

FOREIGN MISSIONARY TIDINGS

WOMANS FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA
WESTERN DIVISION

THE
WORLD
FOR
CHRIST.



"LO!
I AM WITH
YOU
WAY,"

Vol. I. (Old Series, Vol. XV.) TORONTO, DEC., 1897.

No. 8.

NEW SERIES

22 LAUREL ST.

NOTICES.

The Board of Management meets on the *first Tuesday* of every month, at 3 o'clock p.m., and on the remaining Tuesdays of each month at 10 a.m., in the Board Room of the Bible and Tract Societies, 104 Yonge Street, Toronto. Members of Auxiliary Societies, or other ladies interested in the work and desiring information, may attend a meeting if introduced by a member of the Board.

Letters concerning the organization of societies, and all matters pertaining to Home work, are to be addressed to Mrs. Grant, Home Secretary, St Margaret's College, 403 Bloor Street West Toronto. The Home Secretary should be notified *at once* when an Auxiliary or Mission Band is formed.

Letters asking information about missionaries, or any questions concerning the Foreign Field, as to Bible-readers, teachers, or children in the various Mission Schools, also letters concerning supplies for India, should be addressed to Mrs. Shortreed, Foreign Secretary, 224 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

All correspondence relating to work in the North-West and British Columbia including supplies, will be conducted through Mrs. A. Jeffrey, Secretary for Indian Work in the North-West and British Columbia, 4 Classic Avenue, Toronto.

All letters to the Board not directly bearing upon work specified in the above departments should be addressed to Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Corresponding Secretary, 220 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

All requests for life-membership certificates should be sent to Miss Bessie MacMurchy, 254 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, to be accompanied in every case by a receipt from the Treasurer of the Auxiliary into which the fee has been paid.

Letters containing remittances of money for the W.F.M.S. may be addressed to Miss Isabella L. George, Treasurer, 277 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

All correspondence relating to the business management of the FOREIGN MISSIONARY TIDINGS—all orders, remittances and changes of address—should be sent to Mrs. Telfer, 72 St. Albans Street, Toronto.

Notices of Presbyterial meetings intended for the FOREIGN MISSIONARY TIDINGS may be sent to the editor, Mrs. Geo. Hunter Robinson, 592 Markham Street, Toronto.

Foreign Missionary Tidings.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Presbyterian Church
in Canada.

(WESTERN DIVISION.)

VOL. I.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 8.

SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

December.—The Indians of the Canadian North-West, the French Canadian Mission, and other Home Mission work of the Church.

“For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.”—Luke 19 : 10.

“Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.”—Acts 4 : 12.

For names of missionaries, teachers and matrons among the Indians in the North-West and British Columbia, see table on pp. 37, 38 of the last Annual Report.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. D. Fotheringham, Maclaren Auxiliary, Bloor Street Church, Toronto.

Mrs. J. A. McCrae, Knox Church Auxiliary, Guelph.

Miss E. J. McKay, Chalmers' Church Auxiliary, Woodstock.

Mrs. Wm. Hamilton, St. Paul's Auxiliary, Peterboro'.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATES.

In order to avoid mistakes, would those receiving Life Membership Certificates kindly acknowledge them promptly by postcard to the Life Membership Secretary, Miss Bessie MacMurchy, 254 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

INCREASE.

Presbyterial Society—
 Brockville.. Chesterville, "Royal" Mission Band.
 Brockville.. Heckston, "Willing Workers" Mission Band.
 Peterboro'.. Peterboro, St. Paul's Church "Faithful Workers"
 Mission Band.
 Glengarry.. Newington, "Busy Workers" Mission Band.
 Chatham... Leamington, "Star" Mission Band.
 Winnipeg... "Morris" Auxiliary.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

1897.		RECEIPTS.	
Oct. 1.	To	balance in bank.....	\$583 91
" 15.	"	Bruce Presbyterial Society.....	514 00
"	"	Refund for mileage ticket from various Aux- iliaries	13 48
			<u>\$1,111 39</u>

		EXPENDITURE.	
Oct. 5.	By	postage, International Secretary.....	\$0 75
" 5.	"	" Life Membership Certificates.....	1 25
" 5.	"	Freight on goods for India.....	9 31
"	"	Railway and mileage tickets for Miss McKellar, M.D.	28 50
" 30.	"	Balance in bank.....	<u>1,071 58</u>
			\$1,111 39

ISABELLA L. GEORGE, Treasurer.

MEMORIAL FUND.

Valetta	\$1 10
Caven Church, Bolton.....	1 25
St. Paul's, Vaughan (additional).....	0 40
College Street Church, Toronto (additional).....	0 20
Lucknow	1 60
St. Helen's (additional).....	0 50
Paris (additional).....	<u>0 35</u>

St. John's, Belleville.....	\$3 10
St. Paul's, Smith's Falls.....	5 00
Mill Street, Port Hope.....	1 00
Osnabruck	1 60
Teeswater	3 15
Parkdale (additional).....	0 25
"Alexander," Norval.....	2 40
St. Andrew's, Comber.....	1 00
St. Andrew's, Scott (additional).....	0 50
South Kinloss Mission Band.....	1 30
Leeburn, "Dunlop".....	1 00
A Friend.....	1 74
Beechwood Auxiliary.....	3 20
Portage la Prairie.....	3 25

VALUE OF TRAINING FOR MISSIONARIES.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Women constitute a very large percentage of the foreign missionary force of all modern churches. It is not surprising, therefore, to observe that training institutions for their better equipment, similar to our own Woman's Missionary Training Home, are everywhere being established. It is interesting to note the attention given to this subject in our exchanges representing sister societies. "The Woman's Missionary Friend" has an article, entitled "Modern Schools of the Prophets," which we would gladly give in full, but must confine ourselves to a few sentences:

"Time would fail me to tell of the waste of time and money and blundering work which this institution will prevent in carrying out the last command of our risen Lord, 'was the enthusiastic testimony of a foreign missionary recently at the founding of one of these schools.' . . . 'He who would bring the ministry of Christ to the people must be found as He was, 'Among the doctors in the temple, hearing them and asking them questions.' . . . 'Moreover, the spiritual physician must understand not only the remedies which are for the healing of the nations, but also to diagnose the diseased conditions which they are to relieve.' . . . 'We have been realizing with rapidly increasing vividness that among the nations which we seek to disciple for Christ are those who were old in civilization when our ancestors were not doing us credit. By their past achievements, as well as their future possibilities, they deserve the best which we can give them. An untrained novice may well shrink from so mighty a task.' . . . 'Happy, indeed, is that handmaid of the Lord who, having 'in her heart wide room for all

that be, and seeking to bring light to those who sit in darkness, may thus trim and fill and kindle her lamp of service, that by its clear and steadfast shining the way of righteousness may be revealed to many hearts."

The current number of "The Helpmeet," representing the Woman's Missionary Association of the Free Church of Scotland, quotes at length a letter bearing on the same subject from an "experienced and devoted missionary." She writes:

"What has the past year taught me? It has added emphasis to the lesson that many years have been teaching me, viz., that he who would win souls should have special training for his work. We women need a thorough course of Bible study just as truly as the men; we need training in actual soul-winning. Who thinks, in these progressive days, of calling in, to treat a diseased body, a man who never saw the inside of a dissecting-room, nor ever listened to a clinical lecture? But apart from matters pertaining to life and death, who thinks of setting a man to build a house who never handled a trowel, saw, or hammer, and whose highest qualification for the work is a desire to build a house, coupled with fair general intelligence? And yet how many scores and hundreds of men and women have been sent out to win souls—immortal souls—with as meagre a preparation; a desire—it may be a burning desire—to do the work, but with a very meagre knowledge of the instruments to be used! As well send out a man to do medical work equipped with a medical library and a surgical case, but with no training in the use of either. Don't think for a moment that I suppose men and women who have not been Bible readers are sent out to heathen lands as missionaries. But ordinary Bible reading is a very different thing from careful Bible study, especially if taken under the guidance of a 'clinical professor.'

