

The Missionary Outlook.

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CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Field Notes.

SUBSCRIBERS in the City of Toronto are reminded that we cannot supply the OUTLOOK to them at club rates, as we have either to pay postage, or pay a messenger boy to deliver the paper. Forty cents is the best we can do, unless the good friend who gets up the club will also undertake the task of distributing the papers every month.

RENEWALS are coming in fairly well for the time of year, and doubtless there will be a rush as soon as the holidays are over. We are glad to say also that new names are coming in considerable numbers, and the prospect is bright for a largely increased list in 1887. Let all who are interested lend a helping hand.

Now is the time for the little folk to do their work with the Christmas collecting cards. The aggregate receipts last year from Juvenile Collectors was over \$24,000,—a noble sum, but one, nevertheless, which can be easily increased. If we would get an average of one cent a week from every Sunday-school scholar in the Church, it would amount to nearly \$100,000 a year. Wouldn't that be a grand offering from the children!

INFORMATION has just reached the Mission Rooms of the safe arrival in Japan of Mrs. Whittington, wife of the Rev. R. Whittington, of the Anglo-Japanese College in Tôkyô. Mrs. Whittington was favored with a pleasant outward voyage, being only eighteen days from San Francisco to Yokohama. She stood the long journey well, and arrived in good health.

AN interesting little volume has just been issued from the Book Room, entitled *The Pulpit the Age Needs*. The author is the Rev. George Webber, of Newmarket, and the volume consists of a lecture (from which the book takes its title), to which are added nineteen sermons, making in all 197 pages. The lecture was delivered—by appointment—before the Theological Union of the Toronto Conference; and the sermons have been preached in the ordinary course of Mr. Webber's ministry. To those who value profitable reading,—great truths presented in terse and vigorous language and with graceful diction,—we commend this volume, and trust it will have a wide circulation. A congregation who habitually listen to such sermons may consider themselves highly favored.

MISSIONARY REPORTS have been shipped during the fast ten days with all possible rapidity, and most of the circuits are now supplied. Should any superintendent fail to receive a supply he will oblige by notifying the Mission Rooms without delay.

Editorial and Contributed.



“ON EARTH—PEACE!”

CHRISTMAS.

THERE seems to be an instinct in human nature which prompts us to observe anniversary days,—to commemorate events which to us have more than a passing significance. Some of these anniversaries are joyful, and some are sad, while in others lights and shadows mingle, like sunshine falling through a mist of tears. Some are milestones telling how far we have travelled on a way that is never trod but once; others are Ebenezers, commemorating some signal mercy; others again are only gravestones telling of some hope that lies buried below. And yet, whatever their character, such days are not without their uses. Rightly employed they help us to “remember all the way the Lord” our “God hath led” us “these forty years”—more or less—“in the wilderness,” and remind us that we are swiftly nearing the time when, if life has been wisely lived, they will all merge in the one long, bright, happy day that knows no close.

The same instinct appears, in a wider sense, in the history of nations. The day from which a nation dates its separate existence; the day on which it

passed some crisis in its history; the day on which the chief ruler saw the light, or ascended the throne, —these are epochs regarded as worthy of commemoration, and by their observance the nation's heart is stirred, and the nation's patriotism is intensified. But to Christian hearts there is no anniversary like Christmas, for on that day we commemorate an event that is celebrated not merely by an individual, or even by a nation, but by the whole civilized world. There are those, indeed, who say (the wish being father to the thought) that Christianity is a thing of the past, and that Christ is fast losing His hold upon the world's heart; but the very reverse is true. His name is more widely known, His truth more fully believed, than ever before; and Christmas day, 1886, will be celebrated by more people, and with a fuller appreciation of its meaning, than in any former year.

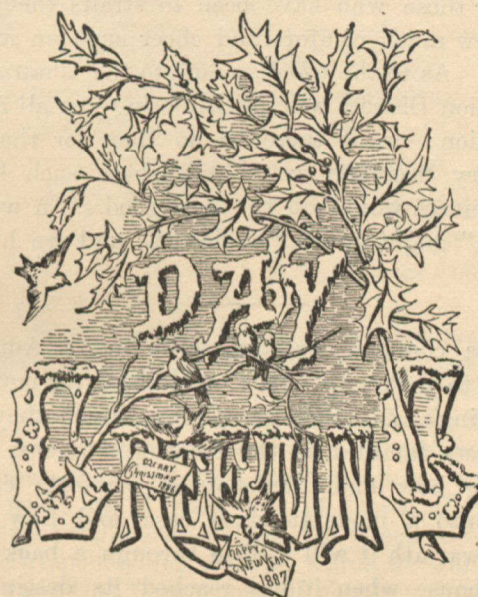
It is an inspiring thought to all Christian hearts, that they form part of an innumerable host who joyfully celebrate the birth of their common Lord. Because of Christ's birth there is gladness all over the world. The event will be celebrated in the palaces of kings, and in the homes of the poor; in stately cathedrals, and in village churches. It will be celebrated by the Indian in his wigwam, and by the Hottentot in his kraal; by the Eskimo in his Arctic forest, and by the South Sea Islander beneath the shadow of his palms. The Arab in his tent will tell the story, and the Hindu by the Ganges will join in the song. Every language under heaven will blend in the chorus, and no discord will mar the sweetness of the strain; for the name of Jesus will be the key-note of the music, and the love of Jesus shall tune each tongue; and from myriad worshippers one universal anthem of rejoicing shall rise towards heaven, till listening angels join in responsive measure, and the worship of earth and heaven shall blend in one. For as the angels first celebrated the event itself, it may still remain a red-letter day in kalendar of Heaven.

Think not the event we celebrate is but a half-forgotten memory, a worn-out spell. The Babe of the Manger is living yet, and still the angels are singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

"Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing."

That song is a prophecy! It tells of a coming time when God's purpose in the redemption of the world shall be accomplished; when glory to God and peace to men shall be blessed realities. Every Christmas brings it nearer; every gospel message, every earnest prayer, every kindly deed, helps on the time.

"For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the Age of Gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing."



HOLIDAY GREETINGS AND HINTS.

CORDIAL GREETINGS, such as become this happy season, we send to one and all; but chiefly to the lonely toilers on isolated stations, whose only cheer, perhaps, will be the memory of other Christmas days, when friends were many and cares were few; brightened, however, by the consciousness that present toils and sacrifices are all for His sake who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister." Would God that with the greetings we could send to many a humble mission home some more substantial token of remembrance, as an evidence that its inmates are not forgotten in the sympathies, the prayers, and the gifts of the Church.

