METHODISM IN ANGOLA.
A New Mission Conference in South Central Africa.

BY BISHOP HARTZELL.

The many fields in different sections of the African continent presenting opportunities for successful missionary work among its native people, scarcely any other has more advantages than are to be found in Angola, a Portuguese province on the West Coast. The province includes over 700,000 square miles, and extends from the Congo River on the north, 6 degrees south of the equator, to Great Fish Bay, 11 degrees further south. This means 800 miles of coastline. On the north it is bounded by the Free Congo State, on the east by the Congo State and British Central Africa, and on the south by German Southwest Africa. It extends over 700 miles from St. Paul de Loanda, its capital on the coast, into the Upper Congo Valley, which is drained by the southern tributaries of that great river. Loanda is a city of 18,000 people, beautifully located, and has more white people than any city on the west African coast. The Portuguese began its settlement over 400 years ago, and Angola is now the most important African possession of that nation. The province is divided into four great sections (beginning at the north): Congo, Loanda, Benguela, Mossamedes. The Presbyterians have missions in Bihe in Benguela, and the Arnot missions are southeast of that. The missions of American Methodism are the only ones in the territory of the northern half of the province, which includes nearly 400,000 square miles.

After leaving the coast from Loanda and passing the usual continental belt strip of lowlands, you begin to ascend, rising first upon one plateau and then another as far interior as Malange. Last June it was my privilege to go along the same paths in a hammock, on bullock or on foot, accompanied by the Rev. Amos E. Withey and the Rev. W. P. Dodson, both of whom were members of Bishop Taylor's first party.

The Kimbundu is spoken by millions of natives occupying this vast region. The natives are of a fine class, and are ready everywhere to give a respectful hearing to the representatives of the Gospel. If ever Bishop William Taylor was led provisionally to enter a missionary field he was so led to open the work in the province of Angola. Stations were opened at Loanda, Dondo, Nhaungue-a-Poyo, Quinongoca, Pungo Andongo, Malange and Quessua. There has not been as much accomplished in these stations as had been hoped, but in what missionary field among native heathens is this not true? The ground has been occupied, and in uniting the work in Angola and on the Congo, on the West Coast, and the Zambesi work on the East Coast, I was able to organize, June 9th-15th, 1897, the Congo Mission Conference with a missionary force of thirty.

We met in the neat little chapel of the mission station. The building has adobe walls with tiled roofing. The structure had been erected under the careful supervision of Brother Dodson, and together with three other buildings is substantially made with a view of resisting the encroachments of the white ants and the extremes of heat and cold and months of dry or wet weather, which are permanent factors in South Central Africa.

We had a gracious session of prayer before beginning our work. All realized that the organization of the Conference was a most important epoch in the history of our missions in the southern half of Africa.

I presented to the Conference a letter of greeting from Bishop Taylor, which was responded to by in-
structing the secretary to write him and express the continued prayers and confidence of the Conference toward him as an honored servant of God.

This company of Christian workers commanded by the late Rev. Willson Simms, and consisting of faithful servants and handmaids of the Lord. Their lots have been cast in a difficult field, death had thinned their ranks, and precious children, blooming into womanhood, had been taken from sorrowing parents. They had been compelled to struggle, at times almost with desperation, in providing the necessaries of life, and in repairing, improving and building houses to shelter them from the heat and the rain. They had tried to hold the line of station as well as possible for their numbers, and had often been sick at heart because they had not more time for direct missionary work among the multitudes about them; their homes were insufficiently furnished, most of them sleeping on cots, and they could not have many things which in America would be considered absolutely necessary as household comforts. They had been systematic in their studies of the Bible, of good literature, and especially of the works of Wesley and Fletcher.

Chief of this little group, in the midst of heathenism, was Amos E. Withey, who, as presiding elder, business manager of the trading interests and general counselor, had faced all difficulties, and with faith in God had held the work together, waiting for re-enforcements and the sympathy of the whole Church. Brother Dodson, besides taking his share of responsibilities, has come to be the physician of the Conference. He is lovingly called "Our Dr. Lake." He took care of the sick, even of those stricken with fever, and although he does not carry the sheepskin of a medical college, he has tact and good medical sense, and is trusted by his fellow-workers. No doubt he has been instrumental in saving a number of lives. Brother Gordon is a man of rare business ability and consecration. Brother Mead is a man of heroic mold, and has the spirit of Christ in a marked degree and lots of common sense in planting missions and reaching the natives. Brother Herbert C. Withey, a son of Brother Withey above mentioned, was twelve years old when he arrived with his parents at Loanda in 1885. He has grown up into beautiful and symmetrical Christian manhood. The value of one such man being produced in a mission field is beyond computation. Brothers Shields and Miller are faithful and successful missionaries. All the above are married except the younger Withey and Brother William S. Miller, and the wives of these five men are consecrated and brave. Mrs. Mary B. Shuart, from the Chicago Training School, buried her husband about two years ago; but she could not leave the field, and so with her little boy she proposes to make Africa her home. Mrs. Susan Collins, also from the Chicago Training School, shows a rare tact in taking care of her little family of ten natives. Mrs. Minnie Mead, the widow of the late William H. Mead, with her four children, are a part of the group. Her noble husband died at Nhangue-a-Pepo, a victim to overwork in the midst of complicated and insurmountable difficulties. The family was alone at the time. His own boys made his coffin; his weeping widow read the burial service; when the natives were carrying the coffin to the burial-ground they became dissatisfied and put it into the middle of the path and demanded more money, which had to be paid before they would proceed. I felt as I sat before the company that I was on holy ground, and thanked God I had been permitted to come to them and share with them the responsibilities of their difficult work and be instrumental, at least, in putting them and the work they represented into the heart and on the conscience of the Church.

