

THE following very interesting letter from Miss Elderkin is most welcome. To our workers at home, letters direct from the field are most encouraging, and, more than anything else, bring us into heartfelt sympathy with our beloved missionaries. Let us cultivate this bond of union between those at home and those abroad, that we may all be conversant with the latest and freshest advances in the work. We hope Miss Elderkin will be a frequent correspondent:

CHILLIWHACK, May 2nd, 1889.

Dear Mrs. Parker,—I have been in this lovely valley of the Chilliwack between five and six weeks. I can scarcely realize that it is not later in the season, for it seems as if I had come from winter's cold directly into the glad song of birds, and bright sunshine of June. The fields and gardens are clothed in full verdure and bloom, while the roses are unfolding everywhere, and the air is laden with perfume. The scenery here is fine, and every time I lift my eyes to the snow-capped mountains that apparently surround us, I think, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear Him." There are quite a large number of farmers settled through the valley who, in time, will become wealthy, as the soil is so very fertile. It has been only about twenty years since the first white man and his family took up his abode in Chilliwack, and now there are three Protestant churches (and good sized ones, too); besides the Indians, both Protestant and Catholic, have their respective places of worship. There are two post-offices in this vicinity, several stores, a steamboat landing, a cheese factory, and a telegraph office. The steamer comes up from New Westminster every day while the river is passable. There are times in winter when the ice forms and prevents navigation. In June the water in the Fraser river rises and inundates the surrounding lower lands, backing the water up into sloughs and interfering in a measure with crops, making some highways impassable excepting by canoes or boats, and giving the mosquitoes good time and opportunity to germinate. There is a camp-meeting ground, where the Methodists annually hold their camp-meetings, which are largely attended by both whites and Indians. Nature has been most bountiful, and has planted forests of grandly majestic cedars, some of which measure fifteen feet across. The flora of this land is superb, while the cultivated fields and gardens yield rich returns to the laborer. Yet milk and honey do not flow gratuitously past every man's door, and it is only by the sweat of his brow that he can ever hope to eat honest bread, even in this fertile land. There are quite a large number of white people settled here, and the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian white people support their own pastors, while the Indian missionary, Rev. Mr. Tate, makes this his headquarters, having opened his heart and home to the neglected Indian children around. The children have been crowding in, till now there is not any room for more, and many are eagerly looking forward to the time when the Coqualeetra Home will be completed and ready for occupation. At present the building is progressing gradually toward completion. It is earnestly desired that it will be ready for occupation before the first of June. The grant of \$2,000, which the Woman's Missionary Society made for this building last year, cannot possibly be made to cover the expenses of site, building material and labor, therefore, now that grant is all expended, and there remains the plaster to be put on, the flues to build, windows and doors to put in, and the painting to be done, and nothing with which to do it, will not some of the kind readers of the OUTLOOK come to the help of the needy? This home is a necessity,

and if they could but witness the good that has been accomplished by the united efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Tate in the lives of some of the children who are now gathered under their own roof, they would advocate and aid the present movement, I am sure. Could they have seen the poor, deformed lad, who was two years ago brought here to be cared for, as their kind friends thought, till death relieved him of his sufferings then, and now listen to that same lad singing with heart and soul "I'll try to be like Jesus," or repeating at the hour of evening prayer some refreshing verse from the Bible, and see his face light up as he thinks of that love which caused God to give His only Son to die for such an one as he, I am sure assistance would not long be delayed, and we should soon be enabled to gather in the children into the Home where we could teach them not only to read, write and cipher, but also much other useful knowledge which now they cannot learn, because they have not the opportunity. Mr. Tate has to make some dangerous journeys in canoes in his rounds of visiting the Flathead Indians upon the coast, and there are some localities where his presence is much needed, but he cannot reach them because he has no means of getting there. If he had a steamer similar to the *Glad Tidings*, he could accomplish much more, and with less exposure of health and life than paddling in a frail canoe. Mr. Tate has already received several small contributions toward the purchasing of a steam mission boat, for which he has expressed gratitude, and he feels hopeful that in the near future his needs in this direction will be supplied.

The death of the Rev. Mr. Hemlaw, which occurred yesterday morning, after weeks of intense suffering and three or four days of unconsciousness at the last, fills our hearts with sympathy for his bereaved. Brother Hemlaw has been a faithful missionary, and it seems to us a strange providence that takes away, in the very prime of manhood, one who promised to be so useful; but "God buries His workmen, and still carries on His work."

Laura Elderkin.

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY?

BY MRS. W. I. SHAW.

(A paper read before the Quarterly Meeting of the Auxiliaries of Montreal.)

I! What can I do? Am I personally responsible for the salvation of the world? Yes; each of us is privileged to help in this great work, for we are commanded to be workers together with God. Let us, then, have an intelligent knowledge of the work and the workers employed. Do not let us agree to support any scheme of which we are ignorant.

The General Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, with an income of about \$220,000, sends out home and foreign missionaries and teachers, expending with the utmost economy and care every cent of its income, yet not at all able to answer every call for missionary helpers.

Here the Woman's Missionary Society begins, undertaking to work for women and children only, and by means of women only, sending year by year, from the homes of Canada, living, earnest, consecrated and educated women to uplift and enlighten the neglected French and Indian women of our own country, and those in foreign lands who sit in heathen darkness.

Do you know how great is that darkness, even yet, after all those years of missionary enterprise? Do you know that there is no such thing as family affection as we enjoy it, closing us in, and wrapping us round in its sweet environment? Nothing like that in many of these desolate places; no love for the tender infant, no fatherly affection