

The Missionary Outlook.

A Monthly Advocate, Record and Review.

Vol. XI.—No. 8.]

AUGUST, 1891.

[Whole No. 128

Field Notes.

BY universal consent the past year has been written down a hard one for raising money; but we are glad to say the Mission Fund has not only held its own, but shows a gratifying increase. There is an advance of several thousands in ordinary income, and a large gain from legacies. The gross income is about \$243,000, an advance of some \$23,000 over last year. This is good vantage ground from which to advance on the quarter-million line.

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THERE are special reasons for a big effort next year. Not only must the expense of the new mission to China be met, but the large income from legacies last year is by no means likely to be repeated this year, and the difference must be met by an advance in ordinary givings, unless we are willing to close the current year with a deficit. A steady, earnest, united, prayerful effort to pass the quarter-million line is what is wanted at the present juncture. Which of our Circuits will be the first to head this forward movement?

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BISHOP NEWMAN has the floor:—"We must deluge the Church with missionary intelligence. Let in the light, give the people pictures and figures and facts. There is no reading more thrillingly interesting than intelligence about the customs, habits and countries where our missionaries are living. Rely upon it, you can stir the great Church of our choice by these missives from afar. The preacher in charge who gets the most money for all the authorized collections is the best paid man in the connexion; while he who worries about his salary, and fears that he will fall short if he is active for missions, does fall short." Brethren, are you preparing for the coming campaign by so filling your own minds with missionary intelligence that you cannot help but tell to others what grand things the Lord has done in the past, and is still doing, also, of the cry of the millions for living bread? Get filled, and you must overflow.

* * *

AN interesting entertainment was held in the Chinese Mission Rooms, New Westminster, B.C., on the closing of the school for a few weeks during the

warm weather. The *Columbian* says:—"The entertainment, which consisted of vocal and instrumental music, short addresses, etc., capped by a treat of cake, ice cream, strawberries and lemonade, was got up and carried out almost wholly by the Chinese pupils themselves, and, as such, was very creditable indeed. A most cordial welcome was extended to the white visitors, who were principally connected with or interested in the mission work among the Chinese."

* * *

A COPY of the report of "a work of love," known as the "Children's Fresh Air Fund," is before us, and is a most gratifying record. We know of no department of mission work that there is more reason to look for the benediction of the great loving heart of Christ upon than this, who Himself took little children in His arms and blessed them. We bespeak for this Christian enterprise the hearty support of all who love children, and this certainly takes in the whole community, for it cannot be there breathes a man or woman with heart so hard who would not delight to assist in making our wee people happy by giving them a day of innocent mirth and healthful recreation.

* * *

Outline Missionary Series, "China." By Rev. J. T. GRACEY, D.D. A few copies of this interesting and useful pamphlet are still on hand at the Mission Rooms. At missionary meetings, during the coming season, our people will be expecting information about China, and there is no other source from which so much information can be gleaned at so little cost. It contains material for half-a-dozen missionary speeches. Every minister should order a copy. Price, post-paid, TEN CENTS.

* * *

DR. EBY has decided to discontinue the *Central Tabernacle Bulletin*, and from the last issue we take the following:—"As *Missionary Tidings* covers a good part of the ground contemplated in the little sheet I had begun to publish, and in addition furnishes a common platform on which all the different agencies can meet and speak for themselves, I have thought it wiser to turn my little contribution to missionary literature in that direction. I do not think it wise to have more missionary organs than can be efficiently sustained, and hence hope the missionary fraternity generally will rally to this enterprise and make *Mis-*

missionary Tidings what the representative of Christian work in Japan ought to be. We advise our readers to send \$1 to Rev. F. Staniland, Yokohama, as yearly subscription to *Missionary Tidings*, if they wish a record of mission work in Japan.

* * *

THE *Missionary Review of the World*, for August, comes to our table laden with the best of the wheat. Articles from the pen of Dr. Pierson are too well known to need a word in their behalf. Among the remaining articles are "The Gospel in Spain," by Rev. J. E. Budgett Meakin; "Planting Christianity in Germany," by Rev. Henry Gracey, Gananoque, Canada; and "Eugene Bersier and Huguenots," by Alice Bertrand. The other departments are equally well sustained. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, and 86 Bay Street, Toronto. Subscription, \$2 per year.

* * *

WE have received the *Gospel in all Lands* for July, with the same sense of pleasure that one hails the coming of a friend. Among the leading articles are, "Monthly Missionary Concert," "United States," "The Navago Indians," "Mormon Literature and Hymnology," "The Esquimaux of Alaska," "The United States as an Evangelizing Nation," "The Language of Malaysia," "A Little Journey in Japan," "The Political Situation in Bulgaria," "The Gospel in Russia." Published by Hunt & Eaton, Fifth Ave. and 20th Street, New York. Price \$1.50 per annum.

Editorial and Contributed.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A VISIT to the North-West and British Columbia, after an interval of three years, afforded a good opportunity of grasping the ratio of growth, alike on the material and the spiritual side. Those who entertain doubts about the future of the North-West may set their minds at rest. Already its future is assured. Enough has been done to show its splendid capabilities. Railway enterprise is opening up its vast resources; visiting delegates from the United States and from the Old World have travelled widely through the country, and have returned with glowing reports, and it is only a question of time—not a long time, either—when the North-West will be the granary of the world. The harvest prospects for the present year are splendid, and the probabilities are there will be more than 20,000,000 bushels of wheat for export. A moment's thought will show what a vast amount of ready money this will set afloat in proportion to the population. The farmers of the North-West can well afford to lose a crop occasionally. In religious matters, progress is

equally marked. The Churches are keeping well abreast of the needs of the population, and in this good work the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches hold foremost rank. In the friendly race there has sometimes been a little friction, but no serious hurt has been done. Still it will be well for leaders on both sides to act in the spirit of Abraham toward Lot, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren."

Let me correct one erroneous impression. Many people have an idea that in the North-West religion has a feeble hold, and the churches are but poorly attended. I did not find it so. Taking Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, etc., as samples, the bulk of the people seem to attend religious worship, and as regards reverence and fervor, the congregations do not compare unfavorably with those farther east.

The evidences of enterprise and progress on the Pacific Coast are very marked. Towns are growing rapidly. Prices of real estate advancing too rapidly, I fear, and unless checked there will be a "boom" with all its disastrous consequences. Until within a few years British Columbia was generally regarded as a somewhat sleepy region, with little push or enterprise, except in wickedness. All this is changed, and there is now an alert, wide-awake spirit that promises well for the future. By common consent the people attribute this change to the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, an enterprise that has infused new life into all departments of trade. Vancouver, the terminus of the road, is itself a marvel. The town site was laid out in 1885; in June, 1886, the few buildings that had been erected were swept out of existence by a forest fire. To-day, five years later, there is a city claiming a population of from fifteen to eighteen thousand, with electric lights and tramway, well-built churches, residences, stores and hotels, and all the appliances of modern civilization. At other points—New Westminster, Victoria, Nanaimo, etc., there are also signs of rapid growth, and land outside the towns is being taken up for farming purposes and fruit culture. In religious matters, too, there has been marked progress. The British Columbia Conference reports a decided growth in membership; new fields have been opened, additional men asked for, and a hopeful spirit prevails that augurs well for the future.

Clerical visitors to the Pacific, if their experience is like mine, are not in much danger of rusting. Reaching Vancouver on Friday afternoon, my work for the

next week or ten days ran as follows:—Saturday evening, lecture in the Opera House, on Prohibition; Sunday, preached in Homer Street Church, in the morning, addressed the Chinese congregation in the afternoon, drove twelve miles to New Westminster, and preached in the evening. Monday, up the Fraser to Chilliwack, (10 hours by boat), and preached in the Skowkale Indian Church; Tuesday, Indian Council at 10 a.m., to meet the Commissioner; afternoon, examination of pupils in Coqualeetza Home; in the evening, lectured in the English Village (Centre-ville). Wednesday, returned to Westminster, and gave an hour's address to the Woman's Missionary Society. Thursday, lectured in Vancouver. Friday, crossed by boat to Nanaimo. Saturday, visited the Indian Reserve, also Wellington, Northfield, etc. Sunday, drove to Wellington, and preached at 11 a.m.; returned to Nanaimo, and preached in the evening. Monday morning, took train for Victoria. And this is a specimen of the whole. In fact, when one compresses inside of two months, journeys aggregating some 7000 miles, delivers upwards of thirty sermons, lectures and addresses, attends two Conferences, and holds consultations daily, with missionaries, chairmen, committees, government officials, etc., etc., it will be seen there is little time left for rest or recreation.

DR. EBY'S WORK.

WORDS of appreciation are always encouraging, and we are sure Dr. Eby regards them in that light, especially coming from such a source as Prof. B. Howard, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., who, in a letter to Dr. Eby, says:—

"For more than a year of my visit now closing, one of my principal occupations has been to get a correct impression, by actual observation, of Japanese Christian missions—their respective operations and methods. From Nagasaki to Soya I have seen a large proportion of the work going on in the Empire, and have appreciated the various forms of it as adapted to respective ends under the various organizations.

