

# The Missionary Outlook.

*A Monthly Advocate, Record, and Review.*

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[Whole No. 117

## *Field Notes.*

THE Annual Meeting of the General Board of Missions will be held in Montreal immediately after the adjournment of the General Conference, which will begin its sessions on Wednesday, the 10th of September, in St. James' Church.

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THE income of the Methodist Missionary Society, for the year just closing, will be about \$3,000 in advance of last year. There is an increase in the Juvenile offerings, and five hundred extra copies of the report will be required. This is a matter of devout thankfulness to God. The year has been one of unusual financial stringency, and all branches of trade have been more or less depressed, yet the offerings from the Methodist people of Canada for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom will be over \$218,000.

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THE Missionary Reports are well under way, and it is expected that they will be ready for distribution about the end of September or beginning of October.

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REV. GEO. COCHRAN, D.D., who has had charge of the Theological Department in our school in Tokyo, Japan, has never fully recovered from the serious illness from which he suffered last fall. Satisfactory arrangements having been made for his school-work, Dr. Cochran has decided to spend a year in Los Angeles, Cal. The Doctor has done good work in Japan, and we earnestly hope that this change and respite from labor for a time may be the means, under God, of adding many years to a useful and valuable life.

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UNDER date of July 10th, Dr. Eby writes: "This matter of burning the tabernacle falls heavily upon me. Not that I have the slightest doubt of its being built, but I do so want to lay down the trowel and grasp the sword. The weather is very hot again. Cholera has broken out in Nagasaki, and is creeping on to the capital—a very deadly type, too. But we are 'under His wings.'"

REV. C. M. TATE, Chilliwack, says, in a letter just to hand: "We are now in the midst of our salmon fishing season, and I suppose there are not less than 4,000 Indians engaged at the seventeen canneries. A great number of these are from Vancouver Island, both east and west coasts. We reach about 1,000 with the Auka-me-num language, the balance with Chinook."

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REV. J. E. HOPPER, Langvale, Man., in sending an order for missionary supplies, adds the following sentence, which speaks volumes when read in the light of the Master's words: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." "We are having a blessed revival of religion, and many have sought the Saviour."

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IN a recent letter from the Rev. Jos. Hall, Chairman of the Victoria District, British Columbia Conference, are the following words of encouragement: "No part of our work in British Columbia, whether among whites or Indians, is more successful than that among the Chinese. It is intensely interesting and cheering."

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THE election of members of the first Japanese National Diet took place on July 1st. Returns are now all in, with one or two exceptions, and the political complexion of the body may be declared with some degree of accuracy. The Liberal party, under the leadership of Count Okuma, has 64 representatives. The different sections of Radicals, will number 116; while the Conservatives can count only 18. There will be at least 10 Christians in the Diet, one in thirty.

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*The Gospel in all Lands*, for August, has a number of interesting articles treating on Methodism in Italy, Bulgaria and Germany; also a concise account of the Missionary Conference, held in Shanghai, China. Published for the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Hunt & Eaton, Fifth Avenue and 20th Street, New York. Price \$1.50 a year.

## Editorial and Contributed.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT will be gratifying to all friends of our mission work—and they are legion—to know that notwithstanding a winter of unusually stormy weather, and the almost universal prevalence of “la grippe,” by which our congregations were depleted at the very time when missionary anniversaries were being held, the missionary fund shows no decline, but, on the contrary, a slight gain. Some will remember how, at a critical period of the year, the fund was threatened by attempts to excite animosity, on political grounds, against the management, and we are sure every loyal Methodist will rejoice to know that the dastardly attempt has resulted in conspicuous failure.

It is sometimes said that our missionary anniversaries have lost much of their old-time enthusiasm, so much so that it is difficult to secure even a moderate attendance at a week-night meeting. As a matter of fact this is true, but we do not think it is due altogether, or even chiefly, to declining interest in missionary work. The familiarity of average congregations with the aspects of the question usually presented in missionary speeches have much to do with it. They say—and justly—that they have heard all the stock arguments and illustrations over and over again, until they have ceased to have any interest. If those who have to address missionary meetings would take the trouble to study the missionary literature, now so abundant, with a view of preparing sermons and speeches on new lines, interest in our anniversaries would soon revive.

ANOTHER cause of diminished congregations at missionary meetings is to be found in the almost endless multiplication of Church meetings of other kinds. When we remember the steady run of class-meetings, prayer-meetings, young peoples' meetings, ladies' aid meetings, socials, Church and Sunday-school anniversaries, educational meetings, etc., etc., not to speak of the thousand and one union meetings for charitable and religious objects, the wonder is that any considerable number of people can be got to attend any one of them. But while we would like to see our missionary meetings as crowded and as enthusiastic as in their palmyest days, perhaps a steadily swelling stream of liberality in sustaining the work is a better evidence of interest than crowded meetings and meagre collections would be.

AT the same time we would rejoice to see a revival of the old-time feeling in connection with these anni-

versaries, and this might be accomplished if they were not regarded so much as a matter of course. It would be well if, in arranging for the missionary meeting, an attempt were made to get out of old ruts, and introduce new features. We would not rule out the time-honored sermon on Sunday morning, though we could wish that some of them were more “missionary” in text and treatment than they sometimes are. But in regard to the anniversary meeting, the stereotyped arrangement of extracts from the report, followed by two speeches, with singing of anthems between, is apt to grow monotonous, unless the speeches are full of missionary facts and missionary fire. In these things “the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.”

WHILE touching on this subject, we would venture to suggest that it is none too early, even now, to plan for the coming year's missionary campaign, and if this were done with a united purpose to make this the best missionary year in the history of the Church, we are persuaded the results would astonish and delight us all. What a grand thing it would be if we could agree upon a “missionary month,” some time before the holidays, in which every church within the Connection would hold its missionary anniversary! what a tidal-wave of missionary enthusiasm it would send rolling from one end of the Dominion to the other! And how much money would be saved by having all the contributions paid in before New Year, instead of waiting till Conference time or after, as is now so much the fashion!

### MISSIONARY LEGISLATION.

THE approaching General Conference will be an occasion of great interest on many accounts, not least in regard to its influence on our missionary policy. Doubtless all aspects of the missionary question will be carefully considered in committee, and a report submitted to the Conference that will outline what the policy of the Church shall be in the future. The carrying on of so extensive a work, involving so many interests, is by no means an easy matter, and sometimes it is difficult to avoid a degree of friction between different parts of the work. Brethren on Domestic Missions, where stipends are very inadequate, can hardly be blamed for thinking at times that too much money is spent on the Indian and Foreign fields. Those on the Foreign and Indian fields, in turn, where the demand for extension are so urgent, find themselves cramped by lack of means and men. In the French work there is a not altogether groundless jealousy that that part of the field receives scant sympathy and support. And now another element will come in,

namely, the conviction shared by not a few leading men in the Church that the time has come when we should be on the lookout for some new field in heathendom wherein to begin a new mission. There ought to be some definite deliverance locating the authority to establish new Indian, French, or Foreign Missions. The authority to establish new Domestic Missions is properly committed by Discipline to the Annual Conferences, and there is a tacit understanding, if no more, that authority to establish other missions rests with the General Board; but in view of the growing extent of the work, it is desirable that the authority of the General Board should be clearly defined, as well as the limits to be observed in establishing new centres. For the peace and harmony of the Church, as well as the success of the work, it is important that friction be avoided and the sympathy and confidence of all classes maintained. To this end let prayer be offered throughout the entire Church for the Spirit of Wisdom to descend upon those to whom is committed the consideration of missionary affairs at the General Conference.

#### MISSIONS TO ROMAN CATHOLICS.

THERE are some Protestants, and even Protestant ministers, who have serious doubts about the propriety of establishing missions among Roman Catholic people. The plea is that Roman Catholics have already some knowledge of Christianity, defective it may be, and mixed with error, but sufficient to show them the way to heaven; and it is argued that preaching the Gospel among them by Protestants is only an attempt to proselyte from one form of Christianity to another, a course which stirs up bitterness, and destroys the peace which should prevail among all Christians. Without waiting to discuss the question how much or how little truth there may be in Romish teachings, or whether there is enough of it to show the way to heaven or not, we wish to call attention to the fact that Rome, so far from having any scruples on the score of proselyting, is at this moment engaged in a crusade against Protestant missions in every part of the world, and that the avowed aim of Jesuitism is the annihilation of Protestantism. Everywhere Rome throws down this challenge, and we must meet it. The aims and efforts of Romanism and Protestantism are not the struggles of two forms of Scriptural Christianity, emulating each other in evangelistic work. The two systems are hopelessly antagonistic, the success of the one means the overthrow of the other; but with this difference, that while the triumph of Rome means the extirpation of Protestantism by fire and sword, the

success of Protestantism means the enlightenment, the conversion, the uplifting of Roman Catholic peoples.

