

# The Missionary Outlook.

*A Monthly Advocate, Record, and Review.*

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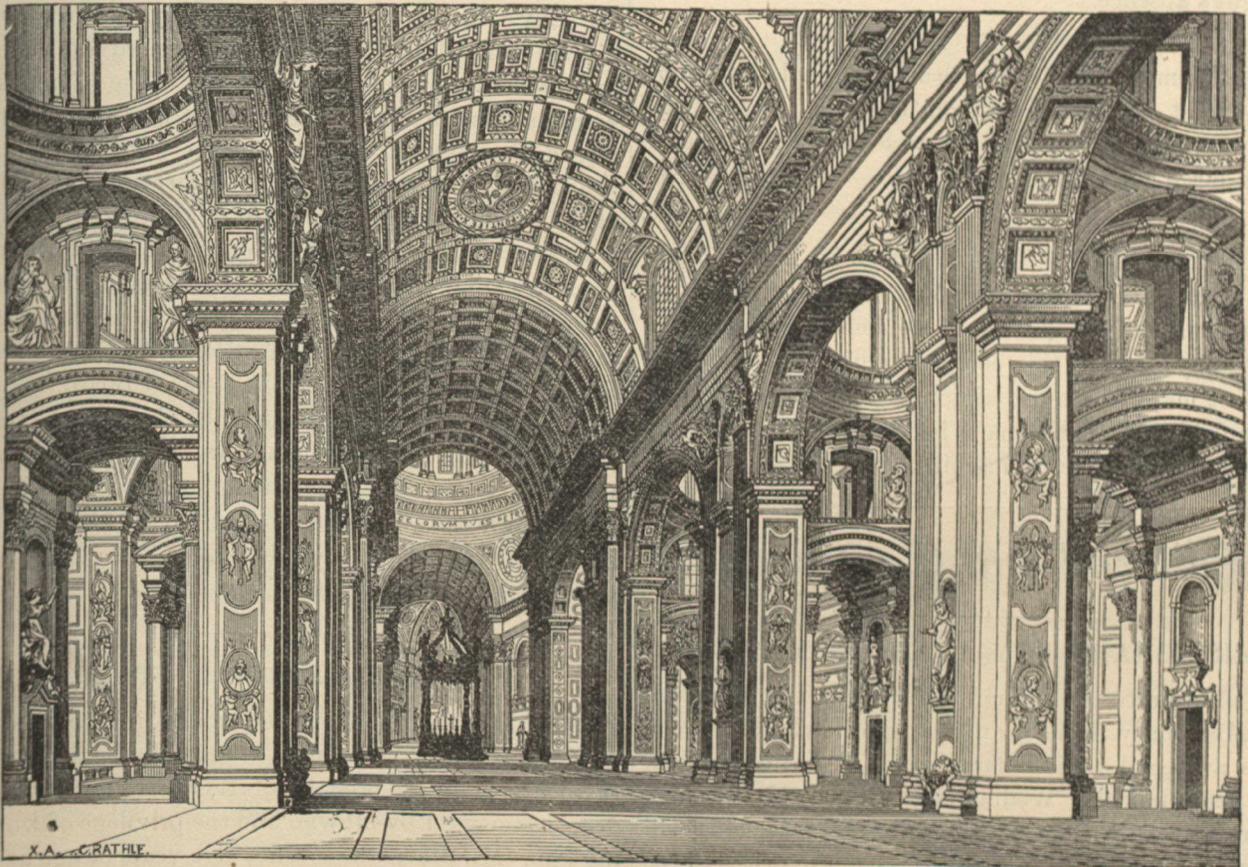
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## *Field Notes.*

THE Rev. Dr. Williams, General Superintendent, has returned from his official visit to British Columbia and the North-West. He was present at the meeting of the Committee of Consultation and Finance, and gave much valuable information about our mission work in the Conferences above mentioned.

will have full scope, however, for his abilities in Bloor Street, and the people of that charge are to be congratulated on having secured him as their pastor.

MISS LAWRENCE, who after seven years of hard work has been resting for the past year, started on the 9th ult. for Nanaimo, to resume her work in the Indian school. During her absence Miss Barker has had charge of the school.



INTERIOR OF ST. PETERS, ROME.

Dr. Carman was also present, having returned from the Maritime Provinces, where he presided at the Annual Conferences.

THE Rev. C. Watson has reached Toronto, and entered upon the duties of his pastorate in Bloor Street Church. Bro. Watson's departure was deeply regretted by the ministers and people in British Columbia, where he was universally beloved and esteemed. He

BOUND copies of the OUTLOOK, covering the three past years, are now ready, and will be sent post-paid to any address on receipt of \$1.25. The volume contains a large fund of valuable missionary information. Orders should be sent at once, as the supply is limited.

MISS ALEXANDER, daughter of the Rev. J. Alexander, of Toronto, is going out to India as a missionary under the auspices of the Baptist Church.

THE missionary services at the various Western Conferences were of exceptional interest this year, chiefly owing to the presence of the Rev. S. Huntington, whose graphic pictures of mission work in the Nipissing country, and fervent appeals for a more liberal support of the home work, were greatly appreciated. Special collections were taken in some of the meetings to aid Bro. Huntington's church building enterprise.

WE regret to learn that Miss Knight, Matron of the Crosby Girls' Home, has been compelled by ill-health to seek change and rest for a time. She needs and ought to have assistance in her arduous work. We sincerely hope she will soon be able to return to her post with renewed vigor. Miss Reinhart, our teacher at Bella Bella, took charge of the Home during Miss Knight's absence.

THE Woman's Missionary Society will hold its annual meeting at Grimsby Park, on Tuesday, August 9th. A programme of unusual interest is being prepared, and a large gathering is expected.

A LARGE order for Ontario school books has lately been received from our Tôkyô Academy. Part of the order consisted of six dozen copies of "Campbell's Geography," and as this book contains some exceptionally fine maps of the Dominion, the Japanese student will quickly see that Canada is not merely a name, but represents a country of magnificent extent.

## Editorial and Contributed.

### MISSIONARY DAY AT GRIMSBY PARK.

IN addition to the annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, announced elsewhere, there is to be a special "Missionary Day" at Grimsby Park this year, namely, Wednesday, August 17th, which promises to be a time of unusual interest. This will be understood when we say that addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Williams, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church; the Rev. C. C. McCabe, D.D., of New York, and the Rev. Wm. Butler, D.D., founder of M. E. Missions in India and Mexico. Such an array of talent seldom appears upon one platform, and the announcement should be sufficient to bring crowds to the Park. Can not we have a grand missionary rally on August 17th? Fares will be cheap; there is good access by both steamer and rail, and the speakers announced are well worth a journey to hear. Dr. Sutherland will preside.

### THE COMMITTEE OF FINANCE

HELD a meeting last month, which was attended by both the General Superintendents and most of the members. A good deal of routine business was disposed of, after which communications from Japan passed under review. The first letter referred to the many openings which now exist for self-supporting educational work in Japan, and it was urged that well qualified teachers should be selected by the missionary authorities to fill places in the Government schools, where competent English teachers are greatly needed. The proposal is made on the distinct understanding that no financial responsibility shall be assumed by the Missionary Society for either passage or salary. The Committee recommended the General Board to co-operate in the matter.

A second proposal referred to a project advocated by Dr. Eby when in this country, namely, the erection of a large central hall in Tôkyô, to be used for lectures and general evangelistic services. The Committee were of opinion that in view of the large expenditure already involved in carrying on the work in Japan, it is not expedient to attempt the enterprise referred to at the present time. In regard to the proposal to build a new church near the College in Tôkyô, to accommodate the large number of students and others who desire to attend, authority was given to procure a site at a cost of \$450, and the question of the church was left to the consideration of the General Board.

Resolutions from the directors of the French Institute, and other correspondence, were read, and it was agreed that the Institute should be continued in its present quarters, pending the action of the General Board in regard to new buildings. A grant was authorized for the purpose of repairs.

