

The Missionary Outlook.

A Monthly Advocate, Record, and Review.

Vol. VIII.—No. 3.]

MARCH, 1888.

[Whole No. 87

In Memoriam.

REV. ENOCH WOOD, D.D.

SINCE the last number of the *OUTLOOK* went to press, the Church has been called to mourn the loss of one of her oldest and most distinguished ministers. For forty years Dr. Wood has been identified with the history and progress of Canadian Methodism, and for the greater part of that time was the guiding spirit of its missionary work. Some five or six years ago, growing infirmities compelled his retirement from active work, and from that time he resided quietly in his home at Davenport, where, on Tuesday, January 31st, he calmly fell asleep.

On the following Friday, the remains were conveyed to their last resting place in the Toronto Necropolis. The religious services at the family residence were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Potts, President of the Toronto Conference. Appropriate Scripture selections were read by Rev. Professor Reynar, the Rev. M. Fawcett gave a brief address, and the Rev. Dr. Carman led in prayer. The attendance was large, and included many representative men of both the ministry and laity. On the following Sunday

MEMORIAL SERVICES

were held. In the morning, the Rev. Dr. Potts preached an appropriate sermon in the Davenport Church. In the afternoon, a large representative congregation assembled in the Metropolitan Church, the Rev. Dr. Potts presiding. The Scriptures were read by the Rev. Dr. Stone, and the Rev. James Gray led in prayer, after which memorial addresses were delivered by the Rev. Drs. Williams and Sutherland. We append both addresses, as a loving tribute to the memory of a great and good man.

DR. WILLIAMS' ADDRESS.

I come to you to-day to speak of one who for forty years moved through the Church, and through the land, as a messenger of truth and righteousness; one who was singularly honoured of God and esteemed by men. It is right and fitting that we should recognize in commemorative service the departure of those who have touched us with veneration for goodness, and love for a life devoted to the interests of holiness and virtue; of those who had been in their day eminent in the Church as leaders and promoters of its enterprises,—whose counsels and efforts have created the sentiment, vitalized the ideas, quickened the impulses, and

expanded the faith which has led to the enlargement of the boundaries of the kingdom of God. Certainly we have a deep interest in the past. The thoughts of the past are with us, the achievements of the past are our heritage. The men of the past are with us; though their personal presence is no longer to our beholding, and we grieve for their departure, yet whatever is excellent and fair in their lives is hallowed in our memories, and by reflection becomes more intelligible to us, and forms a part of the lesson in truth and goodness God in His great providence is teaching us, and we are more impressed with the correctness of their action and are rendered more susceptible to the force of their character.

I first saw our departed friend in the old Adelaide Street Church at the Conference of 1847. At this distance of time he looms up in his individuality, a distinct figure, clear cut, grand and noble in outline, thoroughly English in build and appearance, somewhat over forty years of age. He had then been twenty-one years in the ministry, eighteen of which had been spent in the Province of New Brunswick, chiefly in the cities of St. John and Fredericton, in which places he is still remembered and spoken of by some of the older members of the Church with affectionate esteem.

Dr. Wood came to us at a very critical period of our history both politically and ecclesiastically. The country had hardly recovered from the effects of the rebellion of '37; the system of government introduced by the union of the Provinces was as yet on its trial; the agitation on the subject of the Clergy Reserves had not yet subsided; the breach in the union of the Canadian and English branches of the Wesleyan Church had lasted seven years, with its consequent unpleasantness. It was at this juncture the Rev. Enoch Wood came, a stranger to our Province and to the Methodist people. A new arrangement of the basis of union was about to be inaugurated, and the causes of the dissensions of years removed, in the accomplishment of which the appointment of Dr. Wood to the office of Superintendent of Missions was an important factor. From that time forward he identified himself with our work in this country. In the pulpit and on the platform he at once became popular; his vigorous intellect, sobriety of judgment and warm sympathy won for him the hearts of the people. In conjunction with others, he originated several measures of vast importance to Canadian Methodism, for the advancement of which he wisely planned and earnestly labored. As the years passed on his true worth to the Church became more and more manifest. To tenacity of purpose there was united a keen sagacity, a knowledge of men, an ability for adaptation to the work, and a wise discretion, which gave to him pre-eminence in the councils of the Church.

In 1851 he was elected and appointed President of the Conference, which office he continued to hold for eight years consecutively, his labors each year endearing him more and more to both ministers and people. The years of his administration were marked by evident tokens of Divine approval; six Districts had become twenty, the membership had more than doubled, what was known as the Eastern District became consolidated with the Western District, the receipts from the societies for benevolent purposes were largely augmented, and numbers of young men gave themselves to the work of the ministry. It is within the recol-

lection of some in this presence, the feeling produced in the Conference at Montreal in 1859, when on the retirement of Dr. Wood from the presidency, some seventy young men—who had been ordained to the work of the ministry during the eight years of his incumbency as President—presented him with a copy of Bagster's Polyglot Bible as a mark of esteem and appreciation. To those of us who were intimate with him, more or less, for the forty years past, and were witnesses of his piety and judgment, his ability and industry, his kindness and faithfulness, are more conscious now of the blessings which God's providence has heaped upon us, and are now richer for them, even while we lament the loss of him through whom they were brought to us. So I think of Enoch Wood. As a ruler in the Church, a director of its energies, a leader in its enterprises, his active energy and natural vigor was maintained by a high faith within his heart, a venerated idea of duty and of God, and the fruit of it, a general trust in His fidelity and confidence in His judgment and purpose. This our dear friend secured throughout his active life in an eminent degree.

In the years in which I held pastorate in this city, and in which I was more familiar and intimate with him than I have been since, I was often touched with evidences of his kindness of heart and sympathy with the poor and the suffering; his beneficence seemed to carry a healing pity to the body and to the soul. I have stood and listened as he spoke to and advised the tempted, the fallen and the stricken with a pity and sympathy, and, with a mercy that can wait no more, relieved their necessities and breathed a prayer for their restoration to a better life. He never passed by on the other side.

In the various changes that have taken place in the polity of the Church, Dr. Wood followed after the things that make for peace. Although strong in his attachment to the polity of the Church of his first choice and early labor, he continued in the unity of the Spirit and in the bonds of peace to meet the obligations of his position, and to labor for the building up of the Church of God. His public record is before the Church and before the world—a record of which neither his children nor the Church are ashamed. I seem to look back over the way we have been led, and see him as he came to us, communicating knowledge, gaining confidence, winning affection, awakening interest, giving encouragement, kindling inspiration, adjusting difficulties, smoothing the rough places, enkindling zeal, promoting liberality. We had no man like him. Beloved in life, honored in death, his memory will be a lasting inspiration to those who knew him; and it will be long, long before the name of Dr. Enoch Wood drops out of grateful remembrance. I have had but few opportunities of seeing him since his retirement. When I have been permitted to see him, notwithstanding the pains of disease and the privations of infirmity, I found him trustful and hopeful, confiding in the merit and mercy of the world's Redeemer. Others must tell you of his work and worth in the special department of which he had supervision, of his decline and his passing away. My remembrances of him in the day of his power as a preacher are to me, and all of us who knew him, refreshing. Who that ever saw him conducting a service can forget his commanding presence in the pulpit, his manner of lining a hymn? His prayer—indeed, his gift of prayer—was remarkable. He seemed to cultivate the most elevated sense of the Divine presence and majesty. With a soul prevailed by a ceaseless apprehension of the things of God, chastened and softened by family affliction, of which he had a large share, there was a fullness, diversity, and directness of adaptation in the phraseology, a glow and vividness of feeling in the voice and intonations, producing a hushed and sacred calm-

ness in the worshippers, and an eminent preparation for the reception of the truth. At times there seemed to be a celestial flame kindled around him, and the lips glowed and burned with hallowed fire, and a deep sense of peace reigned around, like that felt so mysteriously amidst the noiseless silence and the holy calm of the lone chamber of death. Who that has heard Dr. Wood pray in the Conference prayer-meeting can ever forget it? It was always an inspiration, always a benediction. As a preacher, few of the preachers or the people of the last ten years knew him. No one could mistake him for other than a Methodist. His preaching bore the stamp of his denomination. In the doctrines he presented, in the fervor and force of his eloquence, and in the type of spiritual experience he held up, he was a genuine Methodist preacher. His sermons were spiritual, and uttered with an earnestness and pathos that carried them to the understanding and to the heart. There was in his preaching no studied cadences, no quaint antitheses, no straining after metaphors, no affected elegance, no abrupt transitions nor homely similitudes, but a chaste and manly plainness—that calmness and deliberation coupled with a warmth and holy fervor which intimated at once the prevalence of settled conviction and the solicitude of unaffected concern. In this way he sought, as a preacher, to lead on the Church in the work assigned to it; to cultivate the spirit of elevated devotion consisting both in the fellowship of the soul with God and its assimilation to him, not in a bare theoretic belief but of experienced certainty, by which it would be prepared to enter into his designs, to imbibe his counsels, to make his honor and his interests decisively its own. In his conception to this end was the Church originated, and in this it will find its consummation. So he being dead yet speaketh. He has passed from us as one of the great men of our country and of our time. He is gone to join the companions of other years, the wise and pious with whom he had hallowed association here, and in whose companionship and honorable achievements he was a sharer. We, too, are familiar with their names and memories: Wilkinson, Spencer, Stinson, Douse, the brothers Ryerson, Green, Rice—his early and bosom friend, and he who so lately passed from us,—they have gone into the ineffable glory. Brethren, let our present life be cheered by the connection we have with that unsewn world; let us allow our best, our deepest nature, to strike the estimate of life; let us be disciples not so much of argument as of love. What does our friend say to us to-day but this. The true life is not yet; there is a life richer, vaster, fuller in the reserved inheritance. Time is the empire of desolation and decay. Eternity is the reign of endless youth and beauty; there all that is great is imperishable; all that is lovely blooms without decay, redeemed through Jesus Christ. Let us aspire to a place in our Father's house; let us arise and follow those of our fathers and brethren who have gone before, till in the exercise of faith and hope, of patience and watchfulness, we, too, are prepared to partake of their enjoyment, and to mingle in their songs, there where their powers are ever active and their pleasures are ever new.

