

# The Missionary Outlook.

*A Monthly Advocate, Record, and Review.*

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[Whole No. 105

## Field Notes.

THE General Secretary has returned in safety from his long and arduous journey to the far East. In the present number will be found some "Notes" of affairs in Japan, to be followed by successive instalments, as time may permit.

WHEN this number reaches our subscribers, the Mission Rooms staff will be in possession of their new premises on Richmond Street, in the new Book Room building. Moving takes time, and the arrangement and classification of books, letters, and other multitudinous documents, after removal, takes more time. It is hoped, therefore, that correspondents will exercise a little patience if their communications are not attended to as promptly as they could desire.

THE income of the Society for the past year is, on the whole, satisfactory. There is an advance of about \$6,000 in ordinary contributions, while the amounts from Indian Department and from miscellaneous sources remain about the same as before. As was anticipated, there has been a large falling-off in the amount from legacies, as the income last year from this source was exceptionally large.

THE returns show an advance in every Conference, with the exception of Bay of Quinte and New Brunswick. In the former Conference the decrease is \$748, and in the latter \$94. In the other Conferences the increase is as follows, omitting cents:—Toronto, \$569; London, \$580; Niagara, \$39; Guelph, \$275; Montreal, \$1,592; Manitoba, \$1,359; British Columbia, \$1,074; Nova Scotia, \$554; Newfoundland, \$605.

REV. J. HALL, Chairman of the Victoria District, writes: "Things are generally prosperous on district and throughout the Conference. In a wonderful way we are having a revival of religion just now; people are being converted almost every day. No special preaching service, but our people are going from house to house from evening to evening and holding prayer-meetings with these grand results. Happy the pastor who has such a people."

## Editorial and Contributed.

### THE SOCIETY'S ANNIVERSARY.

THE Annual Meeting of the General Board of Missions will be held (D.V.) in Queen's Avenue Church, London, Ont., beginning on Tuesday, Oct. 8th, at 9.30 a.m. Missionary services will be held in all the Methodist churches in London, on the preceding Sunday, and collections taken on behalf of the Society's funds.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Society will take place in Queen's Avenue Church, on Tuesday evening, October 8th. Chair to be taken at 7.30 o'clock.

Detailed announcements will appear in October OUTLOOK.

### NOTES FROM JAPAN.

BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

AFTER a pleasant voyage of fourteen days and seventeen hours, the good-ship *Abyssinia*, of the C. P. R. Line, entered the magnificent bay of Yeddo. No rough weather was experienced; but as we ranged northward, following the "great circle," the cold became severe, and good heavy winter clothing was a necessity. The accommodation on board was good, the officers attentive and agreeable, table excellent, attendance (Chinese) almost perfection; but the route is a lonely one, and all the passengers were glad when land appeared. During the previous night fogs prevailed, and for eight or nine hours the engines were "slowed" to half speed, but the morning broke clear and bright, with a fresh breeze off shore. As we entered the harbor old Fujiyama, sixty miles away, towered up grandly, thirteen thousand feet high, its snow-crowned cone of purest white.

"Finding itself a solemn Sanctuary  
In the profound of heaven."

The night before there had been a strong gale along the coast, and craft of all sorts had sought shelter in the inner harbor; now they were outward bound,—*sampans*, fishing smacks, coasting junks by tens, by scores, literally by hundreds,—were hastening away, presenting an interesting and animated spectacle. What a magnificent bay! And what beautiful shores, especially to the left.



On reaching anchorage in the harbor of Yokohama, several steam launches, followed by a score of *sampans* (clumsy concerns propelled by long sculls, operated by men or boys who had come out in such a hurry that they forgot their clothes), came to meet the ship, in hope of securing passengers and baggage. On the foremost launch I was delighted to see Dr. Macdonald. He had come from Tokyo the night before, and hearing in the morning that a steamer had been signalled, he waited to see if it would prove to be the *Abyssinia*. His presence greatly expedited matters, so far as I was concerned, and soon we were landed at the Custom House wharf. The officials were courteous, and the search of our baggage by no means "searching," so we soon got through. Yokohama shows signs everywhere of a foreign population, and the first impression of a stranger is—"Japan in Transition." This is seen on every hand, both here and in Tokyo. The foreign houses the streets, the railway, the large coasting steamers, the street cars in Tokyo, above all the changing dress of the people, all proclaim that

"The old order changeth, giving place to the new."

The changes in dress are striking, and sometimes amusing. As might be expected, the bulk of the people still wear the national dress, but in many cases there is a partial, and in many more a complete change. Here you may see the national *kimono*, or robe, surmounted by an ordinary straw hat, or a "Christie stiff." There this slight innovation is emphasized by a pair of foreign shoes, instead of the native *gaeta*, and perhaps a pair of foreign-made trousers, which somehow have an odd look in connection with the native *kimono*. Yonder the native costume has been utterly discarded, and the foreign adopted in its stead, and this is the prevailing tendency, especially among the young men.

After lunch I had my first experience in a *jinrikisha*, and very comfortably I found it. You have only to imagine a covered gig cut down to about one-third its ordinary size, and made proportionately light, with a man in the shafts instead of a horse, and you have a *jinrikisha*. The way the men trot along with a two-hundred pound passenger, and the way they will keep it up mile after mile, is astonishing. But there is another side to it. I am informed the work is so severe that the average life of a *jinrikisha* man is only about five years. In the afternoon we took train for Tokyo. The station is built of stone, two stories high, in foreign style, as are most of the public buildings. Railways here are built after the English pattern; but while the roadbed, platforms, station buildings, etc., are good and solid, the cars are very inferior. In this particular there is room for

great improvement. The officials are uniformly courteous, the conductor considers himself your servant, not your master, and does not regard it as part of his duty to be impertinent or abusive, as seems to be the case on some American roads. Officials of all kinds dress in foreign fashion. Policemen wear a blue uniform till the first of June, when they change to white, no matter what the state of the weather. They all carry a sword instead of a baton.

A cordial welcome to Dr. McDonald's hospitable home was very delightful, and gave good promise of pleasant days and weeks to be spent there. Our original mission property in Tokyo is located in Tsukiji (pronounced Skeejy), the part of the city assigned to foreigners. It consists of three lots of good size, with three comfortable houses built in foreign style. The walls are frame, covered with tiles and plastered; the roofs also are tiled. In front is a smooth gravelled road, some thirty feet wide, bounded by a dyke, two-and-a-half or three feet high, and immediately beyond that is the river, a stream of perhaps two hundred yards in width, covered with all kinds of native craft, chiefly junks. These junks are often towed out of the river by small boats—*sampans*. The boatmen, when working the long, heavy sculls, often drop the loose robe which seems to form their only clothing, and with the exception of a very meagre loin-cloth, stand up in "naked simplicity." From the waters of the bay a network of canals extends through the city, affording ready means of transport for goods to the various business centres. Tokyo is a large city, with a population of nearly a million and a half, and is one of the quietest and most orderly cities it has ever been my lot to visit. During my stay I traversed its streets, "highways and byways," at almost all hours of day and night, but never witnessed any disturbance, very rarely saw an intoxicated person, heard no shouting, brawling, or other sign of rowdyism. If there is a "dangerous class," as is quite possible, they keep quiet and out of sight, and I incline to think the statement made to me, that a lady might traverse the streets of Tokyo alone at midnight in her *jinrikisha*, without fear of insult, is not exaggerated. This result is due chiefly to the efficient police system.

On the day following my arrival in Tokyo work began. The first engagement was a meeting of the Mission Council in the school building at Azabu. This involved a *jinrikisha* ride of three miles through the heart of the city, and gave me a foretaste of the new and strange scenes to be witnessed in this new and strange land. Azabu is "beautiful for situation." The buildings are on a high bluff commanding fine



views in several directions. But the space is entirely too limited, and, if we are to continue our educational work, must be enlarged by purchase of an adjoining lot, or a larger site procured elsewhere. I say "if," because the Union movement, which is again to the front, may obviate the necessity for larger premises. As this was a preliminary meeting of the Council, only four members were present, consequently but little business was transacted; but we spent some time in examining the school property. It consists of the school building proper, plain and inexpensive, but suitable for the purpose; two buildings for dormitories, with a teacher's residence connected with one of them; a small building which serves as a library and council room; a dining-hall—a cheap affair, but it answers the purpose; and Dr. Cochran's residence. Below the hill on which these buildings stand is a level spot, the site of the girls' school, of which more hereafter. The pressing need at present is a house for Mr. Whittington, but on the existing site there is not a foot of space on which to build it. There is a "Daimio's" lot, immediately adjoining, which is very suitable; but whereas it could have been purchased two years ago for about 3,000 yen, it cannot be got now short of 8,500. Mr. Whittington lives near by in a Japanese house, not very suitable, for which he has to pay forty-five yen per month.