Your own work in the Central Tabernacle, as I have seen it, seems to stand alone. I trust I may not seem to be invidious, but I feel I should be neglecting a duty if I left Japan without expressing to you how grateful I am to our Heavenly Father for the work which you and your band are doing, not only for Toyko, but for the entire Empire. Closely in contact with the students of the only University—the literary heart of Japan—your diverse but direct methods of impressing upon them the teachings of the Christ, the various forms of Christian benevolence, by which these teachings are illustrated in your immediate neighborhood, have impressed me as remarkably adapted to a unique local need. At the same time, the character of the magnificent audience before which I had the responsibility of lecturing, and other gatherings I have seen at

the Tabernacle, consisting largely of University students and other intelligent young men gathered from all parts of the Empire, makes your work a national one. In fact, the principles, plans and methods of your work, coupled with these splendid successes, seem to indicate that you have either created or discovered and met a great need previously undiscovered and entirely unmet.

Enclosed please find a cheque in aid of your work. This subscription is simply a token of my appreciation of your part in the work and of my gratitude to God for His part in having inspired such a common-sense and practical undertaking, so fitted to teach Christ in the most direct way to the largest number possible, and at the same time so strictly in accord with the spirit of economy and devotion with which the pennies prayed over by the poor subscribers at home were given for the salvation of the world."

OUR CHINA MISSION—READ THIS.

IF there are any who have fears regarding the wisdom of the Committee of Finance and Consultation in deciding upon the Province of Sz-Chuen, China, as the new field of our operations, we think the following extracts, taken from a letter published in the *New York Independent*, from the Rev. H. Olin Cady, missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, dated Chungking, April 25th, should go far to dispel such doubts or fears:—

"The three provinces of Kweichou, Yunnan, and Sz-Chuen form a distinct and important part of China. They are separated from the rest of China by high mountains, while lofty mountains and hostile people shut them off on the south and west. The only available road for commerce is through the Yang Tze gorges. The known mineral wealth of the three, and the fertility and teeming population of Sz-Chuen, has caused merchants to look with longing eyes on this portion of China. But it has greater charms for the missionary. Here are one-fourth of the inhabitants of the Empire, speaking in the main but one dialect, and that the Mandarin or official dialect. Sz-Chuen has been one of the most fruitful and promising fields. Of the eleven cities now occupied, most have been entered in the last five years. Apart from the present success, we are encouraged to expect great things. 1. No province buys as many portions of Scripture and tracts as this province. 2. In no province do the women come so readily to hear the Gospel. Last Sunday morning I preached in the chapel to an audience of 180 men and boys, and 150 women and girls. In all the stations where there are lady workers, large and interesting classes of women meet for religious instruction. When the husband becomes interested in Christ he is sure to want his wife to attend the chapel. Women seemingly are under less restraint, and take a more active part in life than in other provinces. 3. Without extra inducements that are offered in other provinces, our day-schools are filled with boys, who are taught the Gospel and the elements of Christian truth. Our great need is an outpouring

of the Spirit that will cause the seed sown to bring forth fruit. Our second need is that of more workers. Separated as we are from the other part of China, we have no help from them, and so we greatly lack native helpers. We must wait until they are called from our converts. This makes the lack of missionaries more deplorable. If any church is thinking of opening a new mission, here is a large and needy field not one-tenth occupied, where they ought to reap success without long waiting."

Woman's Missionary Society

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N.B.—All Subscriptions for the OUTLOOK must be sent to the Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

N.B.—Communications for this Department post-marked after the 18th of the month will appear in following month.

"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of Me, saith the Lord."
—ISAIAH liv. 17.

A HINDU official scornfully addressed an American missionary thus:—"So you wish to teach our women to read, do you? Next you will want to teach our cows.' Behold the attitude of the Hindu toward women. But with what a fearful vengeance is he visited. He has not progressed one inch in a thousand years, except as men who regard women their equals have aided them. He has not risen one hair's breadth, except as missionaries have brought to him that Gospel which says, 'There shall be no more curse, for the former things are passed away,' and which restores the joint headship set forth in the Divine words, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion.'"—*Missionary Review*.

THE hope for India's evangelization and advancement is the elevation of woman.

THE annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church was held recently at Auburn, N.Y., with an attendance of more

than two hundred missionaries, delegates and visitors. The reports showed sixty-four missionaries and twenty-six Bible-readers in the employ of the Society. The employment of women physicians was specially mentioned. Great regret is felt at the necessity of closing an hospital in Persia through lack of funds. The receipts of the year were \$67,000, an advance of \$10,000. We trust they may now see their way to reopen.

A CONTINUED and growing interest attaches to the McCall Missions in France. It is said that no work of modern times has so influenced the country. The France of to-day is declared to be without a faith—Rome is making her fortresses on this continent. Massing her forces in the great centres, she seeks now as ever, political power. Oh, for a blaze of Gospel light, to reveal to her deluded followers her true character, the foe of all liberty. Oh, for loyalty to God and Christianity, on the part of those whose duty it is to deal with these political problems, that our country, our schools, and our liberties may be forever freed from Romish supremacy!

A member sends the following, with the request for an answer in the OUTLOOK:—

Is it constitutional, and is it wise, for any Auxiliary of the Woman's Methodist Missionary Society, or any Mission Band of said Society, to commit itself as an organization to raising money for other church work, or to spend the time of the regular meeting of the Auxiliary in business for other work? Is not every Auxiliary and every Mission Band in connection with the Woman's Methodist Missionary Society organized for this work *only*?

ANS.—It is unconstitutional. Every Auxiliary and every Band organized under our Woman's Missionary Society constitution is organized to carry on the work adopted by the Board of Managers, and every President is in honor bound to be loyal to it, and cannot allow her Auxiliary or Band to commit itself as an organization to other work.

This fact however cannot operate to prevent an Auxiliary or Band discussing missionary work, or suggestions, resolutions or recommendations to Branch or Board meetings, which would come under the head of *Miscellaneous Business*.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR QUARTER ENDING JUNE 15TH, 1891.

Western Branch	\$1,400 00
Central "	1,723 34
Eastern "	806 38
Nova Scotia "	656 20
New Brunswick & P. E. I. Branch	555 50
Zion Church, Winnipeg	11 75
St. John's East, Newfoundland	64 05
British Columbia Branch	44 60

\$5,261 82

FROM THE AUXILIARIES.

MILTON.—An open meeting was held in the lecture room of the Church, on June 23rd. The President, Mrs. Clark, occupied the chair. Mrs. Williams, of Toronto, President of the Central Branch, who was visiting in Milton, kindly acceded to the request of the ladies, and gave a most excellent address, replete with earnest Christian sympathy, especially bearing upon the object and results of the Woman's Missionary Society, warmly urging the importance of increased effort to extend the light of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God to those who are still in darkness, and tenderly and lovingly pressed upon the young the importance of first giving themselves to the Lord and then to consecrate their energies to His service. Following the address the members of the Society presented their beloved President, who in the order of Providence was shortly to leave them, with a small testimonial accompanied by an address, expressive of their deep and affectionate regard for her, and warm appreciation of her untiring efforts to promote the object of the Society, sincerely thanking her for all the instruction she was enabled to bring to bear on the various mission fields, that came in review before the Society. Praying most earnestly that God's richest blessing might accompany her to her new sphere of labor and usefulness. After which a collection was taken up, amounting to \$11.35. Also five new names were added to the roll of membership. The audience then withdrew to partake of refreshments, served most plentifully. Thus a pleasant and profitable meeting closed with the benediction.

SARAH WILLMOTT, *Rec. Sec.*

BAILLIEBORO (June 25th).—This Auxiliary is getting along very nicely; although we have not enrolled any new members lately, we hope to do better in the future. We very much regret the removal of our Vice-President, Mrs. D. N. McCamus, but what is our loss will be others' gain. Before leaving for their new field of labor, the members of this Auxiliary presented Mrs. McCamus with a certificate of life-membership, as a slight token of their esteem. Lunch was provided by the ladies of the Auxiliary, and a very pleasant evening was spent at the parsonage.

H. S. DAWSON, *Cor. Sec.*

AYLMER (June 30th).—We held our third open meeting on Wednesday, June 3rd; had a social tea at the residence of our President for the members of our Auxiliary, and also had as guests Mrs. McMechan, of London, and Mrs. Kennedy, of Lyons. We had a very enjoyable time, and in the evening Mrs. McMechan gave a beautiful address. We were all delighted to hear her, and hope to have the pleasure of listening to her again at no distant time, because she did us much good. Our church choir also rendered suitable selections.

MRS. J. A. STEELE, *Cor. Sec.*

FENELON FALLS, (July 13th).—Upon her removal from South Monaghan Circuit, the members of the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary at Baillieboro' presented Mrs. D. N. McCamus with a kindly worded address, and a certificate of life-membership in the Woman's Missionary Society.

R. McCAMUS.

BRANDON, MAN. (July 9th).—Mrs. Roberts, of Winnipeg, District Organizer, visited us on the 6th inst., and addressed a meeting, after which an Auxiliary was organized, consisting of twenty members. Names of officers are as follows:—President, Mrs. Rev. Jas. Woodsworth; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Van Tassel; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs.

Johnstone; Secretary, Mrs. Philp; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Reesor; Treasurer, Miss W. Hall. The Auxiliary meets on the second Thursday of each month.

