

# FOREIGN MISSIONARY TIDINGS

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA  
WESTERN DIVISION

THE  
WORLD  
FOR  
CHRIST.



"LO!  
I AM WITH  
YOU  
ALWAYS."

Vol. III. (Old Series, Vol. XV.) TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1899. No. 6.

NEW SERIES

## NOTICES.

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The Board of Management meets on the *first Tuesday* of every month, at 3 o'clock p.m., and on the remaining Tuesdays of each month at 10 a.m., in the Board Room of the Bible and Tract Societies, 104 Yonge Street, Toronto. Members of Auxiliary Societies, or other ladies interested in the work and desiring information, may attend a meeting if introduced by a member of the Board.

President's address: Mrs. Shortreed, 236 Bloor St. West, Toronto.

Letters concerning the organization of societies, and all matters pertaining to Home work, are to be addressed to Mrs. Grant, Home Secretary, St. Margaret's College, 403 Bloor Street West, Toronto. The Home Secretary should be notified *at once* when an Auxiliary or Mission Band is formed.

Letters asking information about missionaries, or any questions concerning the Foreign Field, as to Bible-readers, teachers, or children in the various Mission Schools, also letters concerning supplies for India, should be addressed to Mrs. Bell, Foreign Secretary, 29 Prince Arthur Ave., Toronto.

All correspondence relating to work in the North-West and British Columbia including supplies, will be conducted through Mrs. A. Jeffrey, Secretary for Indian Work in the North-West and British Columbia, 62 St. George Street, Toronto.

All letters to the Board not directly bearing upon work specified in the above departments, should be addressed to Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Corresponding Secretary, 220 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

All requests for life-membership certificates should be sent to Miss Craig 228 Beverley Street, Toronto, to be accompanied in every case by a receipt from the Treasurer of the Auxiliary into which the fee has been paid.

Letters containing remittances of money for the W.F.M.S. may be addressed to Miss Isabella L. George, Treasurer, 277 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

All correspondence relating to the business management of the FOREIGN MISSIONARY TIDINGS—all orders, remittances and changes of address—should be sent to Mrs. Telfer, 72 St. Alban's Street, Toronto.

Notices of Presbyterial meetings intended for the FOREIGN MISSIONARY TIDINGS may be sent to the editor, Mrs. J. MacGillivray, B.A., 72 St. Alban's Street, Toronto.

# Foreign Missionary Tidings.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Presbyterian Church  
in Canada.

(WESTERN DIVISION.)

VOL. III.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 6

## THE PRAYER OF SELF.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

One knelt within a world of care  
And sin, and lifted up his prayer ;  
" I ask Thee, Lord, for health and power  
To meet the duties of each hour ;  
For peace from care, for daily food,  
For life prolonged and filled with good ;  
I praise Thee for Thy gifts received,  
For sins forgiven, for pains relieved,  
For near and dear ones spared and blessed,  
For prospered toil and promised rest.  
This prayer I make in His great name  
Who for my soul's salvation came."

But as he prayed, lo ! at his side  
Stood the thorn-crowned Christ, and sighed ;  
" O blessed disciple—came I then  
To bless the selfishness of men ?  
Thou asketh health amid the cry  
Of human strain and agony :  
Thou askest peace, while all around  
Trouble bows thousands to the ground ;  
Thou askest life for thine and thee,  
While others die ; thou thankst Me  
For gifts, for pardon, for success,  
For thine own narrow happiness.

" Nay ; rather bow thy head and pray  
That while thy brother starves to-day  
Thou mayst not eat thy bread at ease ;  
Pray that no health or wealth, or peace  
May lull thy soul while the world lies  
Suffering, and claims thy sacrifice ;

Praise not, while others weep that thou  
 Hast never groaned with anguished brow;  
 Praise not, thy sins have pardon found,  
 While others sink in darkness drowned;  
 Canst thou give thanks, while others nigh,  
 Outcast and lost, curse God and die?

“ Not in My name thy prayer was made,  
 Not for My sake thy praises paid.  
 My gift is sacrifice ; My blood  
 Was shed for human brotherhood,  
 And till thy brother's woe is thine  
 Thy heart-beat knows no throb of mine,  
 Come, leave thy selfish hopes and see  
 Thy birthright of humanity !  
 Shun sorrow not ; be brave to bear  
 The world's dark weight of sin and care ;  
 Spend and be spent, yearn, suffer, give,  
 And in thy brethren learn to live.”

—From The Outlook.

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### SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

Thanksgiving for our gospel privileges. For extension in home work. For personal, family and national mercies, and for the bounties of God's providence. Confession of our shortcomings.

“ Being enriched in everything to all bountifulness which causeth through us thanksgiving to God. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift, 2 Cor. 9 : 11, 15.

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### HOME DEPARTMENT.

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#### INCREASE.

Presbyterial Society—

Sarnia.....	Knox Church, Warwick Auxiliary.
“ .....	Arkona Auxiliary.
Barrie.....	West Essa “Cameron” Mission Band.
“ .....	Elmvale Auxiliary.
Guelph.....	Hawkesville Mission Band.
Brockville.....	Lyndhurst Auxiliary.
“ .....	Morton Auxiliary.



## LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Geo. A. Young, Knox Church, Winnipeg.  
 Mrs. T. Carmichael, Knox Church, Thedford.  
 Mrs. Davidson, Agincourt.

## TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

## RECEIPTS.

Aug. 1.	To	balance from last month .....	\$2,485 35
" 1.	"	Westminster Presbyterian Society .....	114 45
" 7.	"	Sarnia Presbyterian Society .....	467 40
" 7.	"	Ormiston Auxiliary, Quebec .....	126 68
" 7.	"	Glengarry Presbyterian Society .....	220 00
			\$3,413 88

## EXPENDITURE.

Aug. 2.	By	printing 200 L. M. Certificates .....	\$13 00
" 31.	"	Balance on hand .....	3,400 88
			\$3,413 88

ISABELLA L. GEORGE, Treasurer.

## NOTICE OF MOTION—TO PRESBYTERIALS.

By decision of the last Annual Meeting the following motion is to be considered by Presbyterials and reported on to the Board: "The Huron Presbyterian move that the representation at the Annual Meeting be *one* delegate from each Auxiliary, and one from each Mission Band; also that Article 8 of the Constitution be changed to President *or* Substitute."

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

**The Board** resumed its regular weekly meetings on Tuesday Sept. 5th. after a few weeks' rest, during which business has been piling up. What could not wait was dealt with by the Executive, but there is yet much to be done. We were pleased to see with us a number of outside members who happened to be in the city.

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**A welcome visitor** whose welfare we are deeply interested in was Mrs. Livingston, who succeeds Mrs. Ross as Superintendent of the Ewart Missionary Training Home. We sympathize with those who enter on new duties. No path is free from cares; but we assure our

new Superintendent our Board will give her its sympathetic help in every way and we know our Society as a whole will not forget her at the throne of grace. We were privileged in having such an one as Mrs. Ross for our first Superintendent, and we thank God for those two years spent among us. Should we not be deeply grateful that our Father has given us another equally gifted to follow in her footsteps in that great work of training young women for Christian work.

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**Yet another visitor** was Mr. Skene from Fill Hills, N.W.T. Mr.

