

FOREIGN MISSIONARY TIDINGS

WOMANS FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA
WESTERN DIVISION

THE
WORLD
FOR
CHRIST.



"LO!
I AM WITH
YOU
ALWAYS."

Vol. II. (Old Series, Vol. XV.) TORONTO, SEPT., 1898.

No. 5.

NEW SERIES

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.

Foreign Missionary Tidings.

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

(WESTERN DIVISION.)

VOL. II.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 5.

SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

September.—West India, St. Lucia, Trinidad, and the West Coast Coolie Mission, Demerara; The Native Ministers and Teachers.

“Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God.”—Eph. 2 : 19.

MISSIONARIES.

TRINIDAD—Rev. Dr. J. Morton, Miss Blackadder.

SAN FERNANDO—Rev. J. J. Grant, Rev. D. S. Fraser, Miss A. J. Archibald.

PRINCESTOWN—Rev. W. L. Macrae, Miss Sinclair.

COUVA—Rev. A. W. Thompson, Miss L. Fisher.

DEMERARA—Rev. J. B. Cropper.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Will each Auxiliary or Mission Band that has received more Annual Reports for this year than it really needs kindly return the surplus copies to Mrs. Grant, Home Secretary, 403 Bloor Street west, Toronto, as soon as convenient.

INCREASE.

Presbyterial Society—

Glenboro'.....Boissevain Mission Band (Jun.)

Paris.....St. Andrew's Church, East Oxford, "Willing Workers' " Mission Band.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

1898.		RECEIPTS.	
July	1.	To balance from last month.....	\$1,015 72
"	1.	" Refund on Miss O'Hara's mileage ticket.....	3 65
"	26.	" St. Andrew's Church, Niagara.....	25
			\$1,019 62

		EXPENDITURE.	
July	4.	By final payment re Annual Report.....	\$67 89
"	4.	" Postage Foreign Secretary.....	1 48
"	8.	" Bible.....	8 08
"	18.	" Printing slips for Training Home.....	4 00
"	31.	" Balance on hand.....	938 17
			\$1,019 62

ISABELLA L. GEORGE, Treasurer.

The Treasurer expects to be away from Toronto during the month of September. Any communications for her kindly send to Mrs. Shortreed, 224 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

PUBLICATION NOTICE.

The Thankoffering Leaflet and Envelopes will be ready about the 20th of September. The Leaflets are 8c. per dozen and the Envelopes 20c. per hundred, or 3c. per dozen. For the above apply to the Secretary of Publications, Mrs. Telfer, 72 St. Alban's Street, Toronto.

PRESBYTERIAL REPORTS.

BROCKVILLE.

One of the best meetings in connection with the Brockville Presbyterian took place on the occasion of its first semi-annual at Hallville, June 28th. Over one hundred ladies were present at the afternoon session, fifty of whom were delegates from the neighbouring Auxiliaries. The programme for this session, which consisted of addresses, presenting the report of the Annual Meeting in Toronto, question drawer, etc., was well carried out, and earnest attention given to all the proceedings. The church, which seats 400, had been beautifully decorated for the occasion, and was filled to its utmost capacity in the evening.

Addresses were given by Rev. D. J. Scott, of East Templeton, Que.; Rev. J. McFarlane, South Mountain, and an excellent recitation by Rev. D. G. Connery, of Winchester. The chief speaker of both sessions was Dr. Margaret O'Hara. She was listened to with the most intense interest as she drew a vivid picture of her work among the suffering daughters of Central India. Mrs. Dowsley presided at the afternoon session, and the pastor, Rev. J. H. Higgins in the evening. Excellent music by the choir and sacred solos by Miss Blow, of Mountain, and Miss Kate Irving, of Winchester, added to the interest of the meeting.

The hospitality of the Hallville friends was unbounded, and all who had the privilege of attending carried away very pleasant recollections of their June visit.

OWEN SOUND.

The tenth annual meeting of the Owen Sound Presbyterial W. F. M. S. was held in Division Street Church, Tuesday, June 28th. The president, Mrs. Somerville, took the chair. Over sixty delegates were present. Every one of the twenty Auxiliaries and nine Mission Bands was represented. The forenoon session was devoted to business, and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. MacLennan; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Fraser; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Eastman; 3rd Vice-President, Mrs. Burnett; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Somerville; Recording Secretary, Mrs. McGill; Supervising Secretary, Mrs. Caton; Treasurer, Mrs. Waits. The large church was well filled in the afternoon with ladies. After devotional exercises the annual reports of the secretaries were read and adopted. They were able to report an increase in nearly every department of the work. After the Treasurer's statement, Miss Bremner offered the dedicatory prayer, and an appropriate solo was sung by Mrs. Cavanagh. At this stage the members of Presbytery, who had adjourned their meeting, entered the church to hear Dr. Margaret McKellar's address on her work in India. After she had finished, Mr. Smith, Moderator of Presbytery, voiced the feelings of all present when he spoke of the address as being interesting, instructive and inspiring. Mrs. Eastman gave a brief closing address which was very much appreciated. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. McKellar; she will always be lovingly remembered by those who had the privilege of hearing her. The new president was then introduced to the society, and after a few words from her as to the work of the coming year, Mrs. Somerville offered the closing prayer. Thus ended one of the most profitable meetings yet held by the Owen Sound Presbyterial Society.

"DESIGNATION SERVICES."

DR. MARGARET WALLACE GOES TO HO-NAN.

An interesting service was held in the Presbyterian church, Essex, July 7th, when Dr. Margaret S. Wallace was designated to her new field of labour in Ho-nan, China. Rev. Dr. Thompson, Sarnia, on behalf of the Foreign Missionary Committee, addressed the missionary and congregation. Mrs. Forbes, of Jeanette's Creek, on behalf of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, presented Dr. Wallace with a Bible and addressed to her a few earnest words suited to the occasion. Rev. W. Fleming spoke on behalf of the congregation, and Rev. W. Patterson, of Leamington, for the Presbytery of Chatham; Rev. T. Nattress, of Amherstburg, also assisted in the services. The occasion was one of solemn import, and the services were much appreciated by those who were present. Dr. Wallace gives promise of being an earnest and efficient missionary, and we rejoice that it has been possible to secure her services for Ho-nan. Our prayers accompany her as she goes forth to her new sphere of labour. May she be granted all needed fitness for her work and an ever-present realization of the presence and help of the Holy Spirit throughout the years to come. Dr. Wallace, in company with Mrs. Murdoch McKenzie and her little son, sailed from Vancouver on the 22nd of August by the steamship "Empress of Japan."

McGillivray Mission Band, Goderich, sent gifts to India valued at \$57, and supplies to the North-West worth \$36. Not having been sent through their own Presbyterial, these were not reported to the Home Secretary, and consequently did not appear in the Annual Report.

AN OPEN LETTER TO A MISSIONARY CANDIDATE.

My Dear Young Friend,—Do not think I use these words formally. In truth, my heart goes out as to a friend, to every one who has a care for those in need, and a purpose to help. You will thank God forever for His call to you if you obey His voice.

You say you are not sure of the call because you are conscious of being so unworthy. If you felt yourself worthy I should doubt you. Moses was conscious of his unfitness; Peter thought himself qualified until Satan's sifting showed him what he was, and brought him where the Spirit of God could prepare him. The same Spirit is your strength and your wisdom. And yet you may be right. A generous nature is apt to hear a call from God in every neighbour's need. If your ears are not trained to hear clearly among the many voices that cry for help, ask some Eli—ask several Christian friends

who know you well and who are too true to flatter you, and if, in their unprejudiced judgment, you are fit for the work, you need not be afraid to trust the call. I say unprejudiced judgment, because the best of Christians sometimes fail to see a duty for another. They may tell you that you are so eminently qualified for the home work that you cannot possibly be called abroad. If they say this, you may accept it as a proof that you are qualified for the foreign work.

