

FOREIGN MISSIONARY TIDINGS

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA
WESTERN DIVISION



Vol. II. (Old Series,
Vol. XV.)

TORONTO, OCT., 1898.

No. 6.

NEW SERIES

TE LAUGH, LTD.

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. Alban's Street, Toronto.

Notices of Presbyterial meetings intended for the FOREIGN MISSIONARY TIDINGS may be sent to the editor, Mrs. John MacGillivray, 72 St. Alban's Street, Toronto.

Thank-Offering Number.

Foreign Missionary Tidings.

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

(WESTERN DIVISION.)

VOL. II.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 6.

All, All For Thee.

ALL, all for Thee. Oh, take me now entirely.
Return each note with Thine own gentle hand;
I give myself afresh into Thy keeping,
To do or suffer as Thou shalt command.
I give my heart, I long to love Thee better
I give my heart, I long to love Thee better
Than ever I have done in years before,
That all I do may be a "joy, not duty";
Lord Jesus grant it—may I love Thee more.
I give my will—O Master, do receive it!
It must rebel in any care but Thine!
I cannot keep it, it is so self-pleasing;
What rest to think it is no longer mine!
All, all for Thee! Myself in all my weakness;
Unfit alone the feeblest chord to raise,
An instrument, discarded, worn and worthless,
But ready to be used to sing Thy praise.
O Master, by Thine own most Holy Spirit
Send heavenly music o'er the earth through me!
So true, so beautiful, so soul-refreshing,
That those who hear it may learn more of Thee;
Of Thee, their Saviour, who for them didst suffer;
Of Thee, their friend, who lovedst them so well;
Of Thee, their King, who soon will be returning;
Lord, may Thine anthems through my whole life swell!

—CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

Thanksgiving for our Gospel privileges. For extension in Home work. For personal, family and national mercies and for the bounties of God's providence.

"Being enriched in everything to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God."

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."—2 Cor. 9:11, 15.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

NOTICE FOR AUXILIARIES AND MISSION BANDS.

Copies of the Foreign Mission Report are now in the hands of the Home Secretary, Mrs. Grant, 403 Bloor street west, Toronto, and may be had on application. The Report is full of the latest and most accurate information on all the mission fields supported by our Canadian Presbyterian Church, and should therefore be invaluable to those seeking material for Auxiliary or Mission Band meetings.

FOR THANK-OFFERING MEETINGS.

The Thank-offering Leaflet and Envelopes may now be had from the Secretary of Publications, Mrs. Telfer, 72 St. Alban's street, Toronto. The Leaflets are 8 cents per dozen and the Envelopes 20 cents per hundred, or 3 cents per dozen.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

		RECEIPTS.	
1898.			
August 1.	To balance from last month.....	\$	938 17
" 3.	" Ormistown Auxiliary, Quebec.....		165 00
" 5.	" Guelph Presbyterial Society.....		525 10
" 9.	" Glengarry Presbyterial Society.....		269 20
" 9.	" Glengarry Presbyterial Society, for Miss O'Hara's travelling expenses.....		7 80
			<hr/>
			\$1,905 27
		EXPENDITURE.	
August 2.	By postage, Secretary for North-West.....		2 10
" 2.	" Miss O'Hara's travelling expenses.....		20 00
" 2.	" paid for draft.....		0 25
" 22.	" balance on hand.....		1,882 92
			<hr/>
			\$1,905 27

ISABELLA L. GEORGE, Treasurer.

PRESBYTERIAL REPORTS.

BRUCE.

The eleventh annual meeting of this Society was held in Geneva church, Chesley, on Thursday, September 1st. Delegates were present from Centre Bruce, Paisley, Port Elgin, Tara, Walkerton, West Brant and Chesley. The meeting opened at 2 o'clock p.m. Mrs. Johnston, the President, occupied the chair. After devotional exercises, the reports from the Auxiliaries and Mission Bands were read by their respective secretaries. Mrs. Mackenzie then welcomed the delegates to Chesley, and Mrs. Ostic, of Walkerton, replied on behalf of the delegates. The President's address was earnest and practical. She urged upon all to be ever watchful, upon parents to inculcate a missionary spirit in their children, to provide them with missionary literature and to encourage them to give of their own means for the furtherance of Christ's Kingdom. The annual report of the Secretary, Treasurer, Secretary of Supplies and Literary Secretary were read. Contributions amount to \$550, a gain of \$36 over last year. A bale of clothing valued at \$367.62 has been sent to Mustawasis Reserve, an increase over last year of \$150.79. Thank-offering meetings have been held, and proved a great source of help. 249 copies of "The Missionary Tidings" are circulated. Original papers have been written and distributed among the Auxiliaries. Dr. Margaret McKellar visited nearly all the Auxiliaries, and Mrs. Johnston has visited and addressed all the Auxiliaries during the year. After the adoption of reports, the dedicatory prayer was offered by Mrs. Robertson, of Walkerton. The officers for the coming year were elected as follows:—President, Mrs. Johnston, Paisley; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Robertson, Walkerton; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Smith, Tara; Secretary, Mrs. Ferguson, Chesley; Treasurer, Miss Miller, Paisley; Secretary of Supplies, Mrs. Galbraith, Paisley; Literary Secretary, Mrs. Marr, Walkerton. An instructive paper was given by Mrs. Drumm, on "Women's Debts," and Miss Millar, of Paisley, took charge of the question drawer. In the evening the church was again well filled. Rev. E. A. Mackenzie, pastor of the church, occupied the chair, and opened the meeting. Two telling addresses were given. The Rev. Mr. Cragie, of Hanover, spoke on "Women's Work," showing that woman has her work in the great commission. The church does not exist for us alone, but that the Gospel should be extended through us. Rev. R. P. McKay rapidly surveyed what had been done in many parts of the mission field. He referred to the opening up of China, Japan, the South Sea Islands, Africa, which was going to be the great mission field of the future, and India, where such evil practices as the suttee and infanticide had been suppressed. Mr. McKay made a stirring appeal for the evangeliza-

tion of the world in this generation. The meeting closed by singing the Doxology, and Rev. R. P. McKay pronounced the benediction.

"DESIGNATION SERVICE."

MRS. CAMERON APPOINTED TO ALBERNI, B.C.

The Presbyterian church, Columbus, was comfortably filled one evening last week as the hour for beginning a very interesting designation service drew near.

Rev. Mr. Tonkin, resident Methodist minister, led in dedicatory prayer. Hymn 434 was very heartily sung, after which the Rev. Mr. Gregg, Baptist minister, Brooklin, read Romans 10th chapter.

Rev. Mr. Hodges, Oshawa, led in an earnest designation prayer. Rev. R. P. McKay, Secretary of Foreign Missions, addressed Mrs. Cameron, the missionary. Preaching and teaching are the two avenues by which the great need is met. Among the Indians the schools are industrial, where all the different trades and vocations are taught, that they may become intelligent, useful, thrifty, God-fearing citizens—and boarding schools which are similar to our public school, only that the pupils reside and board in a home in connection with the school. It is in this latter kind our missionary goes to teach, train and guide the young minds to future usefulness. The qualification most needed, indeed without which there can be no lasting work done, is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

Mrs. McAuley, President of the Whitby Presbyterial, in behalf of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, presented Mrs. Cameron with a beautiful Oxford Bible, from which to seek for guidance and comfort in time of difficulty, discouragements or loneliness. "Lo, I am with you alway." W. F. M. S. is a grand Society, because it is in the Church. Mrs. Cameron is sent out by this Society to bring mothers and children to a knowledge of God, of His truth and love. We look upon you as a daughter sent out by this great mother Society, and in this relation will pray that God's blessing will ever attend and abide with you.

