

The Missionary Outlook.

A Monthly Advocate, Record, and Review.

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FEBRUARY, 1887.

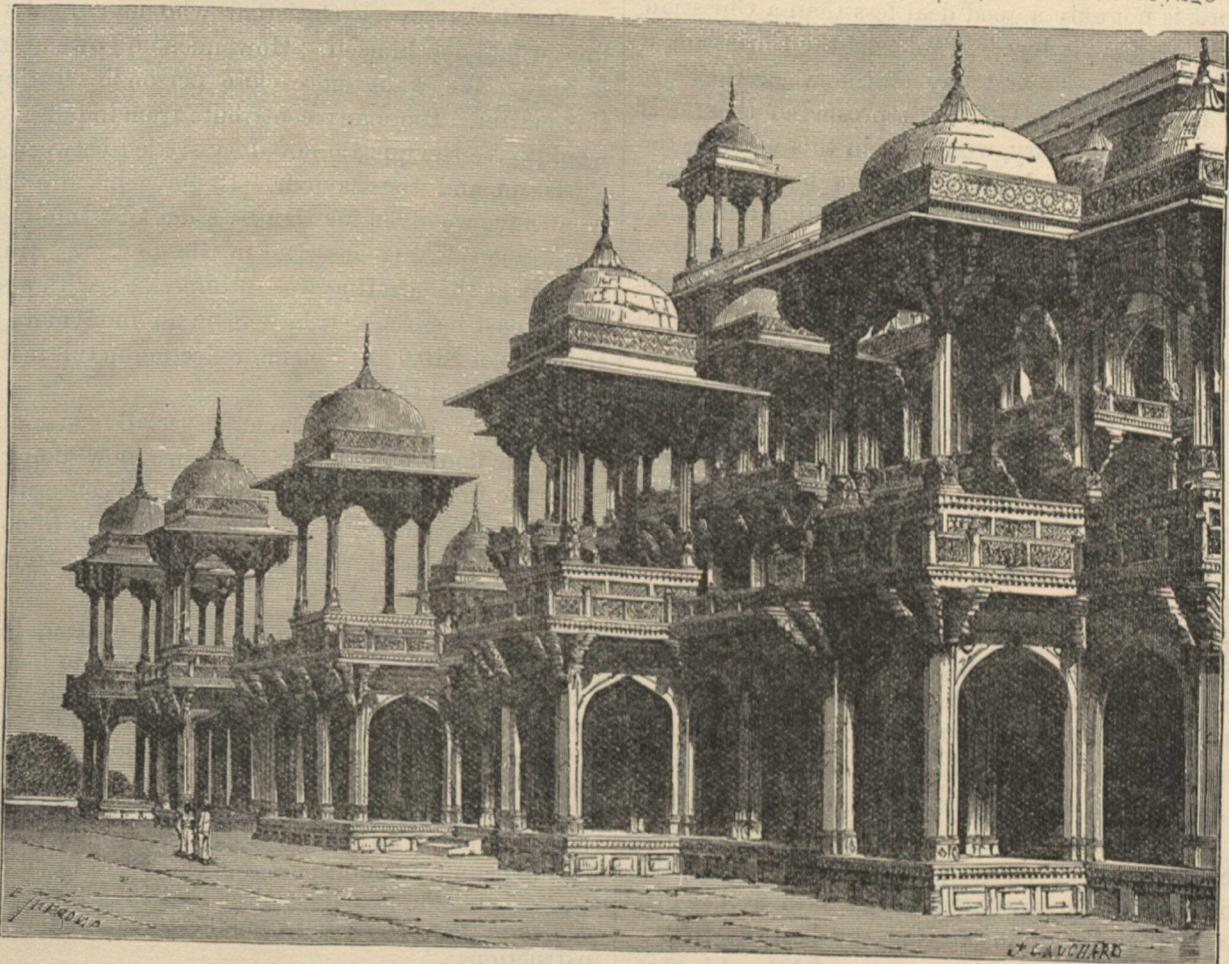
[Whole No. 74

Field Notes.

WE trust that the admirable paper of Mrs. Graham, published in another column, will be carefully read by the women of our church, and that prayerful attention will be given to the subject of which it treats. There is a grand field for "woman's work" among the Indian women of our country, and we hope

THE letters from the front, which we publish this month, are all interesting, and cannot fail to stimulate the Missionary Spirit throughout the Church. Just at the time when the Churches at home are pouring their gifts into the missionary treasury, it is encouraging to receive tidings of success from the mission field.

ON the 11th of January, Bro. Odlum and family left Toronto *en route* for Japan, and if the voyage is no



MAUSOLEUM OF EMPEROR AKBAR.

yet to see it prosecuted with unflagging zeal and great success.

A NOTE from Dr. Eby, written on board the steamer "within sight of land," has reached the Mission Rooms, and subsequently a post-card, dated December 29th, in which he says,—“We are safely here, and in the midst of fixing our house. All very well. The mission full of cheer and hope.”

longer than usual he will reach his field early in February. Mr. Odlum's work will be in the Academy at Tôkyô, a post for which he is eminently fitted by education and experience, as well as by natural qualities. The staff in Japan is now well filled, and we confidently expect tidings of growing success ere long.

LISTS of new subscribers to the OUTLOOK, and renewals of old subscriptions, are coming in freely, and

we confidently anticipate a fine increase. Will all our old subscribers please renew without delay, and send as many new names as possible.

Editorial and Contributed.

GIVING.

A GOOD deal has been written respecting pecuniary contributions to the missionary cause, but there is reason to believe that the Church has not yet attained to the true standard of giving. It strikes us that *one-tenth* should be regarded as the minimum amount to be contributed, hence we agree with the writer who says that the "man who does not give one-seventh of his time and one-tenth of his income to the Lord, is not only a good deal less than a Christian, but also less than a Jew." Paul tells the Christians at Corinth that on the first day of the week they are to lay by in store as God hath prospered them. If all, or even the majority, would act in this manner, the treasury of the Church would always be replenished. It is not lack of means but lack of a willing mind that hinders. The Church has money, brains, organizations, rivers of prayer and oceans of sermons, but she lacks in *power*. This power is the *sine qua non* in missionary work.

It has sometimes occurred to the writer that native Christians in heathen lands often come nearer the Bible standard of giving than some in countries long since evangelized. Raiatea, in the Southern Pacific, was regarded as the very climax of darkness and degradation. The gospel banner was unfurled, and king and people are now civilized and Christianized; and in May, 1882, a new church was dedicated, which cost \$8,760, every cent of which was paid at the dedication. Bishop Sargent, in South India, tells of a man who contributed ten rupees (\$5) to the funds of the church, and on being told that the amount was too large for him, he said, "O, sir, I am only giving back what God has given me."

Archdeacon Kirby, among the Indians in Manitoba, tells of a man who gave a silver-fox skin as his gift. This was literally giving to God the best, as that is the most valuable fur in the country, and the skin thus presented sold for \$12.50, probably about one-fourth of the poor man's winter's hunt.

It is stated that the contributions of the Japanese churches would have been equivalent here to \$20 per member. Twelve of the sixteen, though of very recent formation, received no help from the missionary treasury (American Board) last year. The pastors have led their people in the practice of self-denial, some of them receiving as salaries only a *fifth*, or even a *tenth*, of what they can have if they will enter the

Government service. The same liberality is seen in eastern and western Turkey, although famine recently possessed the south-eastern portion of Asiatic Turkey. Ought not these and like facts shame some of us, who pride ourselves a little on giving three or four per cent. of that abundant income which the Lord lends us? The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says: "I knew a lad in Christ once who adopted the principle of giving a tenth to God. When he won a money prize for an essay on a religious subject, he felt that he could not give less than one-fifth of it. He had never after that been able to deny himself the pleasure of having a fifth to give. God has wonderfully blessed that lad, and increased his means, and his enjoyment of the luxury of luxuries—the luxury of doing good." No doubt that lad was Mr. Spurgeon himself.

