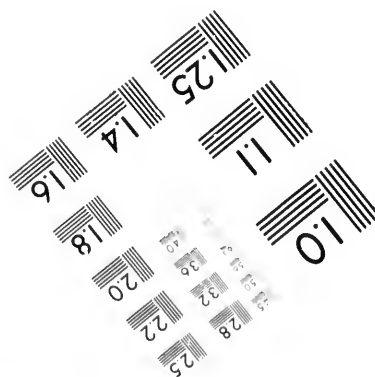
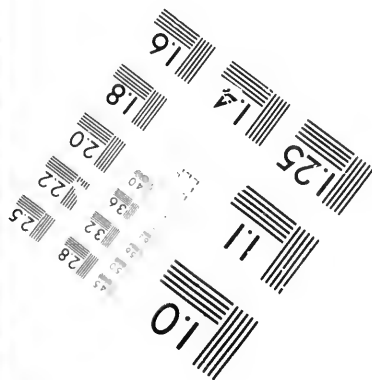
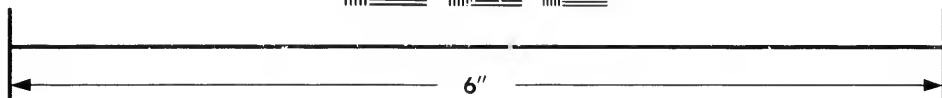
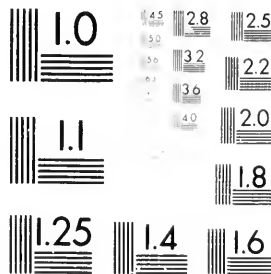


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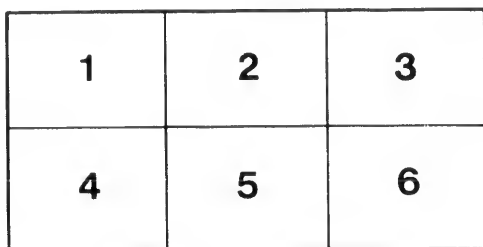
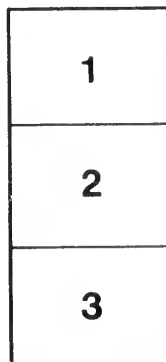
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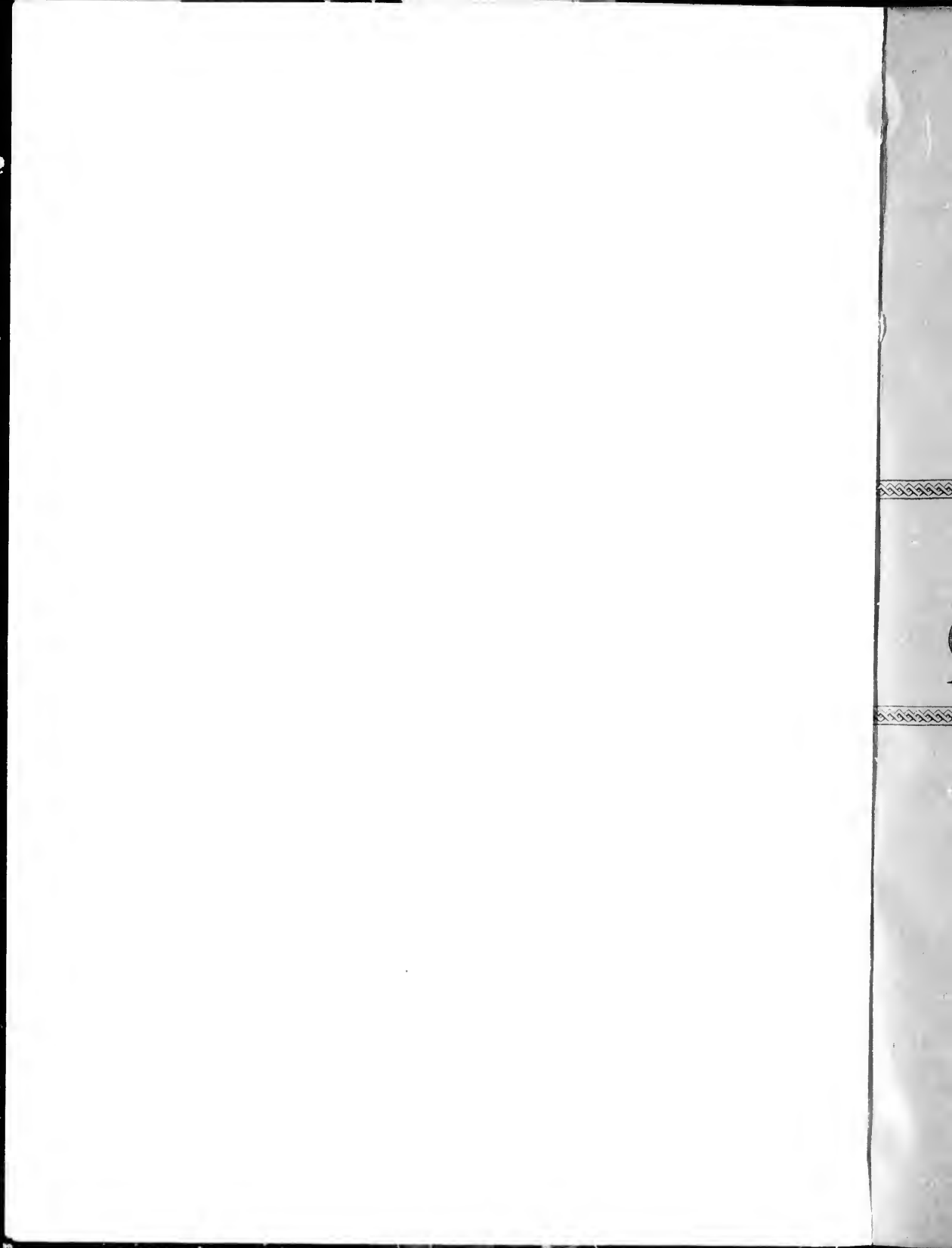
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S. 7.



Our Five

Foreign Missions.



WITH THE AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENTS.

KINGSTON, Oct. 6, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR,—

Acting on a suggestion made by the Foreign Mission Committee, I wrote the following letters, and now, at the request of some who read them in the Daily Mail, I have had them reprinted. Should you wish a number of copies for your congregation, please apply (rate, five cents each, when twenty or more are taken) within the next ten days to J. B. Melver, Kingston, or to

Yours faithfully,

G. M. GRANT.

1886
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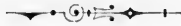
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THE FIVE FOREIGN MISSIONS OF OUR CHURCH.



NO. I.—INTRODUCTORY.

“It takes a soul to move a body.” What inspiration is there in us? What are we doing to lift the world higher? Some of us have done much to degrade the Indians, our wards. What have others of us done to better them? We wish to make money by trading with the West Indies, with the people of China, with the uttermost bounds of the earth. What are we doing to Christianize the world? To such questions few of us can be indifferent.

It is unnecessary to ask whose is the fault that such matters have been left almost entirely to denominational organs. Perhaps the reason is to be found in that state of mind which distinguishes history into “sacred and profane,” and that gives us sacred music, sacred rhetoric and sacred men. No wonder that we have also sacred garbs, and the sacred tone, look and whine. “Oh, Jock! are ye no’ frichted to read sic a gude book, and this no’ the Sawbith day,” cried the apocryphal Scotch woman a generation ago. There may be some women still who have a confused notion that it is not the correct thing to write about Foreign Missions in the *Mail* or *Globe*.

There is a special reason for writing about them this year. In 1834 we had in Canada eight or nine separate and distinct Presbyterian bodies. It need hardly be said that nothing was done for outsiders then. By 1875 the nine had become organized into four Churches, and the Supreme Courts of those four then united to form one Church, which now embraces between six and seven hundred thousand people. But this Church, though nominally one, has hitherto been divided into two, so far as foreign mission work was concerned.

HOW THE DIVISION AROSE.

There was a reason for the division. The Church in the Maritime provinces had commenced work in the foreign field long before the Church in Ontario and Quebec. It sent its first missionaries in 1846 to that New Hebrides group of islands in the South Seas that France now longs to annex, and would annex in

spite of Australia if Great Britain permitted. Subsequently, it sent others to Trinidad, an island with which we have some commercial relations. It was warmly interested in those missions. It knew them better than it knew Western Canada. So, while rather coldly consenting to the ecclesiastical union of 1875, it resolved to manage its own missions. Ever since, the west has had as little, practically, to do with those missions as if they had been under the management of the Baptist or Methodist Church, and the east as little to do with those of the west. When the committee in the western section of the Church had a surplus of twenty thousand dollars, the committee in the eastern section had to borrow, and of course pay interest on the amount borrowed. When the west was paying interest on advances, the east had a balance to credit. In a word, the union was incomplete.

Last June, all this was changed. The union was completed. And 1886, the year when some politicians are talking secession, is the year when Presbyterians east and west have decided on unification. To me the latter fact is more significant than the former. It shows how the current is running beneath the surface. It shows that east and west of the Dominion know and trust each other better than they did in 1875. The union of the Methodist Church, and the transference, by the Nova Scotia Baptists, of the theological faculty of Acadia college to Toronto, point in the same direction. All those churches are essentially popular. No men have their fingers more constantly on the true pulse of the people than the ministers, elders, deacons and class-leaders of those churches. Everyone knows that there is much to divide the provinces of Canada. Everyone who has read the history of the United States knows that there were quite as formidable divisive forces in their case as in ours. Shall we show the spirit of our neighbours and the spirit of our fathers, or fold our hands in cowardly despair? That is the question for us. We have determined to become a people, and the facts. I have given show that we are actually becoming one people. *Laus Deo!*

UNION AT LAST.

Well, then, our foreign mission work is now one. The Church has taken to its heart all its missionaries. The noble men who are teaching the Coolies in Trinidad, the brave men and braver women who go to naked cannibals in the New Hebrides to introduce civilization, to create commerce and literature, to awaken souls to spiritual realities and immortal hopes, these men and women will hereafter be as truly our representatives as our missionaries to India, Formosa and the North-west. All the members of our Church, east and west, are thereby the richer. Five foreign enterprises, instead of two or three, every one of us is responsible for. When I give five dollars a year—if I can give only so much for such a work—I can now say, there is dollar for each

enterprise. And having given that, I can add a prayer to the mite. And if I pray, next year the mite will probably be made two mites.

Unification then has taken place. Not only so, but the Church has resolved to signalize the fact by an advance all along the line. Last year it raised about \$57,000 in all for the work. This year it asks for \$71,000. The increase is not arbitrary. It is demanded by success, and by the quickened conscience of the Church. Instead of six thousand we must spend fully ten thousand in the North-west. The extension of Dr. Mackay's work demands a larger expenditure. We are occupying four centres in Central India, where formerly we had only two. And if the Church gives two or three thousand more than the seventy-one asked for, we can send a colleague with the Annands to the great island of good-omened name, Santo Espirito.

