

"James In Memorial Chapel, 1884," at San-hut. This was built at the expense of a Mr. James, of Hamilton, in memory of his daughter. Four were baptized here, and the attendance in the evening was 150. The singing was good. One girl had an especially nice voice.

Next morning, it being the Lord's Day, about ninety partook of the Lord's supper. We left at half-past ten o'clock in the morning, and at noon halted at Tan-li, where Dr. Mackay preached to about seventy persons in the open air and baptized eight.

The chapel is part of a Chinese house, not capable of holding half the people.

In the afternoon we went on to So-bay, and, after crossing the bay in a boat belonging to some of the converts, we entered the "Mackay Chapel," the most southern of the stations on the east coast. It was built by the converts of North Formosa in memory of Dr. Mackay's father, and is of stone, capable of seating about 150 persons. There are nice rooms at the back for the preacher and his family and the missionary.

In the evening Dr. Mackay preached on the subject, "What Jesus does." On a narrow sheet of paper under that heading in Chinese characters there were eight pairs of characters written, each pair stating something that Jesus does. On another strip were two characters meaning "Remember." There were about 120 persons present, and, after nine were baptized, we again partook of the Lord's supper.

All the houses of the villagers are built of round stones from the beach.

The French came down here and threw some shells into the woods. They hoped to get information from the converts, but Dr. Mackay had provided against that: at sight of the French ships the people fastened their houses and fled.

When Dr. Mackay first came here the villagers shut their doors in his face and that of his students. A Chinaman, however, gave them shelter in a stable, and as it was cold, wet weather, they were glad of even that. The Chinaman pretended to be very indignant at the inhumanity of the Peppohoans, and urged Dr. Mackay not to trouble to come again. The people were poor, good for nothing. He should see that Dr. Mackay obtained lodgings in the Chinese town across the bay next time he came.

Cunning Chinaman, Dr. Mackay could tell you, if he would, why the people closed their doors in his face. In all his work Dr. Mackay had had to contend with the open and concealed hostility of the Chinese, who tried to persuade the Peppohoans not to let him into their villages, and even threatened that the mandarins would cut off their heads if they did.

(To be continued.)

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SCHEMES.

MR. EDITOR,—Some severe reflections seem to have been uttered in the General Assembly at Winnipeg regarding the insufficient support of the missions of the Church.

The disproportion between mission revenues and mission needs has exercised us a good deal for the last year or two, both in Church courts and in mission committees, and has been to some of us a source of much anxiety.

In both courts and committees there has been a disposition to reproach the people of the Church with illiberality—no account being taken in either of the gradual but sure increase of financial stringency, and that especially amongst that class which forms the bulk of Presbyterian congregations.

No doubt there has been a very great increase in wealth amongst a few fortunate or favoured people. In Toronto and other places many persons of very great and of very recent wealth may be pointed out, but just in proportion as those men are rich, have the rest of us been straitened. Nor are those rich men especially known for generosity to the enterprises of their Churches. They do not give in proportion to their wealth, although they have gathered to themselves whatever wealth has been created in the country for many years.

If the brethren in the Assembly think reproaches are deserved and that the employment of them is profitable, it would have been well that they had reproached with more discrimination.

The writer hereof thinks that he has very fair opportunities of knowing how it fares financially with the bulk of such people as attend Presbyterian

Churches, and he has for a year or two, or longer, been sure that the supply of means has not kept pace with the need for them in the mission work of the Church, just because those who would be givers have not got them. It would be well that our more ardent and vigorous advisers took into consideration that business anxieties, amongst all but the millionaires, are increasing from day to day, and that they refrained from further hurting the feelings of those who are sore enough already. Yours truly,

ELDER.

AN INDIAN MISSION STORY.

Mrs. D. Williams, of Sanborn, Iowa, writes: I would like to give an account of something which occurred at the sixteenth annual meeting of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the North-West, held in Davenport, Iowa, which I attended. Many will remember the visit of Mrs. VanCleve, wife of General H. P. VanCleve, of Minneapolis, to the north-western part of Pembina County, nearly two years ago, and the cheering words of her addresses at the churches and school houses are still fresh in their memories. It was my privilege to be with her during this trip, and while at Walhalla to visit the grave of Mrs. D. B. Spencer, wife of a missionary among the Ojibway Indians, who was shot in the night by a Sioux, but of whom few particulars could be obtained.

