

# The Missionary Outlook.

*A Monthly Advocate, Record, and Review.*

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[Whole No. 102

## *Field Notes.*

AT the meeting of the General Board of Missions held in Winnipeg last September, it was ordered that the General Secretary visit the missions in Japan before next General Conference, which meets in 1890. In accordance with the wishes of our brethren in Japan, who have urged very strongly that the visit be made this year, the General Secretary left Toronto on the 6th ult., and sailed on the *Abysinnia* on the 14th, expecting to reach Japan early in June. The General Secretary will not only inspect our missions, but is authorized to organize an Annual Conference. On page 82 will be found notes of his trip as far as Vancouver.

THE Women's Christian Temperance Union of the Dominion of Canada will hold their Second Convention in Toronto, beginning Tuesday, June 11th, and will continue in Session during the week. Miss Frances Willard, President of the National and World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and Rev. Anna H. Shaw, are expected to be present. During the Convention, the following subjects will be discussed: "Prohibition," "Franchise," "Social Purity," "Hygiene and Heredity," "Women as Wage-earners." There will be a reception on Tuesday evening, and a *Conversazione* on Saturday evening in the Normal School building.

THE new Methodist Church in Vancouver, B.C., will be dedicated Sunday, June 2nd. It was expected that Rev. A. Carman, D.D., General Superintendent, would officiate at the opening services, but owing to Mrs. Carman's ill-health, the Doctor has deferred his visit.

THE Methodist Church in British Columbia has lost an earnest and faithful minister in the death of the Rev. R. B. Hemlaw, who was stationed at Maple Ridge. We extend to his young and sorrowing widow our sympathy, and pray that the God of all consolation may be her stay in this hour of sore bereavement.

OBJECTION to Foreign Mission work is often made on the ground that there is so much to be done at home, and that time-worn proverb is frequently

quoted, "Charity begins at home." We are glad to know that many of our city churches are not allowing either department to suffer. Before us we have the First Annual Report of the Home Missionary Society of the Metropolitan Church. This society was organized in October, 1888, for the prosecution of Evangelistic mission school and other charitable work in such portions of the city of Toronto as may be deemed advisable by the Board of Management. The Society has now two missions: Lombard Street Mission (which existed for two and a half years as an independent mission, assisted by a grant from the Church) which has a staff of forty workers; and Wilton Avenue Mission, organized in November last, with twenty-five workers.

SUNDAY trains were first run for the convenience of people wishing to worship in churches at a distance from their homes, and from this has grown the Sunday railway traffic, an evil so gigantic that we hail with delight indications of reform in that direction, while some of the leading railroad men seem to have begun in real earnest. General Manager Furber has issued an order for the diminishing of Sunday work on the Boston and Maine road, and the Vanderbilt roads between New York and Chicago will discontinue their Sunday freight trains, except those carrying cattle or perishable goods. It is said that Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is largely responsible for this change. Certainly railroad employees have a right to the one day in seven, and it rests with the people to make it easy for the managers and men in authority to give them their rights. In order to do this do no Sunday travelling; demand no pushing through of freight in such haste as to necessitate Sunday freight trains.

REV. C. T. COCKING writes from Shidzuoka:—"At one of our little country places near here I baptized nine adults a few weeks ago, and now several more are preparing for baptism. Some twenty-four of the members meet for prayer every morning at 4.30, and have a blessed time together. Thus *early* Methodism crops up in Japan, and history repeats itself. In another place the members are doing likewise, uniting in prayer that the Lord may open a house for us to preach in, in a town near by, where twice after securing houses the Buddhists threatened the owners to burn them down if we continued to preach there.



Oh! that all our churches at home and abroad would take a leaf out of our 4.30 a.m. prayer-meeting church. Then would the Lord establish the work of our hands upon us."

## Editorial and Contributed.

### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LEAVING Toronto near midnight on May 6th, and the steamer due to sail from Vancouver on the 14th, there was no time to "stop over" at intervening points. The whole run was made without break or detention; and our train, which was a rather long and heavy one, reached the terminus sharp on time—no trifling achievement for a journey of 3,000 miles, five or six hundred being through mountain pass and cañon, with grades of exceptional difficulty. Climbing the eastern slope of the Rockies, between Laggan and the summit—a distance of six miles—the line rises 366 feet, or an average of sixty-one feet to the mile. Beyond the summit the descent to Field—a distance of eleven miles—is 1,246 feet, an average of over 113 feet per mile, which, at one point, is increased to 200 feet. So steep is the grade that it has been found necessary to provide for possible emergencies by several switches opening short spur lines with a steep up-grade. In case a descending train became unmanageable, a sharp signal is sounded, the watchful pointsman throws open the switch, the train sweeps in on the up-grade, and quickly comes to a stand-still. It is very seldom, however, that this resort is necessary. Indeed, I have never heard of it occurring in the case of a passenger train; the Great Mogul engines seem to possess all the "holding-back" power that is necessary.

The route across the prairies becomes monotonous after the first day or so, but through the mountains it is enchanting. Such magnificent scenery is not found on any other route that I have travelled, and I hear the same testimony from people whose travels have been more extensive than my own. The alternation of towering mountain height and almost fathomless cañon, of rushing river and quiet lakelet, of sleeping glacier and leaping cascade, presents a series of pictures which for grandeur and beauty are not easily matched. Beyond Glacier Station, in the Selkirk range, the line drops down by a series of wonderful loops, crossing from side to side of the valley of the Illecilliwaet, on lofty trestle-work, doubling back upon itself in the most wonderful way; and presenting at one point the unique spectacle of three lines of railway one above the other, clinging to the moun-

tain side. The completeness of the accommodation furnished by the C. P. R. adds greatly to the pleasure of the trip. Everywhere on this line one meets with comfortable cars, well-appointed refreshment rooms or dining cars, and, which is equally important, attentive and obliging officials.

On reaching Vancouver I found myself announced to preach on Sunday evening. Our new church here is not yet completed, and the lecture-room being rather small, the new opera house had been engaged for the occasion; and I had the pleasure of preaching to a full house, notwithstanding a heavy shower. At the close of the service we proceeded to the lecture-room of the new church, where a mixed congregation of English and Chinese had assembled. Our native missionary, Mr. Ch-an, who seems to be a man of the right stamp, preached a short sermon in Chinese from the appropriate text, "Repent, therefore, and be baptized," etc., after which I was privileged to administer baptism to six converts—five men and one young woman. Our Chinese work has made a hopeful beginning in Vancouver. The night-school, under the care of Miss Bowes, assisted by Miss Campbell, is doing a good work. On Monday evening I found some twenty in attendance, whose attainments in reading and geography gave evidence of faithfulness in teaching and aptness in learning; while the repeating of Scripture verses, and the singing of Gospel hymns, told how widely the good seed is being sown. The new building for this mission is progressing rapidly, and will be finished in two months.

The *Abyssinia* sails this (Tuesday) afternoon, and, therefore, a number of weeks must elapse before I can communicate again with the readers of the OUTLOOK. In the meantime I will be gaining fresh stores of missionary information that will, I trust, be of service to the Church, as well as to myself, in the future.

### THE OPEN DOOR.

THOUGH the assurance conveyed in the words of the glorified Christ, "Behold I set before you an open door," was given to a portion of the Church, it is true of the whole body of believers on earth. And what was true at the time that these words were uttered, has been true in every age. There has always been an open door before the Church when she has had the disposition to enter it, even in the darkest periods of the world's history, since the issuing of the Divine commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." There were no difficulties in the way of its execution that the same authority by which it was given, was not both able and willing to



remove. If the Church has been straitened at any time, it has been in herself, not in her Divine Head. Her disability has arisen from her own unfaithfulness, rather than from the difficulties which lay in her way, or the strength of the opposition which she was called to encounter.

And yet all this is more visibly and manifestly true to-day than it has been at any period in all the past. The Lord has been removing the bolts and bars, and throwing open the door in our day in a way that has had no parallel in the past. There is, perhaps, no more remarkable fact connected with the present state of the Church and the world than this. There is scarcely a considerable community on the globe that is not accessible to the Christian missionary. This is true especially of the heathen world. If there be exceptions to this rule, they are to be found chiefly in Mohammedan communities. But even in the countries which are under the power of Islam, what has already been accomplished shows that even to them there is an open door; and that what is needed to secure the speedy conquest of this great and most interesting section of the human race is, that the Church avail herself of the elements of power which have been placed at her disposal, and heroically fight the battle to the gate.

The facts concerning China and Japan are so well known, that they scarcely need to be mentioned. Within the memory of living men, both these countries were so effectually closed against the Gospel that the Church had really no access to the teeming millions of their population. To-day they are open from end to end. Indeed, nothing but the recreancy of Christians can prevent these most interesting nations from becoming Christian within a generation. This is especially true of the Japanese. Africa has been thrown open to such an extent that it is not, perhaps, too much to say that, more missionaries than are employed in all the mission fields of the Church might find profitable employment in the Dark Continent alone. Turn where we will, the fields are white unto the harvest, and the call for laborers is most urgent.

Will the Church prove equal to the occasion? Hopeful signs are not wanting. What has been done by the heroic Bishop Taylor, shows what can be accomplished by one man of strong common sense, when fully baptized with the Holy Ghost. The same remark applies to the China Inland Mission under the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor. It is not easy to say which of these two remarkable men—the two Taylors—has laid the Church and the world under the greatest obligation. They have showed how the work can be done. Such movements as are headed by these men are not to supplant the more regular missionary organizations of the Churches, but they show how these may be indefinitely supplemented, if Christian men and women are only prepared to trust God, and go forth at His bidding, even though they may have to look to Him alone for the means of support.