Would that every Christian who may read these lines would ask himself, "How much do I owe unto the Lord?" We want more close personal scrutiny on this matter. Too many contribute from impulse. We would have the question of duty settled between each Christian and the Saviour. He gave his life for *us*, what have we given for HIM? A day of "Intercession for Missions" was observed in Glasgow. A stranger present at the meeting was so impressed with a sense of his past neglect that he sent in an anonymous contribution of \$10,000. Solemn reflection in this instance produced good results.

Christians of every name, especially in Canada, have we done our duty? Are we now doing it? Shall the future not bear a better record concerning us than the past has done? We entreat you to ponder the following paragraph, copied originally from the *Bombay Guardian*:—

"In none of the Apostolic letters written to the primitive churches are Christians directed to look and pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, neither does our Lord, in His letters addressed to the seven churches, bid them seek the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, though some of these churches were in a very critical state and in danger of having their candlestick removed out of its place. There are many solemn warnings and admonitions and entreaties in all these epistles, and the presumption is that the Spirit of God *was with the believers* to enable them to obey these instructions.

"At this moment there are probably thousands of Christians on their knees imploring the descent of the Holy Ghost, to whom the Scripture is saying, 'Arise, and do the first works; repent, put off the old man, put on the new man; pay your debts; sell your superfluities and give to the needy; speak to your neighbors of the great salvation; confess your faults to those whom you have injured in reputation or otherwise; care for your poor relations; show kindness to your servants,' in a word, take up your cross and follow Christ, and be all that you are asking the Holy Ghost to make you."

E. BARRASS.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD."

A FEW days since, in one of my rounds, I entered a tent in which lay a sick woman. At a glance I saw her end was near. "Mary, do you recognize me?" I asked. She nodded an affirmative, and, motioning for a drink of water, she seemed to rally strength and said, "I am very glad you have come. I want to tell you that I am ready to go; Jesus is with me. I think I have already heard the singing of heaven; my ears are full of sweet sounds. It seems to me I have seen some of our friends who have gone before. Tell my people not to mourn for me;" and, turning to her mother, sisters and children, she said, "Don't weep when I am gone; wash your faces and comb your hair, and be comforted; be sure, all is right with me—I am going home." Speaking to her husband, she told him to keep his Cree Testament near his heart and read it often; that she would look for his coming. In a little while she was gone. Calmly and with joy her soul had passed on from the canvas tent to the "building not made with hands." Quietly and without sound of grief, or any external heathenish manifestation thereof on the part of her friends, we buried her. "Ye are my witnesses," said the Lord; and this woman's life for the last six or seven years, and recent triumphant death, has spoken volumes of testimony into the hearts of our people. They are impressed with the reality of God's presence with His children. To us missionaries such radical change in life and death is very encouraging.

JOHN McDOUGALL.

Morley, Dec. 6th, 1886.

OUR DUTY AS A WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY TO THE INDIAN WOMEN OF THE DOMINION.

Paper read by MRS. REV. JAS. GRAHAM, at the Annual Meeting of the Western Branch, St. Catharines.

THE rugged, uninviting way of duty lies over against the broad, more pleasant way of desire; and she who determines to tread the former only follows the footsteps of Him who said, "He who would be My disciple, let him take up his cross and follow Me." But she who has entered the way of duty, supported by the staff of principle, does not go far before she sees many a flower of delight springing up on every side, and ever and anon between the clouds she catches glimpses of the Eternal City.

Woman's way of duty generally lies in the home. The every-day work of life, which is wearisome and monotonous, grows lightsome when we reflect that the little feet we are trying to keep covered may one

day be among the "beautiful ones that shall bring good tidings to those that are afar;" and our impatience is hushed into sweetness with the thought that the restless spirit that is always asserting itself, and asking questions we cannot answer, may some day solve the doubts of others, and "justify the ways of God to man."

Though we believe our chief work is at home, we also believe that when our Saviour took woman by the hand and placed her in her original position by the side of man, she became a sharer in the Divine commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

And this command you have striven to obey. As a Society, you have found many a bud of promise growing among the rocks of discouragement, and you have reason to thank God and take courage.

Your work in Japan has so far been a delightful one. The Japanese mind was waiting for the message—eager for European customs and modes of thought—so that the reaping has speedily followed the service, and the work has had none of the laboriousness and weary waiting that attend mission work among the more ignorant and grossly superstitious nations. It may be, also, that a more effectual door will be opened to China through Japan. If so, rejoice that you have aided in this good work. But, while I rejoice with you, I would say, Love not Japan less, but your countrywomen more.

All souls are precious, and the work of saving them glorious; but the first command of the Master to the Churches of the Dominion is, the lifting of the veil of ignorance and superstition from the Indian mind. Original occupiers of the soil, we, as a people, have driven them to the farthest verge of the Dominion; we have taken, in fact, their means of subsistence from them, and when, starving slaves of passion, they fall a prey to the rebel, we wonder! The wounded stag, hunted and driven to death, turns on his pursuers and dies fighting; and we need not wonder if the poor Indian, crowded into a corner of what was once his own land, to die, should die hard. If the Indian race be allowed to die out, his death will be a curse to us. God will require his blood at our hand.

Thomas Jefferson, in speaking of the Indians, said: "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just." We like to boast of the aggressiveness and progressiveness of the Anglo-Saxon, but it becomes the progress of tyrants when everything must be crushed that stands in the way. The Indian is treacherous, but his white brother has taught him the lesson; he is indolent, but he has no motive, no object, to inspire activity; he is sullen and vindictive, but he has few friends and many foes. The Premier, in a short speech

before the General Conference, spoke with hope of the Indian, of the likelihood of his becoming a good citizen; this may be so, but until more is done than has been done, there is not much hope of any real elevation. The Government has enfranchised the Indian, but what a mockery unless he become an intelligent subject! It makes us weary to read of some Government official telling that "the great Mother across the water has written them a letter that she loves them so much, and is doing so much for them." We long for the time when the reflection of the light we possess will make them competent to judge for themselves on both political and religious subjects. But what I want to say to-day is, no means taken to improve the Indian will be successful unless the Indian woman be included. I have seen an Indian partially civilized, but followed by a squaw, her papoose on her back and degradation stamped on every feature, and I have said, "The Indian cannot vote until the squaw becomes a woman, and she cannot rise until sister hands lift her and place her by the side of her husband." Who shall do this work but the Christian women of our land?"

What the Countess of Dufferin and her co-workers are doing for the women of India, we should attempt for the Indian women of our Dominion. What I plead for is, that schools—training schools—be established among them, where girls and women shall be taught not only the rudiments of an English education, but neatness and economy, taught to work, sew and manage a household; then in time the Indian will take his place as neighbor to his white brother. There is hope for the Indian when she who is now his slave and burden-bearer becomes his companion and friend.

The work cannot be done by the missionary and his wife, though they spend their energies and give their lives. It cannot be done by the Government agents, but by teachers whose hearts are warm with love for the outcast, whose eyes can see, under the crust of filth and ignorance, gems for the Master's crown, whose hands and feet are swift to obey the divine voice.

Our own Dr. Punshon taught us to sing, "Work for the good that is nighest," and in all that we can do for our Indian countrywomen we but do the work that lies at our feet. The condition of the Indian women of the North-West and British Columbia opens to the Christian women of this country a field of labor both grand and glorious. The field is white to the harvest; where are the laborers?

Oh, that He who owns the gold and silver may open your way to do a hundred-fold more for our dusky sisters. "And it came to pass when they were gone over that Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken from thee. And Elisha

said, I pray thee let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me."

So, when God sends His chariot for the McDougalls, Duffs and Livingstones of this country, we lift our eyes and, with an infinite longing, cry, "Oh, that a double portion of their spirit were ours!" The spirit "to dare" and "to do" much for God can be had for the asking.

Missionary Readings.

LOST NAMES.

"Those women which labored with me in the gospel, and others of my fellow laborers whose names are in the Book of Life."

THEY lived and they were useful; this we know,
And naught beside;
No record of their names is left to show
How soon they died;
They did their work and then they passed away,
An unknown band,
And took their places with the greater host
In the higher land.

And were they young, or were they growing old,
Or ill, or well,
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold,
No one can tell.
The only thing is known of them: they were
Faithful and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer
To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame?
They lived to God.
They loved the sweetness of another name,
And gladly trod
The rugged ways of earth, that they might be
Helper or friend,
And in the joy of this their ministry
Be spent and spend.