We have no wish to put our missionaries in the position of paupers, or recipients of charity. Far rather would we see them receiving such remuneration for their self-denying work as would enable them to 'provide things honest in the sight of all men.' But

in the meantime, while straitened stipends are unavoidable, why should not those to whom the Lord has given abundance try to pay up a little of the Church's arrears, by sending a Christmas gift to some lonely and discouraged missionary? There are many such, and we need not go far to find them. With some hundreds of men on the domestic and French missions, receiving less than \$500 each for all purposes, one can hardly go amiss.

"Well," says one, "I would be glad to do something, but I don't know what to send or where to send it." As to the *what* there need be no difficulty. A ten-dollar bill, or even a five, is never out of place, and only those who have been in straits themselves know how much comfort and cheer such an amount can buy. As to the *where*, a note to the Chairman of any Mission District will quickly bring you all needed information; or, if there be no time for that, the Missionary Secretary could tell where such kindly remembrances would do the most good. "A word to the wise" ought to be "sufficient," and we hope it will be.

It is a common practice with many American churches to make up boxes of clothing (or materials for clothing) and other necessaries, which they send to ministers' families on the frontier missions. It is surprising how many substantial comforts can be packed into a moderate-sized case, and how much genuine warmth it will diffuse through a backwoods mission house when it has reached its destination; provided always that there is good judgment in the selection of the contents, and tact and delicacy in the bestowment of the gift. Don't bestow it as a charity, and don't make a parade of generosity; but send it in the same way in which you would like it to be sent if *you* were the missionary. Enclose a kindly-worded note,—if without your name, so much the better,—and above all, *pay the freight or express charges.*

Just after writing the above we fell asleep with our eyes open, and had a bit of a dream. We were in a backwoods parsonage, humble in structure, and not very warm, but scrupulously neat and clean. We had been kindly welcomed by the missionary and his wife, who wouldn't hear of our stopping anywhere else. A plain meal, the best the house afforded, was put upon the table; but somehow we could not resist the impression that reserve supplies were not abundant. The clothing, too, of both the missionary and his wife seemed scant and threadbare, and the rooms lacked many of those little articles which in most houses

would be regarded as necessaries. After dinner a glance into the pastor's study revealed a meagre supply of books, and there were no indications that he was a reader of the fresh, crisp literature of the day. There was no need to inquire the cause—he could not afford it; and we thought, here is a man of good natural gifts mentally starved because the Church is too poor or too mean to pay him a living stipend. How must it fare with his people?

We returned to the sitting-room, where the missionary's wife was busy with her needle making-over and mending garments that had often been mended before. We could not not but notice that there were far more "silver threads among the gold" in her hair than a woman of her years should carry, and there were lines on temple and forehead that had not been carved by time. As we talked, a couple of boys rushed in from school. Bright, sturdy fellows they were, but almost blue with cold, and evidently but thinly clad. The school, as we learned, was a mile and a-half away, and no better than backwoods schools usually are; a little better than nothing, and that was all. Just then a girl of perhaps sixteen summers entered the room. A single glance at her face—so like her mother's—told that she was the "daughter of the manse." Subsequently I learned that she had developed a strong taste for books, and especially for music; but, as her mother confided with a sigh, their circumstances would not permit her tastes to be gratified, and, unless some marked change should speedily come, she must grow up to womanhood virtually uneducated. The subject was painful, and we were not sorry that something occurred to change it.

There was a rattle of wheels and a clatter of hoofs without, and the stage from ——— railway station, fifteen miles away, drove up to the door. The missionary went out to see what was wanted, and there soon appeared to be a difference of opinion between him and the driver.

"There must be some mistake," said Bro. M., "I am not expecting a box from anywhere."

"I guess there's no mistake," said the driver, "your name's on it, plain enough, and, as the freight's paid, I guess I'll leave it anyway." And without more ado he dumped the doubtful box on the ground, and drove off, after wishing the minister and his family "a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year."

We all went out to see what was the matter, and it was unanimously resolved to bring in the box and open it, to see if the inside would afford any solution of the mystery that hovered around the outside thereof.

No sooner said than done. The box was tumbled into the kitchen; a little skilful manipulation with a hammer removed the lid, and the first thing that appeared was a letter, pinned to one of the packages. As we all were anxious for information, Bro. M. opened the letter first, and half unconsciously read it aloud. It ran somewhat in this wise:—

Dear Bro.,—As the season of good-will to men draws near, we have been thinking of our noble, self-denying missionaries who, in spite of hard work and very inadequate stipends, stand manfully at their posts, and count it their highest joy to preach Christ and Him crucified. It has occurred to us that a few packages of useful family articles might not be unacceptable, and would serve as a token that you live in the sympathies and prayers of some who esteem you in love for your work's sake, although they have never seen your face. We thought, also, of sending a few books, but on second thoughts deem it better to send the wherewithal to purchase them.

“With earnest prayers for you and yours, and the blessed work in which you are engaged, we remain,

“Yours faithfully,

“A FEW FRIENDS IN ——— CHURCH

As Bro. M. finished, from between the leaves of note paper two or three crisp five-dollar bills fluttered to the ground. More than once the missionary's voice had faltered, and I saw that the wife's eyes were full of tears; but withal there was a light in her face such as I had not seen there before. Nothing could now restrain the eagerness of the children to know the contents of that wonderful box, and a raid was made without further delay. But my pen fails to describe their unbounded delight as package after package came to view. A roll of cotton, another of flannel, still another of warm dress-goods, then half-a-dozen pairs of woollen socks, a bundle of yarn, several pairs of mitts, hood and jacket for baby, jackets and trousers for the boys, some new, and others not much the worse for wear; a band-box of knick-knacks that made Nellie's eyes sparkle with delight, a warm shawl for mother, a package of stationery and “the makings” of a black coat for father:—was there ever such a marvellous box seen anywhere, except on a conjurer's table?

But the shadows of night fell, and we returned to the sitting-room, which somehow seemed warmer and brighter than it did before. It was time for worship, and instinctively I turned to the 23rd Psalm and read, “The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.” The prayer that followed from the lips—nay, from the heart—of the missionary, I shall not soon forget; just as he reached the “amen,” I awoke from my day-

dream, but with a conviction that my dream was a prophecy which, in more than one mission-home, would become a history “not many days hence.”

LETTER FROM CHIEF MOUNTAIN.

