OUR VETERAN MISSIONARIES.
The Faithful Workers in Angola to be Aided in Their Time of Need.

Loving assurances of loyal co-operation in our plan for the relief of the faithful missionaries to be returned from Angola are coming in from many directions, and already this sympathy is taking substantial form. Fortunately for the success of the appeal made no more worthy cause could be presented, nor toiling, self-denying missionaries find better representation than in those we now propose, with episcopal consent, to relieve. They have demonstrated their devotion to the cause for which they have labored for fourteen years by noble self-sacrifice, until they have reached the utmost limit of physical and mental endurance, and a temporary cessation of labor is an absolute necessity. As a number of our patrons have said in their letters accompanying contributions, they are our missionaries, and we will stand by them in their hour of need. They have freely given their lives, and it is a privilege to give them the money required to secure a little respite.

And what a glorious service has been theirs! Starting in the midst of heathen surroundings to open the furthest outpost of Methodism in Africa, Sam Mead and his loyal helpers had to begin at the very foundation—no, they had to clear away much rubbish, accumulated by centuries of neglect before they could start a foundation. They and the blessings they came to confer were unknown to the people they came to serve, who only knew the white man as an oppressor. When the long caravans came from the interior, laden with ivory, rubber, dye-woods and guns, the weary travelers were invited into the compound of the white trader, where they deposited their loads of from sixty to eighty pounds each. Then for forced to accept, they were paid in rum and tobacco, at the price put upon them by the trader.

How natural that the natives should regard with suspicion the new arrival of white faces! And this was one of the spots to clear away for a new foundation. They also opened a trading-post, and as they developed converted native agency they resigned it to their charge. The missionary preached Christ in the caravansary, and when the carriers came to the station they were told at once what would be given for their products payable in Portuguese coin, cloth, needles and thread, or whatever else they required. It was explained to them why they were not paid in rum and tobacco—and returning to their distant tribes they reported that they had met a new people at Malange, those who sought the good of their fellows. Thus was laid the foundation of the commercial department of the mission work.

The practical industrial department was opened on useful lines. There were mission houses to build, old buildings to reconstruct, wells to dig, gardens to cultivate, farms to open. And in this also these pioneer missionaries led the way by first of all
FROM BRITISH TO BOER CAPITAL.

Arrival at Cape Town—Across the Veldt to Johannesburg—A Sabbath in Pretoria.

WHEN the good ship "Wilcannia" cast anchor in beautiful Table Bay and I saw once more the silvery leaved sides and level crest of Table Mountain spread with its cloth of snowy cloud glinting in the sunlight, glad shouts of welcome rang out from loving voices. Thirty-one years had passed since I voyaged here from Australia, and there were still those who remembered with gladness the great spiritual victories that attended that visit. And truly those were marvelous times, days of pentecostal power when the Spirit of God was poured out upon the people and shook the centers of heathenism. Its manifestations began soon after my arrival, and twelve hundred souls were converted among the English-speaking colonists. This was followed by seven months' campaign among the natives of Natal and Kaffraria, and the missionaries enrolled over seven thousand converts from heathenism.

I was anxious to re-enter this field of Gospel service as quickly as possible; but the missionaries at Cape Town urged me to commence the work with a few weeks' special service among the English-speaking populations of the mining districts. On the day that I secured my gripsack from the steamer I took the evening train for Johannesburg, over a thousand miles distant. We crossed the most picturesque part of the country during the night, and awakened on the almost boundless and desert plateau over which the journey of the day was made. Puffing up the inclines and flying down the slopes, the occasional glimpse I caught of the engine reminded me of my trip across the Isthmus of Panama nearly half a century before. We were returning from California, where there were no railway trains in those days, and as we whirled along through the open country my fancy was carried back to Australia, and makes a very rapid and beautiful growth.

We were due at Johannesburg late Saturday night, but did not arrive until three o'clock Sabbath afternoon; and I reached the same evening to a large congregation. The village of tents of ten years ago has given the few buildings and their surroundings a rustic color.

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The red dust of the light soil, raised into clouds by the strong winds, has given the fields and their surroundings a rust color.

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ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD.

MUELENBURG INDUSTRIAL MISSION.

Rev. David A. Day, Superintendent of the Lutheran Missions in West Africa, died on board the steamship "Lubania," December 17th—the day before arrival at this port. The painful disease that was the immediate cause of his death—dropsy—appeared in such an acute form that his removal from his field of almost life-long labor was imperative. His faithful wife spared no expense or self-denial to minister to his comfort; and in London procured the best medical aid of the kingdom. But the relief secured was only temporary, and the best that personal devotion could do was to provide every comfort in the saloon of the ocean palace in furtherance of his desire to be buried in the land of his nativity.

The presidential mansion of this republic is an unpretentious cottage on a quiet street, where the President himself can be seen seated on a veranda smoking his pipe, while an artilleryman stands on guard at the gate. "Oom Paul," as the people fondly call their President, speaks English well, and is a plain, Christian man, who has family prayers every morning at six o'clock and preaches a good sermon to his people every Sabbath. During the week he rises at daybreak, and after worship is ready to receive callers, who are indeed numerous, as matters which in other countries are referred to heads of departments here have the personal attention of the chief executive of the Transvaal, who is the busiest man in all South Africa.

He received me cordially, and I presented him with a copy of my book, "Story of My Life." Pretoria has a population of probably 10,000 Africanders and Europeans besides the Asiatics and natives. There are churches of nearly all denominations, and a good work in progress among the natives.

I visited the Senate-chamber, in company with one of the pastors, President Krüger in the chair. There were twenty-five members present, three of them lawyers, three engineers, one superintendent of public works, the remainder farmers—all fine specimens of the Dutch Boer.

The capital is a handsome three-story structure, with a frontage of two hundred and forty feet, a depth of one hundred and ninety-two feet, and is reported to have cost $720,000.

The evening I preached in the chapel of the South Africa General Missions twenty blacks came forward to the altar as seekers of salvation; but just then the curfew sounded and my black penitents went scampering homeward. The law requires every native to be at home by 6 o'clock.

On the Baltic coast of Mecklenburg and Pomerania there are signs of an awakening of spiritual life and an unmistakable hunger for the Gospel of Christ. Every meeting is crowded. At the last meeting at Steetink thousands had to go away, after one of the largest halls in the town had been packed to over-flowing.