JAPAN STATISTICS.

A FEW months ago we published some figures touching the progress of mission work in Japan; but events move so rapidly in that country that what we published then has already become "ancient history." The following from a recent number of the *Japan Mail* is a remarkable showing:—

"The study of a sheet of 'Statistics of Missions and Mission Work in Japan for the year 1888,' compiled and published by Rev. H. Loomis, would probably surprise a good many people who wish to minimize the effects of mission work in Japan. Any business concern that increased its income from thirty to thirty-five per cent. per annum would be considered fairly successful in its operations. These statistics seem to have that amount of success to show for Protestant mission work in Japan. The different missions make up their statistics at different times, none, we believe, making the ecclesiastical year end with the calendar. These statistics are, therefore, partly prepared specially, partly drawn from the reports of several months ago, a few being also taken from last year's statistics with a reasonable allowance made for an average increase. At all events great care is taken rather to be below than above the actual figures. We give in tabular form a very condensed extract from the statistics, arranged according to the families of missions:

FAMILY OF MISSIONS.	Total No. of Missionaries.	Baptized in 1888.	Present No. of Communicants.	Students in Schools.	Contribut'ns of Native Churches.
Presbyterian . . . . .	133 ..	2,025 ..	9,285 ..	2,407 ..	20,923 31
Congregational .. . . .	81 ..	2,139 ..	7,243 ..	2,766 ..	31,422 00
Methodist . . . . .	104 ..	1,560 ..	5,132 ..	3,120 ..	7,070 86
Episcopal . . . . .	76 ..	889 ..	2,572 ..	1,135 ..	3,817 24
Baptist . . . . .	43 ..	346 ..	1,247 ..	252 ..	1,107 89
Friends . . . . .	4 ..	0 ..	25 ..	18 ..	13 40
Unitarian . . . . .	2 ..	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	0 00
Total . . . . .	443 ..	6,959 ..	25,514 ..	9,698 ..	\$64,454 70
Incr'e over '87. . . . .	90 ..	1,939 ..	5,785 ..	2,553 ..	22,883 00

It will be observed that in the number of missionaries, 150 wives of missionaries are included; it may sometimes occur that the wife is an efficient missionary, but on the whole they can hardly be counted as appointees. Then there are not a few self-supporting men and women who are doing good indirect work, especially in schools. The first Protestant church was organized in 1872, with eleven members. At the end of 1884 there were 8,508 church members in Japan; at the end of 1888 there were 25,514. If Protestantism goes on at the same rate, trebling every fourth year, its presence will probably come to be recognized by the most sceptical. Every item in this statistical table is worth careful study, but none is more suggestive of the permanence of the work than that of finance, which shows that the contributions of the native churches for 1888 are more than fifty per cent. in advance of those of 1887. Notable also is the fact that 92 churches are self supporting, 157 partly so, and that the 102 native ministers of 1887 have grown to 142 in 1888, with 287 students in 14 theological schools.



## Woman's Missionary Society

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*President:*  
Mrs. James Gooderham, - Toronto  
166 Carlton Street.

*Vice-President:*  
Mrs. Dr. Carman, - Belleville, Ont.

*Cor.-Secretary:*  
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*Treasurer:*  
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*Guardian:*  
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21 Grenville Street

*Outlook:*  
Mrs. Dr. Parker, - Toronto  
238 Huron Street.

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"For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."—ISAIAH lxi. 11.

ONE of our best workers in Mission Band work writes:—"I am becoming more convinced that concerts, etc., are a poor way of raising money for mission work. It is now almost impossible to interest them since the entertainment."

This testimony is valuable. We have several times urged our Mission Bands, and Auxiliaries also, to avoid the pernicious system of making the money object supreme in our work. The anxiety to make money at church entertainments has sometimes produced results most damaging to the cause of religion. And "getting up" certain kinds of shows, for the benefit of missions, not having any reference to missionary work, is practically to concede that the subject of missions does not possess interest enough to attract or benefit an audience. Programmes of "entertainment," from which no one can gain an item of information, an inspiration to work for God's cause, or a stimulus to devotion or liberality, are a failure.

Rather an assemblage of people under the auspices of a Mission Band, or Woman's Missionary Society, ought to be regarded as an opportunity for sowing seeds of information about missions, the claims of God upon His followers, and the needs of the work, etc.; seeds which are sure to germinate and propagate themselves. With the youth of the Church alive to true missionary interest, the success of the cause in the future may be already assured. The Woman's Missionary Society, through the wise policy of encouraging a love of the work for its own sake, and in hope of stimulating our young people to work for the advance of the Redeemer's kingdom, have inaugurated

the Mission Band Programme system. If our dear young Band workers, and our Auxiliary members, help to carry out our plan, we know that every meeting will result in adding to their knowledge of mission work, and also in spreading this knowledge among the people. During the past winter the Literature Committee have published programmes on Japan, Chinese Work, Our Indians, The French Work. Also an Easter service, and in this number a second one on "Indians." For a very small sum Bands can be supplied with copies of these, and thus one part of an entertainment is easily procured, with the certainty of its being profitable. We ask the attention and co-operation of our Bands and Auxiliaries in this work.

The General Executive met during the past week in Toronto.

The President of the Western Branch has called her Executive to meet in June to discuss certain aspects of the work. It may not be out of place to notice that contemplated changes in the Constitution require a three months' notice before the Annual Board Meeting.

"*Woman's Work for Woman*," a Union illustrated magazine, published monthly by Women's Foreign Missionary Societies of the Presbyterian Church, presents its readers with a statement of the Women's Boards of Canada, in which our own Woman's Missionary Society is mentioned with a condensed account of our entire work.

### FOR AND FROM MISSION BANDS.

**SCRAP-BOOKS.**—Of course, every wise mission band leader keeps her scrap-book for missionary items, recitations, dialogues, copied or clipped from papers, books and periodicals, but it would be well for the children to be encouraged to have missionary scrap-books. One way to do this is to offer a small prize for the scrap-book containing the best articles on missions, no articles to be cut from missionary periodicals, as we should always lend them after reading them ourselves; but good readings might be copied and the written copy pasted in the scrap-book. The prize, if possible, should be of a missionary character—a Japanese book-mark, pin-cushion or little box, each costing ten cents, or some missionary story would be a suitable prize.

A LADY in Tilsonburg writes as follows:—"My cousin's little children, in Toronto, saved their candy money since they were up here in November, for the mission work. They heard me talk about the Chinese children, and wished their money to go to them. When Mr. Crosby was here they handed it to him, and he promised to deliver it to Miss Leak, as 'Candy money from Stella, Violet, Minnie and Dickie.'" We think this a good precedent for "little children" and children of a larger growth to follow.



PICTON (April 24, 1889).—The "Wayside Workers' Mission Band" gave its first public entertainment in the lecture-room of the church, on Friday evening, the 12th. After an interesting programme was rendered, consisting of bright and interesting missionary selections and hymns, cake and coffee were dispensed. Proceeds netted, \$13 clear of expenses. Our prayer is that God may increase our desires for usefulness, and that we may be faithful in the "little things" of life.  
JENNIE ROGERS, *Cor. Sec.*

NEWCASTLE (April 3, 1889).—Our Mission Circle here has been steadily growing in interest and numbers since its organization by Miss Cartmell, last October. She then said, on being asked how the young ladies could be induced to take an interest in, and become members of, the Woman's Missionary Society, that she always found that a separate organization for them was the best and only way of drawing them into the mission work. Her words have been proved true by our experience here; and to God for our circle as it now is, and for the promise we see of a bright future for it, we give the praise. At every meeting we have one or two new members added. On Friday evening, April 26th, we had, in the Sunday-school room, a musical and literary entertainment, together with a sale of aprons, dust caps, and home-made taffy, at which we realized over \$20. All present pronounced it a most enjoyable evening, and we all went home feeling glad and thankful that we could do even this much to aid in the missionary work. We hope and pray that our zeal in the cause of missions will continue to grow and not in the least diminish, and that God's blessing will rest upon our circle.

MAGGIE E. THOM, *Cor. Sec.*

GODERICH.—Our Mission Band was organized in March, with a membership of thirteen, which has since increased to thirty. We have chosen "Gospel Heralds" for our name, and "Remember that that light shines farthest that shines brightest nearest home" for our motto. We decided to have an entertainment at once as a "send off." As it might be helpful to other Bands, we will tell them about our "Pink Tea." It was held in the basement of our church, which was very handsomely decorated, pink being the predominating shade, and flowers arranged in groups, and, in fact, wherever we could put them. Refreshments were served in the primary department, in which were a number of small tables set. The first part of the programme was given by the members of the Mission Band, namely, that known as the "Japan Programme," published in a former OUTLOOK, the girls marching on the platform two by two. The second part consisted in singing and recitation. We had a large attendance, all expressed themselves well pleased; and we were gratified to find that we had cleared about \$25. We are anxious to keep up the interest in our monthly meetings; striving to have as intelligent idea of the work as possible and in some humble way to help in this broad field of labor. We have decided to make some quilts, and, if possible, send away a goodly sized box by September.  
FRANK A. McCLADE, *Cor. Sec.*

SACKVILLE, N.B.—The "Ready-Helper's Mission Band," held their first public meeting in the basement of the Methodist Church, on Friday evening, April 26th. This being the Friday following Easter, the exercises were especially appropriate to the Easter season, as well as missionary in their character. The meeting was opened by singing the hymn, "From all that dwell below the skies," after which a part of 1 Cor. xv. was read, the President and Band reading alternate verses, and the Rev. Mr. Allen offered

prayer. Suitable introductory remarks were made by the President, Miss H. Stewart, and a brief report was read by the Secretary. An interesting programme, consisting of music, readings and recitations, was successfully carried out. An original paper, read by Miss Patterson, answered in a convincing manner the question, "Are Missions a Failure?" The friends present expressed themselves as much pleased with the entertainment. At the close a collection amounting to \$8, was taken up. Owing largely to the efforts of its President, this Band has made satisfactory progress since organization a year and a half ago. Its membership has increased from seven to thirty-seven. Its monthly meetings are interesting and well attended.

