays of type and heavy machinery remained unmoved. With the exception of a small proof-press, nothing was salvaged out of the printing-office. Forgetting to save a pair of boots for herself (I found her up the street in stockinged feet), she spent the brief moment of salvation at her disposal in trying to wrestle with impossible machinery because she knew these things lay nearest my heart.

"The apartments occupied by my daughter and her husband had been sweetly fitted up for them on their marriage in July last. Poor things! they, too, lost nearly all their belongings. It was quite pathetic to see them, as the fire went down, trying to hook things out of the burning. And right nobly have they sustained their loss; I have not heard the shadow of a complaint from either of them.

"We were now homeless, and as they had it in the new s papers afterwards, 'destitute.' And thus we stood on the bank of the river as though we had just been dropped down from the skies, unencumbered with any of this world's goods, and nothing to go upon but our faith in God. We very soon realized, however, that, having faith, we had everything.

"The fact is, we never for a moment felt destitute or dis-

tressed or depressed ; we had passed through the fire, it is true, but the ' smell ' of it had not passed upon our hearts. The promise of our divine, ascending Master, ' Lo, I am with you alway,' was amply verified, for we were harassed by no care, worried by no anxiety, beset by no misgiving. An abiding sense of security and an all-pervading peace kept our hearts. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the proportions and perspective of life were changed. The foreground, with its laboured insistence on the importance and value of things present, faded into a mere fleecy cloud in the background, while the indefinite, though heart-ravishing ethereal blue of the far-away took glorious shape and presence in the one fundamental fact of life that *We are in Christ.* I said to myself, ' This is worth the loss of all things to see this as I see it now.' Of course I knew it before—as a doctrine, a teaching, a Gospel truth ; now I seemed to know it just as I know any physical fact about myself—in my heart, in my mind, in myself. Outside of Him we can do nothing, *i.e.* nothing that He will own, that can be identified with His work. Thus we reasoned, and then, this being so, we unitedly resolved to ask no man for anything and make no appeal for funds in any quarter, and that only a bare statement of facts should be published about the fire. We felt that such a calamity did not fall upon us without the Divine permission, and that the matter of supply and rebuilding ought to be left entirely in God's hands.

" An Indian house was temporarily placed at our disposal, two rooms of which were habitable, one being the kitchen, with table and cooking-stove in it. We took possession of the inner chamber, while the Priestleys occupied the kitchen. Our blankets and bedding were deposited in a corner on the floor ; a few salvaged chairs came in handy, while the rag-box, for the first time in its life, found itself in a position of honour ! Then that inestimable feature of the Indian character, which places him easily side by side with the best white people, was sweetly unfolded to our view ; one by one the women came up to my wife, the tears streaming down their cheeks, took her in their arms and kissed her.

That, I suppose, was a manifestation of sympathy on the spiritual plane. Then they came down to the level of ordinary everyday life, and showed more sympathy there. One brought in a cardboard box, from which she drew a suit of men's underwear and a shirt—' no doubt " Shimoigit " would be glad of a change after the hot time.' I can truly vouch for the fact that ' Shimoigit ' was very glad. Another comes in with a fifty-pound bag of flour on her back—' for Nancy to eat.' Buckets of potatoes, tea, sugar, coffee, ship's biscuit and loaves of bread, milk and cream, bacon and mountain mutton, new-laid eggs, fresh salmon, salt salmon, smoked salmon and dishes of fresh fruit came pouring in ' for Nancy to eat.' Blind Paul Muddywater, with two overcoats on his arm, is led in; one coat he delivers to me and the other to young Priestley, ' for a rainy day.' And still it comes : cups, saucers, dishes, plates, pots, pans, jugs and pails, drop in intermittently, ' for Nancy's mother to use.'

" A heap of firewood seems to deposit itself automatically outside in the street; a fire begins to crackle in the stove; a tub of fresh water is set down on the verandah; the kettle begins to sing the old familiar song; there is a pleasant sound of spoons tinkling against cups and saucers, and presently Melita's sweet voice calls out, ' Tea is now ready.'

" At first we thought that, owing to the near approach of winter, we should have to get out to the coast as quickly as possible, but Paul Muddywater offered us the use of his villa, consisting of one room and two ' cubbies.' The house had not been occupied for many seasons and was in pretty bad repair; but we looked it over and concluded that by building on a kitchen and duly patching up the original we might possibly be able to winter in it. And so again I found myself scraping, tinkering, papering, painting and building."

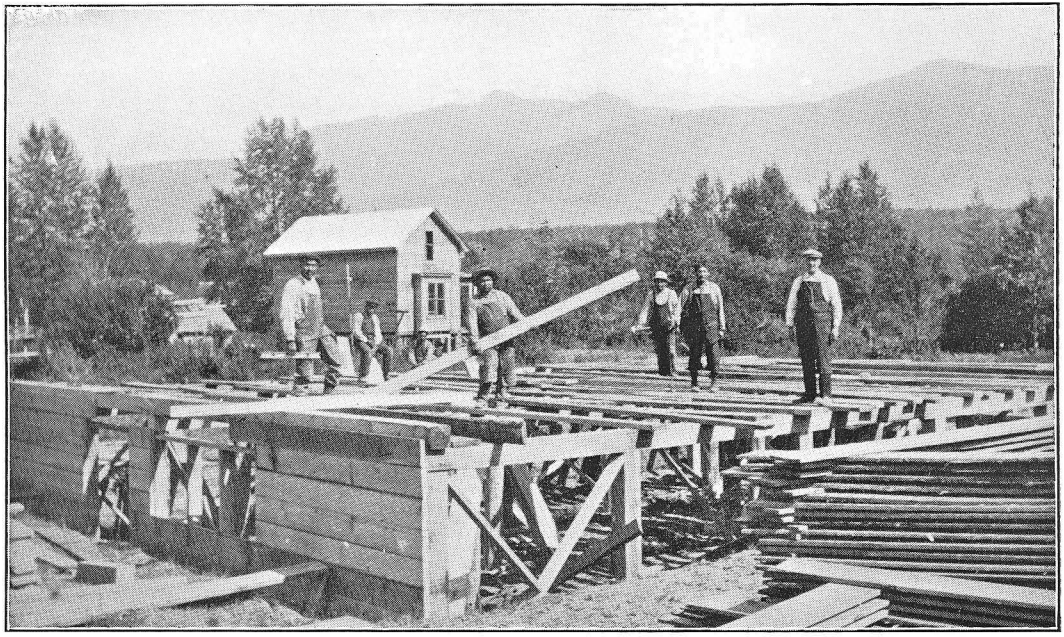
Bravely as the missionary and his wife bore their heavy burden, they must have felt intensely the loss of their home and treasured possessions, as well as the privations and discomforts which of necessity had to be endured by them-

selves and their two little children (Jean was born just a month after the fire). A sentence, culled from a private letter written by McCullagh soon after the fire, shows how sorely their faith and courage were tried : " My experience has never been like this in all my time here. All the hardness of the past twenty-eight years rolled into one winter's experience ! If it were not for a very special revelation of the Lord Jesus Himself to our souls we could never have weathered the storm."

Unfortunately, neither the mission-house nor the missionary's personal possessions had been insured.

An appeal for help was at once made by friends in England through the Caledonia Missionary Union, by Mr. Baxter through the Missionary Leaves Association, and also by friends in Canada through the Women's Auxiliary of various dioceses. Prompt and generous was the response, and very interesting and instructive on the spiritual side is the way McCullagh was able to write about this when the building fund was well on its way.

" It is the habit of Christians generally to speak of answers to prayer as something exceptional in the religious life ; whereas, really, the unanswered prayer should be the exceptional experience, the answered prayer the rule. It was fully two months after the fire before I could find it in my heart to make the building of the new mission-house a subject of special prayer. And when I did lay the matter before the Lord, it was not in the form of a request, asking for anything, but rather begging Him to consider the situation in all its bearings upon the glory of the Father, and to do what was good in His own sight about the re-erection or otherwise of the Mission buildings. Since then there is abundant evidence that it is the Lord's will to reconstruct the Mission on a better basis. Up to date I make out that the sum of 2,606 dollars has been voluntarily contributed by God's people towards the erection of new mission premises. We have not asked anything for ourselves, and not a dollar of the above sum goes towards replacing any of our personal losses. It is entirely a diocesan fund for a diocesan provision. Dear Bishop



BUILDING THE NEW HOUSE AT AIYANSH WHICH, AFTER THE FLOOD, WAS REMOVED TO GITLAKDAMIKS.
The Rev. J. B. McCullagh is the last figure on the right.

Ridley sent me shortly before he died a cheque for 100 dollars towards replacing some of my private losses—books, I take it—but I have spent this sum upon a little type and a small press. This is the only sum I have received which is available for my personal needs. The Indians here also gave me a contribution of 65 dollars towards my printing outfit. I ought to mention that the loss of my printing outfit and my books touches me closer than the loss of the buildings. I felt as though a lifelong colleague in my work had been suddenly taken away from me. One evening in the Church, while keeping vigil there, I asked the Lord about the printing press, but received no definite assurance. The people were at the time assembled in the town hall at a supper given by one of the chiefs, and the subject of my printing-press formed the basis of their postprandial conversation. The dish went round and 65 dollars were collected on the spot. This was handed to me next day, and I received it as the Lord's answer to my inquiry and an earnest of restored equipment."

A considerable interval of time was necessary before the new mission-house could be built. " You can't take a tree that is growing in the forest and turn it into a house the same year it is cut ; the wood must be seasoned." As soon as possible, however, the logs were procured, brought to the saw-mill, cut up into suitable lengths and carted to the new site which had been cleared over an area of about one acre. By the spring of 1912 the material was thoroughly seasoned and the work of construction was finished during the following summer. Before the winter of 1912–13 McCullagh was able to write home with his heart full of thankfulness and his spirits buoyant with a fresh note of cheerfulness and hope.

The new house was considerably larger than the old one, the reason for this being that a number of white men had come out to settle in the country. McCullagh's heart warmed towards these lonely men ; he greatly desired to make his home a centre for them where they could come and feel themselves at home. He thought especially of Christmas time ; therefore several additional rooms were

built in anticipation of his future guests. In the autumn of 1912 he wrote: "A truly noble structure, built in 'colonial' or 'Californian' bungalow style, with fine outspreading eaves, lofty porch and wide verandah, stands looking out upon a lawn-designate and flowers, miniature lake, rustic bridge, kitchen garden and ample grounds, the whole covering ten acres and fenced in with strong barbed wire."

CHAPTER XXIII

Relapse and Revival

"I HAVE no greater joy," wrote St. John, "than to hear that my children walk in the truth." But that kind of happiness has not always been the good fortune of the Apostles and pastors of the Christian Church. "I am afraid of you," wrote St. Paul to his Galatian converts, "lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain." McCullagh had known well the joy of the one experience; he lived to learn the bitterness of the other. Towards the close of 1910 he had to witness the spiritual retrogression of the people he loved so dearly at Aiyansh; there appeared to be at one time even a danger of their return to heathenism. The drink-evil was largely the cause of this; the same principle governs a whole community as that by which the individual soul of a man is influenced; if any one form of sin is yielded to it makes a breach through which the flood of unbelief finds an entrance and swamps the whole religious life.

