

World of Missions.

A Letter from the West.

A photo, which we regret we are unable to reproduce, accompanies this letter. It is the picture of a very neat substantial looking church with a background of mountains.

Atlin, B.C., 5th Dec., 1899.

Dear Editor:

No. That is not the Church in Atlin,—we have not reached the stage which would warrant the erection of a church—but the very beautiful Church which 'oor ain mon' Sinclair has had erected in Bennett. It is not only his design, but largely his handiwork, and is a credit to him and to the people who aided him—beautiful in appearance and proportions. But you people in Western Quebec, and Eastern Ontario know the Bishop of Bennett very well. My first acquaintance with him was once when I boarded the west-bound train at Schreiber on the North Shore, years ago. I am quite an old chap you see. The then incipient bishop, and other three students of Queen's were on their way to mission fields in the West, and I was not so old then, nor indeed am I now, as not to know how to have a good time with students. The fact is, I am getting younger, not older. And just let me whisper, entre nous, that those who live in the neighborhood of Smith's Falls, lovers above others, of the Bishop of Bennett, and the parts adjacent, would, if they could, peep in some Sunday morning, find him just as young and handsome as ever. No man better represents progressive and aggressive Presbyterian Christianity than J. A. Sinclair. Look at him. I can see him though he is 120 miles away, standing four-square and solid, at the coming in of the doors of the Yukon land. I do not know that he will at all like this talk about himself. But he won't get a chance at me for six months, so I don't care. Well, that is his Church at Bennett. He planned it and did much of the work with his own hands. Ah me! I have always been much more expert with my feet. I can hit the trail hard and long, one of the "greyhound species," as an old elder used to put it.

But just you come to Skagway. Take a tie pass to Bennett, and then clog train to Dawson, and keep your eyes and ears open. You will find the trail of Dickey, Grant and Sinclair all along. For the marks they leave are such as neither sandstorms nor snowstorms, cold nor heat, time nor eternity can obliterate—a trail of blessing clean to the Arctic Circle, I know, for I have seen and heard—seen men whom they have touched to bless and have heard testimony from their lips to the faithfulness in teaching and life of those Apostles of the North. Their sound has gone out into all the earth, for their ministry has touched the lives of every civilized nation under heaven.

Bennet stands at the parting of the ways, is headquarters in the interior for all business with Dawson north, and Atlin, east. It will, too, even when the railway is built past it, be the centre of all the shipping business with the interior. I am glad and so may the Church be, that Mr. Sinclair was there, with his consecrated energy of heart, head and hand, to direct our work and lay the foundation for us. I have been out at Bennett thrice since coming to Atlin; have seen with my eyes and heard with my ears something of my brother's work, and he must permit me to bear testimony before the Church to the wisdom and consecrated energy with which he has served her.

The boundaries of my field have shrunk dreadfully. It is now about 6 miles long and a street wide. I catch myself longing for the Teslin trail, betimes; for 21 months of unbroken tramping have made me restless. I shall hold myself down to books and the thorough working of my narrowed field. Next spring the creeks will again be peopled, though not as they were last summer. But the field itself will be as large, and will demand sufficient walking to give me exercise.

The nurses are well. They have done fine work, which our people sick and well have appreciated. Of course it is work that is not remunerated as such

work is in the East. But you can see how it must dawn upon a sick man that Christ must mean much to a Church, which gives him as good care as he could get in Montreal, though he has not a friend in the camp, nor a dollar in his pocket. And the nurses—there are people, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist, Catholic, unbelievers, who will never forget them or the Church and the Christ that sent them. I am now confirmed in a view which I have held in a nervous, uncertain kind of way for many years, that the Church which is not thus caring for men's bodies is not only neglecting half her ministry, but is refusing to open the door of opportunity to hundreds of our noble women who long to serve the Master in some such way. This is a hobby of course. But after all I have observed that men who ride hobbies always get there. And I hope that the old Church will now that she is in the saddle, ride this hobby until her ministry amongst men becomes a magnificent and full reflection of the ministry of Jesus, the preacher, teacher, saviour, physician.

I think this is enough for one letter, don't you think so, readers? Especially as it is only a beginning. You see I have not been much amongst you for some time and I did not know what you were doing in the publishing line. But if the editor will let me, I shall now and again tell you something of our life and work in the North.

JOHN PRINGLE.

The Turn of the Century.

As we enter upon the last year of the 19th century, many attempts are being made to show the contrast between the present and the past—100 years ago. The distance is too great, and the difference in most cases is between nothing and present results. It is difficult to attempt the comparison even with half a century ago. It is an enormous task on many lines, to make a comparison even with a decade ago.

The general moral uprightness of the native Christian community is in most countries observable by non-Christians where they dwell. Instances could be multiplied in almost every country where missions are established. Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Japan, at the anniversary of the American Board said, that one of the most instructive things in Japan to-day is the confidence which many Japanese officials and other men of influence show in their Christian countrymen, though they are themselves more or less indifferent to Christianity. When three years ago the empress dowager died, large sums of money were handed down for benevolent uses, and in many cases Christians were called upon by their non-Christian countrymen to administer these funds. The Lord Bishop of Worcester, in his annual sermon before the Church Missionary Society last May, instanced the time of ruinous floods in northern Japan, which rendered homeless thirty thousand people. The Buddhist monks and priests of Hakodate offered to collect and distribute money and clothing among the distressed, and met with insignificant response. But when the native Christians appealed to their townspeople, and sent round carts surmounted by Red-Cross banners, the people shouted, "Here come the Christians!" and they crammed clothing into the carts, even taking off what they were wearing, and throwing them in; and "shopkeepers gave new goods out of their stores, and some gave money as well."

Another thing which could not have been seen a century ago, is the aggressive element of the native Church. When the English Bishop of Uganda visited the region of the Mountains of the Moon to the far west of Uganda, he found twelve churches capable of accommodating three thousand worshippers, two thousand of whom were able to read or were learning to read. The pioneers of this work were native evangelists. Missionary Review of the World.



Healthy, Happy Girls.

Healthy, happy girls often become languid and despondent, from no apparent cause, in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless and with palpitating hearts after slight exercise, so that to merely walk up stairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short, dry cough leads to the fear that they are going into consumption. Doctors tell them they are anaemic—which means that they have too little blood. Are you like that?

More pale and anaemic people have been made bright, active and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than any other medicine.

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Do not take anything that does not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." It is an experiment and a hazardous one to use a substitute. Sold by all dealers or post paid at 10 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.