Skene was on his way back after a short vacation, and is to take up his work as assistant principal in the Regina Industrial School. Mr. Skene is one of our most faithful workers, and it was a treat to hear him tell of his school. The Reserve at File Hills, near which the school is stationed, is one of the hardest to work among, the Indians being of a very low grade. It would be out of the question to establish anything but a boarding school, for no other way can succeed but by taking the children away from their homes of filth and wickedness. At the end of two years, after the school was opened, there were only four scholars, so convinced were the Indians that the missionary could only come for selfish ends. Years of plodding and the example of Christian living have brought them to the advance they now show. We teach the children to be useful, not to loaf, whether at work or play. Boys and girls of ten and twelve can carry water, wood, scrub a floor, make a bed, help in the kitchen, cut patches. Thus, when the summer comes, we have Indian boys who can earn from \$5 to \$10 a month. One lad was so faithful last summer that his master paid him \$16 a month instead of \$12. Indian children are glad to depend on their teachers for advice, so that their earnings are never wasted—with part of it they must clothe themselves. The Indians must be self-supporting if they are to be of use in our country. Mr. Skene laid stress on the thought that our schools should hold an oversight over the pupils after they graduate. At present the Government forbids it. The pupils must, at the age of eighteen, leave the school and launch out for themselves. By temperament the Indian is easily influenced, consequently we know what the result must be if he goes into unfavorable surroundings. He spoke also of the Indians' gratitude for the clothing sent. In this, too, they were being taught independence, and he hoped ere long to see the Reserve self-supporting.

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**The Ewart Missionary Training Home** opens the 1st week in October. We hope to have quite a band of young women as students in the Home. Seven at least have enrolled their names and others are in correspondence with the Board. The students are asked to

present themselves at the home by the 4th of October. The opening lecture will be given by Professor Ballantyne on Friday, October 6th, at 3 p.m., in Knox College. We hope to see many of our friends present.

**Mrs. Jeffrey** our secretary for Indian work in the North West and British Columbia, has had a busy summer visiting the different missions. During August Mrs. Jeffrey visited Portage la Prairie, Round Lake, Hurricane Hills, Lakesend, File Hills, Regina, Duck Lake, Mistawasis, Makoce Waste, Alberni, Ucluelet, Ahousaht. On her homeward trip during September, she hopes to visit the other stations including Crowstand, Birtle, Rolling River, Okanase, Beulah and Moose Mountain. This has meant a great deal of hard work for our secretary. Besides railway travel it has involved many hundred miles of stage and buck-board driving. The Board feel grateful in having a secretary who is so whole-hearted in that extensive work. The information she has gained will be invaluable to us during the coming months.

**A most interesting article** will be found under the North-West Department entitled "Industrial Training in Indian Day Schools," a paper read by Mr. J. W. Russell at a conference of Presbyterian missionaries to the Indians in British Columbia, held in Alberni during the last week in August. In addition to the missionaries, Rev. J. A. Logan, Eburne, Mrs. Jeffrey, Miss McLaren, Dr. Campbell, Convener of Synod's F. M. C., and Rev. A. B. Winchester, Superintendent of the Chinese Missions, were expected to be present, and to take active part.

The objects of the Conference are: (a) The friendly discussion of the work with a view to increased usefulness, and a uniform policy; (b) The deepening of the spiritual life of the workers. Incidentally other benefits will accrue, it is hoped, but the above indicate the chief objects. We believe the plan is a good one, and likely to be very helpful to the work of the Lord there.

**The Semi-annual Meeting** of the Toronto Presbyterial Society will be held in Emmanuel Church, East Toronto, on Friday, October 20th, at 2.30 p.m.

**Copies of the Foreign Mission Report** are now in the hands of Mrs. Grant, the Home Secretary, and may be had on application. Address St. Margaret's College, 403 Bloor Street West.

#### MOVEMENTS OF OUR MISSIONARIES.

From the minutes of our Woman's Council at Indore we learn that Miss Weir is to be transferred from Ujjain to Mhow to assist Miss Leyden, on account of Miss Calder's return.

Miss Duncan is at present giving a series of missionary addresses in the Owen Sound and Barrie Presbyterials. Miss Ptolemy and Miss Turnbull, M.D., expect to take up similar work at an early date—arrangements are not yet completed.

The designation services of Miss Goodfellow took place in Thornbury on September 22nd. Miss Goodfellow is a graduate of our Training Home, and now goes out to join our mission staff at Indore. She expects to sail for India October 22. We hope to take notice of her farewell meeting in the November issue. The date of the services makes it impossible for an item on it to appear in our October Tidings.

Mr. and Mrs Motion have been transferred from Regina to our Indian School at Alberni, B.C. Mr. Skene, of File Hills, has been appointed to fill the vacancy thus made in the Regina Industrial School, and Mr. E. C. Stewart succeeds Mr. Skene at File Hills. Mr. Stewart was assistant principal of the Brandon Indian School, and is well acquainted with the File Hill Indians, having lived among them as a Government officer. He speaks the language, is an experienced school teacher and highly recommended as a Christian man.

Speaking of our work in Alberni the B. C. Presbyterian says: "Mr. J. R. Motion and Mrs. Motion, who are appointed to the charge of the Industrial Work and Matron of the Alberni Mission Home respectively, arrived at their new sphere of labor on Monday, 1st inst. Mrs. Motion has had about six years' experience in similar work to that which she is now appointed, and Mr. Motion has proved himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," during his three and a half years in the Regina Industrial School, where he held the position of Assistant Superintendent. Both seem well mated with their work and the Church has good ground for expecting great results from their labors. Mr. and Mrs. Motion were married at Regina only last week. We wish them fulness of joy through all their lives."

"When relieved of temporary charge of Alberni Home, Mr. Swar-tout will return to his difficult, dangerous, self-sacrificing itinerancy among the Indian tribes of Barclay Sound and West Coast. The church is to be congratulated on having a man possessing just the requisite gifts in such rare combination for a work making such large drafts upon physical powers and courage no less than upon faith, patience and hope. Our faithful and successful missionary at Ahousaht, Mr. Russell, and Mrs. Russell have had a heavy trial in the illness of their young son. He is now out of danger."

**THANK OFFERING MEETING.**

## A SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMME.

Not a few of our Auxiliaries and Mission Bands are looking forward to holding their annual Thank-offering meeting during this present month. It should be a season of refreshing to the soul, and of sweet communion with Him who is the giver of all. Many have been planning their programme ere this, but for the aid of busy presidents we give a suggestive one. To begin with, a few autumn leaves or flowers will help make your meeting room bright and attractive. Let the officers be present early, so as to greet each member. Have the service just an hour in length.

*Hymn*—"One is Kind Above All Others."

*Prayer*—By the President, For this Meeting and for World-wide Missions.

*Scripture*—Giving and Thanksgiving, 1 Chron. 29 : 9-14; Psalm 96.

*Hymn*—"O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea."

*Reading*—Two five-minute papers. (1) Reasons for Thanksgiving at Home; (2) Reasons for Thanksgiving Abroad.

*Hymn or appropriate music.*

*Missionary Address or Story*—Choice of the following, may be had from the Secretary—Her Tithes, Mrs. Gay's Thank-offering, Giving Thanks for All Things.

*Collection of Thank-offerings.*

*Reading Texts or Messages in the Envelopes.*

*Prayer*—For a blessing on these special gifts.