Here is a little list of qualifications by which you may test your own case: Good health, a fair education, adaptation to circumstances and to people, some experience in Christian work, and a consecration to the extent of utter self-renunciation. I have sometimes included common sense in this list, but common sense is that which enables us to adapt ourselves to our environment. Anything you can add to these qualifications is so much gain. For instance, you will be more useful if you can sing and play. I know by personal experience what a lack it is to do neither. If you can sew and cut out clothing you will find place for the knowledge. Bookkeeping is so important as to be almost worthy of a place among the necessities; you cannot fail of having some kind of accounts to keep, and they must be put in shape for Mission auditors, who do not like hap-hazard work such as some of us do who have not had training.

You will find some experience of school work useful. Many nowadays choose to be evangelists instead of teachers, and they are needed; but I do not know any missionaries who have not at some time had to take charge of a school; if they have not, they will still find the training good discipline, and every expectant missionary, if she has time, ought to learn something of educational methods, and, if possible, get some experience of government and management. A country district school furnishes a good field for such drill. A city public school is next to it in opportunity.

If possible, spend a year in a Mission Training School, or two years, if you find you need them. If you have already had the advantages of thorough Bible study and of practical Christian work, you may not need the training school, but so few have had these that it is safe to advise you to go.

And now I want to tell you the qualities, acquirements, and habits that you should not have:

First, do not think of yourself more highly than you ought to think. Knowing, as you wrote me, your own unworthiness, you smile at the impossibility. But you have not yet been presented as a missionary candidate by partial friends, who feel it the duty of the hour to say the best about you; you have not been introduced at farewell meetings and received the sympathy of dear old saints who love all missionaries, and the admiration of the Sunday school girls who still have the romantic idea that all missionaries are heroines. Such influences are so subtle that it is well for the most strong-minded to be on guard.

Do not be sensitive. Perhaps you are by nature, but you can get over it with the exercise of common sense and the help of God. Let things hurt until the tender spot gets callous. Believe that people do not intend to be unkind; some are too busy to think of the feelings of their fellow-workers, and others have not the nice discernment that ought to guide even the busy brain and tongue. Sensitiveness is only another kind of self-consciousness, and as such we should seek deliverance from its irritating power.

Do not gossip. There are some unfortunate people so made, either by heredity or habit, whose first impulse, when they hear of an unwise speech or action in another, is to go and tell somebody. You may think it is not gossip if you only tell your confidential friend; but she has another confidential friend, no doubt, and as such stories are repeated mischief is born and grows. And if the offence is against yourself, and your "feelings are hurt," still do not tell anybody but the only One who can understand—the Lord Jesus. This is a good rule anywhere, but it is especially important in a missionary circle, where we are, in a way, shut up to each other; and it is necessary to peace in a mission family, such as we missionaries and teachers of the Woman's Societies form.

Also avoid the spirit of criticism. Your impressions and judgments of those you meet may be wrong; and if they are not, still you are not called to give expression to them, except in extreme cases, where the general good and not personal taste or prejudice is the motive. Every missionary candidate should learn by heart, in the deepest sense, that golden thirteenth of Corinthians.

There are many other do's and do not's, but I need not write them all. "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and know all things," wrote the Apostle John. Have you? Seek the fulness of the Holy Spirit, and He will sanctify and perfect your preparations for this service.—Isabella Thoburn, in *Woman's Missionary Friend*.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

Trinidad.

PROGRESS IN TRINIDAD.

FROM MRS. MORTON.

Tunapuna, Trinidad, April 9, 1898.

I want to tell you something of how things are going on with us in Trinidad. How shall I begin? The thought that is uppermost in my mind shall come out first and then we will pass on to other things.

Many of you must have seen a long and interesting letter of our missionary, Mr. Robertson, in the Presbyterian Witness, not long ago, in which he qualifies a list of the virtues of our Erromangan brothers and sisters by more than hinting that they are "always" stubborn and ungrateful. I would not dare to be thankful for this state of affairs among the Erromangans—this remnant of original sin among a people in whom the Heart Searcher may find more to take pleasure in than in some of us, but I feel decidedly grateful to Mr. Robertson for having told us about it. To learn that this small island of ours does not contain all the stubborn and ungrateful people in the world is most encouraging, for I had long been settling down to the belief that we had every one of them here, the only questions in my mind being how did they all get here? Is there anything in the social atmosphere to encourage evolution in the directions indicated? and most of all, how shall we turn the tide to the opposing points of the compass? It is a comfort to be able to hope that there are none of these unsatisfactory people in Korea. Well, if all the encouragements are not found in Trinidad, a good share of the encouragements are, and as to the former I often feel that they are partly due to the unbounded aspirations of the missionaries. Not satisfied with directing our efforts against lying and stealing, with an ever-rising ideal for our people, we try to make them energetic, self-reliant, and self-denying, with the result that they fail, just as we do ourselves, in reaching our ideal.

Influenza is very prevalent in Trinidad just now. We have been in a succession of four little cottages, every inmate down with influenza. A few deaths have been attributed to it, and many serious illnesses. Several of us have had a touch of it, and Miss Blackadder is still weak from the effects of a late attack. Some of our schools had to be closed a few days before Easter holidays commenced, scores of the children and some of the teachers being ill. We are hoping the epidemic will have abated when the schools reopen, but Easter holidays are short—only two weeks.

Most of you know that Rev. Dr. Whittier, of our own church, is now pastor of Greyfriars' congregation, Port of Spain, where our good friends, the MacCurdys, were for several years. Miss Whittier, long a faithful worker in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society (Eastern Section), is at present with her brother, and has been with us at Tunapuna, rejoiced to see the work that had been so long dear to her heart. A friend, Miss MacDougall, of Maitland, N.S., is also with them, and is to visit us at Tunapuna next week. Rev. Dr. Whittier gave us a most interesting and instructive lecture on the Holy Land, based on his own travels there. It seemed very wonderful to some of our people to gaze upon one who had actually gazed upon Jerusalem, for, like the Garden of Eden, Jerusalem had seemed to them to belong to another world than this. We have lately had good proof that the lecture is not forgotten. Our youngest son, who

is with us at present, was teaching a class in the Tunapuna Sabbath School. The lesson concerned the travels of the Ethiopian eunuch. "Who went to Jerusalem?" asked the teacher. "Dr. Whittier," was the prompt reply of one of the most thoughtful boys in the class. Miss Whittier was present at my Bible Class. The boys each in turn questioned the class. One of the smallest asked, "Why did Jesus tell His disciples, when He was sending them out to preach, not to say 'Salaam to any one by the way.'" The class answered correctly, but the little fellow was not satisfied, and proceeded to put their answer into his own words. "Because," he said, "if they stopped to say salaam and to have a smoke they would be too late."