Popery is not Christian, but anti-Christian. It teaches not the Gospel as it was taught by Christ and His apostles. Its great aim to-day is not the conversion of the heathen, but rather the extirpation of heresies and heretics. Evangelical missions are its pet aversion, and against these it is directing its mightiest energies. Since the time of the Vatican Council and the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany, there has been a widespread intrusion of Catholic missionaries into evangelical mission fields, and this intrusion is organized and directed from Rome. For the carrying on of this crusade Rome has unlimited resources, and employs them without stint. True to its crafty Italian origin, Popery pursues a sinuous policy. It plots in secret, approaches its end by tortuous methods, and it is only by sleepless vigilance that Protestants can detect its real purpose and unmask its designs—this last is a duty we owe to society. Romanism not only antagonizes evangelical teaching, but is a standing menace to human liberty, and it is a sacred duty to drag its plottings into the light. The aims of Rome are vast and comprehensive. It seeks to rule in every sphere—social, educational, religious, political—and to subordinate every human interest to the advancement of the Church. Upon this dark conspiracy we must let in the light of history, still more the light of the Divine Word. "To the law and to the testimony." By this test every work must stand or fall.

But we are getting away from the root-idea of this article, namely, the duty of planting Protestant missions among Catholic peoples. To put it on the lowest ground, such a policy is necessary in self-defence. To protect our own liberties we must extend the blessings of freedom to others. In the past our timidity has been our weakness. We are called to an aggressive warfare against every form of error, and should not be content with acting solely on the defensive. An army that does this and nothing else is sure to be beaten. We must go out to meet the foe, not with carnal weapons, not with the weapons of intrigue and falsehood, which Rome so freely employs, but with the weapons of truth and love, the "armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left." If the Church of Rome is right, it is at our peril that we touch it; if it is wrong, it is at our peril that we let it alone. The duty of preaching the Gospel to "every creature" is not limited by any boundaries, civil or religious. Rome contends that we preach a false Gospel, and to hesitate to bring it into competition with the Gospel which Rome preaches is to confess that the charge is true. Systems so diametrically

opposed cannot both be right, and if we believe that the bulk of those who adhere to the Church of Rome are deceived and misled, then every consideration of Christian fidelity and love for the souls of men demands that we "preach the Gospel" unto them. By this means alone can we solve the great problem that confronts us in Canada to-day. By this means alone can we spread the kingdom of Jesus Christ among our French fellow-citizens.

## Woman's Missionary Society

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*Vice-President:*  
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### EDITRESSES.

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Mission Rooms, Wesley Buildings.  
*Outlook:*  
Mrs. Dr. Parker, - Barrie, Ont.

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Barrie, Ont.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."—MATT. vi. 6.

"Ask and it shall be given you."—MATT. vii. 7.

"Every one that asketh receiveth."—MATT. vii. 8.

ONE of the most interesting signs of the times is found in the fact that a General Conference of all Evangelical Christians is called to meet in Florence, Italy, in 1891, after Easter. We once heard a speaker say, he hoped to see the day when a Conference would assemble at Rome, and its delegates be billeted in the Vatican. This seemed at the time an idle dream, but, in view of the above fact, it does not look like an impossibility. Thirty places of Protestant worship live and flourish in the old city of the Popes!

A WRITER in *Missionary Review*, speaking of a Conference of Believers at which he attended, says, "During the seven days we heard only the Word of God expanded, expounded and applied. No *ad captandam* speeches, no essays, no orations. No attempt at drawing a crowd, not a hint of the new theology," etc. All this is indeed refreshing, and we are wondering if the churches might not take a hint. To read the church advertisements in some of our newspapers, in our most enlightened centres, one would think that

the Bible no longer furnished themes for the pulpit; that, in fact, the Gospel well had been drained dry. Sad indeed is it that professed ministers of Christ, should deem it proper or necessary to prop up their preaching with strategic, catch-penny advertisements. Faithful exposition of God's word, so full, so rich, so plenteous in meaning, aimed at the heart, not at the pocket, will, with God's blessing, fill any church with worshippers. And the food of the word, abundant nourishing food, supplied to the hungry souls, will build up spiritual men and women whose gifts will be gladly laid on God's altar. What a mockery to call people to the house of God with the crack of a magician's wand, the vision of a dusky fortune-teller, or the intricacy of a catch question! And all this when hearts are crushed under the world's heavy burdens, and need a tender uplift; when men and women are standing on the verge of unlighted graves; and the strifes and struggles of earth have well nigh smothered every heaven-born hope. O believe it, you who fill Christian pulpits, Christ in all the marvellous beauty and perfection of His character, Christ in all the simplicity of His teaching, in all the tenderness of His love, Christ all-sufficient to save, is all-sufficient to attract. Do not dishonor the pulpit with the catch-penny tricks of a variety theatre, or a circus side show. Lift up Jesus! "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

SOME writers are deploring the present tendency in missionary effort to work on independent lines, *i.e.*, we suppose, outside of regular constituted societies. In the rush of the new movements it appears that the older methods are considered slow, and perhaps they are, at any rate the fact is suggestive. No doubt these independent tendencies are the result of cast-iron rules and regulations, which left no room for the Spirit of God to work, unless He worked on their plan and according to their constitution.

THE remarkable movement of modern missions is, no doubt, owing entirely to the prayers of God's people. How the church, the great body of believers, has cried to God to "send forth more laborers!" And to-day, with every country open to the Gospel, we may well say, "the fields are white unto the harvest." God's mighty Spirit has wonderfully moved upon human hearts. In no previous age have there been so many and so varied movements for the evangelization of the world. The literature of missions, now in circulation, furnishes some of the most interesting, and we may say, exciting reading of the day. Bold indeed are some of the schemes of missionary effort. But this is the age of giant undertakings in all temporal and secular interests. Why should not the

faithful and zealous children of God make great strides for their cause?

THE great Shanghai Conference will leave its record on the page of missionary history. With one exception, the largest gathering that has ever taken place on the foreign field. Composed of 432 members, its proceedings were characterized by great harmony and wisdom, a broad and comprehensive policy, and bold earnest aggressiveness. Dr. Happer, of Canton, editorial correspondent of the *Missionary Review*, sounds the stirring bugle blast, "One thousand missionaries for China in five years." Can it be done? We do not doubt it. What agency can do it? Mighty and believing prayer for the outpouring of God's Spirit upon properly qualified men and women. The feeblest worker can pray.

AN appeal from more than two hundred ladies, members of the Shanghai Conference, is issued to the Christian women of the British Empire, the United States, Germany and all other Protestant countries, in behalf of the one hundred millions of women and children who "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." They state that four kinds of work are open to them—school work; work for sick and suffering women in hospitals, dispensaries and homes; work in the families of the church; evangelization among women. Signed by ten ladies, representatives of the different mission societies in China. They plead for workers, "women of sound health, good ability, common sense, and well-educated, apt to teach, kind, forbearing, wholly consecrated to God." Such are needed to become God's fellow-workers, in "binding up the broken hearted, proclaiming liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

A NEW feature of our work during the year is the District Convention. We hope this will become a permanent institution. The programme prepared for use by the Western Branch, seems to meet all the requirements for keeping the work thoroughly in hand. The District Organizer is President of the Convention. In view of the value of district work in its relation to the Branch, we think the District Organizers should have recognition in the Branch Constitution. Why should they not be Vice-Presidents of Branches?

IN preparing the reports for the Branch Meetings, the corresponding secretaries will no doubt endeavor to be as brief as will be consistent with accuracy. There is necessarily a sameness in the matter of reports. We must have them, however, to encourage

and stimulate us, as well as to learn of our work, but we think, as the number increases year after year, "short and to the point" should be the motto. In our Conferences the Secretaries respond to the call of their districts by rising in their places to read their reports. Would not this custom in our Branch Meetings save time, and be equally interesting?

BUSINESS OF SEPTEMBER AUXILIARIES.—At the annual meetings of Auxiliaries in September, the reports of Secretary and Treasurer shall be presented—officers and committee elected for ensuing year: and also, delegates to the Branch Annual Meeting. One for every Auxiliary numbering twenty-five, and two for Auxiliaries numbering fifty or more. Also member appointed to conduct the OUTLOOK work for the year. Abstracts of the Treasurers' and Secretaries' reports to be forwarded to Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary of the Branch. We wish all Auxiliaries would endeavor to celebrate their anniversaries by a public meeting; or ask an opportunity at the prayer-meeting to read your reports to the congregation, combined with letters or extracts from the general report, in order to make every congregation and every minister acquainted with our work. You might fitly ask a special annual collection for your Auxiliary. Where there is also a Mission Band they might unite in this annual effort. Do not forget the Literature Collections.

THE Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions held its fourth annual meeting in Calvary church, Montreal, June 4th and 5th, thirty-five delegates attending. The Corresponding Secretary reported five organized Branches, thirty-two Auxiliaries, seven Young Womens' Auxiliaries, and eighteen Mission Bands. There were present, Miss Porter, of North China; Mrs. Watkins, of the Methodist Mission in Mexico. Miss Clark, their new missionary to Central Africa, with Miss Lyman, Bombay, India, were also present, and compose the staff of this Society in foreign work.

