HINDOO STONE-CARVERS PREPARING DECORATIONS FOR A HEATHEN TEMPLE.
TWO THOUSAND INDIA ORPHANS.
A Grand Opportunity for Permanent Good—The Wards Intrusted to Our Care by Providence.

BY REV. ROCKWELL CLANCY, ALLAHABAD.

Last letter was written several weeks ago, when we were in the midst of famine. Since then the appearance of the crops is very promising, though the country has undergone a disastrous change. Instead of barren fields, we see everywhere ripened harvests, being gathered by the villagers. Abundance of rain came during the latter part of July, August, September, and a part of October; and the harvest at present being gathered is fully up to the average of ordinary years.

The villagers have employment in the fields; and as they are paid in grains, they are receiving sufficient for their daily needs. A large area has been set aside as the prospect for the spring harvest is good. There are places in the Central Provinces where the autumn harvests have not been good; and there is still suffering in those places. There is always much want in India, as eighty per cent, of the entire population are cultivators, and the majority have nothing but their daily wage. When any harvest fails, there is great suffering. The majority in India never get more than one meal a day, and that of the coarsest food. The people seem perfectly contented so long as they get all they want to eat once a day. I question whether in the whole world the poor are more contented than in India. The educated, well-to-do people are always discontented; but the laboring man is satisfied with very little.

Great credit is due the Indian Government for the way in which it has conducted famine operations. Some idea of the magnitude of the relief work may be realised when one remembers that the amount of relief given was equal to two and a half times the combined populations of Great Britain and India for one day. In the Northwest Province alone, out of 157,500 square miles, with a population of 47,000,000, 75,500 square miles, with a population of 34,50,000, were famine stricken. In the Central Provinces the percentage was still higher. Every Province in India has felt the famine; and even in those places where famine did not really exist, famine prices prevailed. The number of deaths due to famine will never be known; but we missionaries know that it has been large.

The result of the famine, which affects our mission most seriously, is the fact that we have about two thousand children left on our hands for whose support we receive nothing from the Government, or from our Missionary Society. We will be responsible for these children until they grow up, and are able to care for themselves. In Allahabad we have about two hundred children at present, for whom provision must be made. It costs from $15 to $20 a year for each child. We have selected premises in the suburbs for an industrial school for boys, where they will be taught carpentry, shoemaking, weaving, and farming, at the same time they will receive a liberal education. We have a similar establishment for girls. The two schools will be about four miles apart. A gentleman who is a civil engineer, and who has devoted his life to God’s work, has had it laid upon his heart to take the management of the boys’ institution. He has not asked for a salary, but we shall probably pay him about $500 a year.

This entire work is of God. When the famine began we had no thought that it would grow to present proportions. God has provided means for the support of the children, and we are confident that He will continue to do so. We have no income but what He sends us. We shall require about $5,000 to provide buildings and thoroughly equip our institution. A few days ago I received $1,000 from a gentleman, saying I might use it as I thought best. When he gave the money he knew nothing of our plans. Our faith has been greatly strengthened. If any one reading this article would like to know more about the work, I shall be glad if they will write to me. If any of the Lord’s stewards wish to invest any money in this work, it may be sent me direct by post-office order, or bank draft, or through the editor of this paper. We are grateful to those who have helped us in the past.

Burmah and the Burmese.

The accompanying picture is from a photograph taken of a group of girls who were celebrating the visit to Mandalay of Prince Albert Victor. It presents their full-dress costume as well as the gracefulness of their movements. The ordinary ikat, a white linen jacket, is worn by men and women alike, and on this special occasion the skirt, or femine, of the girls is of silk instead of cotton. The dress, of jacket and skirt, is here ornamented with jewels and ornaments of gold. Their hair, as will be seen, is black, and their skin is a deep brown color. The men wear, additional to the linen jacket, the full-to—several yards of cotton wrapped around the lower part of the body and limbs. The Burmans belong to that branch of the Mongolian race characterized by a monosyllabic language. They are short­headed, broad-skulled and flat-faced. Upper and Lower Burmese constitute an important part of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, and have an aggregated population of nine and a quarter millions. The coast experiences only two seasons, the wet and the dry, which are regulated by the monsoons; but in the interior the rainfall is lighter, and there are three seasons—the cold, the hot, and the rainy. It possesses largely undeveloped mineral wealth, consisting of gold, silver, iron, lead; and sapphires of great size have been found in its once jealously guarded ruby mines.

The Burmese Empire was founded by Alaungpaya, in the middle of the eighteenth century, but has been under British control for seventy years. On December 31st, 1853, it was formally annexed to British India.

The religion of the masses is Buddhism, to the forms of which they have closely adhered. Its monuments and statuary are innumerable, and its festivals observed in every part of the province.

My Call to the Heathen.

I was converted at the age of sixteen. Shortly after my conversion, I heard a dear old missionary plea for the heathen. At that time I heard a voice saying to my heart, "Will you go?" No matter where I went or what I was doing, the voice would keep saying, "Will you go?" I would answer, "I am not fit." Some time after this I heard a voice saying to my heart, "Will you go?" I entered my chamber, knelt down, and cried out from the depths of my soul, "Lord, I will go. Here am I, send me." One thing I noticed especially was that when I was busy in business and had no time to think of anything else, that Voice would arrest my attention, "What are you going to do?" No matter how I tried I could not erase it out of my mind. It seemed to be written on my heart like the indelible pen of the Holy Spirit.

Through a chain of divine providences God was arranging it all. I had told Him I would go, and He at once began to open up the way.

The Rev. O. L. Leonard, an evangelist from America, came over to Ireland last year. He came as a missionary, and found revival services in Newry, my native town. I remember the first time I saw Brother Leonard. It was at the early Sabbath morning prayer-meeting in the Methodist chapel. He prayed, and the power began to come down, and we all felt that he was one whom God had dwelt in the secret place of the Most High. After the service the young Wesleyan minister of the place said, "Mr. Leonard, I was converted at your meetings ten years ago when you were in Ireland holding meetings at such a place"— naming the place.

As soon as he found out my intention to go to the heathen, he entered into correspondence with Bishop Taylor’s committee. Bolog accepted, in a little time I was on my way to Angola, Africa. Here for eleven years God has kept me, soul and body, all glory to His name! I write this my experience, hoping it may help some one who may be similarly exercised. If so, let him or her say quickly, "Here am I, send me." It is a bad thing to rush into missionary work as a horse into battle, only to find out that we have missed the providential way. But all are not called in this same way; nevertheless, of one thing be sure: be sure of your call. Don’t come with your mind and heart full of plans, but rather put your hand in your Heavenly Father’s hand, and say: "Lead thou me step by step in all Thy holy will." Be ready for sacrifice or service, death or life, with a heart overflowing with the love of God.

In the midst of darkness which has been and can be felt, in sickness, in death of loved ones, and in every conceivable disappointment, one thing has stood by me—the assurance of my divine call to preach among the heathen, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

ROBERT SHELDON.
REVIVAL CAMPAIGN IN NATAL.

Preaching through Interpreters to Large Native Congregations—Conversion of a Witch-Doctor.