SEVENTY-ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

It is a large sum. Perhaps it is one-tenth as much as is spent for tobacco in the good city of Toronto or Montreal. It is a great sum for one hundred and twenty thousand communicants to raise! It indeed is, when we consider that there are congregations, with two or three hundred members or more, that are not ashamed to send fifty or a hundred dollars or less for this, the great work whose dimensions and magnificence the Church in the nineteenth century is beginning to understand. Why is it so large? Chiefly because of our union. In 1874 we gave one-fourth of the amount. Why is it so small? Chiefly because our people do not know the facts.

No. 2.—OUR FIRST MISSION.

Forty years ago, the Church in Nova Scotia decided to embark in the foreign mission enterprise. Take any movement you like and trace it back to the fountain-head, and you find one man there. In this case, the man was John Geddie, a young pastor, then settled comfortably in a charge in Prince Edward's Island, with strong convictions that his church, small, poor and disunited, ought to engage in a foreign mission. The idea was declared chimerical by almost all the leaders of the synod, but the man with convictions conquered. About the same time the Baptists in Nova Scotia sent a missionary to Burmah. In 1847, Mr. Geddie met Dr. Selwyn, the great missionary bishop of New Zealand, at the Samoas, and, writing to the home Church, he says:—"I told him what you had done and what the Baptists had done, and remarked that Nova Scotia was the first of the British colonies to send agents of her own to heathen lands." The bishop was struck, as well he might. Here was a man, after his own heart, who

—with his sweet and noble wife—had given up home and people, and sailed 20,000 miles away, right into his vast missionary diocese, on his own principle that “where a trader will go for gain, there the missionary ought to go for the merchandise of souls.” He resolved that New Zealand should be the second of the colonies to embark in the grand work, and nobly he carried the resolution into effect. But let it never be forgotten that Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island were first!

THE NEW HEBRIDES.

The Church decided to establish its mission in Polynesia, and Mr. Geddie and his colleague, after consultation with the missionaries on Samoa, chose Western Polynesia and the island of Ancitym, the most southerly of the New Hebrides group, as the place where they would break ground. France has long desired to take possession of this fair group of islands, chiefly because several of them have very fine harbours, and the coasts are almost free from reefs. Everyone, however, with any right to speak on the matter objects decidedly to the French flag being hoisted there. The people of Australia object from every point of view. France has already turned New Caledonia into a convict settlement, and French convicts are not pleasant neighbours. Besides, every extension of foreign influence in those waters threatens future complications. The natives of the New Hebrides object, and with even better reason than the Australians. They would like a British protectorate, but the cruelties with which the “revolts” of the natives of New Caledonia have been put down, not to speak of what has been done in Tahiti, make them dread French occupation. And hundreds of thousands of people in Great Britain and Canada, who have for forty years taken the most unselfish interest in those islands, also object on the intelligible ground of the sacrifices they have made in their behalf. The British Government is therefore doing its utmost to explain to France that it has no moral right to send its *recidivistes* or habitual criminals to New Caledonia, and no right of any kind to annex the New Hebrides.

DR. GEDDIE'S LIFE.

Anyone who desires to inform himself thoroughly of the history of our New Hebrides mission needs be at no loss. Besides the works written on Western Polynesia by the Rev. A. W. Murray, of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. Dr. Steele, of Sydney, N.S.W., and others, we have the “Life of John Geddie, D. D.,” by the Rev. Dr. Geo. Patterson, of New Glasgow, published in Toronto. The greater part of Dr. Patterson’s work consists of Dr. Geddie’s letters and extracts from his journals, and of these it is not too much to say that the “style will bear comparison with that of the best English historian;” and that “his narratives

are so simple and graphic that, while we could not improve them, we might injure them by any change." As we trace his life from point to point, and see his character standing the tests of new demands, repeated disappointments, wonderful success and heart-breaking failure, and developing into greater breadth and power year by year, our admiration of the man becomes so great that judgment is almost suspended. He is like one of "the simple great ones" of a bygone age. It is impossible to conceive of an undertaking more difficult, more utterly hopeless to ordinary estimates and ordinary good men, than that to which he gave himself. Well might the great American theologian, Dr. Charles Hodge, say, "What I have done is as nothing compared to what is done by a man who labours among a heathen tribe, and reduces their language to writing. I am not worthy to stoop down and loose the shoes of such a man." But Dr. Geddie, during the most trying period, had none of the companionship or assistance that almost every missionary to a savage race counts upon. When he settled on Aneityum, he had with him a colleague and also one of the London Missionary Society's agents. But they left soon, and for years he was alone, among naked, ferocious cannibals, "1,500 miles from the nearest missionary brother," to gain their confidence, learn their language, reduce it to a fixed form, translate the Scriptures, write catechisms, school books, hymn books, almanacs, teach them the arts and decencies of life, show them how to build houses, mediate between opposing ranks of enemies armed with poison-tipped spears, heal their sick and convince them that they were not brutes, but men for whom Christ died. All this he did.

HIS GREAT LABOURS.

His resourcefulness never failed. He never lost patience and hope. To the last he appeared a man so weak, diffident and almost insignificant that he would have been overlooked by ninety-nine men out of a hundred. But this man "could turn his hand to anything, whether it was to build a schoolhouse or a church; to translate a gospel, prepare a catechism or print a primer; to administer medicine, teach a class or preach a sermon; to traverse the island on foot, sail round it in his boat or take a voyage to the adjoining islands." What he did is summed up in one sentence, inscribed on a wooden tablet that has been placed behind the pulpit of his church in Aneityum: "In memory of John Geddie. When he landed in 1848 there were no Christians here, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen." So completely had idolatry disappeared that when he sought for some of the old gods to bring home he could find—to quote his own words to the Canadian Presbyterian Synod—"no god on the whole island but the God who made the heavens and the earth."

In 1848, he found on Aneityum a French Roman Catholic Mission with about a

dozen priests ; but, partly because the natives regarded them as the precursors of French aggression, they had made no headway, and soon after the mission was broken up. The priests manifested the kindest feelings towards the Nova Scotian heretic. "Our intercourse," he said, "has been of the most friendly character. Their bishop has twice visited me, and I have visited them also.

Before they left they invited Mrs. Geddie to come and get anything out of their garden she wished, and she accepted the offer." A previous entry in his journal shows the spirit in which he had acted. Hearing that some of them were down with fever and ague, and that they were in need of medicine, he had straightway gone and offered assistance. That spirit will always be reciprocated. So, too, Bishop Selwyn, who did not get along happily with the Samoan missionaries, always showed the highest esteem for Mr. Geddie, and never missed an opportunity of aiding the mission. In 1852, he brought to Aneityum the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, who had decided to cooperate with the Nova Scotian mission.

HELP FOR THE MISSION.

Dr. Geddie simply regarded Aneityum as the key to the whole New Hebrides group, and his cry to the Church was for men to come and take possession of every island. His cry was not unheard. The Church contributed with astonishing liberality, and men of faith offered themselves for the work. At the same time the Scottish and Australian Churches became interested in it, and everything betokened general success. But the bright morning was succeeded by clouds. Measles, followed by dysentery, whooping cough and other epidemics, swept the natives into the grave by thousands. On the island of Erromanga, the people excited by their troubles and the misrepresentations of white traders, who hated those who did what they could to protect the women from their brutal licentiousness, treacherously murdered Mr. and Mrs. George N. Gordon. When the news reached Nova Scotia, James, a brother of George, then in the second year of his theological course, came forward and tendered his services to the Church. He said that he did not consider that a man should choose his own sphere of labour, but that it was his desire to go to the same people to whom his brother had sought to preach the Gospel. Can the records of any Church or country furnish a specimen of purer Christian chivalry? James was a strong man and did noble work on Erromanga. He felt that sooner or later he too would have to tread the bloody path by which his brother had gone to his reward in 1861. So it turned out. One day in 1872, while busy revising the translation of the Acts of the Apostles, just as he had finished the story of Stephen's martyrdom, a native called and asked for something. As he handed it to him the savage struck him with a tomahawk a deadly blow between the ear and eye.

one of the main's children. But then she blamed the missionary as the cause of his death. The widowed mother of the Gordons was living in Prince Edward Island when the news came that a second son had sealed his testimony with his blood on Erromanga.

OTHER LABOURERS.

Other noble Canadians from the Maritime provinces—Johnston, Mathieson, Morrison—have died in harness on the field. Others have found the climate unsuited to their constitutions and have left. But the standard of the Cross is held up by others, and almost every island has now one or two labourers—assisted by native agents—on it, except Santo, the largest and most northerly of the group. Since 1876 the Rev. Joseph Ammand and his wife have taken Dr. Geddie's place on Aneityum, and now they propose to abandon their pleasant home there, and go to begin work among the savages of Santo. Surely the Church will not let them go alone. We have only to read what Dr. Geddie suffered through not having an efficient colleague by his side to understand what that would mean. The Rev. H. A. Robertson and his wife are working with marvellous success near where the Gordons rest. A martyr's memorial church has been erected, a network of schools and houses for native agents has been established all over the island, and Erromangu bids fair to become soon a completely a Christian community as Aneityum. During the last two or three years the Church has had the opportunity of meeting with Robertson, McKenzie and Ammand, and it is enough to say that they have gained our affection and entire confidence. Thousands in the West will now be thankful that on account of unification their contributions will go to help their work. We must not, however, misunderstand what Christian communities, formed out of the degraded Oceanic negro or Papuan race, mean. They are certainly not our equals in knowledge, moral tone, character or power. It would be folly to expect anything of the kind. Dr. Geddie never painted fancy pictures. While doing full justice to the simple faith of the converts, and calling attention to the readiness with which they sacrificed property and life for the sake of their Lord, he always said that only those would think that anything had been done who had seen Aneityum as it was. "The native converts," he again and again said, "are as yet the merest children. . . . Were the influence of the missionary withdrawn, they would readily fall before temptation. . . . The intellectual and moral elevation of a nation is not the work of a few years, but of generations."

It may also be admitted that the New Hebrides group is properly a field for the Australian churches, and that we should give our attention rather to the North-west Indians and to the millions of China and India, that is, to peoples who promise to be permanent factors in the history of the world rather than to

decaying races. But the New Hebrides are sanctified to thousands of us by the blood of our heroes and martyrs, and we surely can spare some thought and money for a people bound to us by such ties, until at any rate the Australian and New Zealand churches are able to grapple with the whole work. At present we are federated with Britain and Australasia at this point, and we are not willing to break such a link. Possibly the Negrillo race may be doomed to perish; but since white men have visited their fair islands, for one benefit—we have done them a hundred wrongs. For every white man murdered by the natives, a hundred natives have been murdered by whites.

No. 3.—MISSION TO THE COOLIES IN TRINIDAD.