The village Council had been elected according to law, and the members sworn in; also the constables, but they failed to govern the village or to maintain order. Insidiously the mischief got hold of the people; at first secretly, but soon openly, the drink-habit was indulged in. Before long "every man did that which was right in his own eyes," until, at last, "after the return from the coast last autumn, things went from bad to worse. And yet, strange to say, they nearly all came regularly to Church on Sundays, clean and neatly dressed, as though they had none of them gone out of the way. They would sing and answer the responses freely, and then look daggers at the pulpit, where the

faithful mirror of God's Word showed them what they really were. Some especially resented the preaching. It seemed to me often to make matters worse, to arouse even positive animosity.

"The months of October, November and December, 1910, I shall never forget. The recent loss of the Mission buildings and all our worldly goods, together with the straitened circumstances in which we found ourselves, were but a featherweight on my heart compared with the distress occasioned by the dishonour done to the ineffable Name by those who bore it, whose brows I had once solemnly signed with the sign of the Cross, in token that thereafter they should not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified. And now, behold, their greatest ambition was to make a glory of death. Day in and day out feasts for the dead, offerings for the dead, honour for totems, honour for crests, grave-stones erected with processional and musical honours! Eight beasts were slain during those three dark months to provide feasts for the dead. It was history repeating itself: 'They joined themselves also unto Baal-peor and ate the sacrifices of the dead' (Ps. cvi. 28). As might be expected, the old heathen *halaid* lifted up its befeathered head at these feasts. It was only a matter of time, a short time, before other painted abominations should resume their ancient sway, the glorification of the dead being the pivotal point of Indian heathenism. The preacher's reiterated warnings that God would visit for all this fell upon unheeding ears. 'See, he never preaches now without cursing us,' they said one to another. To warn an Indian congregation of God's wrath is to denounce it and curse it and blight it.

"At last my spirit began to despair. To despair while our blessed Lord sits on the right hand of the Majesty on high is a deadening if not a deadly sin. With the words ringing down the centuries and in our ears, 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth'—how dare we doubt? And yet I did doubt—not the Lord, of course, but I had my doubts about many things. I doubted whether I was here to any purpose. I doubted whether the work of my

life had been real. I doubted whether it was right of me to keep on burdening the Christian Church with a mission among a people who, after twenty-seven years' work among them, could rise no higher than the glorification of a dead man and desire no other pleasure than that to be extracted from a keg of fermented berry juice. And while my mind was occupied with doubts like these, I picked up a little magazine called ' Living Waters,' and there I saw a small headline that stopped me like a Mauser bullet—' Don't draw back, believe in God.' That was all, but it was enough.

" No, I would not despair ; I would not allow myself to be worried by doubts. I would take the whole matter officially to the Lord and put it in His hands. There was to be a great feast at Gitlakdamiks for a dead chief, and my heart trembled for the people ; there was no knowing what they would do next.

" It was 7 p.m. on a dark December night, the temperature fifteen or more degrees below zero, and the whole village had gone up to the feast—a long line of dogs and sleds, tinkling bells and twinkling lights over the snow. Lighting a hand-lantern, I proceeded alone to the Church, where I put on my robes and entered the chancel, my solitary light looking like a ghostly star in the piled-up gloom. It was cold, but I did not heed that. Before the Holy Table I knelt down, and there audibly and deliberately made my official report to the great Head of the Church, going into all the details from beginning to end. Very fully did I realize that this was not just taking things to the Lord in prayer. I cannot well describe it or define the act, but I understood, and I knew the Lord would understand that, as His servant, I had come to the end of the ordinary means and resources placed in my hands. It was a wonderful passage in one's ministerial and spiritual life, and would be kept secret as well as sacred in my own breast if it were not that the glory of God demands the telling. The Lord answered me fully and questioned and examined me closely on every point, all by means of the written Word, the Spirit applying it and throwing light upon it in my soul. I replied too, and pleaded also the written Word. But some

of my pleadings were denied and plainly shown to me to be based on false assumptions. I was glad to be put right. I felt that this was part of the loving correction that makes a man a new creature. The feeling of distress and depressing sense of despair were utterly lifted from my soul. I forgot the cold in the warmth of the Master's love, and the piled-up shadows fell away. There was no doubt left in my mind—the enemy was already driven back, beaten, discomfited!

"How wonderful! That very night at the feast the head chief of the Gitlakdamiks made a speech strongly advocating the return of the tribe to heathenism. But a strange thing happened: the daughter of an Aiyansh man, who had been dancing a few minutes before, had tripped over the fire and was nearly burned. The incident seemed to her father to be a sign, a portent of mischief and trouble to follow. He arose after the chief had sat down, and spoke out what was in his mind, and his words had a powerful effect in opening the eyes of all who were present to see whither they were drifting. Self-reproach and dismay at their folly began taking possession of them one by one.

The next night there was another feast, this time at the Town Hall at Aiyansh. Again I stood officially and alone in the Church before the Lord, the sounds of the idiotic din falling on my ears, for the Hall is quite close to the Church. Considerable dissension arose at this feast, certain men accusing others of having led the people astray for the purpose of ministering to their own pride and family pre-eminence. One cried, 'How long will it be before we understand that the devil has captured us all?'

"And so, night after night, for a couple of weeks, whenever the people were gathered together feasting and drinking, I stood robed in the chancel before the Lord.

"Now the work of grace began to be renewed in their hearts. From Gitlakdamiks and Aiyansh penitents came to me seeking to make their peace with God, one of the first being the chief who had suggested the re-establishment of the old heathen system.

"It seemed to me important, in view of the necessity of

maintaining some measure and form of Church discipline (not by way of inflicting punishment or imposing penance), that order and method should be observed in the reception of penitents, to the end that all might know that the Church stands within the walls of the Lord's authority and that her gates are guarded day and night. The wanderer returning must knock; the penitent must seek admission if he would be re-admitted, and the return, the penitence and the re-admission of each erring one, being manifestly the concern of all, should be made known to the faithful within.

"Following this line, therefore, each penitent had an interview with me in the vestry before the Service, and a list was drawn up for public announcement, together with a short statement from each, of his or her intention to lead a new life. This was read after the sermon, from the chancel steps, the penitents standing before me. The congregation was then asked to unite with me in prayer for the strengthening of these weak brethren. Sometimes the nature of a case demanded public admonition or some definite instruction, and these were delivered there at the time. The method worked well and was entirely satisfactory, both to myself and the congregation.

"By Christmas Day, with the exception of a few stragglers, our wayward flock was safely folded again, and our various little Church organizations once more at work. I am glad to say our Church Army never became quite extinct, though its active membership at one time dwindled down to three; these three held the fort and bore faithful witness. It had been the practice of the choir to decorate the Church at Christmas time; but this year I closed down all decorations. Instead, I had the purple hangings put out, and the Church was in mourning on Christmas Day.

"On these lines we proceeded during the Epiphany season, building up and restoring faith to a higher level, assuring and comforting the weak-hearted, nursing and nourishing the wounded of the flock, gently leading some, helping others along by forcible persuasion and sharp rebuke, with a strong check all the time upon the Indian tendency to excitability."

The relapse indeed had been serious, but the revival was real. The missionary's lonely vigil developed into a small intercessory prayer union. Very wonderful were some of the answers received for petitions offered at the throne of grace. A leading heathen chief named Nis Yog, at Gitlakdamiks, openly abjured heathenism and avowed his faith in the Lord Christ. He proved the reality of his new confession by cutting down his totem pole. In doing so he said: " No man has talked to me about this, but the Spirit of God has put it into my heart this day." His example was followed by others, and the next Sunday most of the leading men had taken their stand beside Nis Yog, and of their own accord requested the missionary to draw up a paper for them to sign, by which they renounced all the old customs and practices of heathenism, and pledged themselves by a solemn oath in the name of the One true God, to carry out the reformation of their people on the lines laid down by the teachings of Christianity.

The alternations of discouragement and renewed hopes to which McCullagh became liable after these events may be understood by an extract taken from a private letter written to a friend in England:

" I don't know how I live; my heart is so sore about the Indian work. But I hold on to my faith in God like grim death. If I die, I will die trusting Him! Yet I have joy and hope, as well as faith, still, in the Indian work, and I believe it will eventually come up to our hopes. When the Indians from four villages come to me and plead with me (as though I had only to speak and the thing should be done) to do this and that and the other for them, and I know I cannot do it—cannot even make ends meet from pantry to kitchen—I feel as if I would like to die; and again, when I see sheep after sheep (lost for two or three or more years) come back to the fold, I feel as if I would like to live. Unfortunately, neither my dying nor my living can accomplish anything if the work goes unsupported. All the grand work of past years will be ' scrapped ' very soon if we don't make ' fast all over.' "

CHAPTER XXIV

The White Man

THE servant of God who is commissioned to go and preach the Gospel to the heathen usually finds before long that the pagan barbarian is not the only man that comes into the orbit of his human interests. Whatever be the corner of his Master's vineyard in which he labours; whether the natives are black, brown, yellow, or red, there, sooner or later, he is bound to come across the ubiquitous white man. The missionary is always preceded or followed by the explorer, the trader or the settler. This often means for him a good deal more in the way of responsibility than he counted on when he undertook to evangelize the heathen. There is, of course, the natural joy of seeing a white face and of holding social intercourse with those who have been brought up in the customs and manners of civilization. This gladness is frequently enhanced by the privilege of helping, in things material and spiritual, the lonely settler or colonist, or the agent of some trading company who finds what he needs in the brotherly welcome afforded him at the mission-house.

Speaking in a general way about British Columbia, it has been said that "if we classified our Church missions under past, present and future, the missions of the past would be largely a history of work among the Indians; the missions of the present would be about equally divided between the Indians and the settlers; while the missions of the future would include the scores of new places which are springing up in connection with mining, fishing, lumbering and farming, chiefly along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway—entirely white work ex-

cept for a touch of yellow here and there where the vigorous and enterprising Japanese are establishing themselves."

This was McCullagh's experience during the eight-and-thirty years he spent on the Naas River. As time went on he felt increasingly the claims of the white man as well as the burden of the Red Indian. In 1914 he wrote:

"The work at Aiyansh is no longer that of a mission but of a 'parish,' extending over the length and breadth of the whole valley. Many white settlers have come to make their homes here—English, Irish, Scotch, American, Dutch, German, Norwegian, Swedish, French and others. The blending of all these different elements into one harmonious community, with a good moral tone and an attitude of friendliness towards the Church, as represented by the Mission; as also their relationship to the Indians and that of the Indians towards them, make the work of the missionary at this time not only arduous but highly important and interesting."

His journals and letters throw many an illuminating side-light on the characters of the white men he came across; they also show the special difficulties he had to overcome in the balance of justice when seeking to reconcile the rival interests and prejudices of the Red Indian and the white settler. He had learned by the grace of God to love the Indian; by a natural predisposition he also loved the men of his own race and colour. He had a big warm heart with room in it for both and for all, and his natural gifts and quickness of adaptability to any sort of environment enabled him to acquire that personal ascendancy over the Indians which played so important a part in leading them to accept the Gospel; while it came easy to him to get on with the white trader or settler—a peculiar species of their kind who, for the most part, showed a generous front to the breezy manners, the manly personality and the transparent sympathy of "Mac," as he was familiarly called by those who knew him well. He had the gift of finding his way many a time to the hearts of those rough men who bore the reputation of being "hard nuts to crack."

It will be remembered [1] that at Fishing Cove, near the mouth of the river, the missionary's summer residence was a little shanty built in a dangerous position, because the two white men who owned most of the land around the Cove refused to give him a plot on which to build. After his first furlough in England, on his way back to Aiyansh, he, with his wife and daughter, spent a few days at the Cove, arriving there in September 1892. The fishing was over for the season; the Indians had returned to their hunting-grounds; but a few whites and some Chinamen were still there.

