

sionary thanks the Band for its generous gift and states that it is the first mission band in Canada to subscribe for that purpose.

THE New Glasgow local union of Christian Endeavour met in the hall of James church, New Glasgow, N.S., on Monday evening last, to hear reports of the International Convention, also of the Maritime Convention.

MISS GURDON CUMMING, in "Two Happy Years in Ceylon," writes "It is a sore subject that, whereas Hindu, Mehammodan and Buddhist conquerors have ever abstained from deriving any revenue from the intoxicating spirits which are forbidden by each of these religions, a Christian Government should so ruthlessly place temptation at every corner both in Ceylon and in India, where, as has been publicly stated by an archdeacon of Bombay, the British Government has created a hundred drunkards for each convert won by Christian missionaries."

THE Mount Pleasant W.M.S. meeting took place on Wednesday evening of last week. Miss Preston was warmly welcomed on behalf of the auxiliaries by the Rev. Mr. Mooney, and gave a very interesting address, depicting her life and work in Japan, and giving much information, closing by contrasting the condition of the heathen with those who have embraced Christianity with all its consoling and elevating power, and expressing her joy at having been the bearer of the Gospel message to needy souls. After the address refreshments were handed around, and a time of social enjoyment followed. Among those from a distance were Mrs. McMurray, of Toronto, an active worker in the W.M.S. of the Episcopal Church, and Miss Heath, of Brantford, who favoured us with a solo. Mrs. Dr. Mott presided at the organ. The lecture room was tastefully decorated for the occasion and was fairly well filled, although the longed for rain had begun to fall early in the evening. Rev. Mr. Mooney presided in his own happy manner and voiced the wish of all present when he said they hoped to have many opportunities of hearing Miss Preston again.

THE first volume of the general tables of the census of 1891 has made its appearance and seems to be a work of extraordinary interest. According to the figures of this report, Calcutta is a city of a million inhabitants. In the empire no less than 85 million persons are reported as speaking Hindustani, or rather Hindi, as these tables have it; but to these must be added over three millions speaking Urdu, which is practically the same language, but reported in certain districts by a different name. A further addition of probably fifteen millions should also be made for portion, of Rajputana and Central India, which were omitted from that table when the census was taken, so that altogether the language known as Hindustani is spoken by no less than 103 millions of people. Next to Hindustani, Bengali takes the most prominent place, being spoken by over forty-one million human tongues. Then comes Telugu, represented by nineteen millions; Marathi by eighteen; Panjabi by seventeen; Tamil by fifteen, and so on. There are ten leading languages spoken in India, of which these are the first six, but fifty-seven other languages are enumerated, ranging from the Shive spoken by six persons, to the Sindhi spoken by two and a half millions. Burmah adds eleven languages to the above list. Only ninety-three persons speak Japanese, and 38,000 Chinese. One lone soul is reported as speaking Nicobar. The question is, to whom does he speak? No stranger entry is found in all interminable columns of the census reports than that of 308 persons who gave Sanskrit as their mother tongue. From the footnotes appended by the compiler it is concluded that this entry was not regarded as correct, and yet it is possible that a very few people can be found in India who never speak anything else than Sanskrit. All the entries belong to Western and Southern India, except twenty-five in the Punjab. The compiler suggests that these Panjabis really spoke their own provincial tongues, but does not attempt to explain how it came to pass that this was mistaken for Sanskrit.

## Emerson to Walhalla.

EMERSON, Aug. 14th, 1893.

Editor of THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW,

ON Monday, July 31st, Mr. Scott, a prominent member of our congregation here, called for me to go for a drive across the line to visit the home of his uncle, Rev. John Scott, a pioneer missionary of the West, at Walhalla. We went via Grotna, which is about 18 miles west of Emerson, near the boundary line. On the way from Emerson to Grotna we pass through the Mennonite settlement for nearly the whole way. There are some things noticeable about these people seen in driving through the settlement that might be of interest to your readers. As one passes their farms and notices the appearance of the farmhouse surroundings (for they are fast drifting out of the custom of living in villages) he is much struck with the neat appearance of everything. There seems to be a place for everything and everything in its place.

Many of them have beautiful flower-gardens, containing many varieties of the most lovely flowers. Their houses, though not large, are usually neatly painted, and look bright and cheerful from without, though, it is said, when they first settled they usually lived in one part and their horses and cattle in another, of the same building. Signs of industry are seen on every hand. Even the condition in which they keep their horses is in itself an evidence of thrift. They were busily engaged cutting and stacking their hay, and as we looked across the prairie on either side, we saw about as many women as men engaged in this work. Their women are strong, and seem to feel quite at home in the hayfield. They utilise all the force they have on the farm, and hence their exposures are comparatively small, which, no doubt, goes a long way toward accounting for the fact that their credit is always better with banks and loan companies than that of the average Canadian. About half way between Emerson and Grotna we meet a Mennonite missionary, and conclude that the spiritual interests of the people are not neglected. In point of intelligence they are not behind their Canadian neighbours when given the same chance.