I described in my last letter the New Hebrides Mission, pointing out that it will always be identified with the name of John Geddie. Others who followed in his footsteps did their duty. The Goræons sealed their testimony with their blood, and a Martyrs' Memorial Church in Erromanga does for their memories what the tablet in the Aneityum Church will do for the name of Geddie unto all time. The Canadian missionaries now in the New Hebrides, the Robertsons, Ammands and McKenzies—I speak of them in the plural number, for in such a field at any rate, wives should count—are trusted implicitly by the Church. But Geddie was not only the creator of the Mission, but he—the humble, diffident, gentle hero—more than any other man inspired our people in the Maritime Provinces. He made them a Missionary Church. Of course he was called Quixotic. All men of faith are Don Quixotes to the men of sense. “We have more to do at home than we can manage, and why then attempt work twenty thousand miles distant,” was the apparently irresistible argument. Perhaps the best rejoinder was that gruffly made by old Mr. Sprott, of Musquodoboit, “We must do something for the heathen or give up praying for them.”

IN TRINIDAD.

The Church, having entered on the work, learned that it was wise to walk by the light of the lamps of Sacrifice and Obedience, learned practically that there is that giveth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth and yet it tendeth to poverty. The Church grew stronger every day. The difficulties and disunion at home gradually became less formidable; and the synod that in 1846 thought itself too poor to send one man to a cheap field, soon found itself able to send three or four, and in 1866 it actually decided to establish a second mission to the heathen in Trinidad, a field nearer home but more expensive. With this mission,

too, one name will always be identified. Geddie had become interested in the New Hebrides by reading everything he could lay his hands on concerning the martyr John Williams. John Morton became interested in the Hindoo coolies, working on the sugar estates, while visiting Trinidad in search of health. On his return home he stated the facts of the case to the synod with such clearness that it was unanimously decided that the Church was called to work there. I do not wonder at the deep interest excited in Morton's mind. To the ordinary Briton the Hindoo is as much a "nigger" as is the African. To the scholar he is of the same Aryan race as ourselves, a man of more subtle brain and the inheritor of an older civilization than ours. Charles Kingsley, who gives such charming descriptions of the flora, fauna and natural features of Trinidad in his "At Last," tells us how much he was impressed with his first glimpse of Hindoo coolies—landing after their voyage from India at the depot for immigrants—"this surplus of one of the oldest civilizations of the Old World, come hither to replenish the new." He puts it not a whit too strongly when he says: "One saw in a moment that one was among gentlemen and ladies. The dress of many of the men was nought but a scarf wrapped around the loins; that of most of the women nought but the longer scarf, which the Hindoo woman contrives to arrange in a most graceful as well as a perfectly modest covering, even for her feet and head. These garments, and perhaps a brass pot, were probably all the worldly goods of most of them just then. But every attitude, gesture, tone, was full of grace, of ease, courtesy, self-restraint, dignity—of that "sweetness and light"—at least in externals, which Mr. Matthew Arnold desiderates.

I am well aware that these people are not perfect; that like most heathen folk and some Christians, their morals are by no means spotless, their passions by no means trampled out. But they have acquired—let Hindoo scholars tell how and where—a civilization which shows in them all day long; which draws the European to them and them to the European, whenever the latter is worthy of the name of a civilized man, instinctively, and by the mere interchange of glances, a civilization which must make it easy for the Englishman, if he will but do his duty, not only to make use of these people, but to purify and enoble them." "To do his duty"—yes, but what the planter thought of when he imported these laborers to take the place of negroes too lazy to work after they had been emancipated, was duty to himself. They came voluntarily from India, at the expense of Trinidad. They were distributed among the estates that had applied for them, on a five years' indenture of apprenticeship. The planter paid them the promised wage, and is not cash payment the sole nexus between employer and employé? At the end of the five years they could return to Hindostan or make their own engagements as free laborers, exchanging the right to a free passage for a government grant of ten acres of land on which they might settle and bring

up their children as Trinidadians. When the Government of India had watched the emigration at its start, testing its "voluntary" character and arranging for good treatment on the voyage; when the planter had fulfilled his part of the contract and the Colonial government had made thorough provision for the sick, and fenced the whole movement round with regulations that made it all but impossible that a coolie, man or woman, could be wronged, had not all parties done their duty? Yes, if the coolie had no soul. But if he had, no.

JOHN MORTON.

Here, it seemed to John Morton, was the very opportunity that Dr. Duff had desired, when his heart sank within him as he stood face to face with the massive pyramid of Hinduism, feeling that the teeming millions were compacted by the divine obligations of caste into an organism so sacred that individuality was lost as completely as if each person were only a particle of sand in the great pyramid. "Oh, that a block could be detached from the mass and that I might have only it to deal with, and that I might try on it the solvent of Christianity!" Here in Trinidad was the detached block, a mass numbering some forty thousand souls, with fifty or sixty thousand more on the mainland of Demerara, almost opposite. For there, too, the introduction of Coolie laborers from India and China had re-vivified industries which the abolition of slavery had almost killed. And the very fact that these poor people had crossed the ocean proved that they had already triumphed over caste to a certain extent. They were, therefore, in a much more favorable condition to hear the Gospel than if they had remained at home. For, as Kingsley says, "One must regard this emigration of the Coolies, like anything else which tends to break down caste, as a probable step forward in their civilization. It must tend to undermine in them and still more in their children the petty superstitions of old tribal distinctions, and must force them to take their stand on a wider and sounder ground and see that 'A man's a man for a' that.'" Here, Morton felt, was an open door, a door by which the Church might enter, not only Trinidad and British Guiana, but eventually India itself. For, if successful, the returning converts would take the good news back with them to their homes. This hope, I may say, has already been fulfilled to a certain extent. One of Mr. Morton's first converts was Benjamin Balam, a man of scholarship and ability. Returning to his home in Central India, he proved of great assistance to our mission in Indore. He is now assisting the Rev. Mr. Wilson to break ground in Neemuch.

RESULTS.

Morton was appointed the Church's first missionary to the Coolies. In the fall of 1867 he sailed for Trinidad, opened a school for children and began to study

Hindustani. Three years later he was followed by Kenneth J. Grant, then successively by Christie and McLeod, both of whom have died during the past year. Their places are filled by Hendrie from Scotland and John Knox Wright, who demitted his charge in London, Ont., in order to take Mr. Christie's place. Teachers, male and female, have also been sent from Nova Scotia to take charge of schools. One young Chinese convert, Jacob Corsbie by name, was sent from Trinidad in 1877 to study under Dr. Tassie at Galt. While there he was supported by the Rev. J. K. Smith's congregation, and on his return he was put in charge of a high school in the town of San Fernando.

What have been the results? To me they seem very wonderful, and proofs of a convincing kind can be given of their genuineness. It has been an educational mission from the outset, and it has educated a good many of the planters as well as the Coolies. Morton showed his wisdom in gathering the children into a school at the beginning. He was laughed at for his pains, but no one laughs now. Kingsley noted the fondness of the Coolies for children. "If you took notice of a child, not only the mother smiled thanks and delight, but the men around likewise, as if a compliment had been paid to the whole company. We saw almost daily proofs * * of their fondness also—an excellent sign that the morale is not destroyed at the root—for dumb animals * * I wish I could say the same of the Negro. His treatment of his children and of his beasts of burden is, but too often, as exactly opposed to that of the Coolie as are his manners." The success of the mission schools was such that the Government of the colony agreed to assist all that could be brought under its regulations; and our missionaries have now forty-four schools, attended by about two thousand children. If I were in the habit of italicizing, I would write every word of this last clause in very distinct italics.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND EXPENDITURE.

Another proof of the reality of the success is the fact that gradually the planters took an interest in the mission and contributed to its extension. They are on the ground and can judge both the men and their work. And another proof is the great liberality of the Coolie converts. In 1880 the sum contributed for the mission by the proprietors and converts nearly equalled that required from the Church. The total expenditure for that year was a little over \$10,000, of which nearly \$5,000 was raised in Trinidad. The report of the General Assembly in 1883 pointed out that the joint contributions of the Coolies, proprietors of estates and other Christian men in Trinidad, "supplemented by Government aid to schools, make the grand total of \$10,000, a sum not far short of what was raised for foreign missions by the Presbyterians of the Maritime Provinces at the Union, and about the half of what was raised for the same objects by the ordin-

ary contributions of all the congregations of Quebec and Ontario." Another report suggested the question, which many of us would do well to ponder—how much would the sum amount to "if one-half of our Church members gave as the converted Coolies of Trinidad, viz., one-tenth of their earnings to Christ's cause"? The expenditure of the mission for the past year was £4,200 sterling, of which sum the Church in Canada paid £1,877 sterling. The depressed condition of the market for West Indian produce and a continuance of unfavorable seasons make it likely that there will be a decrease this year in the contributions of the native Church and of the planters. This remark applies not only to Trinidad, but to Demerara, to the Coolies in which province the Church last year sent Mr. John Gibson, a graduate of Knox College. Mr. Gibson was sent in consequence of a proposal from the Kirk of Scotland—which occupies the position of an Established Church in British Guiana—according to which one-half of the salary, together with the schools and buildings, should be provided there, and the missionary and the other half of the salary be provided by us. He went first to Trinidad, where he spent some time studying the language and the work, and then crossed to Demerara, where he received a hearty welcome from the ministers who had applied for him. Mr. F. Crum-Ewing, of Ardincaple castle, Scotland, has also asked for the appointment of a Canadian missionary to labor among the Coolies on his estate in British Guiana, he offering to pay the whole salary. The way in which the work has thus extended to Demerara is another proof of the good impression that has been made on others by the wise management of the Trinidad mission. It is not much to say that Morton and his colleagues have showed themselves possessed of true statesmanship as well as of true missionary spirit.

MORTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

At the outset Morton fixed upon the town of San Fernando as the centre of the mission. There he organized the first church that has been formed in America out of Hindoos—a worthy parallel to what Dr. Geddie did when he organized on Aneityum the first Christian Church ever formed from the Papuan race. When Grant arrived, Morton handed over San Fernando to him and moved on to new ground at Princetown, and when McLeod came he handed over Princetown to him, and took up a new position at Tunapana. San Fernando remains the mother church of the mission, and a most spirited congregation it is. Besides paying all congregational expenses, it decided in 1879 to raise £100 sterling per annum, or one-third of Mr. Grant's salary. And in last year's report we read that it agreed "at the annual meeting to raise during the coming year £150 sterling, or one half the salary of the missionary." "On every Sabbath, services are regularly held at seven out-stations, and the Word is preached

in scores of small places during the week besides. During the year 38 adults and 39 children have been baptized, and the Communion roll shows 144 members in good standing. * * There are in this district 18 schools, with a roll of 842, and an average daily attendance of 657." How many of our Canadian congregations, composed of members whose ancestors as well as themselves have been nurtured in a Christian atmosphere, containing scores of families, the property of any one of which would buy out the whole San Fernando congregation, can show a record worthy to be placed beside that of the band of exiles that constitutes this Coolie church in San Fernando?