A LITTLE more than a day's journey by rail from Pretoria brought me to Queens-town, where I was cordially received by my old friend, the Rev. Robert Lamplough. This veteran missionary believed in my continued effectiveness for he had planned special services in fifteen circuits, and twenty-two other fields beyond.

After a few introductory services in the English-speaking congregations, we had the beginning of the work of salvation among the native population of this tour in South Africa. My interpreter, Magaba, had been converted thirty years before during my series of meetings at Healdtown. He was therefore in perfect sympathy with my manner of conducting a meeting, and was a preacher of great power and effectiveness. In the few services we held in Queens-town, over fifty natives came forward as seekers of pardon, and their testimonies were marvelously clear and original.

We commenced the campaign of the fifteen native circuits with Lesseyton, where a two-days' meeting resulted in thirty-nine seekers coming forward, and the continuance of a successful meeting after my departure, in which more than a hundred souls were converted.

The next point was Khamastone, where I preached the first sermon at eleven o'clock one morning after a drive of thirty miles in a cart from Queens-town. The native congregation crowded into the same chapel in which I had preached to some of them thirty years before. It seats six hundred persons, was nearly full at the first service, and there were thirty seekers at the first call, eight or ten of whom succeeded to find pardon. All of the services were of necessity held here in the daytime. I preached again on Sabbath morning, this time in the open air, as the crowds could not be accommodated in the chapel. At this meeting and the one held at Queens-town, over fifty natives came forward as seekers of pardon, and their testimonies were marvelously clear and original.

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and within a few months after the starting of the mission, earned two hundred dollars from hard work in pit-sawing and selling lumber.  

Most of the business of the labor market of Angola is transacted through copper coin currency. It is so difficult to procure and keep a supply of it on hand, that to purchase it even with gold, ten per cent, premium has to be paid. The patrons of a very shop keep in for the purchase of things they desire a good supply of the copper coin. Robert Shields having served a regular apprenticeship to the grocery trade in Ireland, to which he added the experience of a year and a half, was appointed to take charge of this industry in connection with his studies and special evangelizing among the villages adjacent to Malange.  

The farm selected at the beginning was found to be too near the town, and the whole work of a season on it having been destroyed in a night, there was no ground of hope for anything better by a repetition of the experiment of fencing and farming there; so Sam Mead mounted one of his bullocks, and managed to struggle through high as his head to explore the lake shore around. He found a neglected farm, on which were growing many valuable fruit-trees; he also discovered that the farm, save its lake-side boundary, was inclosed by a strong, live hedge, and contained a body of about three hundred acres of black clay and loam of the most productive quality. He immediately sought for the owner, the heir to the man deceased, who had spent so much time, toil and money upon it, and he bought and paid for it with money belonging to Ardella, his wife. He then went to work with a will under a new inspiration of hope, assisted for a time by brothers Rudolph and Gordon, and produced abundantly a variety of tropical and temperate zone produce food.  

The mechanical industries were under the special charge of Willie Mead, assisted by his sons. Willie’s two pit-saws, in the first two years of the history of Melange Station, turned out fifteen hundred dollars’ worth of planks and timbers, about one-half of which he sold for mission account and used the rest in improvements of mission property. To transport the logs from the forest he purchased a huge Portuguese cart, with hard-wood wheels about four feet in diameter, and a hard-wood frame to match, and to this he yoked Sam Mead’s oxen.  

In order that we may understand bow these heroes and heroines denied themselves and toiled for the establishment of this mission, which has since become such a great power for spiritual good, we present the following facts:  

In the mission property itself, all the hard-wood beams and rafters; door and window frames, were the product of this primitive saw-mill; also of hard wood were the slab benches, without backs, which gave quite a “rise” to people always accustomed to sit on the ground. The cost of these improvements was estimated to be three hundred dollars.  

The farmhouse, cora-crib, etc., cost one hundred dollars. Willie Mead’s saw-pits, shed and workshop, located in the mission yard, cost about one hundred dollars.  

The new mission house which they built was most substantial and convenient; the lower story was constructed of dressed stone, the upper story of adobe brick, these solid walls being three and a half feet thick and surrounded by a veranda. All the hard wood that went into this building was cut out of the forest. When constructed it was the only two-story house in the capital city, Honolulu, and it seemed impossible to reach the people for their spiritual uplifting.  

Additional to this the farm which brother Mead bought, with its fields of sugar-cane so thickly set as to defy anything short of an elephant a passage through it, its fruit orchard, its live stock of twenty head of cattle, including three yoke of oxen, its pigs and poultry, was at that time worth one thousand dollars in the market.  

As soon as Sam began to inquire for the owner, others commenced to compete with him as bidders for it; and to avoid the peril of delay he bought it at the earliest possible moment with money which his wife had received by legacy in Vermont.  

On my arrival at Malange to cheer and comfort them and inspect their work, I offered to refund the money that had been put in the purchase of the farm. Sam and Ardella laid the subject before the Lord and returned answer that having given themselves and all they had to God for his self-supporting missions in Africa, they could not accept a return of the money, and the farm, together with all their property, was deeded to the Transit and Building Fund Society, to be held in trust for the self-supporting missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church.  

From these brief illustrative facts it will be seen that in the first two years of their fourteen years of self-sacrificing service in Africa these noble missionaries themselves invested in the work that since has become firmly established and whose branches reach out to the neighboring heathen tribes, much more than we now require for their present pressing (Continued on page 8.)
that such a change could come to a people so de­
graced as were these islanders.
Honolulu is a delightful place; the homes would be
called elegant anywhere; they are surrounded by
large, well-kept lawns and beautiful driveways, and
there are many fine public and private buildings; such
driveways and public bathing-places as they have
here I have never seen elsewhere.
Astonishing as it may appear, there is less illit­

eracy here than in any one of our States; all of the
young people of any nationality must attend school,
and are taught only English books; up to the age of four­
teen the law rigorously requires their attendance.

The premises are in one locality, with
strict watch over them, and must be kept tightly
closed from Saturday night until Monday morning,
and none are allowed to exist, in any suburb or coun­
ty towns. They also enforce a strict Sabbath law,
and none are allowed to exist in any suburb or coun­
ty towns. They also enforce a strict Sabbath law,
and up to the age of four­
teen the law rigorously requires their attendance.

There are twenty-six sugar mills in the Republic;
and the Executive Building would be a credit to any
country, and President Sanford B. Dole is a man in
a million; he is of the old missionary stock, with
much ability and unblemished character, and has
wrought marvelous benefits for the little Repub­
llic.
The Judiciary Building is a very fine structure, and
well adapted for the purpose for which it was in­tended.
The country is as well governed as any I have ever
been in, and the people as kind, noble Christians as I
have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

Much has been said about the natives that needs
correction; as a whole they are an inoffensive, patient,
kinds people, but hardly fit for self-government as
yet, although wonders are being done in the way of
education.

There are twenty-six sugar mills in the Republic;
one which I visited turned out eight thousand tons
of sugar last year and will have a much greater output
this year. The entire export last year was 230,-
000 tons, with the probable reaching of 250,000 tons this
year. Although this was the chief export, rice,
coffee and the tropical fruits are shipped in large
quantities and contribute to the great prosperity
of the islands. It is a noteworthy fact that during my
visit I did not see a tramp or beggar anywhere.

