KWASSUI JO GAKKO. The Girls' School, at Nagasaki, Japan, Engaged in Bringing Christmas Joy to their Sunday-Schools.

While in pleasurable anticipation of an article on the higher education of Japanese girls in their own land, from the pen of Elizabeth Russell, principal of Kwassui Jo Gakko, Nagasaki, we will all be interested in seeing a group of her orphans on this page, and in the account of the work of the girls as given in the Kwassui Quarterly, edited and published by themselves.

Eleven Sunday-schools have been established by Kwassui students in different parts of Nagasaki. Notwithstanding many difficulties and trials from within and without, all the schools are steadily going on with their work by the providence of God.

For several years they have had a Christmas-tree for the poor children at Deshima Church.

This year all the teachers of these schools elected special committees among themselves for this occasion: three for collecting money, two for programme, three to decorate the church, and three to buy gifts. The committees all had a very hard time to carry on their work; but they did it unusually well; especially the collectors, who handed twenty-one yen and fifty sen to the purchasing committee.

Those who were on the programme were not Kwassui girls, but children selected from each school. So the programme committee had some trouble to arrange them nicely. The decoration committee went down to the church very early on the morning of the 24th to make it attractive, so that the children might be delighted. The purchasing committee went to the cheapest store to get things to hang on the tree.

The exercises commenced at two o'clock in the afternoon. More than four hundred children were gathered together. When they went to the front to sing or recite their parts they did not seem to be afraid at all, but did everything very bravely and naturally.

After the programme was finished the beautiful tree was stripped of the bright fruits, and the children went home in happy groups.

"MY ORPHANS," WRITES THE PRINCIPAL OF KWASSUI JO GAKKO.
RECOVERED FROM HER LEPROSY!
Mary Reed, the Well-known American Missionary, Very Probably Cured.
A NINETEENTH CENTURY MIRACLE.
BY REV. W. P. BYERS, OF ASANSOL, BENGAL.

The life of Miss Mary Reed, the American missionary, who was stricken with leprosy while on furlough in this country, has been published far and wide, so that her case has become known generally throughout the American continent.

The latest news about her received from India, this week, announces her recovery from the terrible disease, and that she has been pronounced cured by competent physicians, after suffering from leprosy for the past seven years.

Many of our readers may know Miss Reed very well, and affectionately; but for those to whom she may yet be a stranger we give a short account of her case:

Mary Reed was born on the fourth of December, 1857, at Becketts, O., on the Muskingum River, and educated in the Worthington Seminary. After five years as a successful teacher in the home land, she was accepted as a missionary of the W. F. M. S. of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of the United States, and sent to India, in 1884, as a zenana worker in the city of Cawnpore. Later she was put in charge of the English girls’ school at Cawnpore, and while there, in 1890, in some way which she cannot explain, contracted leprosy. No clue as to the cause of it in her case has yet been given, as she was not even working among lepers. Without any idea of the nature of her illness, she felt her health giving way in India, and decided to come home to the United States in the hope that the sea voyage might do her good. She was benefited for a time, and for a year after arriving in America did not suspect what her illness was. But after a while she felt that there was no real improvement and her symptoms baffled her medical advisers. One night when in prayer the idea came to her like a flash that it was leprosy from which she was suffering. The agony of that thought seemed too great to bear. She wrestled in prayer the whole of that night, and toward morning felt peace and submission. The Heavenly Father Himself had revealed to her the nature of her disease, and also His purpose concerning her. He brought to her remembrance a beautiful place in the mountains of India, where a company of sufferers lived, and made plain to her that He wished her to go to that place. She replied: “I am conscious of its presence within, especially during the last few months; but I feel the power of God upon me holding me quiet. There are days, too, when the external symptoms are aggravated and more noticeable; then again they recede. What I pass through in my experience, no one knows. The furnace is only heated a little hotter.”

On January 8th, 1896, she wrote as follows:

And now I must tell you, for I am sure you wish to know something of my health. You will praise the Lord with me when I tell you that disease makes very little progress outwardly; though it does prey more and more upon my system internally. I suffer from pain in my throat and in my eyes, as well as other distressing symptoms, which are characteristic of the malady. Some of my poor patients have lost their voices entirely, and suffer agony from diseased muscles of the throat, and some are at times almost blind, and the majority of the number here are ‘sights’ such as you cannot imagine, and are not to be described. The Great Physician keeps me close to Himself, though at times He sees best for me to endure ‘pain’s furnace’; but I know He means the fire to be ‘ refining fire,’ times He sees best for me to endure ‘ pain’s furnace ’; but I know He means the fire to be ‘ refining fire,’

He will not leave me to the world, but He will give me strength and help in the midst of trouble. You are not to imagine that I am1 neither alone nor lonely, for my heart and hands are full of work.”

Later she said:

“I want to assure you that the loving messages your letter brought to me were real blessings for which I am deeply grateful to you and to Him who put it into your hearts to send me such cheer and help. The ministry to which I have been called makes a great demand upon my heart’s life; but I do not know how to describe the streams of mercy and the showers of blessing that descended upon me from the Throne of Grace, in answer to the many prayers being offered by a great multitude of loving hearts for this one of His little ones.”

Miss Dr. Martha Sheldon, a sister missionary, spent Christmas, 1896, with Miss Reed. In the evening, in course of conversation, she asked: “Do you think, Mary, that the disease is making any progress with you?” She replied: “I am conscious of its presence within, especially during the last few months; but I feel the power of God upon me holding me quiet. There are days, too, when the external symptoms are aggravated and more noticeable; then again they recede. What I pass through in my experience, no one knows. The furnace is only heated a little hotter.”

THE ORPHANAGE BUILDING.