I think that I have written enough to show that the Maritime Provinces section of our Church has good reason to thank God for what He has enabled it to do in two fields so dissimilar as the New Hebrides and Trinidad, and that the western section has good reason to be thankful that it can now take those missions to its heart and consider itself responsible for them.

No. 4.—OUR MISSIONS TO THE NORTHWEST INDIANS.

Our North-West is a country of such magnificent distances that no name could be expected to hold the same position towards it that Geddie's does to the New Hebrides and Morton's does to Trinidad. Still, the Rev. James Nisbet will always occupy an honored place in any history of our work in the North-West. He was the first missionary sent by the western section of the Church to the heathen, and, acting on the principle of "beginning at Jerusalem," they sent him to the heathen in their own land. Accepted by the Church in 1862, and sent to the Red River to assist Dr. Black, of Kildonan, in the first instance. 1866 found him among the Crees at Prince Albert on the Saskatchewan. The Western section of the Church was thus twenty years behind the Maritime Provinces in commencing its foreign mission. Its interest has grown, and yet almost every one confesses sadly that we are doing little or nothing compared to our ability. The expansion of revenue indicates the growing interest. In 1865 it was \$3,486; in 1875 it had risen to \$12,588, and in 1881 to \$35,434. Last year it was \$38,881, and I attribute as the reason why it was not more the fact that more was not needed. During the previous five years special bequests to the amount of nearly \$30,000 had been received, and consequently the people knew that the committee had a balance to credit and did not need very much. That reason no longer exists, and it is to be hoped that this year every congregation will increase its contribution by 50 per cent., for if a large balance to credit is bad, debt is infi-

nately worse. The committee has had both experiences, and is therefore entitled to make comparisons. It has had to pay out about \$3,000 for interest on advances in the course of the last nine or ten years.

THE PRINCE ALBERT DISTRICT.

Prince Albert is the capital of Saskatchewan territory, and it promises to be one of the most important centres of the North-West. As was said at a public meeting held lately to establish a memorial in honor of Mr. Nisbet, the town is his memorial. The site was wisely chosen, and a white population gathered to it, attracted not only by the other advantages it offered, but by the existence of the mission. At that time it was a centre for nearly 4,000 Indians. But as half-breeds and whites came in the character of the place changed. The buffalo took the alarm, and the Indians moved west with the buffalo, not absolutely forsaking their old headquarters, but coming to it for so short a time that it ceased to be a suitable missionary centre. The river, soil, climate, and the exemption from grasshopper visitations, all attracted Red River settlers. For a time Prince Albert was a combined Indian and English mission. But alternate services in English and Cree proved an unsatisfactory mixture, few of the whites understanding Cree, and almost as few of the Indians understanding English. Consequently, in 1877, three years after the death of Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, the care of the English-speaking population was transferred to the Home Mission Committee.

MR. NISBET'S LABORS.

Though Mr. Nisbet was spared to the Indians for only eight years, a time, it might be thought, just long enough to enable him to learn the language and to do merely foundation work, the fruit of his labors has continued, and the country is getting the benefit to this day. He had two half-breed assistants, Mr. John Mackay and Mr. George Flett, both still living, now ordained ministers of our Church, men of proved character and unflagging zeal. The principal Chief of the Carleton Crees was then Mis-tah-wah-sis, and he came under the influence of Mr. Nisbet. The impression produced on him was deeper than was at the time supposed. When Governor Morris was making the treaty with the Indians at Fort Carleton in 1876, the head men introduced Mis-tah-wah-sis as the Chief of the Carleton Crees, representing 76 lodges. When the Indians were placed on reserves, an area of 78 square miles, about seventy-five miles north-west of Prince Albert, was made over to Mis-tah-wah-sis and his band. He then called together his councillors and head men to decide what steps should be taken to secure a teacher and spiritual guide, and the old chief himself was sent to Prince Albert to urge Mr. Mackay to come to them. In a long conversation he referred to the time, fourteen years before, when Mr. Nisbet began to teach him through

Mr. Mackay as interpreter. "He wished me," wrote Mackay, to tell the committee that they wanted no other than the native who speaks their own language, and who first taught him to know God. I am not," he continued, "working for a day only, but that this thing may be permanent." This was evidently the same chief who told Governor Morris, when the treaty was being made, that it was not enough to give a few dollars a year; that, if they gave up the land, his people should be fed until they could learn to farm, and when any unexpected sickness or other disaster came upon them. "This is not a trivial matter for us," in Morris's book on the "Treaties with the Indians," p. 213, Mis-tah-wah-sis is reported to have said, "We do not mean to ask for food every day, but only when we commence, and in case of famine or calamity. What we speak of, and do now, will last as long as the sun shines and the river runs. We are looking forward to our children's children, for we are old and have but few days to live." There spoke a man fit to be chief.

MR. JOHN MACKAY.

Mr. Mackay wrote that he was willing to go to Mis-tah-wah-sis' reserve, and the committee sent him. He moved to it in 1881, and received a cordial welcome. He began at once to teach them, and so great is the advantage of the syllabic characters, now universally used in teaching Indians, that at the end of six months "in almost every house the heads of families could read and write with ease in their own language." In 1882 Professor McLaren, then convener of the Foreign Mission, visited the reserve, and reported that the tribe were making a promising beginning industrially, in imitation of their chief, who "had ready to harvest about twenty-four acres of excellent wheat." The daughter of the missionary the convener found teaching a school in her father's house, with thirty-nine names on the roll. "Miss Mackay has received no remuneration for her services, either from the Government or from any other source. It has been on her part purely a labor of love." The committee, it need hardly be said, has since put her on its list of paid teachers. And now for the fruit that the country has received. When Riel sought last year to unite the half-breeds and Indians against the whites, had Mis-tah-wah-sis declared on his side all the Crees in the neighborhood would have followed him. But Mis-tah-wah-sis and his brother, Chief Ah-tuck-ah-coop, of the Wood Crees, who is under the influence of the Church of England mission, never wavered

LOYAL INDIANS.

It was a comfort to get, soon after the outbreak of the rebellion, a hastily written letter from Rev. Mr. McWilliam, of Prince Albert, with the news: "It is much to the credit of John Mackay's mission that his people proved loyal and

came in to Prince Albert. * * * The missions of the various churches have shown the worth of the work done among them." Yes, the worth in dollars and cents can hardly be over-estimated. We found out last year that the American calculation of the cost of Indian wars, say a hundred thousand dollars per scalp, was not very wide of the mark. If Riel had secured the Crees, the old lords of the soil, as well as the small bands of Sioux who had fled to the neighborhood of Prince Albert after the Minnesota massacre, what would our bill have been? Those Sioux we had neglected, notwithstanding warnings. Mr. McWilliam wrote in 1884: "I feel so strongly the reproach resting especially on us who live here alongside of those poor creatures, that I cannot help calling attention to their case. When we are engaged in public worship on the Lord's day we quite frequently hear the beating of their drums as they are engaged in their idolatrous dances. It is pitiful to hear, after a death has occurred among them, their wailing for those they have lost and their cries to Gods that cannot hear." They had been there for years, and modern Christianity had passed by on the other side. Surely we shall all go now and do otherwise.

Our Church has done little more than commence missions in the North-West. The Church of Rome and the Church of England were the first to enter the field. The Methodist Church followed, and to one of its missionaries we owe the syllabic character, an invention so useful that, as Lord Dufferin put it, many a man has got Westminster Abbey for less. In 1872 I had an opportunity of seeing something of the work done by those Churches. The Rev. George Macdougall travelled with our party from the Red River to Fort Edmonton, and at many a camp fire we drew from him information about the various tribes and his own experiences. What a man he was! And how inexplicable it seems that neither of the two Governments with which our Dominion has been favored thought of utilizing the services of such a man in solving the Indian problem!

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

Governor Morris was the only man who appreciated how useful he might be as a public servant. In 1874 the Indians between the Saskatchewan and the Rocky mountains were threatening hostilities. A telegraph line was constructed across their country, parties were travelling about, connected with the Pacific railway and the geological survey, taking all kinds of liberties, and yet the leave of the owners of the soil had never been asked. No treaty had been made with them. We were clearly trespassers, and the Indians felt that such high-handed action on our part boded worse for them, and that the sooner they put a stop to it the better. The Governor did not wait till hostilities had commenced, but acted at once. Knowing the influence that Macdougall had with the Indians, he asked him to go to their camps at Carlton, South Saskatchewan, Battle River and the

Red Deer, and explain that commissioners would visit them during the ensuing summer to confer with them as to a treaty. The missionary was then in Winnipeg, on his way from Ontario, with his family, to his mission in the Rocky mountains, beyond Calgary, but he at once gave up everything else and undertook the duty. How he succeeded, his own report, which is given in "Treaties with the Indians," p. 173, tells. On this occasion, too, our friend Mis-tah-wah-sis showed up well. When Mr. Macdougall had explained to the first camp the benevolent intentions of the Government, Mis-tah-wah-sis, head chief of the Carlton Indians, addressing the principal chief of the Assiniboines, said: "That is just it; that is all we wanted!" I have sometimes wondered what the Government gave to Mr. Macdougall for this signal service. Possibly they paid his travelling expenses. That is always considered enough for ministers. Possibly they did not. At any rate that was all the use they made of him. There is William Duncan, too—a man of genius, so far as the practical education of Indians is concerned, a superintendent of Indian affairs by Divine right—no Government ever thought of securing his services. And others could be named, but what is the use? Party claims the offices, and the people will have it so.

THE EDMONTON COUNTRY.

In 1872 I saw at the St. Albert mission an admirable illustration of the good work done by the Roman Catholic missions. There, two or three thousand miles from civilization, was a cathedral, every plank in it made with a whip or hand-saw, Bishop Grandin's clergy house, and the house of the Sisters of Charity. The majority of the priests and all the sisters were French Canadians. Two years previously the settlement numbered a thousand, all French half-breeds. Then, the small-pox raged up and down the Saskatchewan. Three hundred died at St. Albert. The priests and sisters nursed the sick, cared for the dying, and gathered the orphans into their house. Some years afterwards I visited in Montreal the vast establishment of "the grey nuns." Within the walls are gathered every phase of weak, helpless and afflicted humanity—from the foundling left at the gate up to the aged without sons or daughters to nurse them, from orphanages of boys and girls down to hospital wards filled with men and women whose last sands of life are running out. All that work is managed by the nuns. Enough work there for the pious women to attend to? No! They took me to another room where their foreign missions were superintended. Among other bureaus there was one marked, "Lac St. Albert." It was stored with supplies of all things that such a mission might need, and at the right moment the collection would be sent off to its destination. There I saw the fountain head of that great work which we had admired under the shadows of the Rocky mountains. And all this was before the age of steamboats and rail-

ways in the North-West, and managed by women, without the aid of public meetings, annual reports, or letters to the press. Some of the sisters had gone the long road in canoes and carts, over innumerable portages, across interminable plains. Others had remained behind to gather and forward supplies. All had died to the world and were living to God. And there are Protestants who cannot understand why such "Sisters" are revered!