Within the past two years serious troubles have threatened the very existence of the boys' academy at Azabu. It is unnecessary at the present time to refer to these troubles in detail. Suffice it to say, it was found necessary to reconstruct the institution from top to bottom. Mr. Whittington was appointed Principal, and at once proceeded with the work of reorganization. A new Board was formed, one-half of whom are Japanese, with Rev. Y. Hiraiwa as President; an advanced curriculum was prepared, and in a short time order began to emerge out of chaos. Confidence is returning; students of a good class are applying for admission, and it is hoped that in the near future a school can be built up which, if not so large as before, will be of much better quality. At subsequent meetings of the Council, the question of property was carefully considered. By a recent ordinance all title-deeds in Japan were abolished, and all property vested virtually in the Emperor. The only title a man has is by registering in a Government office. Moreover, foreigners cannot hold property outside of the foreign concessions; hence, school property, church sites, etc., are registered in Japanese names, and our only title is the good faith of those in whose names the registration is made. On the other hand, treaty revision is proceeding rapidly, and when completed, restriction as to resi-

dence and property of foreigners will be removed. In the meantime we can only trust to the good faith of the native brethren and go on. How the matter can be worked when the native Church begins to acquire property remains to be seen.

### HOME RESPONSIBILITIES.

BY REV. LE ROY HOOKER, TORONTO.

IN some late sermons I have been showing my people that when there are opportunities of doing missionary work at various distances from the centre of operation, the greater responsibility is for the work which is near, and the less for that which is remote. By this it was not intended to rule out of the Church's charitable endeavor Japan, nor any other distant country; but only to show that no amount of work done in those far-off lands can excuse neglect of people who are our own fellow-citizens. In the day of final reckoning, the Lord will ask us for the men and women not only who lived on the earth *when* we did, but also *where* we did,—who sat in the same church, lived in the same city, inhabited the same country with us.

Certainly the claim of the Canadian Indians is stronger than any other. We dwell in the same land with them. We have so far possessed ourselves of their country and destroyed their favorite means of livelihood, that they are well nigh trespassers and paupers in the land which belonged exclusively to their fathers. We brought to them two great destroyers, the small-pox and whisky, and they fall before them like grass before the scythe. They are a doomed and vanishing people. Who can doubt that the first missionary duty of Christian Canadians is to serve them to the utmost in the Gospel of Christ? If wicked white men give them the cup of devils, be it ours to carry them the cup of salvation. If we have taken their earthly heritage, let us see to it that they are made ready for the better inheritance of the saints in light.

Scarcely less imperative is our duty to the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec. They, too, are our next-door neighbors. They grope in the blackness of mediæval darkness. They constitute the one great danger to the religious and the political life of this youthful and wonderfully capable country. If we would fulfil the duties of neighborly love, of wise patriotism, of prudent providence for our own children, we must leave nothing undone that offers any promise of turning that amiable, but benighted and priest-ridden, people from darkness to light. It ought to go without saying that our domestic missions among those of our own faith who are not able to support a minister must be maintained in vigor. To let them



lapse would be to consent to a double defeat and a double shame; for then the promise of self-support and helpfulness toward others in the regions beyond, and also the fruitage of the good seed of eternal life already planted in themselves, must utterly fail.

The object had in view in this paper is to suggest most respectfully to the Woman's Missionary Society the propriety of giving to our Indian, French, and Domestic missions the same degree of prominence which, at present, seems to be bestowed exclusively upon Japan, and one or two points in the Indian work. If communication were opened with several points in the departments mentioned above, if letters from laborers were read, if special prayers for the work at those points were offered, the result would be not only an interesting variety of subjects, but also enlargement and more complete sympathy in the missionary zeal and faith of the members of the Society.

NOTE.—The very thing for which Bro. Hooker contends is being done. The W. M. S. is extending its work among both French and Indians, and has begun work among the Chinese.—ED. OUTLOOK.

#### "GLAD TIDINGS" MISSION.

A YEAR ago it was thought best to form a new mission to be called the *Glad Tidings* Mission, which should include Clue, Kit-a-maat, Bella Coola and all other tribes not reached by existing missions. This is a wide field, including about seventy-five bands or tribes. In one trip we travelled about 1,800 miles, and preached about 100 times, reached many tribes I had never seen before, and preached to hundreds that had never seen a Protestant missionary before, and many of them as dark and as blind as they ever were. In numbers of places they urged that we send them a teacher. One young man, who was dying, said, "Missionary, these are good words that you tell us, and this is a sweet name you speak about; but why did you not come before? Hundreds and thousands of our people have died, and never heard that story; why did you not come sooner?" I found another poor woman dying, who could not speak, and could not hear, and then I thought with the boy, why did we not come sooner? In this mission of 600 miles, on a coast of 600 miles, we want many more laborers. In some parts of it self-supporting missions would work well.

The *Glad Tidings* needed repairs, so this gave me a chance to visit the East for three months, and lay this wide and interesting field before the Churches there. The boat, with Capt. Oliver, ran last year over 10,000 miles, and is now deeded as property of the Methodist Church, and we hope the Christian people of our Church will help to run her, so that we shall not have

in the future, as in the past, to run short-handed, and work so hard to keep down expenses.

*Clue* was part of Skidegate Mission, on Queen Charlotte's Island. There we have built a neat little church, to which the people subscribed nobly. They also bought a good church bell, besides doing well in their missionary meeting.

At *Kit-kat-ah* we have put up the frame of a small church. This is at the mouth of Kit-a-maat arm. The people had been with Mr. Duncan at Metlakhatla, but when he removed to Alaska, they returned to their own home, and have now all united with our Church.

*Kit-a-maat* has done well under Bro. Robinson's care. *Kit-lope* must have a small church. At "Chinaman Hat" the shell of a school-house has been put up, but the people are away from home a great part of the time, and it is difficult to do much with them. This is Hy-hies, a part of the Bella-Bella Mission.

*Bella Coola* is still supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas. We must have a new church built here, and hope to reach all those poor, blind people. *Kimsquit* and *Talione* need help, and will likely all come in at once. I hope the time will not be long before all the tribes on this coast shall have the Gospel. T. CROSBY.

#### THE "OUTLOOK" IN AFRICA.

MANY are the words of encouragement and appreciation respecting the OUTLOOK that come to us, and which we are always pleased to receive, but the following, from Miss Annie E. Whitefield, late of Dundas, and now laboring in the mission field in Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, is doubly welcome, coming, as it does, from one who is bravely proclaiming the "old, old story" to Africa's benighted sons and daughters:—

"I always enjoyed reading the OUTLOOK when in my Canadian home, but never did it touch my heart like it has in this my far-away home. Owing to the kindness of a friend, I have had the privilege of reading your valuable paper. As from time to time I read the reports of the Auxiliaries, Mission Bands, etc., my heart goes out to those who are so nobly pushing the work of the Redeemer, and enlisting the sympathies of the youth, and of the self-sacrificing endurance of workers in the field it stimulates and encourages, I have felt like telling them so; but feeling it would seem like presumption, I have checked every impulse to write until now, when my heart overflows with gratitude to the contributors to the OUTLOOK. May God speed the work in all lands."

MISSIONARIES report from Japan most intense and wonderful enthusiasm among the natives for the study of the English language and literature. The storekeepers of fifty-five bookstores in two places say that half the books they sell are English. "It would seem," says Mr. Gullick, "as if the whole nation is yet to learn to read the English language."



## Woman's Missionary Society

### OFFICERS :

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"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good ; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God ?"—MICAH vi. 8.

OUR French missionary work in Quebec does not find, among people generally, that sympathy and practical co-operation one would be led to expect from those who, in respect to absolute, far-off heathenism, are so active.

Not that they deem of less value the soul of the ignorant Papist. Not that they attach undue importance to the salvation of the heathen. Not at all. But chiefly because the Romanist is, in a tacit, indifferent sort of way, supposed to have a species of Christianity, and to be in a country where he can get the true, if he has any reason to fear he has but the counterfeit, Gospel.

And yet the teachings of Rome to her people are as different from the Bible teachings, as are the Christian from the heathen. Besides, a most remarkable fact is, that in the midst of an intelligent, Bible-loving, Bible-teaching community, the Romanist remains, through priestcraft, a Romanist still.

As in the State Roman Catholics are the alien power, in it but not of it, subjects not of the State, but of the Pope alone, so in religion. Amid the blaze of the Gospel light, which radiates from an open Bible, they still grovel under clouds of dark superstition and ignorance, equal to those of oriental heathenism. More and more are we convinced that the applied Gospel is the instrument to conquer Rome.

Controversy has, no doubt, a place and a work to do. Civil government has a place and a work to do. United Protestantism has its place and a great work to do. But the simple Gospel is the key to the heart of the Papist, as it is to the heathen of every name. "Tell them of Jesus," "Sing to them of Jesus," "Teach them of Jesus, the mighty to save."

THE Romanist does not comprehend what is meant by the term, "to know the Lord." He knows the Church. To him pardon means priestly absolution. Salvation only means to be in "the Church." Protestants are heretics, damned above ground. Priests are God in human form. They cannot err, though they be guilty of breaking every command of the Decalogue. Money buys masses, and masses free the soul from the inevitable purgatory. Disobedience to the Church excommunicates ; that is, authorized curses are pronounced, with pomp and ceremony, on the offender, on his body and soul, on his posterity, on all that he has, or may have, in time or eternity.

We have read some of these curses, until the blood seemed to congeal in our veins.

Such is the "liberty" wherewith the "religion of Rome" "maketh her people free." Is there anything worse in what are known as heathen lands ?

