

The Missionary *is my Parish.* *"The World"* Outlook

A Monthly Advocate, Record and Review.

Vol. XIV.—No. 6.]

JUNE, 1894.

[NEW SERIES.



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Field Notes.

READ Dr. Hart's letter from China, especially his appeal for a printing press and two more men for the evangelistic work. Who will help to establish a printing office among 100,000,000 of people, vast numbers of whom can read, but are without books, especially good books? One thousand dollars would make a beginning.

THE General Secretary is back from Memphis, greatly delighted with his visit and the cordial hospitality of the Southern people. His address before the Conference appears in the *Guardian*.

BRO. RALEY, of Kitamaat, on the Port Simpson District, sends an account of an evangelistic trip on the *Glad Tidings*, which we are obliged to hold over till next month. An account of a similar trip by Indian correspondents appears in the present number.

IT is late now to refer to the closing exercises of the French Methodist Institute, which took place just as our last number went to press. It was an occasion of great interest, and gave evidence of good work done by the principal and teaching staff. This institution is an important factor in our French work.

THE Church will sympathize with our missionaries in China who suffered shipwreck on the way up the Yangtse river. Through the good providence of God, no lives were lost, but there was much discomfort for a time.

THE letter in another column from Tong Chue, a native worker among the Chinese in Victoria, B.C., will be read with interest. We print it as received, with very few alterations. It tells both sides of the story with great frankness.

QUESTIONS are often asked respecting the results of mission work among the Indians. A partial answer will be found in the letter published in another column, headed, "A Missionary Trip." It becomes more apparent every day that heathen peoples must be evangelized chiefly by the labors of native converts.

THE new Coqualeetza Institute at Chilliwack, B.C., was formally opened just as our last number went to press. We hoped to have published the account this month, but have held it over until we can obtain a good photogravure of the building. The prospects of the Institute are very encouraging.

Sick-Room Thoughts and Gleanings. By Maggie P. Anderson. A volume of 141 pages, containing a large number of brief extracts and reflections, all of them deeply earnest and spiritual. The collection has been made chiefly during the sleepless hours of the night by one who has long been the Lord's prisoner,

and who from deep experience speaks to other children of sorrows. The purchase of a copy will help one who needs help. Price 75 cents. Address Miss Maggie P. Anderson, 109 Queen Street East, St. John, N.B.

Editorial and Contributed.

Home Missions.

A SUMMARY of replies to a recent circular respecting home missions has been printed. A package was sent to each Chairman of District, so that each member might have a copy; also to each President of Conference, to supply the members. If you don't get a copy, ask for one.

The McDougall Orphanage.

SOME weeks ago the Calgary *Herald* had the following: "Major McGibbon was in the city Sunday, after having inspected the Stoney reserves and schools at Morley, and left yesterday for the Sarcee reserve to complete his inspection of the agencies and schools at that place. To the *Herald* the major spoke most favorably of the work being done at the McDougall Orphanage. The school is in first-class order, and the class work done by Mr. Blewitt, a certificated teacher from Ontario, is most satisfactory. The school is one of the best under the supervision of the Indian department and is making splendid progress."

Kofu, Japan.

THE Rev. M. Kobayashi, pastor of the native church at Kofu, and chairman of the district, writes encouragingly to the Rev. Dr. Macdonald, as follows:

"Although we could not get new members during the year, I am very glad to tell you that the congregation is increased. At present we have a hundred, and sometimes more on Sunday morning; and some backsliders are coming again to their old spiritual family. Very good signs appear lately; and there is one thing very important, that the people of this Kofu church are hoping to make it a self-supporting one after the coming conference, by paying twenty-five yen a month to the pastor as salary, and other running expenses, and they will propose that plan to the next quarterly meeting. I think this a very good spirit, and very good for the growth of the church. I suppose they will do the best they can for the kingdom of God, but they are not able to raise as much as the pastor's present salary. I have strong sympathy with the church in carrying out such a plan."

Death of Miss Dingman.

THE death occurred last Saturday morning, April 28th, at the residence of George Gordon, merchant, Chip-pawa Hill, near Southampton, in her 56th year, of Miss M. Mahala Dingman, sister of A. Dingman, of Stratford, Inspector of Indian Agencies, and aunt of the proprietors of the *Herald*. She had been ill only since the preceding Sunday, when she took a congestive chill which developed into pneumonia, resulting in her death on Saturday morning. She had only gone to Mr. Gordon's for a brief visit over Sunday night, in company with Miss Cameron, and her sudden illness necessitated her remaining at Mr. Gor-

don's. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention bestowed by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, to whom Miss Dingman's relatives have expressed warm gratitude and appreciation. For about four years, up to a short time before Christmas, deceased had been a missionary in Liberia, west coast of Africa, under Bishop William Taylor. She was home on furlough, her health being poor, and spent some time during last winter with her brother's family in this city. She was an active, energetic woman, and rather than remain idle she began teaching an Indian school at Chippawa Hill, under the direction of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, and was meeting with admirable success, as was attested by the large turnout of Indian scholars and parents at her funeral.—*Stratford Herald*.

[Miss Dingman had been accepted by our Woman's Missionary Society, and it was expected that she would have gone out to British Columbia to take charge of the Crosby Home at Port Simpson, but she passed away before she received the notice of her appointment.]

Habitations of Cruelty.

HEATHENISM is not yet a thing of the past, and its dark rites and cruel superstitions still linger, even on this continent. That the Gospel is still needed among the Indians of the Pacific Coast, is made abundantly evident by the following narrative, which we copy from a recent number of the *Victoria Colonist*. Where the Gospel has been received, such rites and cruelties are unknown, and we hope and pray that the sore needs of these Fort Rupert Indians may speedily constrain someone to go to them with the Word of Life. The story in the *Colonist* is as follows :

It seems incredible that such practices exist among the Fort Rupert Indians as those narrated by Mr. H. J. Simpson, who has just come down from his home near Alert Bay. For years he has lived among the Indians, and his description of the feasts and customs of the Fort Ruperts makes a remarkable and interesting story. He lives on a little island eleven miles from Alert Bay, and scattered around on other islands and the mainland are the rancheries, where the Indians live during the winter, after their return from the salmon fishery, hop picking and other occupations they follow during the summer. During the winter months they carry on what is known as the Red Bark festival, which seems to be the remnant of an ancient custom the legendary reasons for which have been forgotten.

These festivals are connected with certain "coppers," as they are called. A "copper" is a piece of that metal some eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide, roughly fashioned in something the shape of a human head and neck, with mouth, nose and eyes marked upon it. There are only three original "coppers," and they are very ancient, their origin going far back beyond the Indian recollections; consequently they are of immense value in Indian eyes, and to possess one of them an Indian would give anything he owns. One peculiar thing is that one owner must sell if he is offered sufficient price for the "copper" he owns, the value apparently rising so many blankets every time one changes hands. One of these "coppers" is now worth some 5,000 blankets—a pretty considerable sum. There are also imitation "coppers"—that is, quite newly-made—but they are not very valuable.

Every time a "copper" changes hands is the occasion for a wild time. In the first place, one, two or three men—generally relatives of buyer or seller—are chosen to act as "amista" or "a wild man." The "amista" goes out into the bush and remains away for several days, only stealing in in secret to the rancherie, and being supposed to abstain from food. Then the other Indians dress up, paint, and deck themselves with green wreaths, and hold a big dance. The dance seems quite innocent enough apparently on the surface, but by and by the "amista" is heard howling like

a wild beast in the distance, and a party of men go out with cedar bark ropes to capture him. At last they succeed, and bring the "amista" into camp. Naked, or with only a loin cloth, the "amista" comes among the dancers, acting like a dangerous maniac. Rushing upon one or another, he bites pieces of flesh from their arms, and finally runs away again. The owner of the "copper" has to compensate those bitten for the wounds inflicted. The "amista" is caught again and gradually is tamed down, the dancing being supposed to act as the proper kind of medicine to quiet his excited nerves. Then comes the last night of the dance, when the most horrible part occurs.

Some two weeks beforehand men secretly find a suitable body from among those hung up in boxes in trees or on the rocks—the way the Indians dispose of their dead—one from which the flesh has nearly disappeared being preferred. It seems that these bodies gradually dry up, retaining at last the skin only upon the bones. This body is put to soak in water for the two weeks preparatory to its being needed, and the skin swells up like leather. This last night the corpse is carried into the room where the dance is going on, and a horrible sight ensues. The "amistas" fight over the corpse like wolves, imitating the snarling of the animals and tearing the skin from the bones with their teeth in a disgusting manner. In fact, so fearful is this sight that some of the Indians will not wait to see it, but go out before the performance begins. After this orgie, "amistas" have been known to die the following day, whether or not from the excitement of their cannibalistic feat is not known. A dance of this kind took place during the past winter at Mar-ma-lily-kully, Mr. Simpson says.

Another disgusting practice at these dances is a young girl in a semi-nude state dancing, while big dogfish hooks fastened in her back have cords tied to them, which are held by an Indian like reins, the object being finally for the girl, by wrenching her body, to tear herself free from the hooks. Two winters ago Mr. Simpson also saw a child, covered with blood in which it had been dipped, dancing at one of these festivals.

A Midsummer Trip Among Our Missions in the North.

(Concluded from page 68.)

SUNDAY morning came bright and calm and peaceful, and with this our congregation; and until the middle of the afternoon we plied our craft in trying to inspire and lead to Christ. Then as we had to be in Edmonton next day, and the road was long and rough we bade farewell and started.

We had since Thursday morning made a big half-circle north, then west, then south, and now our course is eastward over rolling hills, covered with long grass, and across valleys, rich and beautiful. Then we enter a range of hills thickly covered with timber, and with the waning day we come out again into the open country and strike a settlement and camp for the night with a German Lutheran family. Here were eighty-five families of these Protestant Scandinavians. Those we stopped with told me that 100 years ago their fathers had to move into Austria because of religious persecutions, and now from the latter country they had come to the North-West. The old folks spoke German, and the grown young people some English; but the children were learning English fast, and in a few years would use no other language. I found them surrounded with evidences of thrift and industry. The promise of their crops was full and plenty. Their cattle and horses were fat and flourishing. Already these pioneers had straightened the road and graded and bridged many bad places, and we could not but help feeling that these were a very desirable class of settlers. Let them come, here is room for millions.

Thirty-one years ago when I, in coming from Norway House, first climbed the banks of the Saskatchewan where Prince Albert now is, and within a few days rode about in the country between Fort Carleton and the south branch, I began then to believe in this country and in the possibilities of a great future for it. Now my faith is thirty-one times

stronger, having grown with each year, as I saw more and more of the largeness and richness of this great North-West. My earnest prayer is that the Church of God will more than parallel the incoming settlement; yea, even in faith go ahead and lay the foundations of Christian civilization.

Monday night finds us in South Edmonton, with Peter and twenty-three pupils, ready to take the train Tuesday morning for Red Deer. Arranging transport and taking leave of my travelling companion and friend Somerset, whose company and help I have very much enjoyed and appreciated, as for two busy weeks we have gone up and down through Northern Alberta, I retire for the night but cannot sleep—my thought is busy with present blessings and past memories. Four times have I come to this spot from long and perilous journeys and been received by my friends on the farther bank as one from the dead. Many a day have I scouted in this vicinity in order, if possible, to forestall the chance of my party being ambushed. Last fall I dedicated a church in this new town. To-day I have come in from a five-hundred-mile drive, east, north and west of Edmonton, and we did not even carry a shot-gun and did not need any arms. The whole country is at peace. In fact, I believe it is one of the most law-abiding parts of the world.