I had a touch of influenza a short while ago when I happened to be all alone in the house, Dr. Morton being away for college work in San Fernando, and our son also away. My Bible Class boys were very kind, asking for me, and sometimes got leave to come to my room. It was a pleasure to hear them talk. Two of them said they were going every afternoon to a shoemaker to learn the work, and mentioned a third who had been going with them till his father found it out and gave him a thrashing because working in leather (and, awful thought, perhaps in cow-hide) is considered low work among Hindoos, to be done only by those who belong to a particular caste. You might suppose from this that the boy's family were something above the rest, but they are as poor and ignorant as most of their neighbours, and more so than the families of the other two would-be shoemakers. They then went on to tell me how the heathen trouble them, laughing and talking against the religion of Christ. "I don't 'fraid them," said one. "I tell them plenty of things, and then they can't say any more." "Yes," said another, "one man told me, 'You have an idol of wood in your church' (supposing we had a crucifix like the High Churches of England and Roman Catholic churches). I said, 'No, we haven't; you just come and see.'" And so they chatted by my bedside, telling me, among other things, that they wanted a piece of land to work and sell the produce for the church. "I have thought of it for two months," said one; "it would be such a help to the missionary." Grateful words! would we could hear them spoken more frequently! So as soon as I was able we allotted land which they are to work in their play hours for the church. We are fencing it to protect it from thieves. Fencing here is very expensive. Posts of very durable wood and wire netting or barbed wire stretched between, being the only materials that will last any length of time. I have agreed to pay the fencing with money earned by teaching sewing in the Tunapuna school last year, for which I was in receipt of the munificent salary of three dollars a month, which was pledged to help our work. We are now nearing the end of the dry season; when the rains set in our little people will set themselves to forking and planting vegetables to be sold to help the church. The last set of girls that I trained in the "Home"

are slowly going the way of the others, viz.: marrying our teachers. One of them has done so already, and a second is betrothed. We always congratulate ourselves when they are safely and suitably married, as those relationships give extraordinary trouble in this country. A third of my girls was receiving attentions from a youth who aspired to be a teacher. "How old are you?" he asked. "Seventeen." "Oh, that is much too old for me," and, somewhat to our relief, the attentions were discontinued. We are now at the islands for a rest in the Easter holidays. Miss Archibald has been with us for a week; she needed a rest, as her work is very heavy, and she never spares herself. We enjoyed Miss Archibald's society very much, and are now looking forward to having Miss Blackadder with us for a few days.

Dr. Morton remained only three days with us, returning home for work preparatory to visiting the mission field in St. Lucia. The voyage direct is twenty-four hours. By doing the St. Lucia work in holiday time he will be saved a longer absence from his own field. Dr. Morton is well; his work is very heavy, and ought to be made still more so by extension. Another school and catechist are needed at each end of his field; and so the work goes on. Do pray, dear friends, that we may have more of the Spirit's manifest working among us, making crooked places straight and rough ways smooth, preparing the way of the Lord in Trinidad.

A FEW DAYS' EXPERIENCE.

FROM MRS. MACRAE.

Princetown, May 13th, 1898.

My first year in Trinidad is just completed, and probably you think it quite time a letter for the "Message" was forthcoming. The question naturally arises, What can I write that will be of interest? Perhaps an account of a few days' experience in going in and out among the people will be of interest. Yesterday I went out to our Sunday-school at Jere village with Miss Sinclair, and took the adult class for Mr. Macrae, who could not be present. After going from house to house inviting men, women and children to come to the church, a little group was at length brought in.

The degraded condition of these poor children who come out of heathen homes is difficult to describe, being allowed, as many of them are, to run about the roads and fields in a partially nude condition, with little or no parental training. One boy who came in late and very untidy, on being asked what had kept him, said he had been sent to a store to buy oil; this, no doubt, being an excuse planned by his father to keep him away from the Sunday-school. The difference of appearance in those who have embraced Christianity and those who are still in moral darkness, is very marked. One can

almost nil at a glance those who have a knowledge of the truth, although they may be far from being devoted Christians.

Since coming to Trinidad I have taken up the study* of Hindi, and in teaching this adult class—only one of whom knew English—I read the lesson in Hindi, but taught in English, using my English pupil as an interpreter. The compliments paid me were profuse but amusing, as I knew they emanated from a desire to please rather than from a sense of merit.

On Tuesday I visited for the first time the school at Cedar Hill, and finding the attendance small, I accompanied Mr. Macrae around the barracks to see why more of the children were not out. We found a number sick, but a larger number had gone to work in the fields. One little boy who was tending sheep said to me, "Me no want to go to school, me wantum work every day, get money, buy clothes." So that it is with very great difficulty the Estate Schools can be worked up; the parents preferring their children to work, and thus earn a few pennies, rather than go to school.

Our Women's Meeting, held on Wednesday afternoon, is the department of work in which I have been specially interested. Some of the Christian women go about from house to house gathering in all they can, and for an hour or so there is perfect order and evidences of interest. We take up the Sunday-school lesson of the previous Sunday, using the picture roll, which we find helpful in impressing the lesson. We have among our women some who are truly devoted Christians, and seem ready to make personal sacrifices if it is to be for the advancement of the work. One woman said to me not long ago, in reference to the hour of a certain meeting being convenient, "I am busy all day, but surely I am willing to put aside my work for one hour to do some little thing for Jesus, who has done so much for me." On becoming more familiar with the language, I hope to be of more use in developing this important branch of our work. The month of May seems to be the favourite season for Hindoo marriages, and while these are going on it is almost impossible to keep up the average attendance at our meetings or even in the schools. Hearing of one of these weddings being near the manse, I went to see it. Being a little early, very few of the guests had as yet arrived. The cooking, however, was in course of preparation. A barrel and a half of flour had been made into roti—a sort of flat cake, fried in sweet oil—this latter being a luxury, as cocoanut oil is used on ordinary occasions. The prospective bride was sitting on the floor, having her hands and feet gorgeously painted in stripes. Many of the men were lying about on the grass asleep. Thinking this rather a strange attitude at a wedding feast, I enquired what it meant, and was told that these were the professional dancers, and having had such a round of festivities were naturally tired, and seized this opportunity of resting and sleeping. Thus, one might go on telling of many strange and sad sights there are to be seen among these people, who

have not yet come under the influence of the Gospel. In view of these things one cannot help feeling how soon the Master's house would be furnished with guests if men and women accepted the Gospel invitation as readily as they do that to a heathen marriage.—The Message.

JOSEPH ANNAJEE OF TRINIDAD.

FROM "THE STORY OF JOSEPH ANNAJEE," BY MRS. MORTON.

When I was about twelve years of age my father caused me to be married, and put me to learn heathen religion from the Vedas, and to study the Sanskrit language, which is the language of the gods of India. Our caste was one of the highest among Brahmans. Up to that time there had been no English school in that part of the country, but soon after a session judge came there from England, who wrote to the Government to open a school there, which they did, and sent to Madras for a schoolmaster, whose name was Harry Whittle. I attended his school about one year, and then a European gentleman, a civil engineer, came to the school and asked for a boy who could take a clerk's place. The master recommended me, but was sorry to lose me, because I was monitor in the school. In one year I had finished Mavor's Spelling Book, and was learning grammar, geography, arithmetic and history of India. A few months after that my youngest sister's husband died, and left her a widow at ten years of age. This so distressed my father, because in my country widows are so hardly treated all their life till their death, that he became sick and died at the age of sixty-four; then my mother said to me, "Resign your situation and stay at home and read to me and your sisters to give us peace." Then I commenced to read heathen books before my mother and sister, the Ramayana and Bharata, and many other books, and spent nearly two years in this way. Then I obtained a situation as clerk in a magistrate's office, but the same gentleman who took me from the school had become Police Superintendent in the district of Honore. He remembered me, and gave me the place of Police Inspector.

At that time if any ministers came to preach in the street, I turned away the people from hearing them. I and the police constable would drive them away so that they should not hear; then the minister would shake the dust from his feet and go to his home sorry. In this way I was an enemy to the Lord Jesus.