*Doxology*—Praise God.

Turn your meeting into a friendly gathering at the close.

**REASONS FOR THANKSGIVING IN THE FIELD.**

## INDIA.

Christian missions have planted 103 hospitals and 254 dispensaries in prominent centres in India. Our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has had a share in this work. We have a hospital and dispensary at Indore and at Dhar, a dispensary at Mhow. Many of the helpers in our hospitals and schools are Christian converts. Dr. O'Hara tells us of Sombai, the Bible-woman, and first convert there, who now sits daily in the hospital teaching the patients as they come and go. Dr. Marion Oliver speaks often in her letters of the open doors and interest shown by the patients in hearing the gospel story.

Under Miss Jamieson, at Ujjain, we have been privileged to open up a school for the blind—"a new world has been opened up to

them in which they have the pleasure of acquiring knowledge for themselves." How pathetic is her story in May Tidings, 1899, of one of these little boys, who in infancy had very sore eyes: "An old woman was called in to treat them, and she rubbed ground glass into the poor eyes! Of course blindness was the result. His mother died when he was still a child. When working on a new railway away in the jungle, his father died and left his blind boy alone. A kind station-master took care of the boy until, in a short time, he, too, died. For two years the helpless boy begged his food. During the latter part of that time he was in the famine district. When almost dead from starvation he was taken, with other famine orphans, to an orphanage. But on arrival he was told they could not receive blind children, so he went off to beg and suffer hunger once more. Eventually he was rescued by the Friends' missionaries and sent here. Little wonder these afflicted boys and girls are contented and happy in their Christian home here, where they are well cared for and receive only kind treatment." Miss Jamieson adds: "You will rejoice with us in the fact that seven of these dear children have professed their faith in Christ, and have been baptized."

## CHINA.

Truly we can say "God's hand ruleth," for during the past year did not our hearts tremble lest our laborers there should suffer harm. Other missions have endured great losses, but ours has been left in peace. Was not God's voice heard when the Empress Dowager proclaimed that foreigners and missionaries within the Empire be protected! Our work among the women has been wonderfully hopeful, all our missionaries' letters tell of the earnestness of these heathen women that have joined their station classes. Mrs. Goforth, in one of her recent letters says: "I can't tell you how much good these women have done me. For the most part they were simple, earnest seekers after the truth. Their faith put me to shame. It was often very touching to hear from this one and that, how the Lord had heard their prayers, for themselves, for their children, and for their neighbors."

One evening was devoted to the subject of foot-binding. I am glad to say a deep impression seemed to have been made. The next day I found almost all had been to Mrs. Wang, our helper's wife (who has unbound her feet), for patterns of shoes and socks.

We were thankful for the earnest spirit manifested by the women, and also because many had been taught not a little by their husbands or sons in their own homes. Those who were at the last class showed a marked growth in grace. One young woman who was standing by when I was showing an old woman how little eleven-months' old Ruth could toddle, remarked, "We are just like her. We have



just begun to learn to walk the right road, and if the Heavenly Father did not catch us sometimes we would surely fall."

Another woman on her return home told her son and nephew, who previously had hindered her from destroying the household gods, that she could no longer live in the same house with false gods, and forthwith destroyed them all. But the rest of the family stormed and reviled, even going up and down the street reviling her and the foreign doctrine and devils! but she took it calmly. All the while the storm lasted she sang her hymns inside. This comes to us not from herself, but from a neighbor.

Dear friends, join with us in thankfulness for evident blessing, and also join with us in earnest prayer that those who are being brought out from among the heathen may be kept true to their calling. We little realize what many of them suffer because of their new-found faith."

#### TRINIDAD.

In all our fields the work is hard, perhaps none more so than in the Island of Trinidad; but God has given our Church powerful missionaries, and who to-day, after long years of faithful service, are blessing God for the harvest of souls that have been won for Christ. Referring to the sad conditions, Mrs. Morton, in a recent letter, says: "The poverty, sickness, ignorance, depth of moral degradation, of the mass of the people whom you are trying to raise in Trinidad is quite appalling at the present time. In nearly every hut some one is sick, perhaps dangerously, with fever, dysentery, or cough. The hardships and vices of the forefathers in India are visited on these their children in addition to the conditions of climate, etc., that are unfavorable to them here. . . . I have been describing to you the state of much of our raw material. Now imagine a sprinkling of these people not knowing how to read or write, and with little opportunity and less inclination to learn, imagine them brought to Christ, baptized, and willing to go on learning His ways. They are found in sufficient numbers at nearly thirty different and widely scattered points, to necessitate as many meetings for worship every Sabbath in this Tunapuna district alone. . . . To shepherd such a flock in a social environment like ours seems at times too much for flesh and blood. But the work is God's and has prevailed, and for this work it is not too much to say that the Presbyterian Church is held in honor by thousands of varied color and nationality.

Does anyone ask is the work nearly done? No; it is only begun; the foundations are being laid broad and deep, and still extending. It was begun when the East Indians in Trinidad were only about one-fourth of their present number; it has grown with



their growth. It has branched off to St. Lucia and Demarara. Catechists have been trained for Grenada and Jamaica. Those who began the work are still guiding it; it may not long be thus; it cannot; but the young and strong are here ready and qualified to take the front in their turn; it will still rest with the Church at home and with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of that Church, to see that they do not grow weary in well-doing, but go on till they reap with joy the full harvest that has been sown with toil and tears."

#### THE NORTH-WEST.

From our many stations in the North and West come back the grateful messages of thanks to us for the gifts we send; do these messages not make us feel all the more like lifting up our hearts with thanks to Him who has put it in our power to care for the poor Indians. Do you recall the story of "Little Flossy," told in one of the letters:

"One cold night I took little Flossy in to clothe her, and the poor little one had nothing on her but two old print dresses and a pair of moccasins. I cast aside the old garments and decked her out in a flannel chemise, drawers with waist, two petticoats, and a little grey flannelette dress, stockings, coat, hood, mitts and shoes. It would have rejoiced your heart had you seen the child as each new article was donned. She was growing so excited at last that she could not speak; she could only draw great long breaths. I gave her a change of undergarments to take home with her. What Flossy got is a sample of what all the rest receive.

"This year's clothing has done what everything else failed to accomplish. It has succeeded in bringing out school children I have been trying to reach all year, but failed. They have started and are very much interested in their work.

Recall, too, the Rev. H. McKay's story of an Indian woman's gratitude:

"It is cold winter, and a poor old woman leaning upon her staff comes to the mission. She shivers as she comes near to the fire, and we notice her head is palsied, covered with a fusty rag. She has a tattered blanket about her, and her garments are not sufficient for a summer evening, and she smiles and even laughs as she sits upon the floor. She appreciates a warm cup of tea, and eats what is placed before her as if she were hungry. A nice, warm quilt is thrown over her. She smiles again. She handles it, feels its weight, saying, "Now, indeed, I shall be warm." Then the little old chin begins to quiver, and the dim eyes fill with tears, which run down the withered cheek, and she hides her face in a fold of the quilt. That poor old heart is wondering how good women far away could love an Indian woman they never saw. We might give you many like pictures. How often the kind gifts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society brought

tears to the eyes of these helpless ones; but those tears are not lost. There was no sun to shine upon them in the cold winter, to make them sparkle, but the Son of Righteousness saw them, and they sparkled and gleamed and became eternal to glisten upon the hand that with needle and thread and scissors fashioned the garment."

