

household was of the highest character. I relate this incident," continued the minister, "to show what one person, even a youth, may do for good or evil. No man should ever be afraid to do his duty. A hundred hearts may throb to act right, that only await a leader. I forgot to add that we were all called the 'Bible Clerks.' All these youths are now useful and Christian men, and more than one is labouring in the ministry."—*Church and State.*

THE MONGOLIAN BOY.

IF we were to attempt to cultivate a wild and barren spot of earth, it would be a long time before we beheld it changed into the loveliness of a garden. How delighted should we be with the first flower that bloomed in it, after months of toil! Missionaries have often laboured for years in a heathen land before they have seen any idolator turn unto the Lord. Oh, how their hearts have rejoiced over their first convert—it has been as though the wilderness had begun to put forth the bud and the tender blossom!

Years passed away among the Mongolian Tartars, and no one came to the Missionaries to inquire what he should do to be saved; at length, a youth named Bardo came and sat down in the Mission school. He was ignorant of the letters of the alphabet; but he soon got on, and in a short time could read and write very nicely, and also had committed to memory a catechism, and many passages of Scripture. He then gave up the worship of his gods, and told the children of the family with whom he lived, that he now believed there was only one God, and one Saviour, Jesus Christ. From this time, he felt more of his state as a sinner, and was often seen to retire that he might pray in secret. He began also to hope that he had found mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners. When mixing with his own people, he told them what he felt, and invited them to come and hear the Gospel for themselves, for if they died trusting in gods that could not save them, they would perish for ever.

The Tartars place their idols on a table opposite the door of their tents, and every person as he enters is expected to bow before them. When they saw that Bardo did not bow as he passed, they ill-used him, and tried to force him to worship the gods; but finding they could not prevail, they turned him out of their tents. One day, a llama, or priest, beat him severely on the head, which brought on violent pains and a fever. The fever continued for several weeks, and he gradually wasted away. Pain in the chest and a cough followed, so that poor Bardo was brought very low. His friends, fearing he would die, began to talk of using some of their heathenish rites, to save his life, but he would not consent to this, and begged his friends to carry him to the Missionaries. The Tartars also placed on the wall, opposite to where he lay, some of their charms, that he might look on them; but Bardo turned his back to the wall, though he had to place himself in a painful position, that his eyes might not behold the sinful folly of his friends.

On the morning of the day on which he died he was asked, "Should you die now whither would your soul go?" "To heaven." "Who will receive it there?"

"God." "On what Saviour do you put your trust for salvation?" With great feeling he said, "On Jesus Christ." "If God had not, in His providence, brought you here, to learn about that Saviour, what would have become of you?" "I should have lived in sin, and been lost forever." He said he was not afraid to die; yet he would rather live, if it were God's will, that he might honour and take care of his parents.

His breathing became softer; and like one falling into a gentle slumber, he fell asleep in Jesus. Thus died the first convert among the Mongolian Tartars—one who may be said to have fallen a martyr; for there is little doubt that the blows on the head, which he received from the llama, were the chief cause of his death. His school-fellows carried his body to the grave, and there it rests until Christ shall call it to life, in the resurrection morning.

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. A. E. GREEN, dated Naas River, B. C., February 23rd, 1883.

BEGINNINGS OF REVIVAL.

YOU will be pleased to hear that God has visited us with a gracious revival, such an one as we scarcely ever saw before, and so evidently the work of the Holy Spirit. We had been praying for a greater degree of life and spiritual vigor in our services, which of late had been too languid and formal. It commenced in our Bible Class on Saturday evening, December 9th. Our lesson was the last nine verses of the first chapter of St. John, and proved a most interesting and profitable one to us. As we translated it we realized the presence of the Lord. The Indians dwelt on Jesus' words to Philip, "Follow me," and the story of Philip seeking Nathanael, and Jesus' answer to the latter, "Thou shalt see greater things than these," filled them with new hope.

MYSTERIOUS VISITORS.