One of my nephews was attending the English school, and there a minister gave him a Bible to read. I saw him in his house reading it, then I struck him, and took the Bible-book from him and tore it and threw it away—so I committed sin against the Lord.

I had held for about three years the office of Police Inspector when we got a new Superintendent. A disagreement about a case caused me to quarrel with him and leave my situation. A few months

later a government pleader in Bombay, Dhirājāl Maturadās, sent me a letter saying that if I came to Bombay he would take me into his office and fit me to fill a pleader's place in the court of my own district, Honore. I went to him, but soon after my mother fell sick, and my brother wrote for me to return home. When I reached home my mother said to me, "Stay with me till I die, and look after your father's property, because your brother has no time"—he was a government servant, clerk in the civil court.

I stayed with my mother till she died. About this time two German ministers came to my country. They said to my cousin Anathrāw, who was a Christian schoolmaster, "If we had anyone to teach us to read Canarese we would be very glad." Anathrāw told them "I will see;" so he came to me and said, "If you go to teach them two hours every day they will give you twenty rupees a month." I went the next morning, and had been teaching them about a month when they asked me to teach them to read the Bible in Canarese. I told them "No;" because I was very proud of being a Brahman of the highest caste, and of knowing all heathen books, and I thought to myself, "I know better than these ministers, and the words of these Bible-books are unholy; how can I teach them to read in it?" So I refused. Sometimes they would ask me, "How many gods have you?" I told them, "A great many; how many have you?" They said, "We have only one God." Then I gave them this foolish answer, "Who has the most gods the heavenly kingdom will be his, because whose army is more they will win the city. In the same way our gods will fight with your one God, and will take heaven from him." Sometimes they would ask me, "Have you any Saviour to save you?" I said, "We have many saviours." Then they would answer, "We have only one Saviour." "Ah!" I said, "If a man have only one eye he is purblind; so our religion is stronger than yours." When they heard my foolish answer they commenced to pray for me that I might see the true light, but I only mocked them and said, "I don't think that God will hear you matchh* people's prayer, for he is holy, but you are unclean." Then they were sorry for me, and begged me again to teach them the Bible, but I said, "No, I never will;" so I gave up the teaching and remained at home for about three weeks; but my mind was troubled, and I felt very sad. I am very fond of singing, and can sing songs in five different languages. When my mind was sad I would go to sing and to play games with my companions, but I felt no relief; then I thought, "I must go to some holy place to get rid of my sins." I told no person of my intention, but left my wife, my three children, one only six months old, my relations, and my property, and saying only that I was going to Pundhapur, a place about two hundred miles away. I took a servant with me and set out.

*Making no distinction between clean and unclean food.

At that time the government put a tax on every one who went there, because, through overcrowding and dirt, cholera would often break out. There I went and stayed one week to worship, but did not get any comfort; it seemed to be very far from what I needed; I thought, "This way has no sense; what comfort can I expect from worship like this? I will leave it; I will go to work and leave religion alone."

I sent my servant home from Pundhapur and went on to remain in Bombay. After looking a good while for a situation, the Salt Commissioner said to me, "A clerk in my office has been suspended; after two weeks the case will be tried before the magistrate; then I will discharge him and give you his place." Before the two weeks were up I felt in my mind, "I must go from here." I knew not what I did; now I know that the Lord had me in a cage, and that it was necessary for me to come to this Trinidad, that with the same tongue which had denied my Lord Jesus I might praise Him and preach His name. Therefore, I did not make any stay in Bombay, but took road for Benares, which I thought was the holiest place in all the world.

I stopped one month at Indore. There I saw the prince Thukurjee Maharaj—some call him Holkar, which is the family name. The prince's priest took me to the prince and said, "This is a pilgrim; he has come from far and is going to Benares." Then the prince gave me a silver cup, and five rupees, and food once a day in his anchattar. From Indore I walked to Gualior, because the railroad was not then ready. I went to the prince's priest, who took me to the Prince Iaijee Maharaj. He said to me, "You worship my Salagrams for one week, with one thousand Tulsees, and I will give you a rupee and one meal every day."

At the end of the week I left Gualior and went to Agra, and from there to Allahabad by railway. Here I met the priest of the prince of Chitterkut, who had been to Benares and was returning home. He said to me, "Our prince is a good prince—come with me and I will take you to him." So I went to Chitterkut, where there is a mountain named Camatanath, where Rama, with his wife Seta, and his brother Lutchman once stopped. Pilgrims go there, and before resting or eating, they walk round this mountain, now and then prostrating themselves on the road; they think that by doing this their sins will be forgiven. So I did it, and then I went to the prince and he kept me for two weeks, and I took food with him, then he said, "Stay with me and I will give you good work worshipping my idols." But I said, "I cannot stay." When I was leaving he gave me twenty-five rupees and a dress.

From Chitterkut I went to Oude, and thence to Benares.

While at Holy Benares every day I went to a place called Dasha-shamadha Ghat, and bathed in the Ganges and worshipped Vishnu. In this way I spent my time, and I saw there many sinners. My

mind was becoming disgusted with heathen gods and heathen ways. There I saw thieves, robbers, adulterers and murderers. This made my mind turn against the gods and the holy places; I thought, "These are all nonsense." Then my heart became more hard and sad and hopeless. I remembered the ministers, and thought, "Perhaps they might give me comfort," but I was too proud to go to them. I thought, "I will leave this country and go to other countries to see what is there." While I was in this state of mind I met a man who said to me, "Can you read and write?" I told him "Yes." Then he asked, "Would you like to go to Calcutta? You would get a good situation there." I said, "I will go." Then he said, "Follow me." So I followed him, and he took me to the Emigration Agent, who said, "It is not to Calcutta that we want you to go, but to Trinidad." Then he showed me printed rules about the work that I would have to do there. I consented to go, and he took me before the magistrate, with about twenty-five others, to sign the agreement and register my name. We remained in the Coolie depot till the next day, Sunday, about four o'clock, when they put us on board the railway to go to Calcutta. We reached the depot in Calcutta about two o'clock on Monday night. On Tuesday they gave each one a suit of clothes for the voyage. When I saw the clothes I felt my hope all gone; my heart was so sad I thought I must die. I said to one of the officers, "Excuse me, sir, I cannot go to Trinidad." He said, "Well, give me your passage money" (the fare from Benares). I told him, "I have not one anna." He said, "Then you must go." I met in the depot a Brahman of my own caste named Balaram; he was quite a young lad—I mention him here because we afterwards became like brothers. On Wednesday morning they took us into a large yard where we saw the Emigration Agent. I was so ill with fever that I had to be helped into the yard. The gentleman spoke kindly to us, and asked if we were all willing to go to Trinidad. The interpreter then told the people to make a cheer, which they did, and then he spoke to the gentleman and said, "Yes, Sahib, they want to go." Then they put us all on board the "Ancilla," Captain Smith, about 417 people.

I told the officers, "I am too sick to go in the vessel." But the ship doctor, who was a very kind gentleman, spoke good words to me, and said, "We have a hospital on board the ship; cheer up, you will get well and get good work in Trinidad." So they put me on board the ship, but I was so sick and weak that sometimes I did not know anything. The doctor was very kind to me; he made them feed me with arrowroot and port wine, and afterwards with soup. Thus I broke my caste by eating food from strange people's hands. Six weeks I was very sick; then I got a little better, and the doctor made me assistant in the hospital, and because the people wasted the water, no one could get a drink unless I wrote on a paper. Four months and a half we were going to Trinidad.

