

men among our number yet; most of them are hard-working and struggling for daily living.

Recently Shintoist (a religious sect) and Buddhist priests and adherers began to make vigorous hindrances to the spread of Christianity throughout Japan. They don't begin persecution yet; but if they should begin it is not matter of surprise. Our Government is quite liberal towards Christianity, though the eye of the law does not recognize the existence of Christianity in Japan yet.

Dr. McDonald and Mrs. McDonald are quite well, and Doctor can now preach tolerably well in Japanese language. My sister is boarding at a Christian school established by M. E. Church, and is studying English as well as Japanese. She wrote me lately that she began to study music and play organ. I have a little sister yet at home, whom I am intending to send to the same school. My brother is studying law at the Tokio University, where I have been before. My wife wishes to give you and Mrs. Bowser her warm love. Please remember me kindly to teachers, officers, and children of the Sabbath-school. Please tell children they ought to be very thankful for their happy lot, having happy Christian parents. Some of children here in my Sabbath-school have parents who are not Christian, and so they disregard the Sabbath, and tell them to study school-books even on Sundays, or to do something which should not be done on Sabbath. The most of the children are not Christians themselves yet, nor their parents, so they have great difficulties in attending the Sabbath-school. Some of them come secretly, as parents hinder them to come if they tell.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. C. BRYANT, dated Nanaimo, B. C. Nov. 28th, 1881.

I HAVE been hindered in writing you my promised letter concerning what is more particularly Bro. Cushman's work in the adjacent Indian camp. The special purpose of my writing is to give you and the supporters of our missions through you, an account of the happy death of one of our Nanaimo Indians, the tribe to which Bro. Cushman belongs and among whom he labors. The incident itself was not noticed by many professedly Christian people living around; but it occurred to me that the lovers of Christian missions ought to hear of it, as it might serve to stimulate their zeal by showing them that missionary toil in British Columbia is not bestowed in vain.

Upon reaching this station last July, I was soon informed by Bro. Cushman that a young man, whose Indian name was *Quit-sah-thut*, was very ill. I went to see him and found him to be nearing the gates of death, but rejoicing in the Lord his Saviour. I found, from conversation with him in *Chinook*, that he had when a boy attended the mission day-school kept by Bro. Tate, and for the past two years or so had met in class and had been trying to live to God. He did not appear to be more than eighteen or twenty years old, was unmarried, and living with his heathen mother. Indeed he was the only member of the family professing to have any regard for religion. When he first attended class Bro. Cushman says that he declared hitherto he had led a wild life, indulging in the vices common among heathen families; but now he came with the intention of giving his heart to the Saviour and to see if He would pardon his sins. His conduct had been consistent, and his attendance on the means of grace regular; but when I saw him in July he had been confined for nearly six months to his home, with that fell disease consumption.

On Sabbath, July 31st, after my usual preaching service at the Indian church, and accompanied by Bro. C. and a number of our native members, I visited *Quit-sah-thut*, and after a short but earnest baptismal service gave him the

name of John. Upon one occasion Bro. C. visiting him found him alone when he said to Bro. C., "I am sorry I am going to die and leave my mother and brother and all others of the family all heathens. My heart is sorry for them and I tell them so. I often urge them to go to church to hear the Word, but in vain. I tell my mother that she must give up her sins and go to Christ for salvation if she wants to meet me in heaven."

When near death he said to his mother, "These are my last words to you, mother. You must not cry for me, but go to church and serve Jesus. And tell my brother (then at New Westminster) to do so when he comes home. I want to tell you, too, that God has opened my eyes and let me see into heaven, and oh, it was so grand! I don't feel as though I want to stay here any more, because heaven is so beautiful! It seemed to me like the shining of glass all around, and as though this room was changed into a bright and dazzling place in which I saw *Joseph To-a-kult* (one of our native members who died in the Lord many years ago) and *David Sa-las-alton* (our deceased native preacher), looking all bright and fair; but I did not see my heathen father and grandmother!" This was the statement of the heathen mother to Bro. C., and she added, "that this was indeed the last utterance" of her dying son, for very soon he passed away to be "forever with the Lord." We do not indoctrinate our people with views calculated to encourage such testimonies as these; but in this instance it was the voluntary testimony of *John Quit-sah-thut* as related by his heathen mother, and supports the statement often made among us that "our people die well." We buried him in the little native cemetery, in hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life.

We often have "seasons of grace and sweet delight" in preaching to the Indians on Sabbath afternoons; our congregations being much larger now than in summer when they are mostly away on their fishing and berry-gathering excursions. Two brethren from the city conduct an interesting Sabbath-school, which has been in successful operation since I was stationed here before. Bro. Cushman generally preaches and conducts religious services on Sunday at 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., besides leading an afternoon class, and another class on Wednesday, and prayer-meeting on Friday nights.

Last Sunday he preached at Oyster Bay and Chemainus, the nearest tribe to the S., about fifteen miles distant. On Saturday night, owing to the leafy covering of the trail at this season, he lost his way, as he did also on his last visit, and had to stay out all night, making a fire and sitting by it, under the shade of a large cedar tree, until morning. One camp of the Chemainus he found to have been the scene of a huge debauch on the previous night through a wholesale importation of whisky, and to those who were recovering from their intoxicating potations he delivered the "whole counsel of God," as to the nature and consequences of their sin. But the most guilty of all—the vile whisky-traders—carry on their deadly traffic almost unmolested along this coast, and escape the punishment they so righteously deserve.