The Kwassui Jo En (Orphanage) building is slowly approaching completion. We hope to occupy it about the middle of March. The land on which it is being erected was given by a Japanese lady, Mrs. Kinugasa, a former student in Kwassui Jo Gakko. She has been especially drawn out to work for and help girls, many of whom have been assisted by her to useful positions where they can help themselves in a genteel manner. She has given twelve acres of land for this orphanage. The house is in course of erection, but the money to pay for it does not appear. The following plan is offered to those who believe in an active Providence and who wish to receive the funds to pay for and help girls, many of whom have been assisted by her to useful positions where they can help themselves in a genteel manner. She has given twelve acres of land for this orphanage. The house is in course of erection, but the money to pay for it does not appear. The following plan is offered to those who believe in an active Providence and who wish to pay for it: (1,500 U. S. gold shares of $10 each, will finish the house. Are there not 150 Christians sufficiently interested in the orphanage to either give or become responsible for $10 for this cause? WILL YOU TAKE A SHARE? If so, send your subscription money by P. O. order direct to Miss Elizabeth Russell, Nagasaki, Japan, or to any one of the Branch Treasurers of the W. F. M. S., stating particularly that it is for Kwassui Orphanage at Koga, Kyushu, Japan. — Tidings from Japan.
Illustrated Christian World.

"Here Am I, Send Me."

A Life, Self-Denied for Service, Offered for India—Shall we Withhold Our Offerings? by Rockwell Clancy.

About twelve years ago a young Canadian resolved so to use the best education possible to prepare him for his life-work. At that time he was working on his father's farm in Canada. The following year a crisis came, and the old homestead passed into the hands of strangers. The young man made his way to Evanston and, with one dollar in his pocket, entered the preparatory department of the Northwestern University. He carried coal, shoveled snow and served as steward in a club, and the Northwestern University. He carried coal, shoveled snow and served as steward in a club, and the Northwestern University. He carried coal, shoveled snow and served as steward in a club, and the Northwestern University. He carried coal, shoveled snow and served as steward in a club, and the Northwestern University. He carried coal, shoveled snow and served as steward in a club, and the Northwestern University. He carried coal, shoveled snow and served as steward in a club, and the Northwestern University. 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TRAINING CHINESE BOYS.

BY REV. FREDERICK BROWN.

HE past year has been one of prosperity in our Tientsin School work. With less money from the Mission than in any previous year we have not closed the door on a single acceptable and worthy applicant, but, on the contrary, we have increased our numbers to the fullest extent. This would have been impossible but for the hearty co-operation and aid of many friends. This report is prepared with a desire to keep our old friends interested and show them what we are doing with the funds at our disposal; and also to bring new friends and helpers to our aid.

The regular Christmas Feast was provided this year as usual by our good friend Dr. Kin, of the Government Military College. The following report was presented to the Conference held in Peking:

"This school has had a good year in every respect. We have received more boys, have better accommodations, and have taken a larger step toward self-support than ever before."

We have eighty-nine boys enrolled. In common with other missions we had our Country Day-School, but felt that when the boys had reached a certain standard more advanced teachers should be sent, or that selected boys should be brought to centers where a proper teaching staff was available. The latter proposition was adopted, and hence our scholars are from places hundreds of miles apart, met here for the express purpose of carrying on their education further than would be possible in their homes.

A course of "Monday lectures" has been arranged for during the winter months, to which all Mandarin-speaking young men are very welcome. The attendance has ranged from ninety to over two hundred. After each lecture our boys are encouraged to write essays, some of which show a very intelligent idea of the subject under discussion. Thus we have attempted to place within reach of the poorest a mine of knowledge, which is not procurable from books translated into Chinese.

During the winter months a number of boys have gone to the city chapel once a week to assist by singing and to help in the service as they were able. They have attracted many to hear the Gospel who would have "passed by on the other side" but for the work of the boys. The Christian students are thus given opportunity for practical training in telling interestingly the Gospel message.

We believe it will be impossible for boys to remain with us the allotted term unless they get a very intelligent idea of Christianity. The Chinese will have education, and it behooves the Church to give the present generation a Christian education. Unless we believe in this thoroughly we would not be willing to give time and energy to the undertaking. Here are three illustrative examples:

Boy No. 1 came to us last May from a non-Christian home, and his father was anxious to have him enter our school as a paying scholar. On Sunday morning I heard an unusual noise in the schoolroom, and looking in saw the Christian boys praying, and the burden of their prayers was that this boy might become a Christian. He is now a believer and probationer in the Church.

Boy No. 2 came to us from his home three hundred English miles away in Shantung Province. Twenty years ago his grandfather had visited Peking where he entered a mission chapel and heard the Gospel. He became interested and took tracts to his home; after a while he embraced Christianity. His wife wished to know something of this "Jesus Religion." On asking her son about it he volunteered to wheel his mother on his barrow all the way to Peking, three hundred miles away. They went. To-day grandfather is dead, father is a trusted native minister, and grandson is in our school, and at present holds the "Counsel" Scholarship.

Boy No. 3. Our best and brightest boy left us for Peking University last June; he had held the "Petrick" Scholarship for four years, and will, in years to come, give a good account of himself.

We are well aware there are lots of boys who would not justify the care bestowed upon them; but we are most careful in our selection, and our motto is "not to refuse a worthy boy though he may be poor.”

This school is affiliated with Peking University.
May, 1898.

CIVILIZATION IN HAWAII.

In my article appearing in the March number I spoke briefly of early pioneers, the missionary company sent out by the American Board, as also of the native religion, and some of the barbarous customs of the islands.

One mistake occurs in which I am made to say "that it is the custom of the people to attend a large number of churches." I intended to convey the idea that a large proportion attended church.

All the children of all nationalities represented in the islands must attend school. I think, from six to fourteen years of age, and in order to enforce the law a truant officer is watching for any delinquent. They must work as well as learn to read, and there are few children under fourteen but can read and write in the English language.

The Postal Bank is a popular thing, in which there are large balances in favor of those who formerly wasted their earnings.

The schools need more than a passing notice. Among the natives in Honolulu the sexes are separate both in the common and high school. The system is modeled after that of the United States. There are two colleges, and both are worthy of the name, even by Americans.

