

sion, that he was trying to serve God as best he could; he had no goodness to boast of, but God was merciful, and he believed He had prepared a place for him when he departed this life. He died in about a month after leaving, and was brought here to be buried.

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.

Letter from REV. JOHN McLEAN, dated BLOOD RESERVE, Fort Macleod, Rocky Mountains, March 23rd, 1882.

I WRITE this letter to you, sitting by the camp-fire. Two weeks ago I left Macleod and came here with a man and some horses to get out my logs for our Mission premises. The weather has been cold, yet we have got along well. We will have the last of the logs for the main building out in two days, and next week several of my friends are coming out to help us raise the building. As I look around I see many houses where a short time ago stood the buffalo lodges.

ABUNDANCE OF WORK IS HERE,

and I am seeking to take advantage of it. I am hard at work in temporal and spiritual things, and expect soon to see the result of my labors. You may ask me how I am able to hire men and horses, and buy the various things necessary for building. Well, I have received a few dollars from relations and old college "chums," and the rest I am taking out of my own pocket, expecting that God will open up the way for me to receive again what I have expended, and also to fill my empty treasury with the means to go on with my buildings. Many thanks to those few friends who have helped, but there is room for many more.* To-day a boy named Siöchki, son of Chief Bull Shield, died in the camp. My man dug a grave, and I went to the house that I might pray with the sorrowing friends. The chief and his wives were mourning bitterly. I prayed with them in English, and then with what little of the language I had learned, uttered

MY FIRST PRAYER IN BLACKFOOT,

and did not indulge in a written form, although I might have prayed more grammatically by so doing. When starting off for the grave, the chief told us that he wanted a coffin made. I threw off my coat, got a hammer, saw, and nails, and we set to work in the house, and soon had it ready. With much difficulty we got the mother to give up the corpse, and we started for the grave. I felt like shedding tears as I stood beside the strong man weeping for his son. Seven women and two men wailed in a most heart-rending manner. Then I prayed from the depths of my soul, "O God help me with the language, that I may give hope and consolation to such as these." As I trembled and the tears filled my eyes, I cried in my soul "Light, light, send more light!" We placed the remains in the grave. The mother threw some pieces of bread into the coffin. Several skins, all the boy's toys, a piece of buffalo meat, and some newspapers were laid upon the coffin in the grave. I held a short service, took a piece of board and wrote "Siöchki" upon it, and put it at the head of the grave, and this concluded the

FIRST CHRISTIAN BURIAL

amongst the Blood Indians. Thus I helped to make the first coffin and placed the first headstone at the grave of a member of the Blood camp. As we left, the women went off to another grave where some time would be spent in

mourning for their other relations buried there, and for the pet of the family who now had gone to

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns."

I have spoken with the father since, and told him that his little boy had gone to God's home above, and that when the white man and the Indian died we should see his little boy there. As the tears trickled down his cheeks he said, "That's good, that's good. I love the missionary, I love you." An hour ago I had gone into the house of the head chief, Sun Medicine, and was engaged in conversation with him, when Siöchki's mother came in, weeping bitterly. She went round to all the girls and women in the house, and kissed them, when they all joined in her sorrow, and the tears trickled thick and fast down their cheeks. Such is the sympathy and love they have for each other in their sorrows and bereavements. This is not even the day of small things, it is the hour of darkness, but though

"Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
The daybreak is at hand."

Darkness is all around, but there is a small hand-sized cloud in the distance, laden with the treasures of heaven, and it will drop showers of blessings upon us, and we shall rejoice.

Thank God, our Gospel is full of hope, and as our people are praying to a God who is swift to answer, we are working with energy in our bodies, and joy in our hearts.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated NAAS RIVER, B.C.,
January 5th, 1882.*

IT may be some time before I have the opportunity to forward this, as the river will scarcely open before April, but knowing you will be anxious to hear of the work, I will prepare this for the mail. The services are all well attended, and in December a good feeling commenced, and greater earnestness was manifested, and has increased with passing weeks. Our members being greatly quickened, with warm hearts have pleaded with their relatives who lived in heathen villages, and have succeeded in persuading some to leave the darkness of heathenism and give themselves to Jesus.

Our Indians always look forward to Christmas with great expectation, and we strive to make them happy. The

CHRISTMAS TREE WAS NICELY LOADED

with dolls, books, slates, bead baskets, pencils, handkerchiefs, etc., etc; so that about 200 of the young and very old each received some small and useful present, with which they were much delighted.

At midnight 40 of the Indians came to the Mission House, and sang so sweetly the hymn commencing,

"Zion's mount's His royal seat,
And no power His throne shall move;
Ages gather at His feet,
Son of God's eternal love."

