

THIS IS THE VICTORY



EVEN OUR FAITH."

Monthly Letter.

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SUBJECT FOR PRAYER.

AUGUST.—African and Jewish Missions.

SEPTEMBER.—Another Year for Jesus, Retrospect and Prospect.

CHINA.

From Dr. Maud Killam.

ICHANG, *April 9th, 1897.*

We are in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, of the China Inland Mission. They kindly invited us to tiffin, and are going to take us for a walk to a mandarin's grave. It has been a great privilege to meet these workers, and join with them in noon prayers, and to have their blessing as we start to-day up the river. We expect a happy time journeying together, and, after two months on our house-boat it will be hard for us to part.

There will be forty-two boatmen, but many of them will be on shore most of the time, pulling the boat by a rope attached to the mast. This is necessary when there is no wind, also in the rapids. When it rains a canvas awning over the front of the boat protects them. Our rooms are aft under the cover. We have a kitchen stove, a dining-table, chairs and provisions in the first room, back of which are the sleeping-rooms. Miss Rosher's and mine is the one where the rudder is regulated. Miss Rosher is on her way to Chunking, as a nurse under the Friend's Society of London.

The famine in Hupeh Province is very severe. They have pulled up their young plants and eaten them, and it is reported that they have even killed and eaten a woman. Rice is being sent up, for there is nothing for them to buy.

All the way the Lord has been answering your prayers for our protection and care. We have from the beginning of our journey had things very pleasant, and found many friends. We come now to the more dangerous part, but have nothing to fear, even if death should face us, for the same kind Father watches over us. The river is rising, but is not very high yet.

YANG-TSE-KIANG NEAR FU-CHEU, *April 30th.*

We are now about one hundred miles from Chung-King, and expect to reach that city on Monday, May 3rd. The shortness of our journey indicates its prosperity and pleasantness. We have been favored with a good boat, a very nice captain and a capable and trustworthy crew. I know that many friends at home are praying for us, and so I take it as an answer to prayer that we have had no accident since we left

America, that in all the ports strangers have made themselves friends, and that we are in company with dear Dr. and Mrs. Hart. Better than safe runs through dangerous rapids, and a pilot who steers clear of the rocks, and a captain who knows how to manage the sail, is the knowledge that God has the whole disposing of our lot, that our loving Heavenly Father careth for us.

Doubtless from reading "West China," and the letters of other missionaries, you are pretty well acquainted with the trip up the Yang-tse, so I will not burden you with a long description. A stranger, viewing things for the first time, could easily write enough to fill a volume. The grandeur of the gorges is wonderful. Away down between the towering mountains one learns of the sublimity of God, sees His beauty in strength. Past them and the rushing rapids the mountains have a gentler slope, and are clothed with a softer beauty. On each side of the quiet river the hills are terraced to their tops, and green with the year's plantings. Now and then in the shadow of some cliff beneath spreading trees one sees a straw cottage. Is the owner a lover of beauty, or is he on this charming spot unawares? is the question that presents itself. In the ravine the music of the falling water, the glitter of the spray, the feathery grace of tall bamboos, the beauty in trees and flowers causes one to look upward with rapture not to be expressed in words. This quieter beauty is somehow more to me than the grandeur; its softer voice tells of His power and love.

Away in far-off West China, we find God the same in His care for all, the same wondrous beauties of nature, and I believe we shall find our brother men the same.

Miss Brooks and I walked up to the top of a mountain opposite Changsher, on the evening of May 1st. We were

about nine hundred feet above a beautiful valley. We had been following a small stream, and saw its origin in a little basin at the foot of a cliff. Opposite us, on the other side of the river, the city looked like a great fortress from its high wall. It is eight hundred feet above the river.

May 3rd.

Yesterday I enjoyed a long ride into the country. How odd to see so many beautiful hill-sides covered with graves and vaults.