Miss K. Burns, in behalf of the local Society of Women's Foreign Missionaries, presented the Missionary with a beautiful copy of the "Presbyterian Book of Praise." To both of these Mrs. Cameron replied: "My friends, I thank you for this Presbyterian Book of Praise and for this Bible, and shall endeavour, with God's help, to make its precepts the rule of my life, and to help others to a knowledge of Christ as revealed in the Bible—a Saviour able to save to the uttermost." Christian friends, I ask an interest in your prayers for myself that I may be kept abiding in Christ, and for the work, that God's kingdom may be extended among the Indians of our own country. Only about two centuries ago the Indians were

in possession of this whole continent, worshipping the Great Spirit, an unknown God, and looking forward to the happy hunting grounds after death. Since then, in the providence of God, the Anglo-Saxon race have come into possession of the greater part of it, and the Indians are collected on reservations or driven to the far corner. What would God have us do for them? Surely He wants us to make known to them the Fatherhood of God; that the Great Spirit whom they ignorantly worship is the Almighty God, Creator of heaven and earth, who governs all things; that He is also a loving Father who cares for each one of us, and wants us to love Him and be happy. Surely we should tell them of the wondrous love of God's Son who came to earth and took our nature and died for our sins, that we might have eternal life in Him, and of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, whom the Father hath sent to reveal to us the Divine heart of love, and enable us to overcome our own evil nature, and to love and serve Him here, and to enjoy His presence forever. May we be faithful in doing what the Lord would have us do, and may the time soon come when there will be no heathen in our fair Dominion.

Rev. Mr. Abram, representing the Whitby Presbytery, addressed the missionary with this thought—the Indians are our neighbours; nay, but our brethren, whom we should teach the way of life and light.

We are sending out a dear sister to labour with this people; she will be a link to bind us to them more closely. We at home will hold the ropes while she goes forth to toil. May our prayers constantly ascend for her guidance.

A most impressive meeting was concluded with prayer and singing—"God be with you till we meet again."

Mrs. Cameron left Myrtle station Aug. 15th, and travelled in company with Miss Wallace, M.D., and Mrs. McKenzie as far as Victoria, B.C., on their way to Honan, China. Mrs. Cameron is the first of those ladies who have taken a course at our Woman's Missionary Training Home to be appointed as Missionary to one of our fields.

MISSIONARIES SAY GOOD-BYE.

At the first weekly meeting in September, the Board were pleased to have with them Dr. Margaret-McKellar and Dr. O'Hara, who are both on the eve of returning to India. Both spoke of the joy it had been to them to return to their home land and of the bright hopes with which they were returning to take up their Master's work again in India. Mrs. McLaren, on behalf of the Board, wished them God-speed; each member of the Board would follow them with loving remembrance and with a prayerful heart that God would comfort and bless them in their work among the women of India.

Dr. McKellar sailed on the 10th of September by the steamer Scotsman for Liverpool. She contemplates taking up hospital work

for a month in Edinburgh, Scotland, before proceeding direct to India.

Dr. O'Hara has been invited by the W. F. M. S. of the eastern section to address a meeting at Claretown, P.E.I., on the 17th September, and will leave for India some time later.

SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

SUPPLIES FOR 1899.

- Barrie Presbyterian Society*.—Piapot's Reserve. To provide for women and the old and feeble, also for children under school age.
- Bruce Presbyterian Society*.—Muscowpetung's Reserve. To provide for women and the old and feeble, also for children under school age.
- Brockville Presbyterian Society*.—Okanase School. To provide for 20 children, boys and girls, between the ages of 5 and 6.
- Chatham Presbyterian Society*.—Round and Crooked Lakes Reserves. To provide for women and the old and feeble, also for children under school age.
- Glengary Presbyterian Society*.—Crowstand Reserve. To provide for women and the old and feeble, also for children under school age.
- Guelph Presbyterian Society*.—India. To provide gifts and prizes for the children in our schools in Central India, also some supplies for the women's hospitals at Indore and Dhar.
- Hamilton Presbyterian Society*.—Portage la Prairie School. To provide for 40 children, boys and girls, between the ages of 5 and 16.
- Huron Presbyterian Society*.—Beulah Reserve. To provide for women and the old and feeble, also for children under school age.
- Kingston Presbyterian Society*.—Hurricane Hills Reserve. To provide for women and the old and feeble, also for children under school age.
- Lanark and Renfrew Presbyterian Society*.—Regina Industrial School. To provide for 140 children, boys and girls, between the ages of 5 and 16.
- Lindsay Presbyterian Society*.—Rolling River Reserve. To provide for women and the old and feeble, also for children under school age.
- London Presbyterian Society*.—Regina Industrial School. To provide for 140 children between the ages of 5 and 18.
- Maitland Presbyterian Society*.—Pasquah's Reserve. To provide for women and the old and feeble, also for children under school age.
- Ottawa Presbyterian Society*.—Alberni Boarding School. To provide for 30 children, boys and girls, between the ages of 5 and 18.
- Orangeville Presbyterian Society*.—Birtle Boarding School. To provide for 50 children, boys and girls, between the ages of 5 and 18.
- Owen Sound Presbyterian Society*.—File Hills Reserve. To provide for women and the old and feeble, also some clothing for children under school age.

- Paris Presbyterian Society*.—Round and Crooked Lakes School. To provide for 40 children, boys and girls, between the ages of 5 and 18.
- Peterboro' Presbyterian Society*.—Birtle Boarding School. To provide for 50 children, boys and girls, between the ages of 5 and 18.
- Sarnia Presbyterian Society*.—Pipestone Reserve. To provide for women and the old and feeble, and children under school age.
- Saugeen Presbyterian Society*.—Round and Crooked Lakes Reserves. To provide for women and the old and feeble, and children under school age.
- Stratford Presbyterian Society*.—File Hills School. To provide for 20 children, boys and girls, between the ages of 5 and 16.
- Toronto Presbyterian Society*.—Mistawasi's School. To provide for 30 children between the ages of 5 and 16, boys and girls; also some clothing for the old and feeble, and children under school age.
- Moose Mountain Reserve*.—To provide for women and the old and feeble, and children under school age; Lakesend School if reopened; also for any other need that may arise during the year. The Mission Bands to provide gifts and prizes for our schools in Central India.
- Whitby Presbyterian Society*.—Crowstand Reserve. To provide for women and the old and feeble, and children under school age.
- Winnipeg Presbyterian Society*.—Prince Albert. To provide for 20 children in the school on Makon Waste Reserve, boys and girls, between the ages of 5 and 16.

The Secretary for Indian work in the North-West and British Columbia will send at an early date to the Supply Secretaries of the Presbyterian Societies appointed to provide for schools the names and ages of the children to be cared for, in order that the clothing sent may be as helpful as possible to those in charge of the schools.

NOTE FROM SUPPLY COMMITTEE.—It is earnestly requested that, at the Annual Meeting of the Presbyterian Societies, committees be appointed to receive and re-pack the supplies for the North-West, and see that only clothing of good quality be forwarded. It is better to send all contributions in money to the Central Presbyterian Committee, in order that any deficiency in the supplies sent in may be provided for. The addresses of Missionaries and directions for shipping will be given in the July "Foreign Missionary Tidings."

In the August number of "The Tidings" the names of the Missionaries at Regina and Lakesend were omitted, as new appointments were to be made. The name of the Missionary at Regina at present remains unaltered—Rev. J. McLeod. At Lakesend the Missionary is Rev. Mr. Munro.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

The meeting was one of country ladies from four different denominations, who had been asked to gather in Mrs. G.'s parlour to listen to a few words from a returned Missionary.

In a few minutes the stranger came in, and, almost before she spoke, we realized what a rare gift God had made to China in sending her to Canton. Let the bare facts of her little story stripped of all her tender eloquence, make a solemn appeal to our hearts.

"In the little while I have to speak to you, dear friends," she said, "I cannot do more to interest you in the work, perhaps, than by giving you a single picture of one of our converts. To have known her has been to me a means of grace.

"One day while I was teaching my school at Canton, a blind beggar came to the door and asked for a 'cash.' As I put the bit of copper into her hand my heart yearned over her. I remembered how my dear Master, when such came to Him, gave them not only bodily eyesight, but the gift of eternal life. 'Friend,' I said, 'I have something I would like to tell you: will you come in a little while?'

"She came in and I told her of Jesus, of her Heavenly Father, and of the love that was ready to pardon and save her. Dear friends, she received my story just as readily as you did, when as children you learned it at your mother's knee. Her joy was very great, and from that moment, through all the hard tests put upon her, I could never doubt that she had given her whole heart to her Saviour.