DR. SUTHERLAND'S ADDRESS.

We meet to-day to render loving tribute to the memory of one of the best and purest of men; to one who for forty years has gone in and out among us, and who, in varied relations of husband and father, pastor and preacher, con-nexional leader and administrator, has left a character that is without a stain, and a name that is above reproach. If, in contemplating the removal of such a man, there were nothing beyond the present life, we might well sorrow as those who have no hope, and ask in bitterness of soul, "To

what purpose is this waste?" But knowing that this life is but a preparation for the life to come, knowing that he who now sleeps in Jesus is not lost, but only gone before, knowing that the powers of mind and heart, employed so faithfully for the Master here, shall attain a fuller expansion, and be employed in a still higher service above, our sorrow is transformed into a solemn gladness, and we give "thanks unto God who always causeth us to triumph." Or if there is any emotion of sorrow, it is not for him who now rests from his labors, but for the family and the Church who have been bereaved: for the family, who in the removal of the loving husband and father, have suffered a loss which cannot be recompensed; and for the Church, because it mourns the loss of the godly minister, the able administrator, the wise counsellor, whose place cannot be easily filled. In view of his distinguished ability, his long and faithful service, and the influence which for forty years did so much to mould and develop the Methodism of this land, we may well say in the words of David, "Know ye not that a prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel?"

Those who best knew our departed father in the Gospel, need not be told that he was of a singularly retiring disposition. Honor and office were never grasped by him as prizes, but were accepted as burdens. This, coupled with those growing infirmities inseparable from prolonged years, caused his partial retirement—for the last six years complete retirement—from the active scenes of church work; and as it is the fate of those who fall out of the ranks to be quickly forgotten, the rising generation of Methodists know comparatively little about the man and his work. Some brief biographical notes therefore will not be out of place.

Enoch Wood was born in Lincolnshire, England, on the 12th of January, 1804, and hence had just entered on his 85th year at the time of his death. Of his early religious experience we have no account, but the fact that he was accepted in 1826 by the English Missionary Committee for their foreign work, is sufficient guarantee that even at that early age his religious character was well matured. He spent two years in the West Indies, after which he was transferred to New Brunswick, where he spent eighteen years in the pastorate, serving part of that time as Chairman of District. In 1847, the year of the "second union" between the English and Canadian Conferences, he came to Upper Canada as Superintendent of Missions. In 1851 he became President of Conference, and by successive re-appointments filled the office for seven consecutive years. He was again made President in 1862, and yet again was President of the first Toronto Conference after the union of 1874. He held the office of Superintendent of Missions till 1869, when the designation was changed to that of General Secretary. In 1878 he became Honorary Secretary, and continued that relation till the time of his death. Some five years ago a severe attack of illness compelled him to retire from active duty at the Mission Rooms, and from that time until he calmly "fell on sleep," he rarely or never quitted his home. His illness, though at times causing the keenest suffering, was borne throughout with Christian patience, and the gathering shades of life's eventide were illumined by the light of a steadfast Christian faith and the abounding consolations of divine grace.

Dr. Wood was dowered by nature with an evenly balanced mind, and with a disposition singularly kind and gentle. To those who knew him only amid the cares of office and the restraints of official life, he sometimes appeared dignified even to the verge of austerity, yet was there a deep undercurrent of almost womanly tenderness that cleft its way through that seemingly rugged nature "like a rill from a mountain's heart." Though not fond of "society," in the ordinary sense of the term, and mingling but little in it,

especially of later years, no man prized the sweets of friendship more than he. When paying him a visit some two years ago, I expressed a feeling of sympathy for his enforced isolation. "I am never lonely," he promptly answered, "but,"—and his voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears as he said it,—"I do prize the visits of my brethren." This wealth of tenderness, repressed in society by a natural reserve, found free outlet in the home circle, where, in the relations of husband and father, he has left a memory that will be fragrant while a member of that home circle remains.

Dr. Wood's religious experience partook of the evenly balanced character of his mental constitution. In nothing was he a man of extremes. If he did not often walk in Beulah land, just as seldom did he descend into the valley of humiliation. If his normal religious state was not one of rapture, neither was it one of depression and gloom.

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
He held the even tenor of his way."

And while he made no boastful profession of superior attainments, he lived a life that was singularly free from blame, and was always ready to give a reason for the hope that was in him. Let it not be inferred, however, that his religious life was simply one of cold propriety. With him religion was of the heart as well as of the head, and his clear intellectual perceptions of truth and of the way of salvation were warmed by a heartfelt experience of the love of God that glowed in prayer and religious testimony, and became one of the elements of his power. Who that has listened to his words in class-meeting or love-feast does not remember the rush of emotion with which, at times, he would recount his experience of God's mercies, and tell of the hope that was growing brighter with every step of the way. Blessed be God for an experience that

"... is not too good
For human nature's daily food,"

and which, if it does not dazzle with its brilliance, does not disgust by its censoriousness, but kindles hope in the tired hearts of toiling men and women, and by its very humanness attracts those whom a fictitious standard of perfection would only discourage and repel.

As a preacher, Dr. Wood possessed gifts far above the average. His well-balanced judgment, richly furnished mind, and copious yet chaste diction, coupled with "a calmly fervent zeal," made his preaching such as Christians love to listen to, while it influenced the thoughtless and the careless as a message from the skies. His pulpit themes took in a fairly wide range, but the central theme of all—the love of God in Christ—was ever his delight. His style of discourse was expository and practical, rather than topical, and was peculiarly rich in apt scriptural quotations. Never indulging in mere flights of rhetoric, never straining after the sensational, but believing in his heart that the Gospel without adornment was "the power of God unto salvation," he was

"Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
But to treat justly what he loved so well."

But if there was one gift in which more than any other he did excel, it was the gift of prayer. In this respect he stood pre-eminent. A wonderful richness of utterance, a fervor of soul kindled at a heavenly altar, an unction that is given only to those in whom the Spirit maketh intercession, a childlike familiarity, born of a childlike trust, chastened by the solemn reverence of one who felt that he stood in the presence chamber of the King, all conspired to make the devotional services in which he led, "seasons of grace and sweet delight." More especially was this the

case when in the house of mourning he prayed for the blessing of the Healer to come down upon hearts that had been sorely wounded. There the great deep of his sympathetic nature would be broken up, and he would carry the burdens of others to the mercy-seat as though they were his own; but as faith caught sight of the gates of the Golden City, sympathy would kindle into glowing rapture, and mourner and friend alike would be carried on a tide of hallowed emotion to the very foot of the throne.

But it was as presiding officer and administrator that Dr. Wood's chief services were rendered to the Methodism of this land. In these important and influential relations he displayed powers of a high order, and faithfully "served his generation by the will of God." In presiding he was dignified yet courteous, and in the midst of Conference business never failed to set God always before him. With him there were no sudden and violent transitions "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," but a steady attention to the work in hand, as though time were too sacred a thing to be wasted in trifles; and yet through all he did was diffused the glow of a genial kindness that told how behind the dignity of the President there throbbed the warm heart of the man. During my seven or eight years of intimate association with Dr. Wood, before growing infirmities compelled his retirement, I never witnessed an act or listened to a word from him that were out of harmony with the character of the Christian and the gentleman. As a counsellor he was pre-eminently wise and safe. If there was a weak point anywhere, it was, perhaps, in an over-cautiousness that sometimes made him hesitate when he might have taken "occasion by the hand" to accomplish some wise and good design. One thing I especially noticed, he never allowed what may be called the secular side of his official duties to dull the fine edge of his piety. Many a time his private office has been a place of earnest prayer for departing missionaries; and amid close attention to the temporalities of the Society over which he presided, letters of sympathy, of counsel and of brotherly love have gone forth to distant mission stations, carrying strength and comfort to the hearts of weary and perhaps discouraged toilers. Many a hard-working missionary will feel that in the removal of Dr. Wood he has lost a personal and sympathizing friend.

To those who knew and loved the man—and none could know without loving him—it will be gratifying to be assured that his declining years were full of a heavenly-comfort, and that his end was peace. In life's meridian his home was shadowed by sore bereavements; child after child he followed to the tomb; and those deeper sorrows which can be told to God only were not unknown. But as the years went by the path grew brighter, as he looked forward to that glad morning when the sorrows of the past shall be but "as a dream when one awaketh."

A few years ago, while on a visit to our missions in British Columbia, one evening, in company with a few others, I climbed a hill whose summit commanded a view of the Pacific Ocean. The pathway was rugged and steep; the sun had disappeared behind the hills, and the dense evergreens involved us in gloomy shadows; but we climbed on patiently in hope of what lay beyond. At length we reached the summit, and before us lay a vision that will be treasured up in memory's chambers through all the coming years. Behind us were the gloomy forest, and the toilsome way over which we had journeyed, but before us the broad Pacific lay unrolled, so near in that transparent atmosphere that we could see the ripples on its bosom stirred by the evening breeze, and yet so far that amid the solemn stillness there came to us no sound of the wave that broke upon the distant reef. In the western sky dappled clouds were anchored in the blue, through which the rays of the setting sun

streamed upon the sea in ever-varying tints of purple and gold and amethyst, till every ripple sparkled like burnished jewels set in a sapphire pavement. And then as the sun sank still lower, and touched the ocean's distant rim, the glowing tints all merged into one long trail of splendor that stretched from the shore above which we stood, all the way to another shore that seemed to lie just where the sun was setting, as if God's angels had bridged, with beaten gold, the surface of the gently heaving sea, making a pathway of light over which departing souls might pass to the other side. But a little longer and the golden glory softened into almost silvery whiteness, which, when the sun disappeared, merged in the neutral tints of a quiet sea, leaving only a reflected splendor in the sky to tell of the brightness that had been there.