To permit the company of true Americans who live
in these islands to be sacrificed to the semi-barbarous
world, would be a crime against humanity; and I
earnestly hope that the plan for annexation will pre­
vail and the marvelous resources of these islands be
fully developed.

ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.
The Slave Who Became President of a Republic.
BY LAURA M. LATIMER.

URING the Mexican War of independence a
brave soldier who had been a slave was hiding
from pursuit among the mountains on the
Pacific Coast. An army of Spanish soldiers, seven
or eight hundred, encamped near his hiding-place.
In the darkness of the night he went to a little In­
dian village near by and awakened the inhabitants,
who armed themselves with clubs, and plunging into
the river they swam to the opposite banks, and fell
upon the unsuspecting army, who fled panic-stricken
at the sudden alarm.

Vicente Guerrero was the fortunate possessor of four
hundred guns and all their supplies. When the royalists
had quelled the rebellion in every other part of Mex­
ico Guerrero held the Pacific coast against the Span­
iards until his country was free. He and his brave
little band of mountainmen were protected by moun­
tains, every mile of which offered defiles where only
a few men could arrest the march of thousands. They
were defended on the south by a deep, wide, rapid
river, and between it and Colima was a wilderness
impassable by an army. In the latter part of the
year 1820, General Iturbide was given command of
the Spanish Army and was sent against Guerrero, who
with his little band of patriots seemed invincible.
A few years before this the Viceroy from Spain had
greatly offended Iturbide, and it was his revenge
that "unwistted the tangled knot that bound Mex­
tico to Spain," for instead of fighting the brave Mex­
icans, he joined them, and with Guerrero and his
army of 16,000 he returned to the City of Mexico,
took the Viceroy prisoner and sent him back to
Spain. When the new Viceroy arrived he met him
united again, lost sons and brothers and fathers
were restored to their homes, and from village to
village and from valley to mountain top went up the
grateful shouts of joy and gladness.

This was a sublime hour for Guerrero, the slave,
who by his own valor and heroism had raised him­
self to the highest position his grateful country
could bestow upon him.
The Emancipation Proclamation greatly displeased
the slaveholders, and the next year there was a
revolution, and the president was seized and led
to his strongholds near Acapulco, where the people
protected him from his enemies. At that time, in
the harbor, was a Genoese vessel, whose captain was
determined to win a large reward, by getting posses­sion of Guerrero, to deliver him up to his enemies.
He at last succeeded in winning the confidence
of the persecuted president and one day invited him to
dine with him on board his boat, when he treacher­
ously seized him, and Guerrero was taken by his
enemies to Oaxaca and shot.
The Genoese blotted out from the roll of their
citizens the name of this captain and banished him
from his country.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air.
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.—Whittier.

DR. BUCK, who has spent twenty-seven years in
India as a missionary, delivered an address in Trini­
ty M. E. Church, New York, on "Missionary Work
among the Hindoos." He said that more than $100,-
000,000 persons in India live on about 84 each a
year, and he expressed the belief that if these people
are ever saved it will be by natives converted to
Christianity. Speaking of Protestant missionary
work in India, which was first begun forty years ago,
he said that during the first ten years of mis­sionary
work only one con­vert was made; the second ten
years, 40; the next decade, 1,800, and dur­ing
the last ten years, 90,000, and that the
number could be almost indef­
initely increased during the next
ten years if a sufficient num­
ber of workers are kept in
the field. Of the efforts of his
own Church he
said: "When the Methodists began work there
they borrowed a missionary from the Presbyterians; now
the Church has 3,000 native workers and two col­
eges, one for boys and one for girls, where read­ing
and writing and the Christian doctrine are
taught."

When Saladin looked at the sword of Richard
Cœur de Lion, he wondered that a blade so ordinary
should have wrought such mighty deeds. The Eng­
lish King bared his arm, and said: "It was not the
sword that did these things, it was the man, rich­
ard." We should be instruments that the Lord can
use; and when He has used us, the glory should all
be His.—George F. Pentecost.
A TOUR IN WEST CHINA.

(Concluded.)

A LITTLE SHY OF STRANGERS—Marvelous Growth of Missionary Work in Nine Years.

BY REV. SPENCER LEWIS, CHUNGKING, CHINA.

SUNDAY was pretty well filled with meetings. First came prayers on our boat. Then we went up and spent some time examining the boys. About the ordinary time we had service, the little preaching place being filled with school-boys and others, a considerable part of the congregation standing in the street outside. The people seemed friendly enough, but rather shy about coming in. I preached, and was followed by Brother Teng, who had come with us. The place was too small to admit of the women coming with the men; but we left word that Mrs. Cady would meet the women in the afternoon. When the time came Mrs. Cady, who had gone ahead in her chair, found quite a company awaiting her; but when we arrived we went back to the chapel and had the same service with the boys. About the ordinary time we had service, the boys were not studying Christian books. The reason given why some of the boys had not been sufficient attention paid to teaching Christian books. The reason given why some of the boys were not studying Christian books was that they were not willing to do so. I told the teacher and preacher that the requirement was imperative and that such boys need not come unless they were willing to comply with it. The result is that about a third have since left the school. It would have been much better if there had been a strict rule in the beginning.

Chen, our preacher there, held the usual afternoon service with the boys, intended to be something in the line of a Sabbath-school. The boys who could join in the singing more than twenty, but the same might be said of the preacher, who had been their music teacher. Mrs. Cady's meeting was now over, and we went back to the chapel and had another preaching service. Brothers Cady and Chen doing the preaching. I then met several inquirers, and preacher that the requirement was imperative and that such boys need not come unless they were willing to comply with it. The result is that about a third have since left the school. It would have been much better if there had been a strict rule in the beginning.

Chen, our preacher there, held the usual afternoon service with the boys, intended to be something in the line of a Sabbath-school. The boys who could join in the singing more than twenty, but the same might be said of the preacher, who had been their music teacher. Mrs. Cady's meeting was now over, and we went back to the chapel and had another preaching service. Brothers Cady and Chen doing the preaching. I then met several inquirers, and not find any of them sufficiently happy to warrant their being taken on probation. I was rather disappointed at this, for reports had led me to expect better things. I believe we shall see fruit there soon, but it will not be well to gather it while too green or too wonry.

News from Chungtou made us anxious to get off as soon as possible on Monday; but we had to borrow some money, and did not succeed in meeting the man who was loaning it till nearly noon. The average Chinaman has little conception of the value of time. The rest of the journey was to be made by land. We had arranged to stop for the night at a village fifteen miles away, but it was already 11:30 when we left the city. But scarcely were we off when one of Mrs. Cady's sedan-chair poles broke. While new ones were being obtained we walked on to a group of temples which are much visited by pilgrims on the birthday of the Goddess of Mercy. We spent about an hour there, and Brother Cady took some photographs before the chairs came up. I was footing it, and so walked on at a brisk pace out of sight of the chairs. About sunset I was overtaken by Brother Cady, and

learned that the chair-poles had broken again after they had gone a mile or two, and he had been walking ever since. We were still six miles from the place where we had arranged to spend the night, and the coolies carrying our loads had gone on. This meant that we must do so also if we would see our food and bedding again that night. So Brother Cady and I plodded on in the increasing darkness. There had been a rain the night before, and there were still puddles in the road. It soon grew so dark that I should not have known where some of them were but for my companion stepping in them.

