

blind, but those whose treasurer-sight is perfect. Yet we want those of you who have not already attained in this matter to as clear a vision as you would wish, to know how we sympathize with you and how we are one with you in your endeavors to make your departmental work a success.

There are a few fortunate ones who fall into line with this work without an effort. A short time ago we asked a friend of ours, who for years had filled the position of treasurer of a flourishing city auxiliary, to mention some of the difficulties following her appointment to the treasurership. With a smile, she responded, "Difficulties! I don't think I ever had any." Upon our urging her to think it over until we next saw her, she consented. We also asked her to kindly furnish us with a list of what she considered were the greatest difficulties incidental to the office. When we again met her we asked for "our list." Once more the ready smile, but no accompanying list. The smile almost merged into a contented little laugh as she said, "Truth to tell, I sat down and tried to think up some difficulties, but I never had any. I just seemed to fit into the work, and the work into my life, and that is how it has been ever since I was treasurer." We consider our friend singularly blessed, for we believe the vast majority of treasurers who have attained to the high altitude of "master-workmen" have reached there over a road so thickly strewn with difficulties and discouragements that were it not for the "Fear thou not" or the "Lo, I am with you alway" of Omnipotence, they would surely have faltered and become "weary because of the way."

*(To be continued in next issue.)*

IN the annual report of the Woman's Missionary Society, there is a mistake in the list of members of Wesley Church Auxiliary, Hamllton. Seventeen names are missing. These are the omitted names: Mesdames Easterbrook, Harrison, W. Philp, W. Parke, Stephenson, Krum, McMillan, Mountain, Reid, Allen, and Misses Bennetto, Venator, Magee, Florence Philp, Colquhoun, Fitzpatrick, M. Fitzpatrick.

### British Columbia.

*Letter from MRS. MAUDE RALEY, dated KIT-A-MAAT, B.C., January 15th, 1895.*

I CAN scarcely realize that nine months have passed since I wrote a letter to the OUTLOOK, which, through the kindness of Mrs. Parker, was published in the July number of last year. I remember I wrote while in Fort Simpson, where the District Meeting was being held. From there we proceeded to Conference in Vancouver, and we were so fortunate, in spite of rather a rough sea, as to sail south by way of Queen Charlotte Islands, beholding Skidegate Mission.

While Conference was in session, the Branch Meeting of the W.M.S. assembled, and Mrs. Crosby, Mrs. Bolton and I enjoyed its privileges. The Branch seemed somewhat diminutive when I thought of the "Central" before its division, but it did not cause me to admire less the ability of its officers.

A happy Sunday in New Westminster, a pleasant but exceedingly busy week of shopping in Victoria, and we felt that our holiday was over.

We sailed north on a very crowded steamer, the best seat on deck a coal oil case; however, the purser made things as agreeable as possible.

Ten days elapsed before we reached Kit-a-maat; we found Miss Shelvey quite happy, a few people at home, and the village looking unusually well with the freshness of the spring, and as the wild roses came into bloom I thought it almost picturesque.

The people soon left for the canneries and we had a busy summer with life's ordinary duties and many extras. Mr. Raley and Mr. Anderson (who returned with us as teacher) did some necessary building and excavated a great bank and prepared the ground for a new mission house.

In July we enjoyed a day's visit from Mr. and Mrs. Crosby. We took our lunch and went up the Kit-a-maat river; in short, we had a picnic. In August, it being necessary that Mr. Raley have his mail, he hired an Indian woman to take him to Hartley Bay. Mr. Anderson went also, and I, not having experienced a canoe trip, decided to make one of the number. We were gone between three and four days. I enjoyed it very much; the "camping out" was a reminder of Ontario pleasures, but it took me a week to get rested. Our garden raspberries ripened in our absence and were a luxury for some weeks.

I think I must tell you that our "pilot" to Hartley Bay was the "huntress" of the village and an expert in a canoe. She will face a grizzly bear alone and is a sure shot with a rifle. She told me with a good deal of pride that her father was a great chief. She informed us that she did not want to marry though she had plenty of chances. At one time she wished to cross the Inlet, but Mr. Raley objected owing to the wind. She was much disgusted and threw him the paddle and said "you captain." He took her place in the stern. She afforded us considerable amusement; the women of the village say that she has not a woman's heart at all, but a man's.