At the last meeting at Davenport, the president, Mrs. Douglas, of Chicago, asked Mrs. VanCleve to speak to the audience of this lonely grave near Walhalla. She complied, and told of the unmarked spot, the stone which had been placed there having been removed by some person to make a doorstep for his home on the prairie. She told what a lady in Walhalla told her: how the Sioux had been on the war path, and were skulking about at night and shooting the Ojibways whenever they could, and how Mr. and Mrs. Spencer were up in the night attending to their sick babe, when a shot through the window killed her; then Mr. Spencer had gone away with the three children, and no one could tell anything more of them. The spot where the house stood was readily found; the cellar excavation remains. Mrs. VanCleve had mentioned these facts in her weekly article to the *North-West Presbyterian* shortly after her visit to Pembina County. A friend in New Jersey had sent a copy to a lady in India who had known Rev. D. B. Spencer, and in return received a package of yellow and tear-stained letters (sent from America years ago) giving an account of Mrs. Spencer's death at the post of the Hudson's Bay Company, now Walhalla. After giving these facts in her usual impressive manner the speaker stated that she thought something should be done by the different Presbyteries in these North-Western States to put up a neat and suitable stone at Walhalla to mark this lonely grave. During her remarks the large audience had remained perfectly quiet, and as she resumed her seat a lady rose in the body of the church and asked if she might say a few words. The president bowing assent, she continued: "That missionary was my brother; that martyred woman my sister-in-law; the babe in the cradle at that time has been for several years a missionary in Turkey, and the other two are living respectively in Michigan and Illinois. My brother died in Michigan three years ago." The speaker was a Mrs. Drew, of Evansville, Ind. By this time the people were eager to act, and a collection amounting to \$25 was taken up in aid of the monument fund.

During my subsequent stay in Davenport, I met a lady resting there who was an intimate friend of Mrs. Spencer, who, she said, was a most amiable and interesting lady and devoted Christian. The eldest child was five years old at the time of his mother's death, and the babe only three months. The people at the Post knew the Sioux were watching and ready to do harm, and had taken the precaution to put up wooden shutters inside the windows to prevent the lights being seen at night. This time Mr. Spencer had neglected to do so, and the illness of the babe caused them to have a light through the night showing their figures distinctly to the enemy, who mistaking them for Ojibways, fired, and Mrs. Spencer fell shot through the lungs, only living for a short time. Some of the neighbours attracted by the closed and silent house came in the morning, and found the babe moaning in the cradle; the two others had cried themselves to sleep

in the bed, and the stricken husband sat holding the dead form of his wife in his arms. For some time he seemed speechless and as if reason had fled. They afterwards dug a grave, and with his own hands he laid her to rest until the morning of the resurrection. Leaving the sad spot, he started with his three children and a party of Indians for Belle Prairie; the long journey by ox teams took some weeks. An Ojibway woman in the party took charge of the infant. The tender little one suffered much by the way, the habits and customs of these natives being so very different from our own.

On their arrival at Belle Prairie, the family were cared for, and a sister of this Davenport lady tenderly nursed the suffering babe for weeks, before they could hope for restored health, but the Lord had a great work for that little girl to do, and it was spared and subsequently found a home with the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Ayer. I also learned that not long after Mr. Spencer left the mission another devoted young man not ordained, went out there to search the Ojibways and with his own hands worked at a school house building, but before six months were over he too was shot. His name was Mr. Terry, and his body also rests in that part of the country, but their spirits have joined "the noble army of martyrs."

REMEMBER THE SABBATH.

MR. EDITOR,—In the last issue of your paper I observe a communication from A. H. Munro, agent Sunday railway traffic. The object of the St. Thomas Ministerial Association on this question in endeavouring to educate the public in the matter must certainly commend itself to every true Christian, but I ask why steamboating or navigation traffic is not included. I mean boats arriving and departing from ports on the Sabbath Day. Is the latter not a violation of the fourth Commandment as well as the former? In both cases men are kept employed for the benefit or pleasure of those who take advantage of the opportunity offered, and I also ask, sir, is it right to attach all the blame on railway or steamboat officials when we see ministers and elders begin their travelling on Saturday with the intention of travelling on Sunday, as was done lately by the delegates to the General Assembly both in going and returning, there being no reasonable excuse for such actions? No, sir. Let Christians—or rather professing Christians—get right themselves before they cast stones at men who care little or nothing for Christianity.

Actions are what generally govern people's opinions in these days. Then what are we to think of the actions of these delegates, among whom were several D.D.'s? It is a source of thankfulness to God that a goodly number—both ministers and elders—left their homes at such times as would enable them to avoid Sunday travelling, and remained over Sunday here, in order to obey the voice of God, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." LAYMAN.

Winnipeg, June 28, 1887.

BREVITY.

When a brother has all the virtues but brevity, might he not, by a little more study, add that also to his attainments?

The other night a chairman remarked that, however tall the speakers might be, he meant to cut them short. It sounded cruel, but it meant mercy. Very wisely does an American writer say: "There is a mighty difference between preaching the everlasting Gospel, and preaching the Gospel everlastingly."

A friend who occasionally visits the Continent, always prefers the passage from Dover to Calais, for the reason which we commend to the notice of certain prosy speakers—it is short. If you speak well, you will not be long; if you speak ill, you ought not to be so. We commend to the verbose brother the counsel of a costermonger to an open-air preacher; it was rather rude, but peculiarly sensible. "I say, old fellow, cut it short."—*Spurgeon*.

THERE can be no punishment more humiliating or degrading than the application of the lash. There is however, a class of crimes for the punishment of which it is specially appropriate. The brutality of wife-beating, and offences against defenceless children, can only be prevented by an infliction that makes the most degraded sensible of suffering. The faithful but not vindictive application of the lash for such dastardly crimes will perceptibly lessen their number, if not prevent their commission altogether.