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W. B. M. U. TIDINGS.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER YEAR.

Vol. 4.

Amherst, N. S., April., 1897.

No. 39.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.

"Workers together with Him."

PRAYER TOPIC.

For our Grande Ligne mission—For Brother and Sister Grenier, that they may be greatly encouraged and richly blessed in their work.

Suggested Program for April.

HYMN.

PRAYER. Remembering the Topic.

SCRIPTURE. John 17.

HYMN.

READING. Tidings.

SEVERAL PRAYERS.

READING. Report on Grand Ligne in year book, 1896, page 61.

HYMN.

MINUTES of last meeting.

CLOSING Prayer.

By sending to Miss Myra J. Black, Amherst, several readings on Grande Ligne may be had.

Suggested Program for May.

OPENING PRAYER.

HYMN.

SCRIPTURE. John 19: 1-30.

PRAYER. Remembering the Topic for the month.

HYMN.

READING: Tidings.

PRAYER.

TREASURER'S report for the quarter.

DISCUSSION. How may our Society increase its offerings to Home, and Foreign Missions.

PRAYER. Appointment of delegates for the Association.

HYMN.

Facts Concerning Home Missions.

Rev. A. Cahoon writes—"There are 48 churches now being aided by the H. M. Board.

Besides these, there are some ten or twelve needing help, not yet supplied with pastors. The Board has given promises of help to these fields to the extent of \$2836.00.

There has been received since the beginning of the Convention year \$1003.49 for this work (to Feb. 10th.) This is \$703 less than was received up to this time last year. The entire deficit up to date is about \$1800. There

are two general missionaries employed by the Board. These cost the Board about \$800 more."

Our Indian Work In The North West.

LONE WOLF'S APPEAL.

When the Great Spirit created the world, He divided it into two great seasons—one warm and the other cold. The warm season brings life and light; the grass springs up, the birds sing, there is growth and development to fruit and joy and gladness. The cold season brings death and desolation; the grass dies, the trees are bare, the fruits are gone, the animals become weak and poor, the very water turns hard; there is no growth, no joy, no gladness.

You Christian white people are like the summer; you have life and warmth and heat; you have flowers and fruit and growth and knowledge. The poor wild Indians are like the winter; we have no growth, no knowledge, no joy, no gladness. Won't you share your summer with us? Won't you help us with the light and life, that we may have joy and knowledge. H. M. Echo.

St. Peter's reserve—where our missionary, Henry Prince works—is eight miles wide and twelve miles long, and is on each side of the Red River.

The Crees of St. Peter's are well advanced in civilization, living in fairly good houses. They number 1400, and have 900 cattle, beside ponies. Chief

Ashan and four Councillors manage the affairs of the people in much the same way as in white communities, having monthly meetings. The Chief and Councillors are elected by ballot triennially. No rations are given out, but treaty money is paid. The Indians are generally intelligent and make their living by farming mostly. They raise cattle, pigs, sheep and poultry, and are well supplied with implements.

An Indian's Gift to Christ.

In a portion of the Southern territory from which the red man has now been driven, I once attended a protracted meeting held in the wild forest. The theme on which the preacher dwelt, and which he illustrated with surpassing beauty and grandeur, was "Christ and Him crucified." He spoke of the Good Shepherd who came into the world to seek and to save the lost. He told how this Saviour met the rude buffetings of the heartless soldiers. He drew a picture of Gethsemane, and the unbefriended stranger who wept there. He pointed to Him as He hung bleeding upon the cross.

The congregation wept. Soon there was a slight movement in the assembly, and a tall son of the forest with tears on his red cheeks, approached the pulpit and said: "Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian? Me have no lands to give to Jesus, the white man take them away. Me give him my dog and my rifle." The minister told him

Jesus could not accept these gifts. "Me give Jesus my dog, my rifle and my blanket; poor Indian, he got no more to give—he gives Jesus all." The minister replied that Christ could not accept them. The poor ignorant, but generous child of the forest, bent his head in sorrow and meditated: He raised his noble brow once more and fixed his eye on the minister while he sobbed out: "*Here is poor Indian will Jesus have him?*" A thrill of unutterable joy ran through the souls of minister and people as this fierce son of the wilderness now sat in his right mind at the feet of Jesus. The Spirit had done His work, and he who had been so poor, received the earnest of an inheritance which will not fade when the diadems of earth shall have mouldered forever.—Bap. Visitor.

