

A Brahmin Christian lady, whose father is a priest working in the mission at Panch Howds, Poona, has written the following appeal from her Indian sisters :

Listen, listen, English sisters,
Hear an Indian sister's plea :
Grievous wails, dark ills revealing,
Depths of human woe unscaling,
Borne across the deep blue sea.
"We are dying, day by day,
With no bright, no cheering ray :
Naught to lighten our gloom,
Cruel, cruel, is our doom."

Listen, listen, Christian sisters,
Show ye have a Christlike heart ;
Hear us, sadly, sadly moaning,
'Neath our load of sorrow groaning,
Writhing 'neath its bitter smart :
With no hope of rest above,
Knowing not a Father's love,
Your true sympathy we crave,
You can help us, you can save.

Listen, listen, Christian sisters,
Hark, they call and call again ;
Can ye pass them by, unheeding
All their eager, earnest pleading ?
Hear ye not their plaintive strain ?
Let your tender hearts be moved,
Let your love to Christ be proved,
Not by idle tears alone,
But by noble actions shown.

This is no *romantic story*,
Not an idle, empty tale ;
Not a vain, far-fetched ideal.
No, your sisters' woes are real,
Let their pleading tones prevail,
As ye prize a Father's love,
As ye hope for rest above,
As your sins are all forgiven,
As ye have a home in heaven.

Rise and take the Gospel message,
Bear its tidings far away ;
Far away to India's daughters,
Tell them of the living waters.
Flowing, flowing, day by day,
That they, too, may drink and live
Freely have ye, freely give.
Go, disperse the shades of night
With the glorious Gospel light.

A LETTER FROM 'THE UPPER YUKON, ALASKA.



RS. BOMPAS writes to us, from her husband's diocese, the diocese of Selkirk, as follows :

I must try to send you a few items of Church work on the Yukon, as you have frequently asked me to do. I propose to myself the unprecedented achievement of writing a missionary letter without one allusion to the subjects of "more men and money"! I fear that our mission standard of perfect content is apt to be somewhat similar to that of the Scotchman who defined it as "only wanting a wee bit more than we hae."

We of the Upper Yukon are just now rejoic-

ing in lengthening days and increasing sunlight. We hope that the worst of our eight months' winter is past and o'er, and this in spite of our Candlemas Day having been bright and fair.

We have had it pretty cold through the month of January and the first week in February, the thermometer ranging from 30° to 55° and 64°. Even this low temperature is endurable so long as the air is still, but, if the least wind rises, it requires very strong courage and resolution to take a walk. But our Northwest attire is such as to render us almost impervious to cold and our "brave northeasters," and even one hundred degrees of frost fail to penetrate our sealskin, long-legged boots, and deerskin "parquets," which parquets are a coat and hood all in one, the latter completely covering the head and forehead, and is edged with a thick fringe of gray wolf fur.

We welcomed the first disk of the sun back on the 7th of January. We had had no sun above our horizon for nearly six weeks, and so we hailed his return almost with shouts and acclamations. Yet in these snowy regions our winter nights are by no means of pitchy darkness. Even had we no aurora to shed its consecrated gleams upon our sky, the reflection from our bright carpet of snow is enough to make visible most of the surrounding landscape. Our twilight also is so long that, even when the sun does not rise at all, there are lovely streaks of day-dawn in the southeast in the early morning, and the last streak will not expire till nearly 5 p.m.

Our mission buildings at Buxton consist of a small log house, well stuffed with moss between each log, and banked up with earth to keep out the cold. Also a good-sized schoolhouse, adjoining. In this the bishop holds services, i.e., daily evensong, and morning and evening prayers in Indian on Sundays, and one service in English for the miners and other white people round Forty-Mile Creek. One longs greatly to get a church started, but our funds will not allow this at present, although there is abundance of wood near, and our Indians, I doubt not, would give their services for part of the building. It is sad to have but one mean-looking building for all our Church services, including, as in the last two years, two ordinations, one confirmation, two marriages, etc.

We are here in the centre of a large gold mining district. Fresh creeks are constantly being prospected, and found to be rich in ore and gold dust. These are most of them on American-territory, but the access to the mines is from the British side. Miners are arriving every year in increasing numbers. About three hundred and fifty are now stationed at Birch Creek, some hundred miles from Fort Yukon. They are already building houses, and have named their new settlement Circle City, being