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

FENELON FALLS (July 17th).—It gives me pleasure to have to report the organizing of this Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society by Mrs. G. E. Broderick in April, 1891. The date of meeting is the first Tuesday of each month. We have eleven members, nearly all of them take the OUTLOOK. We find our interest in missions increasing, and although we have accomplished but little, yet we are hoping to be of help in this good cause.

MRS. J. MCFARLAND, *Cor. Sec.*

REGINA (July 14th).—Mrs. J. D. Roberts, Organizer for the Woman's Missionary Society, visited us on June 30th, and explained the object and work of the Society. Officers elected:—President, Mrs. Eddy; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Rogers; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. J. W. Young; Recording Secretary, Mary Fisher; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Longworthy; Treasurer, Miss A. L. Hunt. Number of members eight; but we expect to have a good many more join at our next meeting. Our regular day of meeting has not yet been decided. Hoping this report will be acceptable.

MARY FISHER, *Cor. Sec.*

WATERVILLE (July 7th).—An Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church was organized here on June 11th, by Mrs. (Rev.) S. Howard and Mrs. Getchell, of Centreville. The meeting was interesting and profitable, and the sisters deeply in earnest in the work they had undertaken. Among those present were Revs. C. Comben, Chapman, Howard and Swim (F.C.B.). We started with a membership of nine, two have since been added. Officers were elected as follows:—President, Mrs. Augustus Simonson; Vice-President, Mrs. M. Gardiner; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. A. Plummer; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. G. F. Jewett; Treasurer, Miss Mary Simonson. We have held but one meeting, which was a decided success. The discussions and suggestions were appropriate and helpful. Time of meetings, first Wednesday in each month. We feel truly thankful for the earnestness manifested on the part of each member, and hope for greater things; praying that we may abide in Him.

MRS. FRED. JEWETT, *Cor. Sec.*

SMITH'S FALLS.—We are glad to report a greater interest and a growing membership in this Auxiliary. Our meetings are full of interest; the leaflet and OUTLOOK are an inspiration to us. We have sent \$36 to the Branch Treasurer during the last quarter, and organized a Mission Band, numbering at present forty-five, who promise to be successful in creating a more general missionary spirit among the young people. Our first public entertainment was held on the evening of the 24th of June, at which a missionary programme was efficiently executed, consisting of short addresses, recitations, and missionary solos, etc. That beautiful exercise, "Sowing Light," was given in good style by the Mission Band. The President, Mrs. (Rev.) Blair, occupied the chair, and in a few fitting remarks appealed to the ladies for sympathy and concentrated effort for the Master in this grand work; after which she presented Miss H. Graham (Recording Secretary) with a certificate of life-membership. The contents of mite-boxes and collection added \$20 to the funds of the Society. We desire to grow in missionary zeal and knowledge.

S. P. LAVELL, *Cor. Sec.*

LOCKSLEY.—Our Auxiliary is progressing, and we feel much encouraged with the prospects for the future. The hearts of the people are being opened to the work, and their interest greatly aroused. A missionary prayer-meeting was held last quarter with great success in many ways. The Lord richly blesses our feeble efforts, and never fails to supply us with manna from on high. "Glory to His name." But with deep sorrow we mourn the loss of one dear sister, Carrie Sparling, who passed peacefully away on June 21st, 1891. We wish to give some expression of loving appreciation of her faithfulness and zeal in the work of the Lord, both at home and abroad. Her place will not easily be filled. As Vice-President, her counsel and encouragement was willingly and cheerfully given, though not being able to attend the meetings for the last five months. When our Treasurer resigned, she accepted the office, though very often having to do the work in bed. We cheerfully sacrifice her counsel and companionship in this life, looking forward to a reunion in the land that is fairer than day. There'll be no parting there.

PRESIDENT.

OTTAWA.—The closing meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society in connection with the Dominion Church was held on Tuesday, June 2nd, in the Sunday-school Hall. There was a good attendance, composed of members of the three Auxiliaries—Eastern, Western and Dominion Churches. The chair was occupied by Mrs. Ryckman, President of the Dominion Branch. Reports were presented, showing the Auxiliaries in a flourishing condition. An able address was delivered by Mrs. Gooderham, of Toronto, on our own special mission work, and she also gave us a very sad account of the state of our sisters in India. Mrs. W. H. Walker read a very interesting paper on the subject, "What we owe the Jews." Music and singing were enjoyed, after which refreshments were served by the young ladies of the Mission Band, and a happy and profitable afternoon brought to a close.

T. B. S., *Cor. Sec.*

LONDON (Queen's Avenue).—The past quarter has been a good and prosperous one for our Auxiliary. There is a growing desire to help on the glorious work on purely Scriptural lines, and to adopt more and more the plan of what is generally called straight giving. The Vice-President, Mrs. Dr. Eccles, continues to give \$60 a year for the support of a Bible-woman in Japan. Our beloved pastor, Rev. George Boyd, gave a centenary address on the 21st of April, in aid of our work. The lecture itself was admirable, stirring and powerful, and will not soon be forgotten; and the proceeds proved a valuable addition to our funds. On the same evening, Mrs. Boyd was presented with a life-membership of our Auxiliary, and with an address showing our appreciation of her loving interest and zeal in the cause of missions. We have, as usual, to thank our Mission Circle for material aid given to us. Many of the members of the Auxiliary are working on what is called "The Talent System," the result of which will not be known fully till September. Our number now is 114 since our crusade, and we hope to go on adding to our list, and doing better work for the Master, and to work with a single eye for His glory.

Yours faithfully,

J. EVANS, *Cor. Sec.*

FROM THE BANDS.

INGERSOLL (July 6th, 1891).—A Mission Band was organized by the ladies of the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary of King Street Methodist Church, on April 10th, 1891.

The following officers were elected:—President, Mrs. D. W. Snider; Vice-President, Miss M. Davidson; Secretary, Miss M. Barr; Treasurer, Miss W. Ross. The first regular meeting was held Saturday, May 9th, about twenty being present. The name of "Mite Mission Band" was chosen, and about twenty mite-boxes have been distributed among the children, in which to gather the membership fee.

MARY BARR, *Cor. Sec.*

WINSLOE, P.E.I.—A Mission Band, called the "Skylark," was organized on May 9th, the following officers being elected:—President, Mrs. W. J. Kirby; Vice-President, Sarah Holman; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Minnie Sanders; Recording Secretary, May Pickard; Corresponding Secretary, James Turner; Treasurer, Leslie Bryenton. We, at the present, have a membership of twelve. The first monthly meeting was held at the parsonage, Saturday afternoon, June 5th. The children had been requested to find all they could about Japan during the month, and what they wrote and what they said showed great searching. We are expecting great things from this Band. Shall write again soon.

JAMES TURNER, *Cor. Sec.*

LONDON.—A large number of ladies, representing the various Auxiliaries and Mission Bands of the Woman's Missionary Society of city and suburbs, met in the Wellington Street Methodist Church to hold their quarterly union meeting, Mrs. (Rev.) G. W. Henderson presiding. The secretaries of the following city Auxiliaries presented encouraging reports:—Queen's Avenue, Dundas Centre, South London, London West and Wellington Street. The country Auxiliaries reporting were Westminster and St. John's. The Mission Circles reporting were Dundas Centre, Queen's Avenue and South London. An admirable paper was read by Mrs. McMechan on "The Need of a Special Paper for the Woman's Missionary Society." Mrs. Wright gave a most interesting talk on "The Relation of Women to Mission Work," and "What Claims the Work has on us as Women," being an urgent and effective plea for women's work. The exercises were varied by a solo rendered by Miss Raymond, Mr. Poocke presiding at the organ. After the meeting was concluded an adjournment was made to the lecture room, where refreshments were served and a most enjoyable social time was spent by all present.

CASTE IN INDIA.

BY MRS MESSMORE.

THE following paper by Mrs. Messmore, late of Brantford, a former Vice-President of the Western Branch, will be read with great interest. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Messmore labored in the mission-field of India several years. Mrs. Messmore came to this land for the education of her children. She rejoined her husband in India some time ago. While in our ranks she did us grand service, and her name is fragrant with blessed associations:—

One of the most remarkable things found in the Hindoo nation is its system of castes. A system maintained from time immemorial, and originated and planned by no one knows whom.

Sometimes we have thought it may have had its origin in the distinction God ordered between His people and the heathen; or later, the self-made separation of the Jews from the surrounding tribes or nations: for often modes of worship, and their ways of doing things, more than hint that the Hindoos have, way back in the ages, known the God whom we worship

But whatever the origin, at the present time the system is adhered to with a tenacity which ends only with life. It is a system of class distinction, and although selfish and foolish, is well defined and thoroughly understood, by even the lowest class. Yet the reasons for the classifications, and the classes themselves, are enigmas that probably will remain such forever.

In the first place there were four castes. These have been divided and subdivided till they number thousands. Each of these many castes is surrounded by lines and barriers that cannot be passed; the higher castes have no desire to descend, the lower cannot, if they wish, ascend.

The walls and laws that separate these many castes, the one from the other, and that separate this nation of castes from all other nations, are as rigid and hateful as those which existed between the Jews and Samaritans.

It is truly a system of fatalism, that robs a whole nation of a legitimate ambition to improve or excel; and of a cheery hope to be other than it really is. You will never find rivalry of one caste with another. The Sweeper caste, which includes the lowest human grade, is as happy as the Brahmin, who is lord over all.

