

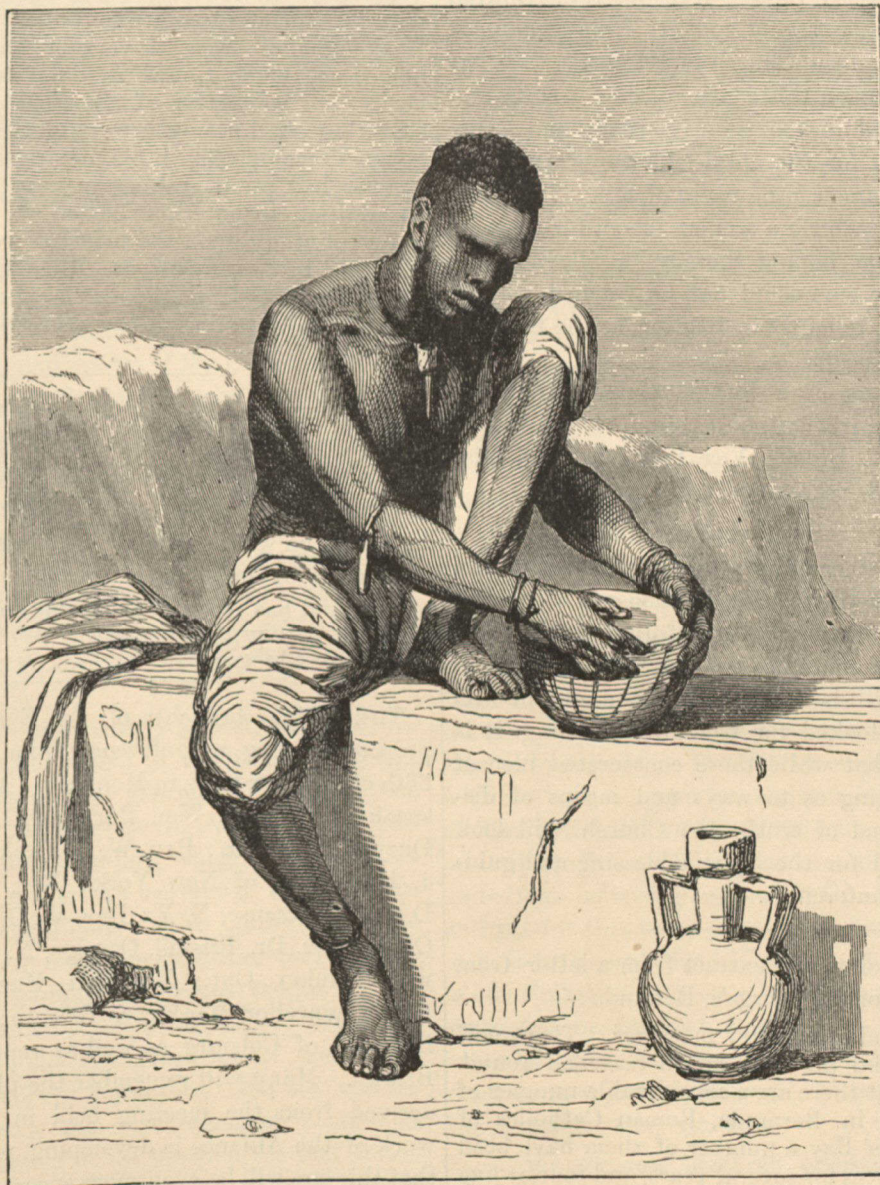
The Missionary Outlook.

A Monthly Advocate, Record, and Review.

Vol. VIII.—No. 6.]

JUNE, 1888.

[Whole No. 90



NATIVE OF THE DINKA TRIBE, WHITE NILE, AFRICA.

Field Notes.

THE General Secretary, who, with the Hon. John Macdonald, was appointed delegate to the General Conference of Missions, sailed for England on the 19th of May. His stay will be short, as he expects to be home in the beginning of July.

ON Thursday evening, May 17th, the Pundita Ramabai, a high-caste Brahmin lady, addressed a meeting in the St. James' Square Presbyterian Church Toronto. This woman is a convert from paganism, and was baptized in the Church of England. She has spent about a year on this continent, her talents and energies being used in arousing sympathy and securing practical help for the child-widows of India, of whom 79,000 are under nine years of age. The Pundita proposes to establish a secular school for some of these poor children, hoping thereby to alleviate the condition of many who could not be reached, were it announced to be a religious institution, as the Hindoos are a very devout people.

A committee has been formed to look after the interests of this movement, of whom Rev. Dr. Hay is President, Rev. Dr. Brooks, Vice-President, and Miss Frances E. Willard, Secretary-Treasurer.

WE would call the attention of our readers to the General Conference of Foreign Missions, to be held in London, from the 9th to the 19th of June, 1888. The Committee of Conference has issued a "Call to Prayer," a copy of which will be found in another column. As great results are looked for from this meeting, it is earnestly hoped, that while these consecrated men of God are deliberating as to ways and means of disseminating the seed of truth, the Church will look to its Great Head for the Spirit's blessing and guidance in all their conferences.

WE quote the following extract from a letter from the Rev. B. Hills, of St. George's, Bermuda:—

"Have had grand missionary meetings. There will be no decrease, and probably an increase all round. You are aware that there are a considerable number of Portugese settled in Bermuda, Roman Catholics of course. At Harris' Bay a number of them have been attending our services for several years, and four or five have been converted, and have united with the Church, and others appear to be sincerely seeking the truth. Monday evening, at the missionary meeting, a purse was put in the collection basket, and we were amazed to find that it contained twenty sovereigns, the gift of a converted Portugese. He is a planter in extremely moderate circumstances, but his heart is filled with

love to God and zeal for the salvation of his countrymen. There is a grand opening for work among this class of our population. A few Portugese Bibles and tracts would be of very great service to Bro. Borden in his work."

THE following paragraph we take from a letter of Mrs. Roy's, who has charge of the Ladies' School at Acton Vale, Quebec, to Mrs. Ross, President of the Eastern Branch of the Woman's Missionary Society:—

"I so coveted my whole class for Christ, that it grieves me that any of my girls should leave here this spring with the great question of life unanswered; but I trust that the seed sown in faith and prayer may yet spring up and bear fruit, 'after many days.' A thought of Miss Havergal's has influenced and helped me much this winter; she says, 'I like to use God's own words, for of them we have the promise that they shall not return unto Him void.' I never enjoyed teaching the Bible before as I have here, and I never had pupils taking so deep an interest in it. In addition to our Bible lesson, we have taken up a course of study upon the principal points of difference between Protestantism and Romanism, proving our points by texts from the Bible. I never realized before the full meaning of the expression, 'The Sword of the Spirit.'"

ON February 3rd was completed a translation of the entire Bible into the Japanese language. Success has crowned the indefatigable labors of Rev. J. C. Hepburn, M.D., LL.D., and the other eminent scholars by whom he was assisted. The translation is highly spoken of by missionaries capable of judging of its merits, and has received favorable commendation from the *Japanese Weekly*.

THE various branches of the Evangelical Alliance propose holding a conference from the 22nd to the 26th of October next, in Montreal. Among the invited speakers are Rev. Wm. Burns, D.D., of Halifax; Dr. Duryea, of Boston; Rev. W. R. Taylor, D.D., and Rev. J. Hall, D.D., of New York; Rev. Chancellor Sims, D.D., of Syracuse, N. Y.; Rev. W. Gladdin, Columbus, Ohio; Rev. Dr. Russell, Oswego, N. Y.; Bishop Baldwin, London, Ont.; Principal MacVicar, Montreal; Rev. Chancellor MacVicar, Toronto; Rev. Chancellor Burwash, of Cobourg, as well as representatives from Britain. Many will remember the pleasure and profit derived from the meeting held in 1874, and as the work of the Alliance is developing, we have no doubt that this one will be even more successful than the last.

IN Kochi, Japan, the city occupied by the missionaries of the Southern Presbyterian Church, work was begun only two years ago. Now there is a Presbyterian Church of over two hundred members. The gain in the whole of Japan for the last two years has been 77 per cent.—*Ex.*

Editorial and Contributed.

CALL TO PRAYER ON BEHALF OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

(To be held in London from the 9th to the 19th of June, 1888.)

The Committee of Conference, — To the Pastors and Teachers of the Church of God in the British Isles, and on the Continents of Europe and America:—

DEAR BRETHREN, — We would with all respect and affection approach you, with the same request for prayer to Almighty God our Heavenly Father, which we have addressed to all the European and American missionaries and their converts laboring in all parts of the habitable world. We desire to realize the true oneness of the Church of God in all her branches, and scattered fields of labor—a unity felt and enjoyed at the footstool of the One “God and Father of all.”