"When I think of my own lack of preparation, and consequent lack of success, nothing short of the memory of the 'Woe is me if I go not,' which haunted me for long years before I came, could convince me that my coming was not a mistake. The Lord graciously consents to use unskilled workmen; but shall we, for that reason, offer Him anything less than the best we can produce? I am thankful—so thankful—that the next one likely to come from our Ladies' Society has had a special training for a definite work, and that one of the most important. We older ones, who have had fewer advantages, will soon pass away. God grant that every new one, coming out to fill the vacant places, may come well equipped to win souls."

As time goes on we shall need more missionaries. Earnest appeals for medical workers for India and China have had to be laid aside during the past year for lack of suitable applicants. Others will be needed as vacancies occur and the work extends, and the Board is

always glad to enter into correspondence with earnest young women who are anxious to be "not simply good, but good for something" in the service of Christ, and who are willing to take advantage of the instruction offered in our Training Home with the view of preparing themselves more thoroughly for mission work at home or abroad.

PRESBYTERIAL MEETINGS.

Barrie.—The Eleventh Annual Meeting was held in Bradford, Oct. 27th and 28th. Five sessions were held, all of which were characterized by deep and intelligent interest. The President, Mrs. McCrae, of Collingwood, gave much stirring counsel in her address, and spoke most impressively of the great loss our Society as a whole had sustained by the death of our honoured and beloved President, Mrs. Ewart. A resolution of sympathy was passed by the Society, a copy of which was forwarded to the Board. The Reports of Auxiliaries and Mission Bands were in most cases encouraging. Twenty-eight Auxiliaries and twenty Mission Bands were reported, two Mission Bands having been organized during the year. The thank-offering service and the January meeting for prayer had become all but universal. 562 copies of "The Foreign Missionary Tidings" had been circulated. 1,360 lbs. of clothing, valued at \$597.52, had been consigned to the Indian reserve at Round Lake. The financial statement showed \$1,411.49 contributed during the year. In addition to this, \$44.62 had been forwarded to the Memorial Fund. Excellent practical papers, showing depth and study, were read by Mrs. Gorrie, Barrie; Mrs. Ross, Churchill, and Miss Dennis, Bradford. The Question Drawer, containing some weighty questions regarding the Constitution, etc., and calling forth much discussion and lively interest, was ably dealt with by Mrs. Grant, Orillia. A public meeting was held in the church Wednesday evening and was largely attended. Addresses were given by Miss McKellar, Indore; Rev. Mr. Locke, Bradford, and Rev. Mr. McIntosh, Allandale, who came as representative of Presbytery. Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Garrett and the Bradford choir kindly assisted by contributing to the musical programme. The following officers were elected: Honorary President, Mrs. R. N. Grant, Orillia; President, Mrs. McCrae, Collingwood; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Cameron, Allandale; Mrs. Clarke, Bracebridge; Mrs. Smith, Bradford; Mrs. Webster, Jarratt's Corners; Secretary, Miss Robertson, Collingwood; Assistant Secretary, Miss McConkey, Barrie; Mission Band Secretary, Mrs. Stevenson, Barrie; Secretary of Supplies, Mrs. Smith, Orillia; Treasurer, Mrs. Cameron, Allandale. Mrs. Bonner, of Collingwood, addressed the closing words to the delegates, charging them that it was practical Christianity that was needed for the advancement of Missions.

ISABEL KEAN, Secretary.

Stratford.—The Fourteenth Annual Meeting was held in St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, on Oct. 19th. The meeting was presided over by the President, Mrs. Grant; every Auxiliary and most of the Mission Bands were represented; reports from all of these were very encouraging. A hearty welcome was given to the delegates by Mrs. Panton, Stratford, and acknowledged by Mrs. Graham, of Avonton. During the afternoon, addresses were given by the President and Mrs. McCrae, of Guelph. The Question Drawer was ably managed by Mrs. Hossack, Lucan, and a few parting words were given by Mrs. Hislop, Stratford. Music was supplied by the choir and two soloists, Mrs. Mowat and Mrs. Dass. 420 lbs. of clothing, worth about \$600.00, were sent to the Regina Industrial School. The total contributions amounted to \$1,062.63. Feeling references were made during the meeting to the loss sustained by the whole Society in the death of Mrs. Ewart.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. Grant, St. Mary's; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Hislop, Stratford; Mrs. Hossack, Lucan; Mrs. Leitch, Stratford; Mrs. Panton, Stratford, and Mrs. Chalmers, Millbank; Recording Secretary, Miss McPherson, Stratford; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Hamilton, Motherwell; Treasurer, Mrs. Gibb, St. Mary's; Supply Secretary, Mrs. Stanley; Treasurer, Mrs. Caspell, St. Mary's. An evening meeting was held, over which the pastor of St. Andrew's, Mr. Panton, presided. An eloquent address was delivered by Rev. Kenneth McLennan, Ho-nan, China.

M. HAMILTON, Secretary.

Toronto.—The Semi-Annual Meeting was held in Victoria Church, Toronto Junction, on Friday, Oct. 29th, 1897, at 2:30 p.m. About 400 ladies were present. The President, Mrs. Gray, presided, and conducted the devotional exercises, assisted by Mrs. Gilchrist, of Toronto Junction. Mrs. Rice gave a few words of welcome to the delegates, and also an invitation to everyone present to remain to tea. The reports for the past half year from Treasurer and Secretaries, were most encouraging; that of the Leaflet Secretary showing that the circulation of "The Tidings" still continues to increase. Mrs. G. L. Robinson gave a delightful address on mission work in Bible lands, especially in Egypt. The roll call was answered by the delegates giving short reports of the work being done in the Auxiliaries and Mission Bands. Thirty-six Auxiliaries and twenty-three Mission Bands were represented. A report was read from the committee by its Convener, Miss Caven, with regard to the steps re Presbyterian Library; the matter will be submitted to the Annual Meeting. Mrs. Jeffrey gave an interesting account of her recent visit to the North-

West, and spoke of the encouragements in the work there, but that the lack of funds in the general Foreign Mission treasury was a hindrance to the extension of the work. Mrs. McClelland very ably conducted the Question Drawer, and many helpful suggestions were thrown out in the answers to questions. An expression of our sense of loss in the removal by death of Mrs. Ewart was passed, and the Secretary instructed to send the same to the Corresponding Secretary of the Board. This was received with deep feeling. All joined in singing "Forever with the Lord."

MARGARET CRAIG, Secretary.

DAY OF PRAYER.

Programme for Meetings.

1. Adoration and prayer for the presence and aid of the Holy Spirit in this and all similar meetings. Confession of our personal unworthiness and shortcomings in service; prayer for forgiveness.

2. Thanksgiving for Gospel privileges; for the extension and development of the work at home and abroad; for our Society, and for all that the Lord has wrought through it; for the establishing of the Training Home and for the success attending its work; prayer that the Holy Spirit may bring home the truth with power to the hearts of those receiving instruction from day to day.