At half-past one the following morning we were aroused by whisperings at our bed-room window. My first thought was, that some one was sick, and those outside had come for medicine. I expected them to call or knock, but as they did neither, I went to the door. Immediately they ran away. Quickly I rang the bell and aroused the village, who tracked three men to the water, where a canoe had been waiting, and by which they had escaped. We have since discovered that they came from a not distant heathen village. Our Indians think they came to burn the mission house, and would have done so had they not been puzzled by a light we had burning. I could not see their object in wanting to burn the house; but the Indians say, "The heathen are so angry because the Christian Indians will not join in the 'Potlatch' and dances, and because their numbers become smaller each year, and so thought to burn the mission house, discourage the Christians, draw some back, and revive heathenism." But the God of Jacob was our refuge, a present help in time of danger. And instead of doing

us harm, they did good; for it united our people as one man; it brought them into closer sympathy with the missionary, and led to more earnest prayer.

DEEPENING INTEREST.

The early prayer meeting the following morning was a lively one, and while thanking the Lord for His mercy, the burden of our cry was, "O Lord, revive thy work." At 11 a.m. I preached from 2 Chronicles, 7th chapter, 14th verse, "If my people which are called by my name shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." During the sermon my heart was greatly warmed, and such a holy influence rested upon the congregation, that we could not close till a quarter-past one. At half-past 2 p.m. we exhorted them from St. John vii. 17, to test the promises of God, and all felt that the Lord was present, and I was impelled to declare, "The Lord is about to revive His work amongst us."

WELCOME REINFORCEMENTS.

It was our custom to appoint one of our native preachers to preach in the evening, but on that day I could not do it, and when asked "Who will preach to-night?" I could only say, "I don't know what turn the evening meeting will take: we will wait and see." Just before the time for service, singing was heard on the river, and to our great surprise and delight, on going a little way down, we met Bro. Crosby and about a dozen of his Indians. We did not think it possible for anyone to come up, as the river was filled with floating ice, and indeed they had a narrow escape from being crushed.

IN PERILS OF WATERS.

Just above Kincolith the floating ice was so thick in the river that they made no headway for over two hours. The canoe was surrounded by ice, and they could not move it. At last they managed to put Mr. Crosby ashore with one Indian, to cross a mountain on foot, while the Indians attempted to force a passage for the canoe. On the top of the mountain Mr. Crosby and the Indian could see the canoe closed in the ice, and to all human appearance it seemed it must be broken; and if so, not a soul could be saved in that broken ice. Bro. Crosby and George Edgar fell on their knees in the snow, and prayed to heaven for help, and while they prayed, the ice parted—a narrow passage appeared by the canoe. Bro. Crosby began calling to the men in the canoe, but George said, "They are praying." And so they were, all bent in prayer, and when they opened their eyes, they saw a way opened before them.

WITNESSING FOR CHRIST.

When they reached here they commenced at once preaching in the street of our village, and told how the Lord had been blessing them at Port Simpson, and that their object in coming was to help us to find the same blessing. From the street we went to the school-house, where Bro. Crosby preached on the "lost sheep," (Luke xv. 4), and had a blessed time. At the close of the sermon an invitation was given for those who wished to reconsecrate themselves to God to come

forward, and nearly every one came. Bro. Crosby and party intended to return on Monday morning, but were prevented by the ice. Special services were now held in the school-house, on the streets, and from house to house; and all the people were much quickened.

FRESH PERILS.

On Friday, thinking the ice was strong enough to bear them, they ventured, our people going with them to help them with the canoe. But the great number of men it took to push the canoe along proved too heavy a weight, and one after another broke through, going down into the deep, cold water. One poor woman was with difficulty rescued, but on being pulled into the canoe, which was now in the water, she exclaimed, "It is not for money we came here, but for the work of God. Blessed be Jesus! Blessed be Jesus!"

It was now a hard and dangerous undertaking to get to the shore, with canoe, blankets, food, &c., as the ice was breaking all around them. However, by God's blessing, all were brought safely to land, and they returned to our village wet and tired, convinced now that they must wait until the ice would be strong enough to travel on.

"SHOWERS OF BLESSING."