Finally, when but three miles yet remained, we stopped and had a bite to eat. It was not of a sort to tempt us to glutiosity. About an hour was spent trying to engage chairs and buy or borrow lanterns. One chair was obtained at an exorbitant price, but it was not the time of year for lanterns. Two were secured after our men had fairly begged for them, leaving one chair still in the gloom. It was

in sight of the rich plain surrounding the city of Chincroen. It is a river bottom and was almost entirely covered with dense fields of sugar-cane standing from eight to ten feet high. It was a fine sight, and drew exclamations of admiration even from our Chinese coolies. Mrs. Cady had an unpleasant experience while on ahead of her husband and me. The coolies would not agree to rule and the lanterns to keep to the right, and the coolies heads into her chair, even pushing the top off. We had no trouble with them and sold them quite a number of tracts. At Chincroen our road joined the main road from Chungking to Chentou. As we have presented in the last article, this route is important for our work, and we hope to open it soon.

We found the Peats busy at their work at Chentou, but the Caarrongs had not yet returned from Mt. Omei, where they had been for the hot weather. The evening of our arrival we attended the union native meeting which is held monthly. The showing was small compared with what we make in Chungking, but was very good. The China Inland Mission has not had much growth in the city, having given their chief attention to the country where their growth has been large. The meeting was held in the chapel of the Canadian Methodist Mission. They had no baptisms on the night of May, 1895, but they have had since. Our own mission has had the largest growth since the opening of our work there. Mr. Vale, of the China Inland Mission, who was about leaving for furlough home, led the meeting. In the course of his address he compared the state of the missionary work in the province now with what it was when he arrived a little over nine years ago. Then there were three stations, and now thirty-five, including out-stations. Then there were but a handful of missionaries, and now 150. There were but a handful of missionaries, and now 150. Three were about fifty native communicants, and now there are 500.

The next day I called at the China Inland Mission place and was just in time to see three baptisms. From there we went to a tea-party given by the Canadian Methodist ladies, at which all the Methodist missionaries of the city were present. The ladies had just entered a new home and will soon have a house ready for use. Thanks to the rioters their missionaries and ours are all in new buildings.

A few days after our arrival I joined in the distribution of books at the triennial examinations. It has become quite common to distribute books at the various financial capitals. It was a fine sight, and the M.A. degree as they come out of their examinations.

This year the missionaries at Chentou, assisted somewhat from other stations, had procured, at a cost of several hundred dollars, 20,000 copies of Dr. Martin's "Evidences of Christianity." Besides this two Bible societies had donated 25,000 copies of Gospels and Acts. These were given away to nearly 15,000 students, coming from all parts of the province. Since they are the most powerful opponents of Christian missions, we hope and pray that by this means they may gain an intelligent idea of the religion which they for the most part ignorantly condemn.

I was twelve days in Chentou and led ten meetings, including a lecture in Chinese on my tour in India. The remaining time was spent in talking over the work, seeking to meet difficulties and plan for the future. On the whole, the work there has never been so encouraging, and the prospects for future growth are excellent. Some of the recent additions seem very earnest. We are fairly well housed for the present, but need better and more extensive buildings for hospital. The temper of the people seems improved. I have many friends, and some of the coolies appear so friendly. There are indications of progress, even in this remote inland city. While there I visited a school which has been recently opened by the Viceroy for the study of English, French, and Mathematics. I also visited the arsenal, where they expect
next year to begin the coinage of silver dollars and fractional currency.

I left Hochen on the morning of September 16th, my coolie carrying my load and Brother Ho and I on foot. I had no yamen runner with me, as I prefer to go without escort if possible. If I get into a rough crowd I prefer depending on my own tongue and wits rather than upon yamen runners. As a matter of fact I have never made this journey and found the people so friendly and resourceful. I believe the change is due to our mingling freely with the people, and to the influence of Bible and tract distribution and our preaching and benevolent labors.

On the afternoon of the third day we reached Tischeo, having traveled two-thirds of the way by boat. By land it is a four days' journey. Brother Peat had rented a place there a few months before. We found Brother Teng sitting outside the door. We have a larger place there than we use; but we hope to have a married preacher there next year, and perhaps a school. We found no inquirers, but there were a few who came with some degree of regularity to hear the preaching. The next day we had the first regular preaching services which had ever been held there. There had been talks over cups of tea and preaching to those who came; but this time we opened with singing, prayer and reading. The only Christians were the two native preachers, my coolie, and myself. The two preachers and I took turns in preaching both at the afternoon and the morning service. The number of hearers averaged about 60, and was sometimes as high as 100. Tischeo is the most important city on the main road between Chungking and Chentu, and should be occupied by a missionary.

That evening we went on board a boat which was to take us a distance of about 150 miles for about $2.50. That would have been cheaper in America for a bunk on steerer, but I had the whole vessel. To be sure it was not a floating palace, but it answered my purpose. The crew consisted of two, father and son, or, to be more accurate, 1 ¥ for the son was not fully 15 years. This arrangement gave an abundance of fresh air and water, and whatever the air happened to contain. We traveled part of the time by night, and I had sometimes to put up my umbrella to protect my head from the rain.

There are some conveniences in being "cribbed, cabin'd and confined." When I put out my hand on the bed I could reach all my belongings, because there was not room enough for them to get out of my reach. I sat on my cot and had everything on, under, or beside my bed. When meal-time came I had only to pull out the food from under the bed, spread it on top of the bed, and sit Turk fashion and eat it, without once changing my base. When bedtime came I only had to extend my pedals, repose my head on a pillow of down—and wish I was home again.

ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD.

Less than forty-eight hours brought me to Lucheo, an important city on the Yangtze. Mr. James, of the China Island Mission station there, was absent, and, taking passage on a salt junk, I was again in sight of the walls of Chungking two or three days later, after an absence of nearly forty days.

MEXICO MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

One of the Results of Personal Contact Through Ministering to the Suffering Bodies of Men.

Among those who have been led to the Savior by the medical mis-haps in Mexico, and then gone forth to preach His love to their Spanish-speaking neighbors, is Concepcion Orozco. In a long article written by himself, and translated for Mexico Tidings, he gives a little peep into his personal experience as follows:

"I had always been a decided partisan of the Bible from my youth up, for once when my mother lay very low of a long prostrated illness she called me to her side and said: 'My son, when thou hast grown up to be a big man seek out diligently a book which is called "The Sacred Bible," study it every day of thy life, and follow its doctrines, for they will lead thee to Heaven.'

"Early the following morning there entered that straw man quite unknown to me; but his face revealed the possession of the tranquil heart of a Christian, and his kind look awakened the tenderest sympathy; he was Dr. Levi B. Salaman, a noble and zealous man to whom I owe my greatest felicity, the conversion of my soul.