REPORT OF MRS. S. J. MEAD.

We give praise to the three-one God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, for the way He hath led us in this heathen land in days of prosperity, in days of adversity, receiving all with a thankful heart, as coming from the God of love who never changeth, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The joys of the Holy Spirit have been so great to us that the daily cross has not seemed heavy, being in the yoke with Jesus, and thus we are source of much comfort. I felt no drawing to return to my native country, and believed it not to be the will of the Lord that I should. The hands of our Great Physician, using the means He had given. When these failed He gave me grace to come to Him according to the promise in James v. 14, and the Lord laid my healing hand on me, and I was made whole. Since that hour I have particularly felt the call of God to labor for the little children in Africa.

We feel grateful to the Lord for leading us to Guesso, as it has proved a blessing in many ways, among them in taking the children away from the influence of the village, and living in tents, which has been a great blessing to my health. Their numbers have been many, as the children were obliged to be more or less scattered and their discipline and order much broken, and we have been reminded that Mrs. Susannah Wesley wrote about her children in the time of building their new house—how it took many months of patient labor to bring them again under proper discipline. Our building has gone on with prayers and tears before the Lord, feeling our great helplessness and need, but His divine strength and guidance, and the promise verified: "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them and delivereth them out of all their troubles."

As regards special missionary work our duties are so various that it will be difficult to write them, and I am often led to ask: What am I to do next? It is not much to be seen. There is an old saying, "A mother's work is never finished."—little frocks to be made, garments mended, the house guided, the children taught the sick cared for, etc.

We have been without a teacher for the children much of the time through all these years. During the last two years our time has been much divided between the two stations. We are going to Africa whatever has come to my hands to do I have considered it as the Lord's work for me, and endeavored by His grace to do all heartily as unto Him, looking not for the praise of men but of God. Our children are now getting older and becoming helpers in all the mission work, assisting in the daily teaching. The Scripture, commandments and catechism are taught in connection with books; some progress has been made in music. The little girls are being taught to cook and make their own garments. Nearly all of our sewing this year has been done by hand, as we had no machines at our new station.

We endeavor daily to combine piety with knowledge, praying and laboring for the kingdom to come, and looking to God for the increase, knowing His Spirit alone can change the heart. Many of our girls and boys who were brought up in the mission now have homes of their own, and we trust, are living Christian lives, and their little ones being taught the fear and love of God.

My native sisters have been of much assistance this past year. The sacrificing love and patience of our little ones being taught the fear and love of God.

We came to Africa in the year 1885, and believe our mission work is beyond computation. Brother Martin said: "Live more with Christ, catch more of his spirit; for the spirit of Christ is the spirit of missions; and the nearer we get to Him the more intensely missionary we become."
ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD.

April, 1898.

EMERGENCY FUND BENEFICIARIES.

Raising the Standard of the Cross in the Heart of the Midnight Empire.

HE difficulties surrounding pioneer work in Africa and the practical methods of overcoming them adopted by missionaries on the industrial line, were experienced at our mission station, "The Church in the Wilderness." When a mission school was opened a number of boys who came on the first day were faithfully instructed for two hours, and the missionary attempted to dismiss them, saying: "Go home and get your dinner and come to-morrow." But they did not move. After much explaining that the session was finished, they replied: "No, we shall not go until you pay us; we came here by your call, did what you asked us to do, and now you must give us money to buy our dinner." They finally left. A nice boy came to the mission and said he wanted to work and learn to read while he lived with them. Arrangements were made the next day. The father came with the boy and other members of the family, and sat down very homelike. When asked what they were going to do and if they were going to work, they replied: "Oh no; we have come to stay and eat with our boy." It was a small matter, but funds were low and the income had not commenced, so this crowd created not a little uneasiness. Next a king's son came with a boy and gave him to the mission. He was thankfully received, and when the young prince wished to stay over-night, he was shown a little house in the mission yard where he could sleep. He seemed thankful for the privilege. Returning home a few days after the missionary saw many people coming in and going out of his yard. On investigation he found that the young prince had brought a lot of corn, beer, and, greatly to his surprise and mortification, was selling it in the mission yard. "We do not want you here, or your women, selling beer," said the missionary. "But I am here already," replied the native. "But you must go." "No, no, not yet; for I am here with all of my things, and am going to stay." It was useless to beg or persuade him, as he said he liked the Americans and wanted to stay with them; and the missionary retired to sleep and pray. The next morning he went to him and said: "We want you to buy your house, and desire the timber now." This struck a cord of interest in his heart, and he sold it for twenty yards of white cloth.