### THE LATE GEORGE H. STARR.

CANADIAN Methodism, especially in the Eastern Provinces, has recently sustained a heavy loss in the death of Mr. George H. Starr, of Halifax, who is deeply lamented by all who had the privilege of knowing him. Mr. Starr was seventy-five years of age at the time of his death, the last forty of which he had been an earnest and devoted member of the Church. Respect and love for him were not confined to those of his own communion, for his wide sympathies and catholic spirit obtained for him a large circle of warm friends. The prevailing opinion was pithily expressed by one who, to use his own words, had known him a lifetime, in the following short sentence:—"The highest tribute I can pay the deceased is to say that he was a good man in every sense of the word." Mr. Starr was converted through the influence of a personal friend

and relative. From that time forth he was most faithful in his attendance at the social means of grace, as his uninterrupted series of class tickets from 1848 to 1887 will show. He was a man of large means, which of late years he did not allow to accumulate, as it was his delight to scatter benefactions all along the path of life. The following extract, taken from the *Halifax Morning Herald's* report of the funeral services, which were conducted by Rev. Mr. Brecken, assisted by Rev. S. F. Huestis, will be interesting here. Mr. Brecken said:—

“Ready to sacrifice his own feelings and desires for the general good; conservative in standing by the old and tried landmarks, yet never afraid to launch out into any new undertaking that promised good results for the cause of God; cautious, yet always liberal and progressive, and ready to lead the way by making a sacrifice for the sake of progress. He was a missionary collector for a great many years, esteeming it an honor to be engaged in that somewhat arduous, sometimes thankless work. He has collected all the missionary moneys for the South Circuit for a long time, and kept a list of each year, jotting down items of interest connected with his labors. Some of the last matters on his mind, that claimed attention a day or two before he died, related to this work, which his strength did not permit him to finish this year. The first General Conference appointed him to its General Board of Missions, and he and the Rev. S. F. Huestis were joint treasurers for Nova Scotia. . . He will be best known, however, for his systematic and liberal giving. For a number of years he has contributed to Christian and benevolent objects all his income above the necessary expenses of living. He made it a rule some years ago to accumulate no more, to add nothing to his principal. He seems to have followed Mr. Wesley's advice to the rich. I venture to state that if Mr. Starr had laid by his yearly income, as some do, his estate would by this time have doubled its present value. He was wise in being his own executor in benevolences. He was paid with the joy of it, too. I could tell also of many little acts of kind and thoughtful attention and relief. . .”

In his will, which is of considerable length, though also of great clearness, a large circle of friends and many benevolent enterprises have been remembered. Mrs. Starr, of course, receives the bulk of what is left during her lifetime, but numerous are the names mentioned besides, and at her death much more will be forthcoming for friends and worthy institutions. The Missionary Society of the Methodist Church and the Woman's Missionary Society are to have their shares, the former \$3,000 and the latter \$500, in the final distribution. Other funds of the Church are also remembered.

“If you go about telling people you have an inheritance worth a million worlds, and yet get out of temper about the loss of a sixpence, they will not believe you.”

#### BOOK NOTICE.

*Humor, Pith and Pathos.* A Book of Readings and Recitations. By REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR. Toronto: William Briggs.

The title of this little book is aptly chosen. In the compass of 185 pages the author gives a collection of one hundred and fourteen pieces, covering a wide range, and passing

“From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

Here may be found something suited to almost every possible occasion. One familiar with the volume will be able to respond at a moments notice when asked for a “reading,” and can store his memory with many an apt quotation for use in public address. Price 35 cents.

### Woman's Work.

“Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.”—ISA. xxxii. 20.

A WRITER lately reviewing the great advances made in the direction of woman's work during the reign of Queen Victoria, seems to have forgotten the missionary work carried on so extensively by the women of the different denominations. There have been organized and kept in successful operation no less than nineteen Women's Missionary Societies since 1868. Every successful foreign mission has now its girls' school, with intelligent, earnest, faithful women laying broad and deep the foundations of the Christian superstructure. The cry of the suffering womenhood of India, victims of a cruelty that denied all relief from male physicians, has been heard and heeded by Christian women. Opportunities of unparalleled usefulness are there presented for the female Medical Missionary, and the wonderful success attending the labors of those who have gone will, no doubt, stimulate many other ladies to qualify.

We hope soon to present our readers with a condensed history of the missionary work carried on by the women of to-day, and are quite sure the record will be full of inspiration and encouragement.

THE Temperance work of women, which has grown to such magnificent proportions in all English-speaking countries, is also overlooked in this writer's record. Its success is, however, apparent and its ultimate triumph assured.

IT is somewhat surprising that while women have so rapidly and so successfully, and withal so quietly, taken such advanced positions in the mission field and

the great field of moral reform, there are yet to be found those of considerable intelligence who consider themselves unfitted for the duties of Christian citizenship, and this in the face of the fact that multitudes of the opposite sex, young as well as old, are permitted these privileges, whose indifference to the true welfare of humanity, and whose ignorance of their individual responsibility leave them a ready prey to the political corruptionist.

A METHODIST minister, entertained in the home of a Methodist woman of "good position," whose husband had been a prominent figure in Methodism, makes mention of the fact that a large family, reared in that Methodist home, had all left the Church of their parents and gone to other denominations. We are pained to read this and the inquiry is forced upon us, What could be the reason? Were these children taught to love their church? Were they nurtured in their own Sunday-school? Were they taught to look with respect and affection upon their own ministers and Sunday-school teachers; to be in their own places in church twice a Sabbath, or were they permitted, with a license that is subversive of all church attachments, to wander about wherever they listed—attracted now by some vapid sensationalist, now by some special musical performance, and again by some pompous display of ritual? This practice is a growing one. It is an evil among our people, and is certain to produce a disrelish for the solemn, faithful worship of God and the regular attendance of our young people upon our own ministry.

As we write memory suggests to us some cases in our own experience of life. Parents struggling through poverty are faithful to the requirements of the Methodist Discipline regarding worldly pleasures and amusements. But having attained competency they begin to think that style is an essential to happiness and social importance. *Style* it seems in these cases generally means dancing to acquire "gracefulness," and card-playing to "pass the time," and theatre-going because "everybody that is anybody goes."

WHY do we call attention to this laxness on the part of Christian mothers and fathers in this paper? Plainly because we are supposed to speak to those who are aiming at the best development of Christian character and the spread of true practical Christian principles. To mothers especially this matter appeals. Weak mothers, sometimes with unconverted husbands, may have difficulty in restraining their young people; but, as a rule, we believe the mother who is faithful to God and religious training will preserve her home and family from all encroachments of sinful pleasure.

## ITEMS.

## WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*Treasurer's Report for Third Quarter:—*

Western Branch .....	\$1,035 15
Central " .....	1,075 00
Eastern " .....	512 21
Nova Scotia .....	429 61
N. B. and P. E. I. ....	121 53
Winnipeg .....	28 00
Total .....	\$3,199 50

MITCHELL, ONT.—Mrs. Flagg, Corresponding Secretary, writes: "We hope to raise \$200 by the Annual Meeting, to which we are looking forward with great interest and pleasure. We have three life members this year."

At a social gathering held in the lecture-room of the Main Street Church on the 24th inst. the ladies of the Mitchell Auxiliary W. M. S. presented their beloved President, Mrs. (Rev.) Swann, with a certificate of life-membership in the Society. The presentation was made, on behalf of the ladies, by Rev. W. Casson, and was accompanied by an address expressive of the love and esteem in which Mrs. Swann is held by all who have the privilege of her acquaintance. The Society has felt her holy life and lovely Christian spirit to be a source of great help and encouragement to them, not only as a society, but as individuals.

M. A. FLAGG, *Cor. Sec.*

VERY kind and appreciative resolutions were presented by the W. M. S. and the "Gleaners" of the First Methodist Church, St. Thomas, respectively, to Mrs. Parker and Miss Parker, on the occasion of their leaving that city for their new home in Toronto.

AUGUST 9TH.—This is the day set apart as Woman's Missionary Day at Grimsby Camp. We hope as many as possible of our workers will make a point to be there. The programme of proceedings will, no doubt, be published in due time.

## EXTRACTS FROM MISS SPENCER'S LETTERS.

AS there is no printed letter for the auxiliaries this month, a few extracts from Miss Spencer's recent letters are furnished for the OUTLOOK.

May 26th.—Did I tell you how much we need S. S. tickets? It takes a great many to supply a school the size of ours, and now that our girls are reading English, they are very good to put into their hands. For those who say Japanese verses we have Japanese tickets, and two or three weeks ago I was pleased to hear one of the little ones in prayer-meeting ask for the verse on hers to be explained.

Last Wednesday we had yet another witness to the presence of God in our school; one of our strongest students was converted in the Bible class. You will remember Dr. Eby referred to one especially fine essay read at our Christmas closing,—this is the writer of

it; we look for several of her companions to follow her: one by one they are being gathered in.

