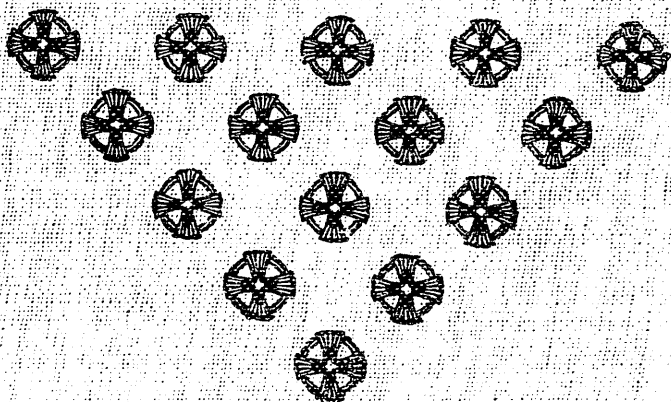


FIFTY MISSIONARY STORIES



BELLE M. BRAIN

FIFTY
MISSIONARY STORIES

COMPILED BY
BELLE M. BRAIN

AUTHOR OF "TRANSFORMATION OF HAWAII,"
"MISSIONARY READINGS FOR MISSIONARY PROGRAMS,"
ETC.

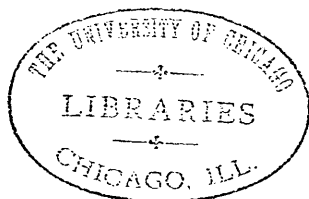


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FOREWORD

THE kindly reception accorded to "Missionary Readings for Missionary Programs" and its twenty-five selections from famous missionary books, together with requests received for a second series along similar lines, has led to the preparation of the present volume.

The fifty stories herewith given are of varied length and cover a wide range of topics. Many of them have necessarily been greatly condensed, but care has been taken to do this without marring the work of the original author.

It is hoped that the little book may not only prove useful in preparing missionary programs, but may also help to solve the problem of providing suitable reading for young folks in the home circle on Sunday afternoons.

Grateful acknowledgment is herewith made of the courtesy and kindness of the following editors and publishers for permission to use copyrighted material: Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D., editor of the *Christian Endeavor World*; Mr. D. L. Pierson, edi-

tor of the *Missionary Review of the World*; The Century Company, publishers of *The Century Magazine*; the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, publishers of "Faith Working Through Love"; The Friends' Bible Institute Press, publishers of "Sketches from the Dark Continent"; The American Baptist Missionary Union, publishers of "Pagoda Shadows"; and The Baker and Taylor Company, publishers of "The New Acts of the Apostles."

BELLE M. BRAIN.

Springfield, Ohio, February 18, 1903.

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FIFTY MISSIONARY STORIES

A TALKING CHIP

From "Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," by John Williams.

In the erection of a chapel on Raratonga¹ a circumstance occurred which gives a striking idea of the feelings of an untaught people when observing for the first time the effects of written communications.

As I had come to work one morning without my square, I took up a chip and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. Calling a chief who was superintending one portion of the work, I said to him:

"Friend, take this, go to our house and give it to Mrs. Williams."

He was a singular-looking man, remarkably quick in his movements and had been a great warrior, but in one of the numerous battles he had fought had lost an eye. Giv-

¹An island of the Cook or Hervey group.

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ing me an inexpressible look with the other, he said:

"Take that? She will call me a fool and scold me if I carry a chip to her."

"No," I replied, "she will not. Take it and go immediately; I am in haste."

Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it and asked:

"What must I say?"

"You have nothing to say," I replied; "the chip will say all that I wish."

With a look of astonishment and contempt he held up the piece of wood and said: "How can this speak? Has it a mouth?"

"Take it immediately," I replied, "and do not spend so much time in talking about it."

On arriving at the house he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away and went to the tool-chest, whither the chief, resolved to see the result of this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her he said:

"Stay, daughter; how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?"

"Why," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?"

"Yes," said the astonished warrior, "but I did not hear it say anything."

"If you did not, I did," was the reply, "for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible."

With this the chief leaped out of the house and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them as high as his arms would reach and shouting as he went:

"See the wisdom of these English people! They can make chips talk! They can make chips talk!"

On giving me the square he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the explanation in my power, but it was a circumstance involved in so much mystery, that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it around his neck and wore it for some time.

During several following days we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he narrated the wonders this chip had performed.

SUNDAY IN RARATONGA

From "Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," by John Williams.

The manner in which the people of Rarotong¹ spent their Sabbaths was deeply interesting. At sunrise they held a prayer-meeting to implore the divine blessing on the engagements of the day; this they conducted entirely themselves.

At nine o'clock the congregation assembled again, when the missionary performed divine service just as it is conducted in England, prayer being offered, the sacred Scriptures read, and hymns sung in their own beautiful language, after which a sermon is preached to them. Prior to the commencement of the service, however, they met in classes of ten or twelve families each, and distributed among themselves the respective portions of the sermon which each individual should bring away.

"Mine shall be the text and all that is

¹An island of the Cook or Hervey group.

said in immediate connection with it," said one.

"I will take care of the first division," said another.

"I will bring home the particulars under that head," declared a third.

Thus was the sermon apportioned out before it was delivered.

At a convenient time after the service the respective classes met, and after commencing their social service with singing and prayer, one of the most intelligent of their number began by inquiring:

"With whom is the text?" and then proposed a variety of questions upon it.

After this he asked for the divisions of the discourse, and when one had been given he would say:

"To what portion of Scripture were we referred?"

This was found a most excellent and efficient method of proceeding, as it induced the people not only to pay great attention to the sermon, but to search the Scriptures with interest, and also to exercise their minds upon the meaning and application of what they read.

This social exercise was a preparation for the more public examination conducted by

the missionary, which took place in the chapel between the hours of one and two, when all the classes assembled; and seldom was there a sentiment or a sentence of importance in the discourse which was not then repeated by one or another of the congregation.

At the conclusion of the evening service, both on the Sabbath and other days, a great number followed us home, took their seats under the banana and plantain trees, by which our house was encircled, and spent an hour or more in making inquiries about the subjects of our address.

THE FIRST BOOK AND THE NEW EYES

From "The Story of John G. Paton."

The printing of the first book on Aniwa¹ was a great event, not so much for the toil and worry which it cost me, though that was enough to have broken the heart of many a compositor, as rather for the joy it gave to the old Chief Namakei.

He had eagerly helped me in translating and preparing it, and had a great desire "to hear it speak," as he graphically expressed it. It was made up chiefly of short passages from the Scriptures that might help me to introduce them to the treasures of Divine truth and love. Namakei came to me morning after morning, saying:

"Missi, is it done? Can it speak?"

At last I was able to answer, "Yes!"

"Does it speak my words?" the old chief eagerly responded.

"It does," I replied.

¹An island of the New Hebrides group.

"Make it speak to me, Missi!" Namakei exclaimed, with rising interest. "Let me hear it speak."

I read to him a portion of the book, and the old man fairly shouted in an ecstasy of joy.

"It does speak! It speaks my own language, too! Oh, give it to me!"

He grasped it hurriedly, turned it all round every way, pressed it to his bosom, and then, closing it with a great look of disappointment, handed it back to me, saying:

"Missi, I cannot make it speak! It will never speak to me."

"No," said I; "you don't know how to read it yet, how to make it speak to you; but I will teach you to read, and then it will speak to you as it does to me."

"O Missi, dear Missi, show me how to make it speak," persisted the bewildered chief.

He was straining his eyes so, that I suspected they were dim with age and could not see the letters. I looked out for him a pair of spectacles and managed to fit him well. He was very much afraid of putting them on at first, manifestly in dread of some sort of sorcery. At last when they were

properly placed, he saw the letters and everything so clearly that he exclaimed in great excitement and joy:

"I see it all now! This is what you told us about Jesus. He opened the eyes of a blind man. The word of Jesus has just come to Aniwa. He has sent me these glass eyes. I have gotten back again the sight I had when a boy. O Missi, make the book speak to me now!"

I walked out with him to the public Village Ground. There I drew A B C in large characters upon the dust, showed him the same letters in the book, and left him to compare them and find out how many occurred on the first page. Fixing these in his mind, he came running to me and said:

"I have lifted up A B C. They are here in my head and I will hold them fast. Give me other three."

This was repeated time after time. He mastered the whole alphabet and soon began to spell out the smaller words. Indeed, he came so often, getting me to read it over and over, that before he could read it freely he had it word for word committed to memory. When strangers passed him, or young people came around, he would get out the little book and say:

“Come, and I will let you hear how the book speaks our own Aniwan words. You say it is hard to learn to read and make it speak. But be strong to try! If an old man like me has done it, it ought to be much easier for you.”

One day I heard him read to a company with wonderful fluency. Taking the book I asked him to show me how he had learned to read so quickly. Immediately I perceived that he could recite the whole from memory!

He became our right-hand helper in the conversion of Aniwa, and was particularly anxious that his wife, Yauwaki, should be taught to read. But her sight was far gone. So one day he brought her to me saying:

“Missi, can you give my wife also a new pair of glass eyes like mine? She tries to learn, but she cannot see the letters. She tries to sew, but she pricks her fingers and throws away the needle, saying, ‘The ways of the white people are not good!’ If she could get a pair of glass eyes she would be in a new world like Namakei.”

In my bundle I found a pair that suited her. She was in positive terror about put-

ting them on her face, but at last she cried with delight:

“Oh, my new eyes! my new eyes! I have the sight of a little girl. Oh, my new eyes!”

THE ORPHANS AND THEIR BISCUITS

From "The Story of John G. Paton."

When the people of Aniwa¹ became Christians, the habits of morning and evening Family Prayer and of Grace at meat took a very wonderful hold upon them, and became a distinctive badge of Christian *versus* Heathen.

This was strikingly manifest during a time of bitter scarcity that befell us. I heard a father, for instance, at his hut door, with his family around him, reverently blessing God for the food provided for them, and for all his mercies in Christ Jesus. Drawing near and conversing with them, I found that their meals consisted of fig leaves which they had gathered and cooked—a poor enough dish, but hunger makes a healthy appetite, and contentment is a grateful relish.

¹One of the New Hebrides Islands.

During the same period of privation my Orphans suffered badly also. Once they came to me, saying:

"Missi,¹ we are very hungry."

"So am I, dear children," I replied, "and we have no more white food till the *Day-spring*² comes."

"Missi," they continued, "you have two beautiful fig trees. Will you let us take one feast of the young and tender leaves? We will not injure branch or fruit."

"Gladly, my children," I answered; "take your fill!"

In a twinkling each child was perched upon a branch, and they feasted there as happy as squirrels.

Every night we prayed for the vessel, and in the morning our Orphan boys rushed to the coral rocks and eagerly scanned the sea for an answer. Day after day they returned with sad faces, saying:

"Missi, *Tavaka jimra!*" (No vessel yet.)

But at gray dawn of a certain day we were awakened by the boys shouting from the shore, and running for the Mission House with the cry:

¹Missionary. ²The mission vessel which carried letters and supplies to the various stations.

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“Tavaka oa! Tavaka oa!” (The vessel, hurrah!)

We arose at once, and looking through my glass, I saw that they were discharging goods into the vessel's boats; and the children, when I told them that boxes and bags and casks were being sent on shore, shouted and danced with delight. As the first boat-load was discharged the Orphans surrounded me, saying:

“Missi, here is a cask that rattles like biscuits. May we take it to the Mission House?”

I told them to do so if they could; and in a moment it was turned into the path and the boys had it flying before them, some tumbling and hurting their knees, but up and at it again, and never pausing until it rolled up at the door of our storehouse. On returning I found them all around it, and they said:

“Missi, have you forgotten what you promised us?”

“What did I promise you?” I asked.

“Missi has forgot,” they whispered to each other, looking much disappointed.

“Forgot what?” I inquired.

“Missi,” they replied, “you promised that

when the vessel came you would give each of us a biscuit."

"Oh," I said, "I did not forget; I only wanted to see if you remembered it."

"No fear of that, Missi!" they said, laughing. "Will you soon open the cask? We are dying for biscuits!"

At once I got hammer and tools, knocked off the hoops, took off one end, and then gave girls and boys a biscuit each. To my surprise they all stood around, biscuit in hand, but not one beginning to eat.

"What," I exclaimed, "you are dying for biscuits! Why don't you eat? Are you expecting another?"

"We will first thank God for sending us food," one of the eldest said, "and ask Him to bless it to us all."

And this was done in their own simple and beautiful childlike way; and then they *did* eat, and enjoyed their food as a gift from the Heavenly Father's hand. (Is there any one reading this who never thanks God or asks him to bless daily bread? Then is not that one a *white* Heathen?)

We ourselves at the Mission House could very heartily rejoice with the dear Orphans. For some weeks past our European food had all been exhausted, except a little tea;

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and the cocoanut had been our chief support. It was beginning to tell against us. Our souls rose in gratitude to the Lord, who had sent us these fresh provisions that we might love Him better and serve Him more.

LITSI'S VISIT TO MISSI'S LAND

From "Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides," by Maggie Whitecross Paton (Mrs. John G. Paton, of Aniwa).