The beginnings of self-support were very small, and in this land might be thought humiliating; but, as will be seen, were later carried to good account in the general advance of the work. One day the proprietor of a trading house said to the missionary, "Do you want a fifty-dollar job"? He was sure that the fifty dollars, but not so sure about the timber now. This struck a cord of interest in his heart, and he sold it for twenty yards of white cloth.

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BEHIND A MOSLEMI VEIL.

An American Woman Describes the Sympathies and Sensations of Bond Slaves of Mohammed.

BEFORE the dawn of Christianity sends its radiant beams into the darkness of heathen and Mohammedan lands their condition is blackness of despair which the first gleams of that Divine light reveal and begin at once to dispel. Their real need is at once apparent to the traveler who is not blinded by prejudice or shut in by selfishness. In their recent journeys in lands where the Presbyterian Board is engaged in successful missionary effort, Secretary Robert E. Speer and Mrs. Speer recorded many interesting and helpful observations of which the friends of missions will receive the benefit. In articles contributed to the Church at Home and Abroad, they have described the effects of a spot of Christian light and cleanliness in the midst of semi-barbarous conditions in a Chinese city, and the absurd restrictions and inconveniences of a woman behind a Moslem veil. Mr. Speer’s article on the former will be given immediately after the following presentation of Mrs. Speer’s inside view of a woman’s life in Mohammedan lands. It is well for travelers, Mrs. Speer writes, that one cannot step in an hour from the heart of England or America, or those places where the influence of the Regenerator is strongest, to the center of Persia, or any country where Islam prevails.

The mental and spiritual shock—to one of keen sympathies—would be as great as that to one’s physical nature in an atmospheric change of eighty degrees.

To a man this change is objective—he sees it, but it does not affect him, while a woman, in crossing the Arras ground, would find a lack of atmosphere and cleanliness in the midst of semi-barbarous conditions in a Chinese city, and the absurd restrictions and inconveniences of a woman behind a Moslem veil. Mr. Speer’s article on the former will be given immediately after the following presentation of Mrs. Speer’s inside view of a woman’s life in Mohammedan lands. It is well for travelers, Mrs. Speer writes, that one cannot step in an hour from the heart of England or America, or those places where the influence of the Regenerator is strongest, to the center of Persia, or any country where Islam prevails.

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THE GOSPEL AMONG THE GAIKAS.

The Founding of Christian Missions in Southeast Africa.

BY REV. R. WODEHOUSE.

SOUTH AFRICA, like the continent of which it forms a part, impresses the traveler with its vastness and extent. Until recently very little was known about it; not many people knew much about it even now. But various events—such as the wars with the Zulus, Basutos, Matebeles, the discovery of gold, and recent disturbances in the Transvaal—have sent the people so their atlases and caused a spirit of inquiry. The vastness of the country is made more impressive when one travels by the slow and ponderous ox wagon, which only does an average of about twenty miles a day.

By comparison, perhaps, it is possible to get some idea of its vastness and extent; it is equal to several kingdoms and empires put together. Imagine Great Britain and Ireland, Norway and Sweden, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Holland, Portugal, France, the German Empire, Austria, Hungary and Japan all grouped together, and then you have not a country as large as South Africa. It has an area of 1,550,000 square miles; extending, as it does, beyond the Zambezi River in the north, and from Cape Frio in the west to Quillimane in the east, it is varied in its resources, rich in minerals and precious stones, a fine pastoral country, where most kinds of stock thrive. Parts of it are exceedingly fertile. It abounds with wild game, which roams and gambols over its grassy plains, hides in its dense forests, jumps from crag to crag on its mountain sides. It has birds of bright plumage and snakes of deadly bite. It has splendid mountain and forest scenery; so many places it may be said—

"Every prospect pleases.
And only man is vile."

Missions in this great country are, comparatively speaking, young. It would appear that Dr. Vanderkamp was the pioneer missionary to the Kaffir tribes. He settled down to work in the Gaika tribe, a warlike and bloodthirsty people, who have left a terrible record of blood and murder; he lived to see carried on almost to the limit. Just about that time the country was in a very unsettled condition; there was a want of harmony between the Kaffirs and the settlers; the intrusion of the white man and eyed him with a good deal of suspicion. The result was that the Kaffir tribes were in an unsettled condition, and an outbreak on their part was considered imminent; in fact, rumors of a Kaffir war were abroad. It was at this critical time that William Shaw sought to enter Kaffiland and carry on—in the strength of God—his great and Heaven-born plan of missions. Everything seemed against him; the war cloud was looming up above the horizon; the Kaffirs had his hand on his assegai ready for action; Shaw's friends strongly urged him not to take the risk of almost certain death. Finally he sought the counsel of his wife, and her reply will ever be memorable in the history of South Africa.

"You have long sought and prayed for an opening, and Providence has now evidently set the door open before us; expenses have been incurred in the purchase of an outfit; you stand pledged to the chiefs; and the character and conduct of the Kaffirs only show how much they need the Gospel; we shall be under the divine protection; let us go in the name of the Lord."  

