

When about four years old she went to visit her grandmother, where she was taken ill. On returning to her home her sickness increased, and coming back slowly from the dark valley of death, it was but to enter a life of total physical darkness.

This terrible calamity, which would have touched any Christian woman's heart with tenderest pity, awakened in the heart of her step-mother a feeling of hatred and impatience. And the poor, helpless blind child was subjected to every species of neglect and cruelty. Many times she would have starved had not one of her brothers and a servant who pitied her given her food. For days at a time she was left outside the city walls, exposed to the heat of summer or the cold of winter.

Then the cruel step-mother planned to destroy the little life which she so much hated, by drowning; and she threw the little one into a canal near by. But the same brother who had fed her, now saved her from the canal, and severely reproved the inhuman mother.

Some time after, this "Favored One" was again taken very ill, and her mother, in a paroxysm of rage, again threw her into the canal. And, alas, that such malignity could dwell in a woman's heart! threw a stone at her, as she arose gasping to the surface. But He who had a work for this child, shielded with His own arm of power that defenceless head, and caused the stone to spin harmlessly over its intended victim. The child crawled ashore, and weak and wretched crept back to the miserable place called home. Where, you ask, was the father, where the relatives, neighbors, justice, law? Ah! you forget Pav-vong-ah-in was a girl, a Chinese girl, spared because she was the only one among many boys. Now, blind and useless, why should she live?

Relatives did try to interfere several times, but without avail, until at last the mother made a still more dastardly attempt upon the life of the helpless little one. The house taking fire, the mother set the child on one side of a bed already in flames, and left her to be devoured by the element, cruel as her own heart. But the same brother whose care had saved her many times before, once more stood between her and death. She was now adopted by a distant relative, and a few years of comparative happiness came before her marriage. But in her husband's family there was another daughter-in-law, who cruelly mistreated her. Think of being blind in a heathen "house!"—only Christians have "homes."

When the rebellion broke out she went to Ningpo, with her husband and two children, and hid there in the hill-country until the restoration of peace. When she was twenty-nine years old her husband's death left her dependent upon her own efforts for support for herself and little ones. She was obliged to beg for daily bread, and she at last met one who told her of the Bread of Life, of which, if any man eat, he shall hunger no more. She sought and found, "tasted and knew that it was good." Affliction once more laid its heavy hand upon her, and yet, even as she laid both son and daughter in the grave, she could say, "Not lost, but gone before."

And then she who had tasted so deeply of the woes of heathenism heard the voice of her Master whispering, "Go tell what the Lord hath done for thee." For

more than seven years the blind Bible-woman of Ningpo has been obeying this command, earnestly, faithfully, untiringly.

Nothing in life is so insignificant but that it may give us a glimpse of the wondrous perfection of that which seems so oft to us the "tangled skein" of life's mystery. No, a mighty hand holds all the threads, and though dark powers may seem to disturb the weaving, yet all shall be found at last symmetrical, complete, overruled for good to His chosen, and glory to His great name. Poor, neglected Pav-vong-ah-in had the mortification of unbound feet, but to-day those same feet bear her to every quarter of the city, and even into the country around: a messenger of the gospel of peace, a herald of good tidings!

Along the Line.

PORT SIMPSON DISTRICT.

Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated GREENVILLE, NAAS RIVER, July 28th, 1885.

AT the request of many interior Indians I have just returned from visiting them. Perhaps a short account of the trip may be interesting to your readers.

We left home July 6th. After a hard day's work, pulling against a strong current, we camped on a sand-bar; but to sleep was utterly out of the question, on account of the hungry mosquitos. The second day we reached our mission station of Kit-wan-silth. Here we spent a profitable evening with our native teacher. Many of these people came for advice on family and other matters. We closed the evening by a service in which the Master's presence was realized.

We passed through the canyon early the following morning, and just before noon reached the fishing station of She-axe. The people quietly gathered to hear the Word, and they expressed their gratitude for our visit. Kitlachtamux was reached in the afternoon, and the few people at home we visited, pointing them to Christ. Before dark we reached the head of canoe navigation, where the trail to the interior commences. We camped here for the night. Next A. M. made up our packs, blankets, food, etc., sent our canoe back, and started on our long walk of 150 miles. After a few hours we came to a forest fire. First the fire was only on one side of our path; then on both sides, and over our heads. Burning boughs and trees were falling; the heat was great, and the smoke suffocating. We were most thankful when we left the fire behind us.

The night brought us to a fishing camp. The Indians gave us a hearty welcome, and after partaking of the food they prepared for us, I preached to them. Early the next morning we reached a small camp of Kit-wan-cool people. Stayed an hour with them to tell "the old, old story." At noon we crossed the suspension bridge. It was in a very shaky condition—yet we are told to speak well of the bridge that carries us over. The Indians had warned us to expect another fire, and now we reached it. We found ourselves surrounded by fire, and the wind blowing furiously. The heat was intense, and we could only see a few feet in front of us. We thought of turning back, but found

this impossible, as the fire had closed over our path. We were nearly overcome by smoke and heat, and felt our time had come. One Indian had a narrow escape; a burning tree fell on the exact spot he had stood not two minutes before.