No glory clusters round their names on earth,
But in God's heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please,
Although unknown,
And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays
Before the throne.

Oh, take who will the boon of fading fame!
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be;
And if within the book of life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God redound
For all His grace!

—Marianne Farningham.

NEWTON AND VOLTAIRE ON PROPHECY.

IT is a remarkable fact that Sir Isaac Newton, in his work on the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation, said that if they were true it would be necessary that a new mode of travelling should be invented. He said that the knowledge of mankind would be so increased before a certain date or time terminated—namely, 1,260 years—that they would be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Voltaire got hold of this, and, true to the spirit of skepticism of all ages, said, "Now, look at the mighty mind of Newton, who discovered gravitation, when he became an old man, and got into his dotage, he began to study the Bible, and it seems in order to credit its fabulous nonsense we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard."

The self-complacency of the philosophic infidel made his friends laugh; but if he should get into a railway-train even a skeptic to-day would have to say, "Newton was a wise philosopher, Voltaire a poor old dotard."—*Christian Oracle*.

HU KING ENG'S EXPERIENCE.

NOTHING was more interesting in connection with the meeting at Niagara Falls, in August last year, than the relation of the native Christian girls from Burmah, Siam, and China, of their personal religious experience. Miss Hu King Eng is a young Chinese lady now about eighteen years old, the daughter of one of the most efficient and eloquent native ministers of the Foochow Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her mother belongs to the small-footed class of Chinese women. Hu King Eng was truly converted, and became desirous of pursuing a useful life amongst the women of China. Mrs. Mary Sparkes Wheeler writes of her in the *Christian Advocate*:—

"Hu King Eng also embraced the Christian religion. Inspired with an ardent desire to be useful, she determined to prepare herself to the utmost of her ability to be an efficient worker in Christ's vineyard. She longed for a medical education, but had not the means adequate to secure it; so, she says, she 'prayed God,' and He prepared the way for her to go to America.

"Since she entered the school there she has won her way into all hearts. Her artless manner, her simple faith in God, and her constancy in the performance of what she considers to be her Christian duties, have not failed to make a deep impression on the others. She is very industrious and bright, makes rapid progress in her studies, and is said to have a remarkably retentive memory."

We will let her tell her own story as she told it at Niagara Falls. She said:—

"I came to America to learn English and study medicine, then I go back to my China, make people well, and talk about Jesus. When I was a little girl—I like to study very much—I think I like to study medicine. One day my father preach in church—he say everybody sin—when I heard—I was so sorry—I asked my father have I sinned? My father say—

yes! I say—Why, I never kill anybody—then my father told me, O! many things and—say—yes! you sin. Then I say I sorry—I cry. My father say—You better not sorry—you pray God—and He take away my sin and make me so happy. Then my father say, God take away your sin, make you have peace and joy, do you want to do something for God? I say, O, father, so long a time I want to study medicine, and help sick people, then he say—You go pray God. He will help you know. In three months I went to Foochow Hospital and learn some—then Miss Trask (medical missionary in China) want me come here and I so glad; but I leave father, mother, brother, sister, friend, that so hard, say good-bye, but God come with me, and help me every day—help me study and learn, I work hard, then I go back my China, make everybody well, and help their bodies; then I talk to them about Jesus. I hope you pray for me, I learn soon—so I go back to my China."—*Ill. Missionary News*.

AM I NEEDED?

HAVE we ever thought, dear friends, whether we are needed in the missionary work? Have we settled the question whether our Lord's command, "Go teach all nations," is binding upon us? But even if we are not called of God to carry the bread of eternal life to those in distant lands who are famishing without it, are we to conclude that the whole work will be done without our help? Nay, rather, are we not needed in carrying it forward? Our own circle needs us. It needs our presence at its meetings; it needs our constant contributions to its treasury; it needs our hearty personal interest and support. We have not realized this enough in the past. We have thought it made no difference to any one whether we gave our mite, whether we read the *OUTLOOK*, whether we came to a missionary meeting, or spent our time and money in some other way. Whether our sphere of influence be broad or narrow, whether or not we are peculiarly gifted in speech or prayer, whether we have much or little to give, still we may be in earnest to do our utmost for this cause, so that our blessed Master shall Himself say of each one of us, "She hath done what she could."

The missionaries need us. They are bearing the heat and burden of the day. They have many and peculiar trials, many discouragements in their work, many cares and perplexities, and they turn to us for sympathy. They ask us to remember that they are women like ourselves, and their hearts crave just the loving, helpful words which you and I might give. They need cheering letters from us; they need our earnest, persevering prayers for God's blessing on their work; they need to be strengthened and sustained by the assurance that we care for the souls whom they are trying to reach and save.

And, *The Lord Jesus Christ needs us!*

He has not seen fit to entrust the ministry of His Word unto angels, or by miracle bid the winds waft His story, or the mighty Gospel fly abroad through all the earth; but He has condescended to make use of human instruments, of the souls whom He has redeemed, in spreading the tidings of His love. The message must go from heart to heart, for so alone can

it be spread from land to land, and we are permitted to share in telling this wonderful story. If we can not go in person, we can help some one else to go; we may help by our money, by our efforts to keep ourselves and others informed of the progress of our work, by our prayers to the Lord of the harvest.

We love to read in the Gospels of our Lord's entry into Jerusalem, and how the message, "The Lord hath need of them," was all that was needed by the owner of the ass and colt to induce him to part with them. And to-day, when a like message comes to us, that the Lord, to whom we owe all that we are and all that we have, *needs us* in this missionary work, there can be but one response from our hearts, for surely we would not withhold anything of which *the Lord hath need*.—*Selected and adapted.*

OPEN-HOUSE WITHOUT A HOST.

MR. H. H. JOHNSTON, the famous botanist, naturalist, and traveller, tells this story in his new work *Kilimanjaro*. All our friends should read the book:—

"After a rather dangerous voyage in this rickety 'dug out,' we fortunately reached the beach of Pangani without a catastrophe. It was a pitch-dark night when I landed on this unfamiliar shore, and I felt more strange and friendless than I had ever done in the wilderness. Where should I find a decent shelter for the night in this dirty Arab town? As I wandered up into the bazaar I sought in vain for the face of some one to assist me. At length I entered a better street, and paused before the stately dwelling of a rich Hindu. I entered the hall, and inquired for the master. A portly yellow-faced man, in richly-embroidered garments, came forward. 'Can you tell me,' I asked him, 'where I can obtain house-room for the night? I have just come from the interior.' 'I suppose you had better go to the mission,' he said curtly, and turned away. 'What mission?' I inquired of my men. I did not know there was an English mission at Pangani. I knew the Universities' Missions had stations on other parts of the coast, and in Usambara, but I never heard of one in Pangani. As a matter of fact they really only possessed a house there as a *piéd à terre*, used in passing to and fro between Usambara and Zanzibar.

"I went back into the dark, dirty street, and clutched the first boy I saw. 'Now,' I said, 'I will give you a rupee if you will lead me to the English mission.' 'Orright,' he replied delightedly, in broken English, 'cum'long!' A few turns and twists in the labyrinth of sordid streets brought us to a more open space, and we were suddenly conducted into the courtyard of a large house; here our guide pulled a loud, clanging bell, screamed out something in Swahili, and left us. Immediately a pleasant-looking man and woman came out of a side door opening on to the yard, and giving a respectful salutation, invited us to ascend a broad ladder, which led to a terrace and some upper apartments. The woman carried a lamp, and the man a bunch of keys. Without another word the man opened the door of a spacious, well-lit room, and the woman placed the lamp on the table within. 'What shall I

get you?' she asked. 'Will you have some *chai* (tea)?' I said gratefully I would, and secretly wondered all the time where were the white occupants of the house. Why were they not made aware of my coming?