And thus, I thought, it will be with that life that is lived wisely and well. There may be long and toilsome climbing up rugged steeps, and dark shadows may gather around the path we tread; but there comes a day when we reach the mountain's crest, and in the quiet that gathers about life's eventide we look out into the infinite, and as we look, "the light that never was on land or sea" breaks through the haze, and a pathway of golden splendor leads from shore to shore. So our beloved brother found it. Like a traveller, who, toiling up mountain sides and through gloomy forests, catches at last from some commanding height a view of his long sought home, glorified in the splendor of the setting sun, so our departed friend saw from afar the home where loved ones gone before were safely gathered, and having seen it, he calmly laid him down and slept,

"With never a dream, and never a tear,
To wake in the morning light."

His race is ended. He "fought a good fight," he has "finished his course," he "kept the faith." I thank God for the benediction of his example; I covet to tread in his footsteps; with reverent hand I lay my humble chaplet on his grave and say,

"Servant of God, well done!"

SPECIAL DONATIONS FOR AZABU CHURCH.

SECOND LIST.

<i>Sackville</i> .—Mrs. F. Dixon, \$2; Miss M. J. Bowser, \$2.	\$4 00
<i>Pictou</i> .—Mrs. J. McDonald, \$1; R. Dobson, \$1; A. S. Carson, \$1; Rev. H. F. Ostrom, \$5.	8 00
<i>Port Hope</i> .—Mrs. J. B. Clarkson, \$5; B. Bennington, \$1.	5 00
<i>Cobourg</i> .—J. Crossen, \$10; R. Wilson, \$5; Mrs. Dr. Haanel, \$5; Dr. Badgley, \$1; Master J. George, 50c.	21 50
<i>Bowmanville</i> .—J. Bunner.	2 00
<i>Brantford</i> .—Three Friends, \$2.50; Mrs. Thompson, \$1; Master H. Schell, \$1; Miss C. Horning, \$2; Miss H. Lutt, \$2; J. Daniels, \$4; Mrs. Love, \$2; Mrs. Green, \$2; Mr. Green, jr., \$1; Mr. Simmons, \$3; Mr. Colbeck, \$1; Rev. Wm. Willoughby, \$1; H. A. Narraway, \$5; Dr. Burchard, \$1; Master F. Burchard, 10c.; Miss Brown, \$2; W. R. Halley, \$1; Mrs. Steele, \$1; Mrs. M. Cox, \$2; Judge Jones, \$5; J. T. Rose, \$2.	41 60
(Additional promised, \$52).	
<i>Cainsville</i> .—Friends, 80c.; Mrs. P. German, \$1; P. Roy, \$1.	2 80
<i>St. George</i> .—Rev. J. G. Foote, \$5; Rev. J. W. Sifton, \$5.	10 00
(Additional promised, \$5).	
<i>London</i> .—Mrs. Sanders, \$2; Rev. J. P. Rice, \$10; Mrs. Piper, \$2; Mr. Shuff, \$2; Master F. Shuff, \$1; W. Hamilton, \$1; Rev. Thos. Hadwin, \$5; Master S. Hanna, \$1.	24 00
Total.	\$119 90

Y. HIRAIWA.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

MISS E. A. REINHART, our teacher at Bella Bella, B.C., writes as follows:

"We are indebted to kind friends in Ontario for parcels of cards, books, Bibles, etc., which arrived too late for Christmas 1886, but which brought joy to the hearts of the Sunday-school children and older people on being received from the "Tree" on the evening of Monday, December 26th, 1887. Particularly are we indebted to Mr. J. Grigg, of Exeter, Ont., for many of these, as well as for twenty copies of the *British Workman* throughout the year, a late number of which contained a picture of the Queen and Royal Family, which was exceedingly prized by all."

BOOK NOTICES.

God in History and Revelation. By REV. GEO. WEBBER. Toronto: William Briggs.

This volume is a valuable addition to the permanent religious literature of the day. It comprises eight Lectures and nineteen Sermons, covering a wide range of topics, designed to show the hand of God alike in History and Revelation. The Lectures bear the following titles: John Wycliffe; William Tyndall; Queen Elizabeth; Oliver Cromwell and His Times; The Scottish Covenanters; William of Orange; The Age in which we Live; The Pulpit the Age Needs. The author's style is clear and vigorous, and his treatment of the various themes concise, yet comprehensive. The volume deserves, and, we trust, will have a large circulation.

Antinomianism Revived. By REV. DANIEL STEELE, D.D. Toronto: Methodist Book Room.

There is a spurious liberality in the world which says, "It doesn't matter what a man believes if he is only sincere." There is an equally mischievous liberality in the Church which suffers error to be sown broadcast rather than incur the odium of defending the faith. Dr. Steele has done immense service to the cause of evangelical truth by his crushing exposure of the Antinomian teachings of the Plymouth Brethren, who for many years past have been industriously spreading their poisonous errors among the Churches. This form of error is no new thing. It appeared in the primitive Church even in Apostolic times, and has reappeared at intervals in the history of the Church from that time until now. In Luther's day it well-nigh ruined the work of God and checked the beneficent progress of the great Reformation; in Wesley's time it revived, captured the Moravians, split up many of Mr. Wesley's societies, and ruined multitudes of souls; and now in our day it revives again, and under the name of Plymouthism, sows broadcast its tares among the wheat. The pernicious doctrines of this most Sectarian of all the sects, form the staple of the teachings of many so-called Evangelists, and find ready entrance into Young Men's Christian Associations, "Believer's Meet-

ings," and "Christian Conventions." The deadly leaven is spreading, and it is time the Churches were awake. It was while men "slept" that the enemy sowed tares. We commend Dr. Steele's manly, out-spoken volume as a timely antidote to the "poison of asps" which exudes from Plymouthism.

The Missionary Review of the World. Monthly; pp. 80; \$2 per annum; in clubs of ten, \$1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

This is, without exception, the best missionary periodical of which we have any knowledge. Its contents are widely varied, its pages crowded with missionary facts, figures, arguments, incidents, appeals. We are glad to see that a second edition of the January and February numbers has been issued, showing the largeness of the demand. Those who desire to know what is going on in the world of missions should by all means take the *Review*.

Woman's Work.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—*Mal. 3: 10.*

ONE page of our general Missionary Report demands a much wider circulation than it is likely to get in the report, in order that the supreme importance of the subject it discusses may reach the public eye, and touch the public heart of this great Protestant Province of Ontario. The French Mission work! How little it is understood! How foolish, indeed, some Missionary workers speak about it! How thoughtlessly the subject is dismissed from the lips of many who appear otherwise interested in the schemes of the Church! Such indifference, wherever manifested, is an open evidence of failure to grasp the tremendous issues involved in this question: Shall Canada be in the future Roman Catholic, or shall she be Protestant? Do we Christian Protestants really comprehend what it means to us and to our children, that our country should become Roman Catholic? Romanism holds her followers not only in a spiritual, but in a civil bondage as well. From the page of the report of our General Secretary, to which we refer, we make one extract:

"Every year the danger to our free institutions becomes more threatening, and the grasp of the hierarchy more fixed and unyielding. Ultramontane Rome dominates with absolute sway, the political, educational, and social life of the Province of Quebec, and holds the key of the political situation in the other provinces of the Dominion. It is the *sinister power behind the throne* in matters of legislation, and is the only power that dares to interfere

with the administration of justice. Its avowed policy is to *dominate* in every sphere, whether pertaining to Church or State."

WHEN it is desired to bring one special subject before the thought of the people it is customary for societies interested to invite the Christian ministers to preach in that particular interest on a given day. Hence we have sermons to Y. M. C. A., "Temperance," or, as we in Toronto are likely to have, "Hospital Sunday."

We have thought that if, on a given Sunday, Protestant ministers would decide, in response perhaps to our invitation, to adopt the subject of French-Canadian evangelization—present its spiritual aspect and claims—the fruits of Romanism in her own countries, and the true condition of our own Province of Quebec, and many other points which would occur, the results of such effort would, to say the least, be instructive, and do much to educate and awake public sentiment on this question.

Is it not worth our prayers and efforts that hundreds of thousands of our fellow citizens know no means of salvation save absolution pronounced by a sinful man, and the purchase, for money, of the soul's release from a purgatory—the stock-in-trade of Romish priests—the bug-a-boo of an unenlightened people.

A WRITER in the *Christian Advocate* speaking of the benefits of Foreign Missions on the Church at home, remarks: "That Foreign Mission organization came first, Home Mission came next, as though it had been an effect. The moment our benevolence began to flow out to the heathen abroad, it began to form a tide for the heathen at home. The growth of Foreign Mission enterprise is always attended with the enlargement of the Home Mission work."

"Be not simply good; be good for something."—*Thoreau*.

FROM the *Almafilian*, the journal of Alma College, St. Thomas, we are pleased to learn that at the last meeting of the Missionary Society, Miss Greenham, President, it was announced that the Society would undertake to pay the passage of any acceptable graduate or advanced student who would volunteer to go to Japan as a missionary.