THE following is only one of the several letters which reach us every month, expressing pleasure and profit in the OUTLOOK. We have thought several times of citing a string of such quotations from letters for the encouragement of those ladies to whom has been remitted, in Auxiliaries, the work of canvassing for subscribers, but space forbids. The circulation of the paper is true missionary work, and work that produces fruit a hundred-fold. It is a matter for regret that the paper is so small, and we trust another year will remedy this in some way:—

LAWRENCETOWN, ANNAPOLIS Co., N.Y.,

April 19th, 1889.

Dear Madam,—We have started a Band in our little village, and a few meetings ago we decided to take the OUTLOOK. One of our number had two copies of it coming in her name, so we have taken one of them. We like it so much, and I do not know what we would do without it.

We want to get the people here thoroughly enthused with the missionary spirit, and we hail everything with delight which aids us in this.

I am, your sister in Christ,

ELLA M. GILMORE.

LAWRENCETOWN, N.S.—Our Mission Band was organized about three months ago with an enrolment of ten members. Since that time our numbers have increased to nineteen. The officers are: President, Miss Ella Gilmore; Vice-President, Mrs. J. W. Whitman; Treasurer, Miss Almada Minard; Secretary, Miss F. Stephens. The Band meets once a fortnight, on Saturday afternoon, and already we have a quilt started. A few weeks ago we held a public meeting, at which we had a good audience, and our collection amounted to \$6.15. Our exercises consisted of music, recitations and missionary dialogues, together with exceedingly appropriate speeches from our pastors. The outlook for the future seems quite promising, and we are glad to be counted worthy to do even a little for our Master.  
ELLA M. GILMORE.

#### FROM THE AUXILIARIES.

ST. JOHN, N.B. (May 15th, 1889).—A public meeting was held in the school-room of Exmouth Street Church, on Wednesday evening, April 3rd, for the purpose of organizing an Auxiliary to the Woman's Missionary Society. Mrs. C. E. McMichael, President of the W. B. S., P.E.I. Branch, conducted the meeting. Miss Thompson, of Queen Square, Miss Smith, of Centenary, and Mrs. Anderson, of Portland Auxiliaries, each made an earnest appeal in behalf of the work. The President then called for Scripture passages setting forth the obligations to missions, and in the course of her remarks entered quite fully into the details in connection with the workings of the Society, and deeply impressed all present with the responsibility of women in this department of Christian work. The Exmouth Street Auxiliary was then formed, and the following officers



ected: President, Mrs. McKeown; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Jas. T. McGee, Mrs. B. Lawrence, and Mrs. J. Lindsay; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Kingston; Treasurer, Mrs. John Hopkins; Managing Committee, Mrs. Salmon, the Misses G. Allison, A. McGee, and F. McGee. At the first regular meeting there were twenty members present, and from the interest manifested, we have reason to hope the membership will be rapidly increased.

J. MAGGIE COCHRAN, *Cor. Sec.*

THOMASBURG.—Our Auxiliary was organized April 10th, with a membership of thirty-one. The officers elected are: President, Mrs. (Rev.) T. Cleworth; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. S. P. Vantassel; Recording Secretary, Mrs. B. Henry; Corresponding Secretary, Miss C. McTaggart; Treasurer, Mrs. M. A. Coulson. The subscriptions and collections amounted to over forty-five dollars. Since the organization, fifteen names have been added to the list, which is very encouraging. Our opening meeting was held May the 6th; we were very much favored by having Mrs. Massey with us, which made it both interesting and profitable. A great deal of credit is due our pastor, Rev. T. Cleworth, for the success of the Auxiliary here. May God prosper the work more and more, until those who are in darkness may be brought to know Christ.

MISS C. McTAGGART, *Cor. Sec.*

MONTAGUE BRIDGE, P.E.I.—When Miss Palmer visited the Island last autumn, in the interest of the Woman's Missionary Society, she organized an Auxiliary at Montague, with a membership of nine. The officers for the present year being: President, Mrs. R. W. Sprague; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Allan McDonald, and Mrs. Albert Mellish; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. D. A. Martin; Recording Secretary, Miss Bessie Moar; Treasurer, Miss P. Rowe. Since that time we have held five meetings, and increased our membership to sixteen. We have nine subscribers for the *OUTLOOK*; and hope to report an increase soon.

MRS. D. A. MARTIN, *Cor. Sec.*

GALT.—The Galt Branch of the Woman's Missionary Society was organized in October, 1888, by Mrs. (Rev.) A. Cunningham, who was elected its first President. It has a membership of thirty, with an average attendance of about twenty, and meets on the second Tuesday of each month. Last fall the members had the pleasure of a visit from Miss Cartmell, who gave an interesting and profitable address. During the present year Mrs. Crosby gave the Society one of her talks on the mission work among the Indians of British Columbia. These addresses have had the effect of creating a greater interest in missions, and of giving all who heard them a more correct idea of the field of labor and of the work that has been already done. Through the enthusiastic efforts of Mrs. Cunningham, a Mission Band has been organized in connection with the Auxiliary. The Band has a large membership and most successful meetings, and is creating, among the young people of the Church, a deep interest in missionary work. In enlisting the sympathies and efforts of the young in this department of work, the Church has struck the right line. Let it be followed up for a single generation, and there will be lacking neither the men and women to go forth as missionaries, nor the money to support them, nor earnest prayers to invoke God's blessing on their labors. Already one of the officers of this Band, Miss Workman, has gone as a missionary among the Indians of British Columbia.

N. E. CARSCADDEN, *Cor. Sec.*

GUYSBORO'.—Death has again invaded the Guysboro' Auxiliary, and our hearts have been saddened by the removal of our Vice-President, the beloved wife of our pastor, Rev. James Sharp. Mrs. Sharp had greatly endeared herself to all who were privileged to meet with her during her short stay of six months on this circuit, and we feel that we have lost one whose example should inspire us to give ourselves as fully to the Master's work as she did. "She hath done what she could."

H. L. CUNNINGHAM, *Cor. Sec.*

## THE FRENCH METHODISTS.

### CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE ACTON VALE GIRLS' INSTITUTE.

MISS DOUGLASS, of Montreal, in sending the accompanying notice of the Acton Vale School closing, writes: "I wish I could send you a picture of the bright happy faces that looked into ours, or let you hear the expressions of heartfelt appreciation of the Woman's Missionary Society that fell from the lips of some of the older girls. I never realized as I did that day the widening wave of influence that was being started in that little 'home-school.'"

The closing exercises of the French Methodist Institute Building at Acton Vale, took place on Friday, April 26th. The lecture hall was tastily decorated with fancy work and drawings, the work of the pupils.

The first part of the programme consisted of singing, recitations, instrumental music and an oral examination in sacred history, the catechism, grammar, French and English, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and hygiene. The marks obtained by each pupil in the written examination, the general average of which showed a state of efficiency speaking volumes for the thoroughness of the training received, were then read, and Mrs. Dr. Shaw was called upon to distribute prizes to those pupils who had obtained the highest average number of marks. These were as follows:—

First class.—Ella Runnels, average 95. First prize for general proficiency, special prize for English and one for drawing; Minnie Guertin, average 95, also first prize for general proficiency, special prize for mathematics and book-keeping; Felicie Borloy, average 94, second prize for general proficiency, special prize for history; Lulu Runnels, average 86, prize for English; Josie LeVasseur, prize for English; Dilina Brunet, prize for French; Alice Davidson and Agnes Jamieson, a prize each for map-drawing.

Second class.—Mary Guertin, average 94, first prize for general proficiency, special prize for arithmetic, French and history, and one for drawing; Azilda Demers, average 77, second prize for general proficiency; Louisa LeVasseur, average 77, also second prize for general proficiency; Clara White, average 76, prize for general proficiency, second prize for music; Eva Auger, first prize for music.

Addresses were delivered by Mrs. Dr. Shaw and the Revs. W. Hall, E. DeGrouchy, L. E. Roy and P. A. Jourdan, in the course of which the Lady Principal, Madame Roy, and the teachers, Misses Hall and Stewart, were complimented upon the high state of efficiency attained by the school during the term now closing, and the pupils were urged to make good use of the instruction given them. Reference was also made to the deep interest taken by the pastor, the Rev. J. Pinel, in all that concerned the school, and his constant endeavor to promote its welfare, and the comfort of teachers and pupils. The next session of the school is to be held in the new building now in course of erection at Côte St. Antoine, Montreal.