The anxiety to obtain good Gospel literature is very comely and beyond the power of the people to satisfy. At Swinemünde the Countess addressed a large meeting, composed of all classes, including a good sprinkling of military. Clear evidences of blessing were manifest.—The Christian.

For twenty-four years David A. Day devoted his life to the cause of industrial missions in Liberia, and the missions that remain as his monument are substantial proof of the soundness of the principles upon which he worked and his untiring zeal in service. The central mission station of the group he has gathered upon heathen soil, the Muhlenburg Mission, was founded some years before he was sent to Africa, and for years he was agent of his desire to be buried in the land of his nativity.
SALVATION AT YELLUNDU.

The Spiritual Victories of the Industrial Missions that Form the Base of the India Enterprise.

Unfortunately for the cause of self-support, there has never been any lack of evidence that soul-saving results can be achieved as quickly when operating along industrial lines as in the employment of the so-called regular missionary methods. And certainly the spiritual victories gained are no less satisfactory in their permanency as exemplified in the daily lives of the converts from heathenism. It is no distraction from the glorious work accomplished in the large in-gathering of souls by the direct application of truth to the multitude to say that many "fall away" for lack of nourishment or proper instruction, or perhaps from a misconception of the truth presented. There are still the varied soil and the net filled with both bad and good; and from the lack of preparedness in the hearers and the wide spreading of the net some seed will be unproductive and some fish prove to be bad. But there is more opportunity for a thorough work in dealing with souls when they are intimately encountered in daily life, a clearer knowledge obtainable of personal needs, and a surer guidance into the path that leads to "edification, exhortation and comfort." In foundation work this opportunity improved prepares native converts for intelligent service and wide-spread success in bringing the mass of their fellows into the saving knowledge of God, and there will be found fewer among them who are weak and unworthy.

Proceeding along these lines large and permanent spiritual results have attended the ministry of the missionaries who have first laid a good foundation and established a base of operations, so that in the final summer or up they in so way come behind their faithful fellow-missionaries on any other lines.

It is on such a basis that the work in connection with the Christian Colony and Orphan Relief is proceeding; and the most recent letter from Brother Ward, appearing herewith, gives some instructive facts in connection with its practical working. The Christian Colony in Christians first, in earnest endeavor for the salvation of all committed to its care; and the orphans gathered in are not only cared for in relation to their pressing physical needs and mental development, but more for Christ and His cause while their hearts are tender and before they have acquired heathenism.

As we read this personal letter from the field let us ask ourselves how much of self-sacrifice it is our privilege to participate in for the rescue of perishing souls.

"I must write you my thanks for all the ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD is trying to do for us and for India. The Lord be praised! You make a slight mistake in regard to the time of the grant of lands. They were given to us by the Government five years ago, but not until now have we been able to utilize them on account of lack of funds. But William Pumby has had it in Jugdalpur since May last, and is making wonderful progress. Thomas Fraser is worth more than any new American could be to me and the work. If all is well, he will be ordained at Conference for Pastor.

"My long desire to place all this new work in a district by itself, has been realized with favor, and Rev. Geo. H. Gildea (then whom I would not choose another), is to be presiding elder, and all under the direction of the Bishop. I thank God for it all!

"My wife and family will probably arrive here by December 15th, and I am so glad they are coming. I cannot tell you how greatly we need them here.

"I am closing twenty-one years of service in India, and will write an article for the next number of the ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD in regard to the work. I am in the best of health, and God is with me.

"This month I have baptized twenty-three persons, eleven of them converted from heathenism—one as an old man of eighty. It was a sight to see the old pair last night bow in our mission house and confess Christ and receive baptism. They came thirty miles last Saturday, to see some grandchildren of theirs the famine brought into our hands. I prayed that when they came that they might go back to their people. So to-day they have done. Praise the name of the Lord!

"I have received forty-one probationers this month, many of them the children of our Christians. My heart rejoices in all this. Our Christians this Conference year, just closing, with all the high price of

THE HINDU SPEAKS.

BY SIR ALFRED A. C. LVALL.

HERE in this mystical India.

The deities hover and swarm.

Like the wild bee beard in the tree-tops,

Or the gusts of a gathering storm.

In the air men hear their voices,

Their feet in the rocks are seen—

Yet all say "Whence is the message.

And what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open,

And ever the censer swings,

As we bow in a mystical symbol

Or figures of ancient kings.

Pushed by a power we see not,

Struck by a hand unknown,

We pray to the trees for shelter

And press our lips to a stone.

And the myriad idols about us,

Or the legions of musing priests,

The revels of rites unhyed

The dark, unspeakable fears.

What have they wrung from the silence?

Hath even a whisper come

Of the secret—whence and whither?

Alas—the gods are dumb! —Selected.

A BUDDHIST FUNERAL.

WHEN a follower of one of the Buddhist sects dies, a priest is called. In accordance with the Buddhist teachings, if the deceased is well-to-do, they will give the priest all the way from fifty cents to two hundred and fifty dollars to pray the soul of the departed one out of torment. The priest will then proceed to pray to Buddha all night long, striking a bell every time he has prayed his prayer one hundred times. When a parent of our next-door neighbor died, the proceedings were so noisy that I had no sleep that night. Another part of the ceremony is to put out all the lights at certain hours and then suddenly light them again. The priest must always have a feast made for him. At stated intervals after the funeral, the priest received his petitions, in order that the soul may successfully pass through certain transformations on its way to Nirvana. One of the peculiar features of the Buddhist teachings is to make a great spread at the funerals. Baskets indicating all the great deeds of the deceased are carried in the procession. Bouquets of flowers as high as the house, often numbered by the dozen, are carried in front of the hearse. In fact, a Buddhist funeral is much like a picnic. Everybody goes chatting along as if on their way to a family reunion.

From Miss Fenno's letter, in Christian Missionary.

I have never seen such horrible destruction of God's image in the face of man as I saw in the Government opium dens of Lucknow.—W. S. CAINE, M. P.
February, 1898.

A TOUR IN WEST CHINA.

Across Country and up Chinese Rivers—Posting for Judicial Recognition—Landmarks of the Progress of Missions.

BY REV. SPENCER LEWIS, CHUNGKING, CHINA.

IIlustrated Christian World.

February 1898.

