

SUNDAY SCHOOL NOTES.

—A worker in Africa gives the following numbers as the approximate Sunday-school attendance on that continent: In Senegal, 200; Gambia, 400; Sierra Leone, 2,000; Liberia, 1,500; at the Basle Mission, Dahomey, 2000; at the Wesleyan Mission, Guinea, 4000; in the schools of the Church Missionary Society, 2000; in miscellaneous missions, 38,000; South Africa, 150,000; East Africa, 510; Central Africa, 200; Egypt, 500.

—At the recent annual meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland a considerable increase of attendance in the Sunday-schools of the denomination was reported. The number of the schools is now 1,952, with an attendance of 187,418 children, who are taught by 17,436 teachers. The number of persons in attendance on adult classes is 44,885. A similar increase in Sunday-school attendance was reported in the General Assembly of the Free Church.

—Here is a pleasant incident in the work of a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union, told in his own words: "In a recent missionary town I met an aged minister who, for thirty years, has preached once a month, in four different congregations and gathered into Christ's church over 2,000 members, of whom 1,900 were youths. 'They were converted,' he said, 'not by my preaching mainly, but through Sunday-school teaching and training.' 'Do you visit your Sunday-schools often?' 'No: I live in them; they are all my big family,' was the striking reply."

—How sower and reaper may rejoice together is shown in a letter of a Sunday-school missionary who tells of a recent pleasing experience of his: "On my way to my appointments on a Sunday morning I fell in with a stranger who took me for a Kentucky horse-trader. It proved that we were both going to the meeting of a Union Sunday-school; and when we arrived, we were introduced, he was surprised to find in me the missionary of the American Sunday-school Union who organized it eight years ago, while he proved to be the new pastor of a church grown out of it."

MISSION NOTES.

Four native teachers, with their families, in all twelve persons, connected with the mission of the London Society in New Guinea, have been massacred, west of Port Moresby. No European perished. The account given by the Rev. T. Beswick does not state what was the cause of the massacre. It was premeditated, and occurred when the teachers and their families were all in a boat, about to leave Kalo, and were utterly helpless. They were killed by spears, one spear killing both mother and babe in two instances. The teacher at Kalo had warning that he would be killed, but refused to leave his post.

The total number of baptisms among the Telugus of Ongole last year was 2,758, a record only less remarkable than the wonderful work among this people in 1878. The Baptist *Missionary Magazine* says that there are only two missionaries with their wives to care for the fifteen thousand Christians in the Ongole field. Rev. Mr. Clough writes that with three more men he believes that 10,000 persons would be baptized during this year.

—The *Congregationalist* says:—We congratulate our Baptist brethren on the course of Rev. Edward Judson, who has left a large and wealthy church to take up Christian work in New York City at a reduced salary, and in a less cultivated field. Mr. Judson, son of the missionary, for several years pastor at Orange, N.J., and formerly professor at Madison University, has long felt that a church for the people was needed in the lower part of New York; not a mission church, but

one to reach if possible the thousands who live in boarding-houses and have not, neither apparently care to have, a church home. He has studied the needs of this part of the city, with 100,000 people in a single ward, and says he "cannot get away from his duty to work among them." It is understood that a moderate salary is secured to him by a wealthy gentleman of New York, during the establishment of the enterprise, which it is expected will ultimately, with Mr. Judson's peculiar gifts for such work, be developed in many departments with complete organization on a strong basis. Thus it is a work involving faith, courage and self-sacrifice, which always bring their own reward.

—Concerning two kindly missions now being carried on in an unostentatious way by some English Sunday-school children, the London Sunday-school *Chronicle* has this to say: "The resources of Christian thoughtfulness are boundless, and when one is impressed with the duty of contributing to the happiness of others, some ways of doing so are sure to present themselves. In 1879 it occurred to some kind heart that shells gathered on the seashore by boys and girls enjoying their holidays, might be made to give pleasure to the tens of thousands of less favoured children who never go to the sea, and who have but few materials for playthings; and especially to those who may be confined in hospitals, when there is so much need to have their minds diverted in any possible way. The Sea-shell Mission is very unpretentious in its organization; it seeks to collect money to purchase boxes which cost about threepence each, and it enlists the service of boys and girls to collect and forward shells and sea-weeds. Another feature is the Scrapbook Mission, which collects all kinds of small pictures, both plain and coloured, and makes them up into small scrapbooks, for the use of children in homes and hospitals, and poor children in the metropolis."

