

# The Missionary Outlook.

*A Monthly Advocate, Record, and Review.*

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[Whole No. 75

## Field Notes.

AN ex-Chairman writes as follows:—"Many thanks for the Report. I think it is the most concise, and at the same time the best arranged, the clearest and the most comprehensive statement of the Society's operations yet published." The Secretary hopes this opinion will be generally endorsed, and that the Church will

it is probable he will come to Canada next summer. What work he will be able to do cannot be decided till he arrives in the country.

BRO. OLIVER, of the Mission yacht *Glad Tidings*, passed through Toronto lately. He made a brief visit to friends in Scotland, whom he had not seen for many years, tarried just long enough to tell the story of what the Lord had done for him, and then hurried



A MEXICAN COURT YARD.

soon authorize such condensation of the financial part as will greatly lessen the heavy expenditure now involved.

LETTERS from Japan report all the Mission party well, and prosecuting their work with vigor. It will be gratifying to Dr. Macdonald's many friends, as well as to all friends of Mission work, to know that the Committee have offered him a year's furlough, and that

back to resume the work he loves so well. At Victoria he met Mr. Crosby, who had just come in from the north, and together they left for their distant field.

A GRACIOUS work has been in progress at Port Simpson of late, and the whole place seems to be stirred; but Bro. and Sister Crosby have been again called to pass through bereavement in the loss of their babe, one

month old. They will be upheld by the sympathy and prayers of many friends.

WITHIN the past few weeks some of the party newspapers have been circulating statements to the effect that the Missionary Secretary, under cover of missionary addresses, has been making speeches in favor of one of the political parties. We need hardly say that the statements are absolutely without foundation, and can only be set down to the wonderful faculty for "seeing visions and dreaming dreams," which is characteristic of the average political paper at election times.

## Editorial and Contributed.

### "MISSIONARY CHEER."

WE have received a letter, with the above suggestive heading, from one of our dear missionary brethren in an Eastern Conference, and as we think it will have a good effect in more ways than one, it is printed *verbatim*. Our article referred to was indeed bread cast upon the waters, and it has been found in at least one mission home after a very few days. The letter is as follows:—

DEAR EDITOR,—I hasten to thank you for your article in *OUTLOOK* of January entitled "Holiday Greetings and Hints." You said you had "no wish to put our missionaries in the position of paupers or recipients of charity." While commending your desire concerning us, I for one at first sight failed to see how you could help doing otherwise by what you wrote. Being of an independent turn of mind, my interpretation thereof to my wife was rather disparaging of your remarks. But there came such a practical commentary on every line you wrote, that I found myself agreeing with your whole text, and can now expound it from personal experience.

Since entering the ministry we have been used to having all necessary things for "life and godliness," and occasionally a little more, but for the past three years things have been quite different. I cannot say we have wanted really for food, clothing, etc., but these things have not been as numerous as formerly, or as ready to hand; and the *scraping*, pinching and curtailment—which so many of us understand by personal experience—which we have undergone to "look the whole world in the face and owe not any man," cannot be expressed in black and white. Well, we were in no actual need, no "hints" were necessary, and it transpired, though we had many dear friends in the maritime provinces, none of them thought we needed anything more than we had. But the "hints" have gone home *this year*, the very year of our need, and we have been the recipients of several letters containing very kindly wishes, backed by the most tangible illustrations, and accompanied by delicate requests to "lay out the enclosed for Santa Claus," etc. Then

several parcels and a box of most timely and valuable *dry goods* of all kinds found their way to the parsonage. All the donors are old and dear friends. Save one, they reside on a field where we labored in plenty a few years back. I presume other friends to other missionaries will have done likewise for them. United Methodism doing her best would obviate this necessity, but she is by no means doing her best, and she little knows how much she is missing. Her best men can only bear so much, and after that they must go under like all *mortals*. But the Church can hold them at their posts, where they have done such heroic duty, by a little timely liberality. We have faith in a people who are building far more churches and parsonages than any other, that they will now direct their generousities towards the living and toiling objects who occupy their churches and parsonages. I must mention one special case from which a lesson may be learned. Accompanying a box of dry goods, which we have already mentioned, was a letter saying, "God has blessed us in business this year, and we send this as a thank-offering and as friendship's remembrance" Mark, this is not one of your merchant princes, but a young man who has been in business for himself hardly three years. God chose his inheritance for him, and for its pleasantness he praises Him. If this young Christian business man continues on these principles we prophesy for him abundant prosperity. He would not allow us to write thus if he could stay our pen, but he is far away. He said "Sing dumb," and is very modest, but without the name such conduct should be published in the "streets of Askelon" and told in "Gath," and I'll "give it mouth." . . . Our festive season has been brightened by the things named, and we are grateful to God and our friends. Your description of box opening was true to the facts in any such case.

### THE CHINESE WORK IN VICTORIA.

THIS work has recently assumed a new phase. In prosecuting his labors, Mr. Vrooman found that there were some Chinese girls held in houses of prostitution against their will, who would be glad of any means of escape. Information was laid before the authorities, the houses were raided by the city police and four girls recovered. It was proved in Court that they were held against their will as slaves for immoral purposes, and, as they had no natural guardians in the country, the Court appointed a guardian for them and committed them to her keeping. But this involved expense, and, as there was no one else to assume it, the Chinese missionary rented a house and undertook the cost himself. Of course this cannot continue long, as with even the present number the expense amounts to some \$40 per month. There are several other girls who desire to get out of the dens, but what is to be done with them? Here is an opportunity for Christlike work. The case has been reported to the Woman's Missionary Society, and it is hoped they will take it up; but, in the meantime, let

anyone whose heart is touched for these friendless ones, send a special contribution to the Mission Rooms in aid of Mr. Vrooman's effort.

#### DENOMINATIONAL DISCOURTESY.

RECENTLY a meeting of the Toronto Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church was held, in the course of which, remarks were made by the Rev. James Robertson, Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in the North-West, on the subject of "Ecclesiastical Co-operation." From the report which appeared in the daily *Mail* we make the following extract:—

Rev. James Robertson, in compliance with a request, spoke upon the question of co-operation, as it appeared to him in the light of his experience in the North-West. He pointed out first that what might be desirable in an old part of the country where the Protestant population is decreasing might not be desirable in a new part of the country where the Protestant population is increasing. In regard to the Methodist Church, they had had some co-operation, by arranging in large fields, so as to have stations regularly supplied on Sundays. If under an arrangement for co-operation it were proposed that the smaller body should leave, the Methodists would have to go out of the country, because the Presbyterians were in the majority. He did not think the Methodists were prepared to do that. The Methodists allowed the Presbyterians to find out the places to which a missionary should be sent, and then sent in their men. He found that the ecclesiastical sense of honor was lower in the Methodist Church than in the Presbyterian Church, and until they came to a level it would be difficult to co-operate. There had been co-operation in the building of Union churches, but in these cases the Methodists had got the churches and the Presbyterians had to go without. In reply to a question put by Dr. Reid, he said his opinion was that local arrangements of an informal character by men of common sense would accomplish more than any other plan.

Mr. Robertson's statements were so uncalled for, that the General Secretary addressed the following note to the *Mail*, but for some reason it was not published:—

THE REV. MR. ROBERTSON ON "THE ECCLESIASTICAL SENSE OF HONOR," ETC.

[To the Editor of the *Mail*.]

SIR,—In your issue of the 2nd inst., I observe a report of the proceedings of the Toronto Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church, in the course of which remarks were made by the Rev. James Robertson which, if correctly reported, do him but little credit. In Mr. Robertson's speeches and letters we are becoming accustomed to a large superstructure of brag on a small basis of fact, and to very confident statements in regard to matters about which he knows very little, as witness some of his utterances on the Indian question; but with all his fondness for magnifying himself and his

work, Mr. Robertson should endeavor to keep within the limits of truth and charity. In his remark that "the Methodists allow the Presbyterians to find out the places to which a missionary should be sent, and then send in their men," Mr. R. simply reverses the facts, and ascribes to representatives of the Methodist Church in the North-West a course of action which we have long regarded as peculiarly applicable to himself; while in the further remark that "the ecclesiastical sense of honor is lower in the Methodist Church than in the Presbyterian Church," he merely shows how sectarian jealousy may lead a man to violate Christian charity. If Mr. Robertson's sentiments are shared to any large extent by Presbyterian ministers and people, all efforts toward co-operation might as well be dropped at once; but I am far from supposing that this is the case, and my conclusion is greatly strengthened by the courteous and Christian tone of the resolution ultimately adopted by the Presbytery.