MRS. C. ROSS, of Montreal, contributes to this number an excellent article, for which we crave earnest attention. Mrs. R. proposes to furnish short articles on various points of Romish teaching, and, we are quite sure they will shed a light and an interest upon this branch of our work, which will be of great service to it.

WE trust our readers have, with the rest of vacation, gathered up a goodly store of energy, strength and knowledge, to be hereafter infused into the work of the coming year. During this month the annual meetings of Auxiliaries are to be held. The duty of making out reports of the work done, money raised, etc., devolves upon the secretary and treasurer. These annual meetings should be made an *event in the congregation where they are held*. It has been remarked to us that large numbers of young women in our cities and towns might be enlisted in auxiliary work, were it not that the meetings are usually, if not always, held during business hours, at which time they are engaged ; and we have suggested that the regular Auxiliary be held, now and again, if not every alternate month, in the evening.

In regard to the annual meeting of the Auxiliary, we think it would be a most desirable plan to have a public meeting of the congregation, at which the reports could be read, the latest missionary letters, short addresses by the pastor and others, appropriate music, and, if desired, light refreshments served. This to be the Woman's Missionary anniversary for the congregation, and the business meeting of members for the election of officers, could be held next day.

SEVERAL advantages would thus, we believe, accrue to the Woman's Missionary Society, among which



would be the public definiteness given to their work, its recognition by the congregation, opportunity of extending interest among the women, and increasing the membership.

WE do not advocate raising money by teas, etc., but we submit that the passing of light refreshments, affords opportunity for consecrating our social side to this work. And this means much. At all such gatherings, voluntary offerings should be taken for the Woman's Missionary Society.

AT the annual meeting of each Auxiliary in September, or such other meeting as may be most convenient, delegates to the branch annual meeting shall be elected in proportion of one for every Auxiliary numbering twenty-five or under, and two for every Auxiliary numbering fifty or more.

THE last Annual Board Meeting added the following to the list of by-laws governing Auxiliaries: "A lady shall be appointed in each Auxiliary to obtain subscribers for the OUTLOOK."

#### ITEMS.

FIVE million dollars are spent annually for foreign missions in the United States, and one thousand millions for strong drink. The devil has two hundred times as much to waste in damaging the nation, as the Christian Church gives to save the heathen.

CUMBERLAND Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, Miss., has, in its Japan work, two Mission Bands, who send their money to mission work in Mexico.

MRS. DETLOR writes: "I have just received \$101 (one hundred and one dollars) from a lady who does not wish her name known; the amount to go toward defraying expenses of the lady missionaries who have just gone to Japan."

OUR readers will miss the usual interesting news from Auxiliaries and Bands, on account of the vacation season. We specially request all Auxiliaries and Bands to send in the reports of their annual meetings as early, and in as brief form, as possible. Make as much of the annual meeting as you can, but condense your report for the OUTLOOK, that as many as possible may be heard from.

OUR members are kindly requested to remember the urgent claims for the furnishing of the New Institute in Montreal. Presidents of Auxiliaries are kindly urged to lay this matter before the next meeting, that

those donors, who have not already done so, may forward their gifts without delay. Further information may be obtained from MRS. DR. BRIGGS, 21 Grenville St., Toronto.

#### NOTICES.

THE Annual Meeting of the Eastern Branch will be held in Dominion Church, in the city of Ottawa, Thursday, Oct. 3rd, beginning at 2.30 o'clock.

As the number of Auxiliaries has greatly increased, we trust there will be a large attendance. Let every Auxiliary and every Mission Band numbering forty be represented.

We ask our members to offer constant prayer for this meeting, that it may be one of great profit and blessing; a help and inspiration through the coming year.

Railway certificates will be sent to all Secretaries, and delegates will please send their names and addresses as early as possible to Mrs. Le Sueur, 12 Lisgar Street, Ottawa.

L. W. ROSS, *President.*

M. M. WILLIAMS, *Cor. Secretary.*

CENTRAL BRANCH Woman's Missionary Society will meet in Sherbourne Street Church, Toronto, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd October.

#### FRENCH INSTITUTE.

THE new French Institute, Montreal, is rapidly approaching completion, and it is desirable that it should be thoroughly furnished before it is opened for the reception of pupils. The appeal of the Executive not meeting with a very hearty response—perhaps owing to the fact that many ladies have been away from home—we venture again to call the attention of all friends of French evangelization to the matter.

If you can only give a small donation, please give it, and give it *at once*. Those who cannot give money may be able to give some of the following articles, which are required:—10 dozen knives, medium size, 10 dozen forks, 10 dozen tea-spoons, 10 dozen dessert-spoons, 2 dozen table-spoons, crockery of all kinds, kitchenware, pillow-cases (1 yard long  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard wide), sheets for single beds, thin white counterpanes for the same, blankets, quilts, towels—in fact, everything in the way of house-furnishing is needed and will be acceptable. Kindly send all gifts as soon as possible to the care of the Rev. Wm. Hall, M.A., Principal of the Methodist French Institute, Montreal.

The following letter did not come to hand in time for August number:—

BELLEVILLE, Aug. 12th.

AT the May meeting of the Belleville, Bridge street Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society, it was resolved to give notice to the General Board of the following motions:

1st. That the Central Branch be divided into two separate branches.

2nd. That Sec. I, Article V, of the Constitution of the Woman's Missionary Society be amended to read thus:—"The management and general administration of the affairs of the Society shall be vested in a Board of Managers, consisting of the *Officers of the Board*, the President and Corresponding Secretary of each Branch, and delegates from each Branch in the proportion of one to every two hundred, etc."

L. H. L., *Cor. Sec.*



## ROMISH TEACHINGS.

MRS. C. ROSS, MONTREAL.

IN these times of agitation concerning Jesuitism, Romanism, Popery, etc., and their aggressive claims, all legitimate means should be employed to enlighten the public as to the real teaching of the establishments, we, as Protestants, are so persistently opposing. There has existed hitherto such absolute indifference amongst all classes on this subject, that a woeful amount of ignorance prevails as to the errors propagated by the Roman Catholic Church. We often hear the lightly, spoken words, "Oh, I do not see much difference. I think the Roman Catholics are as good as the Protestants." And naturally our kind friends of that faith may be quite as good, and even better, than the careless Protestant, who really are sadly miscalled, for they protest against nothing, religiously or morally, that any complete, respectable worldling approves. Most of this carelessness comes of entire ignorance of the errors so sedulously inculcated by all faithful Roman priests. The faithful adherence of their people to their idolized creed may well teach us Protestants some valuable lessons. Were we as faithful and persistent in the early training of our children in the truths of our precious Bible, specially those portions that so palpably condemn the idolatrous practices of the Romish Church, there would not be found so many parents sending their young daughters into those hotbeds of Romanism, the convents, ostensibly for the purpose of acquiring a pure French accent. How few ever escape without being contaminated by the seductive influences always put forth (and generally successful), in unsettling the loyalty of their impressible minds to the pure, simple faith in God's Word as the sole guide of life.

Romanists continually and emphatically deny the accusation that they worship the Virgin Mary, in violation of the First and Second Commandments, which read as follows:—"Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them," etc. Now, what is worship? Our best dictionary tells us it means "to adore," "to reverence with supreme veneration." A Roman Catholic prayer-book styled "The Mission Book," a compendium of prayers and instructions taken from the writings of their most venerated saint and author, "Alphonsus Liguori," is now lying before me, and on page 160 is found this prayer: "Oh Queen of the universe and most bountiful Sovereign, Thou art the advocate of sinners; the sure port of those who have suffered shipwreck; the resource of the world; the ransom of captives; the solace of the weak; the comfort of the afflicted; the refuge and salvation of every creature. Oh! full of grace! enlighten my understanding and loosen my tongue, that I may recount thy praises and sing to thee that angelical salutation which thou dost so justly merit. Hail! thou, who art the peace, the joy, the consolation of the whole world. Hail! Paradise of delight, the sure asylum of all who are in danger, the source of grace, the mediatrix between God and man. Refuge of sinners, take pity on me."

Again, on pages 164 and 165 of the same book, "St. Bernard says that Mary is that celestial ark which will surely save us from the wreck of eternal damnation, if we only take refuge in time. The ark which saved Noah from the universal deluge was the type of Mary; but says Hesychius, Mary is an ark more vast, more powerful and more charitable. The ark of Noah would only receive the few men and animals who were saved in it, but Mary receives and saves with certainty all those who take refuge under her mantle. But oh! my Queen, how many men are

lost! And why? Because they will not have recourse to thee. Who would ever be lost that had recourse to thee."

These are but a few specimens of the numerous prayers and invocations addressed to the Virgin Mary. If this is not worship, pray what is it?

The above extracts are from a division of the Mission Book headed, "Visits to the Blessed Virgin for every day in the week," and adds: "These visits usually follow immediately after the blessed sacraments. They are made by kneeling down before the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the church, or before any image of her's, in whatever place it may be and making use of the following prayers and reflections. Those who cannot have access to the church will do well to keep a small image for the purpose in some retired part of the house." Then follow the prayers heretofore mentioned.

What is this better than heathen idol worship? How insultingly does it dethrone our precious Lord Jesus, who is, according to the Scriptures, our only Saviour, Redeemer and Mediator.