When we reached Trinidad I was like a homeless child, sad and hopeless for this world and the next. I and my friend Balaram were sent to a sugar estate called Ben Lomond. We were indentured for five years. That means that for five years we must stay on that estate and work; besides this the government makes the estate owner keep a hospital for indentured labourers, where they must go when they are sick, and two days in every week the doctor must visit the hospital. Three years I worked on that estate, and out of that time I was three hundred days in the hospital. The reason was this: In my own country I had never worked with my hands, nor been exposed to the weather. Now, in crop time, I had to carry bundles of canes on my head, to be ground at the mill, from early morning till evening; in the wet season I was weeding the fields, and the rain and sun together made me very sick.

One day when I was at my work the Rev. John Morton, who is a missionary to the Indian immigrants in Trinidad, came and asked me a few questions, and told me to go to his place in Iere Village, the next Sunday; so I and Balaram went. When Mr. Morton saw us, he came directly out and kindly took us into his house. He gave us some religious books and St. John's Gospel, and said, "Read with faith and pray to God by Jesus' name; and if you cannot understand, come to me at any time and ask." Then I thought, "I have lost my caste already, therefore I cannot get any harm by reading Christian books." So I took them. Sometimes I called my friend Balaram, and we read together. Then my heart became a little glad—I felt these words to be true, because they fell right on my heart. Before this every morning I had bathed and then worshipped the sun; but now when I went into the canepiece I made a little prayer to God. After that Mr. Morton gave me St. Matthew's Gospel; that we read, and found one word in it, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Then I told my friend Balaram, "This religion is true, and if we get baptism we will get more knowledge and more trust in the Lord Jesus; what do you say?" He said, "I am ready to take baptism." Then one Sunday at Iere Village church the Rev. John Morton gave us baptism, and called our names Joseph and Benjamin, because we were like brothers. After my baptism Mr. Morton paid compensation money for the last two years of my indenture, and made me a teacher for Coolie children, first on Palmyra estate, and afterwards at Couva. He married me to a Christian woman from Madras, named Terudee; we had two children born in Couva. From there Mr. Morton removed me to Iere Village, where my wife died. Then he took me and my two motherless children to San Fernando, where he was then living, and kept me with him for a few months, and taught me to do catechist work, after which he opened a school on Cedar Hill Estate, where I taught the children in the morning, and after that preached to the people in

the neighbourhood. In July my master* removed with his family to Mission Village, Savanna Grande, where he opened a school and brought me from Cedar Hill to teach it, and to do catechist work. Two years later he sent me to a settlement called Morichal, where I am now working.

Many Coolies who have finished their indenture on the estates come here to live. If any of them have been ten years in this Island, and want to remain, the Queen gives them some land instead of a return passage to India. They cut down the woods and make gardens; they grow corn, tania, yams, plantains, cassava, and cacas, and make charcoal.

There are a great many Spanish people living there in a very wild way. They belong to the Roman Catholic Church, but the priest lives very far away, and no person takes any trouble for them. Some of their children come to my school, and I teach them to read English.

While I was at work on the sugar estate I was very sick, but since I commenced to do my Lord's work I have never been sick, and I am never tired. Then I was hopeless, but now my Lord gives me such hope for heaven that I cannot explain in one language my Lord's mercy. He did not forsake me for my sin, but drew me up out of the pit. My true joy and heavenly hope are increasing every day; I trust that as long as I am alive in this world, so long the Lord will help me to serve Him with His Holy Spirit.

After I left my country, for twelve years I did not send any letter to my family. I wrote at last to my nephew in Honore, North Canara. I wished to know how my family were, and to tell them my Lord's mercy for me; and that they too might be saved from everlasting fire. I remembered Luke 16 : 24, "For I have five brethren," etc. I had five sisters of my own, and one brother. My nephew returned answer for my letter, and told me that my three children were all well; my daughter is married, and my two sons are in their grandmother's house. My brother is dead, and my five sisters are all widows. He says, "We are sorry for them, but we are more sorry for you, because you have become a Christian." My children in Trinidad are with the Rev. John Morton and his Madame, and with Miss Blackadder, a lady from Nova Scotia, who teaches the mission village school. I think that if I went to India I might do much good, but without the Lord send me I will never move anywhere myself.

What a comfort it is to know that missionaries are now in South India, and even in my old home, at Honore, the Basle German Missionary Society are working along prayerfully and hopefully.

I give many thanks for those ministers who prayed to God to show me the true light, and who taught me this holy Christian reli-

*Annajee, in the manner of Orientals, uses the word Master merely as a title of respect,

gion; I repent of all those foolish words that I spoke to them; and I give thanks to the Lord Jesus that He did not cast me out for my sins. My mind tells me now that those ministers are true lamps for this wicked world, and that if they did not go into every country then the whole world would shut up their eyes and would come like Sodom. As those ministers prayed for me, so I am praying for all heathen people, that God would show them the true light and would take them into His fold, and would make them like me in all things, except in the hard punishment I suffered, and the sorrow that I have felt because I refused my Lord; Acts 26 : 29.

My salaam (salutation) to all our Christian friends, both old and young. When you are all praying yourselves remember me, too, and pray that the Lord Jesus Christ will help me to serve Him.

This was written by Joseph Annajee, one of the Rev. John Morton's catechists in Trinidad, and our Lord Jesus' servant.

WORK IN THE OUTLYING DISTRICTS.

The Rev. T. A. Fraser, speaking of the work carried on in the outlying districts of Trinidad, says in his report : "The work of the missionary is too varied to describe in a few paragraphs. He is kept busy managing eighteen schools, all of which have to be frequently visited, paying a staff of sixty teachers and catechists every month, government correspondence regarding the assisted schools, making building contracts, superintending and paying carpenters and carters, looking after building material, bookkeeping enough for a merchant, reports, returns, and estimates; giving medicine to the sick; writing certificates, wills, agreements, and settling quarrels and disputes, etc. It is a matter of regret that he must do so much secular work, yet all seems to be necessary in carrying out our work of teaching and evangelizing.

"We frequently spend the whole of Sabbath evangelizing on the estates and in the jungles, leaving the catechists to preach in the churches and school-houses, where the hearers are principally Christians. We sometimes have as many as nine or ten meetings in the open air, with an attendance varying from 20 to 100 heathen. These meetings last from half an hour to an hour, according to the reception we get. At the close of our meetings we encourage them to ask questions and tell us what their hope of salvation is based upon. Often we have very profitable discussions. Generally speaking, the people are very attentive and invite us to come again. At the close of the day we return home, wearied, but thankful for the privilege of preaching the Gospel to the heathen and trusting that to some it may bring salvation."

In a summary of the work by Dr. Morton, he adds : " Looking back over the past thirty years, one can see how the whole problem of the East Indian in Trinidad has developed and extended; from 25,000 on sugar estates to, say, 85,000, scattered over the whole Island and coming to the front in many ways. An average yearly increase of 2,000 immigrants from India and the return of about 600 to India has made the problem of mission work in Trinidad unique.

" Several of our reliable Christians leave yearly for India, carrying with them certificates and introductions. That fact has its own significance. On the other hand, the influx of fresh immigrants and the steady movement of the people out into new settlements gives our mission an ever-enlarging sphere of action."

India.

VACATION NOTES.

Potacumund, Nilgiris, South India, 31st May, 1898.