On Sunday McCullagh went down to the harbour at the river's mouth and held a service in the little church there for the English-speaking people; being accompanied by a contingent of white men from the Cove. On the following Sunday the whites from the harbour came over to the Cove, where a service was held in one of the shanties. Among those present were the two white men who, four years before, had refused to let him have land for building. One of these had been an infidel; the other was not much better.

"After the service I said to B——:

"'Well, Commodore, you've got the sunshine down here all to yourself; you ought to be generous and share it; I've got none.'

"'Yer just right there, Mr. Mac; the sun shines here all the year round, and yer can have yer share of it if yer like.'

"'How can I have my share of it when my house is under the cliff, thanks to your kindly feelings of four years ago?'

"'Oh! that was a mistake, a mistake,' regretfully. 'But,' suddenly, 'Ned and I'll put that right in a jiffy; eh, Ned?'

"'Yeas,' replied Ned, 'Mr. McCullagh can shift the shanty any time he likes, and we'll be rale glad to have him near us; there's the purtiest spot on earth, beyond where the scow is beached, that ye can have; there's an Injun shack on it, but I'll take that down and I'll have no more Injuns squattin' round close to the house, drinking ginger and Florida wather.'

[1] See page 88.

"So it is arranged that I move my cabin down to the 'purtiest spot' next spring, for which I am very thankful."

A few days after this, the McCullaghs resumed their journey up the river, staying for an hour at Greenville (Lak-Kalzap). Near this village a white settler lay dying. McCullagh went to see him and found him on a bed on the floor, propped up by pillows and protected by a mosquito curtain.

"How very pleased he was to see me! and how pleased I was on inquiry as to his spiritual state to find that he was falling asleep in Christ! 'You remember,' said he, 'when you preached to B—— C——and me a year and a half ago? Well, I doubted if I could be saved then; but I am dying in Christ now; I have a good hope and a strong consolation.' 'Praise God for that, Y——,' I replied; 'hold fast to Christ as you pass through the dark valley, and fear no evil; for He will bring you safely into the light of eternal day.'"

1897 was *annus mirabilis* in the gold-mining industry of British Columbia, some rich discoveries having been made in the valley of the Yukon river, in Alaska. Thousands of adventurers, British and American, hastened to explore the auriferous fields. The rush to Klondyke was the outstanding sensation among the gold-seekers. The Naas and Skeena rivers were the most direct routes to some of these mines, and many of the white men, prospecting for gold, passed through Aiyansh. On one occasion, at least, they expressed their amazement at finding a village where they could stay for a few days' rest and leave their mining outfits and other valuables lying about with no fear of anything being stolen by the Indians. As typical of this unwonted experience, one of the gold-seekers, in his inimitable style, remarked to a comrade on the trail, after leaving the Mission: "Ef I hadn't seen it meself, and that thar preacher down Aiyansh 'ad a told it back East, I'd a said he wuz lyin', straight."

They were equally astonished at the whole appearance of the settlement. Men who had never been inside a

church in their lives before, remained over Sunday, in order to attend divine service and try to understand something of the way in which the miracle had been wrought. "Among them were several professional men, and it was quite encouraging," wrote McCullagh in one of his annual letters, "to hear their frequent and unexpected encomiums on the work of the Mission. One man, a doctor, whom I had asked to accompany me on a visit to a sick person, took me into his confidence. 'I don't mind telling you now,' he said, 'that I came here very much prejudiced against missionary work.'

"'Indeed; and are you still so minded, having seen something of the work?'

"'No, sir,' he cried, 'I'm converted right down to the bottom.'

"Another party cried out, on starting for the gold-fields: 'The first nugget we find shall be for the Mission.'"

The burden of the white man at times lay heavily on the heart of this faithful servant of the Lord, with his warm sympathies and his love of souls.

"During my ministry here," he wrote, "I have met men of all classes coming and going—prospectors, miners, timber-cruisers, land-seekers, engineers, surveyors, government officials and others, most of them decent fellows and friendly to the missionary (excepting the land-grabbers), and these I am hoping to string together wherever they may be, as my congregation, by means of my little printing-press. With a scattered parish like this I can have no classes, no meetings, no instruction-lessons orally; I must therefore use the press. You may say, 'There is ample literature supplied cheap by various agencies that would cover all this ground. Can't you use that?' I reply, 'No; it would not even gain a reading among the class of people with whom I have to deal. The production must be local and have the home-interest interwoven with local colour. Furthermore, the Indians would benefit indirectly; for, while they might be indifferent in regard to what I printed for them and just take it for granted, they will never rest until they know every word

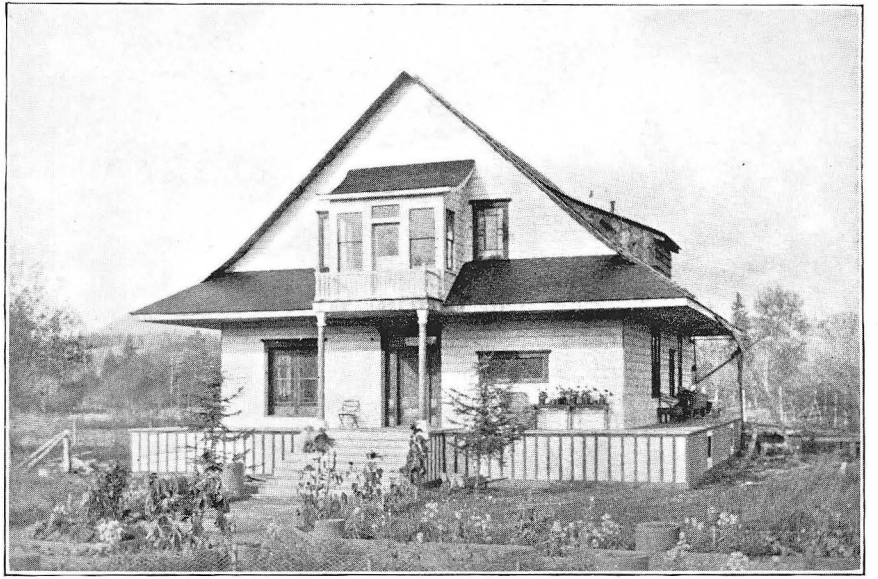
of what I am saying to the white man. I shall print as time allows little CHATS by the way and mail the same with a type-written, friendly epistle to each man just to say 'How do you do?' or 'Keep your pecker up,' etc.

"They are to be termed 'WAYFARERS,' and all I ask of them is to keep me posted with their address. I would be glad to get from parents in the old country the names and addresses of sons who are out here trying to make their way in the world. A private letter from father, mother, sister or brother would be considered by me as a sacred commission, and would ensure that the WAYFARER got a word to put him wise and a pat on the shoulder to hearten him up."

Again: "I want something that will draw the white men in the direction of the mission-house without making them fight shy, and the best thing I can think of is a Backwoods Lending Library. I want books on History, Romance (*i.e.* the historical novel), Fiction, Travel, Science, Agriculture, Religion (evidential), Poetry. Think of the men, evening after evening, in cabins and shacks with nothing to read and far from all touch with civilized surroundings. Oh! the number of shelves in many an English home, full of books, unused, unread, unconsulted, cumbering the walls! And yet they could be made to do work for God if applied wisely to the purpose."

His mind was full of schemes for the material and spiritual welfare of the settlers and other white men. He was very hospitable, giving them a welcome whenever they came to see him, his chief difficulty being that sometimes he had not enough blankets to go round. That these men went to the missionary in times of sickness and accident is made evident by one of his journals in which he says that his stock of medicines for the Indians was being used up so quickly by the white men that he would have to ask for a special extra grant of drugs from the Government until a regularly qualified doctor could come to settle in the valley.

When referring afterwards to the new mission-house which was built in the place of the one destroyed by fire,



NEW MISSION HOUSE AT AIYANSH,
Built by the Rev. J. B. McCullagh and his Indians.

Mrs. McCullagh wrote: "It had been built extra large with the view of exercising hospitality among the white men who had settled in the valley. The Christmas of 1913 will never be forgotten by those forty or fifty men and one or two families who found corners all over the village and mission-house to sleep in during the three days' festivities. The Indians excelled themselves in good-will, clearly proving their Christianity by forgetting all differences and old feuds at the time of peace and good-will to men."

How McCullagh's heart yearned over these men may be seen in a letter he wrote home to a friend in England: "*We want this house to do work for God!* We want to be able to gather the men about us and make them feel at home, and the lower they are in the social scale the more we want to give them a place at the mission-table, not below the salt but above it." And yet once more he wrote: "Remember, these settlers, almost without exception, are strangers and foreigners to the Christian faith. If they have any sentiment at all in this regard, it is antipathy, backed up by prejudice and misconception. It is our aim to change the former to sympathy and the latter into thin air. The first we do by taking them into our hearts and homes just as they are; and the way their nature responds is a revelation. Within the short space of one year we have exchanged hearts—we love them and they love us. There is not one among them under whose feet we would not place our hands; and there is not one among them who would not willingly risk his life, if need be, to save ours. This is a glorious beginning; but it is only a beginning. Whether I shall realize all my programme for them lies in the Lord's hands; something really definite and practical ought to be done. To go running round after these men with just a tract or two in your pocket is cheap—cheap for the missionary and cheap in their estimation. I want to come into their life and take hold of their hearts as a necessary preliminary to gaining their attention for what I have to say about the things of God."

CHAPTER XXV

With Voice and Pen

EVERY missionary is not a born preacher or public speaker. Some of those who do the best work as pioneers of the Evangel and in the building up of native churches have no gifts of oratory; nor does the lack of this natural endowment always form a serious impediment to their endeavours to teach and train their converts in the truth and practice of Christianity, instruction in faith and ethics being more necessary than fervent appeals to the conscience and reason when these are in their undeveloped state.

Sometimes the missionary who has learned the art of preaching with power and attractiveness in the language of the people who claim and receive the best that is in him does not excel in the pulpit of an English church or on the platform of a town-hall where the atmosphere and environment are so different from that with which he is for the most part familiar.

McCullagh possessed a natural gift of eloquence and, with it, the rare talent of being equally at home when preaching or speaking to an English or an Indian audience.

When describing his work at Aiyansh he wrote:

"I experience a great deal of pleasure in preaching to the Indians. They are keen listeners, and many of them are so receptive as to be able to reproduce *verbatim* many of my sermons. The great thing is to be able to present the subject of a sermon as one distinct idea, discussed and explained from the Indian point of view as well as from our own. They like and appreciate the contrast.

They also have a great delight in illustrations taken from Indian life, their habits and customs, laws and traditions —from all of which I draw freely."

"His preaching was wonderful," writes Mrs. McCullagh, "and his power of enthralling the Indian mind and holding the close attention of his listeners was remarkable. Particularly they loved to hear his teaching on the Old Testament, where so many of the acts of the Children of Israel and others would find a counterpart in their own lives. How often have I seen an Indian seize him by the hand after church and thank him again and again for the wonderful sermon which had uplifted his spirit or possibly humbled the hearer to the dust."

In an article contributed to the *Church Missionary Review* for March 1913, Bishop du Vernet described a Sunday he spent at Lak-Kalzap when McCullagh was there. "There were fine congregations," the Bishop wrote, "both morning and evening. At the evening Service I watched the faces of the men, women and children as they listened with rapt attention to Mr. McCullagh preaching most eloquently and powerfully in their own tongue. I could see how he was winning those people and bringing the unruly element into subjection through the power of his masterful personality. God the Holy Spirit was indeed at work over-ruling things for good."

