

# The Missionary Outlook.

*A Monthly Advocate, Record, and Review.*

Vol. VIII.—No. 2.]

FEBRUARY, 1888.

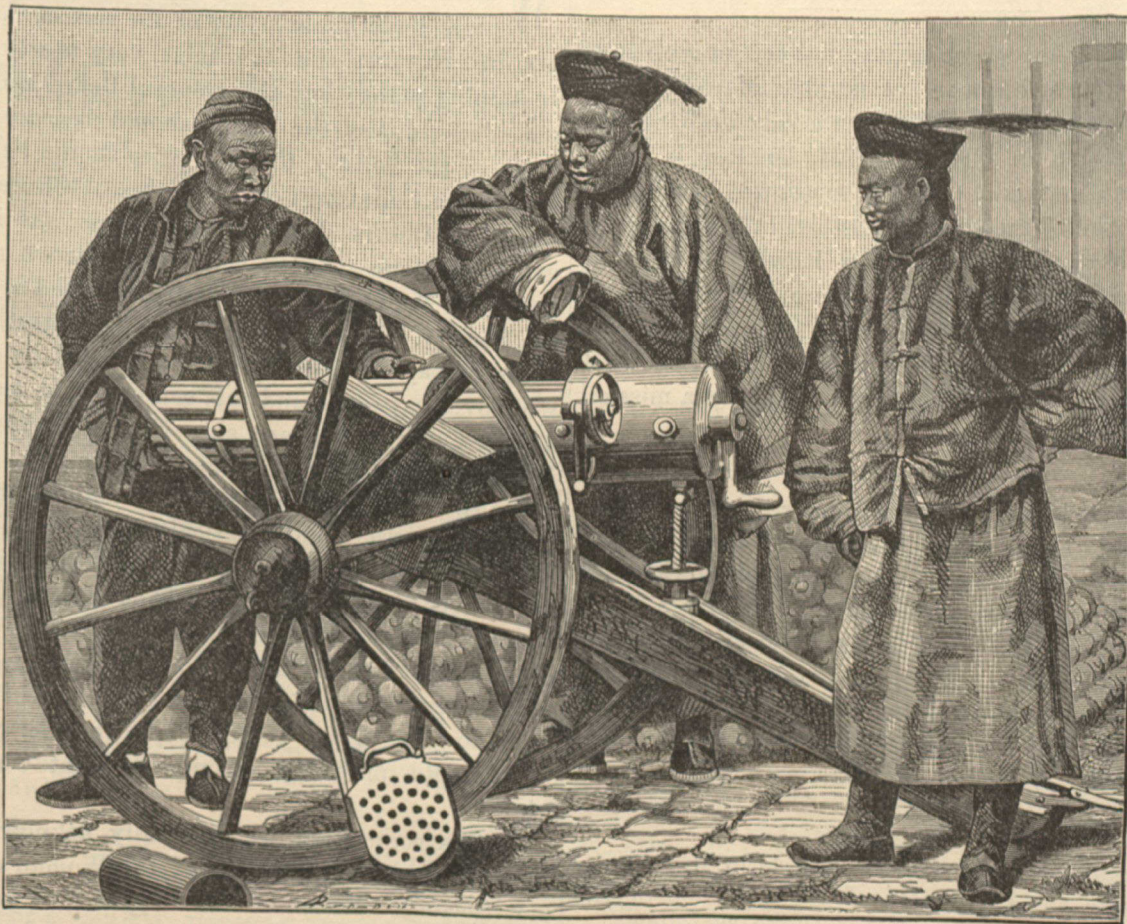
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## *Field Notes.*

THE Missionary Campaign goes bravely on. There has been some apprehension that hard times, low prices for produce, poor crops, and the special effort on behalf of Victoria College, would interfere with our missionary income; but thus far the reports indicate

every hand, and the outlook for the coming year is most encouraging. This society, which some seemed to fear might become a rival, really supplements the parent society, and as they work harmoniously together, much more can be accomplished than by either separately.

A LETTER recently received from the Rev. Mr. Crosby, of Port Simpson, who has been on a visit to



\* CHINESE ARTILLERYMEN.

advance instead of retreat. Many circuits are increasing their contributions, some are doubling up, and some are going even beyond that. We trust there will be no relaxing of effort till the last gun is fired.

THE Sixth Annual Report of the Woman's Missionary Society has reached this office. Prosperity seems to have crowned the efforts of our sister society on

Grenville, brings sad tidings of the ravages of scarlet fever on the Naas River. Bro. Green has lost his youngest child, and it is estimated that about fifty young people and children have been carried off by the scourge. Mr. Green himself has also been ill, though not of scarlet fever, and was not able to follow the body of his little son to its last resting place. His sickness was all the more grievous to be borne, be-

cause he felt that he was at such a time so much needed among his distressed people. Bro. Crosby's letter, on another page, will be read with interest, and will call forth the sympathy of all.

AGAIN it is our sad duty to record the death of one of our brethren. This time it is a missionary—Bro. Culbert, of Cape Croker, whose death was sudden, he being ill only a few days of congestion of the lungs. He died at 11 o'clock on Wednesday evening, 21st December last. On the morning of that day he said to the Rev. T. M. Campbell: "I am going home—home, to be with Jesus!" At that time death did not seem to Bro. Campbell to be near, but Bro. Culbert "knew that the Master had sent for him." We tender to the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy.

SOME of our readers may have noticed in the list of receipts published in a recent number of the *Guardian*, a contribution of \$100 from a lady in Kingston, "for a mission in China." This donation is given with the understanding that it be allowed to accumulate until the Church is ready to begin a mission in the "Flowery Kingdom," when it will at once be available. The gift at this juncture is significant, as we have recently heard the opinion expressed by prominent men in the Church, both lay and clerical, that the time is not distant when we should have a mission either in India or China.

IN a list of juvenile contributions received recently from Newmarket, appears the name of "James Bolton, \$7." We are informed that more than half the amount is the produce of his own industry. He has a small garden spot on which he raises some small fruits, and the amount realized goes into his missionary fund. Then he has a couple of hens who raise missionary chickens, and this has been supplemented by a missionary duck. Verily, "where there's a will there's a way."

AT a thanksgiving service lately held in Madagascar to celebrate the completion of the Revision of the Malagasy Bible, a native pastor spoke as follows:—"What is it that will cause Madagascar to go forward? Is it guns and cartridges? Is it cannon and bombs? Is it spears and all other kinds of weapons? No; it is this Bible that has caused all the progress that we see, and has rooted up much of the evil that used to be. Yes, it can indeed be said that it is the Bible which has stopped the *tangena* (trial by drinking poison), that made us dare to burn the idols, and made an end of killing the little children born on an unlucky day. But let us remember that we are only at the beginning of things yet, it will still go on to fill all Madagascar."

## Editorial and Contributed.

RENEW! RENEW!

RENEWALS for 1888 are coming in rapidly, but there are still a goodly number of subscribers whom we are anxious to hear from. Please send in your order without delay, and, if possible, let it be an order for a club of eight or more. All the copies can be addressed separately, if desired, and the sender of the club will have no more trouble after the list is once received at this office. The price to clubs is twenty-five cents per copy, cash with the order.

### A WORD FOR OURSELVES.

WHEN the publication of the *OUTLOOK* began it was undertaken solely at the risk of the Editor, and in two years' time it reached very nearly the self-sustaining point; but the General Board and Conference decided that the paper should become the property of the Society, that the price should be reduced, and that all ministers of the Methodist Church should be put on the free list. Thus the cost was increased and the income reduced at a single stroke, and since that time the *OUTLOOK* has been published at a loss to the Society. No doubt it "pays" indirectly, but it ought to pay directly as well. A circulation of 10,000 will cover expenses, and this can easily be reached by a united effort. We are sure that all who love our Missionary work will sympathise in our desire to make the *OUTLOOK* pay its way, and we trust their sympathy will take practical shape in a vigorous effort to extend the circulation. A few of our ministers have kindly aided, but from a large majority there is no sign. We are well aware that many of them are too heavily burdened with other work to be able to give personal attention to this matter, but a word to some of the young people in their congregations would, probably, accomplish what we have in view.

In this connection we gratefully acknowledge the help received from members of the Woman's Missionary Society. Many of our largest lists have been sent in by them, and they have been indefatigable in securing renewals at the end of the year. We would be delighted to enlist others in this good work, and we feel sure a general effort by all the auxiliaries would soon put the circulation up to the desired 10,000. Who will help in this matter?

A HINDU fakir lately remarked that he thought Christianity was spreading throughout India, "only," he softly added, "the number of bottles in Sahib's bungalow is a hindrance."

GOOD NEWS FROM JAPAN.

A LETTER from Dr. Cochran is just to hand, from which we make the following extract:—

“We had Quarterly Meeting at Azabu yesterday, and I baptized thirty-two adults and one infant. Twenty are students in the boys’ school, five are students in the girls’ school; the rest were from the neighborhood. We have got in the two schools over fifty candidates for baptism, who will be received next Quarterly Meeting.”

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS IN AID OF AZABU CHURCH.

I WISH to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of the following contributions thus far, made by kind friends toward the Building Fund of the new church at Azabu, Tôkyô.

