A Million for Missions.

BY THE REV. EDWARD B. HEATON.

YE lands of the heathens, rejoice that the That wrapped you in death are beginning

From valleys and hilltops, from cornfields and meadows,
Break forth the glad tidings that brighten

Ye lands of the heathens, no more shall your Engulf little children whom Jesus did

No Christian hearts weep at your manifold

slaughters, he "Morning Star" shines o'er your The rank wilderne

Ye lands of the heathers, cry one to another, The Bible is coming with shepherds to lead. Across the gray waters hastes many a brother

Be gracious, old Ocean! wild winds bid them speed!

From Afric's dark jungles, where rites flerce

and gory
Are slaying their thousands whom Christ died to save :

From Asiau altars, with sin foul and hoary, Shall rise songs of triumph o'er death and the grave.

Then sing, O ye heathers, Jehovah hath

spoken, Ye isles of the ocean re-echo the strain, A million for missions!" this is the sure token; From pole unto pole the Messiah shall

- Asbury Parsonage.

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Rev W. H. W THROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 27, 1886.

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FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

Mewfoundland.

THE following letter, from a missionary in Newfoundland, was not written for publication, but we give a few extracts showing the straits to which some of our brethren are reduced, and the need of increased liberality in the support of our Home Missions. The letter bears date of Dec 10, 1885:-

"You have no idea of the poverty on our shores this year, owing to the low price of fish. Take, for instance, those who fish during the summer

months on Labrador. Many have received 10s. a quintal for fish. A man has thirty quintals for his share: £15 is the amount to keep himself and his family for the year.

"I have just returned from missionary me tings on the Bonavista and Trinity Circuits. The collections were about equal to last year, if only the subscriptions come in well. At a small place, Newman's Cove, a young man, having nothing to give to the collection, brought a rabbit which he had snared in the morning. I purchased it for Is .- the regular price is 6d,—to increase the fund. Ten boys promised to give one rabbit each during the winter, so as not to be behind last year.—Outlook.

Tobacco and Missions.

Over one hundred thousand dollars may be saved and devoted to the cause of God without any injury to any one; but, on the other hand, an actual benefit to the contributors themselves, they being thus emancipated from the slavery of the offensive habits of smoking and chewing tobacco. I won-der, and am amazed, when I think of the thousands of dollars worse than wasted every year by professors of religion in tobacco! Of course the expensiveness of these worse than useless habits is only one of the many unanswerable arguments against them; but that is the point I am now especially referring to.—Guardian

Cassell's National Library, edited by Prof. Morley, makes a remarkably good beginning. Among its early issues are, "My Ten Years' Imprisonment," by Silvio Pelico, "Childe Harold," and "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin." These are neat, well printed pocket volumes of about 200 pages each, for the almost nominal price of 10 cents. In this series many of the great classics of the world will be brought within the reach of every one. Sold everywhere.

FROM the Willard Tract Depository, S. R. Briggs, Toronto, we have received "God's Word to those Seeking Salvation," 35 cents per hundred; "How to Deal with Souls," 40 cents per hun-dred; and "Questions and Hints for Young Christians," 75 cents per hundred. All valuable little tracts. We would like to see them circulate by the thousand.

The McDougall Orphanage.

A raw Indian children whose fathers, and in some cases mothers, are dead, are gathered by Mr. McDougall into a home provided for them, called the Orphanage. There are about fifteen in this Institution; but it is desirable to have greater accommodation, so as to increase the number—and this means that more of these fatherless, destitute children will be taken care of as soon as the means are furnished to do so. They learn various kinds of work, just as our Canadian boys and girls do, so that they may live as civilized people when they are grown up. But, above al', they are told of the one true God, and are led to trust in Jesus Christ as tneir Saviour.

The religion of the Indians is a very dreadful and cruel one. They think that the God who sends the sunshine and the rain, and all the blessings they enjoy, is a good Being, and that it is not necessary for them to worship



THE STORK FAMILY.

Him, for He is never angry with them; but they are afraid of the Evil Spirit, and there'ore offer sacrifices to him, and do all that they can think of to please him.

The children at present in the McDougall Orphanage are from six to fourteen years of age, and have very strange names. Generally their Christian name is English; but the name given to them by their parents is often very long, and has a meaning. It is strange, and sometimes amusing, to hear the roll-call, where very small children have very large names. One little girl, whose Caristian name is Jessie, has a long Indian name, which, if I remember correctly, means "Crepton-her-hands and feet-through-the-long-grass-into-the-camp;" and as the In-dian words are longer than the Euglish, you may imagine its length. The English name given to little Jessie gives the Indian idea, but is considerably shorter—it is "Crawler."

Some time ago an Indian, who was not a Christian, brought his baby hoy to the missionary to be baptized, and wanted him called "Scorched Wolf." Several English names were suggested, and at last the Indian substituted P ul for Scorched Wolf. So, in time, English names only will be found among the Indian tribes of North

While all our young folk will be glad to hear of the care taken of a few of our little Indian brothers and sisters, they must not forget that a great many are neglected or ill-treated who ought to be reached. Think about this matter sometimes, and see what you can do to help.—Missionary Outlook.

THE seeds of things are very small.

The Stork Family.

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In many lands the stork family is held in high honour. In many parts of the European continent they are encouraged to build their nests on the chimneys, steeples, and trees near dwellings. Indeed, as an inducement to them to pitch their quarters on the houses, boxes are sometimes erected on the roofs, and happy is the household which thus secures the patronage of a stork. In Morocco and in Eastern countries also storks are looked upon as sacred birds, and with good reasons, for they render very useful service both as scavengers and as slayers of anakes and other reptiles. In most of the towns a stork's hospital will be found. It consists of an enclosure to which are sent all birds that have been injured. They are kept in this infirmary—which is generally supported by voluntary contributions—until they have regained health and strength. To kill a stork is regarded as an offence.

In London, with a population of four million, the number of Roman Catholics is only one hundred and fifty thousand, and this mainly through Irish immigration. Notwithstanding the occasional perversion of some weakheaded sprig of nobility and the attendant hue and jubilation over it, the fact remains that the pope is less a power in England to-day than he was twenty five years ago, and Romanism is not growing in England.

"Ir doesn't take me long to make up my mind, I can tell you," said \$ conceited fop. "It's always so where the stock of material to make up is small," quietly remarked a young lady.