Let us not forget those of our missionaries who have been in lonely, trying fields in British Columbia, we refer especially to the work at Ucluelet, and thank God that our missionary can now write, "I am looking forward to a brighter year."

#### OUR MISSIONARIES.

Mid unfavorable surroundings of country and climate our missionaries both at home and abroad have enjoyed excellent health. During the year one of our beloved workers was taken to her Heavenly home—we speak of Mrs. Moffat, whose life was the means of so much happiness to those in the school at Regina. We thank God for those years of usefulness. Two of our missionaries in India, Miss Ptolemy and Miss Chase, and one in China—Miss Dow—were seriously ill during the year, but God in His infinite wisdom spared them to us.

#### FOR NEW MISSIONARIES.

During the present month one of the graduates of our Training Home, Miss Goodfellow, will sail for Indore, India. In the Northwest we have been able to open up work at Long Plains under the appointment of Mr. R. McKay.

"Pray earnestly for us" is on the lips of all our workers, for the fields are ripe unto the harvest, but the laborers are few.

We, too, have a sister who sits in the shadow,  
 And never has heard of the Father above  
 But He who forgets not the flowers of the meadow,  
 Is yearning o'er her with the might of His love.  
 When counting the flocks of His fold He has missed her,  
 And says, "If ye my disciples would be,  
 Go forth in my name and say to your sister,  
 The Master is come and calleth for thee."

#### THE HISTORY OF A MITE BOX.

BY ELIZABETH B. MATHEWS.

The Young Woman's Auxiliary of the Fourth Avenue Church held its meetings at the homes of the members. It was "so much more informal," the girls said; "one must be so dignified and par-

liamentary at a church meeting." This method increased the attendance, and the serving of light refreshments promoted sociability. It was a bright afternoon in December that the meeting was held at the beautiful home of the secretary, who enjoyed the admiration expressed by her friends at the evidences of taste and refinement everywhere displayed.

The business disposed of, the president gave a little talk about the subject for the month, "Zenana Work." During the reading of several short papers which followed, the members made frequent interruptions on a variety of subjects, much to the discouragement of the president, who often deplored this feature of the informality of a parlor meeting.

At last the programme was finished, and the buzz of conversation followed.

"By the way, Ruth," said Edith Burton, the hostess, "how much mite-box money did we report this year? You know I was away, and had my box sent to you. There wasn't much in it, I'm afraid."

"Forty pennies," answered the president, gravely. "We had twelve dollars in all from six boxes."

"Oh, dear, what a shame!" cried Edith, with a little embarrassed laugh. "I seemed to forget mine except when I had a few pennies in change now and then."

"Perhaps you'll do better this year," said Ruth, encouragingly; "you remember I sent your box back to you; it did look so very new and unused."

"Yes, but really I can't take it again this year; I have so many demands; and then you know, I take The Tidings, when I told you I would not have time to read it, and only took it for your sake,—and the cause, of course," she added rather hastily, noting the annoyed expression on the president's face.

"Do you ever read the texts on your box?" asked Ruth.

"I believe I looked at some of them when you gave it to me," answered Edith, nonchalantly.

"I think no one who sees those words before her every day could help remembering the use of her box," said Ruth, gently. "But if you insist upon giving it up, please let me have it for some one else."

"Oh, I am very sorry," exclaimed Edith, confusedly, "but only a few days ago I told the maid to throw it away, as I did not want it any longer."

Ruth could not refrain from showing her discouragement, but at that moment Edith answered a low call outside the portière, "Come in, Hannah," and a trim-looking maid entered, bearing a tray filled with "some of the good things of life," as the treasurer enthusiastically declared.

"Now Ruth, don't frown; it is cold to-day, and these are such light refreshments," cried Edith, as the maid handed around delicate little sandwiches, and coffee, followed by dainty cakes and bonbons.

"Yes, indeed, girls," said the hostess in a satisfied tone, as she sat back among the soft cushions, nibbling a chocolate; "I have finished all my Christmas gifts, and I had so many to give this year,—forty, I believe. You must see them before you go."

"You make such lovely things, Edith," said one of the girls; "it is a pleasure even to look at them."

"Will you excuse me if I leave now, Edith?" asked Ruth, rising. "I have an errand to do for mother, and must hurry."

"Why, yes, if you must go," said Edith, following her out; "good-bye; we had a good meeting, didn't we? It's so interesting about those poor zenana women and child-widows. I'm awfully sorry about the mite-box," she called as she closed the door.

Ruth Wilson went home with a heavy heart; she had just read her Tidings from cover to cover, and looked through her report from the general executive meeting. It seemed to her that the needs of the work had never pressed upon her so heavily; and now she was leaving a crowd of girls who came to meetings because she urged them, took part in the programme because she arranged it, attended a quarterly meeting occasionally because she called for some of them, and took them,—in short, kept up their auxiliary because they felt "sorry for poor Ruth, she cares so much for it." As she knelt in prayer that night, she could not restrain the tears, but arose comforted after praying earnestly that some day her labor, seemingly vain, might bear fruit.

When Hannah Brown, the neat housemaid in the Burton home, went to her little room that night, her eyes fell upon the red box on the small shelf near the window. She took it in her hand and sat down on the bed looking at it lovingly.

"I wonder if I ought to take it to Miss Ruth," she said to herself softly; "Miss Edith told me to throw it away, but after the talk I heard from that dear missionary lady at the chapel last month, it does seem a shame to throw away this box with all them good verses on it. Then I had just begun to save a few pennies to help the poor things she told about away off in India, and then this box was thrown in my way, seems like; and now I had to hear Miss Ruth ask for it!" and she shook her head regretfully. Suddenly she brightened up, and exclaimed aloud, "I'll do that same! I'll keep it till next September, for that's the time o' year when Miss Edith sent hers to Miss Ruth, and I'll take it with more in it than when I took it for her," she added with a low chuckle. "The Lord takes good care of me," she went on thoughtfully; "this is a nice place and Mrs. Burton gives me good pay with little extras thrown in now and then, and only myself to use the money now that Tom has a steady job,—why, I guess

I can spare some of it for the poor heathen, and she said it only takes twenty-five dollars a year to keep one o' them poor children; dear, dear! I get half as much a month, not to say good food every day. I'll do it!" and she put the little box back on the shelf turning another text out to read the next day.

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It was the end of the missionary year again, and Ruth Wilson was urging her officers to have their reports ready in time and attending to a great part of the work herself. When the mite-boxes were sent to her, as the agent had resigned, she counted it eagerly.

"Only ten dollars!" she said to her mother sadly. "I did hope it would not decrease this year. We had two more boxes this year, too, and yet two dollars less."

"Some one to see you, miss," said the maid at the door, and Ruth went downstairs, to find in the hall Hannah Brown, whom she recognized as Mrs. Burton's maid.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Miss Ruth," began Hannah, confusedly; "but I wanted to see you about something, if you don't mind."

"I'm glad to see you, Hannah; come in here," and Ruth led the way into the library. "Now, what is it?"