Regretting the necessity which has arisen for this brief remonstrance, I am, yours truly,

A. SUTHERLAND.

Toronto, Feb. 3rd, 1887.

Since the papers containing the report of Mr. Robertson's remarks reached the North-West, more than twenty letters from Methodist missionaries have reached the Mission Rooms, denying in the most emphatic manner the truth of Mr. Robertson's statements, and some of them citing case after case which fully confirm the remarks of Dr. Sutherland in the above note to the *Mail*, that "Mr. R. simply reverses the facts." We are glad to know from personal conversation with Presbyterian ministers and laymen that they do not sympathize with Mr. Robertson's remarks, which they attribute to his habit of speaking first and thinking afterwards.

THE Moravians report for their twelve missions 28,820 communicants. These missionaries have 115 stations and 282 missionary agents. The total expenditure last year was \$96,800. They say that among the aborigines of Australia the "eventide" of their work is approaching. The blacks will soon be extinct. But in view of this fact, they increase their efforts, that the departing race may know and trust in Christ.

COLONEL PATTON, a leader of the Covenanters, was taken prisoner by the troops of Charles II. and doomed to execution at Edinburgh. He was met by a royal officer, Dabsell, who had fought side by side with him in Germany. "I'm sorry to see you here, Patton," said his old friend. "I'll go to the king for a pardon." "It's of no use; you'll not get it." "If he doesn't grant it I'll never lift my sword for him again." He applied for it, got it, hastened to Edinburgh with it; and the pitiless lords of the council held it back, and let the brave soldier go to the block. Do we detest them? What, then, shall be said of us if, when Christ has proclaimed a free pardon to men, we hold it back from their knowledge, and leave them to perish in their sin?—*Ex.*

## Woman's Work.

The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising.—*Isaiah lx. 3.*

A GOOD knowledge of missions is a liberal education. Certainly. How may this be acquired? By reading the letters of missionaries, the books they write, and, in a very large degree, by reading the *Missionary Magazine*. If any of our auxiliaries have adopted the plan recommended in a former number, and practised by sister societies in the States, viz.: that of appointing one member to solicit subscribers to the *OUTLOOK*, we would be glad to hear of it. If not, we remind our ladies that it might be done with great advantage to our work.

### UNION QUARTERLY MEETING, TORONTO. CENTRAL BRANCH.

THE Quarterly Meeting of the Toronto Auxiliaries was held in the Carlton Street Church, on Thursday afternoon, January 13th, and was well attended.

Mrs. Kerr, President of the Branch, occupied the chair and gave an inspiring address, in which she referred to the fact that earnest prayer had been offered to the Lord for His blessing on the meeting, bringing to remembrance the watchword for the year: "Call unto Me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not."

The reports from auxiliaries were most encouraging, two new ones having been organized since the annual meetings, making in all eight in this city.

The presence of Mrs. Fountain, from Port Hope, was an assurance that her interest in this good cause is unabated.

Mrs. Willmott read her very excellent paper on "Proportionate Giving," and received, as she deserved, a warm vote of thanks for it. This paper will be printed for circulation in all the auxiliaries. We bespeak for it a careful and prayerful perusal.

A photograph of the new school building in Japan was shown and much admired. It was stated that owing to the rapid filling up of the school Miss Spencer showed signs of being overtaxed, and that another lady must be sent to her assistance.

Dr. MacDonald's letter was also referred to, in which he expressed the hope that Miss Cartmell's conditional resignation would not be accepted. Her health is improving, and though she cannot share with Miss Spencer the responsibilities of the school, the work she is doing outside of it is too important to be given up by her until some other one is ready to take it up.

At this stage of the meeting Mrs. Aikins asked for volunteers to raise ten dollars each, to make up four

hundred dollars towards sending a lady to help the school, generously offering to raise one-fourth of the amount. In a few minutes nineteen names were given. Though the hour had come for closing, and many were a long distance from home, and the weather stormy, there is little doubt had smaller sums been asked for, the full amount would have been guaranteed.—*1st Chronicles xxix. 14.*

Mrs. Willmott, Bond Street, is the Treasurer of this special fund, and it is confidently believed that there are many of the Lord's stewards who only need to know of the emergency that has arisen, who are ready to give some substantial expression of their sympathy.

Mrs. Ogden, of the Carlton Street Church, had previously offered fifty dollars toward the support of another worker in Japan.

The noble women at home who are banded together in the Woman's Missionary Society will not permit the heroic women abroad to perform extra work without endeavoring to relieve them.

Miss Spencer asks our prayers for a great spiritual awakening among the pupils in the school.

Who will remember it? Is there not equal need that prayer be made for our sisters in the Church at home who are at ease in Zion?

There are one hundred and ninety-seven thousand members in the Methodist Church of Canada, and only three thousand one hundred and ninety members of the Woman's Missionary Society.

Can we not double our membership this year? Who will try to do it? Who?—*Communicated.*

THE following is a letter received by Mrs. Philp, of Montreal, from Mrs. John McDougall on her return to her missionary labors in the far North-west, after a visit to her Ontario friends. She was accompanied on the return trip by the three Indian chiefs of whom she speaks:

MORLEY, Dec. 22nd, 1886.

DEAR FRIEND,—Some time has passed since we came home from our long trip in your much-favored eastern country. The Indians, as well as ourselves, were delighted to sight the Old Rockies once more, and we all felt like singing "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." Samson and Pakan started almost at once on their weary march over the hundreds of miles to their distant home in the North. Jonas, who lives near us, has thrilled the hearts and minds of the natives of the mountains as he discoursed in the village and around the camp about the wonders of Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal; of the thousands of worshippers he joined with in your large churches; of the hundreds of Sabbath-school children to whom he spoke in your school-rooms; and already many of the Indians know a great deal more about our country, people, and church-work than they ever did before. These men

will explain many mysteries and anxieties away from the minds of their brethren all through the country.

At Morley we have had a severe attack of measles which has been hard on the Indians, some of whom have died. Mr. McDougall said he never heard clearer testimony than that given by some of the seas they were passing away, and with the survivors and friends there was no loud grief or anything like the old heathen wail. Our people are growing in the knowledge of the truth, and, considering the few years since they had a missionary among them, they have made rapid progress in both Christianity and civilization.

In the Orphanage the work of instruction is steadily going on. Mr. and Mrs. Youmans have their hands full, but their labor is beginning to tell, and we have only to compare our children in the Home with those in the camp to see the value of such work. The great need is a permanent building, and we do hope the Government will help in this, or the Good Spirit will touch the hearts of some rich persons to build for themselves a monument of "good works" by erecting for us an Orphanage building, capable of holding, say, fifty or sixty boys and girls, on the fine plot of ground which has been given by the Government for this purpose.

We often think and talk about our short visit to your home; the change in many ways is very great between Montreal and Morley, but we are content and happy in our work and in our adopted country.

Our kindest regards to your husband and family and to all our friends in Montreal.

Wishing you all many happy returns of the season,

Yours faithfully,

LIZZIE McDOUGALL.

WE are kindly permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter recently received from Miss Youmans, teacher at Morley, N.W.T.:

Two weeks ago Mr. McDougall administered the sacrament to between two and three hundred Indians. I was amazed, and inquired, "Do these people know what they are doing?" I was told that they live up to the light they have, and are more consistent than white people. One cannot attend their meetings without being convinced that there is sincere heart religion among them. In our Orphanage we have ten boys and nine girls, all strong, happy and industrious. Shortly after I came, one of our girls died of quick consumption. Several of her Indian friends came in and talked and prayed with her. How glad we were that they could speak to her the words of Jesus in her own tongue. After she passed away, according to custom the Indians shook hands with the corpse.

The Indians are very anxious to have the Gospel, for they see the benefit of it, and they do their share in helping the cause. At the last missionary meeting they gave \$125 in furs. At one meeting, the Chairman was calling for contributions, and asked an old Indian woman who sat just in front on the floor. She replied, "Long ago I gave my heart to the Lord, I gave my grandson to the Lord, and I haven't anything else to give." Gathering up the folds of wrinkled

skin on her bony arm, she said, "I would give my skin for the Lord Jesus if it would do any good." "Say eight shillings," said Mr. McDougall. "Eight shillings," she answered, and broke out into low sobs. Of course Mr. McDougall paid her subscription.

The Orphanage is entirely too small for either comfort, convenience or health. It consists of sitting-room with small bedroom adjoining, dining-room and kitchen, a small pantry, which also serves as cupboard and general store-room. Upstairs a bedroom for the girls and one for the boys, but so small that three children are sleeping in each of its several beds. The children have to use the kitchen for study and play, the dining-room not having any fire.