Noble answer of a grand woman; and in writing the history of South African Missions the full truth will never be known on this side of Glory of what an heroic spirit the wives of the missionaries showed. They braved all the dangers and hardships of the pioneer work, carrying their lives in their hands. Mrs. Shaw's answer was final; preparations were begun at once, and shortly after, this woman with her youngest child, only six weeks old, was rolling over the rough African roads in the bawling wagon drawn by eighteen oxen, Mr. Shaw (Concluded on page 7.)
FROM BABEL TO PENTECOST.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MIRACLE OF TONGUES.

BY J. H. EGBERT, D.D.

The result was disintegration and failure—the fate of every organization which does not recognize Jehovah as its very soul and life.

The study of the means God used, to thwart the plans and defeat the purposes of the men of Babel, is a very interesting one. As we have seen it was by confounding their language. What this original language was is not positively known, although it has been the subject of deep research and much debate.

One thing is certain, however; the Eastern Aramic or Chaldean, which is closely allied to the Hebrew, was the one language spoken for ages in the "Valley of the Euphrates."

It is recorded in the tenth chapter of the Book of Genesis, that the descendants of Japheth, Ham and Shem were "divided in their lands, after their families, after their tongues, and after their nations."

This accords with the best results of philological research; and it is conceded by scholars in general, that while all languages are originally from one common stock, there are three great branches.

The manner in which the confusion of speech was effected was by an increase of the number of languages, and this was brought about by diversifying knowledge of the flood and its awful associations, so impressed were they with the natural advantages of the country, so influenced were they with their knowledge of the flood and its awful associations, that kind of tower building. How wonderful was the play of Jehovah's power in subduing the nations and bringing them under the dominion of any common civil or ecclesiastical government, nor by binding them together by any external bond whatsoever; but it will be done by the impartation to each person of His Spirit, which is the distinguishing mark of universal brotherhood.

When all are of one spirit there will be unity indeed.

The outward sign of the impartation of the Spirit on that day was the gift of tongues. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

"Every man heard them speak in his own language."

"Behold are not all these which speak Goliath's? and how hear we every man in our own tongue?"

The miracle was not performed upon the ears of the multitude who came together on that occasion, but the power was exerted upon the lips and tongues of the disciples, who were enabled to frame words and sentences that could be understood by "men out of every nation under Heaven."

On that day when Jehovah so signally manifested his power and good-will in the miracle of tongues and the gift of the Holy Ghost, there began the erection of a tower whose top will reach to the skies for ever was founded the Christian Church. Those who compose this body are one in spirit; they have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and father of us all.

Daily they approach one common mercy-seat, and daily they look on the only Throne of Grace to which all pilgrims to the same celestial city, led by the same blessed hand, guided by the only Omniscient eye.

They commune with the same dear friend, through the same oracles of truth, and have the witness of the same Spirit. The same home animates and the same faith upholds. The same blood sanctifies, the same grace quickens and sustains. They may each speak a different language, but their heart is one, their purpose one, and their experience concerning God's love and grace the same. Diverse as respects conditions, temperament, nationality and tongues, they are, nevertheless, all of one family, with one common Father and one glorious heritage. By and by all who constitute this Church will be gathered in the Father's house, and enter into that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away."

In the fifth chapter of the Book of Revelations (vs. 7-14) we have a description of that gathering, the final consummation of the great work of Redemption.

Behold the redeemed coming from the four quarters of the earth; entering through the twelve gates into the city—for it lieth foursquare, and has three gates on either side. Lift your eyes to the east, the colossal gates are none too many, or too broad to admit the mighty throng. For the heathen nations have been given to Him who redeemed them. See! set from the west through the gates of pearl, upon which no sun's declining rays shall ever fall, they come. Look! from the north with their robes washed as white as the snows of the mountain peaks of the country which they inhabit, and as pure as the glittering ice of the frozen seas which girt her shores they come. And lo! from the sunny southern clime, as richest fruit, garnered from most productive field, and choicest vineyard, making glad the heart of the earth, entering through the twelve gates, for the heathen nations have been given to Him who redeemed them. See! set from the west through the gates of pearl, upon which no sun's declining rays shall ever fall, they come.
accompanying on horseback, and another wagon containing needed food, clothing, spades, and other necessary implements.

The journey was full of risk and danger, and was considered by many of the settlers foolhardy. The country was closed; after the border had been crossed there were no roads. Kafris were in front cutting down many a tree and clearing the way with ax in hand; swift-running and dangerous streams had to be crossed. Mrs. Shaw paid the Kaffirs in beads for doing this work. When the drivers of the wagon clapped their long whips and shouted "Ya to the oxen it was the signal to move on, and as they moved out of Grahamstown began that famous missionary journey which, under God, has been the means of blessing to thousands of Africa's swarthy sons. The writer can speak from personal experience of the great work and self-denying efforts that are being made by a band of godly men and women. When we see the result of God's work, it seems to be a most wonderful experience, and as soon as we had established ourselves, began to organize a school of paying scholars, day scholars paying $1 per month, and boarding scholars $12. The first boarding school which we received re不仅仅是被实现，也使到当时的土著人民有美好的希望。经过多年的努力，这个愿望终于实现。

COMING to Angola with Bishop William Taylor's first party of missionaries to South Central Africa in 1883, I have remained in this field without any interruption until the present time. My first appointment was to Malaenge, the farthest inland station yet established by this mission, 350 miles from the southwest coast.