—In the *Home Missionary* we find the following:—

The privations of the missionaries must touch the hearts of those here who are enjoying every comfort. One from a minister in Minnesota: "There is not a place in our unfinished parsonage from cellar to garret but freezes as soon as the fires go down. In going eight miles in the country I froze an ear and part of my face." Another writes from Nebraska: "Poor crops for the last two years and a hard winter make money very close. Even church members have been so short of clothing that they could not go out in the cold. One family had four bags of corn to feed eight mouths through the winter. They had no wood and no coal, using corn stalks for fuel." One minister in Kansas thus describes his home, a "bachelor's dug-out." "An excavation, eighteen feet by sixteen, in a bank, roof covered with sod, a bedstead, trunk and stove in this hole, and nearly fifty persons crowding in for worship. Children, babies and four adults occupy the bed as a seat during service." Can foreign missions show greater need than this, or more noble self-sacrifice? Here are some places where aid can be rendered if any one desires the names of the parties.

—Frederick Douglass recently visited the homes of Mr. Edmund Lyon, in Talbot Co., Md., where he was once a slave and which he had not seen since he left it, fifty-six years ago. The surviving members of his old master's family received their distinguished coloured visitor with every mark of kindness and consideration and treated him in a most hospitable manner.

—An appeal for a library of Christian books in English for the Young Men's Christian Association of Tokio, Japan, is

made by the Rev. D. Crosby Greene, of Westboro', Mass. It is felt that a select Christian library, consisting of a few hundred standard religious books, and accessible to all the English-reading and English-speaking natives, would prove helpful in the diffusion of Christian truth, and would, besides, be the best antidote to paganism and infidelity.

—The Spanish and Portuguese Church Aid Society, of England, reports a notable work of reformation going on in Spain and Portugal. The object of the Society is pronounced to be the extension of the pure Gospel of Christ, faithfully preached to Roman Catholics, in distinct contradiction to the Roman Catholic system. The Bishop of Meath (Lord Plunkett), who has visited the Peninsula, writes:

"I have satisfied myself that the work of Church reform in the peninsula is a genuine one. It is evidently a work of self-reform that for, at least, a quarter of a century has been steadily and perseveringly making way and giving proof of increasing life. Nor have I been able to trace it to any motives of worldly self-interest. I made careful inquiries on this head, and found that those who forsake Romanism do so at no small self-sacrifice. No longer provided with pastors and schools at the cost of the state, they are called upon, as members of a voluntary church, to do what they can toward supplying such a provision themselves; and this is a call to which I am happy to say, so far as they are able, they willingly respond. Again, the work is undoubtedly a spiritual one. It is not the mere revulsion of natural pride against Ultramontane assumptions; it is not the mere impulse of political or party spirit; it is plainly the simple triumph of an open Bible, making Christ and His truth known to the hearts of men. Lastly, as regards those congregations—those, I mean, who have adopted an episcopal constitution and a liturgical form of worship—it is great cause of thankfulness to find in them so close a similarity in doctrine and discipline to churches of the Anglican communion." Special mention is made in the report of the Society of the work of reformation in Madrid, Seville, Malaga, and Salamanca. The Society, which also aids the Mexican movement, received last year \$45,300.