There is a dire lack of the necessaries of housekeeping. For instance: for want of a strainer, milk is strained in a towel. A stick of wood does duty for a potato-masher. A case knife and board for a chopping-knife and bowl. The washing for twenty-two persons is carried out in the hands for want of a basket, and butter is made in the churn of a neighbour. No foot of houseroom do I possess. I sleep on a lounge and my only privacy is that supplied by a curtain across one corner of the sitting-room. We are as much in need of farm implements—at present four hoes is the extent of our stock. But do not think we murmur! Many have endured far more than we, beside being in danger.

THE following letter from Mlle. Vessot, the teacher in our French Mission School at Actonvale, will be read with interest:

COR. SEC.

DEAR MADAM,—Remembering the great interest that you have in our school, I doubt not that you will be pleased to hear about it. It is with gratitude that I am able to make a good report of our girls. They surpassed my expectations in their written examinations, and some of them showed marked intelligence in their way of answering the questions. The evening of the Christmas tree was a time of great rejoicing among them; first, by rendering their recitations and songs, then by hearing how they ranked in their examinations, and lastly, by receiving their gifts (rewards having been given to the girls who ranked first in their classes). All had something to take home by which they kindly remembered their Montreal benefactresses.

A good number of their parents were present, looking pleased at their daughters' improvement.

What encourages me very much is to see them so pleased to be together again. They have formed ties of affection which contribute greatly to their happiness, and they show a greater desire to learn, so that school work is not so much of a task, there entering into our daily work more willingness, cheerfulness and good-will.

Everything about the house is going on smoothly: Mr. and Mrs. DeGruchy adding continually to our comfort and happiness, Miss Héribel fulfilling her engagement with great satisfaction, her pupils in music, making good progress.

I have inquired as to what subjects one of the pupils is to study in order to obtain an elementary diploma in spring, and I see that she will need Mor-

risson's School Management text-book, Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and an English literature text-book. Also one on Bookkeeping, Physiology and Hygiene for Young People for intermediate classes. If you would please see that these are sent as soon as convenient, I would be very much obliged to you.

Last Thursday was our first meeting as a prayer-meeting, and we have cause to be very thankful to our Heavenly Father for the work that He is doing among us.

It was touching to see several of our dear young girls either speak, sing, or pray. Think not all your efforts in vain. There are, I know, many young hearts that are very grateful for the privileges they are receiving. Trusting that God will continue to bless us,

I remain, yours very respectfully,

LUCILE VESSOT.

#### A PRACTICAL PRAYER-MEETING.

At the missionary prayer-meeting in the First Methodist Church, St. Thomas, the above letter was read by the pastor. Prayer was made that God would bless the work and dispose the hearts of the people to devise liberal things. The friends immediately began to help answer their own prayers. Contributions of kitchen utensils and various other things were volunteered. A central receiving depot was announced, packing case donated, also the expense of freight; a committee appointed to supervise; and we are thankful to say, a box is to be sent out which will gladden our friends and greatly facilitate their domestic work.

We hope the McDougall Orphanage has seen its worst days, and that the near future will find it with good buildings and thorough equipment for its noble work of fitting the rising generation of Indians for the duties of Christian citizenship.

#### CORRECTION.

In our last number, by the misprint of one word in Mrs. Graham's paper, a most ridiculous sentence was made. Please read: "The Indian cannot *rise* until the squaw becomes a woman," instead of "The Indian cannot *vote*," etc.

#### ITEMS.

FINGAL, ONT.—A public meeting was held by the Woman's Missionary Society on January 27. After the Secretary's report a short programme was rendered, in which a young lady of *five* years gave a solo. An excellent paper on "Woman's Opportunities" was read by Mrs. McMechan of London, and a liberal collection followed.

SIMCOE, ONT.—A mission band has been organized with thirty-one members, under the title of "Harvesters." Mrs. A. J. Donly, president.

ST. THOMAS.—A union meeting of the Auxiliaries, Gleaners and the Alma College Society was held in the Central Methodist Church on February 14. There was a very large attendance, showing the growing interest in our work. Letters from the Japan School, a paper on "French Canadian Evangelization," and short addresses by members made a most profitable meeting.

*New Auxiliaries.*—Tilsonburg; Norfolk St., Guelph; Hamilton College.

THE following interesting paragraph on the commercial value of Foreign Missions appeared not long ago in the *New York Journal of Commerce*:—

"Setting all religious questions aside, the civilizing power of the missions, the revolutions which have been consequent on their work, the colonization of which they were the pioneers, the growing empires founded on European and American civilization of which they laid the foundations, the enlightening influences which have spread among barbarous nations from their points of labor, all these command the profound respect of all men of sense. The one great fact, that the spread of the power of the English language, as the language of commerce and of advancing civilization, receives an assured impetus from missions of English-speaking people, makes these missions of paramount importance to the spread of British and American commerce."

At the fifth Annual Convention of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, held in the Central M. E. Church, Detroit, a great deal of interest was awakened by the presence of a colored delegate, Mrs. Hester Williams. Born a slave, at the age of fifty she said she would not have known the letter *A* had it been as "big as a door," but a strong desire to help the needy prompted her to invite six little girls to her home to teach them the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. Each succeeding day brought new pupils to learn the Lord's Prayer, and in a very short time some of the parents came to her and offered fifty cents a month for their children if she would keep a school. At first she thought that beyond her ability, as she did not know the word baker; however, she decided that they must all have books, and got a little primer for herself, then seating them on logs in an unoccupied room in her house, she set them to studying a lesson, then went into her own room and laid her book open before her divine Master and asked with living faith for help to learn the lesson so that she could teach it to the little ones. Success crowned every effort, and in a few months the children asked for an exhibition, which was a great success. She was then urged to continue her school, and increased numbers enabled her to hire a teacher, which afforded her opportunity to go into poorer districts in Baton Rouge, where she lives, to look for children to increase her school, but all were so poor and ragged they would not come. She then put on an old dress and with axe and cart went to the woods, cut down saplings and had a cabin put up, and now every Sunday afternoon, when at home, finds her there in her old dress, stooping down

to help the little needy ones. She is now superintending a mission district of seventy miles extent, and creating an interest in the erection of an industrial home for women. What a miracle of grace! A woman born a human chattel to increase the treasures of a Southern slave dealer, now emancipated and redeemed, standing side by side with the elect ladies of the Church and nation, and in the presence of our most cultured assemblies, teaching those who have inherited such rich privileges how to stoop down and hand the bread of life to the needy thousands throughout all our land.—*Women's Home Missions.*

"WHILE practising law a number of years ago," says Judge Tourgee, "I had a peculiar will case. An old lady who was a slaveholder, dying, bequeathed her colored man, John, and her dusky maid, Jane, who sustained to each other the relation of husband and wife, to the trustees of the church, to be used as far as possible for the 'glory of God.' I was curious to know what course was taken, and upon investigation found that, after meditation and prayer, the pious trustees sold their living legacy at auction, and with the proceeds sent a missionary to China."

## Missionary Readings.

### REST FOR THE WEARY.

I WOULD like to tell you about some of the women I met on our return from Toungoo to Mandalay, during the cold season of 1884 and 1885. One morning we stopped for breakfast at a large village in which were two zayats. We were soon surrounded by a crowd of people curious to see me, as they had never seen a white woman. You have so often heard of their curiosity, that I will repeat only a single one of their remarks about me. They said I was so white I looked exactly as though I were silver plated.

As soon as they found I could use their language, and that I had come to tell them of a new religion, a group of old women gathered about me and said it was most fitting that we should talk about such things, for it was the Burmese worship day, the eighth day after the new moon. Each held in her hand a rosary, and as she slipped the beads through her fingers was supposed to be reminded of her mortality and of the vanities and sorrows of life. I told them of the Saviour, and of the love which led Him to take our sins upon Himself, and to die for us upon the cross.