THE following very interesting letter from Miss Elderkin is most welcome. To our workers at home, letters direct from the field are most encouraging, and, more than anything else, bring us into heartfelt sympathy with our beloved missionaries. Let us cultivate this bond of union between those at home and those abroad, that we may all be conversant with the latest and freshest advances in the work. We hope Miss Elderkin will be a frequent correspondent:

CHILLIWHACK, May 2nd, 1889.

Dear Mrs. Parker,—I have been in this lovely valley of the Chilliwack between five and six weeks. I can scarcely realize that it is not later in the season, for it seems as if I had come from winter's cold directly into the glad song of birds, and bright sunshine of June. The fields and gardens are clothed in full verdure and bloom, while the roses are unfolding everywhere, and the air is laden with perfume. The scenery here is fine, and every time I lift my eyes to the snow-capped mountains that apparently surround us, I think, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear Him." There are quite a large number of farmers settled through the valley who, in time, will become wealthy, as the soil is so very fertile. It has been only about twenty years since the first white man and his family took up his abode in Chilliwack, and now there are three Protestant churches (and good sized ones, too); besides the Indians, both Protestant and Catholic, have their respective places of worship. There are two post-offices in this vicinity, several stores, a steamboat landing, a cheese factory, and a telegraph office. The steamer comes up from New Westminster every day while the river is passable. There are times in winter when the ice forms and prevents navigation. In June the water in the Fraser river rises and inundates the surrounding lower lands, backing the water up into sloughs and interfering in a measure with crops, making some highways impassable excepting by canoes or boats, and giving the mosquitoes good time and opportunity to germinate. There is a camp-meeting ground, where the Methodists annually hold their camp-meetings, which are largely attended by both whites and Indians. Nature has been most bountiful, and has planted forests of grandly majestic cedars, some of which measure fifteen feet across. The flora of this land is superb, while the cultivated fields and gardens yield rich returns to the laborer. Yet milk and honey do not flow gratuitously past every man's door, and it is only by the sweat of his brow that he can ever hope to eat honest bread, even in this fertile land. There are quite a large number of white people settled here, and the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian white people support their own pastors, while the Indian missionary, Rev. Mr. Tate, makes this his headquarters, having opened his heart and home to the neglected Indian children around. The children have been crowding in, till now there is not any room for more, and many are eagerly looking forward to the time when the Coqualeetra Home will be completed and ready for occupation. At present the building is progressing gradually toward completion. It is earnestly desired that it will be ready for occupation before the first of June. The grant of \$2,000, which the Woman's Missionary Society made for this building last year, cannot possibly be made to cover the expenses of site, building material and labor, therefore, now that grant is all expended, and there remains the plaster to be put on, the flues to build, windows and doors to put in, and the painting to be done, and nothing with which to do it, will not some of the kind readers of the OUTLOOK come to the help of the needy? This home is a necessity,

and if they could but witness the good that has been accomplished by the united efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Tate in the lives of some of the children who are now gathered under their own roof, they would advocate and aid the present movement, I am sure. Could they have seen the poor, deformed lad, who was two years ago brought here to be cared for, as their kind friends thought, till death relieved him of his sufferings then, and now listen to that same lad singing with heart and soul "I'll try to be like Jesus," or repeating at the hour of evening prayer some refreshing verse from the Bible, and see his face light up as he thinks of that love which caused God to give His only Son to die for such an one as he, I am sure assistance would not long be delayed, and we should soon be enabled to gather in the children into the Home where we could teach them not only to read, write and cipher, but also much other useful knowledge which now they cannot learn, because they have not the opportunity. Mr. Tate has to make some dangerous journeys in canoes in his rounds of visiting the Flathead Indians upon the coast, and there are some localities where his presence is much needed, but he cannot reach them because he has no means of getting there. If he had a steamer similar to the *Glad Tidings*, he could accomplish much more, and with less exposure of health and life than paddling in a frail canoe. Mr. Tate has already received several small contributions toward the purchasing of a steam mission boat, for which he has expressed gratitude, and he feels hopeful that in the near future his needs in this direction will be supplied.

The death of the Rev. Mr. Hemlaw, which occurred yesterday morning, after weeks of intense suffering and three or four days of unconsciousness at the last, fills our hearts with sympathy for his bereaved. Brother Hemlaw has been a faithful missionary, and it seems to us a strange providence that takes away, in the very prime of manhood, one who promised to be so useful; but "God buries His workmen, and still carries on His work."

Laura Elderkin.

#### WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY?

BY MRS. W. I. SHAW.

(A paper read before the Quarterly Meeting of the Auxiliaries of Montreal.)

I! What can I do? Am I personally responsible for the salvation of the world? Yes; each of us is privileged to help in this great work, for we are commanded to be workers together with God. Let us, then, have an intelligent knowledge of the work and the workers employed. Do not let us agree to support any scheme of which we are ignorant.

The General Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, with an income of about \$220,000, sends out home and foreign missionaries and teachers, expending with the utmost economy and care every cent of its income, yet not at all able to answer every call for missionary helpers.

Here the Woman's Missionary Society begins, undertaking to work for women and children only, and by means of women only, sending year by year, from the homes of Canada, living, earnest, consecrated and educated women to uplift and enlighten the neglected French and Indian women of our own country, and those in foreign lands who sit in heathen darkness.

Do you know how great is that darkness, even yet, after all those years of missionary enterprise? Do you know that there is no such thing as family affection as we enjoy it, closing us in, and wrapping us round in its sweet environment? Nothing like that in many of these desolate places; no love for the tender infant, no fatherly affection



for the little daughter, no reverence for the aged mother, no comfort for the bereaved, no knowledge of our Father in heaven. Do you know that besides all the Protestants, the Greek Church, the Roman Church, the Jews and the Mohammedans, there are 756,000,000 of absolute pagans? Of these, 300,000,000 are Buddhist women, with no hope of immortality unless in some future transmigration they may be born again as men; 80,000,000 are women confined in Moslem harems. Millions and millions of women depending for the Gospel upon the Protestant missions of the world!

In many of these places a woman will be listened to, speaking and singing of Jesus, when a man could not be heard by the poor women who need the message. Besides all this, we have more than 500,000 women at our own doors, nominally religious, but worshipping pictures, relics, images, saints, and the Holy Virgin, far more than our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Woman's Missionary Society supports at present a school at Acton Vale, fifty-five miles from this city, where over thirty French girls are largely studying under a devoted teacher and assistant. The French Institute, a fine building in the western part of the city, is to be opened next year for both boys and girls, the Woman's Missionary Society being responsible for the girls' education.

A home for destitute Indian children is under the care of Missionary ladies in Chilliwack, B.C. A grant is given to the Macdougall Indian Orphanage, at Morley, in the North-West. A Refuge and Home has been established in Victoria for Chinese girls; and far up the coast, in the desolate and lonely north country, lies the Crosby Home, also a place of succor and Christian kindness for the ignorant outcast Indian children.

At Azabu, in the large city of Tokio, Japan, we next find traces of the work of the Woman's Missionary Society. Here is a School, established only four years ago by our beloved first missionary, Miss Cartmell, and each year its quarters have been too narrow to accommodate the numbers seeking instruction, able and willing to pay for it, too, till now the building will accommodate 250, with more than 200 in actual attendance. There are seven of our own Canadian teachers, besides native assistants, and an efficient staff of Bible-women going all the time to the homes of these Japanese ladies to tell the good news of salvation. Another, more recently established by Japanese enterprise, is in charge of two of our missionary ladies in Shidzuoka. Though established less than two years, it has already fifty pupils. Both these Japanese schools are largely self-supporting. More than that, many conversions have taken place in each of our schools. All this work has been accomplished within the last eight years, that being the age of the Woman's Missionary Society. So that we should give thanks for God's signal blessing, and take courage to place still greater things in the future.

This Woman's Missionary work asks of you some *time*. One hour per month, at least, in which to learn from the letters of the missionaries what are their joys, trials and sorrows; in which also to pray for them by name; in which also to offer suggestions as to the better management of the Society. If God has a claim upon you for the salvation of the world, is that too much?

The Society asks of you *money*—two cents per week as a membership fee. Is that too much as an acknowledgment of God's goodness in not placing you in the depths of heathenism? As to whether that is *all* you should give, is a question to answer not by the givings of others, but after seriously considering "how much owest thou?" to the Giver of all we have.

Can we not do something for this cause by speaking about it more, not merely as a society which we have

joined, but as a real pleasure, a means of grace, and thus induce some world-weary ones to join in this blessed work? or by persuading others to take the MISSIONARY OUTLOOK, confer a lasting benefit upon them; or by telling of the experience of our missionaries arouse an interest where none existed before. There is practically no limit to the ripple of influence one such effort may have.

We have nothing to say of those who are indifferent or unfriendly in church work, but it is a fact that any company of women who deny themselves together for a worthy cause, either of leisure or of ease, or of money, these women are much more likely to love each other, and to be kind to each other's faults and failings with one common object in view, than if there were no such bond of union among them.

But the chief gift which the work of saving souls demands of you is earnest, faithful prayer. Pray for the missionaries, not in a mass, but with at least some knowledge of their needs, pray for each one by name. Pray for the heathen, that their hearts may be turned to the Lord. Pray for the officers of the Society, that great wisdom and entire consecration may be theirs. Pray without ceasing, that the Sun of Righteousness may arise in full glory on the dark places of the earth. "But," says one, "I can't join all the societies, there is no end to them, and I have society work enough at home."