THE December number of the *Heathen Woman's Friend* is before us, with its cheering account of the Eighteenth Annual Meeting of the W. F. M. S. Executive Committee. We have read it with a great deal of interest, and gained not only information but new ideas as well. For the benefit of our readers we make a few notes on the work. Being a distinctively Foreign Mission Society, their fields are in the Oriental

lands, South America and Mexico. What they denominate in the report "Home Work," is simply the record of their auxiliaries, young people's societies, number of secretaries, life members, number of mite boxes out, subscribers to their paper, which is published in German as well as English, and the amounts raised. The total receipts for the past year amounted to \$191,158.13, an increase of \$24,000 over last year. The W. F. M. S. includes nine associated branches. Each branch makes its own appropriations to each field. We are interested in learning that the total appropriated to Japan, where they have something like a thousand pupils in their several schools, is the creditable sum of \$45,827.00. A legacy of \$3,700 has been included in this amount, to be used in founding an industrial school in Yokohama. They have a Committee on Missionary Candidates composed of one lady from each Branch. The report of this Committee shows that the credentials of each candidate come before them; and each case is decided in accordance with the requirements necessary.

MISS THOBURN, returned missionary from India, was invited to supplement the Indian report. She said in brief: "No work is more difficult than that among Mohammedens, and no opportunity to reach them should be neglected. No kind of work in India is so urged upon our attention as *medical* work. The "Countess of Dufferin Fund" has aroused those formerly uninterested, and the call for students to prepare as nurses and physicians has awakened an ambition in girls to enter this new field. Scholarships are offered to pay their tuition. The Lady Dufferin scheme, while it was good, was only humanitarian, not Christian. Those who are prepared to accept the help offered by this fund must be Christian girls educated in our Mission schools. It is especially an opportunity to Christian women, because only they have the education and the freedom necessary to enter upon a course of training. There are hospitals where nurses are trained. Colleges where a three years' medical course is given in the Vernacular, the medical college of the Presidency, and cities where a five years' course in English and a degree is given to those who pass the required course. These women have a rare opportunity to represent Christian womanhood to an unbelieving empire.

DR. CLARA SWAIN, formerly Missionary of the W. F. M. S., is now employed by the Rajah of Ketra, a native State in Rajputana. He supports not only her medical work, but a school which she has opened, and a Zenana teacher whom she took with her. And he and his rami, a bright, intelligent woman, heartily assist in her plans for improving his people.

OUR SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT is now in the hands of all our Auxiliaries. We trust each member has possessed herself of a copy. One cannot be a really intelligent helper in the work without the knowledge gained in the report. With the report and our monthly paper we shall be tolerably well equipped.

SEVERAL improvements appear in the report which speak well for the business aspect of our work. The Minutes of the Executive are published. The pages devoted to Missionary Candidates will, we feel sure, prove satisfactory to the Society at large.

WE trust the Committee *re* Chinese petition to the Government have communicated with Missionary Societies of other Churches for co-operation in their effort to have law enforced on the Pacific coast.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM, Corresponding Secretary Western Branch, makes the following good suggestion: "The joy of Eastertide being appropriately directed towards fulfilling God's command, 'Go ye into all the world,' etc., would it not be well to suggest to the Sunday Schools through THE OUTLOOK to make Easter 'Missionary Sunday,' and so help to increase our funds."

It has been decided to have "rules of procedure" for the conduct of annual meetings. All deliberative bodies require law or common understanding to prevent confusion and ensure dignified dispatch of business. It is wisdom on our part to have and to study such rules of business, which are all founded on what is called "parliamentary law."

WE regret that the plan of publishing the President's Address appears to be abandoned. Only to the privileged few of the General Board are permitted hear it, and we believe it is a help and an inspiration to the Society at large to read it. Reviewing the work and its results, foreshadowing new work, supplying thought, and suggestion and encouragement, to the workers, the President through her Address becomes known to many who may never see her face. We sincerely hope our President will consent to have her Annual Address printed in the next report.

In reading the decision of the committee in reference to the "Huntington Memorial" we find these words: "As the building of school-houses, churches and teachers' residences are asked for, and as that is not in our line of work, we recommend that it be not entertained. Building churches certainly is not, so

far. We have learned of the grand work Rev. Mr. Huntington is doing for God, and would rejoice if we could read that our Woman's Missionary Society had thought it a privilege to help. We believe God would have owned and blessed a few hundreds of our money in that truly missionary work, though it will, no doubt go on to success without us.

THE Publication Committee composed of one from each branch, report that the *Heathen Woman's Friend* is indispensable to a proper knowledge of their work, and recommend an effort to obtain one subscriber in every family. The financial position of the paper must be very satisfactory, as several items are recommended to be paid out of its surplus funds.

The able editor, Mrs. W. F. Warren, is heartily endorsed, also the agent, Miss Walden. These ladies to receive respectively \$700 salary, and also incidentals.

A Literature Committee was formed to have charge of all the publications of the Society, except the *Heathen Woman's Friend*, and the German paper. A Zenana paper is published fortnightly in India, sold at about twelve cents a year. It is said to meet a long-felt want. A resolution was presented suggesting the *kindergarten* system in the foreign fields of the Society. We think this would be most useful in our work, probably in Japan, and certainly among the French, if not the Indian youth, in our own country. A very pretty suggestion is made in this paper, which we give for the benefit of our Bands, namely, Christian dolls for heathen girls. Why not send a few in our boxes now and then?

THE following extract is from a letter published some time ago in the *Montreal Witness*. We wonder how much land "the Jesuits under assumed names" are getting in Ontario—and how much political influence!

"In the District of Sherbrooke and Richmond, for example, there are twenty-nine or thirty Roman Catholics teaching in schools supported by Protestant money and managed by Protestant commissioners. The last government report shows that at least 465 Protestant young ladies are receiving instruction in convents, and that over 700 Protestant children are being educated in Roman Catholic schools throughout the Province. A total of 1,165 young people coming annually under the direct influence of the Romish church! While displaying so little tact in the management of their own affairs, is it not mockery for Protestants to hold up their hands in holy horror at the spread of Roman Catholicism? That a Romish fund is set apart to buy out Protestants is true; that the purchases are made in a legitimate manner is equally true. How, then, is the growing power of Roman Catholicism to be resisted? Let Protestants be arouse

and let them display the same zeal which characterized their forefathers. Is it not advisable to establish at once an organization to prevent further sales of farms to Roman Catholics? The large amount of land owned by the Romish Church throughout the Province is a thing surpassing imagination. The seigniory of Côte de Beaupré, for example, twenty-nine miles long and nine wide, is entirely its property. And that is only one instance out of many. It is said that the Jesuits, under assumed names, already possess two-thirds of the land in Quebec city. How long will Protestants remain indifferent? W. P."

OUR readers will all be pleased to hear from Mrs. Dr. Williams, President of Central Branch, of her recent visit to Montreal, and her increased interest in the French work. Mrs. W. says:—

Sometimes it does us good to go away from home, it seems to check and temper the good opinion we have of ourselves. I realized this most strikingly during the few weeks I spent recently in the city of Montreal. Hitherto I almost thought that the ladies of Toronto could not be equalled for their earnestness and zeal, but I found the same earnestness and zeal possessing the ladies in Montreal. You will believe me when I tell you, that I had the pleasure and profit of attending during the month, no less than six meetings in the interest of the Woman's Missionary Society.

It was a very great delight to me to be present at the organization of an auxiliary in the East End Church, of which the Rev. Wm. Hall, M.A., is pastor. Mrs. Hall had so enlisted the hearts of the ladies in the work, that there was very little to do but elect the officers. We predict for this auxiliary great success, as all were so much in earnest, and desirous of receiving all the information possible—everyone anxious to buy a report, which is always an encouraging sign. In the evening a mission circle was formed.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Philp I was also invited to be present at the organization of a Juvenile Band, under the suggestive name of "Lamplighters." The meeting was held one bitterly cold afternoon in the parsonage of Great St. James' Street Church. Notwithstanding the cold the spacious parlors were filled to overflowing with girls and boys and of all ages between five and fourteen years. Here, as in the former instance, the preparatory work had been done by the pastor's wife, and a noble band of forty-four was enrolled, with Miss Jessie Nichol as President. There is now in this old historic church a Mission Circle and a Juvenile Band, both in connexion with our Woman's Missionary Society, besides the many ladies who belong to the Montreal Auxiliary.

Here, as in Toronto, Hamilton, and London, it is felt that it would be better for the successful working of the society, if each church had an Auxiliary of its own, and, no doubt, before long this will be accomplished.

I had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Mr. DeGruchy, missionary at Acton Vale, at the monthly meeting, when he gave a most earnest address. Telling us of the blessed work of grace carried on in the school, and speaking in the highest terms of Madam Roy, who holds service every Sunday morning, consisting of Bible reading, prayer and testimony, in which the pupils take an active part. Rev. Mr. DeGruchy conducts family worship morning and evening, and on Thursday evening is taking them through a course of instruction in experimental religion, beginning with conviction, and following with repentance, pardon, and the witness of the Spirit, etc. In this the pupils take an intelli-

gent interest, and an evident growth in grace is manifest. We cannot but feel how much we owe to this devoted missionary for the success of our school. I confess to coming home with greatly increased interest in our French work, but more firmly convinced than ever that only a measure of success will attend our work until from our own institutions shall go out men and women fully trained and equipped for their Master's service. R. W.

ITEMS.

GRIMSBY.—An auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society was formed in this church, on December 15th. Mrs. S. J. Hunter, President of the Western Branch, was present, and gave us valuable assistance. Our meetings thus far have been very interesting and, we trust, profitable. The following officers were elected for the year:—Mrs. Brownell, President; Mrs. W. D. Kitchen, Vice-President; Miss Van Duser, Rec.-Secretary; Mrs. E. J. Palmer, Cor.-Secretary; Mrs. Reynolds, Treasurer.