I was appointed school-teacher by the Bishop, and, as soon as we had established ourselves, began to organize a school of paying scholars. The first school opened in 1884, and has continued to this day, with the exception of two years when it was necessary to close it for a short time.

AN APOSTLE.

THIS is an age of marvelous discovery and wonderful progress in the sciences; and so rapidly have developments been made that their announcement has ceased to occasion surprise. And yet if you are brought into personal contact with the art of healing, called Osteopathy, and experience the relief from pain, and rapid restoration of physical health, its philosophical yet simple methods produce, yours will be a glad surprise!

And what is osteopathy? The definition in your dictionary will indicate that it has to do with the human bones, but that represents only one finger of the hand of helpfulness it extends to man. It has more to do with the nerves, and in its general treatment with the entire human system. It rebukes the op­pressor of weak organs, by whatever name it may be known in the medical profession, and gives Nature, always favorable to man, a chance to rally her forces and restore those organs to their normal action. This and this is accomplished by the most simple, common­sense methods, and yet most effectually, without in any sense resorting to either medicine or surgery.

This system of treatment, helpful in all cases, and resulting in the positive and permanent cure of nervous and other diseases, has been recently introduced in New York by the Rev. Julius A. Ward, M.S., D.D., and H. E. Hjardemaal, D.O., who will give any desired information in regard to its practical working at 43 West Twentieth Street.

The following is an extract from the February issue of The New York Osteopath:

"Among the many prominent people who are our patients, we have the most noted mission in Metho­dism, Bishop William Taylor of Africa. It is doubtful if the event of God's intervention had been generally known, the Bishop's health would have been at stake in this land.

My school work was brought to a close in this place in April, 1886, eight months after my arrival, by my leaving there to fulfill the desire of Bishop Taylor that I should go as a pioneer missionary to the far interior to the Lunda country, a thousand miles from the coast, where Major Carvalho, a Portug­uese officer, had gone with an expedition to establish the Portuguese authority—a scheme which has
ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD.

DEVELOPMENTS IN CONGO STATE.

In the missionary development of Equatorial Africa, the highest honor must be accorded to the Uganda Mission, not only because it preceded the army of missionaries now at work, but because the splendid perseverance shown by its members, and the wonderful successes which have crowned its efforts, victories achieved after tragedy after tragedy, of deaths, persecutions, massacre and martyrdom.

Next in advance in Uganda must be mentioned the rapid transformation of the Congo State. In August, 1879, I began operations at the mouth of the Congo with thirteen European officers and sixty-two Zambesians. At the time of my departure, in 1884, my force had increased to 142 European officers, 760 colored troops, and 1,500 native carriers. At that date there were twenty-two missionaries occupying seven stations.

The rapid progress made between 1884 and 1897 can be briefly stated by comparison. When I surrendered my command to my successor we had launched three steamers, and three barges on the Upper Congo, one large stern-wheeler was a third of the way on the overland route, and the mission steamer was at the stocks of Stanley Pool. The two hundred and thirty mile stretch of rapids, falls and cataracts had to be covered by porter service, but there were now forty-five steamers and twice as many barges or rowboats of steel afloat on the Upper Congo, representing, with the rapid transformation of the Congo State. In August, 1879, I began operations at the mouth of the Congo with thirteen European officers and sixty-two Zambesians. At the time of my departure, in 1884, my force had increased to 142 European officers, 760 colored troops, and 1,500 native carriers. At that date there were twenty-two missionaries occupying seven stations.

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SELF-SUPPORT IN CHINA.

Bishop Joyce at the Hing-hua Conference Love-Feast.

BY REV. WILLIAM N. BREWSTER.

I would have done every disciple of Christ good to have been at our Hing-hua Conference Love-Feast. The house was crowded; over 800 people were there. One of our presiding elders led; and he knows how to do it. Bishop Joyce sat upon the platform with beaming face, and often tearful eyes, as he heard the glad news, and with pencil kept tally of the number who told in a few words the joyful tidings. Dr. Baldwin was there, and he could remember when all China had not as many Chinese Christians as were assembled at that one love-feast.

It was not merely a dress parade. Many of these had “come up through great tribulation.” Not a few had suffered severe persecution during the year. Many had known the pangs of hunger. Scores testified to the loss of loved ones by the dread black plague, which had raged throughout the greater part of our territory during the year. The testimonies that they had died triumphant over death, testifying with the latest breath to the saving power of Christ, were enough to forever take away the fear of the last great destroyer from every heart that trusts in Jesus. Others testified to having been restored to health in answer to prayer.

For nearly an hour the tide of testimony and songs of victory rose higher and higher. It was impossible to keep but one speaking at a time. The three galleries were full as well as the floor. There were about as many women as men who spoke. This is very unusual in China.

Every note was one of joy; of victory through Christ; of thanksgiving for all His mercies. Preachers and people seemed to overflow with gratitude. Bishop Joyce counted his tally, and said: “In fifty minutes 228 natives and 11 foreigners have testified for Christ, or 239 in all. This is the largest number of testimonies in one love-feast that I have ever heard.