*June 1st.*—The Misses Lund surprised us all by arriving yesterday morning, instead of next Friday, when the steamer was due. We are very favorably impressed with our addition, Miss Hannah, and feel as if we had a *helper* in her. We thank you ladies from our hearts for having sent her *just now*. I am better, but find the close, hot weather, is trying my strength. Miss Lund will be such a relief, and can learn so much from being here during these last days of school.

We have had another mark of favor shown us. Count Ito's daughter has applied to enter the school, and we have made an exception, though the notice at the door says we are full, and no more need apply. She is the one hundred and first daily student. The father is influential, and we thought best to follow this course, as some one will probably be leaving before long; they come and go all the time. Her application is another proof that our school stands high in the estimation of the leading Japanese.

But we have had another assurance dearer and more enduring than earthly favor, still another witness that our Father is here. Last Sunday evening Mr. Odlum preached to us. After a touching sermon on God's care of us, he closed by asking if those present would give their hearts to Him. After service I saw one of our largest girls sitting alone with her head on the desk, and felt sure I knew what was the matter (for I felt some one must be gathered that night), and going to her I asked if she were sick, "No, Sensei, I am thinking what I shall answer to Odlum Sensei's question." I spoke as best I could in my broken Japanese and soon had the joy of hearing, "I will give myself to God, please ask my parents if I may be baptized." No one but those of us who are here can realize the joy and strength that come to our own hearts through these conversions. God has indeed been good, and has permitted us to see much *fruit*. What we should do if we did not feel the Master near in all our daily worries and trials, I do not know.

Tadzu Murakami, of whom I have often written, and who is now in the interior with her parents, is very ill, and has been taken to a hospital; she has a complication of diseases. A letter written to one of the students told that she had given up hope of getting well and ever seeing us all again, but she said her hopes were bright for heaven; she had no fear to die, and would go home just a little before us all, and would meet us there.

What a grand going home we shall have when we all, workers on both sides of the water, meet and gather around us those we have been the means, in God's hands, of leading to Christ. I am happier every day that my lot is cast in this land and work.

#### LETTER FROM MRS. STRACHAN.

MRS. STRACHAN, Corresponding Secretary of the General Board, communicates the following:

In a recent number of the *OUTLOOK* a question was asked as to why the W. M. S. appealed for money when it had some already on hand. The reason is because its policy is to gather in before paying out.

Through the year the various auxiliaries send in their contributions. At the Annual Meeting of the Board of Management the sum on hand is reported by the General Treasurer, the needs of the different fields are then considered, and distribution is made to each according to the wisdom of the ladies assembled, and according to the limit of the funds. During the following year these appropriations are being paid out, while the work of gathering for the succeeding year continues.

A little thought will show the great advantage of this system, in that there is no possibility of a debt arising to crush the life and spirit of the Society, no leak exists in the paying out of interest on borrowed money to meet present demands, but, on the contrary, as the money is received it is at once deposited and thus only increased. The larger the amount on hand at the Annual Meeting, the more work can be undertaken. There is no reserve fund except in the sense of the accumulations of the year being kept until the Annual Meeting shall say how they are to be appropriated.

What then is the financial policy of the W. M. S.?

To gather before it distributes, to make before it spends.

To what does this course conduce?

To a sense of security, to peace of mind, especially among those more immediately responsible, and to confidence among those who contribute.

From what does it save?

From the possibility of debt, with all its weight of care and discouragement; from the outlay of money merely to pay interest on borrowed money; from doubt as to how much work should be undertaken each year.

Is it a scriptural mode?

The Israelites seem to have been taught this way, as all the "willing hearted" were asked to bring their offerings for the building of the tabernacle, and David prepared largely for the temple although he was not permitted to see the foundation laid.

Paul exhorted, "Let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."

The Saviour also asked, "Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost whether he have sufficient to finish it?"

Does this method commend itself to common sense?

The maxim says, Cut your coat according to your cloth. Evidently the cloth must be on hand before any cutting is allowable.

#### ANNUAL REPORTS.

IS it wise to continue the names of members in the printed Annual Report? As the Society increases such a practice will become a very cumbersome and costly burden. Is it realized that this portion of our Report for last year consumed over sixty dollars, besides the extra weight and cost of transmission through the country? But some one will say, How shall we otherwise give an acknowledgment to those who have contributed either fee or donation? We answer, At the annual meeting of each auxiliary, if desired, let all such names and amounts be read. It is a mat-

ter of local interest, and if any mistakes have occurred they can be rectified on the spot. It cannot be of any great *general* interest to know that Mrs. A. B. C., of Youngstown, or Mrs. X. Y. Z., of Brownsville, is a member of the Woman's Missionary Society. Would it not be far better to be satisfied with a local recognition, and thus save enough to support an orphan or a Bible woman, purchase school-books for the children in our mission schools, or help pay the salaries of those who are teaching them, besides saving a great amount of labor on the part of secretaries and treasurers. Let our auxiliaries consider this matter and speak their mind.

BISHOP WILLIAMS, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in a letter from Tokio, Japan, says: "There is a great demand for English teachers in private schools at the present, and by giving a few hours a day to teaching we can get opportunities to teach the Bible, and so reach a large number of students. One school, which last year had about 600 students, has applied for a teacher to teach two hours a day, for which it offers \$60 per month. Another school asks for three teachers to give three hours a day each. It will pay \$50 per month, and furnish a house to each teacher. The owners of the school wish to place the whole management of the English teaching in our hands, are very willing that religious instruction should be given to students, will allow a chapel to be built on their grounds or near by, and will be glad if the students will attend daily prayers." What open doors are these!

A LARGE number of our members no doubt entertain pleasant recollections of "California Taylor," who in other years was wont to visit Canada, and who, in many of our large cities, held revival meetings. As Bishop of Africa he is doing a great deal to solve the missionary problem by establishing *self-supporting* missions. From the *Missionary Messenger* we clip the following glad tidings of our old friend:—

"The heroic Bishop Taylor, writing to the *Christian Witness* from Cape Palmas, Liberia, May 5, states that he expected, three days later, to proceed on to the Congo, and adds: 'While waiting, in the space of about two months, I have, by a miracle of God's providence, opened, among utterly neglected heathen tribes on this coast, seventeen mission stations. The kings and chiefs have bound themselves by articles of agreement: 1. To give us all the land we need for mission and industrial school-farming, and grazing purposes. 2. To clear land, and plant the first crop of all varieties of food for the missionaries. 3. To get material and build in their own style a good kitchen and school-house, and to cut and carry all the pillars and framing timbers required to build seventeen good American houses. We hope to have these all built and occupied by holy men and women—white men and women from America—by Jan., 1888.'

'Bishop Taylor concludes that under the discouragements encountered by the great missionary societies, especially of the Methodist and the Presbyterian Churches, 'they have practically given up in despair,

and are not likely to come to the attack again on their old line of work; so that the alternatives now pending are the speedy success of this self-supporting method, or an indefinite postponement of Africa's redemption into the centuries to come. To lead the van of this movement,' he continues, 'we shall require *at least a thousand holy, competent white men, and as many women, from America.* We are trusting the God of missions to send us fifteen pairs of them between this and Christmas of this year. God is leading, and Africa is to be rescued and given to Jesus for His inheritance in the near future. Hallelujah!'"

WHEN the missionary steamer owned by the Mission of the Free Church of Scotland was to be placed on Lake Nyassa, Africa, the leader of the expedition applied to the chief of the tribe for reliable help to carry the craft around the cataracts. The chief responded by sending eight hundred *women*—a compliment at least to the trustworthiness of the sex, if nothing more. "Some of them came fifty miles, bringing their provisions with them. These women were intrusted with the whole, when if a single portion of the steamer had been lost the whole scheme would have failed. They carried it in two hundred and fifty loads in five days, under a tropical sun, seventy-five miles to an elevation of 1,800 feet, and not a nail or screw was lost. They 'trusted the Englishman,' asking no questions of wages, and receiving each six yards of calico; and for the sake of being liberal each was given an extra yard."

THE following, from J. D. Davis, D.D., of Japan proves that the world's W. C. T. U. is needed in all missionary lands:—"Mrs. Leavitt, who was here in the interest of the W. C. T. U. during last summer and fall, did a grand work in interesting the women and many of the leading men of Japan in the cause, not only of temperance, but of purity, and of the elevation of woman generally. One of our leading Japanese workers said to me the other day that Mrs. Leavitt was a second Commodore Perry to the women of Japan."

THE following cheering report has just come to us in a private note from India: "Mrs. Parker's boarding-school, in Moradabad, is sending up for the Government middle examination *fourteen girls, all Christians.* This is an excellent class, the best, we believe, that has ever been sent up by any school in the N. W. Provinces, and the first ever sent from Moradabad. Miss English's Orphanage school is also sending up a class this year. The girls from our mission-schools to the Government Medical College at Agra have done well in their annual examinations. How changed is India—girls in a Government Medical College!"