'I had often while on the island pictured what my sensations would be if I ever again trod the streets of Civilization; but I had none at all!

It all came so natural that I quite forgot I had ever been away. It was great fun getting Litsi² into shoes for the first time before we all went on shore to stay. She was so unsteady on her unaccustomed leather feet that I had to carry the Baby, for she needed her outstretched arms to balance herself, as she went clamping along and squealing:

"Missi,³ Missi, I'll fall! I'll fall!"

She had exalted and very exaggerated expectations in going to the *White Man's*

¹Mrs. Paton made this brief visit to Australia to seek medical advice for her baby.

²The baby's native nurse.

³The natives' name for missionary.

Land, the land of the Missionary, where she would see only what was pure and good and holy. To the credit of those whom she met, and her not being able to read the daily newspapers, she was *not* disillusionized.

When we arrived at Adelaide and she saw the royal welcome I got from my own mother and sister and all the dear ones there, it struck her in a peculiar way which she could not get over. I was, of course, wild with delight, and flew from room to room, all talking merrily as we were shown over the pretty new house. When at last I went upstairs to my room, there I found Litsi sitting on the floor and sobbing like to break her heart! As I anxiously inquired the cause, she burst out:

“Missi, I never knew what you had given up to come to our dark land! I never knew you had given up a mother like that, or such a sister and brother-in-law. We did not know you lived in such beautiful homes. *I fear, I fear you will never go back to our dark land again!*”

Litsi's remarks about civilization showed more wide-awake intelligence than did, as a rule, the white folks' remarks about heathendom. She once asked me if all the people of Adelaide had quarreled, as hardly any of

them greeted each other in passing. When told that they had to wait for "introductions" before speaking, she said: "Was it not enough that they knew each other as Christians?" At one minister's house she came to me in great consternation and said:

"Didn't you say that Mr. Blank was a Missi?"

"Yes; why?"

"Oh, you must be mistaken. Look, *he has a pipe in his mouth!*"

There, sure enough was the worthy divine enjoying a quiet whiff in his garden. I knew that tobacco was tabooed, and for strong reasons, as an evil, by the Missionaries; but not being ready, at the moment, to explain how it was wicked for a black man and not wicked for a white man to smoke, I mumbled something about people having sometimes to smoke for "toothache!" And what an amount of needless sympathy poor Litsi, from day to day, lavished upon that sorely-afflicted man!

When we returned what a lot Litsi had to tell of the wonders of Missi's land! And all so different from the savages who had gone there with the slavers and seen only the evils.

Our home-coming was just delicious.

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Everything that John¹ and the darkies could think of was done to welcome us. The word WELCOME shone in great letters over the front gate. The lawn and all the grounds were in perfect order and several alterations, which I had long desired, beautifully carried through.

And withal there was on everything the flavor of originality which only the natives can bestow. For instance, sheets spread out for tablecloths and *vice versa*, toilet covers for towels, etc., etc.!

¹Dr. Paton.

THE "LAW AND THE GOSPEL" ON ANIWA

From "Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides," by Maggie Whitecross Paton (Mrs. John G. Paton, of Aniwa).

Our work jogs along pleasantly here; none the less so that we—I, rather—have made a very few stern rules that must be kept.

The natives have about got into our ways. I have not to chase round, as I used to do, to prevent them plucking the fowls for table *before* they are killed. This they were very fond of doing for the mere pleasure of hearing them scream!

From almost the first day I made rules about not allowing the natives to come into the house during our meals; or ever to go into the cook house under any pretense whatever, as I don't care to have suggestions of their personality in our food. If

Part of a letter written to the family circle at home and dated "Aniwa, New Hebrides, 1872."

they want to see the cook he goes out to them. By the way, he is quite a character, that cook of ours; knows a few words of English, which he is fond of airing, and says, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to me. I can't feel it in my heart to bring him down from his pedestal of politeness by correcting his mistake and John¹ won't, pleading that the fellow shows great penetration and knows exactly who rules the roost.

One nice old man, eager to imitate the Missi² in everything, began by addressing me as "Maggie, dear!" but his Reverence promptly interfered and put a stop to that.

Our natives are very amusing in many of their ways, and though often provoking and disappointing we do not lose heart, as we might do with white people, remembering that in these respects they are only children after all.

We manage to keep our bairns, in a large measure, separate from the native children, for weighty reasons, but it requires a little engineering to prevent them from feeling it. The front of our house is quite fenced off, and the side gates are locked, so that they play by themselves or with their nurses;

¹Dr. Paton. ²Missionary.

and on Sundays we are entirely free from visitors. On this latter subject I had more bother with the Missi than with the natives. He maintained, of course, that we are here for their benefit, with which I heartily agree, and for six days in the week I am their devoted servant in Christ, at their beck and call; but, in His name, I claim this one day, so far as domestic life is concerned, to be unreservedly given up to our little ones.

We can thus preserve our family life even in the midst of heathendom. After church services and Sunday Schools are over and the natives who prefer to remain are supplied with piles of picture books, which they enjoy immensely sprawling at full length on the grass, the Paton family have a sweet and blessed time under our shady front veranda, which rests and refreshes them for the duties of the approaching week.

I fear I am regarded rather as a *Law* unto these poor people around us; but then you see John is the embodiment of a glorious *Gospel*; so their theological surroundings are tolerably complete!

Another rule I fought for was that no one should enter the church without what appeared to me a decent covering. John

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was thankful to get them there to hear the Gospel in almost any condition, but I maintained that we had a right to church privileges, as well as the natives, and that I could not worship the Lord in His sanctuary with practically naked people stuck right in front of us, nor was it good for our children.

So the Missi was at last induced to fire off another of my bullets amongst his "beloved flock." He solemnly announced in the church assembly, that the few who still came unclothed would, in future, have to put on something, were it only a fathom of calico, which they all had, or could easily secure by doing a little work; that, a month's warning being given, thereafter no naked or painted person would be allowed to enter the church. There were only three or four natives who were in the habit of coming unclothed, and it wasn't fair to the others to let them ride off in that way and defy our Christian custom.

When the month was up and we were assembling in the church, there slipped in a heathen, clothed in nothing but the most startling war-paint!

I spotted our friend and vowed he should not escape the Missionary's notice, either,

so when John had finished reading the hymn and looked across for me to begin playing, he found me leaning calmly back with folded arms. His amazed face said as plainly as possible, "What's the row?" I gave a slight inclination of the head in the direction of the painted individual, and John at once took action by requesting him to leave the church.

The gentleman, however, had no more intention of leaving the church than I had of beginning the hymn. It was a question of which would win, and soon began to be exciting. Had I been given to betting, I would have backed "our side" to any amount.

John repeated his request firmly, but kindly, setting forth the reasonableness of such a rule. This was enforced by earnest whisperings all around, while our young hero sat complacently grinning, with his chin resting on his knees. The Missi then began gently to collect his books, saying that he never made a rule that he did not mean to be obeyed, and would therefore now leave the church and worship with his family at home.

That, however, would not be tolerated, as the young man gathered from the fero-

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cious looks directed against him. On the chief of his district being seen to move with serious intention of ejection, the big fellow swung out of the building like lightning, carrying his dirty nakedness with him, and the service went on with something of Christian seemliness.

That same afternoon at a preaching service in this man's village, the poor savage had got one side of his face washed and turned that to the Missionary. But John told him to sit round and make himself comfortable, as there were no rules to exclude any one from open-air service. To do him justice, he joined heartily in the laughter that greeted this sally, and he has become one of the very best fellows we have since coming off second best in this little tussle.

WHY WE LEFT GREAT BRITAIN

From "James Chalmers: His Autobiography and Letters," by Richard Lovett, M. A.

¹When first we went to New Guinea the natives thought we had been compelled to leave our own land because of hunger. The following conversation took place shortly after my arrival, between myself and the people:

"What is the name of your country?"

"Beritani."

"Is it a large land?"

"Yes."

"What is your chief?"

"A woman named Victoria."

"What, a woman?"

"Yes, and she has great power."

"Why did you leave your country?"

"To teach you and to tell you of the great loving Spirit who loves us all."

"Have you cocoanuts in your country?"

"No."

¹Extract from a letter written by Chalmers in 1882.

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"Have you yams?"

"No."

"Have you taro?"

"No."

"Have you sweet potatoes?"

"No."

"Have you bread fruit?"

"No."

"Have you plenty of hoop-iron and tomahawks?"

"Yes, in great abundance."

"We understand, now, why you have come. You have nothing to eat in Beritani, but having plenty of tomahawks and hoop-iron with which you can buy food."

It was useless to tell them we had plenty of food different from theirs, and that want of food did not send us away from Beritani. We had no cocoanuts, yams, taro or sago, and who could live without these? Seeing us opening tinned meat, they came to the sage conclusion that we, too, were cannibals and had man cooked in our country and sent out to us.

ENFORCING THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT

From "James Chalmers: His Autobiography and Letters," by Richard Lovett, M. A.

Ruatoka¹ was a true Sabbatarian, and it often vexed his soul to see the abuse of that sacred day. No Sabbath passed that he did not refer to it in the services of the day.

In 1878 a large party of gold prospectors came to New Guinea, and as it was hoped gold would be found in large quantities, a German thought the best paying concern would be a store. So he built one a little way from the back of the mission ground. When it was finished he wanted a cook house and hired a Scotchman to put it up.

On the Sabbath when Rua was holding his forenoon service, there was loud noise of hammering iron. For a short time he stood it, but at last, telling his audience to go home, he went to his house to get an

¹A native teacher from Raratonga, who helped to plant the Gospel in New Guinea.

English Bible, in which he found the chapter and verses containing the fourth commandment. He then marched to where the cook house was being put up.

When the German and a friend, who were sitting on the doorstep of the store, saw the teacher coming they wondered what was the matter, he looked so very solemn. The Scotchman was working on the top of the cook house. Rua came just beneath him and knowing only a little pidgin English, he said, pointing to the man on the house:

“Say, come down.”

The white man was somewhat astonished to have such a peremptory order from a colored man, and did not answer.

“Say, you know savee. I speak come down.”

The white man found his tongue, and I believe his wrath exploded in fearful cursing. Again Rua said:

“What do you talk? You white fellow send missionary along my country and my country he get good and he like Sabati much. Before my countrymen he eat you, but no now. I come along New Guinea. I speak man Sabati he tapu, no work, no fish, no hunt, no build house on Sabati; now New Guinea man, he say, Ruatoka, you make lie,

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white man he work Sabati. What for you make him? Come down."

Once again very forceful adjectives, and the teacher's wrath rises. He was a tall, powerful man and at last made as though he would ascend the ladder. But the German, knowing well what would take place, shouted out, "Rua, my friend, stop!" and to the white man:

"You fool, come down at once; can't you see that it is our friend the teacher, and we are wrong?"

Rua was aroused, so when the white man came down he handed him the Bible, and ordered him to read the verses he pointed out, and at once. The white man did it and then the teacher said:

"God, He speak, you no work now. Put down hammer belong you."

There was a quiet Sabbath for the remainder of the day.

A BREEZE FROM GOD

From "A Retrospect," by J. Hudson Taylor,
Founder of the China Inland Mission.

My first voyage to China was a very tedious one. We lost a good deal of time on the equator from calms; and when we finally reached the Eastern Archipelago were again detained from the same cause.

Usually a breeze would spring up soon after sunset and last until about dawn. The utmost use was made of it, but during the day we would lie still with flapping sails, often drifting back and losing a good deal of the advantage we had gained during the night.

This happened notably on one occasion when we were in dangerous proximity to the north of New Guinea. Saturday night had brought us to a point some thirty miles off land, but during the Sunday morning service, which was held on deck, I could not fail to notice that the captain looked troubled, and frequently went over to the side of the ship. When the service was over I

learned the cause—a four-knot current was carrying us rapidly towards some sunken reefs, and we were already so near that it seemed improbable that we should get through the afternoon in safety.

After dinner the long boat was put out and all hands endeavored, but without success, to turn the ship's head from the shore. As we drifted nearer we could plainly see the natives rushing about the sands, lighting fires every here and there. The captain's horn-book informed him that these people were cannibals, so that our position was not a little alarming. After standing together on the deck for some time in silence, the captain said to me:

“Well, we have done everything that can be done; we can only await the result.”

A thought occurred to me, and I replied: “No, there is one thing we have not done yet.”

“What is it?” he queried.

“Four of us on board are Christians,” I answered (the Swedish carpenter and our colored cook, with the captain and myself); “let us each retire to our own cabin and in agreed prayer ask the LORD to give us immediately a breeze. He can as easily send it now as at sunset.”

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The captain agreed to this proposal. I went and spoke to the two other men, and after prayer with the carpenter, we all four retired to wait upon GOD. I had a good but very brief season in prayer, and then felt so satisfied that I could not continue asking and very soon went up again on deck.

The first officer, a godless man, was in charge. I went over and asked him to let down the clews, or corners of the mainsail, which had been drawn up in order to lessen the useless flapping of the sail against the rigging.

“What would be the good of that?” he asked.