As to climate, the temperature known at sea level is 65°, the highest in summer 88°; average weekly maximum, 74° in winter, 82° in summer. Cool northeast trade winds keep it delightful nine months of the year.

There are 3,800,000 acres of public lands; 80,000 acres in sugar-cane, and in 1896 221,000 tons of sugar were exported.

There are eight inhabited islands, and quite a number of small ones, making in all 4,480,000 acres, nearly the size of Massachusetts. Many of the small islands are rich in guano and phosphate rock.

The Mormons have quite a church, as also the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints of England, Scotland and the United States. "A Trysted Tracks in Japan," draws a vivid picture of the Japanese, 24,400; Portuguese, 15,000; Chinese, 21,500; mixed Hawaiians, 8,400, the whole population about 110,000—over 6,000 English-speaking.

As to churches, the great Central Union Congregational Church is Congregational in polity, and there is one such church among the Portuguese. The Portuguese have a Protestant church, Congregational in polity, and there is one such church among the Japanese. The Japs have also a Methodist Episcopal church, Congregational, as are most of the native churches. The book has been published in their own tongue. The book has been published in their own tongue.

I trust the flag of the great Republic will soon wave there. A. J. BELL.

"With all our writing and speaking about Missions," wrote Mr. Graham Wilmot Brooks, who died at the gates of the Sudan—"with all our conferences and drawing-room meetings, the fact that the great mass of the world is hurrying to its judgment without a ray of Gospel light seems to sit very easily on most. It is very painful to come straight from scenes of Moslem or heathen darkness to the bright, well-taught Christian circles at home, and, when telling of the horrible scenes just quitted, contrast the very general desire to bear, with the rare, rare instance of real sympathy with the unchristianized or practical effort to give them the good news.

"I was once detained for three months at one spot on the Congo, unable to advance or retire, or get news of the outer world, surrounded for hundreds of miles, by the fiercest and most shamelessly wicked savages, with horrible scenes of blood being enacted continually at our very door. Week by week great canoes would pass up the river filled with slaves, who, their captors unblushingly admitted, were taken to be eaten—a statement which I found only too true later on.

Walking up and down among our huts in this weary, waiting time, the mind turned from the wild scenes of wickedness to the happy Christian circles in England, the innocent lawn-tennis parties, music parties, etc., alternating with Bible readings and conventions, where God's desire for the heathen is fully set forth, and the results of neglecting them explained. Was it strange that the remembrance of the prosperous ease at home should now and then recall the story of one who played his fiddle while Rome was burning"—South African Pioneer.

The Ainus of Vezo.

At the last monthly meeting of the Board of the National Bible Societies of Scotland, a draft of a leaflet was laid on the table the first copy of the Ainu New Testament which has reached this country. The translation is the work of Rev. J. Batchelor, of the Church Missionary Society, who has devoted his life to work among this, till lately, savage people. Mrs. Bishop, in her "Untrodden Tracks in Japan," draws a vivid picture of the wild Ainus, survivors of the original inhabitants of Japan, and their animal and superstitious life, without a written language, without God, without hope. They have since come under the influence of Christianity, and are now provided with the New Testament in their own tongue. The leaflet has been printed at Yokohama at the cost of the Bible Societies of England, Scotland and the United States. The Christian.

I have nothing to do with to-morrow. My Saviour will make that life care: Should He fill it with joy or with sorrow He'll help me to suffer and bear. I have nothing to do with to-morrow. Its burden then why should I bear? Reprove and its strength I can't bear; Then why should I sorrow its care? —Anonymous.
The climate is remarkably equable and mild. This is the warmest and rainy season, and the thermometer, as far as observed, keeps always between 70 and 80 degrees. The difference between the temperature of day and night is very slight. As far as we can judge, in a week's residence, this is the most agreeable climate we have yet enjoyed, and our health has been good so far.

The people of the immediate east of us are Caluquoembes; those to the west are subjects of the Chief Njilahulu, who seems really to belong also to the Caluquoemb tribe, but pretends to be independent. The population is not so dense as we wish, but these are the only people in the district of Cacondo who have not yet been completely demoralized by unprincipled and vicious white traders and the sweet potato-rum distilleries with which almost every native town around Cacondo is cursed. The natives also manufacture and sell the vile stuff. The Caluquoembes are said to be, with the Lu caves of the Canane River (three days from here), the only natives who are willing to work and trade for cloth. The others want only rum.

The natives we have seen (two clusters of small villages) seem to be terribly afraid of white people, and not at all anxious to see any settle in their neighborhood. This is due to the late war of the Boers and Portuguese who raised all their cattle and took away their chief, who soon died at the military post of Hacha (where we spent two weeks). Soon after we arrived, I walked one day to the western town and another day to the eastern, finding my way by unprincipled and vicious white traders and the sweet potato-rum distilleries with which almost every native town around Cacondo is cursed. The natives also manufacture and sell the vile stuff. The Caluquoembes are said to be, with the Lu caves of the Canane River (three days from here), the only natives who are willing to work and trade for cloth. The others want only rum.

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ten by the A.B.C.F.M. missionaries of Bailando, I have been able to pick up enough to carry on a varied conversation without the help of an interpreter. If it had not rained last Sunday, and the natives had come to see us, I could have given them a good Gorm of their vernacular. In their vernacular.

If we have the promise of plenty of native labor in a few days, and as we are only now beginning to tap our large supply of cotton goods, we need not suffer from the lack of any of the necessaries of life, although for a time we may run short of some imported articles.

In regard to the outlook of the work for which we have come out here. First of all we must remember that this party was sent out late in the season with less than half the amount considered necessary for its equipment and the station needs as laid out in my original plan of work, that the party was expected simply to open the way and lay the foundations of the first station. Knowing as I do the very little we have done. The main points gained so far are these: 1. We have safely reached our destination on the table-land between Benguela and Lake Nyassa. 2. We are putting up buildings and the Boers themselves, though implicated in the slave-trade, or conniving at it, are at least beginning to try and find excuses and apologies for their connection with the slave-trade and the rum-trading.