Now the meetings commenced to increase in power and interest. On the Sabbath all were melted into love. The word was accompanied with the power of the Holy Ghost, and the evening love-feast was a glorious one. Sixty-five spoke in forty-five minutes, and twenty pieces were sung. The experiences were so good! Daniel Brown, holding up his right arm, shouted "I love Jesus! I love Jesus! I love Jesus!" There was the old gray-headed man of seventy, who by his sorcery had been the terror of many villages; and the little boy of seven standing at the same time, and with tears telling of Jesus' love. Stephen Clark said, "Praise the Lord! I have found it! I have found it! I have found what saved my son." [His son died happy in Jesus three weeks before.] Sometimes five were speaking at one time, and yet no confusion. The services were continued by the Indians themselves all night, from house to house, and on the streets. The following morning, the ice being now strong, our Port Simpson friends started homeward, after a farewell meeting on the street, and earnest prayer for their safe passage home.

"PUBLICLY AND FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE."

The meetings continued now to become more powerful from day to day; and for three weeks the people scarcely slept. Besides the regular services, they would go from house to house, day and night. Marching through the streets, however cold it might be, and kneeling on the snow, pouring out their whole hearts in supplication and thanksgiving. Coming round the mission house at midnight, 2 a.m., and 4 a.m., singing—

"Repeat the story o'er and o'er,

Of Grace so full and free;

I love to hear it more and more,

Since Grace has rescued me.

Chorus.—The half was never told,

The half was never told,

Of Grace divine so wonderful,

The half was never told.

(To be continued.)

Letter from REV. C. TATE, dated Bella Bella, March 2nd, 1883.

PROGRESS.

OUR winter quarter is now past, and, with the lengthening days and melting snow, we begin to feel that spring is at hand. There has been a great deal of sickness, and several deaths, among the Indians. Thank God, the mission party have been kept in health, and we have been happy in our work. A good day school has been kept up all winter, and the children have made good progress in their studies. The young people have shown great interest in Bible study, especially the historical parts. Their chief delight is in singing—nothing will bring them together quicker than to announce a singing meeting. We have translated several pieces into their language, and they sing them better than the English pieces, as they are a little afraid of making wrong pronunciation in the latter.

SEVERAL NICE LITTLE COTTAGES

have been built, and the people are getting out of their old heathen houses. The great difficulty in the way of building lies in there being no saw mill within 200 miles. If we could procure a little mill, we have a nice stream of water by which it could be run. This would be a great boon to our people.

We have had several conversions during the winter, notably from among the middle-aged. They find it very hard to live Christian lives, as the whole of their training has been in a way directly opposite to the doctrines of Christianity. They no doubt make many mis-steps in their ignorance, yet when we compare their present life to what it used to be, we "thank God, and take courage."

VISITING THE CAMPS.

A number of our people are now away at their several hunting grounds. Two weeks ago we spent a few days in visiting the principal camps. Our voyage was rather a stormy one, and somewhat dangerous, as we were exposed to the mountainous waves of the broad Pacific, which made our little canoe "reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man;" and as the breakers lashed themselves to foam against the giant rocks, as though they would tear them up by the roots—only a few yards from our frail bark—we were led to realize that our lives are hung on very slender threads. However, we were under the protection of Him who "holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand," and were brought to our destination in safety, where we were

WARMLY RECEIVED BY THE PEOPLE,

and soon made comfortable in a little slab shanty. Although not nearly so good as an ordinary wood shed—some of the chinks being large enough for a good-sized dog to get through—yet sitting around a blazing fire, and partaking of a delicious supper of baked clams, it would have been difficult to make us more comfortable.

Next day being Sunday, we gathered in the largest shanty, at morning, noon, and night, and enjoyed rich "seasons of grace and sweet delight," on account of the Master's presence.

On Monday we went to another camp, where we preached and held prayer meeting, after which we

hoisted sail to a fair wind, and reached home in safety at 8 p.m., feeling that having been a blessing to others, we received a blessing ourselves.

Facts and Illustrations.

THE *Jewish Intelligencer* says that in a town in Persia (Hamadan) recently forty Jews and fifteen Jewesses have been brought to believe in Jesus by reading the word of God alone.

THE Maori Christians are unusually self-reliant. Six new churches were last year provided by them for their own wants.

A SCOTCH Baptist church has been organized in Patagonia. There are Chinese Baptist churches in Guiana, and a French one in the Argentine Republic.

THE Wesleyan Missions on the west coast of Africa—in Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Yomba, Popo, and Gambia—have contributed about \$150,000 in the last ten years. The number in Church-fellowship is 15,044; in attendance on public worship, 53,474.

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REV. A. SUTHERLAND,

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