"Well, Miss Ruth, you remember when your missionary society met at Mrs. Burton's? When I was bringin' in the refreshments, I heard you askin' Miss Edith for her mite-box, and she told you I had thrown it away. Well, miss, I hadn't, because I had heard a missionary lady speak down at our chapel the month before that; and I just couldn't throw away them verses; it seemed like as if I heard them poor little widows in India, and the other women shut up there, and they were cryin' out to me, who has a good home and good wages, and only myself to take care of now. So I put the little box where I could see it every day, and I kept it till I knew it was time to bring it to you, so here it is,"—handing Ruth the little package,—“and please, miss,” she added, looking down, and fumbling in her pocket, “here's an extra dollar and four cents. Would you mind puttin' me down as a member of the society? A kind of silent member, you know, as wouldn't come to meetin's and the like; but I do make the prayer, every night miss,” and the girl looked at Ruth earnestly.

The discouraged little president could not speak for a moment; then, grasping Hannah's hands, she said, with tears running down her cheeks:

“Hannah, God bless you! How you cheer my heart! Indeed you shall be a member, and I shall be proud of you!”

Hannah's eyes glistened. “And will you please count the money, Miss Ruth?”

Ruth cut a slit in the bottom, and the money rolled out,—pennies, nickles, dimes and even quarters. “Eight dollars and forty cents; why, Hannah, how did you get so much? I had only four dollars myself?”

Hannah's face grew red. "Please, miss, I don't want to tell it all, but there's many ways to get the mites, when you want to get them. Mrs. Burton gives me little extras, now and then; and she has lots o' company, and they give me little tips. I can sew pretty good, so the cook got me to make her some shirt-waists and aprons, and then I've had lots to be thankful for; and," she added, hesitatingly, "there was some things I could do without. And now I must hurry off, miss; it's getin' late;" and with another handshake, Ruth let her visitor go.

She went back into the quiet library, and kneeling down beside the little pile of money, she poured out her heart to the Lord of the harvest, thanking Him for the seed sown in good ground, which had not been "choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life," but had brought forth fruit a hundredfold.—Adapted from *Woman's Missionary Friend*.

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### MOTIVES FOR THANKSGIVING.

BY MRS. E. W. BLATCHFORD.

As the time for our thankoffering meeting draws near we naturally begin to consider its real significance. Why should a set time be appointed for recounting our blessings and for bringing tangible proofs of our gratitude to the treasury of the Lord? Should not the Christian be always grateful, always ready to give? Truly such duty is acknowledged, but in the pressure of crowded life, with its ever-multiplying cares and occupations, it is too often neglected.

We are invited by such an opportunity as this to come apart for a little while and in the quiet of our own souls dwell upon the good gifts which through all our years, farther back than memory can reach, have filled our lives to overflowing. Is it health of mind and body? How small the proportion of days of disease, pain and depression to those when it was a joy to be alive. Is it contentment and happiness? What treasures of love and glad anticipation does memory bring from her silent, secret chambers, stored and hoarded through all the years, from innocent childhood to the present! Is it friendship? With trembling fingers we trace the amulet of precious names, and though some, dear and tried, are beyond the stars, we thank God for all, still counting as among our most precious those whom we can no longer see.

In such recounting we do not often enough dwell upon the blessings of a Christian ancestry, whose prayers for their posterity are our sacred legacy. The home in which we have been tenderly nurtured, the church, the larger home, where deep impressions of awe and reverent worship were first awakened; the school, with its broadening influences and endearing companionships; social life, with all its variety



and quickening contrast; Christian fellowship, touching the deepest chords of life and awakening the whole being to joyful and efficient service for God and man, for the renewed life which these imply, for forgiveness of sin through Christ, for the indwelling spirit and for the assured hope of a life eternal beyond the grave.

Shall we not, as Christian women, give ourselves time to dwell with hearts filled with grateful joy upon these gifts, each one of which has come to us, all unworthy as we are, from above, from "the Father of lights?" "What shall I render unto the Lord" for these countless blessings must be the response of the true and generous heart. Forestalling this longing of the heart burdened with the feeling of gratitude our Lord shows us what we may do in the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me!" "Go ye into all the world," we hear also from those divine lips—His last command—and across waste lands and trackless seas we see those least of His brethren and sisters, countless millions, who have never heard even the name of Christ. To these sorrowful, degraded beings, these sisters of ours, who now can scarcely comprehend the meaning of a single one of the great privileges and blessings we have been considering, we are pledged, as supporters of our great missionary enterprise, to carry the light. How impelling the motives! our abounding mercies, the free gift of a personal God, their utter need—unwelcome at birth, oppressed in life, hopeless in death, and highest motive of all, the command of the risen Lord.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

—From Mission Studies.

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## FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

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### China.

"VISITING THOSE WHO CANNOT COME TO OUR DAY CLASSES."

FROM MISS PYKE.

A few days ago Miss McIntosh and I returned from Ta Kwan Chwang, one of our out-stations eight miles to the south-east. This wide-spreading village, thickly dotted with budding trees, and surrounded by level fields of waving grain, was our abiding place for a week. Mrs. Goforth and I visited this village for the first time last December. During our three-days' visit we were very much encouraged by the eager desire expressed by many of the women to learn



more of the blessed truths of the Gospel. When leaving we were earnestly requested by them to return in the spring and hold a station class for women. For such an invitation we were indeed thankful, as it would afford an opportunity of giving the necessary systematic instruction to all the interested ones, there being not a few among them who are unable, for various reasons, to attend our semi-annual classes held in our mission compound.

Our spring classes for the women at Chu'Wang and Chang te-fu being over, Miss McIntosh, in the midst of her own numerous duties, kindly made the necessary arrangements to enable us to make the proposed visit ere the arrival of warmer days.

In company with Mrs. Chang, a native Christian, Mrs. Goforth was now in training as Bible-woman, we reached our destination at noonday of Saturday, 15th. Soon all our belongings, including books, bedding and food, were taken from the cart and placed in the native room assigned us. This occupied a front position in a grain storage compound, owned by Wang T., in whose compound across the street we remained during the previous visit.

The guest-room, previously prepared for our arrival, contained a large and strange assortment of articles, presenting on entering a striking contrast to the neat, comfortable and commodious class-room in our dear home-land.

Bunches of native rope and coarse octagonal reed mats decorated a small portion of the smoked mud walls at the farther end, while forks, hoes, pieces of timber, etc., somewhat concealed a variety of smaller articles in three uninviting corners. Nor was the ground space all allotted us. Besides a brick k'ang, a bed, a small table, a box, a chair and a bench (all native), fully a third of the room was occupied by two large bins of millet, and a number of bags of wheat. A large k'ang (earthenware jar), also filled with wheat, was, by means of a board and a newspaper cover, transformed into a wash-stand.

The only window, about two feet square, and the small open door, afforded us a fair means of ventilation.

We, however, thought little of our surroundings, for was this not our first class-room in that heathen village, where we were permitted to teach these dear women more of a Saviour's love! and they from day to day, with surprising thoughtfulness and tenderness, expressed their gratefulness in many a kind word and action.

After our arrival no time was lost. As soon as we had partaken of a hurriedly prepared lunch, many were waiting with their books to begin study. By evening nearly all the members of our class had arrived, and from each we received a warm-hearted welcome. We indeed, rejoiced as we looked into so many happy faces, knowing that all had come with the one desire to learn more of Jesus.