I told him we had been asking a wind from GOD, that it was coming immediately and we were so near the reef by this time that there was not a minute to lose. With a look of incredulity and contempt, he said with an oath that he would rather see a wind than hear of it! But while he was speaking I watched his eye and followed it up to the royal (the topmast sail), and there, sure enough, the corner of the sail was beginning to tremble in the coming breeze.

“Don’t you see the wind is coming? Look at the royal!” I exclaimed.

"No, it is only a cat's paw," he rejoined (a mere puff of wind).

"Cat's paw or not," I cried, "pray let down the mainsail and let us have the benefit."

This he was not slow to do. In another minute the heavy tread of the men on the deck brought up the captain from his cabin to see what was the matter, and sure enough the breeze had come.

In a few minutes we were ploughing our way at six or seven knots an hour through the water, and the multitude of naked savages whom we had seen on the beach had no wreckage that night. We were soon out of danger and though the wind was sometimes unsteady, we did not altogether lose it until after passing the Pelew Islands.

Thus God encouraged me, ere landing on China's shores, to bring every variety of need to Him in prayer and to expect that He would honor the name of the LORD JESUS and give the help which each emergency required.

DIGGING THROUGH TO ENGLAND

From "The Story of Gucheng," told by the Rev. Samuel McFarlane, LL. D., in *The Missionary Review of the World*.

During the first six months after settling at Lifu¹ I was surprised to find that the water in some large caverns near the middle of the island, though perfectly fresh, rose and fell with the tide.

It appeared from this that the sea-water percolates through the rocks of a coral island, and the rain that falls on it percolates downward till it reaches the salt water, and being lighter, does not readily mix with it, but is raised and lowered by it as the tide flows and ebbs. I felt that if this were true we might dig wells and find good water about the sea-level. This would be a great blessing, as the only means of storing rain water was by scooping holes in the trunks of living cocoanut trees, which were filled

¹An island of the Loyalty group.

by the rain running down the stem. Of course such water was scarce and impure.

Without explaining my theory to the natives, I determined to test it by digging a well. Having made a windlass, we commenced operations on the mission premises about three yards from our house, that I might the more easily superintend the work.

At first I had no difficulty in getting native labor, for although the natives declared most positively that there was no chance of finding water there, there being no caverns near, they were willing to dig some distance to prove their contention and dissipate this *papali* (foreign) idea from the missionary's mind.

The mission house was about forty feet above the sea-level, so that I knew we must dig the well that depth before there was any reasonable hope of finding water. When, however, they had reached a depth of about twenty feet, they threw down their tools and positively refused to descend the well again. I tried to engage others to continue the work, but could not succeed. It seems the matter had been publicly discussed, and the whole population had pronounced against well-digging.

The young people in our school were

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about this time becoming acquainted with the mysteries of geography. They told their parents and relatives that the world was *round*, and that *Peretania* (Britain) was on the other side immediately underneath Lifu. This astounding statement would have been scouted had it not been for the digging of this well. They had as yet very hazy ideas about distances, but it was enough for them to know the position of my country. They thought they saw clearly my object in digging the well. To look for water at such a place was an evidence of folly that could not be squared with their exalted ideas of the missionary; but to make a hole through the earth, and be let down and hauled up by a windlass was an idea worthy of the white man!

They knew something of the dangers of short voyages, but what must a voyage to *Peretania* be! They all saw clearly that the well was to be a "short cut" to visit my home.

Then the effects of this route were seriously discussed. The making of the hole through the earth would mean for them an enormous amount of labor, and judging from themselves, they felt that if I had such an easy way of visiting my home, I should

be going very often; and then there was the labor of lowering me down and winding me up; then some day they might find the bucket empty, I having decided to remain at home. Altogether the labor and risk was too great, so they resolved that the well should not be dug.

I had to fall back upon my faithful henchman, Gucheng, who got three friends to help him, on my promising not to go below the sea-level. This promise secured the continuance of the work and proved a great relief to public anxiety.

“If the missionary is really digging for water,” said the natives, “and has promised not to go below the sea-level, then the work will soon be done and he will have got his experience, and we shall hear no more of digging holes in dry places to find water.”

Week after week the work went on merrily, very merrily indeed, sometimes I thought, as I heard the laughing and jokes when their friends, and also strangers from a distance, paid a visit of inspection.

I had measured carefully the distance we were above sea-level, and kept a daily record of the exact depth of the well, so that I knew when to expect water if we were to get any. I watched my chance when the

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bottom of the well was near the sea-level, and when half a dozen natives were standing at the top I walked across from my study and asked if they had not found water yet. The idea was evidently amusing to them, and they seemed particularly anxious to impress upon my mind that they were not seeking water at such a place.

"The eakune kö, ngo nyipëti pe" (not *we*, but *you*), they said.

"Well," said I, "I had better go down myself and see if I can find water."

One wag hinted that this might have been done from the first with very good results. However, none of them supposed that I really intended descending the well, but I insisted on the two men coming up. I did not trust them to lower me down standing in the bucket as they generally did, but slipped down the rope, and at once set to work with the crowbar digging out a small hole in the middle of the well, looking every now and then at the point to see if it was wet.

While thus engaged the natives at the top were having a good time at my expense. Questions were shouted down the well, followed by roars of laughter:

"Haven't you found water yet?"

"We are dying of thirst!"

"Take care you don't get drowned!" etc.

After a time I began to get quite excited myself, as I thought the point of the bar seemed wet. Soon there was no mistake; it was wet! There was water!!

I shouted to the natives at the top to get a pannikin from my wife and send it down in the bucket and I would send them up some water from the well. They, supposing that I was responding to their jokes, asked what would be the use of a small pannikin of water among half a dozen thirsty people, and begged me to send up a bucketful. However, the pannikin was lowered down. By this time the water had percolated into the small hole I dug in the middle of the well, enabling me to get half a pannikin full, which I sent to the top.

The effect was instantaneous and comical. Each tasted the dirty water and pronounced it the sweetest and best on the island. As a matter of fact it was brackish, as we were too near the sea to get good fresh water. The news spread through the village like wild fire, and was passed from village to village with astonishing rapidity. The report was, that while their countrymen had been digging for months and could not

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find water, the Missionary had gone down the well and found it in less than half an hour!

After digging down as far as we could at the lowest tide we had always an abundant supply, which being only slightly brackish, was used by the natives and for general purposes on the mission premises.

The Roman Catholic priest at Lifu, living at an inland village about a hundred feet above the sea-level, also determined to dig a well. The work extended over a year, owing to the hardness of the rock and the necessity for blasting operations.

During these proceedings the priest received a deputation of natives which much amused him. Their object was to induce him to try and secure my services for the well. They did not suggest that *he* might find water if he went down, but said:

“Ask the Missionary to go down; he will soon find water!”

I may say that they found excellent water at the sea-level, which proved a great blessing to the people of the village.

A LIVING WITNESS

From *The Missionary Review of the World*.

When Bishop Weeks, of Africa—at that time not having been promoted to wear the mitre—was traveling in England, a gentleman who was in the same railway carriage with him began to attack him as a friend of missions.

“What,” said he, “are the missionaries doing abroad? We do not hear much about their movements. We pay them pretty well, but hear nothing from them. I suppose they are sitting down quietly and making themselves comfortable.”

Beside Mr. Weeks sat another traveler, as black as any of the natives of the Dark Continent, and himself an unmistakable negro. He quietly waited until the stranger had exhausted his tirade against missions, and then, making a sign of silence to Mr. Weeks, begged to be permitted to reply to the critic.

“Sir,” he said, “allow me to present myself to you as a result of the labor of the

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missionaries whose work you have been depreciating." Pointing to Mr. Weeks he continued, "I am an African, and this man is the means of my having become a Christian, and of my coming to this country in the capacity of a Christian minister."

The man who had assaulted Christian missions looked upon the black man beside him with a look of mingled embarrassment and amazement. He could not be mistaken; there was a genuine, typical African, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, with retreating forehead, and short, curly hair; yet that negro addressed him in the elegant language of an educated and accomplished Englishman. He had felt all the refining power of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and there were in the very tones of his voice and his whole manner the unmistakable signs of a Christian gentleman.

The accuser of missions sank into a reverie. He had no more to say as an objector. That one man was both a compensation for, and a vindication of, Christian missions. And soon he resumed the conversation, but in a different tone; he began to talk with Mr. Weeks upon missionary topics as an interested and engrossed listener.

That black man was none other than Samuel Adjai Crowther, afterwards consecrated as the first native bishop of the Niger!

AFRICAN CURIOSITY

From "Peril and Adventure in Central Africa, being illustrated by letters to his nieces and nephews at home," by Bishop Hannington.

In some of the places I passed through in Central Africa, they had never seen a white man before. They would gather round me in dozens, and gaze upon me with the utmost astonishment.

One would suggest that I was not beautiful—in plainer language that I was amazingly ugly. Fancy a set of hideous savages regarding a white man, regarding *your uncle*, as a strange, outlandish creature, frightful to behold.

As with other travelers, my boots hardly ever failed to attract attention.

"Are those your feet, white man?"

"No, gentlemen, they are not. They are my sandals."

"But do they grow to your feet?"

"No, gentlemen, they do not. I will show you."

So forthwith I proceed to unlace a boot.

A roar of astonishment followed when they beheld my blue sock, as they generally surmised that my feet were blue and toeless. Greater astonishment still followed the withdrawal of the sock and the revelation of a white, five-toed foot. I frequently found that they considered that only the visible parts of me were white, namely my hands and face, and that the rest of me was as black as they were.

An almost endless source of amusement was the immense amount of clothing, according to their calculation, that I possessed. That I should have waistcoat and shirt and jersey underneath a coat, seemed almost incredible, and the more so when I told them it was chiefly on account of the sun I wore so much. My watch, too, was an unfailing attraction.

“There’s a man in it!”

“It is Lubari; it is witchcraft!” they would cry.

“He talks; he says ‘Teek, teek, teek.’”

My nose they compared to a spear; it struck them as so sharp and thin compared with the African production. Oftentimes one bolder than the rest would give my hair and beard a sharp pull, thinking them wigs worn for ornament.

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Many of them had a potent horror of this white ghost, and a snap of the fingers or the stamp of a foot was enough to send them flying helter-skelter from my tent, around which they generally crowded in ranks five deep.

For once in the day this was amusing enough; but when it came to be repeated every day and all day, one had really a little too much of a good thing.

A SEARCH FOR A WORD

From "Sketches from the Dark Continent," by Willis R. Hotchkiss, Missionary of the Society of Friends in West Central Africa.

The caravan is slowly and painfully winding its way among the rocks up the steep mountain sides into Ukamba land. Women and children working in the fields run in terror before the white man's approach, but a few young warriors, bolder than the rest, come closer, and when we stop to rest, spring up like magic all around us.

Stork-like, they stand on one foot, the other being drawn up and resting on the knee. Stolidly they gaze for a little while, but curiosity finally gets the better of them, and they begin pointing, and—is that language? Are they really talking? What a meaningless jargon! And we must learn that! without grammar or vocabulary we must bring order out of this chaos of sounds.

An inquisitive young fellow, pointing to something, utters a single word, "Nichau?"

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What does he mean? We conclude that he is asking "What is it?" In order to prove it, I point to the nearest object, which happens to be his bow, and to his surprise, I say, "Nichau?" He hesitates and then answers "Uta."

The two words are hastily jotted down phonetically and we have the beginning of the Kikamba vocabulary.

Day after day, through the months and years that follow, we fling that word, "Nichau?" in their teeth, and pester them with it on every occasion, until we have mastered several thousand words.

How we long to preach the Gospel to the multitudes who are perishing all about us! Yet it was long after we were able to converse on ordinary topics, before we could intelligently set before them spiritual things.

For two years and a half I searched in vain to obtain one word. But it was the word that has belted the world in praise; the word that brings order out of the chaos of man's vain search after God; the word that is yet destined to make dark Africa light in the Lord. That word was "Savior." Never had it seemed so sweet, so incomparably beautiful! What a big thing it be-

came to me in those days! It loomed up before me in my thoughts by day and in my dreams by night.

You who have never known its lack cannot realize how vast a place it occupies in the scheme of redemption. All the many months in which I had endeavored to give out the glad message, I had been compelled to circle all about the idea of salvation, with labored sentences telling what should have taken a single word.

Hour after hour I sat with Kikuvi and others, trying in every conceivable way to draw out the magic word. The very day on which my search was ended, I had no less than five persons in my room, questioning, explaining, but all to no avail.

Darkness had thrown its mantle over the sad, sickening scenes of the day, and was covering sadder sights of revelry and sin by night. Even the brilliant vault of the equatorial sky is hidden behind thick masses of clouds, and only the mournful howl of the hyena is heard in the land.

With the master passion tugging at my heart, I went to the men's quarters and seated myself with them around the blazing campfire. Minutely they recounted the incidents of the day, and Kikuvi—the

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most intelligent and trustworthy native I ever saw—launched into a story that made me hopeful of getting the long-sought-for word.

Brother Kreiger, laboring in another tribe, had been badly torn by a lion, and Kikuvi had been the means of his rescue. Surely the word must come now! Two years and a half of disappointment were put into the eagerness with which I listened. He went through the whole scene most eloquently, but concluded, even to having frightened the lioness away, without using the word for which I was seeking. Finally, however, just as I was about to give up again in despair, in a modest sort of way, he remarked:

“Bwana nukuthaniwa na Kikuvi” (the master was saved by Kikuvi).