"As I told you, she was blind, and was obliged to beg from house to house to keep herself from starving. The smallest sum she could exist upon was thirty cash a day (which make, you know, only about three of your copper cents), and a beggar is only allowed to ask for one cash at each house. This meant that the blind old woman must go to at least thirty houses, and often twice that number—as refusals were common—before she could gain a mere pitiful subsistence.

"Now, after she had received the glad tidings, I found that she stopped at each house where they would listen to her, and told them what she had heard, from week to week, at the Mission school. She did not tell her story first, and then ask for alms, as if her telling it might bring her more charity, but she received her cash or her refusal first, and then bestowed freely upon whomsoever would listen, the time that meant her living—her scant and hardly-earned living."

"Why didn't the Missionaries help her?" cried an indignant listener.

The Missionary turned with a bright smile to her questioner: "Was not God using this beggar to send the Gospel into the houses of the rich and proud, where the Missionary would not be allowed to go? But there was another reason, a sadder one, which held back our hands. If it was seen that by accepting the 'Jesus doctrine,'

poor old people could get food and clothes, hundreds of old people would have flocked to us for church membership; and you would not have us bargain for their souls?

"But as the winter came on, and I saw that she was very, very thinly dressed, I determined that, at the risk of bringing beggars on the Mission, she must have a warmer gown. One of the Missionaries' wives gave me a double wrapper, and my school children begged me to let them fix it up for her, Chinese fashion, by wadding it through and through, sleeves and all. I wish you could have seen her delight, when, in place of her thin, tattered garment, she was clothed with this nice, warm gown.

"And the first thing she did after feeling it all over with her fingers was to prostrate herself on the floor and say, 'Thank you, Heavenly Father.' Afterwards she said, earnestly, 'Tell the kind sister, I thank her, too.'

"She was not received into the Church until she had stood long months of test as to whether she was in earnest. During all this time she was patient and submissive, yet longing to belong to the Lord's family. When it was thought right to accept her, we heard her say, 'So many brothers and sisters! so many brothers and sisters!' as if it filled her with joy. Yet she did not once ask for help from the Church, and never complained of her poverty.

"But our old blind woman was to give proof of her faith in her Heavenly Father and loyalty to Him, that made us take our Lord's words upon our lips, 'Lo, we have not found such faith, no, not in Israel.'

"One day she came to my school-room door. 'Teacher,' she said, 'I want to speak with you.' So, when I finished hearing my little girl's lesson, I went over and sat beside her. 'Teacher,' she said, 'I want to ask you something, and whatever you say is right I will do. You know, teacher, I have no home, and the only place I have to sleep is the hut of mats, outside the gate. For leave to sleep there I have to pay six cash. True, the mats are old, and have holes in them; when the wind blows I am cold; when it rains I am wet; but it is a great deal better than sleeping in the street; and the street is the only place I have to sleep, when I cannot beg cash enough for food and the night's lodging, too. Now, teacher, a rich man has offered me a place in an old people's home. There I would have a good little brick hut, shared by another old woman, and I would be furnished with half as much rice as would support me. But, teacher, I have thought that perhaps my Heavenly Father would not like me to take this from one of his enemies. He might think I took it because I did not trust Him. If you think He would feel that way about it, teacher, I will not take the home; I will just keep on living in the streets.'

"'Sister,' I said, 'our Heavenly Father has all hearts in his hands—even those of His enemies. He has sent you this gift; take it and be thankful.'

"But I wondered, friends, if there were many Christians in Christian America who, rather than do anything that seemed—even seemed—like not trusting the Heavenly Father, would go homeless all their lives."

As the sweet voice ceased, one among us said earnestly, "Cannot we do something for this old child of God?"

The Missionary turned her radiant glance upon us. "No, not for her," she said; "the last mail brings me the good news that she is no longer in the little brick hut—no longer poor, nor blind, nor helpless. She is in her Father's house now, and her eyes have seen the King in His beauty. But, oh, dear friends, there are millions of her people who are without her God, and by the pity stirred in your hearts for her, I charge you to help them."—The Missionary.

THINGS FOR WHICH I AM THANKFUL.

BY A TRAVELLER.

Dear Sisters,—Thousands of miles separate us, and the great, beautiful sea, with depths so cold and dark and still, lies between us. I am, to you, an unknown stranger, but one of the household of faith.

Some experiences of my life which cause the deepest thanksgiving are those that are not always spoken of to the nearest friend, but you are so far away that I may draw aside the curtain of reserve and tell you of some of the joys of the past year—in gratitude for which I would love to place large amounts in the Lord's treasury. The sweetness of telling the Old, Old Story, I would always place first among pleasures. The dear womanly girl who yesterday turned to me with interest as one who might be helpful to her in the midst of an unsatisfactory religious life is my latest joy. She does not yet see how much there is for her to do, or just how to do it.

I can never forget the wistful look in the eyes of the seafaring one; to whom I spoke of the Heavenly port and the wisdom of turning his course in that direction. He said his mother was a good woman and went so many years to the same old church and loved to read her Bible. She died last August and he had promised to meet her in Heaven. (O mothers, how much your religion is to your boys! They tell other people about it, and when it is genuine they believe in it. They are your critics, judges, adorers and disciples.)

He said he was the only one of them all who was not religious. He hoped to leave the sea some day, and then it would be easier with his wife and little boys to keep the promise. As I urged him not to wait, I longed to be one of the influences that would help to answer that mother's prayers. How often that same wistful look has come through the prison bars from the boy that was away from home—and how sweet to see the light of hope in his eyes, when he has begun to believe that God loved him and cared for him. How I have prized the little opportunities to pay a trifling attention to those who were

not by nature attractive, and who were smarting under neglect or ridicule—because I, too, have needed the kindly act and encouraging word—remembering that the unselfish pathway bears the footprints of our Saviour.

Then there have been times when the tears were swallowed all day long, and no one but God knew that there was any suffering hidden under the work and duties of the day. I thank and praise Him that He has taught me the power of divine sympathy. I am deeply grateful for some friendships that have been so helpful to me, one especially, an example to all womanhood, a dear heart that has been ripened and beautified by time. Does not God intend that time should always do this for the soul, if that soul is in the sunshine of his love? I thank God devoutly for the tie that binds together believers in this world, so that when they meet, no difference of nationality, education, tastes, pursuits or language can obliterate their kinship. These are some of the things which have made the past year bright to me, and to you, dear sisters, they may seem very small; then have you not in fuller lives and larger opportunities, infinitely more to cause the Thank-offering Day to be remembered? Is it not much to you that dear ones have been spared, that around you is the strong bulwark of affectionate protection? Does not your heart beat with gratitude that your lovely daughter has withstood the influences that would fill her time with that which will bear no fruit for the Master, and that you see her already helpful in the highest way to her companions, exerting the influence so much needed in the sphere of young womanhood?

What has it been to you that the boy that went from your home to the advantages and temptations of college life, has come back to you with an improved mind and a pure heart? Do you not rejoice that the ones committed to your care have thus been growing stronger during the past year and have developed in Christian heroism?

If there has been suffering and pinching economy, do not the majority of the women of the world experience these trials, and should a thank-offering be omitted because it must be of pennies, and for moments of sunshine in spite of months of cloud and days of storm? But the women of the Church do not always obtain their thank-offerings by self-denial. How many of them spend ten, twenty and fifty dollars at any time during the year for luxuries or pleasures that are desired, and give one or two (when the collector calls) for spreading the Gospel that has made woman what she now is.

Woman as she is! How much that means. Not the woman given as a reward to the knight who fought most valiantly at the tournament, to be carried, a stranger, to his castle, to be loved or hated by her companions. Not the woman to be branded by inferiority because the Lord made her a woman. Not an angel, not a doll, but she can now be a co-worker in all that is good, winning respect and honour if she be worthy, helping in the hard fight against

wrong-doing, and firmly holding up the highest standard of life. For this general advancement of women, as well as for individual blessings, should not we poor, as we are able, thank-offerings into the Lord's treasury?—W. F. M. S., St. Louis.

A BABY THAT IS LIVING.