To the Sisters of the W. B. M. U. of
Amherst, N. S.

MY DEAR SISTERS:

I have been requested to write you a letter concerning our work among the French of Nova Scotia; I do so with pleasure, asking God's guidance in writing it.

We are now almost at the close of our second year's labor. We have held meetings in the several sections of our field, and the attendance has been very good. As you know, our numbers vary; we have to expect that; sometimes we have a large number of Catholics and at other times a few only, but at all the meetings there have been one or two at any rate. We have also a Sunday School which is

progressing slowly. I have a class of children, nearly all Romanists, who attend as regularly as the weather will permit. Sometimes also the little ones have no shoes, and consequently, are unable to be present. I am ready for anything. I am willing to have patience as long as they hear the Gospel of truth.

During the year, we held two concerts, the proceeds of which went to make needed repairs to the church at Waggoner Settlement. We had the roof shingled and the interior of the building white-washed. We bought a large hanging-lamp for the centre of the church, and two small ones for the pulpit.

We held revival meetings for three consecutive weeks. The attendance was very good and the interest manifest by both protestants and catholic. A good number stood up for prayer, among them several catholics.

We desire an interest in your prayers. Our work may not show much, but it is slowly being done in the name of Christ.

Please remember we have to contend with ignorance and superstition in their worst forms, and we need to sit at Jesus' feet daily in order not to get discouraged.

May he guide our feeble efforts, is my prayer.

MRS C. W. GRENIER.
Plympton, N. S. March 8th 1897.

Tother and Which.

Tother and Which were two little kittens, but which was Tother and which was Which no one knew but Molly Johnson. Tother and Which and Molly were all three as black as could be. Tother and Which were blacker than Molly, but that was not

her fault, for she was just as black as she could be. But then, little girls cannot be as black as little kittens can be.

Tother and Which and Molly were a good deal alike, besides being black. They were all three round and fat and jolly, and full of play. They would run races by the hour, and then would all cuddle down in some warm spot, and all three go to sleep in a funny little black jumble. As I said, Molly alone knew Tother from Which, but if you met her with one kitten tucked under her arm and the other tagging along at her feet, and ask her which kitten she was carrying her eyes would grow round with surprise at such lack of appreciation, and she always answered gravely, with a closer squeeze of the kitten under her arm, "Tother course."

Everybody used to laugh at the virtues Molly discovered in Tother above those belonging to Which. Tother's eyes were prettier, she lapped her saucer of milk more neatly, and she had a gentler purr—not that Which was not a nice kitten. "'Cept Tother she's the nicest kitten there is!" was Molly's opinion.

One day Molly woke up from one of her cosy naps to hear voices from the window near her, and as she stroked Tother she heard, above the lazy, contented purr of the kitten, the voice of Dr. Rider, a returned missionary who was staying at the home of her mistress, and even little Molly's heart was stirred as he told of the sorrows of the little children in the land he came from. When Molly understood the children he was talking about were like her, little children with black skins, two tears were blinked out of her eyes and wiped away with Tother for a handkerchief.

Molly had understood that the next day, at church, Dr. Rider would preach and a collection would be for his missionary work in Africa. She had often been at the colored church with mammy, so she knew all about collections.

There was a smile passed over the big church when, after the sermon had commenced, a funny little figure, wearing a red hood and wrapped up in mammy's big shawl, one end of which trailed behind, walked the entire length of the church and sat down alone in a side pew at the very front. But Molly's solemn eyes saw nothing funny in it. A great deal was said she did not understand, but when the preacher spoke of self denial Molly nodded brightly. She knew, and she had some, she was going to put it in the collection basket. But when the basket was passed at the close of the sermon, it was not carried to Molly's pew. For a moment she sat still as she saw it set down in front of the pulpit. Sliding down from the pew the little girl in her trailing shawl trudged up to the basket, and reaching up, dropped into it, one at a time, two pennies then unwrapping a corner of her shawl reached up again and put in a little black kitten, and gravely walking back, climbed up to her seat.

Every one smiled, who could help it?

The kitten stretched up its head gave a little mew and then curled down in the basket. In the midst of smiles, Dr. Rider rose, and though he smiled too, there were tears in his eyes.

Now a most unheard of thing happened. He stepped to the edge of the platform and said: "Which kitten is it, Molly?" and when Molly answered "Tother," such a speech as he made.

But Molly did not know what he meant.—*Sunday School Times.*