Five soldiers accompanied us from Ichang in their own boat, on account of a reported famine. We saw nothing of it along the river. The people looked well nourished, and the crops flourishing. We have, however, reason to believe that the famine is very serious away from the river. In one place sickness has taken hold of the famine stricken, and it is said that one hundred out of every one thousand are dying. Inland from Wan-hsien it is said to be very bad. Our soldiers leave us here. We expect to reach Chen-tu about June 5th.

From Miss Brooks.

FAMINE, CONSEQUENT ON CULTIVATION OF THE POPPY.

CHUN-KING, *May 5th, 1897.*

We are glad to report a safe journey thus far, and every one of our party in good health. Yesterday morning we reached this city, which is the last open port, and where we must register and obtain passports from the British Consul. We are making as short a stay as possible, and will leave early to-morrow. We have travelled about 550 miles since

leaving Ichang, arriving here on the twenty-fifth day, and there are yet 530 miles between us and Chentu. Another whole month of it! Still it has been very pleasant, the scenery of the gorges very attractive and the rapids exciting at first. The "New Rapid," where we had been led to expect a very hard time, such as having to unload all our cargo and take it up in small boats, or being detained for several days (as Dr. Smith's party were), was passed safely and with no trouble whatever. We came up nearly the whole length of it with a strong wind in our favor, the sail bearing the boat along without any other help, and anchored for the night at a short distance from its head, coming up the remainder very easily next morning. We were told that the first day's achievement was really wrought with the possibility of much danger to our boat, as it is a very rocky place, and, coming along, as we did, with such rapidity it would have been easy to strike a rock and knock a hole in our boat; but we had an excellent pilot, and a captain who is very anxious for the well-being of his boat, and although we have rubbed on a rock a few times, the boat has suffered no harm.

The Chinese officials have been trying to relieve the great scarcity in the interior by sending boat-loads of rice up the river, and a rice soup-kitchen was established for a time here in Chun-king, but the people, walking from such distances to obtain this much diluted soup died in great numbers, either on the way or shortly after arriving, and it was discontinued.

Unless one has quite a fortune to expend on food, it is useless to begin giving, for as soon as it is rumored that you are giving help you are almost mobbed by the poor, starving people. It seems very hard. It is a relief to see that

there is a prospect of a very good harvest this year. If they would only devote all their energies to cultivating rice instead of the poppy, there would never be any danger of famine. As it is, the rice culture is suffering in favor of the poppy. We could see acres and acres of the latter beautifully cultivated all the way up the sloping sides of the mountains, and we go to sleep nearly every night to the smell of opium smoke.

We have our boat arranged very comfortably, with the exception of having to combine dining-room and kitchen, which makes it rather warm; but it might be much worse, and we don't complain. Dr. Killam and myself are spending the day at the Quaker Mission, and are being charmingly entertained.

A Letter from Miss Ford, of Cherished Memory, received after the News of her Departure, will be Read with Special Interest.

CHENTU, *March 18th, 1897.*

Yours of November 26th is before me with its Thanksgiving Day thoughtfulness for us all away out here. It may be no one has told you how we spent that day here. We foreigners of Chentu, the Methodist Episcopal Mission, China Inland Mission, and our own, with five from outside places of the Church Missionary Society, took thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Cady, of the Methodist Episcopal mission. Twenty-two grown folk were seated at the table, and five little ones had a table of their own. We did not dine on turkey as these birds are not to be had here, but goose and chickens are not bad substitutes, and we had the cranberry sauce to go with it—this article tinned from California.

The afternoon was spent in tennis and other games, and a Chinese woman's class meeting came in (a part of the regular work of the day which cannot be laid aside for our holidays.) Then we all took tea with Dr. and Mrs. Canright in the same compound, and closed the day with a Thanksgiving prayer-meeting.