Lough that it seemed best to make the visit without further delay. Brother Cady had come down from comfortable and convenient for foreigners. It is not character, but fitted over somewhat to make it more boat made for medical itinerating. It is Chinese in Nearly a year before Dr. McCartney had had a small run by steam, though not a little steam is generated ed when rapids are met with. There a little seven-and Mrs. Joyce used part of the time while traveling the way around. This was the boat which Bishop in this province.

BY-ten cabin amidships, with bunks extending part of the air so that we had a fortunately a rain had cooled the air so that we had a comfortable tramp of fifteen miles. About noon we stopped to dispose of a lunch which kind friends had prepared, the chief items on the bill of fare being baked beans and pumpkin pie. The pie was really squash. Our Eng-lish brother ate sparingly of some of our provincial dishes.

Our trip was partly by land and partly by water. Nearly a year before Dr. McCartney had had a small boat made for medical itinerating. It is Chinese in character, but fitted over somewhat to make it more comfortable and convenient for foreigners. It is not run by steam, though not a little steam is generated by the poor trackers who pull us. The crew numbers six, two on boat and four on shore—more being add-ed when rapids are met with. There a little seven-and Mrs. Joyce used part of the time while traveling the way around. This was the boat which Bishop in this province.

The boat started the day before we did, carrying the most of our impedimenta, we making a short cut by land to a place which was about twice as far away by water. My companions rode in sedan-chairs, but I walked, being accompanied by a mem-ber of a sister mission whose route lay along with ours for two or three days. Fortu-nately a rain had cooled the air so that we had a comfortable tramp of fifteen miles. About noon we stopped to dispose of a lunch which kind friends had prepared, the chief items on the bill of fare being baked beans and pumpkin pie. The pie was really squash. Our Eng-lish brother ate sparingly of some of our provincial dishes.

We found our boat waiting for us, and by 3 P.M. we were on the move again. We were traveling on the Kialing River. This is what it is called on maps, though I have never yet met a native who knew anything of this name. They get along without any name, calling it the Small River, thus distinguishing it from the Yangtze which is called the “Large River.” When we come to its branches it is called the “Large River” and they the small rivers. Three rivers unite to form the Kialing, the city of Hocheo being situated at their junction. That is to say, two streams unite about three miles above, and this stream unites with the third at the point where the city is built. This makes Hocheo, in a land where all important cities, or nearly all, are by navigable waters, a place of no little importance, easily ranking among the first dozen cities in the Sichuan province. Yet, strange to say, it has never been open as a mission station, except for a short time, and in a feeble fashion, a few years ago, until it was opened by our mission a short time before our vis-it. We arrived at Hocheo during the forenoon of the third day, and in a short time we were sitting under our own mission vine and fig-tree.

The opening of our work at Hocheo forms one of the most interesting chapters in our mis-sion history. Having country work a day’s jour­ney away and within the same civil district we had long planned to enter with a resident missionary, but our small forces had not permitted our doing so. Accordingly, it was determined to see what native talent could do, and a few months ago our best native preacher and the best of the three recent medical graduates were ap-pointed to this work. It was the first time in the history of our mission that such important work had been intrusted to natives, but the outcome has been highly satisfactory. After several weeks spent in preaching and healing in temporary quarters they succeeded in renting a large place on a busy street.

But no sooner had a place been rented than opposi­tion was aroused and accusations brought before the magistrate. But the Lord had been preparing the way for such a time as this. While they had been waiting to secure a place Dr. Liao had been called to attend the daughter-in-law of the magistrate and had succeeded in curing her of a disease which had baffled the skill of all the Chinese physi-cians. The result was that when the case came up before the magistrate he not only dismissed it with a rebuke to those who had brought the charges, but presented the doctor with ten tael's of silver and a finely lacquered board to put over his door eulogizing his work.

For the first three weeks after the dispensary was opened a crowd of patients, averaging over 150 daily, were treated free; but fearing the medicines would not hold out, a charge of 20 cash, or about a cent and a half, was made for the first visit, nothing being charged for a return. This diminished the number one-half, but with many visits outside and an increasing number in the hospital the work was large enough. So far the people seem quite ready to employ this graduate in foreign medi-cine as they would be to employ a foreign doctor. Dr. Liao is modest and does not attempt cases bey-ond his skill, but sends such to the Chungking hos-pital, or awaits a visit from his superintending physi-cian.

The people, as a rule, are friendly, coming in large numbers to hear the Gos-pel. Preacher Kuang preaches to the men, and Mrs. Liao talks to the women. God is already blessing the work, and inquirers are coming. The interest of two of them began while in the hospital. Indeed, the value of the medical work in opening the way for the Gospel could hardly have better il-lustration. As to the ex-periment of opening with natives, it may well be doubted whether a foreigner could have opened the work so quickly and successfully. What a sugges­tion of the possibilities of utilizing native workers if they are faithful and consecrated!
is appropriated for the Hoheco work this year, the balance being made up locally, which means chiefly from the foreigner's missionary pockets. But such a work as Carpenters had been begun cannot be carried on for less than several hundred dollars per year. The appropriations nowadays are for the "work as it is." The Church wasn't given enough to allow anything for growth. "How long? Lord, how long?"

At 3:30 P.M. on the day after our arrival at Hoheco Brother Cadly and I started out to visit our country Christians. Mrs. Cadly remained behind and had affairs to look after on Saturday and also a crowd on Sunday. We started out on foot, though it was as hot as blazes. I use the last expression advisedly, for it was about as hot as a blazing sun ever makes me. The thermometer would scarcely have marked less than 130° on that hot road. A tramp of ten miles brought us to the large village of Yun Men Chen, situated on the middle or main stream called the Paoning River. It was quite dark when we found our way into the stinking recesses of the best inns in the village. It was my first inn after getting back from breathing the pure air of my native land, and may have seemed worse on that account. We put down our cots in the central space, instead of in one of the damp, unventilated rooms. Near by and above were the household gods, and in and around us was the odor from the adjoining pigsty.