In looking to the foreign fields of the Church’s labors, we have great cause for rejoicing in the blessings which have accompanied the preaching of the Gospel by the missionaries of the Church of Christ during the last hundred years of modern missionary effort, whereby about three millions from among the heathen are at this hour found gathered into the fellowship of the Church on earth, and many more into the Church in heaven; while at the same time large tribes of our fellow-men, who were sunk in the grossest barbarism and superstition, have been socially elevated, and have derived manifold secondary benefits from the preaching of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God.

But while we are unceasingly grateful to God for the great things accomplished in the past, we lament over the feebleness of the efforts put forth by the Churches of Christ, and we mourn over the great and increasing mass of heathenism which still confronts the Church in this nineteenth century of the Christian era. It is one great object of the Conference to be assembled in June, to look this appalling fact fully in the face, and by applying the lessons taught by the past to the conditions of the present, to exert more adequate efforts for the evangelization of the world than have been put forth heretofore. For this end we would earnestly seek the awakening of a mission spirit for the conversion of the heathen, assured that it will return in as rich blessing on the Church’s work at home, as was seen in the revival of the spiritual life of the Churches of this country a hundred years ago.

Our great object in now addressing you is to ask you to call upon your people to unite with you in prayer and supplication for a Pentecostal blessing on the Conference, from Sunday, the 3rd of June, to

Tuesday, the 19th of the same; being the week before, and the ten days during which the Conference will be in session.

Pray that, under God, the Conference may be the means of introducing a new era in Missionary enterprise; that it may hasten the day when “the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.”

We do not prescribe hours, or lay down a list of subjects for prayer. The one special gift which includes all “Good things,” is the gift of the Holy Spirit, whose presence we seek in all the plenitude of His grace and power. But may we ask that the Sundays falling on the 10th and 17th of June, and the prayer-meetings held in the second and third weeks of that month, may be made occasions for special public prayer on behalf of the Conference, and to urge on families and individual Christians the duty of making these weeks a season of social and private prayer for those important meetings, when many hundreds of the representatives of almost every Protestant Mission will be assembled from all lands, “with one accord in one place”—a pledge, we trust, of a Pentecostal blessing.

Let us encourage one another in the thought that unnumbered brethren throughout the whole world are uniting in the same prayer. We have good reason to hope that this will be the most universal cry that has ever gone up from this sinful world, for one definite object, into the ear of “the Lord of Sabaoth.” Most of all would we strengthen our mutual faith and trust in the oath and promise of God made in the dark hour of Israel’s apostacy, “As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord” (Numbers xiv. 21); and by looking to the sure word of prophecy, “For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.” (Habakkuk ii. 14.) But let us remember that along with the assured promises and prophecies of the Word of God (Ezekiel xxxvi. 33-36) there is coupled the prescribed duty of earnest, humble, importunate, united and believing prayer. “Thus saith the Lord, I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them.” (Ezekiel xxxvi. 37.) And let us go to our Father in heaven with the argument put into our mouth by His own Son, “If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more will your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?”

We are, dear Brethren, yours in the Lord,

(Signed) ABERDEEN, *President.*

H. M. MATHESON,
EDWARD B. UNDERHILL, } *Chairman.*

S. G. GREEN,
HENRY MORRIS,
J. SHARP, } *Hon. Secs.*

JAMES JOHNSTON, *Secretary.*

BERMUDA.

TO the overworked, weary, and well-nigh exhausted inhabitants of our northern city, the chilly, dull, and depressing weather of March, after a long and tedious winter, often brings a yearning for a more genial clime, where rest and recuperation may be found. Under just these circumstances we were drawn to visit Bermuda, "The land of the lily and the rose."

Leaving New York, on March 22nd, in a driving snow storm, which accompanied us 300 miles out to sea, quite beyond the border of the Gulf Stream, the good ship *Orinoco* brought us, in sixty-five hours, to the quay at Hamilton, the capital of these "Summer Isles."

In less than three days we have been transported from hugh snow drifts, and all the discomfort of winter, to a region of perpetual summer, where anything approaching frost is wholly unknown. To a Northerner, a first visit to a semi-tropical country is full of interest and surprise. As we drive to the hotel the vast profusion of roses in full bloom excite our admiration. At every turn some strange tree, or shrub, or flower claims our attention, until we become bewildered. Almost the only things one sees which are familiar are the people and the horses. The houses, the streets, the flora, the scenery, and even the habits of the people are essentially Bermudian. It is not our purpose, nor would it be proper in these columns, to discuss Bermuda as a pleasure, or a health resort, further than to say, that during our stay, extending to April 26th, the climate was simply perfect, balmy and warm, without excessive heat. If the purest sea air, without a suspicion of malaria, of a temperature the most agreeable, the clearest of skies, the cheeriest of landscapes, the brightest sunshine, an entire absence of any undue excitement of mind or body, and the perfect quietude, which comes to a small community isolated from the rest of the world, save by a weekly mail are important and desirable factors in the recuperation of exhausted nerves, and the restoration of diseased bodies to a condition of health, to this extent, at least, Bermuda may be commended, to the classes named. Perhaps the greatest drawback is the possible purgatory of sea-sickness through which the visitor may have to pass to reach this earthly paradise.

The readers of the *OUTLOOK* will, doubtless, be interested in the Methodism of this distant speck in the ocean, especially as it is part of our Canadian Church. Arriving in port early on Sabbath morning, at eleven o'clock we attended service in the Methodist Church, a new, well-built, bright and commodious edifice, with good accommodation for 600 people, the largest church in Hamilton and, probably, on the Island. We soon made the acquaintance of the industrious pastor, Rev.

Thos. Rogers, and his estimable family, and of the active pastor of St. George's, Rev. B. Hills, and his whole-souled wife. To these kind friends we were indebted for much of the pleasure of our visit.

Methodism was introduced into Bermuda by Rev. Mr. Stevenson, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in May, 1799. So successful were his labors, that in a year he reported 104 members, and about \$1,500 subscribed to build a church. In the meantime, the enemy had been at work and secured the passage of a law assented to May 24th, 1800, under the provisions of which Mr. Stevenson was immediately arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$250, and be imprisoned for six months, for presuming to preach the Gospel, not being in "Holy Orders." On his release from prison, Mr. S. was forced to abandon his work and leave the Island. When, in 1808, the Rev. Mr. Marsden, his successor, reached the place he had to begin anew. Not meeting with further opposition, the work has gone on uninterruptedly until the present. In a population of less than 15,000, the Methodist Church has now four ordained ministers, supplying four circuits, only one of which is receiving a small grant from the Mission Fund, and will soon be self-sustaining. There are about 600 members, more than half of whom are colored. As in other colonies, where the English Church is established by law, dissenters are practically excluded from what calls itself "Society." Notwithstanding these social disabilities, Methodism is to-day the progressive church of the colony.

On Easter Sunday we had the privilege of partaking of the Communion with a colored congregation, in the country, who worship in a church built in the days of slavery, by the slaves, after working hours and on moonlight nights. The old records in the parsonage at Hamilton, contain accounts of sums paid to masters for the services of their female slaves, who were hired to carry stones on their heads from the quarry to the site of the first chapel in that town, a building still in good preservation, and now used for mercantile purposes.

The church in St. George's was built in 1840, under the direction of the Rev. Thos. Jeffrey, father of the Rev. T. W. Jeffrey, of Toronto, from plans drawn by the architect of Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena. The character of the work may be judged from the fact that to-day, after nearly fifty years' service, it is the finest building in the town. The English church in the same place dates back to 1620, and is still in daily use. The Communion plate, of solid silver, was presented in 1684 by King William IV.

The missionary anniversaries in the several churches to the congregations are the chief events of the year. The audience room is decorated with a profusion of

lilies, roses, ferns and palms, which would provoke the envy of our most extensive florists, and is beautiful beyond description. The deputation consists of all the ministers, the services being held on consecutive evenings until the whole of the churches, ten in number, have been visited. The interest is general, congregations large, and the contributions, considering the circumstances of the people, exceedingly liberal, amounting this year to close upon \$1,000. A very interesting incident at one of the country meetings this year, was the donation of a purse of twenty sovereigns, by a poor Portuguese, as a thank offering to God for his conversion. We attended the meeting at Tuckerstown, where the congregation is wholly colored. The decorations, entirely the work of the colored youths, were in exquisite taste and great abundance. The singing good, the audience interested, and in a congregation of 150 blacks, many of them very poor, the collection was over \$15. Some interest in the Woman's Missionary Society has been aroused in these Islands. Mrs. Hills, of St. George's, earnest and enthusiastic, failing for the present, to interest the white members of the church, has organized the colored members of the flock into a Mission Band, who call themselves "Acorns." The Band was formed in September last with nine members, which has increased to forty, and has in its treasury over \$50, mainly the result of the self-denial of these earnest girls. We had the pleasure of attending their first public gathering, which was in every way successful. In our party was an "elect lady" from Toronto, an enthusiastic officer of the Society, who endeared herself to the "Acorns" by her interest and sympathy, which so far overcame her natural timidity, that she briefly, but very effectively, addressed their meeting. This "missionary fanatic" would not be satisfied until she had succeeded in organizing an Auxiliary in Hamilton, with a membership of twenty-six. Other Auxiliaries and Bands are likely to follow. Taken altogether the missionary zeal of the Bermudian Methodists is well abreast of that manifested by any other portion of our Church.