"He entered, examined the sick one and treated him with painstaking care, while the poor man exclaimed, with feeble accent, "God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, have mercy upon me a miserable sinner." Some of the patients and living expressions uttered by the doctor to the sick man fell upon my heart like the dew upon the thirsty cayus of a flower.

"Two days afterward all was changed; the sick man was in another house treated better; I was also in another state of mind, for that sympathy which the doctor awakened in me had turned into a true affection for that generous benefactor of my friend.

"As the sick man grew better he frequently conversed on religious subjects with his doctor, who talked to him of the eternal and its glory. I had been a slavish witness of these conversations, but so greatly had the doctor impressed me that I desired to hear them always. I continued thinking on his words and comparing them with his works as far as I could, and when I saw that he lived as he talked, I thought it necessary to make a Christian in order to be happy, and resolved to follow his religion and his manner of life. Some months afterward I furnished a large room in my house for the establishment of public services, and a little later, after having become still better informed as to the doctor's religious ideas, I entered the Methodist Episcopal Church as a probationer and was baptized, as was also my mother, my wife, and my two children. Then it was that I received the peace of my soul which no man can take away, for I am upheld by the hands of Jesus the Son of my God."

SELF-SUPPORT IN BURMA.

This is the opinion of a missionary of experience in Burmah, writing to the Helping Hand.

"You wish to know what department pays for itself. That is what I have been trying to learn. I do not believe in carrying on any work that does not pay. The appropriations from home pay the teacher's salary, then if the natives will not give the food for the children, they must keep the children at home. This could not then be less for a while, but that is better than to get into debt. The contributions this year, are far in advance of last year. . . . Whatever may be said of school work and finances, and encouraging or discouraging features, our greatest concern is the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and whatever tends to hinder that, whether want of money or interest, is a sad fact."

Rev. S. H. Cheuler, now on a visit to the Celestial Empire writes: 'I shall sign my name and title as arranged for me here, in Chinese, it would be Mei Kwoh Nan Changlao Tsoong Hwuy Pdao Shook Ked-szeteh; which, being interpreted means Ameri­can Kingdom Southern Presbyterian General Assem­bly Mission Secretary, the man who wrote this writ­ten.' The last two syllables, 'szeteh,' is the near­est approach the language affords to my name.

A CHINESE FAMILY AT DINNER.

(Photograph Loaned by the Presbyterian Board.)

This book will tell thee the truth about everything; follow it without vacillating. I shall probably die, but be not afflicted, for if thou wilt but follow this advice, thou wilt meet me in the presence of my God and thy God in Heaven.'

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"Time passed on, I grew up and Mother got well. I found the sublime book and dedicated myself to reading it, and every time any fear undertook to burn it I came to its defense, and so came to be called a Protestant as well as my mother; but, in truth, I had not yet received the Gospel in my heart.

"Afterward I made the acquaintance of some Protestants as well as some of their ministers, I heard some sermons; but I did not hear the sweet voice of my Savior, though the moment of my conversion was near.

"About the middle of the year 1892 I happened to come to the city of Guanajuato, and on entering an inn found there, stretched upon a pile of straw, one of my neighbors suffering of a terrible disease and without any one to so much as give him a cup of cold water. I offered my services, which he gladly accepted, and remained with him, resolved to do all I could for him, though I well knew my insufficiency to minister to him the consolation he needed.

"Yet another chapter of my history is unfolded; for on the 10th of March, 1893, my mother received of the Lord, and the next day I was also in her arms. I therefore had no place of my own, and was compelled to live as a pauper. . . . But the Lord that purchased me with His dear blood, did not forget me, for He sent a friend to me a short time after, and in a few months I was sufficiently well to go and visit the sick in the city.

"I continued to visit the sick, and sometimes as high as $2.50. That would have been cheaper in America for a bunk on steerer, but I had the whole vessel. To be sure it was not a floating palace, but it answered my purpose. The crew consisted of two, father and son, or, to be more accurate, 1 ¥ for the son was not fully 15 years. This arrangement gave an abundance of fresh air and water, and whatever the air happened to contain. We traveled part of the time by night, and I had sometimes to put up my umbrella to protect my head from the rain.

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ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD.

March, 1898.

PRACTICAL MISSIONARY METHODS.

In planting Christian missions in heathen and semi-heathen countries, each field has to be studied from its own standpoint and such methods introduced as are suited to its varied conditions.

When I commenced the foundations of Methodism in Bombay it was necessary to make a beginning on thoroughly practical lines and with great simplicity of method.

I attended a school of Eurasian boys and inquired of their teacher if they knew how to sing or had been instructed in the use of Christian hymns. The reply was that not only had it not been attempted, but it was thought impossible that these boys could have any music in them. I was sure that it was a mistake from past experiences along that line, and suggested to the teacher that I would engage to have them singing within seven minutes; so at the close of the school session fifteen minutes was consigned to me to interest the children in such a way as would be helpful to them and to our proposed series of meetings.

I commenced by saying: "Now, boys, they tell me that you do not sing, and, more than that, that you cannot sing, to believe that there is no music in you, and if you will just listen while I sing a verse a few times, when it gets well down in your minds I am sure it will come out of your mouths." Then I sang the first verse of the hymn commencing: "I am bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love." I sang it over several times, and before I had finished I noticed a number of feet were busy keeping time on the floor, and many lips were silently moving; I sang it over several times, and before I had finished I noticed a number of feet were busy keeping time on the floor, and many lips were silently moving; I sang it over several times, and before I had finished I noticed a number of feet were busy keeping time on the floor, and many lips were silently moving; I sang it over several times, and before I had finished I noticed a number of feet were busy keeping time on the floor, and many lips were silently moving; I sang it over several times, and before I had finished I noticed a number of feet were busy keeping time on the floor, and many lips were silently moving; I sang it over several times, and before I had finished I noticed a number of feet were busy keeping time on the floor, and many lips were silently moving; I sang it over several times, and before I had finished I noticed a number of feet were busy keeping time on the floor, and many lips were silently moving; 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PHIL-AFRICAN LEAGUE ADVANCE.

Later Information of the Varied Experiences of the Pioneer Party in Angola.

BY HELI CHATELAN.

I am thankful to be able to report that our party has safely reached the district of Caconda where we are to establish the first station of the Phil-African League.

The next days have already been spent in looking for a temporary and permanent site, and in securing information as to climate, resources, etc., of the different spots. This is a fine upland country with no end of eligible sites; so the difficulty consists chiefly in choosing the place best suited for our purpose. During the rainy season—from now till the middle of April or beginning of May—we cannot well make adobe bricks and must content ourselves with wooden structures plastered with mud. These are as comfortable as the adobe buildings, but less durable. In a few days we shall probably move into a rented house near the final site. We have the choice of several.

For the present, the party is encamped in the Hanha division of the Caconda district, in a house of Capt. Theodore Cruz, the Chefe of said division, who is very friendly. The Governor of Benguela gave him instructions to help us in every way. The Chefe, who is the chief of the whole district of Caconda, whom I saw yesterday, is also profuse in his offers of assistance; but he is about to leave his post, while Captain Cruz is permanently established in this region.