In a western town, which must be nameless (since this is a true story), the Mission Circle is accustomed to hold sociables, extending the invitation to the Church and congregation. At one of these gatherings the Secretary read that admirable leaflet, "Mrs. Pickett's Mission Box." You all remember the story, how Mrs. Pickett was led to put into the box a penny for each of her blessings, and, thinking tenderly of her dead baby, put in for it a five-fold offering. Afterwards, the Secretary set out on the table a number of little mite boxes, and invited any who would to take one home and keep it in some eye-catching place. At the next sociable, she said, they would open the boxes and see how much money had been collected.

Among those who came forward and received a mite box was a young Norwegian carpenter, who, with his wife, was a member of the Church. The Secretary wondered at his action, for though an honest, industrious man, he was very poor, working his way slowly in a community of which he knew but little. However, he took home his box, and set it on the shelf, ready to receive whatever supplies the Lord might send him.

When the boxes were opened, many were nearly empty. The carpenter's box, however, contained more pennies and half-dimes than some that had been taken by persons much better off in worldly goods than he. Besides the smaller coins, the Secretary found, to her great astonishment, a piece of gold, wrapped up carefully in a bit of paper. She unrolled the paper and read with difficulty these words, written in a very un-English hand:

"Mrs. Pickett gave 5 (cents) for a baby that was dead. This is for a baby that is living."

The enclosure was a five-dollar gold-piece, almost a fortune to so poor a man; but not too much to be given as a thank-offering for the dear "baby that is living."

The next day the Secretary and her friend went to see this baby, who had brought such heartfelt joy to a little home. They found her "the dearest, sweetest baby you ever saw," quite worthy of being made a member of the "Baby's Band" by the first piece of gold that her father had ever earned.

Would that more of us were ready with our thank-offerings for present blessings, instead of waiting to give "memorials" of those that have been removed from us.—Helping Hand.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

ARRANGED FROM A PAPER WRITTEN BY S. POLLOCK, IN MISSION STUDIES.

"Why should we study the Young People's Work in our Auxiliaries?" is the first question with which we turn to this overwhelmingly important topic.

ITS PROPHECY:

Because it holds infolded a prophecy of the future; in it we can foresee something of the aspect this most precious Missionary work of ours is to take on, after we have finished our share of it and have entrusted it, with a tender farewell in our hearts, to the Church of the future. It is to us a part of our heart's life, a precious trust given of God. Into it has gone our labour, our money, our prayers. Our tears have watered it in the night season.

In its growth our souls have delighted. Much of it has not come to full fruition, but it is hastening on to a rich and abundant harvest that will give bread to the nations.

What is to be its fate? Will it be left to die? If not that, will it languish? Will much of it be left to dry up, to waste for lack of reaping? Or will it be received by them with reverent gladness, and nurtured and nourished to a more glorious outcome than we have dreamed of? Is it to be one of our heavenly compensations that throughout the future years, until the earthly dispensation shall end, we are to see the home-coming of souls because those that follow us have perfected that which we began?

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

Again, we should study it because we can help answer our own question. The writer of this article read recently, "The present is the only generation of heathen we can touch. If we do not save this one we have lost our opportunity." It came like a flash what a half-truth it expresses. If we do not save we have lost our opportunity; but if we do touch this generation the mothers will pass on the touch divine to the next, and to the next, till the saving power comes upon a hundred generations.

This is true of the young generation at home who are making choices, making character. They are within our reach. It remains with us, not only to begin this work abroad, but to perpetuate it by preparing those young lives and hearts about us for the inheritance we are about to leave.

We owe it to God. This is a part of the ministry committed to us. We owe it to them to bring them into the path of obedience with its attendant blessedness; to open their eyes to the beauty and the joy of this partnership with Christ in the bringing of the whole world of sorrowful daughters to Him. Is it right to let them miss the help,

the mental culture, the breadth of view, the development of the higher qualities of the soul, the Christ-likeness that come from self-denial, and consecration to the redemption of the race? Is it right to let them take up our burden of responsibility all unprepared, and stumble, with a sense of failure, along paths wherein we might have helped them? No, we must help them.

HOW SHALL WE HELP?

Look about you. Is there a Young Ladies' Society in your Church? If not, set yourselves patiently and unrestingly at work to bring one to pass. Speak of it with enthusiasm. Point out the need, the high results, the advantages. Drop some leaflets, such as "Personal Responsibility," "Mrs. Pickett's Mission Box," "What is Foreign Missions' Rightful Share?" "Voices of the Women," into the hands of earnest-hearted girls. Pray for a blessing upon the seed dropped that it may not rot in the ground.

If you see awakening interest, have ready the Constitution, the Annual Report, the Prayer Card, the Envelopes, some Missionary Literature, The Missionary Tidings (which will furnish their monthly food), and help them organize.

If you succeed in forming a society, or if one already exists, do not let it die for want of help. "Ane stick never burns." Put them in touch with the Board, for so they will come in touch with the rest of the members. Invite them to share anything unusually good in the Senior Auxiliary, whether it be a tea or a speaker. Encourage them to reciprocate, and accept their invitations.

Send them any new suggestions that you find helpful. Encourage them to begin a library. Send them a new book for it, or a binder for their Missionary Tidings at Christmas. It may induce them to keep their file more carefully. As the Presbyterian or General Annual Meeting approaches, enquire who is their delegate, and urge the advantages of sending one.

Offer to help them with their refreshments when they give any special entertainment or hold their annual gathering. Take it, oh Auxiliaries! into your hearts, and let it be as a daughter unto you. Love it, cherish it, edify it, and hold it in remembrance in your "still hour."

HOW HELP THE C.E.S.

Take the Society of Christian Endeavour also into your hearts. Win it by your helpfulness. If it is not already interested in missions sow the first seed. Set forth the needs. The Young People, first of all, need motive. Don't be stingy—the 12 cents you spend for leaflets, or for a year's subscription to the Missionary Tidings, may bring about a hundred-fold in the years to come.

Inform yourselves thoroughly of the work they are or ought to be helping. Speak to the young ladies of Miss Wallace, the new

Missionary, who has just sailed for Honan, China; or the latest item you have seen about work among the Indian boys and girls at Regina; and to the Y. P. S. C. E. of Miss McKellar, your Missionary, whose furlough is up, and who is returning to India to begin another six years' term. Take it for granted they are helping her.

SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY.

Help to foster a sense of responsibility. It cannot, perhaps, be done by preaching, but much may be done by simile. A barrel with the hoops off—fine staves—made of good stuff, but it falls away with a touch. A train; car builders, track layers, train despatcher, conductor, brakeman, fireman and engineer, all do their part—a switchman (the giver) forgets to turn his switch—a collision—two trains are wrecked.

LOYALTY.

It is not "narrow" to love our church family (sometimes called "denomination"). It is not narrow to help provide for the mother, nor to carry out the family plans. Neither is it loyal to take the means of support from our very own sisters who have gone from this family and done the work in the very hardest places, to join a club or buy a new church cushion. "Have you done hard work in a school, or a store, or an office? Is your money on which you depend for support due you?" "Would it do if you received it once in two years?" Would it be all right for your employer to expend part of it in Christmas trees for an Italian family instead of giving it to you? These are questions that can only be asked in the most tender and tactful way. Sometimes they cannot be asked at all. But when the heart is set on helping the Great Giver who gives wisdom "liberally" will surely point out a way.

GIVING.

Here is a place where the young people can be helped by both your practice and your teaching. Mrs. S. E. Hurlbut, chairman of the Committee on Young People's Work in the U. S., in a recent address, spoke of the personal influence upon her of two people, in forming her life-long habits of giving. One was the Home Missionary pastor, who was also the instructor of youth in Latin and higher mathematics for about \$400 per year, but who never omitted the Monthly Concert, nor the silver dollar from himself, the fifty cents from the pastorene, nor the silver coin from each child of the family. It was systematic giving exemplified.

The other was a widow who kept boarders at two dollars per week, and who had—not a "barrel" nor a "cruze" of oil—but a box which was never empty. She had learned from Paul to "lay aside" and from Elijah to take the Lord's portion "first," and her box be-

came fragrant with the incense of self-denial and consecration, now permeating the life of this leader, whose influence touches the lives of hundreds of young people.