The gigantic mountains all around our village being covered with snow, so that only the tops of the trees were visible, and the snow in the valley being six or seven feet deep, looked like polished silver, as the light from the full-moon shone upon them. And in rapture I gazed upon the scene, and heard the Indians sing, and the mountains take up the echo,

"I'm saved, I'm saved,
Jesus bids me go free;
He has bought with a price,
Even me, even me."

* A small grant has been made by the Committee to help Bro. McLean, but further volunteer gifts will not be refused.—Editor.

Sabbath (Christmas day), many strangers were present, having come from distant heathen villages to spend Christmas with us. The Holy Spirit was present so that many felt it to be "a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

THE WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE

was a solemn and profitable one. Job Calder, a chief, came to tell me how happy he was. He said, "it is now three years since I first heard of Jesus' love, and came to the Mission to live. The first year half my heart was bad, the second year I was a little better, but sometimes I was not happy, but the last year I have been happy all the time, and often at night I don't sleep, but think about God's goodness in giving Jesus to save a poor bad Indian like me."

January 1st I preached from "So run that ye may obtain," and when at dinner a poor woman came to tell me that God had blessed her in the morning service, she said God showed her she was like a man running for a prize, with stones in his pocket, only the stones were in her heart, but now by God's grace she was determined to cast out the weights, and run for the prize to the end. At the afternoon service I baptized and received into full membership three women and two men.

In the evening I invited all who were willing to abandon sin and consecrate themselves afresh to God, to come forward. Twice the whole front of the pulpit was filled up by those who responded to the call. Dick,

A HYDAH FROM "QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLAND,"

has settled in our village, and on New Year's day said, "Friends, you say sometimes, perhaps, why don't Dick speak oftener, but I don't know much of your language, and so am in the dark; I don't know how to pray, but I want God to bless me, so when I don't know what to ask, I say A.B.C. And I think God knows poor Dick, and He will spell out what I need and give me what is best."

January 2nd. The fire brigade came in uniform, and with buckets, ladders, axes etc., went through their drill in a very creditable manner, in front of the Mission House. At an expense of \$75.

I PROCURED STREET LAMPS FOR THE VILLAGE, which, lighted with coal oil, make a great improvement these dark nights.

A number of new frame houses have been put up since my last letter and others are preparing to build when the weather will permit. The future looks hopeful, and we are looking for showers of blessings.

Facts and Illustrations.

CHINA spends \$150,000,000 annually in ancestral worship.

MRS. SCOTT STEVENSON, in "Our Ride through Asia Minor," severely criticises missions; but strictures in the London *Times* have brought her to confess that she never went near them or their institutions.

THE King of the Tonga Islands has appointed a Missionary for his Prime Minister. As his diplomatic duties are not likely to be onerous, he is devoting himself to educational interests, thereby effecting a two-fold object as Minister of the Government and Minister of the Gospel.

THE total sum given by Christians for the carrying on of their missions throughout the world during 1880 is estimated at \$8,000,000. England spent on the war in Afghanistan about \$60,000,000. The contrast is worth noting.

A ST. PETERSBURG correspondent, says an American missionary, after an interview with Gen. Ignatief, Minister of the Interior, obtained a letter from him, permitting the authorities of the Caucasus to grant him facilities for pursuing his labors.

THE absurd rule of the U. S. Department of the Interior, which permitted only one denomination of Christians to work among a certain tribe, and forbade others to enter the field, has been rescinded.

It shows progress in the education of women in India, that four Bengali ladies have recently been successful at the Calcutta University examinations. Their names, as reported, are Miss Kamini Sen, Miss Subornaproya Bose, Miss Churdramuki Bose, and Miss Kadambini Bose.

ALL engaged in missionary work have seen with regret the amount of money spent on funerals. The poor will pay so much for the burial of their parents that they are in debt for years afterward. No matter how the living may suffer with cold, the senseless corpse must be well wrapped up in many garments. The living children may have to beg, but the dead parents must be supplied with paper money to pay their way in the land of ghosts, and purchase a little respect from the gaolers in the nether regions. Twice a year a feast must be spread for them and a little money given for current expenses.—*Woman's Work in China*. [How much better are Christians in this respect?]

THE last steamer from the Sandwich Islands brings very gratifying tidings of the continuance of the special religious interests at Honolulu, and at other points on the Islands. Mr. Hallenbeck has visited Hilo, Kohala, and other towns, with good results, but has now been obliged to return to California. The natives as well as the foreigners seem to have been deeply moved. Dr. Damon reports that never during his ministry of forty years has he witnessed sights like those the past few weeks have presented. Scores have been converted and many backsliders reclaimed.—*The Missionary Herald*.

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