THE Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has made the following appropriations for 1887:—North India, \$48,567; South India, \$10,112; North China, \$14,149; West China, \$2,434; Foochow, \$15,690; Central China, \$14,204; Japan, \$37,759; Corea, \$6,347; Italy, \$3,850; Bulgaria, \$3,155; Mexico, \$31,060; South America, \$8,195. Total, \$195,693.

## Missionary Readings.

### WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

I KNEW a man, and his name was Horner,  
Who used to live on Grumble Corner—  
Grumble Corner in Crosspatch town;  
And he never was seen without a frown  
He grumbled at this, he grumbled at that;  
He growled at the dog, he growled at the cat;  
He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at night,  
And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she  
Began to grumble as well as he,  
And all the children, wherever they went,  
Reflected their parents' discontent.  
If the sky was dark, and betokened rain,  
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;  
And, if there was never a cloud about,  
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;  
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;  
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,  
Or else he hadn't had half enough.  
No matter how hard his wife might try  
To please her husband, with scornful eye  
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl  
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,  
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,  
Whose face was without the look of care  
And the ugly frown that it used to wear.  
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,  
As, after saluting, I turned my head;  
"But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner,  
Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner!"

I met him next day, and I met him again,  
In melting weather and pouring rain,  
When stocks were up, and when stocks were down;  
But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.  
It puzzled me much; and so one day  
I seized his hand in a friendly way,  
And said, "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know  
What can have happened to change you so!"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,  
For it told of a conscience calm and clear.  
And he said, with none of the old-time drawl,  
"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!"  
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner,  
"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,  
And so I moved,—'twas a change complete,—  
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving Street!"

Now, every day, as I move along  
The streets so filled with the busy throng,  
I watch each face, and can always tell  
Where men and women and children dwell;

And many a discontented mourner  
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,  
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat  
To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.

—Josephine Pollard.

### PAPERING WITH THE BIBLE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Friend of Missions* in Japan tells the following interesting story of a lady who went into a cake shop to buy some cakes for her children. While waiting for the cakes she saw that the walls were papered with leaves from the Bible. This was so strange that she asked the old woman about it, and she told the lady that one day, passing by a book shop, she saw a pile of papers thrown away as useless. As her shop needed papering, she thought this was just the thing, and took some of it home and pasted it over her walls. One evening her grandson came in and began reading aloud from the paper on the wall. The old woman was so interested in what she heard that she listened eagerly, and got all who would to read it to her. One day a young man came who asked if she understood it, and whether she was a Christian. She told him how much she enjoyed hearing it, but she did not understand it much. So he promised to take her to church the next day. After this she attended regularly, and became an earnest Christian. She now keeps a stock of tracts by her, and into every bag of little cakes she drops one. Is not this encouraging? All that good came out of leaves of the Bible thrown away, which were considered of no use.—*Mission Dayspring*.

### ARABIA.

LITTLE has hitherto been done to reach the wandering tribes of the Arabian desert. Closing a paper in which he suggests a plan for the evangelizing of Arabia, Major-General Haigh says:—Supposing, then, in order to bring what has been said to a practical conclusion, that a commencement were made with two missionaries in the north, two in Oman, two in Yemen, and two more operating along the western coast, eight men in all would be required. The annual income needed for their maintenance, allowing for schools, medicines, and other requirements, which gradually arise as a mission develops, would be about £2,500. The expenses of the missionary steamer would be in addition to this. The question which I must leave with my readers is this: Can the Christian Church provide such an income, and furnish eight men willing to consecrate themselves to this work? It will be one involving suffering, occasional loss of health, and even risk to life, but it is one such as Paul would have chosen, and an angel might envy. The probability is that the difficulties besetting it are greatly magnified in most minds by ignorance of the real feelings of the Arabs, and that those who approach them in a spirit of Christian love and kindness would be met, as the missionaries among the Mahometan races of Algeria and Morocco have been met, not with fierce hatred and violence, but with a hearty welcome and the utmost readiness to listen to the Gospel message. It is the day of the Lord's power, and Abraham's prayer, "O

that Ishmael might live before Thee!" has yet to receive its full answer in the conversion to God of his descendants, and of the other long-neglected races of Arabia.—*Word and Work.*

#### INDIAN PICTURE-WRITING.

LET us see how an Indian of North America goes to work to write.

Suppose a wild Indian belonging to the great clan whose members call themselves the Turtles, makes a raid on a village of huts and wigwams owned by enemies belonging to the widespread clan called the Bear clan. Suppose it has taken the Turtles three days of hard travel through forests and over the hills to reach the Bears. By means of their crafty spies they find that the brave men of the Bears are away hunting moose, and that most of the squaws and papooses are either in the fields of maize or in the woods, where the berries are ripe, and only a few old men and women are left behind to watch over some ponies and oxen. Then the Turtles, each clutching his bow, creep on the village under cover of the woods, and with a terrific yell rush at the wigwams. The old people run into the bushes, frightened almost to death, as you can well imagine. Then the Turtles gather up all the ponies and oxen, drive them off, burn all the wigwams they can, and hurry home with the cattle. Now these savages think they have done a fine thing in robbing their neighbors of their cattle and plundering and burning their homes, as does one great nation in Europe, when, like our Turtle chieftain, badly counselled by wicked and ambitious men, it robs another of a great province, and forces the wretched people who dwell there to obey the laws of a nation they dislike. And they wish to let other Indians know what clever robbers they have been. So the Turtle chief chooses a piece of smooth, cream-colored birch-bark, chews up a little tobacco to serve as ink, plucks a twig of soft wood for a pen, and with the tobacco juice draws the following pictures:

First comes a turtle, and it is a very big turtle, because he thinks that he and his clan are very great personages indeed. Then he draws as many waving lines, to represent bows, as there are Indians in his party, and perhaps the same number of Indians with top-knots; his lines bend forward, to show in what direction the trail went. Following these, a rising sun stands for daybreak, and three lines under it mean that three days went by in going to the Bears. Next, he puts down as many funny little pyramids as there were Bear wigwams, and draws them upside down to show that they were destroyed. After that he draws, as well as he can, a wee, wee bear, very small, in order to show his contempt for the Bears. Finally, he draws with the greatest care as many oxen and ponies as he has captured, because he is chiefly proud of this part of his exploit, and wishes all the world of the woods to know what a great and successful robber he is. He does not tell that the Bear braves were away when he surprised the camp, and probably does not care to tell that part of the story. We may understand it from the absence of any sign for scalps. Had there been resistance and men slain on either side, the exact number of dead would have been noted by

drawing just as many human figures without their heads.—*From "Wonders of the Alphabet," by Henry Eckford, in St. Nicholas.*

#### "NO HOPE."

ONE morning in the cold season, with a heart sore from recent bereavement, I wandered into a little village near our camp to try and do some work for the Master. Through the open gateway of a small enclosure, seeing a woman sitting on the ground clasping her knees before a smouldering fire of dead leaves, I entered and said, "Salaam!" She neither arose nor noticed me, but pulling her *chadda* more closely about her, continued to stare into the fire with a sullen, intense gaze. Accustomed to the polite and cheerful salutation of the village women, in astonishment I asked a man, standing near: "What is the matter with this woman?" He sorrowfully replied: "O Mem Sahib! yesterday the funeral pile of our only child, a boy, was lighted, and since then she has neither spoken nor eaten, but has refused to be comforted."

I looked at the poor creature. Her coarse, scant garments were indescribably filthy, her dishevelled hair was in the wildest disorder; but as she sat there, with that stony, pitiful expression in her poor eyes, I felt she was my sister "in the fellowship of suffering," and my whole heart went out to her as I said: "Just a fortnight ago *our* only child was laid in the grave." Instantly her eyes sought mine, as she anxiously inquired: "And you mourned?" "Yes, but with the hope of meeting her again." A variety of emotions, perplexity predominating, passed over her countenance, and she silently awaited an explanation of this, to her, wonderful statement. I tried in a brief way to give her an idea of our Christian belief and its blessed assurances concerning the future of children. It must have been a marvelous revelation to her, whose paganism taught that the spirit of her child was, even now, in some living creature, perhaps a loathsome reptile or vile insect, and that it must pass through countless transmigrations, until at last, losing all personality, it would be absorbed in the Deity.

