

for breakfast, her husband was chasing the unruly pigs, muttering all kinds of threats at them and the saints. Through the day the pigs got little of his corn, for he proved a better guard than the images, and at night these were left hanging from the tree with the hope that the discomfort of their position would bring them to do what was desired of them.

The next morning Mother Lucia took good care to be busy when her husband went out to the field, and when at breakfast she asked if the pigs got into the corn again, it was not in a very hopeful tone of voice.

"Yes," said the angry husband, "and I'll only give those saints one more trial, and then, if they fail, I'll throw the whole crowd away. I've buried them all under a heavy log to-day, and pounded it down well. Now, if that doesn't bring them to terms, nothing will."

"Pedro, you should not talk in that irreverent way about the saints," mildly reproved the wife, betraying, however, in her tone, her own failing faith.

On the following morning Pedro Ramos once more went out to his field, only to find the pigs grunting their satisfaction over the broken-down stalks of corn, while the saints still quietly reposed in their underground prison. Out of all patience with the continued loss, he hastily dug up the images, and throwing them one by one to the ground, broke them to fragments. He then gathered up a few of the pieces, and carrying them to his wife, said: "You need not expect me to keep my faith in such things as these. If all the saints put together cannot manage a few pigs, I'll not trust my soul to their keeping."

"I am afraid that you are right," agreed the wife, "and for my part, I begin to think that I would like to know more about what those Protestants teach. Cousin Maricota says that they always speak of Jesus Christ as if He were a friend always ready to help and to save, and if that is so, we do not need the saints."

"Well," sighed the farmer, "I don't see any remedy now but to mend the fence, and I wish that I had done so at first and saved my corn, instead of looking to those clay images for help."—*Children's Work.*

A MOVEMENT is on foot among the native professors of the University of Japan, at Tokyo, and others, to found at Tokyo an institute and college for women to receive about twelve house boarders and one hundred day-pupils. Many of these gentlemen have been in England, and some have studied there, and have carefully observed English life and habits of thought. Their observations have led them to propose that their ladies' college in the "England of the East" should be under the control of four English ladies, who should be perfectly free—and, indeed, welcome—to convert their pupils to the Christian faith. They openly say that Buddhism is powerless to raise a nation.

MR. JOSEPH COOK says if Christians would give one dollar to the heathen as often as they spend five dollars for their own churches, we could send one preacher to every 50,000 people on earth; and then in less than fifty years everybody in the world would hear the good news that Jesus Christ came to save sinners.

Along the Line.

THE INDIAN WORK.

THE NAAS RIVER, B.C.

SOME time ago the Exmouth Street Sunday-school, of St. John, N.B., sent a handsome copy of Henry's Bible to the church at Greenville, on the Naas River. The people were all from home at the time, and an acknowledgment could not be sent, but they were very grateful for the gift, and now request us, through their missionary, the Rev. D. Jennings, to publish the following letter:—

NAAS RIVER, B.C., *Sept. 25th. 1890.*

To the Exmouth St. Sunday School, St. John, N.B.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Through the columns of the OUTLOOK we wish to express our gratitude to you for the beautiful copy of Henry's Bible you have sent for the use of our mission. When it reached us only a few of our people were at home. The Bible, coming when it did, greatly cheered our hearts and lifted us up, for we were much cast down because our missionary was leaving us for another field of labor. His leaving was a sore trial to us, but your Bible came just then and cheered our hearts. The missionary will go, but the Bible will remain; we heartily thank God it came then. We hope this Book will be a great blessing to us and to our children. We have already learned much of God's Word. As this Bible is so beautifully illustrated, and contains so many excellent comments on the Sacred Word, we know it will be a great help to us. If your school could see for themselves the great change that has come over us since the light of the Gospel first dawned upon us, they would not grow weary in trying to spread the truth. We have now a new and beautiful church in which to worship God, for which we have to thank the Christian friends of Canada for their large contribution towards its construction. We have now two large handsome Bibles, one for our new church, and the one just received from you to be used in our weekly study of God's Word. We shall not forget the kindly spirit that prompted your school to send this grand old Bible to the Naas Mission, and we shall pray that our Father's blessing may rest upon you.

We remain, dear friends,

Yours in Jesus Christ,

GEORGE PALMER.
JAMES WESLEY.
JONATHAN MERCER.
ROBERT McMILLAN.

LETTER FROM A VETERAN MISSIONARY.

THE account in a recent number of the OUTLOOK, of the death of a faithful Christian of the Cree nation, Paul Caian by name, has stirred potent memories in the heart of the veteran missionary, Rev. Thos.