SIMCOE.—The regular monthly meeting of our Auxiliary was held on Monday, Feb. 6th inst. Eighteen ladies were present, being more than at any previous meeting; all were deeply interested in the letters read from our Missionaries. Miss Knight sends us an encouraging report of Erie Simcoe, the little Indian girl supported by our Auxiliary. The Mission Band "Harvesters" has been reorganized, under the management of Mrs. Amelia Wooley, with a membership of 28 little girls, busy at work once a fortnight on Saturday afternoon. The OUTLOOK is welcomed by our members, and we have an increased circulation this year.

ANNA E. FALLS, Cor.-Sec'y.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Read before the Oakville Auxiliary, by MRS. I. WARCUP.

HOW often we hear the remark, "What shall we do to get the people," whom we think ought to be interested in the work of God, especially in the Missionary cause? How many are not concerned?

Never was there a time, when the call to work for Missionary enterprise was so loud as to-day. The world is opening to receive the Gospel. Christian men and women are preparing themselves, and stand ready to go to the mission field. We need more workers at home. Workers who will make men and women feel that it is not only a duty, but a privilege to give of their time, their talents, their money, and their influence, to send the Gospel to those less favored than we are. For what are we living? Is it to please ourselves? Is it to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, then die, feeling we have made a miserable failure of life? Is life a trifle, a plaything, something to do just what we like with, and not be held responsible? Oh, no! "We are not our own; we are bought with a price."

Realizing this great fact, what are we to do to get others to a knowledge of the same? We shall some day have to give an account of our influence, and the use we make of it. It is not enough that we are interested in the Mission cause ourselves, but we must, if we wish to see the world brought to Christ, exert an influence over others, and get them interested also. Look at our Woman's Missionary Society. A few of our sisters feel interested. The majority pay us

the smallest attention, as though it did not matter whether we had an existence or not.

They say we got along very well before there was a Woman's Missionary Society. So they did, but that argues nothing. The world used to get along without railroads and telegraph. It could not now. We ought not to be less progressive than the world. When God has a special work to do, He raises up something or somebody to do that work. Who dare say that the Woman's Missionary Society is not raised up for a special work. Look at India and Japan. The female portion of those countries can only be reached by women, and we all know if the mothers of the coming generations in those countries are not Christianized, it will be almost impossible to reach the children.

As a society we have much to encourage us. We have the sanction and co-operation of our Conferences, the sympathy of all truly pious people, and better still the approval of our Master. What are we to do then to get more of our sisters interested in this cause? To my mind, we must endeavor to exert an influence over the minds and affections of others. This influence to a great extent must be of an individual character. Unless God has given us some special public gift, which is only in rare cases, the most of us have to make use of those gifts that act more on the individual than on the masses. So, if we are to accomplish anything, we must study ourselves first, we shall be in a better position then to study others.

We are all very much alike so far as human nature goes. It is only in grace we differ, and not until we have studied the one perfect character, Christ Jesus, and this under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, can we hope or expect to do anything in influencing others to any extent.

I know it is said that everybody is exerting an influence over others for either good or bad. It may be so to a certain degree, but if we are to be a power felt for any great good we shall have to put forth extra effort, and make the best use of the talents given us. We may only possess one talent. We shall only be responsible for one. Let us not lay it up in a napkin.

There is a tendency in us all to get in a rut, and stay there, and we seem to have very little power over ourselves. How can we have influence over others in such a state? "In order to a true self-knowledge the human mind, with its various powers and operations, must be narrowly inspected." Would we know ourselves, we must consider ourselves as creatures, as Christians, and as men and women; and remember the obligations which, as such, we are under to God, and our fellow men in the several relations in which we stand to them, so that we maintain the propriety, and fulfil the duties of those relations. That we may influence others successfully we must have their respect and confidence.

I remember some years ago attending a revival service, when a lady of my acquaintance made up her mind to accept Christ. She appeared to want some one to talk to her, and pray with her. A gentleman, for whom this lady had no respect, went to her, and began to pray for her and talk to her. Of course he did more harm than good. She wanted some one in whom she had confidence, and when such a person knelt by her she was willing enough to listen. For years she has shown forth an exemplary Christian life. So if we are anxious to influence those whom we know, or suspect, dislike us, with or without a just cause, we must do our part to remove their prejudice.

When Christ sought to influence the woman of Samaria, He began by removing her prejudice against the Jews. She sought to reject Him by telling what the Samaritan fathers did, and where they used to worship. Just as people do

now reject Christ, and refuse to work for Him because it will interfere with their present system of living. No sooner did Christ get this prejudice against Himself out of her mind than she began to listen to Him. How soon she forgot her water-pot and ran to the city, and brought others to listen to His life-giving words, and they were converted.

The only safe guide for direction how to act in our endeavors to win others to work for Christ, is in secret prayer, for the gift of the Holy Spirit.

What a beautiful thought that was our pastor gave us one Sabbath in his sermon: "If we were in the path of duty, and abode in Christ, we could ask what we would it should be done unto us; for if we are in the path of duty we are in a safe position for God to grant us our requests." If we are trying in a proper spirit to influence others to work for God, are we not in the path of duty, and can we not look up and say, "Lord, what wouldest Thou have me do? Whom can I influence? What method can I employ?"

It may be only to give a leaflet to this one, an invitation to another to attend our monthly meeting, or to explain to another why we exist, what our work is, and what it is accomplishing.

To this end it will be necessary to inform ourselves fully in reference to our Missionary work. This information we can get by reading *The Christian Guardian*, *THE OUTLOOK*, and the letters that come to us in leaflet form. I am convinced the more we read these and study our Bible, the more we shall be imbued with a Missionary Spirit. There is one thing we should remember. It is not a matter of choice what we do with our influence. If we use that influence for anything but the glory of God, and the good of mankind, we shall suffer.

Miriam, the sister of Moses, was a prophetess, and as such had a great influence in the camp of the Israelites. We are not told plainly she refused to use her influence. We can only infer from what follows. The children of Israel murmured to Moses, because they had no meat. "Moses said unto the Lord, wherefore hast Thou afflicted thy servant, and wherefore have I not found favor in Thy sight, that Thou layest the burden of all this people upon me?" Miriam and Aaron were angry with their brother about his marriage. So it appears because of their displeasure they refused to do their duty, and instead of helping Moses to bear burdens they spake against him. Miriam must have been more to blame than Aaron, for you know how she was punished with leprosy.

Queen Esther used her influence for the benefit of others, and saved the lives of her people. She ran a risk, it is true, in attempting to go into the presence of the king, not according to law, but like a brave woman she said, "I will go, and if I perish, I perish." No doubt she would have perished if she had not done her duty.

Salvation was in the path of duty. God would have saved His people some other way. The world is going to be saved; there is no doubt of that. What about ourselves? Are we going to have any part in bringing about that blessed result, or are we going to act the unprofitable servant, and compel the Master to cut us down as cumberers of the ground, and put others in our place, who will come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty?

A MISSIONARY EXERCISE.

THE following programme on Africa is given as a suggestion how the idea contained in this paper on "Our Work," may be carried out in connection with Mission Band work. It may be rendered simply, just as given; or where practicable, and, if desired, as for an open meeting, the country may be further person-

ated by the dress, decorating the room with some of the handy-work or works of art of these nations, or by representing some of their manners and customs.

1. SINGING.—“From Greenland’s icy mountains.”
2. PRAYER.
3. MAP OF AFRICA, WITH GEOGRAPHY.
4. MUSIC.
5. RECITATION.—“The African Woman’s Prayer.”

In darkness and in sin, I sought the shrine
Of heathen gods, to comfort in distress ;
I offered up my child, all that was mine,
A sacrifice, my woeful soul to bless.
My darling suffered on the altar high,
My heart was wrung with anguish and despair ;
No deity was moved to hear my sigh,
No priest could take away my load of care.

At length in agony of soul, I said:
“If there be any God who dwells above,
Who to His temple hath the lowly led,
Speak out of darkness, speak in tenderest love;
If light Divine abides in yonder sky,
Where brightest glory lights the blazing sun,
Oh, come, responsive to my helpless cry!
Oh, come, and tell me of salvation won!”

A voice, the sweetest I had ever heard,
In accents tender, whispered, “‘Peace be still!’
For poor and needy ones my love hath cared,
In life and death I’ll keep from every ill.”
Nor has He left me from that blessed hour,
Oft has He spoken to my raptured soul:
He’s ever near to keep me by His power,
And points me upward to a heavenly goal.
His name a mystery then, I could not tell;
I called Him Father, Brother, Saviour, Friend!
He answered to them all, each fitted well,
And promised to my soul a peaceful end.
Oh! now I know that name—the dearest name
Of any spoken in a sinner’s ear;
’Tis Jesus! you have come to teach the same.
My way is hedged about, my path is clear,
And now, with Jesus as my Saviour, Friend,
I’ll brave the dangers of the pilgrim’s road;
Waiting with eager gladness for the end,
To bring me home in safety to my God.

6. PAPER.—“The Country and People of Africa.”

7. MUSIC.—“The Land of Africa,” by the Choir.

TUNE: “Beautiful land on high.”

There’s a shadowy land away,
Far beyond the deep rolling sea,
Where by sorrow pressed down,
The poor heathen mourn,
In that shadowy land away.

CHORUS.

In that land of deep darkness, shine, O shine,
Blessed Gospel, all Divine,
Lord Jesus be there, O come and prepare
A home in that land of thine.

There the guilty and lost still sleep
In ignorance, sad and deep;
No Redeemer is known,
Whose blood can atone;
O Christian, for Africa weep.—*Chorus.*

Weep and pray for that land away,
Far beyond the dark rolling sea;
O publish the love
Of Him from above,
Who died the enslaved to free.—*Chorus.*

8. OUR LITTLE SISTERS.

[An Exercise by Four Little Girls.]