Y. HIRAIWA.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—N. Heard, \$5; A Friend, per Rev. Mr. Moore, \$5; ditto, by same, \$5; A Friend, \$10	\$30 00
Additional promised, \$50.	
Halifax, N.S.—Mr. Harris, F. H. Oxley, Mrs. J. Hart, Dr. Louis, each \$5; A Friend, \$2; Miss L. Silver, \$1; A. M. Bell, \$4.86; Rev. H. Smith, \$10	37 86
Yarmouth, N.S.—L. Myers	2 00
Digby, N.S.—A. Moorehouse	2 00
Bridgetown, N.S.—A. S. Tuttle, Rev. J. Taylor, J. Whitman, Rev. R. H. Robinson, Miss A. Tupper, Miss J. Lena Robinson, Mrs. M. Angwin, Miss L. Angwin, each \$1; Misses Minnie and Mary Bent, \$1	9 00
Truro, N.S.—I. Longworth, \$5; Master Conning, 25cts.	5 25
Sackville, N.B.—Miss Trueman, \$15; Mrs. Hood, \$5; A Lady, \$5; A Lady, \$3; Mrs. Brecken, \$1.50; Three Ladies, each \$1	32 50
Brockville, Ont.—Rev. S. Sanderson, \$2; Rev. J. Allen, \$5	7 00
Prescott.—Revs. S. Might and Geo. McRitchie, each \$2; R. Hillyard, \$5; J. Irwin, \$10	19 00
Iroquois.—N. S. Sherman, Mr. Landon, Mr. Lindal, A. B. Carman, Mrs. J. H. Tuttle, Mrs. Armstrong, Rev. E. H. Crane, each \$1; Mr. Beach, \$2; Mr. Brock, 25c.	9 25
Kingston.—Mrs. T. Whitefield, \$5; J. S. Whiting, \$5; Mrs. A. Chown and Miss F. J. Chown, each \$2; Rev. Alex. McCauley, \$2; Prof. S. H. Marshall, \$10	26 00
Belleville.—T. S. Clark, \$10; J. M. Chislett, Willie and Cecil Hopkins, each \$1	13 00
Pictou.—J. Warring, \$10; Miss N. Harte, \$5; Mrs. G. C. Currie, \$5; M. R. German, \$5; R. F. Greenlees, \$5; Miss S. E. Kingston, \$2; E. T. Vandusen, \$2; J. N. Wait, \$3; Miss Post, \$1.50; Miss N. R. Conger, \$1; Master P. Anderson, 50cts.	40 00
Total	\$232 86

LETTER FROM BISHOP TAYLOR'S TREASURER.

WE have been requested in the interest of fair play to publish the following letter:—

“NEW YORK, Jan. 6th, 1888.

“The New York *Herald*, issued Dec. 28th, 1887, published an article from Mr. J. C. Waller, lately returned from Africa, in which he berates Bishop Taylor and the work in which he is engaged.

“The committee having Bishop Taylor's work in hand during his absence desire to set this matter right

before the public, sent this statement to the *Herald*, January 3rd, which the *Herald* returned unpublished, January 6th, 1888.

“Mr. Waller applied for the position, and was sent out as cook for the steamboat, and to do the cooking in the camp during its reconstruction, that being his business. It is no secret that there has been much delay encountered in removing the material to the place where it is to be put together, the cause of which is that Mr. Henry M. Stanley had secured all the available carriers. The boat was built in England, then taken apart there, marked, and put in packages of one, two, and four man loads.

“As it was impossible to get carriers, a traction engine was sent for from Liverpool, but before it arrived and could be made available, the rainy season set in, which put a stop to the work until spring.

“If Mr. Waller sold any property, we know not what he did with the money, as we provided his family with clothing enough for two years, besides giving him money before they left here, provisions and medicines were sent with the company, as the annexed copy of his statement will show. A letter was also written and forwarded by Mrs. Waller from Africa, and published in the *Christian Witness* of Nov. 10th, 1887, in which she speaks enthusiastically of the work and kindness of the bishop and his helpers, thanking God they had heeded his call to Africa. We have had no complaints except Mr. Waller's; perhaps the others did not expect hotel fare—certainly all had enough sound healthy food. In personal appearance Mr. Waller is certainly improved since I first saw him.

“RICHARD GRANT, *Treasurer*.

“181 Hudson Street.”

J. C. WALLER'S LETTER.

“VIVI TOMBA, Oct. 7th, 1888.

“This is to certify that having, with my wife and two children, come to the Congo by agreement with the Committee of Bishop Wm. Taylor, I was kindly received by the bishop, who, assisted by two of his missionaries, built for me at Tomba Vivi, in the midst of native village, a good house of sun-dried bricks and plaster, containing three good rooms with veranda all round; I was also supplied with provisions—the best they had—and also a medicine chest, but owing to the continued sickness of my wife, I have been obliged to return with my family to America.

“Signed J. C. WALLER.”

(A true copy of the original.)

OUR INHERITANCE.

NO doubt the majority of thinking people in Christendom believe that it is better to live at the present time than in any age in the past, and in the English-speaking countries of the world rather than in any other. Let us recount a few, at least, of the blessings that have come down to us, not so fully enjoyed by our forefathers or the citizens of other nations, and surely we will give utterance to our gratitude in some such words as the following:—

"When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise."

What, then, are some of these possessions? In the first place a hitherto-unknown civilization based upon the principles of God's word, and enriched by the experiences and efforts of those who have preceded us. We have a broader outlook; the history of ancient and modern times in all countries is before us; we have the benefit of all study, experiment and discovery in the arts and sciences. It is our privilege to traverse, with much comfort and in a comparatively short time, the whole surface of our globe; we see oceans bridged and continents brought within speaking distance of each other by the electric current. We are saved much of the drudgery of former times by the labor-saving appliances of to-day; more people live in comfortable houses than ever before; slavery has been rooted out of Christian lands, and those nations are interfering on behalf of the bondman in unenlightened and cruel governments. Arbitration is now frequently employed to take the place of war in the settlement of difficulties between nation and nation, or between the government and people of the same nation. The moral tone of the people is more elevated than ever before, and much of the literature of even the last century can find no place in the homes and libraries of our land. A mighty warfare is now being waged against the liquor traffic, with every prospect of ultimate victory; the sufferings of humanity are being regarded with a view to their amelioration, and in our day we see the hospital for the sick, the asylum for the insane, homes for the aged, the incurable, and the orphan, together with many other institutions for the alleviation of want and woe.

Never before could man so reach out in every direction. Invention after invention, and improvement after improvement have produced the magnificent scientific instruments of to-day, which, however, are capable of still further development. The telescope enables us to scan the great dome of the universe, and we grow familiar with other worlds than our own, while our abounding delight and admiration cause us to exclaim with the Psalmist, but more intelligently, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." The microscope, which so presents the roughness and clumsiness of man's work, reveals the beauty and perfection of all the parts of the minutest works of the Creator. The spectroscopic, and many of the other valuable instruments of to-day were wholly unknown to our forefathers, though they have aided in the discoveries and processes which have brought these conclusions. The

avenues of knowledge are all open, and may be penetrated far, though no one ever gets to the end of any one of them, and so feels that there is much more ahead and beyond.

We have rich treasure in the accumulated thought of the good and wise in all past ages as recorded in books. With good books we enjoy the best of company, and we feel that those with whom we seem to commune are real friends.

The explorer, with pick and spade, is revealing still further external evidences of the truth of Biblical record. The internal evidences of the truth to most honest and careful searchers after truth have been sufficient to establish his faith in the inspiration of the Bible; but just at this time it is pleasing our Heavenly Father to make Egypt and Assyria yield up their long-hidden proofs of scriptural truth.

The day of authorized persecution for conscience' sake is past, and now we may worship God under our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid. How different it is in many countries not having Christian governments. "Surely we have a godly heritage."

Never before were there so many students of God's Word, and never before were there so many agencies at work for the extension of His kingdom. This is true of our own beloved Canada as well as of other Christian lands, and the missionaries of the Cross to this country gave the impulse which has brought about this state of affairs. What has been done for us let us do for others. Let us take or send the Gospel to others who have never heard it. Our ancestors nobly prepared a rich inheritance for us, let us think and work to make things even better for the generations yet unborn. Were these blessings, only a few of which have been named, but which suggest so many more, heaped upon us to hoard and selfishly keep to ourselves, or were they entrusted to us that we might scatter them abroad, and thus enrich and enlighten those who sit in darkness? See the misery and hopelessness of the many millions yet in Paganism, the cruelty and suffering consequent upon the false religions which never cheer or brighten the lives of those trusting in them. What can we say to the Judge in that great day if we disobey God's command, which cannot be guiltlessly shirked, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature?" Can anything be plainer than that? And until all have heard the good news that command faces us, and peremptorily enjoins compliance.

But it is more easy to work when love prompts the action; and if we realize God's love in our hearts, and bask in its sunshine, we will be anxious that everybody shall enjoy it also. Many heathen are calling

to us to come and tell them of our inheritance—which may be theirs also without impoverishing us—and shall we deny them proprietorship with ourselves? God forbid! There is much to do, and the laborers are few. Many cannot go, but some can; and if we cannot go let us help with our sympathy, our prayers, and our practical support, those who can. We are so rich in blessing, let us give of our abundance; we will be all the richer for it, for "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tended to poverty." We have received many blessings; let us pass them on.