One day an Indian came to him as a penitent. McCullagh expressed surprise at this, saying, "I am more than pleased to see you take this stand, George; I certainly did not look for you, seeing that you and Andrew have been booked to make several death-feasts."

"'Ah,' he replied, 'that is where you make a mistake, Tkalwelimlqu. Do you suppose we approve of the things we do? We do not approve. We hate the whole business; but we are so roped together as Indians that one drags the others down until we are all in. We know all the time that we are doing wrong; but it is very hard.'

"'What is very hard?' I asked.

"'It is very hard,' he replied, 'where the Malasqu

(preaching of God's Word) comes against us. I've come out of church sometimes and vowed I would never enter the building again, I felt so angry. Often after Service I have not been able to eat my food ; it has stuck in my throat. Several times I have gone away into the bush and wept ; I have said the vilest things I could think of against you.'

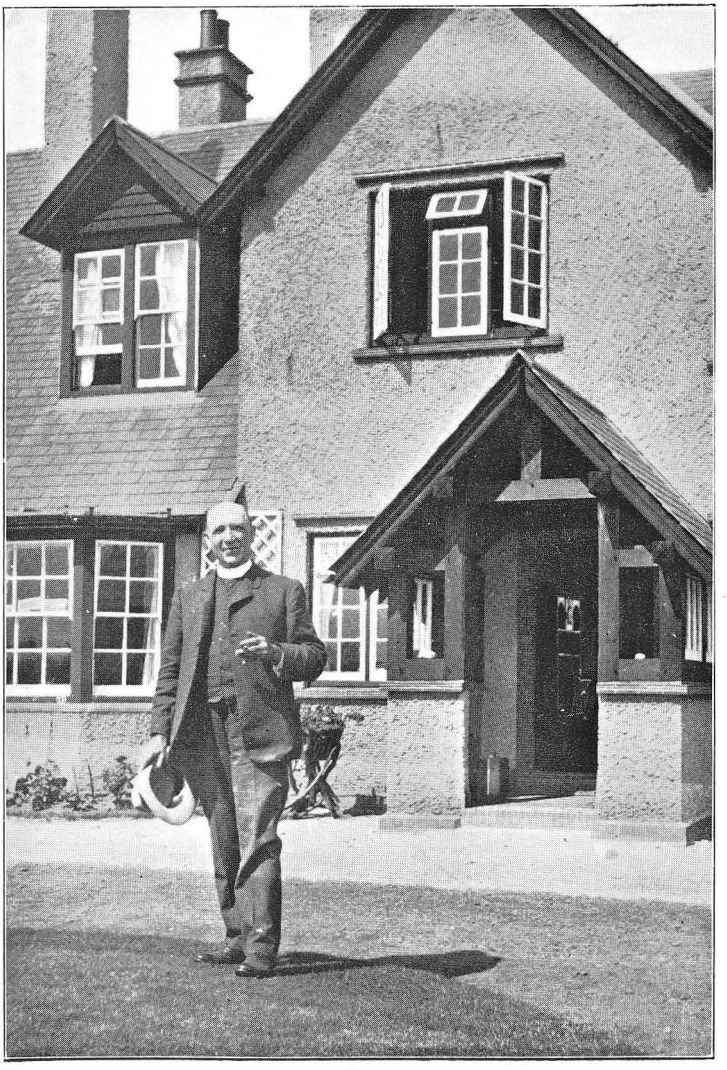
" ' Why ? ' I interrupted.

" ' Because you made us feel sore in our hearts," he went on ; ' you shot at us from every side, you burned up every bush we hid behind, you left us no way of escape, we could find no excuse anywhere. The very things we said secretly in our hearts you told them to us openly before our face. We knew we were doing wrong, but we would not admit we were as sinful as you made us out to be. You made us feel that we must either change very much or become heathens altogether. It certainly was hard."

When he was home on furlough McCullagh, of course, did a good deal of deputation work for the Church Missionary Society. Wherever he went he was very acceptable, both in the pulpit and on the platform. His sermons were marked by intense fervour and spirituality.

" To preach to an English congregation," he wrote, " is indeed a spiritual treat. They give such expectant attention that the soul of the preacher is called forth in response. How lenient they are and how self-repressing, even to the end ! Congregations differ, temperamentally, one would suppose, according to locality ; but the difference is always agreeable, and all are capable of great things if touched by enthusiasm. The English character can well afford a little more enthusiasm in spiritual things."

His power of appeal to the hearts and consciences of his hearers was proved when the offertory was counted afterwards ! During his last furlough, he went as a deputation for the C.M.S. to a town in the west of England, preaching in different churches on the Sunday. The morning congregation at a certain church was called



THE REV. J. B. McCULLAGH,
At the author's home in Norfolk, during his last furlough.

"wealthy" by comparison; the sermon then being preached by a well-known and highly esteemed clergyman; the collection was £8 13*s.* 6*d.*, a pound less than the previous year. McCullagh was the evening preacher. He was told that the congregation would be composed of just moderately well-to-do people and artisans, and that he could not expect more than about £3, which was the amount given the year before. "Well," he said, "I don't want this year to be less than last year." "I am afraid it will have to be less," said the Vicar. The people began listening to the sermon with much religious indifference; but they were soon awake! For three-quarters of an hour they hung with bated breath on the preacher's words. Then came the collection. A lady who was present observed a young man sitting in front of her take sixpence out of his pocket in anticipation, but when the plate came round he substituted for it a 10*s.* note. When the churchwardens came to count the offertory it was found to be £18 17*s.* 6*d.*!

As a platform speaker his popularity was very marked. Those who heard him once would go long distances to hear him again. His racy Irish humour when telling an anecdote, his convincing way of presenting the cause of Missions, his telling appeals to the conscience and the heart will never be forgotten by those who listened to him. His own feelings on such occasions found expression thus when recording his impressions about the methods of conducting missionary meetings:

"Given a good start and sufficient time, the missionary must understand that the success of the meeting depends on himself. Can he take hold of his audience and make them see and feel the things that he has seen and felt and done? Can he be convincing and at the same time entertaining? Can he elicit sympathy, without appealing for it? Can he infuse the spirit of sacrifice and show the glory of it? His story is only a means to an end and, be it long or short, unique or commonplace, he must reach that end—must reach it by force, by the force of his own personality. Poor missionary! He may never have given

a thought to his little bit of personality, and yet—what would his story be without it ? "

There was no privilege he esteemed more highly than that of addressing large gatherings of men, and he knew the power he had over them. " Personally, I love men ; I love to see men come to a missionary meeting, particularly business men. It interests me to interest them and to show them that missionary work is a man's work."

He did not consider himself a children's preacher. " Meetings and services for children are more difficult than any other. It requires a special gift to gain and retain the attention of children ; but it is worth all the pains and trouble." And yet, that he was more successful here than he was aware may fairly be inferred from one incident. In 1916 he gave an address to the children of the Priory School, Great Yarmouth. This awakened in their minds such an interest that a special request was sent, asking him to write them a letter before his furlough was over. The answer came promptly in a type-written message, which has been preserved and is here reproduced, because of its characteristic originality as well as the interest it possesses for the lovers of birds and animals.

OUT WITH THE RAVENS

" The raven is the first bird mentioned by name in the Bible. It seems that Noah thought very highly of him, for of all the birds in the Ark he seemed to be the wisest and cleverest and best fitted to be sent out over the wild waste of waters to see how things were going on. But he did not prove a good messenger; he forgot to return and so earned a bad name for himself. But he made up for this later on by feeding Elijah who was hiding near the brook Cherith—' the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank (water) from the brook.' We love the ravens for

that service, and we are glad to read in the Bible that God feeds the young ravens when they cry.

"Out in British Columbia, in the backwoods and among the mountains, the ravens love the companionship of man; I think they love the missionary very much, for they always come to his house and sit on the roof, and they have no fear of him. Some people do not like the raven because he is dressed in black; they think he is a dull bird, but that is quite a mistake; he is full of fun and loves a joke when he has had a good dinner. Just see him when the joy of life takes hold of him, cutting all sorts of capers up in the air, looping the loop and hanging by his toes to the cottonwood's topmost bough, laughing and croaking to himself as if he were a boy! He is broader-minded than the blue jay, and does not get cross at little troubles or scold one like the blue jay; but he is smart, very inquisitive and as cunning as cunning can be in getting what he wants. He is also a very clever pretender, and if he wants a thing very much he never lets you catch him looking at it. I do not know if he can count, but I almost believe he can think, and what is more, that he can let the other ravens know what he thinks.

"I remember one winter's day watching a raven competing with a dog for a piece of salmon which had been dropped near the village water-hole on the ice of the river. Every time the raven got hold of the salmon the dog drove it away, but the raven was back again at the hole as soon as the dog. The raven's tail got wet every time, and by the time the dog retired from the contest the raven had a large blob of ice frozen to the soft feathers under his tail, so that when he was free to fly away with his prize he was not able to lift it into the air. For a moment he seemed at a loss what to do; then, dragging his piece of salmon some little distance away, he left it there and flew up with some difficulty on to the roof of my house. The roof was covered with three feet of snow; but where the kitchen stove-pipe stood there was a nice little crater thawed away by the warmth of the stove-pipe, and there the raven settled himself until the ice was

all thawed from his tail, when he flew down again and found his piece of salmon all right, this time being able to lift it and carry it away to the woods.

"I once had a lovely St. Bernard dog whose daily morning ration consisted of a piece of dried salmon. Sometimes she would leave a bit of this, and lie with her nose on her paws a little way off, watching it. One day a raven tried to get away with this precious morsel, and Norah allowed him to take liberties with it to a certain extent, but when he tried to fly away with it she leapt to her feet and chased him away, barking furiously. Three times the raven tried to get the salmon and three times Norah chased him. Then he flew away. But by and by he was back with another raven, and they both sat on the wall watching the dog. Presently one raven ventured down into the yard and began to walk about innocently but intent upon the salmon, for which he made a dash at last. Then Norah leapt at him and enjoyed a good long bow-wow at him. But while she was thus engaged the other raven came down quickly from the wall and, snatching the salmon up in his beak, flew with it into a tree. And there the other raven joined him and together they enjoyed the feast. This looks as if the ravens were able to make known to each other what they thought.

"The raven is also a good fighter. I once saw a conflict between two ravens and an eagle which lasted an hour. The eagle did not try to fight at all—indeed, it could not, for one raven always managed to be above it and the other underneath, for it was all done while flying in the air and over the river. The eagle made desperate efforts to get in among the trees at the side of the river, but the ravens never allowed him to do so; they kept him flying to and fro above the water, always beating him lower and lower. Then I understood their tactics—they intended to drive him so low that he would be bound to strike water and so become powerless; and this, indeed, they succeeded in doing at last, and so conquered their enemy.

"Among the Indians the raven occupies a high position,

for you will see him carved on almost every totem pole. The Indians think he lives longer than a man and has had a supernatural origin. It is strange, too, that the Nishga Indians of British Columbia and the Arabs in the desert of Arabia should have the same name for this historic bird. But, of course, the reason for this is obvious when we find the raven calling himself by the same name—Gag!"

We can easily understand that a mind so versatile as McCullagh's should want to give expression at times to its thoughts and feelings and aspirations in the language of poetry. If his life had not otherwise been so busy as to leave but few leisure hours for cultivating such a gift, he would probably have developed a high order of talent in this direction. As it was, he wrote a fair number of poems which indicate the latent possibilities of real genius. Three short ones will serve as samples of the whole.