Before I left she seemed somewhat comforted, though she sadly exclaimed: "I never, *never* expected to see my boy again! I thought he was gone forever." I have frequently thought of this incident, and nearly always in connection with the verse: "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have *no hope*." I never fathomed the meaning of "no hope" until I beheld the dumb agony of that Hindu mother! No wonder the kind heart of the apostle hastened to enlighten the once heathen Thesalonians concerning "them that are asleep," that the dark cloud of sorrow might be bright with hope on the heavenward side. If death is known amongst us as the King of Terrors, what dread title will convey what he is to heathen India?—*Mrs. Emma M. Scott, in Heathen Woman's Friend.*

TWELVE years ago the Modoc Indians were uncivilized heathens. Now they are a community of industrious farmers, with half their number professing Christians.

FOREIGN MISSIONS DURING THE REIGN OF  
QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE year 1887 will be long known as the Jubilee, being that in which Her Majesty Queen Victoria completes fifty years of her wise and beneficent reign. Many reviews are being taken, and will be taken, of the extension of our Empire, and the progress of our national greatness during these fifty years; and, while such is the case, it may be of interest to our readers if we give a brief summary of the development of Foreign Missions during the period brought under review.

The heathen and Mohammedan population of the world was estimated at one thousand millions in 1837, and laboring among these vast masses of people Protestant missionaries were scattered as follows:—

In Egypt and Abyssinia, not more than ten; on the western coast of Africa, not more than twenty-five; in the south of Africa there were about thirty; the whole of the remainder of this great continent was without a single one. In India the number did not exceed 180, and the native Christians 75,000. Ceylon had several missionaries, but Burmah had not more than six. Small stations had just been formed in Syria and Palestine. For the evangelization of the millions of



PANTOMINE, MARSHALL ISLAND.

In 1837, when Her Majesty ascended the throne, there were in Great Britain ten Missionary Societies, in America seven, and on the continent of Europe ten, the British Missionary Societies in that year was not more than £300,000, and their missionaries, lay and clerical, about 760, their lady missionaries and their native ordained ministers less than twelve each, and their converts less than 400,000. The Continental and American Societies united had not more than one-half the income, the missionaries, and the converts of the British Societies.

China twelve missionaries had been appointed; Japan, Siam, and all Central Asia were without any; most of the islands of the Pacific were in darkness; and a thick cloud hung over the missionary work of Madagascar. On the whole continent of America, North and South, the missionaries did not exceed twenty-five, and of these more than half were Moravians. In New Zealand the first converts had been received in 1825, but war between the native tribes, and enmity between the aborigines and Europeans, had greatly retarded the progress of the work.

The most successful and promising missions at that

time were in Polynesia, where good work was being carried on by the London Missionary Society, the Missionaries of the American Board, and by the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

Turning from 1837 to 1886, we find a remarkable advance in funds, agencies and results. The growth of Societies has been great, the British increasing from eight to twenty-five, or including those of the Colonies, to thirty-one; the seven in the United States have risen to thirty-nine, and the ten of continental Europe to thirty. Their agencies and strength in the aggregate are seen in the following table:—

Stations.....	2,147
Foreign ordained missionaries.....	2,980
Lay missionaries.....	730
Lady missionaries (including wives of missionaries).....	2,322
Native ordained ministers.....	2,362
Native preachers.....	26,637
Communicants.....	790,000
Native Christians.....	2,750,000
Schools and colleges.....	11,890
Scholars.....	680,000
Total income.....	£2,000,000

Of this sum £780,000 comes from the United States, £210,000 from continental Europe, and the rest from British Christians.

Want of space and the defective character of the missionary reports for 1837 prevent us from giving detailed statistics of the progress made in the different fields of missionary labor; we may, however, state that in the Fiji Islands, where cannibalism and heathenism reigned, and where Christian missions were not commenced till 1835, there are now 1,236 places of worship, 26,839 communicants, 11 European missionaries, and 1,785 native preachers. In India, in place of the 180 missionaries and 75,000 native Christians, there were in 1886, 620 foreign missionaries, 490 ordained native ministers, 487,000 native Christians, and 125,325 communicants.

In China the results are even more striking. In 1837 this country was closed against the propagation of Christianity. In 1886 there were 32 societies having missionaries in various parts of the empire; the number of communicants was upwards of 22,000, and over 100,000 professed Christianity.

Similar signs of progress could be given respecting Madagascar, one or two portions of the West Coast of Africa, other islands in Polynesia, among the Karens of Burmah, and the Telugus on the eastern side of India. On the Congo, in Africa, hopeful evidence is seen of good being done, as for instance the large number of converts at Banza Manteke, in connection with the American Baptists, reported by a correspondent as exceeding 1,000.

Medical missions, with their work of mercy and grand results, have come into existence during the fifty years under review; Zenana missions, with their loving ministrations, have been organized; and the cause of Female Education in the East and elsewhere has been very greatly advanced.

Such facts as these give cause for rejoicing, but very much yet remains to be accomplished. Missions are not a failure—they are a glorious success; but that which has been done only shows what may yet be done if God's people take this cause deeply to heart.

Millions remain in darkness, and know nothing of Jesus Christ. To them the missionary must be sent. Native pastors and teachers have to be trained; education has to be carried on; much remains for the people of God to do. Let them not rest in their labors. There is cause for thankfulness, but there is more cause for energy. Pray, work, give! and a greater blessing will be showered down, producing more abundant cause for rejoicing in days to come.

For the principal facts in the above we are indebted to an excellent paper by Rev. E. Storrow, of Brighton, in the "Chronicle of the London Missionary Society."—*Illus. Miss. News.*

## Our Young Folk.

### TWO BRICKS.

"THE church was old and too small," they said,  
 And the people knelt as the pastor prayed:  
 "That the spirit of love on them might fall,  
 To build the Lord's house. For each and all,  
 Let loving be living,  
 Let praying be giving!"  
 "Amen!" said the deacon, who always led  
 The subscription list. "Amen!" they all said.

But the deacon thought of the meadow that lay  
 Right next to his, to be sold the next day  
 At a bargain; so he started to go,  
 Holding the hand of his little boy, Joe.  
 "Let loving be living,  
 Let praying be giving."  
 The pastor cried with an anxious heart,  
 As the people all made haste to depart.

"Papa," said Joe, as his little feet pattered—  
 Little six-year Joe, whose tongue always chattered  
 Of all that he heard,—“When the preacher prayed,  
 And prayed—and got done, ‘Amen’ you all said,  
 What does amen mean?”  
 “Why, so be it, my son.”  
 “Then amen means a new church, don't it?  
 And it will be built *sometime*, won't it?”  
 “Yes, when there are bricks enough,” and then  
 straightway  
 He thought of the meadow and its loads of hay.

He was off next morning, busy in buying,  
 And so was Joe off, as busy in trying  
 His little new wheelbarrow, but 'twas quite a load  
 For dear little fingers to wheel down the road:  
 “Please, mister, come quick,  
 And get the first brick  
 For the new meeting-house.” And the pastor smiled  
 In the rosy face of the helpful child.

And the good preacher told when the week was  
 done,  
 Of the new house to be, for the work had begun;  
 How little Joe Darrow,  
 On a wheelbarrow,

Had brought the first brick. O'er misty eyes drew  
Many a hand, as the long list grew  
To thousands of dollars. The pastor prayed then  
As never before, and they all said "Amen!"

—*Woman at Work.*

#### MERIT-MAKING IN SIAM.

**A**FTER a circle of five hundred and fifty transmigrations, Buddha was born a prince. He taught his followers, by example and precept, that only by the practice of the severest austerities and by constant merit-making could they hope to attain to rest in the world to come.

I have seen a Siamese mother with her little child in her arms enter a dark, mouldy temple, prostrate herself before a given idol, teach her child to bow down to it, leave her offering of fruit or flowers, and turn away. When asked why she worships idols, she answers: "Yum neum"—it is custom. "What do you hope to gain by the observance of such a custom?" "Boon," merit.

On their sacred days, which are gala days, and at funerals and cremations, which are grand pageants, the Siamese scatter money among the noisy, struggling crowd—for this, too, is merit.