And this is phlegmatic, unassuming, conservative old China! The year has been a severe test upon the church. Early in the year the two senior missionaries of the Woman’s Society, Miss Wilson and Dr. Donahue, had to leave for America on account of the health of the latter. Soon after, the writer, and family also left the field for a short furlough. Early in the summer Mr. Owen broke down, and was ordered to take a health trip. So that of our early in the summer Mr. Owen broke down, and was ordered to take a health trip. So that of our

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Illustrated Christian World.

April, 1898.

WHAT NOT TO DO AND WHY.

Do Not Use Tobacco in Any Form.

By Asbury Lowrey.

I

AM not about to doom every person who is ad-
dicted to the use of tobacco, but the trend of my
thought will lead up to the conclusion that no
conscientious and properly enlightened Christian can
indulge in chewing or smoking and not bring himself
under a sense of condemnation.

Our conviction of wrong is proportioned to our light.
And light comes into our minds gradually, like the rising of
the sun. When the natural sun peers above the horizon, all the light
which the Creator has provided for the whole hemisphere is in the
world, but it does not shine in every nook and corner with
the same brilliance. Indeed, it may not shine at all in places where obstructions intercept its beams.

It is so with divine light. Christ has come as the
light of the world, and light is sufficient to prove sin in every conscience. Nevertheless, this light,
owing to various causes, penetrates but gradually
into the mind. On this account customs were allowed
in times past and were even treated with lenience,
which becomes positive sin and insufferable under
greater light. The devout Greeks practiced idolatry
for ages. But Christ came, and Paul appeared among
them and said: "The times of this ignorance God
winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere
to repent" (Acts xvii, 30). Slavery, polygamy, and
divorce once existed in the Jewish Church. Not that
God instituted or approved these vices, but suffered
them. When Christ came He said in regard to di-

vorce once existed in the Jewish Church. Not that
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them. When Christ came He said in regard to di-

vorce, He cut up by the roots many practices per-
dmitted under the old dispensation, and transferred
compatible with Christianity, are practiced, and
pleaded for as innocent, not because the Gospel is
for harvests, log-rollings, etc., as a matter of duty.

A s for chewing and smoking, it was thought no more
accepted and common in the present day than it
were confronted with all the precepts prohibiting
it. We are commanded not to let sin reign in our mortal bodies.
Sanctified and consistent Christians discard the
habit. They must do, in order to endure the test
as applied to them, that "the church's have a
fellowship with the affections and lusts" (1 Thess. v. 24).
A clean body is an inseparable part of sanctification.

Other minor reasons might be assigned. 1. It is
inconvenient. The little concert of sensations that
are not convenient. "Neither filthiness, nor
dishonesty, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not conven-
ient. 2. It defiles the home, and disgusts and sick-
ens your companions and neighbors. 3. It leads one
to trench upon the rights of others in hotels, public
through, which the devout Greeks practiced idolatry.
They ran and traded horses, visited shows and cir-
cuses, and raffled and bet without any compunction.
As for chewing and smoking, it was thought no more

filthiness of the flesh." It defiles the
temple of the Holy Ghost. It is a lust "that wars
against the soul." This is the chief motive for the
abuse of tobacco. It resembles vice in its character and
habit. There is an insinuating and insufferable
under greater light. The devout Greeks practiced idolatry
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thought and conversation. Now, all spiritual Chris-

motive and responsibility, are precisely the same
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cuses, and raffled and bet without any compunction.
WEST AFRICAN MISSION.

Prosperity on all Stations, a Number of Them in the Sole Charge of Natives Trained in the Missions.

BY REV. J. R. ROBERTSON.

LESS the Lord, I am still alive and with the grand army of Jesus at the front. By His grace and strength I mean to fight in this war till He comes, or call me up higher.

The work on all our mission stations is making good progress, and not one of the stations on Cape Palmer District has been abandoned. The church at Groot Tean is prospering. As I write this, I have been baptized the first year I was there. I am still at work at Pigninine Station, and have charge of the mission house and school. I have called upon him from Beaboo that the townpeople are going to build a native church, and have called upon him to take a mission to the town. Brother Tate is pushing things along, and has had the building raised, and is getting the people saved. A missionary in charge, and is getting the people saved. A native boy, Jack Stark, is learning the language, and has charge of the mission house and school. He is a native, and has the language. He is a native boy, and has the language. He is a native boy, and has the language.

Barraka Mission is doing well. It's varied work ably managed by Mr. and Mrs. Osborn. Miss McAlister, Miss Hunt, and Mr. Harrow, are doing away successfully at Zara way and Trembo. Brother Tate is pushing things along in the bush country interior from Soor Town. Brother Greely, at White Plains Seminary, has been ill very ill, but is improving. One of my native boys, John, teaches the primary classes in his school.

Oh! I would like to tell you much of the work here, especially how it is being prospered of God on spiritual lines. All greatly miss our beloved Bishop Taylor; but God has given us a good overseer in Bishop Hartsett. God is blessing me abundantly, and greatly helping me among the new duties at the Cape, but my heart's desire often goes back to the bush town!

—LETTER FROM A NATIVE TEACHER.