3. Thanksgiving for faithful missionaries and native helpers, for their preservation in perils seen and unseen, and especially in India this year from pestilence, famine and earthquake. Prayer that the urgent need for medical workers for India and China may soon be supplied.

4. That our missionaries may be preserved in health, comforted in trouble, kept safe in times of danger and encouraged in their work; that brotherly love may prevail amongst them, and that they may be richly endued with wisdom and power. That those just beginning the work may have grace and strength for all their needs. That those entrusted with the care of famine children may receive special strength and guidance in their arduous labours. Thanksgiving for recent encouraging news from Formosa, and that peace in a measure now prevails there.

5. That opposers and persecutors may be turned into witnesses for Christ, and that all hindrances to the spread of the Gospel may be removed. That the Holy Spirit may open the hearts of the heathen to receive the truth; that native Christians may be kept from evil, established in the faith, and enabled to commend Christ to others.

6. For persecuted Jews everywhere ; that secret believers among them may have courage given them to confess Christ; and that the Lord's ancient people may soon be led to acknowledge Christ as the true Messiah. That oppression and persecution in Turkey may quickly be brought to an end, and that Mohammedanism and other false religions may be overthrown.

7. That ministers, office bearers, and members of the Church at home may be taught by the Spirit to realize their obligation to evangelize the world, and that the young in our congregations may be interested in and trained for the work. That all students in our universities, theological colleges, and medical schools may be led to feel their personal responsibility towards foreign missions. That a blessing may rest upon home and Sabbath school instruction, so that many may consecrate themselves to the Master's service.

8. That a rich blessing may rest upon the labours of our missionaries on furlough, on our missionary periodicals, and all other efforts to deepen missionary interest, and that the Church may awaken to yet more earnest, believing prayer, and to a large increase in offerings, so that there may be no curtailment of the work. That the deficit in the General Fund may be removed, and that there may be great extension of Christ's cause and Kingdom. That much wisdom may be given in the administration of Foreign Missions.

Note.—The meeting in Toronto, arranged by the Board, will be held in Central Presbyterian Church, corner of St. Vincent and Grosvenor Streets, at 3 p.m. on Thursday, January 13th, 1898.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON HOW TO PRAY.

The following plain words on the subject of prayer, which we find in "The Helping Hand" for November, may be of service to beginners in this exercise :

While all agree that prayer should have the first place in our meetings, is it not too often simply the orthodox way of "opening" the meeting, a part of the regular exercises, "reading, singing, prayer," and is it not too often a cold and perfunctory part? Why should we pray? Because we long to help these far-away sisters; we can often do this only through our prayers. Because we want so much to see a more earnest, devoted spirit in our girls. Perhaps your voice raised in prayer in their behalf will lead them to think of their own need. Because we desire a nearness to God—"Draw nigh to Him" if you would have Him draw near to you. Because we are reaching out after the power and blessing of the Holy Spirit in our own souls, and we are told, "Ask and ye shall receive."

How shall we pray?

Pray briefly: The Lord's Prayer is a beautiful model in this respect. Vain repetitions are heathenish.

Pray naturally. Set expressions, a sanctimonious tone, or a husky whisper detract from the devotional spirit.

Pray intelligently. Let two or three be asked to pray for definite objects, and let them find out the special needs for which they are to pray.

Does this seem cold and mechanical? Perhaps so, but I understand how girls feel in this matter, and I want to help them to meet it squarely and bravely. It seems at first a violation of most sacred feeling to come to God in prayer in the presence of others. Prayer has meant just a sweet, quiet time of communion with God; or it is just possible that it has meant a few hurried minutes with the face buried in the pillow, with certain wandering thoughts and disconnected petitions for blessings for ourselves or those nearest us. After such training it is impossible to think or speak clearly, or to lead the thoughts of others upward. We say "Amen" with a dreadful feeling of self-consciousness and humiliation, and the determination never to try it again; and so we have circles where not one woman will lead in prayer. Such circles are rarely centres of power.

Now for a remedy. Pray often and pray aloud in private. Pray for the things you care for, and pray to be interested and faithful in the things you ought to care for. This will not be easy, either, at first; but it will be a great help in your own spiritual life, and will not fail you when you attempt to lead others in prayer. I think it is Andrew Murray who has written a little book called "With Christ in the School of Prayer." Do we not all need to enter this school, and, beginning with this one petition, "Lord, teach us to pray," be led out into wider interests, greater power, and higher helpfulness? "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name. Ask and receive, that your joy may be full."

JOYS OF THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

In reference to the joys of missionary service, the first thought that arises relates to the immense personal satisfaction there is in being able to present Christ to people who have never heard of Him before. To watch the eye open in wonder and amazement as some of the thrilling stories of Christ's life on earth are told, to see the keen appreciation of some of His marvellous sayings light up the countenances of men who hear of Him for the first time, to feel the infinite superiority of what the Bible offers over the best that is offered by the best of their own religion—these things afford no small delight to the missionary.

There is, moreover, a great pleasure in watching the development of our young people; the change is so marked from what they were when they first came to us. After a few years in the mission schools it is almost impossible to believe that our young Christians are the same youths who came from the villages, so wild, so uncouth, so

unpromising. One of the surprises for new missionaries is to find that the father of some cultured, refined young man is that ignorant, superstitious old man over there, whose mental life is sluggish to the last degree, and whose main and almost only thought is, "Will there be rain enough for my crops this season, or not?"

The development of the new churches, composed as they are of people so lately from heathenism, is greatly encouraging to the workers in India. When they accept Christianity they bring with them some objectionable features of their old life which must be done away with. In these matters careful instruction, firm discipline, and great patience are needed on the part of the leaders; and it is most gratifying to see the Christian conscience developing as the years go by, growing more and more sensitive to evil, and the will more firm in rejecting that which is inconsistent with a true Christian life.

The fortitude of some of the converts under great persecution is a source of great joy to the missionary. To some of the converts comes many a sad and bitter hour when, deserted by family, relatives and friends, they are handed over to the Hindu community for persecution. The missionary looks on, sad and fearful of the result, yet praying that the faith of the sorely tried one may not fail. These neighbours and kindred burn his house, they poison his cattle, they conspire together and by false testimony wrest his lands from him, and refuse to sell to or buy of him; and when this goes on not for a few days or weeks, but, as in some cases, for years, and still the convert stands firm and wavers not, the missionary feels like shouting for joy. We understand what Paul meant when he wrote to his converts, "For now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord."

Lastly, while it is unwise to draw any comparison between the different departments of the Lord's work—and the foreign missionary would be the last to claim for himself or for his work any pre-eminence, knowing full well that the Lord's approval is for work well done in any field and in any capacity—yet at times when the loneliness of his life, the isolation, the never-ceasing struggle with the foe, the tremendous pressure of heathenism, and the longing for the sight of a white face and the sound of his own language, weigh heavily upon him, there comes a restful peace and quiet joy in the thought that this is very like the path the Master trod, and "it is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord."—Rev. James C. Perkins, of the Madura Mission, in "Missionary Herald."

RACHEL BARTON'S SILVER OFFERING.

MARION BUTTERFIELD KNIGHT.

Rachel Barton stood before a glass case in the Wadsworth Museum at Hartford. Her eyes rested upon a bit of wire two or three

feet long. It was a piece of telegraph wire, over which the first message was sent. Over it was placed a translation of the message: "What hath God wrought!"