Some say, "Attend to those at home first." Never in the past were there so much thought and labor expended for the bettering of the condition of those near us as at the present time, but both works can go on together. The work at home will never be quite finished, and must we wait till all at home are converted before sending the message abroad? The heathen mother is still sacrificing her child, and cruelty to men and women, especially the latter, abounds on all hands. What a contrast between our condition and theirs. Surely our gratitude to Almighty God should go out in yearning to improve their present less happy state, and their uncertainty with regard to eternity.

M. T. S.

### STORY OF BELLA-BELLA.

BY REV. C. M. TATE.

ABOUT half a century ago, the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company built a fort and established a trading-post near to Milbank Sound, on the Northwest coast of British Columbia. It was generally known in former years as the Milbank Post. The Indians were then a warlike nation, and in later years were the dread of the coast tribes, as well as of the few white settlers, both in British Columbia and Washington Territory. When visiting Whidby Island, W.T., about ten years ago, the writer was informed by a son of Colonel Eby, that several Bella-Bella canoes landed there one evening, and calling his father outside, as though they wished to speak with him of some important matter, murdered him there and then in cold blood. This happened many years ago, and when we consider that some lawless white man had wilfully and maliciously shot down one of their number, we can scarcely wonder at it; for Indian law is life for life. They think that all white men are relatives, and if they cannot get the murderer, the only alternative is to get one of the same color. While travelling down the coast between Nanaimo and Victoria, about thirteen years ago, we were overtaken by a number of large northern canoes. Our steersman, a Nanaimo

Indian, and a strict adherent of Paganism, began to tremble with fear, and on enquiring the cause, he said, "the approaching Indians are Bella-Bellas, and they will murder us all." We told him that we were not afraid, as our God would take care of us. We sang some hymns as they approached, in which our Pagan captain tried to join, thinking no doubt to deceive the coming savages by putting on the sheep's clothing. They treated us with great respect, and listened attentively to the few words which we spoke to them about spiritual things, ere they passed on their way. That event, no doubt left an impression on our captain's mind that has never been erased, for he left the ranks of Paganism, and joined the army of Christ's followers, where, we believe, he is yet to be found.

Although the Bella-Bella Indians allowed the Hudson's Bay Company to build their fort unmolested, they did not seem to be at all peaceably disposed towards them, and after many disturbances, they eventually took the fort, and burned it to the ground, the white men in charge barely escaping with their lives.

As we have already stated the name of the post was Milbank, pronounced by the Indians something like B'mel-bal, and it was not until the Hudson's Bay Company abandoned the place, that it received the name of Bella-Bella, unquestionably from the Indian pronunciation. Some of the old Hudson's Bay officers still call it Milbank.

The Bella-Bella nation is composed of several tribes, each tribe having a slight difference in dialect, but without producing any difficulty in understanding each other. Their respective villages were all situated in the vicinity of Milbank Sound, at varying distances of from five to twenty-five miles apart. They get their living by fishing and hunting, preferring, however, the product of the ocean and its shores to any kind of animal food. With the exception of the Haidas they are more clever than any other nation on the North Pacific Coast. Their canoes, paddles, boxes and mats, are superior to even those of the Haidas. Three years ago we watched the manufacture and decoration of a beautiful model canoe, a few yards from the Mission house. We understood it was for a gentleman in Victoria; but when visiting the Fisheries exhibition in London about two years ago, almost the first thing that met our gaze was our Bella-Bella canoe. This same canoe builder made a very large canoe a few years ago. The dimensions were seventy-five feet long, eight feet beam, and had a carrying capacity of from 100 and 150 persons. When out of the water a ladder was required to get on board. It was hewn out of one immense cedar tree, and with the exception of the white man's axe, the tools were all of Indian manufacture, made chiefly from old files

and pieces of broken circular saws, obtained from the various mills in British Columbia and Puget Sound. Their principal tool is a small adze tied to a handle with buckskin or sealskin thongs. In the early spring-time you may hear those little adzes going at a lively rate in almost every part of the village, as it is at that time they generally prepare their canoes for the summer's hunting and fishing.

(To be continued.)

## Woman's Work.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WE are standing on the threshold of a new year. What possibilities of Christian service and blessing does it bring to us in connection with our missionary work? As to the blessing, "God is not slack concerning His promises"—our motto for the year is, "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Do we intend by bringing all the tithes—tithes not only of our money, but our time, our talents, ourselves—to put God to the proof. He is a covenant-keeping God, if we do our part, He will not fail in His. This work has already proved to be a great blessing to those engaged in it. It is not a question in these days, can the heathen be saved without the Gospel? but, can we be saved if we fail to send the Gospel to them? We must remember the universal brotherhood of man in Jesus Christ. The plan of redemption has made all nations as one. In God we are "made of one blood." "We are also His offspring." The nations have "redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." We need to get into sympathy with "Our Father," and whilst we remember the needs at home, still those immediately around us are all within reach of those who can point them to Christ, while thousands of our Indian brothers and sisters, and millions in far-off lands, have never heard of Christ the Redeemer of men. What shall be our share in this Christian service? It is said there is gold enough in the hills and mountains undigged and uncoined to make every man, woman and child a millionaire; and there is power enough locked up in the Church idle, unused, if it were developed and used to bring the whole world in a few brief years to the Redeemer's feet. How much of that idle, unused power do we represent? If we are not helpers we are hinderers. The success of an army depends not alone upon its generals and captains, but upon the rank and

file as well; so it is with this mighty army, the Church of God.

The Church at home is the engine of the whole machinery of the work abroad. The strongest motive power to this work must be a personal love to Christ as our Saviour. Nothing but this can beget in us a love for a helpless sin-stricken world living and dying without a knowledge of the Son of Man, who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

An anxious mother leaned over a little sufferer. She was a Christian mother. She had joined the Church in her girlhood, but had been like many other Christians, satisfied with regular attendance on Sunday services—morning and evening—and an occasional presence at the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. She had not forsaken her faith, but as she bent over the form of her darling, her only daughter, a sense of helplessness rushed over her—a helplessness that forces the spirit from all earthly support to the heavenly—and opened her eyes to the half-hearted service she had been rendering the object of her faith. God had been good to her. He had blessed her in home, in friends, and in the gift of this lovely daughter. How had she shown her gratitude? Had she neglected the little one? Oh, no. She may have neglected her prayer-meetings her missionary meetings, her church work; but the child, no, never, never, the dear little one. She had busied herself constantly in its behalf. She had sacrificed convenience, ease, personal comfort, to minister to its wants and promote its happiness. Yes, she had left nothing undone. But now the Almighty Father was calling for the child—for her dear little daughter. How can she give her up? Never again look into those soft, blue eyes? Never again hear the patter of those little feet? "Father! Father! spare my darling!" burst from her lips. The child opens her eyes, looks into the mother's face with rare intelligence, and speaks: "Mamma, I dreamed of the poor little girl I heard the preacher tell about last Sunday. He said she had no one to love her, and did not know Jesus. I dreamed she held out her hands for me to help her. I am sorry for her. I cannot go to her now, but I will tell her of Jesus when I get well. Will you let me go?" "Yes; O yes, my daughter," the mother replied, "but you will have to go far away to help that little girl. You will not leave your mother, will you?"

"Will you not go with me, mamma? Do you not wish to help her too?" As the little one again dozed off, the mother's heart smote her that the calls of heathen children had received so little thought. Their cries had fallen upon ears filled with sounds of happy voices, upon a heart absorbed in home interests.

Again the feeble voice of the child was heard.

"Mamma, I cannot go to help that poor girl now; I am too tired. Will you not go? Tell her, mamma, I wanted to come and tell her that Jesus loves little girls; that He will give her a home in heaven some time. Mamma, don't forget."

"Don't forget," were the last words that fell from the sweet lips. The gentle spirit passed up with the first rays of the morning. No need to ask if that mother "forgets." She never forgets. She neglects no duty, no necessary home work, but the voice of her little daughter floats about her, ever whispering, 'Tell her of Jesus.' No unanswered call for missionary work comes to that home now; no trivial excuse ever keeps that mother from the missionary meeting. Very strange, indeed, should that mother ever lose interest in heathen children. Her love of her departed child constrains her. What of the love of Jesus? Did He not say, "Do this in remembrance of me?" "Go into all the world, and disciple the nations." Do we, His followers, forget?  
S. D. M.

ITEMS.

"OUR INDIAN MISSION FIELDS."—A very excellent paper on the above subject has been prepared by Mrs. Mackay, sister of Mrs. (Rev.) T. Crosby, of Port Simpson. A programme entitled "An Evening with our Workers in Indian Mission Fields," and a sheet containing the specified selections and responsive Scripture service, accompany the paper.

These have been printed, and we understand are to be forwarded to the auxiliaries for use at quarterly meetings. We are sure a most interesting and profitable entertainment will thus be provided, and we hope to hear of it being largely undertaken by our workers. By the diffusion of knowledge we create sentiment, and thus advance our work.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY, FOR QUARTER ENDING DEC. 15, 1887.

Western Branch .....	\$1050 89
Central " .....	929 68
Eastern " .....	347 93
Nova Scotia " .....	383 15
New Brunswick and P. E. I. Branch ....	169 20
Winnipeg Branch .....	35 75
Newfoundland East Branch .....	18 70
Interest .....	240 93
Donations from—	
Miss Neville .....	1 00
Miss Thompson .....	1 00
Mrs. Elms .....	1 00
A Friend .....	5 00
A Friend .....	5 00
	\$3189 23

Two papers, entitled respectively "Personal Influence" and "An Appeal to the Women of the Methodist Church of Canada," are crowded out of this number. We will try to make room for them next month.