## DIALOGUE FOR MISSION BANDS.

## MANITOBA AND NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

*George.* What are the extent and boundaries of the North-West Territory, including the district of Kewatin, and Manitoba?

*John.* This is by far the largest stretch of country in our Dominion, possessing an area of 2,614,000 square miles. Its greatest extent, from east to west, is 3,336 miles, and from north to south, 1,504 miles. Its northern boundary is the Arctic Ocean; its western, the Pacific Ocean and British Columbia; its southern, British Columbia, the United States, Ontario and Quebec; and its eastern boundary, the Atlantic Ocean.

*James.* I was reading to-day that, with a native population of over 30,000 Indians, our Church reaches with the Gospel only about 5,000 of those Indians. How do you account for that?

*Frank.* It would almost seem as if our Methodist Church, up to a recent date, must have left everything pertaining to the welfare of the Indians to the management of the Government.

*Fred.* Might not this seeming neglect proceed from local causes, such as the unsettled state of the country, or the severity of the climate, which would hinder Christian women, for instance, from working there effectively?

*George.* Well, as to that, our first Canadian Methodist missionary in going there took his wife along with him, and so have the great majority of our missionaries from that time to the present, and those noble women have ever patiently and silently assumed the heaviest burdens in connection with our missionary work, not only in cheering the missionary in his toil and sharing his privations, but in caring for the helpless ones and instructing the ignorant, as well as lifting up the fallen.

*John.* Well, I am very glad that our Woman's Missionary Society has now taken hold of some part of this work; for who may limit its influence for good in future? You remember the lines—

"They talk about a woman's sphere  
As though it had a limit,  
There's not a place in earth or heaven,  
There's not a task to mankind given,  
There's not a blessing or a woe,  
There's not a whispered 'Yes,' or 'No,'  
There's not a life, or death, or birth,  
That has a feather's weight of worth,  
Without a woman in it."



*James.* But speaking of climate, our missionaries tell us, that nowhere in the Dominion is there a larger percentage all the year round of clear sky and sunshine. The migratory habits of those tribes have not been helpful to the civilization and Christianization of this people. Hence, our missionaries are laboring to bring about a better state of things.

*Frank.* But have our Canadian missionaries been the first Methodist missionaries sent to these tribes? Would you kindly give us dates as to the time in which our first missionaries were sent? Who were they? And the circumstances under which they had to labor?

*Fred.* In no portion of our mission field has the faithful soldier of Jesus Christ endured greater privations and more abundant labors, than those who have toiled beside the inland waters and the pathless plains and forests of our great North-West; none have been more willing to endure hardness for the Master's sake than those who were sunk most deeply in crime and sin, might have the light of life and be brought into the freedom of the sons of God. In 1840, the British Wesleyan Missionary Society commenced mission work among the Indians of the North-West by sending out from England as missionaries Messrs. G. Barnley, W. Mason, R. F. Rundle; at the same time appointing Rev. James Evans, who had laboured with great success among the native tribes in Ontario, to take charge of the proposed mission. In April, 1840, he set out for the North-West, accompanied by his wife and daughter and two Indian youths, Henry Steinhauer and Peter Jacobs.

*George.* Mr. Steinhauer was found laboring there long after these missions were transferred to the care of the Canadian Conference. Had Mr. Evans been laboring long among the Indians previous to his going to the North-West, he seems to understand the Indian character so well?

*John.* He had been working successfully among the native Indian tribes in Ontario from the year 1830. His whole soul was in the work of the civilization and Christianization of the Indian people, and he was indefatigable in his efforts to this end.

*James.* Where was the North-West mission headquarters in those days?

*Frank.* Norway House; and from thence he visited every tribe west of the Rocky Mountains.

*Fred.* What means of travel was at his disposal?

*George.* His only means of travel in those early days was with sled and dogs; he had fifteen hounds. He endured the severest hardships of toil, cold and hunger as, guided by his trusty Indians, he journeyed from tribe to tribe.

*John.* How was food obtained in those journeyings, and of what did it consist?

*James.* They subsisted altogether on what could be obtained by hunting and fishing, and when all resources failed on one occasion, Evans and his men lived two weeks on the hips, or seed vessels, of the rose tree. Looking at his heroic spirit, can we wonder that he was the honored instrument of bringing many of those people to know that Saviour whom he loved and trusted. His invention of the syllabic type has given the Bible in the Cree language to many of those tribes.

*Frank.* I was just wondering what material was available there from which he could manufacture such type, and if the characters of this type are easily understood?

*Fred.* We are told he manufactured this type from just what material came to hand, such as lead from tea-chests, bullets, etc., and that the orthography of this type is so simple and comprehensive that any person diligently applying himself to studying it, may be able to learn its characters, and even read fluently and understandingly, in a few hours. Lord Dufferin has pronounced this type "the most marvellous thing in the history of literature."

*George.* What was the date of Mr. Evans' death? He did not die in the North-West?

*John.* No; while on a visit to England, in behalf of his mission, he died at Keeley, Lincolnshire, in 1846.

*James.* I think that Mr. Steinhauer, who accompanied Mr. Evans to the North-West, was a grand example of what can be produced by the cultivation of the latent powers of mind and heart in the Indian character.

*Frank.* What were his opportunities for improvement? I would like to learn more of his early history, and what he afterwards accomplished.

*Fred.* Mr. Steinhauer was a thorough Indian, of the Credit Band, and one of the first little boys in the mission school there. On the condition of the boy bearing his name, a gentleman in the United States, who had lost his only son, defrayed the expenses of his education, which was carried on in New York and also in our Upper Canada Academy. He laboured in the North-West as school teacher, minister, translator and printer. He translated the New Testament into the Cree language, a dialect of the Ojibway; also printed the Gospel of St. John and a hymn book. In that country he married, and labored devotedly fourteen years before coming to Ontario to receive ordination at the London Conference. On his return to the mission field he was appointed to the charge of the work vacated by Mr. Rundle, in Saskatchewan, Rocky Mountain district.

*George.* Where was his last mission?

*John.* In 1857, he established his last mission at White Fish Lake; there he built a church and mission house, with some houses for the Indians and their chief. He succeeded in persuading the Indians here to give up their wandering life and make this place their permanent home. They heard the Gospel, felt its power, and rejoiced in its salvation; and from homes and hearts, where before dwelt only sin and degradation, was heard the voice of prayer and praise. But in the midst of his successful labours God called his servant home.

"Oh, may I triumph so,  
When all my warfare's past,  
And dying find my latest foe  
Under my feet at last."

He died December 27, 1885. His faithful colleague and helper, B. Sinclair, died in less than two days after, and shared the same grave.

*James.* Some of Mr. Steinhauer's sons have devoted themselves to mission work.

*Frank.* Yes; his two younger sons, imitating the true, noble spirit of their father, are following in his steps. One, a graduate, is now laboring at Saddle Lake, south of White Fish Lake, and one at Morley. May "the wilderness and the solitary place be glad for them, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose." When were the next missionaries sent out, and who were they?

*Fred.* 1854, with Rev. Dr. Ryerson as guide, Thomas Hurlburt, Robert Brocking, and Allen Salt were appointed to the North-Western district. Mr. Salt was the first one to arrive at his field of labor, Rainy Lake, where the Hudson Bay Company had made ready for him. Here he settled down with his family in great isolation and loneliness, despite the few comforts thus provided. The rest of the party arriving at Norway House, where was Rossville mission, planted by J. Evans, Mr. Hurlburt took charge of this central mission, arriving only just in time to save it from extinction. In consequence of the removal of Peter Jacobs to Ontario, death of J. Evans, and the withdrawal of Mr. Mason from the Methodist ranks, Mr. Brocking went 250 miles further to Oxford House.

*George.* When did the Rev. George McDougall begin to labour in the North-West?



*John.* In 1860. Our Conference appointed Rev. G. McDougall to Rossville station in room of Rev. Brocking, who returned to Canada. As Chairman of the District, he was placed in charge of the missions there.

*James.* What missions were then in existence in the North-West?

*Frank.* Rossville White Fish Lake, Oxford House, Edmonton, Lac la Pluie. Mr. McDougall re-established the mission at Woodville established by Mr. Rundle and afterwards vacated, and here he found the Indians faithful to Christianity, though forgotten by Christendom for over ten years. Let our Indians once receive the Gospel, and none are more satisfied and true in retaining and practicing its principles and teachings.

*Fred.* I have heard that Mr. McDougall did a great work there, and had unbounded influence with the Indians. How did he travel? and to what was his great influence among the people due?

*George.* Mr. McDougall in visiting and establishing missions and schools, frequently travelled 1,200 miles from his home on horseback, often fording rivers which our missionaries still do, at times by means of a raft of sticks or buffaloes' hide; horse and driver were often submerged in the water. "By many a camp-fire, or smoky lodge, or under the blue canopy of heaven," did this faithful missionary point to the Lamb of God those heathen Cree, or the dreaded Blackfeet with fierce, restless eye, or blood-stained face, till the message of love subdued the spirit and created anew in Christ Jesus.

"Thy love the conquest more than gains,  
To all I shall proclaim,  
Jesus, the King, the Conqueror reigns,  
Bow down to Jesus' name.  
To Thee shall earth and hell submit,  
And every foe shall fall  
Till death expires beneath Thy feet,  
And God is all in all."