The familiar words struck Rachel with new force "What hath God wrought! Why, the missionary women are saying that!" she said to herself. "Twenty-five years ago so few heathen women knew of Christ; now we are building colleges for their girls. Soon they will have as good opportunities as we, but not yet. Ours are golden opportunities; theirs only silver!" Rachel smiled at the thought.

Rachel began to feel uneasy, for had she not refused to help but yesterday for the anniversary meeting? "I am willing to do my share," she had told the president, Mrs. Bolton; "but I am tired of doing my neighbour's share too."

"What shall I give for my silver offering? I want to do my share; but no more!" Rachel was dusting the parlour. She had a curiously wrought solid silver vase in her hands when the thought came, "Would you give this? It is very old and valuable, and would bring a large sum. That vase I have treasured so long? Aunt Mary gave it to me. No, she never has really given it. She left it with me when she went to Europe, and never took it back. She intends it to be mine. Why, I have a feeling almost like worship for it!"

Rachel stopped to closely examine the delicate chasing and artistic design. She replaced the vase, saying, "Nonsense! I can find something that will do the heathen as much good as that; something that isn't so perfect a treasure, either."

Strange! The next day a letter came from Aunt Mary, containing this sentence:—

"Will you please pack carefully and send to me that old Indian vase you have so long guarded? I have given it to the Historical Collection in our Museum of Fine Arts."

Rachel was astonished. She seemed to hear somebody say: "It's all right. You would not give it to the Lord. He can do what He will with His own." But she would not listen.

"What is my silver offering?" Rachel was seated by the sunny west window in her own room. "Suppose I take a Bible reading on silver," she said to herself. She took her Bible and looked up all the texts on silver. When she closed her Bible she said to herself, "Neither will I offer unto the Lord that which shall cost me nothing. I can spare two dollars from my allowance."

Since her mother's death, two years before, Rachel had been the housekeeper. Her father had given her a generous allowance, but when the "hard times" came, Rachel, of her own accord, had reduced it.

"I do not need new clothes," she continued; "so I cannot give money I would spend on myself. Two dollars seems small; but so was the widow's mite. Yes, but I am not a widow"; and Rachel laughed outright as she remembered her pastor saying, "The widow's mite is all right for widows."

"No widow's mite for me! What then?" Rachel's thoughts went straight to a certain box in her bureau drawer where were five ten-dollar bills. "My Washington money? Could I give up that trip?"

It had been a cherished dream, and plans were being perfected for a party to go in April. Rachel had a struggle, but David's decision became hers, and when she went down to supper she knew what her silver offering was to be,—at least she thought she knew.

After supper, Mr. Barton called her aside to say, "Haven't you some money, Rachel, put away for your Washington trip? Would you loan it to me? I am very hard pressed this month, but I can return it by the time you need it."

Rachel opened her lips to say, "I have given it to the mission cause," but something closed them. She quietly went for the money and gave it to her father.

Rachel was bewildered. She began to search her heart. Surely this offering must have been acceptable to God. God might have rebuked her selfishness in the matter of the vase; but this offering was truly a willing one; it cost her something and it was "according to her ability."

"What more dost Thou desire?" she prayed. And as she prayed, the words of her Bible reading came back to her: "Thou hast tried us as silver is tried." "And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify . . . them . . . that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness."

It was late before Rachel went to bed that night. She sat long hours at the feet of the Refiner of souls.

"Did God want her to go herself to foreign lands? Could she leave home and friends? Could she live near enough to Christ to lead those darkened souls to the Light? As Peter said to the lame man, so I will say to thee, Lord: 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee.' Take me, if that is Thy desire"; and Rachel fell asleep to dream she was out in mid-ocean, sailing to Africa.

The morrow was a busy day. Unexpected guests kept Rachel's hands employed, but her thoughts often wandered to her "silver offering." About ten o'clock she began to doubt her call to foreign work.

When at noon her father said, "That Rob Canton is around with our Ned too much. I thought I'd just drop a word to you," she saw clearly that God's work for her, at present, was at home, caring for

three motherless children. Upstairs and down, in the kitchen, parlour, and chamber she went, busy with her work, saying in her heart, "Such as I have, O Lord; but what have I?"

From the window she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Bolton going down the street. At once her question was answered. She had ability to interest people at home in mission work, and that she had refused to do! Only a week to the anniversary meeting, and no programme provided!

There was little time now for "talking it up." Home duties were too pressing. The visiting aunts and cousins must be taken shopping and sight-seeing. However, Rachel managed to squeeze in several errands of her own.

Aunt Mary came the day before the meeting. "Just to stop over the night on my way to Chicago," she said; but on leaving, in the morning, she pressed an envelope into Rachel's hand and whispered, "The value of the vase. I had intended it to be yours."

The hackman was waiting, and Aunt Mary was gone before Rachel recovered from her surprise.

There was no struggle this time. Rachel put the envelope in her pocket, saying, "Such as I have, Lord, silver and self, are thine."

They all said it was a good meeting. Rachel called her paper "The Outlook." She began by telling about that telegraphic message, "What hath God wrought?" and how that thought seemed to her to belong specially to mission work. Then she dwelt on the silver opportunities of heathen women, and said:—

"Ours are called 'golden.' They are golden. But, you know, we have silver weddings at twenty-five years and golden ones at fifty. I wonder if twenty-five years hence our sisters will have golden opportunities. Many of us may help at that fiftieth anniversary. How glorious, if then the pure gold of the Gospel be free to all, this whole world over! If this should come about, the work must be done by us—the young women.

"These older workers know the meaning of sacrifice: we have not learned it yet.

"God wrought the wonder of the telegraph through human hands. He has wrought the miracle of missions through those who have not 'counted their lives dear unto themselves.'

"Oh, girls! that is the trouble with us. We do count our lives dear unto ourselves. We covet our time for our own pleasure, our own self-culture, even our fancy-work and afternoon teas. We want our strength and money for our own enjoyment. We can never make a golden anniversary that way."

Then Rachel told something of her own struggle, and closed by saying:—

"I am glad to bring a silver offering to-night, but my real offering is a willingness to give 'such as I have,' be it time or strength, talent or money, to God's service. Shall we not all work together in every way, and with all our might, to make this silver anniversary turn to gold in 1921?"—Heathen Woman's Friend.

WHAT IS SIN ?

Words do not mean to a heathen what they do to a Christian. The ideas that lie back of words vary so much that an utterance which would be very explicit to people familiar with our training and modes of thought may not be at all understood by those who have different conceptions from our own. A missionary of the American Presbyterian Board writes as follows: "What does 'God' mean to an average woman in India? It means the stone image in a temple where she goes more or less often to worship. What does 'sin' mean? It means coming into personal contact with one of a lower caste; it means taking the life of a creature, be it a mosquito or a cow. It means eating the flesh of any creature."

CARE IN LIVING A DUTY.