FROM THE AUXILIARIES.

HALIFAX, SOUTH.—A very successful concert was held Nov. 29th, 1887, by "Coralline" Mission Band, Halifax South. The pastor, Rev. James Strothard, presided. The room was tastefully decorated. Music and recitations were good, and well received by the large audience present. Refreshments were served during the intermission. A very enjoyable evening was spent. We feel thankful that we have been able to do something for this great cause, and trust that still greater success may crown our feeble efforts. Amount raised, \$69.95. LELIA B. SHAFFER, Cor. Sec.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.—A public meeting of the St. John's East Auxiliary of the W. M. S. was held in Gower St. Church, on Thursday evening, December 1st, and was well attended by an appreciative audience. The programme consisted of addresses by our ministers, a report of the past year's work by the Recording Secretary, and readings of missionary leaflets, interspersed with some excellent music and singing. A collection taken at the close in aid of the funds amounted to \$19.60. Our monthly meetings are regularly held, and are more largely attended than formerly. Our past success encourages us to go forward, and we hope for a successful year.  
E. T. BREHM, Cor. Sec.

PETERBORO'.—On the 21st instant a departure was made from the usual Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, the hour being devoted to the subject of Mission work, and our duty in regard to it. A programme had been prepared, consisting of appropriate music, readings and addresses, with a report of what had been accomplished since our organization. Prayers were offered by certain of the Auxiliary. A collection was taken up, amounting to \$5. The evident good spirit throughout the service prompted our pastor to urge at its close that we establish as one of our institutions a Quarterly Auxiliary Prayer-meeting. At the request of the officers, an address by Miss Camille Sanderson, Secretary of Dr. Barnardo's Home, is given. (See page 25, "Woman's Duty to Woman.")  
L. S., Cor. Sec.

ST. CATHARINES.—Sixteen ladies assembled on Tuesday, December 13th, in the Welland Avenue Methodist Church, to organize a new branch of the Woman's Missionary Society, to be called the Welland Avenue Auxiliary. Mrs. Dr. Hunter presided. The following were elected officers: Mrs. W. McGibbon, President; Mrs. A. Crews and Mrs. Vanderburg, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. T. Dudley, Recording Secretary; Mrs. N. M. Black, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. T. House, Treasurer. A Young Ladies' Mission Band has also been organized in connection with the Avenue Church, to be called the Welland Avenue Mission Band, of which Miss Grace Beckett is President; Miss Hartman, Secretary, and Miss Gussie Carmin, Treasurer.  
M. E. BLACK, Cor. Sec.

LONDON WEST.—On Monday, Nov. 28, Mrs. Dr. Fowler, assisted by the pastor, Rev. C. Smith, organized an auxiliary of the W. M. S. in connection with the London West church. Eleven names were enrolled as members, and the following officers elected:—President, Mrs. J. Elson; Vice-President, Mrs. Stinchcombe; Treasurer, Mrs. R. Green; Recording Secretary, Mrs. (Rev.) C. Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. A. Douglass. We believe that our auxiliaries derive a large part of their value from the opportunity they afford of diffusing knowledge of our mission work. The OUTLOOK we find invaluable in that particular. We trust

that our newly-formed auxiliary may have some share in helping some darkened life to become a joy and blessing to its owner, and give to some despairing one the hope of a glorious immortality and eternal life.

MRS. R. A. DOUGLAS, *Cor. Sec.*

MONTREAL.—The regular monthly meeting of the Montreal Auxiliary was held to-day (17th inst.) in the vestry of Dominion Square Church. Thirty-two ladies were present. The President, Mrs. (Dr.) Nichol, in the chair. After the usual business and reading of the missionary letters, Mrs. (Dr.) Williams spoke very earnestly and impressively on the subject of "Faith," and Rev. Ed. De Gruchy, gave a report of the school at Acton Vale. Several interesting conversions have taken place this year, and the general spirit manifested by the students in religious matters is most encouraging. Some of the ladies have visited the school recently, and all expressed themselves as very much pleased with its able arrangement under Rev. Mr. and Mrs. DeGruchy and Mrs. Roy. At the close of the meeting all were invited to remain for five o'clock tea, which two or three of the ladies had furnished as a little surprise. A very pleasant social hour was then spent before we separated.

E. F. OUGHBRED, *Cor. Sec.*

DIGBY, N. S.—We are very much pleased with the OUTLOOK. It well deserves the name, for it really does look all over and through our mission fields, gleaning much that is truly interesting, instructive and helpful. We welcome its monthly visits. Our auxiliary is small in number, but our members are true. Our meetings have been a blessing to us, both spiritually and intellectually; and we go from them feeling a deep interest in the great mass of benighted heathens who are so loudly calling to us for the light. They seem so much nearer to us, since we began to work and pray for them. We greatly long that more of our good people may come with us and help in this Christ-like scheme of bringing the world to God. Our band is called the "Christian Workers." Last year our young people well deserved the name; this year we hope that each succeeding month will add new zeal to their interest in the cause. We have opened a paper called the *Gleaner*. Each member is expected to contribute something, either original or selected. In this way our band will make themselves, as well as others, better acquainted with the grand subject of missions. We have taken for our special object a little girl (Crosby Girl's Home) and with the blessing of God upon our efforts—we intend to maintain her. We trust that in answer to united prayer she may early give her heart to Jesus, and be a blessing to her race.

MINNIE PARKER, *Cor. Sec.*

GUELPH.—In a few days this auxiliary will be one year old, and though at times our faith has begun to waver, we have on the whole much reason to be grateful for the success which has blessed our efforts. Our meetings have been held regularly and the attendance generally good. Most of them have been spiritually profitable, and through the letters received each month we have acquired a knowledge of the details of missionary work of which we were almost entirely ignorant a year ago. The quarter ending December 15th has been the best of the year. We were able to send to the Branch Treasurer about twenty dollars more than the sum total of the three preceding quarters. On Thursday evening, December 8th, an envelope social was held in the lecture room of the church. The programme, consisting of music, readings and recitations (chiefly bearing on missionary work) was furnished by the Young People's Literary Association. One pleasant feature of the evening was the opening of the envelopes, reading the texts, and counting the

money enclosed in each. In some families each child was allowed to select his or her own text, and for some days before there was a great searching of the Scriptures. The sums varied from five cents up to twenty-five dollars, the latter being a "Thank-offering to the Lord for sparing the life of a precious mother, also for help in seasons of great trial." The donor is still unknown, but may God own and bless this gift for Christ. Our first meeting in the new year was very encouraging, and we look forward hopefully. Oh, if all our auxiliaries would adopt the Society's motto, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse," might we not look for wonderful things this year?

A. CAMPBELL, *Cor. Sec.*

## INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

MANY of our readers are not aware of the existence of an Industrial School for Indians which has existed under the direction of the Methodist Church for about forty years.

We have had the privilege of visiting the institution, and have been delighted with the system pursued in the education of Indian youth of both sexes. The farm under the superintendence of the Principal, Rev. W. W. Shepperd, the present Chairman of St. Thomas District, has attained to a high state of cultivation, and a good knowledge of farming is being imparted to the students.

The domestic life of the Institute, superintended by Mrs. Shepperd, reflects the highest praise on her methods. Order, regularity, and efficiency are apparent in every department.

A grand work for God and Canada is being quietly carried on in the Muncey Institute, which must ever be a tribute to the wisdom and forethought of its founders. Would that we had more such institutions! We have requested Mrs. Shepperd to give the readers of the OUTLOOK some information of the school and its work. And we gladly insert the following interesting letter from her pen:—

INSTITUTION, MUNCEY, *Jan., 1888.*

MY DEAR MRS. PARKER,—Not having had time before to write, I hasten now to comply with your wishes by sending you some facts relating to this Mount Elgin Industrial Institution and its work.

As its locality may not be known to all, I may just say it is situated in the county of Middlesex, township of Caradoc,—on the edge of the Muncey Reserve; is bounded on the east and south by the river Thames. It is a little over one-half a mile from the Delaware station on the Canadian division of the M.C.R.R.,—twelve miles from the city of St. Thomas.

### ITS ORIGIN.

It is just about forty years since it was opened under the management of the late lamented Dr. Rice, who after a short time was succeeded by the now venerable Rev. Dr. Rose, who brought to the work the freshness of early, vigorous manhood, great enterprise, and indomitable perseverance.

The aim of this Institute from its inception to the present hour, has been to educate and Christianize the Indian youth of both sexes from all parts of the Province (for our pupils



represent most of the Indian bands of Ontario) in all the subjects taught in the public schools of the Province, including more than a year of the High School work, and to give them as accurate a knowledge of our language as the limited time will admit. In addition to this the large industrial farm and shops afford the boys a training in agriculture, horticulture, and the different branches of mechanism in which many of them become very efficient. The girls are taught tailoring, dress-making, laundrying, and general house work.

How do we manage to bring up all sides of this work? We do it by the following regular industrial principle, viz.: by classifying the whole school into three divisions, and only two of these divisions in school at any one time, which means to the pupil two days in school and one at the different branches of industry. The hours of school are the same as the public schools, with the addition of Saturday afternoons and one hour's study each evening of the week. All the holidays for the year are given at one vacation in the summer.