Miss White writes : We are enjoying a holiday at the Hills. I came here in April with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie and Miss Campbell. We have had a very nice time here and have been privileged to meet many missionaries of different denominations, which has been very helpful, for many of them have had long and tried experience in the mission field. We had a conference last week for the deepening of the spiritual life. It was well attended and continued four days, three meetings each day. Dr. White, of the Bible Institute, Chicago, gave us a Bible reading every afternoon, which was greatly appreciated; he also gave many helpful hints to the study of the Bible and taught a model lesson to a Bible class for our benefit. We were fortunate to get his Bible charts and books, so hope to continue the good work he began here and be better Bible students. We are all much the better of the change and rest in this lovely place. It is said to be very like Switzerland; the hills are well wooded with blue gum trees, pines and cedars, and flowers grow in profusion. Sweet-scented and crimson geraniums form hedges in many parts, with bushes of heliotrope. The air is cool and bracing, so strengthening, but the sun is treacherous in the middle of the day. We are anxious to get back to work now, but have to wait till the rains break to enable us to travel in safety.

Indore, June 16th.

Dr. Marion Oliver writes : The rain broke some days ago with a downpour of three and a half inches and since then several showers. Miss Chase is to be home to-morrow, and the Wilkies and Miss White on Saturday.

Our baby Samuel, of whom I wrote you lately, died a few days ago. He was ill only a few hours. The matron misses him sadly.

Two of the girls, Phicii and Mary, have learned to play the organ this year, and they have really made remarkable progress. I never knew English girls practise scales so assiduously as these girls did. They can now read any hymn at sight and always play the organ at their Y. W. C. A. and other meetings. The ability to do this is a source of great pleasure to them, and I hope soon to begin with two other girls, so that when these leave the school there may be others ready to take their places.

The girls we take into our school range from 4 to 11 years of age, so that they are the more impressionable and the more readily fall into line in their new environment. They are good workers. They grind 20 lbs. of flour on rude grinding stones for their daily bread, do their own cooking, sweep the floors, carry water, etc. All sew well, even the wee ones of 5 or 6 years, and some of the older ones do beautiful work, although they never saw a needle till they came here.—Miss Sinclair's report.

Zenana Visiting.—The Zenana visiting in the camp has been kept up with little interruption. We have been kindly received and often reproached for not coming more often. It is a matter of regret to me that visits cannot be made more frequently; for the greater part of the year I have only had one Bible-woman to assist in the visiting and the mohulla and school work. The lack of native Christian helpers is a serious hindrance in nearly all our stations. In the rainy season cholera entered some of the homes and took away two of the women I used to visit and the husband of another. These deaths seemed to give more opportunity for telling of the love and sympathy of our Lord and Saviour.

The woman who lost her husband soon after removed to the city, and I feared I had lost sight of her, but when looking at a suitable house in the Bazaar for my school, I was told the owner was a Mohammedan widow and was directed to the Gaphur Khan Mohulla, a distant part of the city. I went and was happy to find my new landlady to be the widow, my former Zenana pupil. She was glad to see me again and urged me to try and visit her and some more families in that district once a week. I have tried to go one morning every week for some time now, and have visited three families, thus meeting sixteen women through whom invitations are coming to visit other houses, and thus the way is opening up in an unexpected quarter, for I thought I had all I could do in the camp houses. Two educated Mohammedan girls are studying English, and in most of

the houses knitting or fancy work is taught. I have been a failure in one house in the camp, in which are three bright, intelligent women. They used to listen so attentively to the Bible lessons and repeat them nicely, but the master of the household, a head police official, told them not to listen to a word out of the Bible, but they could make a friend of me and learn fancy work. I felt it was no use to go contrary to such a command and withdrew for a season, hoping to be invited to return. Lately the Bible-woman has been asked to go, but only to get fancy work, so we must wait a little longer. There are truly "lights and shadows" in Zenana work, but I am cheered by the lights, and maybe the shadows will soon vanish, for with God all things are possible.—Miss White's report.

China.

COMMENCEMENT IN NORTH CHINA COLLEGE, THROUGH THE EYES OF A NEW-COMER.

BY REV. HENRY KINGMAN, TUNG-CHO.

This Commencement of the North China College at Tung-cho was different enough from any of the well-remembered college Commencements at home, and yet in many respects strangely familiar. The conventional adjuncts of a Commencement were largely present. The nervous essayist in his best raiment, the irrepressible lower-class men, the glee club, the college chapel with its palms and potted plants and heavy fragrance of flowers, the crowded audience, patiently enduring the many speeches, and the crowning solemnity of the delivery of the diplomas. None of these were lacking, and yet the whole effect of the exercises was unexpected and surprising.

At the North China College the closing exercises of the year continue for four days. The first two are given to public examinations in the whole range of college and academic studies—that is, the whole range needed for a liberal education in the far East. No foreign languages are in evidence, but in their place is a multiplicity of classes in Chinese literature, covering not only the ancient classics, but a considerable field outside. Both Western and Chinese history were well represented. The science classes, in number and variety, were much what they would be in Western lands, a well-equipped laboratory and physical science department, with fairly stocked cabinets, furnishing the necessary apparatus for illustration and experiment. Mathematics, the crux of the Chinese intellect, had climbed up painfully as high as spherical trigonometry, but the examinations in the higher branches were unexpectedly creditable. The usual studies of the senior year were represented this term by political economy and

moral philosophy, in which, though most interesting, one could detect something of the same national lack of a close logical faculty that makes of mathematics a thorny but much needed road. In addition to the above, Biblical studies formed a conspicuous feature. They reached from Adam to St. Paul, and were carried to a pitch of thoroughness unapproached, so far as we have observed, in Western lands. The whole impression of the two days was one of the unlooked-forfulness of the curriculum, and of the solidity of the education, literary, Biblical and scientific, which it was made to furnish.

The graduating exercises of the academy and college followed on the third and fourth days. In the essays and speeches of the students a notable feature was the evidence furnished of an earnest and enlightened patriotism on the part of the young men. An entire absence of this feeling is generally credited to the Chinese, and for the most part justly. But it is a significant fact that among the students of the college the growth of a sentiment of patriotism goes always hand in hand with their development in intelligence and character. The themes discussed this year were chiefly those connected with the awakening or the preservation of the empire. Such topics as the following clearly indicate what subjects are uppermost in their minds: "Scientific Education as a Means of Developing the Nation," "Methods of Awakening China," "The Beginnings of China's Treaty Relations with the Great Powers," "How Can China Maintain Peace with Western Nations?" "The Advantages and Disadvantages of a Partition of the Empire," "Strength Through Adversity."

One item of special interest which annually recurs in the academy programme was a sort of farce, in which, this year, extravagantly costumed students represented the earth, air, fire, rain, the sea, gravity, plant life, animal life, etc. The Earth sat as judge, each candidate in turn presenting his claim to be considered the most useful factor in the terrestrial economy. Air ultimately received the prize—"a pagoda of yellow gold"—which, after the removal of several gorgeous coverings, revealed a pyramidal cake of corn-meal, to the amusement of the entire assembly. The performance was of interest, as showing the unsuspected delight of the Chinese in pure fun, and their ability to create and enter into the same sort of light comedy that appeals to the less stolid Occidental!

A crowning feature of the exercises was the music. Not only were the part-songs and anthems of the glee club excellent, but a special choir of fifty voices sang the Hallelujah Chorus from the "Messiah" with such spirit and feeling as to thrill any listening Westerner through and through with the old familiar fervour of delight. To every new-comer this is no less than a revelation—a revelation of aesthetic capacities on the part of these so-called dull natures wholly unbelieved, and, but for some such things as this, unbelievable. Their keen relish of the music and their appreciation of the harmony were unmistakable. Some at home will more readily believe that the spiritual nature of the lads may become as responsive and susceptible as

their own, when they have seen how, out of these heathen peasant lives, such an aesthetic sense may be developed in a generation, like a white lily springing from the mire.