Beware of heroics. I do not say that you are not to feel enthusiasm, far from it. Enthusiasm recognizes the greatness of the command. It recognizes the need, it recognizes the glory of the message. About all these things we can be as enthusiastic as we please. But there is a danger lest we should colour missionary work with too rosy a tint. This may lead us to make a false estimate of the work. Missionary work does cost something; there is risk sometimes, there is separation, there are a good many things that are disagreeable. But soldiers, sailors, merchants, orchid-hunters, butterfly collectors, bear equal risks. A missionary who goes to work in an unhealthy district is commiserated and belauded by his friends and admirers at home; a civilian who goes perhaps to the very same place is congratulated and coveted, if the "billet" be a good one. As a trained soldier is valuable, so is a trained missionary. And therefore it is that it is his duty to take care of himself. I do not say that he is to be luxurious, or fastidious, but he has no right to throw his life away by carelessness, by undue rashness, or by living in a way in which no European can live in an enervating, fever-laden climate. If the call comes, then he may and will risk his life freely and without hesitation, but to risk it gratuitously is, to use Talleyrand's expression, not only a crime, but a blunder.—Bishop Selwyn.

North-West Indians

A PIONEER GONE.

The Rev. George Flett, one of our oldest Indian workers, after an illness of three days, died on the 28th of October in his 81st year. The following facts regarding this useful man's life are taken from Professor Baird's sketch in his pamphlet on the North-West Indians :

" Mr. Flett was born on the Saskatchewan, but removed at an early age to the Red River Settlement, where he obtained his education, which included a good working knowledge of English, French, and Cree. He was trained in the parish school, and pushed his way on till he became a trusted employee of the Hudson's Bay Company. He married Miss Ross, sister of the wife of Dr. Black, of Kildonan, who survives him, and at the time when he entered the service of the Presbyterian Church as interpreter for Mr. Nisbet, he was in the employ of the company at Edmonton. Mr. Flett retired from the service of the Prince Albert Mission in 1869, mainly on account of the health of Mrs. Flett, who needed to come to the Red River for medical treatment. In 1874, he undertook mission work again, and was sent to the Indians in the neighbourhood of Fort Pelly, about 300 miles north-west of Winnipeg. He held a roving commission, and endeavoured to carry on work among several widely scattered bands—especially among two groups of reserves—one was the head waters of the Assiniboine River about Fort Pelly, and the other west and south of the Riding Mountain, 150 miles south-east of the former. This was evidently too wide an area for one man to overtake satisfactorily, and accordingly, when Mr. Flett was ordained in 1875, he was stationed at Okanase with oversight of that and two other reserves, and with instructions to pay occasional visits to the Fort Pelly reserves. Mr. Flett continued in charge of Okanase, until his resignation some two or three years since. He was a forcible and fluent preacher, with a good knowledge of the Bible, and during his long life did a work for his fellow Indians which could not have been so well done by any other man."

SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

Owen Sound Presbyterial Society.—Round and Crooked Lakes Reserves. To provide for twenty children, boys and girls, between the ages of five and sixteen. Rev. Hugh McKay.

In preparing the list of supplies for 1898 for the printer Owen Sound was unfortunately omitted.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS OF CLOTHING AND GIFTS.

FROM REV. HUGH M'KAY.

Round Lake, Whitewood P. Q., Assa., Oct. 15, 1897.

We cannot express our thanks as we would like for the clothing sent to us from Hamilton, Whitby and Barrie Presbyterian Societies. Many have worked with willing hands and loving hearts for these poor Indians, but they will not know in this life the good they have done. It is better that they should not know. It will appear more beautiful in the day when the books shall be opened. We are glad that we belong to a Church in which there is such a noble band of women united and working together for the good of the ignorant, the poor and the unfortunate, and we know of no part of that work that is more beautiful than clothing these helpless ones. Perhaps no chord will be sweeter in the grand anthem which the redeemed shall sing than this "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Some may say that the Government ought to look after those who can't take care of themselves, but we think that it is Church work, and the Church that undertakes it God will honour.

The other day I called on a family living in a log house, twelve by fourteen feet, seven feet high, consisting of seven persons, and all helpless except one woman, no food for winter, and their clothing not sufficient for a summer evening. One woman to care for those six helpless ones—one woman, seventy-five or eighty years of age, one man, about gone with consumption, one woman, lame in both her feet, and three little children. There are many families on these Reserves whose condition is just as sad. They come to our door, they say nothing, but they smile a smile in which there is no mirth. The feeble and palsied body, and dim eye, are eloquent, and speak to us as words cannot. The Presbyterian Church in Canada, first for Canadians, and then to the regions beyond.

The clothing sent for the School is good, and will be of great assistance to us in our work. That box of shoes came at the right time. The kind little letters, and the good wishes and prayers we appreciate. They come like beautiful showers to a thirsty garden. Pray for us, that the missionaries of the Cross may be more faithful, and that dark and rebellious hearts may be open for the glorious light of the Gospel.

The attendance at the school during the past quarter has been very good, and the progress made by the children satisfactory. Edward is not expected to live long; little Katie is also at home sick. We expect to have a large attendance this winter. We had very little rain during the summer, and scarcely any crops.

FROM MR. R. C. M'PHERSON.

Okanase Mission, Elphinstone, Man., Oct. 16, 1897.

Your kind letter of 5th inst. received; also shipping bill for sixteen bales of clothing, which arrived safe and in good order, and I am glad to say that the clothing is all very good, and is a credit to Brockville Presbyterial Society, to whom we return our best thanks. There is only one fault to find with the clothing, and it is one that I suppose you seldom get. There is too much for adults. We return to Brockville Presbyterial and personal thanks for their kind remembrance of us in sending so many good, useful things, including a rag carpet, which will be used in our new home, if we be spared to occupy it.

You will be glad to hear that a beginning has been made in the erection of our new house. Last Wednesday the contractor began to dig the cellar. The ground was covered with snow, and the weather for several days had been very cold, but since then an agreeable change has taken place. We have now fine weather, and for this season of the year warm and comfortable, and should it continue for a few weeks, the builders will be able to make good progress and have the house finished before the very cold weather comes, for which we will be very thankful.

October 28th.

I am sorry to inform you that Mr. Flett died this morning, at 7:45, after three days' illness. He was in church last Sabbath, apparently in good health, but took ill that night. He was eighty years old last February. I had intimated two weeks ago that our church would be closed after the last Sabbath of October, and after that date we would worship (D.V.) in the school house. It does seem strange that our last service in our present church should be Mr. Flett's funeral service. His last words to me were, "God bless you." I am glad to tell you that the house is progressing favourably; it is all covered in, and the weather is good; but it looks as if it would snow now.

FROM REV. A. J. M'LEOD.

Regina Industrial School, Oct. 18, 1897.

You have conferred on me the honour of asking me to distribute the clothing intended for the Indians on Muscowpetung's, Pasquah's and Piapot's Reserves. It will be a great pleasure to do this work, and it will enable me to get better acquainted with a number of the Indians to the north of us. The bales are still in Regina, but in a few

days I hope arrangements will be made to have them brought out to the Lakesend Mission, and when the distribution is made I must write to give an account of my stewardship.

Enclosed please find a receipt for the fourteen bales sent for the School by the Stratford Presbyterial Society. Everything was in admirable shape, among other things a splendid assortment of under-clothing, socks, stockings and mitts. The eighteen pounds of yarn will be turned to very good use during the winter evenings. Santa Claus was pleased to hear the bales had room for over thirty dolls.

I have also great pleasure in enclosing the formal receipt for the eleven bales received about the same date from the Sarnia Presbyterial. To contain all the good things forwarded to us this year taxed the capacity of our two store rooms. The Sarnia bales most admirably supplemented what has been already acknowledged. Besides a most liberal supply of new material, including 140 yds. flannel, there were many other articles most valuable to us, such as neckties, girls' gloves, handkerchiefs and aprons, but what we prized as highly as anything sent were the forty six splendid warm overcoats.