Our shoes were burnt on our feet. We ran, however, till we got a little ahead of the fire, but it was hard work to keep before it: the wind being at our back, it followed us so closely. Night came on, still the fire was chasing us. At a late hour we were so tired that to travel further was impossible. Where could we camp? Every moment the wind was bringing the fire closer to us. Finally we found a place by the dry bed of some ancient stream, in which there was nothing but boulders; so, on the corner of the high land, which a former fire had partly cleared, we laid ourselves down, feeling we had a refuge in the stream-bed. Not to sleep, however. The roaring of the fire, as it drew nearer, was too awful, and the sight too solemn for us to shut our eyes upon. Certainly we shall never forget it. Never were we more glad to see daylight! Nine A. M. brought us to Sheekorney. Here was a large number of people, who urged us to remain over Sabbath. This we did, holding three services, attended by every one. The people thanked us for having stayed, saying, "No one has brought us the Word since you were here last summer." They seemed to drink in the Word. A young boy, fifteen years of age, was drowned while bathing the following Tuesday. We felt glad we had the privilege of pointing him to Christ before his end.

Salmon and berries are very abundant here. This is likely to become an important place. A number of these people, after becoming Christians, moved to our Naas mission; but as there is no work going on at the Naas this summer, these people have returned to their own country to prepare food for winter, and they are looking to us to supply them with a teacher. I had become so tired with my pack, running so far through the fires, I had to engage another Indian to carry it.

The following day was passed climbing a mountain. It was 9 p.m. before we reached the valley on the other side. Here we camped, but the mosquitoes were so fearfully bad that we could not get the needed rest. The Kish-pie-axe river, running through this valley, is deep and rapid. The bridge that was formerly over it was burnt two years ago, but one of the Indians swam across and found an old canoe in the woods that had been used as a ferry.

Two more days' travel over nice land brought us to a camp of Kish-pie-axe people, two miles from the village, where they were catching salmon. They received us very kindly, bringing us wood—a scarce article on the prairie—salmon, and potatoes. After expressing their thanks they said, "You are the only one who brings us the good Word. Come and live here yourself, or bring us a minister." One chief said, "I will give you my house if you will come and live in our village. There is good land to build a church on which we will give you. We all want to hear of God and take the new way." They pleaded so earnestly for some one to go and live with them to teach them the gospel. I promised to make known their wishes to the Society.

There are over four hundred people in this village,

and they want us to take to them the bread of life. Here a poor old woman came up with a letter for me to read to her, and I had to give her the sad news that her son was dead—died without an hour's illness. I might say that his death was occasioned by smoking an old pipe—a drop of oil from the stem poisoned him. I tried to console the poor creature by telling of Him who is the resurrection and the life, and she was much comforted. We found others needing consolation, for only the day before a fine young man had accidentally fallen from a salmon trap into the dark, swift current of the Skeena river. We exhorted them to cast their burden upon the Lord. They said, "Our friends are all dying; bring us God's Word."

A half day's walk from here brought us to Skeena Forks. We visited from house to house, and prayed with the people. These Indians also pleaded earnestly for a Methodist missionary. They said to me, "You promised years ago to help us. You sent Mr. Matheson, and he did well for a time, and then you told us when he left another teacher should come. We have waited, but he has never come." I had to explain to them how our missionary, Mr. Tate, was on his way to them when we found a Church of England clergyman had occupied the place. They replied, "Yes, several teachers have been here; at first some believed, but for a long time we have been altogether neglected. No missionary, no school, no one to help us. There is not one believer left, and we know we are bad—thieves and murderers—yet we want to become good. We have trouble among ourselves every day, and we want peace."

The Agulweget Indians, who live three miles from the Forks, and who number nearly five hundred souls, also pleaded for a missionary. These people have had a yearly visit from a Catholic priest, but nothing has been done, and they are desiring a school and a Methodist missionary. Only a few people were home at Kit-she-yukly, but the same cry for the gospel we heard here.

Thirty-five miles down, at Kit-wan-gah, we spent the night. A teacher in connection with Bishop Ridley lived in this village for about year, then moved about three miles distant. They want us to fulfil our promise to send them a Methodist missionary (this was before the Church Missionary Society occupied the place). No one is with them now, and they brought very strong arguments to show why we should give them the gospel.

Half a day down the swift Skeena we find ourselves at Lorne Creek, where so many miners were seeking gold. Here we received a kind welcome, and were hospitably entertained for five days by A. Graham, Esq., Gold Commissioner and Stipendiary Magistrate. I visited the miners in their cabins, and on Sabbath preached four times, having a special service in the afternoon for the white men, many coming quite a distance. I found a few Christians here, who rejoiced to hear the gospel. We were treated kindly by all, and pressed to visit them again. Leaving here we called at Kit-si-lash, visited the sick, and told them of the great Physician.