A WORD FROM THE "DARK CONTINENT."

MRS. A. ANDREWS, Qu'Appelle, has sent us an extract from a letter from Miss M. A. Sharp, Monrovia, Africa, who has taken a number of native boys to train, with the hope that they may be employed by God as missionaries to their own people. God is evidently honoring her faith and courage, in letting her see of the fruit of her labors:—

"My boys are turning out so satisfactorily—the eldest was with Bishop Taylor two-and-a-half months, and helped in establishing sixteen missions, interpreted, exhorted, etc. I have a new house, it is quite roomy and convenient; and now the boys are very busy cutting poles for a new church—poles to which, plaited

bamboo is fastened for sides and ends, then thatched with bamboo leaves, etc. It will not cost me over \$15 or \$20, benches and all, outside of what my mission boys and others will do. I have no salary, but I have never wanted. I live very economically, and came nearer to the 'bottom dollar' lately than ever before. The Bishop baptized fourteen when he was here in February, making in all thirty, and there are over fifty that can read the Scriptures. My congregations are large, and are very attentive. God be praised for every token of His favor. How thankful we ought to be to think of the dear Lord has *selected us to do errands* for Him! You and your husband in the wilds of North America, and myself under the tropical sun of Africa. I know just what your religious experience is; this morning it came to me with great force, 'I am the vine, ye are the branches;' now we cannot as branches have *all spring time*, rejoicing in blossoms and new vestures of green; but fruit-bearing is the thing needed. And how the branches droop wearily with their heavy burden of fruit. My dear sister, the white glow of love and zeal is a dear, good state to live in, and oh, how we want to *abide* there! But there are Calvaries to ascend, and Golgothas to go through. The Master had a *heavy, heavy* cross to bear; He staggered under it; He had lonely hours in the garden; He was forsaken of all, and in bitter anguish he cried, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' The servant is not above the Master surely. 'Abide in me.' How? By faith. Then, too, we are so affected by our surroundings, and by the state of our health. It is well to put this test; this life of self-denial, of close-living I chose, do I regret my choice? Do I now deliberately choose the narrow way, and am I willing to endure whatever comes for the dear Master's sake? Yes, oh, yes! our hearts eagerly respond. Then, if the Master sees the branches need pruning, all right, no chastening seems joyous. Just hold on your way; keep your consecration entire; thank God when the sun shines brightly, and the Divine Presence illuminates all within; thank Him when the clouds gather, they, too, are needful. In everything give thanks. But then you do not love God with all your heart; if you did, you would do this and this. Ah, yes! we know who talks after this fashion, he is called 'the accuser of the brethren.' I have gone on, and sunshine and clouds will come and go before this reaches you. 'Neglect *not* the gift that is within thee.' Just keep limber in the hands of God, and let Him use you as He wills."

SPECIAL DONATIONS FOR AZABU CHURCH, JAPAN.

SIXTH LIST.

Thorold—J. Miller, \$1; Mrs. Miller, \$1; D. E. Miller, \$1.	\$3 00
Markham—Miss J. Cummings, \$1; J. Elliott, \$1; A. Major, \$1; Miss Goodwin, 50c.; Dr. Crowle, \$1; J. Dusty, 30c.; A. McLean, \$2; H. C. Mair, \$1; J. Steal, 75c.; J. Roberts, \$1; H. R. Wales, \$1; Miss F. Totter, \$1; H. R. Carson, \$4; H. Rickets, \$1; Mrs. Townsend, 50c.; Mrs. G. Pringle, \$1; W. Pringle, \$1; A. M. Morrison, \$1; Miss Mason, 50c.	20 55
Galt—Miss Kerr	10 00
Uxbridge—Mr. A. M. Bascom	1 00
Newcastle—A Friend	10 00
Bowmanville—J. Bunner	2 00
Total	\$46 55

Y. HIRAIWA.

Woman's Work.

"Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe: Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.—*Joel* iii. 13, 14.

UNDER the shadow of a great sorrow, and fresh from the scenes of a dying bed, we approach the duty of preparing the work of this department. A dear brother, Rev. Dr. S. J. Hunter, has been suddenly called to his reward. A beloved sister, an active member of our W. M. S., with her two little ones, is "walking through the fire" of sore bereavement. And the Church truly mourns a faithful and devoted minister. We may well rejoice, however, that in this fiery furnace of trial "the form of the fourth" appeareth, the Divine Jesus, whose presence upholdeth, and whose love comforteth. More deeply than ever comes the conviction that life is real, and that it is a very solemn thing to live. Life is an opportunity, it is a sacred trust, and we cannot too frequently reflect on our use of it. Perhaps, nowhere more than in the presence of the Christian's death-bed may we get a just conception of the worthy objects of life. As only at such a time do earthly things reveal their real trivialty.

We have often thought it sad to see the faithful Christian depart this life under the cloud of unconsciousness; and have coveted the clear, calm, leave-taking, and the joyous foretaste of prospective bliss, which is sometimes witnessed, and which seems to wreath the dying in a halo of light and glory; leaving to the bereaved a lasting treasure of precious memory. But we have learned that though cruel disease obtains power over reason, there may still be precious memories; and holy thoughts born of a mind and heart devoted to God may, even in the height of delirium, give inspiration and stimulus to those around.

The servant of God whose body was the victim of a disease which chained him to his bed, was heard, in delirium, exhorting to righteousness, addressing Conference, recommending young men for ordination, pronouncing the benediction, and providing for his pulpit. It was our privilege, also, to hear him give an address apparently intended for a meeting of ladies of different denominations, united in some charitable or missionary work. The thought seemed to be the beauty of a spirit of harmony, and unity in prosecuting work for the Master; its beneficent effect upon the unconverted, and its sublime aspect as opposed to the forces of the enemy. Listening to these remarks, which must have occupied from five to seven minutes, we coveted the stenographer's pencil to catch the well turned sentences, so impressively delivered, that one hearing but

not present, would scarcely believe to be the utterances of a man in delirium. Closing with the earnest prayer that a loving spirit of harmony might possess all who labor to advance the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, the speaker apologized for his voice, pronounced the benediction, and with a fervent "Amen," dropped his head upon the pillow.

Ah, we thought, how beautiful! that even in the raging of disease over the mortal frame, the pure spirit revelled in holy thoughts, and counselled to holy deeds. In the presence of such a death, we feel the grandeur, power and beauty of the truly Christian life.

The life lived here in preparation for that beyond, is a condition of growth and expansion of all the higher powers which shall go on in a blissful eternity. It is the "eternal life" begun below.

How great our opportunity and how rich our privilege! What more worthy our best endeavor! To live in communion with Christ. To adjust our home life and our social life, in their detail, so that our whole environment shall be in harmony with the teachings of Jesus; to bring the life of earth nearer to the life of heaven, by increasing its purity, ennobling its purposes, developing its charity; by doing our part in the removal of iniquity, and the exalting of righteousness. Would that each follower of Jesus might realize the great fact: "I am my brother's keeper." Every vestige of influence a Christian possesses should be used, not only to advance and uphold all good, but also faithfully and boldly to dethrone and overcome all evil. No compromise with the weakening sins of worldliness. All of life for Jesus. The life of the heart, the life of the home, the life of society, properly so called, the life of business and the life of statesmanship. All should and may be lived, in the highest sense, for Jesus, the world's Redeemer and King.

No shadows yonder!
All light and song;
Each day I wonder,
And say, How long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng?

No weeping yonder!
All fled away;
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

No partings yonder!
Time and space never
Again shall sunder;
Hearts cannot sever;
Dearer and fonder
Hands clasp forever.

None wanting yonder
Bought by the Lamb,
All gathered under
The ever-green palm,
Loud as night's thunder
Ascend the glad psalm.—*H. Bonar.*

We desire to express our appreciation of the kind terms in which correspondents from the several auxiliaries frequently speak of this department. Our aim is to advance the interest of the work of missions in every home and every heart. Allow us to urge upon all auxiliaries the duty of helping to make our little paper a profitable and welcome visitor to our home circles. Short, helpful papers, suggestions on modes of work, short accounts of specially interesting meetings, will always be acceptable. We would remind our members, also, that on account of the vast distances separating some of us, as workers for the same objects, it is most desirable that the best information of all phases of the work be faithfully transmitted; and to do this, through our paper, is to engender a common sympathy and interest in all parts of the work. Though many of us must wait for the grand gathering in our Father's house, before we "see face to face," we may yet come to know each other here through the columns of our monthly paper. Letters from missionaries in the field are full of interest, and we hope the OUTLOOK, not only our own department, will be favored in the future more than in the past in this regard.

