

The young people who are reading these lines are to be the **Present** and **Future** of the Presbyterian Church in Canada a few years hence; its members, its elders, its ministers, its missionaries. You are now fitting yourselves for that work. Do it well and that church will be a grand one. Love your church and seek so to live, that it may be more than ever a church of Jesus Christ.

The young people who to-day are being trained in young people's missionary societies and mission bands will surely grow up to be mission workers, and many of you will perhaps go to heathen lands to tell the story of a Saviour from sin and death.

But wherever your life may lie let it be a life for Christ, and He will say of it, "Well done good and faithful."

HOW THEY BURIED THE BABY.



FEW few days before Christmas, Rev.

Dr. Buchanan and his wife, our missionaries in Ujjain, Central India, were called to part with the little baby girl, a year and a half old.

She was ill for four weeks, her father and mother were both physicians, who had studied medicine that they might the better do Christ's work among the heathen, and all that loving care could do, they did for their little one, but Jesus wanted her for service in a better place than India, so after brightening the mission home for a little while she was taken away.

The father had then to superintend the making of the coffin, for the natives know nothing of our mode of burial.

Next morning two of the missionaries from another station not far away came to the funeral. They held a short service. The little remains were then placed upon a bullock cart for a hearse, and a sad little procession followed as it moved slowly along.

Away from the city a mile and a half, on a quiet knoll by the root of a palm tree, they lay the little body for its last long sleep, and to-day a missionary home in India is very lonely because the baby is gone.

Pray for our missionaries far off among the heathen.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH SEAS.

BY OUR MISSIONARY ON EFATE.

To St. John's Ch. Mission Band, Toronto.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Our Island of Efate or Sandwich, as it is often called by Europeans, is about 80 miles around. It lies about the centre of the New Hebrides group, and is the fifth island as we come north. Erromanga is the nearest island to the south of us and is about 70 miles distant. Some of the islands to the north of us, however, are only a few miles distant.

Efate has been more resorted to by Europeans than has any other island of the group. It has two fine harbors, Fila and Havanna. At the former we have our out station.

Erakor, our principal station, is about two miles from Fila Harbor. It is a small island lying in a lagoon and is considered a healthy spot. About 130 natives live on the islet and cross over in canoes to their plantations on the mainland.

Mr. McDonald, supported by the Presbyterian Church of Victoria, is settled at Havanna Harbor on the opposite side of the island.

Fila Harbor is the most important place in the New Hebrides. There are quite a number of settlers there, British, French, and other nationalities. They are growing coffee and maize and are engaged in making copra, the dried kernel of the cocoanut.

There are one or two stores and an agent of a steamship company resides there. Men-of-war, English and French, are often in the harbor, so that it is by no means a lonely place. The S.S. Rockton, a fine large steamer, calls there monthly on her way to Fiji, and it is the headquarters of our little inter-island steamer, the Croydon.

I may here mention that we are very anxious about the steam service, lest it should be withdrawn, as this colony, New South Wales, is likely to withdraw its subsidy of £1,200. The S.S. Co. say that without this they cannot keep the Croydon in the group. We now get a monthly mail, but it will be a great disappointment to us if we have to employ a sail-