That night, after we had retired to rest (to sleep seeming impossible), the stillness was broken by voices in the yard, singing Zie

Lu Ai Woa—"Jesus Loves Me." I cannot describe my feelings as we silently followed in the singing of that hymn. Wang T. and a few others, seated on a low pile of timber at the side of the straw-stack, were engaged in evening worship. The singing ceased, and soon we heard this true, earnest follower of our Lord, presenting petitions at the throne of God in behalf of the unsaved of his own village and people. Very earnestly he prayed that we might be wonderfully used by the Holy Spirit in giving instruction in righteousness, and bringing many to a saving knowledge of the truth. Then followed the singing of the beautiful words of the hymn "Precious Name," and all was silence once more.

I could not help feeling that in this little gathering our God had indeed been worshipped in "spirit and in truth."

On Sabbath, although quite unpleasant owing to the steady rain, the morning and afternoon Bible classes were well attended. Miss McIntosh gave the much-needed instruction on the proper observance of God's holy day, dealing with passages from the Old and the New Testament respectively. After each class hymns were sung and the meaning of the words explained. With Monday morning regular work began. Each morning at eight o'clock they began to assemble, and the constant drill began, which continued until nearly twelve o'clock, with an exception of one hour set apart for a bible lesson.

During this period, in addition to the thirteen women usually present, frequently a number of the neighbor women (work in hand) also listened intently to the addresses given by Miss McIntosh on the various topics carefully selected. Some of the subjects on which special teaching was given were:

"The Origin of Sin and the Plan of Salvation."

"The Resurrection."

"The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

"The Great Sin of Lying."

"The Importance of Fruit-bearing."

It was indeed encouraging to witness the keen interest shown in these lessons and to feel, judging from the intelligent answers and the questions asked, that the truths of God's blessed Word were being understood.

At the close of each day's work we cheerfully accepted the invitations given by some of the members of the class to visit their homes before the time for our evening meal. Through many a street we passed, accompanied by our class friends and followed by not a few of the village women and children. Although our daily procession was a grand success as far as numbers were concerned, yet we experienced very little unpleasantness. This was due partly to the absence of the great percentage of the sterner sex, who were without the village engaged in agricultural pursuits, and partly to the fact that Wang T., in whose fatherly care we were placed, is a highly respected and influential citizen of the place.

By the time we had entered a little dwelling and become seated, the intervening space between us and the door was uncomfortably crowded by anxious and eager gazers. A few words to our hostess and we adjourned to the yard where we could furnish a more satisfactory exhibition. There the more venturesome examined our hair, our Chinese garments, and commented freely on the goods and style of our foreign skirts. During this process of examination many were stooping before us, not to acknowledge our position as superior beings, but for the purpose of inspecting our wonderful feet. We removed a shoe and rather enjoyed the scene, as it passed from hand to hand. Many there were ready to talk to us without reserve, and numerous questions were asked. Thus gradually the fitting opportunity was presented of telling many present the precious story of "Jesus and His love." It did our hearts good to see the willingness of our dear sisters in Christ to testify of a Saviour's love, and acknowledge before those of their own village the existence of but one true and loving God in whom they now believed.

Mrs. Chang, who accompanied us, rendered valuable assistance in speaking to these crowds from day to day.

At the close of the week our carts arrived from the Fu.

Amid many regrets that we were so soon to leave, and after repeated invitations for our return in the fall, and many kind farewells, we left for home. However, we first wended our way to two villages some distance to the east, where we saw the members of the homes of two of our helpers, Wang Zei and Hova T. The mother of the latter, one of our baptized members, is totally blind, and although an old lady of eighty-three years, is seemingly quite strong. She spoke to us brightly of her peace—sweet peace in Jesus.

Thus in many of the villages round about us a few are feebly witnessing for the truth.

Will you not, dear sisters in our beloved home-land, plead in prayer more earnestly than ever before, that many, very many, may be set apart by the Holy Spirit to break the bread of life to those who have never heard the blessed truths of the Gospel. We feel more and more the great need and importance of training native christian women, especially chosen and fitted to

Go forth and rescue those that perish,  
Where sin and darkness reign;  
Go lend a helping hand to save them,  
And break the tempter's chain.

Go forth in patience, love, and kindness,  
And in the Master's name,  
The blessed news of free salvation  
To all the world proclaim.

## READING THE GOSPEL STORY.

FROM MRS. MALCOLM.

Hsin Chen, July 4, 1899.

Although our little class at morning prayers has not grown very large, yet we are pleased to see signs of interest in the daily lessons, prayers and hymns.

Ever since coming home to our work three women have been regular in their attendance, with the result that one old woman and one middle-aged have learned to read the simple characters in the Gospel of John. While the weather was moderately cool (or warm) we had every Sabbath afternoon song service and prayer. The women thoroughly enjoy learning hymns, and although it is anything but pleasant to listen to their untrained, harsh voices, yet it is a pleasure and instruction to them. The first Sabbath we had decided to drop the afternoon class for the hot season. I was called out by one of our own women, who said that several women had come from a village to hear about the true God and His Son Jesus. Who knows their motive in asking this? They seemed to be well-meaning and were well behaved, acquiescing in everything that was said against the worship of false gods.

We have one little girl learning a simple catechism of the Bible; her father is a church member. She is learning quickly, and already shows signs of earnestness. I praised her one morning for answering so well, when one of the women said, "Why she is so anxious to learn to read that she says she has no time to take care of her two months' old brother." Her mother said to her one morning last week, "Why does a little girl like you want to attend prayers?" She answered, "Don't I want my sins forgiven?" We were glad to hear this; but with the encouragement, a lesson in obedience to her mother was also given.

Since harvest time we have guests almost every day, not always anxious to hear anything but their own voices in discussion on foreign women and our belongings. We have now a little room set apart for the use of women guests—a very satisfactory arrangement. It is not always expedient or convenient receiving them in our dining rooms, and certainly not so trying on one's temper.

In the spring we had a young woman and her girl baby, from one of our out stations, living in our compound for a week; here for the purpose of learning more about the gospel. She was earnest, and seemed to have a true missionary spirit. She passed a creditable examination, and her name was recorded. In meeting with the women every day we are helped in the use of the language, as well as in our Bible study. One cannot sit long with closed lips, and so it is a benefit to us.

At the Sabbath service the attendance is very good, and on Monday morning we go over the lesson, and question them on what they have heard at the service. As a rule they remember little; but one or two reward us by giving us almost the whole sermon. Of those who attend many are patients. The gospel is preached every day at the dispensary chapel. Now that harvest is past work in the hospital grows, and the assistants and Dr. Malcolm are busy.

A few weeks ago I received two kind letters from members of one of your most faithful societies, in which we are promised their special prayers. We are very thankful for this assured help.

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### CHINESE WOMEN SPREADING THE GOSPEL STORY.

FROM MRS. MENZIES.

Chang Te Fu, Honan.

This past winter was a very mild one, and because of that work outside has been carried on without interruption, I mean more especially work done by the gentlemen, as our work at present is mostly done inside the compound. We hope the time is close at hand when work shall be carried on more extensively outside. We have already the beginning of such work, and no doubt you have heard of the interesting woman's station class held at 'Ta Kuan Chuang' this spring when Miss McIntosh and Miss Pyke went out to teach the women.