Never shall I forget the thrill of pleasure that swept over me. I could have leaped for my exuberance of joy! Being afraid of losing my precious possession, I immediately changed the verb from the passive to the active form, and said:

“Ukuthania Bwana?” (you saved the master?) This proving correct, I said:

“Why Kikuvi, this is the word I have been trying to get you to tell me these many

days, because I wanted to tell you that Jesus, the Son of God, came"—

"O yes," he interrupted, and his black face lighted up as he turned to me in the lurid light of the campfire, "I see it now, I understand! Jesus came to 'Kuthania' (save) us from our sins, and to deliver us from the hands of 'Muimu' (Satan)."

Never did sweeter words fall from mortal lips. At last the treasure was discovered, and no weary prospector, lighting suddenly upon rich gold reef, ever felt keener emotions that did the lonely missionary, when for the first time he was able to frame that matchless word, "SAVIOR," in the unknown tongue. It was, too, the first real evidence I had had in all those months that the message spoken had been grasped at all.

Completely overcome, I rushed into the house and fell on my face in thanksgiving before God.

Next day was the Sabbath. In the early morning I was sitting in my house singing a rough translation of a hymn I had just made, and accompanying it on my guitar, when Kikuvi came in and said there was a crowd outside who wanted to hear me. I went out with joy-bells ringing in my soul,

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and sang for them. But I wanted to preach—to set before them my great discovery.

“Muthania! Savior!”—it rang through my being like music.

I began to speak to them, but before long I was interrupted by Kikuvi with a query relative to the resurrection, which is always an amazing thing to them. This was encouraging, for questions betoken interest and aid greatly in the work. His question answered, he surprised me still more by saying:

“Master, let *me* talk a little.”

Wondering what he would say, I gave him permission, and in a truly marvelous way, he began to tell the “old, old story.”

I listened in amazement. I could scarcely believe that he had grasped the thought so intelligently from the fragmentary way I had been compelled to preach to them. But the flash of intelligence by the campfire the night before explained it all. The moment the word “Savior” dawned upon his darkened vision, all the scattered fragments of truth that had been floating about in his darkened mind fell into line, and became one glorious revelation.

Yes, and it brought a revelation to me as well. In the light of that experience, it

seemed as though I had never before known the meaning of the word "Savior."

I had spoken it from childhood; had preached it for years; but somehow, it became luminous with meaning that night. Over against the frightful need that settled down around me, there flashed a light unutterable, and a scarred hand traced in letters of glory,

"M-U-T-H-A-N-I-A."

PREACHING TO THE "DOGS"

From "The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat,"
by their son, John S. Moffat.

One evening, while journeying from Cape Town to Namaqualand, Robert Moffat¹ halted at a farm which showed signs of belonging to a man of wealth and importance, who had many slaves.

The old patriarch, hearing that he was a missionary, gave him a hearty welcome, and proposed that in the evening he should give them a service. No proposal could have been more acceptable, and he sat down to the plain but plentiful meal with a light heart. The sons and daughters came in. Supper ended, a clearance was made, the big Bible and the psalm-books were brought out, and the family was seated.

"But where are the servants?" asked Moffat.

"Servants! What do you mean?"

¹This was in 1817, shortly after Moffat reached Africa. He was not quite twenty-two years old at the time.

"I mean the Hottentots of whom I see so many on your farm."

"Hottentots! Do you mean that, then! Let me go to the mountains and call the baboons, if you want a congregation of that sort. Or stop, I have it; my son, call the dogs that lie in front of the door—they will do."

The missionary quietly dropped an attempt which threatened a wrathful ending and commenced the service. The psalm was sung, prayer was offered, and the preacher read the story of the Syrophœnician woman, selecting more especially the words, "Truth, Lord, but even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." He had not spoken many minutes when the voice of the old man was heard again:

"Will Mynheer sit down and wait a little; he shall have the Hottentots."

The summons was given, the motley crowd trooped in—many who probably had never been within the door of their master's house before, and many more who never before had heard the voice of a preacher.

When the service was over and the astonished Hottentots had dispersed, the old farmer turned to his guest and said:

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“My friend, you took a hard hammer, and you have broken a hard head.”

This instance must not be taken as representing the universal feeling of a class. Even in those days there were God-fearing Boers who did their best for their slaves, and now,¹ thanks to the labors of many devoted ministers, there is a true and growing missionary spirit in the Dutch population of South Africa.

¹This was written in 1885.

A CAUTIOUS SCOTCHMAN

From "The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat,"
by their son, John S. Moffat.

In 1872, when Robert Moffat visited his boyhood home at Carronshore,¹ which he had not seen for more than sixty years, a quaint, old-fashioned little Scotch woman ran up to him, seized him by both hands, and then quite speechless with excitement, stood gazing up into his face, while he looked down on her with a benign, but puzzled smile.

"Are—you—really—the—*great* Moffat?" she at last gasped out.

"Well, I believe I must be the person you refer to, whether great or not. Why do you ask?"

"Why! Because I was at the skule wi' ye—my name is Mary Kay, and you'll surely come to mind me. I sat in the class next ye, and ye often helped me wi' my

¹The Moffats lived at Carronshore, in Scotland, from 1806 to 1809.

lessons. I have aye keepit my e'e on you since you left Carronshore. I was aye sure you would come back to this place some day; and though I didna expect ye, the noo, I'm fair daft wi' joy at seeing ye."

Dr. Moffat was anxious to know if any more of his schoolmates were still alive and resident in the locality. Mary Kay could tell of only one, and she was away on a visit. But there was a master tailor in the village who might perhaps remember him; it was worth calling to see. The old man was found, cross-legged on his board, busy at work.

"Andrew, man," said Mary Kay, by way of introduction, "here's Moffat come to see you, the great missionary from Africa." "Aye, aye, maybe he be," replied the cautious Andrew, "but there are plenty of folks ganging about the country noo-o-days passin' themsel's off as great men, and they are just a when impostors."

This was rather a staggering response, but it was met with:

"O man, Andrew, are you no believin' me, and I've kenned him mysel' a' my days."

On this Andrew stopped his needle for the first time, looked around at Dr. Moffat, and in an oracular tone, said:

“Are you aware, sir! that if you were really the person you represent yourself to be, you would be the father-in-law of Livingstone, the African explorer?”

“And so I be.”

This quiet reply from the doctor was rousing; the crossed legs at once became straight and perpendicular. Andrew raised his spectacles to get a fuller view of his visitor, and exclaimed:

“Is it possible that the father-in-law of Livingstone stands before me, and under my humble roof?”

His doubts dispelled, he tried by effective expressions of regret to make amends for the somewhat rude incredulity that had marked the reception of the great missionary.

A WONDERFUL CART

From "The Story of the Life of Mackay of Uganda," told for boys by his sister.

After the mission was reinforced, Mackay began to build a house for their accommodation. As it was the first of its kind in Uganda, the people never tired of watching it.

Early in 1882 the wonderful building was finished and the fame of it spread far and wide, so that high and low, rich and poor, went to see it. Windows! and hinged doors with a lock! A double story and a stair with a balustrade! Such things had never been dreamed of.

Then, stranger still, "the white man had made an oven in which he baked bread." He also made a brick-kiln, and having at last succeeded in getting his machinery from Kagei, he erected a steam sawmill.

But the wonder of wonders was *the cart*, which he painted brightly in red and blue.

Having broken in a couple of bullocks to pull it, Mackay set off one day to the

market, three miles distant, to buy a load of plantains. When he got there it was raining heavily and no one about, so he unyoked, and went to see a young elephant which had just been caught. Meanwhile, the king, to whom everything was reported, heard that Mackay had come to market and had left disappointed because no one was there. So he ordered his wives to go at once and sell plantains, and to take a good look at the cart, so as to be able to tell him all about it!

The native curiosity as to how he fastened the oxen in was amusing indeed. Most of the people believed that he tied them on by the tail.

“Off we went,” he says, “and the crowd after us, down the steep hill. I clapped on the brake, and then kept the cart from overpowering the oxen. At the foot I jumped in amid the delighted yells of all.

“At every step the crowd grew, and yelled and screamed with delight, and at every yell the oxen increased their pace; but all ran along, before, beside and behind, until I had a roaring retinue a thousand strong, a procession quite as great as if the Kabaka himself had headed it. Panting

and breathless they followed to the swamp, or more than a mile.

“Here we had to outspan and cross with care, but with no mishap. Yoked again, and drove home, but a new crowd collected, and it was difficult with their noise to prevent the oxen from being injured by going so fast.”

A few days after this adventure, Manoga, a chief, the king's tailor and factotum, called on Mackay and remained to dinner.

He said that they had been talking in court about the journey in the cart, and that the king had been told that it was a most formidable affair, and that it was uncontrollable and killed people.

Mackay thereupon put the chief in the cart and drove him along the walk in front of the Mission-house, with his own hands. He was delighted, and expressed his wonder that people should say such things about the cart, seeing that it could be made to go fast or slow, at pleasure.

One wonders at such childishness, but Mackay had ever such idle suspicions to contend with.

Whether he drew water from the depths of the earth, and made it flow through a pump, or whether he showed them how to

catch the sun's rays in a lens, until they danced and screamed with delight, sooner or later the majority were sure to attribute the marvelous powers of the white man to witchcraft.

Still, as such work awoke the interest in the native, and helped to educate them, he did not allow himself to be discouraged, but continued to prosecute all kinds of work for the public weal. He made them bridges and viaducts that excited the greatest astonishment and spared no pains to prove to them that he had their interests at heart.

Time at last removed suspicion and enabled them to see that he who did so much for their temporal needs must be in earnest when he pressed home Divine truths also.

MACKAY AS UNDERTAKER

From "The Story of the Life of Mackay of Uganda," told for boys by his sister.

The morning after Namasole¹ died, Mr. O'Flaherty and I went to court to pay our respects to the king. All the chiefs were clad in rags, and crying, or rather *roaring*, with their hands clasped above their heads.

Mtesa determined to make a funeral to surpass in splendor any that had ever taken place in the country. Such is the desire of every king to outstrip his predecessors. Fifty thousand bark cloths were ordered to be levied in the land, besides some thousands of yards of English calico.

"How do you bury royalty in Europe?" Mtesa asked me.

"We make three coffins," I replied, "the inner of wood, the next of lead, and the outer of wood covered with cloth."

The custom of the Baganda in burying their kings was to wrap the body—after

¹Namasole was the Queen Dowager of Uganda, mother of Mtesa, the reigning king.

mummifying it—in several thousand bark cloths, and bury the great pile in a huge grave, building a house over all and appointing certain witches to guard it for generations.

“Would you be able to make the three coffins?” Mtesa asked.

“Yes,” I replied, “if you find the material.”

He said he had no lead, but he had a lot of copper trays and drums if I could make a coffin out of them. We had been frequently twitted by the king for failing to work for him; so I agreed to be undertaker, thinking it a small thing.

But the dimensions! Everything was to be made *as large as possible!* Immediately, all the copper in the king's stores was turned out, and sent down to our Mission. Fine large bronze trays of Egyptian workmanship (presents probably from General Gordon), copper drums, cans, pots and plates—all were produced, and out of them I was to make a coffin for the queen. All the artificers were ordered to my assistance.

Next morning I went off to Rusaka, where the queen died, to measure the body. Much objection was made by the royal la-

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dies to my doing this, but my friend Kyambalango was there as master of ceremonies, and he explained that I was commissioned by the king.

I was somewhat taken aback on being told by some of the chiefs that I should not have measured the corpse, but the grave, making the coffins to fit the latter! I told them that there was not copper enough in the kingdom to make a box of that size; that if there was, I would willingly make a coffin as large as a mountain; but as it was, I would make the inner coffins to suit the body, and the outer one as large as a house, if they liked.

I got all the native smiths together, and all hands set to work beating out the copper into flat plates. Tools of course *we* had to supply, for punching, shearing and riveting, and before a couple of days were over, the native smiths thought good to steal a drill. How many copper nails they stole no one knows, but they certainly disappeared faster than the work required.

Meanwhile, Gabunda, the "Grand Admiral" and lord of the lake, had gone to the forest for wood. He just brought broad planks, adzed by canoe-builders, but so irregular and crooked that they were fit for

little or nothing. A huge tree had been chopped down to make two boards! I asked him to fetch some solid logs, but he declared it impossible to transport them. However, he tried, and next evening returned with some two hundred men dragging a large slice of a tree by the natural creepers they had tied around it.

I laughed at the shapeless thing and declared I could carry it alone! At once I took the body of the cart¹ off its wheels, and lashed the log under the axle with heavy ropes. Then with one hand, I pulled along the road a log which it had taken a regiment to drag, to the consternation and joy of all. They yelled and clapped their hands and jumped about with delight at such a wonder, each one rushing up to me and taking me by the hand in ecstasy, at such a prodigy.

“Mackay is truly the *lubare*” (—the devil, but their god), they cried.