ITEMS.

All communications for this department should be written on one side of the paper, and addressed to Mrs. (Rev. Dr.) Parker, 238 Huron Street, Toronto, and forwarded by the 12th of the month.

The Spadina Avenue (Toronto) Auxiliary have made their beloved president, Mrs. Gundy, a life member. The presentation took place at an "At Home" given by Mrs. William Calvert, in the interest of the Ladies' Aid Society of the church, and was, therefore, the greater surprise to the recipient. This auxiliary has now six life members, one being a young lady of nine months, Miss Ethel Pringle. May she be spared to great usefulness.

The Mission Band of the Milton Methodist Church was organized by Mrs. (Rev.) Russ a few months ago. Before severing her connection with the congregation the young people, desiring to show their appreciation of her devotion to their interests, and also their admiration of her exemplary and Christian character during the three years she has labored among them, at a recent open meeting of the Band, presented her with a certificate of Life Membership of the W. M. S.

We are much pleased to have letters from Miss Morgan and Miss Preston in this number. Our friends in Japan are kindly requested to remember the OUTLOOK.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Toronto Auxiliaries was held in the Queen Street Church. There was a very large attendance. An exceedingly interesting paper on "Woman's Work from a Bible Standpoint" was read by Mrs. Dr. Ogden. We hope to be able to give it to the readers of the OUTLOOK in the near future.

Mrs. Cunningham, Corresponding Secretary of the Western Branch, on whom devolved chiefly the responsibility of providing for the programme of the Woman's Missionary Assembly at Grimsby Park, has forwarded a copy, which we insert below. It is hoped by the Western Branch that this meeting may be conducive to the interests of the Society. Only delegates attend our annual meetings, and these necessarily form but a small proportion of the women interested in, and belonging to, our Society. It is thought that a gathering of an informal character, when we may "see each other's faces," become acquainted, and discuss subjects and methods bearing on our work, may be made helpful. We suggest to auxiliaries to discuss this matter, and, wherever possible, we hope they will attend. We believe in the plan of "summer meetings" wherever practicable. Where people congregate for holiday-making, it seems only fitting that the Church should fellow, with the object of multiplying good influences. Good lectures, missionary and temperance conventions are a pleasing and profitable diversion; while the religious services, though they may not possess the distinctive camp-meeting character of the past, are always a means of grace and edification, and, no doubt, lead to the conversion and upbuilding of many souls. Far better the Church should mould and influence the holiday life of the people, than that it should be left to the questionable efforts of self-interested parties.

PROGRAM OF THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY ASSEMBLY
To be held July 25th and 26th, 1888.

WEDNESDAY 2.30 Opening Exercises.
	Chairman's Address.
Paper, "Our French Work" Mrs. Dr. Shaw, Montreal.
	Music.
Paper, "Mission Band Work" Mrs. Cunningham, Stratford.
	Music
Our Indian Work Mission Band.
WEDNESDAY 7.30 Opening Exercises.
	Chairman's Address.
	Music.
Address Rev. S. Huntingdon.
	Music.
Address Rev. Dr. Sutherland.
THURSDAY 10.30 Devotional Exercises.
Paper, "Auxiliary Work" Mrs. Stoney, Hamilton.
	Music.
Paper, "Objects and Advantages of a Missionary Paper" Mrs. Dr. Parker, Toronto.
	Music.
Paper, "Branch Work" Mrs. Detlor, Clinton.
	Music.
Paper, "Advantages of Industrial Schools for Indians, and How they may be Obtained" Mrs. McKay, Toronto.

THURSDAY 2.30 Devotional Exercises.
 Paper, "Our Japan Work" Mrs. Gooderham, Toronto.
 Consecration Meeting Led by Mrs. Dr. Williams, Toronto.

Each paper will be open to discussion, in which all are invited to take part. Mrs. S. J. Hunter will occupy the chair. The music will be under the direction of Mrs. W. J. Hunter, St Catharines.

The G. T. R. will grant return tickets to those attending, from any point on the railroad, for a fare and a third. The hotels will also give reduced rates.

FROM THE AUXILIARIES.

SILAM.—The Grove Ladies' Auxiliary, in connection with the Grove Church, on the Silam Circuit, has been organized about two and a half years, and has now seventeen members. We hold our meetings the second Thursday in each month, and have a very fair average attendance, although sometimes we feel discouraged; but when we remember the words, "Be not weary in well-doing," it cheers us, although it seems so little we can do. Our financial results last year were not much in advance of the previous; but we hope, by the end of this year, to far surpass that of either of the former. In March we had a literary entertainment, and realized a nice sum, considering the night and roads were not very favorable. So far this year we have received two very generous and kind donations; and we are hoping and praying that the good cause may soon deeply interest, not only a few, but all of the community, and they may join us in helping to send the "glad tidings" to our heathen sisters. We have eight subscribers to the *OUTLOOK*, and all seem to enjoy reading our little missionary paper.
 ETTA WEBSTER, *Cor. Sec.*

BOOKTON CIRCUIT.—I have the pleasure of informing you that Mrs. Wessmore was with us on May 2nd, for the purpose of organizing a Woman's Missionary Society at this place, and met with grand success. Organized one consisting of twenty members. Officers as follows:—President, Mrs. Robert Kelly; Vice-President, Mrs. Elisha Kelly; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Wesley Kelly; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. William Jull; Treasurer, Mrs. John Cooper; and expect our members to increase rapidly. Yours in Christ,

MRS. W. JULL, *Cor. Sec.*

FOXBORO'.—A public meeting in the interest of the W. M. S. was held a few weeks ago, addressed by Mrs. Levi Massey, of Wallbridge, who gave an able discourse, which was highly appreciated and which awakened greater sympathy in woman's work in missions. At the close eleven new names were given as members of the auxiliary. On April 23, a Mission Band was organized by Mrs. A. C. Maybee, with a membership of fourteen (and more to follow), with the

title of "Gleaners for the Master." President, M. A. Maybee; Vice-President, Emma Wickett; Recording Secretary, Mary Pitman; Treasurer, Estey Ashley; Corresponding Secretary, Della Demorest.

MRS. A. C. MAYBEE, *Cor. Sec.*

BAIE VERTE, N.B.—It may be interesting to the readers of the *OUTLOOK* to learn that, on 19th April, an inaugural meeting in connection with the Woman's Missionary Society was held in the Methodist Church, Baie Verte, Rev. S. T. Teed presiding. There were present, Miss Palmer, of St. John, Corresponding Secretary of the N. B. and P. E. I. Branch; Mrs. Edward Ogden and Mrs. Josiah Wood, of the Sackville Auxiliary. After devotional exercises, Mr. Teed introduced the speaker of the evening, Miss Palmer, who, for fifty minutes held, with absorbing interest, the attention of her large audience, while she graphically described their field of missionary labors, notably the benighted thralldom of heathen women. The inciting influence of the address was displayed by the eager enthusiasm with which an auxiliary was then organized, nineteen members being enrolled, and the following ladies elected to office:—President, Mrs. Bedford Harper; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Wm. Prescott and Mrs. B. Atkinson; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Magee; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Chipman Chappell; Treasurer, Mrs. Dr. Black.
 C. S. CHAPPELL, *Cor. Sec.*

SACKVILLE, N.B.—The Sackville Auxiliary has been making some progress during the year. At present there are twenty-three annual members and one life member. The interest in missionary work is steadily increasing, and this is in a great measure due to the monthly letters received from the different fields. Last December a Mission Band—Ready Helpers—was formed, and already there are more than twenty members. In order to increase the funds, orders for sewing, knitting, etc., were taken, and, so far, there has been no lack of work for *ready hands*. The Society hopes to at least double the amount raised last year. In April the annual public meeting was held, and the exercises consisted of recitations, a missionary discussion, a paper on Indian work, and an address by Miss Palmer, *Cor. Sec.* of N. B. and P. E. I. Branch. Of the latter too much praise cannot be said. Every woman's heart must secretly have been stirred up to prompt her to do more for the Master's cause after listening to her thrilling words. Our branch is deeply indebted to Miss Palmer for her untiring efforts during the year. Already the number of auxiliaries is more than double that of last year, and many of the new ones are in large and influential towns, and of them much is to be hoped. Sackville is to have the privilege of

welcoming the branch meeting next autumn, and great things are expected. May the prayers of all unite in asking for grand meetings at all our annual gatherings next fall.

H. S. STEWART, *Cor. Sec.*

JAPAN.

Letter from F. KATE MORGAN, dated JO GAKKO, No. 14 TORII LYAKA, AZABU, April 10th, 1888.