FIRST VOICE.

Away in the tropical meadows
Where the wonderful Ganges swells,
’Neath the palm trees’ beautiful shadows,
My dear little sister dwells.

I have never stooped down and kissed her,
Our arms we may never entwine;
But I know she is surely my sister,
Since God is her Father and mine.

But oh! ere a year is ended,
She may sink in a terrible grave,
And her last little cry may be blended
With the rush of the Ganges’ wave.

For they tell me the heathen mother
Her babe to the river-god throws;
O’er many a sister and brother
The rush of the Ganges flows.

SECOND VOICE.

Where the billowy waves are swelling,
Oh! thousands of leagues from here,
In an isle of the ocean dwelling,
I, too, have a sister dear.

I have never stooped down to kiss her,
Our arms we may never entwine;
But I know she is surely my sister,
Since God is her Father and mine.

No one in the isle is fairer
Than she, nor so happy and gay;
But oh! I’m afraid they will bear her
To the terrible shrine away.

And my sister may now be seeing
The last of her days so fair,
For many a human being
Is offered to idols there.

THIRD VOICE.

I, too, have a sister; I love her,
Though God in His wisdom has made
The hue her young face and form over
Of Africa’s tawniest shade.

I have never stooped down and kissed her,
Our arms we may never entwine;
But I know she is surely my sister,
Since God is her Father and mine.

There is sorrow in every feature,
And pain in my sister’s soul;
She is bowing before a creature
All loathsome and grim and foul.

For Africa lies in darkness
So thick, that it seems to me
My poor little African sister
The morning will never see.

FOURTH VOICE.

Oh! hear us our fathers and mothers,
Our sorrowing spirits cry;
And help to our sisters and brothers
Send quickly before they die.

Send, tell them the Good Shepherd leads us
To God the kind Father above,
And how from the heavens He heeds us.
And looks down upon us with love.

ALL.

For our spirits all stoop down and kiss them;
We entwine them with love and with prayers;
In heaven we must meet and not miss them,
Since God is our Father and theirs.

[Intermission if desired, or music.]

9. EXTRACTS of letters from our missionaries.

10. MUSIC.—“Africa’s Cry to America,” by Choir.

Tune.—Maryland, My Maryland.

Where Egypt’s river takes its rise,
Under Nyanza’s tropic skies,
There is a land most fair to see
Clothed in darkest misery:
From Africa, dark Africa,
A voice comes to America,
“Oh mighty land of liberty,
I am in bondage—rescue me!”

There Nature’s lavish hand is seen,
Hills and valleys all are green,
Her lakes are clear, her skies are fair,
But man is sunk in dark despair:
Oh, listen to the pleading cry;
Oh, who will answer, “Here am I?”
From out of thee, America,
Who will go to Africa?

While cruel superstition reigns
Earth is marked with blood-red stains;
Bowed down with fear the Afric slave
Prays to gods that cannot save:
Oh, who will carry there the light
That makes our happy land so bright?
The Cross of Christ to Africa
Wilt thou send, America?

Far in that dark and sinful land
Dwells a small devoted band,
Where noble Hannington was slain;
They call—and shall they call in vain?
On us that band has set its eyes,
Dear land, in majesty arise!
Our own beloved America,
Stretch thy hand toward Africa.

11. PAPER.—“Religions and Superstitions of the African, and Mission work among them.”

12. RECITATION.—“Idols and Their Worshipers”

[WITH MOTIONS.]

Begin with folded hands or arms folded in front. In both the psalm and song the motions are similar. At the words *heathen* or *far-off*, extend arms at full length toward the east; at *God*, point upward; at *heavens*, both hands raised; at *the works of men’s hands*, hammering motion; touch ears, eyes, mouth, throat, etc., as each part is named.

SINGLE VOICE.

Children, do you the story know
Of idol gods? And can you show
What they are like, and by whose hands
Are formed the gods of heathen lands?

Recitation, with motions, of Psalm cxv. 2-8.

FIRST CHILD.

King David in his Psalms hath told,
Their idols silver are, and gold;
Only the work of human hands,
These gods of far-off heathen lands.

CHORUS.

Our God is in the heavens above;
We’ll praise Him with full hearts of love;
We’ll shout hosannas to His name,
While heaven and earth His power proclaim.

SECOND CHILD.

They all have mouths, but cannot talk;
They all have feet, but cannot walk;
Two eyes that cannot see have they;
A tongue that not a word can say.—*Chorus.*

THIRD CHILD.

Two ears that ne’er a sound have heard;
Hands that for work have never stirred;
Each has a nose that cannot smell,
A throat through which no note doth swell.—*Chorus.*

FOURTH CHILD.

So, every one that trusteth them,
These worthless idols wrought by men;
They too, who make them with their hands
Are like these gods of heathen lands.—*Chorus.*

Recitation, with motions, from Isaiah xlv. 12-20
by boys.

SINGLE VOICE.

Now folded be your little hands,
Then, altogether you may tell,
How unlike gods of heathen lands
Is our great God we love so well.—*Chorus.*

If we our love to Him confess
He will be mindful us to bless;
He has enough to spare for all,
Holds wide His arms to great and small.—*Chorus.*

What priceless blessings thus are given
By Him who made both earth and heaven!
The earth for man to dwell on gave;
In heaven He waits our soul’s to save.—*Chorus.*

Oh, let us praise him with each breath,
Before our eyelids close in death;
E’en now, begin to sing His praise,
E’en now, to Him glad songs we’ll raise.—*Chorus.*

A MISSIONARY tells of a poor Christian woman in India, who said to him: “I have no money for missions, but I can speak to my neighbors, and urge them to come to the Saviour I have so joyfully found.” She learned what was better, and richer than gold and silver, the power of personal influence through an earnest zeal for Christ. And so, in her humble way, she had led eleven persons to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Many a whole church, the past year, has come short of such success.

THE EXPANSION OF THE WORK.—If it never advanced the expenditure could be settled at a fixed sum, at what we gave last year or five years ago. But the collection is to meet expenses that grow as the mission grows. It would be humiliating if we had to report that we have made no progress for twenty years, yet very many congregations sustain the mission by the same amount that was thought sufficient twenty years ago. Meantime the workers and the work have more than doubled. It costs us more because God blesses us more.

Missionary Readings.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY HARRIET A. FARRAND.

IT was last spring, in apple-blossom time, and I had been spending the night with a friend out of town. It was a delightful place, and a delightful time. The orchards were in the full flush of their beauty, and the woods were lighted up with the even lovelier blossoms of the crab-apple, whose pink and white shone through the tender green of the young foliage of the oak and maple, making one of those perfect pictures which nature paints for once a year.

As I stepped on board the train in the morning, carrying a bit of this paradise with me in the shape of a market-basket full of wild apple-boughs, I came upon my friend Mrs. Stone, who lived in a suburb still farther out, and who was also on her way to the city, with her arms likewise full of the same flowers.

"Some of your city friends will have a taste of the country springtime," I remarked.

"I don't know that I can exactly say my 'friends,'" she replied, "as I am not acquainted with anyone to whom I am taking the flowers. I am going shopping to-day."

"Do explain!" said I.

"That is easy. I am taking them to the girls in the stores."

"To the girls in the stores!" I echoed in amazement.

"Yes. What is there so strange in that?"

"Why, nothing; at least there ought not to be anything strange in it—and yet there is. It is not often we see a lady burdening herself in this way, for the sake of a parcel of girls whom she does not know."

"It is no burden; it is a pleasure," she replied.

"But do gratify my curiosity," I persisted, "and tell me how you came to resolve yourself into an individual flower-mission like this."

"Naturally enough. A year ago, I came into the city one day with a cluster of apple-buds pinned to my dress. During the forenoon I went into the B—— store, a place where I very seldom go. It was a warm day, and my buds were beginning to droop. I noticed the young girl who was waiting upon me casting wistful glances at them. She looked pale and weary. I unfastened the flowers, and asked her if she would like them. I told her if they were put into water I thought they would revive. You should have seen the light that came into her face as she eagerly took them. 'Oh, thank you, ma'am!' she said. 'I've wanted some so bad, I didn't know what to do, but I couldn't buy them.' It was half an hour before I left the store, and as I passed the young girl's counter on the way out I saw my apple-buds in a tin mug set in a sheltered place, and looking as fresh and bright as if they had just been picked. And the girl's face looked almost as fresh and bright as they, as she now and then turned to look at them. But that was not all. As I was going to the train at six o'clock, I passed the store just as the army of clerks was coming out, and I came face to face with my girl of the morning, a part of the

flowers in her hand—a part she had given to a companion who was walking with her—and two little cash-girls, one on either side, were begging, 'Please, Mary, give me just one!'

"I tell you, I did some hard thinking when I got home, and looked at all the wealth of beauty around me; and the result is, that since then, when I go to the city in flower-time, and especially in apple-blossom time, I seldom go without taking some flowers for some of those poor, shut-in girls, who seem to have so little beauty or brightness in their hard lives."

Here the train stopped and we parted, going each our separate ways.

Later in the day, an errand took me into a dark, dingy, crowded store on S—— Street, and I noticed that a dozen of the girl-clerks and little cash girls were wearing apple-blossoms—they were crab-apple blossoms too—and I had no difficulty in divining that my friend had been there before me.

Taking a short cut through a narrow alley, I happened to glance at a pale little boy bolstered up in a chair in the open doorway of a tumble-down house, and in his hand was a spray of crab-apple blossoms to which he was crooning a little song in a happy voice. My friend had left her tracks here too.

And I thought to myself, How many little ways there are in this world of giving pleasure, and how apt we are to overlook and neglect some which lie the very nearest to us! And I thought how beautiful it would be to go through the world in such a way that we can be tracked everywhere by the flowers we scatter around us as we go.