Mr. McDougall's influence with the redman, which was truly unbounded, was, we are told, owing to his being what the Indians term, "A man of one word," keeping his promises, in spite of storms, difficulties, and long distances.

*John.* Had the means of subsistence the quality and quantity of food to be obtained materially improved at that time?

*James.* No, pemmican was still their staple food, which was simply buffalo meat and tallow. They did not allow themselves to even think of bread, lest the thought might cause impatience. You will not wonder that flour was a luxury, when every pound was dragged in Red River carts from St. Paul to Saskatchewan, 1,800 miles. An Indian on the introduction of flour to one camp, ran to tell the tribe that the missionary had some of the whitest earth he ever saw. Where was Mr. McDougall's last mission?

*Frank.* The whole country south and west of Edmonton being unpopulated, Mr. McDougall proceeding north established a mission school at White Fish Lake, also one at Victoria, which were the first Protestant mission schools west of Portage la Prairie. Missions north and west were visited, and with Rev. G. Young he inaugurated the first Methodist mission at Red River. After removing to Edmonton, where he spent the last two years of his life, he established the Morley Mission.

*Fred.* The Indian tribes, still largely obtain their living by hunting and fishing. And as the buffalo, and fish, too, are becoming scarce, some other means of subsistence must soon be forthcoming, and means must be devised in order that habits and employments may be taught them, by which they may succeed in providing for themselves by working in new lines, placing them under favorable conditions, and helpful

influences. Above, all bringing them under the teaching of the Spirit of our Lord. For no joys are so sweet as the joys that spring up and bloom in the soil of a renewed manhood.

*George.* Mr. McDougall and his son, with many other of our missionaries, have been working to that end; and they have felt that the only hope of elevating the Indians and making them useful citizens was to educate and train the children to habits of industry and economy. That they may not become more and more dependent on the cold charity of an encroaching civilization, their youth must learn civilization by living it, and economy by practicing it. Hence, training schools and homes must be established more and more, such as the McDougall Orphanage, the Crosby Home, and the Home for Indian Girls at Chilliwhack. Mr. McDougall and his son obtained permission from the Methodist Conference to establish the McDougall Orphanage at Morley. But the grand hero of Indian missions was not permitted to see his desire consummated, for on the wild prairie he laid down his life and labor together in the winter of 1876.

"Yes, the Christian's course is run,  
Ended is the glorious strife,  
Fought the fight, the victory won,  
Death is swallowed up in life."

His son, John McDougall, established the Orphanage.

*John.* Could you give us the name and number of our Methodist Indian missions in the Manitoba Conference, which includes the North-West? Also the name of the missionaries?

*James.* There are thirteen Methodist Indian missions in that Conference, with ten missionaries and two native assistants. The missions are Norway House, Oxford House, Nelson House, Beren's River, Fisher River, Morley, Blood Indians, Woodville, Battle River, Bear's Hill, Victoria, Saddle Lake, White Fish Lake. Our missionaries are: E. Paupanakis, A. W. Ross, John McDougall, E. R. Steinhauer, John McLean, John Nelson, E. B. Glass, O. McLachlan, Robert Steinhauer, O. German. Can you give us the names of our missionaries, and the number of our missions in British Columbia?

*Frank.* We have also thirteen Indian missions in British Columbia with eight missionaries, and three native assistants. Mr. C. M. Tate, our devoted missionary in Chilliwhack, in charge of the Indian Girls' Home; T. Crosby, of Crosby Home, at Port Simpson; A. N. Miller, H. E. Green, D. Jennings, G. F. Hopkins, W. H. Pearce, J. Calvert. But here, as in many places, the work is but begun. On the other side of the Rocky Mountain are upwards of thirty thousand Indians who have never heard of Christ. And the Stonies, near Edmonton, have been asking for a teacher for the last ten or twelve years.

*Fred.* I was just thinking of the various hindrances our missionaries meet in their work, next to savagism and ignorance of the native which he seeks to remove, is the selfishness and immorality of the new-comer. Unprincipled white men deal out to the poor Indian fire-water which is a formidable evil to contend against. While Popery, with its denunciations of Protestants "as no better than the buffalo on the plain," and its toys of charms, images, beads, etc., has a great attraction for the heathen mind, and seek to exclude the light of the truth, a missionary tells us that for years two of those priests carried about two large pictures, representing two roads, one road ending in Paradise, and the other in the bottomless pit. On the downward track all Protestants were travelling, surrounded by demon spirits; and on the other were all Roman Catholics, priests, and nuns.



*George.* How many distinct tribes or nations of Indians are under control of our Government, and amongst how many of these do our missionaries labor?

*John.* There are twelve separate or distinct tribes or nations of Indians. Our Church has workers only among five of these, namely: the Cree, Blood, Salteaux, Sioux, Stoney Indians. Among the other tribes, the northern Timpshans, Tinne family, Blackfeet, Piegans, Sacres, Salteaux, Chippewayan, there is need of workers, and to none of these have we sent the Gospel (which is the power of God unto salvation), by establishing missions amongst them. Surely, many more faithful, earnest toilers are needed. Let us *labor, pray and give*, that the toilers in the field may be sustained, and many more be sent.

“Convert and send forth more,  
Into Thy Church abroad,  
And let them speak Thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.  
On all mankind forgiven,  
Empower them still to call,  
And tell each creature under heaven,  
That *Thou* hast died for all.”

M. DOUGLASS,  
*Western Branch, London West.*

## Missionary Readings.

### “TO EVERY CREATURE.”

BY MAGGIE V. DOUGLAS.

CROWN Him, crown Him, Christ, our King,  
Let the nations hear and sing,  
Spread the joyful news of gladness,  
Where, in darkest gloom and sadness  
Sit those long enslaved by sin,  
Let the glorious light come in.  
“Begin at Jerusalem,” was the word  
To His disciples, from our Lord.  
But stay not there, the message run,  
To every land beneath the sun.  
Within our shores so richly blest,  
From French Quebec and our North-West,  
There comes to us, our sisters’ cry  
For help, that we can best supply.  
And far off isles reach forth their hands  
For gospel light. So! all the lands  
Now wait to learn, with dark Japan,  
The law of love, redemption’s plan;  
While love Divine hearts here are filling,  
“In the day of power made willing,”  
Shall we not send far o’er the sea,  
The gospel news to make you free?  
Then China’s daughters, from the dust  
Rising, see the gleam that must  
Shine with more than noonday light,  
Far o’er that dark land of night.  
“Go preach!” What! did the Master say,  
“To every creature?” Shall we obey,  
And spread the glorious message given,  
Win jewels here for crowns in heaven?  
Or, if unfaithful to our trust,  
Will He not give, for He is just,  
That bright reward to others, who  
To that trust will prove more true?

Then spread the truth and preach the word,  
The message bear till all have heard,  
And “every knee before Him bow,”  
And own him Lord and Saviour now;  
And every tongue redemption sing,  
And praise our Christ, Immanuel, King.

LONDON WEST.

### “SUNNY SPAIN.”

THREE centuries ago Spain inaugurated in the city of Seville what France had theoretically originated, but durst not then attempt to realize amongst her people—the terrific Inquisition. Nowhere, even in Spain, have so many been burned for fidelity to their convictions as here. Here old men, youths, girls, died for their faith. Of the martyrs that cry beneath the altar what multitudes ascended from this city! a city so beautiful, that the motto is current still, “He who has not seen Seville, has seen no wonder.”

It was a happy day for Seville when Rev. L. S. Tugwell, the British chaplain at that place, purchased in 1871, the fine old church, San Basilio, once a Benedictine monastery, that the Gospel in its simplicity might once more be preached therein, and a congregation of a thousand persons assembled. That work has extended over many parts of Spain. We read of crowded congregations at Malaga, where cruel persecution has failed to subdue the pastor or injure the work, and of the success of village missions, and of one occasion where over 200 persons were unable to gain admission to the room, listening eagerly at the door and windows. “We have, indeed, many trials,” writes one pastor, “but come what may, we must preach Jesus.”

But Spain is still a Roman Catholic country. An evangelical pastor tells us that when a bull fight, some time ago, was to be given on Sunday afternoon in Seville, in aid of the Roman Church, the corners of the streets were covered with posters on which the Virgin Mary was represented as seated between a bull and a bull-fighter. A recent writer gives us this description of the Sunday, for which the Roman Catholic church is responsible in Spain. He writes of Madrid:—

“There is to be an extraordinary bull-fight on Sunday, and special attractions are announced. The ticket office in the *Calle de Sevilla* does not open till Saturday; but on Friday 3,000 persons assemble in front of the *Despacho*, and wait there fourteen hours in order to procure cards of admission. A detachment of troops is sent to keep order, but for all that there is a good deal of rough horse-play. Blows are struck, revolvers are produced, arrests are made, and the authorities threaten to clear the streets. As this would deprive the multitude of their coveted seats in the bull-ring, order is eventually restored. Fearing a serious conflict in the *Calle de Sevilla*, however, the governor of Madrid arranges for the tickets to be sold at the bull-ring itself. Directly this announcement is made, the crowd march in a compact body to the *Plaza de Toros*. When the tickets are produced, nearly ten thousand people are standing in the blazing sunshine. On Sunday all the great centres of the city are deserted. The Fine Arts Exhibition, which is open



free, has scarcely a visitor. But the bull fight—the admission to which is from *fourteen to twenty-five shillings*—is packed, and as much as ten pounds is paid for a seat in the shade.