The giant system of merit-making is practised from the king down to the meanest subject. So, royalty makes an annual visitation of the principal temples. The State barges are launched, and the river presents a lively scene for days, as the oarsmen send their boats up and down the stream, practising for the great day when king, princes and nobles go to worship and make presents to the priests. Two or three hours pass, and there is a great commotion among the crowd as the news is passed along that the "king is coming." His majesty appears, seated on a portable throne borne on the shoulders of several men, and looking not unlike an idol himself. His heavy jewelled crown is on his head; his robe is cloth of gold, and rings of fabulous value are on his fingers. He sits quite motionless, and perhaps uncomfortable, under all this glory. A band of trained musicians precedes him, playing the Siamese national air. The strains of music reach the river; the barges are manned, and in waiting expectancy. The oarsmen are all dressed in uniform of extremely bright colors, and present a fantastic appearance. The king embarks, and the procession moves. Messengers go before him to prepare the way, clear the river and canal of boats, and put the temples in order.

#### CHEATING THE GODS!

**Y**ESTERDAY, while I was in one of our zenanas, I met a dear little school-girl who was dressed in poor old clothes, so that she looked very forlorn, while her mother was unusually well clothed. As I knew the child was the light of the mother's eyes, I expressed some surprise when the mother told me she had had several children and all had died, and when this child came she pretended it was not hers, thinking she was not in favor with the gods and they would take the child away if they knew it belonged to her, and to blind their eyes she would not put good clothes on the

child. She said, "You ask Paeboli to whom she belongs." I did, and she put her little hands in mine, looking up in a cunning, knowing way, and said, "To you;" then I said, "If you are mine I must take you home with me and dress you neatly." She said, "Yes, I will go;" for she wishes to be dressed well; but the mother smiled, and while she did not say no, I knew she would not part with her for anything; for she is a dear, bright little tot. She read to me from the second reader, although she cannot be far from six years of age, and the number of Bible verses stored up in the little brain would surprise you. The mother, like many others, assents to what we say of Christ, but I fear she has not given herself to Him, to be truly His.

#### "SAVE HIM FIRST."

**I**N one of the great tornados in a Western town last spring a school-house was blown down, and a great many little children went down under the ruins. Kind, pitying hearts and hands were soon at work trying to release the little sufferers. A little girl who was pinned down by heavy beams begged the men who were working to help her out to leave her and save a little boy near by, "cause he's only five years old!" urged the brave, loving little heart! The same spirit moved the noble boy of whom this story is told:

Some years ago there was an accident in a coal-mine near Bitton, in Gloucestershire. Six men were going down into the mine, when the handle of the cart in which they were sitting broke, and they were all killed.

A man and a boy had been clinging to the rope which held the cart, and as the accident happened they each made a spring, and managed to catch hold of a long iron chain which is always hung down the side of a coal-pit as a guide.

When the people at the top heard of the accident, and found that some one was clinging on to the chain, they sent down a man to rescue him. The man himself was securely fastened to the end of a rope, and had another noose or loop of rope which he could tie round the body of the man to be rescued, and then they would be drawn up together.

He came first to the boy, Daniel Harding, and was just going to seize him, when the boy cried, "Don't mind me, I can still hold on a little, but Joseph Brown, who is a little lower down, is nearly exhausted; save him first."

So the brave lad hung on patiently for another quarter of an hour, and saved his friend's life at the risk of his own.—*S. S. Advocate.*

#### THE THREE HALF-PENCE.

A TRUE STORY.

**I**T was an evening missionary meeting in the great city of London. A minister was telling missionary stories, as he used to do once in every month. As he was speaking, he saw a poor man, black with his work in the iron foundry near by, come in and stand with his back to the wall, near the door. He held in his arms a very little girl, pale and thin, with large

bright eyes. She looked earnestly at the minister, and listened to his words with deep attention.

At the close of his speech, he said :

"These poor heathen cannot hear of God without a preacher. No preacher can go to them unless he is sent. To send him costs a good deal of money. No one should hear what you have been hearing without doing something to help pay for the expenses of missions. A penny saved from self may be a penny given to God." Then he showed them some pretty little boxes, and he said he would give one to anybody who would try to save, be it ever so little, and drop it into the box to help the heathen.

As he stopped speaking, he saw that little girl pointing to a box, and coaxing her father with eager whispers to go up and take one for her. The poor man was ashamed to come quite up, but he moved forward, and the kind minister met him and held out the box. The child smiled, and a flush of joy passed over her pale face. Her father said, "I don't know if the lass will be able to gather much for you." "Let her try," said the minister. "Where there's a will, there's a way. If she saves or earns one penny for God's work, it will do herself good." Soon after this the poor man's wife died, and the child was left to his sole care.

A year went by. There was another missionary meeting, and the boxes that had been given out were to be sent in and opened. Again that poor man stood leaning against the wall, but the little girl who had nestled in his arms was not there now. She had just died also. His hand held her box and tears were in his eyes. When the meeting was over, and everyone else had gone, he moved up to the minister and held out the box. "That was hers, sir," he said, and the tears rolled down his face. "She made me give her a half-penny every Saturday night out of my week's wages, when she had been good and pleased me. She never lost her half-penny, sir. Count it; there were fifty-two weeks, fifty-two half-pence. You will find it all right."

But when the money was counted there were three half-pence too many, and one large penny piece was among them. The father looked distressed. His child never had any money but what he gave her. How could she have obtained it? Could she have kept it back from the money due at the shop, when she had been sent on errands? He could not believe that his dear little Elly could think she was doing God service by a dishonest thing. Still, he went away troubled.

One morning, as he sat thinking this over at his lonely breakfast, a lady came to the door with some message. She spoke kindly of his child, whose gentle patience and goodness she had seen in her sickness. Then the father told her of his anxiety about the three half-pence. The lady thought a minute, and said joyfully: "I can tell you about them." The day before Elly's death she had called to see her. The child's mouth looked hot and dry, and she had asked her if she would not like an orange. "Very much," was the reply. She took out her purse, but, as she had just been shopping, she found there were only three half-pence left. She gave them to the dying child, and asked her to send the old neighbor who nursed her for an orange.

"I remember it," said the lady, "because I was so sorry that I had no more to give. There was a penny piece and a half-penny. I was sending some nice things to the child the next morning, when the old woman came to say she was dead. I asked her if she got the orange, and she said the child never spoke of it. I reproached myself, for I thought it was weakness that kept her from asking for it. I thought I ought to have gone for it myself."

"God be praised, and may He forgive me!" said the poor father. "The child denied her dying lips the orange, and put the three half-pence into the missionary box."—*Mission Dayspring*.

### BLUE RIBBONS.

INSTEAD of jumping the rail she sat down on it, her flowers and vines gathered in her hat, her face dreary with thought.

"If we could only raise some money to begin on," she said to herself, "after a while we could get the girls into it, and plan ways to raise more. Just think how splendid that mission band was out there in Greenfield—a little bit of a place, and not half a dozen girls to do anything! And here we have never tried. I am just ashamed. But I don't know how to begin. We must have a little money to start with. Ten cents a month is little enough. All of us could earn that if we could only think of ways. We could have a sewing society, and make aprons and holders, and such things. They would sell, I guess. But aprons can't be made without money. I wish I had just a little to start the thing. If I had a dollar I would spend it in cloth and things, and get mamma to cut it out, and invite the girls, and talk it all up while we sewed. Things always go after they once get started. But, then, I haven't a dollar; and I certainly can't ask papa for any more money, after what he said last night."

Just at that moment our young dreamer started, and a pink flush came on her cheek. She had placed her hand in her pocket to get her handkerchief, and it came in contact with something hard. She knew what it was,—a silver dollar, her own, too. What if she *should* use that to start a mission band with? But the dollar was to have bought blue bows with which to trim the new suit that was getting ready to be worn at Laura Stevens' birthday party. Everyone knew that blue was just the color to match that soft, delicate goods; and a dress didn't look complete nowadays without bows of ribbon on it. Besides, she told the girls just what she was going to have. What would they think? "I don't see why I should give up every thing to the missionaries, any more than other people," she said at last; and she felt as though she would like to be angry at somebody for thinking of such a thing—though, to be sure, no one *had* thought any such thing, or at least said it, save herself. She jumped the rails after a little and went home, thinking all the time about the blue ribbon.

"Dear me! How they are dying off in China!" said her mother that evening, laying aside her paper as she spoke. "One can't help wondering whether the poor things who are the victims in this famine have ever

heard of Jesus, and whether we have done all we could to get the gospel to them. Then she went to sewing on her daughter Claire's new suit, and the very next thing that she said was, "Blue ribbons will look pretty on this goods."

"I do not believe they will," said Claire, promptly—"that is, if you are willing, mamma, that I should change my mind. Papa gave me the money, but I have decided that I would like to spend it another way."

Then, with some questioning, the story of the hoped-for mission band was told. In view of the hundreds starving in China, and the remark that she had just made, what could the mother say but, "Well, dear, just as you think best; but I am afraid your dress will look rather bare without any ribbon!"