We were off early, but not as early as the rice harvesters were in the field. A shower had cooled the air a little, but the sun was soon beating down remorselessly from a cloudless sky. About the middle of the forenoon we tried to get sedas-chairs, but all the men were at work harvesting and we had to tramp on, reaching the village of Chentu at eleven o'clock, having walked about twelve miles. Staying there till 1:30 P.M. we took chairs for the remaining distance to Lung Shi Chen, reaching there at 3:30, or twenty-four hours from the time we left Hoheco. We were welcomed by one of our native Christians, with whom we put up during our stay. It was market day, and quite a number of people when we walk in company with other pedestrians. As to the matter of conversion, the man who carries a chair is usually easier to convert than those who ride in them.

Our boat stopped for an hour one morning at the large village of Tai Tung Chen to buy food, etc. I was invited to dine and spend the day with a Mr. Ku, who is a partner in business in the factory of our local preacher, Wang. Bishop Joyce and Dr. Cartney spent the night with the firm on their way to Chentu last winter. Bishop Joyce was impressed with the importance of opening the place, but there was no money for it. It is busier and far more important than many district cities which are situated away from rivers. What a difference railroads might make!

We arrived at Sulling about 6 P.M. Saturday. This city is about half-way from Chungking to Chentu. It was here that Brother Curnow tried to secure a place to live over two years ago, and was obliged to discontinue negotiations on account of the Chentu riots. However, a few months later a small place was secured for a preaching place and for the native preacher to live in, and later still another small place for a boys' school. We have not given up, but only deferred our project of settling a missionary there.

We had a small scare while Uring by Saturday night. The water was rising when we arrived, and about midnight the boat began to be tossed up and down, and drifting down, collided with us. It happened that we were tied outside of another boat, and the shock of the collision broke both boats loose. It was pitch dark and the matting up, so that it was difficult to handle the boat. We were about two boats, and suddenly, in a rapid place, our boat turned over, and we were herded together. It seemed that we had lost our money and, perhaps, fortunate, since we had not much which was fit to eat. Our superfluous flesh disappeared with surprising rapidity. My companion, who carries about considerable adipose tissue, lost so much flesh that he weighed less than for several years. Our boat with Mrs. Cadly had come a longer route by river and was waiting for us at Ta Ho Ba, which we reached by ten o'clock the next morning.

Some may wonder why we should go about instead of riding when labor is so cheap. Some others may wonder why we are ever so cruel as to ask men to turn over. I replied that I did so to save the trouble of handling the boat. Some may wonder why we should go about instead of riding when labor is so cheap. Some others may wonder why we are ever so cruel as to ask men to turn over. I replied that I did so to save the trouble of handling the boat. Some may wonder why we should go about instead of riding when the fare is so cheap. Some others may wonder why we are ever so cruel as to ask men to turn over. I replied that I did so to save the trouble of handling the boat. Some may wonder why we should go about instead of riding when labor is so cheap. Some others may wonder why we are ever so cruel as to ask men to turn over. I replied that I did so to save the trouble of handling the boat. Some may wonder why we should go about instead of riding when labor is so cheap. Some others may wonder why we are ever so cruel as to ask men to turn over. I replied that I did so to save the trouble of handling the boat. Some may wonder why we should go about instead of riding when labor is so cheap. Some others may wonder why we are ever so cruel as to ask men to turn over. I replied that I did so to save the trouble of handling the boat. Some may wonder why we should go about instead of riding when labor is so cheap. Some others may wonder why we are ever so cruel as to ask men to turn over. I replied that I did so to save the trouble of handling the boat. Some may wonder why we should go about instead of riding when labor is so cheap. Some others may wonder why we are ever so cruel as to ask men to turn over. I replied that I did so to save the trouble of handling the boat. Some may wonder why we should go about instead of riding when labor is so cheap. Some others may wonder why we are ever so cruel as to ask men to turn over. I replied that I did so to save the trouble of handling the boat. Some may wonder why
A JAPANESE CHILDREN'S DAY.

Babies of the Island Kingdom—Observance of the Matsuri.

W R I T I N G from Takoka Cho, Japan, to the
Woman's Missionary Record, Miss Alice L. Coates says of their children's celebration.

The 27th was observed as Children's Sunday. About fifty children were present, if we count the babies. Chino San and I have the Sunday-school at Minami Kaijya Cho now. Here, where the Sunday-school has been maintained for several years, prejudice has been overcome in some degree, and there was no difficulty in getting the children together and started for the church. From one family all the children, three girls and a boy, attend Sunday-school very regularly. They recovered from measles just in time to attend the Children's Day service. The little one, three years old, is the dearest baby you ever saw. She looked so sweet with her rosebud face, her dainty kimono and gay parasol. The parasol was almost too much for her, however. She swayed back and forth in her efforts to carry it, making very little progress. I wanted to take her up and carry her, but she is too shy to permit that. After a little she was persuaded to let me take the parasol, and then with a hand in that of an older sister on either side she got on very well.

The church was decorated with Easter lilies and iris. Miss Lawrence bought eight large plants of the former, with a great quantity of buds just opening for 20 sen, or 10 cents. Just think of that! you who have to pay $1 for a single plant! I wish I could look into the hearts of the children and see what impression was left there by the service and the presence of the Lord.

A short time since there was a Matsuri in this neighborhood, centering on this street, which I visited nearly a week. Has the same a festive sound to you? Certainly the streets had a festive appearance with the tall graceful lanterns waving on either side of each doorway, strings of red lanterns running lengthwise of the street and large white ones extending across. But oh! the noise and beating of drums! often continuing until after midnight. By the time it is over one does not anticipate another with pleasure. Many inquiries on my part have elicited but little information concerning the Matsuri, but originally they must have had some religious significance, I think; for when they were celebrating it last year in Hakone, in passing through the cemetery I saw incense sticks burning at each grave, and flowers had been placed at some of them. It hardly seems as though there could be any religious idea underlying performances so absurd as these we have just seen.

Mr. Richardson came over one day to take some pictures of the house. We were arranged on the platform, and Mr. Richardson was just going to press the button when we heard a shout at the front door. Little Robert Richardson set up a frightened wail, and no wonder, for there were six or eight young men in line; the foremost of whom wore an ugly lion's head. Stretching out from this was a long, narrow strip of cloth, floating over the heads of those who followed. In this way they would run through the streets, uttering hoarse cries like an animal. One night during the Matsuri, as we were returning from a meeting we found the streets near the house so crowded that we had difficulty in making our way through, when we discovered that the center of attraction was a prancing horse; I edged along carefully, but quite recovered myself when I saw that the antics were gotten up by two men partly concealed under the stuffed skin of a horse.