“It is a terrible fact that the priest and the bull-fighter are the two chief factors of the day. Indeed, they go together, for bull-fights are frequently given in aid of the expenses of public worship, and the proceeds of the revolting exhibitions are called ‘*pious alms*.’”—*Missionary Review*.

#### “THEN CERTAINLY FOR ME.”

A JEWESS took it into her head she would like to go to a Methodist revival meeting, just to see what it was like. Her husband tried to dissuade her, but she persisted. She went and listened; and as she listened there was a quiet voice seemed to be whispering in her heart all the time, “What if Jesus is the Christ?” She went again, and again the same query was running through her mind, “What if Jesus is the Christ?” “I’ll search into it, at any rate,” she thought; and she returned to her husband, and said, “You must get me a New Testament. I want to see what it is like.” “Nonsense,” he said; “the Methodists will make you mad.” However, to please her he sent across to a Methodist’s house with the inquiry, “Will you be kind enough to lend me a New Testament?” Most gladly was it lent. The Jewess seized it, rushed upstairs, and throwing it down, exclaimed, “Oh, Thou Father of Abraham, Father of Isaac, Father of Jacob, God of my father and mother, *show me the truth*.” She opened the Book and read the words in Romans i. 19, “I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, *to the Jew first*, and also to the Greek.” She sprang to her feet at the words “to the Jew first,” exclaiming, “Then certainly for me; and I accept Him.”

Is there any one of you wanting to find the truth, do like this Jewess did; she *willed to know His will*, and soon discovered it.—*H. S. N. in The Friend of Missions*.

#### LIVING NIGH TO GOD.

THE Christian who will cultivate a close heart-life with God, must manage somehow to find time or make time for feeding his soul as well as his body. I knew of a godly merchant who had a place for secret prayer up in the loft of his warehouse. That was his Bethel. Daniel was a prodigiously busy man in Babylon, but he managed to get a special interview with God three times a day on his knees. That noble Christian philanthropist, the late William E. Dodge, used to rise early and get a good quiet hour with his Bible and his Master before he ventured into the roaring tumult of the day. He came out from this communion with God with his face shining. Such an early hemming of the day with prayer has a most potent influence to keep the whole day from ravelling out into frivolities, and worldly compliance, and grasping covetousness. Mr. Garret N. Bleeker—whom many of my Baptist readers will recall as a shining light in their denomination—made it his practice to

go home at noon and dine with his family. He took that time to “cool off” from business and to get a nooning with God in a short season of secret prayer. Every follower of Christ who would maintain a strong and holy life, must not only commune with his Lord every day over His Word, but should have his Bethels or his Olivets, or some set place and time for locking his soul in with Jesus. Martin Luther affirmed that during the heats of his great life-battle he “could not get on without two hours each day in prayer”; it was his tremendous grip on God that enabled him to vanquish the powers of darkness.

Here, too, lies the secret of the genuine higher life. It is simply *living nigh to God*—on the Sabbath in God’s house, and through the week in our own houses and places of business. It is keeping our citizenship in Heaven and our eyes above the wretched mists that lie near the ground, and our hearts in close touch with Christ. They that thus wait on God shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles. They out-fly the petty vexations that worry the worldling, and the grovelling cares and lusts that drag selfish sinners down into the mire. Their outlook is broad; their spiritual atmosphere is bracing; their fellowship with Christ is sweet; they rehearse a great deal of Heaven before they get there. Living nigh to Him whom their souls love in this world, they need not spend a thought about dying. Being always ready to exchange their home with God which they found here, for a higher home in Heaven, they have nothing to do but to enter the door of pearl as soon as it opens, and go in to be *forever with the Lord*.—*T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*

#### ITALY AND MISSIONS.

ITALY was for centuries the great battle-field for Christianity. No soil, save, it may be, that of Jerusalem, is so sacred to the Church as that of Italy. It has been the great crucible of Christian experience. Nowhere else has it been so tested, on so large a scale, and, at the same time, so triumphantly vindicated, as here. For these and other reasons it is of the greatest interest to the Church to redeem this land from the blight which has covered it for so many centuries.

Besides, it is the citadel of that spurious Christianity—a kind of Christianized paganism—which has, for hundreds of years, stood directly in the way of the progress of a pure Christianity. Hence, any indication of real progress in Italy is a matter of special joy among all Christians. It is, therefore, a matter of rejoicing to know that, in this land so long cursed by Romanism—that greatest obstacle in the way of this world’s redemption—there are many things to encourage.

The Waldensians, that little church of grandest heroes, who have clung to the mountain valleys during all these fearful years of darkness, have come out from their mountain fastnesses and are carrying the pure Gospel of Christ all over this beautiful land. Other Christian organizations have gone in and are joining them in this work. One of the most hopeful signs, however, is the fact that the people are losing confidence in the Pope and priests, and are breaking away from the confessional and the church. The best authorities say this is true of a majority of all the



people. This was first indicated, and to the great alarm of the Pope, by the vote, ordered by Victor Emanuel, in 1870, to determine whether the people preferred to be governed by the Pope or by himself. This vote was more than ten to one against the Pope, and in some instances more than one hundred to one.

Another indication is found in the fact that while the great majority of the people have been kept in such ignorance that they can neither read nor write, there is an intense anxiety on the part of old and young to learn to read, so that they may be able to read the Bible. They have been shut away from this by the priests, until the hunger has become so great that it is not an uncommon thing for old men, who have worked hard until the going down of the sun, to hasten to the evening school-room and remain for an hour and a half before going to their scanty supper.

I have seen gray-haired old men arise in their places, when able for the first time to spell out a single verse in the New Testament, with their whole frame quivering with excitement, and with such manifest interest as is seldom seen among any class of pupils in our own land. This kind of work is fundamental to all permanent success in Italy. They will accept the teachings of the Bible, while they persist in doubting, or even rejecting, all instructions from the priests.—*Rev. C. W. Cushing, D.D., Italy.*

#### A BRAHMIN'S TESTIMONY.

A STRIKING testimony, recently borne by a learned Brahmin, in the presence of two hundred Brahmins, official students, and others, has just been published:—

"I have watched the missionaries and seen what they are. What have they come to the country for? What tempts them to leave their parents, friends, and country, and come to this, to them unhealthy clime? Is it for gain or profit that they come? Some of us, country clerks in government offices, receive larger salaries than they. Is it for an easy life? See how they work, and then tell me. Look at the missionary. He came here a few years ago, leaving all, and for our good! He was met with cold looks and suspicious glances.

"He was not discouraged; he opened a dispensary, and we said, 'Let the Pariahs (lowest caste people) take his medicine; we won't;' but in the time of our sickness and our fear we were glad to go to him, and he welcomed us. We complained at first if he walked through our Brahmin streets; but ere long, when our wives and daughters were in sickness and anguish, we went and begged him to come even into our inner apartments; and he came, and our wives and daughters now smile upon us in health! Has he made any money by it? Even the cost of the medicine he has given has not been returned to him. Now, what is it that makes him do all this for us? *It is the Bible!* I have looked into it a good deal in different languages I chance to know; it is the same in all languages. The Bible! there is nothing to compare with it in all our sacred books, for goodness, and purity, and holiness, and love, and for motives of action. Where did the English people get their intelligence and energy and cleverness and power? It is their Bible that gives it

to them. And they now bring it to us, and say, 'That is what raised us; take it and raise yourselves.' They do not force it upon us, as did the Mohammedans with their Koran, but they bring it in love, and say, 'Look at it, read it, examine it, and see if it is not good.'"

#### CHRISTIAN WORK ABROAD.

A RETURNED missionary says: "You have no idea how we are hindered in our work by so called Christians." *Christians?* Yes; you know, to the heathen, all white men are Christians; hence, they think whiskey a good thing sent them by Christian friends; but they discover too late, that it "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Yes, the heathen lands are supplied with whiskey by America and England—two of the greatest Christian countries on earth.

When the New Congo Free State Constitution was formed, Mr. Stanley tried to prevent the importation of strong drink, but was over-ruled, and so the greatest curse to man is received into Congo, and does its wicked work. Eleven million dollars worth of rum was imported into Congo during the year 1885. Mr. Hail tells a very touching story of an old man of Japan who tried hard to be a Christian. He befriended the missionaries when it required courage to do so. He could bear the ridicule of his comrades, the persecution of his enemies; but he succumbed to the appetite for strong drink and died a drunkard's death.

Temperance workers have this to encourage them, that while they help the cause at home, they are aiding the missionaries by removing an obstacle from their path. The intelligent Japanese say, "Send us missionaries, but do not send us whiskey."

Opium (as a writer in one of our exchanges says) though cultivated and prepared in India, is wholly under the control of Christian England.

