

conversation with a dear Japanese friend, I asked how this beautiful gratitude was secured. I said many American parents do all they can to bring up their children in the fear of God, and yet when they are grown they are disobedient, disrespectful, and often break their parents' hearts.

"Well," she said, "I will tell you what I know about it. Have you ever, in passing through the streets, heard a child cry?"

"Oh, yes, often," I replied, "but I supposed the little one had fallen or hurt itself in some way."

"Now, the next time you hear a child screaming, just go up to the door and peep in, and this is what you will see—a mother seated by the fire crying, holding her child in one hand, and in the other a heated iron. The child's arm is bare to the shoulder; it has disobeyed its parents. A child who disobeys its parents has a devil. Devils can only be driven out by fire, and she will drive it out by burning a deep scar on the child's arm, so deep that it carries it while it lives; and the same punishment is never repeated in the household."

The story made a deep impression on my mind, although I never witnessed the infliction of the punishment. Don't let the heathen outdo you in love and obedience to your parents.—*Children's Work for Children.*

Along the Line.

THE INDIAN WORK.

Letter from the REV. EDWARD EVES, dated NORWAY HOUSE, August 13th, 1890.

I AM thankful to say we are all well. Yesterday and to-day the people have been receiving their treaty money, and I think by this time the last man will have been paid.

Our services this summer have been well attended, as well as seasons of blessing. Our Sabbath-school has been increasing in numbers and interest of late. I have been trying to model it, so far as I have been able, after the Ontario schools, thus utilizing the talent that we have in our Church in addition to the minister and interpreter. The teachers have taken readily to the work, and I am sure they do their best to teach what they know of God's Word to the younger members of the band. There are some things that hinder us of meeting with as much success as we could desire—we have scarcely any Bibles. Then the teachers cannot attend regularly, and the same may be said of most of the pupils. Yet these things do not discourage us. I feel certain God will bless our effort. Hitherto, only the children were taught, and the consequence is, boys and girls in their teens felt themselves too large or old to attend. I have been teaching the Bible-class, and have the parents for my pupils.

The day after to-morrow (D.V.) I purpose making a trip to Split Lake, taking in Cross Lake next Sabbath, and if I am not unusually delayed by storm, I will get back after two Sabbaths' absence.

This post has not been visited before, because but a few Indians only had taken up permanent residence there. But now I am told by those who know well that many from York Factory have taken up permanent residence there (if such a thing can be said of an Indian), and greatly desire a visit from the missionary. Split Lake lies between Cross Lake and Nelson River, only to the east, probably three days' journey. No other missionary could conveniently reach them. I am quite certain they will be under my charge during remainder of my sojourn at this place. With your consent, I should like to send a local preacher among them.

I was disappointed when the boats came without bringing us a supply of Bibles. How can we succeed if we do not give the people the Word of God to read to their families? You have no idea how badly we are off for Bibles. I mean, in every instance where I use the word "Bible," the Old and New Testaments combined. The people tell me they cannot answer the questions in the Sabbath-school class, for they have no Bibles to study it at home. Send us Bibles! Send us Bibles! We need hundreds of them. Wherever I go, the people are asking for Bibles, and telling me the minister used always to have them to give. But I have none, and can only parry off their earnest appeals by telling them I have written for them and expect them to come soon; but I cannot long hang upon that limb. Please send us relief in this matter if you can, but if you cannot, please let me know, so I will not be feeding the people upon hopes that are never to be realized.* Then, hymn-books are published, I believe, and we would like a few if they could be sent out without cost to the missionary. I mention "cost," because I must be pretty deep into the Missionary Society already.

Letter from the REV. EDWARD EVES, dated NORWAY HOUSE, September 1st, 1890.

I HAVE just returned from my Split Lake trip. We had a good time, and many turned to the Lord. I never preached to more hungry people, and seldom saw more visible effects of the work. Many rose and confessed Jesus, and numbers came to the Lord's table in a flood of tears, and the emotion of some was so great that they cried aloud from the first move they made to get on their feet to come, and came through the crowd to the Lord's table weeping aloud. There are forty adults, nearly all of whom took the sacrament for the first time, eight only excepted. After the Sabbath services were closed, one of the older ones gathered all the young people together and exhorted them in many useful words. He was not asked to do so, but was taught of the Spirit, and I thought it so timely and Christian. I thanked God, and was so glad for all His wonderful works and love.

There are thirty children—seventy in all. This number will be increased greatly very soon by other arrivals from York Factory, which place, in consequence

* We have exhausted the stock of Cree Bibles at the Toronto Bible House, and have written to the Parent Society for a fresh supply. If not out of print we will have them soon.—ED. OUTLOOK.