WHEN the General Secretary visited the Naas River, a year ago, he had several interviews with Chief Mountain, the most intelligent and influential Indian in that region. The Chief expressed the strong desire of the people to obtain instruments for a band, and stated that if only they could obtain work no help would be asked from outside; but as no work could be obtained that season, he hoped the kind people in the East would aid them. Bro. Green mentions the matter in a number of places, and gifts were obtained in sufficient amount to purchase the instruments. The following letter, dictated by Chief Mountain, has just been received at the Mission Rooms. It expresses the delight of the Chief, alike with the return of the Missionary, the advent of the long-expected band, and the prospect of a new church:—

GREENVILLE, NAAS RIVER,

B. C., October 2nd, 1886.

REV. DOCTOR SUTHERLAND:

Dear Chief,—I want to send you a few words from my heart to tell you how glad I am that our Missionary is back with us. And our hearts are strong because he brought such a good band for our young people to make great music with, and we want to have our people serve God with these new tools we have to work with, and I want you to thank all the kind Christian people who helped Mr. Green to buy these nice instruments, and the first words we want to play are “Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

We like the plan you sent us to see for a new church, and we are pleased you remembered our words to you that we wanted a church so much, and we thank you very much for this plan. You know we worshipped nine years in our school-house, and we want a house for God—so it can be kept clean and nice, which we cannot do in a school-house. I and all my people will give all we can to help build this nice house for God, and our hearts will be stronger when we see it finished. And then we ask you to come and preach in it for us.

Give my love to all your good chiefs, and I shake hands with you all in my heart.

I am, Sir,

Your friend,

CHIEF MOUNTAIN.

THE MISSIONARY PROBLEM, AND HOW TO SOLVE IT.

WHILE interesting and encouraging reports from the great domestic and foreign missions are being presented to the public in the columns of the OUTLOOK, it is satisfactory to learn, through the information which they contain, that the men who have

gone forth, with the baptism of the Holy Spirit and the sanction and support of the Methodist Church, to plant the standard of the cross in many lands, have been truly apostolic in their labors, teaching and success. One cannot read these reports without recalling the strong reasons which are being urged in various quarters for confining within narrower limits the operations of the Missionary Society. To those who estimate the value of human souls by the sum which it costs to send the Gospel to communities who possess it not, or by the extent of the personal and financial sacrifices which a missionary must undergo while prosecuting his work in such communities, that course may seem to be one of prudence. But such considerations did not enter largely into the calculations of the men who planted Christianity in Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth, Macedonia, and Rome, during the Apostolic Age; nor did they govern the decisions of the men who planted Methodism—the last and greatest revival of the Christian religion—in America, India, Africa and the islands of the sea, during the past century. The heroic abnegation of self and the consuming passion for the salvation of souls which characterized the men who founded the Church of Christ in those lands, should prompt us to take higher ground in the treatment of our missionary enterprises than that urged with such apparent prudence. Is it not possible that we have been trying to work out the problem of “ways and means” on the wrong lines? I venture to suggest the propriety of attempting its solution by directing our efforts towards the cultivation of a deeper sympathy with the Master’s work in every minister, officer, and member of the Methodist Church, and of a more complete consecration of the intellectual and material wealth entrusted to her for the world’s evangelization. Let the whole Church, from the General Superintendent to the Sabbath-school teacher, and from the princely merchant to the day-laborer, rise in acts of faith and consecration to the Pentecostal standard, and, in my opinion, the problem which seems to baffle the wisdom of our ablest minds will be solved in a single year. “If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.”

S. HUNTINGTON.

DR. DELITZSCH’S Hebrew translation of the New Testament seems to be producing a deep impression among the Jews in Bessarabia. Six editions have been sold. A barrister, who has been led to Christ by the reading of the book, is trying to form in Bessarabia an association that shall, for national reasons only, act as a bond of union among the Israelites.

Missionary Readings.

GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH.

GOLD, frankincense and myrrh, they brought the new-born Christ—

The wise men from the East—and in the ox’s stall
The far-brought precious gifts they heaped, with love
unpriced;

And Christ the babe looked on and wondered not
at all.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh, I, too, would offer
Thee,

O, King of faithful hearts, upon Thy Christmas
Day;

And, poor and little worth although the offering be,
Because Thou art so kind, I dare to think I may.

I bring the Gold of Faith, which, through the cen-
turies long,

Still seeks the Holy Child and worships at His
feet,

And owns Him for its Lord, with gladness deep and
strong,

And joins the angel choir, singing in chorus sweet.

The frankincense I bear is worship which can rise,

Like perfume floating up higher and higher still,
Till on the wings of prayer it finds the far blue
skies,

And falls, as falls the dew, to freshen heart and
will.

And last I bring the myrrh, half-bitter and half-
sweet,

Of my own selfish heart, through sacrifice made
clean,

And break the vase and spill the oil upon Thy feet,

O, Lord of Christmas Day, as did the Magdalene.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh—’tis all I have to
bring

To Thee, O Holy Child, now throned in Heaven’s
mid!

Because Thou art so kind, take the poor offering,

And let me go forth blessed, as once the Wise Men
did.

SEED-TRUTHS IN HEATHEN LANDS.

WHEREVER the Gospel has been preached in heathen lands the social and moral life is full of *truth-seeds*, just as the earth is full of plant and flower seeds. They are out of sight, but alive. The Gospel in these lands takes hold of the peasant class, and on that account is slow in development. Many thousands are struggling up to the light—poor and uneducated, to be sure, but really the hope of the countries in which they live. By and through them their native land will be lifted up to the highest plane of our Christian civilization. Before the Gospel reaches them they live in a sealed world, and they know

nothing as to its laws and capabilities. To educate the mind and change the moral character and life of the heathen is to place them into closer relations with God and men.

The short way to the true end of Christian missions is to reach and bring into the kingdom of God the women of those lands. Missionaries have learned that men can not be converted in large numbers till the women are won over to the side of Christianity. The women more than men conserve the superstition of heathen lands; and "what can man do when the woman of the house is against him?" The motherhood and wifehood of heathen lands must be controlled by the truth, and then the home and the state will be brought over to the care of Christ.

THE GOSPEL IN SAMOA.

THE Samoan Islands lie 3,000 miles east of Australia. *Massacre Bay* preserves the repute of the islands as they were known to the early explorers: the people savage and cruel beyond most. The first missionaries arrived in 1830. The Bible has been translated, and an octavo reference copy is a common volume. Bibles and other books have always been paid for: and the sales of the first edition (10,000) of the Scriptures brought in £3,100, the amount of the Bible Society's outlay. A revised edition of 10,000 has also been exhausted. Fifty years ago the people did not know what use to make of money. Now the ships in the islands do a business of nearly £100,000 a year. The day and Sunday-schools are attended by 8,000 children; there are not twenty houses without a copy of the Word of God, and daily family prayer; and in two hundred of the villages the pastor is entirely supported by the people. In the missionary seminary, the students labor an hour or two each day, and also every Wednesday. The result of the steady labor is that the institution possesses an estate worth £10,000. There are 80 students, many of whom bring their wives with them, and these are taught in various matters of the house. There have been 1,716 in all in the college.

John Williams was murdered in the island of Erromanga. The present missionary, the Rev. H. Robertson, has just returned to it: and for welcome, mothers carried their children 20 miles; he received a present of a ton and a half of yams and 12 hogs. There were 37 baptisms, and over 600 natives attended a service held by the large rock where Williams' dead body was laid.

