

MISSION FIELD.

NEW DENVER, B.O.

Editor Presbyterian Review:

Perhaps a few items from the Western mission field may prove interesting to your readers.

The pioneer missionary in British Columbia like the pioneer prospector has many a rough trail to follow and difficulties to encounter, rocky bluffs to scale and mountains to face but despite the rough outlook and sometimes discouraging prospect.

"Hope's blest dominion never ends" and the church may look forward to a bright future.

Thanks to the "Students of Knox" the mission field of the West has not been neglected and already the work is beginning to tell.

In New Denver a new church building is nearly completed and although not ready for formal opening. Mr. W. J. Booth missionary in charge took the first opportunity of holding services, so we had our first service in the new church on Sunday the 19th at 11 a.m. Mr. Booth's subject was "Christ before Pilate" and made the point that we all stand in the place of Pilate and have the opportunity of following the dictates of our conscience and accepting Christ, or of truckling to the mob, and shirking the responsibility. The choir gave us a very nice service of song.

The work of building a new church was initiated by Mr. Wm. Beattie lately stationed at Stocan City and on his transfer to that place the work fell on his successor, Mr. W. J. Booth, who has labored faithfully (and liberally) with head and hand to push along the work, and thanks to the noble few who contributed liberally and others who assisted by their work we have now a very creditable place of worship and just a step and a half ahead of the old fashioned long and narrow style. The church is 30x36 with good spacious platform for choir and speakers and the preacher has his audience close up around him. A small vestry has also been added where the "Student" may make himself at home and keep bachelors hall, emulating the hardy prospector who camps out in the mountains on the search for precious treasures.

We had a very pleasant visit and address a short time ago from Rev. Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Western Missions, who gave us some choice reminiscences of his visit to the "Auld Country", and Ontario.

Mr. Wm. Beattie left for his home in Palmerston and then to resume his studies. Yours truly, W. D. MITCHELL.

NEW HEBRIDES.

There are now twenty-four missionaries and three associates on the roll of the New Hebrides Synod. A fourth associate is on the way and "The John G. Paton Mission Fund" purposes sending out another missionary very shortly. The success of this fund has given a great impetus to the work in the New Hebrides. The Mission Synod has asked the Melanesian Mission, which at present has no missionary on the three northern islands, Aurora, Oba and Pentecost, to give them over to their charge. If this request be complied with the Synod will then have the whole group under its care. Of the twenty-four missionaries, eleven labor under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria. The remaining thirteen represent seven other Presbyterian churches. Three of them are supported by the Canadian church (Eastern Division). "The John G. Paton Mission Fund" at present supports two missionaries and two lay assistants; it undertakes the salary of the assistant at the Native Teachers' Training Institution and maintains sixty native teachers, all at an annual cost of \$7000. In addition to this sum it undertook to furnish \$5000 per annum toward the maintenance of the lost Dayspring.

The reports read at last meeting of Synod indicated that great progress had been made during the year. A decisive step in advance was taken by the Synod itself in the ordination of Epeteneto of Ancityum as the first native pastor.

A Presbyterian missionary in China gives the following account of his boarding-school: The entire expenditure for from 20 to 30 pupils, including food, clothing, outfit, teachers' salaries, and everything else, is about \$1,000 per annum. In the course of 20 years there have been 144 scholars, an equal number having been dismissed after preliminary trial. Of this number 64 became Christians, 11 had been ordained to the ministry, 10 were candidates for the ministry, 5 were Christian school-teachers and other assistants. At the start almost all were from heathen families, and were indentured to keep them the full time in school, but 4 out of the 40 being Christians. At the time when the account was given, almost all were from Christian families, indentures were no longer necessary, about one half were professing Christians.

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

THE "BURYIN" OF ZEB HOLT.

BY CAROLINE H. STANLEY.

(Continued.)

The old minister took a step nearer the grave.

"My friends," he said, "we have come to day to do the last kind offices for our departed brother. We have consigned his body to the grave, and it remains for me but to deliver to you his dying message."

There was a moment of absolute stillness. Then those on the outskirts pressed a little nearer.

"I was with him," he continued, "a few days before his death. He was fully conscious, and talked with me freely. He knew his end was near, and he was willing to go. I think life has been a hard struggle for him, and he was glad to give it up. It is a pitiful thing, brethren, that this should be so.

"He had no reproaches for anybody. He said, when he told me the story: 'Tell them all I don't blame anybody. They didn't know. If they had known they'd have felt different—I'm sure they would.' And he asked me to tell you to-day the story that he had never had a chance to tell."

They listened breathlessly. At last they would know what Zeb Holt had done!

"Zebadiah Holt," began the minister, "was born in Gasconade County thirty-seven years ago. His father died when he was a boy of sixteen, and left his mother to his care. They lived together on a farm near Franklin, and made a living by hard work. In course of time he was married. He didn't say much about his wife, but he talked freely of his mother, and I judge that they were more to each other than most mothers and sons. He said, 'I always knew I could count on mother—mother and me were kind of partners!'

"One day when his child was about a year old he went into town. He had some words on the street, he said, with a man who had traded a buggy to him. One thing led to another till their blood was hot, and a crowd had gathered around them. Then the man coupled the name of Holt's wife with that of a profligate man of the town. And Zeb struck him down. Brethren—he never rose again!"

The old minister paused. And the men looked at each other. This, then was Zeb Holt's crime! They had never supposed it was less than theft?

"I do not palliate this man's sin." The old minister's tone changed swiftly from that of a narrator to the stern accents of the preacher of righteousness. "To give life or to take it is the prerogative of Almighty God. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' We cannot escape God's law. This man sinned, and he paid the penalty—not the blood of his viens, but the blood of his manhood. But, I charge you, remember, brethren, that God looks upon the heart, not the result. And I call upon you this day—you who have ever in a moment of passion struck down a fellow man—to raise, if you can, clean hands to heaven and say, 'I am guiltless of Zeb Holt's sin!'"

He looked fearlessly around him as if expecting a reply. None came. This was not a long-suffering people. Many a man among them had been wont to boast that with him it was "a word and a blow, and the blow came first"—many a man among them thought of the time when he had "laid out his man." But his man always rose again. Zeb's didn't. That was all the difference.

"Well,"—the voice sank to its usual mild cadence—"he was arrested, tried, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. He was taken to Jefferson immediately. He had little to say of his prison life, except that they were kind to him, and that he learned the shoemaker's trade."

The shoemaker and the man next to him exchanged significant glances—it was true, then, as they had thought.

"I saw the warden yesterday. He says a more faithful man he never had in the prison. He was discharged on three fourths time—making his term seven and a half years. During the first year he heard from his wife twice. Then the letters ceased. His mother could not write, and his wife did not. Just before his time expired there came to him a pair of cotton socks, home-knit. He knew the knitting. They were from his mother. He took them from