

We have one little school girl of eleven years old who is partially paralyzed, and she frequently brings a very fat baby on her back to school; she received one of the prettiest dolls, and her first thought was to carry it over to the fat baby, who was with its mother. It is quite touching to see her unselfishness. The baby always gets the lion's share of any good things the poor girl gets given to her. I am quite sure that our kind friends who sent the valuable and useful presents would be gratified to learn how highly they were valued. Mr. Bourne and I wish also to send very many thanks for our share of the contents of the bags. Each and everything sent was acceptable, and one must live in a far away country where everything is expensive to know the value of the presents sent to us. The kind feeling which dictated the sending we appreciate still more. We had a delightful, quiet service on Christmas morning with four communicants at the "agency" on the Reserve, and afterwards an Indian service at the Mission. We had about two dozen old men and women to partake of tea and currant buns, and then we drove back to town fearing to be snowed up on the Reserve where we have no accommodation for a family, only one small room which Mr. Bourne occupies while he is on the Reserve.

I trust I have not wearied you with this long letter, but I thought you would like to have a sketch of our Christmas on the Piegan Reserve and I do not feel as if I could thank you enough for the kind interest taken by your society in our Missions. We would ask your prayers for the success of the work; sometimes it seems to be so hopeful, and then again we have so many discouragements and difficulties it tries our faith sadly. Will you please thank Miss Thorne for the Book of Hymns she sent me. Mr. Bourne desires me to say how much he feels your kindness and sympathy, and with kind regards from myself, believe me to remain

Very sincerely yours,

J. G. BOURNE.

MISSIONARY WORK AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

By Miss F. E. Murray, St. John, N. B.

Missionary work in its twofold aspect of Home and Foreign Missions has always excited more or less interest in the Christian Church. From the time that the first great Missionary gave the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," there always have been men with hearts glowing with divine love and filled with the "enthusiasm of humanity," who have been eager and ready to respond to the summons. And to-day many go forth from their country and kindred to lead heroic lives and often to die a martyr's death while others, who cannot take so active a part in the great work follow it with their sympathy, remember it in their prayers and support it by their contributions. Sometimes when love has grown cold and the lamp of faith burns dim, zeal in the missionary cause

abates, but whenever a wave of intellectual or religious activity passes over the world one of the first signs of renewed activity in the Church is an increased interest in missionary work. Especially has this been the case during the last fifty years, and may well form a cause of thankfulness.

Of course there are many still who ask the question propounded of old, "Why this waste?" Why this waste not only of money but of noble men and refined women, who go from us to pass their lives among the lowest barbarians? Often we can give but the soldier's answer, "Obedience to orders." Sometimes, however, circumstances like the following demonstrate to the most sceptical the importance of missionary work.

Fifty years ago the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego and Patagonia were sunk in the most degraded barbarism. Darwin, who visited them in 1832, describes them in his "Naturalist's Voyage" as poor wretches, their hideous faces bedaubed with paint, their hair tangled, their voices discordant. "Viewing such men," he says, "one can hardly believe they are fellow creatures. When pressed by hunger in winter they kill and devour their old women before they kill their dogs." Captain Gardiner, of the Royal Navy, when his ship touched on the Patagonian coast, became especially interested in these poor creatures. With great exertion, by lecturing in various parts of England, he succeeded in forming a Patagonian Missionary Society in Brighton, and he sailed in 1850 for Patagonia with a band of missionaries as devoted as himself. They were landed at Banner Cove with ample supplies for two years. At the end of that term the ship Dido went with further supplies. Not finding the missionaries at Banner Cove they traced them along the shore and soon discovered their lifeless remains. They had been chased from place to place by the cruel natives and had finally died of starvation. The *Illustrated London News* came out with a terrible picture of the scene and a strong editorial headed "Telescopic Christianity." Undeterred by Captain Gardiner's fate or by the sarcasm of the press, others were soon found ready to fill the place. The first to volunteer was an intimate friend of Captain Gardiner, Rev. G. P. Despard, a graduate of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. He sailed with his wife and family to the Falkland Islands, settled there, and at the risk of his life made constant missionary trips to the main land. After five years' work others took up the cause and success was given. In thirty years Telescopic Christianity civilized and Christianized these terrible savages; Telescopic Christianity built neat villages along those rocky shores; Telescopic Christianity planted, even in that bleak climate, fields and gardens where turnips, potatoes, roses and violets flourished; Telescopic Christianity taught these brave, bold people to be kind and helpful, and when a large ship was wrecked near them Telescopic Christianity led them to imperil their own lives to rescue the crew and to guard with honest vigilance what would seem to