You would like to step in and see us? How much we would like to have you and many more of the dear home friends! A great deal of sentimental piety for missionaries would be done away with, and then, too, perhaps—nay *surely*—you could realize better how we are living face to face with the devil and his works daily, and how much we need the prayers of the home folk to help keep us sweet and unsullied, and from being hardened to it all. The misery and suffering, the vileness and crime, the lying and cheating, the idol worship! How true it is of China, “professing themselves to be wise they become fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man,” and not only that, but lower still, “and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things.” That first chapter of Romans never seemed so true before to me, and the book of “the Acts of the Apostles never before read so like a real history of every-day living.”

I am sending you photos of our two babies, Annie and Ida. Ida is just now walking, and two weeks ago we put her in Chinese clothes. Annie will be put in them when she gets a bit bigger. They are both as well and happy as can be.

We are so glad to have Miss Foster with us.

A Sacred Spot Near Chentu.

Five miles from Chentu is situated a little plot that is yearly becoming more sacred. It is a knoll rising up from

the plains. At its base flows a small river. Bamboo groves surround the homes of the farmers who reside in the vicinity. The summit of this knoll was purchased five years ago by the Canadian Methodist mission, and set apart to be "God's Acre." Four solemn processions have already wended their way, through the crowded streets of Chentu, out the great east gate, along the busy suburb, across the rich wheat and rice fields, to this sacred spot.

The first was the beloved wife of Dr. O. L. Kilborn, who entered into the rest of God's people in 1892.

The second was the beautiful little daughter of Mr. Curnow. They had just returned to take charge of the Methodist Episcopal mission after the riots. Previously had spent one night in a damp Chinese inn, where their little one caught cold. A few days later, entering the home, a sad, sad scene presented itself. In one corner rested the remains of the little daughter, while in the middle of the room the mother, with tears streaming from her eyes, was tacking some silk crape around the rough edges of the Chinese coffin to make the last resting-place of her darling more cozy. We followed this little form to its resting-place upon the knoll, and placed it at the feet of Mrs. Kilborn.

The third was the infant son of Rev. H. Olim Cady, also of the Methodist Episcopal mission. He was laid beside the little girl, two spotless lambs, to rise together on the resurrection morn.

To-day the streets were again hushed, as solemnly we followed the remains of Miss Jennie Ford along the usual route to the little knoll. We marvelled in that quiet hour. But God knows best; we dare not doubt His wisdom. Friday, April 23, after a hard day's work in the dispensary, Miss Ford was suddenly taken ill. Through her sickness, when-

ever conscious, a most beautiful and patient spirit was manifested. Her love went out to all her fellow missionaries, as well as the native Christians. Some of heaven's glory would thrill through her soul as she contemplated the prospects of early going to her heavenly home. The words, "Peace, perfect peace," which she daily sang during the first part of her illness, reflected the true blessedness that filled her soul. To her the assurance of Isa. xxvi. 3, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," was a joyous experience, a present reality. On the other hand, when hopes of recovery arose, she expressed equal delight in the prospect of doing something more for Jesus on earth. It was God's will, however, that "peace, perfect peace," should be her portion, and so after twenty-four days' sickness, the heavenly message arrived. "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

G. E. HARTWELL.

Chentu, May 19, 1897.

JAPAN.

From Miss Belton.

THE SCHOOL GROWING IN FAVOR WITH THE JAPANESE—

JAPAN, A LAND OF FLOWERS.

SHIZUOKA, *April 13th, 1897.*

We are having a pleasant time now in our school work. Everything is going smoothly and the number of pupils has increased to forty. The new and tasteful school building

no doubt accounts for this in a great measure ; but we hear, also, that a feeling in favor of our schools is growing among the people, partly in view of the fact that the new treaty with Great Britain will come into force soon, and then a knowledge of English will be very desirable. It is really wonderful to note how commonly English is used here. Even in small villages we find persons who have studied it, and the signs which hang above the shops and places of business are almost always written in English, if in any language besides Japanese.

I wish some of the women at home who have labored for our work here could see this comfortable building and notice how bright and cheery it is, and how happy our girls look. It is not a splendid building such as one might see in a city in Canada ; but it is so clean and bright and airy, and the situation is so pleasant, that we are very grateful for it. The former school building has been taken down, and a new residence for an officer in the army is being erected on its site.