DEAR MRS. PARKER,—I certainly intended writing to you before this, but the days have a most unaccountable way of gliding by, each one seemingly full of duties. From the time I said good-bye to you at Toronto until I reached Yokohama, with the exception of the first three or four days on the sea, I enjoyed every moment I was travelling.

We are now enjoying Easter holidays; our winter term closed with a concert. Last week we were busy with examinations, which ended Thursday afternoon. All but twenty of the boarders left for their homes, and the day following Mr. and Mrs. Large started for Shidzuoka, so we three teachers are very quiet here just now.

After ten weeks' experience in teaching the Japanese girls, I can truly say I am delighted with them; they are so eager to learn, and are so quiet and orderly during classes, that it is a pleasure to teach them. I pray every day for strength and wisdom to do just the right thing. As I go among the girls from day to day, and become better acquainted with them, it is hard to realize that they are not *all* in the "fold." They are so bright and happy, and, so far, I have never seen anything but kindness and good-will among them. Japan is certainly a place to teach one patience. On every side there is so much work to be done, and, with your heart full of love and longing to help, it is sometimes hard to be content with doing "the little" each day. Much as I hope to enjoy this week's rest, I am impatient for school to re-open, for then I am to begin studying the language. I am looking forward to the time when I can talk with and understand the girls when they come to my room. After showing them my pictures and talking about the flowers their stock of English is pretty well exhausted. Sundays are very happy, quiet days with us. Church and Sunday-school services are held in the college, and we could quite believe we were in a Christian land until we go out in the city. It does seem so dreadful to think that the little children playing on the streets, Sundays, as well as other days, have never heard of Jesus. When I see them I always think of the infant class I left at home, and long to gather these poor little ones around me and tell them "the sweet story of our Saviour." One Sunday I went with Miss Lund to Shitaya Sunday-school, and, though the room was well filled with boys and girls, I thought there were as many more outside looking in at the door and windows. Strange sights and sounds, no doubt, they were seeing and hearing. I could not but wonder if seeds were not being sown in their hearts. With much love to all.

THE converts of the Chinese Presbyterian Mission at San Francisco, gave last year \$91 to home missions and \$158 to foreign missions.

Letter from GUSSIE PRESTON, dated VANCOUVER, B.C., April 26th, 1888.

MY DEAR MRS. STRACHAN,—I arrived here this afternoon, after an exceedingly pleasant trip. Until to-day the weather has been fine: at present it is pouring in torrents. But, I understand, they always have a great deal of rain here. I have enjoyed the scenery so much. Yesterday, two or three of us spent nearly the entire day at the back of the car as we passed through the mountains.

Through the Rockies I admired particularly the scenery in the Kicking Horse Canyon. The rapid, tumultuous river flowing over immense boulders through such a narrow canyon, the stupendous height to which the rocky snow-capped mountains towered on either side of us, with the pleasing contrast in many places of their dark foliaged sides, and the fluffy, many-tinted clouds resting upon, or slightly crossing, their heights, all filled me with wonder, awe, and adoration to their great Creator. But I considered the Selkirks even finer, though they do not attain to so great an altitude as the Rockies, yet the greater proximity of the mountains, as they tower almost perpendicularly above you, the blue-tinted glaciers, of which you are thus enabled to obtain a good view, and the "loop" which the railroad describes when on the down grade from the summit, following the course of the Illicilliwait, winding in and out amongst ice-bound peaks, where eternal winter in his frozen garments reigns, and passing such wonderful deep Canyons, with their steep, almost perpendicular, rocky sides—as, for instance, Albert Canyon—present to view scenery so sublime, that one is lost in continual wonder and admiration.

Thursday morning, on rising, I found we were following the course of the Fraser. A warm, balmy air, and the mountainous river banks clothed with bright green summer vegetation, with beautiful flowers of various colors peeping out here and there. The scenery along the Fraser was very, very pretty. Many of the mountains were capped with snow, and frequently their rocky sides jutted out into the water, forming numerous little inlets, and presenting the appearance of a giant's causeway, through which the river, narrowed in its course, would tumultuously flow.

I have enjoyed the trip exceedingly. I feel a little tired, but am resting now, and trust to be entirely refreshed when the boat sails. The boat was dated to sail Saturday, that would have given me a day and a half to rest in, which was quite necessary to avoid land-sickness; but it (the *Parthia*) was a day late in leaving San Francisco, and will not be ready to sail until daylight Monday morning. I have very comfortable quarters here, and pleasant company, other passengers *en route* for Japan or China. I believe there are nine in all, some have not yet arrived. Amongst them is a young man sent out by the American Methodist Society, who is going probably to the Anglo-Japanese College, Tokio. I am the only lady as yet, but they expect another, a Mrs. Graham, I believe.

I have had all along the route every comfort and uniform kindness from officers and passengers. I am sure, as Miss Morgan has already told you, that no one

need feel the slightest hesitation in making the journey alone—that fact only insures greater kindness.

I enjoyed my visit so much in Winnipeg and Brandon—the friends in both places were exceedingly kind. In Brandon, Sunday evening, after the sermon, I addressed a large audience of about 500. The Lord blessed me in speaking, and I had greater freedom in thought and speech than any time yet. I hope the words spoken in fear and trembling (for I felt the effort) may redound to His glory and effect some little result for good. They have no auxiliary in Brandon: I asked them to form one, and I think likely they will.

I must hasten now and close in time to write home before the closing of the mail. Please give my love to dear Miss Cartmell. How I wish she were coming with me, but the heavenly Father has probably good work for her to do at home.

I will write again on landing. I do feel so thankful this morning for the journeying mercies my Father has bestowed upon me, that I cannot but give expression to it. This passage is running through my mind: “Being enriched in *every thing* to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God,” and to His name and on the altar of love, do I offer this incense of praise. I feel no doubt or fear, for I know He is taking care of me. My mother said, in parting: “Gussie, I give you to the Lord,” and

“Hitherto the Lord hath blessed me,
Crowning all my days;
Henceforth I live—with His assistance—to bless Him,
Live to shew His praise.”—*F. R. H.*

PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

GIVING is one of the all important subjects pressing upon the minds and hearts of the people. It comes before the Christian with power as never before. And all who would obey conscience cannot dismiss it from their minds, for it demands their earnest attention. We then must give! “For whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.” How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? And *how* can they be *sent* without money?

Why should we not have system about our giving? It is certainly desirous that we should know just how much we can or, shall I say, ought to give. This the Lord has made known in His word, and we are told that the tenth “Is holy unto the Lord.” A rich material blessing is also promised “if we bring all the tithes into the storehouse.” If we then consecrate one-tenth of our income, no matter how small, we are truly obeying one of the Lord’s commands.

There are many young ladies who have no stated income, but nevertheless money is in their possession to do with as they will. Out of every dollar then, let ten cents be devoted to the Master’s work.

It may cost self-denial. If ye love the Master, and are in sympathy with the cause, it will be done willingly and cheerfully, and “the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.” Let us all then be faithful in this matter, paying our tenth as an honest debt; and what at first may be but

duty will become a joy and pleasure, and we will reap abundant reward. For the Lord has promised, “I will open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”
A YOUNG LADY.

Missionary Readings.

ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN ?

THE darkness falls, the wind is high,
Dense black clouds fill the western sky;
The storm will soon begin;
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,
I hear the great round rain-drops dash—
Are all the children in ?

They’re coming softly to my side;
Their forms within my arms I hide,
No other arms are sure;
The storm may rage with fury wild,
With trusting faith each little child
With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near,
They’ll go from this warm shelter here,
Out in the world’s wild din;
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow,
I’ll sit alone and long to know
Are all the children in ?

Will they have shelter then secure,
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,
And love is true when tried?
Or will they find a broken reed,
When strength of heart they so much need
To help them brave the tide ?

God knows it all; His will is best;
I’ll shield them now and yield the rest
In His most righteous hand;
Sometimes the souls He loves are riven
By tempests wild, and thus are driven
Nearer the better land.

If He should call us home before
The children land on that blest shore,
Afar from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait,
Till He, the keeper of the gate,
Lets all the children in. —*Transcript.*

MONTSIOA, THE BECHUANA CHIEF.

BY REV. OWEN WATKINS.

THE old chief in Bechuanaland—Montsioa—was once a persecutor of the Christians. He is not now, yet not quite a Christian; he has never professed to join the Christian Church, but he is a good deal more Christian than some of a whiter complexion— for, heathen as he is, in one particular he sets an example to our fellow-countrymen who go to Africa.