NOTICE of motion to be presented at the next Board Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society relative to change of Constitution.

1st. That District Organizers shall be ex-officio members of the Branch Annual Meeting.

2nd. Art. 10, under the head of "By-laws for Auxiliaries" (see page 171 of Annual Report for 1888-89), strike out all after the word "elected," and substitute as follows:—"Each Auxiliary shall be entitled to send one delegate; and two delegates where there are seventy-five or more members."

### WHY NOT READ IT IN YOUR AUXILIARY MEETING?

IN view of the request of the Executive for the observance of the "Day of Prayer," we reprint for our readers the following Leaflet, issued by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, hoping that its perusal by our members may quicken thought in this direction.

"EVERY ONE THAT ASKETH, RECEIVETH."

What a promise! Turn it over and over in your mind, Christian woman! Look at the power which it puts into your weak hands. Think of the "showers of blessing" which a multitude of "every ones," agreeing on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, may draw down from heaven.

EVERY ONE.

Not only the refined and intellectual lady in her house of luxury, withdrawing into her quiet, beautiful "Chamber of Peace," for an hour of earnest prayer that she may do all that God would have her do for the advancement of this kingdom, and that a baptism of the Spirit may come upon all that is done.

The poor woman, also, with no corner of her small but full home that she can really call her own—with care and toil besetting her by day and by night—who turns from her household for a few minutes at the Sabbath evening hour of prayer, with her soul, even while her hands cannot cease their ministrations, and asks that God will bless the work of His servants in those heathen lands, of which she has heard enough to know that they are in great darkness, with "the Light of the world" yet hidden from their eyes. These, and all between the two extremes—the Marys, sitting, thinking, longing, loving, perhaps with days of suffering and nights of weariness appointed unto them; perhaps with hands and feet tied by some dispensation of God, so that activity of any kind is impossible—the Marthas, busy, careful, with lives full of overflowing of anxiety and labor, of going and coming, of calls here and there, of outward, active service for the Master—all are included in this "every one."

The only condition is the asking, after the fashion of which our Lord has been speaking, when He gave this precious promise,—earnest, importunate, believing. "Every one," so asking, "receiveth."

We have no data by which to estimate the extent or measure the might of this influence, wielded in secret, and acting, if not always secretly, yet with no outward manifestation of the connection between the asking and receiving. We cannot enter into the closets, of which the doors are shut, on that Sunday evening hour of prayer, noting the petitions offered, and afterwards marking distinctly the answers. It is doubtless well that we cannot do this, else our expectations would become too literal, and our faith too nearly akin to sight.

But it is a blessed thing to travel in thought around the world, knowing that there are many who at that twilight Sabbath hour are thus "asking," and then to realize with joyful certainty that they will all "receive." Who would not join that multitude of "little ones," who are thus made so mighty?

Do you say you can do nothing actively for the foreign mission cause? that you are busy, "careful and troubled about many things?" that you are poor, with no money to give to anything so far away? that you wish those well who carry this work forward, but the Saviour's last command does not personally touch you?

Accepting all except the last of these propositions, we ask of you only one thing, which is little indeed for you to give, but which may in its far-reaching power go beyond your ability or ours to estimate. It is, that for one hour, or half, or a quarter of an hour, between five and six o'clock on Sabbath evening, you will join your asking to that of the many who then pray for God's blessing upon this work for heathen women and children.

And remember that "every one"—yourself included—"that asketh, receiveth." "The word of the Lord shall stand forever." Shall we not, then, rest upon this word of His, and look for the answering blessing to follow our Sunday petitions? Let us "prove" Him "now herewith," and see if He will not "open the windows of heaven" to our knocking.

THE fourth Wednesday in September has been "appointed by the Executive Committee to be observed throughout our entire membership, as a day of special prayer for God's blessing on the approaching Annual Branch and Board Meetings."

It is hoped that the Presidents of Auxiliaries will arrange for a prayer-meeting on that day.

That there may be unity and definiteness in the petitions, it is recommended that the following be the general order of the meetings:—

1st. Thanksgiving for the success and blessings of the past.

"Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth Me."

2nd. Confession. We have been too careless as to the condition of heathen women. Have not observed the golden rule concerning their spiritual state, and have too often turned a deaf ear to the story of their sufferings and oppression.

"To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not to him it is sin."

3rd. Bible reading, on prayer, faith, or consecration.

4th. Supplication. For the presence and guidance of the Holy Ghost in every department of the missionary enterprise.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."

5th. Prayer for every needed blessing at the annual meetings, and that the most efficient women may be chosen as officers for the ensuing year.

"The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

Have any withheld the "Tithes?" Let them remember our watchword. Wherever it is possible, the co-operation of the pastors should be secured, and "Woman's work for Woman," be the subject for special prayer that evening.

As a preparation for the day those who have the opportunity, are recommended to read, "Woman's Work for Woman in Pagan Lands," by Joseph Cook. See July number of *Methodist Magazine*. Also, "The Lack of Consecration and Prayer," "Prayer and Missions,"

in *The Missionary Review of the World*, August number.

"The Church has two unused motors, the power of consecrated money, and the power of covenanted prayer." "Ask and ye shall receive," "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto you."

S. K. GOODERHAM.

#### FROM THE AUXILIARIES.

WE regret that owing to some irregularity, possibly our change of address, the following communications from British Columbia could not appear in our August number:—

COQUALEETZA HOME AND INDIAN MISSION.—*June 30.* A Quarterly Meeting was held in the Indian church, Skowhale, over which Rev. C. M. Tate presided. It was thought necessary to enlarge the present place of worship, as it is found too small to accommodate all the Indian congregation. The Indians have voted to raise two hundred dollars to commence the structure. The above sum will not be sufficient to supply building material. Any of the friends interested in the spread of the Gospel among these people, and willing to help those who are bravely endeavoring to help themselves, can find a good opportunity in the erection of this church. The same evening, Mrs. Jenkins, from Vancouver, organized a juvenile lodge of the I. O. G. T., Miss Clarke, the matron of the Home, as superintendent—twenty-five of the Indian children, inmates of the Home, being enrolled as charter members of the Coqualeetza Lodge, from among whom all the officers of the lodge were elected. A little more than a year ago the new building that was erected by the W. M. S. was occupied first. Since then Divine blessings have overshadowed us, and to-day we rejoice in many comforts both spiritual and temporal. For the temporal we desire to thank the many friends in the East who have so bountifully contributed by forwarding a box from Prince Edward Island containing bedding and towels, and a barrel from Avondale, Nova Scotia, containing ready-made clothing for boys and girls. This arrived just before the Camp-meeting, proving a great boon, as the clothing therein was of most excellent material and suitable for the season so fast becoming warm. Could the kind ladies who spent their time and means preparing this barrel have seen the dusky-browed lads as they marched forth to the Camp-meeting the first day, clad in their blouses and nice new shirts and pants, and listened to their remarks of admiration, they would have felt well repaid for their trouble and time. During the year that has passed, one of our little girls has been bidden by the Master to come up higher. When the messenger came he found her ready. She had given her heart to Jesus very soon after entering this school, and was learning at His feet to do His will, looking forward with others of her mates to going from hence as a teacher among her own people when her school-days in this Home were completed. We miss her from our midst, but we are all striving to meet her there, and often sing the song she loved so well, "Meet Me There." There are two classes from among the children. We rejoice that all of the little ones assembled here are girding on the armor and beginning to fight for King Jesus.

Laura Elderkin,  
Teacher in Coqualeetza Indian School.

CHILLIWACK (July 1st).—An Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society was organized in the parlor of the Coqualeetza Home last November, with a membership of six—Mrs. C. M. Tate, President; Mrs. A. C. Wells, Vice-President; Miss L. A. Elderkin, Corresponding Secretary; the other offices to be filled as members were added, the remaining three being Rev. Mrs. Rolson from Vancouver, and Rev. C. M. Tate, and Mr. A. C. Wells, neither of whom wished to fill an office. Subsequently Miss Fannie Irwin joined us, and became Treasurer. The monthly meetings have been held the second Tuesday of each month, with a cheering increase of new members, usually one each meeting. During the session of the annual camp-meeting, our Society held a public meeting, in which the members were assisted by Mrs. Adams, a delegate from Victoria Auxiliary; Miss Bowes, Editress of the *Home Cheer*, Vancouver; Rev. Thomas Crosby, from Bella Bella and Port Simpson, besides the ministers in charge of this circuit. The day was very damp, therefore the Prayer Tent, which is used by the white members of the camp-meeting was occupied for this purpose, and into it were assembled representatives of both the Indian and Anglo-Saxon nations, so that the tent was crowded to the doors. The following is the

#### PROGRAMME.

Singing—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." By Congregation.  
Prayer—By Miss S. Bowes, Vancouver.  
Singing—"The Gipsy Boy." By Indian Children from Coqualeetza Home.  
President's Address—By Mrs. C. M. Tate.  
Reading of Tabulated Statement from Report—By Miss Elderkin.  
Singing—"O'er Jordan's Dark and Stormy Waters." By Indian Children from Coqualeetza Home.  
Paper (Original)—By Mrs. Adams, Delegate from Victoria.  
Reading—"Why our Society did not Disband." By Miss Clarke, Matron of Coqualeetza Home.  
Singing—"Tell It to Jesus." By Indian Children from Coqualeetza Home.  
Address—By Miss S. Bowes.  
Singing—"Son in the Grave He Lay." By Indian Children from Coqualeetza Home.  
Address—By Rev. Thomas Crosby, Port Simpson.  
Address (containing Financial Statement concerning the Coqualeetza Home and some other interesting facts—By Rev. C. M. Tate.  
Singing—"Crown Him." By Congregation.  
Benediction—By Rev. Mr. Bould.  
Collection—\$10.80.