Dear Bishop,—I will send you a few lines in Brother Robertson's letter. Since you joined my wife and I together, the Lord has wonderfully blessed us in His service. I am still at work at Pigninnie, teaching a class there. We are looking forward to the return of our dear Bishop Hartsett from the African Conference.

Dear Bishop, I long to see you again. But if I don't see you any more in this world I promise to meet you in Heaven, where we shall part no more, praise the Lord! May God Almighty keep you strong, and His blessing ever abide upon you! This is my prayer, for His name's sake.

I am yours, in Christ,

John S. McClain.

THE FOLLOWING LINES were suggested by an incident which occurred at Clarkebury Mission station, South Africa (recently visited by Bishop Taylor).

A KAFFIR woman was dying; the missionary's wife, standing by her side, said:

"And how is it with you now?"

The black face lighted up as she answered: "Oh, Inshikathi, some time ago Jesus washed away my sins; but to-day I have been thinking that perhaps in walking through the world my dress has been soiled; so I have been to Jesus to-day, and have washed, and now I am ready to go through the gates of gold."

Does not an incident like this (which is one of many) thrill the soul with missionary zeal, and prove the power of that Gospel which can give peace and to those poor, lost, benighted ones came one day The servant of God, with uplifted cross; To preach to them Jesus, and she then knew how He had counted all earthly gain but loss. Some listened with joy to the wonderful story Of our Jesus who died to save them from sin; How He left the right hand of His Father's grace, Their souls from destruction and Satan to win.

And among them was one of Africa's daughters, Who had promised to the precious tidings rejoiced to receive; So thirsty of soul she partook of life's waters. In simple faith saying, "Lord, I believe."

Then she took up her cross to bear for her Savior, And followed Him daily in lowly ways; Her soul in joy found in the sense of His favor, Her chiefest delight to show forth His praise.

Time passed rapidly on, and by sickness prostrated, In Heaven, where we shall part no more, praise the Lord! Pray for me and my station. I need your prayers. And through the dense forests the wild echoes ring.

Miss Muir and Miss Arms. Mr. Walker writes from Beaboo that the townpeople are going to build a native church, and he has called upon him to take a mission to the town. Brother Tate is pushing things along in the bush country interior from Soor Town. Brother Greely, at White Plains Seminary, has been ill very ill, but is improving. One of my native boys, John, teaches the primary classes in his school.

Oh! I would like to tell you much of the work here, especially how it is being prospered of God on spiritual lines. All greatly miss our beloved Bishop Taylor; but God has given us a good overseer in Bishop Hartsett. God is blessing me abundantly, and greatly helping me among the new duties at the Cape, but my heart's desire often goes back to the bush town!

—LETTER FROM A NATIVE TEACHER.
ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD.

ApriL, 1898

CHRISTINA: A TALE OF DENMARK.

BY HELEN RASMUSSEN.

Chapter III.

WEARINESS OF HEART.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

It is quite easy to understand how this graceful but, eyes and dimpled cheeks, several years his junior. And they called him Peter after his father, whose name was Rudolph Petersen, and from that time the mother began to droop. One year more came a little girl who stayed with them six summers and then slept. They took her up to the beautiful churchyard on the hill and laid the precious form tenderly under a large tree to wait the seconds of eternity. Twins soon followed, the girlie's birth, Olaf and Knud, and then little Christina. One more came into the world, but the feeble mother had not had strength to impart to it, and in a few weeks he too was laid away; and so the weary mother, whose every atom of strength had been used up, laid down her tired head and rested, too. Inge Andersen was no more.

It was a heavy blow. But it was not Rudolph Andersen's way to talk much. He had been quiet always, and now he became much more so. He sent for his sister, and she unhesitatingly came and took the whole establishment, farm and household, and harder as the years went by.

An appeal based upon that of the Conference, entitled, "Shall the Gospel be Preached to this Generation of the Chinese?" was made, two hundred millions of Chinese have died for years," said he, "I have given my six years old, to a mission school, and begged that six years to a mission school, and begged that

Master Divine?

It is impossible to estimate how many in Shen-si have allowed plan after plan to be destroyed, one false partner, and took the whole establishment, farm and household, and harder as the years went by.

After saying: "Few of the well-to-do people have any idea of the number of their fellow-creatures who struggle for existence in the poorest districts of this great metropolis," the Times gives the number in each district of the city engaged in various lowly occupations. There are 42,328 jinrikisha drivers, 6,045 fruit-sellers, 7,486 black-glass buyers, 1,040 potato sellers. The waste-paper collectors are chiefly poor, weak children, the shoe keepers are a class of persons engaged in taking charge of worn-out shoes at the entrance and rear of the houses. At the present time, among them, I want my daughter to be like them."
HOW TATCHNEE WAS ADMITTED.

T T was the last day of August, hot, dusty—a thirty day for the poor, brown grass and the motionless trees, which seemed to beg for the air and moisture that the burning sky denied.

School was to begin on the morrow, and streams of children, eager for admis-

sion was Tatchnee. The mite was re-
splendent in a buckskin suit, heavy with beads and jingling with bells. As I stepped forward, I was convinced that even buckskin and sleigh-bells (in Au-
gust) could be forgiven the owner of such a pair of eyes. They were so earnest and fearless, and yet so jolly and bright that the sturdy young person who owned them walked right into our hearts.