To-morrow morning I will (D.V.) with my party go south on a railroad. What a marvellous change from a dog-train or a rattling buckboard. God is in all the past and present, and the outcome of the future will be full of Him.

Bright and early our party was astir. Many if not all of these boys and girls had never seen a railroad, much less ridden on a train, and they were on the strain of great excitement. This would be their first coming into touch with modern civilization—the departure from home and friends, the new school, the railroad, the great change coming to this new country, which even they cannot help but see. How different their present and possible future from the thought and dreams of their fathers, and if they are too much taken up with boarding the train to consider on these matters we have to.

The problem is before us all the while: the purpose of God, the destiny of man. Where would we be in the face of these grave questions, were it not for the revelation of our Lord and Resurrector Jesus Christ?

As I had passed the Battle River Mission on my north journey, I will have to leave the train there and go over that ground now. Arranging with Peter Erasmus to take my party on to Red Deer, I got off the train at a siding named Hobbenia, and from which point I fully expected to have to walk some miles down to the agency or mission; but to my surprise and delight I found Mr. Clink, the agent, there with his buggy, and when I said to him, "Which way are you going?" he answered, "Why I came on purpose to meet you." Thus I lost no time and was much helped in my work, for on our way down to the agency we called on my old and tried friend Samson, and arranged with him to accompany me on the morrow to the other end of the Reserve. Then we drove from farm to farm, and I gladly noted the very remarkable change in the manner of cultivation and care of fields, and also saw that these Indians had a magnificent promise of an abundant harvest. The season before the agent had been able to influence the Indians to summer-fallow a portion of the land, and now they see the good results and are delighted. Thus steadily and surely these, the other day wild, nomadic savages, are becoming self-supporting, and that on permanent lines which bid fair to real citizenship in the future.

Reaching the agency we had time before dinner to inspect the new grist mill, which has been erected by the Indians themselves under the oversight of their practical and energetic agent. To bring water to the turbine wheel, which is to be the motive power, they have dug and built a long ditch which taps the Battle River more than a mile up stream.

Presently Bro. German drives up and we dine, and it is settled that he will take me over a portion of the Reserve that afternoon, and when we return in the evening I am to perform the marriage service between himself and Miss Deane, who is now at the agency. All of which programme is faithfully carried out—that is, we visit the Indians, talk about Industrial School and other matters bearing on our

work, return to the agency in the evening and the marriage is solemnized, and we dismiss the newly married couple to their home with our benedictions and blessings, and our work for the day is over. Next day (Wednesday) Samson and I drive to the other end of the hill fifteen miles distant, where Bro. Youmans and his good wife occupy for the Master.

Here we hold service, talk Industrial School, secure several children for same, make a short visit with our old friends and return to Battle River, hold an evening service, secure some more children, and another day's work is done. On the morrow (Thursday) I hire a team and take Samson along with me to bring the team back, and I also have him to inspect the new school, and we drive the forty miles to Red Deer. The day is hot, the team is slow, and it is evening when we reach the Industrial School. We find Bros. Nelson and Steinhauer and all the staff with their hands full, trying to organize and put in shape all this crude material, for both alive and dead it is all new to these conditions, and it will take some time and constant watchfulness and care to remove friction and produce harmony and order. Here before the main building is finished, and within a few weeks of our taking the establishment over, we have it filled with pupils, and this in the face of a great many prophecies to the contrary, and now it will depend on the Indian Department and the staff of the Institution to keep these pupils and to train them in industry and Christian civilization. I remained here until noon the next day, and then drove across the Red Deer at the old ford and down to the new town and caught the train for the south, which brought me via Calgary to Morley Saturday morning.

JOHN MCDUGALL.

Correspondence.

SOURIS, P.E.I., *May 8th, 1894.*

To the Editor of the OUTLOOK.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have filled out your form as best I could, and return herewith. I feel it due to supplement that with a few facts.

On account of ill-health, I was forbidden by my physician to do travel that would occasion exposure. I started last July, on my appointment here, a work among the hundreds of sailors and fishermen that make Souris their headquarters. Sabbath afternoons I preached on the wharf (open air), often to 250 to 300, many among them members of the Methodist Church in Nova Scotia and elsewhere about the island (besides extra services for them in our church), besides the regular service.

On week days, when the vessels were in port, I visited and distributed among them many thousand tracts and other religious literature. I kept this up till navigation closed, and on account of exposure from cold, quite lost my speech, and have been unable to do even my regular work, as a result, all the past winter. Am better now.

I therefore regard this as a very important mission in this particular, looking after these seamen who spend the summer and autumn here, and who, but for this attention, would be deprived of any means of grace. In many instances, when it was found some provision was made for Sabbath worship, many of the captains planned to get in from sea Saturday evenings, that they, with their crews, might enjoy the Sabbath day services, and did so instead of continuing their fishing, as they had frequently done heretofore.

My opinion is that, by strict attention to this town (alone, as it stands), a very material improvement would be manifest in a very short time both financially and spiritually, to say nothing of this sailor work.

It will be seen this year that a larger interest has been taken in our Connexional funds, especially the Missionary Fund.

If able, and I hope to be, I shall continue for the next year on these lines indicated, to work among seamen and in the town.

Sincerely yours,

C. W. DUTCHER.

To the Editor of the OUTLOOK.

I am in receipt of your printed circular of April 30th, 1894, concerning a circular sent out some time ago to the Home Missions, and the replies given as far as received, and I cannot resist the feeling of addressing you a few words anent the same.

In twenty years spent in the work, fourteen years have been spent on Home or Domestic Missions, and on every one of them I have come to one conclusion, viz., that over three-fourths of those fields of labor are making no effort at becoming self-sustaining. Nay, some of them are making effort the other way; that is, to hold on to the aid received from the Missionary Society as long as they can. This is seen in every turn they make, in amounts pledged to be raised at each appointment at beginning of year, etc. They will say, "We cannot go higher than last year, because if we go higher this year they will expect us to rise again next year, and so on, till we will have to become self-supporting." Then, if a man goes on to one of those missions who is anxious to bring them up, he is by some considered a semi-enemy of the people, and his urging them to become self-supporting is construed into his love for money; while, on the other hand, the man who goes on telling them not to distress themselves, that what they will not pay will be made up from the Missionary Society and that missionary money is raised for that purpose, in part, will be the man they want. Now, my own experience is that the fault of so many of those missions remaining in this way is largely attributable to this feeling of the people being thus brought to bear on the ministers, many of whom yield to the pressure for the sake of peace, and for the sake of not being considered grasping after money. Another cause is not so much the inability of the people on many of those missions as their unwillingness, and very often their penuriousness.

The people on many of those missions are now better off than many on self-supporting circuits, who pay their own minister's salary and contribute to missionary funds, too. I know a man who once said, "When I was on the _____ Circuit I paid \$20 a year, but you see this is a mission, and the minister is paid out of the funds," so that he would pay now \$1 a quarter.

Now, just one suggestion and I am done. If our General Secretary could undertake certain work, I am convinced it would more than pay, viz., a visit to every one of those missions. Show them how they are, without necessity, drawing on the Lord's money, and give some of them to feel that they have been church paupers long enough.

Along the Line.

China.

Letter from REV. V. C. HART, D.D., dated CHENTU, CHINA, March 9th, 1894.

THE whole party of missionaries arrived in Chentu a few days since, well and in good spirits. They had one of the most eventful of journeys, being wrecked outright once, and partially wrecked afterward. The whole mission suffered more or less by the misfortunes, but we were very glad no lives were lost or anyone injured. As soon as the party was settled here, we dedicated our new and beautiful chapel.

The whole community of missionaries, some twenty-eight in number, were present at its dedication. After the ritual service was read by the chairman, Rev. Mr. Hartwell delivered an earnest and impressive discourse. The chapel is built of brick, semi-native style and capable of seating 300 persons. In connection with the chapel is a commodious class-room, a book-room and depository for books. Great crowds of Chinese clamor for admittance. The book-room is filled from morning till evening with eager listeners, who purchase many books and tracts. Our day schools are successful. The prospects are bright for a glorious work. We have begun work upon the hospital grounds. Drs. Hare and Stevenson will give daily aid in erecting the

buildings. Of course I shall aid in any way possible. Dr. Stevenson has been pretty busy in his dispensary during the past winter.

It is thought best to enlarge our hospital grounds so that a dwelling for a physician may be erected. A small plot next to the hospital grounds can be had for \$1,200. It may be well to make this addition. We sincerely hope a sufficient fund may be collected during the year for the printing establishment. Our experience in getting books from Shanghai convinces us more than ever of the necessity of doing our own printing. Nearly our whole stock of books was ruined at the time of the wreck. With a comparatively small outlay we can become independent of Shanghai and Hankow for tracts and books. If we establish a good printing building, we can do job work enough, no doubt, for Bible societies and other missionary societies to pay running expenses. There is no such thing as a printing press west of Hankow or south of Peking in this great and populous section of the empire. The natural distributive points would be the provinces of Sz-Chuen, Shensi, Kansuh, Yuen Nan—four great provinces. Tibet and border tribes, not less than 100,000,000 people, would form our constituents. We are earnestly looking forward to the accomplishment of this branch of work. We are glad to notice that there had been some small donations for the purpose. In case funds should be forthcoming of sufficient amount to launch this work, this Society could not do better than select a missionary with some knowledge of printing for superintendent of this branch of work.

Since the arrival of the new force we have concluded to rent a house at Kiating-foo, which will do for dwelling and dispensary. Dr. Kilborn leaves within three days to inaugurate this new work. Kiating is a large city, 120 miles south of Chentu upon the same river, giving a continuous water way for itinerating purposes. The city, as a centre, is second only to Chentu. The move will not necessarily enlarge our expenditure. Drs. Stevenson and Hare will remain here and push the interests of the hospital.

Give us more men this coming fall, two ordained men if possible; we want one for Kiating. A party need not leave Vancouver before November. The land is quiet and there will not be a better time to go up and possess it.

Letter from O. L. KILBORN, M.D., dated HOUSEBOAT, WEST OF CHUNGKING, SZ-CHUAN, CHINA, January 12th, 1894.

AFTER a long and tedious journey of forty-five days from Ichang, our party of six arrived safely at Chungking, December 28, 1893. All were well, and thankful to our heavenly Father for His goodness to us. The slowness of this stage of our houseboat journey was due chiefly to lack of favorable winds and presence of strong head winds. We came through many bad rapids and dangerous gorges, with several minor accidents, but nothing of any consequence.

January 2nd, of the new year, we made a start westward on the last 500 miles of our journey, but were much delayed both that day and the next. Friday, January 5th, at 4 p.m., the larger of the two houseboats—the one we are all living on—struck a rock, filled in about fifteen minutes and sank; not, however, before we were able to get near a sloping, sandy bank, and get ashore ourselves, along with all easily movable articles and furniture from our rooms. Darkness closed in, and we realized that we were shipwrecked. Providentially our small houseboat was right at hand, so we were able to have a sheltered sleeping-place. Next day our cargo of boxes was slowly fished out of the sunken boat, and in forty-eight hours after the accident, the old craft again stood upright on the water, looking outside not much the worse for the dip, though inside she was a picture of desolation. In the meantime we had purchased a quantity of coal, built fires on the sand, set up drying-poles, and commenced drying bedding, clothing and books. Again we were especially favored by our heavenly Father, for the weather, previously wet, now became fair, with warm sun and a light breeze. After persistent work for four days, and parts of some nights (not including Sunday), we had dried all our bedding and clothing, and the better half of our books. Our numerous boxes were once more nailed up and hoisted aboard. It

was with thankful hearts that on the morning of January 11th, we resumed our journey, while a favorable wind and a bright sun were sent to cheer our weariness. Surely we have every reason to be grateful to God for His many mercies. Our boat might have been torn to pieces in swift rapids, and all our effects totally lost, even life endangered. On the contrary, she sank slowly in shallow water, near the shore. We ourselves escaped easily. Our absolute loss, though considerable, is light as compared with the damage done to recovered goods. A great many things are in bad condition, but yet are usable. I must mention that during our five days ashore, the people of the neighboring village and surrounding country came in crowds to look at the curious foreigner. But they were uniformly quiet and well disposed, scarcely a disagreeable word even being heard. On account of our many delays, we cannot reach Chentu this month as we had hoped. It must be February now.