There are also other points of interest nearer home, such as some of the neighboring villages where our Christian women live. One of these, a village about a mile and three-quarters from here eastward, is the home of the family named Yang who have suffered persecution and abuse from the villagers because of the faith they claim in the gospel. To this home Dr. Wallace and I made a visit, taking Jean with us, as the women had asked me to bring her. Mr. Yang had been very ill for a few weeks, and during part of that time Dr. Menzies had to make daily visits, sometimes he went by wheel, and sometimes walked, when I accompanied him two or three times to see the women of the household, for you know in China families seem to stick longer together than they do at home. In this one compound I was inside there were at least four different homes, all related, and all the women are now interested in the gospel; some we know to be true believers, seeking to do the will of God. They always seemed pleased when we arrived, and always gave a pressing invitation for another visit. Going and coming we had to pass through two other villages, in each of which the women seemed very friendly, coming out to the roadside and asking us to rest awhile,



Coming home they begged us to stop just for a moment and let them look at the foreign baby, so we did, while they crowded round and passed remarks on her brightness, or her smile, or that she could talk. Jean seems fond of the Chinese, and often goes to a Chinese woman whom she has not seen before.

Yesterday and to-day we have had large numbers of women, as these two days are days chosen to go to the "Hao Nai Nai" (old grandmother) temple and worship Hao Nai Nai, requesting and beseeching her to give themselves, or their daughters, or daughters-in-law, children, especially sons. This afternoon one old body asked me did I not want to go? This gave me fitting opportunity to tell them of the true God, whom we worship, and what he has done for their soul's salvation. Some are willing to wait and listen, but the majority are too hurried and only want to see our foreign things.

Last week a party of nearly ten came to the dispensary for treatment, among them is a young girl with hare-lip, a woman with bad eyelids, a little boy with spleen disease, and others with other ailments. They came from a village about eight miles north of here, and many of the women who came yesterday and to-day are from the same village, some of them being relatives of these, our friends, in the hospital. Miss Pyke and I take week about in going out to the hospital daily to teach the women. The best work is done with those remaining in the hospital for a time, as they learn daily about the love of Jesus, and often before going home know the way of salvation. Though they cannot read they learn hymns by heart, sometimes the Lord's Prayer, or Commandments, or grace before meals. And those who have ones at home who can read are given sheets of paper on which are printed simple gospel truths.

We are often surprised with these poor untaught women, for within is a heart full of love, sympathy for another, and gratitude for any kindness shown. We often see as much mother-love in these poor Chinese women as we do in women at home.

Dr. Wallace is busy with her study, and has passed her half-yearly examination in the language. Since Miss Pyke left for Pei tai hoa, Dr. Wallace has boarded with us. It seemed the best plan for the hot weather. She has already begun to work and has a class of little girls on Sunday afternoons, some that Miss Pyke had and some new ones whom she has herself persuaded to come and see her.

I have the women's Bible class, on Sunday forenoon we all assemble in the chapel and usually Mr. MacGillivray preaches. He makes his preaching very simple, that even the women may understand and follow his subject.

In the afternoons I am taking up the life of Christ, using the Sunday school pictures, which help the women to understand. Some are very faithful in attending each Sunday. Three weeks ago two women had their names recorded for baptism. They are the wives of one

man named Li Ming. Mr. Li himself became interested some months ago, and on confessing his faith in Jesus, began to hold family worship in the home and to teach his three wives, for he has another one. Last spring all three women attended our station class here, and since then they have continued their study at home. One seems very bright and quick, she has learned a large number of hymns, and studied the small catechism which we have for them, and a week ago last Sunday she bought a gospel of John, coming back last Sunday able to read the whole of the first chapter. She is very diligent and earnest. They have now brought a neighbor woman with them, who has already learned "Jesus loves me" and several pages of the catechism.

Last Saturday one of our Christian women brought three other women and two girls from a place forty-five li (about fifteen miles) away. Only one of the women had been here before. But this Christian had taught them hymns and told them about Jesus and His love. She told me she wanted them to come and see us and our custom. I told them the same "old, old story," and sang with them. Such interesting cases as these make us rejoice and praise God that He is working by His Spirit in the hearts of these people.

We are having women visitors every day. Some who have never been here before, and so have never heard the truth. Others who have heard a little from some one else and want to hear for themselves.

#### FROM THE EXCHANGE.

Our Canadian Mission in Honan publish an interesting little type-written paper called The Exchange, which they send round among their friends, and in this way convey local information which might not appear in our missionaries' letters. In this number, which has come to hand, we are glad to learn of the erection of more new buildings. Three of our missionaries' families now have European houses. We trust it will not be long before our single lady missionaries have the same comforts, and that the low ceilinged, crowded, damp rooms may soon be things unheard of. From The Exchange we learn :

At Ch'u Wang the missionaries are enjoying their commodious chapel. Dr. McClure has also moved into his new dispensary, which, with its wooden floor and separate operating room, is a great improvement on the old one. A patient, mistaking the new dressing stand in the centre of the floor for a shrine of some sort, was found prostrating himself on the floor before it.

"The heathen in their blindness bow down to wood and stone."  
They worship they know not what.

At Chang Te Fu we notice a great change in the compound. They have recently enlarged their borders, now having about four acres of



land. A new chapel and dispensary, also a house for Dr. Menzies are in course of erection, and with about fifty workmen on hand the compound presents a busy appearance.

On our way to Hein Chen by house-boat, we were overtaken by the Sabbath, and as is our custom, we tied up for the day in a quiet bend of the river. Passing boats hailed our captain, asking if we were anchored on account of the Sabbath, and when answered in the affirmative, one of their boatmen tried to strike up a hymn, imitating the foreigner's voice, but he apparently could not recall any more than the two characters "Ye su" (Jesus).

#### CHINESE CUSTOMS.

Rainmakers in China.—In times of drouth the heathen resort to unheard of devices in their vain petitions and repetitions for rain. The people of Hwa Hsien had determined to make a desperate attempt on the 20th of last month to induce the gods to bring rain. Ten men were chosen to walk the streets of their city, wearing nothing but their trousers, each carrying in his teeth an iron rod about seven feet long, first allowing it to be pierced right through both cheeks. Fortunately for the poor victims there was a thunderstorm on the 19th.

There was a total lunar eclipse here on the evening of June 23rd. We were made aware of the fact by the incessant and deafening noises from all sides of us, as temple bells, gongs, horns, pans, sticks, fire-crackers, and almost everything that would make a loud noise, were employed to try to frighten away the dragon of the heavens from swallowing the moon.

One day when Mr. Mitchell was on the road he met a woman carrying a child's clothes in her hand, and calling to the little one's spirit to return. The child was at home sick, and the mother supposing that its spirit had been lost, took this plan of going over all the places where the lad had been playing to try to induce the soul to return.

A man of this street, in Hsin Chen, is known to have coaxed his twenty-two-year-old half-witted son out to the field, and then make him dig a big pit on a false pretext, in which he afterwards buried him alive.

A three days' theatre in honor of the river god Tai Wang, and in which they also worship heaven and earth, is now in progress on the river bank, at our back gate.

A scorpion three inches long was caught in the dispensary yesterday. The medical assistants tethered it on the windowsill, as they said, to prevent inquisitive sightseers from obstructing the light from the window.