Words fail to express our deep gratitude for all these supplies. They were indeed most liberal. My thanksgiving language seems altogether too weak and inadequate. But this grand help is an inspiration to us, and all the members of the staff are, I am sure, determined to carry on with all energy and devotion the noble work so liberally supported by our co-workers in the East.

FROM MR. JOHN THUNDER.

Pipestone, Manitoba, Oct. 20, 1897.

I am very glad to tell you that the clothing from Lanark and Renfrew Presbyterial Society arrived in good order, and enclose you receipt for same. I thank the ladies for their kindness in sending such valuable and suitable clothing. Everything was good and useful, and we have unpacked it at the Pipestone town in the Hall of Mr. McLean, a well-known general merchant, who was very kind to allow us to have our clothing in one corner of his Hall. Several ladies of the Pipestone helped us in our distribution, and all thought that there must be somebody good to the Indians.

We intend to keep the new material and yarn, as Mrs. Thunder will try to carry on her class again, if all is well. And little things, such as dolls, etc., we will keep them for our Christmas tree. And also there were two parcels addressed "For Missionary," for which I am truly grateful. I am glad to say that we did see more signs of gratitude than we have before, which pleased us very much. We pray God will touch their hearts to thank Him for giving them so many loving friends, and above all to realize that God's greatest love is

giving His own well-beloved Son to suffer and die on Mount Calvary for all our sins.

One new building is just finished by one of our Indians. We are all well at present. Mrs. Thunder and myself send our heartfelt thanks for your kind work for the North-West Indians.

FROM MISS FRASER.

Mission School, Portage la Prairie, Nov 1, 1897.

I should have written you sooner about the bales of clothing from Guelph Presbyterial Society, but this season of the year is always such a busy one that it is almost impossible to find time for letter writing.

The bales, nineteen in number, and one box from Guelph Presbyterial, arrived safely on Oct. 6th. With the assistance of the larger girls, Miss Laidlaw and I unpacked them and were delighted with everything. One by one the Indians, men and women, crowded into the room, determined to see the contents of every bale. "Waste, waste" (good, good) was heard on every side, and as there were some old women present, we made them happy by giving each a hood, mitts, and a quilt. When one sees the quantities of quilts and all the new pieces of goods, besides dresses, scarfs, boots, etc., etc., our hearts are filled with thankfulness to the many who have worked and sacrificed to send such a bountiful supply to our school. The two dozen dolls sent by the "Paisley Block" Mission Band, Guelph, are beautiful, and will make many a heart glad on Christmas.

Miss Laidlaw has not been well for some weeks, but I am glad to say is improving every day now. We are both delighted at the prospect of having her brother with us. The children are well. Most of them are busy hemming handkerchiefs to-night.

FROM REV. EWEN MACKENZIE.

Hurricane Hills, Wolseley, Nov. 2, 1897.

I wrote you that I received the five bales of clothing from the Toronto Presbyterial Society. I brought them hither to our Mission premises safely. My wife and I unpacked, sorted the different articles, and put them in our own store room. The supply is ample, suitable and well-considered. Something to suit everybody, and everything useful. Warm jackets, skirts, petticoats for women, nice good dresses for children. Beautiful hoods for women, girls and infants. Coats, jackets, vests, trousers, for men and boys. Overcoats for both sexes. There are other articles which can all be put to good use. Some boots and shoes, a few stockings, yarn, shirts, and cloth

for shirts and skirts. There is also a goodly supply of dolls and work-bags made up for girls, and of picture books and picture rolls for all.

As we opened each bale, we experienced peculiar delight in this exhibition of loving, practical Christianity towards poor, superstitious, benighted Indians. The variety of articles showed that the ladies of the Toronto Presbyterial consulted both the comfort and pleasure of these people. By their work the ladies show the spirit of Christ, and prove to the Indians that Christians love them and wish them well. We could not help thinking so, and also exclaiming, "God bless the people who sent the clothing!" And now, in the name of Hurricane Hills Indians, we heartily thank them.

On Wednesday last we distributed clothes to twenty individuals, most of whom are widows. Some are aged, infirm and blind, some are sickly, some are getting blind. Most of the Indians here are needy, but these are needy indeed. If the Toronto ladies saw these dirty, ragged, expectant Indian women in our Hall, either seated or squatted on the floor, they would have positive evidence that their sympathy is not misdirected and their gifts are not misused. Moreover, it will please the ladies to know that all seemed grateful for the gifts.

I may tell you the mode we adopted for distribution. We gave tickets to the different individuals, asking them to meet on the day appointed. In doing so I went to their houses and talked to them. When the day arrived, some came as early as seven o'clock in the morning, and all were present by nine. Each old woman held her ticket carefully in her hand. Then we served tea and held a short service. Afterwards Mrs. MacKenzie gave them a short address. Then each woman got her parcel of clothes, and went away seemingly well pleased. We acted in that fashion that we might create in the people a feeling of obligation, and that we might get an opportunity of presenting to them the love of Christ.

I conveyed your kind remembrance to the chief, Crooked Arm, Big Darkness, and our boy interpreter, all of whom you saw here before I became missionary. I asked the chief and his two head men if they remembered their promise to you to attend church regularly. Crooked Arm answered thus: "I do and have not thrown away Mrs. Jeffrey's words." His answer must be received with a few grains of salt, for he could attend better that he has done.

We have not organized any kind of classes yet, although we have made an effort. But during winter we shall do our best to get a class for reading the Scriptures, and another for sewing and knitting. Of course, where there is no regular day school, it is no easy matter to gather roving, irregular Indians into classes. This requires long and continued effort.

Our Sunday services have been fairly well attended. There was great demand for labourers during harvest, and a large number of our Indians have been away at work. Then for four or six weeks,

Sunday pow-wows were held, a Cree Indian being medicine man or priest. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, we had fair attendance. But I had to oppose the heathen meeting, directly and publicly, and so I rebuked them in our Sunday service, and spoke personally to the chief, head man and others about the unseemliness of holding them after the ladies in Toronto were informed that they were dropped for eight months. Big Darkness and Crooked Arm said they tried to stop them formerly, but now the young would not heed them. Whether their statements are true or not, I am glad to say that the pow-wows are dropped again, and two weeks ago the medicine man was in our Sunday service. He appeared a most interested hearer, and became very friendly towards us.

You ask if we find it difficult to learn the language. We cannot find books in the Assiniboine dialect, and consequently it is not quite so easy to learn as other languages. But otherwise it would be quite as easy. We think it as easy as French or German, although it has not the utilitarian inducements of numbers and commerce and literature to stir one up to learn it. Still it is very pleasant to learn it by comparing it with other languages, ancient and modern. We have got a considerable number of words and some useful expressions; but we will need a year to get a working knowledge of the language, and much longer time to speak it fairly.

The Mission may be said to be new and in its elementary stage. As new comers to the place, we can understand that fact. The people are partially civilized and have some modern ways; but they are still pagan in heart, in customs, in appearance. If one reads the life of John Paton on the island of Tanna, one can discern in them some of the relics of savagery as it existed on that island. But still it is gratifying to know our Indians remember the teaching of former teachers, and God may cause past and present instruction to move their slow-going minds to surrender to Jesus as their Saviour King. "The Kingdom of God cometh not by observation," and this devoutly wished-for change may come any time.

FROM REV. W. S. MOORE.

Mistawasis, Sask., Oct. 25, 1897.