Since we left Benguela the health of the party has been very fair. The Governor and all people in Benguela, from whom we took leave, warned me that it was pretty foolhardy for me to undertake the wagon journey in the condition in which I then was, and advised me to make the worst of the journey by hammock and join the party at Catengué, or higher up. I decided to accompany the party, and gained in strength, instead of getting worse. At Catengué, however, I got wet in a night storm, and rheumatism with fever was the result. As soon as I improved, I undertook to walk one trek, so that Brother Lea might have my seat in the wagon and the rest from riding the mule; but a severe and prolonged attack of fever proved that I had overstayed my strength. Since reaching the end of the wagon journey my health has again improved, so that I have been able to go about looking for a site.

No doubt you want to know something about our departure from Benguela and our journey inland. I am sorry that there is no time at present to write fully.

As soon as our stuff was dispatched from the Custom House and my attack of fever had relaxed so far that I could, from my bed, superintend the packing or unpacking of our effects and goods, God opened the way for us to go to the interior without the dividing of the party.

When the Boer Pretorius, to whom I had sent a letter asking that he take us up to Caconda in his wagon, declared that he had entirely given up the transport business and preferred to continue his con-

One man who is not a hypocrite told me frankly that he has bought and sold hundreds of slaves. The Chefe of Caconda told me in the presence of several persons that the practice is so general that he is utterly powerless to interfere. Here not only do parents sell their children, but, which I never saw before, the children often sell their old parents. Kidnapping is an every-day occurrence, which causes so much surprise to any body. The condition of things is worse than I could imagine, and incredible to the present.

All we can do is to relieve the suffering, patiently and modestly witness to the truth, and trust in God for the righting of his time—of this great wrong.

I returned safely to Captain Cruz's place and found our party still in good health. This is a very sickly season. Many are down with the fever, especially children, and one has already died; so we ought to be thankful for being spared.

To-morrow morning I expect the span of twenty-two oxen, which is to take our wagon up, one day's journey, to what is called Ludich's place. It is the abandoned shanty and farm of Piet Ludich, a Boer, who has moved further south, and we can use it without expense. Two days will suffice to repair the shanty, and a few more days to add some water-proof grass huts. Mr. Rehan, of Cape Colony, who will be our nearest neighbor—about one and a half hours away—says he will supply us with seed and young plants and plow the ground for us. We can also get from him plenty of vegetables—cabbage of various sorts, sweet and white potatoes, beans, peas, lettuce, etc. He is accustomed to go hunting in the region where we propose to establish the station proper, and will go with the exploring party.

Another Boer has offered to accompany us, and help us (for pay) to build, cultivate the land, hunt, etc. Native labor is cheap; but not plentiful in this season of planting and sowing. Fig-trees and peach-trees, guava and a few other fruit trees do well. Strawberries and blackberries are also obtainable. Wheat grows well, but the locusts have destroyed crops for the last two years. A cow costs about $50, a trained ox $95. We have decided to accept the offer of a Portuguese friend who will give us $50 for our mule, which is nearly $10 more than the animal cost us. Two riding bulls will cost only $60 and do us better service.

As a rule we have pleasant weather in the morning and early afternoon, then the clouds gather in the evening, and at night we have some cold showers and a few thunderclaps. In December or January there is a dry spell during which we may be able to put some more comfortable abodes on the final site and settle down to educational work in January. I have already received the promise of some children.

God is blessing us abundantly, so that I could sing all the time. He alone can reform this evil society. We realize our helplessness; God can and will use us.

For latest intelligence and information concerning our work and its methods letters addressed Phil-African League, United Charities Building, Forty-second and Twenty-second Streets, New York, will receive prompt responses.

My candle is burnt out; it is late, and I must be up before day.

CANDOCA, S. W. AFRICA, Nov. 22d, 1897.
HEAVEN—HOW ENTERED.
Not by Immigration, But by Assimilation.

By ASHUR LOWERY.

T suita low state of grace to represent God as remote from us, and Heaven as located in some distant sphere. Death to such visionaries is a sort of transmigration of soul—a sweep through immemorable space—a vast separation from earth and its society in order to find God and the seat of His manifestations! It is a flight to some unknown ideal region, or a place filled with pretty things that will entrance the beholder. And as for God, He is thought of as a periodic visitor and not as an inhabitant of earth in real presence everywhere. To approach Him is mechanical while we live, and astrological when we die.

But is there any foundation for such cold, materialistic views in Holy Scripture? I am more and more persuaded that we emerge into Heaven by assimilation, and come to God by intercommunication and reciprocal fellowship. The human fades into the divine; the divine (in quality) brightens into the heavenly.

Jesus says: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." It is not, then, a change of place, but a change of condition that brings God to view. The vision begins in purification. Holiness is "eye-salve." To see God is to be like Him; to be like Him is to lose our sinful incongruities toward Him. Then comes affinity, then correspondence in kind—we partake of His nature, take on His image and His likeness. In preparing for us we enter Heaven by the acquisition of divine resemblances, by spiritual intercourse and by transfiguration of character. "For we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him" (shall be found perfect). (1) shall be seen like Him when He appears. For he that hath this hope of seeing Jesus as He is "purifieth himself even as He is pure" (does it now). We are saved by hope. To him who is as pure as Christ the beatitudes of eternal life are begun. There is only the final mortality between him and the vision of God. To prepare to meet God is to enshrine God—to be indwelt by Him. As God hath said, "I will dwell in them and walk fain them." The last words of Professor Upham were: "My soul is with God." It was not a prospective meeting. It was a present reality, an accomplished fact; it was history. How, then, do I make my transmission into Heaven? Not by local changes, but by transforming contact, by sublimating faith, by assimilating visions. "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." This is the road to Heaven, the shining way that leads up to angels and God. It is the dazzling gradations of ever-increasing, ever-brightening likenesses to God. When a man of pure heart, of transparent character, of immaculate principles or of unimpeachable integrity dies, he makes no journey to find God and no wide separation from earth to join the "general assembly, the Church of the first-born and the spirits of just men made perfect." Indeed, when such a character dies, he does not die, but simply drops into invisibility, as the stars and the moon disappear when the sun rises and throws his mantle of glory in their faces; but when the sun lift his curtain these orbs reappear in their places. So when the glory-cloud of Christ's coming thrusts aside and ceases to intervene between the living and the dead, then these stars of immortality shall burst again upon our vision as clear as ever, and in the same orbit revolving around Jesus as the central point of bliss. No change except brighter as the result of the burnishing effect of closer proximity to God. No higher, except in loftier evolutions in light, in strength, in beauty, as the ages roll on, according to the sempiternal law, "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord."

As buds burst into bloom, so a ripe soul, big with the life of God, shall blush and be in Heaven.

WEST AFRICAN CHARMS.

I ENJOY my health at home, Bremen, Germany, perfectly. I came home in July, and am well and strong ever since; getting stronger and ready for more work in benighted Africa, where I learned to love to work for dying souls for my Lord and Master. Serious sickness forced me to come home this year. It was my wish to come next year. As there was no one to take my place, I appointed Jack, my interpreter, to be in charge. I committed the stations into the hands of our Lord, who will keep those that are His. Jack is able to take charge until somebody, or else myself, be sent back to Wissika. Wissika people are getting their eyes open more and more, and I believe the time not far distant when many will come and worship the only true and living God. I received a letter not long ago from our young men, wherein they wrote: "We are strong for God more than before."