LOST OPPORTUNITY

(An Allegory)

You came along one summer's day
And paused where I was resting,
And through the trees one heavenly ray
Did on your golden tresses play:
I thought you "interesting."

With wistful gaze your eyes of blue
Caught mine, a moment holding:
The woodland blooms took brighter hue
And birds began their song anew,
But I sat self-enfolding.

It seemed as if with out-stretched hand
You stood a moment pleading:
I felt my soul within expand;
A light (ne'er seen on sea or land)
Shone in. I went on reading.

A shadow fell athwart the glade,
The birds gave up their singing,
The very flowers seemed dismayed:
I looked, and saw your image fade,
And rose up—arms out-flinging.

But you had gone! And now I see
You were an Angel maying—
A golden opportunity,
A gift of life and love to me,
Now lost through my delaying.

NOT FOR OURSELVES

Not for itself does the lily bloom,
In vesture fair arrayed:
For you and me is its sweet perfume
Wafted across the glade.

Not for himself shines the orb of day,
All glorious in the sky:
For man and his does the quick'ning ray
The warmth of life supply.

Not for itself falls the gentle rain
Upon the furrowed field:
For us and ours does the golden grain
Its store of plenty yield.

Not for the pain are sorrow and grief;
Not for its balm is love;
Not for the joy of living is life,
But all for the world above.

Not for itself, but for man, is the earth
A beautiful abode;
Not for himself comes man to the birth—
Not for himself but GOD.

TRANSFIGURED TEARS

A dark and cloudy morn;
Cling sad and chill
The raindrops on the thorn
Beneath the hill.

Emblem of human tears,
Heart-break and pain;
A soul beset with fears
When hope seems vain.

Lo! clouds asunder break;
The sun shines clear;
The rain-drops glory take,
And disappear.

Thus are the woes of years
Transfigured, while
Away are wiped all tears
In God's own smile.

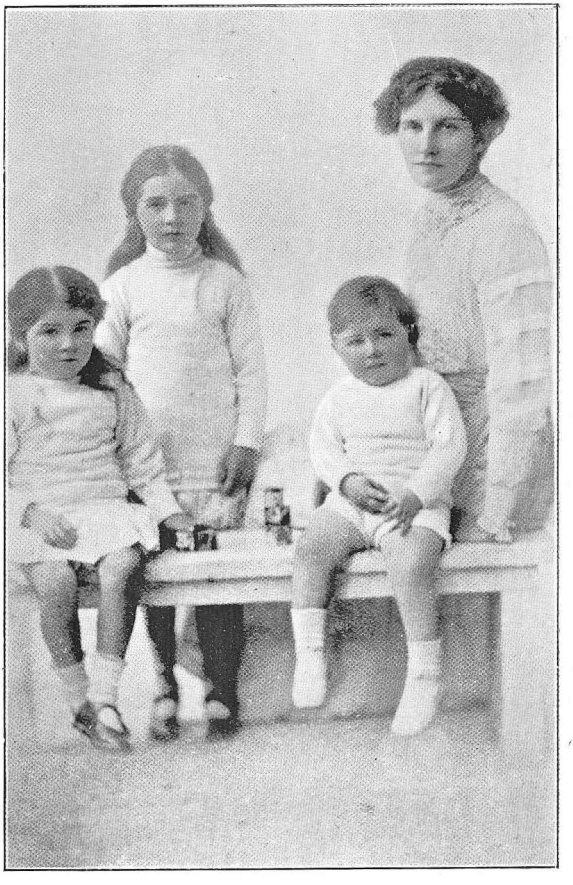
O weary heart, look up,
As God looks down;
Hold forth thy empty cup,
Behold thy crown.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Flood

McCULLAGH came home in 1914 for what proved to be his last furlough in the old country, bringing with him his wife and three little children. They arrived in England just before the outbreak of war. It seemed to him at first that " the missionary alone would have no place in the national life ; for where and how could he hope to plead his cause or urge its claims amid the impending tumult and alarms of war ? " But very soon he saw things in a different light. " The atmosphere of the Church is now so cleared of extraneous matter that the cause of Foreign Missions can be viewed and treated side by side with the cause of the nation. For if the nation considers the cause of righteousness, truth and justice so precious as to justify England's position on its defence, how can the Church deny the Gospel to the nations still sitting in darkness ? . . . For there is no glory for England apart from the Cross." Although as keen as ever to preach and speak for the work he loved and for the Master he loved still better, his efforts were greatly hampered by ill-health. Sometimes he could scarcely get through a sermon or address because of internal pain. How much he suffered only his wife and his doctor knew. To the outside world he always showed a brave face ; if he referred to his illness at all he made light of it, as though it were a subject for humour rather than fear. In a letter dated March 3, 1915, he wrote :

" By the way, I did not tell you, the doctor is reducing me : probably I have lost 20 lb. since I saw you last. I am allowed nothing but meat—if I eat anything else I



MRS. McCULLAGH, WITH JEAN, NANCY AND PAT.

have to steal it! Just think of it! not a murphy to my taste; no sugar or sweetmeats of any kind—but I am very brave and call them all sour! It is wonderful how one gets to believe a thing when set forth in the garb of philosophy and repeated often enough. Oh, my lovely, laughing Irish potato! That I should ever have to speak of thee as an enemy, and look upon thee in the dish with a hostile gleam in my eye, absolutely breaks my heart. After a long and happy life together, it is very hard not to be on speaking terms."

He was to have returned to Aiyansh in the autumn of 1915, but the medical authorities, acting for the Church Missionary Society, as well as for his personal welfare, advised him to remain under their care until the next April. He went into a nursing-home to undergo an operation; but, after being twice X-rayed, this was considered inadvisable.

By the following spring he felt quite fit again, and in August he started on his return journey, with his wife and four children, Nancy, Jean, Pat and Chris. They were accompanied by Miss Gambles, who joined them as nursery-governess for the children and who proved herself an invaluable friend in the dark days that lay in front of them all.

The train in which they travelled from Euston met with an accident at Bletchley, one of the passengers, a soldier, being killed in the collision and several others injured. Nancy and Jean got knocked about rather badly, but happily they were not seriously hurt. As their luggage was delayed by this accident, they lost their boat at Liverpool and had to wait for the next ship sailing to Quebec, eventually arriving at Aiyansh about the middle of September. "How proud we felt of our new house!" wrote Mrs. McCullagh, "with its own enclosure, its gay flower-beds and green lawns."

Alas! their joy and pride were destined to be short-lived.

McCullagh found the people at a low spiritual ebb, "trying to make a show of living while they were dead.

My time has been entirely devoted to putting a new foundation to their faith." The attendance at Church Services and Bible-Classes was poor at first; but soon there were signs of improvement. The drink-evil had again gained ground; the foe was too deeply entrenched among the Indians to be easily eradicated. By the autumn of 1917 McCullagh had completed his translation of the Epistle to the Romans; a few finishing touches only were required before the work was to be sent to London and passed through the printing-press of the Bible Society. While translating, he also taught the people, going through the Epistle in eighteen lectures. "This is the first time," he wrote, "the Epistles have been opened up to the Indian mind; and the result is very interesting. First a great sense of disappointment as to the man SELF; and secondly, a great and new joy in the man CHRIST JESUS! I may truly say that the whole Indian conception of eternity has been changed, and I am now eager to make that change permanent by printing the Epistle."

Before this could be accomplished the blow fell and the Aiyansh Mission was washed out by a devastating flood. Such a catastrophe had never been contemplated by McCullagh since the time when the old mission-house stood on the river-bank. The new house had been built much farther back and on higher ground. As a rule the Naas falls to a low ebb during the dry summer months, its reservoirs of supply being exhausted by October or early November when the autumnal freshet is due; this being caused by the Chinook or warm south wind which then sets in and thaws the soft, newly-fallen snow on the mountains.

September, 1917, was an unusually wet month. October was still more so, sixteen inches of rain having been reckoned as the downfall. Before the melted snow came from the mountains the river was already in full spate and absolutely unnavigable. In writing about this afterwards, McCullagh expresses amazement at the want of forethought shown by himself and the Indians; they

ought to have known that, when the melted snow should add its volume to the already swollen stream, the river was bound to overflow its banks. But they could hardly be blamed for that which really caused their great misfortune.

By the middle of November the state of the river was awful to behold; on the afternoon of Sunday, the 18th, tidings came that the river had broken through near Gitlakdamiks and was rushing down behind Aiyansh. The terrible import of this soon became evident; it meant that before many hours were over the devoted settlement would be surrounded by water, and would soon be the plaything of two mighty currents, rapidly converging, until they united to become one torrential stream. "Towards evening, in the dim, misty light, like a thief, like a panther stalking its prey, the water bounded forth from the forest at the back of the town and, following a natural depression in the ground, sprang fair at the back of the mission-house. In ten short minutes the basement was full and everything therein swished about in a churning of liquid mud. Presently the two seething volumes of water met, beat up against each other for a time in competition, and then, uniting their forces, started to climb over every obstacle through the live-long night." It was indeed an awful night, the turbid stream rushing past below, while the rain, like sheets of water, fell from the heavens above. By Tuesday morning there were over ten feet of water in the house and the deluge was still in the ascendant. "Notice to quit" was imperative. In the afternoon three Indians arrived with a large canoe, and the mission-house party decided to avail themselves of this opportunity. Throwing a few necessaries into the canoe, they stepped into her off the verandah and then poled and paddled their way through the trees to Gitlakdamiks. Here they took refuge in the church which had been built but was not yet completely finished. By Wednesday the flood began to show signs of abating. A return to Aiyansh was effected, and they found the mission-house in a deplorable condition; it was standing all right, but everything inside was ruined, including the

winter's supply of provisions which had only just been stored. The missionary's printing-office was completely submerged. When the waters eventually subsided, he found that the machinery and type could be cleaned of rust and recovered for use as gold is washed from mud, but his precious books (including the backwoods library) and translations were reduced to a muddy pulp. Some of the other houses in the village had been carried away entirely by the flood; the saw-mill and many of the buildings were swept away and the *débris* scattered all over the country; the church was still standing.

A big meeting of the Indians was held, a few weeks after the river had resumed its normal condition, and the situation was squarely faced and fairly discussed. It was considered a certainty that, at any time in the future when the river was high, the overflow would come through the breach once made in the bank below Gitlakdamiks and so make possible a repetition of the inundation which had so nearly swept away their entire village. Therefore they decided upon removing the houses from Aiyansh to Gitlakdamiks. Between them they formed a company and, in turn, each man's house was pulled down, the lumber was carted on sleighs along the Gospel road and rebuilt on the new space of ground allotted to him. The removal of the mission-house was delayed until sufficient money could be collected for its deportation, the Church Missionary Society giving a grant for this purpose.

As the mission-house was not habitable, McCullagh and his family took refuge in the same little house belonging to Paul Muddywater which had sheltered them after the fire. This time it was a very close fit; there being four children instead of two, and in addition, Miss Gambles, whose courage, adaptability and resourcefulness were splendid for a girl who had been brought up quietly in a good and comfortable English home.

When news of the disaster reached England early in 1918, sympathy and substantial help came from many quarters and were a source of much comfort and good cheer to the distressed party at Aiyansh. They suffered

much from the winter's cold and from lack of proper food, as they had no means of replenishing their potato stock, or the barrels and boxes of provisions destroyed or carried away by the flood.