I received your letters of the 23rd and 29th September in due time, with the enclosed shipping bills. In return I now send you receipts for the clothing from Owen Sound Presbyterial, which I have received and distributed, Miss Gillespie getting what was sent for the children, as you directed, and the old and feeble getting a fairly good supply for winter. There still remains a good quantity of quilts and other clothing on hand, which may be needed before the winter is over.

The clothing was of the best possible description and quality to

meet the needs of the people here, and I now return thanks to your Society for their continued liberality.

The school is doing well under the care of Miss Gillespie, who has now been in charge of it for some weeks. I need not say much of the work here, as I have overheard both Mrs. Moore and Miss Gillespie saying that they were going to write you very soon about the work on Mistawasis, and I do not want to forestall them in any news they may have to give. I am sorry, however, that I did not see you on your late visit to the North-West.

A NEW FIELD OF LABOUR.

FROM MISS GILLESPIE.

Mistawasis, Sask., Oct. 30, 1897.

You, no doubt, will want to know how I am settled in my new home, and something about our school. The word home applies very well in this instance, as my father came up with me, and I am expecting my sister next week. So you see we will form a fairly large family circle, which I especially will enjoy being a member of; it is so long since I have had that pleasure. It quite repays me for abandoning, for a time, at least, my plan of taking a nurse's training, the better to qualify me for the mission work. We live in the little log house that was erected some years ago for the teacher—you will remember it. In the past it has been very cold, but I think we have it frost-proof now, or nearly so. The plaster was all loose on it, and between the back kitchen and main building was a fine entrance for Jack Frost. These places are remedied, and I think with a new floor down stairs and thick paper between it and the old we are not likely to suffer much from the cold. We are papering the ceiling upstairs with the same paper.

Our furniture is of a very primitive nature, and I do not think even the most economically inclined could accuse us of extravagance. Boxes are wonderfully handy for chairs, tables, etc., especially when they are placed on legs. We did not bring any furniture with us, and Prince Albert is, as you know, a long way from here, and it is very expensive to get freighting done when you have no horses of your own with which to do it. We would have had considerable difficulty in getting in our winter's provisions had it not been for the kindness of Mr. Moore. Indeed, we have been quite a burden in different ways to both him and Mrs. Moore, and we will not soon forget their very great kindness. It seems to be my blessed lot to be always cast with the kindest of Christian co-workers, a blessing which, I think, I fully appreciate.

I have had a very satisfactory school attendance so far. There are twenty-five on the roll, and sixteen of these are treaty children. The average for this month is, I think, somewhere about nineteen or

twenty. The Second Reader, or Stand. III., as it is graded in the Indian schools, is my highest standard. It is composed of two Indian children, two half-breeds and two white children. The children appear to be bright, and I think we will get along nicely. I have promised them a party some Saturday at my house as soon as either they or I can find some eggs with which to make cakes, for who ever heard of a party without cake?

The schoolhouse is not in very good condition for the winter yet, but our agent has promised to see to that at his earliest convenience. The desks are not of the latest make either, and have no place in them for placing books or slates when not in use except on the top, which seems to be more adapted for a toboggan slide for all that is placed on it.

I have made my rounds of all the homes since school started, and was kindly received by the parents.

The carpets and quilts came to me, for which you and the kind ladies of the East who made them have my warmest thanks. The carpet will do much towards making our home more cosy and cheerful looking.

The children's clothing I have nearly all distributed. I had enough of girls' underwear and boys' coats, vests and trousers to go over them all once. I have most of the new material on hand yet. The dark pieces of flannelette I intend having made in the schoolroom into pinafores for the girls and blouses for the boys, with a handkerchief pocket in each, to be worn in the schoolroom only, and left there. There was a large piece of old white cotton came up, which we have made into handkerchiefs.

I earnestly desire the prayers of all Christian friends for God's blessing on my labours here.

THREE NEEDY RESERVES.

FROM REV. HUGH M'KAY.

Round Lake, Whitewood P.O., Assa., Oct. 15, 1897.

I fear that I have nothing new to tell you about our mission to the reserves west of us. The three reserves of Piapot, Muskowpetung and Pasquah lie about 100 miles west of us along the Qu'Appelle Valley. I had the pleasure of visiting the field once during the summer, and Jacob Bear has spent two months with them. The people are Crees and Chippewas, a mixed people, very much like our own. On Pasquah's reserve a good number of the people are industrious and doing well. They have large quantities of hay, which they cut and sell. They also sell wood, and when the crops are light they depend upon the hay and wood for their chief support. So with the other two bands. The most interesting people is Muskowpetung's

band. A good number are Christians, and they seem to appreciate the visits of the missionary. They gather on the Sabbath to worship, and the men, women and children join in the worship of God. Does it not make glad our hearts to see those who were pagans and on the warpath now unite with us in songs of praise to Jesus, and worship with us our Saviour and our King.

The people in this band were pleading hard for a missionary. One old man said: "If I would throw away my children and close my tent against them, people would say that I had not a kind heart. We are the children of the Church, and we are left out in the cold. Can you not send us a man to live with us? Can you not send us Jacob Bear? Not to come on a visit and go away. He speaks plain to us in our own language, and makes us understand God's Book. We would like him; when we have no minister we are very poor. If any of our children die there is no one to give them Christian burial. They will be put in the ground like those who were not baptized."

The most of Piapot's people follow the old chief, and are still pagans. They are courteous and kind to the missionary, but they still cling to their old ways and the religion of the old people. During our visit we saw six or seven sick people lingering in consumption. They seem to be a people rapidly passing away.

I think a missionary should be sent as soon as possible. I fear we cannot persuade Jacob Bear to go. He is a good man, but seems to be discouraged and wishes to retire, at least for a time. He says if the people would become Christians he would go with all his heart, but preaching day after day and week after week and not any willing to obey is discouraging, and for that reason he would like to leave the work.

I fear I cannot go up again this fall, there seems to be so much to engage my attention that I cannot overtake it if I should work day and night. But the work is the Lord's, and the might and the power is His, and He shall gather His own. It is ours to tell the good news and the sweet story of redeeming love. We are working, trusting and praying that many of the children of the prairie may be gathered among the jewels.

CHEERFUL GIVERS.

FROM MR. JOHN THUNDER.

Pipestone, Man., Oct. 11, 1897.

During the month of August I had taken up the subject of Mary of Bethany, who took a box of ointment of spikenard, very precious, and broke it over the head of the Son of God, and explained that little deed of Mary, "She was erecting a monument," etc. And I said, "If we love the Son of God, we must try to erect a good monument

and bring in something at the feet of Jesus Christ," and also explained all about our Presbyterian work in far countries and our own country, etc.

We have appointed three Sabbaths as our collection Sabbaths. More than one-half of this little band all gave in something very heartily and cheerfully and willingly, in all, \$15.60. I asked them, "What place shall we send this amount?" One said, "To China," and one said, "Armenia Orphan Fund"; so we have agreed to divide it up. But if the Armenia fund is closed, please send all to China.

Rev. Mr. McQuarrie has already written to you about old Shunka Washta's baptism. Thank God, that by His help we are making some steps towards the better life.

A new building has just been put up by Jesse Wakopa. That also will have a good effect on other homes.

About the stairway, Prof. Baird sent in word that it should be made very soon, but our contractor has been very busy threshing. I am wishing to get that done before snow. Mrs. Thunder and our two little girls are keeping very well.