The Churches of England and America, who are engaged in trade in these heathen countries, or those employed by the Government, and both English and American sailors, offer another hindrance to christianizing heathen lands. The heathen look upon them all as Christians, and when they see their loose and immoral and oftentimes licentious conduct, they draw at once the inference, if these things are right for the Christian, they cannot be wrong for the heathen. They cannot believe that one born and brought up under Christian influences can be anything but a Christian. The heathen mind cannot grasp the idea that one should know the goodness of the Lord Jesus Christ and not worship Him.

False teachers, too, harrass and grieve the worker in the foreign field as well as those who labor in the home church. The French Catholic priests, wherever they go, attempt only to add numbers to their church. They baptize without conversion, and thus a sect of native Christians (?) is formed that is a reproach to the cause.

With the good things of Christendom the evils must go into these foreign lands as a natural consequence; but by lessening these evils at home, by contending against them here, we will be doing something for the noble band of men and women who have given up all to carry the good news to the millions who sit in darkness.



## Our Young Folk.

### SPRING TIME.

Three months of spring-time.

March is cross and crusty,  
Gusty and dusty.  
Do not be like him.

April is uncertain—

Smiling and weeping,  
Never promise keeping,  
Always some new whim.

May brings us blossoms,  
Blue skies and breezes,  
Everything that pleases,  
Ever blithe and gay.

Youth is your spring-time;  
Oh, ye lads and lasses,  
Watch it while it passes,  
And try to be like May.

—*Mary E. Vandyne, in Harper's Young People*

### LETTER FROM A JUVENILE MISSIONARY COLLECTOR.

A FRIEND send us the following, which we take pleasure in publishing:

MT. BRYDGES (June 19th, 1889).—I have just received, for collecting missionary money, a nice prize book entitled, "Tales of the Covenanters." I will try to tell you as much as I can about these Covenanters. They were a religious people who lived in Scotland, and who worshipped God, not through the Virgin Mary and other saints, but through Jesus Christ. They wanted to worship God in their own way, and read the Bible, but the priests would not permit this. The Covenanters were then forced to go and hide in caves and mountains, whither they were followed by the Roman soldiers and much persecuted. This lasted till about one hundred and forty years ago. The first story is about "Helen of the Glen." Helen of the Glen had at this time a mother and a brother; they were at last driven from their home for fear of being killed. One day, while they were hearing a minister preach, the soldiers came upon them, and their mother was killed—shot through the heart. The children were then taken care of by a kind farmer. After awhile Helen died, leaving her brother William alone in the world. William grew up to be a religious, prosperous man, teaching others of Christ. The next story is about "Ralph Gemmell." Ralph's father and brother were opposed to the Covenanters, but he and his mother were not. After a time his mother died, and Ralph was very sorry. Ralph, after his mother's death, joined the Covenanters, but soon left them and went with the soldiers. But he repented, joined the Covenanters, was caught and banished; but was soon set free, and returned home just in time to attend the bedside of his dying father. Before he died, his father repented, and so did his brother Edward. Ralph succeeded his father, and in after years put his trust in his Saviour. The last story is about, "The Persecuted Family," which consisted of Mr. Bruce, his wife, his

daughter, and his son. After awhile they were forced to hide in a cave. One day, while hearing her husband preach, Mrs. Bruce was shot through the body and died instantly. The next to die was the minister's son, who was caught, tortured and hung. The daughter was so sorry that she died of a broken heart. Mr. Bruce then wandered about preaching for a long while, but was finally betrayed by a man and shot by a cruel officer, in a cave. But such days of cruel persecution are all over, and one can worship God in any way without being troubled. We must learn a lesson from these Covenanters: to be brave in the cause of Christ. I am afraid you will think my letter is too long now, so I will draw to a close.

### A PENNY PARABLE.

AT an English missionary meeting, an earnest speaker had been telling about God's work among the heathen, about his trials and his triumphs. A collection was then taken, and, as it was a children's meeting, the plates came back with a great many pennies. These looked very much alike, but the steward who counted them over said they differed wonderfully.

"How so?" asked the teacher.

"Because of the different feelings with which they were put into the plate," answered the steward.

Then he gave a little history of what had happened as he passed the plate among the classes.

One boy thought collections should not be taken at a missionary meeting. "When I give," said he, "I want to give without being asked. But as the plate is here, right under my nose, I suppose I must give something. Pity, though, that I can't come to a meeting without being dunned for money."

When this boy threw the penny in, "I call that an iron penny," said the steward. "It came from a hard, iron heart, and the hand that gave it was a cold, and merciless hand."

As the plate passed on, it reached another boy. He was laughing and talking with a boy in the class behind him at the time. The plate waited a second, while the boy's teacher tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Have you your penny ready?" "A penny?" said the boy, turning about. "What's a penny! of course, I'll give a penny; a penny's nothing; here goes a penny for the heathen!" And, so saying, he tossed the penny in, and at once looked about for some more fun. "That boy's penny," said the steward, "I call tin."

The plate went on its way, and met a boy of another sort. His penny was ready. He had been holding it between his thumb and finger in such a way that his classmates might all see it. Looking round to make sure that they were all now watching him, he dropped it in with a self-satisfied air and with a loud thump. "A brass penny, that," said the steward, as he kept on counting.

"But the next kind I got was a great deal better," he pursued. "It came from a little fellow who had been listening to every word of the speaker, and whose eyes were touched with real pity."

As the plate drew near this boy, he turned to his teacher and whispered, while a tear dimmed either eye, "I'm very sorry for the heathen! Of course, I'll



give a penny; and I only wish that I had more to give."

"I call that a *silver penny*," said the steward.

"But now I have the best of all," he added, as he held up a clean and bright new copper coin.

"This I shall call a *golden penny*; for as I held out the plate to get it, I heard the boy that gave it say, 'I love my Saviour; He wants the poor heathen to know how much He loves them, and to learn His pleasant ways. I will give my penny gladly for His sake. And I would give anything I have to carry out His wish, if I knew He wanted it.'—*Rev. John Crawford, in Missionary World.*

#### A BRAVE CONGO BOY.

THERE never was a more touching story of filial devotion than that told by a Congo chief, Essalaka, to Captain Coquilhot:—

"You know the big island near my town," he said. "Well, yesterday, soon after the sun came up, one of my women and her little boy started for the island in a canoe. The boy is about twelve years old. He says that, while his mother was paddling, she saw something in the water, and leaned over to look at it. Then he saw a crocodile seize his mother and drag her out of the canoe. Then the crocodile and the woman sank out of sight.

"The paddle was lying in the canoe. The boy picked it up to paddle back to the village. Then he thought, 'Oh, if I could only scare the crocodile, and get my mother back!' He could tell by the moving water where the crocodile was. He was swimming just under the surface toward the land. Then the boy followed the crocodile just as fast as he could paddle. Very soon the crocodile reached the island and went out on land. He laid the woman's body on the ground. Then he went back into the river and swam away. You know why he did this? He wanted his mate, and started out to find her.

"Then the little fellow paddled fast to where his mother was lying. He jumped out of the boat and ran to her. There was a big wound in her breast, and her eyes were shut. He felt sure she was dead. He is strong, but he could not lift her. He dragged her body to the canoe. He knew the crocodile might come back any minute and kill him. He used all his strength. Little by little he got his mother's body into the canoe. Then he pushed away from the shore and started home.

"We had not seen the boy and his mother at all. Suddenly we heard shouting on the river, and we saw the boy paddling as hard as he could. Every two or three strokes he would look behind him. Then we saw a crocodile swimming fast toward the canoe. If he reached it, you know what he would do? He would upset it with a blow, and both the boy and his mother would be lost. Eight or nine of us jumped into canoes, and started for the boy. The crocodile had nearly overtaken the canoe, but we reached it in time. We scared the crocodile away, and brought the canoe to shore. The boy stepped out on the ground and fell down, he was so frightened and tired. We carried him into one of my huts, and took his mother's body in there too. We thought she was dead.

"But after a little she opened her eyes. She could whisper only two or three words. She asked for the boy. We laid him beside her on her arm. She stroked him two or three times with her hand. But she was hurt so badly! Then she shut her eyes, and did not open them nor speak again. Oh, how the little boy cried! But he had saved his mother's body from the crocodile."—*Boston Herald.*

#### CHRISTMAS EVE IN NEW MEXICO.

AS the manner in celebrating Christmas by the Mexican people is very different from that of the people in the East, perhaps a description of it may be interesting to you.

For nine nights before Christmas fires are built in front of most of the houses in town. Each night a procession of men marches through the streets, the leaders carrying an image which they call *Nino Dios* (the Child-God). The people sing, as the procession moves along, a song about St. Mary asking lodging for her child.

I will simply describe the celebration of the last night, or Christmas Eve, as I saw it. A procession, composed for the most part of women, came through the streets carrying lanterns and a cradle, over which was an arch of artificial flowers. In the cradle lay the *Nino Dios*. As the procession stopped in front of a house, a woman came out, bringing coals of fire on a shovel. She knelt down in front of the idol and offered incense, and then went back to the house. The procession then came up to the door and chanted a hymn, asking for lodging for the *Nino Dios*. From within came the response that the house was full, and there was no room for the child. The procession moved on to the next house, and did the same as at the first, and again admittance was refused. Then they went to another house, which they were allowed to enter with the image. This was placed upon an altar, which had been erected for the purpose, and they all knelt down and worshipped it.

