

There was not bonnet or hat there except the teacher's, not a bang, frizz, crimp nor curl. They looked old-fashioned, but clean and neat, and listened attentively to the sermon, though they understood but little English. Hungarian, Bohemian, English and German hymns were sung, and all sang "Rock of Ages," each in his own language. They asked for a missionary. Should we not do our part to make them Christians?

People of our own kindred are there, too. An appointment for service was made in a new settlement. The people met by a river side. I drove along the hill above them. Horses, harnessed and saddled, stood tied to trees. Wagons, buckboards and sleighs—in summer—were scattered around. Oxen grazed near by. The people sat in groups under the trees, while the children were playing at a little distance, filling the valley with their shouts and laughter. Somebody shouted, "The minister!" Play stopped, and all moved toward the house—it could not hold half of them; so we held the service in a grove. There were more than thirty children to be baptized, and I warned the parents to bring them forward in regular order, for fear I might give the right name to the wrong child. It would never do to call a baby girl John or Robert, would it? If you hunt up the eighty-fourth Psalm you will see what we tried to sing; but after the first verse the people began to sob and weep. So we had to stop. Do you know why they cried? At the close we sang the second Paraphrase—please look it up and read it—and all joined with heart and voice. Then one of them got up and said, "We thank you, sir, for visiting us; some of us have come ten, some twelve, miles to meet you. Can we not get a missionary? We are poor and shall need help for a few years, but we will do what we can to support a missionary. Have pity on us and on our children!" Shall we not help them? Some of these men had no coats on, some no vests, and the trows of some were like Joseph's coat—of many colors, though not tartan. Shall we send them a missionary?

In the mining camps, also, are many

needing missionaries. Here drinking, gambling, and all kinds of wickedness flourish, shops and saloons are open on Sunday, and that is the day chosen for picnics, ball games, and such recreations. But after a missionary has gone in and worked for a while, things change. People try to live better lives, drinking places and shops are closed on Sunday, and people go to church instead of to picnics. Should not we try to do our best to send more missionaries to help the miners lead good lives?

Home mission work means sending missionaries to all the people in our own country whom we ought to care for. Will not you, boys and girls, do all you can to help in this great work?

Winnipeg, Man.

Says Rev. Alfred Gandier, Convener of the General Assembly's Committee on Young People's Societies: "The Committee is anxious that our young people, whose interests in the new century are so large, should all have a share in the great Church movement that is to mark the beginning of this new era. Young People's Societies throughout the Church are requested to co-operate with sessions in securing subscriptions to the Century Fund from every young person in our congregations. There should not be one young man or young woman, one growing boy or girl within the bounds of any one of our congregations, without a definite share in the Century Fund. There are one hundred thousand young people who, if they could not do more, could at least give one or two dollars between now and May 1st, 1901, and that would mean more than a tenth of the whole amount."

Any reader of the HOME STUDY QUARTERLY, or any Sabbath School, desirous of having mite boxes for the Century Fund will please address Rev. W. G. Wallace, 15 Madison Avenue, Toronto. Every boy and girl throughout the Church should begin now to store up for next Children's Day in September. It would be easy for the children to have \$20,000 ready by that time; a grand gift!