I inclose a photo of mine, and also a photo of idols from the west coast of Africa.

Here is an explanation of them:
No. 1 is called Blanka, or bullock's tail. It is the hinn-bone of a man; medicine is tied around the center part, and trimmed with shells and small strips of animal skin on either side, and at the left side the bullock's tail. Tetoba is to be changed when one is a stranger, and saves from all witchcraft.
No. 2 is called Greeshal, or monkey-bone and deer-horn. The one end of the bone is fixed with medicine and trimmed with shells. On the other end is a deer-horn, filled with medicine and outside trimmed with strips of skin and porcupine needles. It is also carried in the hand, and it will bring the owner plenty of money.
No. 3 is called Daway, and is worn around the head. There are three deer-horns filled with medicine and covered with a shell each. On either side is medicine, and also a bag full hanging down. Daway is "good for witch."
No. 4. A bag for skin medicine, worn round the waist.
No. 5, called Bakder, is also worn around the waist. It is prepared of strings of cloth and a deer-horn filled with medicine tied to it.
No. 6 is a soldier's cap. It is woven from the fiber of a tree. The top ends are braided down. On either side in front is a small bag of medicine. The front is trimmed with a deer-horn, six buttons, six shells, one ring, three long blue beads and a piece of a cow's tail. The one who wears such a cap is not shot.

No. 7 is an old house god; it hung more than thirty years on a monkey's skin on a post in the principal family house. It is to keep the house from all trouble and sickness. It is a compound of ground pieces of iron, iron chain, deer-horn, cloth and other kinds of "medicine." It was saved from a burning house at the last minute.

The idol was not able to save the house from fire; the hand of man had to save the idol.

Mrs. Frieda Smith.

WEST AFRICAN CHARM AND MEDICINE.

MRs. FRIEDA SMiTH.

WEST AFRICAN CHARMS AND MEDICINE.

BRENNEN, GERMANY.

THE REV. TIMOTHY RICHARD, the eminent Baptist missionary to China, was greatly cheered on the eve of his return thither by the promise of £6,000 from a Mr. Hanbury, for the purpose of establishing an institution in Peking, to consist of a library and lecture hall.
A LEPER MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

The Story of the Baby that Grew to be a Savior of Life to Many Who Were Perishing.

A WOMAN with a tiny baby in her arms came plodding wearily along the road. The scenery through which she passed was grand and beautiful, for she was traveling among the great Himalaya Mountains, in the north of India. The road skirted along the side of a steep hill. Here and there she saw a village surrounded by its narrow terraces of cultivation; from just such a village, nestling among a few trees on the ragged face of the mountain, the woman had come. She had been turned out of her little home, and was now wearily dragging her steps toward a place where she had heard she might have food and shelter. How she longed to reach her destination! How tired she was! And she was more tired than she might otherwise have been, for she was a leper, and it was with difficulty that she could walk. It was because she was a leper that she had been turned out of house and home by her husband, and she had brought her baby girl away with her.

At length she reached the house where she had been told, the good, kind people lived who would take care of the outcasts like herself and her baby, and she found out what she had heard was true. For the missionary sent her to a clean and comfortable home, where other lepers lived, and she soon learned to be happy like them, because Jesus came into her heart and filled it with joy and gladness.

Meanwhile what had become of her little baby? The child was not a leper, but was a healthy little girl, so the missionary said: "I will keep your little girl for you, and feed her and teach her, and you shall come and see her every Saturday if you are able." The mother was anxious that her little girl should grow up strong and healthy, so she consented to give her to the missionaries. Oh, it was very, very hard to be separated from her baby, but better that than that she, too, should become an outcast leper like herself.

The little girl soon grew used to her new surroundings. Year by year she grew and learned more and more. Among other things she learned a little English and could talk it quite nicely; but best of all she learned to be happy like them, because Jesus came into her heart and filled it with joy and gladness. She was matron of the Girls' Orphanage in Alma.

At last she heard the story that went to my heart. The story the women standing by told of her suffering, and of the burdens of care now resting on her young shoulders, made me determine more than ever to fight this diabolical system. It robs us of our bright young girls in school. Blights the beautiful years of childhood. It brings death to many a young life, and suffering and misery to many more all their lives. This system is the cause of the great number of child widows in our midst.

The child was not a leper, but was a healthy little girl, and it was with difficulty that she was turned out of her home, where other lepers lived, and she soon had forbidden this little girl to go to school. "Oh!" she said, "they all talk about her going in the street; but if you like, you can have her another year; I said to her: "Whose child is that?" "It is mine," she said.

"You!" I answered. "Why, you are only a child yourself." "I know," she said, "I am only thirteen. My baby was born soon after I was twelve. I used to go to school but cannot go any more."

There was a touch of sadness in the child's voice that went to my heart. The story the women standing by told of her suffering, and of the burdens of care now resting on her young shoulders, made me determine more than ever to fight this diabolical system. It robs us of our bright young girls in school. Blights the beautiful years of childhood. It brings death to many a young life, and suffering and misery to many more all their lives. This system is the cause of the great number of child widows in our midst.

Two little girls attend our school—one about five years old, the other six; both are widows and doomed to the life of privation, ignomy and sin only known to a Hindoo widow. I found another one of our school girls a few days ago with a red mark in the forehead. I said to her mother, "Why do you not send her to school? The child is doing nicely." "Oh! building so much. There is a wonderful field right here. The Lord is asking some one for their money. Pray and work with me until these people are saved. Yours in Jesus," Ada Lee.

Address: No. 11 Creek Row, Calcutta India.

JOHANNESBURG NATIVE MINERS.

SPECIAL missionary effort in the Johannesburg mining district is being vigorously and successfully carried forward under the superintendence of Mr. Rivett, whose parish includes twelve compounds and about ten thousand natives.

The following is an extract from one of his weekly reports:

"I am sending you two interesting cases of conversion. Jim, a Zulu, gave himself up to God on the second Sunday we were here, and I quite felt as if I got hold of the real thing. He works in the Comet mine, and often when he has finished his work, day after day, he follows us in our afternoon visitations, and is ever ready to testify of what the Lord has done for him. On Monday last he was uncertain of our whereabouts, so he gathered a number of his workmates round him and preached to them. The neatness and fervor that one native fell upon the ground, being powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit. Jim prayed with them for a long time, and he promised never to smoke, swear, drink, fight, or play cards again."

Another episode he describes as follows:

"As we stood in a room talking to a group I heard a gruff voice behind me, saying, 'Hi, mister, who are you?' I turned and saw a big, blustering fellow puffing away at a cigar. I said, 'I'm a missionary.' "What do you want here, and who allowed you to come in?" I told him of my work, and of my permit, and asked, 'Who are you?' The mine manager,' said he, 'and I am going to turn you out,' etc., etc. Then he began to read some of his stories, and their work, said we only did it for money, etc. Of course I denied, and he declared it was true. He told me of his ten pounds a month, he wore, called a poodle.