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57th Ave. and 50th St., New York, May, 1898.

TO OUR READERS.

The publication of this periodical was entered upon for the promulgation and defense of the principle of self-supporting industrial missions in general, and in particular its introduction in the civilization and evangelization of Africa. Its general purpose, not through its influence alone, but by the wide-spread agencies employed by the Holy Spirit in reconstructing missionary methods in many lands, and not in the full number of copies of its foundations in India, South America, and Africa, has been so thoroughly accomplished that the few remaining objectives are confined to those too securely tied by "red tape" to recognize a movement that is everywhere "Cast thy bread upon the waters, in sustaining the increase—"one soweth and another reareth," the foundation laid were utilized in the development of an evangelist aflame with the love of God.

Heroic worker on the field: faithful co-worker at home! you may not see all the results of your labors, though some precious fruitage be given. "He not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not," though with some "their works do follow them," after they "rest from their labors." One ploweth and another watereth, but God giveth the increase—"one soweth and another reapeth," but "The tears of the sower, and songs of the reaper Shall mingle together In the happy cottage home.

One of the most fertile portions of California was once an arid waste. Now it is covered with olive-yards and vineyards; fields of sweet clover that make the land to flow with milk and honey; and gardens of beauty, where the flowers ever bloom around the happy cottage home.

We all know that the blessed gift of Heaven—pure, sparkling water—wrought this transformation, and restored this Paradise. But had you mounted your horse and rode across the dry, hot sand of the Fresno country, as in many parts of Angola; and although these pioneer posts were long since forsaken (and that Church had almost given up the province as hopeless when our successful missions revived their interest) the seeds of knowledge had taken root. Bernardo's forefathers were taught to read and write, in turn taught their children, and after several generations the foundations laid were utilized in the development of an evangelist aflame with the love of God.

Fellow-worker, at home and abroad! you may not see either end of the great canal, it may be not have had a peep at the chart; but keep digging away at the portion assigned you, for the waters cannot flow to the far-away places of the earth, if any part of the work at this end or that, is left undone. Be of good cheer. Thy labor shall not be in vain in the Lord, even though its glad rewards return to your bosom—"after many days."

I WILL not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Com' drifting home, with broken masts and sails;
I will believe the Hand which never fails
From seeming evil worketh good for me;
And though I sleep beneath the rolling waves, tattered
Still will I cry, while my best hopes I cherish,
"I trust in Thee."
I will not doubt, though all my prayers return
Unanswered from the still white realm above;
I will believe it is an all-accomplishing love
Which has refused these things for which I yearn;
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,
Yet the pure arid of my fixed believing
Undimmed shall burn.
I will not doubt, though sorrow falls like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about to hive;
I will believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And though I groan and writhe beneath my crosses,
Yet shall see through my severest losses
The greater gain.
I will not doubt. Well anchored in this faith,
Like some Stacy ship, my soul braves every gale.
Calm in this confidence, it will not quail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of death.
Even then I'll cry, though body parts with spirit
"I do not doubt," so the listening world may hear it,
With my last breath!

—The United Presbyterian.

God keeps a school for his children here on earth, and one of his best teachers is named Disappointment. He is a rough teacher, severe in tone and harsh in his handling sometimes; but his tuition is worth all its costs. Many of our best lessons through life have been taught us by that same stern old schoolmaster, Disappointment. —THEOLOE C. CULVER.
The Missionary Outlook in Japan

By Bishop J. C. Hartzell

HAVING just returned from my first episcopal tour in Africa, at the request of the Editor of the Illustrated Christian World, I will make a few statements of the present condition of the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa.

I wish first of all to record my sincere gratitude to God for his protecting care over both myself and my wife during our journeys in the Dark Continent. In very many unexpected ways, but always at the right time, the blessed Lord intervened between us and uncertainty, and made plain our paths.

The work among the Africa-Liberians on the West Coast, in the Republic of Liberia, is in the oldest foreign missionary field of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having been begun in 1833. At the late Annual Conference, held during the first week in February, I stationed eighty-five workers, the majority of whom were lay teachers and missionaries. The greatest necessity in that work now is the development of schools. The name of Monrovia Seminary has been changed to that of the College of West Africa, and the second year of President Camphor's administration has opened under very favorable consultation, it was decided that, for the present at least, we had better withdraw from the Lower Congo and concentrate in Angola, the adjoining territory to that field, cannot be too highly commended or too sacredly treasured by the Church.

Two hundred and fifty miles south of the mouth of the Congo River is Loanda, the capital of Angola. Commencing at this point, in 1884, Bishop Taylor began seven mission stations, extending nearly 400 miles into the interior, and up to 1897, 86 missionaries had been sent to that field, of whom 11 had died — 2 men and 7 women. Twelve children had been born at the stations, and 12 children had died. 31 had returned home, and 24 had remained in the field.

The property of the various stations was estimated as being worth $25,750. The expectation of large returns from agriculture in Angola had not been realized, but fortunately there was a trading fund of $7,700, which yielded a profit of perhaps $1,000 a year. Among the various stations in various parts of the Congo, the missionary movement on the Congo would require an amount of money and a number of missionaries entirely beyond my power to control. And so, after prayerful consultation, it was decided that, for the present at least, we had better withdraw from the Lower Congo and concentrate in Angola, the adjoining territory to the south, where a line of stations from Loanda to Malange, pointing toward the Upper Congo country, had been established by Bishop Taylor.

The steamer was sold for $3,000, and the money permanently invested in the Endowment Trading Fund in Angola.

The sister in charge of the Banana Point Mission was compelled to return to Ireland, with broken health. Miss Larson and several of the children at Vivi, two of whom I baptized, were transferred to the Industrial Mission at Queesua, near Malange, in Angola. Mrs. Oman, whose husband had recently died, and her daughter returned to America. Bishop Taylor wrote me that he was glad I had sold the steamer.