Pray for this people that they may come to a knowledge of the true God, the entrance of whose Presence with them, and learn that in the Christian religion there is an essential place and day for the children?

E V A N G E L I S M AND THE LAND QUESTION.

BY CHAS. E. GARST, TOKYO, JAPAN.

M OST people want to know who is writing, hence I introduce myself by saying I have been engaged in evangelizing in Japan for the past fourteen years.

Japan is one of the most thickly populated countries in the world, yet at the same time the people are physically forbidden by the First Commandment of land that lies idle. "The domain and subjugation" are granted to all men. Hence, men are exempted from being subjugated and dominated by other men in their relation to land. Landlordism is a subversion of this first great command. The use of land agrees with the command; but the abuse of it, that is, the use of land to enslave men, is a wicked perversion of it.

Hence we conclude that private property in land is logically forbidden by the First Commandment of God. The private use of land can be attained with a universal ownership, as can easily be shown.

EASTERN ARABIA.

MUSCAT, Eastern Arabia, on the Persian Gulf, only two days' sail from Karachi, now has a missionary of its own. The Rev. P. J. Zwemer, of the Dutch Reformed Church, U. S. A., has been living in the Bazaar of Muscat for a year or two. He has been visiting India to recruit his health after the terrible heat and solitude and strained surroundings of Muscat, and has interested missionaries at Karachi, Quetta, Lahore, and Amritsar in his efforts. He has during the last year consented, on the suggestion of the Consul, to take over a batch of freed slave boys, Suakili speaking, from East Africa. He has penetrated about one hundred miles or more into the interior; and, though at great risk in so lawless and bigoted a country, he has found many ready to listen more or less to the Injil (Gospel) of the Lord. He has full belief in the future of the work in and near Muscat. Such men who stand bravely alone should be upheld by our prayers.

The average business man does not go to church when there is nothing more to hear than some boy telling what he thinks. Men have always gone to hear what God has to say.
Illustrated Christian World.

February, 1898.

The ORPHANS WILL BE SAVED.

T HE establishment of the India Christian Colony on the lines of self-support and self-propagation, and the permanent relief of the seven hundred and fifty orphans is assured—if you continue your prayerful sympathy and express it up to the directors of your financial ability—"Will thou sayst thou my Lord?" Here are a host of His little ones, not yet engulfed in the yawning abyss of heathenism, of whom He says, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." You may have a part in keeping them in the fold of the Good Shepherd, and hear the sweetest voice in glory say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto Me." When you stand before the King not earthly jewels, but such as these will gleam forth in your crown of eternal rejoicing.

Immortal spirits, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and yet they will cost you less than gems whose beauty cannot pass the bounds of earthly limitation. Can you buy stones that glitter in the clay of time for thirty dollars? You can have "living stones" for the temple of God for that sum. Not only will they bear your name in Christian baptism; in the day of final accounting the Savior of men will read it in the characters your faithful co-operation has helped to develop.

Here is an opportunity to "lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven," while saving the innocent from physical distress, "A host of His little ones, a Christian home" where without any further financial cost to you they will be fed and clothed, and reared "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES.

THERE are now about one hundred Christian Endeavor societies in the Belfast district, Ireland.

From the society in Stellenbosch, South Africa, seven of the best members are soon to enter the ministry.

The society in Cairo, Egypt, is making good progress, and has among its membership representatives of several different nations.

Every Anglican church in London, Ont.—there are six in all, including the cathedral and the archdeacon’s church—has a Christian Endeavor society. The President of the Ontario Provincial Union is pastor of one of the churches of the Church of England in Canada.

Canada and Great Britain have passed the two-hundred-thousand mark in the membership of their Christian Endeavor societies at about the same time. Each of these mighty hosts, as the editor of the English organ calculates, if they passed in review at the rate of twelve a minute, and marched night and day, would be passing for twelve days before the great procession was completed.

This year, as last, the "Sojourners’ Society of Christian Endeavor," was organized at the mountain sanitarium, Ku-ling, near Foochow, China. This society is in existence during the temporary stay of missionaries in this healthful spot during the hottest part of the summer. Under their leadership about fifty Chinese are organized for Christian Endeavor work, which includes going out among the scattered villages of the mountains, talking to the people, and inviting them to the services. Why may not some societies be founded in our American vacation resorts next year?

Rev. Timothy Richards, the eminent Baptist missionary to China, was greatly cheered on the eve of his return thither by the promise of $5,000 from a benefactor, for the purpose of establishing an institution in Peking to consist of a library and lecture hall.
February, 1898.

ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD.

MIDLAND NEWS AND NOTES.

By Dr. Emil Holub.

Latest news from South Africa will be of interest to our readers centers around three topics: The festivities of Go-Bulawayo in commemoration of the opening of the Bechuanaland Railway; the attitude of the Transvaal Gold-fields communities in reference to the Dynamite Trust and the Netherlands Railway fares; and the controversy between the veterinary surgeons in relation to the best way fares, as the Government is disposed to facilitate a peaceful adjustment.

THE GREATEST MISSIONARY CHURCH.

The Moravian Church is above all churches a missionary Church. Its history has been to go to the very lowest of the heathen, and to difficult and dangerous fields where no one else goes. So unselfishly and uncomplainingly is this Church, so pure and simple its doctrines and life that, from a worldly view, it seems an unimportant denomination. It has stood for 163 years an example and inspiration to all Christendom. The home of the Moravians was mostly in Moravia and Bohemia. They were the followers of John Huss, who suffered martyrdom in 1415. They formed home and into an association called the Unitas Fratrum (United Brethren), a name they still retain. They received the rite of Episcopal ordination from the last remaining of the Waldensian Bishops—Stephen—who also suffered martyrdom. This makes them the oldest Episcopal Church in existence, the history of the Waldensians showing an uninterrupted line of episcopacy consecrated with that of Apostolic times. Their great leader was Zinzendorf, a man of royal blood and incomparable piety.

Mrs. Belden, who makes the above statement, gave a graphic description of a visit she made some years ago to Herrnhut, the head-quarters of their Church and Missionary Board. This old historic town is about fifty miles from Dresden, and is built upon land donated to the Church by Zinzendorf. There are no paupers and no millionaires among the Moravians. Before they arrive at that place they leave the Church. The ancestors of the Vanderbilts were Moravians. The number of missionaries at present is twenty-five hundred, or about one out of every fifty of its members at home and on the foreign field. One little community of four hundred and eighteen souls has twenty-one of its sons and daughters in foreign mission work.

