

HE TOOK THE WHIPPING.

ON one of the Dakota prairies there had never been a Sunday School. The children heard their mothers tell about the Sunday School "back East," and they wanted one very much indeed. The mothers always said, "When the Missionary Society can send us a missionary, we shall have a Sunday School."

One day, to the great joy of the children, this very thing happened. A missionary and his wife came to live among them on the prairie, and they would open a Sunday School the very next Sunday in a deserted school-house, if anybody could find a way to heat it. There was a stove; but it was difficult to get fuel. Why? Because there were so few trees, and it is so hard to keep those few alive, nobody would think of using even one branch for firewood. The people used "twisted hay" to cook with at home; but it was all they could do to twist enough for their own use. How do they twist it to burn? Well, they take enough hay to make a hay strip about a yard and a half long, and about as thick as a man's wrist. Then they twist this up into a figure eight, about the size of a stick of wood. It reminds one of an old-fashioned New England giant doughnut!

But how was that school-house to be heated for the Sunday School? A plucky boy thought out a way. He arose very early one Sunday morning, and taking a basket on his arm, walked quite a distance to the railroad track, and then walked on the track until he filled his basket with coal which had fallen from the engines. This he bravely carried to the school-house, and a happy company of children had a "real Sunday School." After this, the school depended upon our plucky Bob for fuel.

Now, I am sorry to tell you that this dear boy's father was not a Christian, and did not approve of the missionary nor the Sunday School. When he heard what his boy had been doing, he was very angry, and said, "Bob, I'll beat you within an inch of your life if you get another basket of coal for that Sunday School."

Bob had a pretty good excuse to lie in bed the next Sunday morning instead of trudging off at daylight with his basket, but after thinking it over and laying the matter before his heavenly Father (for Bob had become a Christian under the influence of the missionary), he decided to get the coal for the Sunday School just the same, and then take the whipping. This he did for several Sabbaths, until his father's heart was melted and he owned up that "there must be something in the kind of religion his boy had got hold of."

My young soldiers, this always happens. When a true soldier of Christ loves his Captain enough to bravely live the true Christ-life, the bitterest opposer to Christ will think, if he does not say, "There must be something in that religion. I wish I had it!"—*Selected.*

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

ONE winter a little boy six or eight years of age begged a lady to allow him to clean away the snow from her steps. He had no father or mother, but worked his way by such jobs. "Do you get much to do, my little boy?" asked the lady. "Sometimes I do," said the boy; "but often I get very little." "Are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?" The child looked up with perplexed and inquiring eyes, as if uncertain of her meaning, and as if troubled with a new doubt. "Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in Him, and who then does the best he can?" Oh, for a child-like faith!—*Selected.*

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N.B.—Communications for this Department post-marked after the 18th of the month will appear in following month.

N.B.—All subscriptions for the OUTLOOK must be sent to the Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

N.B.—By request of Board of Managers, Auxiliary reports limited to fifteen lines.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. PSA. lx. 3."

ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting is an event looked forward to with great interest and pleasure by those delegated to attend, and this year was no exception.

A yearly assembly of women from the various sections of our country, for the past eleven years, has been fruitful in the happiest associations. Genial, kindly intercourse has ripened into warm friendships that are full of promise for mutual helpfulness, and the bonds of a loving sisterhood are weaving throughout our beloved Canadian Methodism. Whereunto may this thing grow? The glad recognitions, hearty handclasps, and warm welcomes exchanged as the delegates meet, are evidence of the genuine enjoyment in which all share, and this is no unimportant result of our organization. It is one of those reflex blessings which crown all noble effort for the good of others. We are "no longer strangers," but friends and co-workers with our loving Lord.

Brantford is one of those charming places whose homes seem to proffer hospitality, and so warmly were we welcomed and so much at home, that there was none of the "delegate" feeling about us.

Wellington Street Church—the place of meeting—is spacious and handsomely fitted up, and its comfort and homelikeness were greatly enhanced by the profusion of palms and ferns which adorned the platform.

The service opened on Tuesday, October 18th, at 2.30 p.m., and was conducted by the President, Mrs. James Gooderham, of Toronto. After roll call, the President delivered her annual address, referring to the general work of the year. It had been similar to that in previous years.