These castes never intermarry; sometimes men of high caste take women of lower castes into their homes, but no rites or ceremonies to make that union sacred or valid will ever be resorted to.

Perhaps in nothing are these distinctions more strikingly noticeable than in the matter of eating and drinking. None but the lowest caste will ever accept food from another caste. A high-caste would not give to a low-caste a drink of water, because his cup would be defiled, and he himself become an outcast. A Hindoo would rather see his fellow-man die, than pass the bounds of caste to save him. It is not because of a lack of affection or that human sympathy is altogether withered and dead, but caste is their religion, and it enters into and controls every act of their life. Every act is a religious act.

A son must follow the occupation of his father; the son of a water-carrier must be a water-carrier, and so it has been for centuries. To accept of any other calling would be excommunication from his caste.

The son of a washerman had received a liberal education in a mission school, and was offered the position of teacher in a school of his own caste; but he had to be a washerman, because his father was, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, and so on back; that was the only reason given.

The great crime in the mind of a Hindoo, is that of change; to change your opinions, your faith or ways of living, is a *great sin*. The penalty for willingly consenting to any departure from the strict customs of caste is so great, that few are willing to incur it.

To live with the people of this nation, even a short time, is to see how this system within system, meets the missionary, confronting him at every step.

The man of God knows that while he preaches the good news of eternal life to the Hindoo, it means the loss of all things here. If he forsake the faith of his fathers, and become a follower of the Lord Jesus, his own caste thrusts him out, the priest anathematizes him, his family disowns him, and he becomes as one dead, or is persecuted to death.

A few years ago a young married man in Northern India became a Christian. He kept the secret, hoping to persuade his wife to join him. When she found out his apostasy, she was overwhelmed with grief and rage. He went to the missionary for advice, and returned to find the door of his home shut against him. He stood outside and begged for one interview, calling her by the old fond names, proving his faithfulness by the love he had given her, telling her of the blessedness of heaven for them both after a few stormy years here, and how lonely he should be to

spend those years without her. Once she sent word, "I have no husband, *he is dead*, you are a Christian dog, go away," and that was all.

A young Bengali, of high caste, said to his mother a short time ago, "I have lost faith in our gods, I am for Christ." The mother fainted at this announcement, but rallied to curse him with a Hindoo mother's curse, withering every prospect for time, and eternity. Hard as this was, he thought he could endure it, then she turned her mother-love into a weapon to break his heart; told him how she had reared him with loving care, kept him unspotted in his caste. He was her joy, the light of her eyes, the great hope of her life. Now she had no boy to care for her in her old age, no one to perpetuate his father's name, no one to bring water for her in the life to come, and said, "I will die. I shall never eat any more food, never." Then the young man answered, "Mother, I'll stay with you, I'll not join the Christian's caste."

God's people are called, by the Hindoos, the Christian's caste; and for a Hindoo to join himself to a caste of foreigners is an unpardonable departure.

Hard as it is in this land for men to be free agents, it is a thousand times harder for women, and the higher the caste, the stronger the net that binds her. Removed from the stir of current opinions, and under the control of father, father-in-law, husband and brothers, yet never their companion or confidante, never a subject of sympathy or improvement; ages of darkness have imprisoned both mind and heart, and blighted and weakened all her best impulses; all but her mother-love. She, to-day, is the custom-bound and worthy object of Christian sympathy.

A lady-physician gives this among her experiences:— "Late one Sabbath evening I was summoned to attend a Mohammedan prince's wife, who had been in a critical condition for four days. I started in company with a friend, and travelled as rapidly as possible, through jungles and highways for twenty miles, before we reached her residence. Once there, we were led through the stable-yard of elephants and horses, through various other enclosures, and finally through the court-yard to the zenana. As we were ushered in, I was not a little surprised to find a hundred and twenty eyes looking straight at me. Sixty women were before me, clothed in gorgeous apparel, and ornamented with rich jewellery. The patient was lying on a low couch in the middle of the room. The husband of the sick girl sent a message to say that she must not be touched by Christian hands until her father should give permission, and he was sleeping, and must not be awakened."

The waiting at last became painfully embarrassing, so the physician and friend started out on a tour of investigation, and soon found themselves in the presence of sixty Nawabs, assembled in a solemn conclave.

Miss T. explained to them all the danger of delay. They knew it, but no one dared to invade the privacy of the great Nawab. Miss T. said, "Somebody *must* do it, or the lady will die." After a long delay, one trembling individual ventured to interrupt his Lordship's nap. He came forth in his rich robes, and gold mitre-shaped cap, and, after another long delay, said, "Tell the lady doctor to state the exact condition of my daughter, then I can decide further what may be done." I sent word, "Your daughter is in a perilous condition, and will die if not helped at once."

Then the husband came and asked if I could relieve her without medicine. I could not promise. "Will you promise that medicine will positively cure her?" Of course, I could not promise that. Then he said, "To take medicine from a Christian will break caste, and since you cannot promise to cure her, she must die." And so we left her to die. As I drove home at dead of night, I forgot the wild beasts of the jungle, forgot the highwaymen that prowl

about, forgot the peril and the darkness, forgot everything but God, and the sad, hopeless faces before me in the darkness.

This young and beautiful creature died of *caste*. Caste is the bane of this charming country; caste kills both body and soul.

Yet this old system, steeped in ignorance and superstition, this system which the British Government, mighty as it is, would not dare touch, is tottering, and some day will break in pieces.

The *sweetest* thing in the world, and the grandest power, is undermining the whole structure. This sweet thing and this grand power is the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

My Pundit, during a lesson-hour, pointing to a verse in the New Testament, concerning the leaven in the meal said, "That is just what your religion is doing in this country. Quietly it is working and changing thought and faith, even though the masses do not realize it." He, a Brahmin though he was, said comfortingly, "Some day, all will turn to your Christ, and when they do, I will turn too." I said, "You know the way, and are a leader of many people, why not turn now, and take your people with you?" He answered, "Ah, mien Saheba, you do not know how hard it would be. My hands, my feet, and my will are bound, but my heart is free, and with it I pray that your faith may conquer all our land." And I believe he meant it.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DEAR SISTERS,—As the year is drawing to a close, and the Annual Meetings will soon be upon us, I very much desire to win your thoughtful and prayerful attention to an important matter already broached amongst us, viz., a missionary paper of our own. I am quite sure I voice the opinion of the entire Society, when I express our gratitude for the accommodation we have had in this paper during the past five years. I am sure also, on the other hand, that the Parent Society are not insensible to the efforts of the Woman's Missionary Society which have increased the circulation of the *OUTLOOK*; but there generally comes a time when parents must

PART WITH THEIR CHILDREN

who, having developed their powers under the parental shelter, desire henceforth a wider reach, and, in their turn, an independence. So it is with us, dear friends. We have realized it for some time; and now, in the tenth year of our organized existence, we feel that a call comes to a more extended usefulness, a stronger influence, and the cultivation of the powers God has presented to us, in the women and youth of our churches. Nor is this an unusual development or want. Almost every society of like objects with our own has stepped along this path; and indeed, to win a permanent place in the life, work and affections of the people nowadays, church or missionary work must keep pace with the glorious age in which we live.

OLD AND SLOW

methods will not do. Education to-day recognizes a fact too long ignored, that every power of the individual is of God, and intended by Him to promote the well-being of the "individual." The "individual" is the object of concern, from the "infant class" of Sunday-schools (nay, from the mother's knee) and the Kindergarten of the Public Schools, in order to the very best development of Christian manhood and womanhood. Every effort for the promotion of God's glory in the salvation of the human race, must

tend to the cultivation of that standard of character exemplified in the teaching, life and person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In

THIS MAGNIFICENT WORK

for God and humanity the printed page has in our day become a mighty force. Its influence is practically unlimited. Employed for God, it scatters the seeds of beautiful, helpful thoughts, elevating sentiments, it may be in prose or verse; sympathetic touches that sink into the very soul of our humanity, germinating a love which blooms into bright, cheery living, and bears the fruitage of holy and valorous deed. Many of you have learned this experience. Recalling the prolific production of

UNGODLY LITERATURE

that flaunts itself from every news-stand, railway train, and public library, and that in generous doses is dealt out through dailies and weeklies, our conviction is strong that regarding this matter, the "children of this world are in their generation wiser than

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT."

We have not catered for the youth nor for the women of our churches sufficiently to meet their reading proclivities, and while we have been asleep "the enemy has sown tares."

We have been slow, but we are waking up to the calls of the time. Hence the appearance of *Onward*, a most welcome paper, with the ring of the "quick march" of progress, activity and energy about it, so inspiring to the young; and, when they begin to appreciate it and to tell their best thoughts to it, to contribute their suggestions, so that its pages will tell of their successes and development in remotest villages as well as in large centres, then we shall know our Epworth Leagues are fulfilling their higher purposes. Now, just as we felt the need in Epworth League work of a paper, to go amongst the young to win their love and interest in the work, that we know is to benefit them spiritually and intellectually, so do we in our Woman's Missionary Society

FEEL THE SAME NEED.

Only more so—much more so.

AND WHY?

First—Because we are women working for the elevation of women.

Second—Because we are a Woman's Missionary Society, laboring for the elevation of heathen women, and therefore, must labor to

ELEVATE OURSELVES

by every possible means, and also to help to elevate women everywhere.

