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The Dying Micmac.

On the floor of his wigwam an Indian lay,
 And his spirit was rapidly passing away,
 On his brow stood the dewdrops of death thick and
 chill.
 And the life-pulse, once bounding, was fast growing
 still.

He spoke to his friends as they gathered around,
 All eager to list to the last failing sound
 Of the voice that had cheered them in council or fight
 'Mid the fires of the wigwam or shadows of night.

He told them his prospects, and Oh what were these?
 To guide his frail bark over mirror-like seas,
 Whose rippleless water no storm-surge e'er swells,
 In the far distant land where the Great Spirit dwells;
 Or fearless and free thro' the hunting-grounds roam
 Where the elk and the deer and the bison should
 come?

Ah no, but the fulness and freshness of grace,
 And the power of Jesus to save their lost race,
 This, this was his theme, for to him had been given
 A vision of glory, of God and of Heaven!

He saw the paved streets which like burnished gold
 shone,
 And highly exalted sat Christ on his throne,
 While angels were circling within their bright home,
 And shouting triumphantly "John Paul has come!"

The Indian fell back on his skin covered bed,
 And soon he was one of earth's numberless dead,
 But his spirit had passed to its home in the sky,
 To enjoy the full vision of glory on high!

O servant of Christ, speed thee on in thy work,
 Thy mission of love and tho' danger should lurk
 In each step of thy pathway, yet onward still move,
 Rejoicing to know that thy God doth approve.
 And oh, if e'er weary or faint by the way,
 Thy footsteps from duty are tempted to stray,
 Remember *one* Micmac looks down from above,
 The fruit of thy labor, the fruit of thy love,
 The pledge, which to thee by thy God hath been given
 That the seed sown on Earth shall be garnered in
 Heaven!

—E. B. S.

An Object Lesson.

We wonder how many of our young missionary workers have seen the beautiful photograph of all the Indian children in the home at Chilliwack this Christmas? We hope that every one of our members will have an opportunity soon of seeing one of these pictures, for no Christmas gift has brought quite so much pleasure and power to us—gazing with deepest interest on each face. O how thankful we feel to have had the honor of helping, in any small measure, to make these children what they are to-day! Such an object lesson for the many people we find who say "this work ought to be done *entirely* by the government. The government could give these children civilization, but what about the effects of the Gospel of Christ as taught to them—effects so plainly to be seen—even in this picture?

We are reminded of the beautiful Kaffir girl who was sent to a boarding school and carefully educated. She returned to the friends who had placed her there, but only for a few weeks. Exchanging her lovely English clothes for a savage woman's red-clay and blanket, she trudged one hundred miles or more, back to her old tribe and coarsest heathenism. Her former missionary friends said, "Can you tell me, Emma, the secret of this?" She answered, "The reason is this—I was civilized, but not christianized."

We trust that all our boys and girls will commence this year's work by assuring their hearts, from God's own Word, that it is the command of Christ *we* obey in seeking to rescue and help Indian children, so that they may always have a good answer ready to give to those who would try to persuade them that it is no part of *their* work to do so. The King's work requires haste! Millions of