

to keep them there until they have learned the lessons that will make them wise unto salvation. The larger the school the greater the number influenced. Are there not others who would like to have a part in erecting this building? The amount asked for is small, and the small offering will be acceptable as well as the larger. Any money sent to the secretary for this work, will be forwarded to Sister Rioch.

Our hearts were again gladdened by the large collection taken in our last missionary meeting in the Coburg Street Christian Church. It was the largest, we believe, that we have ever received, amounting to \$16.25. The usual Christmas present, \$10.00, to our work was there; also \$2 10 from a mite box in Miss Emery's class. It is very fitting that at this season of giving gifts, we should bring a Christmas gift to Christ for his cause, for the extension of his kingdom; and we know that the Master who sees the love that prompts the gift, is well pleased.

Mrs. J. S. FLAGLOR,
Secretary.

RECEIPTS.

Previously acknowledged,	\$105 47
St. John Sunday-school,	14 90
" " Miss Ads Emery's class,	2 10
" " Woman's Missionary Aid Society,	1 15
" " Milton—	
" " Women's Auxiliary,	8 00
" " Westport—	
" " Women's Auxiliary,	1 24
" " Newport—	
" " Collected by young people,	3 00
" " Total,	\$135 86

CHILDREN'S WORK.

Previously acknowledged,	\$13 00
" " Westport—	
" " Willing Workers,	86
" " West Gore—	
" " Mission Band, per Euphemia Wallace,	2 00
" " Summersville, O.—	
" " White Star Mission Band,	1 00
" " St. John—	
" " Wide Awake Band, Dec. 9,	31
" " Mite Boxes,	2 95
" " Wide Awake Band, Dec. 20,	14 15
" " Miss Martha Morton,	6 00
" " Total,	\$30 27

Will the sisters kindly take notice! In sending money to me, please state whether it is for Miss Rioch's support or for the children's work. It is often impossible for me to tell into which fund to put the money. Also please notice my address—which is not 154 North Street, but 164 North St. Yours in the Master's work,
SUSIE B. FORD, Treasurer.
164 North Street,
Halifax, N. S.

Children's Work.

[Address all communications to Mrs. D. A. Morrison, 26 Dochester Street, St. John, N. B.]

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,—Just now it is the season for surprises and good things, and I have a pleasant surprise for you all this month—a lovely, long letter from Miss Rioch. Wasn't it good of her to send us such a nice letter just at Christmas time? I know you are all eager to read it, so I will not take up any more of your time, but close by wishing you all a useful New Year, and if it is a useful one you may be sure it will also be a "Happy New Year."

I have some more interesting news about O Gin San, but I will keep it until next month to tell you. Your loving friend,
MRS. D. A. MORRISON,
Sup't Children's Work.

TOKIO, Japan,
December 7, 1894.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

It is Sunday morning with the morning's work finished, and now, by way of a little recreation, let us sit down and have a little chat about a small part of the work done here for Christ in this beautiful island of Japan, which the people fondly call the Land of the Rising Sun. Most of them as yet do not know that the true Sun of Righteousness has risen on their land with healing in his wings to make their lives as beautiful as their fair island.

Early in the morning one is awakened by the clanging and drumming of the bells and drums from the neighboring temples, of which there are not a few, within but a stone's throw of us.

The first thing that is brought home to us this Sunday morning is—it is pouring rain, and on Sunday, too. O, dear! there will not be many out to the meetings, sigh we; but we were mistaken, there were as many, if not more than usual, at the preaching and observance of the Lord's supper, which meeting is held in our own home.

The Ushigome brethren, not as yet having a chapel, or even a rented house to meet in, we ourselves are glad to have them; but they would like a house of their own, and this wish is soon to be gratified, for one is now on its way building in a neighboring town, and by Christmas it will be ready for use.

After the service and the good-byes are said we don our rain cloaks and rubbers and sally forth to Sunday-school No. 1. I wish I could bring you with me, there are so many things that would be of interest to you. The few people who have ventured out with their big oiled paper umbrellas, high wooden shoes, and dresses tucked up away past their knees, standing little chance of getting wet, with the exception of their bare feet and legs, is the first thing that you would notice. The women look picturesque in the extreme with their babies tied to their backs, the little bare black head alone being visible, sticking out from the wadded coat wrapped around mother and child. The mother goes along with her face turned towards the little one, talking and laughing to it, while the baby in its turn coos and laughs back; both are as happy as possible, neither heeding the weather.

Then there are the men, dressed in straw rain-proof coats, with broad cone-shaped hats, pulling high carts covered with straw matting to keep the rain out, the men straining every muscle in their bodies at every step they take. Sometimes there are two men to a cart—if it be extra heavy—one pulling in front, the other pushing from behind. When they come to a bad road, or a hill, they have a weird sort of rhyme that they sing, or say, rather, in order that each may pull together. This rhyme sounds like Hon-cha-la, Hon-cha-la, the first syllable is long and loud, as if forced out with the effort made in pulling, while the last two are short and less loud, as if taking breath for another effort. Without exception it is the most heart-rending thing to see these men pulling and shoving, every muscle strained to its fullest extent, with their Hon-cha-la, Hon-cha-la, which sounds to me like a cry or groan of intense misery, as if pleading to us, who know the story of the cross, to come and help them. Truly, such a thing could never be in a Christian country. O, pray, dear Willing Workers, that Japan may soon be won for Christ, when such sounds will have ceased, when nothing shall be heard but the sounds of love for man and beast.