"Presently the woman returned, and began to make the bed; then she pointed to a large chest, and said, 'You must open that; only white men know how.' I looked at the box, and saw a word in Greek letters printed on it; it was a letter lock, and I comprehended the woman's meaning. The key-word was printed in Greek, so that the mission servants, I suppose, who could read English, should not understand the mode of opening the lock, and make too free with the contents of the chest, which, on opening, I ascertained to be all the necessaries for the table—cruets, knives, forks, cloths, napkins, glasses, and plates. I opened another box, and found therein well-chosen books, reviews, and newspapers, food for the mind. And yet no host to greet me! Really, this was like some fairy tale, where you enter some enchanted house whose owner has been turned into a cat, or a monkey, or a marble statue, and find no responsible master to bid you welcome, but yet a mute hospitality on every hand, and all your wants forestalled and provided for.

"'Where are the Wa-Zungu (white men) who live in this house?' I asked the housekeeper, as she brought my supper. 'They left in the steamer two days ago.' 'Did you expect me?' I continued. 'No.' 'Then perhaps I am taking some one else's room.' 'No,' she said, 'there are other chambers if others come, and all white men who come to Pangani lodge here.'

"In the best sense of the word the Universities' Mission keeps open house at Pangani. I did not need much pressing to make this residence my headquarters during my short stay in the town."

A GRADUATE of Beirút College being about to marry a girl of Maronite parentage but educated at Beirút, was urged to have a priest. The villagers signed a paper declaring they would have nothing to do with the wedding unless he accepted the priest. The young man had the courage of his convictions, and Mr. Bird having been engaged to perform the ceremony, says: "The friends had gone to bring the bride. Almost the whole population turned out to meet them. On they came, with fluttering banner, prancing horses, and volleys of musketry. When, at length, I tied the knot, the apartment was crowded to suffocation by the very persons who had threatened to abandon the bridegroom if he were not married by a priest."—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

THE *Advance* says: "One of the strangest peoples with whom the missionary has to do, are the Folashas, of Ethiopia, about 200,000 in number, living west of Jordan, who have as their holy writing the Old Testament in an Ethiopic version, and who still rigidly adhere to the Mosaic ceremonies and laws. They are the children of Hebrew immigrants, who in the time of the great dispersion settled in Abyssinia, and married wives of that nation—something not strange, as the Ethiopians are Semitic in nationality and language."

Woman's Work.

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."
—Ps. 126: v. 3.

THE winter season, with its long evenings, will bring to many a home the question of popular amusements, and possibly among the readers of the *OUTLOOK* will be found some mothers who will be asked to sanction some form of entertainment condemned alike by our beloved Methodism and all truly Christian men and women. The spectacle of a member of our Woman's Missionary Society permitting practices at her parties, or at her children's parties, that would dishonor the Church would, indeed, be a pitiable one. Sometimes, in lieu of dancing, romping games are substituted, which more properly belong to nurserydom, and which in their familiarities and vulgarities are quite as low as dancing. We have a strong hope that the women of our Missionary Society, with their hearts set on the noble object of elevating the women of heathen countries, will also determine a higher standard of "society" amusements at home.

Nothing can exist as a society custom which the women decide to abolish. Women are the "queens of society," and in all that pertains to the social life have more than "queenly power." That the custom of wine drinking has fallen from its once proud position in the highest drawing-rooms in the land, is entirely owing to the decree of women brought to realize its debasing influences. So may it be with all unhallowed amusements. Why should not the Woman's Missionary Society, with its membership in the best homes in the country, aim to exert a purifying, ennobling, exalting influence on the social life of Methodism, which shall do credit to the education and culture our young people have opportunities to acquire, and relegate to the ignorant and uncultured the vulgar barbarisms of so-called modern society, which really require no adaptation of brains or education or refinement to practise.

A SIGNAL victory has been won in the chief city of Ontario. A man fearless for Prohibition, making constant war on the saloon, the brothel, and the gambling hell; a Christian man, a Bible teacher, and the uncompromising foe of every work of darkness has been a second time called to the Mayor's chair. Christians all over the Dominion echo the glad reverent song of the victors, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Alas, that every election cannot be so celebrated! On this Woman's Missionary page I gratefully record the power exercised by Christian women as voters in this question of municipal politics. The emancipation of our country from many of the vices and sins which degrade our civilization, and the advent of those con-

ditions which all missionary agencies are working for, viz., the hastening of the kingdom of Christ, are no doubt to be largely assisted in this common-sense practical manner.

THE Annual Report is just to hand, and we congratulate the Society on its thorough get-up and the evident growth of the work which it displays. It is quite apparent that the workers also are growing in knowledge of their work, and how best to do it. Why should not our quarterly public meetings present this report, or extracts from it, that the members and friends of our congregations may be made familiar with the work of the Society?

TREASURER'S REPORT

For First Quarter ending December 15, 1886.

Western Branch	\$557 32
Central Branch	533 63
Eastern Branch	273 76
Nova Scotia Branch	250 98
N. B. and P. E. I. Branch	82 26
Newfoundland—St. John's West	42 00
Winnipeg Branch	32 00
Interest for the year	145 24

\$1,917 19

Through an oversight of the Corresponding Secretary of the Niagara Falls South Auxiliary, the members' names of last year were omitted in the report. The following are the names of the officers:—President, Mrs. G. A. Mitchell; Vice-President, Mrs. W. Kerr; Recording Secretary, Miss P. Biggar; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Z. B. Lewis; Treasurer, Miss Doane. Number of members nineteen, and one life member. On the first Sunday in December the services in our Church were devoted to the interests of the Woman's Missionary Society. In the morning Mrs. Osborne, of Wesley Park, preached in her usually interesting style. The people sat in rapt attention. In the evening, our minister being absent, Rev. Mr. Lavel kindly acted as chairman, and the young ladies and gentlemen from Mrs. Osborne's training school, eight in number, gave short addresses, each taking a heathen country and showing the necessity for prompt and earnest work in sending missionaries to "rescue the perishing." With music by the choir at intervals, the service was one of profit and interest. The results of the day's efforts were very satisfactory, realizing an increased and extended interest in the missionary cause. The collections amounted to nearly \$24. The ladies gave \$10 to Mrs. Osborne for her valuable services, and deposited the remainder in the treasury. At our last monthly meeting we received a donation of \$5 from Rev. C. Lavel, which was very gratefully accepted. With faith and courage we are resolved to do what we can in this glorious work.

E. P. LEWIS, *Cor. Secy.*



CANAL IN YEDO.

HALIFAX SOUTH AUXILIARY, N.S. BRANCH.

QUARTERLY REPORT.

THE monthly meetings have been well sustained, and have proved interesting and profitable. A public meeting was held in connection with the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. A paper giving an account of the daily routine at the Crosby Home was listened to with much interest. The sketches of home life give an idea of Miss Knight's work, which statistics cannot furnish. A member of the W. M. S. contributed an original poem. A beautiful pulpit Bible was then presented to the ladies of the Halifax South Auxiliary, for Mr. Green's mission, accompanied by an address to him and his congregation, signed by many friends of the missionary cause. The Bible, together with a hymn-book given by the Sunday-school of Dartmouth, is designed for the little church Mr. Green and his people are building on the bank of the Naas River in British Columbia. The remainder of the time was spent in prayer and testimony. The choir furnished appropriate music, and a collection was taken in aid of the funds of the society.

L. SILVER, Sec'y.

ITEMS.

New Auxiliaries.—Centenary Church, Hamilton.

We entreat our missionary workers to aim not only at raising money, important as that is, but also at the collection of information about the needs of all heathen countries, how far they are met, and what peculiarities of customs or belief offer the most hindrance to the progress of the Gospel.

THE query is often put in our Auxiliaries, "What shall we do to interest and attract the people? What would be a novel and yet a profitable method of conducting the quarterly meeting?" To aid our workers, if possible, we select the following plan from one of our exchanges, from which some suggestions may be gathered:

Scripture Text, Isaiah xxxv. 2.—The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

Scripture Reading, Isaiah xxix. 17-24.

General Topic.—OUR MISSIONS IN SYRIA.

Geographical extent of the Syria of the present day. Peculiar interest that attaches to this land. To what

empire does it belong? Of what race and language is the larger portion of the population? What is the prevailing religion? Who are the Druzes, the Maronites, the Nusairiyeh, the Orthodox Greeks, the Greek Catholics?

"America's gift to the Arabic-speaking races of the world." Who began, and who completed this great work? Name the Syrian scholar who assisted in it.