Every morning, in the chief's enclosure at Mafeking, just after the break of day, there is a bell rung. What does it mean? That means that all the members of his family, that all the chiefs who have come to visit him, that all the persons who are there as guests, must assemble in the courtyard, and must sing hymns and read a portion of God's Word; It means that solemn prayer is made to God. When the old chief returned, after having been away, our local preachers thought he would not want prayer, and did not appoint a man to conduct the family worship. In a little while the chief summoned his council, and issued what we may call a four-line whip—"If the heavens fall you must come." The council was composed of Christian and heathen men, and the old man said, looking at the Christians, "What great sin have I committed?" They said they did not know that he was any more wicked than usual. He said, "Do you consider, then, that I have got beyond the mercies of God, and that it is of no use to pray for me any more?" No, they said, no such thing. "Then," said he, "why have you left me and my family without a man to speak the Word, and pray to God?" And so the local preachers took it in turns at Mafeking, and if they failed, old Montsioa would send a guard down to fetch them up. Every day and every night the Lord is acknowledged in that heathen household.

PROGRESS IN PALESTINE.

FIFTY years ago postal communication reached the exile from Europe in Palestine once or twice a year. Now mail steamers from different parts of the world arrive daily at the ports of Jaffa, Haifa and Beirut, and telegraphic despatches can be sent to all parts of the world from any city of note in the country.

Fifty years ago the arrival of a foreigner was a matter of speculation almost all over the country. To-day the arrival of several hundreds of pilgrims and travellers per diem is no more noticed than the same event would be in London, except as an incentive to the merchant to display his most tempting wares, the hotel-keeper to offer his best accommodation, and the guide to offer his politest services.

Fifty years ago no Oriental necessities or accessories to the comfort of life were to be obtained for love or money. To-day the luxuries of Europe and America, combined with those of the Orient, may be enjoyed by any person possessed of moderate fortune.

Fifty years ago the population of Jerusalem did not much exceed 16,000. To-day we estimate the population at 65,000. Fifty years ago a few Jews dwelt in fear and trembling in their once favored Zion. To-day there are from 25,000 to 30,000 Jews clustering around and within the walls of Jerusalem, and doing the greater portion of the business.

Fifty years ago all the consular authority of the foreign powers was represented by a single individual, who was not acquainted either with the language of the different nationalities he represented, or with that of the country in which he lived. At the present time all the influential nations of the world are represented in the Holy City, and in other cities, by gentlemen of education, polish, and intelligence, and in many in-

stances with the addition of a well-drilled and well-appointed staff of secretaries, interpreters, and other attachés.

Fifty years ago there was not a school throughout the country where a child might learn to read even the native language with any degree of correctness, and a charitable institution was a thing unknown. To-day all over the land are to be found schools, in some of which all European as well as Oriental languages are practically taught, in addition to a religious as well as scientific education. Hospitals, orphan homes, churches, meeting-houses, dispensaries, and other noble institutions are almost yearly on the increase.

Fifty years ago the foreigner who undertook a journey through the Holy Land did so at the risk of losing his life, health, or property, without a chance of redress, and was subjected to the greatest inconveniences, hardships and privations. To-day the hotels, travelling accommodations and safeguards all over the country need only to be tried for their excellence to be appreciated.

There is one important feature of modern civilization, in addition to the want of railroads, that is still lacking in Palestine, and that is the existence of a newspaper conducted by and for foreigners and foreign circulation.

The great changes which have been effected during the past fifty years in Syria and Palestine, by the efforts of foreigners, few and feeble as they have been, laboring under the greatest difficulties and opposition, and all, comparatively speaking, poor in this world's riches, but rich in the faith that removes mountains, must prove something. May it not be that the time has come when the land must again take a prominent place among the countries of the world, and her inhabitants perhaps resume the influence for good which they once exerted over all nations?—*Illustrated Missionary News*.

MULTIPLIED EXCEEDINGLY.

A GRAIN of mustard seed! Can anything be smaller? Well, but when Count Zinzendorf was a boy at school, he founded among his school-fellows a little guild which he called the "Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed," and thereafter that seedling grew into the great tree of the Moravian Brotherhood, whose boughs were a blessing to the world. The widow's mite! When they laughed at St. Theresa when she wanted to build a great orphanage, and had but three shillings to begin with, she answered: "With three shillings Theresa can do nothing; but with God and her three shillings there is nothing Theresa cannot do." Do not let us imagine, then, that we are too poor, or too stupid, or too ignorant to do any real good in the world wherein God has placed us. Is there a greater work in this day than the work of education? Would you have thought that the chief impulse of that work, whereupon we now annually spend so many millions of taxation, was given by a poor illiterate Plymouth cobbler—John Pounds? Has there been a nobler work of mercy in modern days than the purification of prisons? Yet that was done by one whom a great modern writer sneeringly patronized as

"the dull, good man, John Howard." Is there a grander, nobler enterprise than missions? The mission of England to India was started by a humble, itinerant shoemaker—William Carey. These men brought to Christ their humble efforts, their barley loaves, and in His hand, and under His blessing, they multiplied exceedingly.—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

Our Young Folk.

LITTLE HELPERS.

LITTLE Helpers,
Young disciples
Of the Lord once crucified.
By your giving
Are securing
Life for those for whom He died.

Homes of gladness,
Homes of darkness,
You can picture side by side ;
Thus love binds them,
So faith links them,
Into one, though severed wide.

Your seed-sowing,
Which is growing
Into harvests for the Lord,
Will be gathered,
And be garnered,
Such the promise of His word.

Little Helpers!
One day leaders
In this work of Christ abroad,
Heaven bless you,
Guide and keep you,
Help you win the world to God!

—*From Little Helpers.*

VALUE OF PUNCTUALITY.

ONE cannot begin too early in life to discipline himself to habits of the most exacting punctuality in keeping every engagement and the performance of every service, be it little or great. Great men in all ages have been noted for punctuality. They believed an act to be well done must be done promptly. Napoleon used to insist on absolute promptness with his marshals, saying: "You must ask anything of me but time."

Washington was punctilious in exacting promptness from all his officers. On one occasion, when visiting Boston, the column was ordered to move at six o'clock in the morning. Washington was present before the time, but the marshal of the day, supposing that the hour was too early to start, was tardy in appearing. Washington looked at his watch nervously, waited a moment or two after six, and then ordered the column to move. Some time after, the marshal rode furiously to the front, making many apologies for the delay.

Washington replied, pleasantly, "It is our custom to ask, not if the leader, but if the hour has come."

John Quincy Adams, in his long service in Congress, was never known to be late. One day the clock struck, and a member said to the Speaker: "It is time to call the House to order."

"No," said the Speaker, "Mr. Adams is not in his seat yet."

At this moment Mr. Adams appeared. He was punctual, but the clock was three minutes fast.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS AMONG THE CHINESE.

WHEN boys fall sick there are two very curious customs. Sometimes the little fellow is made a priest, and dressed in priest's clothes. His parents think the gods will not make him die when he is dedicated to their service. But they may not want him to be a priest, as he would have to change his name and leave his family. After a time they take him to a temple and get the priest to burn incense to the idols and chant prayers. When he has finished, he takes a besom and chases the boy out of the temple, who comes home and puts on ordinary clothes. Others try to cheat the gods. They put a silver wire round the boy's neck, and leave off mentioning his name, calling him a pig or dog. They imagine the god, who is looking for a boy, will not search their house for one when he hears them speaking only to a dog. All the children have old coins and charms tied to their clothes to keep off the evil eye and drive away wicked spirits.—*Church of Scotland Mission Record.*

THE FABLE OF THE RAIN-DROP.

THERE was once a poor farmer who owned a small field of corn. He had planted and cultivated it with great care, for it was all he could depend upon for the support of his large family. The little blades of corn had come up, but the ground was parched and dry for the want of rain. One day as he was out in his field looking anxiously for a shower, two little rain-drops up in the sky saw him, and one said to the other, "Look at that poor farmer, he looks so sad and discouraged, I do wish I could help him." "What would you do?" said the other, "you are only one little rain-drop, you could not even wet one hill of corn." "True," said the other, "but then I could go and cheer him a little. I believe I'll try. So here I go," and down went the little rain-drop and fell on the farmer's nose. "Dear me!" said the farmer, "I do believe we are going to have a shower, I'm so glad!"

No sooner had the first rain-drop left than the other said, "Well, if you go, I believe I'll go too." So down came the second little rain-drop and fell on a hill of corn by the farmer's feet.

By this time another rain-drop said to his companions, as they came together, "What is this I hear about going to cheer some poor farmer—that is a good errand, I believe I'll go too." "And I, and I, and I," said the others. So they all went—faster and faster they came, till the whole field was watered and the corn grew and ripened, all because one little rain-drop did what it could, which encouraged many others to do the same.—*Juvenile Missionary.*

PRAYER AND SMILES.

WHEN I was young, I had an aunt whom I loved very much. I used to wonder how she kept her face so lovely.

When thirteen I spent the winter with her and had a delightful time. She had work, and care, and trials, but through all she had smiles. I often pondered the reason, but could not guess where she found so much love, so many smiles.