HOW MUCH?

EVERY one has so much capital, and for that he is responsible. Small capital wisely directed leads to excellent results, while large capital misdirected brings misfortune. The question as to how much time, thought, and money we should invest in the cause of Christ is still being discussed, as though God had not settled the matter long ago.

If we take the simple statement, "as the Lord hath prospered" men, and get its meaning, there will be no unwise use of capital.

Personal religion is a business, a great business, and must be conducted accorded to the laws governing

such a business. There is such a thing as bankruptcy in this life as well as in the life to come. There are net profits or dividends resulting from this business that will be in proportion to the amount invested. How much capital has our reader invested in the kingdom of God? *How much?*

WHY CARRY THE HEATHEN THE GOSPEL?

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, addressing the British and Foreign Bible Society, said this year: "I may claim that in the discharge of my duties for forty years (as Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford) I have devoted as much time as any man living to the study of the sacred books of the East. And I venture to tell this meeting what I have found to be the one key-note—the one diapason, so to speak—of all these so-called sacred books—whether it be the Veda of the Brahmans, the Puranas of Siva and Vishnu, the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Zendavesta of the Parsees, the Tripitika of the Buddhists—the one diapason, the one refrain that you will find through all, is salvation by works. They all say that salvation must be purchased, must be bought with a price, and that the sole price, the sole purchase-money, must be our own works and deservings. Our own Holy Bible, our sacred book of the East, is from beginning to end a protest against this doctrine. Good works are, indeed, enjoined upon us in that sacred book of the East far more strongly than in any other sacred book of the East, but they are only the outcome of a grateful heart—they are only a thank-offering, the fruits of our faith. They are never the ransom-money of the true disciples of Christ. Let us not shut our eyes to what is excellent and true, and of good report in these sacred books, but let us teach Hindoos, Buddhists, Mohammedans, that there is only one sacred Book of the East that can be their mainstay in that awful hour when they pass all alone into the unseen world. It is the sacred Book which contains that faithful saying worthy to be received of all men, women and children, and not merely of us Christians, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—*Advocate of Missions.*

THE LOTUS.

KING among the flowers of Japan, towers the lotus. It is a wonderful creation of almost unearthly loveliness. We saw it first, growing in a moat of running water belonging to the castle of a princely family. The bud-stalks slowly rise from the long roots in the voye, unfolding their tips into glorious concave shields of green, two feet in diameter, and corded like the veins of a gladiator,—which hold on their bosses transparent drops of dew. Then emerge the closed bolls, like a clasped hand, that trembles like troubled waters, giving no sign of the mighty flower hidden within their bosom.

When the sunshine deepens into July heats, the boll shyly, as if afraid, unfolds day by day, till the splendor of its full bloom is revealed. Massive shield and glorious flower make a picture in which the imaginative Japanese finds his ideal and emblem of eternal calm. The calyx of the lotus is a triangle whose base



"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

is a circle—symbol of spirit and form, of eternity and trinity. In Nirvana, the highest heaven of the saints, Buddha sits on a lotus flower; so, too, the idol of their creation—the monster Buddha-image, which is sixty-nine feet high.

The lotus is not only an object of supreme delight, but the Buddhist sees in it the exemplification of creative power, and of the systems of the universe and growth. "The lotus springs from the mud," is always the reply of the Japanese to those who would have him believe that the human heart is corrupt, and cannot purify itself.

The massive blossom when half open, reveals within a large, bright yellow, inverted cone, which emits a fragrance at once as subtle and intense as if a vial of

choicest perfume had been poured within. "This," says the native, "teaches that hut man perfection is possible and limitless, at once glorious, yet self-contained.

When the dead body of a Buddhist is brought to the cremarium, that the primal elements of his body may be liberated from their fleshy prison, a carved representation, in stone, of the lotus blossom receives the bier. Thus do these people blend poetic and religious fancies, and make of this "thing of beauty a joy forever."—*Sel.*

GOD'S PURPOSES.

THE purposes of God as to the salvation of men pass beyond the range of denominational plans. A narrow view of the divine plan is sure to be disastrous to church work. The kingdom of God can not be confined to the littleness of human judgment. The growth of that kingdom necessitates new departures, as in the case of Cornelius. He was a remarkable man in the fact that in him Christianity and heathenism had an extremely interesting centre of meeting. To be sure, Christianity triumphed; but in some instances heathenism is victorious. In mission-work there is fought, in the soul of every thoughtful heathen, a battle between the old and to him the new.

God's purpose is to prepare the worker and the one to be reached. In this arrangement he not only goes *with* but *before* the worker. In the

heathen world there are honest minds known to God; and to these the Holy Spirit comes in advance of the missionary, and has them in a state of readiness to receive the gospel message. In this view of the case we are brought to a clear conception of the character and Christian experience of those who should be sent out as missionaries. They should be those whom God has called and baptized for this work. Men and women of robust piety and deep Christian experience are alone fitted to grapple with the temptations and vices of the heathen world and lead the people up to the power of Christianity.

Let me ask, do you also trust therein?—*Juvenile Offering.*

THE BOOK OF GOOD COUNSEL.

THE Rev. P. M. Zenker, of the Church Mission at Agra, was talking one evening not long ago to a village priest in his temple. After the usual compliments, he asked him which *Shastra*, or holy book, he followed.

"The Gospel of Matthew," he said.

"Which *Shastra*?" Mr. Zenker exclaimed, for he could not remember any sacred book of the Hindus with such a title.

"The Gospel of Matthew," he said again, and held up the book before him.

On seeing what it was, the missionary said, "Yes, that's a good book; where did you get it?"

"When the mutiny broke out," the priest replied, "I was a *chaprassi* (servant) at Agra. The mutineers destroyed the missionaries' printing-press, and scattered the books hither and thither. I picked up this one, and as I was coming home to wait till the disturbance was over, I brought it with me. When I got home I began to read the book, and found it the best *hito padestra* (friendly advice) I had ever seen. Then I read it to several people, and they all considered it an excellent Book of Good Counsel. So I have remained here ever since reading it to them."

"The book is good," said Mr. Zenker; "I know it very well. Don't you think it must have come from God?"

"I can't say," was the reply. "It is the best Book of Good Counsel I have ever seen, so I follow it. If I find a better book I will follow it."

Mr. Zenker then spoke to him on the inspiration of the Book, but apparently the subject had not before occurred to him, and he now seemed to think it of no importance, for he kept repeating his former words, "This is the best Book of Good Counsel I have seen, so I follow it. If I find a better I will use it."

Mr. Zenker then asked, "How do you read this book; right through from beginning to end, or do you take passages here and there?"

"We first read the prayer in the sixth chapter," he said; "then we read about half a page anywhere. After that we have some talk about the passage. Then we read the prayer in the sixth chapter again. That is all."