Just now the country is very beautiful. The trees are putting forth their new leaves, and their delicate green, mingled with the pink and white of the cherry blossom, makes a sight which one cannot weary of seeing.

To-day I went to Hirono, a village a few miles away, to attend the monthly meeting, which was held there because the Hirono women come to Shizuoka to church, and this meeting is conducted by the women themselves. There were twenty-one women present, all of whom are Christians except one. The meeting was better than usual, and an animated discussion as to the best means of inducing more women to take part will, I believe, result in more earnest thought and effort on the part of some.

I walked home with the women part of the way and enjoyed the exercise, as we had sat on the floor more than two hours. I enjoyed, also, the conversation with the women. What a barrier this language is between them and us, and how earnestly we strive to overcome it; yet, to be able to understand them clearly and to say satisfactorily what we want to say requires a great deal of time and hard study. I am happy when I find I understand, or can make myself understood, even in a short conversation.

May 8th.—To-day our three Sunday Schools—that is, the church Sunday School, the one here in the school, and another in another part of the city—had a picnic. We went to Sengen, a beautiful place quite near the school, and it was a pretty sight to see the children playing among the trees, as happy-looking as they could be. There are famous temples there and a park, and one can go right up the side of a low mountain from the park; indeed, the mountain is really part of the park.

The wisteria is in bloom now, and when I get under a trellis covered with it, I think I must have got into fairy-land. Our roses are just out, and make the front yard look very pretty. What a land of flowers Japan is! Since New Year we have had the plum and peach blossoms; then the cherry and camellias; then the azaleas; and now wisteria and roses.

I have heard about the mosquitos of Shizuoka, but as they are just beginning, I cannot say what I think of them yet. But we made the acquaintance of those huge spiders, which come uninvited and unwelcomed to make their home with us. I have seen only three yet, and so am not quite accustomed to them. The other evening I saw one here on my writing-table when I came into the room. I am not very

cowardly, but I must admit that these spiders cause me to feel like a coward. At a distance they seem as large as a mouse, but the body is really not much more than an inch in length and width, but the legs are so numerous that it looks very large.

Would you care to know what I have been doing this week? On Monday, after my teaching was over, I went to the districts and then to meet the noon train, as I expected the delegate from the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Miss Parrish, with Miss Parmalee and a Japanese girl, who was Miss Parmalee's interpreter. We had arranged for two meetings—one on Monday evening, for all who would come; and one for Tuesday afternoon, for women alone. Unfortunately, Miss Parrish had taken ill the night before, and had to go to bed as soon as she reached the school. Our cook also took sick, and you know what that means with company on hand, and the responsibility of these temperance meetings, in addition to our usual work. Then it rained in torrents all day and all evening.

Miss Parmalee spoke to an audience of only twenty-five, when we had expected some hundreds. I was surprised to find anybody there on such a night. Her address was very interesting. Next day the rain ceased, and as Miss Parmalee had to go on to Nagoya, and Miss Parrish was still unable to go out, we had the woman's meeting in the school.

On Wednesday, my helper, Miss Noguchu, and I went to Ejiri, a town not far away, to hold a meeting for women and one for children. It is a very hard place to work in, and there seems little progress as the months pass. Two non-Christian young women and one or two Christians generally compose my meeting; while Miss Noguchu gathers thirty or forty children in another room, and teaches them. Those

who do not oppose Christianity are too indifferent to leave their work for an hour and attend a meeting. While we were there a doctor, who has lately put his daughter in this school, called, and he stayed until train time. He has heard the Gospel often, and does not oppose Christianity, but neither does he accept it or identify himself with the Christians. He told me that the people in that district cared nothing about any religion, although some of them hate Christianity.

On Thursday we went to Fujieda by train and jinriksha. Five women came to the meeting. One sent a messenger to say she could not possibly come that day, and another that she was expecting a guest, and could not leave home. Twenty-five children, attracted by the sight of a foreigner and the sound of the baby organ in the church, came to the door and finally were induced to enter and listen to what may have been their first lesson in Christianity.