They listened most eagerly, and only interrupted by now and then saying: "Is it true? Is it for us or only for white people that he died?" One old woman said: "I am old, and all my life I have been wishing I might get away from my sins. I have tried faithfully to do all the priests have told me, but I have never had a moment of rest." Then I told her of the witness in my own heart that all these things were true, and spoke of the peace that passeth understanding which lovers of Jesus know. Then she exclaimed: "Who could help loving Him if He died to take away our sins?" Another said: "We are women and this is not for us. We have no judgment, we only know that to be good

which the men tell us is so." I asked her if she did not daily buy and sell in the bazaar without consulting any man about her bargains? if she did not know herself whether she were well or ill, miserable or happy? She seemed to get a new thought, and brightened up as she replied: "Why yes, even my husband and sons do not know what are the thoughts of my heart, and how can they know just what prayers I should repeat?" Another said: "Jesus Christ! Do you say He can save me? This is good news indeed. How can we tell Him that we want Him to save us?" So I taught them to pray, the first time they had ever thought of true prayer. It was a blessed day to me, and I believe it was so to at least two or three of those poor, old gray-haired women.—*Helping Hand.*

### THE CRUELTY OF HEATHENISM.

ON his way to the interior of Africa, Mr. F. S. Arnot wrote from Bihé as follows to Mr. Sanders at Bailundu, concerning "a Bihé barbarity": "A few days ago I noticed a little boy about eight years of age, who belongs to Ruskit's town close by, going about with both his hands in a sad mess. The left one was completely distorted and three of the fingers joined together in one red, sore mass, the palm bulging forward. The arm above the wrist was skinned and also the right hand. I found that this youngster had been out visiting at the king's town or somewhere near there. The boy in playing about had stolen some beans belonging to a daughter of Jamba Yamina, the king; they call her Naroma Cunengile, who, to punish the child for stealing her beans, put his hands into a pot of boiling water. I have seen something of that work before, and from the state of the child's hands she must have kept the left hand, at least, for a few seconds in the water. The poor little fellow, smart and good-looking, is injured for life, and this creature in woman's shape has not even been called in question for her cruelty. If you are passing here at any time, you could see the child; the boiled hand beggars description."

To this Mr. Sanders adds:—

"People talk of the innocence of the heathen, but they only need to live in a heathen land to learn that 'the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.' What do you think of a man taking his hands full of dried grass, setting it on fire and then applying it to the naked shoulders and breast of his wife, simply because his beans were not cooked quite as soon as he thought they ought to be? This has happened here in Chilumi."—*Missionary Herald.*

### MISSIONARY ATMOSPHERE.

THE air we breathe has much to do with the health and vigor of our bodies. So the home influence which surrounds us has much to do in moulding character, and in shaping our course of life. This was certainly so in the case of the late Dr. Alexander Duff, for many years a missionary in India, whose name is a household word in many a Christian family. He tells us that his father was a man of profound missionary spirit—a man with whom love for Christ's kingdom was a passion. The cause of modern missions was much upon his heart and lips. He "rejoiced in tracing

the triumphs of the Gospel in different lands, and in connection with the different branches of the Christian Church." To interest his children in the subject, he procured pictures of Jugganath and other heathen idols, and spoke of them in such a way as to show the awful sin of idolatry, and to excite the compassion of the children toward the poor blinded idolaters. These talks on heathenism were also sure to be well mixed with statements of the love of Jesus for perishing sinners. Is it any wonder that the mind of young Duff was well instructed touching the condition of the heathen, and that his heart beat for them in loving sympathy—a sympathy which ripened in later years into an active and unreserved consecration to the cause of Christ in India?—*American Foreign Missionary*.

### MONEY MAKING.

IT is the duty of some men to make a great deal of money. God has given to them the money-making talent; and it is as wrong to bury that talent as to bury a talent for preaching. It is every man's duty to wield the widest possible power for righteousness; and the power in money must be gained before it can be used. But let a man beware! This power in money is something awful. It is more dangerous than dynamite. The victims of "Saint-seducing gold" are numberless. If a Christian grow rich it should be with fear and trembling, lest the "deceitfulness of riches" undo him; for Christ spoke of the salvation of a rich man as something miraculous (Luke xviii. 24-27).

Let no man deceive himself by saying: "I will give when I have amassed wealth. I desire money that I may do good with it, but I will not give now, that I may give the more largely in the future." That is the pit in which many have perished. If a man is growing large in wealth, nothing but constant and generous giving can keep him from growing small in soul. In determining the amount of his gifts and the question whether he should impair his capital, or to what extent, a man should never lose sight of a distinct and intelligent aim to do the greatest possible good in a lifetime. Each must decide for himself what is the wisest, the highest use of money, and we need often to remind ourselves of the constant tendency of human nature to selfishness and self-deception.—*Rev. Josiah Strong*.

### CHRISTIANITY IN FIJI.

HEATHENISM in Fiji was of the most degraded type when the islands were first visited by missionaries. "The distinguishing feature in the wicked customs of these islanders was their cannibalism. It was interwoven with the whole frame-work of society, so much so that not only in the case of prisoners taken in war, but on the most ordinary occasions—such as the building of a house, the launching of a canoe, and the like—the offering and eating of a human sacrifice was considered indispensable." . . . The religion of the Fijians, such as it was, corresponded to their deep moral degradation. The gods they worshipped were endowed by them with their own worst qualities. And, as might have been expected, the priests wrought upon

the superstitions of the people, over whom, in concert with the chiefs, they exercised absolute control.

The first efforts to evangelize the heathen on the Fiji Islands were made by the native missionary society of the Friendly Islands. When in 1834 the king and queen and thousands of their subjects on the Island of Tonga were converted, they wished to send the gospel to Fiji, and in 1835 two of the Tongan missionaries were appointed to commence the new mission. These were followed in 1838 by three missionaries sent out from England by the Wesleyan Missionary Society. These islands were transformed by the gospel.

Miss Gordon Cumming, in her recent work, "At Home in Fiji," regarding the work of the Wesleyan missionaries, says: "I often wish that some of the cavilers who are forever sneering at Christian missions could see something of their results in these isles. You may pass from isle to isle, and everywhere find the same cordial reception by men and women. Every village on the eighty inhabited islands has built for itself a tidy church and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended; and that the first sound which greets your ear at dawn, and the last at night, is that of hymn-singing, and the most fervent worshipping from each dwelling at the hour of prayer?"

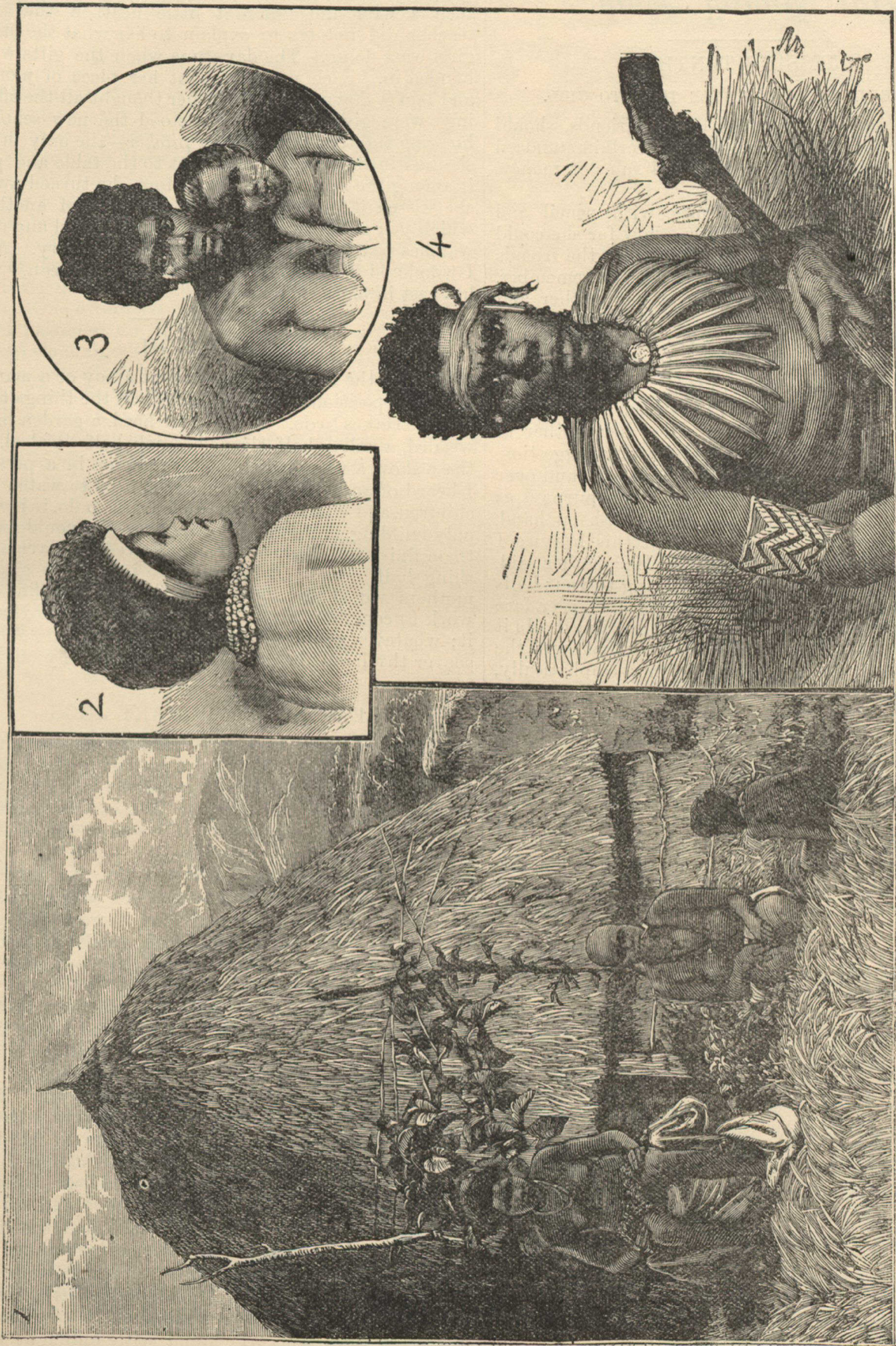
The Annual Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, issued in May of this year, says:

"The record for the year in Fiji is one of earnest toil, not unattended with evidences of accompanying Divine blessing. We cannot now chronicle—as was done in days gone by—those events in mission work which made Fiji a name that wrought as with a spell. But this change itself is eloquent of the mighty transformation which Christianity has accomplished in that group. The days of the club, of the strangling-rope, of the ovens in which human food was cooked, of the abominations of the cannibal feast, of the tragedies so numerous and so terrible that left around many a spot their memories of horror, have passed away; and they have been succeeded by a period when, the old heathenism cast down by the power of the gospel, the work that claims the consecrated service of the Church is the building of a people's life on the basis of divine truth and righteousness.

"That much has been accomplished in this direction is demonstrated by evidence which cannot be gainsaid. And the work progresses. Your missionaries are striving to elevate personal character, to purify and sweeten domestic life, to bring up the young in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, to inform and regulate the whole social life of the community with principles which have in them a divine authority and force; and their witness to us is this: that they have not labored in vain; that they have not spent their strength for naught."—*The Gospel in All Lands*.

THERE is unusual activity among the Catholic missionaries in Bulgaria. They are meeting with unexpected success in their religious work.





PICTURES FROM THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

1. NATIVE FAMILY AND HUT.

2. WOMAN OF BETTER CLASS.

3. FEMALE AND CHILD.

4. MALE NATIVE.

## Our Young Folk.

### JESSIE'S TENTH.

A TRUE STORY OF A LITTLE TORONTO GIRL.

JESSIE has been promised by her friends, should she work faithfully and attain a certain standard of proficiency in school, several small sums of money, amounting in all to \$1.75.

A short time before Christmas, with pencil and paper in hand, she sat down to see how far she could make her money go in buying presents for the friends whom her loving heart prompted her to remember. Stopping suddenly she looked up at her mother and said "Mamma, is not the tenth of \$1.75 about eighteen cents?" Her mamma replied, "Yes, dear, but why do you ask?" "Why, mamma, you know I must first give the tenth of my money to God." As she figured away she found to divide \$1.75 between so many became a difficult task, and again called her mother to her assistance to see if she could, by any suggestion, solve the difficulty. After having tried over and over again to make ends meet, and all to no purpose as regards a satisfactory division of the cash on hand, she said, "I cannot give one-tenth of this because I will not have enough to go round." Her mother said, "Now, Jessie dear, that is Satan talking to you; he is trying to make you do what is not right." With a face full of consternation and trouble she exclaimed, "Is it really, mamma?" And being assured that was the way Satan tempted people, she said most emphatically, "I will give it and do with less presents."

When the money earned by her came to be paid, her aunt, who had promised her twenty-five cents, altogether in the dark as to the battle which had been fought and won by her little niece, thought, "Jessie will be wanting to get Christmas-boxes; I will make it fifty cents instead of twenty-five;" therefore, to her great delight she was enabled to give twenty cents to the Lord, and instead of having only \$1.75 at her disposal she had \$1.80, and we do not wonder that she concluded that it had been a decidedly paying transaction.

A few days afterward Jessie said she wished that she was old enough for her papa to give her an allowance of \$100 a year for dress, and added, "I am sure I could dress very well on \$90." "But," said her mother, "you said a moment ago that you wanted \$100." "Yes; but, mamma, of course I would have to give a tenth to God, and that would leave only \$90." Still intent upon the subject she inquired why one-tenth ought to be given. She was told that it was a commandment of God. After some thought and consideration, with look and tone as if she had settled the matter, she said, "Then when we give God one-tenth we only give Him what is His own, and if we do not give it we are stealing from Him."

### GIFT OF AN AFRICAN GIRL.

THE teacher of a girls' school, away in Africa, wanted her scholars to learn to give. She paid them, therefore, for doing some work for her, so that each girl might have something of her own to give

away for Jesus' sake. Among them was a new scholar, such a wild and ignorant little heathen that the teacher did not try to explain to her what the other girls were doing. The day came when the gifts were handed in. Each pupil brought her piece of money and laid it down, and the teacher thought all the offerings were given. But there stood the new scholar, hugging tightly in her arms a *pitcher*—the only thing she had in the world. She went to the table and put it among the other gifts, but before she turned away she kissed it! That story reminds me of another, which you all know, about One who watched and still watches people casting gifts into His treasury. And I wondered if He might not say of the African, "She has cast in more than they all."

### BE THOROUGH.

ONE of the meanest things about a boy or a man is a disposition to shirk and half do the things that he undertakes to do. A field half hoed, a garden half-weeded, a cellar half cleaned, a job half finished, all these show a very bad trait of character in a person. I heard of an old grandmother who used to watch the children, and whatever they undertook to do, if it was only building a cob-house on the floor, she would make them finish it. They were not allowed to leave anything half done. If there were more such grandmothers we should have less slouchy, half-finished work to complain about. Whatever you begin, finish it; whatever you undertake to do, do it well. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

### BREAKING MISSIONARY JUGS.

THINK of thirty little girls breaking jugs in a minister's study! Oh, what a clattering there must have been! But the minister said he liked it, as he did not want to write a sermon just at that minute; besides which, the minister's wife was at the head of it, so he could not say anything.

What was in the jugs? not whiskey, you may be sure: nor molasses, nor kerosene, but when, with a hammer and a dash, a smash and a crash followed most delightfully, there lay lots of pennies and other coins; and what fun it was to pick them out from the little broken pieces of red pottery!

How came the money there? and what was it for? Well, the thirty little girls could tell you better than I. They have a little society together, and the minister's wife was superintendent, and had bought the little jugs. Each girl had taken home a jug. Each jug had a little slit in it, and had said very silently, "Please fill me. I want to send presents to Alaska," and thus at the meeting every jug brought something, some more and some less, until the minister counted up more than \$17. Which children have had, or will have the best time? Those who have had the little red jugs, and have saved and earned and asked for money to drop into the mouth of each, and then had the pleasure of breaking them? or the little Alaska children living away across the country of America almost to Asia, who will stand with untaught eyes wondering, as each gift comes to them, as to what it may be for, and then going back to their Indian homes,

with happy thoughts of that Jesus who has put it into the hearts of children far away to be so kind to them?

#### WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

WE find in *Word, Work and World*, the following story told by Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Island Mission, showing how a Chinese lad served the Lord Jesus in leading an old man and his wife to the knowledge of the truth:

A boy was admitted into a missionary school in China, his mother being dead. He remained several years, and not only learned the truth, but received it into his heart. When only fourteen years old he went to his friends, during what we call the Christmas holidays. One afternoon he went into a village temple. As he looked at the idols, an old man (sixty-five years of age) came in with tottering steps, and laying a few incense sticks before an idol, knelt down and began to pray. Then he passed to the next idol, and so on the whole round of them.

The little boy thought to himself, "Here's an old man who has not long to live, and he does not know the way to heaven. But I'm only a little boy; I can't tell him." The young people in China are taught to treat the aged with very great respect, and it would have been very impertinent for the little boy to attempt to teach the old man.

"What is to be done? He has no one to teach him," thought the boy, as he saw him pass from idol to idol, and as he thought, the tears ran down his cheeks. These tears were eloquent, as the boy felt forced to go to the aged man and say:

"Would you mind a boy speaking to you? I am young; you are very old."

"What are you crying for?" said the old man. "Can I help you?"

"Sir, I am crying because I am so sorry for you?"