I do not think every woman is called to join actively in every good work, but I do think every woman is required to consider seriously what is the special work to which she is called; and among them all, this work of saving souls is surely most blessed. Suppose I had been shipwrecked, and at last with great difficulty I was brought to you on the shore, your first anxiety would not be to procure handsome clothing; no, the first thing would most likely be warmth, food and drink, other kindness would follow. So let us devote ourselves where we are most needed, remembering, "The light that shines farthest, shines brightest nearest home."

Our sins of omission, which lie so lightly on our conscience, may yet prove to be the millstones round the neck of our upward flight, weighing us earthward; and the heaviest millstone of them all is the restraint of prayer. "Ye have not, because ye ask not," are our Saviour's own words. Let us ask this year, let us ask in faith, nothing doubting; let us ask wonderful things, for "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath laid up for them that fear Him." It was Miss Nightingale who, speaking of her noble work, among the suffering soldiers of the British army, which has rendered her name a household word wherever the English language reaches, or wherever the British soldier is found, said, "I resolved never to refuse God anything," and it was He who led me into this work, in which I would never have succeeded, but for His grace sustaining me."

We are not, perhaps, called to such extreme self-denial as she was. It is likely that the work of our lives will never be held up to the admiration of the world, but let us give leave to the heavenly Master to do with us what He will, to command us any work, any place, any time, and feel blessed in obeying. "Well," says one, "I love the Saviour, and I mean to serve Him, but *you know* I can't pray or speak in public." But, dear sister, all that the Master wants you to do you can do, for "He giveth more grace;" and it is not a task, but a precious privilege, when in a small company of women all of one mind, to speak for the Master, or to Him about His work. It does not need eloquence, thank God, nor long prayers, to make your petitions acceptable before God. No, for though receiving the continual adoration of angels, He yet deigns to hush



the music of heaven to hearken to the fervent prayer of one of His little ones. It is the experience of many a timid believer, that by constantly taking up this cross, it does become lighter, the burden of it less, and the joy of it greater.

We find, in Holy Writ, many who were specially sent by God Himself to do certain things. Moses was thus commissioned to lead Israel, Elijah to warn and then save Israel, Nathan to warn a king, Jonah to warn a city, a little captive maid to direct her master to the place of healing for body and soul. Some of these went willingly, some not; but what of those who went not at all? Their names do not appear, but there were, no doubt, then as now, messengers sent by the Master to do certain things who said, "I go, sir," and went not. Are we willing to be among that sorry company by-and-by?

It seems to me that the trumpet-blast blown by the old prophet Isaiah, and re-echoed by John the Baptist, is ringing yet in the ears of the women of this generation, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight." Let us prepare the way for the Lord's work and workers. Our daughters and those who succeed us will, no doubt, be much better qualified to use pen and tongue in the great work than we. Let us leave the way as plain for them as we can. Let us clear away the stumbling blocks of prejudice, the rubbish of ignorance, the dust of indifference, out of their way, that they may not have to use their precious time in removing them. The time is short, let us be up and doing, for we know not when our Lord doth come.

#### INDIAN PROGRAMME.

*Large map of Dominion in the foreground.—Band seated on platform or in suitable place.*

Hymn, 715.

Scripture readings, Gen. iv. 9-12; 1 Kings xx. 39-40; Luke x. 26-37.

*President*—I am glad to see so many of you out this evening. How is it that I meet with so cordial a response to my appeal at our last gathering?

*A Voice*.—You said you could not do *all* the work; we had a share in that and the responsibility too. And here we are; each one to help a little.

*Pres.*—Oh, I am so glad you have such good memories. I suspect you must be interested.

*2nd Voice*.—We are to talk about Indian missions, you know.

*3rd Voice*.—Yes; let us learn what we can about the heathen in our own country.

*1st Voice*.—Oh, that's too bad to call Indians heathens.

*Pres.*—But don't you know they have been, and many are yet heathen; as much so as any in Central Africa?

*4th Voice*.—Oh, but they don't do the things a real heathen does, and they are not at all interesting. They build no curious temples, weave no shining silks, have no grotesque idols, no weird and fanciful ceremonies. They just sit around in blankets, and beg. Now, I am all aglow with sympathy for the *real* heathen, who sit amid spicy groves and brilliant birds; their large, soulful dark eyes glow with inward emotions, and their accents sound like far-off music. Oh, I'll work in such a cause as that!

#### PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

I am very glad our little talk has taken this turn. I dare say the ideas just advanced express the feelings of not a few present. Well then, let me tell you that the few Indians whom you may have seen no more represent the natives inhabiting this continent at the time of its discovery and

subsequent settlement by the whites, than do the oriental women, pictured by your imagination, illustrate the actual condition of the mass of female humanity outside the pale of Christianity. The Indian nation, however, has to be looked at differently from any other. The Indian picture is viewed in a white frame, whose purity and beauty magnify the unsightliness of many points in the scene, but in nowise helps to remove them.

Then the fact of their being so near to us proves a hindrance instead of a help. There is no flavor of romance pervading our ideas concerning them. It appears very plain and homely business, and we are not aware that any other savage nation would appear the same if brought equally near. But if you *mean business* (and if you *don't*, you need never hope for success in this or any other undertaking), you will be very glad to know just what there is to do.

The tribes living near us or among us have become at least nominally Christians. Those of the maritime provinces are Roman Catholics; those of Ontario either Protestants or Catholics. The Crees and other tribes on the eastern side of the Rockies, have abandoned their tribal wars, and live in comparative peace and semi-civilization. But the Indian in his native state is as veritable a heathen as any living in the heart of Africa. And there are still those living in some parts of British Columbia and Alaska who are to-day following their heathen practices and dying in their heathen belief.

The things we abhor in their lives and customs are not distinctly *Indian*. They are the inevitable accompaniments of *heathenism*, and only serve as evidence that Indians were such. Filth, noise, want of principle, lack of intellect, greediness, inordinate desire for revenge, will always exist where paganism does, and while it does. It is part of it.

Singing—Tune, "Zion."

Hymn—"British Columbia White to the Harvest."

Who but Thou, Almighty Spirit,  
Can the heathen world reclaim?  
Men may preach, but till Thou favor,  
Heathens will be still the same,  
Let Columbia  
Witness to the Saviour's name.

Lo, these hills for harvest whiten  
All along each distant shore,  
Seaward far the islands brighten,  
Light of nations lead us o'er.  
Lead Columbia,  
Let Thy spirit go before.

Let us haste and spread the tidings,  
Wide to earth's remotest strand;  
Let no brother's bitter chidings  
Rise against us when we stand  
For the North-West,  
In the judgment for this land.

Let the Indian see salvation;  
Let Tsimpshans, Haidas, Cree;  
Let these souls, redeemed a nation  
In a day, be born to Thee.  
Hail, O brothers!  
Christ has come to set you free.

#### THE CATECHISM.

(By one elder and several younger members of Band.)

*Leader*.—Now I will hear your Indian catechism.

*Several together*.—Of course, you will give prizes!

*Leader*.—Oh, you rogues! You will not win any. All stand in a row—so. Where did the Indians come from?

*1st Voice*.—There is no history to tell us. We have no certain reliable way of knowing. It is supposed they crossed from Asia over Behring's Strait.



*Leader.*—Are they an ancient people?

*2nd Voice.*—Yes. The changes in language that have taken place among them prove them to be a nation which must have existed a very long time.

*Leader.*—Have they many languages or dialects?

*3rd Voice.*—There are several languages and many dialects.

*Spectator.*—I suppose they have very few words. I have an idea they express themselves in the briefest manner possible, and fill up all blank spaces with a grunt.

*4th Voice.*—That is a mistake. They do end their sentences abruptly. They have a fondness for expressing as much as possible in one word, but that very reason gives their language astonishing variety and richness. It gives rise to a very curious way of adding to the same word, which is found in none of the languages of the Old World.

*Leader.*—Have they written languages?

*2nd Voice.*—No; they have evidently used hieroglyphics. Thus the Hurons were represented by a beaver, the Senecas by a spider, the Mohawks by a bear, etc.

*Leader.*—Are there many of them?

*1st Voice.*—A hunting people can never be very numerous, but it is supposed that the number of Pagan Indians in the Dominion of Canada is not less than 100,000.

*Leader.*—What is their religious belief?

*3rd Voice.*—In one Supreme Being, many lesser ones, and a host of invincible spirits. Their priests are also doctors, and, if possible, jugglers. They believe in a material heaven.

*Leader.*—What are their principal customs?

*4th Voice.*—War dances, national councils, great feasts, called, in British Columbia, "the potlach." At this last, magnificent presents are given to the guests by the chief, to provide which the tribe is obliged to assist, and the savings of years thus go in a single night. They have many rude and grotesque customs, which it would take too long to describe.

*Leader.*—You say they are a nomadic or wandering people. How do they travel?

*5th Voice.*—In winter, on snow-shoes. In summer, only moccasins—shoes made from the skins of animals.

*Leader.*—How do they cross water?

*6th Voice.*—In canoes hollowed from the trunks of cedar trees, also in canoes made of sheets of birch bark about a quarter of an inch thick. These are lined with very thin flakes of wood.

"Thus the birch canoe was builded  
In the bosom of the forest,  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All the lightness of the birch tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews,  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily."

*Leader.*—How do they treat their women?