The supreme aim is to compass the pupil during his whole institution life with healthy religious influences and example. The daily and weekly religious services are so ordered as to be highly attractive and interesting to all. Bringing the great lessons of truth by a variety of appliances within the range of each, and the effectiveness of the good influences will be apparent when it is known that of all the pupils who have been in attendance one year and upwards, more than two-thirds have made a profession of religion, and given many proofs of the genuineness of the work. During the six years of our management 264 pupils have shared the benefits of the Institution for a longer or shorter time.

The greatest hindrance to the permanency of the good work sought to be accomplished is the defectiveness of the Indian home, which, though they show an improvement on the former time, are yet sadly deficient. To their want of proper respect for the marriage relation may be traced much of their misery. If by some means whiskey and a low class of whites could be excluded from the reserves, many evils would be avoided.

How this institution is supported will be a matter of interest to many. In the first place, the Indians gave the land for the Industrial farm (over 200 acres) to be under the control of our Church so long as used for industrial purposes, and the Government furnished the money to construct the main buildings, and have made additional grants for enlargements and improvements from time to time. The Government also pays \$60 for each pupil annually, while the Church is amenable to the Government for proper management, and is required to give quarterly returns to the Government showing the attendance and the advancement of each pupil.

The Government have authorized us to take sixty pupils (thirty boys and thirty girls) at \$60 each, \$3,600. This money is paid by the Indian Department to the General Treasurer of our Missionary Society, and the expenses of the Institute are met, in part, from the income of farm and shops, the balance being drawn from the Missionary Treasurer. If we draw more than the \$3,600, the treasury is depleted by that extra sum. If the net cost is less than the \$3,600, the treasury is that much richer. By a reference to the Annual Missionary Report for the net cost of the Institute, any one can thus see whether the institution is a gain or a loss to the Society.

Some may ask, what are the conditions under which an Indian boy or girl is admitted to the Institute? They must be able to read in the second book, and work the simple rules of arithmetic. The Institute supplies board, clothes, text-books, etc., so that it is education and training without cost to the pupils. It is very necessary to have a compe-

tent officer at the head of each department, and as there are nine departments, beside the principals, the annual expenses of running the Institute are very heavy.

All the officers of the Institute are professors of religion, and a revival meeting just closed has resulted in the hopeful conversion of nearly all the pupils. The Principal of the Institute is responsible for the pastoral oversight of a congregation of whites about two miles from the Institute, where we have also had a meeting with blessed results.

#### WOMAN'S DUTY TO WOMAN.

ALTHOUGH I am not now connected with our Church Mission work, I have been, and am still deeply interested in it. I make no apology for being where I am, as my work is on the same line of Christian effort. It is but nursing another patient in one of the other wards of the hospital.

Statistics are usually considered uninteresting, but the OUTLOOK for December, gives us a few numbers so startling in their significance, we forget that *figures are dry*, and find ourselves pondering over them with deep attention. "Estimating the heathen population of the world at 850,000,000, we may suppose, that at least half are women and girls. According to the statistics of 1884-85, the living communicants in the churches of all Christendom, number 28,736,647. It is safe to say that out of this number 14,000,000 are women and girls. Here then, we have 14,000,000 of Christian women to carry the glad news of salvation to 425,000,000 of heathen women." Let us not, however, look at these numbers until they grow to a mountain too steep and high for human effort to climb. As Christian women we start out with the humbling, yet strength-inspiring thought, "We are nothing, but He who is for us, is more than all that are against us." We know that "It is not by *might*, nor by *power*, but by *my Spirit*, saith the Lord." Still, we would not minify the work. It is a great and grand work, a work that may well arouse the holy interest, and unflagging zeal of the churches, and command the best thought and brightest talent of the age. Talent is required, and money wanted; but far more than intellectual power or moneyed assistance, do we need that courage and energy, that fortitude and endurance, that faith, and hope, and love, that are born only of the spirit of *consecration*. Five small loaves and two little fishes blessed by the holy words of the Master fed the hillside multitudes, so our power as an auxiliary may, by the breath of His Spirit, be transformed into a compact and irresistible force. Our first act then, in the performance of our duty to our benighted heathen sisters is *personal consecration*. Let us meet together for *prayer*, until we be "endued with power from on high." When this holy preparation is complete (and the process need not be a long one), our work will be ready, our place in the vineyard thoroughly defined. To-day these 425,000,000 of our sisters are calling loudly for the dawning of a glad tomorrow, when we who stand in the noontide glory of Christian privilege, shall come over and help them. We, in this Christian land so fair, are protected, cherished and honored; our sisters far off and near, are down-trodden, neglected and debased. Can you not hear their wailing?

From the icy north lands, from the eastern valleys,  
Piteous, earnest heart-prayers in sad tones of pain,  
Ye who have the Gospel, ye who dwell in gladness  
Pity us, nor let us plead for help in vain.

Ye have hope in sorrow, give to us your treasure,  
Ye have peace in trial, let us have it too;  
Ye have joy in dying, we are full of terror,  
Give to us the knowledge that doth comfort you.

We have heard a whisper, like a breath of summer,  
Telling of the fruitage of the Tree of Life,  
Falling rich and fragrant in your land of blessing  
Yielding strength and courage for this weary strife.

Oh, ye highly-favored, leave us not to perish  
In this spirit-darkness, mystery and fear,  
Give us but an *echo* of the hope you cherish,  
Grant us but a *glimmer* of your light so clear.

Loving Christian mothers, noble Christian sisters,  
What shall be our answer to this earnest prayer?  
Shall it be assurance, swift, and strong, and tender,  
"In our heaven-born blessings ye shall have a share."

### JAPAN.

Letter from MISS J. CUNNINGHAM, dated SHIDZUOKA,  
December, 13th, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. STRACHAN,—So many of my friends want to know *all about* this new school in Shidzuoka, and my time being so fully occupied that I cannot write so many letters as I would wish, will you kindly send this one to the *OUTLOOK*. I was so glad to be able to remain the two months in Tôkyô. I know that I am much better prepared to enter upon this new work, than if I had come to Shidzuoka direct. I shall profit so by Mrs. Large's experience. I have had many talks with her upon school-work among the Japanese, and it will be such a comfort to have a person of her experience and ability to go to for advice. She is, without exception the most capable person I ever met, and the fame of her and the Tôkyô school through Japan is such, that to be connected with her, as I am, and to have my school a branch of the Canadian Girls' School, insures it success.

The building at present used for the school is much inferior to the one promised. It was a private Japanese house belonging to the deputy governor of Shidzuoka. In one part of the house there are three rooms, which I occupy as bed-room, sitting-room, and dinning-room, using my sitting-room as a class-room, and sometimes the dining-room. They have built quite a comfortable kitchen and bath-room for me. At the other end of the house are six rather small rooms. Four of these rooms are intended as bed-rooms for the boarders, matron, and Miss Saito, the Japanese teacher, the fifth for a dining-room, and sixth—which is quite small—for a reception room. They are building a school-house in the garden, consisting of two rooms, which I hope will be finished when school re-opens after Christmas vacation. At present they have been obliged to take down the *shoji* between the rooms intended for bed-rooms, and use them for a school-room. I opened school a week ago with twenty-three scholars—have had two more this week, and the prospects are that I shall have nearly fifty after Christmas. The people have promised that a new school-house will be built without fail next summer.

A school for girls in Shidzuoka is such a new thing that, I doubt not, many are waiting to see what sort of a thing it will be before sending their daughters or wives. In a year or two, at the most, this school ought to exceed the one in Tôkyô in numbers. In Tôkyô and Yokohama there are many boarding-schools for girls, but this is the only Christian Girls' School in the province of Shidzuoka. If the school wins the confidence of the people, hundreds will probably apply for admission. I have to begin with the daughters and wives of the highest men in Shidzuoka, just the very aristocracy. The wife of the gentleman appointed as manager of the money affairs of the school is one of my most attentive pupils. He bought a book himself, is present every afternoon, and I think is trying to benefit by my lessons, generally he leaves just before the closing exercises. To-day he remained, and while we had the Lord's prayer in Japanese, he knelt with me. I was rather surprised, for he is not a Christian, although I think he is not opposed to Christianity. The first day I asked the girls to bring their Japanese Bibles with them, but very few did so. However, I read a chapter, letting those who had Bibles read in turn. The next day every scholar had a Bible—brand new books—and each one read her verse as her turn came. Of course they may not understand what they are reading, and as I have been able to get no interpreter as yet, I cannot explain, but the promise is, "My word shall not return unto me void," and I trust and pray that the story of our Saviour's life and words, read in their own language, may soften each heart, and may awaken in each one the desire to know more of this wonderful life.