The people returned about the middle of August but it was a long time before they settled down; they were getting native food for winter use. In September our new mission house was built; Mr. Anderson had to assist, so Mrs. Anderson and I had charge of the school for five weeks. A daily duty was to run down street and hunt up the truants.

Mr. Raley had to get the native teacher at Hartley Bay to help, he being a very good carpenter. He brought his wife and child, and I had two other men as well to board. Mrs. Anderson had her two little children to care for, so you may rest assured that life was no dream to us.

As soon as possible we moved into the new house, and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson moved into the old one, and then we reopened our Home. We endured any amount of discomfort for several weeks. Of course, we have to use the building of last year for the Home, but have made a few changes. Mrs. Anderson gave up her bedroom for a dormitory for the girls, and the beds are after the plan of berths on board ship, so as to economize space. The boys returned to their old quarters in the school-house. However, as the season advanced, we considered the trembling structure too cold and unsafe, and now they occupy half the upstairs of our house. A few more children are seeking admittance, and I expect we shall have to devote another bedroom to them; then I shall have one corner left for my own use.

Some auxiliaries may wonder at not having heard from me, but it has been on account of the length of time it has taken for freight to reach us. Several bales shipped early in the fall are as yet only as far as Hartley Bay.

We have a chance to send out mail for the first time in seven weeks. We have been wonderfully fortunate this Conference year in receiving mail, getting it on an average once in three or four weeks.

The Christmas festivities passed off nicely, bringing the usual amount of labor for the missionaries. As a new feature, Mr. Raley taught the school-children several motion songs, and they gave an entertainment for the old people one evening, and a second for the parents and friends. Our Sunday School service is very popular; the church is so crowded that it is impossible almost to divide into classes. Young and old attend.

We have had steady winter since November 1st. For several weeks we had about three feet of snow, and pleasant, frosty weather. Since New Year's a severely cold snap has come, and now we have seven feet of snow.

The people are anxious to get away to hunt. They have been waiting for suitable weather.

The girls' sleeping apartment of last year and the kitchen form one room, which answers as kitchen, dining-room, and a spot (I won't call it a sitting-room) for the girls to stay in. We have a few less difficulties than formerly. Mr. Raley bought a good cook-stove, dishes, wash-tubs, and other necessary articles. When we opened the Home, the bales with bedding had not arrived. So much as we disliked it, the children had to bring their own. We bought a web of cotton and made hay mattresses.

The boys and girls came, as a year ago, some in a filthy condition, and nearly all destitute of underwear; in fact, some had not decent outer garments. By degrees, we have gotten them quite clean and suitably clad.

We need a matron so much, someone who can devote her whole time to the children.

Our running expenses exceed last year's, as we have more inmates. We are working still on the "faith" plain. We are deeply grateful to those friends and auxiliaries who have sent us money, bales of clothing, bedding material, and furnishings of various kinds. It is by these we are able to clothe the children. Mr. Raley will be glad to acknowledge in the *Guardian* or *OUTLOOK* all donations of money.

I trust I have given such information as will awaken a further interest in our Home work, and such as will satisfy the requests of those who have asked for a second letter to the *OUTLOOK*.

### Muncey Indian Mission.

IT will interest the ladies of the Supply Committee to know that their efforts have been successful, and that through them the spirit of benevolence has been most wonderfully manifested in connection with the work of the Woman's Missionary Society.

We are glad to report the many proofs of self-denying love in the supplies we have received of warm clothing, home comforts, boots, shoes, books, papers, cards, candies and toys, sent in boxes or bales from the auxiliaries at Little Lake, Old Windham, Tilsonburg, Centennial Church (London), Port Dover, Frankford, Sydenham St. (Kingston), Little Wood, Walkerton, Nile, Newcastle, Stony Creek, Port Hope, Talbotville and Dunganon.

To give the value—well, we cannot do this. The Master knows the value and will reward each dear worker for her offering to His poor Indian children—though, we believe, we must have received over \$250 worth. To separate and prepare the gifts for our people was a work of love, and many a blessing was asked for the donors.

Our Indian women—members of the Woman's Missionary Society—came to the parsonage and helped to foot stockings, enlarge garments, etc., etc., ending each day with prayer and thanksgiving to our kind, Heavenly Father for His many and various gifts.