AN EARNEST EFFORT TO BE MADE.

Though last in the field, our Church is now anxious not to be least. I mentioned George Flett as a second assistant to Mr. Nisbet. More faithful laborer there could not be. He was at the General Assembly when it met in London, and the simple eloquence with which he told the story of his work and appealed on behalf of those of his own blood who were dying without light impressed us deeply. His English was not faultless, but then he could beat almost every member of the Assembly in French, Cree, and I believe Chippeway too. He has had a wide field to occupy since Mr. Nisbet's death. The centre is Okanase, on the Little Saskatchewan, where there are twenty-five or thirty families of the Chippeway tribe, all of them now able to raise crops enough to meet their wants, and so Christianized that it is proposed to hand them over to the home mission of the Church, as the foreign mission deals only with pagans. For years Mr. Flett has been a travelling bishop, visiting the bands of Indians over two or three hundred miles of country between Fort Ellice and Fort Pelly. The most important of his stations is Crow Stand Reserve, near Pelly, one hundred miles from Okanase, where Mr. Cuthbert McKay has for some time taught school and acted as catechist. An ordained missionary at this point would reach seven hundred Indians. Mr. Flett is now an old man, but he has placed himself at the disposal of the committee, to break up new ground wherever his great experience is most likely to make him most useful.

NO. 5.—OUR MISSIONS TO THE NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

In the report of the Foreign Mission Committee which was submitted in June last to the General Assembly, will be found a clear statement prepared by Professor Hart, of Winnipeg, of the different mission fields among the Indians now occupied by our Church. Everyone should refer to it who wishes to be acquainted with details. Here it is enough to say that our agents now occupy thirteen Indian reserves, containing a population of about 3,200; and that as the Indian population of the North-West is about 32,000, it follows that only one-tenth of the Indians are under the care of our Church. Professor Hart adds, "Our laborers should at once be increased at least two-fold." Everyone will say amen, provided that in no case a reserve is entered which is already occupied by another body. In fact, the Christian Church should grapple with the whole field. The

Church of Rome cannot confer or agree to divide work with any other Church. But why should not the Provincial Synod of the Church of England and the General Conference of the Methodist Church appoint committees to meet with our Foreign Mission, and agree to a sub-division of the field and to co-operation in working? Till something like this is done, there will be over-lapping, waste, confusion, neglect, and in many cases the Indian, instead of getting guidance and needed discipline will be distracted by the conflicting pretensions of Codlin and Short. It is ludicrous to try and convert the Indians into Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Methodists or Presbyterians. They need simply the essence of Christianity, and not the history or the metaphysics that our divisions represent to us. If we could only weave into the warp and woof of the Indian's being the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, how thankful we would be! In fact, every honest agent of every Church will echo the words of our Superintendent of Indian Missions, "The carving-knife has to be in my hands more frequently than the Bible;" and when most successful, he will probably make the report that Dr. MacKay, of Formosa, made when chronicling a wonderfully successful year, "I cannot say that we have had a revival, but we have had a great deal of hard work."

A VAST FIELD.

Our mission to the Indians extends over such a vast extent of country, the nearest part of which is very far away, that it has been found impossible to supervise it properly from Toronto. The committee has therefore appointed a special executive representing the whole North-West, with its headquarters at Winnipeg, and in February, 1884, in designating the Rev. Hugh MacKay as an additional missionary, it requested him to act as superintendent. He was instructed to select a suitable field as a centre, make himself familiar with the Cree language, and then visit annually each of our missions to the Indians and report to the committee regularly with regard to each and all. Mr. Hugh MacKay's name will probably soon be as closely identified in our minds with this mission as Morton's is with Trinidad. When laboring as Home Missionary on Manitoulin Island he was brought much into contact with Indians, and became so much interested in them and so impressed with a sense of their need and of their claims on us that he resolved to devote to them the service of his life. On being appointed by the committee he went to consult with the old veteran, George Flett, at Okanase, and was charmed with him and his little congregation. He decided then to occupy the reserves at Crooked and Round Lakes, about 20 miles north of Broadview station on the C. P. R., as his special field of labor. Here, on the north bank of the Qu'Appelle river, he built a mission-house and commenced work among 900 Indians, all of them pagans, poor, ignorant, conscious that their race is passing away, and somewhat doubtful whether the white

man wishes them well or not. If a man should gain the confidence of such people in from five to ten years it would be much. Hugh MacKay succeeded to a wonderful extent in one year. He found his way to their hearts in the same old way that Geddie had tried with the savages of Ancityum. It is the way that never fails, but only those can walk in it who are not conscious of trying. He loved and trusted them. He proved what his heart was by his life, and the savage, by an instinct as unerring as a dog's, discerns genuine from pretended interest. Almost his first work was to open a school in the mission-house for all the children who were willing to come. During the winter it grew to be a boarding and industrial school, and to help him in those departments he engaged a Christian Indian and his wife. He did not report this to the Committee, and it was only last month when we met him in Toronto that we found out in the course of cross-questioning that it was done at his own expense. "May I ask," some one said to him, "what you pay those assistants?" "Oh, it was only for the winter months, and they did not want much!" "But, may we ask how much?" "Well, it was \$30 a month for the two." How many of our congregations gave as much last year? Is it wonderful that the Indians should trust such a man?

THE REBELLION.

In the spring of 1885 Riel's rebellion occurred. In the middle of April the Indians sent him a message, "We regard you as our friend, and for that reason we advise you to leave your home for some time, as we would not like to see anything happen to you." He thought over the message, knowing that the Indians meant by it that they themselves would probably rise. He was alone. During the night he saw a signal fire ten miles off, and realized that a band of marauders might come to kill and plunder. But he cast himself on the care of his Master, and in the morning the path of duty was clear to him. "It seemed to me as if I could hear the direction, 'Stay'; there are scattered along the line of railway many unprotected homes of the white man. What could these families do if the Indians near them should rise in rebellion? These Indians have little idea of what is right, and they have no one to advise them but those who are their greatest enemies. Stay and exert the little influence you have in persuading them to remain at home.'" He did stay, and continued to go among them as a friend. Here is one incident from his letters at the time: "On Friday I went to another village, and met an Indian coming to see me. He had bad news. He said they must go to war. I went with him to the village and found the women and children gathered together, the women crying aloud and saying they would never again see those about to leave them, and the men preparing their guns, knives and dirks; great excitement among them all. I said to them, 'Don't go.' They said, 'The soldiers are coming, and will take us prisoners, and we would rather fight and die on the battlefield.' I said, 'If you put away your guns and

remain at home there is no danger from the soldiers; if they take you they will take me, and I will go with you.' I was not a little astonished to see them take my advice and remain at home." The Mounted Police are necessary, but such a man is worth a company. The committee have recently authorized him to engage Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of Manitoulin Island, to assist in his boarding and industrial school, so that he may have more time to visit the other mission stations. Mrs. Jones is a daughter of the late Rev. George McDougal, whose name is honored in all the churches, and if "there is nothing like blood," her influence ought to tell. Our best Christian women are needed among the Indians. Mr. J. G. Burgess, who is teaching the school on the Sioux reserve, at the junction of the Assiniboine and Bird Tail Creek, writes:—"What a pity it is that there are no Christian ladies out here to take an interest in the Indian women! I think it would do them more good than anything else." Yes, and it would do the ladies more good than they get from a season's exhausting festivities. In the last *Quarterly Review* is an ideal sketch of the lady missionary in India, "from the pen of no novice or enthusiast, but of a gray-haired and experienced civilian," and I believe that among our poor Indians, equally blessed would be her presence and her work:—

AN IDEAL MISSIONARY.

"To the village-women the appearance of a female evangelist must be, as it were, the vision of an angel from heaven; to their untutored eyes she appears taller in stature, fairer in face, fairer in speech, than anything mortal they had ever dreamt of before; bold and fearless, without immodesty; pure in word and action, and yet with features unveiled; wise, yet condescending to talk to the ignorant and little children; prudent and self-constrained yet still a woman loving and tender. . . . Short as is her stay, she has, as it were with a magic wand, let loose a new fountain of hopes, of fears and desires; she has told them perhaps in faltering accents, of righteousness and judgment, of sin, repentance and a free pardon through the blessed merits of a Saviour. This day has salvation come to this Indian village."

The women of Hindostan are of a different stock and different culture from that of the poor savages in the North-West. Work among the teepees on our plains might need to be somewhat different from work in the Mofussil. But, wherever God's image has been stamped the work is essentially the same. An ideal sketch of it may well be given, for it is truly divine work. But, in its details, it is and always must be hard, toilsome, heart-breaking at times, always repulsive to flesh and blood.

But, we have the Indian problem on our hands, and woe unto us as a people if we do not solve it in the right way. There are three ways that may be tried. The first is, kill the Indian. Kill him, by fire-water, starvation, rifle-bullets, it matters not which. The second is, pauperize him. Breed a vast mass of pauperism and corruption in our North-West. Give the tribes that are most sulky most food. Let party organs make it a crime against the Government of the day that any Indian—no matter what his deserts—should ever lack regular rations. We dare not try the first way. It seems to me that we are drifting

into the second, and in the long run it will be found worse than the first. The third way is, treat the Indian as if he had in him the makings of a man. Of course that is "sentiment" to all who are of the great greedy tribe. Their exquisite witticism is that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." But to human beings it is sense as well as sentiment, just as all right sentiment is sense. We can make the Indians producers as well as consumers. What has been done in one case can be done in a thousand cases, and we have seen this thing done more than once. Dr. Wardrope, in his last report, simply echoed the mind of our whole committee when he said, "We have, in our own experience, abundant proof that the Indian can be Christianized and civilized."

THE INDIAN'S REGENERATION.

The third way is of course difficult. It requires patience as well as wisdom and faith on our part. The Indian will not be really regenerated in a generation. When civilized, he will not be like the average Ontarian. Neither is the French *habitan* nor the Hindoo ryot, yet both are very good people in their own way. But he will be a man. To solve this problem aright, the Government and the Christian Churches will need to act with more energy and faithfulness than has been shown in the past. The Government must cancel the appointment of every unsuitable agent, and appoint only married men in their places, and, whenever it is possible, men who know something of Indian character. Inspectors must be the very best men the country can supply. And the superintendent should have a great deal of power, and hold his office independently of party changes. The country is in earnest on this matter, and the minister who understands this will not lose his reward, whereas all who try to make party capital out of it will be disappointed.

NO. 6.—OUR MISSION IN FORMOSA.

None of our foreign missions is so completely identified with one man's name, and none has interested the whole Church so deeply, as the Formosan. Certainly few missions to the Chinese have yielded such early and abundant fruit. In 1872 the Rev. G. L. Mackay landed at Tamsui, a treaty-port in northern Formosa, and from that year to this he has hastened from conquest to conquest, triumphing over obstacles any one of which would have caused ordinary men to turn back, shrieking out "that beast of a word, impossible."