In ten days' time we had finished the two inner coffins, the first being of wood, cushioned all inside with cotton wool, and covered all over, inside and out, with snow-white calico, secured by a thousand cop-

¹See p. 72.

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per tacks. Ornamental work I made by cutting patterns out of black and white pocket-handkerchiefs, and tacking them on.

The copper box was seven feet long, three feet wide and three feet high, and shaped like a coffin. The king's copper was little more than enough for the lid and ends, so we had to supply for the sides four sheets of copper plate, which the king paid for at once in ivory, for we did not think it well to give these out of Mission stores gratis. We freely gave our workmanship and skill, and time, besides the tools and all the iron nails (no small quantity). But we received copper wire as an equivalent for copper tacks.

It is needless to describe the worry and trouble we had, working late and early, and sometimes all night. At every hour of the day pages were sent down to inspect the progress and ask when we would be done. The native workmen, especially the head men, would do almost nothing, and generally spoiled what they did. They preferred sitting down all day smoking, and watching what I did.

When we had the two boxes carried up to the court and shown to the king, he expressed unbounded satisfaction, and asked

us what we wanted for our work. We told him nothing at all. But he gave us ten head of cattle on the spot, in addition to several cows and a hundred bunches of plantains.

But even in the execution of a small work like this, which all allowed to be far beyond their own powers to accomplish, there must needs be an exhibition of jealousy and ill-feeling on the part of some—chiefs and Arabs.

They told the king that we made the coffins small, much too small for Namasole, because we wanted the timber to finish our own house with; that we had already secreted a lot of boards; and though we might show good workmanship, we could not work fast. The Arabs declared that it would take us three months to make the large outer box.

Mtsea alone stood our friend. He refused to believe that we had appropriated any boards, and said to our accusers that what was well done could not be done in a day.

“Can a woman cook plantains well if you hurry her?” he asked.

When we commenced to cut wood for the outer box, which was to measure twelve

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feet long, seven wide and eight high, an order came for all the native artisans to go and make a box after their own fashion at Rusaka. We knew that this order did not come from the king, but from the chiefs. Of course the smiths and carpenters left at once. Mr. O'Flaherty went to court and Mtesa told him that *we* were to make the box. Still they did not return and a gang of men came and carried off all the planks they could, leaving only the huge logs Mr. O'Flaherty had himself cut in the forest.

I marked off each log into boards and put our own Wangwana to the saws. But who could use them? Such work at first! Zig-zags of every style; each board varying in thickness at every inch. But by and by they got more into the way of it, and in a week's time we had a hundred boards cut, squared to fit, and nailed together with strong ribs like the sides of a schooner. When together it looked like a small house rather than a coffin!

We covered the whole inside with native bark cloth, and lined the inside with pure snow-white calico.

Each side was a piece by itself, made so for transport. A thousand men arrived to carry the segments, and most fortunately it

did not rain. We put them together before the king, who challenged all to say if such workmanship could be done in the country by Baganda, or if anything of the kind had ever been seen in the land?

Next day we had the king's order to go to the burial. He wanted us to go the same day, but we were too tired, having for a full month been constantly at saw and hammer from dawn to midnight, and often later.

The grave was a huge pit, 20 x 15 feet at the mouth, and about thirty deep. It was dug in the center of the late queen's sleeping-house—a monstrous hut, some one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. As usual, it was all roof and no walls, with a great forest of poles inside, the center ones being good enough for frigate masts.

This monster pit was neatly lined with bark cloth, and into it several thousand new bark cloths were thrown and carefully spread on the bottom, filling it up a long way. There the segments of the huge box were lowered in with much trouble, and I descended and nailed the corners together.

After that I was summoned to the ceremony of putting the corpse into the first coffin. Thousands of women were there,

yelling with all their might, and a few with tears in their eyes. Only the ladies of the royal family and the highest chiefs were near the corpse, which by this time had been reduced to a mummy. It was wrapped with a new mbugu and laid on the ground.

The nicely padded coffin was half filled with bufta (bleached calico) and several bundles of petty charms belonging to the queen were laid in. After that the corpse, and then more bufta.

The chiefs in charge carried the coffin to the court where the grave-house was, where much more yelling took place. I screwed the lid down, but such was the attachment of some of the royal ladies to the deceased that I had to get them peremptorily ordered away, with their crying and tears and hugging of the coffin, before I could get near to perform my duties as undertaker.

Then came the copper coffin, into which the other was lowered by means of a huge sheet. The lid of that had to be riveted down, and that process was new to the chiefs standing by.

"He cuts iron like thread," they said, as the pincers snapped the nails.

"Mackay is a proper smith!" they all shouted.

With no mechanical contrivances it was astonishing how they got the copper coffin, with its ponderous contents, lowered into the deep grave without letting it fall end foremost into the great box below. The task was effected, however, by means of the great multitudes of men.

Thousands of yards of unbleached calico (shirting) were then filled in around and over the copper until the big box was half full. The remainder was filled up with bark cloth, as also the space around the outside of the box. The lid was lowered, and I descended once more to nail it down. Several thousand more mbugus were then laid on till within three feet of the surface, when the earth was thrown in to the level of the floor.

We returned at dusk, but the burying was not completed till nearly midnight. Next morning every man, woman and child in the land had their heads shaved, and put off their mourning dress of tattered mbugus and belts of plantain leaves. The whole country had been waiting until we were done with our work.

Mr. O'Flaherty and I made an estimate of the value of cloth buried that day in the grave of Queen Namasole, and we reckon-

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ed the amount to be about fifteen thousand pounds sterling!

The Arabs made an independent calculation, counting the calico and mbugus in equivalent of ivory, and their reckoning agrees pretty nearly with our own. Such is the barbaric splendor of the court of Uganda. Who would have thought, in the civilized world, of burying fifteen thousand pounds' worth of cloth in the grave of a queen?

What an attempt at achieving a short-lived immortality! The woman died a pagan, but her burial was fit for a Christian. The text is a good one from which to preach many a sermon here. Such prodigality in trying to procure a short-lived immortality, with no care at all for the immortal soul.

A MUSICAL GHOST

From *Children's Work for Children*.

In 1804 two German missionaries, the brothers Christian and Abraham Albrecht, asked to be sent to the fierce and lawless Namaqua tribe of South Africa. Through many perils and much toil, they at length reached Warm Bath in bare, hot Namaqua Land.

Moved by curiosity, Africaner¹ the outlaw chief, a terror alike to the tribes on the north and the colonists on the south, came to visit them. Pleased with his reception, he promised to return and settle near them with his tribe.

But unfortunately a misunderstanding arose, and the Namaqua chief vowed to curse and destroy Christian Albrecht and his companions at the Mission. As he drew nearer and nearer, the people of the region

¹Africaner was subsequently converted by Robert Moffat and became a true and consistent Christian man.

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fled in terror before him. There were no caves in which to hide; only a dry, hot, sandy plain.

To escape the bullets of the hostile chief, square holes, about six feet deep, were dug, and into these the fugitives tremblingly descended. This temporary refuge was covered by a tarpaulin, and there, almost suffocated from heat and lack of air, they waited for a week. Then, in answer to prayer, a deliverer was sent, a kindly chief who removed them to a place of safety.

But on came Africaner and his band. Those whose lives he sought were gone, but their possessions were found buried in the sand. This afforded a most interesting occupation, and one of the tribe, hoping to find still other treasures, entered the little burial ground.

Forth from the mound on which he stood soft music floated! Was he treading on a grave? The dead should rise! Christian Albrecht had told him this.

Once more he dared to tread upon the spot. Soft, sweet music was repeated. Motionless, horror-struck, he gazed over his shoulder with dilated eyes and throbbing heart. Was he to see the dead arise? The silence reassured him. Once more he leaped upon

the mound; then, smitten with an awful dread, he fled to his chief—the sepulchral harp had breathed anew its soft, sweet cadence.

Fearless of dead or living, Africaner sought the spot. Leaping fiercely on the mound, his ear, too, was greeted by mysterious sounds.

“Dig and discover!” was his order to his men.

The loose, dry sand, removed by trembling hands, revealed to these wild sons of the desert an unknown wonder—Mrs. Albrecht’s London piano!

It had been buried for safe-keeping, but Africaner, hoping to discover the secret of its charm, smote and separated until the spirit of its melody was gone, and it was hopelessly ruined forever.

A NOVEL FUNERAL

From "The New Acts of the Apostles," by
the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.

Who can read the story of Jamaica and doubt the power of the Gospel over even the most degraded negro slaves?

When the island was formally ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Madrid in 1670, the place of the native Indians was taken by African slaves, imported by Spaniards. During the eighteenth century over half a million were brought to suffer as the heirs of Canaan's curse.

The history of these slaves, their poverty, wretchedness and degradation, is among the blackest annals of the race. When the facts became known in Great Britain the popular heart of English freemen demanded their liberation. On August 1, 1834, the emancipation began to take effect in the freedom of the children of slave families, but the midnight of July 31, 1838, was to usher in the complete liberation of every slave.

On that most memorable night, led by their missionaries, William Knibb and James Philippo, fourteen thousand adults and five thousand children joined in prayer to God as they waited and watched for the hour which was to terminate the life of slavery in Jamaica.

A mahogany coffin had been made, polished and fitted by cabinet-makers among the slaves, and a grave had been dug.

Into the coffin they crowded all the various relics and remnants of their bondage and sorrow. The whips, the torture-irons, the branding-irons, the coarse frocks, and shirts, and great hat, fragments of the treadmill, the handcuffs—whatever was the sign and badge of seventy-eight years of thralldom—they placed in the coffin and screwed down the lid.

As the bell began to toll for midnight the voice of Knibb was heard, saying:

“The monster is dying—is dying—is dying”—and as the last stroke sounded from the belfry—“The monster is dead! Let us bury him out of sight forever!”

Then the coffin was lowered into its grave and the whole of that throng of thousands celebrated their redemption from thralldom by singing the doxology!

This was the way in which these black slaves took vengeance on their former masters—not by deeds of violence and murder, but by burying the remnants of their long bondage and the remembrance of their great wrongs, in the grave of oblivion.

Where did these debased Africans learn such magnanimous love, except of Him whose greatest miracle was His dying prayer, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!"

THE LITTLE MISSIONARIES—A GUESS STORY

From "Topsy-Turvy Land; Arabia Pictured for Children," by Samuel M. Zwemer and Amy E. Zwemer.

Some little missionaries came to Arabia a few years before any of the American missionaries did, and have been coming ever since. Most of them were born in a country not far from Arabia, yet only one of them visited Arabia before Mohammed was born.

They never write reports of their work for the papers, yet I have seen a few splendid accounts of their work written on tablets of flesh with tears for ink. Because their work is done so much in secret and in out-of-the-way places, they are generally overlooked, and often underestimated.

They receive no salary and get along in the most self-denying way by fasting and living all together, packed like herrings, in

a dark, close room, except when they go out into the sunshine on their journeys.

Most of them came to Arabia in the steerage of the big ships from London, but none of them were seasick at all throughout the entire voyage.

They never complain of being tired or discouraged, and never get fever or cholera, although I have talked and slept with them when I had fever myself. Never yet has one of them died on a sick-bed. On one or two occasions I have heard of a small company of them being burned at the stake, but I was told that not a groan escaped from their lips, nor were their companions frightened the least bit. With my own eyes I have seen one or two of them torn asunder and trampled upon by those who hate Jesus Christ and His kingdom and His little missionaries. Yet the only sound to be heard was the blasphemies of their persecutors, who could not answer them in any other way.

It is very strange indeed that when once one or two of them learn the language they are bound to their work by so many tiny cords of love that they seldom fall apart from their work, or fall out one with the other.

There are more than sixty different names and ages among them, yet they all have one family accent. Some of them are medical missionaries and can soothe and heal broken hearts and prevent broken heads. There are two ladies among them, but they seldom go about alone, and the men do most of the preaching, especially in Arabia. Most of them are evangelists or apostles or teachers.

And their enterprise and push! One of them told me the other day that he wanted "*to preach the Gospel in the regions beyond*" Mecca, so that even there "*every knee should bow to Jesus.*" You begin to see them everywhere in the Persian Gulf and around Muscat and Aden. Last year a few of them went to Jiddah with the pilgrims.

They dress very plainly, but often in bright Oriental colors (one just came in all in green); on one or two occasions I have seen them wear gold when visiting a rich man, but there was no pride about them, and they put on no airs in their talk.

How many of these little missionaries are there, do you ask? Over three thousand eight hundred and forty visited and left the three stations of the Arabian Mission

in the Persian Gulf last year. But, as I told you, they are so modest that only about a score of them sent in any account of their work, and that even came through a third party by word of mouth. I have heard it whispered that a faithful record of all their journeys and speeches is kept, but that these are put on file, to be published all at once on a certain great day, when missionaries all get their permanent discharge.

What a quiet, patient, faithful, loving body of workers they are! Even when it is very, very hot they never get out of temper as other missionaries sometimes do, after a hard day's work, when in a hot discussion with a bigoted Moslem. And yet how plainly they tell the truth! They do not even fear a Turkish Pasha; but that is because they have all obtained a Turkish passport and a permit to preach anywhere unmolested.