I saw Mr. Hamlin struggling with the problem, and I thought of that famous old woman who lived in a wig and long gown and longing against his better judgment to take her. However, there was an older girl who really seemed to be more needy. "The little girl," she said, "has come again; the older girl never will if we send her away." so that settled the question.

Mr. Hamlin explained through the interpreter, kindly and regretfully, that Tatchnee would have to come another term. If the friends at home only knew how hard it is to turn them away! "Then one night she very bad sick and sit up and say, 'Teacher coming, take Tatchnee, heap place now for Tatchnee,' and she look so glad and take hold her mother and say, 'You go, too,' and then she go to sleep and wake up no more."

And so the Teacher came for Tatch-
nee—M. J. Adams, in *Over Sea and Land.*

We sat down and had a little talk, consisting of very simple English on

my part and very earnest interpretation on Carrie's, the mite receiving it all with enthusiasm and shaking of the head, and eyes which averted for any

lack of words.

Just opposite the window hung a pic-
ture of Jesus blessing the children, and we told her of the "Good Teacher" who

loves the little ones and makes room in

His house for all who want to go to

Him. "Tell her Carrie," I said, "to ask Him and He will make a way for her to learn of Him."

Then I promised that if the far-away friends would only build us a larger house, she should surely come to school another year.

I stood on the porch next morning and waved a good-by to Tatchnee, who rode by with every bell jingling and her buckskin fringes flying in the breeze. Then she rode mother and father with

heavily laden ponies. I watched the little cavalcade and the queer, zigzag trail of the dragging tent-poles, wondering if any one in the world would see them again and praying that some word spoken might be blessed in His service.

Our dormitory grew no larger during the winter and spring, but in vacation a teacher from Hampton carried off some of our pupils, and with the first vacancy we thought of Tatchnee.

In August, Mr. Hamlin sent me out in charge of a party of the older students from their camp work and gather up

pupils for the fall. We went Indian-
fashion, camping at night in our tepees, and often having our evening prayers by moonlight and starsight.

We heard that the band to which Tatchnee's father belonged was camp-
ing near the river, in the cañon which Tatchnee's father belonged was camp-
ing near the river, in the cañon which

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... The smell of smile and peace was broken. We hurried on, and while I unpacked our belongings and the boys bedded down in our tepees, Carrie turned to find our little girl. She stayed until dark, then came back with the poor mother. One glance at her hand and arm told the story: the great scars above the elbow had hardly healed, and the poor mutilated hand told the double tale of loss and cruel custom.

The tears poured down her cheeks as she talked rapidly to Carrie, turning now and then to me with pictures so expressive that I could almost read the story of her grief in them. In the early winter the little one had taken cold and the cough which followed had given her no rest night or day. "She say, Miss Heron," interpreted Carrie, "Tatch-

nee talk all time 'bout school, and ask all time 'Will teacher come now?' and she say medicine rattle no good and hurt her head, and when the days get so hot and the water from the river so bad, she talk and talk 'bout the little white house and want to lie in the good white bed, and look at the picture and drink cool water. And then she say, 'No, they go no place for Tatchnee.' And then she talk to man in the picture, and ask him to send teacher to take Tatchnee."

... And so the Teacher came for Tatch-
nee—M. J. Adams, in *Over Sea and Land.*

Many persons cannot take plain cod-liver oil. They cannot digest it. It upsets the stomach. Knowing these things, we have digested the oil in Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites; that is, we have broken it up into little globules, or droplets.

We use machinery to do the work of the digestive organs, and you obtain the good effects of the digested oil at once. That is why you can take Scott's Emulsion.

KOREAN GIRLS.

"The dress of the Korean girl is not as pretty as the garments worn by her brother. They usually wear red cotton skirts; occasionally, how-
ever, they are so fortunate as to get a light blue or a delicate green one.

Their jackets, which are very short, are red cotton skirts; occasionally, how-
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The Money Value of Total Abstinence in Life Insurance.

The American Temperance Life Insurance Association of New York City is the only company in America that insures Total Abstainers exclusively. Are you a Total Abstainer and paying your money where drinkers are admitted, or do you want a Total Abstinence Policy that insures Total Abstainers only?

The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution of Great Britain was organized in 1840. The Temperance Section consists wholly of Total Abstainers, and a General Section to which moderate drinkers are admitted. During 1892, the membership of the Temperance Section was 15,000, and that of the General Section, 14,000 members.

In other words, for the past two years the death-rate in the Temperance Section has been 35.5 per cent less than in the General Section, where moderate drinkers are admitted.

During 1870 to 1890 inclusive, with an average mortality, death-rate of the Temperance Section has been 27 per cent. less than the expectation tables.

The death-rate of the General Provident Institution of Great Britain was organized in 1840.

The Only Exclusively Total Abstinence Company in America. The American Temperance Life Insurance Association of New York City is the only company in America that insures Total Abstainers exclusively. Are you a Total Abstainer and paying your money where drinkers are admitted, or do you want a Total Abstinence Policy that insures Total Abstainers only?

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