"Sorry for me! What about?"

"Because you are aged and cannot live long, and you don't know the way to heaven."

"What! Do you know the way to heaven?"

"I know that Jesus has saved me, and He will save you."

"Who is Jesus?" asked the old man.

The boy told him the story of God's love, and the man's heart melted as he listened.

"Boy," he said, "I am over sixty years of age, and I never heard such words. Have you had dinner?"

"No, sir, not yet."

"Come home with me, then, and you shall tell the old lady the story you told me."

The boy went home with the old man, and told the story of the love of God, while the aged couple listened with great interest. He was invited again and again, and stayed in their house nearly the whole of his holiday; and the result was that, through this youthful servant of Christ, they were both led to the Saviour before they ever saw or heard of a missionary.

Four years after, Mr. Taylor, who recently related this story, accompanied the youth to the home of this aged couple, and found them truly devoted Christians, and naturally warmly attached to the lad. Said the old man: "But for this boy, my wife and I would have died in darkness."

#### THE FESTIVALS.

##### A BAMBOO FESTIVAL.

WHAT is a "Bamboo festival?" Well, I will tell you all I know about it. Two bamboos, tall, straight ones, are dressed up in rags and tinsel—a gray beard made of hemp is fastened to one, he is the bridegroom—the other one is the bride, and they are married with much ceremony; after which drumming and fifeing of a most deafening description are kept up for at least twenty-four hours, to the utter discomfort of all the quiet people in the neighborhood. This festival is not confined to little children, or child's play, as one would suppose from the nature of the performance; but grown people are the principal actors in it, and it is surprising to see their enthusiasm on such occasions. The bamboos are fastened round with ropes of all colors, and the men who carry them make them dance up and down in time to the music. The dwellers in the huts opposite us never fail to keep up the festival year after year.

##### SIVA-BATRI FESTIVAL.

This is a festival which is held on Friday during the *dark half* of February—now, of course, you will want to know what "dark half of February" is. I will tell you; it is the time during which there are no moonlight nights, and "the light half," of course, means the time when the moon shines her brightest and best. This festival is held in honor of SIVA, and those who observe it must keep a strict fast during the day and watch all night; thousands of pilgrims, both men and women, flock to the shrines of this idol.

##### A SWINGING FESTIVAL

Is observed in this way; a man swings from a kind of gallows by means of a hook that is fastened to a rope or belt bound round his waist; these fanatics sometimes even fasten the hooks into the flesh of their backs and swing till they are nearly insensible with pain. They are generally stupefied first with opium when they do this, and I am so glad to be able to tell you that this terrible practice is now being put down everywhere.

##### CONSECRATED INK.

I was asked to speak at an out-door service, and quite a number of Bengalis gathered round, though there was a good deal to draw them away in an opposite direction, for many idol processions were passing down the street at the time, with accompaniments of shrill pipes and drums, it being the festival of Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning. She is sometimes represented as seated in a water lily, and playing on a lute; at other times she stands erect with lilies in both her hands, her long raven hair flows loosely behind her and hangs down to her feet; she wears a crown, and around her waist is a golden zone from which depends a short fringed garment that reaches only half way to her knees. Her complexion is an unearthly white, her eyes large and almond shaped; the palms of her hands and her finger nails red. About twenty of these images passed by while I was speaking, and as I asked if Saraswati could save from sin, an intelligent Babu just before me shook his head, saying, "No! no!" It is a wonder to me that such men stood so quietly

listening to Christian teaching while their idol procession passed by. Some of them join in the singing of our hymns, and come regularly to the services.—*The Missionary Link.*

#### ERZROOM AND ITS VILLAGES.

THE city of Erzroom, in Turkey in Asia, is situated near the headwaters of the river Euphrates, and is more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea. I wish you could see the broad and beautiful plain on which it is built as I first saw it in the summer of 1863. For more than a week we had been wending our weary way on horseback across high mountains, sleeping at night in bare and cheerless khans, and it was a great joy to see from a mountain top, in the dim distance across the Erzroom plain, the outlines of the city that was to be our home. Though seeming near, it was nearly two days before we reached our journey's end. The hearty, almost triumphant, reception then given us by our missionary and native friends caused us to forget the weariness of the long journey, and made us feel at home at once.

And yet how new and strange it all seemed! The flat roofs of the houses, the queer and varied costumes of the people, the unknown tongues around us, the squeaking of the clumsy ox-carts, all testified that we had reached a remote corner of the earth. The cackling of the hens and the barking of the dogs were almost the only familiar sounds that fell on our ears. And though so new to us, everything appeared really very old. The old city walls were in ruins, many of the houses were in a tumble-down condition, and the graveyards formed a wide band entirely encircling the city. And surely these mountains have a right to seem old, for they are the mountains of Ararat, where the ark of Noah rested; and for four thousand years these fields have been tilled, and for nearly half that period men have lived and died in this city. The city of the living contains only about sixty thousand souls, but at least two and a half millions are buried in the city of the dead.

But little by little these strange sights grow familiar, and we were able to speak to the people of the love of Jesus. Then we began to make long tours among the villages. When stopping over night in one of these places, we and our horses enter the same outer door, and are led through a long dark passage into the stable. Though it were freezing cold outside, in this underground stable the air is well heated by the breath and bodies of scores of animals—cows, oxen, sheep, buffaloes and horses. Our horses are tied, and we are shown into the *odah*, which is only a corner of the stable, raised a step or two above the level of the floor, and surrounded by a low railing. On one side of the *odah* is a fireplace, in which dried manure is burned. A small hole in the roof gives the only light of the place. Here we are invited to sit down on felt carpets, our backs being supported by cushions stuffed with straw. A tiny cup of black muddy coffee is served to us, and in a little while a round low table is brought in and set before us. On this are spread long thin loaves of bread which seem like sheets of coarse wrapping-paper. Then a

dish of fried eggs is placed in the centre of the table, and we are invited to eat. After we have asked God's blessing on the food and our hospitable entertainers, we begin by tearing off a bit of the bread, and folding it into the shape of a spoon. With this (called the *sop* when Jesus was eating with his disciples) we dip up some of the egg and eat it, *spoon and all*. After the egg is finished, a dish of curdled milk, called *mädzoon*, is brought, with perhaps a plate of cheese, curiously made into strings. Though eating in this rude manner, and in such an unsavory place, our horseback ride in the stimulating winter air has given us such an appetite that we eat with a right good relish, and are well satisfied.

At a suitable moment we open our Testaments and read and talk of the way of salvation, occasionally singing a hymn. This usually calls a throng into the *odah* and stable, who come to see and hear these things that are so new and strange to them. After a pleasant but very wearisome evening spent in this way, and ended with prayer, we begin to arrange for the night. We could not sleep on these carpets, as the people do, for there are too many fleas, and perhaps other living things, so we have a light folding bedstead, or a hammock which can be suspended from the posts that support the roof. Sometimes we are obliged to swing out over the animals of the stable, so that we are soothed to sleep by the puffing and chewing sounds of our animal friends.

Under the influence of this preaching many villages have greatly changed during this score of years. Many schools have been established, and the people are reading and studying the Bible for themselves, and trusting in Christ for their salvation. Many hundred villages and cities still remain in their old darkness and we want to carry the light of the gospel to them also. Will you not have a share in this good work?—*Missionary Herald (Boston).*

God lades the wings of private prayer with the sweetest, choicest, and chiefest blessings. Ah, how often hath God kissed the poor Christian at the beginning of private prayer, spoken peace to him in the midst of prayer, and filled him with light, joy, and assurance upon its close! As is the fresh air to a close, infected room, so is the keen, invigorating breeze from the throne of God, which peers into the narrow chamber of the heart, stuffed with the prejudices and passions and fancies of our own little circle, of our own little thoughts, whose doors have never been opened to new ideas or bright feelings, whose windows have been closed against all wider and higher views.—*Dean Stanley.*

THY task may well seem over hard  
 Who scatterest in a thankless soil  
 Thy life as seed, with no reward,  
 Save that which duty gives to toil.  
 Yet do thy work: It shall succeed  
 In thine or in another's day;  
 And, if denied the victor's meed,  
 Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

—Whittier.

## Along the Line.

KEEWATIN.

Letter from REV. E. LANGFORD, dated BEREN'S RIVER,  
December 28th, 1886.

(Continued from page 31.)

A BRIEF account of what took place at Grand Rapids on Sabbath, after a week of services and visitation, may not be uninteresting; and at the same time will give you a good idea of the condition of these Indians *re* Christianity.