—The Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon gives in *The Congregationalist* some interesting facts concerning the evangelical work in France, and the willingness, even eagerness of the people to have the Gospel preached and to buy Testaments. M. Zola, the notorious novelist, has raised a cry of alarm at the progress of Protestantism, and calls for missionaries of science "to go forth to conquer the minds of men." He says: "The spirit of Protestantism is at this moment intruding itself in every quarter, and labouring to gain possession of everything—our literature, our press, our politics. It is something more than a faction; it is a religion. It is this that is our enemy." The Rev. Mr. Dodd writes that the McAll mission is spreading very rapidly. A promising work has been opened in St. Etienne, and stations have been opened at Santes and Cognac. "France is being covered," he declares, with such stations. "We cannot keep pace with the demands that come from all sides. Lately some Roman Catholics near Bordeaux asked of their own accord for mission meetings to be held in their villages; and the mayor gave his chateau for the meeting." Mr. Hirsch, an active evangelist, recently attended a meeting of Free-thinkers in Paris, and addressed them at first, against their will. Next day he received a number of letters from Free-thinkers, indicating a willingness to have some conversation with him concerning the Gospel. M. Vernier recently visited a town in the Department of La Corrèze, where the Gospel had not been preached. He spoke an hour and a half to 200 people,

standing in the rooms of the inn, and quickly disposed of his supply of Testaments. He writes:

"On leaving, we asked for our bill; but the tavern-keeper said he was only too happy to see us, and would not receive a centime. He only asked the pleasure of waking with us a couple of miles, to talk with us and carry our bag. At the end of a four miles walk we reached M——, where a meeting had been announced for the evening. A strolling player was to have an exhibition at 8 o'clock; but he said to the crowd that came to his show: 'My friends, there are some gentlemen here who are going to preach the Word of God. I invite you to come with me to the lecture.' So about 8.30 our great hall was full. For an hour and a half we spoke on the love of God for sinners. The pipes and cigarettes, which at first were burning in every direction, vanished like magic. We had with us only twenty-nine six-penny Testaments. They went off in a moment."

"Yesterday, at S——, it was the same story. The parish priest had announced from the pulpit, the Sunday before, that two devils from Hell would be there that week, and had put all his flock on their guard. One little girl said to her mamma: 'Don't go out to-day. We might meet those devils.' We twice made the round of the village of 1,800 people, and were stared at with a curiosity not unmixed with fear; but the people, seeing us with the vice-mayor, began to perceive that we were not so terrible after all. At 8 o'clock three rooms of the vice-mayor's house were packed with earnest and enthusiastic hearers. Our colporteur came back with forty Testaments; but they did not supply the demand."

AUNT NANCY'S MIND ON THE SUBJECT.

And this is the new New Testament,
And 'tis come in the sweet o' the year,
When the fields are shining in cloth of gold,
And the birds are singing so clear;
And over and into the grand old text,
Reverent and thoughtful men,
Through many a summer and winter past,
Have been peering with book and pen,
Till they've straightened the moods and
tenses out,
And dropped each obsolete phrase,
And softened the strong, old-fashioned
To our daintier modern ways; [words
Collated the ancient manuscripts,
Particle, verb, and line,
And faithfully done their very best
To improve the book divine.
I haven't a doubt they have meant it well,
But it is not clear to me
That we needed the trouble it was to them,
On either side of the sea.
I cannot help it, a thought that comes—
You know I am old and plain—
But it seems like touching the ark of God,
And the touch to my heart is pain.
For ten years past, and for five times ten
At the back of that, my dear,
I've made and mended and toiled and
With my Bible ever near. [saved,
Sometimes it is only a verse at morn
That lifted me up from care,
Like the springing wings of a sweet-voiced
Cleaving the golden air; [lark
And sometimes of Sunday afternoons
'Twas a chapter rich and long,
That came to my heart in its weary hour
With the lilt of a triumph song.
I studied the precious words, my dear,
When a child at my mother's knee,
And I tell you the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me.
I may be stubborn and out of date,
But my hair is white as snow,
And I love the things I learned to love
In the beautiful long ago.
I cannot be changing at my time;
'Twould be losing a part of myself.
You may lay the new New Testament
Away on the upper shelf.
I cling to the one my good man read
In our fireside prayers at night;
To the one my little children lisped
Ere they faded out of my sight.
I shall gather my dear ones close again
Where the many mansions be,
And till then the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me.