During the winter of 1917–18 the missionary did his best at cleaning from the accretions of mud and rust his beloved printing-press (a new one for which he had collected money during his last furlough) ; this he set up in a place screened off in the church, and there he recommenced his work of translation. But the flood had proved too much for him in his delicate state of health, and he never recovered his physical strength. He had to leave to others (including Charlie Morven and some faithful helpers) the work of removing and re-erecting the mission-house at Gitlakdamiks, while he could only stand by and look on ; indeed, his heart was broken for such labour. He and his family were able to move in for the winter of 1918–19 ; but, owing to lack of funds, there were no comforts in the home, and they had to live on very meagre fare. Steadily his health declined, and he suffered much from pain and sickness. A doctor from the coast came up the river to see him and, with his help and by using the medicine he prescribed, McCullagh managed to pull through until the spring, when he was persuaded to take the boat for Prince Rupert and put himself for six weeks under the care of his good friend and much-valued medical adviser, Dr. Kergin, who then allowed him to return to Aiyansh on the condition that he took things very quietly for a year, and then, if the work proved too much, that he should resign and come home to England.

His strength, however, steadily decreased, and so he decided on sending his resignation to the Church Missionary Society. This was accepted by a letter expressing a hearty appreciation of his great work and also begging Mrs. McCullagh to take every care of him until the spring opened up, and his C.M.S. friends would then all be looking for his return and hoping to see him enjoy his much-needed and well-earned rest.

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But this was not the will of God for him. One Sunday evening in October (1920), after preaching with intense earnestness and with all the appearance of his old-time vigour, he collapsed in the church and was carried up the hill to the mission-house. This was his last Service in church. During the following winter the Services on Sunday were carried on by the faithful licensed lay preachers, Charles Morven and Jonathan Mercer, with the occasional help of the brothers Paul and William Mercer, two of the boys trained by the missionary to do his printing work. Faithfully and to the best of their ability they fulfilled their duty, while their dear "Master" lay on his bed of sickness, "weak and often suffering, but never uttering a word of complaint or disappointment at being unable to go on with the work his heart had been so greatly set on accomplishing."

Nothing now seemed left for him but his faith in God, which never failed, and the love of those who watched by his side, nursing him and ministering to his needs with the best of their available resources, and hoping that he might yet be restored to some degree of health and strength. But that hope was never to be realized.

CHAPTER XXVII

Sunset

AND was this to be the end of it all? Thirty-eight years before, he had renounced the ambition of his youth, he had turned his back on the alluring prospects held out to him of a successful career in the Army, and instead he had chosen the humble lot of serving a tribe of Indians, then in a degraded condition. He had given them the very best of all the powers with which God had endowed him. The work he accomplished for their moral and spiritual regeneration, as well as for their material and educational advancement, had provoked the wonder and admiration of all who were acquainted with this great transformation. He had gloried in acknowledging that his faith in God was the secret spring of all he had done, and that the passion of his life was to see the Indians he loved raised to a high standard of Christian living and social well-being.

And then came the fire to try his work and test his faith. Afterwards came the flood and swept away the material fruits of his toil and labour. And now he lay on his back, tired, worn out, suffering from pain and sickness, knowing that his work in the place and for the people so dear to him, was finished. Where was the reward of his faithful service? Where was the answer to his prayers? Where was the God in Whom he trusted, and the Saviour in Whose name he had preached and for Whose sake he had endured privations and faced perils and toiled through the blazing summer sun and the icy cold of many winters? Was this to be the end of it all? No, indeed; this was not the end, nor had God forgotten His servant, nor were his

prayers of faith unanswered. And he knew all this with an assurance which made him rejoice with a quiet gladness in his heart. On April 21, 1919—that is, nearly eighteen months after the flood—he was able to write: "This has been the most wonderful winter's work in the history of the Mission, and consequently in my life. It would almost require a small book to exhibit it properly in its natural and spiritual setting. I am just aching to get a chance of writing it up."

What did he mean by this? Ill-health prevented him from ever fulfilling his desire to write an account of what he could have told. But we know from other sources what he meant, and we also know that, beyond the date on which he wrote the words just quoted, the wonderful work to which he referred was still going on.

The answer is found in the fulfilment of a desire he had cherished for the last ten or fifteen years of his life. This was the linking up of the two villages of Aiyansh and Gitlakdamiks. In 1909 he had mooted a scheme for taking down the old mission-house (then situated on the bank of the river) and, with the best of the old materials, building a new house with a school adjoining it half-way between the two villages. For various reasons this scheme had fallen through. Now, after the flood, by the overruling providence of God, something much better came to pass.

It will be remembered that the men of Aiyansh [1] decided to avoid the risk of another flood by taking down their houses and re-erecting them on the spaces allotted to them at Gitlakdamiks. "Here," writes Mrs. McCullagh, "the missionary at last saw the firstfruits of his labours at the village which had once held out so obstinately in its heathen prejudices against the intrusion of the Christian faith. The Indians at Gitlakdamiks welcomed their 'brothers' from Aiyansh with outstretched arms, giving to them the best sites for their buildings, and in every way showing their desire to place the newcomers on an equal footing with themselves. And so, during those last three years of his life, the great desire of his heart was fulfilled; for the two

[1] See p. 208.

villages became one, and the people one—no longer two, but one people."

In 1911 the building of a church at Gitlakdamiks was commenced. Charles Morven and a few faithful helpers worked splendidly, so that by the time the flood came it was nearly finished. Then the west window of Holy Trinity Church at Aiyansh was taken out and, with some of the interior fittings, removed to Gitlakdamiks and there placed in St. Bartholomew's, helping to make it a really beautiful little church.

At this latter village there was a town-hall, which was used for all kinds of purposes, mainly secular. A Church-hall was badly needed there, to be a centre of Christian work, and never to be used for any meetings which could keep alive the customs and feasts of the old heathen days. So the church at Aiyansh was taken down, removed to Gitlakdamiks, and there rebuilt as a Church Army Hall. Furthermore, the people at Aiyansh had been greatly humbled by the flood. They accepted it as an act of discipline intended for their good, and as a warning to discard the drink evil which had been the cause of their moral deterioration and religious backsliding. Those who came to settle in Gitlakdamiks did so under the inspiration of a new purpose—the resolve to abjure that which had so nearly been their spiritual undoing. The few who would not break with the drink-habit remained behind in the derelict village of Aiyansh.

Three incidents took place at the mission-house at Gitlakdamiks during the winter of 1920–21, pathetic, inspiring, and also full of comfort and hope for the brave and faithful servant of God, whose end was nearer than he thought. These scenes left an indelible impression on the minds of those who were present, especially of the devoted wife who cherishes them as a sacred memory of that anxious time.

1. When it became known at Lak-Kalzap that the missionary had resigned his oversight of their spiritual interests, the members of the Church Army came up the river (a

distance of forty-six miles) to offer their sympathy and to say " Farewell." One by one they entered the front door and passed through the house. Their voices shaking with emotion, they said " Good-bye " to him and assured him of the earnest prayers which were offered for him every night at the meetings of the Church Army.

2. A chieftainship in the tribe became vacant during the winter. The choice of succession lay between Charles Morven and Paul Mercer. They both refused. Paul was pressed to accept it, but still refused, because he was afraid it might involve him in some acts contrary to his Christian faith and profession. At length, after much earnest prayer, in which he laid the whole matter before the Lord, he offered to accept the honour which was urged upon him if he was allowed to receive it at the hands of God's servant the missionary ; on that condition alone would he consent to become chief. The rest of the tribe agreed to his proposal. And then took place a ceremony which, so far as I know, is unique and unprecedented in the annals of the North American Indians. On the day appointed for the ceremony, Paul came to the mission-house, dressed in his Sunday suit, accompanied by six chiefs and Charles Morven ; followed also by a large company of his fellow-tribesmen. They entered the drawing-room where the missionary was sitting in his robes (he was too weak to stand). A portion of the Office for the Ordination of Deacons, together with prayers selected for the occasion, was read, and then, with evident reverence and solemnity, Paul knelt at the feet of him whom he loved to call " Master." Laying his hands on the bent head, the missionary asked him in the words of the Catechism, " Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, etc. ? "

With steady voice the young Indian replied, " I do."

Then, while he still remained on his knees, the *insignia* of his office were thrown across his shoulders, and he received the missionary's blessing.

In describing the scene, Mrs. McCullagh adds : " It was a very impressive service ; it brings a lump into my throat

when I think of it; and Paul has been true to his promise, thank God."

3. Once more a wonderful Service was held in that mission-house, leaving behind it the fragrant memory of an act on which guardian-angels must have looked with joy and wonder.

In the village were five babies whose parents wanted them to be baptized. They had a great desire that their own missionary, and no other, should sign the sign of the Cross on their little ones. By this time he was too weak to leave his bed—too weak even to read the Service or to utter more than the fewest necessary words. By his request, William Mercer robed and stood near the bed on which his "master" lay, and the children were brought into the sick-room. William had never used the Baptismal Office before; but now, with much feeling and without making a single mistake, he read it through. A bowl of water was then held for the missionary. One by one William asked of the parents the appointed questions, then took each child and gently laid it on the bed, when the missionary signed the sign of the Cross on their brows and repeated the words, "We receive this child, etc." "They were lovely services indeed," adds Mrs. McCullagh, "but hard for me to bear. Many times 'a sword pierced through my heart.'"

A great desire took possession of the sick man. If only he could get down to the coast and inhale the sea breezes, he thought he would get better. The Indians said that such a thing would prove a mad adventure, the temperature at that time being below zero; but his craving for sea air was so strong that Mrs. McCullagh felt it wise to yield, and the Indians were persuaded to do their part in the undertaking. As soon as the decision was reached, preparations were at once made for the long journey. "I just had three days' notice," wrote Mrs. McCullagh, "to clear up all his business, pack all my belongings, and make final arrangements. During the three days, a strong stretcher or box had been made by our Indian friend and carpenter George Eli. This box was nearly six feet long, quite wide, and

with high sides. A pole was stretched across the raised head and foot, so that a canvas could be thrown over it if necessary. Into this box the invalid was assisted, warmly clothed in woollen underwear, socks and his precious Jaeger dressing-gown—the last gift of his dear old friend, Mrs. Foquett—and he was then borne out of the large French window by a stalwart crew of Indians on to the balcony, and from thence to the waiting sleigh below. Maisie, our pet pony, was also ready in her little red sleigh to do her share in drawing the luggage, with Pat and Chris, who had elected to ride, and who thought it all great fun. The rest of the party walked, and as we passed through the village of Gitlakdamiks, every door in turn opened, the occupants of the house, descending the steps, joined us, till finally quite a procession was formed, moving slowly and quietly behind the smoothly gliding sleigh.

"Each step of the way was a pleasure to the dear missionary, lying there so snug in his spacious feather bed. The fresh, frosty air seemed to put new life into him, and a happy smile lit up his face as he passed once again down the dear old 'Gospel road,' now covered five feet deep in beautiful white snow, which sparkled and shone in the bright sunlight.

"All too soon slipped by those last moments, spent in happy converse with my dear ones to be left behind. Many were the words of encouragement and hope exchanged; many were the silent prayers offered for strength to bear the long parting and for success to our venture.

"Arrived at Aiyansh, a distance of two miles, the procession was swelled to a large number by the remainder of our flock who were working at Aiyansh. A little farther on we were met by Mrs. Priestley, who had crossed over the river with her husband to wish us God-speed. A hard moment was this for us all. In the bright sunlight our dear invalid looked more pale and wan than she had seen him yet, and good-bye is always so hard to say to those we love. But as these sad thoughts dim her eye, a kindly whisper from the sleigh meets her ear: 'Never mind, dear, never mind. It is better so.' Yes, truly better so.