The Indian Work.

A MISSIONARY TRIP.

Letter from HENRY TATE and SAM. BENNETT, of PORT SIMPSON.

ON Monday evening, Jan. 14th, 1894, four of us—Henry Tate, Robert Tate, Sam. Bennett and Peter Jones—were talking with Mr. Wm. Oliver on board the steamer *Boscovitz* as she lay by the Port Simpson wharf. We had just come from service, and he asked us how we were getting along. We answered, "All right, good meetings, all have warm hearts." He began to tell us of the tribes to the south that he had seen on recent trips in drunkenness and heathenism, adding, "When you are happy here and filled with the good Spirit, you should not forget those in darkness around you." Immediately each said in his heart, "I ought to go and try to teach those heathen; but how can I, as I have no money to pay expenses?" None of us spoke, but Mr. Oliver added, "If any of you feel like going to visit those tribes, don't fear about the means; remember the words of Jesus, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you.'" As we returned to the village we began to speak to one another of our feelings, and soon decided to go, all four of us, by that steamer to Nawittie, and spend a few weeks preaching the Gospel there. We went to our brethren, the leaders of the "Band of Workers," and told them of our intentions, but they thought we were too hasty, and asked us to wait for a meeting of the Band to consider the matter, but we felt that God's voice had called us and we would go trusting only in Him. We soon found a man who loaned us \$40, saying, "Although I am not a Christian I'll lend this to help the good cause." He and his wife each gave us \$3 besides, to help pay our expenses. We now went for the first time to tell our wives that we were going, and in the house of Herbert Wallace, one of the chiefs, we found two more volunteers, Herbert himself, and John Ross—Herbert borrowing \$20 from the village council for their expenses. After this some of us visited the homes of several Christians, having prayer, receiving encouraging words, and here and there 50c. or \$1 material help. Herbert was the first to apprise our missionary, Mr. Crosby, of our intentions. It was now after midnight and he dressed and came out and met us on the street, where we had prayer in the snow. He was very pleased and said, "This is what I have long prayed and hoped for." He took us to his house and gave us food to take with us, and words of advice and encouragement; he also accompanied us to the steamer and procured a reduction of rates. When we got our blankets and food aboard it was nearly morning, and the steamer was soon under way. At 8 a.m. we had prayer and felt our hearts full; the sailors told us to "stop that noise as it would waken the captain," but we kept on praying and singing, and every morning and evening we had our prayer-meeting with no further molestation. The second day out we had a few minutes at Hartley Bay, where our townsman, George Edgar, is working as native missionary. He was very glad to see us and supplied us with tent, cooking utensils and soap, articles that we had forgotten in our hurried leaving; he and others gave us food also. We now felt that the Lord was indeed leading and helping

us, and our hearts were filled with joy and gratitude. Thursday afternoon the steamer called at Bella Bella, and we wished to see the people there and have service with them, but there was not time. We felt disappointed as we sailed away, and knelt and prayed that if possible we might even yet have a visit at Bella Bella. While we prayed the storm of wind and snow increased, and as we rose we found that the steamer had turned and soon dropped anchor in the harbor at Bella Bella. We called for a canoe and went ashore and spent the evening and most of the night in services in the church, on the street and in a chief's house. The missionary and teacher gave us help in money and food, and best of all we had good times with the native brethren, and four souls professed repentance. Friday evening, our last on board, the steamer anchored in Safety Cove. We had a good service, feeling the Spirit in great measure. All the white passengers and most of the crew were present. We all spoke in Chinook, which is understood by nearly all the whites and natives along the coast, and a white lay missionary spoke in English. After the meeting a passenger headed a subscription list to which nearly all contributed, and it was handed to us with \$18 cash to help us on our way.

Next morning we passed Nawittie, but as we had heard the heathen were gathering somewhere to feast, we thought it well to go on to Alert Bay, and thence by canoe, to find them. On reaching the latter port in the afternoon, we found the inhabitants of seven villages gathered there for potlatching, feasting, dancing, etc., so we decided to stay there. The proprietor of the salmon cannery kindly gave us the use of a house, with stove, etc. We first visited a family whose mother is a native and father white, and prayed with them. A young man, who met us on the wharf carelessly smoking a pipe, was now warmed with a different fire, and was with us in all the subsequent services; and a blind girl broke down in tears as she recollected the Methodist services she used to attend at Victoria. In the evening we went through the village entering every house that was not locked against us, saluting the people, telling them why we had come to visit them, and sometimes having singing and prayer. In one house as we prayed our hearts were opened, and we cried to God to save the people, when a number came in shouting and beating sticks to scare us, but we kept on praying till they went out. A white man advised us to enter no more houses, "as these Indians," said he, "are very bad when angry." We paid no attention to that advice, even entering a door over which was displayed the "louie" (a strip of scarlet cedar bark), as a sign that no one could enter but those initiated in the "Allide," or secret society of heathen conjurers. A large number were gathered around five fires that were burning openly in the large house. No one objected to our entering, and all returned our salutations but one man. We also had prayer in the houses of the only two Christian Indians in the place. That night a steamer from the north brought a brother whom the "Band of Workers" had sent to us with some funds; he also brought us some food from our wives. We were glad to see him, but did not need the money, as the Lord had supplied our wants in that line. On Sunday, at 10 a.m., after prayer in our house, we had service on the street, to which a great number of the heathen listened. We all felt that the Lord was helping us in the use of the Chinook. At 11 a.m., we attended service in the mission church (C.M.S.). In the afternoon we had a street meeting, and then repaired to the mission school-house, which Mr. Corker, the missionary in charge, had given us the use of. Some of the heathen followed us in, dressed only in blankets, with scarlet bark head-dress. Sunday was a great day of dancing among the heathen; and we found afterwards that they had gone to the authorities to ask that we be stopped preaching on the street on Sunday, as it would interfere with their dancing. In the evening we had another street meeting, and thence to the mission service. None of the Indians attended service in the church excepting the two Christian families.

Every afternoon during our stay we had open-air service, followed by meeting in the school-house. On Monday a good many stood around as we sang and spoke on the street, and followed us as we went toward the school-house. Presently we were confronted by two men entirely naked, with the "louie" on their heads, their faces blackened, and bears'

paws fastened on their hands, to which were attached copper claws; they stood abreast, stretching out their arms to intercept our passage at a narrow part of the street. They gnashed their teeth, distorted their features, and made gestures to frighten us; but we kept on singing and paying no attention to them, and they backed slowly away, and soon entered a house of the "Allide." After passing this house, we stopped and knelt in prayer. Many gathered around us, among them women and girls, with the "louie" on their heads and their bare feet in the snow. Soon the bear-handed (and bare-skinned) men came out again, and throwing themselves in the snow pawed it about furiously, at which the spectators fled, apparently afraid, and we passed on, a number following us into the school-house. Next day, as we spoke on the street, four young men came along very threatening, carrying great clubs; they wore blankets fastened around their loins, and the "louie" on their heads, and had faces blackened. But, as we kept on with our service, they soon went away. On Wednesday again, as we passed singing to the school-house, four men confronted us in the same dress, bearing spears, and tried to frighten us, but ineffectually; thenceforth they desisted from such threats. But each day some would walk through the crowd, talking in their own tongue, which we did not understand, apparently trying to oppose the effect of our words. Almost every day we had good attentive hearing in the school-house, while one of our number preached in Chinook from a text of Scripture; and afterwards as we sang, prayed and testified, some few professed repentance. The two Christian Indians were greatly warmed, and a few whites and half-breeds, some of whom had in former days been accustomed to Methodist worship. As for the remainder of our time, we spent it mostly going about talking personally with the people, and the whites and half-breeds invited us almost every evening to some one of their houses, where we had good meetings. We had prayer in our own cabin five times a day.

On Tuesday evening, one of the head chiefs of Alert Bay called us to his house, and after we had partaken of dried salmon and tea, he addressed us, saying: "I am glad that you have come to my house; I scarcely expected that you would come. I am ashamed that you find us in our heathen doings, for you are Indians, as we are, and yet have such different life and better customs. Do not think that the people do not heed what you say; it is all well received. One thing prevents us from following your teaching immediately; we have on the 'Allide' head-dress, and are pledged to go through with our feast. If you had come before we invited these tribes, we might have given it all up." Herbert Wallace answered him, recalling the time when the Tsimpshans discarded the "Allide." "We had thought that this was our only source of pleasure, and that we should be very miserable if we gave it up, but now we find far greater joy in Jesus' name." We had singing and prayer with him and his family, and next evening went in again and had service with them. While we were engaged, we heard the "Allide" boys coming. A party of them ran through the village in a nude state, breaking through every door that yielded to them, shouting, beating sticks and blowing whistles. We heard their hideous noise in the next house, and as we were at prayer we heard rifles banging outside the door; some came inside, and two shots were fired at the door.

A steamer coming in that day from Vancouver brought home a boy who had just completed a term in the provincial jail for some crime. This boy had spent some years in the Government school at Metlakahtla, and as he had acquired a knowledge of the Tsimpshans language while there, and as his native tongue was that of all the heathen, we thought of trying to get him to interpret for us at times, as being better than using the Chinook jargon; but before night he had cast off his clothes, donned the blanket and "louie," and was at the "Allide" work of his former life. We felt this more than all the abominations of the heathen, as this boy had been taught by Christians, and we thought how much better if the boys were first converted and then educated. There, at Alert Bay, we were shown through the new Government school, with accommodation for thirty pupils, and only one in residence. Surely it would be better for the Government to build their school

among Christian Indians, where it would be used and appreciated.

The second Sunday we had good services all day in the same order as the first, and all that week we had good times, and no opposition, but the dancing, etc., went on with unabated vigor. The younger members of our party were surprised and shocked at the degradation of the "Allide," such scenes among our own people dating beyond their recollection. After the first week, we stayed in the house of one George, a half-breed, who had been greatly blessed in the meetings, and who now, out of gratitude, entertained us. This week the constable returned with a prisoner, a Zawitty man, who was accused with the murder of two white men; the prisoner's wife and child accompanied him. We visited them and had prayer with them, when we all felt the Master's presence; the woman wept, and the jailer was affected. One day one of our number found a sick man in a lone tent in the snow away from the village, and his wife weeping near by. It is a custom among those tribes, when anyone is seriously ill to put the patient out of the community, and he is left to be cared for by his near relatives, if they are so disposed, as best they can. We felt that something ought to be done to provide for the sick among those tribes. We had a third Sunday, which was the best of all, and then began to look for the return of the steamer; of course, keeping on working as long as we were there. On Monday evening a white man entertained us, and a lady handed us an envelope containing \$8, which had been collected for us. The whites had shown us great kindness; two different men who owned land each offered a lot, if a house of prayer would be built on it. They said, "Some of you native Christians ought to come here and try to teach these heathen tribes. For fourteen years the agents of the Church Missionary Society have been here; they have established church, school, store, saw-mill, etc., but they have not converted the people."