How much good was done on the Congo, especially in the earlier days in the inauguration and carrying forward of Bishop Taylor's missions, eternity alone will reveal. The heroism, faith and devotion of many of the missionaries whose bodies lie on the Congo awaiting the resurrection, as well as the others who unwillingly, for various reasons, left the field, cannot be too highly commended or too sacredly treasured by the Church.
and prosecute the work, the results would have been very great.

For twelve years Bishop Taylor held Africa before the thought of the Church, and whatever enlargement of the field, whatever founding and development of missions in that continent is now possible by American Methodism is due in a great measure to that fact. Some splendid results have been achieved. In several cases native languages have been mastered, valuable properties have been acquired, and in two cases the New Testament has been translated into native tongues. How many natives have been influenced for good besides those who of this missionary movement, no man can tell. Africa is the most difficult missionary field in the world; but there have been great changes for the better during the past ten years; and we have only to go forward, utilizing all the success that has been achieved, profiting by the experience of those who have gone before, to witness in the near future still larger and more excellent results.

God especially opened my way for the enlargement of the East Coast and in Eastern Rhodesia, where there can be good and strong work developed among white people and a Central Industrial Missionary Station for natives be begun.

The principle that missionary work of every description, at home and abroad, should as quickly and to the largest extent possible support itself, is the only correct principle in the development of missionary work. In many portions of Africa, however, local self-support must necessarily be of very slow growth, and in the meantime the expenses of caring for missionaries in a foreign and sickly climate, until they become acclimated and master the languages may be large. I had faith in Africa before my extended tour, and I have greater faith in the outlook for the success of our missions now, having made the tour. My work while in America is in consultation with the friends of missions in Africa, both within and without our Methodist Zion, to plan conservatively and wisely for the better support of our missionaries already in the field, giving vacations to those who need it; for the sending out of more; for the conservation of all results financial and moral, already achieved, and in the spirit and faith of our Christ to go forward to yet larger victories.

MISSIONARY OUTLOOK IN THE FEVER DISTRICTS OF ZULULAND.

By W. Spencer Walton, Founder of the South Africa General Mission.

BEFORE we is a map of Zululand, which has often, in days gone by, been scanned by anxious eye. The march of the British troops as they opposed the blood-thirsty Zulus, was watched by many whose husbands and sons were called to the front. Eyes were red with weeping and hearts were well-nigh broken, when the news of the Zululand disasters reached the British Isles. But now, that is a thing of the past, and while the great round marks the resting-place of many a brave warrior, we have to-day to do with a conquered nation, with its thousands of living souls, England holds the land of the Zulus. Let us look at the map. Every cross marks a mission station—a blessed symbol of peace; while the blood-stained banner of the cross is unfurled and God's ambassadors are preaching the Gospel of Reconciliation and presenting His Son as a perfect Savior. The Crusaders' battle-cry, "Deus Vult," is again sounded, coupled with Christ's words, "Save the Zulus and the Zulus for Christ!" For missionary purposes, let us divide Zululand by a geographical boundary. Let us trace the great Umfolozi River, which, as it proceeds, reaches where it divides into the Black and White branches. It is the haunt of the voracious alligator, and its forest-girt banks swarm with buffalo, kudu, rhinoceros, and other large game. The deadly tsetse-fly makes this region fatal to the trek-ox, while the rocks are the hiding-places to the deadly mamba and other venomous snakes as well as the African boa—the long python. On the south of the river extending to the Tugela, the natural boundary between Natal and Zululand, there are about twenty mission stations, besides outposts—none too many by any means. To the north we can only find four stations, a remarkable contrast, considering that the population is greater north than south.

We grant you the difference in the climate is great, and while south we have but few fever spots, the north has few spots free from fever during the hot summer months. Still it is densely populated, in some districts very densely populated, and these regions are without the light of the Gospel. Will you look at your map again—draw a line north from the top of Lake St. Lucia, right on to Portuguese territory. Fever is rife here during January, February, March and April, still during the other eight months this large district of Zulu and Amatongaland is, comparatively speaking, healthy. While the population is as large or larger than any other district of similar size in Zululand, there is only one mission station to be found and that one only just built by our devoted missionary Mr. Norman Keyes, and soon to be occupied by himself, wife and native assistant.

Trained in the late Dr. A. J. Gordon's Missionary Institute in Boston, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Keyes have come out freed with holy missionary zeal and already have had to face obstacles and difficulties which have been removed by prayer, and have found out that missionary life is no romance. Another site on the seaside between Lakes Ustebai and St. Lucia has been applied for. We hope before long to have another station here, while on the ridge south of this great inland sea, our dear missionary Olsen Leybury and his wife will erect a station. A sanatorium is necessary during the fever months. This has been erected 1,000 feet above sea-level, on Makowe Mountain, about 16 miles due west of the lake. Our three stations will be linked by out-stations, which will cost only about $10 each. Thus we will be able to surround this untouched region, as well as in the near future the basin of the lake with our center board boat, already skimming its blue surface. Perhaps some of your readers would like to build one of these out-stations in memory of some loved one in Heaven—a very lasting memorial. A glance at the map will show our readers large untouched districts which we hope to reach by iteration and in time establish stations. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have a station on the Lobombo Mountains, far west of the lake, and another about fifteen miles west of Makowa. We hear they are pressing into Tongoland and so avoiding building on another man's foundation.

During 1896 I visited the Lake, selecting the site for Mr. Norman Keyes's station, called "Grace Mission Station." We were iterating for three weeks and only found in one kral open opposition and indifference. Our various meetings in these Zulu kraals, as we traveled about, were characterized by a remarkable earnestness and attention.

The Portuguese trader, with his firearms and fire-water, has had a very free run in these untouched districts, bringing with him a curse—a curse which only increases wherever it finds an entrance. Crossing over from the Delagoa Bay district he has found a good market, almost down to the lake.