Give condensed account of the work of the American Board in Syria prior to 1870, and name some of its missionaries. Reasons for transferring the Mission to the Presbyterian Board.

Name the five stations under our Board. What work is specially committed to the women of the Church? Name the schools under their care, and give some account of each. Tell of the Theological Seminary at Beirut; The Syrian Protestant College; The Hospital of the Knights of St. John; The Suk-el-Ghurb Training-school; The Boarding-school for Bedouin boys at Jedeideh, in the Sidon Field.

Present attitude of the Turkish Government towards missionary work. (Read letters in *F. M.* for Jan., '85, Oct., '85, and March, '86.)

Revival in Syrian Protestant College. (Letters, *F. M.*, April, '85 and May, '85.)

Blessed Influences of Girls' Schools. (Letter in *F. M.*, May, '85.) "Happier days for Girls in the Lebanon." *Woman's Work*, July, '86; "Tripoli Notes," *W. W.*, Oct., '86.)

Articles in the introductory number of *Woman's Work for Woman*, December, '85, will be found helpful in studying this field.

Refer to Historical Sketches, Annual Reports, and Articles in *F. M.* for Dec., '84, and Dec., '85.

A very interesting account of the dedication of the Chapel of the Hospital of the Knights of St. John may be found in the New York *Evangelist* for July 22nd; in that for July 29th, an account of a Prayer-meeting in Jerusalem, from the pen of the Rev. H. A. Nelson, D.D.

R.

For Syria, one of our own fields may be substituted.

EDUCATE THE CHILDREN.

WHY is it that a missionary gathering of fifty ladies will not, ordinarily, include more than three or four under twenty-five years of age? Why this apathy on the part of our young ladies?

The great cry is, want of time, but can that be the real reason, when there is abundant time for embroidery, art, reading, music, dancing, matinees, etc.? There is a saying, "People find time to do what they want to do," and watching one's self a week would demonstrate that saying to be a fact.

The chief aim of the society girl is to have a "good time," and if she is a Christian, and many society girls are Christians, she would have to be reconverted, in order to have a "good time" at a missionary meeting.



CEMETERY OF SIOUX INDIANS.

This is chiefly due to the fact that ignorance prevails to such an extent on the subject of missions, that it would be difficult to find one young lady in a dozen who could tell where Judson labored.

Our Young Folk.

SOWING.

WE are sowing in the mission field
Of far off distant lands,
The Seed, which is the Word of God,
With earnest, busy hands:
For well we know that as we sow
The little seed will surely grow.

And daily, night and morning,
We sow the seeds of prayer,
Which evermore come springing up
In answers everywhere:
And daily pray that we may sow
Only such seeds we wish should grow.

—Miss. Readings.

THE BRAHMIN AND THE GOAT.

THERE is an old Sanscrit story told in India which shows the folly of being influenced into giving up what we know to be true just because so many clever people contradict it.

Three thieves once saw a Brahmin toiling along carrying a fine goat on his back. Now, these rogues made their living by outwitting people; and for this purpose, with diligence worthy of a better cause, they studied all the weaknesses and faults of the human race.

In this case a plan was speedily concocted, which they proceeded to carry out. One ran swiftly through a by-path till he was some distance beyond the Brahmin; then, striking the main road, he sauntered carelessly back till he saw the Brahmin coming.

"Ha," said he, accosting the latter, "it is a warm day to be carrying such a load. Is your dog lame?"

"Dog!" said the Brahmin. "What dog?"

"Why, the one you have on your back!"

"Man, this is a goat!" quoth the Brahmin, and pressed on, feeling a mild contempt for the idiot.

Soon he met the second pedestrian (the second thief).

"What's the matter with that dog, friend?" asked this second man, in a sympathizing tone. "You must have a kind heart indeed to lug that great brute this hot day."

"Man, can you not see this is a goat?" asked the Brahmin.

"Do you joke with me, old man? Don't you suppose I know a goat from that dog?"

"It is a goat, I tell you!" asserted the Brahmin, and pressed on, but not before the look of innocent astonishment on the other's face awoke perplexing doubts. Could his eyes have deceived him, or had he taken leave of his senses? Here was another stranger coming. He would refer the question to him,

He was saved the trouble, for the third thief, at the Brahmin's approach, struck an attitude of dumb amazement.

"What ails you, fellow?" said the Brahmin impatiently.

"Is it not enough to surprise a wiser man than I to see one of your years carrying that great dog? But then, poor soul, if it pleases you, what matter?"

This was too much for the Brahmin, and throwing his burden off he strode away, leaving the thief with his booty.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

INDIAN NAMES.

DID you ever wonder why the Indians should have such strange names as Walking Hawk, Good Dog, Rain-in-the-Face, etc., and how it is that they get different names when they come to our schools to learn English? Miss Collins, our missionary to the Indians, tells us that Dakotas get their Christian names from the missionaries at the time of baptism or from teachers when they enter school, but that the native name given a Dakota child at birth is from some ancestor or from some of the surroundings at birth. For instance, the mother of "Rain-in-the-Face" was with the party on the war-path, and one day while in camp, she being alone, unwittingly permitted the little baby's head to lie out from under the tent and the rain was pouring down. The mother supposed the child was dead, but a woman coming along, discovered that the rain in his face had revived him; hence his name "Rain-in-the-Face."

Some men, if they honor their people, always retain their baby name. Many carry it to manhood, and then if the man has proved for instance a great hunter or warrior, he has a new name given him which, whenever it is used, is a reminder of his honor. Others who disgrace themselves have names given them in derision, and this is a continual reminder of their shame. An Indian who steals frequently bears the name of "Wamanousa" or "Thief." An Indian boy who is the eldest son of a Chief inherits the Chieftainship, with the name, at the death of his father, or sometimes if the father grows old and inefficient, he retires in favor of the son, giving the son the name and the title while he takes up his early name. But a Dakota never tells his own name, as it is either one of honor or dishonor, and consequently a third person must answer for him.

FUNERAL RITES.

THE Mohammedans bury without a coffin of any kind.

The Greenlanders bury with the child a dog to guide it in the other world, saying, "A dog can find its way anywhere."

The music continuously kept up at the Irish wakes used to be for the purpose of warding off evil spirits.

The Russians place in the hands of the corpse a paper certificate of the character of the deceased, to be shown to Peter at the gate of Heaven.

In India the devoted wife formerly ascended her husband's funeral pyre and perished in the flames.

The Australians tie the hands of a corpse and ex-

tract the finger nails, that the dead may not scratch his way out of the grave.

The North American Indians buried with the corpse a kettle of provisions, bows and arrows, and moccasins, with piece of deerskin and sinews of deer for the purpose of patching the moccasins.

The Chinese scatter paper counterfeit of money on the way to the grave, that the evil spirit following the corpse may by delaying to gather them remain in ignorance of the locality of the grave. They also scatter in the wind, above the grave, paper images of the sedan bearers and other servants, that they may overtake the soul and act in its service.

The Greeks sometimes buried and sometimes burned their dead.

In the Roman Empire the body was invariably burned.—*Exchange.*

A HEATHEN ATONEMENT.

AN old Tongaman came into my study a few days ago, and explained to me a curious custom which they had before they were Christians. When he told me all about it, I thought—Well now, of what use is this to me? It will, perhaps, please our young friends at home yonder if I send it to them, and let them know how foolish the people here were formerly, and how different they are now. So here it is as my friend Joseph told me.

Suppose a woman, whom we will call Mele, is sick. She has a brother called Mea, who wishes her to get better.

Mea thinks that she is sick because the spirit of some dead chief is angry with their family. The question is, how can he find out the angry spirit? He will try by casting lots, thus. There is a long, narrow, coarse mat, made of the plaited leaf of the cocoa-nut palm-tree. This is spread on the ground, with one end eastward, and here, at the west end of it, a native takes his seat in silence. Before him is a nut, called *niu ui*, which he has put very carefully in the middle of the mat. At his back are Mea and another man; and all three have their faces towards the rising sun. There must never be more than three in the house while they cast lots. The man on the mat spins the nut, but must not speak a word. The two men behind him now call to mind what chiefs have died, and may be angry with Mea's family. One of them calls out, "Strike the nut of such a chief," giving his name. The spinner spins the nut round with one hand. It stops with its eye, or spot, towards the north. This means nothing. The eye must look directly eastward, and then the angry spirit is discovered. Mea calls again as before, only naming another dead chief. Presently the nut stops spinning, looking eastward. The last-named chief, then, is the author of Mele's sickness. The spinner next takes up the nut, reverently touches his forehead with it, and then folds it up in the mat, and puts it away in the end of the house, where it is left to rot.