Our services were held in an unoccupied house belonging to the H. B. Co. All paid good attention—little ones and babies excepted. As I intended having an open meeting at the close of the regular service—when all who wished might have an opportunity of expressing their minds in reference to what I had been teaching—I gave a very practical discourse, bearing on domestic duties, Sabbath observance, indolent habits, making women burden-bearers, etc., etc. At the close I appealed to them, stating that I wished to take the names of all those who wished to have them recorded in the register of our Church. None were to give their names who were not fully persuaded in their own minds. None who could not willingly, from a sense of duty and appreciation—*anxious to flee from the wrath to come, and determined to lead a new life following the commandments of God, etc., etc.*, were to give in their names.

"Now, any person who wishes to speak is at liberty to do so," I continued. "If you wish to make further inquiry, or merely give in your name, all right; but let it be here and now understood that we wish to draw the line of demarcation between those who are recognized as Christians and those who are not."

Dick Green, the counsellor, spoke first, as follows:—"My friends, I am glad, as I have already stated, to hear and understand so clearly the mind of the Great Spirit concerning all men. We have heard plainly the duties of a Christian. We can say nothing against what we have heard. It is right, and we should follow it. For my part, I love my wife and children, and she shall never be asked to do work that is none of hers. I have dogs to haul the sled—that is their work. I am determined to serve God with all my heart. The missionary has asked me to act as leader in conducting prayer-meetings. I know I am unfit for this, but I shall do what I can."

I was sorry Little Duck was not present—he had gone away hunting. His words would have had great effect upon others. They know his mind, I think, however."

Another said:—"I wish to give in my name, and become a member of the Church, and wish to keep all the rules, and am resolved to lead a new life."

Two or three others then followed giving their names. Then we had a short pause, after which a young man spoke—one of several brothers and many relatives. "I am willing to give in my name," said he, "but be it understood that while I am willing to give up every bad thing (evil practices among Indians) I am

not willing to give up any good thing, which we have heretofore practiced." After further conversation his name was taken. One of his brothers followed his example. Sixteen names in all were taken.

Some time previously several had asked for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, for which I had made provision. I then announced that in the evening this service would be held, and if others whose names I had taken wished to join us I would be glad to meet them during the afternoon for further instruction and counsel.

The afternoon service was impressive. All appeared deeply interested. At the close of the service, after due examination, a young man and a young woman—a brother and sister—were baptised. A lengthy and interesting conversation with the father of these children—a pagan—I shall not occupy time in relating just now. The mother of these young people was present at the baptismal service. She seemed very much interested and impressed. But being one of two or three wives she would not ask to join us without the consent of her husband. The names of these young people are so curious and unusual that I shall give them to you. "Moose" is the surname.

The young woman is called "Ayangekapoweskwa" (Turning-feet-to-support-standing-female).

The young man is named "Naneskatākwanāpe" (Reflection-of-the-most-beautiful-bird-with-his-wings-spread).

In the evening those who were to partake of the sacrament, and a few others were present—all whose names had been taken were there. We met in the dining-room of Mr. Moar's house, of the H. B. Co. We opened our service by singing the hymn,

"He dies, the Friend of sinners dies," etc.

Having already explained the nature and design of the service, I stated before singing the last verse, that all who wished to join us would kneel forward around the table on which the elements were placed. We were about to continue singing when one spoke out saying, "Stop, I want to speak." I paused for a moment, and he continued, "Perhaps you did not understand me this morning when you were taking the names. I did not understand that we were to take this" (the sacrament). The chief began to talk to him, explaining matters a little. I interrupted them, and asked all to be seated. The Indian then proceeded to say that when he gave in his name in the morning he stated that he was willing to give up every evil thing, but anything good he was not," etc., etc. "Eh," said the chief; "I see he wants to still follow the medicine-man." He saw that the man *implied* more than he stated. In the mean time a boy—son of one of the men at the service—came to the window to inform his father that something had gone wrong at the tent. Here they carried on a conversation—in not very suppressed tones—till I asked Mr. Moar to go and send the boy away. Some of the children began to cry and had to be taken out. Order was at length restored, and I proceeded to inform them, as I had already done, in plain words the import of the occasion, reminding them that I had appointed the afternoon for any who wished to join us to come and talk to me in reference to this matter. A little further conversation revealed

the fact that these two brothers were inclined to follow two ways if possible. Not unlike some white people, eh?

I then appealed to all, individually, to know what their desire was. Turning to one who had been very quiet during all the services, I asked what he intended doing. He replied that he had understood all that I had said in all the services, and it was his determination to go on as he had set out. When he gave in his name it was with the full understanding that he would follow every rule of the Church, and had come to this service to join us in partaking of the sacrament.

All but the two brothers referred to expressed a desire to join us around the Lord's table. After talking to them a while on the solemnity of the occasion, and the order and attention to be observed, we sang the hymn and knelt together. Several for the first time partook of the Lord's Supper.

The interruption was unexpected, but as the chief afterwards remarked, "What can be expected of such people? With them it is as if the first streaks of morning were breaking in the horizon; they are yet in great darkness." May the full dawn of day soon reveal to them the glorious things of the Gospel!

On Monday we took our departure. The evening previous and that morning many expressed their regrets at having to part with us. "Thank you, thank you, for coming to teach us and our children the good things of the white man's religion," and such like were the expressions. The counsellor said his heart was very sad, "And when I shall see the missionary rounding that point (pointing into the lake) my heart will sink within me. If it were my father I should not think more, for he was but a poor pagan. Yes; the minister is more to me than my father was. Ah, I wish we could have one with us all the time."

I have been greatly pleased with the spirit of these Indians. Never before did they so fully appear to enjoy the preached Word. They now require regular teaching, and they will advance rapidly. They of course, like many other bands, are away from their reserve most of the year; even in summer time only short and irregular opportunities could be obtained of gathering all of them for school or other services. Still considerable could be done if one could spend the summer among them.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from the REV. A. E. GREEN, dated GREENVILLE, NAAS RIVER, B.C., January 10th, 1887.*

**Y**OUR kind letter is just to hand with the welcome news that we may proceed to build our church. This gave great joy to the Indians, for they are so anxious to see it up; in fact, they had already got out the foundation timbers, and the lumber is being cut, so that with the first appearing of spring we shall be able to build.

We have had plenty of music the past six weeks. The Indians hired an Indian, who came from the coast to teach them to play the band. He was not very proficient himself, and in three weeks one of our Indians—George Palmer—was a better musician than the master, so that they did not keep their teacher so long as they otherwise would have done. The first

three weeks they found the instruments hard to play, and they would keep coming and asking for alum because their mouths were sore, but, notwithstanding, they persevered, and we were all astonished at the progress they made. For thirty days they had three sessions every day. The instruments are proving to be good ones. The Indians can now play the "German Hymn," "The Fisherman's Prayer," "Praise God, from Whom all Blessings Flow," "God Save the Queen," "The Dead March from Saul," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and "Around the Throne of God in Heaven." The whole village and the visiting Indians are all wonderfully pleased with the band, and we hope it may influence many for good.

#### CHRISTMAS WAS A VERY HAPPY TIME.

On Christmas Eve we had a "tree" with little presents for the children, and warm underclothing for the old and infirm, and at the same time I presented to our chieftess "Long-Arm" (Victoria) a beautiful shawl and a very handsome looking-glass, both the gift of a friend in London, England, and sent specially for the chieftess. I never saw her so pleased before, and a murmur of surprise and admiration came from all when they saw the beautiful and valuable presents. Victoria spoke very nicely, saying God had answered her prayers, and sent her a sign that the white Christians remembered her and her people, and that morning and evening, every day, she would pray God's blessing to rest upon the sender and all her white sisters. At midnight the people came around the mission-house singing their Christmas hymns. The following evening we had a good service in the school house, and throughout the week the people greatly enjoyed themselves, but yet did not have such great feasts as they formerly had at Christmas time. I exhorted them against going into debt for food for a feast, for this has been one of their weaknesses. They would borrow food to give a great feast, and then would have to work half the summer to pay off the feast debt; so I think we won a real victory in getting them to give up this pernicious practice.

#### OUR WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE

was a heart-searching one—a blessed season—and New Year's Day a joyful one. The following day Martha Wesley died, and this cast a gloom over the happy village; but her end was peace. She partook of the Lord's Supper the night before and was very happy, saying "Yes; the blood, the blood, the precious blood of Jesus—this washes all my sins away; I am saved by Jesus' blood." She asked us to continue to care for Moses till he should be a man (we have had this boy in our Orphanage for three years), and quietly breathed out her soul in prayer to God.