Now that these countries have been annexed, and are under British rule, with their British Resident, these devastating inroads by these unprincipled men have been stopped. Our Government wisely prohibits the sale of fire-water to these natives, and are very firm in the way they enforce it. We often wish the Government of Cape Colony would do the same, and keep away an ugly stain which disfigures their escutcheon.

From our Sanatorium we have a grand view of this vast fever plain, the outlines of this great lake being very distinct, with the blue Indian Ocean here and their peeping through the breaks in the high sand ridges. On the right, far away, we can see the little bay where the Umfolozi empties itself in the great ocean, a very lasting memorial. A glance at the map will show our readers large untouched districts which we hope to reach by iteration and in time establish stations. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have a station on the Lobombo Mountains, far west of the lake, and another about fifteen miles west of Makowa. We hear they are pressing into the left we scan the vast plains, the swamps during the summer being full of miasma. Many smaller lakes glister in the sunshine, the haunt of the alligator and great sea-cow. But, alas! it is wrapped in the pall of a deadly heathendom, a million of the alligator and great sea-cow. But, alas! it is wrapped in the pall of a deadly heathendom, a million

"MY HOME ON WHEELS IN ZULULAND." (From a photo by W. Spencer Walton.)
May, 1898.

DEPARTURE OF DR. JENNIE.
The Gentle Spirit of a Noble Worker Bids Farewell to Earth.

Dr. Jennie Taylor-Gordon has completed her self-sacrifice in the cause of Christ and the philanthropic mission of the Bishops' brother; but the preparation of her spirit for the better land has been observed by a wider, a heavenly circle.

With unusual natural adaptation and thorough fitting for such work, she went forth on the call of God as a "special" all along the lines of our Africa Missions. A number of the mission stations were located beyond the reach of medical aid, and many of our missionaries who had been for some years in constant service were sadly in need of the services of a skilled surgeon.

After graduating with honor from the classical course of Dickinson College, Jennie May Taylor completed her medical education, and soon distinguished herself as a surgeon. Although her native modesty and quiet reserve did not at any time permit her to mention such incidents, a number of examples of her skill became known to us, only one of which we will mention here. While she was connected with the Methodist Hospital, at Philadelphia, a man was brought into the accident ward with one of his ears almost severed from his head. At a prompt consultation of surgeons it was decided, with only one dissenting voice, that the shattered member must be immediately amputated. The unfortunate victim of the accident was a Methodist minister, who deplored the loss of his ear as a lifelong detriment to the work in which he was engaged—and Dr. Jennie undertook his case, having dissented from the opinion of the other surgeons, personally assuming all responsibility.

The combination of skill and good judgment in her application effected the restoration of the mangled member, and the complete recovery of the patient.

As the special service to be rendered in Africa included dental work, Dr. Jennie was kindly received into the office and home of the late Dr. W. E. Dunn, of New York, for many years a warm personal friend and supporter of Bishop Taylor and his work, where, with the excellent facilities afforded, she mastered the art of dentistry.

She accompanied the Bishop to the session of the Africa Conference in Liberia, held in January, 1894, and immediately began the practice of the healing art in that land of the "white man's grave." Her general adaptation to all occasions often found illustration in that and other portions of Africa. Here is one little instance of it: A native evangelist was making a second charge the enraged beast was captured by missionary Mead, who begged the little rider to remount the animal and master the heathen bull, remounted the animal and mastered the bull. The gentle ways and girlish appearance suggested my question: "Cousin Jennie, could you amputate my arm if necessary?" "Without wincing," was the immediate reply. On the Congo she stood before a regiment of Belgian soldiers and fearlessly denounced their sinful practices and proclaimed present and future retribution if they did not repent and forsake them.

Four years ago all missionary circles of every denomination watched with deep interest the preparation of the gentle spirit, and with them rejoiced in the certainty of her sweet rest and sure reward.

The death of Jennie of the gifted daughter of the little doctor.

May, 1898.

A native chief of the Zulus admitted that the death of Jennie made him much pain; and when sh was the summons to come up higher. Her death, like the death of the Rev. Sam Mead, was a great loss to the missionary movement in Africa.

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In the Normal department the pupils not only study pedagogy but are required to give one year to teaching under our direct supervision. This we have found to be of the greatest importance, and of almost inestimable value to the pupil. This year of practical work comes in after two years of study in the Normal department; after the year of teaching, then one more year of study is necessary to finish the course.

The Primary department, comprising a four years' course, is under the Government. We accept the program of study prepared for the public primary schools, are subject to inspection at any time by the Board of Education, use the text-books recommended by them, send in reports to the authorities every two months, and in a word are on the same footing as the public Primary schools; only we teach the Bible in our school, while in the public schools all religious teaching is strictly prohibited.

In 1896, when Mrs. Bishop Newman was here, she decided to give $1,000 to erect a much needed new dormitory. In July of 1896 it was ready for occupancy, and accommodated from twenty-five to twenty-seven beds. Last October work was begun to build a third story over all the rest of the building, only about one-fourth of the room being occupied by Mrs. Newman's dormitory. When the building was completed, Mrs. Newman's dormitory was made into dining-room and kitchen, for which it was also admirably adapted, while the newly erected part furnishes us with dormitory room for nearly fifty pupils, besides rooms for our teachers. What were formerly dormitories on the second floor are now classrooms.

I am sending you by this same mail photographs of our school, taken the second week in February of this year. The photographer preferred to group the children in three sections, the first including the Intermediate, Grammar and Normal departments, and saw our efforts crowned with success by the graduating of five young ladies, who, having taken the full course, received their diplomas, and at once began work as teachers in various of our mission schools. Since then we have had two graduates, one in June, 1896, and another in September, 1897.

Our Sunday-school is flourishing—one Sabbath, the attendance was two hundred and one. Most of the teachers are from our own school, and the larger part of the pupils are either from our school, or the boys' school. There is a large Bible-class of women. Sometimes there are over fifty present while the enrollment is above sixty-five. Most of them are poor servants, seamstresses, nurses or washerwomen, with, in most cases, not all of even the barest of life's necessities, and nothing of its comforts; yet few indeed are the members that do not bring a penny for the collection.