Help them not only for the sake of the future, but for what they can do now. With their young strength, their wit, their enthusiasm, they are a mighty power, sometimes vainly expended. Help them to noble aims and lead them to noble fulfilment. Teach them to seek the best, the highest, and you will easily double, nay, quadruple, the work they are doing for those whom Satan hath bound, lo! these many years.

THE CHILDREN'S THANK-OFFERING.

LEADER.—Well, boys and girls, here we are, ready for our thank-offering meeting. Now, let those who were to name our common blessings begin.

Ned.—I give thanks for water—good, clear, sparkling water! I have just been reading about the people in one Mission field in India whose wells are all drying up and who have to go three or four miles for every drop of water they have for drinking and cooking. How careful they must be of it, and how warm and sickening it must be in a land where there is no ice to cool it! Since I read that I have given thanks in my heart every time I have taken a good drink of cool water.

Harry.—I give thanks for clothes. I have read about the poor famine children in India and the orphans in Turkey being wrapped in rags. It is not so bad in India where it is always summer, but to have one cotton garment in winter, and no shoes, is dreadful!

John.—Well, being a boy, and always hungry, I give thanks for food. Miss Sinclair tells us when the famine orphans came to them they were so hungry they would try to get even the bits of garbage that were thrown out. I think of those poor little chaps scratching for roots and things—and not enough of them! No wonder they die off!

Annie.—I give thanks for sunshine, because I have just found this little story and cut it out to read to you. It is called

MAGGIE'S ONE BLESSING.

“Teacher said in Mission school we'd oughter be thankful to-day; but I dunno what to be thankful for. I can't be thankful for this cellar to live in, for it's most always wet as sop; nor for breakfast, for there wasn't any; nor for a father and mother, for they're dead; nor for 'Liza, for she's mos' generally off, and beats me when she's here; nor for clothes, for there ain't enough to keep me warm; nor for feelin' well, for my hip aches so hard—it 'most always aches hard now; nor for a fire, 'cause there ain't a bit; but I'm glad the sun shines to-day, it's so much nicer when the sun—there! the sunshine!

that is ablessin', an' I mos' forgot it. O, I am thankful for the sunshine to-day!"

Arthur.—I give thanks like the old woodcutter who lived in Adana, Central Turkey, because Christ is with me. I will read you his story which I found in Woman's Work for Woman.

A HAPPY WOODCUTTER'S THANKSGIVING.

"I am a poor man. I earn four or five piastres a day by cutting up bushes by the roots, and bringing them into the city on my back, for sale as firewood. I am also an ignorant man; I cannot read. I went out to the plain to-day to bring in bushes; it was raining; the mud was ankle deep; the wind blew cold from the mountains; I was muddy to the knees; my thin clothes were wet through, and yet I went along with my heart so full of joy that I had to sing praise to God all the way.

"What is it that gives me such joy to-day and fills me with joy to-night?"

"What gives me joy is this: that Christ is with me. He is with me in the rain and the mud and the cold wind; He is with me in my labour and poverty; He is here in my heart; He comforts me, He cheers me; He loves me and I love Him—that is the reason I went along that road to-day singing praises to God, and that is the reason I, a poor, ignorant man, can dare to stand up in this assembly and urge you all to accept of Christ."

Will.—I give thanks for home when I remember Rev. Hugh McKay telling of the family living in a log house, twelve by fourteen feet, and seven feet high, consisting of seven persons, all helpless except one woman, nearly eighty years old.

Alice.—I give thanks for so many nice playthings, and that I can send some of them to India. Rev. Mr. Wilkie told us not long ago of the gratitude of poor wee children in whose homes, beyond the bare, dark mud walls, there is nothing to cheer or comfort equal to a doll, which will be nursed and cared for as long as even the body remains, after head and arms and legs are gone.

Mary.—I give thanks because I can go to Sunday School. Mrs. Goforth tells us about a woman of over sixty, who could only come to Sunday School secretly because her son, with whom she lives, is bitterly opposed to Christianity and threatens to kill her; and every time he finds out she has been at the class he will strike her again and again if she dares to go near him.

Jennie.—I give thanks because God has kept us from danger. Miss Grier tells us in last December's Tidings of the terrible earthquake that happened in India. The houses rocked from side to side; chimneys tottered and fell; for several days the shocks continued, and people rushed about almost frantic. Within the year, she adds, they had suffered from plague, famine and earthquake, and you read in the newspapers last week of the awful cyclone in Trinidad and St. Lucia. I hope our missions there have not suffered.

LEADER.—Now let us give thanks for our Missionary work.

Nellie.—I give thanks for our new Missionaries—Miss Wallace, who went to Ho-nan, and Mrs. Cameron, who has gone to Alberni.

Albert.—I give thanks for the first new houses for our Missionaries in Ho-nan, and for the new hospital at Hsin-chen, and for our new Missions in British Columbia.

Sarah.—I give thanks for the success of Mrs. Wilson's boys' schools at Jawad and Bagana.

Ida.—And I for our boarding schools at Indore that Miss Sinclair tells us about, and for the village schools that Miss Grier tells us were never so full.

Allen.—And I for our hospital work in India and in Ho-nan. China. I wish we could send the poor, sick people more doctors. Why, one of our Missionaries, Dr. McKellar, tells us they have only 103 medical doctors in the whole of India, or in the ratio of two for the whole Dominion of Canada.

Susie.—We must not forget about the Indian boys and girls in our own Canada. They are so thankful for the warm stockings and coats we send them for the winter. I am glad we have been able to send them such a nice big box this month.

LEADER.—How full of good and beautiful things our lives are! You have not named the hundredth part of them, but the time is up. Let us give thanks that God trusts us with His work. Now let us see how much we are thankful for that is shown by our gifts.

Opening of the envelopes or boxes follows. Adapted from Mission Studies.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

India.

LETTER FROM MRS. WOOD.

Ujjain, July 28, 1898.

It is a dismal day, so damp and chilly, with a sudden downpour to break the monotony. Thus far our rainy season has been very pleasant, which means that the rain has been scanty; still we are hoping that we will yet get our average of rain.

All at Ujjain are enjoying good health at present.

My school is steadily growing. There are now forty-one names on the roll, besides three women from the next house, who usually come in for the singing and the Bible lesson. I have a very good teacher, and I pray the little ones may be taught to give their hearts to the Saviour so truly that they will be able to carry the light of God's love into their dark heathen homes.

Special work has been taken up among the Mangs here, and a number are asking for baptism, fully understanding that no pecuniary

aid whatever will be given to them. May the Lord open their hearts to receive His Word, and make them strong in their determination to serve Him.

The educational work under my husband has suffered a very great deal on account of the cut of the estimates. The large school of over one hundred boys is to be closed; whereas he had twelve teachers, he now has money for three only. It has taken years to build up this school, and it is now very hard to have to send the boys away.

We have had some very trying experiences here at Ujjain, but owing to God's loving care of His work everything now is going on satisfactorily.

ON THE WAY.

Miss Wallace writes from Vancouver on August 22nd: "We arrived safe and well on Saturday. Mrs. Mackenzie and Douglas were waiting in Winnipeg. We had a delightful trip. Our boxes are all safe, and we are almost ready to sail."

AMONG THE HIMALAYAS.

"You are our brothers; stay and tell us about your religion." Once, twice, and no less than three times did the message come. Across the high mountain passes between Kafiristan and Kashmir they sent to plead with the Christians to give them a teacher.

"You must understand," said a chief of the country, "that we are ignorant people. We worship idols because we know no better. If anyone will come and teach us, we shall be very glad to learn better things. If the Missionaries from Peshawar will come and establish schools in our country we shall welcome them, for we shall learn more about God."

As we turn the pages of the C.M.S. magazines that tell the story from 1874 to 1885, we think: "And surely someone went at last?" No, not yet. Nearly twenty-four years have gone, years full of possibility and opportunity, since Downes (then employed in Government Service) ventured out in the hope of reaching the land; most of the generation of men and women that sent the first appeal have passed into eternity; but no Missionary has yet been to tell them of Jesus Christ.