On Friday afternoon we have a meeting for Old Testament study, in the pastor's house. This is attended by the church members.

To-day (Saturday) is our rest-day, and, therefore, everything for which no time can be found on other days, is put off until Saturday, and it is often the busiest day in the week.

After attending to several such matters, I got dinner, as the cook is still sick; then went to the dentist's; called at Dr. Inonye's, to see the wisteria, and then went on to the pic-nic. After tea I went to see a poor little sick girl, whose mother is our head teacher in the Japanese Department. She is a poor little delicate child, always sick, but worse than usual lately. Her mother has had a great deal of trouble, but is always cheerful and unselfish. Her husband

is dead, and she supports herself and two children. The little girl is bright and pretty, though so pale and thin that it makes one sad to look at her. It is very evident that her mother cherishes her and cares for her tenderly.

To-morrow will be Sunday—day of rest, in spite of the fact that there is so much to be done in it. Even though I see people at work, just as if it were a week-day, I feel the Sabbath stillness in my own heart as I go to Church or Sunday School.

You will not be surprised to hear that I always turn to the Woman's Missionary Society column in the *Guardian* first. I am growing more and more interested in mission work all over the world, according as my interest in the work here increases. How much alike and yet how different the work in different fields is, and especially how much we do need just the simple faith in God, of which we hear so much, and yet which we do not always find abounding in ourselves. It would be easier to rejoice if we saw conversions every week, if people were as eager to hear the Gospel as they are at present indifferent to it, and if we could see the harvest which must come some day, but which now seems afar off. Yet we can rejoice over the privilege of sowing the seed, of doing steadily day by day the work we find to do and of waiting and trusting in God for the results.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK AT PORT SIMPSON—A TRUE MISSIONARY HEROINE.

From Miss Clarke.

PORT SIMPSON, B.C., *April 21st, 1897.*

The days have come and gone in quick succession until my calendar informs me that I have been here almost three

months, and as I look back over the time, I realize very fully the goodness of God in allowing me to come to this happy Christian home, where I found everything in good order and the work well up, though Mrs. Redner and Miss Paul had been left alone so long. I was particularly struck with the neat appearance of the girls, their clothing being well made and in good order.

I find the girls, as a rule, willing to be taught and ready to work, and am very well satisfied with the progress made in sewing, darning and knitting during the time I have been here. One little girl, aged eight, who entered the Home in January, and who received from me her first lesson in knitting, has, with a little help over hard places, finished one stocking, and it is really well done.

The younger girls especially, are making excellent progress in English and doing well at their studies. Those same little girls I consider as nice a lot of children as one would wish to meet anywhere, and I think we may reasonably expect them to develop into capable women if allowed to remain the proper length of time in school.

Among the older girls there are several who cook very nicely, and when we wished to invite a few friends for tea on Mrs. Redner's birthday, Lizzie Bradley made the cake, as well as excellent bread and rolls.

The health of the girls has been very good all through the winter, and that means so much to us, both as regards mental and physical comfort. I think one, if possible, feels more anxious about these children when they fall ill than if they were of one's own kin, for illness or accident is always considered by the Indians sufficient reason for distressing themselves concerning the care their children are receiving at the hands of those in charge.

Before coming to Port Simpson I had an impression that nearly every day was a rainy day, but am happy to say my experience has not verified that impression. There is certainly a great deal of rain, still there are glorious days of sunshine and many of them. The spring is opening out pleasant and warm and a little preparation for a gardening experiment has been made, but it takes an immense amount of labor to get the soil into a condition suitable for planting, though a number of very good gardens in the place testify to the fact that it can be done.

A mail steamboat has come from Victoria regularly every two weeks all winter, and sometimes oftener, bringing messages and news from the outside world. To those accustomed to a daily mail and a daily newspaper, the intervals may seem long, but we soon get used to it, and though somewhat isolated, are a united little band of Christian workers, really happy in our work, though sometimes perplexed, troubled and disappointed.