ELEVATION OF JAPANESE WOMEN.

THE Rev. Dr. J. D. Davis, a missionary of the American Board, has recently returned to Japan from a visit to the United States, and he is astonished at the changes and the progress during his comparatively brief absence. In a letter to the *Advance*, he refers to some of the more recent important movements, and especially to that for the elevation of woman, under the lead of Count Ito and Bishop Bickersteth. He says, "Three weeks do not suffice to take one's bearings again, after an absence of nearly a year from Japan. Such mighty movements are in progress here, that one must be in them fully to realize them, and he may not then. Next to the leavening work of the glorious Gospel of Christ, the greatest movement in progress here, is that for the elevation of women, and this has come to the surface within the last year. The appeal of Prof. Toyama last year, for Christian mission schools for girls, but voiced the growing convictions of thousands of the intelligent minds of Japan. It is wonderful to see the impetus which this movement is gaining.

"Count Ito, the present prime minister of Japan, is greatly interested in this movement, and is said to have given \$10,000 to help it forward. The English and American Episcopalians, led by Bishop Bickersteth, have formed a society for the promotion of ladies' education, which has received powerful support and pledges of help from the nobility of the land. This is aimed especially to reach and educate ladies of the higher classes. It has already a large following

in the capital, and a large branch has recently been formed in Osaka. Its aim is "to establish in Tokio an institution for the higher education of women; and to encourage in every way the establishment of similar institutes in other parts of the empire." The Bishop has sent to England for ladies, both for the Tokio and Osaka institutes. The governor and the commander of the Osaka garrison, are prompt movers in this enterprise there. Eight missionary ladies and one gentleman are connected with it, and the governor of Osaka has given his pledge for \$10,000 for this school."

The following extract on female education, from an article in the *Japan Weekly Mail*, written by Professor Toyama, of the Imperial University of Japan, shows, not only the advanced and broad ideas of the writer, as well as his courage; but the prepared condition of the country to receive and act upon his views:—

"What is wanted, is that female education should be undertaken by European and American ladies. Nothing short of such contact and association can accomplish a radical reform in the character of Japanese women. But it is evident that Japan cannot afford to send her girls abroad to be educated, or to employ a sufficient number of foreign ladies in her schools. Her best hope lies in Christian missionaries. Japan must consent to be called semi-civilized until her women emerge from the depths of mental and moral degradation in which they are sunk. Already among the men are many who desire to adopt Western modes of life; but the ignorance of their wives is a fatal obstacle, for these know nothing of household management, and the family would have to depend for everything on hired aid. Girls should be educated in the principles of civilized morality and sociology. The instruction in the schools should include reading, writing, conversation, music, needle-work and housekeeping. In every country conversion to a new faith, as history shows, begins with women. Let the women believe, and the faith of the children is assured."

Our Young Folk.

"A MAN I CAN TRUST."

BY WOLSTAN DIXEY.

"WHAT is the nearest way to Smith & Robinson's stove factory?"

"O, you just go—"

"Take the next street to—"

"Turn right across—"

All the boys were speaking at once, but my companion turned away from the crowd to where a quiet, bright-looking eight-year-old had just knocked a brace of agate "alleys" out of the ring. He picked them up, and, rising to his feet, answered the question in half a minute.

"Fourth street to the right; then straight ahead. If you try to short-cut you'll get stuck in the mud."

As we turned to go I asked my companion, who is somewhat a man of the world, "How do you know he has told you right? He is so young he might be mixed

up about it. Why didn't you listen to some of the older boys?"

"No, no; just look at that little fellow's face!" was the reply. "He would never be mixed up, and if he couldn't tell me exactly he would say so. That is a boy you can trust."

Some years later I became acquainted with the boy's father, and asked him one evening where Herman was.

"I really don't know," was his reply. "He said he was going off with the boys to have a good time. He will be in at ten; you can see him then if you will wait. "I don't question him about what he is up to; but if he gets into any scrape I'm always the first one he tells of it. He is more afraid of a lie than he is of anything else. I never feel any anxiety about Herman; he's a boy I can trust."

I heard afterward that when he first went to school some of the boys said: "Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth!" But several of them learned at the cost of a black eye that the temperature was high enough under that little roof. Said one of those boys to me:

He never would tell tales on any body but himself, and the master couldn't flog anything out of him. But he had plenty of pluck. There were three bigger fellows there whom he soundly thrashed one after the other, because they were picking on a little lame boy that he was befriending. O, if he undertook to help any body he'd stand by 'em till the last gun was fired. You could count on him every time! He was a fellow you could trust!"

He grew to be a young man twenty-five years old, and, being of a social disposition, went more or less into society. One evening, at a fashionable reception the hostess spoke to him alone for an instant and said:

"I want to see you alone a few minutes to-morrow. I have a favour to ask."

When he called the next day she said:

"My eldest boy will be home from college to-morrow; he will be here two days. I want you to know him, and—" here her voice faltered and tears came in her eyes—"and I want you for two days to keep him away from the liquor saloons. I don't want people here to know the truth about him; it is too dreadful! Can you—will you try?"

"Yes, I will try; and I think I can do it for a couple of days." And he did.

That same week, as he was passing the office of a well-known merchant of good standing, the man beckoned him into the counting-room, and closing the door said, in a hard, dry voice, with just an attempt at a smile:

"Can you lend me ten dollars for three days? If I don't get it my note will go to protest to-morrow and I shall fail; but if I can get it by this pinch I am all right."

Fortunately the young man could lend the money, and handed it over. The merchant, tiding over the crisis was saved from bankruptcy.

Soon after, a dapper, gossipy young man met Herman Masters at a street corner, and after a deal of foolish chat, remarked:

"I wonder if young Bloodgood is a hard drinker; he looks a little like it, don't he?"

Herman looked the speaker straight in the eyes as he answered,

"I never saw him do any hard drinking. I was with him constantly during his last visit home. Looks are deceptive; and besides, I don't consider it any of my business to spread such an idea about a neighbor."

The rebuke was felt; the gossip had not a bad heart, and did not air the subject any further in the town.

Yet the broken-hearted mother had never said to Herman, "Don't mention it." She well knew there was no need of any such caution; and only sighed aloud to herself through her grief: "God bless him for a young man that I can trust!"

He was again met on the street by a gossip of another sort—a mean old business tattler.

"Mr. Reynolds seems kinder anxious and fidgety since coal went down, don't he? Don't you s'pose he's having a pretty hard time to squeeze through, these panicky days?"

This man referred to was the merchant whose note had been saved from protest by Herman's loan; but he replied, without a tinge of hesitation in his voice:

"It seems to me that Mr. Reynolds is holding his own very steadily. I don't know any man I would sooner trust; I wish he owed me twenty thousand dollars."

"Well, well! glad to hear it, I'm sure. It's hard telling who is reliable nowadays."

The wretched tale-bearer was set on the right track, and exclaimed to the next man he met, "Reynolds is in pretty good shape, so I'm told."

That helped Reynolds' credit nearly as much as the loan had done, and the merchant, as he began to see a clear channel ahead, fervently exclaimed within himself:

"Thank the Lord there's one young man that can open his purse and shut his mouth at the same time! Whom else could I have gone to? I don't know one. But he's a man I can trust!"

Five years afterward half a dozen capitalists were sitting together in a bank-directors' room, having an informal talk over a proposed railroad line to be run across a rough bit of country.

"Yes, yes," said one, "very good indeed; if it could be carried across the Keystone Valley and through the Blue Gorge, it would be big scheme and there would be a pile of money in it; but it can't, the best engineers say it can't. We can never get freight or anything else to carry way around the Bushberry Mountains. And I don't care to put any million dollars into a road, and not get it back again."

"So say we all of us!" exclaimed one of the listeners.

"Yes, so we do," said another.

"That's about it," added a third. "The money is only in the short cut, and we can't take that cut."

"Yes, but we can," rejoined the man that had made the proposition. "I don't care who says it can't be done, one chief engineer says it *can*. He knows the ground, and I know him. He says he can do it, and I'll back anything he says with five million dollars, if necessary. I'm going to build that road if I have to do it alone. Come now, what do you say?"

"Who is your man?" inquired the first objector.

"Masters—Herman Masters."

"O well, that puts a different face on it. If he says he will do it, he will. I didn't know he had anything to say about. I guess you can count me in after all."

"Me too," said the next. "Masters knows his business; no question about that. He's cautious, too; he wouldn't say a thing unless he was sure of it. I'm with you. He's a man we can trust."

"Just so," chimed in another; "that's what he is. His 'say so' will go with me every time!"

And all the millionaires nodded their heads in chorus and declared:

"Yes, he is a man we can trust."—*Our Youth.*

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Extracts from a letter of REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, December 12th, 1887.

YOU should have a word in regard to our trip up the coast, from which I have just returned. It was much retarded by my waiting to be at the Land Commission. I had to go by the steamer *Boscowitz*, as the *Glad Tidings* had gone ahead to take Bro. Calvert to Bella Coola. On our way up we called at all the places. At Nahwatin they had a big potlatch, and it gave me a chance to preach to many strangers. We called and spent a Sabbath at Bella Coola. Brother Nicholas is doing well. The people still are very dark, but a few more have come over to the right way.

We had a good missionary meeting at Bella Bella, an advance on last year. Bro. Calvert accompanied us on a trip to Chinaman's Hat. We called at Wookite and preached. Had service at the Hat. Left one brother here and proceeded to Kitamaat. Found Mr. Robinson and his people all at home. We had a blessed time there, a large meeting in the chief's house, the church being too small. I also met the Temperance Society. Next day I baptized the head chief and an old man and some children. On our down trip from this place we came to a large camp of people, where we anchored for the night. The next day we got home and found all well, and had a good day on Sabbath.

