

MISSION FIELD.

Is it Nothing to You?

It is nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That Africa walks in night,
That Christians at home deny them
The blessed Gospel light?
The cry goes up this morning
From a heart-broken race of slaves
And seven hundred every hour
Sink into Christless graves!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians
That in India's far-away land
There are thousands of people pleading
For the touch of a Saviour's hand?
They are groping and trying to find Him
And although He is ready to save
Eight hundred precious souls each hour
Sink into a Christless grave!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians
That millions of beings to-day
In the heathen darkness of China
Are rapidly passing away?
They have never heard the story
Of the loving Lord who saves.
And fourteen hundred every hour
Are sinking to Christless graves!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
Will ye pass by and say
"It is nothing, we cannot aid them?"
You can give or go and pray;
You can save your souls from bloodguiltiness,
For in lands you never trod
The heathen are dying every day
And dying without God.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Dare ye say ye have naught to do?
All over the world they wait for the light;
And is it nothing to you?

"Christianity is the hope of the future." These words were written on the banner of the Okayama Orphanage, which hung outside the veranda of a hotel in Hiroshima as thirty thousand Japanese soldiers, bound for the seat of war, filed by. On the veranda a band of musicians from the Orphanage played and sang patriotic songs. "Long live Japan," shouted the orphan boys; and the soldiers responded, "Long live Christianity."

The British Government, after a year or two of hesitation, has finally decided to raise Uganda and the region lying between Victoria Nyanza and the East Coast to the estate of a protectorate, has voted a snug sum for the maintenance or order, and in due season is likely to construct a railroad.

The Presbyterian hospitals in Pekin and Canton in 1893 treated fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-one cases. How much that means of Christ-like work, and who can estimate the results!

The Presbyterian Church of Queensland is extending her missions to the Kanakas in the Mackay district, Queensland, and asks for an additional missionary, who will attend to the Polynesians on the north side of the Pioneer River, Mackay—the present missionary, the Rev. Mr. McIntyre, henceforth confining his labors to the south side of that river. In this way, it is hoped that the whole population from the South Seas in the district will be reached.

Major Mathison, an officer of the English army, who has served eighteen years and distinguished himself on the battlefields of Egypt, has resigned his commission to become a missionary. He will go to Ceylon under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, and will work without pay.

Letter from British Columbia.

ALBERNI, B.C. Oct. 1, 1895.

Dear Mr. MacKay:—I write from Alberni where we have just formally opened the new Girl's Home. The Rev. A. B. Winchester, who is much appreciated in this settlement, arrived here on Saturday the 22nd inst., from Union Mines, where he had been engaged in conducting opening services connected with a new Chinese Mission hall. I fortunately arrived the same day from Uclulaht, after a three day's journey,—and in consultation with Miss Johnston decided to have the building opened on the 29th Sept., to which date we were able to detain Mr. Winchester. The latter and myself then returned to Uclulaht with the purpose of again reaching Alberni on the following Friday or Saturday, in time for Sabbath services. We did reach it, but only by getting

an extra hand on the third day, of a continual struggle against strong head winds, and contrary currents. Mr. Winchester proved that he was capable of handling an oar, but even with co-operation, and the securing of the third man on the last day, it was nearly midnight of Saturday (28th) when we arrived at our destination.

On Sabbath morning Mr. Winchester opened formally the building for the work of the Lord among the Indian children in the presence of a mixed congregation of whites and Indians. In the afternoon, I spoke to the Indians in their native tongue; and in the evening the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed by Mr. Winchester, when a goodly number of the whites were present. On Monday afternoon we had a "Potlatch Mukamuch" for the Indians, and the way they sowed away the good things was indeed remarkable. But we caught them, not so much with guile, as with a "good square meal," and when they were finished we took the opportunity of speaking to them of the love of Jesus for them, and His desire for their salvation, and the means adopted, in this case, of reaching the children. The Indian agent Mr. Guiled, also addressed them at length in Chinook, which at the request of the old chief, was translated by some of those who understood. And then, Monday evening, the whites came, and a programme of music, reading and speeches,—good stirring words from faithful lips,—was rendered. The Rev. Mr. Smith, a retired minister, Mr. Menzies, the Home Missionary, Mr. Thomson, an elder here, gave short addresses,—while the Rev. Mr. Winchester electrified his hearers with one of his outbursts of eloquence. The addresses were all good. If the Christian people of Alberni follow the advice given by these gentlemen, there will be more sympathy, and less criticism of the work amongst the Indians. It was, indeed a prophecy of better days to see the goodly number who communed with us on Sabbath evening. I cannot but hope that those who partook of those emblems, reminding us of the greatest missionary effort ever conceived, of the dying request of the author of this work, will look with more favor upon work among the heathen. It is true we are criticised here. Whatever may be the feeling at "home" concerning the "honor" of our calling, certainly here, there is little honor attached to it. We hear that not only are the Indians incapable of being enlightened, but that education only makes them worse. It may be that education, apart from Christian teaching and Christian influence is of little use; but that the education received in the *Mission Home* has made reprobates of the Indian youth, will only be asserted by those who seek a sling at the work irrespective of facts. We hear that we are an idle lot, with little to do but amuse ourselves at the expense of soft-hearted Christians in the East, and the while that money has been extravagantly spent; and many such pleasant remarks,—but praise the Lord, He knows! We do not seek to be petted and coddled and told how self-denying we are, of the great sacrifice we are making (which in truth is not the case); nor do we desire to be told of the great work we are accomplishing, but it is nevertheless quite inconsistent with our natural craving for loving sympathy, to be under a cloud simply because we are engaged at work among the despised Indians.

These speeches, the Communion, the warm greetings, at our opening services have combined to inspire the hope that at least the Christians of this place will view our efforts in a more sympathetic light.

One of the features of the evening, on Monday, was the singing of the little Indian girls. They surprised a great many and took the hearts of the people by storm. To say that we were proud of them is but a very mild way of putting it,—we were delighted with their performance.

But it is all over now,—our dear brother from Victoria, who in his life work experiences, perhaps even more intently than we the lack of help in quarters where it might rightfully be looked for,—has gone. The exaltation of the mountain top scenes in company with the Master, has given way to the routine work of the vale beneath, and yet we are thankful for the refreshing, and its strength we hope will remain with us, a sweet stimulus for the season's work, which is just opening.

The Indians from Behring Sea sealery have just arrived. Two of our brightest men,—one of them a favorite at the Mission,—will never return. This morning the death lament has been sounding from the rancharie near by. Sad as this sound is it is not so depressing as the thought that shortly will begin the drink and gambling, to continue with more or less diligence until the money is spent, and another scaling season opens.

I am anticipating a very busy winter. As soon as I hear from you I expect to take a trip up to Claoquaht Sound, with the view of starting work there. May the dear Lord guide us in all these matters to His own glory.—Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) M. SWARTOUT.