

she has prayed much over her work. Give us consecrated Treasurers rather than educated ones; that latter qualification will in time adjust itself, for it will be found but a natural outcome of the former essential. Consecrated to God and the work you have undertaken, difficulties and discouragements are bound to disappear, or only prove "as stepping-stones to higher things." The consecrated Treasurer will have such a desire for the literal fulfilment in her of the Golden Rule as will make her so considerate and thoughtful for those with whom she has to deal, that not only each member in her own auxiliary whom her influence reaches will be strengthened and helped, but the entire mechanism of our missionary treasurerships will be responsive to the change—the Branch through Auxiliary, the Board through Branch.

The night is wearing on, the day has been a busy one, and our firelight glow is now but faintest glimmer, it is time to separate; good-night! good-night!

General Treasurer's Report for March Quarter.

Receipts from Separate Auxiliaries:—	
Beulah (Manitoba)	\$10 00
“ for Medical Work in China	25 00
Grace Church, Winnipeg (2 quarters)	113 10
Zion Church, Winnipeg	8 75
Minnedosa, Manitoba	18 00
Portage la Prairie, Manitoba	9 60
McDonald, Manitoba	13 00
Brandon, Manitoba	4 00
Medicine Hat, Assiniboia	6 25
Calgary, Alberta	13 00
St. John's West, Newfoundland	42 61
Sale of Work from Industrial Schools, Japan:—	
Per Miss N. G. Hart	\$27 25
“ Mrs. A. J. Pendray	6 35
“ Mrs. N. Ogden	15 60
“ Mrs. J. J. Maclaren	35 65
“ James Gooderham	17 21
“ Miss Veazey	28 00
	130 06
Bay of Quinte Branch (2 quarters)	1,725 00
London Conference Branch (2 quarters)	1,328 14
Nova Scotia Branch	592 03
British Columbia Branch	81 65
Montreal Conference Branch	699 43
Hamilton Conference Branch	830 34
Toronto Conference Branch	975 00
Bequest of Miss Parthena Elida Scouton, Napanee	50 00
Bequest of Mrs. Colbeck, Clinton (London Branch)	25 00
Bequest of Miss Elizabeth M. Heales, St. John, N.B.	2,000 00
	\$8,699 96
HESTER C. THOMPSON.	

Correspondence.

DEAR EDITRESS,—When reading the last "Fireside Chat" in OUTLOOK I was very much struck by the happy experience of that fortunate Treasurer. It being so different from my own, I would like to give you and Auxiliary Treasurers a little idea of the worries and perplexities I have passed through. Will enumerate some of them:

1st. Reports without name of Auxiliary. 2nd. No address of Treasurer. 3rd. The incorrect addition. 4th. The envelope address not corresponding with name on bank drafts and P. O. orders. 5th. Sending reports without money or money without reports.

Dear Treasurers, if you would only place yourselves for one quarter in that position and have such an experience, I am quite sure you would take a little more prayerful time in making out your reports. You could help me to so enjoy the work that I could look forward with much pleasure to the quarterly returns being made. Personally, I realize it is being done for the Master, and desire to see every Auxiliary Treasurer do her work "as unto the Lord." Auxiliary Treasurers should be more careful to fill out reports in detail as printed. It would be well if all Treasurers would remember that all returns should be made by the 20th of the month.

A SUFFERER.

British Columbia.

Letter from S. L. HART SPENCER, dated KISHPIAX, UPPER SKEENA, B.C., Nov. 8th, 1894.

IT may be of interest to many whom I addressed last year to hear something of this mission and of our journey here. We left Port Simpson on the 26th of August, and came to Essington on the Skeena River, hoping to get up to our own mission without delay; but travelling on the river was impossible, as the water was running so high, and it was not till after three weeks that we commenced our river trip. Even then, the water was very high; but we had a good, strong canoe, and a reliable crew of Indians—five in all. I had rather dreaded this part of the journey, having heard so much about the Skeena River. It has a fall of 865 feet in the two hundred miles; from that you may judge it does not flow very quietly nor slowly. We made our start at 2 a.m. one morning, having got everything ready the evening before, but too late to leave on that tide, and waiting till daylight meant losing the most of another day. The night was cloudy and showery. I hoped to be able to sleep, but though I had the most comfortable place in the canoe, I found it very uncomfortable, and sleep, out of the question. Daylight found us at the head of tide water. At seven, we stopped for breakfast. A heavy shower of rain did not add to the comfort of that meal, and my sympathy for missionaries, who have much travelling on the river, began to greatly enlarge. I thought I was realizing what some of their discomforts were, but the rest of the party did not seem in the least affected by the rain.