After all, the fact of greatest interest in these days was this: That these nine young men of the graduating class, representing perhaps the highest culture now obtainable in China, are without exception dedicated to the service of the Church. No call has yet arisen here for furnishing an inferior training for the ministers of God, and the highest education for the ministers of trade and commerce and civil life; but the best culture is still provided for the highest form of service. It is the pride and the honourable estate of the North China College that all its educational labour is still directed unreservedly to the maintenance of this high ideal.

Indians of the North-West and British Columbia.

FROM MISS BAKER.

Mackoce Waste, Prince Albert, 29th June, 1898.

The extra supplies so kindly sent by the "Toronto Presbyterial" have at length reached us. You will wonder at the delay. When first shipped, our communication was cut off from the main line by a snow blockade; then the bridge which crosses the South Saskatchewan at Saskatoon was destroyed by the floating ice. For weeks our mail was brought by a hand-car, but no freight until the bridge was repaired. I regret that I was unable to send you the shipping bill, as you requested, before the annual meeting. Please give our heartfelt thanks to the kind friends who so kindly sent the extra supplies, and our sincere thanks and gratitude are due to you, who are always so ready to assist us in every time of need. We were so sorry that the boots did not reach us in spring, as the poor children needed them badly. The Ladies' Aid of St. Paul's Church, Prince Albert, gave us \$6, which enabled us to get rubbers for the delicate ones, and also other little comforts for the sick ones. A very great part of our time since coming here has been taken up caring for the sick.

The two girls mentioned in my last letter as being ill have, by following the medical treatment prescribed, very much improved in health. May it be the means of opening their eyes to see the foolishness of their heathen superstitions. Formerly we could not get them to come to our Sabbath services, but they now come and seem quite interested. Will you not join in the request that they may be brought from darkness into His marvellous light? Jack White Hawk, one of the men on this reserve, about eighteen months ago slipped and injured his ankle bone; for months he was unable to do anything. The doctor decided that his foot would have to be amputated, and five

weeks ago he was taken to town and the operation was performed. The foot was taken off about four inches above the ankle. He has recovered nicely, is in good health, and able to get around on crutches. He is twenty-eight years old, a bright, intelligent Indian, and you will be glad to learn he says "he wishes to lead a Christian life." During his long illness he has taken great comfort in singing over and over the hymns he has learned.

You will probably know that Miss McIlwaine has been granted a year's leave of absence from first July. She goes home to Scotland to visit her mother. We are all sorry to part with her; she has been a very efficient, conscientious worker, and by her kindness to the children and Indians they have become much attached to her. We will miss her very much, but we rejoice that she is to have a pleasant holiday, for perhaps no missionary needs a change more, both for body and mind, than one who lives on an isolated Indian reserve.

AMONG THE LITTLE ONES.

FROM REV. NEIL GILMOUR.

Crowstand Mission, June 30.

Miss Carson has gone, and in her place Miss Gilmour is installed as matron, while Miss Currie acts as assistant matron. Everything goes nicely, except that we are so very crippled for girls that can work. Our only large treaty girl Charlotte leaves very shortly. Betsy is at home for a little visit, and there is a probability that she will not come back. In that case we will be without any big girl who can work. Our German girl has gone home on a visit. If her parents are willing, she will come back, not as a pupil, but as a servant at \$6 a month. You can see how crippled we are for working girls. It was never so before in the history of the school. We have Henrietta, thirteen years old, but she is delicate and cannot do heavy work, and our other girls are between the ages of six and ten years.

Miss Carson took Rosy Brass with her and, I understand, has adopted her as her own. We hope to get in four little ones next month, but that will only add to the work. There is another little treaty girl in the reserve that we would like to take in. She is a grand-child of old Shingoose, but the father is said to be a white man.

I hope we may get this year with the clothing a great many stockings and socks, as well as mits. The cottonade you sent us enables us to fit out all the boys for the summer. We have been well supplied with clothing of every kind this last year. We were so glad to get those Sunday suits for boys which you sent us last winter.

We would like your board to know how grateful we are for your deep interest in the school, shown in so many practical ways, and we are encouraged to do faithfully our part in this good work.

FROM MISS JOHNSTON.

Alberni, B.C., July 16.

I am pleased to hear the good news of Mrs. Cameron's appointment. The sooner she can come the better.

The Indians did not lessen my duties this year. They had so much business to attend to before leaving for Behring Sea that I am feeling really tired out.

You perhaps have some idea of the length of each session, when the Indians have anything important on hand. One day they wanted to settle what was to be done with their doctors. Several children had died, and they blamed them for their death. Thirty men came in the morning and discussed the question till after 1 p.m. About 3 p.m. both tribes came, women and children included, and remained till after 7 p.m. They wanted to expel their doctors, but owing to Mr. Guilloot, the agent, being absent, they could do nothing. They had to content themselves with promises from their friends that they would be kept within bounds at night, when they are supposed to prow around and distribute che-has. Their next business was to discuss the question of taking two of the boys away sealing.

I am looking forward with pleasure to seeing Miss Fraser and Miss Laidlaw especially, who has had so much more experience in the work. To-day's mail brought a card saying they are in Victoria, en route to Alberni.

June 3rd, 1898, was the fifth anniversary of my arrival at Alberni. In looking back over these years there has been much trial and sorrow, but much more joy, and I feel sure all was for our good. There were no regrets for having started—no wish to turn back. His goodness is over all the earth.

There have been nine deaths since February. I had to be with them once and twice every day while they were ill, and then Harry and I made and trimmed nearly all the coffins. I washed and laid out the bodies for burial. Mr. Guilloot, the agent, was so much away this year that I had to fill his place as well as my own.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS IN MANITOBA.

St. Paul's lies about seven miles due north of Winnipeg. St. Paul Industrial building shows to best advantage from the outside. A well-shaded lane leads to the garden gate, which opens into a pretty lawn surrounded by fine shade trees, and running into a well-kept

vegetable garden. The building is quite fancy in style, but the walls within are somewhat shabby. It is not well built and the plaster loosens in all parts. There is an average attendance of sixty-five and a staff of about eight; the principal and his wife, who acts as matron, governess and under-governess, seamstress, cook, laundress, and farm instructor. One of their graduates, who went home and did not care for reserve life, returned and asked for work; so Mr. Fairlie is going to put him in charge of the carpenter shop after school reopens. I think one of the large boys also helps look after the farm. Another graduate is attending St. John's College in preparation for mission work; a third is with a lithographic company in Winnipeg; and another is in the Government supply office; two or three girls are at service, and one who returned home to Rat Portage district wishes to come back to Winnipeg. There were about nine graduates this year. Mrs. Fairlie showed me several pieces of carpenter work done by the boys; a couple of nicely-finished tables and prettily covered secretary and sideboard. "And this is the organ we bought with our letter money," she said, pointing to a new organ in the children's dining-room. They kept seventeen cows and churn every other day. Some of the girls did up some fancy prints for the Winnipeg fair, but I did not hear yet if they took a prize. However, they received the diploma for general exhibit, and first prizes for darning, knitting and sewing, and I think one for carpenter work. While Mrs. Fairlie and I were coming from the school-room back to the main building half a dozen of the farm boys passed us on their way to dinner, and for an instant I could have imagined that I was back at Regina, for the boys all lifted their caps as gracefully as if they were graduates of the R. I. S. I was especially struck with the children's orderly march to and from dinner. I never saw children march more quietly. As soon as the dinner is over the dishes are all passed to one end of the table, they rise and sing a verse returning thanks, and then march out. The lower flat of the school is used as a play-room, and the upper part as senior school-room, and as concert-room during winter. The laundry was burned, and at present a part of the kitchen is used. The pupils wear uniforms, the girls wearing brown wincey.