The village has been very quiet for the past month, nearly all the people being away at the Naas for the oolachan fishing and grease-making. There were some wonderful meetings before the people left, but the few that remain keep bravely at work and I have yet to attend a dull or uninteresting service among them.

The work of the missionaries has not been lost, as this community of respectable, law-abiding Indians, clearly demonstrates. I imagine if we could summon before us a true picture of the Port Simpson of twenty-five or thirty years ago, and place it beside that which we see to-day, the good work that has been accomplished would be even more evident than it is, and we would be less inclined to discouragement.

Rev. W. H. Pierce arrived to-day from his mission on the Upper Skeena. He, with seven strong men, were a week in making the journey of 180 miles down the Skeena to Essington, and experienced considerable hardship and danger in doing so. For long distances the ice is still firm on the river, and over those parts the canoe had to be dragged on sleighs, having first been unloaded and the cargo left on the ice to be returned for when open water was reached. During the trip this had to be done forty-seven times.

Mr. Pierce reports that he was without mail for seven months, and Mrs. Pierce, who remains at the mission, will have to wait for news from the outside world until a steamer goes up in May.

Mrs. Pierce is the only white woman at Kish-pi-ax, and is at present alone with the Indians. Truly the days of missionary heroism are not yet past, and there are not lacking women among us who are willing to endure isolation for Christ's sake.

INDIAN WORK.

From Mrs. Redner.

PORT SIMPSON, B.C., *June 7th, 1897.*

We hope to keep our thirty girls, and, if possible, add to the number in the fall. Miss Clarke thinks we cannot do justice to more than thirty with our present staff, but I am willing to try. A few of the large girls will go with their parents for the holidays. The looking forward to this has certainly given us a more quiet spring than we have had formerly. What the result may be is yet to be seen, but we hope it may have a good effect on the school.

Miss Clarke has been very ill with congestion of the lungs, or at least we think that was the trouble. She was confined to her bed for three weeks, and the doctor being absent, we were very anxious about her. However, she is now almost well again, and resumes her duties this morning.

Miss Paul is still not very strong, but as she will be having her holidays very soon, we hope she will be much improved after the rest. She intends going to Chilliwhack for a change.

As for myself, I enjoy the best of health, and feel that I have very much to be thankful for.

Matilda, the girl that has been failing for over a year, surprises us by the way she keeps up; but she is getting very thin, although her cough is not worse than it has been for a year. She is able to sew all the forenoon, but has to rest most of the afternoon.

The other girls have had good health all the winter and spring.

From Miss Brackbill.

A letter from Miss Brackbill, dated May 8th, gives a few particulars of Miss Ford's illness, which will be received with loving sympathy:

"Two weeks ago last evening (April 24th) Miss Ford was taken very suddenly ill with spinal meningitis. She became delirious at once, and, with the exception of part of that night and the next day, she has remained so ever since. She has suffered very much with her head, and great agony with the pain in her back. Everything that medical aid could do has been done. Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn and Dr. Smith have been in close attendance, and Dr. Canright was

called in for consultation. Mrs. Kilborn has been here every day—sometimes all day—and one of the doctors has remained with us every night almost. The first few days a great part of the time she was preaching to the Chinese and telling them the way of salvation as plainly as when she was in her right mind. She has just been having a very bad spell, trembling with fear and living over again the day of the riot, and imagining we were hiding from the mob. Evening—Miss Ford has had a hard afternoon, and her pulse and temperature have gone up very high. We are doing all we can, and can only pray our Father to give us grace to accept His will whatever it may be. We have been so much together it is like seeing a dear sister suffer.”

NOTICES TO AUXILIARIES.

The Literature Committee has not prepared any programme for the months of September and October.