A few words concerning his field of labor. Formosa is a lovely island in the Pacific, lying more than a hundred miles from the mainland of China. It forms part of the line of islands which protect the Asiatic coast from the huge rollers of the Pacific on the west, just as Vancouver's, Queen Charlotte and other islands protect the coast of British Columbia from the same ocean on the east. It is

about half the size of Ireland, and has a population of two millions. As in the case of Vancouver's Island, a chain of lofty mountains traverses it from north to south, and into the recesses of these and back to the east coast, where the mountains meet the ocean, the old aboriginal inhabitants have been pushed gradually by immigrants and invaders from China, who more than two centuries ago annexed the island to the empire. The population may be divided into three classes—the Chinese, the subjugated aboriginies, called Pep-po-hoans, who have adopted the Chinese language, dress and customs, and the uncivilized aborigines of the eastern region, many of whom are cannibals, and all of whom refuse to recognize Chinese authority, and make raids like those made by the Highlanders of Scotland in former days on the Lowlands. The difference between the Chinese and these aborigines is as marked as the difference between us and our Red Indians in a state of hostility.

A Roman Catholic mission was established in Formosa in 1859. In 1865 the English Presbyterian Church started in the south of the island a medical mission, which has had connected with it some remarkable men, who have developed it with energy and success. In 1869 our Foreign Mission recommended that China be chosen as one of our foreign mission fields, and in 1871 Mr. Mackay was accepted as our first missionary to the Chinese.

That summer I happened to be in Montreal on a visit from Nova Scotia, and, learning one evening that a missionary to China was to be set apart in Knox Church, I went to the service, taking with me a lay friend. The small church in the large city was by no means crowded. Sitting near the door, we could see the form but not the features of the missionary. He was of rather less than medium size, and spoke, as it seemed to me, hesitatingly, with somewhat of a Gaelic accent and provincial tone. We could not see the dark eyes which many thousands of us have since seen glowing with holy fire at furnace heat. We could not estimate the passionate intensity of faith in consequence of which he acts like an incarnate force rather than a man with human necessities. Neither did we know the wide range of his knowledge nor the intellectual balance and practical sagacity which makes him successful whether he is dealing with uncivilized savages or with Chinese literati and mandarins, perhaps the most conceited and corrupt officials in the wide world. What plummet can sound the depths of that conceit and corruption! "Poor fellow!" said my friend as we left the church, "is there not work for him in Canada? Why should he throw away his life?" "How, do you know that he is throwing it away?" I took the liberty of asking. "Why, I have been in China, and, as the Scotchman said of the Jews, 'they winna convert.' They are radically different from us. Before they can be Christianized they would need to be hatched over again and hatched different, as Mrs. Poyser has put it. They will go to your schools, and learn English and anything else

that is commercially of value, but they are incapable of believing in the Resurrection as a fact, or of taking in the spiritual truths on which Christianity is based." "Then," I answered, "they are either not human beings or Christianity is not a religion for the world. As to what this missionary may do, that is another thing. Perhaps we shall see."

We have seen. When Mackay landed in northern Formosa, fourteen years ago, he found what Dr. Chalmers would have called "a fine field." Unbroken heathenism, with those concomitants which no one can understand who has not lived in a heathen country, reigned. He had no house to live in, and he had no one to sympathize with him. He knew nothing of the speech of the people, a language totally different from ours in structure, and so difficult that many after trying for years to learn it have abandoned the attempt. He rented a small house, which the owner had intended to use as a stable, and commenced to learn the language. He spent days with the boys herding on the hills, so as to familiarize himself with the ordinary words they spoke. In two months he could use broken sentences, and he made known as best he could the story of God's love to everyone who would listen. From Tamsui he went out to the surrounding villages, and gradually crowds began to assemble round this man whom everyone saw to be terribly in earnest. The official mind always revolts at anything like excitement or anything unusual, and great, consequently, was the indignation of the literati and underlings at this "red-haired devil," without red hair, who was the author of disturbance. They could not arrest him without cause, but from six to a dozen soldiers were kept constantly watching him, sleeping outside of the house where he chanced to take up his abode, so that he might be arrested if there was a breach of the peace. But he says: "When they were sick I gave them medicines, which made them more friendly. * * * Foul placards were posted up in many places. These represented me as the Queen's agent for plucking out eyes and sending them to England to manufacture opium out of them. My life was threatened many times, and every conceivable obstruction put in my way." But nothing moved him. He travelled barefooted over hills and mountains, under torrents of rain, sleeping on the mud floors of hovels, and in two or three years had preached the gospel in every village in northern Formosa. His work extended from the Chinese to the Pep-ho-hoans; and from these to the uncivilized aborigines. Disciples gathered round him. Devoted followers they proved themselves. Again and again they shielded him from mobs at the risk of their own lives. The populace was actuated not so much by dislike to Christianity, or to the missionary personally, as by dislike to "foreign devils" generally—just as hoodlums in San Francisco and all over the Pacific coast think little of Confucianism when maltreating and murdering Chinamen. They are Chinese; they work for reasonable wages and don't drink whisky! That is

enough. The Formosans have been notoriously turbulent for generations. The official class have a proverb, "Every three years an outbreak, every five a rebellion." No wonder that in Bang-ka, a flourishing commercial town with 30,000 inhabitants, a chapel was levelled to the ground by a mob, and that several times Mackay's life was in extreme danger. What fruit can be seen now? Here is a brief summary :

THE WORK DONE.

There are connected with the mission 38 preaching stations, with chapels in which the Gospel is preached to the people of Formosa in their own language, and a native church with 2,247 members on the roll. Two of the native preachers have been ordained. One of these is pastor of a self-sustaining congregation. The other is connected with a training school or college that has been erected in Tamsui, at a cost of about \$7,000, for the education of a native ministry. The amount was raised in Oxford, Dr. Mackay's native county, when he visited Canada in 1881, and presented to him at a great meeting held in Woodstock. In commemoration, the training school is called Oxford College. No preacher is to be settled as ordained pastor in northern Formosa until the congregation that calls him guarantees an adequate stipend. The object from the first has been to form a native self-supporting Church, and, though we help now by sending missionaries, building chapels, hospitals, schools and in other ways, the converts have no idea of being dependent permanently on Canada. There are 53 elders, 42 deacons and 38 native preachers, whose "expositions of Scripture would be creditable to young men attending the best institutions in America." These preachers have received a measure of medical training that fits them for giving medicines and advice while itinerating. There are also students in Oxford College, and a large girls' school has been built in Tamsui, from funds supplied by the Woman's Missionary Society, and opened since the close of the war between China and France. In 1880 a hospital was built in Tamsui at a cost of \$3,000, defrayed entirely by Mrs. Mackay, of Windsor, who desired to perpetuate in this way the memory of her husband. A monument this more lasting than brass and altogether more in harmony with Christian ideas! From twelve to fifteen hundred new patients are admitted and treated annually in this hospital, and the resident physician of the foreign community at Tamsui has always in the most kindly spirit given the benefit of his services daily. No wonder that the Chinese themselves are beginning to subscribe voluntarily to the support of the hospital, and that these subscriptions are increasing. Has the young man whom my friend saw appointed to his work in Knox Church, Montreal, thrown away his life?

A GREAT GATHERING.

Last March, a joyous celebration was held in Tamsui to commemorate the missionary's landing there on March 9, 1872. Converts gathered from all parts,

men and women, old and young. Some old men walked five days to share in the thanksgivings. Twelve hundred and seventy-three converts were assembled. Oxford College and the girls' school were decorated. Arches of green boughs were erected, Chinese lanterns hung in rows among the trees. The British flag waved on one side of the college and the Chinese on the other. It was a day of gladness to the infant church. The British consul and European residents sent their congratulations. More remarkable by far, mandarins, civil and military officers, leading merchants and head men from Bang-ka and other places sent letters of congratulation, and in other ways showed their sympathy with the object of the gathering. A still more wonderful instance of public recognition of his work is the way in which the Chinese authorities met his claim for damages on account of chapels injured or destroyed during the recent war with the French. "General Loo," he says, "influenced by my old mandarin friend, has never once doubted my word about the value of the chapels destroyed, and gave me \$10,000 as damages." Let us hear a word from him as to his own emotions in reviewing the past :

"Fourteen years ago yesterday (March 9th. 1872) at 3 p.m., I landed here. All was dark around. Idolatry was rampant. The people were bitter toward any foreigner. There were no churches, no hospitals, no preachers, no students, no friends. I knew neither European nor Chinese. Year after year passed away rapidly. But of the persecutions, trials and woes; of the sleepless nights; of the weeping hours and bitter sorrows; of the travelling barefoot, drenched with wet; of the nights in ox-stables, damp huts, and filthy, small, dark rooms; of the days with students, in wet grass, on the mountain tops, and by the sea-side; of the weeks in savage country, seeing bleeding heads brought in to dance around; of the narrow escapes by sea, by savages, by mobs, by sickness and by the French, you will never fully know."

We know enough to honor him as one of the apostles of the nineteenth century, and we rejoice that God has given such sons to Canada. In 1880 Queen's University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and among the forty on whom that degree has been conferred during our history of forty-five years there are no names more worthy than his and John Geddie's. But it is not honor that he seeks. He asks the Church to awake, and, seeing fields white to the harvest, to put in the sickle and reap. Here are his words, and I think Carlyle in his surliest mood would have rejoiced in them: "I care nothing for presents, &c. * * There is no sham, no romance, no sentimentalism here. No; but stubborn fact."

No. 7. - THE FORMOSA MISSION.—Continued.

The success of this mission has been so remarkable that it is worth our while to inquire into the secret of the success. It is quite clear that our relations with the Chinese are to be multiplied. The termini of the Canadian Pacific railway are declared to be Hong Kong and Liverpool. Our newspapers are congratulat-

ing the country on shipments of tea for Toronto, Montreal and New York being made *via* Vancouver and Winnipeg. If tea, why not other things, and the more the better. On the other hand, do the Chinese want nothing from us? I believe that we can supply them with much. Within the last year or two their statesmen have determined on a new departure. They are casting to the winds their old policy of exclusion and seclusion, and they seem to be specially desirous of cultivating friendly relations with Britain. When three hundred millions of patient, sober, home-loving toilers—as intent on gaining their full share of the riches and comforts of life as any people in the world—enter into the brotherhood of civilized nations, and engage heartily in exchange with foreigners, can any limits be set to the development of trade likely to ensue? But there can be no great commerce where there is no friendship between the parties. And there cannot be friendship without knowledge. We must try to understand one another, and we must do justly to each other. From other points of view than the spiritual, then, can the work of such a man as Dr. Mackay be viewed. He is a potent factor in displacing the deep-rooted prejudices of a singularly tenacious people, in promoting international amity, in extending commerce and so linking nations together by ties of common interest. All this work is essentially Christian, for Christianity thinks of man not as a ghost but as a citizen of this world that God made and pronounced good. We have seen that Mackay attempted an apparently hopeless task and succeeded.