The atonement is then made to appease the anger of the spirit. Here is a little boy belonging to Mele's family. He is taken, and the first joint of his little finger is cut off. The poor child is then besmeared, over his hand and arm, with his own blood, and given

over to a *feao*, another member of the family, and, together with the rest of the family and their friends, all go to the grave of the chief whose anger has been made known by the spinning nut.

The *feao* and bleeding boy sit nearest to the grave. Then the man with bent head, holds up the child's hand, all covered with blood, as a propitiation for their evil conduct to the chief. The whole company sit in silence, until one, who appears as an advocate for the family, usually a high chief, addresses the spirit in the following prayer:

"Finautaeiloa (the dead chief's name), here we are, (Here the names of the chiefs present are given.) If you are angry about anything, have mercy upon us, through Tubou (the highest chief of the land), and his elders here present."

Meanwhile, the bleeding hand of the child is held up until the priest returns an answer, in the name of the angry spirit. And I am sure you could not guess what old Joseph said was usually the answer.

"Yes," said the spirit, "I am angry. You have taken the big pig from your *abi*, and given it to your friend. You have given me no *kava* (the native grog) lately. But you go and live."

When Joseph told me this, I laughed and he laughed, and perhaps you will laugh also. It seems so funny that sensible men could be deceived in that way; but they were quite serious. The family soon found another pig, and plenty of *kava*, and the priest got a good feast by it. If the sick woman recovered also, of course the deception was complete.

But the delusion has now vanished. The Tongan now goes to God in his affliction, and, except among the Papists, no longer prays to the dead. He trusts not in the blood of an innocent child, but in the precious blood of Jesus Christ alone for life—for eternal life.

Let me ask, do you also trust therein?—*Juvenile Offering.*

ENCOURAGEMENT IN THE TRANSVAAL. — The Wesleyan missionary, Rev. George Lowe, writes that there is a great change taking place in the Transvaal in regard to spiritual things. He affirms that the kingdom of Christ is making advances with a rapidity that astonishes all who look on. Men come from distant kraals to see the missionary and to tell him of the work which God is carrying forward. He affirms that native Christians are preaching and teaching without pay or reward, simply from love to the Master and from personal conviction of the truth and power of the Gospel. He writes that a few weeks ago one came to him who had been preaching and holding a Methodist class-meeting for about twenty years, during which time he had not seen a missionary.

EARL CAIRNS, in a recent address in London, stated that of the 37,000 native population of Sierra Leone, 32,000 are professing Christians; and of the 44,000 Maoris in New Zealand, 25,000 are professing Christians. If New Zealand, in addition to its British population, counts a majority of even the natives on the side of Christ, may it not be called a Christian country as truly as England or the United States?

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. W. H. PIERCE, Native Missionary, dated KET-ZE-GUCLA, B.C., UPPER SKEENA, November 6th, 1886.

AS the Hudson Bay Co.'s freight canoes leave tomorrow, I take this opportunity to inform you how the work of God is going on here. The good Lord is still carrying on His work amongst us, in bringing my benighted brethren out of their old ways and darkness into the light of Christ's Gospel. But we are not without trials; it must, however, be so, and our blessed Jesus has forewarned us of them. By the help of God, our meeting-house is finished, which we need very much here. It is a very good and strong building; it will stand for many years. The timber is all hewed logs. When everything is paid, it will cost nearly \$200. You will rejoice over two more converted young men, who accepted the offer of salvation, and they are willing to suffer with the people of God. It is a great cross for these to forsake their old religion, but by the power of the Spirit there has been a moving amongst them towards the new way, one of the young men in our meeting, like the jailer of old, asking, "What must I do to be saved?" I bless God for what He has done; the voice of praise to God is heard in our midst. It is true those still living in sin and darkness are unhappy and they need something better than potlatching and heathen dancing. So whether our success be little or great, we need not despond while Christ leads us on into the battlefield. Several of the young people are leaving their heathen homes and come here to build new homes, as they want to live in the new way. Even the head chief wants to have windows in his house, so that the light might come in. Half of our village are civilized, and it is our prayer that the day may not be far away when all the people along this river shall learn the name of Jesus. It has encouraged our hearts to see the young people and children all decently dressed, and listening to the story of the Cross on Sabbath. A few years ago none of the inhabitants on this river wore civilized clothes, or heard the Gospel. Thank God for the happy change. My dear white friends, who love the souls of British Columbia red men, is not this encouraging to all my Christian friends in Canada? Oh, send forth the Gospel, and more faithful labourers into the vineyard of the Lord! Here is a wide field for faithful ones. The visit of our District Superintendent has done us good. The Hay-wil-get tribe is again asking us for the bread of life. May God hear their cry. We had a happy time together last week with the children and their parents in the new building. After taking tea, children sang several pieces, some of the old people saying that it was a new song; they never heard like it before. Sometimes we are encouraged by the attention of the other tribes on Sunday, and other times we find them very bad, but these things must not move us. The cold is increasing daily, and very soon we shall have to use our snow-

shoes to visit the other tribes. May the effect of the Gospel be felt by all the benighted tribes in the interior, and to God shall the glory be given forever!

Letter from the REV. GEO. F. HOPKINS, dated SKIDEGATE, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, Nov. 23rd, 1886.

RETURNING to this mission in July, on board the *Glud Tidings*, work was at once commenced on the Gold Harbor church building. Most of the men came to aid in its erection, and in less than two weeks the walls and tower were up and the shingles mostly put on. The inside has since been completed. A house of cedar, standing on a ridge, with a hill near by for a background, and the row of houses in front, it presents an attractive picture.

Meantime, the religious fervor ran high in every meeting. At the prayer-meetings, two or three would sometimes be praying at once, yet with no apparent confusion. In less than forty-five minutes, on one of these occasions, about seventy persons prayed.

During a fellowship-meeting one Sunday evening, the door of the house where the meeting was being held was thrown open, and a man entered. Hitherto he had taken no part in "school affairs"—missionary work of any description. In a moment he arose and said, "I have been walking up and down outside this meeting-house many, many times, too proud to enter it or to yield myself to God. To night I am here, and God saves me."

The same evening a little girl of nine years arose and testified to having found Christ as her Saviour.

It is wonderful in our eyes to think that, in about a year, they have left their heathenish practices to "work out their salvation" through faith in Christ. Though rejoicing in Jesus, they were somewhat cast down by the removal of George Edgar, the native who was so instrumental in leading them to a Saviour's love.

At Skidegate, meanwhile, we have been cheered by a few accepting Christ. The people have been away much of the time gathering food for winter. They have just now returned, and are beginning to ask how soon Christmas will come. Holiday season is always the great time of the year to them.

A Sunday-school for the children—separate from the afternoon service on Sunday—has been attended by all the little folks when they were at home. When the bell first starts ringing they begin coming, and usually they are all in the mission-house long before their parents get up to the church.

One of these little boys said to his father, "Papa, when I get to be a man, what am I going to do? Will I be a preacher?" His father told him only good men were missionaries, and if he wished to be one he must always be a good boy. "Then," the boy said, "I will always be very good."

The chief of Clue—a village about thirty-five miles off—came in July, asking that a man be sent to his people to tell them about the good way. When visited later on, he still pressed the request for a "teacher"—missionary—at once. It is reported now that the whole village observe Sunday, and are awaiting some one to instruct them. Oh! that we had a suitable man that could be sent at once to bear them the glad

news. We pray "the Lord of the vineyard" to send "more laborers."

Letter from the REV. A. E. GREEN, dated GREENVILLE, NAAS RIVER, Oct. 27th, 1886.

