

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Go Ye into All the World.

BY M. F. YORKE.

Hark! the clarion call from heaven;
Into all the world go ye,
Go, and plant the Gospel leaven,
Wheresoe'er my creatures be.

In their death I have no pleasure,
Rather that they turn and live.
Go, proclaim the Gospel measure,
Unto all my message give.

Tell them I have died to save them,
From their want, and woe, and sin.
Tell them of the many mansions,
Bid them come and enter in.

Haste, ye followers of the Saviour,
His commandment to obey.
Go, or send, for souls are dying,
While ye loiter by the way.

'Tis the voice of Jesus saying,
Go ye into all the world.
Wheresoe'er my sheep are straying,
Let my banner be unfurled.

Soon the sowing will be over,
Harvest time is hastening on;
Gather sheaves for heaven's garner;
With rejoicing bring them home.

METHODIST MISSIONS—THE DOMESTIC AND INDIAN WORK.

BY THE EDITOR.

Every great religious movement has been accompanied by intense military zeal. The day of Pentecost was the prelude to the diffusion of the Gospel by apostolic labours from the banks of the Indus to the banks of the Rhone, and from the highlands of Abyssinia to the rugged mountains of Caucasus. The mediaeval church, in the time of its greatest purity and spiritual power, sent its missionaries into the depths of Thuringian forests and to far Iona's lonely isle and storm-swept Lindisfarne. The Lutheran reformation awoke the missionary zeal of the long torpid church. This missionary spirit is especially characteristic of the movement called Methodism. As if conscious of its destined universality, its founder with prophetic soul exclaimed, "The world is my parish."

On many a field of sacred toil have the agents of Methodism vindicated its title to the distinction of being pre-eminently a missionary church—amid the cinnamon groves of Ceylon, in the crowded bazaars or tangled jungles of India, among the teeming populations of China, beneath the feathery foliage of the tropic palm in the sunny islands of the Southern Seas, amid the dense darkness of African barbarism, and beside the mighty rivers which roll in solitary grandeur through the vast wilderness of our own Northwest. With a prouder boast than the Roman poet they may exultantly exclaim, "What place now, what region in the earth is not full of our labour?"

In every land beneath the sun this grand old Mother of Churches has her daughters fair and flourishing, who rise up and call her blessed. The Sabbath chant of her hymns, like the morning drum-beat of Great Britain's garrisons, engirdles the world. And we, in the virgin lands of this new world, have endeavoured to be faithful to the traditions and spirit which have characterized Methodism everywhere. From the beginning we have been a missionary church. And now, with our ampler resources, and our broader fields of labour, we must maintain our missionary character, and go forth to grander conquests than we have ever attempted before.

OUR DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

These missions have especial claims on our sympathy and support. There are in our im-



INDIAN GRAVE.

mediate vicinity Their spiritual necessities are forced upon our notice. There will always be young and poor and feeble circuits, for the most part in the back woods settlements, which require fostering and assistance in the early years of their history. The adventurous spirit and independence of character which lead the hardy pioneer to hew out for himself a home in the wilderness, and to push still further the frontiers of civilization, carry him also beyond the privileges of the sanctuary and the influence of the Gospel. When the six days' strenuous toil is ended, and the blessed Sabbath rest has come, his thoughts turn fondly to the home of his childhood and the Christian companionship of other days, and the dark and gloomy forest seems more sombre for that it is uncheered by the sounds of the church-going bell, or by the Christian hymn of praise. The hardy frontiersman generally has, at first, all that he can do to procure food for himself and his family, to get a roof over their heads, to fell the forest, plough the glebe, and cultivate the acres rescued from the wilderness. He cannot himself procure those Gospel ordinances to which he may

have been accustomed in older settlements, and sometimes even his dead are laid in the grave without those solemn rites of religion which do so much to mitigate the bitterness of parting. But he is not long left without the ministrations of the sanctuary. Wherever the ring of the woodman's axe or the crack of the hunter's rifle is heard, there the Methodist missionary soon follows as the almoner of the church, breaking the Bread of Life to those who are perishing for lack of knowledge—sharing the hardships and privations of the people among whom he labours, partaking of their often coarse and scanty fare, sympathizing with their sorrows, and rejoicing with them in their simple joys. He thus helps to lay broad and deep the foundations of a Christian civilization on those eternal principles of righteousness and truth which alone are the corner-stones of national greatness, the pledge of the stability of national institutions.

Where, within the memory of men now living, the only human habitation was the Indian wigwam, now rise noble cities with crowded populations, and adorned with stately architecture. The keeping pace with these enormous strides will



INDIAN CAMP.

tax to the uttermost the missionary energies of our church. But in consequence of this rapid development the remote mission station soon becomes a new source and centre of missionary effort, like the banyan tree extending its branches, which in time take root in the earth, and become themselves parent stems. Thus it is the truest economy to liberally sustain these domestic missions during the period of their dependence, at the same time teaching the principles of self reliance, and awakening the ambition to become in turn contributors to the missionary revenue, and to repay with usury the help they have themselves received.

OUR INDIAN MISSIONS

In the library of the Harvard University, near Boston, is an old and faded volume, which possesses a profound and pathetic interest. No man can read its pages. In all the world there is none who comprehends its mysterious characters. It is a sealed book, whose voice is silent forever. Yet its language was once the vernacular of a numerous and powerful race. But of those who spoke that tongue there runs no drop of kindred blood in any human vein. It is the Bible translated for the use of the New England Indians by Elliot, the great apostle of the native tribes. This worn and meagre volume, with its speechless pages, is the symbol of a mighty fact. Like the bones of the fossil dinosaurs and megatherium, it is the relic of an extinct creation. It is the only vestige of a vanished race, the tombstone over the grave of a nation. And similar to the fate of the New England tribes seems to be the destiny of the entire aboriginal race on this continent. They are melting away like snow before the summer sun. Their inherent character is averse to the genius of modern civilization. You cannot mow up the eagle of the mountain like the barn-yard fowl, nor tame the forest stag like the stalled ox. So, to the red man the trammels and fetters of civilized life are irksome and chafe his very soul. Like the caged eagle, he pines for the freedom of the forest or the prairie. He now stalks a stranger through the heritage of his fathers, an object of idle curiosity where once he was lord of the soil. He dwells not in our cities. He assimilates not with our habits. Like a spectre of the past, he lingers among us in scattered "reserves," or hovers upon the frontier of civilization ever pushed back by its advancing tide. Already the arrowheads and tomahawks of the aboriginal tribes are collected in our museums as strange relics of a bygone era.

Now, we who possess their lands owe a duty to this perishing race. The original occupants of the soil have inalienable rights conferred by the great Suzerain of all the earth which no man may innocently ignore or deny. Not that it is for a moment conceivable as the will of Providence that these broad lands—already the homes of millions and prospectively of millions more, should forever continue the hunting-ground of the wandering children of the forest. We believe every supplanting of a weaker by a stronger race to be a step towards a higher and nobler human development. But the right of conquest does not free from obligation to the conquered. We in Canada are in the position of wardens to those weak and dying races. They look up to our beloved sovereign as their "Great Mother." We are their elder and stronger brethren, their natural protectors and guardians. How have the duties springing from that relationship been discharged? The Government, it is true, has exercised a paternal care over the scattered fragments of these once numerous tribes. It has, where

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