At the close of the above exercises, Mrs. Wells distributed missionary literature among the audience, and Mrs. Stephenson secured the names of those desiring to join our Auxiliary, thus increasing our list of members to twenty-two.  
Laura Elderkin, Cor. Sec.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.—(LADY HOK AUX.).—The many readers of the OUTLOOK will be pleased to learn that another Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society has been formed in the far distant province (B.C.). Rev. E. Robson, senior pastor of the New Westminster Church, called a meeting of the ladies on Monday, the 21st ult., and a large and representative number were present. Mr. Payton, a returned missionary from China, now in this province distributing Bibles among the Chinese people, was present, and gave an interesting address on missionary work in heathen lands. He gave some thrilling incidents in connection with the work in China. We were also favored with the presence of Lady Hok, an eminent Christian, one of the first Chinese converted women who ever visited this land. She is now returning from a trip to Britain, whither she had brought one of the ladies of the missionary staff, who was in need

of rest. She is now accompanied home by a volunteer for the foreign work, in the person of Miss Mead, of England. Lady Hok, who speaks a little English, talked with the ladies present, urging them to form an Auxiliary and to send a missionary to China, as soon as possible. Mrs. Tate, of the Coqualeetza Home, and Miss Lawrence, of Nanaimo, were present, and urged the claims of the Indian work on our attention. With such a force besieging our hearts, and with such forceful facts as they gave, telling upon our consciences, we could not but capitulate, and yielded without a struggle. It was unanimously resolved that an Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church be formed, and that it be named the Lady Hok Auxiliary, if the lady will so consent. The following are the officers elect: President, Mrs. (Rev.) S. J. Thompson; Vice-President, Mrs. T. D. Pearson; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. J. Robson; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. Alex. Cunningham; Treasurer, Mrs. T. R. Pearson. A set of books was ordered from the Book Room, and the newly organized society will soon be felt a power in the Church, which has already assumed large responsibilities in the support of a second preacher, and in the building of two new churches in the suburbs of the city. This is the fourth Auxiliary now organized in the province, and we believe the time fully come when every self-supporting circuit and every domestic mission should have an Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society. Sisters in Christ, everywhere, your prayers are being answered for British Columbia.

AN HON. MEMBER.

BRANTFORD (Aug. 5).—The Brant Avenue Auxiliary memorialize the General Board of the Woman's Missionary Society, through the Western Branch, to the effect that the representatives to the General Board be chosen in the proportion of one to every four hundred members.

S. ROSE, *Cor. Sec.*

BOWMANVILLE (Aug. 4).—Our Auxiliary had the Rev. Chas. T. Cocking, returned Japanese Missionary, on July 20th and 21st. On Sunday he preached twice to large congregations, who were delighted with the discourse. Sunday afternoon he addressed the Sunday-schools, and the children were as well satisfied as their elders. On Monday evening, the lecture on the "Japanese and their Customs," was well illustrated by lime-light views of the Japanese home-life and the scenery and architecture of Japan. Mr. Cocking speaks well, having a clear though not very strong voice. Our share of the proceeds was \$17.75. On the 25th of July death entered our midst, and our dear sister Mrs. Bowden was called home to share the joys of another world.

M. HAINES, *Cor. Sec.*

#### JAPAN.

WE are indebted to Mrs. A. Sharp of Brantford, one of our most interested workers, for the following letter which will be read with much satisfaction:

*Letter from KATE MORGAN, dated, JO GAKKO, SHIDZUOKA, JAPAN, June 17th, 1890.*

*My dear Mrs. Sharpe*—I am sitting by my bedroom window trying to write by the last rays of daylight. We dread having our lamps brought in these nights, as the mosquitoes and other small members of the insect world are very plentiful round here.

The view from my window is delightful, we have had such quantities of rain this spring, that trees, hedges and grass still retain their first freshness. The sunset is the grandest I have seen for months. Were I gifted with

descriptive powers, I would try and tell you how beautiful it all is, but, I feel that no ordinary words could paint such a picture as stretches out before me. I always admired nature, and here we see so much that is grand that I often wonder what heaven will be like when our earthly home is so beautiful.

Writing of heaven and sunsets takes me back to the time when our mother first left us; how I longed to go with her, life seemed such a dreary stretch of years before me. Now, when night comes, the prayer that involuntarily rises to my lips is "Lord if I may, I'll serve another day." This is indeed blessed work for Jesus. What would life be without it?

A call from a Presbyterian minister last week made me feel that we have great reason to be thankful for our pleasant surroundings. He was from Nagoya, where he and his wife have for four or five years been carrying on a girls' school. I had never seen him before, but he introduced himself, and said, as he was passing through Shidzuoka, and had a few hours to wait, he would like to see our school if it was convenient. English classes were just over, and the Japanese about to begin. After we had passed through the different rooms upstairs and down, he asked me on what terms we were teaching here. When I told him he said, "Is it possible the Japanese built this school, pay running expenses, and allow you to be principal? Why in Nagoya we supply all the money, yet, in order to be at all successful we had to hand the school over to the Japanese, allow them to have full control, and make our Bible lessons voluntary. Since then our numbers have increased very much. I asked him how many pupils he had. He replied, "About as many as you have here or perhaps two or three more."

I was further surprised to hear him say, "It is not an uncommon thing in Japan for the boys to govern the teachers, but in Nagoya the girls must have their own way." It was with a grateful heart that I thought of our orderly pupils of the half-hour Bible lesson taught every morning, and of our two Christian (native) teachers. Then nearly every one of our twenty-six girls takes an interest in Christianity. Yes, we truly have reason to be thankful.

The last of May was the Empress' birthday. I did not know anything about it till that morning, when about six o'clock Miss Taita came to my room to petition for a holiday. I promised to consider the matter. A little later Mrs. Takote said, as ours was the only girls' school in the province, they were anxious that we should have a holiday, as it would show the people we recognized womanhood. You may be sure that decided us. We had a holiday, and hung out our flags, both Japanese and British.

The next request was that the girls might have a *kanshakai*. I asked what that was. They said "A thanksgiving-meeting." I wondered what they would do, but knew if Saito San intended taking part it would be all right.

It was about ten when the meeting started. As I was busy with the matron I did not get down stairs till it was half over. When I entered the room one of the girls was praying, then in quick succession fourteen or fifteen followed, each offering a short simple prayer, that God would bless the Empress and give her a long and happy life, and that she might be brought to know the only true and living God. We felt strangely touched as we listened to our dear girls. God grant their prayers may be answered. Just that morning, while talking to Mrs. Lakaei, our interpreter, about her class-meeting, I said there are only five girls who have never taken part. Two hours later in their thanksgiving meeting, three out of the five prayed aloud for the first time.

At present I do no outside work, my time is pretty full in the school, after vacation I think of opening a little Sunday service for children, in a part of the city where the Gospel is not yet known. There are thousands of children



in Shidzuoka who have never heard of Jesus. Pray that I may be blessed in winning souls for Christ.

### TEMPERANCE AND EVANGELISM.

BY MISS S. J. COULSON.

(Paper read before the Thomasburg Auxiliary of the W. F. M. S. June 12th).

DEAR SISTERS, and Fellow-workers in the Temperance Cause, from the ranks we greet you, praying God-speed Prohibition, and all moral reform. As Christian women, and members of evangelistic churches, we deem ourselves as good as pledged to take on this question very advanced ground. Never was time more opportune than now, for the pressing of this great moral claim, since it is evident that the desire for social purity is growing stronger and stronger in the hearts of Christian nations. The spirit of organization is abroad in the land, forming unions and bands of various names but with motive and effort tending to one great end, the betterment and uplifting of humanity. Kingdoms just emerging from heathen darkness, cry out to commercial civilization, "Restrain the rum traffic." Have we not all been much interested in the story of Prince Kahama, chief of the Bamangwato people in South Africa? When young he was converted to Christianity and has since labored with a kingly spirit for the benefit of his people. Some years ago, a company of Europeans endeavored to introduce casks of rum into his territory, on the pretext that it was for medicine. Kahama consented on condition that he should see no drunkards, but soon he beheld some of his subjects staggering about like white inebriates. The chief sent for the white traders, and said, "I will have no more ardent spirits brought into my country. You promised me there would be no drunkenness, but you have deceived me. You made me a solemn promise which you have broken, and now, I command you to leave my country. Go back to your own country. Take everything that is yours, strip the iron off your houses and go. I am trying to teach my people to live in accordance with the Word of God, which we received from you white people and you show examples of wickedness such as we never knew. Go take your cattle and leave my town, and never come back again." Was this not exemplary prohibition, in one of the dark places of the earth? Thus we perceive how the honest ardent temperance man or woman upholds the hands of the foreign missionary; their work blends together, being co-laborers for the cause of Christ and humanity.