Bro. Miller went over with Bro. Oliver to Skidegate. Bro. Hopkins is doing well, and I sent over William Brotchis to teach at Gold Harbor. Missionary meetings were held at both places. The Clue people are all ready to build a church; we shall need a small grant for them next year. But what we need at every appointment is a blessed revival. Oh, for salvation! We never felt our need of it so much as now. These poor people go off to work in the summer, and they seem powerless to resist temptation.

Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, to the Chairman, dated KITZEGUCLA, Upper Skeena, November 1st, 1887.

I AM sure you will be glad to hear from your Indian brother in the ministry in this wild country. Our short warm summer has quickly passed away, and we are now busily preparing for our long cold winter.

One truth from God's Holy Word cheers the hearts of your Indian brothers in their work, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday to-day and forever." Many of the interior Indians are not forgetting the good and kind advice the missionaries gave them during the fishing season at the salt water. Eight will be baptized at Christmas; I have been instructing them for some months. Many more will be gathered in, if our good friends in Port Simpson are praying faithfully for us in this mission. If they could see what I see since I have been up in this country, their hearts would melt, as mine often does, in compassion for the people. They will perish if we don't make known the blessed Gospel to them. There will be great potlatching, dancing and feasting here this winter. I heard that the Naas people and other heathen tribes will be invited to attend, but we thank God He has inclined the hearts of the young people to love and serve Him, so that the taste of the potlatch, heathen dancing and feasting, is taken away from them. I know Satan will rage and pour out his fury against us, but we want to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." We have never been disappointed of His help. I have just returned two weeks ago from visiting the Haywilget and Kishpiax tribes. The Great Spirit has enabled the people to listen to God's word; at Haywilget fifty-one are wishing to follow the teaching of the Bible. They are glad to see George Edgar come to stay and teach their children to read the English language. The old chief, who told you when you visited us that he was going to have a big potlatch this year, came crying into the house during our service. He told us that God is very angry with him—one of his nephews died very suddenly on the trail.

At Kishpiax I was glad to find our little brother Edward Sexsmith, in his uncle's big house, preaching and teaching every night, and leading his countrymen in the new way of life. Several of the young men, with their families, promised to join the mission, and give up serving Satan, when the school-house is finished. Edward told me that he had made the law in his uncle's house that no potlatching or doctoring shall be held during this winter in the house, but the house shall be used as a church. He says that at Kishpiax village there are over forty doctors. I told him not to have a small heart in the work of God. With Him nothing is impossible. He has power to convert all the doctors and medicine men on the whole river. The young people were very much pleased with the nice hand-bell you sent. They had been using the frying pan as a bell to call the people together for service. I have thirty-two nice little children in the school, and they are willing to learn and to work. It cheers my heart to see their old mothers leading their dear children into the school-house, that they might not be like themselves when they grow up to be men and women; and it is the joy of my heart to tell them of God's great work in creating the world and all the nice things therein.

Yesterday two strangers came before the school closed, while the children were reading and spelling. I went to them and said what a blessing it was to be able to read God's book. One of them replied: "I wish to learn book. I know nothing." I gave them four letters to learn, and promised to give them more

if they would like to come every day. Several of the men who work on the river have showed me their Bibles, which they have received from your hands. May the Lord give the poor interior Indians a desire to learn to read His Holy Word.

Bro. G. Edgar intends to begin to build a house in Haywilget this winter, which will be open to teach both adults and children at that place. Philip Williams is staying with Bro. Edgar for a while, to learn more of Jesus, and work for Him as he has told you this summer.

You cannot tell how much joy your letter gave me when you tell me of the missionary meetings you are going to attend in other districts. I would like to be with you, and tell others of the doings of the Great Spirit amongst many tribes.

I have received a nice letter from W. Gooderham, Esq., of Toronto, telling what he had seen during his visit to British Columbia. I send it that you may read it. He has a great desire to send more missionaries into the field that needs them. I praise God for His love unspeakable toward me.

Letter from REV. J. CALVERT, dated BELLA BELLA, B. C., December, 14th, 1887.

HAVING visited all the stations in connection with this mission I hasten to inform you of the state of the work here. In Bella Bella the work is progressing favorably. Our four Sabbath services are well attended, and are "seasons of grace and sweet delight." Our week-night services are also encouraging. We hold nine services a week and practise singing nearly every night besides. After the Christmas festivities we shall practise singing one or two nights a week. Our people are looking forward to Christmas with great anticipations. They are, on the whole, behaving themselves admirably at home and abroad. They are pretty sound on the temperance question. One or two have transgressed, but they are to be punished. One man was fined \$2 last night for drinking one glass of whiskey.

There have been four deaths since my arrival—touching, but triumphant. One dear little fellow, the brightest scholar in the school, after several months' sickness, fell peacefully asleep, and "was not." His education being complete, the Master called him away. I have had two candidates for baptism, adults, and after due trial and examination found them worthy, and administered to them the rite.

At Bella Coola our work has grown wonderfully. In October last I visited the cause there, and found Brother and Sister Nicholas surrounded by a dozen adult Christians and half as many children. All looking comfortable and happy. I shall never forget the Sabbath I spent among them. Early in the morning we had a glorious prayer-meeting. At 10.30 a.m., our morning service began. By 1 o'clock I had baptised eleven adults, and six children (fathers and mothers, and sons and daughters, standing side by side), and married four couples.

Afternoon and evening were blessed services, and I never had a more attentive congregation in my life. The day's services closed with the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We need a

church badly in Bella Coola, the cause is suffering, and really in distress for accommodation. Would that some of the loving souls of our beloved brotherhood would send me two or three hundred dollars to put up a nice comfortable but plain church, where there is not one at all. Lambs not only need food, but shelter. The Bella Coola's have done nobly in subscriptions, and do not ask others to carry any burden they can possibly bear themselves.

At Kimsquit they refused to permit a resident teacher, but are quite willing for me to visit them occasionally. That is, they say they are willing, and I shall take them at their word. At Kokito Bro. Crosby and I found seven native houses and a handful of people; we preached to them and visited every house. I asked permission to visit them again sometime, and the chief willingly gave his consent, although he had but a few weeks previously refused a missionary's services.

At Hy-hies the people are anxious for a teacher, but when asked to subscribe toward the erection of mission premises, looked at things in another light.

At Weekeen the chief told me he had been going in a zig-zag course (making the motion with his hand), but that he was going to change and run straight along with the missionary. What we do for the Indians of British Columbia we must do quickly: another decade will lessen their numbers considerably unless there is a marvellous change somewhere.

We need more men. Men of courage, faith, and fearlessness, to tell the poor Indian of him who—

“ Comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.”

JAPAN.

*Letter from REV. T. A. LARGE, B.A., dated
TOKYO, Nov. 29th, 1887.*

I HAVE but a short time before the mail closes, but I must tell you that my prophecy not long ago of a revival has been fulfilled, or rather, is being fulfilled. Over two weeks ago one after another of the boys caught fire in the true old-fashioned way, and immediately went to work on their fellows. They asked for special services, and for nearly two weeks worked every night with more zest than is usually displayed in similar meetings at home.

The order of services was much the same as one would find anywhere, viz., first a half-hour exhortation, then an experience and prayer meeting, afterwards an inquiry meeting. No awkward intervals were found in the second part, on the contrary two, three and four at once would sometimes claim the floor; while in more than a few instances our attention was divided between two prayers. So far, forty have been converted in the school and church, and the older members wonderfully quickened; and yet the work goes on. Most of those converted are boarders, thus showing the wisdom of enlarging our accommodations last summer.

As soon as the inquiry meeting would start, little knots of two, three or four persons would form here and there all around the lower flat of the school, while up stairs in the dark might be heard the voices of prayer of those who would retire to different rooms to find peace, as well as the sound of singing and rejoicing on finding it.

A MISSIONARY in Yokohama, Japan, writes: “By some new arrangement, an order has come from the Government officials for our schools to come into the same examination as theirs. There was much excitement among our pupils, who worked faithfully, and before they went they all knelt down and asked God's help for the day. Some of the scholars from the other schools shouted, ‘Oh, here comes the Jesus Christ school; they cannot pass!’ But they did every one. One of the examiners said to another, ‘What school is this in which every child has passed?’ and the other replied, ‘Why, it is the one known as the Jesus Christ school.’”

I LEARNED a lesson from a dog we had. My father used to put a piece of meat or biscuit on the floor near the dog, and say, “No;” and the dog knew he meant not to touch it. But he never looked at the meat. No; he seemed to feel that if he looked at it, the temptation was too great; so he always looked steadily at my father's face. There's a lesson for us all. Never look at temptation. Always look away to the Master's face.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL AND CONTRIBUTED:—

In Memoriam—Rev. Enoch Wood, D.D.	33
Special Donation for Azabu Church	37
Acknowledgement	37
Book Notices	37

WOMAN'S WORK:—

Notes by the Editor—Items—Personal Influence—A Missionary Exercise	37-43
--	-------

MISSIONARY READINGS:—

Apple Blossoms	44
Elevation of Japanese Women	44

OUR YOUNG FOLK:—

“A Man I Can Trust”	45
---------------------------	----

ALONG THE LINE:—

British Columbia. Letter from REV. T. CROSBY	46
“ Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE	46
“ Letter from REV. J. CALVERT	47
Japan. Letter from REV. T. A. LARGE	48

The Missionary Outlook

Is published monthly at the Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto. Single copy, 40 cents per annum. Clubs of eight or more copies (separately if desired), 25 cents per copy. The Club Rate does not apply to the City of Toronto where, owing to local postage, the ordinary rate of 40 cents has to be charged.

Address orders to

REV. A. SUTHERLAND,

Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.