Then old Jacob, father of the late James McLellan, our native teacher, passed away, simply trusting in Jesus. Brother Gibson is working faithfully at our school. We were fortunate in securing him. He takes great interest in the Indians, and loves to preach the Gospel to them; and, with a little more experience, he will be a good man for one of the outposts on the District, if you can find us a lady teacher, one who can sing and play the organ.

At Kitwansilth our native teacher is teaching and preaching Jesus faithfully, and the people are more kind and are feeling far brighter. George Edgar, at Kitlactamux, is preaching and visiting from house to house, and is much cheered by the numbers who go to church; among them the head chief of that village, who for several years has bitterly opposed all mission work. Oh, how we would rejoice if he was saved!

I have just shown our magic lantern to our people. They were delighted with those pictures illustrating the life of Joseph, Daniel in Babylon, etc. I trust that many truths have been impressed on their memories. May it lead them to live nearer to God! I am encouraged to see the great interest our people take in the word of God. Old men come to the mission-house with Bible in hand to seek instruction.

#### ONE OF OUR CHIEFS,

Job Calder, is no ordinary man; his attention to all the means of grace, is most exemplary, and although he was over fifty years of age before he learned the alphabet, he can now read fluently, and the Bible is his constant companion. When not working, he may be found in his house eagerly reading the word of God, and scarcely a day passes that he does not come to the missionary to ask him to explain passages he cannot fully understand, often staying till near midnight to hear about creation, redemption, providence, and the wonderful works of God. The other night, after he had asked many questions which I had tried to answer, he put up his hands to his head, saying, "Don't tell me any more now; I feel I have enough; I am afraid my head will break." He has an excellent memory, and treasures up all he hears. This is the man who tells me that when he was a young man, long before he heard the Gospel, after being in the fights and dances, sometimes he would say to himself, "This is not good; I wish I knew what was good." And again: "I have been in my canoe all alone, and I have looked up to the sky and at the beautiful sun, and I have said to myself, 'I wish I knew who made them; I wish He who made them would speak to me and tell me what is good and what He likes, and I would just do His word.'" God has spoken to him, and he has heard the voice and is following the Saviour.

The chiefs send you their greetings and thanks for the church.

#### THE HOME WORK.

**Kemble** (Guelph Conference).—At North Keppel a new shed 96 x 24 has been built. This and the church are fully paid for, with a few dollars on subscription list which may go towards bricking the church in the near future. The Sunday-school is doing well; several of the children have of late given themselves to the Lord and His Church. Sunday-school anniversary day successful; funds sufficient for the school, and a few dollars to spare for other purposes. Revival services, though apparently not very successful, resulted in a quickening of the Church, and a considerable addition to the membership. The Lord is still with us at Kemble. The church anniversary was held on New Year's eve. Though it had been storming almost all the week and that day was the worst, yet Bros. Ball, Teskey, and Sanderson bravely came to our help. The

people turned out well. Total receipts about \$40. Here we held revival services in the fall. The Owen Sound Gospel Band came twice to our help, and did us good service. About twenty profess to have given themselves to Jesus, and most of them have joined our church. Two or three will, we expect, join the Presbyterian Church. In looking over the books, I find that after accounting for three removals, three deaths, and the lopping off two or three withered and dead branches, we have now 151 names on our roll, as against 119 reported to the May District Meeting. Increase, 32. We thank God and take courage.

GEO. SMITH.

**Henfryn** (Guelph Conference).—We had two very successful meetings last winter, and the majority of those brought in continue faithful, and are apparently making progress in divine things. Our Band service at the Whitfield appointment has been kept going twice a week ever since the meetings closed last winter. We have completed arrangements for putting up an enclosed shed at that appointment. The congregations at each of the three appointments are tolerably well sustained, and some of the funds, especially the Missionary Fund, will be in advance of last year.

**Upham** (N. B. Conference).—This is a very extensive mission. It is two old circuits united. There are ten appointments. The most of them are over fifteen miles from the parsonage—one is twenty-five, and another nearly twenty miles. The most of the roads are rough and over high hills. The whole field is largely occupied by the Baptist Church. There were no Methodist Sabbath-schools reported when we came to the mission. My own family organized two, both of them are being kept at work this winter. Our new church at Titusville was plastered during the latter part of the summer, and was opened in November. Rev. Mr. Lippitt, of Hampton, preached the opening sermon. It was a time of spiritual good. The Lord's Supper was administered on the occasion, and a few weeks after a young man was received into the church.

J. A. DUKE.

**Tintramar** (N. B. & P. E. I. Conference).—There are five preaching stations on this circuit, each of which is gradually becoming more interesting. At each place the people attentively listen and manifest a strong desire to profit by the preaching of the Divine Word. In Anderson settlement, as a result of a gracious revival which took place about twelve months ago, a little church has been erected and almost completed. This house is quite central and will do much towards the establishment of Methodism among the people, the majority of whom have been brought up strangers to our church. A warm Christian feeling exists in the community. At Cookville the Methodist cause has been declining for some time back owing to the many removals from among our people; but a change for the better has taken place. The preaching from our pulpit is increasingly welcomed, and anxious souls are seeking the blessed Saviour. Here we have a good house in which to worship. Rockport and Grande Ance are also centres of spiritual interest. These two stations have lately been greatly blessed. We have a comfortable church at Rockport and a number of true Christian friends. The people appre-

ciate the simple, earnest preaching of the Gospel; souls have been converted and built up in the faith. Our prospects for the future are encouraging.

R. W. CLEMENTS.

**Muncey** (London Conference).—Since Conference we have buried sixteen Indians, mostly children. These all gave a good testimony, that is, those old enough to exercise faith in God. Among those who died was Chief John Henry's son, a young man of twenty-one years. He said to his father, "I am going to leave you, but all is well." One little boy said, "I am going to a better home, mother." "Our people die well," was Peter Jones' favorite sentiment, and here I wish to endorse his proverb. We have improved our Colborn church to the amount of \$65. It is now in good repair. The whole amount has been raised. We were assisted liberally from the institution. We have a constant increase of probationers by our regular services.

A. S. EDWARDS.

**Louisville** (London Conference).—We beg to assure you of our continued steady progress. Though only a mission two years old, we confidently anticipate asking for a place on the list of self-sustaining circuits at the next Conference. Our next report will, we trust, contain such a request, and also a more detailed statement of our position. Our first year's receipts from the people was a trifle more than \$300; this year they will give us more than \$500, and increase their contributions to the Mission Fund 50 per cent. over last year.

S. J. ALLIN.

**Qu'Appelle** (Manitoba Conference).—I had arranged for an Indian service here for yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, but it was so bitterly cold none would leave their tepees (tents), so I went with my half-breed Joseph Tait to see one of the lodges. I found two old women, one young woman, and a boy and girl. They seemed in very poor circumstances indeed. The oldest woman, the grandmother, said that her son had drawn her treaty money every year but two, and she had hardly any clothes. She said she was too old to go for her rations, and that is why her daughters come here to beg and work a little. I cannot tell how much truth there is in her story. I shall inquire more fully, and if necessary write to Governor Dewdney about them. I gave them a little food, sang a hymn and prayed with them, Joseph interpreting the prayer. We are to have another trial at holding an Indian service in our nice church next Sabbath morning. I preached at our regular service at eleven o'clock; then, in face of a scorching north-west wind, with glass as low as 30 degrees below zero, drove eight miles to Edgeley. I was all but frozen. No fire in church. The people did not expect me. Went into a farmer's house, and with three neighbors who came in preached. Returned home and preached at night to the best congregation I have seen here. At the prayer-meeting following one young woman professed to have found the Saviour during the week, and several others spoke and prayed, all for the revival of God's work. You will think, perhaps, that is pretty tough work for a man of my age and years in the ministry. But my strength and health keep good and I am very happy in the work. Then we have a comfortable home close to the church and enough to keep us from any discomfort.

ALFRED ANDREWS.

## Facts and Illustrations.

NEAR Yokohama a poor blind man has just been baptized. He goes in the evening, when the people are returning weary from work, with his stick and little fife, up and down the street. According to the custom of the land, when he is asked into a house, he tells a story to amuse the inhabitants. As most of the Japanese stories are indecent, the blind man has begun to repeat Bible and Gospel stories.—*Anzeiger*.

AN English official in India tells of a French Catholic priest who, receiving a legacy of a few thousand francs, started on a visit to Europe after long service and with most joyful anticipations. He got as far as Jubulpore, where he found a very needy church, to which he gave all his money, and returned to his field and his work.

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