"Now I do not suppose," added Mr. Zenker, in telling the story, "that such a man could be called a Christian; certainly he would not have called himself by that name. But any Christian missionary visiting that village would have received a welcome both from the priest and the greater part of the people, for the Gospel of Matthew—considered simply as a Book of Good Counsel—had produced purer ideas of God and kindlier feelings towards their fellow-men in the minds of those who had heard it so often read."—*Friend of Missions.*



AN ESKIMO HOUSE—COAST OF LABRADOR.

Woman's Work.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—
PHIL. iv. 13.

WITH this number of the OUTLOOK we begin the New Year. No doubt many of our missionary workers have resolved to redouble their diligence and put forth greater efforts, that this year may be crowned with success above all that are past.

Among our Methodist women there are very many who as yet have shown no disposition to enlist in this work. Many among them are living literally "at ease in Zion," enjoying the priceless blessings procured by the Gospel of Christ for women, without thought for the thousands living in ignorance of the name of Jesus. There are scores of such women in almost every church. We believe the Woman's Missionary Society has a mission to them. Do not only call upon them when you want money, but make a point to visit them for the purpose of kindling their interest in the good work. Lend them missionary papers; invite them to the meetings, and when they attend, see that they are introduced and made to feel at home. Let their views be respected, and see that they are offered some work to do. We have known instances of strangers attending a meeting and being left unnoticed, who felt that they had no lot there, and could not take time to go and watch a few say and do everything.

It is said the Mohammedans have ninety-nine names for God, but among them all they have not "Our Father."

THE obligation to extend the kingdom of Christ rests upon each and every follower of our Lord and Master. The command to "go and preach" implies also the command "to send." We who are not called to go are required to send. Let us remember kindly those who have left home and friends for Christ's sake; let us heed their calls for help, and see to it that doors they have opened shall not be closed for want of help. Let us specially remember those in our most uninviting fields, where congenial society greatly lacks, and the refinements of our civilization are almost unknown. Why not send them books and papers fresh from the press, and bright, newsy pictures of home life? Above all, let us bring them before the Church in our prayer-meetings, that the thoughts and petitions of the people may go out after them.

IN our missionary prayer-meeting let us remember particularly to pray for the native Christians. The

importance of their relation to the progress of the work of God cannot be over-estimated. Its permanency must be accomplished by the native Christian population.

"EIGHTY-FIVE years ago," says the *Missionary Herald*, "the Directors of the East India Company placed on solemn record:—'The sending of Christian missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most expensive, most unwarrantable project that was ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast.' A few months since, Sir Rivers Thompson, Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, said: 'In my judgment, Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good to the people of India, than all other agencies combined.'"

WE commend to the thoughtful perusal of our women, the following extract from an address by one of America's foremost ministers, Rev. Dr. Storrs. Speaking of our need of the early enthusiasm, only exalted and intensified in us if we would do the work for which our times call, he says:—"It is largely the function, I cannot but think, of Christian women, to inspire and sustain such an enthusiasm in the service of One to whom their sex has owed so much. Woman represents, and largely is, the conscience and the heart of Christendom. Conviction in her has spiritual efficacy. Love kindles judgment, and high purpose is sublimated in passion. More than man she beat down slavery in this country. More than man she is to mould the future of the world.

"It is no mere figure of speech which presents the Church as the Bride of Christ; and which shows the woman, seen in heaven, arrayed with the sun, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. Now, more than ever before, the earth of the prophecy helps the woman, and gives to her immense opportunity. The shining and stimulating fervor of spirit in matrons and maidens, to whom was revealed the heavenly Lord, has been to this Board a beauty and a power from the beginning; never more than in the late years. Their delicate hands hold at this hour, I firmly believe, the levers which must lift the moral and Christian civilization of the world. It is theirs to set in swifter motion the wheels of beryl, vivid with life, which are under the throne. It is theirs to open for tribes and peoples the gates of life. With that intense and exhilarating temper, of which we already have felt the blessing, universal among them, and subtly diffused through homes and congregations, the appearing brightness will be as the appearance of the bow in the cloud in the the day of rain, for the one thing wanting to the Church of our day will at last be supplied—its desire will equal its power, its zeal will match its mighty occasions."

"I CAN sow the seed as far as my hand can reach." This was the utterance of a poor dying Telugu woman who had been brought to Christ through the instrumentality of the Baptist Woman's Mission.

How full of suggestion are these words for us in our Christian country, surrounded with opportunities of doing good! There is perhaps no day of our life when, in the social, or domestic sphere, we may not be sowing the seed of truth and uprightness, charity, or temperance. Kind words and deeds, and faithful, firm reproof of "works of darkness," each have their place. Let us be ever on the alert, that we, too, may "sow as far as our hands can reach."

A SPECIAL REQUEST.

As this department is the only organ of our W. M. S., we especially desire the co-operation of the Auxiliaries and Bands throughout our work in making it of interest to the members of the Society, and also that it may become a fair index of the work we are doing. Short letters about your work, short papers of interest read at your meetings, any item of importance in connection with your work, you are cordially invited to contribute to our columns. Kindly accede to our request and let us hear from you.

A SUGGESTION.

WE notice in looking over our exchanges that some Auxiliaries have a systematic method of circulating their missionary paper. The plan is for one lady to be appointed especially to solicit subscribers. We believe this feature of the work is as important as soliciting money or membership, if not more so. By introducing your paper into a home you not only extend the circulation, and diffuse missionary intelligence, but you start currents of influence for good which will flow you know not whither. We respectfully urge upon our Presidents the desirability of the method mentioned, and hope that as we now begin the year they will endeavor to have it adopted in their several Auxiliaries. The price—twenty-five cents a year—is within the reach of all.

ITEMS.

THE following is the corrected list of the appropriations made by our W. M. S. to Japan :

Salaries of Missionaries and Teachers	\$2,700 00
Allowance for furniture	100 00
Support of six pupils.....	300 00
Evangelistic work.....	400 00
Insurance of building	200 00
Total.....	\$3,700 00

New Auxiliaries.—Central Methodist Church, St. Thomas.

The Sunday-school of the First Methodist Church, St. Thomas, have appropriated \$50 for the support of one of the orphans in the Japan School, and \$10 toward the purchase of the second piano.

The Montreal Auxiliary acknowledges with cordial thanks a parcel of bedclothes, from the friends at Oakville, for the French Mission School for Girls at Acton. This parcel is especially welcome, as the house is rapidly filling.

S. SHAW, *Cor. Sec.*

Our Young Folk.

THE ADVENT.

BY W. H. CLARK.

LO, the Saviour comes to-day ;
See Him in the manger lay ;
Wise men bow and homage pay,
To Christ the infant King.
Angels swell the chorus high ;
Shouts re-echo through the sky :
Let the tidings swiftly fly,
And all His praises sing.