Dec. 17th.—I had quite a pleasant surprise this afternoon. The governor presented me with a small organ for the school room. He heard that I was teaching singing, and so sent this instrument to help me. I expect a piano next week, but had decided to place it in my dining-room so that the practising might not interfere with the school work, and this organ is just what I wanted for the school-room, but what I was afraid I would have to do without for a time. The Japanese are to pay all the expenses of the school, except my salary. I have to help me two Japanese teachers, and a young man who comes one hour a day to teach translation. I have also engaged him as my teacher. I do not intend to give much time, for the first year, to the study of the language, not more than an hour a day at the most. An old man—a Christian—has been engaged as school servant. The matron came from Tôkyô, and I am very much pleased with her. I am to have *absolute* control in the teaching department, but nothing to do with the money matters, for which I am very glad. The money for music lessons, however, will be paid to me, and will go towards buying instruments as they are needed. In a letter which I wrote to the *Wesleyan* a few weeks ago, I told of the kind welcome I received upon my arrival at Shidzuoka, and also of the opening of the school, at which more than a hundred of the leading men of Shidzuoka, including the Governor, were present. At that meeting the most important part of the programme was to be my "lecture" as Rev. Mr. Kobayashi called it. (Miss Maud Cochran wrote me that she was very much amused when she was told in

Tôkyô that I had "preached" in Shidzuoka the Saturday afternoon before.) In this "lecture" I told the people a good deal about female education in western countries. Told them pretty plainly the difference which existed socially between Japanese and American ladies: that American wives were real companions for their husbands while Japanese ladies were not, and some other true things.

Mr. Cassidy told me afterwards that he was astonished at my audacity—standing up and telling the governor and other official men of Shidzuoka that their wives were inferior to American ladies. He was afraid that they would be offended, but no such thing. My "lecture" quite pleased them, and I have received the greatest kindness ever since.

Last Sunday I had Sunday-school in the morning from 8.30 to 9.30, and very scholar was present. I invited the girls to accompany me to church, which is a good twenty minutes' walk from the school, and which begins at 10 o'clock. Matron, teachers, and all came; many had never been inside a church before, but I was proud of my girls. We are learning some Christian hymns, and it gives me quite a home feeling to hear the girls singing them. I went on Thursday to the church to help the Sunday-school children with their hymns for the Christmas entertainment, taking some of my girls with me to help me. I can hardly believe it possible that I am teaching singing, but it is just the pleasantest part of my work, and the girls learn so quickly. They have learned already two English hymns, words and all, and sing them beautifully too, at least, I think so. How they do love singing! I have a lovely advanced class of six girls, among them Miss Saito, my principal Japanese teacher. They are reading in the third book, and are such clever, clever girls. All, with the exception of Miss Saito, were Mrs. Cassidy's pupils for a year, and they certainly do great credit to her teaching. One of them, Miss Yamamota, is going to be a great help to me. She is a good Japanese scholar, and has studied Chinese. She is a very attractive girl, and it is wonderful the amount of English she has learned in one year. She is besides a true Christian. We have in Shidzuoka, a splendid Japanese doctor who has charge of the hospital here. His wife was sent to a mission school in Yokohama when only eight years of age, graduated there, and two or three years previous to her marriage was English teacher in a boarding school in Tôyôkô. No one can imagine the help she has been to me. She speaks English with the purest accent, and is so unselfish and kind, and is a perfect lady in every word and action. I intend having a Bible-class on Sunday afternoons, to which I shall invite the mothers of my pupils, when she will be present and interpret. She has kindly offered, if the school increases very much in the spring, to come and help me for an hour or two each day. I do feel so delighted to see the little woman coming into the school as she sometimes does, for it is not the easiest thing in the world to converse with my assistant teachers, only by the aid of a dictionary. One day, I remember, I was beginning to feel rather blue at the apparent hopelessness of making myself understood when she came in like a sunbeam, and we had a teachers' meeting, and every difficulty vanished. I do not intend to have a closing

entertainment this year, but will have my pupils take tea with me the day school closes.

There is one pleasing little incident which I would like to tell you. When on the steamer coming to Shidzuoka, I spoke to a little Japanese boy, who was accompanied by his father and grandfather, and before I landed became quite friendly with the three. The first Sunday after service was over, the first to come forward to greet me were the little boy and his grandfather. The child took my hand and held it, giving it such loving little squeezes, while the old man bowed and smiled. Outside the church the father was waiting, and I had a warm grasp of the hand from him. The old man and the little boy had been present during the entire service. No one knew who they were, where they came from, or where they were going. Of course I could not speak to them. I do not know whether they had ever attended a Christian service before or not, but I trust that if not, the words spoken by Mr. Kobayashy that morning, were not lost upon them. I would like to meet the three again, and believe I shall.

The Japanese are peculiarly attractive to me. I don't understand why it is I love them so. Teaching them is perfect joy to me.

I heard before coming to Shidzuoka, that the people were noted for their kindness, and they certainly deserve the name they have. I tremble when I think of the wonderful chance there is of doing a great work in Shidzuoka. It is a work that ought to have a wonderful person to do it. Were it not that I know that my hands are upheld by the prayers and loving sympathies of friends in Canada, I would not attempt it. I feel more and more each day that it is not *I* who am doing this work. I am only the instrument in the Lord's hands, and He has wonderfully guided and led me. I have done things during the past few months that I never thought it possible I could do. I feel so sure that the Lord will give just the necessary strength and wisdom for each day's work, so I am content.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

WE read of a wonderful awakening in Russia as to the value and importance of the Scriptures. Members of the Greek Church are eager and anxious to receive copies of the Bible, and the interest has even reached the Jews. A sect called Biblical Jews has arisen, which renounces the Talmud, and is diligently studying the Old Testament. They are leaving the traditions of the elders and looking into the pure Word of God. They are in the right way, and it will not be surprising if we hear that these Bible-searching Jews are becoming awakened to an interest in the New Testament, and are being brought into the kingdom of the Messiah.

LET no one think that there is lack of latent mental force among the women of India. The great mass of them are now too childish for companionship and too helpless for self-dependence, only because they have been without opportunity to become otherwise through a thousand years. And yet out of this darkness, this bondage, this degradation have come, through that same thousand years, women of noble qualities and renown.

## Missionary Readings.

### EVENTIDE.

"NOW I lay me down to sleep."  
 Long and hard has been the day;  
 I have come a weary way  
 Since life's morning, but at last  
 Night is falling sweet and fast.  
 "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."  
 I have tried—alas! in vain—  
 From the world's dark soil and stain  
 Free to keep it. Weak and worn,  
 With my strength all overborne,  
 "I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

"If I should die before I wake."  
 Treasures have slipped fast away  
 From my keeping day by day,  
 And I shrink from coming ill;  
 This thought holdeth joy's glad thrill—  
 "If I should die before I wake."

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."  
 From all the sorrow it hath known—  
 Sin and loss, and tear and moan—  
 To the dear ones gone before,  
 To Thy presence evermore,  
 "I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

"This I ask for Jesus' sake."  
 Name alone that can prevail,  
 Anchor-hold within the vail!  
 Every other plea has flown;  
 Worth or merit claim I none;  
 "This I ask for Jesus' sake."

—Kate W. Hamilton, in "Forward."

### A SUNDAY SERVICE.

A BULGARIAN traveller lately wrote to Mr. Thomson: "As I was travelling on private business from Sofia to Karlovo, I arrived one Saturday evening in Pirdop. Next morning, as I was in a great hurry, I bargained with a driver and started. About ten minutes after leaving my khan, I passed by another khan, which had open doors. From within I heard such a beautiful melody—such words! I was astonished and, although in haste, called out to my driver to stop, got down, and told him to wait for me, as I wished to see who these singers were.

"'Ah, my son,' he answered, 'they are Protestants; don't go in; they'll deceive you.'

"'All the better,' I replied, 'if they are such. You come too, father.'

"'Eh, I will come,' answered the old man, and we two entered the khan hand in hand.

"A gentleman was preaching the Word of God, and his wife led the singing. I joined in the singing and listened attentively to the sermon, and in this the old driver began to imitate me, though he had a little before called to me, 'Don't go in, they'll deceive you.' Prayer was offered, and both the old man and I took

part in it. It did not occur either to the driver or to me to hurry. We thought we were in Paradise.

"After the service closed, I found that the gentleman was the brother of the respected Mr. Tonjoroff, of Philippopolis. After exchanging a few words with him and his wife, we took leave and started again. I began to sing one of the hymns that had been sung: 'Come home, come home.' As I sang, I observed that the old man wiped some big tears from his eyes. 'Why are you crying, father?' I asked.

"He replied, 'Why should I not cry? I am sixty years old, yet no day in my life have I ever been so privileged as to-day. I am sorry that I have spent all my life in sins;' and he wept still more.

"Although I, as a young man of twenty-six wanted to show myself more firm, the thankfulness that filled the old man's heart was in mine also, so that I could not restrain my tears. 'Father,' I asked him presently, 'would you like that we should offer a prayer here such as the preacher offered?'

"'I would,' he quickly answered.

"We stoped the horse, got down, and, with tears in our eyes, there under the open heaven gave thanks to God for that happy day.

"Can any one say now that there is anything more powerful than God's magnet? A man who, two or three hours before, had cried, 'Beware of them, they are Protestant,' was now grieving with bitter tears, that he had not earlier in life taken refuge amongst them."—*The (Boston) Missionary Herald.*

### THE LIFE OF A SAVAGE.

IT is often said, "Why not leave the savages alone in their primitive state? They only are truly happy." How little do those who thus speak know what that life really is. A savage seldom sleeps well at night. He is in constant fear of attacks from neighboring tribes, as well as the more insidious foes created by his superstitious mind. Ghosts and hobgoblins, those midnight wanderers, cause him much alarm, as their movements are heard in the sighing of the wind, in falling leaves, lizards chirping, or disturbed birds singing. If midnight is the favorite time for spirit movements, there is another hour when he has good cause to fear the first-mentioned enemies. It is the uncanny hour between the morning star and the glimmering light of approaching day—the hour of yawning and arm-stretching, when the awakening pipe is lighted, and the first smoke of the day enjoyed. The following will show what I mean:

Some six years ago, the people of the large district of Saroa came in strong battle array, and in the early morning ascended the Manukolo hills, surrounded the villages, and surprised and killed men, women, and children, from the poor gray-headed sire to the infant in arms. About forty escaped to Kalo, but were soon compelled to leave, as Saroa threatened to burn Kalo if it harbored the fugitives. They pleaded for peace, but without avail. Saroa said, "Every soul must die." The quarrel began about a pig.