Breakfast and prayers over, a little warmed by the camp fire, but not any drier, we embarked again on our way. But travelling was so slow; the canoes have to keep near the shore to avoid the strong current. It is not often deep enough to use paddles, so long poles are used; thus our canoe is pushed along. When the water is deeper, paddles are used. More force can be used with the poles, but poles and paddles were put down whenever there was a beach, or even a foot-hold along the water's edge. Then three of our crew would take a tow-line and pull the canoe, the other two remaining in to keep the canoe off the rocks; this was the fastest mode of travelling. To let your eye rest on the water one would imagine we were speeding along at a most rapid rate, but a look at the shore told we were travelling at a snail's pace. I soon learned to be thankful when we got along even at that rate, for so often there would be places to mount where moments would pass, and we could scarcely hold our own, though every nerve was strained to the utmost to force our way up against the water, which would almost seem to be pouring down on us, and often would come into the canoe. Then again, we turned rocky points that jutted out into the rapid current.

MRS. RALEY begs to acknowledge with warmest thanks boxes and bales of bedding, clothing, towels, cotton, flannelette, yarn, drugs, and articles of various kinds for the Kitamaat Boys' and Girls' Home, from the following Auxiliaries: Moulinette, Vankleek Hill, Brockville, Forfar and Newboro', Wilfrid, Orillia, Petrolea, Chatham and Charing Cross, New Westminster, Vancouver, Victoria, Westport Mission Band; one barrel, Enniskillen, Tyrone, Mt. Vernon and Providence Leagues; Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Hall, Longford Mills; also some bales, source unknown; sewing machine, Metropolitan Auxiliary, Victoria. A most generous supply of towels has been received, and no more women's and girls' coats and jackets are required at present.

Those were exciting times, indeed; paddles and poles were kept in readiness, and it astonished me to see the intense alertness of our men, one second pushing with all their force against the rock with the pole, the next paddling with every power till the next point was reached, then down went the paddle, and the pole put into use again.

But what I dreaded the most was crossing the river. Sometimes they could cross in a comparatively quiet place, but usually the water rushed with all its force, and to feel ourselves in the power of those waters, being swept down, to me it seemed as if we must be swept away with some of the whirling eddies long before we reached the opposite shore, or crash with such force on the shore that nothing would be left to pick up. However, neither of these things happened, and on the whole, we made a good trip for the time of year, and I realized what made it so expensive travelling on the river or getting goods up the river. It cost us almost the price of our supplies to get them up the river; indeed some things cost more than their price, so that nothing that can be done without is brought up.

Our crew were very kind in pointing out all the interesting things along the river. One place they pointed out was a bold, rugged rock, rising perpendicularly from the water. Here the people in olden times believed resided the river-god, and in their coming and going up and down the river offered sacrifice, that they might have his protection.

But what impressed me most on the river was the great amount of drift-wood, heaps upon heaps. It seemed as if forest after forest must have been washed down to supply such islands of debris. I learned that every year the water changes more or less, often whole islands being swept away, and in other places new islands formed. Sand-bars are carried away from their old places, and deposited in other places, so that the course of the river is ever changing.

At noon, September 30th, we reached Hugwilget, the village where I hope a home for Indian children will be built in the near future. I was very much pleased with the place. We stopped here for dinner, went around a little, saw the vegetable gardens, found that from this place trails go out into the far interior, where there are many villages and many people living in heathen darkness. We were now ten miles from our home—this a part of Mrs. Spencer's Mission. A young man carries on the work here, lives alone, but seemed happy and contented in the work. We hurried off so that we might reach Kishpiax before night. We arrived here about 6 p.m.