I had almost forgotten when mentioning the funeral of the young man *Quit-sah-thut* that I was called upon to bury a little boy about ten years old, the son of a Nanaimo chief, who died the following Sunday morning, August 7th, and what was remarkable about it was this:—At 8 a.m. upon that day he asked his father—one of the most intelligent Indians I know—to dress him in his best suit of clothes and take him outside. He did so, and the boy looked up heavenward and around him, smiling and seemed so pleased. He then begged to be taken back to bed and told his father that some angelic visitant had come to him and given him

such good, nice, comforting things. "I am ready now, father," he said, "look out, the stage is coming, God has sent it for me. Don't you hear it? My father, God is come. Don't you hear the stage?" And having said this he sweetly fell asleep in "the arms of Jesus." And the fact, that immediately after the child's death, a heavy thunder storm came rumbling along—a rather unusual occurrence on this coast—made the impression upon the minds of the parents more profound as being associated with the dying testimony of their child. How true the saying still, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Facts and Illustrations.

No Hindu who has received an English education ever remains sincerely attached to his religion.—*Macaulay*.

WE should give as we receive—cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—*Seneca*.

"WHY didn't the missionaries come before?" said an old Armenian woman. "If they had only come when I was young, I too might have worked for Christ."

THE absolute unselfishness of Christ's character is, indeed, its unique charm. His own life is self-denial throughout, and he makes a similar spirit the test of all healthy religious life.

R. M. WANZER, of Hamilton, Ontario, is running his immense sewing-machine factory largely with gold received from Africa, from the sale of more than 100,000 of his machines in that country. It is not until we have seen orders from the agents of one great manufacturing establishment like this, than any adequate idea is formed of the extent to which our civilization is being introduced into that dark continent.

AT Belize, in Central America, the Methodist missionaries have done a good work among the poor Africans, the descendants of West Indian slaves. Not long ago two of these negroes were heard talking about the privileges they enjoyed in religion; the speaker was saying,—"Bress an' praise de Lor', for de goo'ness what He done to we poo' sinners! You see, brudder," he went on, "de Lor' brin' we dis side, so we can heare de Moses, an' de prophets, an' de Gospel; an' we's like when you take de seed out ob dis plantash, an' plan' it in de udder, dat's we."

IT is said that the tendency now is for the few to give largely, while the gifts of the churches, as such, are less. Sad, if true. The recent large gifts of the generous few are as gratifying as they are surprising. They are one of the hopeful signs of the substantial growth of Christian liberality and consecration. But if they are to be purchased by the drying up of the charities of the many, it is in the end no boon, for woe to the churches when they do not share in giving, even to the widow's mite, for the spread of the Gospel. A piety that delegates its charities and self-sacrifices to the few will die. Such a state of affairs is like the Sahara of parching sands with a few green oases, as compared with the fertile and well cultivated lands where each spear of grass and blade of corn does its part towards the golden and abundant harvest.—*American Missionary*.

CHINA IS MOVING.—The mighty forces which are acting upon her are gradually overcoming her inertness and carrying her along. Ere long she will catch the spirit of the age, and astonish the world with the rapidity of her onward march. The resources of the country are simply inexhaustible, and the Chinese are capable of the highest development.—(*London*) *Missionary Herald*.

ONE of the most serious obstacles to the progress of the Gospel in all lands to which our missionaries have gone is the unhallowed conduct of foreigners, Americans or Europeans resident in, or travelers through these countries. The natives naturally regard as Christians all who come among them from Christian nations, and the sad misconception of Christianity thus formed it is often impossible to remove. A company of men in India not long since expressed their fear at telling their wives that they were Christians, because all the "Christians" they were accustomed to get drunk. In a village of Eastern Turkey one of our missionaries met a young man who said he knew a little English. But it turned out that the English he had caught by his ear consisted chiefly of oaths. Satan sends his missionaries abroad while the Church is halting.—*Missionary Herald*.

OBJECT OF A MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The object we propose in organizing a missionary society [among the Karens] is not to beget a missionary spirit, or to awaken missionary zeal, or to create that disposition in the churches which prompts to benevolent effort for the conversion of the world. That is not the work of a missionary society, but of the pastor; and, if it is not effected by him, the most that a society can do will be to produce spasmodic, fitful efforts, a convulsive, momentary zeal, which dies as soon as the cause that produced it is withdrawn. We organize a "voluntary association" to give expression to the faith and zeal and prayers and benevolence of the churches, —to open a channel through which those benevolent streams may flow out to bless and fertilize surrounding deserts. When a combination of churches can effect this object with more efficiency than individual churches, then it is the duty of churches to combine.—*Rev. E. L. Abbott*.

You complain of indifference to religion in general and missions in particular. Oh, it is this indifference which I fear may eventually prove the ruin of our land, if God in mercy do not send some trumpet-peat to rouse us from our lethargy! The work of missions is so peculiarly a Christian work that neither its principles nor its objects can be rendered perfectly intelligible to any but God's own children. Indifference to religion in general must, therefore, produce indifference to the missionary cause. These are related as an antecedent and consequent, as cause and effect. If the souls of men have not yet been awakened to a sense of sin and danger, if they have not yet been sanctified, they cannot be susceptible of any spiritual impression from any quarter whatever. . . . To arrest the attention of such persons in a vital manner, and secure their sympathies and their exertions in behalf of the perishing heathen, we must first arouse them to a lively personal concern for the salvation of their own souls.—*Life of Alexander Duff, D.D.*

JUST in proportion as Christians come nearer to their common centre, the cross of their adorable Redeemer, the nearer they will come to each other.—*W. M. Bunting*.

THE MISSIONARY OUTLOOK is published Monthly, at 50 cents per annum. Address Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.