Ah! savage life is not the joyous hilarity some writers depict. It is not always the happy laugh, the feast, and the dance. Like life in civilized communi-

ties, it is varied and many sided. There are often seasons when tribes are scattered, hiding in large trees, in caves, and in other villages far away from their homes. Not long ago inland from Port Moresby, a large hunting party camping in a cave were smoked out by their enemies and all killed but one. Once when travelling inland, I found the Makabili tribe in terrible weather living in the bush, under shelving rocks, among the long grass, and in hollow trees. The people at Port Moresby say that now, for the first time, they all sleep in peace, and that as they can trust the peace of God's Word, they mean to keep to it. This is significant, coming from those who not long since were the most noted pirates, robbers, and murderers along the whole coast of the peninsula.—*Rev. Jas. Chalmers, of New Guinea.*

## Our Young Folk.

### CHILD'S MINISTRY.

“AND a little child shall lead them,”  
Oh, the sweetness of a word!  
In the grand millennial glory,  
Ere the coming of our Lord.

Little children shall be helpers,  
Sharers, too, in all the joy;  
Gracious words their lips shall utter,  
Gracious deeds their hands employ.

In those latter days of splendor,  
As of old in Galilee,  
Christ, the Lord, will welcome children,  
Love's sweet ministers to be.

Work there is for old disciples,  
“Feed my lambs,” Christ says to them:  
But the little ones He'll cherish,  
Childish love He'll ne'er condemn.

Welcome, then, dear little workers,  
Bringing Christ your youth's rich dew,  
If, till death, you're true and faithful,  
Crowns unfading wait for you.

### “ANY IN HEAVEN, TOO?”

LITTLE Mary was sitting with her Uncle George one afternoon. Uncle George had told her to keep quiet, as he had some accounts to look over; so Mary busied herself with a picture-book. For an hour all was still, then Mary heard her uncle say: “There! I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need.” “What are you talking about, Uncle George?” asked Mary. “About my treasures, little girl, that I have laid up.” “Up in heaven?” asked Mary, who had heard her father that morning read about laying up treasures in heaven. “Oh, no, Mary; my treasures are all on earth—some in banks and some in other places,” answered Uncle George. “But ain't you got any in heaven, too?” asked Mary. “Well, I don't

believe I have,” said Uncle George, thoughtfully. “But run away to your mother now, for I am going out.” Uncle George went out, was gone a good while, but all the time he was thinking that, after all, perhaps he was not so well off if he had no treasures laid up in heaven, to be ready for him when he left this world and his money behind him. He was so impressed with the thought that he wisely determined to lay up treasures in heaven. He did so. Little Mary never knew until years after—when she also, with a clearer understanding of what it meant, began herself to lay up treasures in heaven—that it was her childish question that started Uncle George on a generous, active Christian life.—*Zion's Herald.*

### ZALIM SINGH'S ARGUMENT.

ONE day, when Zalim Singh a Christian convert, was crossing the Ganges in the same boat with two Brahmins, they began to reproach him for having become a Christian.

“What do you know you ignorant fellow, of your own religion, or of Christianity?”

Zalim replied, “What you have said, *pundits*, about my ignorance, is all true; but whether I have acted foolishly in ceasing to worship my *thakur* (household idol) is another thing. I had a capital god at my house, he was beautifully made, and cost me some money, for the man who made him was a skilful workman, and I paid him handsomely. But, look here, *pundits*, suppose I had my *thakur* here in this boat, and in my left hand this little dog, and cast them both into the Ganges, what would become of them?”

The *pundits* were silent, but the people said, “Why, the god, being of stone, would sink, and the dog would swim ashore.”

“If so,” the Christian replied, “then the dog must be greater than the god, for he can save himself, which the god cannot do. Do not expect me, *pundits*, to worship a god which is inferior to a dog. No; I will no longer worship a stone, but I will worship Him who made the stone. I worship the Lord Jesus, who died for me, and Him only will I serve.”

### CHILD LIFE IN BRAZIL.

MR. H. H. SMITH gives the following account of child life in the villages of Brazil:—

“The children get few caresses, and give none. There is nothing of that overflow of tenderness, that constant watchful care, that sheds such a halo around our homes. The babes vegetate in their steady, brown fashion, seldom crying or laughing, but lying all day in their hammock cradles, and watching everything around them with keen eyes. As soon as the little boys and girls can toddle about, they are left pretty much to themselves, tumbling up the back stairs of life on a diet of mandioca meal and fish.

The parents seldom punish the children, for they are very docile. When they do the little ones pucker up their mouths and look sullen. Pleasure is expressed by a smile—among the girls often by a broad grin with a abundant show of the teeth—but a hearty laugh is a rarity.

If a plaything is given to a baby, it examines it gravely for a little while, and then lets it drop. How different this is from a white baby's actions! A bright little six-months-old at home has four distinct methods of investigation—first, by looking; second, by touching; third, by putting the object into its mouth; and finally by banging it against the floor. The brown *menino* just looks—does not investigate at all. As the children grow old the same trait is apparent in almost every case. An Indian is content to see or hear a thing without troubling himself about the why and wherefore.

The children do not care much about playthings. We rarely see one with a rag doll. The little boys delight in bows and arrows, but they take them as part of their training. As an Indian will paddle steadily all day, while his wife hardly ceases her monotonous cotton-beating, so the little ones have an inexhaustible gift of patience. Where a white child would fret and cry, the brown one sits all day perfectly still, but watching everything around him. To see a little Indian boy in a canoe you would say there was nothing of him alive but his eyes.

Most of the boys get a little schooling after the prevalent fashion here, viz.: about an equal amount of dry text-book and smarting ferule. You will not wonder that the Amazon boys have not much idea of geography when you are told that in all their school-books there is not a single map. But they are bright students, and soon learn to read and write the easy Portuguese language.

The respect which is paid to old age is very beautiful. One sees many touching pictures—a gray-haired patriarch sitting before his door in the crimson sunset and gravely giving his hand to be kissed by sons and daughters who come to honor him; village children holding out their palms for blessings from a passing old man: young Indians bringing offerings of fish and fruit to decrepit old women who have been left destitute and are obliged to subsist on the willing charity of their neighbors. On moonlight nights the old people sit before their doors until near midnight, while the younger one stroll from house to house gossiping with their neighbors.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

A SPANISH colporteur sold a Bible some time ago, when the priest rushed up to the man who had bought it, and exclaiming, "These heretical books shall not come into the village," snatched it out of his hand, tore it, and threw it on the ground. The colporteur was stoned, and driven out of the village. Some weeks after, being obliged to pass through the village again, he hoped to do so unobserved, but was recognized almost immediately. "Are you not the man who sells Bibles?" he was asked, and on his replying "Yes," instead of an angry outburst he received the invitation, "Well, then, come into our village, we want your books." The explanation of this changed manner was that the village grocer having wrapped up his goods in pages of the torn Bible which had come into his hands, the people read those beautiful histories which they had never heard before, and then had asked God to send the man back to them. Not only did he sell all the Bibles he had with him, but they made him stay with them a few days to give them instruction.

## Along the Line.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, December 20th, 1887.

I AM just back from a trip to Naas. I left here last Friday with the *Glad Tidings*, and we ran up the river to within about twelve miles of Greenville, when Oliver had to turn back on account of the float ice. I took a boy and the small boat and put off, hoping to reach Greenville that night, but we got caught with the float ice, and could not get more than about four miles from where the steamer left us, and we had to camp for the night. A party of men came down the river and told us of a sad scourge among the people—scarlet fever—which has taken, it is thought, about fifty children and young people. They had a letter from Brother Green, which will speak for itself. He says:—"We have had

#### A VERY HARD TIME HERE.

Between fifty and sixty of our people have been down with scarlet fever of a very bad form, and six in our house were down at one time. Just in the middle of it I was taken very ill with liver trouble. Our dear little boy was so sick, and gently passed away. He died on the morning of the 7th. He was conscious and knew us, and could speak to the last. He was almost two years old, and so large and fat, and could talk so prettily. The dear boy suffered a great deal in the short time he was sick. We miss him so much, yet we know it is well with him. This is the greatest trial we have met yet. I was not able to follow the dear pet to the grave. I am only just able to get into the other room yet. But the dear people have been very kind, and our Heavenly Father has been very near."