St. Boniface lies about three miles east of Winnipeg. Father Dorais showed his school with a great deal of interest. They have a present attendance of one hundred and ten girls and boys, but the boys were at the fair; otherwise we would have been treated to some band music, and their band is gaining for itself quite a good reputation. They have just returned from a visit to Rat Portage and neighbourhood, where they gave a concert. There is a small garden in connection, but no farm yet. The carpenter shop is a separate building, but I think the boys do not do much work in that line. We saw some very good photos drawn by one of the boys. They buy all their bread, as they have no bakery. The girls work in the sewing room, and do all the laundry work. The youngest child is about three. The boys and girls each have a play room, which have been added

lately. They have no bath room, but Father Dorais wants to build a regular bathroom with bath tanks. The school room is closed for the summer.—Letter from Miss Dunsmore, in "Progress."

FOR OCTOBER MEETINGS.

"THANK-OFFERING MEETING."

We are sure no Auxiliary will omit a little special planning for the Annual Thank-offering Meeting. It may be the most inspiring meeting of the year. We give a few hints selected from "Mission Studies" that may be helpful in finding material for your Thank-offering meeting when the time comes.

In this case, as in many others, knowledge is indispensable to interest. A thankful spirit is best roused by a contemplation of the causes for thankfulness. By way of preparation, take the file for the year of "The Tidings" and any other missionary periodicals; look over the news from the different missions; see what results are being accomplished; read the expressions of joy from the workers at signs of spiritual growth in their fields, and of thankfulness at being permitted to do this work. As you read you will feel a thrill of gratitude for the privilege of having even a small part in sending the good news and a desire for a large share. Compare the picture of woman without the Gospel with her condition in this favoured land, and by the time causes for personal thankfulness are reached, the heart will be ready to obey the injunction of the Apostle, "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

THANK GOD FOR PRIVILEGES.

The very latest known experiment in translating the Word of God into another heathen tongue, has been made this year in the East India Peninsula, and it has this peculiarity about it, that it is a version not from the original languages nor the English, but from the Siamese, itself a heathen language, and by a Buddhist priest. At the instance of Mr. John Arthington this has been done and the Gospel of Luke has, for the first time, been put into Cambodian.

The translator's high task is not yours and mine. Our privilege is to circulate God's Word. That is where we come in. And upon the hand of every one, translator, reviser, copyist, printer, colporteur, reader, whoever causes the mighty Gospel to fly abroad, it shall be, in old John Eliot's phrase, "no loss" that "the blessing of the poor comes from the ends of the earth."

THE JOY OF ENDURANCE.

BY REV. GEORGE F. HERRICK, D.D., OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

There is an idea, widely accepted, that all the joy of conflict, whether in material or in spiritual affairs, is in the victory that closes and crowns the conflict. It is even said of Jesus that, when "for the joy set before Him, he endured the cross," the joy and the glory were what awaited Him in heaven on finishing His earthly work. How does it happen, then, that the Christian world with one accord sets the cross before our eyes as the one symbol of our Redeemer's spiritual reign and glory? The joy set before Jesus was the joy of saving men, and His immortal and eternal glory is the glory of self-sacrifice, commanded by infinite love. Just so it is to be with His followers. We mistake utterly what it is to follow Jesus when we accept as a necessity, reluctantly, and under a sense of duty, the work given us to do, the burdens imposed, the endurance demanded, in the hope that this will soon end in victory and rest—end in some spectacular triumph, with its exhilarating music, its loud acclaims, its laurel crowns, and its absolution from all demands for further strenuous exertion. Shall our devotion to Christ fall behind Spartan endurance for the State, behind the *virtus*, the *gaudium certamenis* of the Roman?

While this principle has equal application to every form of Christian life and labour, I would speak of it now only in its relation to the foreign missionary work of the Church of Christ. It is a thought equally true and familiar that the Church is in its very nature missionary, that every Christian should feel the responsibility of extending the Kingdom of Christ till all men are His willing subjects.

The idea that we should nerve ourselves to one grand effort, to one magnificent charge all along the line, preach the Gospel message all the world over, and have done with it, is an idea which has been eloquently proclaimed, but it is both false and mischievous. Proclaiming for once the Gospel message is but a small part of the work of "discipling all nations." The Gospel message has to be proclaimed, not once or twice, but a thousand times, to the same ears; proclaimed not only by the voice of the preacher, but taught from day to day and year after year, through childhood and youth, taught in homes and through a full system of well-sustained Christian schools. Christian education is a long lever, but it has unrivalled lifting power. The Gospel message has also to pervade social life, to be brought into political and commercial affairs, till it has permeated them all with a new spirit, and made all things new on the Divine model. We have no right to be content with anything less than this. Look back over human history and be assured that making men disciples of Christ is not only an age conflict; it is a millennial conflict. It is the business of the Church of Christ—till He come.

The term "soul-saving" has been used in a singular way, as though a man could save a soul, and that by a single effort! God in Christ alone can save souls, and it is a long process even with these mighty agencies. For myself, I would rather be the means of ingraining into the character and life of one Oriental, of any race, a love for truth and hatred of all falsehood and insincerity, which shall be vital and controlling, and, in life's emergencies, actually stronger than the love of life itself, rather than lead ten men to the public profession of evangelical faith.

Let the young men and the young women of Christendom joyously gird themselves for a life campaign against sin and falsehood and impurity, and every form of selfishness and baseness—a conflict in which Christ's life on earth is the one inspiring example; and let them expect, nothing doubting, to leave it to their children and their children's children to share in the same high enterprise, the same holy war, joyously content with conflict here, and confidently looking for victory when the long earthly fight is over. This fight, though long, is but the moment before the dawn of immortality's golden day.

Do not let us be in a hurry to get through the conflict and be crowned victors. An honour so great is not so cheaply gained. And do not let us think it a merit to report, in glowing terms, what we have done, still less to make cheering prophecies of what we are going to do. And when we see gigantic wrong sitting crowned and unpunished, let us forbear cursing. We have long passed the era of the imprecatory Psalms. Cursing is a sad waste of spiritual force. It is impotence, while love is power. One of the very finest things in Shakespeare is the resolve of Antonio, in the face of Shylock's infernal hate, "I oppose my patience to his fury." In the shock it was patience that was the winner. So it has ever been; so it will ever be. It is the prerogative of great souls to shun the easy and choose the difficult path; to do this gladly, because that is the upward path and the path of joy.

"Paul carrying to wretched men the Gospel of Christ, and setting up His Kingdom in the world lying in wickedness, and in doing this having suffered the loss of all things, without a home, in journeyings oft, in perils of every kind by land and sea, defamed, scourged, imprisoned, stoned, was yet living a life of conscious achievement, of exultant victory, of triumphant expectation, and was probably the most sublimely blessed man of his generation."

I am not going to say that if we will all take hold of the work of foreign missions in this spirit, it will be quickly done. No; it will not be quickly done. It will, for many a year, and for aught I know for many an age, furnish the most glorious arena offered on this planet for Christian service, for manly and womanly endurance, out of which such characters will be builded as will be fit for worthy entrance into the still higher blessedness and service of the life immortal.—*Missionary Herald*.

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