The missionary, Mr. Corker, was very kind to us, entertaining us at his house one evening, attending our meetings and allowing us to speak in his. Both whites and Indians asked some of us to come again. We promised we would if God opened our way. We left by the *Boscovitz* on Wednesday evening.

We called next day at Rivers Inlet. We did not have much time, but we visited every house in the place, singing and praying. Some kept right on with their gambling, but others wept and were greatly stirred. Next morning we had a half-hour at Bella Bella again, and had service with as many as we could get together, advising them to keep on in the good way, and to stick to their missionary. Saturday night at Lowe Inlet we met four families of Hartley Bay people and had a good service with them. We had three services on board Sunday, a white passenger preaching in the morning, one of our number in the afternoon and Mr. Oliver in the evening. Monday at 4 p.m. we reached home. We were glad to be back, and our experiences cheered our friends in the evening meetings. We found that our families, some of whom we had left with very little food, had been well cared for by some Christian friends. We brought back every dollar that we had borrowed and paid it back again. We felt that we had been called to the trip by the Lord, and kept and helped by Him.

This is the first time that we Tsimpshans have started out by ourselves to carry the Gospel, although some of us had often accompanied our missionary on his trips. We hope that all Christians will pray for us, now that we have begun to help the servants of God to carry on the work, even as Aaron and Hur held up Moses' hands. Let all who have helped send us the Gospel rejoice that light has replaced darkness in our midst, but there remains a great work to do as many tribes around us are yet in darkness. We are ready to carry the Gospel light to them, but we have not much learning or material means. We trust in God's help. In former times if our young men went out to visit other villages it would be to fight their fellowmen, now we hope to go only to fight the devil and save men's souls. Don't be surprised, Christian friends, at what we have done, as it is only in answer to your prayers. It is not our own strength and wisdom that has brought us through safe and happy, but God's answer to the prayers of His people.

Chinese Work.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from TONG CHUE TOM, native agent, dated VICTORIA,
March 24th, 1894.

I WOULD like to write you a few lines. I hope you are quite well and strong in health. I am still working at the Mission Church here ever since our new building opened. I enjoy my work for God as usual every day. I believe the more I work for Him the happier life I have, the longer I serve Him the better Christian I live.

Our mission is not doing much last year, on account good many converts gone back to their old ways. It is a pity, because they will hinder others from coming to the mission. I am sorry to tell you this because we have not a convert yet since last conference. We have about thirty-five members at present. We have ten married women out of the Refuge Home here, seven have been members of our mission at good standing, and the other three are getting cold. There were about twenty-five heathen merchants' families in the city. Their wives are never let out much. They are kept in the house as possible as they can. But, thank God, we had a good representative here, who was sent by the W.M.S. to preach the Gospel to them. We have another dozen of those low public women in Chinatown. It is good things, some of these traffic women has been stopped now.

We have nearly 4,000 people here through the winter, and thirteen Highbinder and gambling dens; all sort of evil around us the same as usual, but not so strong. Now there are thousands of the people going up to the canneries, but still hundreds of them coming from every *Empress*. We have big field to work here, and good congregations every service. Our Sunday School and night school are doing good work, good attendance through the year around, and many scholars heard the Gospel and believed the truth.

We have three missionaries here connected with our work. We have Mr. Yip Wan Sang, who was well educated in their language and a good preacher. He takes turn in the services with Rev. J. E. Gardner. In the day time he do the writings for Mr. Gardner and give two lessons to the girls in the Refuge Home. My work is visiting the sick and look after the members, and inviting others to come to the mission. I have to be in the mission building every night through the week.

Years ago Rev. J. E. Gardner wanted me to go to Nanaimo to open a new mission school. At that time I was not ready, but Rev. Joseph Hall asked me again lately. I consented myself to God, if my way is open, yet I think the Nanaimo mission should be proceeded right away, because thousands of our Chinese up there are without a missionary. I hope God will send some one up to carry on the work for His glory.

ENGLAND spent, from 1856-61, in a cruel war, \$32,270,000 in forcing China to buy her opium. Now when a Chinaman has the toothache or dyspepsia he takes opium. Oh! for more consecrated lives like the noble, generous soldier, Chinese Gordon, who put down their great Civil Taiping Rebellion. His memory is precious there to-day.

REV. DR. PATON has been addressing crowded meetings in London and the South of England. In response to urgent entreaties, he has delayed his departure from Britain till some time in June, or early in July. He is receiving large contributions to the New Hebrides mission, and is meeting with great success in his steam auxiliary *Dayspring* scheme.

AGAIN, do for the meetings whatever you are asked to do. If the leader comes to you beforehand and asks of you a service—a paper, or an account of work done here or there—don't say "I can't do that." You are not the best judge of your own ability. Make the attempt and you will find that you have much more ability, physical and mental, than you think you have. Ten years ago I should have said it was absolutely impossible for me to stand here and talk to you; and every one of you can talk in your missionary meetings if you only have your heart full of your subject.—
Susan Hayes Ward.

Missionary Readings.

Unnecessary Work.

BY F. I. KNOX.

WE hear and read a great deal about the many things belonging to Christian work that are left undone, and perhaps there cannot be too much said on that subject. But we also know that there are many things done under the name of Christian work which are not only unnecessary, but which often hinder the work that would otherwise be done by missionary and other societies. To "Go about doing good" does not mean that we are to do a great many good deeds at random, or rather deeds that would be good if performed in the right place or in the right spirit. By some this unnecessary work is done through thoughtlessness; by others it is done through a desire to be looked upon as zealous workers for the Lord. One of these workers, when a family moved into her neighborhood, called upon them, noted their surroundings with the air of a detective, talked freely to them, but in an unmistakably condescending manner, making them feel very uncomfortable. She then went out and told her friends that the new neighbors were very poor, and so ignorant and odd, and slyly hinted that they would not be very desirable acquaintances; adding, that she was so sorry for them, and that as Christian people they ought to try and help them. Of course the praise she received for so soon discovering the needs of the new neighbors was very gratifying to her praise-loving spirit. No one took the trouble to prove the truth of her statement, and the strangers were looked upon as very inferior people, and regarded suspiciously. Now, though they were not rich they were not so poor as to need help, and so far from being ignorant and odd, they were intelligent Christian people who had been highly esteemed in the church from which they had just removed. They could not understand the treatment they received in their new home; they did not know that they were kept down that a selfish woman might be exalted. And they were not the only sufferers; it was that woman's ambition to be considered as a very charitable and sympathetic woman, and in order to make her sympathy apparent to all she found it necessary to make some of her friends appear as subjects of pity, and so she slyly slandered and openly pitied her poor victims. Now, one such worker in a society will destroy the influence of that society. We often wonder why some societies do not increase in numbers and influence, but there is this "sin in the camp"; this false charity that is so unlike that charity that "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." "Charity seeketh not her own," much less, then, will she try to take from others, or deprive them of their rightful place in the church and in society. Every good deed is a coin laid up in the treasury of heaven, but we must not try to pass off counterfeit coin for true. Each must be stamped with the image of Christ, not self.

"Not for weight of glory, not for crown and palm,
Enter for the army, raise the warrior psalm:
But for love that claimeth souls for whom He died,
He who Jesus nameth, must be on His side."

We should not try to buy popularity at the expense of other people, nor try to dim other lights that our own may appear brighter. "In honor preferring one another" is an important part of the material that keeps our lamps burning. "Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves."

THE testimony of George Fox, the Quaker, is suggestive. It would be a vast improvement on the average Christian to have it. He says, "I knew Jesus, and He was very precious to my soul; but I found something within me that would not keep sweet and patient and kind. I did what I could to keep it down, but it was there; I besought Jesus to do something for me, and when I gave Him my will He came to my heart, and took out all that would not be sweet, all that would not be kind, all that would not be patient, and then He shut the door."

1881



1894

Woman's Missionary Society

OFFICERS:

- President:*
Mrs. James Gooderham - - - Toronto
- Vice-President:*
Mrs. Dr. Carman - - - Belleville, Ont.
- Cor.-Secretary:*
Mrs. E. S. Strachan - - - Hamilton
163 Hughson Street N.
- Rec.-Secretary:*
Mrs. J. B. Willmott - - - Toronto
50 Bond Street.
- Treasurer:*
Mrs. T. Thompson - - - Toronto
("The Maples," Rosedale.)
- (BY VIRTUE OF OFFICE.)
- Mrs. Dr. Burns - - - St. Thomas
Pres. Western Branch.
- Mrs. Dr. J. A. Williams - - - Toronto
Pres. Toronto Conference Branch.
- Mrs. Dr. Carman - - - Belleville
Pres. Bay of Quinte Conf. Branch.
- Mrs. W. E. Ross - - - Montreal
Pres. Eastern Branch.
- Mrs. S. E. Whiston - - - Halifax, N.S.
Pres. Nova Scotia Branch.
- Miss F. E. Palmer - - - St. John, N.B.
Pres. N. B. and P. E. I. Branch.
- Mrs. J. W. Sexsmith - - - Richmond, B.C.
Pres. British Columbia Branch.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

- Supply:*
Mrs. J. A. Williams, Mrs. Briggs,
Mrs. J. B. Willmott, Mrs. N. Ogden,
Toronto.
- Publication and Literature:*
Western Branch - - - Miss McCallum
13 Bloor Street West, Toronto.
Toronto Conf. Branch - - - Miss Ogden
18 Carlton Street, Toronto.
Bay of Quinte Branch - - - Mrs. Firstbrook
Eastern Branch - - - Mrs. Croft
7 Orford Avenue, Toronto.
Nova Scotia Branch - - - Mrs. Bascom
189 Dunn Avenue, Parkdale.
N. B. and P. E. I. Branch, Mrs. Mackay
83 Czar Street, Toronto.
British Columbia - - - Mrs. Hamilton
40 Leopold Avenue, Toronto.
Separate Auxiliaries - - - Mrs. Willmott
- Indian Work:*
Mrs. Cunningham - - - Guelph
" Dr. Burns - - - St. Thomas
" Dr. Sutherland - - - Toronto
- EDITORS.*
- Wesleyan:*
Mrs. Whiston - - - Halifax, N.S.
- Guardian:*
Miss Firstbrook - - - Toronto
328 Wellesley Street.
- Outlook:*
Mrs. Dr. Parker, 11 Avenue Place, Toronto
- Onward:*
Mrs. H. L. Platt - - - Picton, Ont.

OUR MISSIONARY ROLL.

- JAPAN.**
- Miss M. J. Cartmell, Tokyo.
Mrs. E. S. Large, Tokyo.
Miss Lund, Tokyo.
" Cunningham, Shidzuoka.
" Preston, Kofu.
" Munro, Tokyo.
" Hargrave, Kanazawa.
" L. Hart, Tokyo.
" Blackmore, Kofu.
" Nellie Hart, Tokyo.
" Robertson, Shidzuoka.
" Morgan, Shidzuoka.
" Veazey, Kanazawa.
" Alexander, Kofu.
" Crombie, Tokyo.

INDIAN WORK.

- Port Simpson, B.C.*
- Miss Sarah L. Hart.*
" Ellen Beavis.
Mrs. Redner.
Miss Caldwell.

Chilliwack, B.C.

- Miss Lavinia Clarke.
" M. Smith.
" Burpee.

CHINA.

- Chen-tu.*
- Miss Brackbill.
Dr. Retta Gifford.