"So we gather up our courage and proceed the few remaining steps to the river's edge, where awaits us, in all its grace and beauty, a real old-time war-canoe! What memories, dear heart, does not that conjure up before your vision! What recollections of hairbreadth escapes, of trials and excitements, of joys and sorrows and conquests in those adventurous years long since passed away? How fitting, was it not? that this great war-veteran of Christ's Kingdom should so travel on his last journey down the dear old Naas!

"After the box had been lifted into position and the crew and myself had taken the places allotted to us, there comes a pause. The missionary is far too weak for the usual prayer and blessing which precede our goings and comings on those dangerous waters. Who would fill his place? No need for me to doubt or question. Out of the stillness rises the voice of an elder, clear and unfaltering, earnestly praying that all may be well with the dear master now leaving them for the last time, and that the flock left behind may remain faithful and true to their Master in heaven. Then some one started a hymn, such a beautiful hymn, rising clear and full from every throat, into the pure air—one seemed to take wings and fly away too like a bird. A few more earnest, heartfelt prayers were uttered, and then, to the soul-stirring strains of the parting hymn, 'God be with you till we meet again,' the great canoe slipped noiselessly away down the slow-flowing river. For a moment a white hand appears above the enveloping blankets and flutters feebly a handkerchief from the side of the canoe—a silent last farewell from him they love. I see and hear it all as I write. There was not a dry eye amongst us, and there was absolutely no sound as the last words died away—'Till we meet at Jesu's feet.' God grant that not one may be missing when the great, joyful day comes. You, at least, faithful servant, have done your part, and already many happy souls await you across the shining river.

"The river being open from Aiyansh to Gwinoha, the first part of our journey was easily accomplished. In a couple of hours we reached Gwinoha and found a comfort-

able resting-place for the night in Chief Paul Zalie's nice big house. A large spring bed and mattress were brought in for the invalid, which insured a good night's rest for him, an important thing, as the next day was likely to try to the utmost his limited strength. As a night in camp was out of the question for him in his serious condition, it was necessary to make a very early start next morning, so as to cover in one day the twenty-five miles between Gwinoha and Lak-Kalzap.

" The river was still navigable for a few more miles, but it was considered safest to leave the canoe at Gwinoha and follow the track, which was frozen and should prove good going. This, however, turned out to be the hardest part of the journey, for the ice in places was not fit to pass over, so the river bank had to be scaled and a rough trail followed through the thick forest which lies on either side of the river. Up and down the sleigh tipped and rocked and rolled. Once it actually overturned, but by heroic efforts was righted before much damage was done. Not a word or sound of discomfort was heard from the occupant, who now, as always, was game. Yet his real sensations were later on discovered, in answer to the doctor's questions as to how he liked the sleigh ride ? ' Oh, it was all right. I think I travelled on my head most of the way.' Truly thankful were we all to find ourselves once more on the smooth-frozen river, and from there onwards, as far as the trail was concerned, the worst was over.

" I must now tell you of my beautiful white ' bird of good omen.' She appeared quite suddenly beside the trail, so near that the sleigh leader might have put out his hand and gathered her up. She was bigger than a pigeon,and was a pure lustrous white—even the snow on which she sat in such friendly stillness was no whiter. Not in all my backwoods wanderings had I seen a bird like this, and the Indians, too, came babbling on with expressions of surprise and admiration. ' Whence came you ? whither going ? ' I wondered. ' No member of a noisy emigrating flock of birds are you.' No, just a gentle dove, a comforter, sent perhaps from the skies from which she seemed to come and to which she

seemed as suddenly to return, to bring a thought of comfort to an anxious and rather fearful woman's heart."

Thus the missionary's wife referred to herself; but she must have had a very brave heart. She had to walk on foot that long day's journey down the frozen river, helped by leaning on one of the sleighs. Her strength gave out at last and, when near Lak-Kalzap, she fell down footsore and exhausted. Room was made for her on the front of her husband's sleigh, the Indian crew making light of her extra weight, only saying how sorry they were they had not known sooner she was so tired. "They thought she was enjoying herself!" At Lak-Kalzap they were held up for five days by a severe storm, the wind blowing strong and cold from the north.

"On the fifth day of our sojourn at Lak-Kalzap, the wind abated, and in due time some of the Kincolith boys arrived with our own messengers, to tell us the journey was now possible and the boat awaiting as soon as we could get off. Just before we left, a young girl came in with a parting gift for the missionary; and what do you think it was? A vase of the wonderfully sweet-scented cotton-leaves! My husband's one regret that we had heard him express on leaving Aiyansh, was that our departure was too early for him once again to see and smell those exquisite leaves which had been his joy and delight year by year as the spring opened up. And here, nearly two months before the season, his desire was fulfilled! I still see his smile of delight as the young girl offered them, and still treasure some of the leaves in memory of a wonderful little miracle Nature worked to do my dear husband this pleasure as he left his 'Valley of Eternal Bloom' for the last time.

"There were two hours of a rough and winding trail over and around the massed ice-floats, and a short and difficult mile or two along the river-bank, ere we reached the waiting gas-boat. Here our last and saddest farewells took place with the Morvens and a few faithful boys, who had seen us safely through the hazardous journey and were now about to depart on their return trip, leaving us in the care of friends from Kincolith.

" It was icy cold on the open water, but the invalid imbibed the sea air with great breaths of satisfaction, and oh! how good it was to see his earnest desire for those same breezes at last fulfilled."

A week's delay was necessary at Kincolith, as the mail-boat had just departed. A welcome was given to the invalid and his wife at the house of Archdeacon Collison, where medical supervision and trained nursing restored him for the time. " It was a pleasure to watch his keen enjoyment of his food and his growing appetite. But, alas! the same trouble was there, strong as ever—*he could not keep his food down.* Always within a couple of hours there would be the same terrible vomiting, followed by a period of great exhaustion.

" A week slipped quickly by, and once again, after many solemn farewells, we started on the last part of our journey. The 'Friendly Helpers,' a band of stalwart young Indians who had formed themselves into this company for the purpose of giving their services to those in need of it, for the sake of the Gospel, carried the missionary once more, comfortably tucked up in his box, down the long road to the landing-stage where a gas-boat was in readiness to take us across the water to Arrandale Cannery. The landing at Arrandale was a difficult and arduous task, for the tide being low, the heavy box had to be borne across the slippery rocks for a good distance. The good-will of the boys, however, never faltered; so we finally reached the wharf and waited there in the darkness for the coming of the steamer. It was good to get on board at last and see the dear invalid comfortably established in a state-room. Ere leaving, the ' Friendly Helpers ' filed in one by one and solemnly wished him good-bye and God-speed.

" Thanks to the wonderful ' wireless ' we were able to make our needs known in advance; so our good friends Dr. Kergin and the Indian Agent, Mr. Collison, were on the wharf to meet us at Prince Rupert, with the ambulance in readiness. When the doctor saw my husband's condition, he just slipped off his coat, gathered him up in his arms, and carried him with infinite care to the stretcher, on which

he was taken to the waiting ambulance below. In spite of a few protests from the missionary (who, though so weak, knew just what he wanted to do, and *vice versa*), he was promptly whirled off to the hospital, where he was able at last to get the full advantage of medical skill and trained nursing.

" You may imagine how comforting to my anxious heart was the answer given to the doubting question, ' Have I done right in risking his precious life to bring him down to you, doctor ? ' ' Right ! indeed you have done right ; you have done the only thing ! ' "

He lived for about two months after being brought to the hospital. Happily, God enabled him to rest without anxious thoughts about his loved ones or his work. " He just felt his work was fully completed, and he was quite content to leave his flock in stronger hands and to rest in his weakness. He slept most of the time, and spoke very little, sometimes talking low in Indian. He was always glad to see me sitting beside him, reading or writing, but never asked how I was or how the children were—too weak even to feel being parted from them, though he was able to kiss and name them in turn when they visited him in the hospital on their arrival from Aiyansh, a fortnight before his death. This is what helped me so much ; for to realize what I was suffering would have given anguish to his tender thoughtful soul."

Miss Gambles, who brought the children from Aiyansh, was a great comfort to Mrs. McCullagh as well as to the dying missionary during his last days.

On Easter Day he received the Holy Communion at the hands of Canon Rix and was able to join in the Service with a full clear voice and, at the close of it, he said to Canon Rix, " Brother, this is no mere form to me."

On May 1, 1921, his brave spirit was released from its earthly tabernacle. He was buried, in his robes, in the special part of Fairview Cemetery at Prince Rupert reserved for Church people. The Service here was conducted by Canon Rix. " Everything," wrote Mrs. McCullagh, "was just as it should be. My great desire was to strike the

note of triumph. So the usual hymns were not chosen. I selected instead, ' Fight the good fight,' ' There is a Happy Land,' and ' Now thank we all our God.' I felt it would have been a poor thing not to be able to rejoice with him that he was so quietly and painlessly called into his glory. His grave was lined all round with beautiful evergreens, so that it seemed just like laying him down in one of those beds of cedar in which he had so often rested in his old times of camping out."

" So He giveth His beloved sleep."

CHAPTER XXVIII

Character and Service

SOMETIMES, after reading a biography, we close the book with a feeling of disappointment; we are not satisfied that the author has given us a true life-portrait. The colouring of the picture seems too bright to be real. We say to ourselves, "Surely the man must have had some faults of character; but his biographer has not shown them to us and, glad as we are to know all about his goodness, his noble deeds and the fine example he has set, we should also like to know what were those infirmities of disposition wherein he showed himself to be human like ourselves."

Were there no faults in the character of McCullagh? or are we to suppose that he was so perfect that he never made a mistake? Of course, he had faults, like other men; of course, he made mistakes, as every one does. There were flaws in his character, but they did not go deep enough to mar seriously the value of his life's work.

I should say that, naturally, he had a quick temper. But certainly he learned, as every true Christian does learn, the secret of controlling it.

"Although," writes Mrs. McCullagh, "he acquired among the Indians the name of being quick-tempered and easily made angry, he had the most wonderful power of self-control I have ever seen; his indignation, invariably, partook of the character of righteous wrath, and so it always brought good with it."

There were times when severity was necessary in dealing with the Indians—severity backed up by the force of strong

will-power. An instance of this occurred at Lak-Kalzap, just before McCullagh took over the mission there from the Methodist Church. There had been a drunken brawl in the village. He called the chiefs together and "put the whole crowd of brawlers through the mill," fining the principal offender, a leading chief, fifty dollars, with the option of two months' hard labour. "He was very proud and defiant; but a steady look into his eyes of two minutes' duration worked wonders in him, and he paid his fine." The others also paid the fines separately imposed on them.

"It is no easy matter," he wrote, after describing this, "for an unsupported white man, 800 miles practically from the seat of law and order, to tackle a tribe of Indians, single-handed, and bring them to time and attention. Very willingly would I avoid and evade doing this kind of thing; but then, what would the harvest be? It requires the working up of enormous will-power to do it; and it leaves me very weak and limp afterwards. But it would not do for them to think that; one's eye must never weaken in their sight."

His most conspicuous fault (if fault it could be called) was an optimism which was not always justified. But is not this the common failing of all enthusiasts? Is it indeed possible for anyone to become an enthusiast in a good cause without being an optimist, with the risk, always attached, of making mistakes, great or small? The highest and noblest work in the world is done by men of vision; and McCullagh certainly may be reckoned among them. But the man of vision can scarcely help sometimes becoming a visionary; it is a part of his nature and temperament. In his eagerness to achieve great things he is liable to create ideals which are beyond his power to realize. The failure is not always his fault; frequently it is owing to the lack of enthusiasm in others who could help him but will not. Has there ever lived an enthusiast who has not at some time become the victim of his own illusions?