For September.—In auxiliaries where the officers or delegates to Branch meetings have not been elected, that order of business, with reports of the Secretary and Treasurer, will occupy the time. The Committee desires to draw the attention of auxiliary Presidents and Secretaries to the Notices of Motion on pages xiv. and xv. of last Annual Report. These ought to be read and discussed in order, so that each delegate may know the thought of her auxiliary concerning the proposed legislation.

For October.—Reports from the delegates to Branch meetings will suffice probably.

INCREASE.

LONDON BRANCH.

Amherstburg, Mission Circle.
Salem, " Band.

BAY OF QUINTE BRANCH.

Castleton "Nightingale" Mission Band.

MONTREAL BRANCH.

Warden Auxiliary.

Elgin "

Ashton "

Beachburg "

Hemmingford "

Grenville "

Carp "

Locksley } "

Magog } " Reorganized.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Room 20, and the Branch Depots in Sackville and Winnipeg, will be closed during the month of August.

Will Branch Corresponding Secretaries please send names of new "Auxiliaries and Bands" to Mrs. Bascom, Secretary Literature Committee, 189 Dunn Avenue, Toronto.

IMPORTANT.

Will Corresponding Secretaries who order Annual Reports and MONTHLY LETTERS please remember that, by direction of the Board of Managers, the remittance must accompany the order.

Will they also please examine the printed label on their package of MONTHLY LETTERS, and if it bears date of September, 1897, have the subscription renewed at the August or September meeting if possible, as the LETTER will not be sent after the subscription expires, and the Literature Committee may not be able to supply back numbers to those who are late in renewing.

Will friends who order literature from Room 20 kindly remember *not* to send three-cent stamps if larger or smaller denominations can be procured? Remit by money order, or bills when possible.

The Literature Committee at Room 20 and the Branch Depots in Sackville, N.B., and Winnipeg, Man. (for addresses see foot of last page), are prepared to receive deposits of \$1.00 for the literature to be used in connection with the Suggested Programme, and will send the necessary literature whenever called for by the programme as long as the money lasts. The usual charge of two cents, for wrapping and postage, will be deducted for each parcel. Subscribers will be notified when their deposit is expended.

"MISSIONARY GAME OF THE WORLD."

In this game there are fifty five cards, containing two hundred and seventy-five questions on missionaries and missionary work in all parts of the world. At the top of each card is the name of a country, mission, missionary or people which is the answer to the five questions below.

Example : WILLIAM CAREY. (See card.)

To play this game requires a general missionary knowledge, and it will be found very profitable for the home small gathering of a missionary nature, or missionary committees of Epworth Leagues.

Rules for playing with each game. Price, 50 cents.

LEAFLETS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE.

Please Send Remittance With Order.

(A signifies Adult ; J, Juvenile.)

	Each	Per
Countries—China. By Dr. J. T. Gracey15	
India. By Rev. E. Storrow. In two parts35	
Metlakahtla.....	.05	
(A J) Missionary Catechism05	3.
Our Work Series—No. 1 is out of print until further notice; No. 2, Our Chinese Rescue Home; No. 3, Our Work in Japan; No. 4, Medical Work Among the Indians in B.C.; No. 5, Manners and Customs of the Indians of Simpson District, B.C.; No. 6, Manners, Customs and Religion of the French-Canadians; No. 7, Trials and Triumphs of Methodism in the North-West; No. 8, A Beacon-Light in Japan; No. 9, Present State of the Work Among the French-Canadians; No. 10, Some Facts About our French-Canadian Mission; per 100, 75 cents.....	.01	.10
The Claims of India.....	.02	.24
The Needs of South America.....	.02	.21
What is Zenana Work?05	
Woman in China01	.10
Woman's Rights in India.....	.01	.10
Women of the Lower Congo01	.10
(A J) Who will Open the Door for Ling Te?02	.15
(A J) Question Book Series—Japan and Korea, China, Chinese in America, Mexico, India, Siam and Laos, Africa, Persia, South America, and Syria		
	10 in set, 50c.	.05
Some Curious Things About Japan.....	.02	.20

		Each	Per doz.
	Medical—Murdered Millions.....	.17	
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