CHINESE HOME.

- Victoria, B.C.*
- Mrs. Mary E. Morrow.
Miss Wickett.

FRENCH.

- Montreal.*
- Miss Masten.
Miss Maggie Jackson, West End
School.
Miss Matthieu, East End School.
" Anderson, Bible Woman.
Madame Morin, " "

* On furlough.

"THIS IS THE VICTORY, EVEN OUR FAITH."

N.B.—Communications for this Department post-marked after the 18th of the month will appear in following month.

N.B.—All subscriptions for the OUTLOOK must be sent to the Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

N.B.—Certificates of Life Membership may be obtained by addressing Miss Ogden, Room 20, Wesley Buildings.

Our Monthly Reunion.

PRAYER TOPIC.

"Missionary work in India. For the success of all efforts to elevate the suffering and down-trodden women of that land. The extension of God's kingdom in Africa."

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret. And thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."
—Matt. vi. 6.

INDIA is mentioned in the Bible, in the Book of Esther, as one of the one hundred and twenty-seven provinces of the son of Darius Hystaspes.

It is as large as all Europe outside of Russia, with a population of 288,000,000.

Its peoples are as varied and distinct as English from Italian, and its dozen languages differ quite as much.

The remark attributed to John Bright that India is not a country but a continent, would seem to be indeed true, so varied are its races and languages.

The population may be roughly described as of three classes. The "hill tribes" who dwell on the hills. These tribes are between one and two hundred in number, each with its own religion, traditions and language. Mission work has made some remarkable triumphs among these.

The next comprehend the Mohammedans, about sixty millions. The bulk of the people are in religion Hindoos, about 207,000,000, bound by the caste system, which presents a formidable obstacle to their profession of Christianity. The Parsees, of whom 50,000 are said to live in the city of Bombay, enjoy the respect of every class. Their faith is the system of Zoroaster. They believe in the resurrection of the body, future life, immortality of the soul, and rewards and punishments. They worship the sun, fire, water and air.

The Brahmins or priestly caste had a long conflict with the warrior caste before gaining supremacy. The Brahmins of this day are said to be the unbroken line of descendants from the original Aryan conquerors of India, and in mental and physical development the finest specimens of the Hindoo type in existence.

The teachings of Buddha opposed the caste distinctions. He taught human brotherhood and equality, divine favor obtained by living pure lives, self-control, kindness to all men, mercy to the brute creation. There is indication in his teachings that even in the dense ignorance and darkness in which he lived his spirit felt after God. He founded a religion that has more followers than any other one faith.

The American M. E. Church has three Conferences in India. They estimate a total Methodist community of 50,000 souls, with 54,000 children in Sunday Schools and 35,000 inquirers. The question of the admission of women to General Conference was submitted to these Indian Conferences, a fact, the reading of which, somehow, seemed to bring us more into touch with the Methodists in the land of Buddha, and made us realize as a cause for gratitude that the questions which interest us as a Church have a medium of presentation in a field we are wont to regard heathen. It is probable that the status of woman in India has had more influence than any other one cause in determining the necessity of medical women; and women missionaries and their successes, and the vast field of usefulness before them, with its acknowledged importance, would have an effect, one might expect, in influencing the Church to do them the justice of representation. But only in one of the three Conferences was the vote in favor of admission. Bengal Conference voted twenty-two for, nine against.

The condition of women in India must appeal to the sympathies of all those of their sex who give the question any thought. It is surprising that a people who cannot tolerate the slaughter of animals could be

reconciled for generations to the burning of widows, to the cruel child-marriage system and the compulsory Zenana seclusion. The tortures of physical suffering endured by those poor women, their absolute destitution of any ameliorating condition, seem to us upon whom Christian civilization has reflected her generous light, very hard to conceive. Missionary writers tell us that these women generally care more for their religion than the men do. This makes it apparent that the stronghold of these faiths, like that of Rome, is with the women, a fact probably which made the Hindoo remark, "We fear your women." Woman's work for woman finds in this a strong plea for its extension and development by all means. And Christian woman, true to her instinct as well as her commission, is demonstrating her willingness and power to cope with the question. Women of all the denominations are rallying to send out their agents, and all or nearly so appear to have planted their standards in India. The Lady Dufferin, the Pundita Ramabai and other schemes are all in evidence of woman's interest in the down-trodden of their sex. Victoria, Empress of India, the Christian Queen of England, is recorded as having furthered some of these schemes for the uplifting of her Indian women, and perhaps would enter more actively into their prosecution were she not hedged about by that state officialism which removes a monarch too often out of reach of suffering subjects. Let us pray that God may speedily send the day when all the legalized vices which have made British officialism in India a reproach to British Christianity, shall be abolished forever.

Chat With the Editor.

THE question of the success of our Woman's Missionary Society work, as it refers to the women at home, was discussed lately in our hearing, and it cheered us to hear a record of the benefits conferred. While with busy brain and unflagging zeal we have wrought to swell the treasury for the support of the work abroad, the gains at home have often escaped our notice. Think of all the Auxiliaries in cities, towns, villages and hamlets; the mission circles, the bands, the meetings held, the prayers offered, the money contributed, the missionary knowledge diffused, the sentiment created, the business methods imparted, the study provoked and the papers composed; the social life stimulated by the "at homes" and missionary teas; the heart-to-heart and hand-to-hand association of the women of the East with those of the far West; the friendships initiated, the sisterly interest developed, and all these influences the outcome of the organization of our Woman's Missionary Society. How amply is here illustrated the reflex influence of good work. We may venture the statement, without fear of successful contradiction, that the woman's missionary work has done quite as much good at home as abroad. Are there no lessons yet to be learned? Yes, verily. Experience is our teacher, and the experience of other organizations may help us—but next to the wisdom which God the Holy Spirit will certainly

supply in answer to fervent, believing prayer. There must be continuous effort, prompt adaptation of methods to needs, and a determination to look at difficulties patiently, but honestly to meet and overcome them. May God guide us, so that in all plans and deliberations, in all undertakings, the future may be as the past, only much more abundant in fruitage for God.

Official Correspondence.

75 HIROSAKADORI, KANAZAWA,
JAPAN, March, 26th, 1894.

Dear Friends at Home.—Those of you who have followed the changes and development of the work in this field, as given in the letters and reports that go home from time to time, cannot have failed to notice along what similar lines the work in all of our four stations is broadening out of late, viz., the establishing of industrial or charity day schools, with Sunday Schools and orphanages among the very poor.

Here in Kanazawa the work has been in part along this line from its start, owing to our having no girls' school here as a centre, and also to there being such a large proportion of the ninety thousand people of this city who belong to the very poor—that class to whom life is one long struggle for a bare existence, whose daily round of weary labor is unbroken even by the one rest day in seven. Ignorant and depraved as regards this life, and hopeless for the one to come, one's heart goes out to them with an intense longing to give them something that can help them up to a plane where *living* would be *living*, and not merely existence as it seems now to be. And here the study of methods has to begin, and how one feels the need of wisdom, tact, and guidance from above in order to find the right way of lending a helping hand. Money, judiciously bestowed, could alleviate their present condition, clothe the body and satisfy their hunger—but money cannot lift them up and money cannot save them. Christianity can save them and elevate them as a people, but how to present Christianity even to the consideration of women and children such as these, who work from dawn to dark seven days in the week, is a problem not easy to solve.

To rent a building and advertise a woman's meeting for a certain afternoon would be but to meet with empty walls in most cases. In the districts where the parents are not too poor to send the children to school, the opening of a Sunday School will serve as an entering wedge, for Sunday being a government holiday, the children will soon be attracted in from the streets, and through them homes can be visited and fathers and mothers reached. In the poorest districts, however, a Sunday School opened thus gathers in only a few of the smaller children, as the older ones are all at work at home or in the factories for weaving embroidery or some such work; and even when a free night school was opened for teaching them to read and write, few cared enough for the privilege to avail themselves of the instruction, so that it is not so much a case of "How shall they hear without a preacher," but, "How shall the preacher get someone whom he may cause to hear."

Under this necessity our ladies here opened the industrial departments at Kawakami, of which you have heard, and which are proving highly successful in so far that the two departments there, and also the third one opened in the Daijimi district, are all filled to the limit of present accommodations, giving an embroidery class of twenty young girls, whom before it seemed impossible to reach in any way, and a good class of young boys at the envelope work. They being paid so that they do not make less wages by resting on Sunday, willingly comply with the requirement to attend Sunday School and the Monday evening preaching service at the school, and in addition to this most of them attend the night school, at which they receive Bible instruction also.

At the other end of the city in the Daijimi district, is the second Industrial School, which is still in a small rented Japanese house. Here we have about twenty boys and girls, from seven to fifteen years of age, working at making

match-boxes at six sen a thousand, the most skilful of them being able thus to earn two and a half or at most three sen a day. This seems very little to us, but it is more than the children can earn at the regular factories, as we bear the cost of the "nori" or paste used in making the boxes. Nothing extra is paid them here for resting on Sunday, but on Christmas and Japanese holidays they are given a treat of cakes or a little bag of rice, and lately I have been giving them bath tickets twice a month, to try and enforce the lessons on hygiene which the Bible-woman has been giving them; for though a hot bath costs for a child five rin or about half a cent, it is still a luxury which few of them are able to afford regularly.

The Sunday School held at this poor school building on Sunday evenings about dark, now numbers between forty and fifty, while the mothers' meeting, which we opened there in November, brings in many of the children again for an hour on Wednesday evening, and also from ten to twenty of the mothers and older sisters, so that we feel that a good deal of seed-sowing is being done; and though we cannot look for speedy conversions among a class so ignorant and superstitious as this, yet we confidently expect fruit in time to come. Already we feel much encouraged by the marked improvement in the conduct of the children and in the friendly feeling of the mothers toward us.

The teacher of this school was not a Christian when appointed to the position a year ago, but was the only person available at the time. All that could be said of him was that he was not opposed to Christianity, and being very much in need of a position was glad to take this, for which by ability and education he is well fitted. He was a believer in Confucianism, which is more a system of morals than a religion, and helped to foster his natural pride. The Bible teaching, of course, has all had to be done by one of our Bible-women. This week, however, which brought the first anniversary of the opening of the school, was celebrated by the baptism of this teacher, Omachi San, with his wife and little daughter, making, as far as we know, the first Christian family in that district.

Early in the winter, just when we were making arrangements to open our Orphanage, we tried very hard to get two of the brightest girls from this Daijimi school, whose mothers were about to sell them into an evil life. Either distrust of us as foreigners, or desire for the purchase money, kept the mothers from consenting, and we had only another experience in disappointment at seeing bright young lives handed over to ruin. Within the last few weeks, however, several parents have enquired about our Orphanage, and three of the mothers from that district have asked us to take their daughters, freely offering to give them up entirely to our control. One of them, a girl of twelve, we have accepted and placed in the Orphanage. The other two we hope to arrange for in time. A little boy also left without either parents or relatives, we have put to live with the teacher at the school.

And now a word in regard to our Orphanage. While in our outside work there is always more or less of the disagreeable and discouraging, and this winter owing to the political excitement and rousing of anti-foreign feeling there has been more than usual to make our being on the streets unpleasant, and to make it hard work to carry the Gospel message where the leaders of the people seem bent on misconstruing our motives and defaming our characters as missionaries, while there has been, as I say, more or less of this in our general work, it is a real delight to turn from it to our Orphanage, which so far has more than met our expectations.