*3rd Voice.*—They are regarded as slaves. They do all the work, except hunting, fishing and fighting. The men look on, while they erect tents, plant corn, haul and carry wood, and other burdens. They are transferred as property. The fathers or mothers sell them or exchange them for horses, rum, blankets, etc.

*Leader.*—Can they be happy?

*5th Voice.*—Oh, no; a clergyman of the Church Missionary Society says, "Many a poor mother assured me that she had killed her child to save it from suffering the misery she had herself endured."

*6th Voice.*—And a clergyman from another Missionary Board tells that "an Indian killed his wife and brought her body into the village for burial. No one could interfere.

According to their customs, he had bought her as he would buy a dog; and if he chose, he could kill her as he would kill a dog."

*Leader.*—How do they treat their aged people?

*Ans.*—In some tribes the old and feeble are put to death by placing a rope around their necks and dragging them over the stones.

*Leader.*—Do not tell us any more, we are quite convinced that we should be up and doing. We know, by the light of Gospel truths, that there is judgment for *national* as well as individual sins. What are we doing to avert such evil from overtaking "this Canada of ours?"

#### PAPER I.—OUR INDIANS, AND WHAT WE ARE DOING FOR THEM.

(Read by a girl of 14).

Ever since people got to know about the Indians in the great North-West, they felt they ought to help them, for they were bringing great riches to the white man; so it was only right, and what God meant, to give them the Gospel in return. The Methodist Church has been trying to do this ever since 1824, when the first Missionary Society was formed, to help some Indians in Ontario. That was sixty-five years ago. That year the Society had less than \$300. Well, the Society, the interest in missions, and the income, have been growing ever since, until last year the Woman's Missionary Society alone raised \$19,000, and the motto of the General Board is, "A revival in every congregation, and a quarter of a million for missions." Of course, all this is not spent for the Indian work, but a good deal of it is. About 12,000 Indians are under the care of our Church, in forty-seven different places.

We take the most interest in the Crosby Home, McDougall Orphanage, and Chilliwhack Home, because there the boys and girls who have no homes and no friends are loved and cared for. I mean they make a business of it; and isn't it a nice kind of business? If you wish to hear more about it come to our meetings. We get news from them all the time, and we will be glad to share the pleasure with you.

#### Recitation—

I'm a poor little Blackfoot boy,  
My name is Imogenec;  
Far away stands my buffalo lodge,  
'Neath a spreading cypress tree.

O, I was as happy there  
As the squirrels on yonder tree,  
Till my father was killed on the plains,  
While helping the Nez-per-ce.

Then the great chief, Red Feather, came,  
And said I must go with him  
To his lodge down the big Bow River,  
With its wild rolling waters so dim.

I am only an orphan now,  
With no one to pity my woe;  
I must leave the beautiful cypress,  
With my mother in the branches below.

And through the long weary moons,  
Must be the obedient slave  
Of the slave wives, and more wretched still,  
Of each young angry brave.

But there came to the big chief's tent  
Another white man one day,  
"From the land of the Rising Sun,"  
Were the words I heard him say.



The great chief sat all the night,  
And talked with the praying man  
Of many and many a thing  
I did not understand.

But one thing the good man said,  
And I'm sure I understood,  
He was building a home for orphans,  
And he'd gather all if he could.

Yes, these were his very own words:  
"I'll save them all if I can,  
Whether bad or good—if they but live,  
Each boy will yet be a man."

Oh is it really a place  
Where I wouldn't hungry be,  
And scolded and starved, and told  
That nobody wanted me?

But no!—for he said there'd be room  
For lots of boys like me,  
And there'd be everything to make them  
As happy as they could be.

But he hadn't enough to finish  
The work already begun,  
Till the white man sends the money,  
From the land of the Rising Sun.

Oh will they not send the money,  
Such poor helpless orphans to save,  
From the wretchedness, sorrow, and crime  
That are dragging them down to the grave?

For there's many and many a boy,  
Whose case is more pitiful still:  
Who, with taunts fierce and cruel, is driven  
His own brother's blood to spill.

Oh, white man! send the money!  
Or soon we'll all be in the grave  
With never an one to help us,  
Or a hand stretched out to save.

#### PAPER II.—DOES IT PAY TO SEND THE GOSPEL TO THE INDIANS?

I think I will answer this question by simply stating facts. In the early days of work among these people, the opinion of a Missionary Board, duly recorded in history, is, that "The American Indians, compared with other heathen, have been remarkable for readiness to perceive and admit the value both of Christianity and civilization. Among no other heathen in modern times has the Gospel had such early and decided success. No other savages have so readily thrown off their barbarism and become civilized men." As an illustration a brief biography is given of "Wequash, the famous Indian of the river's mouth; he knew Christ; he loved Christ; he preached Christ up and down, and then suffered martyrdom for Christ."

In these days in which we live, we hear such accounts as this: "A small congregation of full-blooded Chickasaw Indians lately gave \$400 for the missions of their Church." "The number of young Indians learning trades in workshops, at the agencies under the care of the United States Government, has increased to 385." Rev. James Evans tells of a band of isolated Indians, who had never had a missionary or seen a school teacher, who had by themselves learned to read the Bible in the syllabic characters he invented and prepared for them. Rev. Sheldon Jackson, of Alaska, says the one great anxiety of the natives is to learn the English language, so that they may study God's Book. Our splendid native workers—Pierce, Sexsmith, the Steinhauers, and others—could tell you enough to make you feel very sure that it *does pay* wonderfully well to invest money, prayer, effort, in our own country and among our

own heathen neighbors. If white people had not hindered; if a bad example had not been set, wicked practices taught, wrongs so many and so great that we cannot stop to mention them, done to the natives from the discovery of America to this very day, no man can tell what the result might have been; but, judging from what we *know*, there is no doubt that the Indian would have accepted Jesus, whenever and wherever made known to him. Something of this is expressed in a hymn written on overhearing an Indian woman praying in the forest. It gives some of her words, and expresses her sentiments.

#### AN INDIAN HYMN.

(Which can either be recited or sung.)

In de dark wood, no Indian nigh,  
Den me look heaven and send up cry,  
Upon my knee so low—  
Dat God on high in shining place  
See me in night wid teary face,  
My heart him tell me so.

Him send Him angel take me care,  
Him come Himself and hearum prayer,  
If Indian heart do pray;  
Him see me now, Him know me here,  
Him say, "Poor Indian, neber fear,  
Me wid you night and day."

So me lub God wid inside heart;  
He fight for me, He takum part,  
He sabum life before.  
God lub poor Indian in the wood,  
And me lub He, and dat be good,  
Me pray Him two time more.

When me be old, me head be grey,  
Den Him no leabe me, so Him say,  
"Me wid you till you die;"  
Den take me up to shiny place,  
See white man, red man, black man face,  
All happy like on high.

#### PAPER III.—GEOGRAPHICAL EXERCISE, SHOWING WHERE THE WORK IS GOING ON.

(Map of Dominion in foreground. Places shown and route traced with pointer.)

I am sure you must be tired of dates, numbers, and such prosy things. If you will just come with me, we'll have a pleasant change—a trip all through and over the North-West—at least, wherever our missions are. The first missionaries—Rundle and Evans—sent out by our Society, had to travel by dog-train, or on snow-shoes, or any way they could. Rev. James Evans, who began almost all the older missions this side the Rocky Mountains, made himself a boat and tin canoe, which dazzled in the sun so that the Indians called it the "Island of light;" but I don't know where it is now, so we will not go that way. We will take the C. P. R. and ride comfortably along, stopping for a sail on Lake Winnipeg. Norway House is on its north-east corner, just here, which has a school taught by a native, who also has charge of the circuit, with four preaching places and 374 church members. At Oxford House and Nelson House they have native ministers; there are some other missions, and more schools and more workers are needed. You can take your choice and travel by water or land. Will you go back to the railroad, or will you sail up the Saskatchewan, for this noble river will take you nearly to the Rocky Mountains. You see at this place, named Prince Albert, two branches of the river unite. We cannot go two ways at once, so we will choose our course, as we are told we will have to through life; and the right way for us



will be to follow the North Branch, 400 miles to Edmonton, then down 80 miles to Victoria Mission, thence north-east 60 miles to Whitefish Lake Mission. This, you remember, was Mr. Steinhaur's home. We have a mission band named after him. When Mr. Evans consented, in 1846, to go as a missionary to Hudson's Bay Territory he took Mr. Steinhaur with him.

Now we will go back to Edmonton, which you see is like the hub of a wheel, and as all the spokes are fastened into it, we are always coming back to it again. One spoke runs 60 miles south-west to Woodville Mission at Pigeon Lake; another 60 miles south to Battle River. Most of the missions in this region were established by the Rev. Geo. McDougall. He wanted very much to do something for the children, and at the next place we go we shall see how his plans are being carried out. We will keep steadily on to the south-east, and in due time we shall reach Morley Mission, on the Bow River. We shall have to drive right across and through the river, but don't be afraid, we shall not get wet. Two miles back from the river stands the McDougall Orphanage. You see for yourselves where it got its name. Now we have visited all the mission fields except Fort McLeod, 140 miles south from Morley, this side of the Rockies.

Now, if you will return to our friend the C. P. R., it will carry you safely across these mountains, and we'll give a course of lectures, in which we'll tell of the wonderful sights along the journey. Here we are in British Columbia. As we reach its western shore, the ocean that stretches out blue and wide before us, I need not tell you, is the Pacific. We have reached the land's end, and must take a steamship if you mean to favor me with your company any farther. We can first glide up the Fraser, in whose valley lies the Chilliwack Home, but we must come right back and take the steam ferry across to Vancouver Island. I know you won't enjoy this trip, but never mind, sea-sickness will do you good.