One day I went up stairs and opened a closet door in a retired part of the house, and was surprised to see my aunt there on her knees. As quick as a flash the thought darted through my mind, here is where she got her smiles.

Amazed at the heavenly beauty beaming in her face, I stood silent for a moment. Then I closed the door softly, feeling very sorry that I had interrupted her, for I was sure she was holding sweet communion with God. She loved to pray.

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE OF A LITTLE BOY.

DURING the disastrous war which raged in 1868 between the Maories (natives of New Zealand) and the white population, many natives were taken prisoners, of whom one hundred and eighty-seven in number were placed on a certain island with guards over them. Among these prisoners was a man named Kooti, who claimed to be inspired, and who, on this account, had acquired great power over his companions. Led by this man, a revolt took place; the prisoners seized a ship which had come to the island with stores, and so contrived to escape to the mainland, making their way over a very rough country towards the interior. Being intercepted by a small military force, a fight took place, in which the white men were defeated, while the escaped prisoners went here and there, ravaging the country and committing terrible excesses.

At length they reached Poverty Bay. At this place there were about two hundred Europeans and twice that number of natives, who for the most part were peaceably disposed, but in an excited condition of mind. Some of the white men, feeling alarmed at the state of the country, manned a fort and took shelter there, but the greater part remained in their own houses, more or less scattered. It was a terrible night when Kooti and his followers arrived. Some escaped by flight owing their safety to a faithful old native chief—a Christian—who sheltered them and then passed them on to friends of his, while Kooti and his men were in hot pursuit. Sad to tell, this noble deed cost the old chief his life, for when Kooti demanded to know where the white men had gone, the old man refused to betray their retreat, and was struck down along with his two young boys.

In the meantime what was going on among the other Europeans who had not escaped?

Alas! a terrible massacre had taken place; and we shall now follow the fortunes of a little boy, who was one of the very few survivors.

This boy's father, Capt. W—, had been sitting up late writing letters, all his family being in bed. Some natives knocked at his door, saying that they had brought a letter for him, but suspecting treachery, he desired them to put the letter under the door. Find-

ing that he would not open to them, the natives fired the house at both ends, and the unfortunate family had to come out or be burned to death. The family consisted of Capt. W—, his wife, their four young children, and a servant-man,

As they left the burning house, Capt. W— with his revolver in his hand, the natives declared that they did not intend to harm him or his family, and, as if to prove their sincerity, one of them picked up a child to carry, Capt. W—, his wife, and the servant carrying the other three.

Scarcely had they gone two hundred yards when a native rushed upon the servant and knocked him down, while another stabbed Capt. W— in the back. He fell dead to the ground, with his little boy, James, in his arms.

This poor little fellow contrived to extricate himself from the death grasp of his father, and, in the darkness, to escape to the shelter of some scrub, where he wandered about till daylight. Fearing to be detected by the natives, he kept himself concealed until the pangs of hunger could no longer be endured. Then he entered a house, empty, but not destroyed, where he found some food.

But his little heart was longing to ascertain the fate of his family, and, in spite of the danger, he went back to his old home. The dead bodies still lay on the ground, and at last he found his mother in the little outhouse, to their mutual surprise and delight. She had been wounded by the natives and had been left for dead, but had managed after a time to creep back to the house.

Here the brave boy contrived to sustain her for several days upon eggs and whatever else he could forage; but the unfortunate lady was so desperately wounded, that she could not long survive without assistance.

She procured a card and a pencil from her dead husband's pocket, and, after four hours' labor and many failures, she contrived to write a few lines beseeching for help. But the nearest settlement was six miles away, and the whole country was overrun by hostile natives. How could she ask her little boy, only eight years old, and weak with hunger and suffering, to leave her and to carry her letter to town?

But James, though young and weak, was brave, and loved his mother. Giving her one kiss and supplying her with what food he could find, he concealed the little note about his dress and went away upon his almost hopeless errand. No doubt he was followed by his mother's prayers—no doubt he prayed himself that God would help him to find friends to take care of his suffering mother.

And he did find such friends, even before he reached the town. He was met by a party who were scouring the country in search of any missing settlers. These men with all haste procured a litter, and gently carried the poor sufferer to a place of safety. She was tended with the greatest care, and rallied for a time, so that hopes were entertained of her recovery. But she had suffered too much, mentally and bodily. A few weeks later the end came, and she succumbed to the terrible injuries she had received.

Little James, thus left without parents or sisters, was sent to England, where loving relatives received the orphan boy.—*Chatterbox.*

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. THOS. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C., March 7th, 1888.

I HAVE just made a two weeks' trip, taking in Inverness, Essington, Queen Charlotte's Island, Skidegate, Gold Harbor, and Clue. We called at Inverness the first night from home. Here we were told of the dreadful accident that had just occurred at the mouth of the Skeena, by which the Rev. Mr. Sheldon, of the S. P. G., Mrs. Robt. Cunningham, and two native men were drowned. We had service here, and went on to Essington next day, and the *Glad Tidings* went off with four or five canoes in tow, and about twenty-five men to search for the bodies. I spent the Sabbath with Mr. Jennings' people, while he and Oliver went to Inverness for the day.

Monday, at noon, we left with a fair tide, spent the night at Kit-kat-lah, and started across next morning. It was clear and bright,

BLOWING A NORTH WIND,

which was a side wind for us to Skidegate. The wind and sea increased until things were quite lively, so much so that an old Hydah man who was with us, put up his hands and screamed: "Take down the sail." He had often crossed here in his canoe, and he would take down his sail when there was too much wind. All went well, thank Providence, and we were over to Skidegate in good time to have service with Mr. Hopkins and his people, who were nearly all at home. Found Mrs. H. in poor health. Next day I spent at Gold Harbor, in a good church service, and a council. Many of the people were away. Back to Skidegate for the night, when we had a meeting to consider the

IMPROVEMENT OF THE CHURCH,

and the people subscribed about \$200 towards it. We had purposed to leave the next morning for Clue, but the wind was so high it was thought best not to go out, so the day was spent in marking out streets, and building lots, and taking down old houses, etc. Another meeting at night. At 2 a.m., Friday, we left for Clue; arrived at 8 a.m. Passed two large village sites with houses and crest poles, but no people.

We found the people at Clue very glad to see us, and Wm. Wilson, the native teacher, doing what he could to lead them in the way of life. The people were all at home except the head chief, who is called Captain Clue. We had service at once, which all attended, in a large house—say 40 by 50—which is fitted up with seats and a nice little stand with a

LARGE HEATHEN POST,

elaborately carved, at the back of it. We had a good time, and preached again at night. The wind was so strong that the *Glad Tidings* had to go and anchor in the lee of an island, some two miles away. It was not thought safe to cross to the steamer, the sea rolled

in so high, so Chief Paul had a bed fixed for me in his house, and I stayed all night. Next day we had a meeting early. All wished that I should mark out the village site, as they wished to build new houses and a church, so most of the day was spent in this work. During the winter they had removed to a graveyard, and buried in one common grave, about 300 dead bodies, or what remained of them, which, according to their old customs, had been

BURIED IN THE HOUSES,

or in large hollow posts in front of the houses. It is a wonder there has not been more sickness and death among them, with all this corruption about the houses. The Gospel is what leads people to improve their homes, and to a more healthy way of living. They gave us orders to one of the mills over here for lumber for nine houses, and a subscription of over \$200 towards a new church. I hope it may be built this coming summer. We shall need a small grant for it. Sabbath we had a very blessed day—prayer-meeting at 7 a. m., preaching at 10 a. m., Bible class after it, preaching again at 2 p. m., with singing meeting at the close. Visited some sick, and preaching in the evening, after which the whole congregation

BOWED AT THE PENITENT FORM

to give themselves to Jesus. Then followed a fellowship meeting, when eight or ten were on the floor at once.

Later I baptized two sick and dying women. One of them said: "It is just two years since I first heard of Jesus. It was at Skidegate. I went to Victoria, but I was not happy, and could not do bad as I used to do, so we came back, and last fall before Christmas I gave my poor heart to Jesus, and now I love Him." The other said: "What a kind and loving Father we have. He sent His Son, and sent His Word to us poor people. I am trying to love Him. It is eight weeks since I was able to meet with our people in their services, but GOD DOES BLESS ME in my house, so I want you to baptize me." May the blessed Lord comfort these poor people!

We left Clue at 2 a.m., Monday, and reached Skidegate and Gold Harbor for a service. Left Skidegate early Tuesday, and made Port Simpson soon after dark.

And now we are startled by the fact that three fine young men of our village are missing. They went away to hunt on one of the outlying islands, and have been gone two weeks longer than they intended. Several parties went off in search. Their canoe was found broken up. Poor fellows! No doubt their canoe upset, it is supposed, about the time of the accident on the Skeena. Oh, that the living may lay these things to heart, and "Prepare to meet their God!"