"When I seriously thought," wrote Downes, "of entering one of these surrounding countries, I had carefully to consider where a door might be opened. Several places were suggested and thought over, but Kafiristan seemed to be the place beyond our frontier most open to the Christian Missionary. The Kafirs were situated in the very centre of Mohammedanism, which had tried in vain, by force and persuasion, for a thousand years, to convert them to the false prophet. They had no fixed religion; they were said to wish to have communi-

cation with Englishmen. They had on two occasions asked Mr. Clark, of the Punjaub, to go there as a Missionary. He had been unable to do so, but had sent two Afghan Christians, who had been kindly treated, and their words had been welcomed. Why not go there? The country was two hundred miles from our frontier; it surely could not be hard to reach it. These wild tribes had always been found amenable to the Gospel. Would these prove an exception? Surely not! For why had they asked for Missionaries?"

Carefully disguised, to avoid discovery while crossing the interlying country, Mr. Downes made the attempt, but was overtaken and compelled to return, by an emissary of the Commissioner of Peshawar, who had offered 800 rupees to anyone who should stop the expedition. The effort thus fell through. The door seemed shut.

Kafiristan lies in the extreme north-west of the mighty ranges of the Himalayas. Surrounded by Mohammedan government, which is continually attempting, by force or persuasion, to convert its inhabitants to Islam, it has yet for centuries resisted them and retained its own old heathenism. No penalty is enforced, however, on any of the Siah Posh who may become Mohammedans; they are simply sent to another village, i. e., severed from their tribe. If at any time, at rare intervals, European or Christian men have entered the country, it has always been to find extreme friendliness, and repeated invitations to stay or to send others who would stay and teach Christianity.

The people of Kafiristan believe in one supreme god—Imrah, the creator of all things, who has seven daughters—and in 180 angels called Aritch, who wait in his presence to minister to the needs of men. They worship idols, religious ceremonies being carried on by the chief priest of each village, called Awta, and by the "diviners," who feign madness, believed to be a sign of inspiration. They possess a firm faith in the immortality of the soul; sacrifices and dancing form a large portion of their religious ceremony. Through the long hours of their weekly Sabbath, Aggar, they dance untiringly, young and old, men and women, with songs and swinging of arms until noon of the next day.

Think again of the Sabbath that has recently passed, of the hush of our evening worship, when the organ music steals through the silent church. The preacher has left words of peace upon our hearts; we kneel to pray, and God has heard. Now we go forth, and in the gathering twilight speak together of the things of God. Do we speak of the Kingdom's progress? Do we amid our peace hear aught of that far-off revelry, or think of those hearts in Kafiristan who have sent messages telling us they worship idols because they know no better?

In 1883 the English missionaries at Peshawar sent Syud Shah, a converted Afghan of the district of Kunar, who had been for ten years an agent of the C. M. S., into Kafiristan. The C. M. S. Intelligencer of July, 1883, gives an account of his interesting experiences. Friendly Kafirs on the outskirts of the country met him with the

kind inquiries: "Ley shah?" "Litka Ley shah?" "Pama Manja leyah shta?" "Are you well?" "Are you quite well?" "Is your family quite well?" He marched with them for about fifteen miles until they came to a shady camping place.

"The Kafirs brought a goat from a neighbouring village," he writes, "and sacrificed it to God for my protection. I found them very friendly, and they seemed very anxious to learn all they could about the Christian religion. . . . The chief of the party was Ram Malik, a middle-aged man, rather dark. . . . He took me into his house and treated me most kindly, and all the people seemed so pleased to see me when they knew I came from the English at Peshawar. . . . All the cultivation of the land is here carried on by the women, the men fight the battles, and the women till the land. The women are as strong as the men, but fair and pretty.

About fifty people assembled in the evening to hear me speak. . . . When I talked to them about Jesus Christ, Ram Malik seemed most anxious to remember the name, and kept on repeating the words, 'Isa Masih, Isa Masih, Isa Masih.' . . .

"To-day I went to the house of Latkim Chandlu, who was exceedingly kind to me. Near his house are a number of idols, supposed to represent deceased persons. They are not worshipped, but the people kiss them with great affection. At the house I had a great many conversations, and the people kept saying, 'If the English people know these things, why don't they send us teachers?' From all I can see, I feel sure an English missionary would be received most kindly by these people."

In 1894 a stirring appeal for the unevangelized regions of Central Asia was sent forth by missionaries in Kashmir.

"Cries, sad cries," they write, "from these Christless regions keep ringing in our ears. Can nothing be done to reach these fine, warlike, vigorous races? Surely, surely, where messengers of our Empress can go, the messengers of the King of kings can follow.

Some of these people, these of Kafirstan, for example, have more than once asked for Christian teachers. One thinks of the brave old missionary, Wolff, who on two occasions trod the mountain passes beyond, and preached Christ as he went. One thinks of Captain Connolly, who confessed Christ and died a martyr's death at Bokhara. . . . Alas! no one attempts to penetrate these gloomy passes now; no Gospel light shines over these lofty mountain ranges. And yet Christ died for these people—tens of thousands of them, such that a speedy and plentiful spiritual harvest would be reaped from among them.

"Central Asia waits for the Gospel of Christ, and must receive it. Where are the 'tellers'? We have to plead for reinforcements for work in the valley of Kashmir. How shall we go on to plead for more? Yet certainly the heart of the Christian Church is large enough to take in these 'other sheep' which Christ has beyond

the border. Some will offer themselves for the honour of labouring in a vineyard that they themselves have planted; of declaring the name of Christ where it was not known before. It cannot be impossible for the Church to send forth a sufficient number of missionaries to make use of these opportunities, and to supply these wants. . .

"This is our appeal. It is sent forth on the wings of prayer and hope. May it come with a stirring note to some of our younger clergy, and to some of the students of the Universities, to question themselves, if they have not done so before, and if they have, to raise the question again, never before, perhaps, fully considered, Has the mission field no call upon me to enter it, as well as to pray for it? We importune them in the sacred name of Jesus. If our importunity seems to any somewhat unwarrantable, then let these millions, the people of Kashmir and of the vast and varied countries beyond—looking towards the north right away to the pole, and stretching away on the west to the Caspian Sea, and on the east to the walls of China—let the thought of these millions going down into the grave, without hope such as we 'rejoice in,' plead our apology."

During the Afghan war in 1879 the people of Kafirstan waited, ready to join our ranks and fight with us against the Mohammedan powers. We did not claim their aid; it may be at that time we did not know that they were prepared to unite with us.

Again we have been engaged in war on the same ground. News of the Afridis and kindred tribes fill our papers; maps of the country, pictures of the inhabitants, are in every one's hands. The frontier troubles, it is to be hoped, are subsiding now; and may we not believe that the ultimate end of this outbreak of fanaticism, this "Mullah's War," as it has been termed, which has involved such a sacrifice of blood and treasure, will be the making of a highway into the interior for those who go not to wage an earthly warfare, but to fight the battles of the Cross? Suspicions and misgivings have, it is true, been aroused among certain of the tribes, as to the ultimate intentions of our Government. But it will probably be one of the primary objects of future action to allay these doubts. Opinions differ widely as to the righteousness of this frontier campaign. We say nothing about that here. But our point is, that whatever may be the duty of those who are responsible for the protection of our Indian Empire, our duty as Christians at least is clear—to carry these frontier tribes the Gospel. We deprecate the blighting power of Mohammedanism, which, in the case of millions, raises such an insuperable barrier to Christian teaching, and here in Kafirstan, a people who have thus far resisted this pernicious influence, are still left year after year unheeded by the Christian Church. What if they, too, should soon succumb to the withering force of Islam? Surely "now is the day of salvation" for them, and what we would do should be done quickly.

In the battle that we are waging against the hosts of darkness, under the leadership of Jesus Christ, do we realize that here is a peo-

ple waiting to enlist beneath His banner? Thirty years ago, when their message first reached us, telling of their desire, the Churches heard it lightly, a few hearts listened earnestly, but to the great majority it was an idle tale. What is the condition of the Church that, to the command of Jesus Christ, concerning this dark section of forgotten Central Asia, to the repeated plea of its people, the appeal of those who have been in to see them, and to the urgent call sent out by neighbouring overburdened workers, still turns a heedless ear?