Two hours by rail will bring us to Nanaimo. The town, they say, was built in a snow storm. Do you see that pretty little steam yacht out there in the harbour? That is the *Glad Tidings*. She has been taking in coal, for that is the kind of snow that abounds here. I am sure that Capt. Oliver will take us on board when he learns our business. So we will make a hasty call on Miss Lawrence, who has charge at this mission, and sail up the Pacific coast, where we have many interesting missions among the various tribes, and also on the islands, where one village after another has heard of and accepted Jesus. Here we are at Port Simpson, where, you know, the Crosby Home is situated, with Miss Knight and Miss Hart in charge. We can sail up the Naas river to Greenville in the summer time. Here a number of orphan boys have been supported and trained by the missionary, Mr. Green; but they are soon to go to Port Simpson, where proper accommodations will be provided for them. Around Greenville and between the Naas and Skeena rivers, there are various mission stations with hard names, and no way to get there, but by our own feet; as we are not so energetic and self-sacrificing as our missionaries we will not go there, nor up the Skeena, where during a single summer fully two thousand Indians have heard the story of the Cross from Mr. Pierce, our native preacher there. There are thousands more whom the message has never reached, who live a life too wild and strange to be even talked about. I wonder if it is all right for you and me to go home and leave them so. We will keep working and praying and talking about our missions, and try and get all our friends enlisted in their behalf. Of course, the Bands naturally prefer to hear of the McDougall Orphanage, the Crosby Home and the Chilliwack Home.

They will agree with the priest who said, "Give us the children and you may have the grown people."

• Recitation (by one older girl)—

Who are these whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reached the golden seat  
They have ever kept in view?

(By five little children)

I.—I whence Naas pours its tide  
Down the rocky canyon's side.

II.—I whence Skeena's waters flow.

III.—I from valley of the Bow.

IV.—I from out the Crosby Home.

V.—I from Chilliwack have come.

(Together)—

All our earthly journey past,  
Every fear and pain gone by,  
Here together meet at last,  
At the portals of the sky.

(First speaker)—

Each to welcome, Jesus waits,  
Gives the crowns His followers win;  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
Let the little travellers in.

## Missionary Readings.

### OUR VISIT TO MUNICH.

WITH the object that we may get full liberty to do mission work in Bavaria, Bro. Barkemeyer and I went from Coburg to Munich last Monday, and returned to-day. We intended not to go until August 3rd, so as to get half-fare, which is given on certain occasions for excursion parties, but learned that the Prince Regent is to be away during the month of August. We did not know that a great celebration was taking place on the 31st of July, in honor of King Ludwig's birthday, one hundred years ago. When within fifty miles of Munich we learned that the city was so full of visitors that many had to spend the nights on the streets. So we stopped at 9 p.m. and put up, our train getting to Munich after 10. Coming in next morning by 7, we found it as told, very full of people. The city has a population of over 200,000, and it is fair to say 200,000 visitors were there—some said many more, and a daily paper had it 300,000. Now, just think of 400,000 people, three out of every four of whom drank from ten to twenty glasses of beer every day. When Bro. B. and I got dinner yesterday, over two hundred were drinking beer at once. I got tired seeing sights by 9 a.m., and went to this place and wrote some, and stayed there till 1 p.m. Not less than fifty were there at any time, and at times as many as 1,200; and in that crowd not more than one in a hundred refused beer. The first thing you are asked, when you go to such a place, is if you don't want beer; and sometimes they bring it without asking, as they suppose everybody drinks it. Think of a room large enough for twenty tables, at each of which sit from five to ten persons drinking beer! They use beer largely, instead of tea and coffee. The man who sat next to me at dinner yesterday came at



11 o'clock and stayed till after I left, at 1 p.m., and eat dinner, and actually drank six large glasses of beer! They will sit from one to three hours in hotels or beer-houses drinking beer. It is wonderful how many men, women, and children daily visit these places, and sit and drink and eat; but the eating is small in proportion to the drinking. What a waste of time and money this beer-drinking causes. All over Germany, even in small villages, they gather, if at no other time, at night, and drink, and *drink*, and DRINK! No wonder Luther said, "The man who first brewed beer was a pest to Germany." And another said, "The Bavarians are beer-casks in the morning, but at night casks of beer."—D. C. FLICKINGER, in *Miss. Visitor*.

#### PRINCESS EUGENIE AND HER JEWELS.

MANY years ago the Princess Eugenie was ordered by her physician to go to an island off the coast of Sweden for her health. On that island she found a large number of wretched cripples, many of them hopelessly incurable. She could not be happy until she had done something for their relief, and she prayed God to put into her heart His own will concerning the matter.

Then the thought came into her mind which has now made her famous. She would build a home for these poor cripples, where they might have loving nursing and sisterly care. Their number was so great that the house must be large and costly, and she knew not how to raise the necessary funds.

Then another thought came into her heart. She wrote to her brother, the king, asking his consent to her selling all the crown jewels that belonged to her, and using the proceeds of the sale for God. The letter was baptized in tears, and hallowed with many prayers that the king would accede to her request. At first he thought the princess must be crazy. These jewels were heirlooms; they had come down to her from past generations. Who had ever heard of such a preposterous notion, that a royal princess should part forever with her precious family treasures to build a hospital for cripples? But there was one phrase in her letter that her brother could not forget. Her whole plea was, "FOR CHRIST'S SAKE. And he wrote to give his consent.

The princess, happy in the sacrifice, sold her jewels, and finished and furnished the hospital.

One day a poor woman, at whose bedside, day after day, she had thus been a visitor, was drawing near to death. The princess had been wont to sit by her holding her hand, and pleading with her to accept Jesus as her Saviour. And, now that the last hour had come, the woman raised herself in bed, bent over the princess's hand, and, caressing it, said, "Lovely princess, I bless the Lord for sending you to this island; for, but for you, I should never have learned to love Jesus, and my soul would have been lost." Then she fell back and expired, but the hand of the princess was covered with tear-drops from those dying eyes, and as she looked down and saw those tears of gratitude glistening in the sunlight, she lifted her eyes to God, and said, "O my Saviour, I sold my jewels for Thee, but I see them all restored, and how much more beautiful than when I formerly owned them.

## Our Young Folk.

### WE CAN DO SOMETHING.

WE are very little girls,  
Our names are Jennie, Kate and Mary,  
And don't you think that each of us  
Would make a first-rate missionary?

Perhaps you think we are too young  
And could not leave our loving mothers?  
Well then, we can some pennies earn,  
And so help on the work for others.

### A SMILE: HOW IT CONQUERED A LITTLE BOY.

DR. NEWTON gives the following:—Gertrude White, a sweet little girl about nine years old, lived in a little red brick house in our village.

She was a general favorite in Cherryville; but she had one trouble: Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her "Tow-Head" whenever they met. Then she would pout, and go home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement.

"Mother, I can't bear this any longer!" she said; "Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow-Head' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table?" said the good mother.

Gertrude silently obeyed.

"Now my little daughter, will you read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?"

Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted, oppressed, yet "opened not His mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called Him names?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night she asked God to help her to bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to have such petitions.

Not many days passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will that he was too much surprised to call after her, if indeed he felt any inclination; but he watched her until she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week was passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying:

"I used to like to see you get cross; but when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and its effects upon her. Will did not reply; but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he never would call her names again.—*Selected.*



## A DONKEY RIDE IN CAIRO.

THE hot climate of Egypt, with its enervating effect—combined, in Cairo, with the crowded state of the thoroughfares and the powdery, dusty roadways—causes the inhabitants who can afford to keep a horse, a mule, or an ass, to be seldom seen walking far beyond the threshold of their own doors. In past days very few of the people of Cairo, or the other towns, would expose themselves to the suspicion of having any superfluous wealth by keeping horses, and thus be liable to greater exactions on the part of the government than otherwise they would suffer. But now, horses and carriages are more general.

Mules are used for riding by rich merchants, and the great ulema or priests. The saddle used for the mule is nearly the same as that of the ass. The priest's saddle, however, is covered with a prayer carpet.

Asses are mostly in use for riding through the narrow and crowded streets of Cairo, and numbers of them, attended by the donkey-boys, are for hire. They are, one may say, the cabs of Cairo. They are not much taller than the asses of our own country, but are of better frame and, speaking generally, in better condition. The striking peculiarity about them is that they are shaved, excepting on the legs. If the legs are white, we have the strange sight of a donkey with a nearly black, polished skin, without a vestige of hair, but with white legs, and a pattern cut in the hair where the shaven and unshaven parts join. The saddle is much raised, by its padding, above the back of the animal. The forepart is covered with red leather, and the seat most commonly with a kind of soft, woollen lace, similar to our coach lace, of red, yellow, and other colors. A servant generally goes before the rider, calling to the passengers to move out of the way, to the right or left, or to take care of their backs, faces, sides, feet, or heels. Despite this precaution, however, the rider may be thrown down by the wide load of camels in passing.