A Japanese house suitable for our purpose was found vacant near us in the neighborhood of one of our central preaching places. The right woman for matron we found we had in the person of our house-woman, a widow of good education, who at her husband's death had been obliged to part with one of her two boys, not being able to support both of them. Miss Hargrave had already placed one little orphan boy under her care, and was providing food for a little girl who had been left homeless on the streets. Allowing Okumura San to bring back the boy of thirteen, who is an unusually bright little fellow, we opened the Orphanage on December 6th with these four. Five others, all girls,

have since been taken in, each one having a history of her own that made it seem a case of necessity to take them, and we were so glad to have the Home ready for them.

They are most of them children of only ordinary intelligence, who have come up so far without any opportunity of education or training, and the future has everything to do for them. Clean clothing, wholesome food with regular work and lessons, has already done much to improve them, and it is a very happy little family to look in upon. The influence of such a home is also making itself felt in its neighborhood as an object lesson, and some of the neighbors have been asking how the Christians train children to make such a change in their behavior as they notice in O Kin San, the little girl who was the first one taken in, and who was well-known as a troublesome little child around those streets before. It is very gratifying, indeed, to hear such a report, and better than that, the three boys, the eldest being fifteen years old, the other two thirteen, a few weeks ago asked of their own accord if they might be baptized. They passed a satisfactory examination, showing they understood the vows they were to take upon themselves, and yesterday, Easter Sunday, in the presence of the assembled Sunday Schools and a good audience gathered for a special children's service, they received the rite of baptism.

Yesterday was indeed a glad day for us. It had seemed hard to catch the spirit of the blessed Easter-tide, there being so little in our surroundings to foster it, and so little intelligent comprehension of the meaning of the day, even among the Christians. But Sunday morning dawned with brilliant sunshine. Outside, the twittering of birds, and trees just budding into leaf, made it a typical Easter Sunday, as far as nature could help. Rain was falling by afternoon, but it did not mar the beauty of the morning. Cherry and peach blossoms brightened the church, and special invitations had brought out a larger audience than usual, including our twenty girls from the Kawakami embroidery class, who do not yet attend church, except for some special occasion. A simple, earnest sermon, making very plain the story of the cross and resurrection, was followed by the baptism of Omachi San and his wife, to whom I have already referred, making a solemn and impressive service. At two o'clock the church was filled again, the talk being especially to the children, the three Sunday Schools omitting their regular sessions for the day, and uniting for the Easter service. The baptism of four babies from four of our church families, was followed by that of the three boys from the Orphanage, and we separated, feeling that it had been indeed a good day.

There come to us here, as well as to those in the Home work, days when the work goes hard, when we are tempted to doubt if any good is resulting from the many days of labor, days when, though we may not voice it, we feel like saying that

"The day is long, and the day is hard;
We are tired of the march, and of keeping guard,
Tired with the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to be lived through and work to be done;
Tired of ourselves, and of being alone."

But such thoughts find echo in our hearts only when we forget that

"All the while, if we could but see,
We walk in the Lord's own company;
We fight, but 'tis He that nerves the arm:
He turns the arrows, which else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm."

"The work which we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for He works, too;
The days that are long to live, are His,
A bit of His bright eternities,
And close to our need His helping is."

May each one of us, whether at home or abroad our work may lead us, be enabled to realize more fully "How close to our need His helping is," and not lose heart or hinder the work by trying to carry it on in our own strength.

Yours sincerely,

M. ABBIE VEAZEY.

A Missionary Vision.

BY W. H. ROSEVEAR, MONTREAL, QUE.

READING the OUTLOOK on our mission work,
And noble workers in the foreign field,
'Midst China's millions, and in far Japan—
My evening prayers were fervent and prolonged,
That God would grant His servants great success,
Would move His Church to put forth all her powers,
That soon the nations now in heathen night,
Might see the glorious dawn of Gospel day.

Sweet sleep my mortal senses sealed, when lo !
My spirit felt the touch of angel hand,
And with my guide soared through the spirit realm,
Until our earth seemed like a distant star ;
And soon the battlements of heaven appeared.
The gates of pearl were opened wide, and now
The city in its grand proportions rose
With grace and beauty on my raptured view ;
In sylvan arbors, just within the gates,
Sat saintly watchers who arrivals scanned
Expectantly ; and in one happy group
I saw my loved and lost, but had no power
To greet them, for my angel guide had thrown
O'er me a veil, which recognition barred.

And now enchanting music, and sweet sounds,
Transcending far the harmonies of earth ;
With sights and scenes, no mortal painter's art
Can ever trace on canvas ; mansions fair,
Beside which palaces of earth seemed poor ;
And the inhabitants !—ecstatic bliss
So plainly writ on every face—both saint
And seraph, and one Name on every tongue !

All eyes turned towards the city's central part,
The court of the Eternal ! glorious, vast—
A scene entrancing, indescribable !
Innumerable shining ones surround
A dazzling throne—upraised—the source of light !
The source of righteousness, of peace and love ;
For there enthroned in peerless majesty
Sits the Redeemer who once died for man,
Accepting homage of the heavenly host !
And waiting till all kingdoms own His sway.
O beatific vision ! soul and mind
Here gather fulness of content ; each look
New grace revealing in the Saviour's face.

Now, as the serried ranks of the redeemed
Surround the azure throne, redemption's song
Like sound of mighty waves, yet sweet and clear,
Arises loud and rapturous to the King !
Then kneeling silently, was heard afar
An answering chorus from the distant earth :
Then came swift seraphs, with their censers filled
With fervent prayers of the Church militant
For heathen tribes and for the spread of truth ;
Then swelling anthems from all Christian lands
To be presented to the Lord and King.

I gazed in ecstasy, when lo ! a change—
For ere the incense reached the King of kings,
Clouds from our earth absorbed its sweet perfume,
And from the clouds came plaintive human cries,
In volume greater than the earth-born songs,
And floating upward reached the throne of God.

At this eclipse I wept, and from my guide
The reasons sought, when thus the angel spake :
"O child of earth ! 'tis well that thou dost weep,
For this that touched thy soul has been produced
By years of apathy and worldliness,
By want of faith and love and holy zeal,
Amongst thy race who bear the Christian name.
Oh, could the great I AM have but assigned
To us this work on which His heart is set,
Not centuries, but years, had seen it done !

'Tis eighteen hundred years since on the cross
The Lord of Life for guilty sinners died ;—
Then conquering death, sent forth the great command,
That only human voices should proclaim,
The grand, sweet story of redeeming love ;
That every soul receiving light divine
Must shed it freely on another's path :
That talents, wealth, should all be held in trust,
To send the Gospel to all lands and tribes ;
Till all shall hear the offer of God's love,
And all the world shall be evangelized !

"O child of earth ! there have been Christ-like souls—
With faith sublime, and love unquenchable !—
Whom high archangels have been proud to serve,—
And such there are to-day,—jewels of grace !—
Alas, how few ! the many are allured
By love of wealth, by pleasure, fame, or pride,—
In gorgeous temples, or luxurious homes,—
Content to enjoy, but with no wish to serve ;
Self-centred, they forget the great command,
Though still the nations plunged in heathen night,
Vastly outnumber those in Gospel day ;
And millions perish for the bread of life !

"The clouds thou sawest symbolize the prayers
Of heathen souls, to what they deem supreme ;
And the strange cries, their restless, strong desire
For light and peace, and hope of future bliss :
Oh, wonder not that the Eternal God
Who loves your race with an impartial love,—
Since many Christian hearts are cold and dead,—
Should give commandment that the heathen world
In its best aspirations and desires,
Be represented at His royal throne !

"Go back, O child of earth ! and let thy voice
Urge greater and more generous sacrifice ;—
For wealth withheld becomes a stumbling-stone,
Thwarting the purpose of Omnipotence !
For lo ! the fields are white, and laborers wait,
And close beside the millions still entombed
In heathen gloom, the waiting Saviour stands,
Ready,—as at the tomb of Bethany—
To call them forth, if ye remove the stone.

"O urge each Christian soul to give itself !
This done in truth, no gift can be withheld,
For Love unfettered will her treasures bring
With regal bounty to the Saviour's feet ;
Then prayer—prevailing—shall have power with God,
And waiting messengers will quickly bear
The royal message to earth's farthest zone ;
And soon redeemed humanity shall rise—
With grateful anthems of redeeming love—
And crown the exalted Saviour Lord of all."

Montreal.

Christian Mission Work and Giving.

IS it not true that the older we grow the more we are im-
pressed with the fact that it means a great deal to be
a Christian? Are we not brought to see that after all God
has done for us, we have very much of the heathen in our
hearts? We believe in the Church because we believe in
the Kingdom of God ; but how many times we are reminded
of our ease and comfort and indifference concerning those
who are suffering through ignorance, woe and sin—the very
thing that so burdened the soul of Christ and led Him to
the cross?

What are we, as Christians, doing with our Christianity?
Are we keeping it at home for home comfort and home
luxury, instead of sending it across the empire of sin and
suffering into the abode of misery and vice? How true it is
that we have not taken the needs of humanity upon our
hearts. We sit in our comfortable homes and talk about
the races yet in darkness, and we give our little pittance out
of our abundance—just enough not to be missed ; but is

that Christianity? The supreme want with us, as Christians, is a revival of benevolence. Nothing represents a true Christian character better than giving to the cause of Christ. If a renewed soul is to be known by its fruits, how are we to decide whether an individual who gives twenty-five cents, when he ought to give twenty-five dollars, is a saved man or not? The spirit of willing giving makes mankind more like God. The reason that the poor widow gave more than they all, in Christ's estimation, was that He saw in that poor act the reflection of His own heart. What a rare spirit. Had it been some of the professing Christians of to-day, we fear that they would have been tempted to withhold the one coin. How startling the fact that there are large sums of money in the hands of men and women who have pledged all they have and are to Christ, and yet the harvest is white and the laborers are few for the want of money. We know the plea of this present year is, it is a year of hard times. The question is, What sacrifice are we to make in hard times? Where shall we begin to retrench, with ourselves or with the cause of Christ? Giving to mission causes does not mean simply more money, but more religion, and that means more communion with Christ. We know that it is God's method of saving men, that His children should cry to Him in earnest, agonizing prayer. Who of us does not believe that this is a work which must have originated from God himself? We also believe He would have this work go on. We believe there is nothing more honoring to God than just this work.

While we have spoken in humility, we know there are those who are standing at the front in this work, in personal contact with human needs, speaking a kind word, carrying help and hope in the homes of the destitute. There are those who are working and praying and giving in secret for humanity, whose names will never appear in history. Yet God knows you, and when your work is ended you will have His blessed approval: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Picton, March 8th, 1894.

Do We Make the Best Possible Use of the "Monthly Letter" Leaflet?

SOMETIMES a subject is presented in the form of a question that it may more certainly gain the attention, call forth thought, stir the conscience and arouse to action. To us the question of the present moment is an important one, touching, as it does, the interest, effectiveness and prosperity of our work.

It may be we have not fully appreciated the worth of the leaflet. It is the ready assistant of the Programme Committee in preparing for the meeting; it is the faithful reminder to prayer; it is the strong sympathetic cord which, reaching us month by month, binds us so closely to the distant workers in Japan or China, or among the Indians or the French, that their joys, their triumphs, their discouragements or their disappointments are ours, making us one with them in this work of bringing the world to Jesus. As we read Mrs. Large's encouraging account of our young Japanese girls in their faithful, earnest work in the King's Daughters Society and the Sunday School, among the poor, darkened ones in their own land, did not our hearts respond in gladness, and were we not stimulated to greater effort at home? Or as we listened to Mrs. Morrow's simple story of the change wrought in the ignorant and down-trodden Chinese girls, rescued from misery and darkness to the love and light of a Christian home and the knowledge of One who saves from sin, did we not unite with her in the prayer that many others might be thus reached and saved?