Kneel in prayer to Jesus Christ. Remember now before Him those whom He died to save. Tell Him of your consecration to Him, of your oneness in His purposes and aims. Ask for the baptism of Love, for the Spirit that enabled His disciples to obey. And "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

Prayer is asked on behalf of these frontier tribes, and especially for the Kafirs (in view of the Mohammedan pressure being brought to bear upon them)—"that God will remove all obstacles, and carry up into their midst true faith missionaries of the Cross of Christ." The time fixed is at noon every Friday.

A good map of Afghanistan, Kafiristan, and the adjacent districts, will be sent to anyone undertaking to comply with the request for prayer. Address: Mrs. Keer, Mornington, Malvern Link.

—M. H., in Regions Beyond.

Indians of the North-West and British Columbia.

MISSIONARY MONEY FROM INDIAN WOMEN.

FROM MR. JOHN THUNDER.

Pipstone, Manitoba, Aug. 19, 1898.

It pleased me so much to receive your kind letter. I knew Jesus loved little Lucy, but it was hard for me to give up my dear child. My tears come whenever I remember her; but may the Lord bless to me His own words, "Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." I am thankful to the Rev. Mr. McArthur and his congregation for attending to her funeral. The little one that remains to us is very smart, and running around.

Mrs. Thunder and the other women are getting along very nicely in their sewing class. They made quite a few articles, such as skirts, jackets, shirts, pants and four quilts. They sold these at reasonable prices to those who wished to buy, and made \$13.60. They handed over the amount to the W. F. M. S.

We have five more families in our reserve. Three families came this spring from Turtle Mountain, and the other two are related to

this reserve. The Indian Agent gave his consent to their coming here and has allowed new houses to be erected for them.

Our reserve is in better shape this year than in the past. Our Indians are busy harvesting.

A HOLIDAY TRIP TO THE COAST.

FROM MISS LAIDLAW.

Alberni, B.C., July 28, 1898.

Your letter was forwarded to me at Victoria, and we were both glad to hear from you.

We left home on the evening of July 6th, a little earlier than at first intended. There were six in our party, and we travelled together to Victoria, and after a week's stay there separated.

You have not had a trip through the mountains, and so I shall try to tell you a few impressions I got.

Not until we got to Banff did we see very much of interest. Unfortunately I was sick the first day on the train. We remained two days at Banff, and they were very delightful. You are completely shut in and the mountains seem right at your door, but if you start to walk you find the deception in distance. We walked up to where the sulphur springs flow out of the mountain. It was as warm as if boiled, and made stones and everything about it a sickly white.

The first day's ride through the mountain was grand. We were nearly all day in the observation car, and saw all there was to see. One moment we were dashing over bridges fully 300 feet from the water beneath, and the next cleaving the side of the mountain where there seemed scarce room for mountain goats to climb. We had dinner at the Glacier House, and we did so much regret that our tickets had not been arranged to stay over there. It looked so cool and inviting. The descent of the mountain by way of the loop was grand, and I could not help but think that the man who engineered that part of the road should have his name handed down.

On Monday at noon we arrived at Vancouver, all travel-stained and dust-begrimed, but happy. We went to the Metropole Hotel, where we stopped until the next evening. At 6 o'clock our boat left for Victoria, and we must leave, as that was the limit our tickets afforded. While in Vancouver we visited the park, went out to English Bay and saw the ocean vessel Empress of China steam out. We regretted not having time to see through the boat; but only ticket-holders are allowed on the day she sails.

I could scarcely realize that there was nothing but water between us and China, and I thought of the many away in that land who would gladly stand on the old home sod and have just such a holiday as we were entering upon. In Victoria Rev. Mr. Winchester

and Dr. Campbell were exceedingly kind to us. We were escorted to Esquimalt Parliament buildings, Beacon Hill, China town, Indian Reservation and out to Foul Bay, as well as to a row on the Arm. We were in the city one week, and enjoyed it very much, but we found we were not resting, and so we took the boat on the evening of the 20th for Alberni. We had not time to send up word when we would be up, so we surprised everybody.

We were both seasick on the boat, but were comforted by the well-worn words, "You'll feel better afterwards." The boat called at the lower wharf, and as the tide would not allow her to come further that night, we decided to walk up town. Mrs. Swartout had moved to town and we were glad to go in there and stay over night. Miss Johnson came to prayer meeting that night and arranged for us to go up the next day, and we are still here. We will visit Mrs. Swartout next week and the following week return to Victoria.

We are having a delightful rest. Sleeping, boating, bathing and eating are about the extent of our labours. The stillness of the place is most delightful, and I think, after nearly three weeks' stay, we will be rested. Miss Johnson is expecting Mrs. Cameron or some word every day. The children are having holidays now, and it is most amusing to see them swim. I would give a good deal to be able to swim as they do. I fancy they think us cowards, but the current takes us right off our feet. Harry is a splendid boy, and we are quite in love with these children. They all seem to be kind and thoughtful. They seldom speak a word of English, and we are at a loss to understand them. Miss Johnson is not well at all, but I think it is a billious attack. Mr. Taylor is kind and thoughtful, and seems to be very nice in every way.

We have only had one letter from our school, and we are quite lonesome to hear from them. The mail comes in to-morrow, and we are looking for a goodly supply.

If the rates in railway fare do not change we will be able to get a ticket for Toronto as cheap as we would for Portage, so, if our funds hold out, we will go on from Victoria.

"WELCOME BACK."

FROM MISS M'LEOD.

Birtle, Aug. 6, 1898.

When I got back to the school I felt I had not got there an hour too soon, as four of the children were very sick, and for a few days we had quite an anxious time of it: but I am thankful to say they are quite well again. They are all back now with the addition of four new ones. Neither Mr. Small nor Miss McLaren have been away yet this summer, nor do they mention going, but I hope Miss

McLaren will see her way to take a little rest and holiday before the fall work sets in, as she was tied very closely while I was away.

I was quite glad to get back to the children again, and the dear little things seem glad to have me back. I had such a shock when I found Rosie's people had been here and taken her away. They know she is eighteen, and that the Government orders them to be discharged at that age; but we think Rose will come back. It does not seem like the same place to me without her, but perhaps it will be good for the other girls—they have taken hold so well, and seem more thoughtful. The girls and boys who have places are all doing well with one exception. Isabel McKay is doing very well; she is giving such satisfaction, and comes to the school once or twice a week. She says this is her other home. She is such a nice, sensible girl, and a comfort to us. Mr. Markle had to borrow Hugh this week to act as interpreter for him on his trip to Riding Mountain and Rolling River. He finds it hard to get a reliable interpreter when it comes to ferreting out a liquor case.

I stopped over in the Portage one night while waiting for my train. It was nice to see Miss Walker again. I am sure her stay with the children is a pleasure to herself as well as to them.

FOR NOVEMBER MEETINGS.

New Hebrides.

There are now twenty-four missionaries and four associates on the roll of the New Hebrides Synod. "The John G. Paton Mission Fund" purposes sending out another missionary very shortly. The Mission Synod has asked the Melanesian Mission, which at present has no missionary on the three northern islands, Aurora, Oba and Pentecost, to give them over to their charge. If this request be complied with, the Synod will then have the whole group under its care. Of the twenty-four missionaries, eleven labour under the auspices of the Presbyterian church of Victoria. The remaining thirteen represent seven other Presbyterian churches. Three of them are supported by the Canadian Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. W. McKenzie, Rev. H. A. Robertson and Rev. Joseph Armand. "The John G. Paton Mission Fund" at present supports two missionaries and two lay assistants; it undertakes the salary of the assistant at the Native Teachers' Training Institution, and maintains sixty native teachers, all at an annual cost of \$7,000.

The report read at last year's meeting of the Synod indicated that great progress had been made during the previous year. A decisive

step in advance was taken by the Synod itself in the ordination of Epeteneto, of Aneityum, as the first native pastor.

MISSIONARY STUDY: THE APOSTLE OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

BY DR. O. E. BROWN, VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY.

I. *The Field.*

"The South Seas" is a name which was formerly used for the Pacific Ocean. The South Sea Archipelago thus may be taken to mean the Pacific Islands. The Pacific has by far the greater portion of the islands of the earth. They stretch from South-eastern Asia off toward South America, a very "milky way of islets." The islands of the Southern Pacific fall into two main divisions: Polynesia, including those east of 180 degrees; Fiji and Melanesia, including the Fiji group and those to the west. John Williams laboured chiefly in the former division and so is sometimes called the "martyr missionary of Polynesia." It may be well to notice briefly each of the groups on whose shores he made it his mission "to plant the Gospel of peace."