Yes, the liquor traffic with the tribes of Africa and other heathen countries, protected by the so-called Christian governments of England and America, is pronounced by the missionary to be the greatest barrier to the advancement of the Gospel in these lands.

But, as we have many times observed, apparently great evils are overruled for good, so the great "Modern Temperance Movement" is largely the evolution and product of two of the most antagonistic moral forces, viz: the propagation of the gospel on Bible lines, and this prodigious enterprise of his Satanic majesty, into which is skillfully pressed the service of many agencies systematically appointed. The enormous amount of capital invested in this campaign of Satan appals and overcomes a Missionary collector. No less than \$4,184,000 was registered at Madeira in one week, on liquor bound for West and South Africa.

But this mountain of difficulty is not equal to the prayer and faith of God's people, and e'er it shall "depart and be in all "God's holy mountain." Still our duty lies with the present, studying how we may best use our influence to

counteract this complex system of evil. Evidently it is not by forming a "legislative body," which might at once get at the root of the matter by prohibition, as the franchise for women in Canada is yet a question of the future. There must be some better way. Not by power, but by spirit; not by noisy aggressive prominence, but by firm, quiet ministrations in woman's sphere. There the silent forces work which shall, as the germinating power in a seed, expand into the most visible and desirable change for coming days. According to this, have not women even now their hands on the helm of State, for are they not seed-sowers, appointed by divine arrangement to lay the foundation elements of character? Thus their influence, almost directly, the leaning of the statesmen and politician of the future. True all women are not mothers, but we may safely say, that fifty of every one hundred women are even now dropping the pearls of instruction deep into receptive souls. Here, let me beseech you, my sisters, draw the line sharp and clear between right and wrong, temperance and intemperance. Of what immense consideration is a young life, with all its latent possibilities for good or evil still undeveloped, but sure to unfold as the soul is immortal. Alas! what sorrow, when these lofty and God-given faculties, and "Spark of heavenly flame" go out in obscure darkness, touched by the withering blight of intemperance. Over how many mother-hearts to-day, broods the dark shadow of a nameless grief instead of the angel of hope and joy.

But again, we have seen such lives bloom and ripen into golden beauty, giving to the world, men, noble self-forgetting and Christlike, whose very presence is a blessing. Thank God, they are numbered by thousands to-day, who bless the world by their beneficence. Truly "Man is the noblest work of God," and, when educated on the divine plan, shall he not do God's work in the noblest way; reclaiming the waste places of his heritage, pulling down strongholds and setting up the gates. Then shall salvation cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

### WELLAND DISTRICT CONVENTION.

THE first District Convention of the Woman's Missionary Society in connection with the Welland District, was held in Dunnville, August 12th, and 13th. There was a small attendance, although invitations had been sent to the ministers' wives and other ladies on the different circuits to attend.

On the evening of the 12th, a public meeting was held, when Mrs. Jackson, Conference Organizer, and Mrs. Brownell gave addresses in the interests of the Society. Rev. Mr. Brownell, Chairman of the District, and Rev. Mr. Jackson, of Beamsville, also gave short addresses.

The following morning Mrs. Brownell, District Organizer, occupied the chair, and Mrs. Jackson acted as Secretary. The meeting opened with singing and Scripture reading, and Mrs. Wilkinson led in prayer. There being no Auxiliaries of the Woman's Missionary Society on the District, the first step taken was to organize at Dunnville. The officers elected are as follows: President, Mrs. (Rev.) T. W. Wilkinson; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Syme; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. C. Curry; Recording Secretary, Miss Bella Syme; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Drake; Treasurer, Mrs. R. A. Harrison.

Committees for work were appointed, and all present manifested a spirit of earnestness and a desire to do what they could.

The meeting closed with a consecration service, in which a number of ladies took part and all felt it to be a season of spiritual blessing and profit.

## Missionary Readings.

GEORGE MULLER, the man who prevails by prayer, is still at 80 years of age travelling and preaching the Gospel. When heard from last he was at Darjeeling, on the Himalayan Mountains. From this point he has sent forth the fiftieth report of his Orphanage at Bristol, England, which tells the same tale that was told in past years. Summing up the sums by which the work has been sustained, he reports that the total receipts since March, 1883, have been very nearly \$6,000,000. Nearly 8,000 orphans have been cared for, and five large houses have been built on Ashley Downs, Bristol, at an expense of \$575,000, which can accommodate 2,800 orphans at a time. During the year 1886-89, one legacy has been received of \$25,000, another of \$10,000, and later another of \$25,000. The old principles on which the institution was founded still prevail. The managers make no debts; they buy nothing on credit; they ask God for the supply of every need. The institution is a marvel of faith—a standing demonstration of the mighty power of prayer in the midst of a sceptical and scoffing generation.—*Missionary Review*.

### INDIA.

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY PAMPHLET.

WE find in the *Chronicle* of the London Society an extended quotation from a pamphlet entitled, "Are We really Awake? An Appeal to the Hindu Community," which has been recently published in Calcutta. We can give but part of the appeal here. It is significant in many ways, as showing the attitude of the Hindus in the midst of the influences which are brought to bear upon them. If those people who are asserting that missions are a failure, would candidly read this statement of the Hindus themselves, they would find how wide of the truth are their assertions. The appeal says:

"The life-blood of our society is fast ebbing away, and irreligion is eating into its vitals. Looking beneath the surface, we find that the mischief under which we, Hindus, at present labor, is owing chiefly to the influence of Christianity, brought steadily and constantly to bear on our national mind for nearly a century and a half. Raja Ram Mohun Roy, of happy memory, felt its influence with the deepest concern, so far back as 1821, and did all he could to check its progress. Since his time, it is to be regretted, no Bengali gentleman (with one or two honorable exceptions) has done so much as to send a serious thought after this matter, which is of such vital importance to our society.

"The result of this national apathy is, as might be expected, that the countless Christian missions at work in this country, especially in Bengal, are in a fair way of achieving their object, not so much, however, by carrying conviction to our hearts about the superiority of their religion, as by slowly and imperceptibly changing our ideas with regard to our moral, social, and domestic life. The unflagging energy and the systematic efforts with which these bodies are

working at the foundation of our society, will, unless counteracted in time, surely cause a mighty collapse of it at no distant date. Any family man who lives in town, will, on examining his household, discover unmistakable evidence of the absence of that domestic simplicity and spiritual integrity that marked the ways of our women only a decade or two back."

The appeal proceeds to speak of the entrance of Bible-women into the homes of the Hindus, and of the mission schools to which the children are sent without hesitation, because there are no Hindu schools for them, and it affirms that unless they arouse themselves speedily to guard against the insidious progress of Christianity, their society "will surely be turned *topsy-turvy* in a few generations hence." As a result of this appeal, some Bengali gentlemen established two or three schools close to the schools of the London Society, but no appreciable difference was seen in the attendance at the latter.—*Missionary Herald*.

### WHAT MR. STANLEY SAYS OF MISSIONARIES.

ONE of the most interesting of the many letters which are now appearing from the pen of Stanley, written while yet in the heart of Africa, is one upon a visit to him of some Christian Waganda natives, who with Testaments and Prayer-books in their hands, came to tell him the story of the deposition of M'wanga, the murderer of Bishop Hannington. Stanley was much impressed by their demeanor and history, and adds these words, which appeared in the *Daily News* of January 7th:—

"I take this powerful body of native Christians in the heart of Africa—who prefer exile for the sake of their faith to serving a monarch indifferent or hostile to their faith—as more substantial evidence of the work of Mackay than any number of imposing structures clustered together and called a mission station would be. These native Africans have endured the most deadly persecutions—the stake and fire, the cord and the club, the sharp knife and the rifle bullet have all been tried to cause them to reject the teachings they have absorbed. Staunch in their beliefs, firm in their convictions, they have held together stoutly and resolutely, and Mackay and Ashe may point to these with a righteous pride as the results of their labors to the good kindly people at home who trusted in them.

"I suppose you do not know Mackay personally. Well, he is a Scotchman—the toughest little fellow you could conceive. Young, too—probably thirty-two years or so, and bears the climate splendidly—even his complexion is uninjured—not Africanised yet by any means, despite twelve years' continued residence. These mission societies certainly contrive to produce extraordinary men. Apropos of Scotchmen, can you tell me why they succeed oftener than other people? Take Moffatt, Livingstone, Mackay, real Scotchmen with the burr. They stand pre-eminent above all other missionaries, no matter of what nationality. It is not because they are Scotchmen that they succeed. It is not because they are better men in any one way or the other, physically, mentally, or morally—of that we may rest assured—but it is because they have been

more educated in one thing than all others. While I say this I review mentally all whom I know and have met, and I repeat the statement confidently. That one thing is Duty.