The value of these monthly letters to us in our home work can scarcely be estimated.

Let our thoughts go back over the year's work—What use have we made of these little helpers? Are they only partially distributed, or given only to those who are present at the meeting? Are they then often carried home to be buried unread beneath a pile of newspapers and magazines,

or to lie hidden under the heap of sewing in the busy mother's work-basket?

Are the letters discussed in our meetings? When read, do they at times seem uninteresting and tiresome?

Is the purpose of the letter leaflet filled in our work?

Many answer, "No, it is not." We realize that here is a waste of valuable material, that much more might be accomplished by the thoughtful and earnest employment of the means thus provided.

Let us then consider how we may so use the leaflet that it may be the effective helper it is so well fitted to become.

The distribution of the leaflet should be thorough. This duty rests upon the Corresponding Secretary, and favored, indeed, is the Society whose painstaking Secretary performs her part well and faithfully each month.

The absent members should never be forgotten, but should receive their leaflet regularly. In some places this is done by placing it in the pew at church; in others, the Corresponding Secretary sends by mail, or calls with it at the home. In the latter case she has opportunity to call attention to the interesting items contained, to speak of the business done at the meeting and invite to the next one, or otherwise seek to arouse interest in the work.

If a thorough canvass for subscriptions were made at the beginning of the year, many more leaflets might be taken. The price asked is so small that very few will refuse, and thus the letters might be introduced into homes where no missionary reading is found. Again, one member might take two or more copies, so that an extra one will be available for distribution among outsiders.

The letters should be read or a synopsis of them given at the meeting. One object of the monthly meeting is that we may obtain a thorough knowledge of the work. Some part of every meeting then should be given to hearing the latest news from the mission field. This should be as firmly insisted upon as the devotional or business part of the meeting. Though it be true that everyone present has the letter for home reading, do we not know that in many cases it is never opened at home? I have heard members of our W.M.S. reply, when asked if they wished the leaflet for another year, "Oh, I don't care about it, I never read it."

As there is seldom time for reading of the whole, extracts may be given, or let a member of the Programme Committee or the Corresponding Secretary come prepared to give in her own words the news contained. We all enjoy discussing a letter received from a mutual friend, and we find it quite easy to repeat all the bits of news it brought us. Endeavor to bring the missionary near, and make her words living and her work a reality. To do this, introduce the writer by calling attention to the length of time she has been in the work, whether engaged as teacher or in evangelistic work, and anything else about her which would make all feel better acquainted and more in sympathy with what she writes. Do not say as a reader is reported to have done, "This letter is from Chilliwhack; I hope some of you know where that is, but I haven't the least idea."

State clearly the place and position, referring to a map if possible; give also any information about the work there which would make it more interesting to those unacquainted with it.

We should read the letters at home so carefully that when we call upon a friend we can tell her about them. Thus carry the news and spread the interest, and it may be the means of drawing others into the work; or, when we have read the leaflet ourselves, could we not carry it to a neighbor and leave with her, saying that a certain letter was so interesting we knew she would like to read it? If we are heartily in earnest ourselves, and really enjoy the letters, we will think of many ways of introducing them to others.

The addition of a suggested programme for each meeting has been gladly welcomed by many a President and Programme Committee, who are often sorely puzzled to know what arrangement is best, and upon trial it has proved a great help. Of course, it need not be carried out exactly as given, but may be altered to suit the requirements of the Auxiliary. The varied nature of the programme brightens our meetings, and prevents the dullness arising from a formal and monotonous way of conducting them.

It is a good plan to have the suggested programme read at the previous meeting to arouse the interest, and give something to be looked forward to.

Almost the first thing which catches the eye as we take up the leaflet is, "Subject of prayer for the month." In these few words we have another bond which draws us all—from east and west, north and south—to bow at one common mercy-seat with hearts united to ask for the same thing. Is not this a wonderful source of power and blessing? I fear in some Auxiliaries this part of the leaflet is too lightly passed by. In some places the subject presented is made the one of study for the month, so that the whole thought is directed to one object.

Connected with this subject is our Sunday hour of prayer. When the question was asked in our Auxiliary, "How many have observed this hour during the year?" I felt it cause for shame and sorrow that so few could respond. Loss to ourselves, to our home work, to our missionaries, and to those we hope to reach and save, must result from neglect in this particular.

Were our hearts so full of the work, that with Paul we could say, "Without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers," the influence would be felt to the remotest part of the mission field.

The hour is set apart, and the subject is mentioned month by month, that unitedly and systematically we may remember the work. Let us faithfully resolve to do so.

Other means by which the leaflet may be rendered more efficient and helpful may be thought of.

Let us in the coming year seek by reading, and lending, and giving and talking—by using it in every possible way—to keep ourselves fully alive and in sympathy with what is being done, and to inspire the uninterested ones to "lift up their eyes and look on the fields," that they may see "they are white for the harvest," and may be led to take their place among the laborers.

Iroquois, Ont.

J. E. CARMAN.

Words From Workers.

MOUNT FOREST.—Death has entered our circle for the first time and taken from our midst a faithful sister, Mrs. (Rev.) W. Morton, who died Thursday, March 22nd. Through sickness in her family she had not been able to attend our meetings regularly for the last year; still, she was always ready to help in any way she could. We feel that she has been taken from a life of earthly trial to be forever with the Lord.

BELLE HAMPTON, *Cor. Sec.*

MOUNT FOREST.—Our Auxiliary gave a tea in the church parlors on Good Friday evening, to which we invited all interested in the work of the W.F.M.S. On the table we placed a basket for thank-offerings to be applied to Dr. Gifford's hospital work in Chen-tu; the offering amounted to \$24. We also took the names of two new members. We are thankful to report that our society is growing in interest as well as members.

B. H., *Cor. Sec.*

SPENCERVILLE held their annual Easter service in the church, March 25th. The subject for the meeting was "China." The programme consisted of an address followed by readings and recitations, interspersed with choice selections of music. A fine display of flowers showed the interest manifested by the flower committee. The collection amounted to \$20. Mr. Wm. Bennett presided over the meeting, which was a success.

MRS. McLEAN, *Cor. Sec.*

BRANTFORD, COLBORNE STREET.—According to the suggestion in the *OUTLOOK*, our Auxiliary held an Easter thanksgiving meeting on Wednesday afternoon, March 21st. We sent out letters to all the ladies of our church congregation, containing a cordial invitation to be present at the meeting. Each lady was requested to place her gift, together with an appropriate text, in a sealed envelope, and hand it to the president. The envelopes were opened at the meeting, and the texts read, which were exceedingly well chosen and very helpful. We realized \$14.35 in aid of the special object—the new hospital at Chen-tu, China.

EMILY E. BAKER, *Cor. Sec.*

VICTORIA, B.C.—A public meeting was held in the parlor of the Centennial Methodist Church on February 22nd, when an eloquent and soul-stirring address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Winchester, returned missionary from China. As we listened to the recital of his thrilling experience and his soul-stirring appeal, we felt verily guilty in that we allowed anything to interfere with the prosecution of this great missionary work. Our consecration was renewed and our determination strengthened to push on. Results:—a greater interest in, and a better attendance at, our Auxiliary meetings.

MRS. ELLEN CHAPMAN, *Pres.*

ZION CHURCH, WINNIPEG.—The meetings of our Auxiliary, which are held on the first Thursday of the month, are increasing in interest. We have an average attendance of thirteen, and our President, Mrs. Godley, is fully in sympathy with the work. On the evening of March 8th, we held an open meeting in the church. A good programme was prepared. The Rev. J. M. Harrison gave an interesting address on "Mission Work;" reports were read, and an interesting chat on Japan by four young ladies in Japanese costume. There were also several selections of music. Collection was taken up by the ladies of the society, amounting to \$22, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. We have received three new members, and we feel encouraged to go on. Our prayer is that God may use us as a means to spread His glorious Gospel.

MRS. M. A. DOUGLAS, *Cor. Sec.*

VANCOUVER.—Homer Street Woman's Missionary Auxiliary held its thank-offering service at the home of Mrs. Connan, one of its most energetic members, the exercises being conducted by its most efficient President, Mrs. (Rev.) Coverdale Watson, who followed the "Suggested Programme" in spirit if not strictly in letter. Appropriate hymns, prayers, Bible-readings—"That Missionary Baby," read by Mrs. Rumble; "Thanksgiving Ann," by Mrs. Geo. Martin; "Bible Reasons for Being Thankful," by Mrs. Watson—were all well calculated to foster a thankful spirit. When Miss Wintemute and Mrs. McTaggart opened the envelopes, read the Scripture verses enclosed, and announced that \$20.00 had been thus unostentatiously contributed towards Dr. Gifford's hospital, the 25 members present were much encouraged. A lovely five-o'clock tea enhanced the afternoon's enjoyment.

E. M'CRANEY, *Cor. Sec.*

TEESWATER ONTARIO.—The meetings of the Willing Workers' Mission Band, under the superintendence of Mrs. J. H. Field, are increasing in interest and instructiveness. From a successful entertainment, on Feb. 15th, we realized \$11.25; and \$2.22 have already been handed the Treasurer, the result of the one cent taken by several members to increase by their own ingenious efforts. Birthday offerings, thank offerings and mite-boxes have added \$3.90 to our treasury.

From a quilt with names on, at five cents a name, we received \$1.75, and sent the quilt—with other articles from the Auxiliary—to Rev. A. Salt, of the Parry Island Mission. We have 50 names on our roll, and have adopted "fee cards" and a red-ribbon badge to be worn by each member. Seventeen subscribe for *The Palm Branch*. A delegate was sent to the Convention held in London March 20th to 22nd.

M. NIXON, *Cor. Sec.*

GREENWOOD (Cobden).—Beginning the year a little discouraged, owing to the prevailing cry of hard times, and, as we thought, no new plan by which to increase the funds and interest in our work. We were to look each other in the face and ask: "What shall we do this year?" For answer: "Trust the Lord for voluntary givings, and no socials; instead, monthly missionary prayer-meetings." Now at the close of the half year, we see that the Lord has indeed worked for us. In response to an appeal made to the sisters in the church (at Easter), in aid of hospital work in Chen-tu, China, the sum of \$33.00 was handed in to our President at a missionary prayer-meeting, enabling us to send \$50.00 to the Branch Treasurer for the half year. We take twenty *Letters* and nine *OUTLOOKS*. Our monthly meetings, although small, are seasons of mutual love and fellowship. Our prayer is that the remainder of the year may be equally successful, and that by God's help we may win many more to help with this blessed and noble work.

MRS. J. C. THOMPSON, *Cor. Sec.*

CORNWALL.—Our annual thank-offering meeting was held April 6th, the occasion being a very enjoyable one. Another life-member has been enrolled, giving us five in all since we organized, two of whom have been made life-members by our esteemed honorary member, Mr. Hulet, and one by our life-member, Mrs. Hulet. By the wise suggestion of Mrs. Hulet, we, as members, pledged ourselves to earn \$1 each to be paid at our annual tea, which made a very interesting part of our programme—each telling how she earned it—and aided very largely in bringing up our finances, which footed the handsome sum of \$84.57; \$29 was the members' extra \$1 (and have prospects of more, as all were not ready). Ten dollars was raised by our devoted sister, Mrs. Wilber (who is an invalid), by the means of a mite-box and love for God and His cause. Her earnest, zealous spirit has fired us all with greater enthusiasm for the Master's work. We also gleaned one new member, which made our receipts for the evening \$85.57. Our past has been blessed; our future is hopeful if our consecration and concentration be thorough and complete.