BIBLE WORK IN ROME.

Mrs. Wall, who has been ill for a month, but is now happily restored, writes in the Christian of the work in the city on the Tiber:

"Many of the Romans, more especially among the working classes, are now willing to converse on religion, and frequently confess with tears that they are not happy, and are anxious to hear of something that will bring peace to their troubled hearts. Two of our Bible-women are employed part of everyday in taking the New Testament to all the families in Rome, more especially to the apartments in the palaces where we know few have ever seen it. We put each copy in an envelope, with a card containing a list of our services nicely printed, and also our address. In this way we must have sent out nearly a thousand; but not more than one or two have been returned, and very few, in comparison, refused. The priests are taking the alarm because, no doubt, they find God's Word in the families where they least expected. Last week a letter was sent round by one of the principal priests to all his parishioners, warning them against receiving these little books, and calling them wicked tracts, and in comparison, refused. The priests are taking the alarm because, no doubt, they find God's Word in the families where they least expected. Last week a letter was sent round by one of the principal priests to all his parishioners, warning them against receiving these little books, and calling them wicked tracts, and recommending them to consign them to the flames. We bear no load yourself GEORGE MACDONALD.
EASTER MORN.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

EASTER MORN.

Chapter I.

CHRISTINA: A TALE OF DENMARK.

BY HELEN RASMUSSEN.

FIRST TOLD TLES.

February, 1898.

Illustrated Christian World.

sweet-angled violets. In a bed by themselves the snowdrops dangled their pretty white bells, still wet with the dew. The dear little forget-me-nots seemed more sweeterly pathetic than ever as she passed. "Forget-me-nots!" she said to herself. No; the radiant light died out of her eyes, so that the stiff but gay daffodils did not even recall it. The garden was beautiful, she was beautiful, all nature was beautiful; but one thing was wanting to her.

(To be continued.)

Suggested Subjects for Meditation for the Comrades of the Christian Endeavor Quiet Hour.

According to a very wide-spread desire, on the first of January, 1898, the Comrades of the Quiet Hour, with its wider scope and purpose, took the place of the Prayer Chain, and the following subjects are suggested for meditation throughout the year. These subjects are simply suggestions. No, Comrades, you are obliged to consider them, but they may help many to fix their thoughts on eternal themes, and to realize their fellowship with those who are keeping "the Morning Watch." Whatever subject is considered, let it not be forgotten that the one supreme object of the Quiet Hour is communion with the Unseen and Eternal God. For this communion, his Book is the one supreme and indispensable aid, though other helpful books of communion will be suggested from time to time. Only a few Scripture references are given under each theme, for it is felt that for the most part the "Comrades" will prefer to turn to the Scriptures for themselves, to pick up their own nuggets from God's gold-mine.

It has been thought best to suggest only one great theme for each month; but each of these themes branches out in so many directions, that it affords ample food for thought and meditation for far more than thirty days. However, some of the themes may be the utmost freedom and individuality in the observance of this Quiet Hour. These subjects and Bible passages are given only for those whom they will help:

January.—The Presence of God.

Ps. iii, 17; Ps. xvi, 10; Matt. xxviii, 20.

February.—Humility.

Luke vi, 6, 7; Rom. vii, 18; Phil. ii, 13, 15; I Tim. 1, 15.

March.—The Indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

John xiv, 16-26; John xv, 25; Rom. viii, 26, 27.

April.—The Living Bread.

Deut. vi, 40-42; 1 Chron xix, 5; Ps. cxix, 2; Luke vi, 46-48; John xiv, 15, 27, 23.

May.—The Christ-Filled Life.

John vi, 37, 39-37; John xiv, 6, 19.

June.—The Secret of Power.

John xv, 7-4; John xiv, 12-14; Phil. iv, 13; Eph. iii, 17-19.

July.—Love.

1 Cor. xiii; John xiii, 34, 35; 1 John iv, 11, 12.

August.—Emptiness of Self.

1 Cor. x, 35; Rom. viii, 3, 4; Rom. xii, 3.

September.—The Life Abundant.

Ps. xxx, 5; Ps. cxxxiv, 34; Luke xii, 15, 23; John i, 4; John iii, 36.

October.—Overcoming.

1 John v, 4, 5; Rev. ii, 7, 17; Rev. iii, 12, 21.

November.—Submission to God.

1 Sam. iii, 1-10; Luke x, 24; Acts xi, 6.

December.—Fruits of Joy.

Ps. xi, 12; Ps. xvi, 11; John xv, 12, 11; John xvi, 24.

—Francis E. Clark.

At Foochow Mr. Ling Muk Gek, a teacher, a member of Geu Cio Dong church, the first Christian Endeavor in China, and a leader in all the advance movements of the Church, especially of self-support, has just successfully passed the examinations for the "First Degree," and has received his degree from the official. One of his brothers, also a church-member, has just received the same degree.
ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD.

A PEEP INTO
MISSIONARY LIFE AT QUINGOA.

BY REV. HERBERT C. WITTEY, ANGOLA, AFRICA.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 29th.—The apprentice boys of our industrial school, like the sons of the prophets in Elisha’s day, have found their quarters “too strait” for them; and like them we must go to the woods for building materials. I have arranged another saw-pit, and now it needs a good shed over it. A woodshed is also needed. We occasionally the report of a flint-lock as the fire drove better order. Several people came for remedies.

Arose at second cock crowing, read my Testament by torchlight, and had a season of prayer before rousing up the boys. Took a cup of coffee and leaving Chico to get a breakfast with the other two boys I yoked up the oxen and started for the lumber camp before most of the sanzalla people had stirred.

We could hear the fire crackling and roaring in the grass where the men had gone to hunt, and occasionally the report of a flint-lock as the fire drove the jimbuiji out of cover. Toward evening I took a walk up to another sanzalla, meeting some of the hunters returning each with his piece of meat. Found most of them still squatting in a circle around two of the adekidi (elders) who were dividing the day’s spoils. They brought out a stool for me and presently laid out a piece of meat for me, which, for various reasons, I thought best to decline. A small fox had also been killed, and a monkey picked up who had been caught by the fire and burned to death.