"Bax" has gained the love and respect of them all, and the troublesome ones will obey "Bax" when they would obey no one else, so good as influence has she grown under my care. And none wonder they love her, for when they are ill she nurses them as tenderly as any mother would, and speaks cheering words to them, so that they are encouraged. I expect she remembers the love and care which were lavished on her when she was a helpless child, who had to be separated from the watchful care of her mother, and in gratitude for that love she strives to do the same for other little girls, who, like her, have been separated from their parents. There are now under her care over sixty children, some orphans and some, like herself, the children of lepers. She has been, like her namesake, Phoebe of Cenchrea, "a succorer of the downcast, a succorer of many."—B. M. Bullock, in The Faithful Witness.
CHRISTINA: A TALE OF DENMARK.
BY HELEN RASMUSSEN.
CHAPTER II.

"In maiden meditation fancy free." CHRINATA went slowly down the path to the arbor, which was romantically placed between the upper and lower gardens close by the hedge and under a large plum-tree. She was a woman, this pretty girl of seventeen—a woman in every sense of the word. She had scarcely known what childhood was, in fact. Whether it was due to a secluded life with her old father and aunt or her nature disposition cannot be known. Certain it was that this girl was womanly in all her thoughts and doings. She was one of those few whose time was not spent in foolish fancies of dress and flirtations. She had no lovers, and never had had. Her high ideals and aspirations would have made her scorn the advances of any one in her station of life, and, owing to the strong caste in Denmark, ay, in all Europe for that matter, she stood little likelihood of receiving attentions from any girl of seventeen—a woman in every sense of the word. According to the customs and laws of her country, she would have married before she had been confirmed in the State Church, and that was why the old aunt did it while the harder work belonged to Christina. The kitchen itself was low and long, with a brick floor, a large awkward stove, and a decided clumsy appearance all round. But the reader must not think that Christina had shirked this duty. It was true that she didn't like to wash dishes, but it wasn't hard work, and that was why the old aunt did it while the harder work belonged to Christina. The kitchen itself was low and long, with a brick floor, a large awkward stove, and a decided clumsy appearance all round. "Have you been down to the garden, Christina?" said her aunt.

"Yes," she replied; "and now I must hurry or I'll be late for church." "I'm going, too; but you don't need to wait for me. It doesn't matter if I am a little late. God be praised for such a beautiful Easter. I won't have any new dress to-day," she added, musingly. "I used always to have something nice for Easter; but straight. Where are your gloves, Knud? Come here and let me brush you. There now—don't let the cat into the dining-room. Farewell. You and aunt can come later;" and she swept away and soon turned the corner from sight.

(To be continued.)
such a service. His presence is occasioned by the belief that evil spirits are in terror of dogs, and he will prevent their taking possession of the spirit as it departs. As soon as this has taken place, the body, never permitted to touch the ground, is carried immediately to the “Tower of Silence,” and placed upon a wire screen, and “where the carcass is the eagles” are quickly “gathered together” to pick the bones.

On such one occasion a man revived on the Tower, and was beating back his devourers when an attendant dispatched him with a blow on the head. In the discussion of the case that followed in high-caste circles, it was the consensus of opinion that the deed was not only justifiable but praiseworthy, in the light of a similar occurrence with a different termination. A man returning from the gates of death, that had been opened for him in the basement of his house, was utterly repudiated by his family, debarred society, and became an “outcaste.” In the Parsee mind to lose caste was a more serious disaster than to be kindly knocked in the head.

Assou the many clubs and reading circles which abound in these days, none is doing a more admirable work than the famous Chautauqua Reading Circles, which has for eighteen years held steadily to its original plan of the four years broad outlook. The new course for 1897-'98 promises unusual attractions, treating, as it does, of the period of the Dark Ages which is so generally misunderstood, and showing its relation to the great modern Empire of Germany.

The different tomb-chambers are closed by stone doors, and the whole is shut off from view. The various rock shelves, at other times shafts of light, often a narrow staircase, which in the living rock, are all more or less alike, a vestibule leads to a chamber, whence branches leading to other chambers, in which are the loculi, sometimes hollowed in the rock like shallow modern graves, sometimes simple rock shells, at other times shafty tombs. Often a narrow staircase in the corner of one room leads to a lower set of chambers similarly constructed. The different tomb-chambers are closed with stone doors, and the whole is shut in by a rolling stone, cleverly concealed.

THE CHURCH ECONOMIST

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Text by Chester Barlow, Arranged and Published by H. R. Taylor.

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ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD.

March, 1898.

WHAT SHE COULD.

THERE is a pleasant story of a plain woman in Glasgow, who one summer day was walking along the street in which some poorly clad children were running barefooted at their play. A policeman saw this woman stoop down again and again, as she went on, each time picking up something which she put in her apron. The officer supposed she was finding and appropriating something she should not take away, and, hurrying after her, demanded in a threatening manner that she let him see what she had in her apron.

The trembling woman complied, and showed the guardian of the city's safety some pieces of broken glass which she had gathered up out of the street. "I thought I would take them out of the way of the bairns' feet," she said.

Do we all thus remember the ones coming on after us? — Young People's Weekly.

"I thought I would take them out of the way of the bairns' feet," she said.

AT LAST!

Curing Consumption, Catarh and Lung Troubles that Cures.

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How Every Reader of this Paper May Obtain the New and Free Scientific System of Medicine.

Workers in the wide, unexplored field of modern chemistry are daily astounding the world with new wonders. Professor and layman vie with each other in their commendable efforts to lessen the ills of humanity. Yesterday it was Pasteur and Koch, and to-day it is T. A. Slocum, with a new discovery which is the result of years of careful study and research.

Foremost among the world's greatest chemists stands T. A. Slocum, of New York City. His researches and experiments, patiently carried on for years, have finally culminated in results which are proving as beneficial to humanity as the discoveries of any chemist, ancient or modern. His efforts, which for years had been directed toward the discovery of a cure for consumption, were finally successful, and already his "new scientific system of medicine" has, by its timely use, permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases, and it seems a necessary and humane duty to bring such facts to the attention of all invalids.

The medical profession throughout America and Europe are almost unanimous in the opinion that nearly all physical ailments naturally tend to the generation of consumption. The Doctor has proved the dreaded disease to be curable beyond a doubt, in any climate, and has on file in his American and European laboratories thousands of letters of heartfelt gratitude from those benefited or cured in all parts of the world.

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And they led him away. And as soon as he was crucified, his garments were cast among the thieves: and the soldiers cast lots upon his raiment. And there was one standing over against him, with a soldiers' sword, and when he saw his garments cast, he said, Behold, this man calleth for Elias. And straightway there was a darkness over all the land until the third hour. And the sun was over his head with brightness. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? that is, Thou art my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Some of them that stood by, when they saw the light and the glory, fell on their faces, and said, Truly this was the Son of God. And many of the women that had followed Jesus from Galilee, stood over against him, beholding the things that were done. And one of the women, named Mary, the mother of James the less and Joses, was there, standing over against him. And when Jesus saw her, he said unto her, Woman, why criest thou? what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come.  And she came and touched the margin of his coat, and as she was touched, her issue of blood stood dry. And he saith unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.