Hark, the wondrous midnight strains,
Sounding over Bethlehem's plains ;
Earth rejoice, for Jesus reigns,
He reigns the Prince of peace.
Higher shall His star ascend ;
Greater power His name attend,
And His kingdom never end,
His glory still increase.

Keep we now this Christmas time ;
Ring the bells with joyous chime,
Praise Him all with faith sublime,
And send the chorus round.
Let the world dismiss its fears ;
Sorrowing one, dry up your tears :
See your Saviour now appears,
And love and peace abound.

Come, ye children, shout and sing,
Glory, glory to our King ;
Honor now to Jesus bring,
Who reigns enthroned above.
Though a child to earth he came,
Yet the world shall hear His name,
And rejoice to learn the fame
"Of Jesus and His love."

A NOBLE SCHOOL.

MISS SHARP said one day to her little negro scholars in West Africa, "A poor Congo woman wants me to take her little girl."
"Take her, take her," exclaimed all the children in chorus.
"But I do not feel as if I could feed more than I now have," she answered.

They thought a while, and then the eldest said, "If we could work and earn something, we could buy her food."

"Yes, but I know of no one who has any work you could do."

After some talk in Kroo, one of them said, "Take her, cook the same as now, and we will all give her a part off each one's plate, till she have plenty, only take her and teach her about God."

What made it the more touching was that none had more than they really wanted for themselves, and that other tribes very much dislike Congo people; yet they were all willing gladly to divide what they had with even a Congo child.

A BOY'S PRAYER.

THE following touching letter from Mrs. Jennie Bixby Johnson, of the Tullehassee Mission, Indian Territory, needs no word of comment.

"I wish I could write you of a larger number of conversions this year. One has found the Lord. Our work seems chiefly to be the training of the converts, upholding the weak, giving line upon line, precept upon precept. Every day our strength is taxed to the utmost by personal work with some struggling soul. No other part of our work demands such a pouring forth of our life energies as thus to search the heart of a scholar, apply the truth aright, and lead him to act thereon.

'A few glimpses at this part of our work may interest you. One day in my history class, a Christian boy, R—, became confused in his recitation, and made some comical blunders, at which A— laughed in a provoking way. R— became angry, his face grew black, and he muttered a spiteful fling. We do not like to have them go from school in a passion; so as soon as I was through my recitation I called A— for a talk. He seemed to cherish no hard feelings, so after prayer I sent him out and called R—. After a few minutes he seemed thoroughly ashamed, and before he went out offered a sweet prayer, of which I noted a few sentences. 'Oh Lord, our Heavenly



A LAPP FAMILY.

Father, I feel that I have grieved thy Holy Spirit, when I let a little temptation overcome me. Oh Lord, Thou knowest how quickly I let myself get stirred up and say a wrong thing against a brother. Oh Lord, forgive me and help me to make it right, and may I walk this day in Thy fear.' As soon as school closed they asked each other's forgiveness.

"We strive in this way to make their consciences tender, to teach them not to grieve the Holy Spirit, and if they have done so, to pray at once for forgiveness, and make reparation.

"Another dear Christian boy has had continued crosses of late. His recent testimony in meeting was, 'I believe I can say from my heart, through floods and flames if Jesus leads, I'll follow where He goes. The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very present help in

trouble. In all my crosses and trials this week this verse has been my strength, Jesus has been my refuge.'

'One Sabbath was a day of constant trial to him. Under continued irritation, he became somewhat angry, but his prayer in the evening meeting melted our hearts. I can give some of the words, but not the thrill in his tones. 'Oh Lord, we thank Thee that we can bow before Thee another Sabbath evening. We are not worthy to call upon Thy name, but Thou, Lord, art merciful and ready to forgive. Oh Lord, forgive my sins. Forgive all that I have said and done this day displeasing in Thy sight. Thou knowest the trials and temptations that come to us, Oh Lord, and thou knowest our desire to do right. But we are weak and sin often gets the best of us. Lord, help us to look to thee at all times. Help us to bear the trials that come to us, for, Oh, Lord we know that friends and loved ones may leave us, foes may painfully grieve us, death may sorely bereave us, but *Jesus will love us still*. Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations, help us to trust in Thee. Oh Lord, send Thy Holy Spirit upon all who are bowed under the sound of my voice. Weaken us down in sin, and strengthen us up in grace. Lord, be with those who are out of the ark of safety, call them with a loud voice, and turn them around as the river of Jordan was turned in the days of old. . . . Oh Lord, be with my old father to-night, who is standing out in the broad field of ruin. Oh Lord, his head is blossoming for the grave, and he is still trampling Thy rich mercy under the hollow head of his feet. Oh Lord, hail him with a loud voice, that his knee may bend and his tongue confess before time shall cry entirely too late. Oh Lord, be with the whole world round in mercy, and when Thou art done serving with us here, when we're done been 'buked and scorned, and cast from one door to another, change worlds with us in peace, and receive us at Thy right hand, I humbly ask for Christ's sake.'

'Mrs. Wooster and I exclaimed to each other afterwards, 'What a wonderful prayer for a boy of seventeen.' The real *unction* of the *Holy Spirit* was upon him. Pray for us that we may be full of the Holy Spirit and have wisdom to guide these precious souls.'

—*Home Miss. Monthly.*

It is estimated that within the past twenty-five years over 100,000 copies of the Bible have been circulated in Greece, besides thousands among the Greek residents in Turkey. The government permits the free dissemination of the Scriptures, and affords protection to colporteurs against the opposition of the Greek Church. The four Gospels are used as a reading-book in the higher classes of the primary schools throughout Greece. Gospel preaching is yet on a limited scale, owing to the lack of qualified preachers.

THE abbey and church of the Three Fountains, on the Campagna, outside the walls of Rome, reputed to be the place where Paul was beheaded, has long been unsafe on account of the deadly malaria, and the monks have almost deserted it. The Government of Rome has given a large tract of land to the Trappists, who have planted one hundred thousand eucalyptus trees, which seem to have purified the poisonous atmosphere, and the residents are now nearly free from malaria, and live there safely all the year round.

Along the Line.

KEEWATIN.

Letter from REV. E. LANGFORD, dated BEREN'S RIVER, Oct. 4th, 1886.

THE following pages are a continuation of reports already sent in, on the state of the work on this mission:—

Poplar River.—I have visited this place twice since I last wrote you. When there last July the Indians were busy completing their school-house, but were complaining that they had not received the full amount which the Government had promised, and were unable to finish the work. These Indians have worked faithfully and have done splendid work in putting up their school-house. It is not long since they had no houses. They lived in wigwams. Now every family has a house in which they live during the winter. Mr. McColl, the Superintendent of Indian Agencies for Manitoba, had preceded me a day or two on my last visit, and had given orders for the purchase of the necessary articles for the completion of the school-house. These Indians, though yet indifferent about some matters, have made great improvement.