So, having read this note, we felt that we must go on, although the road was so trying. We got a little fire in an old fish camp, with the side all out, which let in the wind and snow, and here we must stay till seven a.m. Saturday morning,

#### WITHOUT ANY BLANKETS

to cover us. We sang and sang, and had prayers, and my boy Henry was soon asleep on one side of the fire and I sat on the other side singing till about eleven, when I fell asleep. Woke up to find the fire down, and oh, so cold! Thus we spent the night. We had bread and dried small fish, and prayer, and now as the day was coming, after such a long night, we started, and we were soon up to the ice. Found it soft and much broken up. It rained heavily, but we must haul our boat up over piles of ice and the fresh deep snow, till we could get her fast to the shore. And now we had to make our way through the woods, with the deep snow filling over the top of my gum boots, and the rain pelting down. By plodding away we got up to what is called Stoney Point, on the river, where we were obliged to go out on the ice, it was covered about a foot in depth with fresh water and snow; and I assure you, had it not been for the

sad news I had got the night before, I should have turned back, for it seemed to be dangerous to cross ice in such a condition; but

#### SIX HOURS OF THE HARDEST TRAMP

I ever made brought us to Greenville, but we first called at Kiticks, a small village, where we found the fever was in every house, and they had buried seven. One poor old blind man came and said to me, "Oh, what shall I do next spring at the fishing, for the one who was eyes to me, and used to lead me to God's house, has gone. Tell Mr. Green she has gone;" referring to his little daughter who had died. These poor people gave all praise to Mr. Green, that he had done so much for their children while they were sick. They took two large canoes full of sick children to Greenville, and they all got over the fever. I told them of the land where there is no sickness.

When we got to Greenville I found Brother Green very poorly, and both he and Mrs. Green were feeling very keenly the loss of their fine boy; but they have two with them who are getting over the fever, (the eldest son and daughter being away at school). Well, as soon as I could get on some dry clothes, the poor people commenced to come in, and arrangements were made for services next day, which consisted of a prayer-meeting in the morning, preaching at 11, then a funeral of a little child, and then a missionary meeting, with native speakers and the writer.

#### THE POOR PEOPLE DID WELL;

in all about \$75 was raised at the meeting. I have only to say if all our congregations would do as well according to their means you would have half a million instead of a quarter, which you ask for. And just as it always is when the people make a sacrifice to the Lord, He blesses them. He did that night. The blessed Spirit came down, and there was such a confession of sin and a fresh consecration of themselves to God. I shall not soon forget the poor people prostrated in the deep snow, near the mission house, pleading that God would bless the missionary and the visitor, and then the people, one by one, were named, and this service was carried on far into the night, as they went from house to house. Oh, may God bless those poor people! But I feel the most for those away up the river, with all this suffering amidst their heathen blindness. I had visited every house with Brother Gibson, our teacher, during the day, found the fever in every house; many of them

#### GETTING BETTER SLOWLY,

but some poor things will suffer for some time with sore eyes and deafness. This disease was contracted in Victoria last fall or summer, and as soon as they came home it began to spread. This is one of the bad results of the people having to go away so far in search of work.

On Monday morning I found Brother Green much revived, and Mrs. Green was in better spirits. After some letters were written, etc., I started at ten a.m. for down the river. Mr. Gray, a white man, engaged an Indian with his dog sledge to take me down, as the ice was now sufficiently frozen to bear us on the top crust. The Indian started with his two fine

dogs and put us down to our boat in an hour and a half, a distance that took us six hours of hard travel on Saturday. Here we got our boat, and had five hours and a half of hard pulling to get to Naas Harbor, or Echo Cove, where the *Glad Tidings* was anchored, and this morning we were home by 11 a.m. Two little children have died here since I left, of the same fever. We are hoping it will not spread so much as on the Naas. This brings us very near Christmas. May God save the people.

*Letter from the REV. G. F. HOPKINS, dated SKIDEGATE, Q. C. I., Nov. 22nd, 1887.*

I TAKE this opportunity to send a few lines to you before our communication with the outside world is closed for the winter. I have just returned from a trip to Clue. Some of the people at that place accepted Christianity last winter, but the greater number of them were away at Victoria. This fall, as soon as they returned, they also left off their heathen practices, and are now seeking to be followers of Christ Jesus. One of the old men then said: "In winter we often have deep snow, but when the spring sun comes out it melts rapidly away. Thus it has been with our people. We were many a few years ago, but

#### NOW WE ARE NEARLY ALL GONE;

only a few of us have lived to hear about Jesus." His words are only too true. Five large houses at that place alone, occupied once by, perhaps, fifteen or twenty persons each, now stand vacant, every claimant to them having died. Out of several large villages on the south end of the islands there are now only three left. But we rejoice to say that in every one of these songs of praise rise to Him who has redeemed them by His blood.

We spent several days with them, having services of some kind every evening but Saturday, besides numerous conversations about matters of interest to them. The whole population, about 100, came out to every meeting. While there we baptized four, married two couples, and carried the body of one who had recently died triumphant in Jesus, to her long resting place in their new cemetery. They also took up a subscription for a small church building. We hope to be able to get this up some time next spring.

#### MOST OF THE GOLD HARBOR PEOPLE

have been doing pretty well during the summer. We have visited them often. Lamps have been procured and placed in their church, paint put on the outside, and the altar rail (all carved by hand) placed in position. They have subscribed sufficient to send for a good bell, which they expect when the *Glad Tidings* comes. Several new, "white man's houses," have been erected, greatly improving the appearance of the village. The people of Skidegate have been much scattered this summer, but they are nearly all home now. We have always had a sufficient number home, however, to keep up all our Sabbath services and most of the other means of grace. For some time past, they have been counting up how soon Christmas, their greatest time of the year, would come, and they are

now pleased, knowing it cannot be far off, since we have told them that we will commence to teach them Christmas songs this week.

#### I HAVE A DAY SCHOOL HERE

whenever I am at home. At times there are as many as twenty-four or five present. The progress made and the interest exhibited by many of them has been observed with pleasure by us. This evening I was hurriedly called to see our head chief. I scarcely was inside his house before he breathed his last. He had been out most of the day with two others getting wood. He carried a rather heavy piece down to the beach, remarking as he did so, it hurt him somewhat. He complained of pain when he paddled home, but kept on till he arrived at the village. He stepped out of his canoe, saying as he did so, "My heart feels as though it was falling down." He sank down, was carried in and never spoke again. How true it is that "In the midst of life we are in death."

#### JAPAN.

*Letter from the REV. C. S. EBY, D.D., dated TOKYO, Nov. 29th, 1887.*

I HAVE been wanting to write you for the OUTLOOK an account of new developments for two or three mails back. But events are multiplying so fast, and my time is so utterly occupied that I have not been able to put pen to paper. The readers of the OUTLOOK will have noticed in the *Guardian* and *Wesleyan*—if my letters have appeared—that certain events foreshadowed in the extracts from my letters that appeared in the OUTLOOK, have been consummated. The opening of the enlarged church in Shidzuoka, the dedication of the new church in Inazumi, the opening of the enlarged church in Shitaya and consequent impulse to the work, have been followed by the renovation of the church in Ushogome. But best of all, the brethren are everywhere working with great hopes and zeal, street preaching, opening new villages, and upon all rests the smile of God in giving success. By the end of October we had already rejoiced over as many accessions as the whole of the previous year, and then broke out a blessed revival, beginning in the Theological Hall, sweeping through the Boys' and Girls' Schools at Azabu, where over a hundred have been happily converted, on into the churches, which are now all on fire. It is largely a work of heart conversion of old members whose head faith had not led to heart life, and the ingathering of many long under instruction. The revival is affecting all the churches and many different parts of the country. Oh, for men! for devoted men and women, in this ripe harvest field!

RABBI RABINOWITZ writes from Kishineff: "Who would have predicted the time when Russian Jews would push each other for the sake of obtaining New Testaments from the hands of one of their own brethren who is preaching the Gospel publicly? Who would have thought that, night after night, Jews would steal into a house in order to listen to the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, with a view of obtaining through it life eternal? But with God all things are possible."

## Facts and Illustrations.

THERE are thirty Chinese Sunday-schools in New York and Brooklyn, and 120 Chinamen are members of the several Christian bodies.

THERE are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart.

HERE is another case that may touch some tender conscience: One Japanese convert, a heavy smoker, gave up the use of tobacco in order to have something with which to help the Gospel.

THE establishment of the McAll Mission in France, which has now ninety-five preaching-stations, all turned on the giving away of a single tract to a working man in the Belleville quarter of Paris.

### CONTENTS.

FIELD NOTES—By the Editor.....	17
EDITORIAL AND CONTRIBUTED :—	
Renew! Renew!.....	18
A Word for Ourselves.....	18
Good News from Japan.....	19
Special Contributions in aid of Azabu Church.....	19
Letter from Bishop Taylor's Treasurer.....	19
Our Inheritance.....	19
Story of Bella-Bella. By Rev. C. M. Tate.....	21
WOMAN'S WORK :—	
Thoughts for the New Year—Items—From the Auxiliaries— Industrial Schools—Woman's Duty to Woman—Japan, <i>letter from MISS J. CUNNINGHAM</i> .....	22-27
MISSIONARY READINGS :—	
Eventide.....	28
A Sunday Service.....	28
The Life of a Savage.....	28
OUR YOUNG FOLK :—	
Child's Ministry.....	29
"Any in Heaven, Too?".....	29
Zalim Singh's Argument.....	29
Child Life in Brazil.....	29
ALONG THE LINE :—	
British Columbia. <i>Letter from REV. T. CROSBY</i> .....	30
Queen Charlotte Islands. <i>Letter from REV. G. F. HOPKINS</i> .....	31
Japan. <i>Letter from REV. C. S. EBY</i> .....	32
FACTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.....	32
OUR ENGRAVINGS :—	
Chinese Artillerymen.....	17

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