1. The Society Islands.—This group is in the Central Pacific. It is made up of two sub-groups: the windward and the leeward. Tahiti, so famous in missionary history, is the largest island of the windward portion; while Raiatea, the first centre of John William's work, is the largest of the leeward group. The Society Islands comprise eleven islands in all, with a combined area of 700 square miles, and a population of over 16,000. They lie about the same distance to the south of the equator that the Hawaiian Islands do to the north. They are about 3,400 miles south-west from San Francisco and about 2,400 miles almost directly south from Honolulu.

2. Hervey Islands. These islands appear on the map as Cook Islands. This group has as many as nine principal islands, with a population of 8,900. They are from five to six hundred miles west of the above group. The chief islands are Aitutake and Raratonga, the latter being the largest of the group, and having 3,000 inhabitants.

3. Samoa.—This group shows on the map as Navigators. It consists of fourteen islands, the most important of which is Upola, the third centre of Mr. William's work. Upola has a population of 16,600, while the entire group numbers 36,000 inhabitants. It is between 1,800 and 2,000 miles north-west from Raiatea. Mr. Williams himself made the boat in which he took this voyage.

4. New Hebrides.—These islands are to be noted as the scene of John Williams' martyrdom. They are about six hundred miles south-west from Samoa, are a group of thirty islands, with a population of 75,000. They are now especially famous as the scene of John G. Paton's apostolic labours.

2. *The People.*

The Polynesian race is the finest of the Pacific. The Polynesians have "well-developed, powerful persons, are yellow in colour, with straight, glossy black hair." Mr. Williams found them wild and naked savages. He pictures "some as tattooed from head to foot, some as painted most fantastically with pipe clay and yellow and red ochre, and others as smeared all over with charcoal, and in this state dancing, shouting, and exhibiting the most frantic gestures." Their minds were found to be ready, their speech "musical and liquid," though, of course, they had no written language until the coming of the missionary. They abused the lavish bounty of their island homes by being indolent, treacherous, and often bloodthirsty.

3. *Some Special Explanations.*

1. The *maraes* were sacred enclosures answering for temples, where their altars of worship were placed, and for shrines, where their idols were kept.

2. The *tabu* system was the most oppressive feature of the savage life. Things are *tabu* which one must not use, touch, or even see, because they are sacred to a good or evil deity. The savage is hedged about by "holy" and by "unclean" objects, and there is danger at every step that he may chance upon or glance at a forbidden thing, and so forfeit his welfare or his life.

3. The *etu* of a tribe or chief is like the Indian totem. The people regard themselves as akin by descent to some species of animal. They thus hold the animal as sacred, tattoo the figure of the animal on the person, and count themselves as blood relatives to all who claim the same animal ancestor.

I. TOPICS FOR STUDY.

1. The moral darkness of the South Sea savages. Make a list of their shocking vices and cruel customs.
2. The gross religious superstitions and practices of the islanders.
3. The wonderful conversion of individuals and of whole communities under Christian agencies.
4. What features of Christianity made the strongest appeal to the savages? "Kindness is the key to the human heart."

II. SUBJECTS FOR CONVERSATION.

1. The missionary spirit and love of giving among the South Sea Christians.
2. Sabbath observance and family worship among the islanders.
3. The civilizing influence of the Gospel.
4. The secret of John William's wonderful success. In eighteen years, through his instrumentality, 300,000 savages are thought to have accepted the Gospel of Christ.—Missionary Review.

PUBLICATIONS.

Free Literature.

78. Duties of Officers of Auxiliaries and Mission Bands.
77. Hints to M. B. Workers.
68. Origin of W.F.M.S.
38. A Silver Sixpence.
36. Practical Work.
35. How Much Do I Owe?
34. Our Hour of Prayer.
19. Our Plan of Work.
15. The Missionary Mite-Box.
11. Refusals.
8. Why and How.
5. Questions Answered.
4. Suggestions for Holding Meetings
2. Giving and Giving Up.
The Importance of Prayer.
1. Self Questions.
Prayer Cards.

Scattered Helpers' Cards, including Leaflets.....	6 cents
Envelopes	each 1 cent
Mite-Boxes	each 1 cent
Receipt Books, P. Sec.....	25 cents
" " Auxiliaries and M.B....each 8c. and	5 cents

Maps

Trinidad.....	\$1.50
New Hebrides.....	1.50
India.....	1.50
North-West.....	1.50
" Paper	0.50
Mission Band Exercises.....	0.25

Pamphlets.

Five Cents each.

- China. By Dr. Fraser.
Condition of Women in China. By
Rev. Donald MacGillivray.
Formosa. By Dr. Milligan.
North-West Indians. By Professor
Baird.
Women's Foreign Mission Work. By
Mrs. Macdonnell.

Lives of Missionaries.

Bound in cloth, 30c. Paper, 15c.

- Dr. Livingstone.
Dr. Moffat.
Dr. Judson.
Justin Perkins.
William Carey.
Henry Martyn.
Dr. Duff.

Missions in Madagascar.
Woman in Persia.

Ten Cents.

Mr. Great-Heart.

- Dr. Paton. Large edition.....\$0.50
From Far Formosa..... 1.25
"Do Not Say," or, Excuses for
Neglecting the Heathen..... 0.10

For above apply to Mrs. Telfer, 72 St. Alban's Street, Toronto. Postage and express paid.

For Annual Reports, apply to Home Secretary, Mrs. Grant, St. Margaret's College, Bloor Street West, Toronto.

PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets 3 cents each.

29. Mothers at Home.
74. African Missions.

Flash Light on

Persia.
India.
Syria.
Siam and Laos.

2 cents.

The Women of Mexico:
The Women and Girls of Korea.
Missionaries in India.

1 cent each.

Place of Foreign Missions in Word of God.
Service of Praise.

29. Personal Responsibility.
86. Why our Society did not disband.
80. Beginnings at Mud Creek.
75. Ling Ti's Letter.
74. God's Will in our Prayers.
73. The Measuring Rod.
71. Celeste's Mission.
50. Freely Giving.
47. The Mission of Fairness.
46. "Yes, you do, Lucindy."
45. Systematic Giving.
43. Sketch of Mrs. Mathewson's Life.
42. That Missionary Meeting.
41. The Sins and Sorrows of the Heathen World.
37. What is Foreign Missions' Rightful Share.
33. The Society at Springtown.
32. An Appeal from the Mother of a Missionary.

31. A Transferred Gift.
25. A Plea for our Envelopes.
24. The History of a Day.
22. The Beginning of It.
21. A Study in Proportion.
18. Five Cents in a Tea Cup.
13. Thanksgiving Ann.
10. For His Sake.
9. Pitchers and Lamps.
7. Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box.
3. Voices of Women.

8 cents per doz.

85. Mrs. Gay's Thank-offering.
84. Dollars for Self and Cents for Christ.
83. Little Corners.
82. The Conversation of Aunt Polly's Pocket Book.
81. Mrs. Grantly's Heathen.
76. How We Conduct our Bands.
72. Two Thank-offering Envelopes.
54. The Roofless House.
53. Miss Weston's Lesson.
51. Get the Women.
49. One-Tenth.
48. Cry of the Children.
44. Responsibility.
28. Bringing the Ranks up to the Standard.
27. A Lesson in Stewardship.
23. John Trueman's Way of Giving.
20. The Adjourned Meeting.
17. Why we should keep up our Auxiliaries.
12. What is in Thy Hand.
6. Po-Heng and the Idols.

4 cents per doz.

69. T'other and Which.
67. Preparing the Way.
55. What the Children thought of Giving.
54. Motives for Giving.

Directions about the "Foreign Missionary Tidings."

1. The year begins with the *May* number. 2. Subscription, 12 cents a year, *payable in advance*. 3. Subscriptions may begin at any time (one cent a copy), but must end with the *April* number. All orders and money to be sent through the Presbyterial Secretary to Mrs. (Agnes) Telfer, 72 St. Albans Street, Toronto. Payable at Toronto General Post Office.