Third—Because this work is to be done by the creation of sentiment, just as all other humanitarian and evangelistic work is done.

Fourth—Because no agency is so productive of sentiment on a subject as the diffusion of knowledge regarding it.

And here lies the motive that influences churches and societies in publishing papers.

Missionary work is many-sided, it is broad-gauged. No missionary society can measure it in the "small measure" of its own narrow limit of special work. Just as well might an individual attempt to measure Christianity by his own particular experience. Not so long ago the question was raised among us whether the teaching of music in our Japan schools was a legitimate appropriation of missionary money. Indeed, some are yet unconvinced; but in music there is a

means to an end—the end is spiritual, the means elevating and attractive.

Once it was doubted whether educational work was true missionary work. To-day, we do not doubt it; but, to-day it is doubted by some very good people whether temperance work is missionary work, or whether the advancement of woman in all that makes her the most useful to her race, physically, socially, intellectually and spiritually, is missionary work. Is not this our aim for

HEATHEN WOMAN?

Surely not less for ourselves. So we find also that it is missionary work to teach the poor Indian how to make a comfortable living for the body as well as how

TO SAVE THE SOUL.

Possibly there may be some, who doubt whether for us the establishment of a paper would be missionary work. The many papers however of Woman's Missionary Societies in England and the States have settled that beyond dispute. Properly understood, a Woman's Missionary paper along the lines suggested is a "good missionary" in "perpetual motion," becomes

A CENTRE

around which the work and influence of the Society radiate, a bond by which the workers in every department are knit in sympathy to the common object, and to each other;

AN EXCHANGE

where thoughts are the currency, a teacher from the school of life with bright bits of rich and holy experience, a friend with words of cheer, encouragement or stimulus to the dispirited or idle.

IMPROPERLY UNDERSTOOD,

A missionary paper is a simple annotator of events, of official notices, and cold, perfunctory, "cut to order epistles." Like an advertisement, it seeks your patronage for your money; like an advertisement also, it has no power to attract your thought or win your love, and after its perusal your head has taken in a few facts, and your heart is untouched. There is no communion, no sympathy, and only a suggestion of a duty may compel you to support it. We thank God for those "Woman's Papers," of to-day, that are instinct with

WARMTH AND LIFE-GIVING PROPERTY,

at whose entry we cheerfully drop our prized book, or our sewing, that we may speedily come into communication with the latest, freshest thought movements of God's workers, to be cheered and uplifted and often helped over hard places. Oh, the glad, precious ministry of a live Christian paper.

Of all the ages of the world, this age is the one most interesting to woman. To-day, all round this great globe of ours the voice of woman is sounding, and the cry is one for help. Help for the dark-skinned sisters writhing under the oppressions of heathenism: help from the favored ones of Christendom, who lead the van of Christian effort. All this

GLORIOUS WOMAN'S WORK

touches, moves the great heart of Christian womanhood, as soon as it is understood. The burden of the Saviour's message to the women was, "Go, tell," proclaim, cause to be proclaimed, taught, read. *Reach the human understanding by all and every means.* To obey this command we Methodist women became an organized Society. To send out missionaries to a heathen land, we had to stir up the women at home. Stirring up the women at home has produced the usual

COMPENSATORY ADVANTAGES.

Helping to make others grow, has developed our own growth. From a scattered community of women in a church reaching from ocean to ocean, unacquainted with each others' names or faces, we have grown a sisterhood of warm, loving sympathy and common aim. A common hope

MAKETH US KIN.

To extend our influence into every home of Canadian Methodism, to bear upon our hearts the many, many women whose pleasures and advantages are few, to whom papers, periodicals or magazines are rare visitors; who have little opportunity of coming in touch with our aims and work, or with the general trend of Christian thought; whose lives are a dull routine of unbroken monotony, and whose hearts need the sustaining, inspiring influences which Christian work supplies—to reach these, as well as to encourage, instruct and develop our Band and Auxiliary interests, to refresh and help ourselves and our missionaries, to win and keep a live membership, to consolidate and strengthen our general work, a

PAPER IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY,

and without it we are not only at great disadvantage, but we are striving to gather the rich harvests of this day with the machinery of an age gone forever.

With a sense of deep responsibility I commit this matter to your consideration, dear sisters. It concerns our work, it concerns missionary work in its highest, truest, best sense. It is our province and privilege to discuss it, and in a kind and intelligent spirit. Discussion is the parent of progress and reform, and the right of private opinion lives enthroned in the realm of Protestantism. Only one man claims infallibility, only one Church to control private judgment. We do not belong to it.

Objections to a paper, as urged by some are, that we have space enough in the OUTLOOK if all reports and articles were condensed; that it would be ungrateful to leave the OUTLOOK; that our women have no time to read; that there is not patronage for two papers in the Church; that the OUTLOOK might go down. And these are all worth considering.

1. Doubtless we would have space enough if we condensed our reports and articles in telegram fashion, or better, the phonetic spelling, or better still, by cipher method; but unfortunately for this argument, intelligence, diction, courtesy, helpfulness, as well as information, are elements of writing, and even names have importance.

2. We do not stigmatize the child ungrateful who leaves home, after taking our best services, to set up for himself.

3. Our women can do what other women have done. They have, through the Society, displayed powers undreamed of years ago. They will not only find time to read our paper, but to write for it, and so still further develop themselves and bless their families and the Church.

4. Not only "two," but "many" papers enjoy the patronage of the Church, and well that it is so. But a "woman's paper," with women's hearts pulsating through all its contents, would appeal to young and old, as no other could or would.

5. The OUTLOOK does not need us, nor is it in the slightest danger. With its constituency, the great Church of the Dominion, with all the educated lay and ministerial talent at its command, it is destined, we trust, in the near future, to take on the dignity and importance of other great magazines of missions, and thus be more in harmony with the status of the Church, and the enterprise of this missionary age.

Now some one whispers, "But, would it pay? Could women manage the business part?" Ah! the detail—there

is woman's forte—we would make it pay, financially as well as every other way. The most successful publishing association, it is said, on this continent, is the "Woman's," of Chicago. One of the largest weekly subscription lists is that of a "woman's paper," the *Union Signal*, which enrolls 200,000,

BUT IT HAD A BEGINNING!

Many missionary papers in England and the States are managed entirely by women, and in this attempt to keep step with the age, we are quite sure Canadian Methodist women will equal any of them.

ANNIE PARKER.

Missionary Readings.

A STINGING REBUKE.

THE Arabs at Khartoum, according to the *L'Afrique*, have been holding indignation meetings, and passing resolutions which sound in our ears like grim sarcasm, though doubtless done in sober earnest. At an anti-alcohol congress, the participants in which were all slaveholders, the Arabs deliberated upon measures to be taken to prevent the introduction of spirituous liquors into Africa, inveighing bitterly against the "Christian nations which obstinately inundate the country with their infernal liquor." After denouncing the infamous traffic, they demanded that all found engaged in it shall be *sold as slaves*, without mercy. It is not often we have so clear a case of Satan's rebuking sin; but it is a stinging rebuke. On the other hand, Europeans are passing resolutions against the slave trade, while their neighbors are shipping to Africa their gin and rum. What mockery this must seem in the eyes even of fallen angels.—*The Missionary Herald*.

A QUESTION.

IT was at the close of a long day's work in a large town, when a bright-eyed little widow stepped out from the group of listeners surrounding the missionary and her helper.

"May I ask one question, mother?" she said.

"Yes, certainly," was the reply.

"You have a home somewhere for away—a long, long journey from here?"

"Yes."

"And you have a father and mother?"

"Yes."

"And sisters and brothers?"

"Yes."

"And you have left them all to tell to us these words? Surely they must be true words. You wouldn't come so far with an empty message, I know! Now tell me, mother, if we, having listened to you, forsake the religion of our fathers and our idols, and accept this new religion, and believe in this Jesus Christ, our sins will be removed far from us, and eternal life, heaven will be ours?"

"Yes, that is just it."

"And if we having heard, refuse to believe, we lose all?"

"Yes, all."

"But, mother, what about those who have not heard? You have been here three days, you have talked early and late, but you haven't seen nearly all the women yet; what of those to whom you have not told the message?"

What a question! what a very solemn question—one that should stir to its deepest depths the soul of every Christian woman, for it is written, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?"

HOW IT WAS DONE.

THE young lady who has paid in quarterly instalments the sum of five hundred dollars for the salary of a substitute in the foreign field was requested to tell how she has done it. The following is her reply:

"Something over a year ago Messrs. Wishard and Wilder visited our school during a Y. M. C. A. meeting. Some words of theirs made me think more seriously of foreign mission work than I had ever thought before, although I had always been interested in it. I tried to throw off the feeling that I must go. It haunted me day and night. For three weeks the struggle continued. I realized as keenly as if I were to go at once the parting from home and friends. I was not willing to give them up. At last there came a time when I found that I must be willing to give up all for Christ's cause, or give up my hope of salvation through His name. After that the willingness came. Then I saw that there were other things to be considered besides my willingness, and outside of myself I found obstacles beyond my control.