The donkey-boys are a very lively and pushing race, and are untiring in their efforts to obtain customers, and afterwards in their attendance on the hirer and his steed during the ride. There is a road for carriages from Cairo to the Pyramids of fifteen miles there and back, but still the journey is frequently made on donkeys, and the boys run nearly all the way. The Nile has to be crossed, and it is amusing to see the donkeys put into the ferry-boat. The animal's forelegs are lifted over the gunwale, and his forefeet being placed on the deck, his hind legs are then lifted and he is spun upon the deck, sometimes skating some distance along the boards.—*Missionary News*.

## THE RIGHT SORT OF A TENANT.

OH, yes, I have had all kinds of tenants, said a kind-faced old gentleman, but the one that I like the best is a child not more than ten years old. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side, and did so. I noticed there was an old coop of a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" said I.

"To live in," he replied.

"Well," I said, "you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth."

The first month he brought \$2, and the second month a little boy, who said he was this man's son, came with \$3. After that I saw the man once in awhile, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly—sometimes \$2, and sometimes \$3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," he answered.

I took the money, but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate; and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door, and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't have any.

"Where is she?" said I.

"We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since."

Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on them now. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they are getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little, and then I said:

"My boy, you keep right on as you have begun, and you will never be sorry. Keep your sisters together and never leave them. Now look at this."

I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him it was all his, with interest. "You keep right on," said I, "and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more, I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own." That's the kind of a tenant I have.—*Chicago Herald*.

## KNOWING THE FACTS.

"FACTS," says Dr. Pierson, in his "Crisis of Missions," "are the fingers of God. To know the facts of modern missions is the necessary condition of intelligent interest. Knowledge does not always kindle zeal, but zeal is 'according to knowledge' and will not exist without it. A fire may be fanned with wind, but it must be fed with fuel; and facts are the fuel of this sacred flame to be gathered, then kindled by God's Spirit, and then scattered as burning brands to be as live coals elsewhere. In vain shall we look for an absorbing, engrossing passion for the prompt and universal spread of Gospel tidings, for full missionary treasuries or full missionary ranks, unless and until the individual believer is brought face to face with those grand facts which make the march of modern Missions the marvel and miracle of these latter days." "Know, and you will feel; know, and you will pray; know, and you will help;" are the concise words of the Dean of Llandaff.



## Along the Line.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from ED. SEXSMITH, Native Agent, dated KISH-PI-AX, Feb. 12th, 1889.*

I AM very glad to again send you a few words which will give you an idea of how we are getting along. We often prayed that God would send some one to instruct us. Your letter did not afford much comfort, but our hearts were rejoiced, and it has been a feast for us since the white missionary came to us. "God surely moves in a mysterious way." Our labor has been blessed this winter.

Most of the people have started to serve the Master, and one of the head chiefs has cast in his lot with God's people. Several of the other chiefs are very favorably disposed, and we expect soon they will be fully decided.

My work this year has been most agreeable and very profitable to myself. I see the Bible as never before, and many parts dark to me before are now sources of praise and joy.

Our people were truly dead in trespasses and sin, but are being raised to life and liberty by the word of God.

It is hard for my people to believe the simple Gospel story. Hard it is to give up their old customs, instilled into them from childhood. But light is springing up, and soon we hope our whole valley will be resounding with the praises of Christ. I received the OUTLOOK, and by reading what is being done in other parts of the world, I am led to rejoice that I, too, am found in the vineyard of the Great King.

*Letter from GEORGE EDGAR, Native Teacher, dated HAG-WIL-GET, B.C., UPPER SKEENA, Feb. 16th, 1889.*

WE take pleasure in sending you a few words relative to our work among the Hag-wil-gets.

Since last year, by the advice of our superintendent, we left the old village and moved down about three miles to the junction of the Hag-wil-get and Skeena rivers.

The location is all that could be desired. We have built a mission-house which, for the present, serves as mission-house, school-house and church; and although there are but few people who have been deeply enough impressed to leave their old customs, village, and all to come to us, we are endeavoring to further instruct those who have come, and preach regularly in the old village. Up to date three families have joined us.

It will be remembered that this is not, properly speaking, a heathen village, but a neglected Roman Catholic mission.

It is very hard for them to accept our words; nothing but the Spirit's influence can reveal the power of the Gospel to them.

Bro. Pierce and some of his people came up and held evangelistic meetings in all the villages as far up as Kish-pi-ax. We feel that the good seed sown will bear

fruit. Your letter and the OUTLOOK caused us to feel that, though alone, yet we are not alone in the work.

We cannot report as much improvement as we would wish, but much praise is due from us to the Giver of all good for the kind providences of the past, and precious promises for the future. We feel that the bread being cast upon the waters will return.

Give us your prayers for our dark and benighted people.

In the mission-house, on Sabbaths, we have three services and Sunday-school, also weekly services, and a school, for all who will come, at night.

*Letter from REV. ROBERT STEINHAEUER, B.A., dated, SADDLE LAKE, March 8th, 1889.*

I HAVE been thinking for some time about penning a few words concerning the work on this mission. Not having said anything more hitherto than what appeared in the Annual Report, I thought it would not be out of place for me to offer a few more words respecting it.

As you well know, most of these people were originally a portion of the Whitefish Lake Band. They had not made any place as their home, when what are now the Whitefish Lakers did, but wandered here and there, subsisting on what they got by hunting, mostly on buffalo, till either in 1878 or 1879, when buffalo was becoming scarce, they started to break up land and made this their home. They were then placed in such a way as to give a missionary better opportunity of telling them about the glad tidings—not that they were entirely beyond the reach of the messenger of the Gospel previous to the time mentioned above. After they had settled in this location father used to visit them frequently. Subsequently the Church of England used to occupy this place, the Rev. Mr. Inkster being their agent; but he accomplished very little, if anything at all, and left the field during the rebellion, in the spring of 1885, and the place was vacant till the writer was sent here by the Conference of 1887.

Ever since I have endeavored to do my duty in my humble way to the cause for which I am here. As was said before, the people were in an anxious state about their spiritual welfare. I have tried to teach the truths of the Gospel, not only theoretically, but experimentally, knowing that consistency in everyday life does much good in any community. I have tried to live a practical Christian life. Things run smoothly and quietly, yet I believe the people are making some advancement toward the goal to which every follower of Christ is tending. This year has been one of growth and development in holy things. There are two classes which meet regularly every week, always well attended, and a general prayer-meeting, which is considered by every one of our people as most essential for spiritual improvement and growth.

We haven't much room for growth numerically, as every adult amongst those who are identified with us is either a full member or on trial. We had some hopes of reaching our Catholic friends through their children, who are attending our school every day, and thus add more to our number, but have given up



hope since the arrival of a priest, who is now stationed within this reserve. We are sure he is trying to do some proselyting, secretly of course, as he is said to have done his best to get the consent of one of our people to have their child baptized by him, but he did not succeed.

Our school is well attended, not only by the children of our people, but by the children of the Roman Catholics. Some are making progress in reading, ciphering and writing. They delight in singing hymns and songs which they have learned. Nothing seems to take hold on them with a firmer grasp than singing.

BERMUDA.

Letter from REV. B. HILL, dated ST. GEORGES, April 25th, 1889.

WE have just finished missionary meetings, with exception of two, which, on account of bad weather, were postponed till next moon. Meetings were good, and in most cases collections were up to last year. I fear, however, that the collectors will have hard work to keep up the receipts. Onions, our staple, are down to 2s. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a box of 60 pounds, and there are great cries of poverty. The Portuguese who, last year gave £20, is this year reserving part of it to send the Gospel to his own countrymen. Indeed, he has serious thoughts of returning to Portugal as a missionary. These, together with the burden of self-support, will tend to reduce our receipts somewhat. But we will do our best, and try not to retrograde.

Our work in general is in a very fair condition. Yet the sweeping revival so much needed is still a thing of the future.

*Facts and Illustrations.*

"If there's a right thing to be done, and we seem to pass through a wrong thing on our way to it, depend upon it there's another way to it and a better one, and it is our own fault, and not God's, that we do not find it."

It is an interesting fact, that, though Central Africa is inhabited by hundreds of tribes using different dialects, these are so allied that one language will enable a man to cross from the east to the west coast of the continent.

THE Japanese *Gazette* confesses that Christianity and Buddhism cannot long co-exist in the same country; and that Japan may as well recognize the signs of the times, and hasten to enrol itself among the Christian nations.

THREE Christian Japanese have recently sailed from San Francisco for the Sandwich Islands, to labor among their countrymen there, who number about 5,000. They are some of the fruits of the Methodist Japanese mission in San Francisco.

WHEN the Gospel has been preached at home, let it also be preached in the regions beyond; and when we sing, "Waft, waft, ye winds, the story," let us not depend upon the winds to do the wafting, but do all we can to raise the wind.—*Richmond Advocate.*

THERE are now in the mission field 2,400 unmarried ladies besides, probably an equal number of the married. In the early days of missions, it was not thought a lady could enter the ranks of mission workers except as the wife of a missionary.

IF parents knew more of Christ and practised more of His religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph.—*Talmage.*

WE fight this fight (of prohibition) with the weapons of law and order—with the ballots of freemen. Let us not allow our antagonists to force us to throw away the weapons of our choosing for those of their choosing—the dirk, the bludgeon, and the revolver. Not bullets, but ballots.—*The Voice.*

AN Italian Protestant woman was once asked to prove that the Bible was the Word of God. She was confused; she could not answer. Suddenly she asked her questioner, "How do you know there is a sun in the sky?" "I feel its warmth and see its light." "Just so," answered the woman joyfully, "the Bible lightens and warms my soul."—*Woman's Miss. Advocate.*

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