"I dream dreams and see visions," said Raphael,

" and then I paint my dreams and my visions." But he must have had many a dream which never materialized and seen many a vision which was never transferred from his brain to the canvas or the fresco. So it was with McCullagh, the practical worker and man of action. Many of his letters breathe the passionate desire he felt for the welfare and progress of the Indians along lines where they could never travel. In 1905 he wrote : " Plans and calculations crowd my brain. I seem to see, as a seer, the glorious things lying within future possibility. In my secret heart and in my dream-prayers I sigh for the realization of hopes which, circumstanced as we are at present, only a dreamer, perhaps, would dare to conceive. But why should God's work go ' a begging ' ? Is not the promise still good that ' whatsoever we ask according to His will we shall receive ' ? I believe it with all my heart."

For many years his mind was full of a project for the betterment of the Indians' social condition. He called it " A Proposed Settlement Scheme for Aiyansh." He talked to the Indians about it incessantly ; he referred to it constantly in his sermons ; " in season and out of season " he strove to create among them an atmosphere of desire and ambition for that which he believed would, more than anything else that was secular, raise them to a position of permanent stability and progress as the citizens of a great Empire. He obtained from the Government a grant of land for the purpose ; he drew a map of the whole Reserve with allotments coloured, and hung it up for the Indians to see ; but he could only prevail on a very few of them to stake their claims, and the scheme failed in the end, owing partly to the natural indolence of the red man and partly to his want of confidence in his white rulers. The Indians have a deep-rooted suspicion of the good faith of the white man's Government !

On several occasions, during the later years of his life, overtures were made to McCullagh by company promoters in British Columbia. They stated their object plainly ;

they had heard of the influence he wielded over the Indians, of his intimate knowledge of the value of land, and of his expert acquaintance with the mineral resources of the country, etc. ; if he would agree to place his experience at their disposal they would give him a large interest in their shares. But he always refused. Speaking of this, he said, " If I had yielded to the temptation I might have been a rich man, possibly a millionaire to-day, and I have been called a fool for my scruples ; but I will live and die the poor man that I am rather than give the Indians any reason for thinking that I would make gain out of them or become rich at their expense."

His unselfish generosity and thoughtful sympathy for the needy and suffering Indians may be instanced by an extract from a private letter written in 1904 : " I could not help smiling at your advice that I should get rubber boots. I invest in these things and in oilskins regularly every year, but I can't keep them ; that is where the difficulty comes in. Some unfortunate consumptive is sure to get them when the bad weather begins. However, it is very seldom I am the worse for the want."

He had a big heart, full of sympathy and affection for his fellow-men, both white and red ; but the best part of all he was and all he had was ever kept in reserve for those who had the strongest claim on him ; his love for his wife and children overflowed with joy and passionate devotion and tender solicitude for their welfare and happiness.

His love of nature comes out on many a page of his journals and letters ; his power of observation must have been remarkable, as also was his gift for interpreting the inner and deeper meaning of the things he saw. He seemed never to fail in the use of picturesque and poetic language in which to describe the glory of the mountains and the beauty of the valley, whether clothed in its summer verdure or wrapped in its winter mantle of snow and ice. Thus he wrote : " I do love to get as near as I can to Nature ; there is a great affection between us ; she speaks to me things that I cannot find words to express,

and I rejoice to hear what she says and to see what she reveals. " She is really more to me than the social world from which I am cut off. There is no *hiatus* between her converse and the things of heaven; her earthly things have also a heavenly meaning."

And yet, although cut off for the greater part of his life from the social world, he kept himself well acquainted with all that was going on; his active brain was a safeguard against the possibility of vegetating. " His interest in the world and its doings never slacked," wrote his wife; " he read the newspaper (often months late) with avidity, and he had wise opinions at all times to offer upon every subject."

On reading through his letters one sometimes comes across bits of philosophy about human life, its secrets of success and failure, written in his clear-flowing trenchant style.—For instance: " The opportunity for a life-work only comes to a man once. I think history will bear out that statement. And I notice that the biggest life-works of which we have reliable records all had very humble beginnings. The men who performed them did their chores to begin with, endured the contradiction and contumely of adversaries, opposed no pride, took no offence, ate their peck of dirt bravely, took root, grew up into their work and at last branched out into full fruit-bearing before the astonished world."

His own work was never recognized as it deserved. Earthly honours did not come his way, and he neither sought nor desired them. In reading through his journals and private letters I have come across no sentence in which there is a word of self-praise, nor has he anywhere betrayed a sign of personal ambition or the feeling of disappointment and wounded vanity at being passed over. The absence of any spirit of self-seeking was equally noticeable in conversation with him. He never seemed to think that he had done anything great.

The varied nature of his gifts and the practical uses to which he applied them could not be summarized better than in the testimony of the late Dr. Jacob, Bishop of

St. Albans. When writing (in 1907) about the history of the mission at Aiyansh, he said :

" It is much more than the conversion of a tribe of Red Indians from savagery to Christianity. It is the story of the building-up of a Christian society by one man, who has been the principal agent in their remarkable transformation, one whom I have known and whose career I have followed for many years. Whether as evangelist, pastor, doctor, architect, builder, designer, printer, photographer, carver, administrator of justice, sanitary reformer, expert on salmon, on which so many of his tribes depend, and general civilizing and humanizing, as well as Christianizing agent, Mr. McCullagh realized that Christianity must permeate life and consecrate every department of it."

Among the tributes written in appreciation of the man and his work are the following :—

From the Rev. Oliver Thorne (his successor at Aiyansh) :

" I keep finding out matters that increase my admiration for the genius of McCullagh. Fancy ! he knew he was to die, and before he went out he formed a permanent Church council of most of the old men of the village. They were to stay in power, and they were to add only as they lost members by death. They were to be responsible for both the spiritual and material welfare of the Church. McCullagh knew the somewhat childish nature of the Indian, always running after a novelty ; so he formed this council of the elders to steady the younger element. All —Church Army, wardens, choir, women workers and Y.M.C.A. —all are under the guardianship of the Church Council and can start no innovation without their approval."

From the Church Missionary Society :

" The Committee have received with sorrow the news of the death, on May 1, of James Benjamin McCullagh, of the British Columbia Mission. . . . By his earnest devotion as a messenger for Christ Jesus, by a forceful manliness, by a great heart of love for Indians and Europeans alike, and by unfailing courage coupled with winning humour, he gained a position of unique influence among the Naas Indians and hardly less among the many European traders and others with whom he had contact at Prince Rupert and elsewhere."

From the Archbishop of Caledonia (F. H. Du Vernet, D.D.) :

" Rightly to appreciate the wonderful work accomplished it would be necessary to have before one, first an accurate picture of what the Upper Naas Indians were like thirty-eight years ago, and then to bring into vivid contrast with this what they are like to-day. Degrading heathenism is now a thing of the past on the Upper Naas River, and the Indians on the whole are an intelligent and fine band of people, not yet perfect by any manner of means, but steadily progressing, enlightened by the Gospel of Christ. This is the great memorial to that veteran of the Cross who so dearly loved this picturesque valley and these native people.

" When I spoke to him on his dying bed of his noble work, he replied, that ' it was no credit to him, as he had enjoyed the work from beginning to end.' This was one of the secrets of his success: his heart was in his work.

" He was highly gifted as a linguist, and delighted in comparing verbal roots of various languages. His early military training never left him, and often proved of service when, as a justice of the peace, he maintained law and order. He was a man of visions and could dream dreams. Some of his dreams he helped to turn into realities. His gift of pictorial description and his fervid Irish eloquence captured his audiences when home on deputation work. He will long be remembered on both sides of the Atlantic.

" When repeating to him the text, ' The Eternal God is thy Refuge and underneath are the Everlasting Arms,' though I made no reference to his speedy departure he replied, ' I am ready, I am willing to go.' "

What was the hidden source of his power and success ? —the underlying and uplifting motive by which he was inspired ?

Let his own pen give us the answer and reveal the secret. He had been describing the hard work of those early years of the misson when he was learning the language and afterwards when he was translating the Bible. Many times he tells us that he sat at his desk all night in order to get the quiet he needed for such work—the quiet which was denied him in the day-time through frequent interruptions on the part of the Indians. He went on to write : " I *slaved* and *slaved*. Yes, I glory in the word Slave of Jesus Christ. Paul exclaimed with joy *δοῦλος εἰμὶ*, and it is with joy and thankfulness for the privilege that I also cry *δοῦλος εἰμὶ*. It rings like music

in my ears ; it thrills me ; it buoys me up amid the waves of discouragement, more than does the hope of glory. I crave not for glory. ' Thine is the glory, and I am Thy servant.' I often wonder if we shall have work to do when we cross the border. I trust so : I love to look forward to *an eternity of work and worship* for Him who is my glorious Chief, perfect in every particular. To rise with Him into battle ! The thought makes me feel like a flame of fire ! "

Epilogue

HOW can we summarize the impressions made on our minds by a study of the life-story of James Benjamin McCullagh? What can we learn from him whose gifts and energies for nearly forty years were dedicated to the glory of God in that far-away valley of our Empire?

Three facts of supreme value stand out clearly.

First, there is the power of the eternal Gospel.

This was the uplifting, regenerating force by which the Nishga Indians were redeemed from cannibalism, cruelty, superstition and ignorance. No human hands could have performed such a miracle without this divinely-wrought lever. There is no record on the pages of history where a transformation so marvellous has been effected by any other means. This challenge is made without any fear of refutation.

And what the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ did for the Indians on the Naas River it can accomplish for any other people or nation all the world over. The grace of God, which made a new creation of the Red Indian on spiritual, ethical and material lines, is the one thing also needed by the white races on both sides of the Atlantic. Nothing else can cure the moral cancer which is sapping the life out of Europe. Concerning all ranks and classes among us it is equally true to say, "There is no other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Jesus Christ alone can produce order and harmony in place of the chaos and the discord of conflicting passions which are so glaringly patent in the political arena, in the industrial markets and workshops of the world and in the home-life of the nation.

Secondly, " God works, His wonders to perform," by the agency of human lives, kindled into the flame of a consecrated resolve and fanned into action by the breath of His Spirit. How great is the honour conferred upon us sinful men that we should be taken into partnership with the Holy One and used by Him for carrying out His purpose of love in the regeneration of our fellow-men ! It is the conscious possession of this bright secret which inspires the missionary to abandon the comforts and joys of home-life in order to lay out in unselfish devotion the treasures of faith and knowledge and love entrusted to him as talents to be spent in his Master's name.

If this sublime truth were fully realized and universally acknowledged by Christian people, there would soon be no land unvisited, no nation unreached by the messengers of the Lord Christ, no lack of financial aid to equip and provision the soldiers of the Cross for their glorious crusade.

And thirdly, there is the divinely-appointed law of human influence—the moral force and inspiration of example, which should awaken into life and quicken anew in each one of us the burning aspiration to apply our talents to a more effective use than we have yet done.

Of the first saint and martyr who lived for the glory of God and died as the penalty of his loyalty to the truth, it was said, some four thousand years later, " He, being dead, yet speaketh." The last page of this book is written within eighteen months of the day when the hero of the story entered into his rest. With the memory of his zeal, his toil, his battles against the powers of darkness, his conquests over sin and Satan and his burning love for his Saviour, let his example inspire and nerve us all to a nobler purpose, a more devoted self-sacrifice, a more generous enthusiasm and a stronger faith in the presence and power of our divine Master and Redeemer—" Jesus Christ Himself."

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