The temperature in our bedrooms for the last two weeks has not fallen, night or day, below 85° F.

## STRANGE BELIEFS.

Many so-called educated Chinese firmly believe that a kingdom exists where all the inhabitants are pigmies, one where all the inhabitants are giants, another where all are women, and still another where every person has a hole through the centre of his body, and that by means of a pole thrust through this hole they may be carried from one place to another, and in substantiation of this belief they say that they have seen pictures of them. It is believed by some here that we foreigners have no knee-caps.

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INDUSTRIAL TRAINING IN INDIAN DAY SCHOOLS.

BY MR. J. W. RUSSELL, AHOUSAHT.

It will, I think, be readily acceded that any training in a day school which can be given to an Indian child, whereby he will be better fitted for the active duties of life and the necessary duties of citizenship, deserves our very serious attention.

I. Work is one of the blessings of God. It is not too much to say that a child ought not only to be taught to work but to acquire a taste for work. But why is it necessary to burden the teacher, who has sufficient to tax his best energies in the imparting of a literary education, with the additional task of teaching his children to acquire a taste for work, which I conceive to be the ideal of an industrial training?

(a) Let us examine the circumstances. An Indian child is the spoiled pet of his parents and relatives. He gets what he asks for and the best of everything that can be procured for him. He may be requested at times to assist his father or mother, but he knows quite well that his parents have no idea of enforcing their request. So he grows up his own master, his food provided for him, his wants attended to. At the age of fourteen or sixteen he may go sealing, but even then there are eight or nine months in the year in which he has nothing to do but to do as he pleases. He is under no compulsion or restraint. He is neither ornamental nor useful, but he doesn't know it. Let us suppose that he attends school more or less regularly (as he is his own master even in this), and is acquiring a knowledge of English, becoming able to speak, read and write, that he knows something of geography, history and arithmetic, and is being instructed in morals and in the Scriptures, and now has come to the age when he must largely cease to be under the teacher's instruction, is this the best product that can be turned out of our day schools to meet life? Is he now ready to seriously consider citizenship? (I take it that no teacher aims to have his pupils wards of the Govern-

ment longer than is needful.) Even if we have very excellent hopes of his becoming a Christian, have we done the very best we can for him?

(b) The chief incentive for an Indian to work is the prospect of very large returns for a small amount of labor. Provided he receives his pay he is not particular about the quality of the work. He expects the highest wages and will not work unless he can get that. He is fit for no position other than that in which he is. Unless a child is taught that work is honorable and necessary, he will grow up to be as lazy, improvident and unsatisfactory as his father.

(c) With nothing to do for the greater part of the time it is not surprising that the Indians are inveterate gamblers; that they will give almost any figure for a bottle of liquor; that immorality, lying, thieving, backbiting and scandals abound. They have no idea of the nobility of work, they do not consider it a thing to be sought after. They are shiftless, aimless, untrustworthy and useless. Unless our children are trained differently they will rapidly take their places as unsatisfactory members of society, and of the state, as their parents are regarded now.

(d) A literary training alone is not sufficient to enable an Indian to rise to a position higher than that of a ward of the Government. He must have some work, some employment, some object and purpose in life, some character before he will attain to anything like real manhood.

Fellow-teachers, I have become strongly convinced of the necessity of Indian children receiving something more than a literary and spiritual education or training in our day schools. To accomplish the best results an industrial training, or as I prefer to put it, the imparting of a desire to work, must go hand in hand with these. Unless the teacher undertakes this additional school burden, this necessary part of an Indian child's education will remain untouched, his possibilities of attaining to character will be accordingly diminished, his usefulness as a member of society and as a citizen of the kingdom of God will be correspondingly less.

II. If industrial training in our Indian day schools is necessary it must be possible. I do not want to be misunderstood. I have seen some Indians who have received industrial training, who are as aimless and useless as the most ignorant Indian on the coast. They have not acquired a taste for work, and so the training they received has been little better than thrown away. I mean that, so serious are the circumstances surrounding an Indian child, that an industrial training in the sense I have stated is necessary, and it is possible to be imparted in our day schools.

If there is any person in an Indian village whom a child respects it is the teacher. It is quite possible for the teacher to gain the confidence of the child and to retain it. He is, therefore, the only one

in a position to help these children to a true ideal of manhood and womanhood, and to instil into them the great responsibility and possibilities of life. The teacher holds the key to the position.

III. How can an Industrial training be given to children in Indian day schools? It is understood that I am referring to primary industrial training—of immense importance, since it lays the foundation for future usefulness to society and to the state.

Girls may be taught sewing, mending, knitting, crotcheting, cutting and making up of garments, washing school towels, ironing, scrubbing desks, chairs and floors of school, preparation of foods, cooking, light housework, care of children and other duties. They may be taught to do these well and to feel that it is honorable to do them.

Boys may be taught sewing, mending, knitting, cutting and making up of garments, gardening, repairing shoes, carpentering, making chairs and tables, repairing tinware, and many other duties. They may be taught to do these well and to feel that it is honorable to do them, the object being to instil into them a desire for work.

With tact and sympathy the teacher can reveal poor work and inspire to better effort, he can encourage diligence and incite to honest endeavor; in a word, he has one of the most enviable positions for laying the foundation of noble manhood and womanhood through imparting to his children a taste and inclination for work. Owing to prolonged sickness in my family, I have been unable to put into practice my convictions on this matter, but as soon as this is removed industrial training will go hand in hand with literary training in my school.

I may say further that I believe this system may be put on a paying basis, and the children receive recompense for their work. To illustrate, the Ahousaht school children have formed a fishing company, and are making dog fish oil. The boys attend to the bait and lines and the girls to the cutting up of the fish. One-eighth of the proceeds is reserved for expenses, the remainder is divided equally among the members of the company, and we have good hopes of teaching the children the use and value of money and the necessity of economy as well.

#### THE CHINESE MISSION IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The present has been the best year we have yet had in point of numbers attending our different night schools, and also the numbers we have reached in street preaching.

Mr. Coleman, Mr. Ny and Mr. Winchester spent the usual time during the canning season visiting the canneries on the Fraser River. This is in many respects a trying work, and though prosecuted for several years, has produced no results which could well be tabulated.

The workers, however, have faith that the work is accomplishing more than human eye can see, and are quite willing to endure hardness in the doing of it.

The church ought to have a local habitation for her missionaries when at Steveston. For two years we had a room in the Methodist Mission house, and this year we were in an old building formerly used by Japanese for a carpenter shop. It is hoped a small building will be secured before another season. Sun and wind and rain came unbidden and unhindered upon the missionaries. This ought not so to be, and would not be if the missionaries were to ask subscriptions for a shack, as they mean soon to do.—B.C. Presbyterian.

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#### THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

The fields are all white,  
**And the reapers are few ;**  
 We children are willing,  
 But what can we do  
 To work for our Lord in His harvest ?

Our hands are so small,  
 And our words are so weak,  
 We cannot teach others ;  
 How then shall we seek  
 To work for our Lord in His harvest ?

We'll work by our prayers,  
 By the gifts we can bring,  
 By small self-denials ;  
 The least little thing  
 May work for our Lord in His harvest.

Until, by-and-by,  
 As the years pass, at length  
 We too may be reapers,  
 And go forth in strength  
 To work for our Lord in His harvest ?

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