"Then the thought came that I might possibly help in the money-raising part of missionary work. I shrank from it at first, as I had from the thought of going; but after earnest prayer a plan formed itself in my mind, which seemed so easy that I determined, with God's help, to carry it through. The plan was this: to have the five hundred dollars necessary to pay the salary of a missionary raised in five or ten dollar shares. Those collecting to get the proper number of persons to give ten cents once in three months, in addition to what they are already giving. My plan was cheerfully accepted by many of the students in the school I was attending. Some of the young men have done remarkably well. One has collected \$20; another, \$15; another, \$10. For myself, instead of finding the work a burden, it proves to be a rest for a troubled mind and heart. It makes me contented to stay here and work for the present, where there is surely much work to do. I would not give it up for anything. I wish I could do more; it seems so little when compared with what remains undone."—*Helping Hand*.

HORRID HEATHEN RITES.

BY late advices from the west coast of Africa, it is learned that a most revolting sacrifice has just taken place in the interior. A few months ago the old king of Eboe died, and, as is customary, traders from New Calabar went up to pay their respects to

the new monarch. On their arrival the traders found the "Ju Ju" rites, performed on the death of the native kings, still in progress, and about forty victims had been sacrificed. The old king was still lying in an open grave large enough to accommodate nine of the departed ruler's youngest wives, who had been murdered in the most cruel manner. Each of them had her ankles and wrists broken, so that she could neither walk nor crawl. In this maimed condition, and suffering most excruciating pain, the poor creatures were placed at the bottom of the grave, seven of them lying side by side. The king's body was then placed on them in a transverse direction.

Then the two remaining women were placed by his side. They were left without food or water to wait for death, which, it is said, did not come until after four or five days of intense suffering. In the meantime four men were stationed around the grave, armed with clubs, ready to knock backward any of the women who, despite their tortures and their pain, might manage to crawl to the side of the pit. In other parts of the town other human sacrifices were taking place. Suspended from various trees were the bodies of several men. They, too, were undergoing agonizing deaths, holes having in most cases, been bored through their feet near the ankles. Through these holes ropes were drawn, and the men were tied to a high tree, head downward, and left to die.—*Presbyterian Review*.

SYRIAN CUSTOMS.

WE have three very sacred covenants in the East, and I want to tell you a little about them tonight. The first is the covenant of water, the second the covenant of bread and salt, and the third is the covenant of blood. Water is not so plentiful in the East as here. When travelling in Egypt at every station where the train stops little boys and girls will come on board, with bottles of water, trying in every language which they can speak, to make you understand what they have got, so that they can sell you a little of the precious water. When you reach Cairo you go out all alone into the city, and are ready to pay any amount of money for a drink. Unless you are a Mohammaden you cannot enter into the mosque and drink the water there. But all at once from the midst of the mule-drivers in a crowded street you will hear a musical voice crying, "Who is thirsty, let him come here and drink!" And elbowing your way through the crowd you will see a group of water-men, with skin bags of water and cups, offering a drink freely to every one who will take it. You notice however, that each one as he drinks says something to the man, and as you go up for your own cup of water you find that by drinking it, you have entered into a covenant. In yonder harem a mother is watching by her dying boy, and in her agony she has sent out these water-men asking every one who drinks to pray to their God, that he may recover. The water is not exactly free, it is the water of a covenant. This covenant is only for a time, but every time you drink with an Oriental you enter into it.

The bread and salt covenant lasts for forty years. If you should attempt to go through the wilderness

of Syria to Tadmor, you would be killed by the first tribe you met, unless you were able to enter into the bread and salt covenant with the chief. Then he would be obliged to defend you for forty years. On Friday evening in every Jewish home there is a preparation for the Sabbath. Part of it consists in sending a little boy to the top of the house to watch for the first star. As soon as it appears he runs down and tells the family. They have bread ready and the head of the family serves it to the rest at once. The meaning of it is that they there enter into a covenant with God.

What is the covenant we stand on with Him to-day? We know our Lord drank water with the woman of Samaria, and that He ate bread with sinners, but He entered into the blood covenant also. In Upper Egypt there lives a wealthy gentleman, the vice-consul of the land, and a great friend of the United States Government. When the American Grant visited the country and he heard that he was coming up the Nile, he sent an invitation to him to come and visit him. When he knew that he was coming, he sent out servants to clean the streets; then he decorated the city with the stars and stripes. Some of the houses were completely covered with them. On the day of his arrival all the people in the city and for miles around assembled to see the wonderful American Grant. When he arrived at the consul's house, a servant stood near the steps, holding a bullock by one hand and a dagger in the other. As Grant alighted, with one blow of the dagger the servant cut off the head of the bullock, sprinkled the blood over the steps, and threw the body to one side of the walk and the head to the other. The American Grant had to enter the house by stepping upon the sprinkled blood. The meaning of it was that the owner of the house established a blood covenant with him, and promised to be his friend forever. He would never be untrue to him as long as blood flowed in his veins.

There is another custom practised among the people in Northern Syria, which sheds more light on this blood covenant. Walking along the streets you will observe a young man wearing a charm, and, upon asking what it means, will be told that he is in a covenant, and has a friend somewhere who would protect him with his life. In order to enter into it they both went to a public place in the city, and proclaimed their intention to the people. Then with a spear they cut open their arms, and each drank the other's blood. They were then in such solemn covenant with each other that no wife or child could ever separate them. They were not ashamed then to wear the charm that proclaimed their friendship.

I believe that David and Jonathan entered into this blood covenant. It is the very Passover blood that was sprinkled in Egypt; nay, the precious blood shed upon Calvary was like it. God has bound Himself to us in an eternal covenant of blood. He knew nothing else could save us.

May God bless you abundantly, and enter into a sacred covenant with you, and enable you to do what you can for His glory. When I first heard there was a Berachah Home in New York, I said, "Why, where did they get that name? That is a Syrian word, and means 'blessing.' It is like my own name, Barakat—

many blessings. I must go to that Berachah Home." I came, and I have found it indeed a valley of blessing.—MRS. BARAKAT, OF SYRIA, IN *Christian Alliance*.

Our Young Folk.

A GOOD MINISTER.

"OH wasn't that a good minister we had to-day?" said Johnny. "Yes, very good." "Which sermon did you like better?" said the mother. "Oh, I don't know. It wasn't the sermons altogether that I mean." "What then?" "Why, he prayed for Sunday-schools and boys so good; I never heard any one pray so much for boys. Most of them do not. That is why I liked him." "Do you like to be prayed for?" "Why, yes, of course, I do." "The minister prayed to-day that all the boys might be Christ's boys. Did you like that?" "Yes, and I prayed as hard as I could that I might be. When we hear people praying for us it makes us think it is about time to be praying for ourselves. If children don't like to say much about good things, I guess they all like to have the minister remember them. I always watch and see if they pray for young folks; if they don't, I think they won't have much in the sermon either. Then, of course, I don't listen as well as I should if I thought there was something for me."

THE GOD'S SWING.

I WANT to tell you about a festival the natives have which celebrates the Ram's birth. When he was a babe he was swung in a cradle, so for a month every good Hindoo has a swing put up, and all his children swing and sing the Sativan songs. They fairly howl just across the road from us, and swing in a neem-tree from noon until midnight. In the zenanas the women have a little image of Ram in a swing, and keep it going all the time, as this is supposed to bring them good fortune.

We once went to a great festival by the river in Allahabad, riding on an elephant, which was loaned us for the day. Now you wonder what we would need an elephant on the Mela for. Well, when I tell you that a space a half mile square "is one sea of humanity," you will see the necessity of the elephant for seeing where we were to go amid the crowds. There were several hundred thousand people on that plain to-day, and every road was a stream of pilgrims going to and coming from the river. We saw many sad sights and disgusting. Fancy cows with an extra leg growing out of the neck, covered with an embroidered cloth, and fairly loaded with silver jewellery, being worshipped and begged for. They distort these poor animals frightfully to make them more sacred. We missionaries give tracts and Gospels to the people, and I gave about 2,000. A dozen missionaries were all as busy as myself doing our best to sow the good seed.—*Missionary Link*.

THE HILLSIDE.

AT a dinner party in New York a Californian happened to mention the annual yield of some of the richest gold and silver mines in the Pacific State, when a quiet old man beside him said:—

"When I was a lad, I accompanied my father, who was sent by the Government to treat with a tribe of Indians in California. On the way we encamped for a week in what is now the State of Nevada upon a certain bleak hillside. I might have bought the whole hill for ten dollars, but I slept and ate and amused myself, and paid no attention to the sterile ground beneath.

"My barren hill was the site of the famous Comstock lode, which has yielded hundreds of millions in silver and gold. To think that it all might have been mine if I had dug but a little way below the surface, as other men coming after me had the luck to do!"

Every boy in the world encamps on a certain hillside; he sleeps, eats, and amuses himself thereon. Long after, when he grows old, and his lot in life is fixed, he is apt to look back upon the hillside of youth, and see how full it was of golden nuggets. Other men found them while he played away his time.

This one dug for knowledge, which brought him fortune; that one gained the material there for a high and enduring fame; still another found ties and friendships which made all his after-life sweet and beautiful. But the boy who was satisfied to live on the surface, to care only for the next meal or the next game, left youth behind, a barren tract, whose gold had all been hidden from his eyes.

You—the boy who reads these words—still stand on the hillside. Beneath you is not a barren soil, but measureless wealth. You may take away with you out of this mine of youth, the trade, the profession, the acuteness, which, if you have adequate natural gifts, may make you many times a millionaire; or you may take the simple tastes and habits which will command for you a healthy, happy life. You may find affections which will endure unto death; or you may acquire vices which will taint your body and soul for all time.