Nevertheless, Claire, being a strong-hearted girl when her mind was fully made up, held to her resolution, and started her "band" with that silver dollar.—*Light in Many Lands.*

## Along the Line.

### JAPAN.

WE resume this month Dr. Eby's interesting diary of an evangelistic tour in the interior of Japan. A number of additional letters are yet on hand, which will appear as fast as we can make room for them:—

*Thursday, April 21st.*—We went out to Inazumi, and had a farm house full of people; began by teaching the youngsters a hymn, after which Bro. Cocking made his maiden effort in this kind of evangelistic work, and gave a talk without his MS.; I followed with an address, in which my freedom of the olden times began to come back, and held the sparkling black eyes all around until I got done. A ride of six miles, over rough roads, brought us back to Kofu and to bed near midnight.

*Friday, 22nd.*—A young man who had been in Bro. Cocking's English class in Tsukiji dropped in upon us, and we found that his home was in a village three miles from here, where we have not yet had preaching. He came to ask Bro. Saunby to teach him English. I asked him if his village would like to hear the gospel, and he said they would, so I got him to arrange for a service on Sunday afternoon. In the evening we all three went to Narushima, a village five miles away, where I had preached to crowds on my last visit. The eldest son of the house is now one of our "evangelists;" a younger son has been sent to Azabu school, given by his mother like Samuel to the work of the Lord for life. The house and yard packed; spent half an hour over a hymn with the children, and then after a few words from Tsuchiya, Bro. Cocking gave an address, and then I had a blessed talk for some time; the attention throughout was most complete. This was Bro. Saunby's first sight of the country elements of his parish of half a million, and he was captivated at the possibilities before our work here. Home again.

*Saturday, 23rd.*—We called on the Governor and had a very pleasant visit. He is a very different man from Fujimura, the old governor; he has been abroad, and has spent much of his time in Tôkyô, hence it is expected that he will be much more liberal, and remove many of the vexatious police regulations which thus far have hampered the free preaching of the gospel everywhere in the Ken. He expressed himself in favor of the spread of Christianity, and is anxious to have Mrs. Saunby teach his family English, music and western manners. In the evening we took stage, ten miles, to Katsumuna, in a pouring rain. They had hired a story-teller's house, but on account of the rain we had a slim audience; I gave them a short talk, and we had ten miles back in the storm, a hot bath and then the sleep of the weary.

*Sunday, 24th.*—The morning came clear and bright, the heavy mist of the previous days all gone. All around our house preparations going on for the great annual festival of the rice god, whose temple is only a few steps away. You will remember that this festival is the great event of the year of the Shintoists in Kofu, combining a little worship with a great big show and vanity fair, and filling the city with a vast crowd of country people who then have an annual holiday. Our pleasant chapel had a very nice gathering when we entered at ten o'clock. Quite a detachment of students came, and many old familiar faces with many new ones greeted us. Bro. Cocking preached and then Bro. Saunby gave an address in English, which I rendered into Japanese as best I could. After dinner we took stage out to Matsushima, three miles, where the young man mentioned above had made preparation for us. We were ushered into a story-teller's house, where platform, chairs and table, and flowers had been arranged. Just beside the platform at another table, with a white cover over it, sat a sworded policeman, who kindly assisted in keeping order, and took notes of the addresses. While Mr. Tsuchiya was giving an opening address a drunken man created some disturbance, but they put him quietly out, and packed the audience closer and closer, until 300 people were wedged in like sardines. The school teachers and officials of the village were there, besides a large number of very intelligent-looking people. After Bro. Tsuchiya, Bro. Cocking gave an address, but with these varied audiences, the measure of which you can never tell beforehand, he is beginning to be utterly disgusted with MS. preaching, and is making up his mind to a complete release from the fetters of reading. And I guess he will succeed. After he was done I had a good time and had many a "hear, hear." After the meeting we had tea and sweetmeats at the young man's house who had brought us. They wish to make arrangements for another afternoon before we leave. Bros. Saunby and Cocking are gradually kindling into intense enthusiasm over these meetings, and the evident interest everywhere in hearing our message. On the way back to Kofu we walked part of the way, and were stopped by a finely dressed lady who addressed me as an old friend. She turned out to be a daughter of Kinoshita, a farmer in a village the other side of Kofu, whom I baptised, and all his children years ago. This young woman was then a girl of 12 or 13, is now married to a man in another village;

she brings him to church and he will probably soon be a member. Thus the good seed spreads little by little. When we got back to the city the festival was beginning to swell, and we had to push our way through dense crowds in gaily lighted and noisy streets to get to our chapel for evening service. A goodly number of students, besides the members, and friends, and passers-by soon filled the chapel. As we have a whole week's work yet before us here, we did not keep up the service very late, and toiled through the crowd back to our dwelling right in the midst of the pandemonium, which kept up its din until near midnight.

*Monday, April 25th.*—We spent the morning walking, and reading, and writing. After dinner Mr. Tsuchiya and the three evangelists came for a council of war as to the future work in the Ken. We portioned out the land, giving a section full of villages to each of the young men to work in, with Tsuchiya and Saunby in the centre. They are taking hold of the arrangement gladly. We had scarcely got done with our council when three teachers of the Model came in with patterns of children's dresses to ask our opinion of a suitable dress for the boys and girls of the schools. They brought also a suit of boy's clothes which they said could be made, cloth and all, for 70 sen (about 50 cents). They are going to change the costumes of the youngsters; in fact, the whole school fraternity has caught the Western civilization fever—"caught it bad," too. They wanted information about women and children's clothes, but we found our education on these points so defective that we implored them to wait till Mrs. Saunby should bring in female wisdom and tact to solve that problem. You would be rather surprised to see children and ladies in Kofu streets wearing foreign costumes and no crowd following them; yet so it is. In the evening we had a house full again at the chapel, where Bro. C. and I gave them another talk. One of the teachers of the Chingakko is a young man who as a boy heard the Gospel from me for the first time in Nambu ten years ago. He went to Kioto school, was baptized, and is now again among us, and several of the students are among the most faithful attendants at the services. I expect that they will now multiply. Mr. Saunby is making arrangements to teach English to a class of young men, teachers and others, two evenings in the week, and then turn them into an English Bible-class on Sundays.

*Tuesday, 26th.*—This morning I have spent in preparation for to-night's lecture. Shortly after dinner Mr. Otoguro, father of our evangelist, came to see me from Narushima village. You remember that years ago I found in their little meeting-room the plan of a chapel and the beginnings of a subscription towards its erection. They still had the enterprise in hope, but had not got much farther. I advised the members of Kofu and other appointments to join in the effort to raise half the amount necessary and I would, with Mr. Saunby, see after getting the rest. They have taken hold of the idea. The old man came to show me the plan of the chapel. He promises the land, and had made out a subscription list up to the required amount, which he expects to have complete before we leave. If he does they will go on with the chapel and will be ready for the opening services when I come here again in September. I hope by that time to have a tent for

a peripatetic camp-meeting and pitch it beside the chapel in the midst of the villages, to preach for a week to the crowds that will come, and then leave them to gather the fruits into the little fold.

One other problem is now up for solution. The young Buddhist priests are awaking to the fact that they are on the losing side and want to take Christ for Buddha. But you know they are given when young to the temple and are simply fed and clothed and learn no useful work, so that they are utterly helpless if they leave their present position. If they could have their rice secured they would leave—but! The applicants are growing numerous, and what can we do? The young men told me of two men who seemed good sincere men who had often told them of their wish to change into Christian teachers, and said also that in many of these villages there were a great many children of parents too poor to pay the 30 sen per month required at the common schools, and asked if these men might not be employed on trial to teach these children for what would give them rice to live on, so that they could learn Christ for themselves and hold together little schools in which we could steadily plant Christian truth. It is a new thing, but I told them to go ahead and try it, and if necessary we should pay the three yen monthly for each of the teachers out of our Lord's tenth. A company of seven merchants called to ask Mr. Saunby to teach them English, and so it goes on. They are giving him full sweep in the school to turn out old text-books and introduce new ones, and make any arrangement almost that he likes. In the evening the big old theatre had not a very large crowd when we began, but they kept on coming in until we had a big crowd. Mr. Otoguro gave a very nice talk on the "Cross of Christ," at first so despised, now the mightiest power in the world. Then Mr. Saunby gave an address on the "Life of Civilization," and a very neat and appropriate address it was too; I interpreted for him as well as I could, and the audience seemed to appreciate his points. I followed with the "Essentials of Christianity," and the large audience gave enthusiastic attention until half-past ten o'clock, when we brought the meeting to a close.