Kishpiax, the largest village, is situated on the banks of the river. A little elevation at the back of the town reaches out till the snow-capped mountains cut the distant view. On one side a high mountain, covered with all the colors of the rainbow, reminded me of our woods at home—in front, the Hugwilget mountain, one of the most beautiful mountains I have ever seen, and on the other side, the river wound around, being lost to view by its winding course and the foliage on its banks; and in the distance the clouds touched the mountain tops, so that we seemed shut in on all sides by mountains, bringing to mind that Psalm, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem." And we can claim the promise, "so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for ever."

The people here live in large houses, many families living together with a common fire in the centre of the building. The cracks between the boards that form the sides, and the hole in the roof to let the smoke escape, supply the need of windows.

As we came in sight of the village the people came out of the houses, and when we landed there were many to bid us welcome.

The blessed work begun last year is still going on, with new converts from heathen darkness every week. The people generally are very much interested in the study of God's Word. The school and services are well attended; indeed, the school-house is too small for the Sunday services, which have been held in an Indian house. Bedding, clothing, skins, with boxes, etc., are all packed against the walls; boards are placed on sticks of wood for seats, and when they give out the people sit on the floor. A square of about ten feet in the centre of the room is without flooring, and a large fire burns in the centre of this. For once the dogs are put out. An occasional cackle tells that

the hens have, like the beds, been packed out of sight. But a more reverend and interested congregation could not be gathered than in these services.

An Epworth League has been organized among our Christians lately, in which all seem very much interested. Still, even the most enlightened mind here knows very little. We need your interest and your prayers for our Indian work.

Chinese Light Bearers.

BY MRS. J. E. GARDNER.

EARLY one summer morning of 1887, a lady living in Victoria, B.C., heard the cries of a child, and thinking it was a white child she hastened to learn what was the matter. Seeing a Chinaman talking to the supposed white child, she hurried towards them, to find it was a little Chinese girl crying very bitterly and seemingly afraid of the man. The distress of the child touched the lady's heart, and she demanded of the Chinaman, "What for you talk little girl?" The heathen gentleman (?) did not seem prepared for this and walked away. The lady then took the child by the hand and brought her to Mr. Gardner, who lived near, saying, "I know you will be able to find out what the child wants. I didn't like the looks of the man who was talking to her." As they came in the front door the little girl caught sight of Mr. Gardner, and cried out in Chinese, "This is the place! This is the place!" Poor little mortal, she had somehow learned of the Rescue Home (at that time only established a few months), and seeing Mr. Gardner, who in God's hands had been instrumental in starting it, she thought his own home the place of safety.

The child remained with Mr. and Mrs. Gardner for a few days, and was then taken to the Home. Her life, up to the time of her running away from her owner, could be predicated of thousands—nay, I might almost say millions—of such little ones in China.

It was the same old story that so many have to tell. Her parents were poor, and she, being but a girl, could not care for them in their old age as a son could. Therefore she was sold for as much as they could possibly get, and poor little San Kum became in one sense a piece of merchandise. I call her San Kum, although that is only the name given her by her last purchaser. When they buy a slave girl it is the custom to change her name, so that evil spirits will think it is another person. So Mee Wah, after the transaction was completed, gave her the name of San Kum, which means "ornamented harp." Little did he dream at that time how appropriately he had named her. San Kum was indeed a slave. Think of it, a little girl of nine or ten carrying two large buckets of water at a time, so heavy that she could not walk, but staggered with her load; cooking, scrubbing, waiting on the man's wife—never a minute to call her own from early morning until late at night. Such was little San Kum's life until she came to us that summer morning. In the Home she proved so apt in her studies that Miss Leake sent her to the Public School, where she showed herself quite the equal in intellect of any child in her class, ranking head most of the time. While making progress in English at school, she was being taught music and Chinese in the Home. Very few Chinese women in China or this country can read their own language. It is only boys and girls of the wealthiest classes who are worth teaching.

As the months went by San Kum gave her heart to Jesus, and one Sunday morning, with some other girls from the Home, she was baptized into the Methodist Church with the name of Gertrude. She did not want the old name with the new life. Emancipation was good when freed from Mee Wah, but better still when freed from Satan. Gertie grew in stature as well as in knowledge, good care and kind treatment making it almost impossible to recognize the slave-girl of five years ago. About this time some ladies of the Woman's Missionary Society decided to send her to Columbia College with the view of preparing her for missionary work, Gertie's great desire being to tell her own people of the truth and love of Jesus which had made her life so happy. But while we were planning for