OUR band instruments arrived safely, and will you kindly let the friends who helped me to purchase them know how delighted our people are with them. They consist of 1 large bass drum, 1 side drum, 1 pair of Turkish cymbals, 1 triangle, 4 cornets, and 7 sax horns—making a splendid band. Day and night our Indians want to practice. They first learned and played "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and "God save the Queen." So far they are teaching themselves, but next month they expect to get an Indian from the coast, who knows band music, to teach them, when their progress will be greater, I have no doubt.

We find the young men in heathen villages are greatly exercised over this band. Many want to leave their old homes to come here. We trust that as they play and sing our gospel hymns, and hear of the Saviour's love, they may drink of the "water of life," and become earnest Christians.

A blind man here to see the band; he handled the instruments; and then was so delighted to tell the people he had seen it.

Mr. Gibson, who came out from England, is teaching our school, and is doing well. I believe he will make a useful man for our work, as his whole heart is in it, and the Indians take to him. Should you be able to get us a teacher next season, Mr. Gibson will do well to take some one of our outposts as teacher and missionary. He gave up a good situation, and paid his own way out, believing he was called of the Lord to this coast for Indian work, and the Lord is blessing him in his labors. We trust we are going to have a blessed winter, with refreshing seasons from the presence of the Lord.

I trust your annual meetings this winter will be very successful—collections and subscriptions very large—that your quarter of a million line may be reached, and the work extended and Christ honored.

KEEWATIN.

Letter from REV. E. LANGFORD, dated BERENS' RIVER, October 4th, 1886.

(Continued from p. 14.)

GRAND RAPIDS.

THE Indians of this place have always received their annuity payments, from the Government, at Berens' River. Immediately after, those who had come returned to their homes, taking with them the H. B. Co.'s supply of goods for Grand Rapids post. Having large boats and heavy loads they made their way slowly. Five days afterward, with a guide and canoe, I followed, and overtook them before they reached the fort. Here the rest of the band met their friends. Our first service was held in a few hours after reaching the fort, and having agreed to spend

considerable time with them, I at once announced my programme, to be continued for one week, viz. :—

1. *Forenoon.*—School for the children.
2. *Afternoon.*—Visitation and consultation.
3. *Evening.*—Public service.
4. *Sabbath.*—Two public services, and Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the evening.

JACOB BERENS,

the Chief, was my interpreter and guide. By the way, Bro. Berens is becoming a capital assistant. He becomes quite enthusiastic, is earnest and eloquent; rather unusual in interpreters. I remember on one occasion, while very much impressed with the importance of the occasion, I was earnestly exhorting them to give up their old ways, and making special reference to some of their doings, I omitted "war-dancing," when the old Chief said, "And drum-dancing, too." "Yes," I said, "add that." Some interpreters buzz away in a monotonous tone, and are never at a loss to "interpret" (?) what you say, no matter how difficult or incomplete the construction. In my first experience with interpreters, that piecemeal style of speaking greatly perplexed me. In one of my discourses I got somewhat off the track, and talked a good while without saying what I wanted to say; it seemed to me I said nothing. I paused to tell the interpreter to wait and I would state more clearly what I wished to say, as it was

A NEW EXPERIENCE

for me to speak through an interpreter. But he was all ready, and away he went with the translation (?) of what I had said. The people must have thought the new preacher very profound. Some are "professors," and would not pause or "stick," under any circumstances. Others speak as though they had a piece to say or a task to perform, and proceed without feeling or emotion. But an interpreter who is in deep sympathy with you and your work, will comply with all your wishes, and will convey just as you have intended your thoughts and ideas, so that you come at your work doubly armed—two faiths, two hearts, two voices, but one Gospel. An interpreter may be a help instead of a hindrance. But to return, Bro. Berens did admirably. We had good attention—a direct evidence that preacher and interpreter were understood. It is a very difficult matter to retain the attention of people unaccustomed to public services.

OUR FIRST SABBATH'S SERVICES

were very encouraging. School was announced for and called at the appointed hour, but before opening the Counsellor and others wished to ask a few questions in reference to a Government and Mission school, etc. An hour's talk followed; the outcome was that time was going on, and nothing was being done to educate their children, so they determined to embrace every opportunity afforded for the education of their children. The average attendance was about thirty per day. There was of course no time for other than lessons in the Cree syllabic characters, singing, and talks on various matters relative to their temporal and spiritual interests. The school closed by awarding the most successful boy and girl a small prize each.

In a previous letter reference was made, I think, to the fact that at Grand Rapids, as well as in other places, there are two bands or parties. Dick—the counsellor—assisted by Little Duck, is at the head of one party—the majority—while

OLD SUKUSKE

is the leader of the other. The latter and his people usually make their home about 100 miles inland. Accordingly I have never had a favorable opportunity of addressing them. For some time I had been planning to visit this band, and on this occasion I hoped to succeed. In the meantime they had heard that I was coming to visit them, and when I got to Grand Rapids I received a message from Sukuske himself, not to come among his band. "Then," I replied, "I must see him, if possible." I was surprised and perplexed. Good reports had come to us of this man's kindness and honesty. I also heard that his people wished to see me. But while I was pondering over these things and trying to arrange my work, Sukuske came to the Fort. I soon met him—a medium-sized man, well built, stands erect, well advanced in years, but not old looking, has a pleasant countenance, bright eyes and a full forehead. Unusual among Indians, he carries a "walking-stick." Having

ARRANGED TIME AND PLACE

for a conversation, I called to visit him. After a short conversation on various topics—in which I found the old man very affable—I stated the object of my visit. Before proceeding, and in order to understand the situation, I wished to know if, at any time, he had heard of the Gospel from any of the other missionaries. He seemed a little in doubt, and wished to know why I asked this question. I satisfied his mind in reference to this matter, and then, without answering my question, he proceeded to state his views and intentions respecting religion.

He talked a long time, with great coolness and precision. The substance of his statements may be summed up thus:—"Before coming here my people met in council. They were all present. Each one was allowed to speak and act as he pleased; we concluded that I would meet you here and tell you the mind of the people. The unanimous conclusion was that we would continue to live and serve God as we had been doing, and wished for no change; it would, therefore, be unnecessary for the missionary to come to us; I am thus authorized to speak for the whole band."

THE DIFFICULTY WAS APPARENT.

However, going back to the fall of man and briefly recounting the way in which God had dealt with mankind, I endeavored to show him His mercy and justice, and the great redemption through Christ. He listened attentively to the end, all the while "leaning on the top of his staff," and as the interpreter proceeded he would say, "Ah, ha," or "kā, ket," (yes, truly). Then he replied, "Yes, yes. Truly, truly. I have listened to you throughout, and the difference I find between your religion and the one I follow, is only in a few words; the two run almost parallel." His mind was evidently made up, and the course he had intended pursuing closely adhered to. Further reasonings

brought him no nearer to conviction, so far as I could see.

Finally, I asked him if he would allow me to read a passage of Scripture, sing a few verses and pray with him.

"Well," he replied,

"WHAT IS YOUR OBJECT?"

I am quite willing, provided you are not going to try to bring any evil upon us because we differ from you."

"Not at all. The Christian is never to wish or pray for evil to come upon any person, but to pray for the blessing of God upon all. He is to pray for his enemies, that they may be saved. But I shall read and sing in Cree, and the Chief will pray in your own tongue, so that you may know how Christians pray." We urged him to attend the services, but he did not come. In a few days he returned to his people; but before leaving he called to say "What cheer?" Holding my hand for a long time he said:—"I am glad that I have seen you; you call me brother, and I feel you are a brother; you ask me to call and see you when I go to Berens' River. I shall certainly do so whenever I pass that way. Good-bye, my brother; good-bye, good-bye."

APPOINTMENT OF LEADER, AND ORGANIZATION FOR WORK.