E. G. FARLINGER, *Cor. Sec.*

MILL GROVE.—In November of 1893, the ladies of this place met in the Methodist Church, when we organized a W.M.S. One was organized at the Rock Chapel church, of this Circuit, since 1890. Though not strong, it has been doing a good work, and has sent over 200 to the Branch, besides clothing to the Indians. It was decided that, instead of having two Auxiliaries on the Circuit, we unite and call it the Mill Grove Circuit Auxiliary, thus uniting our forces in this grand work. Since meeting here we have added new members each month. Our officers are as follows: Pres., Mrs. Hockey; 1st Vice-Pres., Mrs. Green; 2nd Vice-Pres., Mrs. A. Smith; Rec. Sec., Miss S. Boner; Assist. Cor. Sec., Miss K. Flatt; Treas., Mrs. Boner; Assistant, Mrs. T. Millar. Our membership is over thirty. Thirty-two subscribers to the *OUTLOOK*, and thirty for *Monthly Letter*. We are trying to help and be helped in this noble work, and God has kindly owned and blessed our meetings. To Him be all the praise. We take courage and labor on.

CELIA HOCKEY.

Our Young Folk.

Dwarf Races.

ACCORDING to Dr. T. H. Parke, the genuine pigmy races, about whom we possess reliable information, are the Batwas, discovered in 1886 by Dr. Ludwig Wolf, occupying the Sankuru region in the mid-Congo basin; the Mkaba tribe, near Lake N'gami; and the Akkas of Central Africa, with whom Emin Pasha's people would connect the dwarfs of the Central Forest. Of these, the average height has been respectively reported to be—the Mkaba, 4 feet 1 inch; the Batwas, 4 feet 3 inches; and the Akkas, 4 feet 10 inches. Related to them in shortness of stature are the Bushmen of Southern Africa, averaging about 4 feet 7 inches in height; the Andaman Islanders, whose stature is under 5 feet; the Javan Kalangs, the Malayan Samangs, and the Aetas of the Philippine Islands. The Lapps are also notoriously of diminutive stature, so are the Fuegians, the Ainos, and the Veddahs, although a little taller.

Dr. Parke's experiences of the forest dwarfs of Africa during his travels were very varied. He had many narrow escapes from their archers, and certainly owed his life to one of their women. He purchased the latter from a slave-owner for a handful of beans, twelve cups of rice, and six cups of Indian corn. But, of course, he did not buy her into but out of slavery. Dr. Parke was obliged to be very marked in his kindness to her at first, to prevent her running away, but when she ceased to be afraid of cruelty, her devotion knew no bounds. Had it not been for her unwearied attention and care, Dr. Parke would have endured absolute starvation through months of forest life.

The first of the forest dwarfs measured was exactly 4 feet high.

In marked opposition to giants, dwarfs are very often strong in proportion to their size, active, well-proportioned,

and very intelligent. In regard to his own experience, Dr. Parke says: "The intellectual inferiority of the dwarf specimens who I have myself met with was not at all in proportion to their relative bulk. I would rather try to teach a pigmy than a Nubian any day, and feel certain that after a few months' intimacy I could turn him out as reliable in intelligence and in honesty as his overgrown negro brother."
—*III. Miss. News.*

Little "Bob," the African Boy.

BY RENORA OSVER.

LITTLE "Bob" was born in Cape Palmas. When Mrs. Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist, who has done so much good by her labors, was in Africa (where she made an eight years' evangelistic tour), a man belonging to one of the native tribes came to her, and begged her to take his little boy.

"Mammy," he said, "I want you to take that pick'n and teach him God palaver. Myself, I be fool, I no sabe God. I don't want my pick'n to be fool all same like myself. I want you to take him all that place you live to come when you catch England and big America. You teach him, so he can sabe God proper."

Now, Mrs. Smith had seen how much good a native Christian physician could do amongst his people, and she had prayed much to God to open the way that she might take a little boy to train him "for a missionary and a doctor as well." Surely this was in answer to her prayers. She had an agreement drawn up and duly signed, of which the following is a copy:

"CAPE PALMAS, February 16, 1888.

"We, Jack Smart, or Na We, his father, and We a de, his mother, do give our son Bob to Mrs. Amanda Smith, to raise and educate as her own child. And we relinquish all claim to him from this time forth.

"JACK SMART (his X mark).

"WE A DE (her X mark).

"WM. TAYLOR, *Bishop,* }
"ELIZABETH TUBMAN, } *Witnesses.*"

The man and his wife brought their little boy; but we will let Mrs. Smith tell about it: "There was Bob, a little naked heathen; but he was as happy as a prince. I had always admired him so much. He was so black, and his skin was so soft and smooth, like a kid glove. He was short and fat, and very strong. All the English words he knew were, 'Good morning, mammy,' and 'Mammy, drink water.' (All foreigners and Liberians are called mammy and daddy. It is as Mr. and Mrs. with us.) His mother had given him his bath in the river; so I gave him a nice red kerchief to put on around his loins, and he was dressed! A day or two more, and I had made his first pants out of a half-yard of calico. When he got them on, O if you had seen him strut!"

Right away, Mrs. Smith began to teach him his letters; and, at the end of two weeks he had learned them all; "and," says Mrs. Smith, "in six months he had learned to read a little and spell most of the words." He learned English remarkably fast; so that, months before I left for England (November, 1889), he could read in the Testament, and at family prayers he and I would read verse about.

Mrs. Smith remained in England until September, 1890, and while engaged in her public labors felt that it was best to put Bob in school, though she felt she "could hardly live without him."

"But," she says, "I was anxious that he should be converted. I had taught him all about the way, simply as I could, and he and I often prayed together. Dear little fellow! Sometimes when I would be so weak, he would pray for me earnestly, and say: 'O God, bless my ma; make her well, so she can be strong, so she can walk about!' And then he loved to hear Bible stories. He would sit for hours and listen to anything you would say about Jesus. Before he could speak English at all, he seemed to have such a love for the words God and Jesus! At family prayers he used to kneel beside me; and he would pound on the chair with his little hand, and say: 'O God! O Jesus! O God! O Jesus!'

"One night, while at Folkstone, I felt so greatly burdened for him, I slept very little. O how I prayed that God would save him! Next morning, at family prayers, just he and I, we read our chapter over, and I preached a little sermon to Bob. I read and explained and illustrated by things he knew in Africa. I took my time to explain so he could give it back to me in correct answers to my questions.

"Now, Bob," I said to him, "you know that I have always told you that if you ask Jesus to do anything for you, you must believe He will do it."

"Yes," he said.

"You know, I never told you a lie, did I?"

"No."

"When I told you I was going to do something I always did it, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, just so you must believe Jesus. When you ask Him to make your heart good, believe that He will do it, because He loves you and wants you to be good. So, now, He can give you a new heart this morning if you just tell Him what you want, and just believe Him and trust Him. Now, we will kneel down and you pray for yourself. Tell Jesus just what you want, and tell Him in your own way, the best you know how."

"So we knelt down. Dear little Bob! He waited for a few moments, thoughtfully and sincerely, and then began to pray. He said: 'O God, I come to you; I beg you to make my heart good. Take all the bad out of my heart, so I won't lie, so I won't steal. O God, put your good Spirit in my heart, so I can always obey my ma, so I can be good. I beg you, Jesus. I will believe you. Help me. For Jesus' sake. Amen.'

"I felt sure God heard that little prayer, for my heart went with it; and when he stopped praying I took hold of God. O how I prayed and how I believed! And I claimed Bob's conversion with him, that God had done what we asked Him. I felt peace in my heart, and assurance, and I rose up, and we sang, 'Praise God!'

"In the afternoon I had a service at Mr. Toke's church. On the way home we met a crowd of little boys, and they began to call out to Bob, 'O, there goes a little black boy!'

"I began to pity Bob. I knew he was sensitive, and hated to be looked at and hear such remarks made. When in London, if he would be looking out of the window, and boys would come by and make remarks, he would go down on his knees to hide from them. I felt very sorry for him, and I said: 'Boys, boys, that little boy's name is Bob.'

"O Bob, hello!" they said. "Hello, Bob, how do you do?"

"Just then little Bob came running up to me, and said to me:

"O ma, the boys like to look at me, don't they?"

"Yes; they are not accustomed to seeing little black boys in this country."

"Well, I don't mind if they do look at me now, since I told Jesus this morning, and He made my heart good—I don't care if they do look at me."

"His face was beaming with delight, and I said, 'I know Bob is changed. The old things have passed away, and the things he hated he has begun to love.'

"And the word from him in England now is, that he is a good boy, and is trying to be a Christian."

Mrs. Smith had the opportunity to put Bob in Miss Hobbs' school for boys, at Southport, England, where he has the best of Christian training and care. This was so good a place that, though having little means, she was trying hard to keep him there, when, after about six months, she received word that she need not send any more money; that Bob had been well provided for.

Dear Robins, let us pray to Jesus to bless Bob, and make him a good and useful man.

[The autobiography of Mrs. Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist.]

—The Morning Star.

A LADY doctor, Miss Hamilton, who has just left India for Afghanistan to undertake the medical care of the ladies of the Ameer's household, will be accompanied wherever she goes by a personal guard of six native soldiers.

MISSIONARY MAP . . .

—of JAPAN.

WE have just issued from the Mission Rooms a map of Japan, prepared by Rev. J. W. Saunby, B.A., showing the missions of the various Methodist Churches in Japan, and the stations occupied by the W. M. S. of our own Church. The map is admirably adapted for Sunday Schools, being in size about 3 feet 4 inches each way, with the lines distinctly drawn, names of places in bold letters, and the region of country occupied by our own missions enclosed in red. The Map has been approved by the Committee of Finance, and recommended for general circulation.

PRICES:

- No. 1. Paper, unvarnished, post-paid, - - \$0 60
 No. 2. Mounted for folding and varnished, post-paid, 1 00
 No. 3. Mounted, with rollers, and varnished (express extra) 1 25

DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

Send all orders to the : : :

METHODIST MISSION ROOMS, TORONTO.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FIELD NOTES. By the Editor	82
EDITORIAL AND CONTRIBUTED:—	
Home Missions	82
The McDougall Orphanage	82
Kofu, Japan	82
Death of Miss Dingman	82
Habitations of Cruelty	83
A Midsummer Trip Among Our Missions in the North	83
Correspondence	84
ALONG THE LINE:—	
The Foreign Work—	
China. Letter from Rev. V. C. Hart	85
" Letter from O. L. Kilborn, M.D.	85
The Indian Work—	
Letter from Henry Tate and Sam. Bennett	86
Chinese Work, British Columbia—	
Letter from Tong Chue Tom	88
MISSIONARY READINGS:—	
Unnecessary Work	88
WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY:—	
Our Monthly Reunion—Prayer Topic—Notes by the Editor—Chat with the Editor—Official Correspondence—A Missionary Vision—Christian Mission Work and Giving—Do We Make the Best Possible Use of the "Monthly Letter" Leaflet—Words from Workers	89-95
OUR YOUNG FOLK:—	
Dwarf Races	95
Little "Bob," the African Boy	95
OUR ENGRAVING:—	
The Church of the Holy Sepulchre	81

The Missionary Outlook

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

Address all orders to

REV. A. SUTHERLAND,

METHODIST MISSION ROOMS, TORONTO.