SO DEAR, KIND-HEARTED DR. WOOD is gone to rest! I always had great respect and reverence for him, years before I met him. It was not till I came home, sixteen years ago, that I had the great privilege of meeting him; and fourteen years ago this month, when he was at our wedding at Cobourg, and the prayer he offered on that occasion has often been a benediction to us. I received much comfort from his

letters in those days. In one, in speaking about the Government land, etc., he said: "Our chief business is to preach Christ." So it is! But visits I made to Dr. Wood, when last in Ontario, were made a great blessing to my own soul; and when I talked about our trials in having to part with our little ones, he shed a tear of sympathy, and said he understood it all. His counsel and advice in reference to the work of God will, I trust, be a lasting blessing to us.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated, GREENVILLE, NAAS RIVER, B.C., February, 17th, 1888.

THE fever has ceased to spread; we have had no deaths from it for four weeks, and but few are now sick. But now it is over, we begin to realize how many have gone, and some we miss very much, but rejoice that they died so happy. The chiefs from Kit-hicks brought their sick here; one family brought five children very sick with the fever, and staid at the house of their eldest daughter, who is married to one of our local preachers, where I attended to them; and when I was sick, Mrs. Green continued to visit them with medicine and proper food, and they all recovered; and after staying here two months, the father was preparing to take them back to the old village. The daughter then said: "Father, you don't believe the Gospel, but when you all get sick, and you think you are going to die, you don't know what to do, so you come to the Christians and you ask them to help you, and they all pray for you, and God's servant gives you medicine, and God shows His mercy and spares all your children when so many die. And then when you get all you want, and your children are all well, you forget God and take them all back to the devil's work again. Do you think that you are doing right? I am a Christian, and I thought now you would give one of my sisters to God, and she would live here with me and be a Christian." She had spoken very earnestly, and the man did not know what to answer, so sought an excuse, and said "Yes, I should do so; I thought to give Hath-kun to be a Christian, but she is not willing." "Hear what he says," Hath-kun cried; "I have wanted to be a Christian for a long time, but father would not let me." The father now consented to her living at the mission, and she has given her heart to the Saviour, and last Sabbath was baptized with three others, the Sabbath before two, all recent converts from heathenism. God has blessed all our services very much of late, and the people are greatly encouraged as they see their heathen friends coming to the Lord. One of the young men baptized last Sabbath was first drawn here by the brass band. Being fond of music, he came to see and hear it, and then staid a few weeks hearing the word of God, discovered he was a sinner, and that the Gospel was just what he needed. He, his wife and four children have all been baptized and dressed, and in their right minds are learning from Jesus. The Indians are very superstitious; and in the heathen villages every sickness that may overtake them is laid on the medicine man. He is against them, and so they are ill. They were greatly troubled at the upper heathen villages when the fever reached

them, and they died off so quickly. They never had such a disease before, and so the old medicine men said, I had sent it on them because they were not Christians. The people believed it, and all the village met together and the medicine men said: "The missionary must be killed, or we shall all die." Then one chief proposed that they should wait a little and see if any more died, and if *five more* died the same way, then they should kill me. But before the word reached us here I was down with the fever, and our dear child was dead. They then saw their mistake, expressed their sorrow, and said they would not oppose God's work any more, and wanted me to send them a white teacher, and they would send their children to school. As our children were all ill, the day school was closed for two months, and so soon as I was able to do a little Brother Gibson went up to Kitlaktamx, and for a few weeks has been working there. The people received him gladly, and in their great sorrow (for forty-one, they say, died of the fever), gathered to hear the word of God. They say they will build a church, and will not again forbid the children going to school.

There is still great excitement about the land question. I sincerely hope the commission will be able to make some suggestions that the Government will accept, and give these people confidence and rest. They are talking of seeking a home in Alaska, if the answer to their request as made through the commissioners is not favorable, and if they cannot get any redress.

THE HOME WORK.

Tantramar.—At Anderson and at Cookville the interest in the regular preaching services is well sustained. At Rockport, God is blessing the people with His presence. During the early part of the winter we held some special services, and many who before were utterly indifferent about spiritual matters were led to seriously reflect upon their ways. Others were savingly converted to God.

A few Sabbaths ago the Superintendent preached an impressive sermon to a large and attentive congregation. At the close of the service five candidates were received into our Church, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. Seven persons still remain on trial. The interest in religious services is continually increasing, and truly the Lord is opening up in this place a field for faithful work.

N. McLAUHLIN.

A REMARKABLE tribute has just been paid to woman's power and ability by the mandarins of China. The Empress Dowager has administered the government so well and wisely during her regency of twenty-three years, that a body of these high officials have extended to her an invitation to occupy the throne with the Emperor for some years. He is fifteen years of age, and has already taken steps preliminary to ascending the throne. In view of woman's position in China, this act seems a very significant one. While such respect is being paid to her, the iron should be struck—infant daughters rescued alive, girls' schools established, and women trained for their homes and heaven.—*Ex.*

Facts and Illustrations.

BUSY lives, like busy waters, are generally pure. Stagnant lives, like stagnant pools, breed corruption.—*W. D. Nicholas.*

THE agents of the Bible Society in Tokio, Japan, have been unable to meet the great demand for the Bible in that city.

TWENTY years ago the Gospel was not allowed to enter Spain; now there are between 10,000 and 12,000 adherents of the evangelical churches.

No man ever achieved any thing for Christ who did not, when necessary, trample both self and selfish enjoyment under foot.—*H. Clay Trumbull.*

THERE are missionaries of thirty-three societies laboring in Africa, and the Bible has been translated in whole or in part into sixty-six of its dialects.

A CHINESE Young Mens' Christian Association building has been erected at Honolulu, at a cost of \$5,000, about \$2,000 being contributed by the Chinese themselves.

HUGH MILLER said: "Prayer is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and of God's goodness."

A CLERGYMAN met a man declaiming against foreign missions. "Why doesn't the Church look after the heathen at home?" "We do," said the clergyman quietly, and gave the man a tract.

"MY boy," said a father to his son, "treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you; for remember that you show-courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

THE Indian women are coming hourly to the front. At a late meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of Dakota, the Indian women reported having raised \$500 for missionary work among their own people the last year. This was more than all the money raised by their white sisters in three societies.—*Christian Union.*

THE decision of Dr. Henry M. Scudder and his wife to go as missionaries at their own charges to Japan, promises to be a great godsend to that field. Dr. Scudder's addresses before sailing have excited so much interest, that five others, it is said, have decided to follow him. One of these is said to be Rev. G. E. Albrecht, the German Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary.

A GENERAL survey of the foreign mission work, under the American Board, shows that during the past year the Gospel has been preached by missionaries and native preachers in nine hundred different cities, towns and villages in various parts of the globe; the number of churches have increased from 303 to 310, to which 3,481 members were reported as added on confession of faith—a larger number than in any previous year since the ingathering at the Sandwich Islands.—*Ex.*

A MANUSCRIPT of a work intended to "abolish" the Bible was once submitted with an air of triumph to Benjamin Franklin, who was somewhat sceptical. He read it, and then said: "Don't unloose the tiger, for if the world is so bad with the Bible, what would it be without it?" This reminds us that some person once asked Dr. Johnson why so many literary men were inclined to scepticism, and received the reply, "Because they do not read the Bible."

WHEN it was proposed to introduce railways into India, the Brahmins objected to the innovation on the ground that pilgrims to distant shrines might avail themselves of such a mode of conveyance, and thus lose the merit to be acquired by toilsome journeying on foot. Their fears were well founded, for few trains arrive or depart that do not bear pilgrims to some shrine; and at some seasons of the year special trains, called "pilgrim trains," are necessary, as the number of travellers is so great that they cannot be conveyed by the usual trains.

CONTENTS.

FIELD NOTES—By the Editor	82
EDITORIAL AND CONTRIBUTED :—	
Call to Prayer on Behalf of the General Conference on Foreign Missions	83
Bermuda	84
A Word from the "Dark Continent"	85
Special Donations for Azabu Church, Japan—Sixth List. . .	69
WOMAN'S WORK :—	
Notes by the Editor—Items—From the Auxiliaries—Japan, Letter from Kate Morgan—Letter from Gussie Preston—Proportionate Giving	86-90
MISSIONARY READINGS :—	
Are All the Children In?	90
Montsioa, the Bechuana Chief	90
Progress in Palestine	91
Multiplied Exceedingly	91
OUR YOUNG FOLK :—	
Little Helpers	92
Value of Punctuality	92
The Fable of the Rain-drops	92
Curious Customs Among the Chinese	92
Prayer and Smiles	93
Terrible Adventure by a Little Boy	93
ALONG THE LINE :—	
British Columbia. Letter from REV. THOS. CROSBY	94
"Home Work" Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN	95
"Home Work"	95
FACTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS	96
OUR ENGRAVING :—	
Native of the Dinka Tribe, White Nile, Africa	81

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