A MISSIONARY'S PROGRAMME.

Let us ask, what were his methods? In one of his letters he mentions four. Here they are in brief:—

“First—Travelling and dispensing medicines.

“Second—Travelling and preaching the Gospel.

“Third—Travelling and training young men.

“Fourth—Travelling and appointing a trained helper to take charge of a chapel wherever opened.”

In his view, “travelling” is as indispensable to make the missionary as in Demosthenes’ opinion “delivery” is to make the orator. He follows in the footsteps of that great missionary whom we call Master, who instead of keeping to one place, as was the wont of ordinary teachers, rabbis and doctors, “went about doing good,” from village to village, from country to city, from province to province. The true missionary must go in and out among men, must see them face to face, and show that he is in all things a man like themselves. Prejudices linger long in the country, but when the peasants saw that the foreigner had the heart of a Chinaman their prejudices got a death-blow. He established a hospital at the outset in Tamsui, and wherever he went he dispensed medicines, pulled

teeth by the hundred and gave advice. "Indeed," he says, "the comparatively friendly feeling shown toward myself, helpers and work I attribute to the fact that from the beginning when travelling amongst the people I invariably tried to relieve bodily suffering." Here, too, he imitated the Great Physician. Often Churches have sent, even to ignorant savages, missionaries skilled in theology and profoundly impressed with the importance of ritual, but ignorant of the simplest drugs or the ordinary laws of health. These messengers of good news have seen the feeble race wither away before their eyes without knowing what to do. "Heal the sick," he says, "not now by miraculous power, but by the power of agencies found in depths and heights, in soils and seas, in trees and flowers, yea, in all the stupendous wonders which the great Architect of the Universe launched forth within and around the present abode of frail man."

A HEALER OF SOULS.

Had he confined himself to medical relief, everyone would have acknowledged his work as good. But he had accepted the commission to "preach the Gospel" as well as to "heal the sick." He was therefore sneered at "as the crazy barbarian." Chinese literati are not unlike a good many Caucasian literati! There are men among ourselves who do not believe that Christianity is the force that explains all that is excellent in our civilization. Why should we expect Mandarins or ordinary Chinamen to be more discerning? Mackay had more sense. He had not left home to cure diseases on the surface. He knew that root work was required. So he cries, "'Heal the sick' and 'preach the Gospel,' until this old empire, asleep for ages, will awake, arise and shake herself from the filth and dust of ignorance and superstition, and fill all the land with hospitals and Christian institutions, and then enjoy the meridian splendour of that sun which is now appearing above the dim horizon."

He knew that his own life hung by a thread, so he gathered the most promising youths as disciples about him. These young men he trained, not by lecturing from the professor's chair, but after the manner of the Great Teacher. Wherever he went his disciples accompanied him, and received instruction as they travelled by the road, wandered by the sea-side or sat in a chapel. He taught them "the Bible, geography, astronomy, anatomy, physiology and history." "Did I begin with teaching them doctrines," I once heard him say; "No, I taught them geography." That was exactly what they needed. According to their old ideas of a map of the world, China was a vast continent extending over nine-tenths of the map, and all other countries were a cluster of insignificant islands on the outskirts, inhabited by fierce, uncultured barbarians. To men with such notions—and knowing that China had existed as a mighty kingdom in almost unbroken continuity for twenty-five centuries, and that for ages it had

produced historians, philosophers, poets, artists, divines, not one of whom had ever heard of any other country—it was and is incredible that God should have sent His Son, eighteen hundred years ago, to this world to tell of His love and to die for our sins. They begin to be in a position to understand the possibility of such a thing when they learn that China is only a small part of the world, and that there have been and are “more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy.”

NATIVE HELPERS.

As to Mackay's fourth method, the Lord did not indeed build chapels and appoint trained helpers to take charge of them. The time had not come. The old bottles of Judaism were about to be broken, and the new wine of the Spirit would, by an alchemy the power of which is exhaustless, form for itself new wine-skins. Organization is required to preserve the spiritual and apply it for the use of man. Mackay understands this, and so every step that he gains he holds. “Wherever people in any locality desired further instruction, a native helper was sent to them to follow up the work already accomplished.” I have thus explained Dr. Mackay's methods, as much as possible in his own words. But, note, all these methods would be only so much clattering machinery unless there was life behind them. And life means love. And love in such a field meant that he should become a Chinaman. The Son of God had to become man to save man. Paul became a Greek to save the Greeks, and he became a Greek so thoroughly that he was hated as an apostate Jew with such intensity of hatred that men, out of zeal for Jehovah, bound themselves by oaths not to eat or drink till they had killed him. The same man became a Jew to save the Jews, so thoroughly that to this day there are Christian commentators who condemn him for shaving his head in Cenchrea and for being at charges for the four men in Jerusalem who had a vow on them. Mackay has become a Chinaman to save Chinamen. He has married a Chinawoman, and an invaluable helper to him she has proved herself. Mrs. Jamieson, wife of Rev. Mr. Jamieson, his present colleague, says, “I cannot imagine what the mission premises would be without Mrs. Mackay. I find her invariably the centre of a group.”

INTERMARRYING WITH NATIVES.

Of course it is not implied that all missionaries to the heathen should intermarry with the people to whom they preach. But there is no reason why they should not, and where there is a union of hearts it is eminently proper that they should. Every true missionary must become one with the people to whom he is sent. He must see with their eyes, understand their tastes, appreciate what they and their fathers have done, and sympathize with their national aims and individual emotions. In no other way can he make Christianity indigenous, and

no religion will ever take hold of a nation until it is racy of their own soil. This is true of every people, and therefore pre-eminently true of a people whose roots have struck so deeply into the past as the Chinese. There must be Chinese teachers and preachers, saints and martyrs, theologians and heretics, hymns, catechisms and speculations. All these will come, and I for one believe that the Chinese type of Christianity will be not only specific, but a species of a peculiarly downright and stalwart type. It will not pick up our cast-off clothes, but will weave its own web and cut its cloth to suit itself.

In speaking of our Formosa Missions, I have not referred to the colleagues Dr. Mackay has had, because Dr. Fraser, Dr. Junor and Mr. Jamieson all admit that he from the first has been the soul of the Mission. He, too, is the man who has quickened the interest of the Church in the cause. He would fain breathe into us his own spirit. "By never allowing discouragement to enter our vocabulary, little by little we won the day," is his explanation of his success; and when in consequence of the French invasion the work was stopped for a time, his cry to us was "for God's sake, let there not be even a whisper about discouragement." Coid indeed must we be if such flaming zeal does not kindle our hearts.

No. 8.—OUR MISSIONS IN CENTRAL INDIA.

Our fifth Foreign Mission is our latest. Though its beginning was small, it is already the largest and most expensive, and the character of the field is such that we cannot expect abundant fruit at an early stage. The fortress of Hinduism cannot be taken at a rush. Sap and mine will be needed for generations yet, and every variety of weapon in our arsenals must be used. Men of calm philosophic spirit and earnest preachers in the bazaars and at the *melas*; subtle dialecticians, scholars skilled in translation, high-bred ladies visiting zenanas, physicians, male and female, and Hallelujah lasses, are all at work, and who shall say that any of them should be dispensed with! Misses Fairweather and Rodger were our first representatives in India. From 1874 they worked under the care of the American Presbyterian Church, near Futtehgurh. The Rev. Dr. Kellogg, now of Toronto, was then one of the missionaries of that Church, and from him and his colleagues they experienced unremitting kindness. Their duties were the superintendence of village schools taught by native Christian women, and the charge of orphanage and zenana work.

In 1876 the Church determined to establish an independent Canadian Mission in India, and, acting on the principle of looking out for an unoccupied field, it chose Central India, and more particularly the semi-independent State of Indore,

ruled, under the guardianship of Britain, by the descendant of that wild Mahratta chief of the last century who took the name of Holkar from his native village in the Deccan, where he had been a herd-boy. Holkar simply means the inhabitant of Hol. Indore has a population of three-quarters of a million, and the capital city, also called Indore, has over a hundred thousand. There are other semi-independent States included under the same British agency with a total population of nine or ten millions. The River Nerbudda, second only to the Ganges in sacredness, runs through the State, and all along its course are holy places. The noble Vindhya range also cuts the State into two. The population is chiefly Mahratta, with a mixture of other Hindoo races, while in the mountains are to be found aboriginal non-Aryan tribes like the Gonds and Bhils. In 1877 the Rev. J. M. Douglas started our mission in the capital city of Indore, where he was soon joined by Misses Fairweather and Rodger. Some time previously, or immediately before the Union, the Rev. James Fraser Campbell had been designated by the Synod of the Maritime provinces as a missionary to the English-speaking natives of Madras. There, he was offered a position with a much better salary in connection with another body; but when he found that the Canadian Church had determined to occupy Central India, he threw in his lot with Mr. Douglas, to give unity to our mission. Instead of working together at Indore, however, Mr. Douglas thought it expedient that Mr. Campbell should occupy Mhow, a city thirteen miles distant, where the large British garrison required for Central India is stationed.

BRAHMINS CONVERTED.

In 1878 two Brahmins from the Court of Indore who, with other gentlemen, had spent afternoons and evenings discussing religious subjects with Mr. Douglas, announced that they wished to declare themselves Christians. On the day fixed for their baptism they were seized by the authorities, and afterwards brought before the Maharajah Holkar. He threatened them with gaol, but on security being given they were dismissed. They escaped from Indore subsequently and were baptized in Gujerat. Ever since, the authorities have placed every possible obstacle in our missionaries' way. The schools were ordered to be closed unless a written pledge was given that Christianity would not be taught, and when Mr. Douglas tried to argue the point with them they met him with the statement, which he must have found some difficulty in answering, that in Canada the Bible is not taught in the common schools! The Hindoos are eager to be taught everything that has a market value. They are eager to discuss theological problems, and our ordinary students would likely get the worst of the argument. They are, too, the most religious people in the world. Consequently, "let anyone appear as an earnest preacher of religion in any assembly of ordinary Hindoos, let him even denounce old creeds, however venerated, and

he is sure of a hearing. And if to his other qualifications as a religious teacher, he adds a character for self-denial and asceticism, he cannot fail to attract disciples." So says Monier Williams, and such facts make it not at all unlikely that the Salvation Army may gain a larger measure of immediate success in India than any other organization. The "soldiers" dress and live like the natives and submit to privations after the manner of fakirs. Besides, Hindoos see no more incongruity than David did, in "dancing before the Lord with all their might." They like processions with drums, tambourines and waving of flags. Clearly, any Church that hopes to gain the people of India must provide for the expression of the religious emotions a ritual less bald than that which a severe northern taste demands.

NATIVE BANDS, Etc.