But a fair, given more for fun than anything else, netted $21 for the League; butterflies caught and sent to a dealer brought 80 more; while Mexican toys and drawn-work sent to a friend at home, and by her sold, gave us $13 more; so we felt quite able to let the Mercy and Help department begin to arrange for that special work. Then a few days ago a tourist from Massachusetts gave us a five-dollar gold piece for the same purpose, and it was worth a little more than twice its value in Mexican currency. If we can manage it, we also want to get enough money in the League treasury to enable us to buy cheap material to manage it, we also want to get enough money in the League treasury to enable us to buy cheap material for clothing for the poorest. Our teachers and older children are earnest Christian workers.

But we are well attended, heartily participated in, and a center of good. Both societies are doing all they can to get together enough money to enable the Leagues to give breakfast to the very poorest of our day pupils.

Some are so poor that there is no breakfast for them at home until about ten o'clock, and they must either wait for that, thus missing the best part of the school hours, or else come with no breakfast, and simply bear the pangs of hunger till they get home at one o'clock. But such a thing is so sad and so hurtful we are doing all we can to remedy it. But most of our members are themselves very poor, and for the missionaries the calls for help are so many and so varied it is something of a question how to manage.

Our school is called the "Daughters of Juarez" school. Every Friday evening all the teachers and the most advanced pupils meet for a lecture and a Teachers' Class, under the direction of Mrs. Olive Weston, a splendidly equipped educator, who is at present in Mexico in the interests of kindergarten work and Mothers' classes.

Our Epworth League holds its regular weekly prayer-meetings on Monday afternoons, and the Junor League on Tuesday afternoons. Both are well attended, heartily participated in, and a center of good. Both societies are doing all they can to get together enough money to enable the Leagues to give breakfast to the very poorest of our day pupils. Some are so poor that there is no breakfast for them at home until about ten o'clock, and they must either wait for that, thus missing the best part of the school hours, or else come with no breakfast, and simply bear the pangs of hunger till they get home at one o'clock. But such a thing is so sad and so hurtful we are doing all we can to remedy it. But most of our members are themselves very poor, and for the missionaries the calls for help are so many and so varied it is something of a question how to manage.

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DEPARTURE OF DR. JENNIE.

(Concluded from page 11.)

On the twelfth of January, 1896, at Dondo, Angola, by the Rev. A. E. Withey, she was joined in holy wedlock to the Rev. C. W. Gordon, of Lynn, Mass., who is one of the pioneer missionaries in this field, and a most efficient laborer.

On the twenty-ninth of December, 1897, at Mange, Angola, after an illness of nine days, from hemiplegic fever, she "fell asleep." She was not, for God had taken her.

MISSIONARY PERSONALS.

BISHOP HARTZELL looks as vigorous as ever after his long journeys in his vast episcopal domain, and Mrs. Hartzell, who accompanied him in his voyages to the Islands and throughout South Africa is in excellent health. The Bishop acknowledges much helpful assistance from the Hon. Henry M. Stanley, whom he several times visited during his stay in London, and whose grasp of the entire African question made his counsels invaluable. From many sources the Bishop has drawn valuable information, and after his personal observation sees the extent of the great undertaking in which he is engaged, and in which he will need the prayerful interest and cooperation of the entire Church. He is devoting all the strength of the best years of his life to a cause in which he will need the prayerful interest and cooperation of the entire Church.

Another sad loss from among our pioneer mis­sionaries is reported from Angola in the death of the Rev. Geo. K. Gilder. This Conference division which he has placed under the superintendency of India, called officially "The Godavery District," a man's portion of the burdens of missionary labor, with her, and the Rev. Samuel Mead and wife will unfalteringly facing its trials and privations. Mrs. Mead, and after his personal observation sees the extent of the Church. He is devoting all the great undertaking in which he is engaged, and which he will need the prayerful interest and cooperation of the entire Church.

Mrs. Minnie Mead, and the three children still remaining with her, and the Rev. Samuel Mead and wife will soon be on their way to America.

Bishop Thoburn has made a new district in South India, called officially "The Godavery District," which he has placed under the superintendency of the Rev. Geo. K. Gilder. This Conference division includes the work of the Rev. C. B. Ward at Yel­landu and the Bastar region.

METHODIST MISSIONARIES IN INHAMBANE.

M ANY thousands among the friends of missions are specially interested in the missionaries at Inhambane, Southwest Africa. Rev. E. H. Richards is personally known to all over this country, and his articles in our columns have for years created and extended the work in which he is engaged. He is not forgetful of the fact that the readers of the ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD provided the money to establish the missions he now superintends, and he will keep them informed as to their progress and requirements. We hope, also, to have occasional articles from the pen of Mrs. Richards, and from Mr. and Mrs. Buckwalter, with whose work in Liberia our readers are acquainted. The following letter from Mr. Richards was not intended for publication; but his camera sometimes "takes" folks unawares:

"Our camera has not yet got started, though there is in it at this moment a group or two of our native Christians. Mayhap I can get you a "soda print" of them. Our mail is of such an uncertain sort that we never know when it will come till it arrives, or when it will go till it is gone. Fortunately, it bothers us but once in three weeks. We have seen but one copy of the ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WORLD since we came, and are hoping that this mail will surely bring us something of the sort.

"Yesterday we held a united service for our native Christians, and there were sixteen who received the Elements, and a class of twenty-eight more who are all ready for baptism, so far as profession of the lips can go. We do not doubt their intentions at all, but we feel inclined to wait a little to see if their fruits agree with their advertised spirit. We cannot afford to take any under the Church without putting them to an examination of their doctrine. We do not know what might seem in America to be undue care in giving permanent relations to new materials.

"We missed having the Bishop with us. He was busy here and there, and we were unable to join him at the hour he appointed, and so he has returned to Lib­eria without visiting Inhambane. We regret this exceedingly, and shall hope for a sufficiently prolonged stay when he shall be in these parts again.