"These missionaries, Moffat, Livingstone, Mackay, piously brought up, are taught among other things what duty is, what it means; not to yield to anything but strict duty. Thus Moffat can persevere for fifty years in doing his duty among the heathen; and Livingstone, having given his promise to Sir Roderick that he will do his best, thinks it will be a breach of his duty to return home before he finishes his work; and Mackay plods on, despite every disadvantage, sees his house gutted and his flock scattered, and yet, with an awful fear of breach of duty, clings with hopefulness to a good time coming, when the natives of the country will be able to tell out to each other the good news of 'Peace and good-will to men.'"

#### CATECHISM ON THE WORLD.

WHAT is the population of the world? Some persons estimate it at 1,500,000,000, and others at 1,434,000,000.

How are these divided religiously? Into Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, and heathen.

How many are called Christians? About 390,000,000.

How are those called Christians divided? Into Protestants, Greek and Oriental Churches, and Roman Catholics.

How many are Protestants? About 160,000,000. These are inhabitants of nominally Protestant countries, but there are only about 30,000,000 who are members of Protestant Churches.

How many Jews are there? About 8,000,000.

How many Mohammedans? About 170,000,000.

How many heathen are there? About 856,000,000. Under this head are included Shintos, Buddhists, Confucianists, Brahmanists, Fetish, etc.

What is the population of America? About 100,000,000, there being 69,000,000 in North America and 31,000,000 in South America. About one-fourth of the people of North America and nearly all the people of South America are Roman Catholics.

What is the population of Europe? About 332,000,000, of whom one-third are members of the Greek Church, one-third Protestants, and one-third Roman Catholics.

What is the population of Asia? About 800,000,000, of whom about one-fifth are Mohammedans, and nearly all the others are heathen.

What is the population of Africa? About 200,000,000, of whom one-tenth are Mohammedans and three-fourths are heathen.

In heathen and Mohammedan lands how many Protestant missionaries are there? About 6,700, of whom 2,700 are women. How many native laborers? About 33,000. How many adherents? About 2,250,000. How many members? About 750,000. How many organized churches? About 5,000.

How much money is expended each year by Protestants to give the Gospel to heathen? About \$10,000,000. Of this about \$4,000,000 is raised in America and \$6,000,000 in Great Britain.

How many ministers are there in the United States to every 800 persons? 1.

How many missionaries are there to every 400,000 souls in foreign lands? 1.

What is expected of us? To send the Gospel to every creature.—*The Gospel in all Lands.*

#### HINDU PRIESTS HELPING TO SELL THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Rev. W. H. Ball sends the following to the *Indian Churchman*: "While selling Scriptures at the pulling of the Juggernaut car at Serampore, two of the priests attached to the temple passed me on their way to assist in the preparing of Juggernaut for the car. They stopped and entered into a conversation with me, and one of them said, 'I remember Carey and Marshman, and was educated in Carey's College, and read nearly all the Bible there.' He begged me to give his companion Genesis, so that he might read the beautiful story of Joseph. At the same time several other people were looking at the books for sale, and on some one objecting to them because they were Christian books, I said, 'Ask your priest what kind of books they are,' and the old priest at once said, 'Yes, buy them; they will do you good; there is the best teaching in them.' Afterward I said to the priest, 'If you know so much about the Bible, how is it that you can take part in this idol worship?' The old man said, 'I do it for my food'—words inexpressibly sad. But so it is with hundreds; their living is their god. Of real spiritual worship and earnest belief there is none. But what a change is passing over the country when a Hindu priest, standing under the shade of Juggernaut, can help a Christian missionary to sell his books."

#### THE GOSPEL IN PRISON.

AT Matsuyama, Skikoku, during 1889, a man was arrested, tried and condemned to death—hanging now in such cases—for the murder of three persons—two women and one man. Jealousy and anger were the excitants to the deed. The evangelist found him out and taught him of Christ and His salvation up to the day of his death. On the morning of December 19th he was to be hanged. Before he ascended the scaffold he was led to a mat and told to sit down. His eyes were then bandaged. After this another officer read off the reason for the official act that was about to be performed. The prisoner was then asked if there was any article of food he would particularly like to enjoy before suffering the extreme penalty of the law. (It is probable that the idea of *saké* is involved in this question, though I am not positive.) He replied that as he was so soon to die there was no likelihood of his suffering from the pangs of hunger or of thirst, but if the officials would be so kind as to spend the money that might be used for this purpose in buying something for some of those who were ill, he would be very glad indeed. He then asked to be allowed to engage in prayer for a short time. This being allowed, he knelt and prayed as follows:

"Heavenly Father, I have been a great sinner, and

must now die for my sins, but while in prison Thou hast deeply blessed me by opening my heart, baptizing me with the Gospel of Jesus, and filling my heart with joy and peace through the atonement which He made on the cross. And now, at this time of suffering the penalty of death, Thou hast given me hope and peace everlasting. O Father! now I go to Thee. Receive my soul, I beseech Thee! O Father, have mercy on my mother and my sister! I beseech Thee to lead them to believe in Thee. And as Thou hast saved me, I beseech Thee to save all these my brother and sister prisoners who are in this jail."

Rising from his knees, he then said to the officer in charge: "I have an aged mother and young sister. Please see that they soon learn to know the truth as it is in Jesus and become believers. Please say to them that this is my dying wish and legacy. Say also that I wish my mother to adopt a son as husband for my sister, that the family name may not perish. Aside from these desires I have no wish."

The vice-governor and other officials were present, and were deeply impressed with the man's evident sincerity and state of restful calm. The facts I have given I take from the letter of an official, who is a Christian, and who was present at the execution. Thus God makes even the wrath of man and his most deadly sins the means of spreading throughout the world His love and saving power.—*The Missionary Herald*.

#### THE SUN-DANCE OF THE SIOUX.

LIUT. SCHWATKA contributes to, and Frederic Remington graphically illustrates in, the *March Century*, a curious custom of the Sioux. From this article we quote the following: When all had assembled and the medicine-men had set the date for the beginning of the great dance dedicated to the sun, the "sun-pole" was selected. A handsome young pine or fir, forty or fifty feet high, with the straightest and most uniformly tapering trunk that could be found within a reasonable distance, was chosen. The selection is always made by some old woman, generally the oldest one in the camp, if there is any way of determining, who leads a number of maidens gaily dressed in the beautiful beaded buckskin gowns they wear on state occasions; the part of the maidens is to strip the tree of its limbs as high as possible without felling it. Woe to the girl who claims to be a maiden, and joins the procession the old squaw forms, against whose claims any reputable warrior or squaw may publicly proclaim. Her punishment is swift and sure, and her degradation more cruel than interesting.

The selection of the tree is the only special feature of the first day's celebration. After it has been stripped of its branches nearly to the top, the brushwood and trees for a considerable distance about it are removed, and it is left standing for the ceremony of the second day.

Long before sunrise the eager participants in the next great step were preparing themselves for the ordeal; and a quarter of an hour before the sun rose above the broken hills of white clay, a long line of naked young warriors, in gorgeous war-paint and

feathers, with rifles, bows and arrows, and war-lances in hand, faced the east and the sun-pole, which was from five to six hundred yards away. Ordinarily this group of warriors numbers from fifty to possibly two hundred men. An interpreter near me estimated the line I beheld as from a thousand to twelve hundred strong. Not far away, on a high hill overlooking the barbaric scene, was an old warrior, a medicine-man of the tribe, I think, whose solemn duty it was to announce by a shout that could be heard by every one of the expectant throng the exact moment when the tip of the sun appeared above the eastern hills. Perfect quiet rested upon the line of young warriors and upon the great throng of savage spectators that blackened the green hills that overlooked the arena. Suddenly the old warrior, who had been kneeling on one knee, with his extended palm shading his scraggy eyebrows, arose to his full height, and in a slow, dignified manner, waved his blanketed arm above his head. The few warriors who were still unmounted now jumped hurriedly upon their ponies; the broken wavering line rapidly took on a more regular appearance; and then the old man, who had gathered himself for the great effort, hurled forth a yell that could be heard to the uttermost limits of the great throng. The morning sun had sent its commands to its warriors on earth to charge.

The shout from the hill was re-echoed by the thousand men in the valley; it was caught up by the spectators on the hills as the long line of warriors hurled themselves forward towards the sun-pole, the objective point of every armed and naked savage in the yelling line. As they converged towards it the slower ponies dropped out, and the weaker ones were crushed to the rear. Nearer and nearer they came, the long line becoming massed until it was but a surging crowd of plunging horses and yelling, gesticulating riders. When the leading warriors had reached a point within a hundred yards of the sun-pole, a sharp report of rifles sounded along the line, and a moment later the rushing mass was a sheet of flame, and the rattle of rifle shots was like the rapid beat of a drum resounding among the hills. Every shot, every arrow, and every lance was directed at the pole, and bark and chips were flying from its sides like shavings from the rotary bit of a planer. When every bullet had been discharged, and every arrow and lance had been hurled, the riders crowded around the pole and shouted as only excited savages can shout.