More than all, it is on that height of youth that God speaks to each man the words which, if he takes them with him, will give him victory and peace not only in this life, but also in the life hereafter.

What will you carry away? Now is the time to choose.

TESTED.

A DONIRAM JUDSON, the apostle of Burmah, graduated from Brown University an avowed infidel; his most intimate friend, a brilliant student, was also a sceptic. The two friends often talked over the question—momentous to one on the eve of graduation—"What shall we do to make for ourselves a career?" Both were fond of the drama and delighted in the presentation of plays, each wrote with ease and skill, and so, after many discussions, they almost determined to become dramatists.

Judson graduated in 1807 with the highest honors. A few weeks later he went to New York to study the "business" of the stage, so that he might be familiar

with its requirements in case he should become a playwright. His dramatic project did not, however, retain him long in the city, and prompted by a love of adventure, he started on horseback to make a tour of two or three of the New England States. One evening he put up at a country tavern, and was assigned a room adjoining one occupied by a young man sick unto death. The dying man's moans were distinctly heard by Judson, whose scepticism was not strong enough to keep him from musing on the question, "Is that young man prepared to die?"

During the night the groans ceased, and early next morning Judson arose, sought the landlord, and asked:—

"How is the young man?"

"He is dead."

"Who was he?"

"He had recently graduated from Brown, and his name was _____."

Judson was stunned, for the name was that of his sceptical friend. Abandoning his journey, he returned to his father's house a dazed, stricken man. The shock unsettled scepticism. He determined to make a thorough examination of the claims of Christianity upon his faith and conduct. He entered Andover Theological Seminary, not as a student for the ministry, not even as a Christian, but simply as a truth-seeker. What he sought for he found in Him who is the truth. He found more—the life and the way. He submitted to the truth, received the life and walked in the way with a martyr's spirit, and nigh often to the martyr's crown, until he heard the call, "Come up higher!" Then he departed from his earthly apostolate. He wrote no drama, but his life was a sublime spectacle. No crowds laughed at his wit or were thrilled at his delineation of human passion, but hundreds of men blessed him as their father in God.—*Youth's Companion*.

LOST IN DARKEST AFRICA.

LITTLE Saburi was "a dark cherub, round as a roller, strong and sturdy, with an old man's wisdom within his little boy's head." This little African boy was Mr. Stanley's rifle-bearer in his late expedition, and his place when on the march was immediately behind Mr. Stanley, so as to have the gun ready for any emergency. Being a favorite with his master, many a choice bit of nourishing food from Mr. Stanley's own portion found its way into little Saburi's mouth, so that the little black boy was fat and flourishing when some of the other natives were suffering for want of nourishing food. But at last there came a day when even Saburi was hungry and began to grow thin. In the depths of the dismal African forest no food could be found. The men became too weak to march any farther, so the burdens were put down and a camp was formed. Then a party of the strongest set out to forage for food, and were absent for several days. Meanwhile those left behind suffered extremely. In their eagerness for food some of them wandered away from the camp in search of berries or mushrooms. Little Saburi was one of these. Poor little boy! He was only eight years old, and, like many another boy of that age, he

never stopped to think that he might lose his way. He wandered on and on, eating a few berries here and there, as he found them, till at last he was some miles away from the camp. Turning to retrace his steps he knew not where he was—he was lost! In that wild forest there was no path. The little boy had no idea in which direction the camp lay, and there he was alone in the dark forest, with night fast coming on.

Meanwhile Mr. Stanley was becoming very much alarmed for his little favorite. Signals were fired, the "halloo" was sounded, but all to no avail. Mr. Stanley says:—

"The picture of the little fellow seeing the dark night come down upon him with its thick darkness in those eerie wilds, with fierce dwarfs prowling about, and wild boar and huge chimpanzee, leopards and cheetahs, with troops of elephants trampling and crushing the crisp phrynica, and great baboons beating hollow trees—everything terrifying, in fact, round about him—depressed us exceedingly. We gave him up for lost."

Fortunately our little story has a happy sequel. The next morning little Saburi walked into camp, bright and fresh as usual.

"Why, Saburi! where have you been?"

"I lost my way while picking berries," replied the little fellow, "and I wandered about, and near night I came to a track. I saw the marks of the axes, and I said, Lo! this is our road, and I followed it, thinking I was coming to camp. But, instead of that, I saw only a big river. It was the Ihuru. Then I found a big hollow tree, and I went into it and slept; and then I came back along the road, and so and so, until I walked in here. That is all."

What terrible danger the little boy had been in! But the all-seeing God had watched over the little African lad in the lonely forest, through the dark night; and in the morning the same kind Providence that had preserved him from the dreadful dangers of the night, guided his little feet in the right direction, till he was restored to his friends in the camp.

God knows where the lost children are. His eye is on many a lost child both in Africa and England, wandering away from the fold of Christ, wandering in the paths of sin and ignorance. They know not the dangers that surround them. Oh, let us strive to search them out, and bring them back to the fold of the Good Shepherd, who came "to seek and to save that which is lost."

A YOUNG Israelite from the Crimea, well up in the traditions of Judaism, made the acquaintance of some Christian families. Literary tastes suggested the idea of writing a story in which representatives of both religions should figure. In order to understand Christianity he read the New Testament, with the result that he was convinced that Jesus was the Messiah of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. Another case was of a Berlin painter, a Hebrew by race. He was led to read the New Testament in search of subjects for pictures. In his studies he was so struck by the beauty of the moral character of Jesus, and afterwards was constrained to see Him the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. He has recently been baptized.

Along the Line.

JAPAN.

Letter from REV. C. S. EBY, D.D., dated 16 TATSUOKA CHO, HONGO, TOKYO, JAPAN, April 22nd, 1891.

WE are greatly encouraged by the work at the Tabernacle, although from lack of experienced workers and sufficient funds, only a fraction of my plans can be carried out. Besides excellent public meetings, we have flourishing woman's meetings and children's meetings under Miss Cushing's care, large Bible-classes in Mr. Brown's hands, and a Sunday-school which is the wonder of the city, in the present condition of the churches. Best of all, there are conversions, almost every week I have applications for baptism. One attributing his first impressions to an apologetical lecture, another to an open-air service, another to the Bible-class, and others to illustrated sermons. Thus far *forty* candidates have come forward, ten have been baptized. Of course, everything is in a formative state, so that there will be need of great care and patience. I am trying to make up for the want of a church with experienced workers, by turning new converts into organized recruits, on the lines of Christian Endeavor Societies. But Rome wasn't built in a day. Considering the reactionary state of affairs in Japan, I think we may look upon the enterprise as a gratifying success, with great possibilities before us if we are properly sustained.

Letter from REV. JOHN W SAUNBY, B.A., dated 14 NAKA TAKAJO MACHI, KANAZAWA, KAGA, JAPAN, May 27th, 1891.

THE last letter I wrote you was concerning the beginning of our work in this city, and while I have often thought of writing you since then to let you know how the work was progressing, yet I always felt like delaying until I had something definite to tell you concerning results, because they alone tell the real story after all.

As you know, our real systematic work began with this Conference year. Of course, during last year, we opened our little school and began preaching, but all this was simply preparatory to the work of this year. And now that Conference is at hand, we can take a retrospect of the work done, and perhaps to some extent forecast the future. It goes without saying that the experiences of the year have been very checkered; for who among the workers in Japan or any other mission field find a smooth path for their feet? One feature of the work, however, has brought us no little encouragement, namely, our congregations have not dwindled, but rather increased; and even when the snow was literally piled as high as the second story of the houses, only on one or two occasions did we find ourselves without a congregation, and only then because the weather was exceedingly stormy. But, on the other hand, the number of those who have attended regularly from the beginning is comparatively small; and in this we have met some of our deepest discouragements. Many have come regularly for a

time, and listened very attentively, and then have disappeared to return no more—way-side hearers and nothing more. Then, too, it was not long after we started that three persons asked for baptism, much to our joy, but two of them disappeared in like manner, and the other, while still attending irregularly, is very far from a spiritual knowledge of the truth, and I am afraid that he will never be any nearer. These, the stony-ground hearers, haven't had root enough to stand the scorings of persecution, which any one in this land must endure if they follow Christ with all their hearts.

That such persecution exists we know beyond a peradventure, and but one instance will suffice to show the method of operation. Almost from the beginning of our work here the services were attended by a lady who seemed deeply in earnest, and who seemed to grasp the spiritual meaning of the truth very readily indeed. She told us that she had been religious all her life, and had worshipped the Kami and Hotoke of Budhists and Shintooism, but could not get satisfaction for her soul, and therefore wished to study Christianity. But lo! and behold! she also disappeared just as suddenly as the rest, and we wondered what had become of her. However, Bro. Kato hunted her up, and learned that she was a widow living in the house of her brother, who was bitterly opposed to Christianity, and who threatened that if she did not cease attending Christian meetings, he would turn her out of the house. Still we felt that hers was not an ordinary case, and so Miss Cunningham and Shimada San, our Bible-woman, visited her and dropped a word as they had opportunity, and she also came to see them. Then about a month ago she surprised us by again attending the meetings, saying that her brother had gone away from home for a little; while he was gone she would thus improve her opportunity; and this she did with such an effect that when her brother came back she told him that she would not be put under such restraint any longer, but would take her mother and daughter and move to another house. This she has done, and now she is a candidate for baptism, and gives every evidence of a clear comprehension of the truth as far as it has been made known to her. She is an exceedingly intelligent woman, and will, therefore, under God, be of great use to us in the work here. One other instance I cannot forbear mentioning, although it belongs to the work of the Presbyterian brethren.