Unless you have guessed my riddle, you will want to know what these missionaries cost and why we do not employ more of them; and who sent them out, and to what Board they belong; and who buys them new clothes of leather and cloth; and what happens to them when their backs are bent

with age and their faces furrowed with care.

But surely by this time you have guessed that the Little Missionaries are the Books of the Bible. The two ladies are Esther and Ruth, and the four who go about the most are Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

And now may I ask you to pray for the Little Missionaries? Pray that they may prepare the way of the Lord all over this dark peninsula, from the palm groves of Busrah to the harbor of Aden, and from the Sea of Oman to the unholy cities—Mecca and Medina.

“HAMLIN, THE BAKER.”

From “My Life and Times,” by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., missionary of the American Board to Turkey.

When the Crimean War became a certainty the English established a hospital at Scutari. One of my neighbors opened a store of all sorts of eatables and drinkables for officers and men, near the great hospital and the tents of the soldiers.

He wanted a hundred loaves every day of my hop yeast bread.¹ It was eagerly sought, and he advised me to open a great bread store there. I might sell an immense quantity. I told him he might have his hundred loaves every morning, but beyond that I had no desire to enlarge my work. I had already accomplished all I had intended and more. But soon after an orderly came and said:

¹In order to furnish employment to his persecuted and boycotted Armenian students Dr. Hamlin had established various industries, among them a flour mill and a bakery.

"Dr. Mapleton wants you to call on him at the English Military Hospital at Scutari."

"Who is Dr. Mapleton?"

"Lord Raglan's chief physician, sir, and now organizing the hospital."

"You are under some mistake. I have nothing to do with Dr. Mapleton, nor he with me."

But I finally agreed to call next day, as the orderly said he believed it was with regard to bread. I found Dr. Mapleton in a noble, spacious room, quite conscious that he was worthy of his environment. He looked up and said, without any salutation:

"Are you Hamlin the baker?"

"No, sir; I am the Rev. Mr. Hamlin, an American missionary."

"That is just about as correct as anything I get in this country. I send for a baker and I get a missionary. Thank God, I am not a heathen that I should need a missionary!"

Two loaves of my bread were on his table, and I said to him:

"I presume that bread is what you want, and you don't care whether it comes from a heathen or a missionary."

"Exactly so," he said.

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I then told him how it was that I had anything to do with bread-making. Not only that, but various other industries I had inaugurated to enable the persecuted Armenians to sustain themselves. I had no personal interest in it at all.

"Oh, that's a very fine story, no doubt," he broke in, becoming impatient. "I don't care a sixpence for it. I wish to know if you can furnish us the bread."

"I can if you will pay for it," as though I distrusted him, for I was determined to reduce his hauteur.

"Why, of course we shall pay for it! But I want you to state the terms."

When I did so he said, with a tone of incredulity:

"Do you mean, sir, that you can furnish the bread at this price? It is just half what we are paying for bread our poor invalids won't eat."

So he wanted me to go at once and make a contract with Commissary General Smith, and lose no time. Lord Raglan had already examined the bread and pronounced it excellent.

When I looked over the printed form of the contract I was to fill out and sign, I said to the general:

“The sentence, ‘to deliver every morning between the hours of eight and ten, or at such other hours as might be agreed upon,’ etc., must have the interpolation ‘except Sunday’ after the word ‘morning.’ The bread can all be delivered Saturday evening, say at sunset.”

“The laws of war do not regard Sunday,” he said. “I cannot change a syllable in that form of contract.”

“Very well, sir; then I will not furnish the bread. I have not sought the business.”

He bit his lips in doubt, but finally said:

“The chief purveyor is a good Scotch Christian, and he will arrange with you for that.”

So I signed, with a protest against that article, and went to the purveyor. He made no objection whatever to the Saturday delivery, and so the furnishing began. It gave such satisfaction that at the end of three months, when contracts were subjected to new competition, the bread was accepted, by express order of Lord Raglan.

If Christian men will stand conscientiously firm to the Sabbath they will rarely meet with any insuperable obstacles to carrying out their determination.

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The Jews are faithful to their Mosaic Sabbath, and no one ever expects them to violate it. The Turkish government never requires them to do so. But it pays little regard to the Christian Sabbath, because it knows that Christians will sacrifice their sacred day to their worldly interests.

BUILDING A CHURCH OUT OF AN ENGLISH BEER BARREL

From "My Life and Times," by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., Founder of Robert College and Missionary of the American Board to Turkey.

The battle of Inkerman, in November, 1854, brought upon me a new industry. Looking out of my study window, about two weeks after the battle, I saw the *Himalaya*, the largest transport steamer in the British service, anchored at the Kulelie hospital, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

Being acquainted with the chief engineer of the great steamer, I went over immediately to see what he had brought from Inkerman. He told me that two hundred and fifty of the wounded and sick had just been carried to the hospital.

I went there to see in what condition they were and found them deplorably destitute of underclothing and covering. They said, in answer to my questions, that their clothing was so loaded with vermin that they preferred to suffer from the cold rather

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than use it. They said they had had no washing done for six months.

"Why didn't you do your own washing?" I asked.

"For two slight reasons," was the reply; "we had no wood and no water. We were lucky to get enough for our coffee!"

I went immediately to Dr. O'Conner, the chief physician, to ask him why no washing was done for these poor men. He replied that the Greek women only pounded the clothes in the salt water of the Bosphorus and brought them back damp, which killed the men quicker than anything else. Besides, the clothes were so filthy that they could not be cleansed, and they were going to burn them. I protested that there were scores of women who would do the work perfectly well, and the clothing might be saved.

He told me, with great insolence, that every man had better mind his own business! I thought in such a scene of suffering, with such an inhuman overseer, it was "my own" business to mitigate it. Passing in front of the barrack, I met a soldier.

"Can you tell me where I can find the sergeant of the clothing?"

"I am the sergeant of the clothing."

“Then you are the man I want. Let me see all you have.”

He opened a great hall, with clothing piled up, I should think, for a thousand men. There were beds and bedding and clothes of every kind, taken from the wounded and the dead, with all possible abominations, and incredibly full of vermin. If anything could make war utterly accursed, it would be Crimean lice! I have no doubt they killed more English soldiers than all the Russian bullets.

The sergeant told me that, despairing of washing the clothing, they had built a place for burning it. How much they consumed I know not.

I went immediately to Scutari, and made known the state of things, the conduct of O’Conner, and the ease with which the want could be supplied, there being hundreds of women—Armenian, Greek, Turkish—in the Bosphorus villages who would be glad of the work.

The chief purveyor of the great hospital said if I could do anything for Kulelie it would be the greatest possible favor. I asked for no contract and no price, but I determined to undertake the work. My

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doing it in spite of Dr. O'Conner may have added to the zest of rescuing the sufferers.

On returning to Bebek I met the Armenian head man and told him what I wanted.

"I have just the place for you," he said, "a tumble-down house, with a large garden, a huge kitchen and an unfailing supply of water."

I hired it at a reasonable price, monthly, so long as I should want it. I never undertook to do anything that went so glibly. In a few days two large copper kettles were set in masonry, so as to deliver the hot water through twenty-two faucets into twenty-two washing-places, and lines were stretched in the garden, to the amount of nearly half a mile. Twenty-two women, Greek and Armenian, were engaged and eager for work.

But while I was hearing a class the overseer burst into the room in great excitement.

"Oh, sir, come quickly!" he cried. "The mob will tear down the establishment, and the women have all run away!"

The truth was, the clothes were so filthy and so loaded with vermin that the women were afraid to touch them. About three

thousand articles had been brought over in large bundles. When opened in the court the offensive odors had gone up into the windows of the houses on that side. The people, naturally excited, were assembling in angry haste. Here was trouble all around!

I told the people their complaints were reasonable, and the clothes should be immediately removed to the magazine on the other side; but if they made any trouble I should immediately send for a guard of English soldiers, and they would have the pleasure of dealing with them. The people then became quiet and departed.

What was I to do? I was certainly *in a fix*. I could not blame the women or the people.

A thought struck me. It came of itself—a complete idea of one of the empty oak beer casks lying at the Kulelie, changed into a washing machine. Next morning, about nine o'clock, the machine was ready, and on the ground. A few women sullenly came, after much persuasion, to see it tried.

I must produce a surprising effect on the first trial; and a large quantity of melted soap had been put unnoticed into the barrel. I took up the articles with the tongs and

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put them in, let on the water and told the man to work the brake twenty minutes. Five or six minutes were found to be quite enough. The water ran off with a filthy, muddy color. Pure water was let in, until, after rinsing, it came away pure. The articles were taken out transformed!

The women had no objections to finishing the work. The twenty-two returned, more machines were made, and the work went on merrily, without further care. As soon as a complete set of all articles for two hundred and fifty men could be prepared they were sent to the hospital, and produced both joy and comfort.

Dr. O'Conner was removed. I think he was a brutal, unfeeling wretch, and cared nothing for the sick and wounded. Dr. Tice, who came in his place, was a gentleman, and ordered the men to change twice a week.

In good weather for drying, with a force of thirty persons and six washing machines, three thousand articles were sometimes put through in a day. Although the sick and wounded finally amounted to eight hundred, the laundry always kept ahead of the demand.

The women earned from thirty to forty-

five dollars a month, a sum never dreamed of as possible by them; and the comfort it diffused in their poor homes was one of the richest rewards of the work.

In due time I went to the chief purveyor at Scutari with the accounts. What had been expended for getting up the works was paid for without question or examination of particulars, and the washed articles settled for at the rate of seventy-five cents a dozen for the larger articles, fifty cents for medium, and thirty-seven and a half for small articles.

I am glad to testify that, with three exceptions all the gentlemen of the British army with whom I had any relations were, to use an English phrase, "the soul of honor."

At the rate of payment above mentioned there would evidently result a profit. What should be done with it? The poor little church at Bardezag was in great need of a church building. I proposed to wash one out for them.

It cost nearly \$3,000, and yet I built it entirely out of an English beer barrel!

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S QUESTION

From "My Life and Times," by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., Founder of Robert College and Missionary of the American Board to Turkey.

The visit of Admiral Farragut to Constantinople excited great interest and seemed to move the whole city. It was to have a very peculiar connection with the college question,¹ which none of us understood at the time.

One day during his visit my young son came into my study begging me to take him to see the old hero. So the next morning we went.

We found him alone in his room. He

¹In 1861 Dr. Hamlin purchased a site for Robert College on the rocky heights overlooking the Bosphorus. The Turkish Government gave him permission to build, but the work was scarcely begun when an order came compelling him to stop. This order was manifestly unjust, and for seven years Dr. Hamlin pushed his claim, but all to no purpose.

asked me at once if I was a resident of Turkey and what my occupation was. When I told him, very briefly, about the college difficulty he was perhaps a little annoyed by it.

"I am sorry the Turks should treat you so unjustly!" he said. "But I am not here on any diplomatic mission."

Turning to the boy, he put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"What are you doing to do in this world, my son? What are you going to be?"

"I don't know," replied the lad, with boyish simplicity: "I wouldn't mind being admiral of the American fleet!"

This evidently touched the old admiral in a tender place. Patting him on the head, he said:

"Ah! my son—my son! If you are going to be admiral of the American fleet——"

Here his remarks were cut short by the opening of the door and the intruding of Dr. Seropian.

"Good morning, Admiral Farragut!" he exclaimed. "I am glad to see you with Dr. Hamlin!"

He then proceeded with an enthusiasm quite surprising, and, as it seemed to me,

rather bold, to speak of the college and the unjust prohibition to build.

"You have just come in the nick of time to help Dr. Hamlin out of this difficulty!" he added.

"Why, doctor," said the admiral as soon as he had a chance to speak, "I can do nothing at all in this case! I have no diplomatic mission here!"

"Just for that reason," was the reply, "you can do everything. You have only to ask the great pashas, when you dine with them, why this American college can't be built—that is all! To-night you are to dine with his highness, Aali Pasha, the grand vizier, and when you dine with the Capudan Pasha, ask him; and with the Scriskier Pasha, ask him, and so on."

"I will readily do that," said the admiral with rather a jovial look. "A beggar may ask a question of a king!"

I did not wish to get him involved in a controversy, so I said to him:

"Admiral Farragut, if you ask that question, I would suggest that you make no reply, but receive their response as though it were entirely satisfactory. I don't intend to intimate that there would be any truth at all in it!" I added.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" he said with a smile, as though he saw something humorous in it.

After this I had great curiosity to know whether he had put the question and what replies he received. Before he sailed I went on board to ask him, but the cabin was full of diplomats and I could only wish him "Bon voyage!" and retire.

About ten days after a *kiatib* of the Sublime Porte came and sat down by me, on board a passenger steamer going up the Bosphorus, and said:

"I want to ask you a question, Mr. Hamlin."

"Very well," I responded.

Putting his face close to mine, as though it was an important and secret matter, he went on:

"I want to ask you if your great admiral was sent here by your government to settle that college question?"

At once I saw that the admiral had not only asked the question, but that it had caused so much excitement that it was known through all the rooms of the Sublime Porte. But nothing came of it.