After this I went to the chapel, where another party of people were holding services. Upon the altar in the chapel were images of Joseph and Mary bending over the image of a child in a cradle. The people were singing praises to Joseph and Mary. About ten o'clock, a stalwart Mexican, in full Comanche dress, entered, and, taking his bow and arrow from his back, threatened to shoot the image of the child. A young lady knelt down in front of the image, while the leader of the singers explained to the Comanche that the child was the King of kings, and Lord of lords, and that angels and archangels did Him reverence. The Comanche then kissed the image of the child, and left.—*Rev. W. C. Montgomery, San Mateo, New Mexico.*

A CHINESE Christian recently asked Archdeacon Moule how many clergymen there were in England. Being desired to guess, he said: "It's a little country, perhaps fifteen hundred;" and being told there were forty-five thousand, said in astonishment: "Forty-five thousand! then you can well spare one thousand for China."—*Spirit of Missions.*



## Along the Line.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. T. CROSBY, dated S. S. "GLAD TIDINGS," July 18th, 1889.

AS I am on a trip along the coast, a few words may be of service to you in the Mission Rooms.

We left Simpson on the 27th June, calling at Inverness and Essington. At the latter place I met with a band of Christian workers,—a blessed meeting,—and later on a council of the Hydahs, including Skidegate, Gold Harbor and Clue. We tried to get lumber, the bill of which had been in since last fall, for the Bella Coola church, but the salmon business has been so lively, that there was not a foot of lumber to be got. This shows that the sooner our self-supporting mill is up, the better. Bro. Hopkins and his people are in good spirits.

On our way down we had a good deal of south-east wet weather. Called at Kit-kata, Kit-a-maat, and Kit-lope. Here we found Bro. Robinson and Bro. Phillips, but many of the people had left to look for work. Bro. Phillips came out with us in the spring, as you remember, and is getting an insight into the work. The people of Kit-a-maat have laid the foundation for a good large church, and I hope, as soon as we can get lumber, we shall get it up. We got on up to Kit-lope for Sunday, when we had service three times, and a good day. Oh, how much we need a man stationed there to direct those poor people! They say they will give up all their old ways if they had a white man. May God send the right man! They had got so bad as to make whiskey last winter, and we took their still from them, and they said they would make no more. It is made of molasses, rice, etc. Indians were first taught this in Alaska; and an old slave came home, and taught it to them in this part of the country. It is one of those tribes of which Indian Agent Todd, in his last year's report, says: "The good missionaries have not been among them, but they are more obedient," etc.

As we came down the Inlet on Monday, we met a number of people all painted up. They said they had come three days' journey, and then had got this old dug-out cottonwood canoe, and they were on their way up to the store. We got them on board, and told them of Jesus, and they said they needed a teacher very much. I do wish we had a good live man to send in there. These are the people that Bro. Robinson spoke about in his report two years ago. Tuesday we called at Chinaman's Hat and Bella Bella; people nearly all at home. Next day to River's Inlet, where we met a lot of people at the Wanok cannery. On the way up met Bro. Brett and wife; they have been building a new school-house, and Mrs. Brett is having school. I preached in English, when Bro. Robinson took up the Chinook. May God bless and save those poor people. Next morning we left, and it looked dirty enough to be a little bad to cross Queen Charlotte's Sound, but as we had a high glass, we pressed on. It came out a very fine day, and we got on down

to Alert Bay by 6.30—time enough to take some wood and have a service ashore.

Next morning we did not leave early. Visited three villages, and had a blessed time preaching the word of life, visiting the sick, and giving out medicines to them. There are a number of tribes in Knight's Inlet who need a missionary very much, and it would not interfere with the C. M. S. work at Alert Bay, as some of them are from thirty to sixty miles away.

Saturday, we went on, visited one Indian village and five logging camps, and anchored at Plumper Bay. In this region is what we call our Minutes, "Mission to Lumbermen." There are not less than fourteen logging camps, with from twenty-five to thirty men each in them.

On Sunday, I took a small boat and a boy, and down we went through the Narrows. Preached at two logging camps, to the Indians of Cape Mudge at their village, and to some settlers at night, having travelled in all about twenty-five miles.

On Monday, the *Glad Tidings* came on and took us up, and we found that Capt. Oliver and Bro. Robinson had travelled about twenty-five miles and preached at three logging camps. This is one of the finest fields for missionary labor I know of. Oh, that we had the man for the work! Monday we were down to Nanaimo, called on President Hall, and left for Victoria, where we arrived early. The boat was put on the beach to have her bottom cleaned and painted, and receive a new screw. I went up to the Fraser River, as there are thousands of Indians up there engaged at the fishing camps in connection with the salmon canneries. I preached three times on Saturday to crowds of strangers—many from the west coast of Vancouver Island, and others from the west coast of the mainland. On Sabbath, it was a full day, as I had told the people to be ready the day before. I preached five times in Chinook and twice in English, and travelled about ten miles. This included people from all the tribes on the coast, as well as the white men of Mr. Hobson's cannery, and the people of Western Island, who were very kind, and who seemed to enjoy the visit very much. This is part of Bro. Calvert's mission, and promises well for the future.

The Indians were very much excited at hearing of small-pox in New Westminster. I hope it may not spread among them.

I got back to Victoria to get ready to leave for the north; but I would like so much to have had some one to take up for Cape Mudge, and I wish Walker was along for the school at Simpson; and, indeed we ought to have had somebody on the west coast of the Vancouver Island this summer.

I am hoping we shall get a doctor, a young man from Portland, out.

IN Rev. A. J. Gordon's Sabbath-school, Boston, may be a class of one hundred men who were all born in China. They are all interested in the Gospel, and think their people should have it. They support three of their countrymen as preachers in their native land. Do they not do nobly?



## Facts and Illustrations.

AFTER fifteen years' labor the printing of the Malagase Bible is complete.

ONE thousand five hundred Jews throughout the world are said to leave Judaism for Christianity every year.

THE Christians on the Sandwich Islands have sent out since 1852 seventy-five missionaries to other islands in the Pacific.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society issued 4,206,032 Bibles, Testaments and Scripture portions last year, which is a larger number than ever before.

THE curio dealers of Kioto, Japan, have decided to open a show-room near the Kitano Temple, where no article will be admitted that is less than 1,000 years old.

TWENTY years ago evangelical Christianity was not allowed to enter Spain. The whole number of Protestants now in Spain is estimated at from 26,000 to 30,000.

MEXICO is called a Christian country, yet Bishop Hurst, of the M. E. Church, says that in Mexico 8,000,000 Mexicans have never seen a copy of the Holy Scriptures.

A PROTESTANT movement, which appears to be meeting with great encouragement, is in progress in Cuba. It was begun by Alberto J. Diaz after his conversion to Christianity through reading the bible.

NEXT September the Waldensians celebrate "The Glorious Return" to their valleys two hundred years ago; and the King of Italy, whose ancestors drove them out, assists on this occasion by a gift of £200.

THE English Presbyterian Church at Formosa was opened in 1865. It now reports 5,000 native members. In the north of the island the Canadian Presbyterian Church has a mission fifteen years old, with 3,000 converts.

TOO TRUE.—A little girl, who, with a playmate, had been through the town collecting money for missions, reported as follows: "Some were very pleasant to us; some treated us badly, and some gave us money just to get rid of us."

"IN the eyes of the natives of the New Hebrides," writes Dr. Gunn, "no white man is great unless he is a missionary." When the same missionary was telling the Futunese about Mr. Keith Falconer's work in Arabia, they became so interested that they brought coconuts, pineapples, etc., to help his Mission.

AS LATE as 1882, mission work was not only forbidden, but prohibited in Korea. A medical missionary, Dr. Allen, was used in 1884 in unlocking the door for the entrance of the Gospel, and shortly after the Government provided him with a hospital wherein to heal the sick and preach the Gospel. Now the Queen of Korea employs as her private attendant a Christian lady physician at a salary of \$1,800 a year. Korea has but one missionary to every 3,000,000 of her benighted and neglected souls.

So LONG ago as July, 1883, a Home Missionary Society was formed among the boys and girls of the Protestant Schools in Seville, "for promoting the knowledge of Christ among uncared-for children." They work by reading the Bible in houses, distributing tracts, and inducing children to come to Sunday-school, and their prayer and evangelistic meetings. At present the members all belong to the working classes, but meet their expenses by collections among themselves every Sunday.

"GREAT BRITAIN has about 45,000 ministers of religion. Over 200,000 places where liquor is sold. Pays about \$10,000,000 for Gospel and all charitable purposes, spends every year \$700,000,000 in strong drink. Could do the following with her liquor bill: support 300,000 ministers of the Gospel at \$1,000 salary each. Build 5,000 churches at \$10,000 each. Support 500,000 school-teachers at \$500 salary each. Build 10,000 school-houses at \$2,000 each. Buy 200,000,000 copies of Bibles at 25 cents each. Buy 500,000,000 tracts at \$1.00 per hundred. Give 100,000 widows each \$100 a year and 200,000 poor families \$50 each annually. Liquor Traffic costs the Dominion of Canada between \$35,000,000 and \$40,000,000 annually."

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