"We are all in good health and firm strength. With a God bless you, we remain, yours faithfully,

"E. H. Richards.

"INHAMBANE, EAST AFRICA, JANUARY 24TH, 1898."

THE INDIANS OF AMERICA.

PRESIDENT OF THE PROTESTANT COLLEGE AT A

THE whole subject of South America is of course of great interest to Americans; but the scientific study of the indigenous people seems to have gone out of fashion, while Christian people, captivated by the glamour of missions in Central Africa, far India, and shut-up China, all the worthy objects, seem to have left out of sight the great American pagans at their very door, who are easily accessible, and some of whom are actually asking for light.

During the past year it was our privilege to entertain Joaquim Sepe, a baptized pagan, chief of the Cherentes, a grave, dignified, and intelligent man. This Chief Sepe brought a group of his people overland from the head waters of the Tocantins to Rio, a journey of many months, and presented them to the President, asking for a teacher and agricultural implements, that his people might become civilized. He was on his way back, having failed in the object of his visit, when he made us a visit of several weeks in St. Paulo.

These Cherentes, numbering 4,000 adult men (in giving their numbers the Indians refer to adult males only), and living in fourteen villages on the upper Tocantins and its tributaries, are one of the eight great families into which Von Martius divided the Indians of South America. Along the lower course of the Mortes, at its junction with the Araguaia, is found the powerful tribe of the Chavantes, an offshoot of the Cherentes, and said to be physically the finest race of men in America. Their Christianization began thus:

About fifty years ago a Capuchin monk, Rafael Taglia, went among the Cherentes and catechized them from a state of wild savagery to the condition of tame, without, however, Christianizing them.

Several weeks of close intercourse with this intelligent pagan brother showed that, while he had some knowledge of Christian ceremonies and the names of the central truth of Christianity.

Mr. George R. Witte is now on his way to the Cherentes. He was touched by the story of Sepe's fruitless search for a teacher, left his studies in the medical school, and started for the Tocantins.—Missionary Review.

A FAVORITE violin player was invited to dinner. The host, with assumed carelessness, added: "By the way, bring your violin with you." The musician replied: "My violin never dines."

A YOUNG lady about to marry a farmer said: "Mother Eve married a gardener." She forgot to add that owing to the match the gardener lost his situation.

"How old are you?" asked a conductor of a little girl who was trying to ride on half fare. "I am nine at home, but in cars I am only six and a half."

FORTUDE is to be seen in the endurance of toils and dangers; temperance, in the self-denial of luxuries; prudence, in the choice between good and evil; justice, in rendering to every man his due.—Cicerone.
ruins, limits and prevents exclusive faith in God. It
will be almost impossible to resist the impression
that large fruits are to attend the coming of Moody
and Sankey, simply and solely because Moody and
Sankey are coming. Thus we dsthrone Jesus, and
largely supersede the offices of the Holy Ghost... If
we do not rid ourselves of this practical robbery,
this insidious blasphemy, something more and worse
than defeat awaits us.

The words of Jesus should be envisaged upon every
heart. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself ex­cept
it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide
in me." The best possible preparation for the
advent and ministry of evangelists, is to have this
truth burnt into us: "He that abideth in me, and I
in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." (John
15: 5). This great truth, reduced to experience, will
make the evangelists themselves, and all human auxiliaries, lay and clerical, if not evangelists, yet
abundant fruit-bearing branches. In such a case the
evangelists will find nothing to do on their arrival
but to cry, "My oxen and my fatlings are killed, and
all things are ready; come unto the marriage" (Matt.
22: 4).

Let us correct also the second mistake. It is rea­soning from a false premise to conclude that the
shall have much discounted expectation, no surprise
and much callous feeling, with some envy and more
indifference. We shall have a degree, no doubt, of
sectarian prejudice and canonical opposition; but that
will rather help than hinder, as it will have the effect
to spring the bow that shoots the arrow. To rid
ourselves of this second mistake, it will be necessary
to put all evangelists so far into the background, and
to make their figures so microscopic that Christ
alone shall come within the visual line of our soul's
trust. His power alone must form the horizon of
our faith and hope. Men must be like stars in the
daytime— invisible and lost in the effulgence of the
"Sun of Righteousness."

It is also important to set ourselves right as regards
the third error, namely, that no higher and more
spiritual themes and motives need to be incorporated
into our popular appeals than the Church has
accommodated to use in former times. It is true the
Gospel, like Christ its author, is the same yesterday,
to-day and forever; but it is not true that society is
prepared in every age and nation alike for its higher
and more spiritual unfoldings. Religion has come to
man by distinctly marked epochal and periodic de­velopments; and each stage has been more perfect
than the preceding. Like the swelling bud and
opening flower everywhere successively thrown out has revealed
some new life and beauty. The sower may be said to
individual experiences. If we fol­low on to know the Lord, then shall we also know, "Hos­anna going forth is prepared as the morning." The
light of instantaneous justification reveals the privilege
and obligation of instantaneous sanctification. This light
respecting the possibilities and duty of personal holiness
in this life now gleams upon the churches with a sweep and vividness never before wit­nessed. No revival work, therefore, can take on anything like its maximum of power, that does not
specifically inculcate holiness as an instantaneous
attainment. We steadfastly believe God means to
convert the world by instrumentality washed in the all-cleansing blood.

There are in the Christian Church over 100,000
proselytes from Judaism, and in the Church of Eng­land alone 250 of the clergy are either Jews or the
sons of Jews. As each Lord's Day comes round, the
Gospel is proclaimed in more than 600 pulpits of
Europe by Jewish lips. Over 350 of the ministers of
the Christian Church in Great Britain are stated to be Hebrew
Christians.—The Mission World.

Diamond and charcoal are all one; it is a mere
question of carbon. There are mens whose lives are
like a wagon-load of charcoal; others whose lives,
though brief, are crystallized like a solitaire.—D. J.
Burrell.