*Wednesday, 27th.*—This morning the weather is simply perfect and our surroundings sublime; the snow-crowned, haze-veiled hills around; the quiet valley, full of villages and fields; the public garden close at hand with tea-houses reflected in placid ponds, the foliage of the trees growing perceptibly thicker every day, gradually hiding from sight the blushing bloom of the cherry blossoms which this year seem more full and to stay longer than I ever knew them to do before. Altogether a charming spot, living in which—surrounded by such opportunities—Bro. Saunby will not need to be very much pitied, but rather envied.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE following letter was received recently by W. Gooderham, Esq., from the Rev. W. H. Pierce, native missionary to the Indians on the Skeena River. Mr. Gooderham has taken a deep interest in this work, and contributes liberally towards the support of the missionary:—

KIT-ZE-GUCLA, B.C., UPPER SKEENA RIVER,

Feb. 10th, 1887.

DEAR BRO. IN JESUS,—Your last letter, dated Oct. 5th, 1886, came to hand before Christmas, and you may be sure I was most glad to hear the blessed time you are having. I, too, had a happy time on Xmas and New Year, preaching the good news to hundreds who heard for the first time of the love of God in giving a Saviour for mankind. I have been away nearly three weeks in visiting the upper tribes. We went through their heathen villages like the Salvation Army which you spoke of. Many were asking the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" The love of God, I think, touched their dark hearts and led some of them to feel that they were lost forever. After preaching in the open air, we went among them in their houses and found all sitting round the fire. Some houses have from 40 to 50 people living all in one room. In this village, a few years ago, our grandfathers used to have war with them, cutting their heads off by hundreds, and making slaves of their children. They knew me, so they told me not to be afraid, but tell them more of the good news. I have been telling them of the great love of Christ in giving Himself to die on the Cross for us. Although we have been killing each other and making slaves, Jesus came to make peace in our hearts towards them. One old heathen chief said, after I got through, "How hard-hearted I have been not to love the good man Saviour who suffered much on Cross for man like me," the old man asking us to start a mission in his village at once. You see, as soon as this chief had a new heart, he found that he wants to love the good things he used to hate before, and hated the bad things, such as war to another tribe, or eating a live dog in their heathen feasts and dances. I had one of their countrymen with me, who was converted a few years ago when I was on the Naas River. I told them that I have to leave him with them to teach their young people how to read. They were all astonished to see one of their people could read the Bible and hymn book. I hope my white chief in your city has experience like this old man. Eight persons has come on the Lord's side this year, so you see that God answered your prayers. But the influence of the meetings does not stop in this village. Few other places are asking for the bread of life to be giving to them, as they are dying without it. We had a good Watch-meeting on New Year's Eve. The people are beginning to live like Christians. I feel myself very happy in seeing what God has done for us. May He enable me to rule them in His fear, and to feed His flock. My only great wish is, that my countrymen would receive the Gospel of Jesus, as well as myself. Excuse me writing so much, but allow me to say, that it affords me much pleasure and comfort, to think that I have a friend in Jesus. Sometimes I dreamed that I was in your house, talking and singing, in my own tongue with you. I praise God for His good dealings with me. With kindest love to all my Christian white friends in the faith. I have just received a letter last night from my good friend, Sister Lawrence. She was telling me what a good time she had among the good people in your city. I am sure she will tell you all about the work of God in this

land. When this reaches you, I shall be down to attend our district meeting at Port Simpson. Pray for us, Bro. We are all in good courage in our work in this wild and lonely country.

#### THE FRENCH WORK.

**Montreal Centre.**—Owing to illness in my family for over two months I have been greatly hindered in my work during the quarter, and have not been able to attend to pastoral work as was necessary. Our congregations are not large, but as they become, so to speak, condensed, I think we can safely say they are more Methodistic than ever. We are gratified to notice increased contributions to the running expenses of the mission in proportion to our numbers. Other denominations seem to aim at our destruction. Our Church should take hold of this work more aggressively and with a determination to succeed no matter at what sacrifice. We need the best men in the field.

J. PINEL.

**South Roxton, Berea and Waterloo.**—At South Roxton we have had a revival of God's work in the conversion of a number of people, English and French. At this appointment the two peoples meet together to worship. The French understand the English language. Backsliders have been reclaimed and brought back to their Saviour. Visiting the people has been productive of much good, and many have been grateful to me for visiting them, and ask me if I will be kind enough to come back again. Berea is another station where I preach and attend prayer-meetings, but this last winter I have not been able to go as regularly as I have done in former times on account of bad roads and stormy weather and my advanced age. I find that I am not able to do the work of a young man; my days are nearly numbered. I feel that I am getting to the end of my journey, but I am so glad to be able to preach and witness to so many of my people who have been saved by the grace of God and made happy in His love. The year I was converted I had not heard of even one French Canadian who had been converted to God; but they are numbered by the thousand now. I pray God to hasten the blessed day when the whole Province of Quebec will acknowledge the Bible to be the Book above every other book.

AMAND PARENT.

**Oka.**—Thank God for His Spirit of consolation and peace in our mission labor. Four of our members died during this quarter in full assurance of faith, and they testified that to them to live was Christ and to die was gain. It is wonderful to see the fidelity of our people in observing the ordinances of our holy religion notwithstanding what they have to encounter. Evidently they have a deep feeling of love to God in their hearts. Pray that we may be delivered from all our enemies, and that we may serve God without molestation from those of a contrary part.

J. A. DORION.

THERE are 500 Chinese in Philadelphia, of whom 110 are in Sunday-schools and twenty have professed Christianity.

## Facts and Illustrations.

"There remains yet very much land to be possessed."—*Josh. xiii. 1.*

"SPARE not! Lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes."—*Is. liv. 2.*

SINCE 1852 seventy-five Sandwich Islanders have gone out as foreign missionaries.

TAHITI is to be left off the list of mission fields, because it has become Christianized.

THE Mohammedans have ninety-nine names for God, but among them all they have not "Our Father."

THERE is a Wesleyan Military Church at Rome composed entirely of soldiers, all sons of Roman Catholic parents.

A LAW has been passed by the Italian Chambers making obligatory the weekly Sabbath rest to children working in factories.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago it was the crime of high treason in Italy to possess a Bible. Now, Bible depots are established in every Italian city.

THE Government of Russia expends only three per cent. of its revenue on education, and ninety-one per cent. of the people cannot read or write.

DR. SCHAFF says the Easter week ceremonies in Seville were advertised to include "five magnificent bull fights," beginning with Easter Sunday.

In the Bethel Santhal Mission twenty native brethren go two and two every day into the villages to speak of Christ. They visit forty villages every week.

MR. SOLTAU writes: "In Upper Burmah there are but two missionaries, while in Scotland with about the same population, there are over 3,000 ministers of the gospel."

PRINCE GALITZIN, a young Russian nobleman, who had a Bible given to him at the Paris Exhibition, and was led to accept its truths, proposes to travel for some months through Russia for evangelistic work. He intends to build thirty Bible-stalls and fit up seven carriages for religious books and tracts.

DID YOU EVER?—Did you ever feel the joy of winning a soul for Christ? If so, you will need no better argument for attempting to spread the knowledge of His name to every creature. I tell you there is no joy out of heaven which excels it—the grasp of the hand of one who says, "By your means I was turned from darkness to light."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE captain of a steamer on the lower Niger told Mr. Roe of Lagos, that in every trip he has taken during the past two years, his boat has been boarded by the natives at Aghberi to ask, "Is the man who talks about God on board? When is he coming? If he will come and teach us to know the white man's book, then we build him house and school, and give him chop—plenty." Mr. Roe, for want of helpers, can neither go nor send; but the Roman Catholics, having heard of this open door, are preparing to enter at once.

THE late Dr. Oncken some years ago, on a visit to one of the state ministers of Russia, urged a policy of tolerance towards the German Baptists of that country. The minister became angry, and threw out a hint about Siberia. "Well," said Dr. Oncken, with his accustomed Christian fearlessness, "if you send us into exile we will preach the gospel in Siberia."

THE Papal authorities in Mexico are alarmed, evidently, at the growing interest in Protestantism in that country, and are doing all in their power to turn the current of popular favor back in its old channels. Rumors are industriously circulated to the effect that the United States, and particularly its Christian missionaries, are working for the annexation of Mexico—a statement calculated to stir the hatred of the Mexicans. No serious check, however, has been put upon the efforts of Protestants.

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