I am glad to say that all others of this band are well, and all the young fellows hired out ever since harvesting. Our Sabbath services are very good. White people in this vicinity are coming to our church every Sabbath, singing both in Indian and English. This has a very good effect on our work also. I am hoping you'll excuse some mistakes in my English composition.

Central India.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

FROM MISS GRIER.

Darjeeling, India, June 17, 1897.

To-day I should have been in Calcutta on my way home to Indore had it not been for the unfortunate earthquake which by this time the whole world knows about, and probably knows more about than we do, shut up here, away from everywhere. The earthquake took place here on Saturday afternoon at 5 p.m., lasting three minutes. Some of our people were on the train at the time, and, strange to say, felt nothing. I was standing on the upstairs verandah, and when the shaking began wondered why people going up and down stairs could make such a dreadful shaking. Soon a lady came out to me looking rather queer, to whom I said, "Miss Chapman, what do you think has happened?" She answered, "I think it is an earthquake, and that we had better go downstairs." We found great difficulty in getting downstairs, as the house was rocking from side to side so tremen-

dously, but at last got out into the garden, where the others were, and all unconsciously clutched hold of a gate to steady ourselves, and, looking at each other, wondered why every face was so pale. But, oh! the sickening feeling of seeing and feeling the earth move under one's feet I shall never forget. We saw chimneys on all sides tottering and wrenching themselves free of the roofs, and people running here and there, wondering if the end of the world had come.

When the shock had passed away we went into the house to see what damage had been done, and how the people had fared who stayed inside. Everyone was so pale and quiet; no one got into a hurry or a panic. One lady was ill in bed, and the lady doctor so kindly stayed by her. Afterwards the sick one had to be forcibly held in bed; she kept saying she was not frightened, but yet wanted to jump out of the window. She was the only one who lost control of herself, and she, poor thing, was ill. After getting ourselves a little strengthened, and finding that our own damages consisted of two broken and loose chimneys and some big cracks in the walls, we went to see how the houses around us had fared.

During the whole thing a heathen procession and show had been passing near us, and the drums, and singing, and shouting, and wrestling and fighting made the scene more horrible and ghastly still, for the heathen never stopped their mad rushing here and there.

One house just below ours was badly damaged, and another went all to pieces. In half an hour all the inside walls had fallen, and smashed all the furniture, and the lodgers were practically homeless. Many houses fell to pieces in the same way, and few, if any, entirely escaped. No lives were lost, though some people say they heard two native men had been killed.

By eight o'clock we were somewhat calmed down, though after dinner while at prayers there came a shock which almost shook us off our knees; but strangely enough no one rose, and only a few moved at all. But of our twenty-six people only six of us ventured to stay upstairs all night. Mattresses were carried down and laid on the floors, dressing-gowns were worn, and doors left open. You see smaller shocks were still coming, and no one knew what might happen. We upstairs prepared to fly in a moment. I put my ticket and money in a bag in my dressing-gown pocket, and placed it and my cape in readiness, keeping my stockings on. The doors were left open, and all lamps put out, candles only being allowed. Such a night we put in! We had twenty-one shocks before morning, and so very little sleep.

The next day the shocks continued, and when night came the same performance was gone through. But up to to-day the shocks, though less frequent and not so strong, have continued, and we are all spared in health and strength. Truly, we have very much to be thankful for and for which to praise God. We have been kept in perfect peace. From time to time special telegrams come, telling of great losses

here and there. Nothing but special telegrams have yet gone in or out of Darjeeling. The telegraph clerks are working day and night, and the post-office has nothing to do. The accumulated mails are expected up to-day, but it depends on runners and a trolley service as to whether they will come or not. I do hope they will, as we are all so anxious about our respective mission stations and mission buildings. If Allahabad (as has been rumoured) is in ruins, then I do not see how Central India could escape, and if Central India, then our own mission stations and buildings. We do not know yet whether it has been a general earthquake or only in India, or even confined to the Bengal Presidency. For thirty-seven miles the railway is no more; rails are hanging, while the ground has sunk. In one place there is a fissure so large that it would take 600 coolie men five days to fill it up.

June 18th.—The mail did not come yesterday, but my Indore letters were all of date 8th and 9th, and in none of their papers could I find anything about Indore, or even Central India. Miss Sinclair said it had been a dreadful summer for heat; nothing like it had ever been in Indore. Just imagine 104 degrees in the house in the evening! She had got four more famine girls, who were giving her a great deal of trouble, I think. One little thing would cry for bread, etc., which could not be given to her, and when they offered it milk would bite and scratch their hands. She was a filthy child in every way, and was quite ill, and only after repeated washings and scrapings was she beginning to be clean in patches.

The rains have broken here, and so it is very damp, and almost too wet to go out. Every room leaks horribly, and, as our chimneys are off, we can have no fires. How everyone longs to get down to the plains! and here we are kept prisoners until thirty-seven miles of railway is repaired, when we shall be set free. That may not be for some days yet, and so we must just possess ourselves in patience till the time comes. The strain on one's nerves since Saturday has been most trying, though all are bearing up bravely. Calcutta is in ruins almost, and there is hardly a house that is not injured in some way, while every church has been damaged. We have had plague, famine and earthquake all in one year. For India this is a year to be remembered.

THE CORAL WORKERS—A MISSIONARY PARABLE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

In the Pacific Ocean there were long ago many empty spaces without any land. The ocean was blue and beautiful, but there was no eye to see it. The sun shone brightly, but no flowers or trees could grow beneath its rays. The seeds that fell from other countries into the water, floated by, but there was no soil where they could stop to rest. The Master saw

that if there were only some islands there might be lovely homes for men and animals.

"My little builders can do this," said He.

So He called for the coral insects, and told them to build three islands in one place, five in another, seven in another, and so on. The little workers were so taken by surprise that they popped their heads out of their windows and looked at each other in astonishment.

"We!" they exclaimed. "We are not bigger than pin heads. We never could build one island, to say nothing of a whole oceanful."

"If the whales would only try it! A whale's work would amount to something," said the Astra.

"But the whales have their own work to do," said the Master Builder; "and if they come down here to make islands, who will keep the North Pacific free from sea-weeds? I do not ask one of you alone to build an island. Think how many of you there are."

"But we do not know how to shape the islands; they will all be wrong!" cried the Madrepora.

"I will take care of that," said the Master, "only see that each one builds one little cell."

So the corals divided the work among themselves. Some began to build the middle and some the outer edge. Very busily and patiently they wrought. The islands grew higher and higher, until they came up to the top of the water. Then the waves and winds did their part by bringing sand and weeds and leaves to make soil. The nuts and seeds that had fallen into the water, and were so tired by bobbing up and down all the way from India and South America, found a nice bed to sleep in for a few days. When they felt rested, they got up and grew into thorn trees and bushes and cocoa trees. Long vines began to creep across the sand, and sweet flowers blossomed; men and animals came to live there, and little children ran about and played beside the ocean. The islands were called the Friendly Islands, the Caroline Islands, and so on.

"Who would have believed we could have done it!" said the little corals, as they saw the result of their efforts. "The whales could have done no better! And to think it was all done by our making one cell apiece!" They felt so proud of their islands that they put a lovely fringe of red and white and pink coral around the edge.—Leaflet of the American Presbyterian W. F. M. S.

A daily newspaper may become a missionary journal to the wise reader, and current events may reveal to him the governing hand of God in the world. Jonathan Edwards used to say: "I read my Bible to find how God loves the world. I read the journals to find how God rules the world."

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