Had it fallen in this onslaught, another pole would have been chosen and another morning devoted to this performance. Though this seldom happens, it was thought that the numerous assailants of this pole might bring it to the ground. They did not, however, although it looked like a ragged scarecrow, with chips and bark hanging from its mutilated sides.

That such a vast, tumultuous throng could escape accident in all that wild charging, firing of shots, hurling of lances and arrows, and great excitement, would be bordering on a miracle, and no miracle happened. One of the great warriors was trampled upon in the charge and died late that evening, and another Indian was shot. The bruises, sprains, and cuts that might have been spoken of in less affairs were here unnoticed, and nothing was heard of them.

## Our Young Folk.

### STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

**T**RUDGING along the slippery street  
Two childish figures, with aching feet,  
And hands benumbed by the biting cold,  
Were rudely jostled by young and old,  
Hurrying homeward at close of day,  
Over the city's broad highway.

Nobody noticed or seemed to care  
For the little ragged shivering pair;  
Nobody saw how close they crept  
Into the warmth of each gas-jet  
Which flung abroad a mellow light  
From the gay shop-windows in the night.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,  
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks and fell  
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold,  
"Taint very big, but I guess 'twill hold  
Both you and me, if I only try  
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry."

The garment was small and tattered and thin,  
But Joe was lovingly folded in  
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew  
That stretching the coat for the needs of two  
Would double the warmth, and halve the pain  
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

"Stretch it a little," O girls and boys,  
In homes o'erflowing with comforts and joys;  
See how far you can make them reach—  
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,  
Your gifts of service, and gifts of gold;  
Let them stretch to households manifold.

—*Harpers' Young People.*

### PAGAN DEVOTION.

**A** CURIOUS religious ceremony took place a while ago in Rangoon. In an earthquake, the bird's wing of gold and precious stones which crowns the great pagoda was thrown down and injured. The people were called upon for subscriptions for a new one, and in three weeks eighty thousand rupees had been collected. Notice was given that on a certain day the melting of the gold and silver would take place, and that it would be the last opportunity of contributing. In one of the large rooms of the pagoda, two large crucibles were placed, one for gold, the other for silver. Hundreds of men, women, girls, boys, and little children passed by, dropping their ornaments of gold or silver into the crucibles, or handing their precious stones to the clerk, to be set in the bird's wing. Women gaily dressed passed by, and taking gold bangles from each arm threw them into the pot; or, taking off their rings, and handing the stones to the clerk, added the gold to the boiling mass. Those who had no gold put rupee coins into the silver crucibles. Even the beggars added their mites. All seemed glad to give their treasures for such a purpose. All their good deeds are so many rungs of the ladder

which reaches to heaven. The Shans went in a body of twenty men, and presented a valuable diamond, which is to be placed as the chief ornament of the wing.

### A JAPANESE SNOW-STORM.

**T**HERE are many parts of Japan in which a snow-storm is no rarity, but in the region of Kobe and Osaka snow seldom falls to the depth of more than an inch or two. This morning, however, an early outlook from the window gave me the impression of a general whiteness over all the landscape. As daylight grew stronger I saw that the snowy covering was fully seven inches thick. This seems very little to one accustomed to the heavy snow-falls of Minnesota or even the lighter ones of Ohio, but here it occasioned quite an excitement.

I had a meeting for women in the afternoon, and the walk of two miles from our house to the place of meeting was a very interesting one. Busy hands and artistic skill had transferred the white material into a variety of shapes which would have done credit to a sculptor's studio or a hall of art in any country.

There were snow-white or white snow rabbits peering out of shop doorways; little lapdogs in attitudes of play and at rest; cats, from the large reclining one two or three feet in length, on a back street, to the more frisky little kittens in the shops; foxes on all-fours, with ears and tails erect, one holding a small flag in its mouth; old men and old women of snow, with black woolly eyebrows and charcoal eyes, stood gazing upon the passers-by; an elephant, with its five foot long proboscis, reclining next door to an "*yebisu*," one of the gods of good luck. This last was six or seven feet in height, and the fish which he had just caught, and which still hung to the hook, was about two feet long.

In one shop was a small boat with masts, the hull being made of snow. On a street corner a white bear sat on its haunches. Its mate I saw nearly two miles away as I returned home after the meeting. On another corner and in various other places were imitations of the stone lanterns seen in every Japanese garden and on temple-grounds. One of these was the only unfinished piece of work I saw; a man was still carving its sides with a broad-bladed knife. An immense frog sat in one street, just ready to spring through the door in front of him in case any one should open it. The frog was about four feet long, and not far away was a turtle about the same size. A rat, larger by several sizes than any that gnaw their way into our store-rooms, was climbing a snowy cliff. Rugged mountain scenery was represented in many of the streets; and in various places were two pinnacles near together, with a rope of straw stretched from one to the other, and strips of white paper suspended from the rope, such as may be seen anywhere in Japan wherever there is a sacred place among the mountains.

In many stores were represented in snow the two round cakes of "*mochi*," made of rice-flour, one on top of the other, and surmounted by an orange with green leaves, such as the idol-worshippers always offer to the gods on New Year's. In one store was a fire-

bowl with a teakettle set on as if to boil water for tea, but all of snow. Out on heaps of snow in the middle of one street were several flower pots that looked like marble, with real plants growing in them. I suppose these were made by covering the earthen pots with snow.

The salutations of the afternoon as the women came together were not, "Good-afternoon," or "How do you do?" but "How much of the cold thing has fallen?"—*Mission Dayspring*.

#### THE WORDS OF A PRAYER.

"CASH 127!"

Spencer & Robinson's large store was crowded with Christmas buyers that December afternoon. People pushed and jostled against each other in that good-natured confusion that Christmas-tide seems to bring to one and all. Every one looked gay and happy. *Every one?* I forgot the tired faces of the saleswomen behind the long counters, and the lagging steps of the little call-boys as they pushed their way through the crowd, with their bundles and baskets of purchases.

"Cash 127!" called a girl at the linen counter, and "Cash 127" presented himself before her in the shape of a pale little fellow, seeming even smaller and slighter by contrast with the well-dressed, well-fed children all around him.

"You, is it, Alec?" said the girl, "Well, I've got a trip for you. You're to take this bundle (it's a 'special delivery') around to the ladies' parlor of the South Street Church. The lady that bought 'em will be there to get 'em. It's muslin or something for some society. Say, Nell!" she asked, turning to the saleswoman by her side, "Who's the lady Alec's to ask for with them muslin?"

"Mrs. Dale," answered the girl. "Bless me, Mary MacGregor," she added, as Alec turned away with his big bundle, "that child won't be here long to run errands for anybody—he looks like a breath of air would blow him away."

Alec wrapped his thin, old coat round him, and started down the busy street on his "special delivery." Groups of merry children passed him, and he gazed wonderingly in their happy faces. Long ago he remembered a Christmas; but it was *very* long ago when they lived in a little white house in the country, and father worked in the great mill, long before the day when the men carried father home dead from the mill. Then the little white house had been let to others, and he and his mother and Nellie had come to live in two rooms down a little street in this big city. Oh! it was very long ago! Alec almost wondered at himself for remembering it at all, when father had laughed to see the roses in his cheeks after a scamper in the snow with Nellie. Very white roses they were now, for he and Nellie had no time for play. Mother worked all day long at endless button-holes, and Nellie "tended baby" for a woman just below them in their street.

Yes, that "Merry Christmas" of his was very far away! So he thought as he hurried on down to the side gate of the South Street Church.

In the ladies' parlor of the church, a group of well-

dressed ladies and young girls were gathered. The meeting had not commenced, and they were sitting waiting, and talking together in a sociable manner. The president of the society, Mrs. Dale, sat by a table covered with books and papers, talking in a low voice to a young girl standing beside her, whose sweet face looked troubled and hesitating.

"I have never prayed before any one, Mrs. Dale," she was saying in a low voice, "How can I before all these?"

"You talk to Jesus surely, Helen, every day, and it is to Him only you are to speak now, not to these people."

"I know—but"

"Well, dear, I will not urge it, but surely a 'King's daughter' ought not to hesitate in coming to the King."

"I am not afraid, Mrs. Dale; I will try to feel proud that I have the right. Yes, I will do what you ask me."