While there in July we gathered them together on the green in the open air, there being no house in the neighborhood large enough to accommodate the whole band. They are not unlike white people in finding some pretext for not attending the services. On one occasion, the weather being unfavorable, I proposed holding service in one of the houses. It was soon filled to overflowing by young people. Then we took our stand outside, and gave another call—the tents being near by. Many of the older people then came outside who had not intended to do so, I was afterwards told, as they did not think there would be room for them. On this occasion we had very profitable and interesting services. But still several of the older people hold very closely to their old ways, and many of the younger ones do not appear inclined to openly forsake them. They attend our services pretty well, and seem to have no disposition to oppose us. The professing Christians seem more than ever determined to love God, walking in the way of His commandments, and are fearless in saying, "Let others do as they will, as for us we will serve the Lord."

On several occasions we gathered them together for special lessons in singing. My brother from Ontario, who accompanied me, led the male voices in bass. It rather amused them at first to hear the different parts in "Sweet by-and-by," "Take the name of Jesus with you," etc. But it was surprising to hear how quickly they chimed in, and before we left were able to sing these pieces tolerably well without our help. Teaching them to sing our hymns will be very effectual in weaning them from the old "war songs," and dancing "lilts," which are senseless repetitions. Those who learn to sing our tunes soon give up the silly songs. They are very anxious to have a hymn-book. Bro. German's translations, though excellent, are no use to them unless printed in the Cree syllabics. I hope the few hymns I sent you a few days ago will be printed and forwarded without

delay. These Indians will be greatly disappointed if I fail to take them a few hymns, at least, on my next visit.

The chief, Jacob Bearns, was my interpreter and guide. He was very active, and much in earnest in speaking to the people.

Mr. Wm. Arthur, the H. B. Co. agent, and Mr. Geo. Brewer, the teacher, are doing good work in the Sabbath-school. May the Lord sustain them.

On my first visit I found one of our most faithful and exemplary Christians at the point of death. While acknowledging his unfaithfulness in serving God while in health, he was looked upon by all as an earnest and devoted Christian. He had always appeared to me as a man of a strong constitution, nor was he advanced in years. But now suffering from lung disease he was reduced to the weakness of a child. As I entered his tent I took him by the hand saying, "Well, brother, I am sorry to find you so very weak in body; what a change since I last saw you!" His eyes filled with tears, but he could not speak. Before I left, however, he was able to tell me that his faith was strong, his hope of heaven brightening every day, and that he was fully resigned to the will of God. About a week before my last visit, Sept. 15th, he passed away in peace. The school teacher read the burial service in Cree—which, I am told, was the first Christian burial service ever conducted at this place. The Indians were greatly solemnized, and deeply impressed by it.

Beren's River.—Here we have done a little toward improving the appearance of the interior of our church. The ceiling was finished with the old lumber out of the mission house; although "matched," it was not so in every particular—some painted, some papered; a few coats of whitewash covered up the many colors. At the same time I put a stained glass window in the north end—one having been placed in the south end when the building was erected. I also painted the platform, communion rail, reading desk, door, and windows. With these improvements, and a few repairs, our little church is quite changed in appearance inside. It should have a coat of paint outside to preserve the boards, which would also make it look finished. Our splendid new organ, of which I spoke in a former letter, is highly prized by young and old, and is a great attraction. Our congregational singing has greatly improved, although, strange to say, there are very few here who have any great talent for singing.

The Sabbath-school is becoming one of the most important factors in our work. Almost the whole congregation attends. Miss Parkinson and my brother, who is on a visit from Ontario, take charge of the junior classes. Mrs. L. and myself teach the adult classes. One of our young Indians (a half-breed), makes an excellent secretary and librarian.

I shall begin my next account with Grand Rapids.

WITHIN four weeks after news was received in England of the murder of Bishop Hannington, in the heart of Africa, the Church of England Missionary Society had fifty-three offers for the missionary service in that field. The apostolic spirit still dwells in the Church.

THE LAKE NIPISSING REGION.

Letter from the REV. S. HUNTINGTON, dated NORTH BAY, Nov. 27th, 1886.

THERE are nine churches and two parsonages in this field, which have been built within the past four years. These represent a corresponding system of organized congregations and pastoral oversight. In many a dark hour when the best efforts of human wisdom afforded no relief, "God said, Let there be light; and there was light."

During the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, I followed the advancing column of the Company's officers and men until they reached Spanish River Forks, and preached the Gospel to them as opportunity was found in their encampment. On the completion of the road I fell back on North Bay, and proceeded to strengthen and organize more completely the congregations and societies which had been previously created. It took me fully a year to do that satisfactorily. In the meantime interesting and populous villages were springing up at various points on the railway, to a distance of 260 miles in the direction of Port Arthur.

In the month of June last I resigned my charge in North Bay to Bro. J. D. Ellis, B.A., who has since been ordained for special purposes, and purchasing a large cotton tent, capable of holding eighty people, proceeded to hold evangelistic services at the various centres of population and business as far as Chapleau.

Two young men, viz., Messrs. Reed and Sargeant, belonging to Bro. Savage's Band, who had previously assisted me North Bay and elsewhere, joined me in this undertaking. The first series of services was held at the village of Sturgeon Falls. Souls were converted to God at this place. Some of them joined the Presbyterian and English churches, where we trust they may be useful. Others of them united with that form of Christianity which God had made use of to save them from perdition. An interesting society is now working and growing at this appointment, and a new church is nearly ready for use.

We next proceeded to Sudbury, where we worked hard for a week, without seeing very encouraging results. Since then, however, I have discovered several persons who were savingly converted through the instrumentality of these meetings.

A new church has been erected and occupied not far from the spot on which the tent formerly stood, and by the addition of new arrivals a strong society has been formed, which promises to be the most active and efficient church yet organized in the District of Nipissing.

From Sudbury we proceeded to Cartier, where we spent three days, preaching each evening among a people who appreciated the advantages of hearing the word of God. Among them were the son of the Rev. Arthur Browning, who is station agent at this place, and several persons who had been members of the Methodist Church in England.

Our next point of occupation was Chapleau, where we held services for a week. Chapleau is a village of 500 inhabitants; but our congregations were small, owing to the general demoralization of the people by Sunday labour on the C. P. R. There were a few

families, however, who had been formerly connected with the Methodist Church in England and in Canada. These families were glad to receive our ministrations, and since our first visit they have increased in numbers by accessions from outside, so that now we have a good congregation in this village. A very pretty site has been secured for a church, which is the gift of the C. P. R. Company.