My companion informed me that in many of the houses the only book to be found is the Bible (a sign of the highest kind of intelligence). Others are holding positions of trust, and in which no small amount of intelligence is required. Their mode of providing fuel for the long, cold winter is somewhat interesting. They cut the manure in the barnyard into square pieces or cubes about a foot each way, and pile it up in the sun to dry. When properly dried and required, it is burned in large sheet-iron furnaces made for the purpose. It is said these furnaces are so arranged as to render the disagreeable odour, necessarily accompanying the burning of manure, scarcely perceptible. Their houses are kept warm in winter. They believe in comfort, and the only one we noticed among them driving without a covered rig was their missionary.

At Grotna we report and cross the line into North Dakota. Grotna is a compact little town with a population of about 400. It has one church, under control of the Presbyterians, the congregation of which is composed of adherents of twelve different denominations. Lutheran service is also held in the town occasionally.

Proceeding in a direction south-west by west towards our destination, we call at the house of an enterprising young farmer, a friend of my companion and a former resident of Detroit, Mich. His wife is the daughter of a Mr. Henderson, formerly of the vicinity of Kingston, whose father was an intimate friend of Father Chiniquy, and is said to have been instrumental in his conversion to Protestantism. After having tea with these kind-hearted people, we proceeded to our destination through fields, miles long, of waving grain, promising to the extreme, on either side of the road. How much, in a temporal sense, have these people to be thankful for!

A little before dark we arrived at the house of the Rev. Mr. Scott. A half mile nearer the foot of the mountains there is the historic little town of Walhalla (city of the gods). Here we remain over the night. We are at once impressed with the kindness of Mrs.

Scott, and recognize in her a faithful and devoted servant of our Lord and Master. Her health is not the very best just at present, having almost worn herself out waiting on the sick people of the neighborhood, of whom there have been quite a number. After a pleasant walk through Mr. Scott's flower garden (he is a practical botanist) we retired for the night, being somewhat fatigued by our forty-nine mile ride. Next day we visited the cemetery, which is very beautifully situated along the side of the Pembina Mountain, near where the river of the same name forces its way through the mountains. Some of the inscriptions on the grave stones and monuments tell stories of a more interesting nature than do those on many of more pretentious appearance in larger and more wealthy places. Perhaps the most interesting monument of all is that erected to the memory of a faithful Christian martyr, a most earnest worker for the cause of Christ. It reads as follows:

Sacred to the Memory

of

Mrs. CORNELIA LEONARD SPENCER,

Born August 3rd, 1825,

Killed by Indians

August 30th, 1854,

At Walhalla,

Where she and her husband were labouring as missionaries.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

It is thought by those who, living near, know best the history of this cowardly deed that it was a Roman Catholic prejudice in the hearts of wicked and ignorant Indians, which was at the bottom of the plan to fire through the window on a dark night and put an end to the earthly life of that faithful servant of Christ, and loving wife and mother, whose life was devoted to the salvation of the souls of those who put her to death. Close beside the grave of Mrs. Spencer is that of another faithful Christian woman, in whose memory is erected a marble stone bearing the following inscription:

In memory

of

SARAH PHILENA,

Wife of Alonzo Barnard,

Who died Oct. 25th, 1853,

Of quick consumption, the result of ten years exposure and suffering as

A missionary

For the good of Indians,

Aged 34 years, 19 days.

—Ps. xxviii. 3, and xxxvii. 3.

This stone has been broken and lost, but found again and placed upon the grave.

I can assure you, dear editor, it was with great interest we read the inscriptions on these stones, which tells something of the life and death of two of God's faithful messengers of the Gospel to ungrateful sinners. It should be a source of inspiration to any reading the history of these two faithful women, an interesting sketch of the lives and work of whom has been written by Mrs. Charlotte O. Van Cleave, and published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia; entitled, "The Martyrs of Walhalla." Having spent most of the day among the tombs and flowers, we were pleasantly surprised at the return home of Father Scott, as he is reverently called by all who know him, on a visit from Langdon, where he is stationed as a missionary for the summer. Having become acquainted with our host, I could not wonder that every one calls him by such a dignified name. He is loving and kind and as humble as a child. For some years Mr. Scott was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Napance, Ont., and is well known to many of the readers of THE REVIEW. He has laboured in Manitoba and North Dakota as a missionary since about 1876. His chief delight seems to be in ministering to the spiritual needs of the humble settlers, and while a ripe scholar, he prefers to place himself on a level with the humblest, and sit with them learning from the Great Master and Teacher of His own. In his wife is to be found a worker no less faithful to the greatest of all Masters.

Remaining over the second night we return home profited and delighted by our trip.

A. E. CAMP.