In the town of Komatsu, work has been carried on for some time, but with very indifferent success. But about six months ago a high official in the town became interested, and eventually embraced the truth with all his heart, as the sequel will show. We have many apparent believers, who settle down as soon as they are baptized into a very comfortable state of inactivity, just like some of the good brethren and sisters at home, who ought to know better; but this gentleman was not one of these; the fire was burning in his soul, and he had to tell it, so he opened another preaching place, where he tried to gather in men of his own standing. But this was not allowed to continue long; in a little while he was removed by the authorities to another town to fill a lower position, but even there he still continued to witness for the Master. Even here he was not left to work, for soon he was moved again,

until eventually he found himself out altogether. In this land there is very little overt persecution, but the Japanese have a very effectual, though quiet, way of bringing all necessary pressure to bear if they want to.

Another source of disappointment is our little school. From the numbers who attended during the year, and who studied the Bible, we were led to hope that at least a few would be led to choose the path of life; but we are sorry to say that now, at the close of this year's work, not one remains who regularly attends the English Bible-class, or who gives us any hope of better things in the future. Of course, in this I am not alone, for I know of more than one who has toiled in this way year after year without being able to gain one convert. The student class seems very hard to reach just now. Of course, any one starting in fresh can get a following, but when he becomes somewhat of an old story, the numbers gradually diminish, and the direct results are very small indeed.

One instance I may mention which seemed to me pivotal in my English Bible-class work. Up to the beginning of March, the attendance was very good indeed, and the interest taken in the study of the truth seemed to be greatly increased, when there happened something in Tokyo which reacted strongly on the minds of all the students in Japan with reference to Christianity, and which, I am sure, had something to do with the manifest change in the attitude of our students toward the religion of Christ. Sometime early in the year the Emperor sent a proclamation to all the schools in Japan, enjoining diligence and high moral character upon both teachers and students. The proclamation was received with every mark of respect and reverence, and the formal reading of it was made as imposing a ceremony as possible, each school taking its own method of doing this. In the Dai Ichi Koto Chiu Gakko, the next in rank to the Imperial University, it was decided by the authorities to perform the ceremony of bowing before the photograph of the Emperor. This, I may say, is a very common ceremony among government officials in Japan; as, for instance, on every anniversary of the birth of the Emperor, the officials of the different Kens assemble at the Government buildings, and, led by the Governor, perform this ceremony. It is not, however, as far as I can learn, a religious ceremony like the worship of ancestors, but simply a token of loyalty and respect. But when this ceremony came to be performed in the Koto Chiu Gakko, a certain teacher in connection with the institution named Uchimura refused to bow with the rest, giving as his reason that as he was a Christian his conscience would not allow him to perform the ceremony. Now, I am not prepared to say whether the stand he took was right or wrong, wise or unwise, simply because I do not know all the facts in the case; all I want to do is to point out the results that followed. Of course, the news spread all over the Empire, and as it spread it naturally grew until it was interpreted into an act of disloyalty against the Emperor, and consequently an indication of the attitude of all Christians toward the throne. Then, too, one of the religious magazines in Toyko, wisely or unwisely, I cannot judge, wrote strongly defending the action of Mr. Uchimura, and consequently came under the sword of the Government Censor, and was forth-

with abolished. Now, to say the least of it, I am sure that this incident has made evangelistic work among the students very difficult for the present, because whenever the subject of religion is broached, this matter is referred to in such a way as to show that it has had a strong influence over the student mind. About a month after this, I had a very full Bible-class one Sunday morning, and right at the beginning the students said they had a couple of questions to ask. The first of these was concerning the words of Christ: "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth: I am not come to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

The issue was a square one; the time had come to set before them plainly and yet kindly what it would cost them to become Christians, Christ the despised and crucified demanding that they who follow Him should become partakers of His shame in the work of overthrowing the forces of evil, even though it should break the dearest ties on earth. I must confess to a painful sensation when called upon, after having tried to make Christianity attractive by showing the rewards which it offers, to show also the other side; and yet it is Christ's own method, and even we who are His ambassadors must walk in the thorny path He trod while on the earth.

Then came the next question concerning the action of Mr. Uchimura, which, of course, was easier to answer, but which also touched a sore spot when it brought out clearly the impossibility of being a Christian and still joining in ancestor worship. Christianity presents itself to many of them as so utterly opposed to all their family customs and traditions that to accept it means to break up the whole system, and in this respect Christ does send the sword instead of peace. This brings to my mind two other instances that illustrate this point well. For quite a long time after coming here, one of the lower officials of the Koto Chiu Gakko attended our Bible-classes, and from all I could gather I learned that he had been studying Christianity off and on for some time. He said to me one day, "If you will only modify your Christianity you will have plenty of believers. Many of the teachers in the school to which I belong are thinking favorably of Christianity, and yet to become Christians they must refuse to do many things in their official position which, after all, are only matters of form. Now, if you could so modify as to allow these, the way would become very easy." Of course, I replied that as our religion was not a human institution we could not alter it at will; all we could do was to teach the truths committed unto us by God, and leave all results to Him.

The remaining instance will serve to show how other forces are at work on the side of right, and how God uses "the weak things of this world to confound the mighty." A fine young man came to me earnestly inquiring concerning the truth, and in his questions he touched on some of these very points, and in the course of the conversation he told us of an instance that occurred at the marriage of one of his friends. It appears that on such occasions, in some places at

least, it is customary to worship the ancestors of the family, which ceremony was performed on the occasion referred to. But among those present was a little girl who was seen not to bow in worship with the rest, and when asked the reason, she said that she was a Christian, and, therefore, could not worship any but the true God. If I mistake not, she was only a servant in the family; but, be that as it may, she was turned out of the house on account of her refusal to deny her Lord. Who knows but the humble faithfulness of this little maid may have been instrumental in leading this young man to the truth, for he, too, has now taken upon him the service of Christ.

But to return to my subject, after the Sabbath referred to above, the attendance at our English Bible-class gradually dwindled, until now there is not one left who gives any hope of better things. Perhaps I failed to present the truth in the right light; and yet, I must say, I tried prayerfully to say what I thought would please the Master, and I tried to say it kindly.

Now, I must confess I find myself at the end of this letter very far from where I expected to be when I started, and so I will have to postpone the telling of a brighter story to my next letter, trusting, however, that there may be something in this rambling one which will not be altogether unprofitable.

Facts and Illustrations.

PRAYER is not the conquering of God's reluctance, but the taking hold of God's willingness.—*Phillips Brooks.*

INDIA is ten times larger than Japan; China nearly three times as large as India, and Africa twice as large as India and China combined.

AT Lucknow, where so many were murdered during the Sepoy rebellion thirty years ago, 2,000 children, nearly all of Hindoo Mohammedan parentage, recently marched in a Sunday-school procession.

A HOLY life spent in the service of God and in communion with Him is, without doubt, the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world.—*Melancthon.*

MEASURE by man desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.—*Zimmerman.*

THE superintendent of papal missions in Brazil recently said, in private, that there is very little true Christianity in Brazil, and that after Rome has had undisputed sway three hundred years. So it is wherever she has had such sway.

DR. MACKAY, missionary on the island of Formosa, writes:—"Fourteen years ago I arrived here. All was dark around. Idolatry was rampant. The people were bitter toward any foreigner. There were no churches, no hospitals, no students, no friends. Fourteen years of toil have passed away. Yesterday, 1,273 rejoiced in singing praises to the Lord God Almighty."

THERE are twenty asylums for lepers in India, most of them maintained by different missions, and some by the Government.

SAYS Dr. Talmage:—"The world is going on toward six o'clock in the morning instead of six o'clock at night. Instead of listening to the night-hawk and the whip-poor-will on the edge of the darkening wood, let us be watching for the getting up of the lark. Stand out of our way with your soporifics, and give us a few drops of double-distilled exhilaration. We pitch our tents toward the sunrising."

THE Bishop of Exeter has made a rule that hereafter all candidates for orders shall pass an examination in the history of some foreign mission. If lack of interest results, as it often does, from ignorance of missionary work, the remedy will be sufficient, and we hope some day to see the bishop's example followed in many other dioceses.

IN all the Buddhist temples a tall and broad-leaved lily stands directly on the front of the altar. Its idea is as beautiful as its workmanship. It represents that just as the pure white flower may grow out of mire and filth, and blossom into loveliness, so may the heart of man raise itself above the wickedness and corruption of the world into a state of spotless purity.

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The Missionary Outlook

Is published at the Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto. Single copies 40 cents per annum. Clubs of eight or more copies (separately if desired), 25 cents per copy. Owing to regulations regarding postage the club rate does not apply to the City of Toronto, nor countries outside of the Dominion, where the ordinary rate of 40 cents has to be charged.

Address all orders to **REV. A. SUTHERLAND,**
Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.