As these animals are not thought fit to eat by respectable natives, the slayer of one and the finder of the other were permitted to take their prizes and get out of them what they could.

This sanzalla is a new one, and one of the men showed me around and asked if I did not think it a nice place. I told him the place was very good, but their sanzalla should be much nicer if the houses were arranged orderly on some plan instead of being placed here and there in every sort of a position. Leaving him talking this over with his fellows I looked up a man who had promised to show me a place where some good timber was to be found, and engaged him to take me there the next day.

Returning to our hut I took a light supper of a cup of cocoa and a piece of bread. The torch was then lit and the boys came for their daily lesson. One boy is just beginning, the others can read quite well in Kinyandu. We read out of the Gospel of St. Luke, and two of the old men sat by and listened with attention. The end of the hut was broken out, so we had plenty of fresh air, and we had swept the place; but the boys soon found the dirt floor was infested with “ticks,” and rather than be tormented by them they took out their mats and slept in the open on the ground regardless of the damp atmosphere.

For myself, having a good canvas cot which raised me from the floor, I preferred to risk it with the “ticks” rather than lie out in the heavy dew.

Friday, Oct. 1st.—Arose at second cock crowing, read my Testament by torchlight, and had a season of prayer before rousing up the boys. Took a cup of coffee and leaving Chico to get a breakfast with the other two boys I yoked up the oxen and started for the lumber camp before most of the sanzalla people had stirred.

We were back with a load in about two hours and had our breakfast; then, leaving the boys to make two more trips, I went to keep my engagement of the day before. Had to wait until Yanzamba had finished his meal of meat and “funji,” and so joined a group who were squattting round the fire cracking stones to get flints for their guns. Had some conversation with them on practical things. Met Kamambu, the headman who offered me the meat, and explained to him my reason for declining it, which seemed to meet his approval.

Starting, we tramped for several miles, most of the country being black and bare from the burning fires which had swept over it, while in other places the grass was springing and the trees putting forth fresh leaves. We found good timber in several places, and I took note of the quality and dimensions of the trees as well as the difficulties of getting a road to them.

About eleven o’clock we came to a sanzalla and sat down a while to rest; but the village was such a dirty, dilapidated one, and the people so inde­cent, that I was soon glad to get away. The return by the path being very round-about the fields as we had come. The sun was by this time very strong, and by the time I got back to our sanzalla I was very hot, tired and hungry, and on some parts of my body as black as a negro from soot and dust. In the evening, after reading St. Luke with the boys, I had some conversation with a pleasant elderly native whom I knew some time ago, but have not seen lately. He said he was for some time cook to Bishop Taylor’s “pioneer party” of the first expedition, when they pitched their tents under the cashew-trees at Thange. Found opportunity later on to turn the conversation to a talk on the wisdom of the fear of God, and he gave serious attention. Was some bothered by the mosquitoes in the night, but being careful to keep my bedclothes off the floor I had no trouble from the ticks.

Saturday, 2d.—Got our usual morning load of crotches and roof sticks, had our breakfast and started for the mission, leaving our tools and kit with the sanzalla people until Monday. Passing through another sanzalla I found a poor woman in front of a miserable hut, washing a great ulcer on her little child’s foot with water in which she had steeped some roots.

She looked up very pitifully and asked me if I could not give her some remedy for the sore. I promised to bring her some on Monday.

Walking on, my mind still on this scene, the apprentice boy just ahead of me with my bed, etc., on his head, spoke up and asked me the meaning of the Scripture that said, “Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.’’

It was a great pleasure to explain the passage to him along the way from here to the “kilombo.” Arriving here we found that the sick Portuguese had himself carried up to the mission. Arrived too late for the station class-meeting. In the afternoon Tonli (one of the apprentice boys) came to me with a case of conscience, upon which he wanted advice.

It was about eating meat that had been killed at a
funeral wake. I gave him the best light I had upon the subject, and he followed it.

Sunday, 3d.—Had a good time in the class-meeting for native inquirers. There was an unusual attendance, including quite a number of women, who are drawn by the example of one old woman who has hardly missed meeting in class since she first commenced coming, four or five years ago. I felt helped of the Lord in their hearts and set to before them more clearly the way of salvation. Yet all is nothing but as the Holy Spirit applies the truth to their minds. Brothers Robt. Shields and John Mead went out as usual to preach and teach in the villages. At 3 p.m. we met in the chapel, about a quarter of a mile. The house was well filled, and here, also, there was an unusual proportion of women. They are the hardest class to get hold of, and we are much gratified when they are interested enough to wash and dress up to come two miles or more to hear the Gospel. It being my turn, I spoke from the words, "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit." All gave close attention.

Returning to the mission Lister Shields gave the women and girls an hour's instruction in the A. B. C.'s. After dinner I take the apprentice boys and several others for an hour's schooling. At 3 p.m. we go again to the chapel for Sabbath-school.

After the opening exercises we divide into classes. With my class I am now going through the story of Jesus in a little book by the author of the "Peep of Day," and they are much interested. In the evening I translate the day's lesson to the time we are through with the book we will have it in Ki-mbundu ready for publication. The writings of this author seem particularly adapted for translation into African languages.

Monday, 4th.—Off to the woods again with all the boys. Stopped at the "kilombo" to buy a piece of meat. The corporal and the soldiers' quarters and travelers' house tried to get me to come and take an inventory of the Portuguese's "degredado"'s effects; but I told him that was the commandante's business not mine. Inquired at the sanzalla for the woman to whom I had brought the "kilombo" to buy a piece of meat. The corporal is a quiet and pleasant—appearing man generally; but when telling me to have a great patience with him—soon seemed to get to an end of his time.

He would call out directions in Portuguese to his men, which they only half understood, when they acted in a clumsy, bewildered manner, he had to relieve himself by cuffing two of them on the ears, which is killed for food).

While waiting for another guide to appear I went over to see Senhor Ribeiro his lumber. He is a very quiet and pleasant appearing man generally; but when telling me to have comparatively little trouble—"he soon seemed to get to an end of his time."

NATIVES ON A JOURNEY.

Arriving at the mission I found the sick Portuguese commandante had been all they could for him, and had to do it themselves; for he was so vile in more ways than one that at first no native could be hired to attend him. A native also who had taken a cargo in the store, had fallen, in some inexplicable way, while coming down the steps, and broken his leg. Brother John Mead made splints, and the leg was set and bandaged as well as possible. The man is from a distance and will have to be taken care of.