With this Farragut episode my resources seemed for a time exhausted. For full

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seven years I had been trying every measure that seemed to promise any result. An English gentleman said to me one day:

“You do wrong, Mr. Hamlin, to pursue this object so perseveringly! I happen to know from the highest authority that it has been decided that your college shall never be built upon that spot.”

“Yes, sir,” I answered; “I have known that for a long time! but there is a Higher than the highest, and I trust in Him!”

One day while in a deep quandary as to what course to pursue next, a messenger boy entered my study with a letter in his hand. It was from Mr. Morris, our American minister to the Turkish court, and read substantially thus:

“I congratulate you, Mr. Hamlin, on the termination of your long contest with the Turkish government. I have just received a note from his highness, the grand vizier, saying: ‘Tell Mr. Hamlin he may begin the building of his college when he pleases. No one will interfere with him. And in a few days an imperial *irade* will be given him,’” etc.

It was news too great and too good to be true! It filled me with great exultation. I had never dared to ask for an imperial

irade! It is the most sacred title ever given to real estate in Turkey, and emanates from the Sultan himself. I had said that if ten thousand dollars would secure it it would be money well spent, and here it was freely offered me!

I always felt and often said: "There is a secret history to this affair, beyond all that we as yet understand."

Not until two years later was the true explanation given. A few weeks after the formal opening of the college a Turkish gentleman called to see it. I invited him to the college tower to survey the scenery spread out before it. He was charmed with the view and declared that no university in Europe, and he had seen many of them, could match this scenery of the Bosphorus and its historic shores.

"Ah, sir!" he said, as he turned to go down, "we would never have given you leave to build your college here had it not been for that bloody insurrection in Crete!"

"That bloody insurrection in Crete!" I exclaimed in surprise. "What could that have to do with building the college here?"

"Oh, we understood it perfectly well," he replied, with a reproving smile.

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"You speak in enigmas," I said; "I do not understand it."

"Have you been so long in Turkey without knowing about that insurrection that kept us for a long time on the very edge of war?"

"I knew all about that, sir; it is the connection between the two that I do not understand."

He evidently doubted my sincerity, but said:

"When your great Admiral Farragut was here that insurrection was taxing all our skill. We would gladly have seen Crete swallowed up in the sea; but to grant her freedom would have involved the loss of all our islands, and have disintegrated the empire. Greek delegations surrounded the admiral and reported that he had promised to pass along the shores of Crete and take the refugees to Greece; and, moreover, that he had assured them his government would sell them one of its monitors.

"This gave us just cause of alarm, which was increased not a little when the admiral came to dine with the Sultan's high officers of state. He asked the grand vizier, point blank, why that American college could not be built. The grand vizier replied in

friendly terms, but the great admiral said not a word. He continued to ask the same question right and left, to the minister of foreign affairs, to the minister of war, and of the navy:

“I would like to ask your excellency a question. I would like to know why that American college cannot be built?”

“To all he held the same absolute silence, and said not a word. We saw clearly that the United States government was holding that college question over against us; so the admiral was assured that the college would soon be built. But when he left rather suddenly and went straight out by Gibraltar we breathed easily, and changed our intention of granting you leave.

“But a few months after those letters from leading New York papers were sent, translated and in the original. They were very severe on the Cretan case, but were written with ability and exact knowledge. We said:

“There is the finger of the great admiral in this. His government is preparing the American people for intervention. If only an American monitor should come into the Mediterranean, it would be followed by war with Greece; and (lifting up both

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hands) war begun with Greece, Allah himself only knows where it would end!

“We had been warned that this college question would become a thorny one, and that political complications would finally compel us to grant even more than was asked. We now felt the thorns, we saw the complications, and we said:

“‘Better build a hundred colleges for the Americans with our own money than have one of Farragut’s monitors come into the Mediterranean!’

“So we gave you leave to build on this matchless spot. We gave you the imperial *irade*—which we never give—and we placed this college under the protection of the United States as the greatest compliment to your government; and so (spreading both hands in a horizontal motion, with a smile of great satisfaction) we smoothed it all off.”

The letters referred to were written by two Greek gentlemen in New York. Whether the astute diplomats interpreted everything aright I am not called upon to say.

I prefer to repeat I Cor. 1:26-29.

SIX BLACK PINS

From "Woman and Her Saviour in Persia,"
by Rev. Thomas Laurie, D. D.

The pupils of the seminary¹ were at first so addicted to lying and stealing that everything had to be kept under lock and key.

Miss Fiske could not keep a pin in her pin cushion; little fingers took them as often as she turned away. Lest she should tempt them to lie, she avoided questioning them, unless her own eye had seen the theft. No wonder she wrote:

"I feel very weak, and were it not that Christ has loved these souls I should be discouraged; but He has loved them, and He loves them still."

If the pins were found on the pupils, an answer was always ready.

"We found them," or, "You gave them to us," they would say, and nothing could be proved.

¹The famous seminary for Nestorian girls, founded by Fidelia Fiske at Oroomiah, Persia, in 1843.

But one summer evening, just before the pupils were to pass through her room to their beds on the flat roof, knowing that none of that color could be obtained elsewhere, the teacher put six black pins in her cushion and stepped out till they had passed.

As soon as they were gone she found that the pins, too, were gone, and at once called the girls back. She told them of her loss; but none knew anything about it. She showed them that no one else had been there, and therefore they must know. Six pairs of little hands were lifted up as they said:

"God knows that we have not got them."

"I think God knows that you have got them," was the reply.

She searched each one carefully, but without finding the pins. Then she proposed to kneel down where they stood and ask God to show where they were.

"He may not think best to show me now," she added, "but He will do it some time."

The matter was laid before the Lord, and just as they arose from their knees a new thought came to her.

"I did not examine your caps," she said, "but will do so now."

One pair of hands went right up to their owner's head! Of course she was searched first, and there were the six pins, so nicely concealed in the folds that nothing was visible but their heads!

This incident did much good. The pupils looked upon the discovery as an answer to prayer, and so did their teacher.

They began to be afraid to steal when God so exposed their thefts, and she was thankful for so prompt an answer. The child who stole the pins became a pious and thoughtful woman.

“IF YOU LOVE ME, LEAN HARD”

From “Faith Working by Love: As Exemplified in the Life of Fidelity Fiske,” by D. T. Fiske.

¹I have learned here in Persia, as I never did in America, that He who fed the five thousand with the portion of five can feed the soul, and richly, too, with what I once thought were *only* the *crumbs*.

May I give you one of the Master’s sermons?

One Sabbath afternoon, at Geog Tapa, I was sitting on a mat near the middle of the church, which has no mats and only a floor of earth. I had been to two exercises before going to the church, one the Sabbath-school and the other a prayer-meeting with my girls.

I was weary and longed for rest, and with no support it seemed to me that I could not sit there till the close of the service. Nor could I hope for rest even when

¹Part of a letter written by Miss Fiske to a friend in America.

that was over, for I must meet the women readers of the village and encourage them in reading their Testaments.

I thought how I would love to be in your church; but God took the thought from me very soon, for, finding that there was some one directly behind me, I looked, and there was one of the sisters, who had seated herself so that I might lean upon her. I objected; but she drew me back, saying:

“If you love me, you will lean hard.”

Did I not then lean hard? And then there came the Master’s own voice:

“If you love me, you will lean hard.”

‘And I leaned on *Him*, too, and felt that He had sent the poor woman to give me a better sermon than I might have heard even with you.

I was rested long before the church services were finished; and I afterwards had a long hour with the women readers, and closed with prayer. A little after sunset we left to ride six miles to our home. I was surprised to find that I was not at all weary that night, nor in the morning, and I have rested ever since, remembering the sweet words:

“If you love me, lean hard.”

THE KANPO OF KUMBUM

From "With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple," by Dr. Susie C. Rijnhart.

On the slopes of two hills in the province of Amdo, on the extreme northwestern Chino-Tibetan frontier, nestles the great lamasery of Kumbum, famed among the devotees of Buddha as one of the holiest spots on Asiatic soil.

Leaving America in the autumn of 1894, my husband and I had Kumbum as our point of destination. Six months later we made our home and established a medical station at Lusal, a village about five minutes' walk from the lamasery proper, where the lamas do their trading. Scarcely had we entered upon our work when the first alarming tidings reached us of the terrible rebellion which shortly broke out in full fury among the Mohammedans of western Kansu.

Though advised to leave Lusal and seek a place of safety, we decided to remain with our China and Tibetan friends and face

with them the dreadful possibilities of a long and bloody siege.

Barely had we made this decision when, to our amazement, we received from the *kanpo* or abbot of Kumbum an invitation to take up our abode in the lamasery during the rebellion, an offer which we eagerly accepted, not only because of the safety it offered us, but also because of the prestige it would give us in the eyes of those we were seeking to help. This abbot was the greatest Buddhist in northeastern Tibet, a man who was looked up to as spiritual guide not only to the four thousand lamas under his tutelage, but by thousands of laymen outside.

This apparently sudden kindness on the part of the abbot was dependent upon an amusing incident during Mr. Rijnhart's visit to Kumbum in 1892.

One day, having been sent for by one of the lamas of Kumbum, he went immediately, only to learn with some disappointment that he had not been summoned from any religious motive, but to be consulted about a music-box which the lama had bought as a curiosity when on a visit to Peking.

The music-box was, to express literally

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what the lama had said, "sick," and had ceased to give forth music; and its owner had concluded that since it had been made by foreigners it could surely be cured by a foreigner. Mr. Rijnhart carefully examined the instrument, and, finding that it only needed lubricating, gave it a liberal treatment of castor oil, the only kind available, whereupon its powers returned, and the wonderful box, as the lama expressed it, was "cured!"

The result of an apparently insignificant act of kindness cannot be estimated. The incident, though forgotten by Mr. Rijnhart, had evidently left an impression on the lama, who had in the meantime risen to the dignity of the abbotship, for he it was who now summoned the foreign doctor with his magic oil to come and treat the treasurer of the lamasery, who was ill. If a sick music-box could be cured with one dose of medicine, how much more could be done for a sick man!

Arriving at the lamasery, we not only visited the treasurer, carefully diagnosed his case, and gave him treatment, but by special invitation were ushered into the audience chamber of the *kanpo* himself—an almost unheard-of favor. During our con-

versation with him he explained that a past experience with a foreigner had given him a desire to meet another; and great indeed was his pleasure when he found out that Mr. Rijnhart was the identical foreigner who had "doctored" his music-box three years before.

His invitation to remain in the lamasery was accepted as heartily as it was given, and resulted in an intimate acquaintance mutually agreeable, which soon ripened into a firm friendship.

The *kanpo* was far superior to the average lama in intelligence; yet his knowledge was exceedingly limited, a fact which he cheerfully admitted. He knew practically nothing of the outside world, had traveled but little, and had an idea that Peking, which he once visited, lay at the other end of the world. He questioned Mr. Rijnhart by the hour, carefully noting the answers and marveling at the white teacher's wonderful range of knowledge. He studied geography with all the aptness of a schoolboy, and frequently expressed an ardent longing to accompany us to America or to Europe if we should go home, in order that he might see for himself and learn something of the world beyond, so full of mystery.

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Although he was woefully ignorant of natural science, we found him an accomplished linguist, conversant with Tibetan, both classical and colloquial, and with Chinese and Mongolian. Chinese he had spoken at Peking, where he had also for the first time seen foreigners.

Among the curios he had brought back from the Chinese capital was a collection of photographs, which he had taken to be representations of Buddha, but which turned out to be mostly photos of French and American actresses, arrayed in costume! When we told him this he was quite ashamed and handed the same over to us, begging us not to say anything about it, as no lama is supposed to have pictures of women in his possession. He was quite conscientious in this matter, and willingly sacrificed the entire collection with the sole exception of a photo of Alexander of Russia.

Soon after we made his acquaintance Mr. Rijnhart gave him copies of the Gospels in the Tibetan character, among them a copy of St. John, which he prized very highly. He had a marvelous memory and was soon almost as familiar with the text of the Gospels as ourselves. He told us he believed

thoroughly in Jesus, but he did not see any reason why he should renounce Buddhism and become a Christian.

I believe that, all unconsciously perhaps, the *kanpo* has been the means of spreading Gospel teaching among his people to an extent that has as yet been possible for no Christian missionary. With all the famous lamas and pilgrims from the far interior, even from Lhasa, as also from Mongolia, he conversed on the subject, telling them what he knew about the Christian doctrines, and teaching them to pronounce for the first time the name :

"Jesu Ma'shika," Jesus Chirst.

AMONG THE MONGOLS

From "Among the Mongols," by the Rev. James Gilmour, M. A.

To have any prospect of success among the Mongols the missionary must avoid raising suspicions. And if he is to avoid raising suspicions he must climb no hill, pick up no pebble, never go for a walk and never manifest any interest or pleasure in the scenery.

If he does any of these things, stories and rumors are at once circulated which effectually close the minds of the inhabitants against his teachings.

On one occasion I was living some weeks in a Mongol's tent. It was late in the year. Lights were put out soon after dark. The nights were long, and with the discomforts of a poor tent and doubtful companions seemed really longer than they were. At sunrise I was only too glad to escape from smoke and everything else to the retirement of the crest of a low ridge of hills near the tent. This, perhaps the most natural thing

in the world for a foreigner, was utterly inexplicable to the Mongols.

