

## The Cod Fisher.

Oft, driven through the night's blind wrack,  
 He feels the dread berg's ghastly breath,  
 Or hears draw nigh through walls of black  
 A throbbing engine chanting death.  
 But, with a calm, unwrinkled brow,  
 He fronts them, grim and undismayed,  
 For storm and ice and liner's bow,  
 These are but chances of the trade.

Yet well he knows—where'er it be,  
 On low Cape Cod or bluff Cape Ann—  
 With straining eyes that search the sea  
 A watching woman waits her man.  
 He knows it, and his love is deep,  
 But work is work, and bread is bread,  
 And though men drown and women weep,  
 The hungry thousands must be fed.  
 To some the gain, to some the loss,  
 To each his chance, the game with Fate;  
 For men must die that men may live—  
 Dear Lord be kind to those who wait!  
 —Abridged from 'Harper's Weekly.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

### 'Mukti.'

[Our readers will be interested in the following sketch just received from the Hindu lad of about fourteen, from whom we had a letter some time ago.—Ed.]

Mukti is a Sanskrit word meaning deliverance, and this is the name given to the home of Pundita Ramabai for widows at Kedgaon, and it is properly given, because fifteen hundred girls are in the way of getting deliverance through Jesus Christ.

I am trying to write a few lines about the daily work of the girls for the readers of the 'Messenger,' and hope they will like it.

Early in the morning the five o'clock bell wakes up all the people at Mukti. They have half an hour for dressing, and then they gather in different places for prayer. They get instruction in singing for about twenty minutes. It is great fun to hear different songs sung at the same time. The prayers go on from six to seven. Then the girls have their breakfast. The school begins at eight. About seven hundred girls attend school in the morning. There is no schoolhouse at present, but the church is used instead. There is a high school. Two girls are trying to appear for the matriculation examination this year. Manoramabai, Pundita Ramabai's daughter, is the vice-principal of the school.

The rest of the girls do other things in the morning. Some work in the fields. There are nine beautifully built wells. The water is good. There is an orphanage for boys. The boys are only a hundred or so in number.

Will those who read these lines think of the work and pray God to bless it?

VISHNU B. G.

## Red Indians and the Great Book.

The Rev. Egerton R. Young, the well-known missionary amongst the Red Indians in North-West Canada, tells in his deeply interesting book, 'Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp-fires,' a remarkable story, showing the love of some of these poor Indians for God's Word. He says—

I was sitting in my study one day, when noiselessly and quietly there came filing into the room a dozen or more stalwart Indians. I greeted them kindly and bade them welcome.

On scanning their faces I observed that they were all entire strangers. Seating them as well as the limited accommodation of my little study would admit, I began a conversation with them. They were a fine-looking lot of men, with characteristic Indian faces. After a few commonplace remarks had passed between us I became anxious to know who they were and what was the special object of their visit. So, addressing the one who seemed to be the principal man among them, I asked—

'Where do you live?'

'Very far away,' he replied.

'How far away?' I asked.

'Thirteen nights away,' he said.

The Indians compute long distances by the number of nights they spend on their journey, so to see me these Indians had in their birch bark canoes travelled fourteen days down great rivers and across stormy lakes.

'What is your object in coming so far?' I asked.

Very decidedly one of them spoke up and said—

'We have come for you!'

'For what purpose do you want me?' I asked, beginning to get interested by the earnestness of these stalwart men.

'Why,' they answered, 'we have the great Book and can read it, but we do not know what it means.'

'Oh, I am delighted to hear that you have the great Book and can read it,' I said; 'and, of course, you have had a missionary who has taught you to read?'

Their answer amazed me—

'You are the first missionary we ever saw.'

'Then you have had a teacher who has instructed you?'

'What is a teacher?' was the questioning reply.

So I explained to them what a teacher was, and to this they said—

'We have never seen one as yet.'

Becoming intensely interested now in these children of the forest, I replied with a certain amount of inquiry and, perhaps, incredulity in my voice—

'Do you, who have never had a missionary or teacher, pretend to tell me that you can read the great Book?'

Quietly they answered—

'We can read the great Book.'

To put them to a test was an easy matter, and so, picking up my Indian Bible—printed in the Rev. James Evans's beautiful syllabic characters—I opened it, and said to one of them, 'Read.'

Without any hesitancy he began, and read without making a single mistake. Then I tried another and another, and found, to my great delight, that these Indians from that distant and lonely forest retreat were all able to read in their own tongue the Holy Word.

'Tell me,' I said, 'how did you thus learn to read the good Book?'

This was their story of how they had come into this great privilege—

'Missionary, you know we hunters roam over a great extent of country looking for game, and a few of your Indian fur hunters go many days down towards our country. When we have made our little hunting wigwams, and set traps for catching wild animals, we often have days when there is nothing to do. These we employ in visiting other Indians, and among those we visited were some of your Christian Indians from this mission, and we had some pleasant talks. They had with them their Bibles, and they would read to us out of the great Book, and we became very

much interested, for they read about the Creation, and Noah, and David, and Moses, and Daniel, and Jesus.

'Our hunting season, you know, lasts many months, and so we had time to make many visits. When your Christian people saw that we were so interested, they said, "Would you not like to learn to read for yourselves?" And, of course, we said "Yes." So they began to teach us, and very often they would pray with us, and tell us some of the wonderful things that were in the great Book.

'As soon as the snow and ice left the great rivers and lakes, a number of us decided to take our furs down to York Factory on the Hudson Bay. One day before we returned, the gentleman in charge of the Hudson Bay post said to us, "There have come out to Mr. Young a lot of English and Indian Bibles from the British and Foreign Bible Society. Now, if you Indians could read I am sure Mr. Young would be glad for you to have some of these books. Our hearts were glad when we told him that some of us had learned to read the great Book. Then he gave us a lot of the books, and we decided that those who had learnt to read should each have one, and that they should teach others.

'So anxious were our people to learn, that the books were all distributed. We are very thankful for them, but we want somebody to teach us what we are reading. We love the Book, but we want somebody to make it plain to us!'

'With mingled feelings of surprise and delight,' says Mr. Young, 'I listened to his marvellous narrative. It was the Ethiopian eunuch over again, but multiplied many fold. Like him, they had heard and were interested, but how could they understand, never having had anyone to guide them?'

And then Mr. Young, whose account we have abridged a little, goes on to tell how the long journey was made to the village where these Indians lived.

'They drank in the truth with great delight, and we felt repaid a thousand-fold for coming to visit them. We remained several days among them, during which time we tried to teach and preach unto them Jesus, and many of them were baptized.

## The Spirit of Japan.

From a war magazine issued in Tokio we select a few out of many instances of the patriotic spirit that animates the Japanese:

Midshipman Kajimura was standing by his gun on the 'Hatsuse' in the first fight at Port Arthur, when he was mortally wounded by a shell. He protested against being carried to the hospital, and, when a companion started to take off his boots, said:

'Don't; I must go back to fight.'

Those were his last words.

At one of the garrison towns, where choice was being made of those who were to go to the front in the first detachment and those who were to remain, a private appeared before the corporal, dragging a comrade.

'I am a bachelor,' he explained, 'and can go without any anxiety, while my friend has a wife and three children dependent on him. Let me go in his stead.'

The other protested. 'It is true that Nakao is a bachelor,' he said, 'but he is an only son, and his parents have no one but him to care for them. I will go rather than have him leave his parents.'

The corporal, forced to decide, chose the married man to go.

A striking tale of a mother's desire that her