Thursday, 7th.—The poor white man died in the night. The most disagreeable task of preparing his body for burial was cheerfully undertaken for Jesus' sake, and then, with John Mead's help, I made coffee. This is the sixth I have made or helped to make in this country. The commandante had his grave dug and sent some men, who were all drunk, to take the remains from the mission. Some of the brethren accompanied the body to the grave and prayed and spoke to those who were there. Before leaving, the people were more sober and serious. We had not much hope in the poor man's death.
HOLINESS IS SAFETY.

BY ASBURY LOWREY.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon. It shall not be found there; Safety is an attribute of the way of holiness. The prophet had just said: "And an highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness." Then he proceeds to give the qualifications of that way. Safety is one. It is safe from hostile and destructive enemies. It is exempt from dangers. It is the city of refuge, the fortress of security—the mountain fastness which is inaccessible to ravenous beasts. It is the "path which no foul knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; the lion's whelpes have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it." This is the way of purity. He that can dwell within an imperishable fortress, Hes covered with the shield of faith. He is shut up in God. In conscious purity he says: "Behold God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation." "There is no safety out of God, and no alliance with Him but in purity. Hence the way of holiness alone is garnisched with invincible security. In every other career of supposed safety there are lurking dangers.

Some seek safety in universal disbelief. They persuade themselves that there is no God—no soul—no conscious hereafter. If this be true it may be trusted to as well as any other creed to save us from all but temporary evil. But what will you demonstrate by this proposition? And if it prove false, what peril betest the future?

Others take refuge in the conceit of universal salvation, irrespective of moral state or conduct. Now if the love of God or the merits of Christ were designed to save all men unconditionally and in spite of their inimicite and sins, then a life-boat may be constructed out of this rotten wood as good as any. If it can be trusted to float the entire race into the stormless harbor of holiness and Heaven, we are safe, whatever be our character, on the ground that the whole includes all the parts. We go up by a sort of mathematical necessity. But what if it should turn out afterward that theory we have been putting upon a sea not only of uncertainty, but of storm and destruction? What then is left to bring us safe to the right hand of God, who also make intercession for us.

"SOME MORE, SOME LESS."

I STARTED to tell of a "find" I made in one of our homes. It was a poem written by the twelve-year-old of the family. The mother told me that at one time they were reading about the manna that fell from heaven to feed the children of Israel. They came to the seventeenth verse, sixteenth chapter of Exodus, where it says they gathered the manna, "some gathered more, some gathered less." Little twopenny said that meant that would make a good poem, and off she went to her poets' corner.

"A great many people have enjoyed the poem," said the mother, "including some of the old people—said it did them as much good as a sermon."

I give it to my readers. Who knows but it may carry a song to some heart?

"The people murmured," said Moses, one day "For fear that some should fall by the way." "Tonight from heaven will I rain bread— Enough for each," the Lord had said. Some more, some less.

They did not measure the manna that fell, nor order that each might perfectly tell. If he had as much as his neighbor had; Ah, no, that might have made some feel sad.

Some more, some less.

That is the way God's mercies fall; Some more, some less, but some to all. Those who wish to have more than his friend. Each has enough to last to the end; Some more, some less.

VERA CEP, in the Faithful Witness.

A GREAT BOON TO THE REJECTED

An Interview with Col. J. S. Fleming, at The National Life's head office, Broadway and Chambers Street.

The man who tries to insure his life in order to protect his family when he is no more, and is rejected, experiences a pang of almost indecribable disappointment, and often worries himself into the belief that he is about to die.

Insurance doctors, like many others, often make grave errors in their diagnosis, and somehow it very seldom happens that the error is in favor of the applicant. Many of them would rather reject a few healthy men than pass one doubtful life. An investigation might disclose the record of a supposed heart murmur or some slight impairment which the family physician, who has studied the applicant for years, would set at naught.

The English insurance companies base the cost of insurance upon the physical condition of the applicant, and The National Life, of Hartford, which has here reorganized, adopts similar methods. By believing that every life has an insurable value they issue a policy carefully graded to the value of the life insured. Such a policy is a boon to the public. It is the honest insurance.

The headquarters of The National Life, of Hartford, for the New England States, New York and New Jersey, are in the Shoe and Leather Bank Building, Broadway, New York. The manager, Col. J. S. Fleming, is known all over the United States and Europe as one of the most successful men in the life insurance business. When we asked him for his opinion on the graded policy the other day, he said that after studying the subject of sub-standard insurance for five years, during which time he had interviewed and corresponded with some of England's leading actuaries on the matter, he was thoroughly convinced that every person had an insurable interest.

Other managers of insurance companies in this city, whom we interviewed regarding the graded policy of The National Life, of Hartford, spoke of Colonel Fleming's opinion in the highest terms. It was conceded that he knew more about insurance matters than any other man in the city, and that if the Colonel said it he must be so.

"Then why don't you adopt a graded policy?" we naturally asked.

"By all means, by all means," was the general reply.

So while they are thinking about it or watching its success, this up-to-date company, the National, is doing the public a service which is bound to make it the most popular and prosperous company in the country.

We further learned that Colonel Fleming is considered one of the ablest insurance managers in New York. Thirty years' experience in the business have entitled him to the place of honor, and at least half of the agents in the city come to him for advice before signing a contract. He is equally respected in England and the United States, where he is known all over the United States and Europe as one of the most successful men in the life insurance business. The English insurance companies base the cost of insurance upon the physical condition of the applicant, and The National Life, of Hartford, which has here reorganized, adopts similar methods. By believing that every life has an insurable value they issue a policy carefully graded to the value of the life insured. Such a policy is a boon to the public. It is the honest insurance.

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The wounded man said, "I'm so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water."

After the man had drank the water, he said, "Could you lift my head and put something under it?"

The chaplain removed his light overcoat, rolled it up, and, tenderly lifting the head, put it as a pillow for the tired head to rest on.

"Now," said the man, "if I only had something over me. I'm so cold!"

There was only one thing the chaplain could do, and that was to take his coat off and cover the man. As he did so the wounded man looked up in his face, and said, "For God's sake, if there is anything in that Book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it."

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