But we have reached the little tumble down house in which our every-day charity school and Sunday-school is held. The children are assembling, and a goodly number at that, looking as if they rather enjoyed the rain. The lesson for to-day is Paul at Corinth, and they listen so eagerly to every word, it is a pleasure to look at them. After the lesson is through, they each receive a Sunday-school paper, and it being the end of the month, those who have not missed one Sunday, received a pretty picture card. There were forty who earned them this month. Then after a hymn and prayer, they all scattered to their several homes to tell their parents and older sisters and brothers the story they had just heard.

By the time we have returned home and taken our rubber things off, the children in the neighborhood begin to assemble in our front room for Sunday-school No. 2. We have even more than usual to-day, and everything passes off so pleasantly. The little ones sing so heartily and answer so

promptly to the questions put to them, that no one remembers the rain pelting so dismally outside; but then, I do declare, while you and I have been talking, if it hasn't stopped, and the sun has come out with a bright saucy look, as much as to say, "I suppose you thought I was lost."

Lovingly yours,
MARY M. RIOCH.

GULLIVER'S COVE BUILDING FUND.

Previously acknowledged,	\$224 43
William Gates, Woodville, N.S.,	1 00
A Friend, St. John,	10 00
	\$235 42

H. A. DEVOE,

Tiverton, N. S. Treasurer.

Married.

RUGGLES-OUTHOUSE.—At Tiverton, N. S., November 20th, by H. A. DeVoe, Frank Ruggles, Esq., to Waitie, second daughter of Capt. John Outhouse, all of Tiverton.

MATHEWS-HOYT.—Married at LeTete, N. B., December 19th by T. H. Blenus, Mr. Randall Mathews and Miss Laura Hoyt.

THOMPSON-LESLIE.—At North Harbor, Deer Island, December 19th, by T. H. Blenus, Mr. Hartford Thompson and Miss Bertha Leslie.

BERNARD-RICHARDSON.—At Richardsonville, Deer Island, December 23rd, by T. H. Blenus, Mr. William Bernard and Miss Annie L. Richardson.

Died.

WATSON.—At Summerside on the 8th December, Bro. Nicholas Watson after five months illness, in his 40th year, leaving a beloved wife and five children. He was a native of St. John where some of his relatives still reside. For twenty years he was a locomotive driver on the P. E. I. Railroad and by skillful and trustworthy conduct gained the respect and confidence of all concerned. About ten years ago, after a careful study of the word of God, he confessed the Lord Jesus and was baptized the same day. He joined the Church of Christ at Summerside, and remained a faithful member until his death. Our brother not only made "the good confession" before many witnesses, but held it steadfast unto the end. His business brought him in contact with many minds, and often the conversation turned on the subject of religion and on the way of coming to Christ for salvation. When others differed from him on this matter he would kindly and prudently open the New Testament (which he carried with him) and read passage after passage to confirm what he had said. His pure life and obliging manners, along with firm adherence to gospel truth, gained for him the esteem of his acquaintance, especially of railroad men which was abundantly apparent in his last illness and at his funeral. He had the satisfaction of seeing his beloved partner take her place with him in the church. She assisted him in counsel and waited on him till the last with the untiring devotion of a faithful Christian helpmeet. It is our prayer that she may have the promised help of a faith in God to perform her double duty to her family, and all may meet where partings shall be no more.
D. C.

McDONALD.—A letter from our esteemed brother, Theophilus McDonald of East Point, informs us of the death of his father, who passed peacefully to his reward on the 13th of December in his 88th year. He was in the full possession of his faculties, his mind clear and his confidence in the Saviour unshaken till the last. His real sickness was heart failure which did its work in part of two nights and one day. Bro. McDonald was but two years old when he came with his father's family from Scotland to East Point, and in early life took part in turning the forest into the beautiful settlement of West River. Two of his sisters survive him. In 1835 he married Margaret Stewart, also a native of Scotland. Both of them in youth embraced the Saviour. She, an intelligent and true Christian, preceded him to the better land in May 10th, 1890, aged 78. They had seven sons and two daughters. Three of the sons are dead. All have professed the faith. Our brother was in early life a deacon of the church in East Point and was afterwards chosen an elder, which office he faithfully filled for many years till unable to attend its meetings. Bro. McDonald was a remarkable man. His zeal for God and his humility of mind and love of the brethren made him a shining light. He was esteemed by those who knew him, much beloved by his relatives and by the members of the church who will long and affectionately remember him, while they will keenly feel his loss. May the Lord enable them to follow him so far as he followed Christ. Bro. Alexander Scott, a neighbor of the deceased, a deacon of the Baptist church, officiated at the funeral and spoke very affectionately of him as a life-long neighbor and a beloved brother in the Lord.