Bros. Reed and Sargeant did good work for the Master in this field. To their earnest and faithful labours, under God, I largely attribute the success which has resulted in the formation of societies, and the subsequent erection of churches at Sturgeon Falls and Sudbury.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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*Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON,
November 2nd, 1886.*

I AM just back from a trip to Bella Bella, Rivers Inlet, Bella Coola, etc., and I think it right I should give you some account of it, though I am so busy.

We left home Friday, 15th October, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas on board. It was blowing a strong north wind, but this was fair down the coast, so that although it was a little rough yet it helped us on finely. It was a good clear day. We made Low's Inlet the first night, and we had intended to make Kit-a-maat next day for Sabbath, but found the wind was blowing down so strong out of the Inlet we did not think it best to face it, and went on down the coast to Chinaman Hat. Were there in good time; took on wood, and here we spent the Sabbath. There are two traders and a few Indians. Had a good day, three services; I trust the seed sown will bring fruit.

Monday, off early; made

BELLA BELLA

by 11 a.m., hoping to hear that dear Bro. Cuyler was some better; but by the boat that had just passed up from Victoria, Miss Reinhart had heard that Mr. C. was not likely to be back, as the doctor had advised him to go south.

It will be a sore trial to him, for no man loved his work more than he, and the poor Indians loved him in return. We had service ashore, and after prayer and consultation, it was decided that Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas (who had come to supply here in Bro. C.'s absence) should go to Bella Coola for the present. And our good Sister Reinhart said she would rather stay alone at Bella Bella and carry on the work till help came from the East, than let Bella Coola go longer without a teacher. Bro. and Sister Nicholas were ready to go.

So off we started next day early, taking in a visit to Rivers Inlet. Met some of our northern people coming home from the south, where they have been working for the summer. We tied their canoes to the steamer and preached to them, and then on we went. Arrived at Rivers Inlet about 5 p.m.; found our teacher not at home; visited the people, and had two services. There are two white families here for the winter as well as the few resident Indians. But

in the summer this is a lively place when the salmon canneries are running. Early next day we were on our way down the Inlet, and as we got outside we

HAD A LIVELY BREEZE,

so much so that the lumber we had on deck shifted, and the skylight of the cabin was broken, and one of our lanterns came to grief. But we made a good run up Bella Coola Inlet. In the afternoon we took up Chief Tom and a party of his people; took them on board, and canoe in tow; had service with them. Had to anchor early for the night, as it was stormy. Arrived at the mouth of Bella Coola River at 8 a.m. Next day Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas and I went up at once in the canoe, and they had their things carried up to the little mission house. The few people who are trying to be Christians were very much pleased to meet them. Bro. N. Philip, the native agent (who has been here for about ten months), and I spent all the early part of the day in visiting all the heathen village from house to house. We were treated kindly in most of the houses; but, oh, the people are so dark! And lately they have had whiskey from Victoria, which has made them worse. In one house

HEATHEN DANCING WAS GOING ON.

We were glad to have the privilege of speaking to so many about Jesus. It is sad to see so much disease and death among them, the effects of their wicked life; young people dying the most wretched deaths.

While we were at this work the man at the store was sending off potatoes on board the *Glad Tidings*, which gave us good freight, and will be of good service for our winter's use. These people have some good land, and have raised potatoes for many years, and they sell them to the trader at a low figure. We have to pay him cash for them.

At night we had a good meeting in Chief Tom's house, which was a good start for our friends, Bro. and Sister Nicholas. May God bless them.

Philip and I came down the river in a canoe to the steamer; very dark and dangerous; but our loving Father brought us down safely.

We had expected to leave in the night, but it blew half a gale of wind, so we did not get off till 8 a.m. Made Bella Bella in time to have service at night. As it was now Friday, we thought best to spend the Sabbath here in the absence of their missionary.

A number of our people were here also on their way home from where they had been working on Puget Sound.

WE HAD A GOOD DAY,

and here we had the privilege of pointing a poor sick and dying man to Jesus. He had just arrived from Victoria, and was staying at Bella Bella, as he was a Chief of another tribe. He said, "Oh, that I had listened to the words of the missionary long ago!" and he passed away. May God impress upon the living that they must die!

Monday we started off with two Tsimpsean canoes in tow; had a lively time crossing Milbank Sound. Called at Chinaman Hat, had a short service, and took on some wood, and put on to anchor at Swanson Bay

that night. It became very dark before we got there. Next night brought us to Kit-a-maat. Preached at 6.30 p.m. Here we need a new church very much,—not near room for the people,—and we should have a school kept regularly. This, indeed, would be a good place for a married teacher,—nearly three hundred people, and they are not so much disturbed by the outside influence as many other tribes are. Next morning we had preaching at six o'clock, and I met the school at 9 a.m. Some good, intelligent-looking Christians (about thirty-five) on the roll. Left at 10 a.m., and anchored at the mouth of the river.

The next day, Thursday, 28th, left early, taking the two canoes in tow, and with a strong, fair wind we

MADE PORT SIMPSON

by 6 p.m. Found all well, and glad and relieved to see us, for it had been such stormy weather. We had made a journey of over 700 miles in the two weeks.

Our people are getting home, but are still troubled about their land. This, with other influences, has caused spiritual life to be very loose.

We are praying that all these trials may turn to good.

You will see by this, and by a letter I have sent to Bro. German, that we shall need a man in Bro. Cuyler's place as soon as possible.

From the same, dated Nov. 4th, 1886.

A war ship is at Metlakatla to take the men who have stopped the survey of the land. The Indians say they have no other redress, that both Governments disregard their prayer to have them (the Indians) consulted in their land affairs, and that if they allow this survey that will settle it. Our people are in with them; it is impossible to keep them out, and I suppose a surveyor will be here in a few days, and the excitement will commence just at our door. The Indians are quiet, and say they do not wish to violate any law, but they wish to have their rights.

It is a shame that the Government will not hasten to settle this land trouble in a just way; if the poor people are provoked, I do not know what it may lead to. They say you promised to speak about it when you would go East, but they never heard if you did speak to the Government about it.

I do pray that Providence may interpose; if not, I do not know what will be the end.

Facts and Illustrations.

THE Shah has contributed \$800 towards the erection of a new mission church (Presbyterian) in Hamadan, Persia.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand dollars were not long since left by a native of India for the education of female physicians. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has endowed female medical scholarships in the University of Calcutta.

DURING the late terrible epidemic of cholera in Peking, China, which carried off thousands of victims, the heathen priests took the opportunity of reviving the interest in the old religion. By weird ceremonies, wild music and offerings to the god of the pestilence, they succeeded in turning away the minds of many from Christianity.

A little boy about eight years of age took care of a bed of celery in his father's garden, and earned seventy-five cents for the cause of missions. On the envelope in which he brought his money to his pastor he wrote these words, "I tell you, I worked hard for this money." His interest in the cause of missions was all the greater by reason of the service and sacrifice he had put into the money.

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