It was a meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society of the South Street Church. Mrs. Dale was just reading aloud some verses out of the Bible when there came a timid rap at the door, and the lady nearest it opened it to admit Alec with his bundle. Mrs. Dale motioned him to a chair to wait until she was at liberty to attend to him, and the meeting went on. Alec gazed around him wonderingly. The warm room, the crimson carpets, the stained-glass windows, and the general air of peacefulness sent a thrill of comfort through the tired little heart. Why did all these ladies stop, just in the midst of the gay Christmas-life, to come together in this little room? Hark! the gray-haired lady with the sweet voice, was asking some one to pray! It was that pretty young lady in the sealskin jacket. Alec hoped she would pray a long time, it was so nice to be able to sit still awhile, instead of running all the afternoon in the busy store.

"Dear Lord," the young girl began, "Jesus died on the Cross to save us all, and yet there are people in heathen lands who know nothing of Thee. They are dying every day and do not know the way to get to Thy beautiful heaven. Help us to send them the true way. Every one can help—" here the young voice faltered and almost broke, but after a moment's pause it went on clear and sweet; "So make us willing to help, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then Mrs. Dale called Alec to her, received his bundle and dismissed him. Out of the warm bright room he went again, into the crowded street, but through his head rang over and over again the words of the prayer—"They do not know the way to Thy beautiful heaven," and "Every one can help." "Could he? But how? At night, when he knelt down to pray, after he had said "Our Father," he added, "and oh! teach those people how to get to heaven!"

The days went on, and one day little Alec's white face was missing from the store. "At the hospital," was the answer to the few questions about his absence, and then another call-boy took his place.

Young Dr. Marshall was one of the new resident physicians at the Children's Hospital. He had just been graduated with honors from the medical college, and while waiting to settle permanently, had accepted

a position for a year's practice in the children's wards.

There was something in Alec's little white face, as he lay on the hospital bed, that instinctively drew the young Doctor to him. What it was he could hardly tell, for the child talked but little, and lay there day after day, without a murmur or complaint, always meeting the kind nurse's inquiries in the morning, as to how he felt, with a little smile and "Better, thank you; I'm only tired now."

True it was, though, that on his way through the wards, the Doctor often paused for a few extra words with the sweet face that brightened so at his coming.

One day Dr. Marshall came to the ward with a great handful of rare flowers, and he went from one bed to another, leaving a bright blossom behind him.

Alec seemed asleep when he stood by his bed at first, so the Doctor bent over him, and softly laid by his hand a great white lily with strange pink stamens. The blue eyes opened then, and a thin little hand stretched out for it.

"That, Alec," said Dr. Marshall, "came from over the sea. The lady that gave it to me brought home the seeds. Isn't it beautiful?"

A wistful look stole over Alec's face, and the Doctor caught the words he murmured to himself: "So beautiful! and they don't know nothing about heaven—"

The Doctor, watching wonderingly, saw a shadow steal over the white face.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, drawing a chair beside the bed; "Is it a new pain?"

"Oh! no," said Alec, with a little sob, "but I did so want to help—"

Little by little the story came out, of Helen Morris's prayer, and how it had rung in his ears ever since that day, and how he had hoped "to help" in some way.

"She said every one could help, and I did try, but there didn't seem to be any way, and now may be I'm going to heaven myself, and I haven't told one yet—"

Very tenderly the strong young man bent above the child.

"Little Alec," he said, softly, "If Jesus wants you for Himself, He will send some one to fill your place."

Such a gleam of brightness as came over the tired little face.

"Will He? oh! will He, Doctor? Could *you* go?"

"Could he go?" As Helen's prayer had rung in Alec's ears, so this question rang in the young Doctor's heart.

Why not? There were many already in the homeland ready to heal and cure, and here he stood, a Christian, armed and ready for grand work in a distant land. *Was he willing* to lay his talents, his ambition, his all, at the Master's feet? *Could he go?*

Two days afterwards the May sunlight fell through the hospital windows on Alec's dying face. With his little hand clasped tightly in that of the young Doctor's, he lay quietly, a sweet, peaceful look on the white face, as he turned to meet the eyes of the little group around his bed.

Softly he spoke, and the Doctor bent to listen as the blue eyes opened wide.

"I am too tired to go," he faltered, "but tell them

I would have come, only I couldn't, so I have sent you—and you—will tell them about—heaven—"

More broken yet the whispers—"about heaven—"  
"I will go, little Alec, in your place, and tell them about heaven."

"And that I was too tired to go—and Jesus wanted me—"

Yes, Jesus "wanted" him so much that in the pause following his words, He drew him gently to Himself, to be forever in that heaven he longed so to "tell the heathen about."

Helen Morris is a woman now, strong and useful in her Master's service. Dr. Marshall's name stands foremost in the ranks of noble workers for Jesus in a distant land. In a quiet country graveyard stands a little white stone, and under Alec's name and age are cut deeply the following words:

"AND I SAW A NEW HEAVEN  
"AND THE NATIONS OF THEM THAT ARE SAVED SHALL  
WALK IN THE LIGHT OF IT."

—Marjorie S. Henry.

## Along the Line.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from MISS LAURENCE, dated NANAIMO, May 2nd 1890.

IN looking back over the past year we are led to praise God for sustaining grace, and for His watchful care. But when we look at the work of the Lord and see how little has been accomplished, we wonder how He has borne with us at all. Still God knows our desires for the salvation of souls, and "He remembereth that we are but dust."

The past year has been more than usually trying. The people seem more than wedded to their old heathen customs. The greater part of the winter they were away at potlatches and dances, and when they were at home they were feasting and dancing. But these things are not the greatest evils among them. We have the terrible monster, "fire water," to contend with, and it is destroying both soul and body. Several have died during the year through the effects of strong drink. Four or five were drowned while intoxicated. Oh! when will the time come when this terrible curse shall be banished from our land? May God hasten the day.

But while we mourn over those who have fallen, and over others who are following them, we rejoice that some have been snatched as "brands from the burning." One who had been a drunkard for years, while on a sick bed gave his heart to God, and for more than a year was faithful, dying happy in the Lord. He said a short time before his death: "I was a drunkard for years. I was going to hell as fast as I could, and I knew it; but the devil had me so fast in his chains that I could not break them off. I did not want our missionary to see me, or to speak to me; but she would not let me alone, and I thank God she never gave me up." This man was a brother of "John

Wesley," of whose happy death there was an account in the *OUTLOOK* not long ago. Thank God, that many even from this camp have been saved, and are happy at the right hand of God. The Lord is merciful, and He knows the temptations that surround them on every hand.

Every effort has been made to make our school interesting and gain a good attendance, but in vain. The parents will not compel their children to attend; indeed, many of them will not allow them to do so. There seems to be only one way of saving the children, and that is to take them entirely away from the influence of their parents and the temptations around them; and for this reason we thought it best to open a "Home" for Indian girls in Nanaimo, and through the earnest efforts of Rev. J. Hall, our chairman, and his devoted wife, and kind friends, both in Nanaimo and Ontario, we have our Home furnished and ready. We have only one girl as yet, but hope to have a number before long.

Mr. Hall, as well as a number of other Christian brothers and sisters from the town, visit us often, and help all they can in our services and Sabbath-school, May the coming year be more prosperous than the past.

## Facts and Illustrations.

LIFE is the test of faith.—*F. W. Robertson.*

To practise patience, that requires nearly as much practising as music.—*Ruskin.*

THE General of the Jesuits reports 2,500 missionaries under the direction of that Order.

THE United States is to have a consul at Boma, in the Congo Free State, at a salary of \$4,000.

BISHOP PARKER, the successor of the martyred Hannington, died at Usambiro, March 26th. of malaria fever.

NATIVE Christians in Japan, most of them with average wages of less than 25 cents a day, contributed last year \$27,000 to mission work.

EIGHTY-FIVE thousand English and one hundred and nineteen thousand American books were imported into Japan last year, an increase of nearly 100 per cent.

THE Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions received \$901,180.80 during its last fiscal year, a great advance over any previous year. This does not include \$50,000 given for the purchase of the Presbyterian House in New York City.

DEAR Lord, of Thee three things I pray :—

To know more clearly,  
To love more dearly,  
To follow more nearly,  
Every day.

BETWEEN two thousand and three thousand of the policemen of London are total abstainers. Some time ago they held a meeting in Blenheim Hall, to protest against the custom of "allowing" liquor for policemen. They say they are better off without it.

THE Royal Niger Company has imposed a tax of fifty per cent. on all spirituous liquors landed within its territories. Importation cannot be prohibited, as the river is free to all commerce by the Berlin treaty. The Company is endeavoring to introduce a uniform tax on liquors all along the West African coast.

THIS is how a native Hindu paper summarizes the work of Carey, Marshman and Ward, at Serampore: "They created a prose vernacular literature for Bengal; they established the modern method of popular education; they gave the first great impulse to the native press; they set up the first steam-engine in India; in ten years they translated and printed the Bible, or parts thereof, in thirty-one languages."

WHEN Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect money for foreign missions, one of his old acquaintances said, "Well, Andrew, I'll give five pounds, seeing it's you." "No," said Mr. Fuller, "I'll take nothing for this cause, seeing it's I," and handed the money back. The man was stung, but in a moment recovered himself, and said, "Andrew, you are right; here are ten pounds, seeing it's for the Lord Jesus!"

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