Our native congregation in Indore evidently understands this. Already they have commenced evangelistic labors in the villages, and in Oojain, one of the most sacred cities in India. Narayan Sheshadri, well known in the United States and Canada, has sent two or three of his workers to help them, but I am afraid that some of our people would be shocked with the mode in which public worship is conducted. I quote from one of the reports an illustrative extract :

"Gyanoba and Blind Bartimeus, along with Govind Rao, form a native band, and exercise a wonderful influence wherever they go. Their singing and playing may not be very artistic; it is, however, very hearty, and, according to Hindoo taste, just perfection. One with his fingers plays at the same time two drums, one in his lap and the other on the ground; the second plays a one stringed instrument somewhat like a violin, but having a bamboo for a handle, a gourd for a body, a piece of tile for a bridge and a brass wire for a string; while the third plays a small pair of native cymbals. Blind Bartimeus is the leader, and, from his experience as a Hindoo Sadhu before becoming a Christian, is well qualified for the position. They sit on the ground, with the people seated around them, and then sing and speak alternately as long as their voices hold out. It is peculiarly native in every part, but just to that extent pleasing to the people. We also use the same in our Sabbath services at times, with the same beneficial effect; and we hope, as the men and instruments can be obtained, to pay even more attention to this feature of the work."

But however "mild" the Hindoo may be, however tolerant of doctrinal laxity, however ready to accept new revelations and follow new teachers who seem inspired with religious zeal, there is one point at which he draws the line and keeps it drawn. Caste must not be broken. You belong to your caste by divine decree, and to lose it is to lose this life and that which is to come. You may be materialist or theist, pantheist or atheist, and it matters not. You may be unclean, or a thief or a murderer, and ritual is all powerful to save you. But there is no salvation for the outcast. He is driven from home, cut off from all share in the paternal inheritance, cursed by the mother that bare him. You need not believe in the gods of the Hindoo pantheon. You may accept the facts and doctrines of Christianity; but to be baptized or to eat at the Lord's table is to break caste, and that therefore you must not do.

HOSTILITY DISPLAYED.

It is no wonder therefore that when the Indore Court found that the mission was not satisfied with intellectual sword-fence, but pressed promising young men to "leave all and follow Jesus," it took up an attitude of decided opposition. Our missionaries were obliged to invoke the aid of the British Agent Governor-General at Indore, but as might be expected, they got little comfort from that quarter. Zeal is an offence to the official mind. Besides, the British Government is anxious to keep on good terms with the feudatory States, and everything like interference with domestic administration is felt to be peculiarly offensive. Still, as the missionaries saw clearly that the principle of religious liberty for all Central India was at stake, they petitioned the Viceroy (the Marquis of Ripon) to have that freedom secured to them in the prosecution of their work which the native authorities concede to Mahomedan and other religions; and as a result, they were subsequently informed by the Agent Governor-General that he would "take an early opportunity of pointing out to the Indore Durbar the immunity from molestation which obtains in British India in regard to missionary work." Difficulties, however, were still placed in their path, not only in the city, but, strange to say, in the cantonment, and our committee found it necessary to solicit the good offices of the Marquis of Lansdowne, with the present viceroy, Lord Dufferin, who acted with his usual tact and success in the matter. Now, after a struggle of seven years, in which Rev. Mr. Campbell and the Rev. J. Wilkie—who succeeded Mr. Douglas—have had to contend with difficulties that required the exercise of infinite patience, good temper and firmness, all opposition seems to have been withdrawn with the full consent of the native authorities, and the work of the mission is being prosecuted without interruption.

THE MISSION STAFF.

Our staff in Central India has been increased till at length it may be said to be large enough for a time, and for the next few years attention should be given to consolidate the work by erecting buildings and providing equipment of various kinds. Four centres have been occupied, the cities of Indore, Mhow, Rutlan and Neemuch. There are five Canadian ordained ministers and their wives, five lady missionaries, and a large staff of teachers, catechists, Bible readers and colporteurs. Last General Assembly constituted the missionaries, ministers and representative elders of native congregations into the Presbytery of Indore. This step is likely to lead to the extension of the work as well as to its orderly supervision. The congregation of St. Paul's, Montreal, pays the full salary of one of the ordained men, and if a few other congregations followed this example the staff could easily be doubled. Two of the ladies are of that new and universally popular type in India—medical missionaries. Dr. Elizabeth Beatty was sent out in 1884, and Dr. Marion Oliver leaves Canada this month to join her. Three other ladies have been accepted by the committee, and these are to

begin their medical studies at once. Rev. Mr. Builder tells us that "only ladies can make the assault upon the homes of Hindooism and Mohammedanism, as the male missionaries are almost entirely shut out." And no ladies can be so useful as those who have studied medicine. Miss Dr. Beatty writes, "My patients are of all classes, from the pauper to the princess, and from sweepers to Brahmins." Lady Dufferin has authorized her to offer a small fee per month to native women willing to be taught sick-nursing; and though finding it difficult to get them to come or to be taught the simplest lessons, a class has been organized, "one of whom is my Bible woman, who have no prejudices to conquer and no false theories to forget, and I am training them for work in connection with Lady Dufferin's scheme." India and China will be opened to the Gospel perhaps more through the agency of lady medical missionaries than by any other single instrumentality.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

Christian education, from the common school to the university, is indispensable in Indian missions. "The so-called 'religious neutrality' of the Government schools is in many cases only a misnomer for hostility to Christianity." "We have," writes Mr. Builder, "a highly intellectual and conservative race to win over to Christianity. This is no easy task. To accomplish it and make the work both successful and permanent, their systems of thought must be understood and met by a deeper and more satisfying one; and they must be taught to look with hope to the future rather than to the past. What then do we need to carry this out? More Christian men are required for literary work for that purpose; and a library has been suggested for their use containing all the works needed for consulting purposes; schools also are required, both primary and advanced, wherein a thoughtful and earnest ministry may be trained. One of the latter class should be established as soon as possible. These agencies to support and supply a large number of devout evangelical preachers would make our work here of an enduring character. When the time comes to ask large things of the Church at home, may we not look for a hearty response that Central India may be Christ's?"

What a field for Christian chivalry India is! Those teeming millions are of our own race. They are our fellow-citizens. They have never been a nation. Divided by language and still more by caste there is no hope of their ever becoming a great people unless the power of Christianity fuses them into one. If they become Christian the conquest of the world would speedily follow. From India, Buddhism went forth as a great missionary force, and spread from Ceylon to Thibet, from Siam to Mantchooria. From India, missionaries of the Cross will yet swarm to lands old and new. To the Hindoo, religion is not something added to life. It is his life. We are now called upon to pay our debt to India. India will hereafter repay us an hundred fold.

No. 9.—CONCLUSION.

I have sketched briefly the history, work and present position of our five foreign missions. Some may think that it would be wiser if we, like the Methodist Church of the Dominion, concentrated our energies on two fields instead of dividing them among five. But readers must have noticed that all our missions were commenced before the union of 1875, and that it would have been impossible—even had it been wise—to throw any of them overboard. At present we would be no more willing to spare one of them than the mother of five children would be willing to throw one to the wolves or to the poorhouse. Besides, the Church is growing every year in membership and wealth, and so the number is becoming relatively smaller. Even now, if we rose to anything like the height of our power and privileges, we could equip all five with that thorough equipment which the nineteenth century demands. For just as it would be folly nowadays to send out troops armed with bows and arrows, or even with the Brown Bess that won Waterloo, so does it imply an equal waste of men to send out missionaries without furnishing them with all the appliances that a Christian civilization offers—hospitals and dispensaries, printing presses and training schools, orphanages and colleges. Our aim is not to convert isolated individuals, but to inspire with new life countless and well-compacted masses who stand face to face with us for the first time in history. The religions that met the spiritual necessities of these peoples in the dawn of their history, and which have since given them cohesion and life, are evidently exhausted. It is now to be seen whether Christianity can satisfy the demands of the universal reason and conscience. Can it quicken the teeming millions of China and India with a new faith that will come as an indubitable message from the living God to their hearts? If it cannot do this, it is not what it professes to be. If it is permanently rejected by the disciples of Confucius, Sakya Muni and Menu, it will not be retained by us. May not the true explanation of its comparatively slow progress there be that faith is weak here? If so, what is most needed is that we ourselves should awake from our sleep ere it become the sleep of death. In the seventh century after Christ the crescent displaced the cross in Arabia, Egypt, Palestine, Syria—in a word, in all the lands of the Bible. Why? Simply because Christendom had become untrue to its own fundamental principles. The life of love, the faith in the living Christ that had sustained the generations who triumphed over Imperial Rome “had evaporated amidst the worship of images, amidst moral corruptions, philosophical theories and religious controversies.” How could men who substituted notions about God for the living Saviour in their hearts meet in the shock of battle soldiers who believed that God verily is, and that man is His minister to accomplish His will on earth? The Mahometan took into his heart one of the fundamental principles of the Old Testament, and

so was stronger than a thousand who professed to believe more but really believed nothing.

Our Church has begun work in the great enterprise of this century, but it has only made a beginning. I have rather vague notions of what the other Canadian Churches are doing, and many of us would like to know more accurately, that we may sympathize with them more intelligently. Depend upon it, such work indicates the heart of our people better than anything else, and as one interested in the development of our national life, I am desirous of knowing what our place is in this respect. Little cared the courtiers in Caesar's palace about the Jewish Church, and the name of Jesus of Nazareth was utterly unknown to them. Of what interest were the missions of Peter and Paul to the Senate of Rome, or even to close and profound observers like Seneca and Tacitus? Men of the world had enough to do with the great affairs of state. Nero's character and doings were of infinite consequence to them. But, seeing things with the perspective of eighteen centuries, the small has become great, and the great infinitely little. So, too, centuries after this, when no one knows or cares who were the Premiers of Canada or Ontario, or the leaders of the Oppositions, or the postmaster of this or that important town, millions will be interested in what obscure missionaries from Canada did in the nineteenth century in India and China.

So far as our own Church is concerned, I look for an extension of the work to a quickened sense of responsibility among our people generally. There are congregations, and scores of individual adherents, each of whom could send out a missionary and keep him at work as its or his representative. Why not? Two Christian young men start out in life with like abilities, opportunities, character. The one gives himself to the ministry of the word at home or abroad. The other goes into a profession or business in which he makes his tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars. The former is, as a matter of fact, giving himself to the Lord. The latter is not, unless he is giving for the good of men all that he has made. The tithe was enough for the Jew. It is not enough for the Christian. But very few rich men will look at the matter from this point of view. They have their "station" in life to maintain and their families to provide for. I do not propose to argue with them, simply because the Church does not depend mainly on them. The Church's revenue, like the nation's, should come from the great body of the people; and its work will extend healthily only as the tide of life rises higher among its members all over the land. The tide is beginning to rise. The waters are up to the ankles, some would say to the knees, comparing present things with past, but they shall yet be "waters to swim in."

G. M. GRANT.

Queen's University, Kingston, Aug. 21.