It may be asked by some, what is the cause of so much poverty among our Indians, and what income have they to depend upon for a living?

They are poor in many cases because they are old and feeble. Others are poor because they have never learned how to make money out of the land they own.

They are Indians, born to hunt not to farm. Now their game is driven away by the advance of a higher civilization, and life to them is a continuous struggle for existence.

The Chippewas have a small annuity from the Government—some \$3.00 to \$5.00 per head. But the Munceys do not get this; what they raise on their land is vegetables, and in some cases a little wheat, in value perhaps amounting to \$50 a year for each family. This is about all they have to live upon. A few of them have firewood on their land, but this they can't cut without a permit from Ottawa.

Now, when we think of the many little things needed in a family, not including meat, drink, nor clothing of any kind, such as medicine, liniments, etc., etc., what can be left out of \$50 to live upon, to say nothing about clothes or shoes. Poor, dear Indians, they need our sympathy and help. As a rule, they do not beg. Amasa Wood, of St. Thomas, has been the best friend our Indians ever had. A month ago, he sent us 400 pounds of flour and 150 pounds

of pork, to be given to the most needy ones. We inquired of an Indian brother what he and his family had to eat. There were seven in the family, and the mother sick. His reply was, "All we have to eat is some Indian corn"—this with not a word of complaint. Right glad were we to be able to supply them from good Mr. Wood's store, with pork and flour.

We take this opportunity to thank very heartily Mr. Wood for his help, and also for \$5.00 to buy presents for the Sunday School.

I would like to convey to the ladies who have so kindly helped the Indians, this thought, that it is not only helping them to temporal comforts, but it is teaching them spiritually. It is teaching them the beautiful spirit of Jesus more perfectly, who gave himself a sacrifice for us.

Will all the ladies please remember our two tribes at the throne of grace, for they are very dark yet; that is, as we understand the religion of Jesus.

Very gratefully yours,

For Jesus' sake,

E. M. MASON.

### Margaret Wilmott's Easter Offering.

IT was the afternoon of the March meeting of one of the London auxiliaries, and a goodly number were assembled. Just before the meeting closed Mrs. Morton, the young president, arose and said: "You know, our next meeting will be held the week preceding Easter. I have been thinking a great deal of the suggestion made by the Board to the different auxiliaries in regard to the holding of an Easter thank-offering service—thinking too, of the many women and girls to whom this approaching Easter season brings no throb of grateful joy, on account of the Saviour who so freely gave His life a ransom for them, because they know nothing about Him. Shall we not evidence the genuineness of our thankfulness for a knowledge of a Saviour's dying love, for birth in a Christian land, for sanctuary and home privileges by bringing to our next meeting a voluntary thank-offering? If so, be the offering what it may, let it come laden with our prayers that God may use it in whatever way He chooses in bringing souls now in heathen darkness into the light." That was all she said, but the flush on the fair face bespoke the effort it had cost, and the dainty snowdrops that nestled in a fold of her dress swayed and quivered long after the wearer had resumed her seat.

Simple words, but they came with that power which prayed-over words always carry, and each one present instinctively realized in them a message direct from God. One after another arose and in solemn tones voiced a desire to co-operate with their president in carrying out her suggestion; and when a motion in regard to it was finally put to the meeting, there was not found a dissenting voice. Then they sang, as if to fasten the thought of how much they really owed Him,

"I gave my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou mightst ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead.  
I gave, I gave my life for thee,  
What hast thou given for me?"

Among the many who crowded around the President for some parting word, was a stately-looking girl, Margaret Wilmott by name, whose calm, pale face gave no evidence of the inward conflict which was now being waged in her soul. She held out her hand to Mrs. Morton as she said—and the carefully modulated voice did not betray her emotion—"Thank you for what you have said, but I wish you had not asked us to sing that last piece; it was almost more than I could bear;" and before Mrs. Morton could reply Margaret left the room with hurried step, nor did she slacken her pace until she had reached her own little room. Hastily laying aside her hat and wrap and ungloving her hands, she threw herself in a low rocker by the window to think. An Easter thank-offering! What can I give? I have nothing, nothing that would be at all commensurate for the blessings I receive! How paltry an offering of a few dollars, if there is nothing behind it? Then, as if in