Finding the people becoming greatly interested, and believing the appointment of leaders and organization into a praying band would greatly strengthen and build up the cause, I kept a look-out for a suitable leader. I had had so little hope of the Counsellor, from previous conduct, that I doubted the propriety of his appointment. I noticed, however, he appeared quite the opposite of what I had observed on other occasions, and I could see no other person better adapted for the position. I then stated to him my mind, and asked him to name some person whom he considered would make a suitable assistant. He appeared humbled rather than exalted, for which I was devoutly thankful. He told me he would let me know in a day or so what he would in the meantime decide upon. In a day or so he said, "I want to have a talk with you this afternoon." After dinner I saw an Indian or two, who had been withstanding us somewhat, sitting on the platform of the H. B. C. store. I went over and sat beside them. After a few general remarks I took up the

SUBJECT OF MAN'S FALL,

"the confounding of tongues," the various branches of the human family, etc., etc., using pieces of sticks to represent various lines and individuals. In the meantime the Counsellor came along, accompanied by Little Duck. All were very intent on following the different thoughts, now and then asking questions as to the persons and branches represented by the splinters, stones, etc.

I then wished to know what my friend the Counsellor had concluded to do in reference to the work I wished him to take.

"Well," he replied, "I can only speak for myself just now; I understand so much better, and see so

much clearer than ever I did, the way of salvation. I am

DETERMINED TO BE A BETTER CHRISTIAN

and live nearer to God. And this work you ask me to take I feel unable to perform; I am ignorant, I cannot read, I cannot sing; but I feel I ought to do what I can. And as you have desired, whenever the people are here, I shall gather them together and hold service with them. Yes, anywhere and everywhere that I can gather a few families together I shall do my utmost to assist them in the good way. This man [referring to Little Duck] I have thought of as a suitable assistant, but he has not yet told me what he thinks about the matter."

"Well, brother, what is your mind in reference to this important undertaking?"

"I am unfit for the work. I need some one to help me. I am a poor sinner. When the Counsellor talked to me about this we spoke of different persons who are Christians, but they are not out-and-out Christians, they are

TOO READY TO GO EITHER WAY,

and such persons are not fit for this work. In thinking of myself, I am far from what I should be, I don't deny it. I get angry sometimes and say and do what is not right; I have even struck my poor old wife, when angry. But I will say this, I am resolved to cast behind me all that is evil; by God's help I shall be a Christian."

As he proceeded, the H. B. C. trader, who was coiling a rope near by, stopped to listen, and afterward stated that he was never more surprised than to hear the way Little Duck spoke. "Since you have that man and the Counsellor you may say you have the whole band."

(To be continued.)

McDOUGALL ORPHANAGE AND TRAINING INSTITUTION.

Letter from MR. J. A. YOUMANS, MORLEY MISSION, MILLWARD, P.O., ALTA.

I WOULD very much like to acknowledge through the OUTLOOK the receipt of some presents to the "Orphanage." During the past week we have received three boxes, one barrel and one bale containing sundries, useful gifts from our kind sympathizers in the East.

We are very thankful to the considerate donors, prominent among whom are "Busy Bee" Society of Berkeley Street Church, Toronto; Mrs. Dr. Rosebrugh of Hamilton, who gave a quarter chest of tea; Mesdames T. M. Bryson and T. Nichol, of Great St. James' Church, Montreal, who sent several illustrated books.

We should like to acknowledge all the givers, but most of the articles had no address on them. The goods are very acceptable nevertheless.

There were hats, caps and hoods, coats, pants, and dresses, etc., that gladdened the hearts of our dear dark-faced orphans. If those kind donors could see those faces brighten up, and know how happy they had made all our large family, they would feel paid

for their self-denial in giving them. We hope they may even realize that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

There were also some good strong shoes, a valuable addition to the generous gift of three dozen pairs of very nice shoes from the Band of which Miss Blight is Secretary. The bale was particularly acceptable, containing two pairs of blankets, two webs of cloth, and a quantity of yarn. Our girls are getting to be such clever knitters that they require a great deal of yarn to keep them in knitting work. The cloth too is just what we need, now that, thanks to the Elm Street Mission Band, we have a sewing machine, and can make up clothes to fit.

The dresses from "Busy Bee" Society were good, but four of them were too small even for 'Becca, our smallest girl. We have no babies here yet. The "Busy Bees" would do well to remember that our girls have *natural* waists, not having learned the art of lacing.

The boxes contained a large quantity of second-hand clothing. We are thankful for what we have received, of course, and some of it was very good; but we have enough of that to do us for a long time. I mean new cloth is much more useful, and 2,400 miles is a long distance to freight second-hand clothing, especially as nearly all of it has to be made over, and even then does not wear like new clothes.

We are very much pleased to find some school-books and slates, Sunday-school Tablets, etc., in one of the boxes. But we need one dozen of Ontario First Primers.

Our new teacher, Miss Youmans, of St. Catharines, has arrived, and we hope she will soon feel at home in her new duties, and will prove an efficient teacher.

We know it is winter by the short days and long cold nights, but there is no snow, for the Chinook takes it right off again, as soon as the wind veers around from the West.

We have just been passing through a very trying ordeal. For over three weeks we have had the measles in our midst, and for a long time we had ten down at once. Many died of it in the camp, and at Edmonton and White Fish Lake, and Lac la Biche, this summer and fall, but thanks to kind Providence, and our constant care, all of ours have recovered from the measles; but one of our girls, Mary Ear, who seems to be in a decline, does not rally, though we do all we can for her. But the others have recovered their normal lively condition, and are in high glee over the prospects of the re-opening of school.

The children seem to be improving in various ways, and we begin to hope that the good seed we have been sowing is already taking root and beginning to grow, "May the Lord increase it manyfold, and make us more and more efficient laborers in His vineyard," is our prayer.

ALDERVILLE INDIAN MISSION.

Letter from REV. J. CALVERT, dated Jan. 1st, 1887.

A WORD from this mission, at this time, will not be out of place, especially if that word is of an encouraging nature. Since last Conference we have been endeavouring to work up to a successful issue

the Sabbath-school cause, in connection with the above mission.

We are thankful to say that we have been cheered in our efforts, and that a livelier interest is being taken in our Sunday-school work.

I cannot tell what the number of scholars was last winter, no register was kept; but it was very small during the summer months, sometimes no more than four or five children present, and we had a large school when ten or twelve were there. Of course, we knew many of the Indians were "camping" at the time, and that, no doubt, had a tendency to injure the attendance at school, and we must allow for these things. However we went heartily to work resolved, if at all possible to build up the Sabbath-school cause. Our labor has not been in vain. Our school has now between forty and fifty members, three of whom are teachers.

A few weeks ago we thought we would take a new departure. We felt very much indebted to the Missionary Society for their kindness in sending us papers, books, catechisms, etc., etc., during the year, and we wished to convey to that society substantial evidence of our appreciation of the kindnesses thus bestowed upon us. What could we do? Very little, but we thought we could give a concert or entertainment, and we resolved to do so, and on Wednesday evening last our entertainment took place. We were modest, and only charged a low figure for admission, and many of our Indian friends kindly gave us their influence and support. Our programme consisted of music, vocal and instrumental, recitations, etc., etc., all rendered by the Indians themselves, to the hearty satisfaction of all present. We realized five dollars and five cents, which we as a school handed over to the circuit treasurer (Rev. J. Davies) of mission funds, thankful to Almighty God and the Church for the blessings we have from time to time received, and for the position we hold to-day as a Methodist Sunday-school, praying that the great end of our labors may be the conversion of every scholar and of every parent and friend on the reserve.

I think this is the first time the school has acknowledged its indebtedness in this form; we hope that it will not be the last.

Facts and Illustrations.

WHEN I began preaching I was afraid I would hurt somebody's feelings. Now I am afraid I won't.—*Richter.*

ENGLISH colporteurs in Persia are meeting with success in distributing the Bible in the Persian language. Even Mohammedans are pleased with Bibles offered them in their own tongue.

THE darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.—*Horace Greeley.*

WHEN you have learned to submit to do faithfully, patiently, duty that is most distasteful to you, God may permit you to do the work you like.—*Prof. Riddle.*

THE Protestants of Tunis have received a grant of land on which to erect a place of worship. The Bey of Tunis has subscribed £60 towards the building fund.

THE million standard that the Methodist Board has endeavored to secure is something more than one-third over their annual average. It is but little more than an average half a dollar a member for missions.

LET us take with us the great consolation that the work goes forward to-day as never before; that the Lord is opening a way for His cause in many places more plainly than ever before; often, even, using our mistakes to further it. The nearer the end comes, the more rapid the development.—*Exchange.*

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