After calling at Port Essington mission, and Port Simpson, we reached home in safety, after an absence of three weeks and two days, during which we had

travelled over five hundred miles; weary, but thankful that we had had the privilege of preaching Christ to so many who seldom hear the blessed sound, and hoping and praying that this Macedonian cry will be heard, and the gospel be given these perishing souls.

NEWFOUNDLAND CONFERENCE.

*Letter from REV. J. WILSON, dated RED BAY,
LABRADOR, Oct. 17, 1885.*

NO doubt a few lines from this isolated mission will be interesting to the readers of the MISSIONARY OUTLOOK, as news from other parts of the mission field is interesting to us.

We have now been one winter and a summer on this coast, and have proved by being in the work what it is, much better than can be understood by report.

There is full scope for one whose heart is fired with the true Missionary spirit, both for body and mind. The fire, too, needs to burn both summer and winter; for although in summer there are hundreds more to preach to on the coast, yet in winter there are souls scattered all along, who are as much in need of the bread of life as any others.

In the fall of 1884, about the middle of October, we moved, as is our custom at Red Bay; into our winter quarters, and tried to get all prepared for the powerful visitor "Jack Frost," who came very early that fall. We had not been there many days ere we had a pathway formed by ice where schooners had been lying at anchor but a short time before.

Early in November our winter work on the mission commenced. We left home intending to visit two or more settlements west of this place. Our mode of travel was on snow-shoes, sometimes over hills 300 feet high, and then around coves and along the villages.

As the winter passed along we made several tours to the different settlements on the coast, visiting from house to house, and preaching to them when met in some neighbor's house.

These tours are mostly made with what is called "Comatick-and-dogs," a mode of travelling which is very enjoyable when the going is good, and no Labrador storms overtake us.

During winter months we visit about fifty miles of this coast, and feel very thankful if we reach home at the end of our trip without one such storm. We were so fortunate last winter as to be caught only once, but had marks of "Jack" upon us for a week or two.

That which cheers most the missionary of the Cross, we are thankful to say, we had the joy of seeing last winter. A few souls felt the power of God's Word to convince of sin. The Lord was indeed among us, and we hope the seed sown will spring up and bear much fruit.

The summer just past has been one of incessant toiling in the blessed service of the Master, as with hired man and boat we have visited the people along 100 miles of this rough coast, sometimes encountering very strong winds and stormy seas.

We have met with many who are servants of our one common Saviour, and have rejoiced to hear the gospel while far away from their homes in Newfoundland. Several others who were without the Christian hope have been led to see their need of saving grace, and we hope have found the blessing.

Five trips have been made since the month of May and twice we have crossed the straits. This has taken us away from Red Bay people nine weeks during summer. One more journey in boat this fall, and then we commence, in a short time, with snow-shoes and comatick-and-dogs, for another winter.

We are looking, praying, and endeavoring to preach for precious souls to be saved. When God sends showers of blessings down upon us, even Labrador is a happy place, and the missionary rejoices that ever the Master sent him to such blessed work.

We hope that the many prayers offered up by your readers will embrace the missions on Labrador of Bro. Newman and the writer.

THE FRENCH DISTRICT.

Actonvale.—Just now our services are well attended everywhere, and strangers occasionally come in. There are indications for good. The result is the Lord's.

E. DE GRUCHY.

Montreal, West End.—While giving an account of my stewardship I feel to thank God and take courage, when I can say that we are growing in numbers and spirituality since Conference held at Kingston. I have taken in on trial three families, all Roman Catholics, consisting of seven persons of mature age. My meetings are pretty well attended. The times here are very dull; there is a lack of employment of the laboring class, which tends to leave my meetings thinner than they would otherwise be, especially on the Sabbath, when the people wish to be seen respectable. There is harder times among the working class this summer than I have ever witnessed in Montreal for years past. I am much in need of French tracts for distribution; these silent messengers do good work when presented with earnest prayer to Almighty God.

M. SÄDLER.

Montreal Centre.—We have commenced work in earnest at Longueuil. We visit the people every week. The French are difficult to reach, but still they begin to attend our services and show signs of interest. The English among them are almost spiritless, which increases the embarrassment. We consider it, however, a very important field, and we hope to be able from time to time to report progress. The general work in Montreal gives reason also for thankfulness and hope. New ones are brought in frequently. Our congregation is the largest French Protestant one in town, and our Sunday-school is double the size of any other. As we are the youngest of all we have no occasion to complain. Our work thus far has been largely preparatory. The great ingathering, we trust, will not long tarry.

L. N. BEAUDRY.

Oka.—The Lord be praised for His divine aid we have received in our mission work during the quarter. We believe it has been greatly blessed to the salvation of the poor Indians of Oka. We have been greatly