The idea that any man should get out of his bed at sunrise and climb a hill for nothing! He must be up to mischief! He must be secretly taking away the luck of the land!

This went on for some time, the Mongols all alive with suspicion, and the unsuspecting foreigner retiring regularly morning after morning, till at length a drunken man blurted out the whole thing and openly stated the conviction that the inhabitants had arrived at, namely, that this extraordinary morning walk of the foreigner on the hill-crest boded no good to the country.

On another occasion a missionary who had a turn for geology was in the habit of strolling about on summer evenings after sunset, and picking up a few specimens of stones. Among other things he was actually supposed to have discovered and dug out of the earth immense masses of silver of untold value.

These stories afforded such a very plausible explanation of how men could travel about healing and asking no fees, that in one neighborhood to which I and my medicines had been specially invited no one

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would have anything whatever to do with us, simply because these prejudicial stories had arrived a few hours before us.

My wife and I, while encamped at a large temple, after having our tent crowded with visitors and patients all the hours of the long summer day, used to have our horses saddled, and go for a short ride at sunset, returning at dusk. This, it afterwards appeared, produced a great ferment among the lamas¹, who, voluminous as usual with lies, concocted and circulated all manner of absurd reports about our searching for treasure in the night; so much so, that after a few days a messenger appeared, and in the name of the government authorities, and ruling lamas, ordered us to leave the place.

Another thing that must be refrained from is writing. The Mongols are very suspicious of seeing a foreigner using a pen.

“What *can* he be up to?” they say among themselves. “Is he taking notes of the capabilities of the country? Is he marking out a road map so that he can return guiding an army? Is he a wizard carrying off the good luck of the country in his note-book?”

¹Mongol priests.

If a missionary desires to conciliate the people, and win their confidence, he must abstain from walking and writing while he is among them. In both these respects the minute the border is crossed and China entered, a delicious sense of freedom is experienced, and a man feels that his legs and his pen are of some use to him again.

A CRUEL CHINESE CUSTOM

From "John Kenneth Mackenzie, Medical Missionary to China," by Mrs. Bryson.

¹A Chinese friend of mine had an uncle, aged sixty-four, who had been ill for some time past, and the other day they sent him word the old man was dying and had been laid out.

In China, when all hope is given up of a patient's recovery, the custom is to dress them at once in grave clothes, and remove them to a board and trestles away from the ordinary bed, so that it shall not be defiled. As it is often uncertain when a man is going to breathe his last, it not unfrequently happens that his last hours are spent in torture, and his end hastened by this treatment. In the cold winter of Tientsin, to be stripped of warm garments and bedding and laid out in cold stiff clothing must indeed be trying.

My friend arrived at his uncle's house,

¹An extract from Dr. Mackenzie's diary.

expecting to find him dead, but instead of this he was only laid out in burial clothes; he was surrounded by a crowd of relatives, dressed in white mourning garments, waiting for him to breathe his last, while strips of white paper, the sign of death in a house, had already been posted on the outer doors.

"Do you know me, uncle?" my friend asked the dying man.

"Oh yes; why did you not come before?" replied the patient; "I am so thirsty, and they will give me nothing to drink, and I am so cold, since all my warm clothing has been taken away, and my bones are sore with lying on this hard board. Move me back to the kang, and take these clothes away. I am not dead yet!"

The nephew gave him a bowl of hot water which he drank, and afterwards some tea. He felt his pulse, and discovered that it was stronger than when he had visited him before.

"Don't wait for me, father!" said a married daughter who had just arrived. "I am here, so you can go."

This remark was made in allusion to the idea that the souls of the dying cannot

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pass away if they are desiring to see some absent member of the family.

The nephew, who was a Christian, insisted upon his uncle being moved back to his bed and dressed again in warm clothing, and gave him some arrowroot; after this the old man seemed better and lived for about a fortnight.

A VISIT TO A CHINESE DRUG STORE

From "Pagoda Shadows," by Adele M. Fielde, missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union to China.

We have among our church members a thriving druggist, whose shop is in the city of Swatow.

Having ascertained that he had time and inclination to show us his stock of medicines, I went with a friend to see them. The shop, after the manner of Chinese shops, is enclosed on three sides only, and has the whole front open to the street.

The counter runs the whole length of the front of the shop, except in a narrow place left for egress, and the purchaser is expected to stand in the street, and ask over the counter for what he wants. The cases for drugs, which cover the inner wall, can be touched with one hand while the counter is reached with the other.

The stock on hand is valued at about a thousand dollars. We had intended to

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make an accurate list of all the drugs, but finally decided to take note of only those which were especially curious. Among them were the following:

A great variety of barks, tubers, bulbs, roots, seeds, and leaves with the stamens, petals and seed-vessels of the lotus in separate compartments. Unhusked rice and wheat, sprouted and then dried.

The flower of the honeysuckle, the leaves of the arbor-vitae, the pith of a large reed, and fungi from decayed wood. Various species of seaweed and bones of the cuttlefish.

Dried caterpillars, snails and worms, and the cast-off skins of locusts. Silk worms and the chrysalides of moths and butterflies.

Shavings of goat, ibex and deer horn, the scales of the armadillo, and charred tiger bones.

The shell of the box-turtle, and the horn of a rhinoceros, valued at three dollars for a piece three inches in diameter, centipedes six inches long stretched and dried on splints, and the gall-bladder of a bear, valued at ten dollars and used as a tonic.

Medicated tea in small, hard cakes.

Our obliging host said there were many other drugs in the shop, among them seed-

pearls, and snake skins and minerals; but we had not time to see them all, and having bought a box of medicated tea, and five tiny bottles of crystallized peppermint oil, we took our departure.

¹Some idea of the truly wonderful doses compounded in a Chinese drug store may be gained from the following recipe written out by Dr. Cho Ping for a patient who had swallowed an overdose of opium. It took half a day to make it up!

Two couples of salted lizards, two male and two female.

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of Corea ginseng root.

Six dried grasshoppers, 3 male and 3 female.

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lotos-leaves.

1 oz. walnuts.

$\frac{1}{4}$ oz. tail of rattlesnake.

2 oz. black dates.

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. elm tree bark.

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. devilfish claw.

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. hartshorn.

$\frac{1}{4}$ oz. birds' claws.

$\frac{1}{4}$ oz. dried ginger.

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. old coffin nails.

¹This closing paragraph is added from the *Missionary Review of the World*.

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The whole to be mixed with two quarts of water, and boiled down to one-half the quantity. Then let the patient drink the mixture as quickly as possible.

TEMPERANCE CHARLEY

From "A Chinese Quaker," by Nellie Blessing-Eyster.

One night while in the city Charley¹ drifted into a temperance meeting. The lecturer of the evening was a reformed drunkard who had much descriptive ability and was powerfully in earnest. The woes of the drunkard's family, the insidious development of the alcoholic appetite, and the sure and sad end of the drunkard himself, were made vivid with thrilling accuracy.

Charlie understood it all and was greatly impressed. At the close of his address the speaker asked those of his hearers who were willing to join the Total Abstinence Association which he represented, to sign the pledge, and to wear continually, as a reminder of that pledge, a tiny blue ribbon, which he would tie in their buttonholes.

To the surprise of many in the audience,

¹Charley was a Chinese servant in the home of Miss Proctor, a wealthy Quaker lady living near San Francisco.

a long-queued Chinese was among the first to accept the invitation and to receive the ribbon. It was Charley. No Knight of the Garter was ever prouder of his insignia nor held it in higher respect. He ran with almost electric speed through the Alameda to the home of his mistress to unburden his mind.

Some ladies and gentlemen in the neighborhood who had been spending a social evening with her were about leaving when, unannounced, Charley walked into the drawing room. His demeanor was respectful but he was evidently under strong excitement. Making a low bow he exclaimed:

“See, Missie Proctor! See, evlybody! Me now good Clistian. Me tied on here. Got him fast. Me never dlink wine, no brandy, no beer. The preach man him say, ‘Bad man dlink, go down, down.’ The poor wives an’ little child’ns no happy, too. Cold water I say! Cold water is the thing, ladies and genplun.”

He had flung his arms out to the widest extent in imitation of the speaker and his voice ran down the entire gamut of grief. With another bow he retired. Doubtless it was his first and last temperance speech in

public, but not his last effort to propagate temperance principles.

He was able to read English far better than to speak it. Taking his mistress' most prized cook-book, he carefully and patiently read its various recipes for compounding cakes and puddings and wherever the words "wine" or "brandy" occurred in directions for seasoning cake or sauce in quantities however minute, he erased it and substituted "a cup of cold water." On the final page he wrote as an apology:

"Reader, please forgive brandy and all."

In due time Charley became a sincere follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. He proved it by controlling his naturally quick temper and becoming very gentle in manner and speech. He also became the self-appointed janitor of the meeting house. His watchfulness for the general comfort of the audience never flagged. When offered a small salary for his services he refused it, saying to his mistress as he handed her a Bible:

"You find him. Door-keeper, big white tent, circus, lions."

She comprehended his jargon and read from the sacred page:

"I had rather be a door keeper in the

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house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

"That's me!" he said triumphantly. "I 'door keeper the Lord's house. No pay."

RUNAWAY BOB

From the Church of Scotland's *Children's Record*.

Some years ago in a manufacturing town of Scotland, a young lady applied to the superintendent of a Sunday school for a class.

At his suggestion she gathered a class of poor boys. The superintendent told them to come to his house during the week and he would get them each a new suit of clothes. They came and were nicely fitted out.

The worst and most unpromising boy in the class was a lad named Bob. After two or three Sundays he was missing and the teacher went to hunt him up. She found that his new clothes were torn and dirty, but she invited him back to the school and he came.

The superintendent gave him a second new suit, but after attending once or twice, his place was again empty. Once more

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she sought him out, only to find that the second suit had gone the way of the first.

"I am utterly discouraged about Bob," she said when she reported the case to the superintendent, "and must give him up."

"Please don't do that," the superintendent answered; "I can't but hope that there is something good in Bob. Try him once more. I'll give him a third suit of clothes if he'll promise to attend regularly."

Bob did promise and received his third new suit. He attended regularly after that and got interested in the school. He became an earnest and persevering seeker after Jesus. He found Him. He joined the church. He was made a teacher. He studied for the ministry.

And the end of the story is that that discouraging boy—that forlorn, ragged, run-away Bob—became the Rev. Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, and by so doing opened the Kingdom of Heaven to the teeming millions of that vast country.

A SAFE TEST.

From "Modern Heroes of the Mission Field,"
by the Right Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh, D. D.

In 1807 when Robert Morrison, the great apostle of China, was set apart for his work, he sailed for New York because it was impossible to reach his destination by a direct route.

The hostility of the British government to all missionary effort was so decided that it was hopeless to expect transit for a gospel messenger in a British ship. But this was overruled for good. Friends of the truth in England furnished him with letters of introduction to others in New York, and these commended him to the American consul at Canton and to other men of influence.

A touching incident is recorded concerning his stay at the house of a Christian gentleman in New York.

Morrison had been taken suddenly ill, and was placed in the gentleman's own

chamber, where, in a little crib beside the bed, slept a child, whom it was thought a pity to disturb. On awaking in the morning, she turned to talk as usual to her parents; but, seeing a stranger in their place, was somewhat alarmed. After a moment's pause, she fixed her intelligent eyes steadily upon him and said:

"Man, do you pray to God?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," said Mr. Morrison, "every day. God is my best friend."

The answer seemed at once to reassure the startled child; she laid her little head contentedly upon her pillow, and fell asleep. Morrison often referred to the circumstance, and said that it taught him a lesson of confidence and faith.

“ONLY A COBBLER!”

From “Modern Heroes of the Mission Field,”
by the Right Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh, D. D.

There is a story told about William Carey that is well worth repeating.

It is said that long after he had attained to fame and eminence in India, being professor of Oriental languages in the College of Fort William, honored with letters and medals from royal hands, and able to write F. L. S., F. G. S., F. A. S., and other symbols of distinction after his name, he was invited to dine with a select company at the Governor-General's.

On this occasion one of the guests, with more than questionable taste, asked an aide-de-camp present, in a whisper loud enough to be heard by the professor, whether Dr. Carey had not been a shoemaker.

“No, sir,” immediately answered the doctor, “only a cobbler!”

Whether he was proud of it, we cannot say; that he had no need to be ashamed of

it, we are sure. He had outlived the day when Edinburgh reviewers tried to heap contempt on "consecrated cobblers," and he had established his right to be enrolled among the aristocracy of learning and philanthropy.

ONE LITTLE WIDOW.

From "Mosaics from India," by Margaret B. Denning.

Seven years a widow, yet only eleven years old! The shadow—nay, the curse of widowhood has hung over little Sita ever since she remembered anything. The little brown girl often wondered why other little girls living near her had such happy, merry times, while she knew only drudgery and ill-treatment from morning until night.

One day when six of the weary years had passed, and she was ten years old, Sita found out what widow meant. Then, to the cruelties she already endured, was added the terror of woes to come.

She had gone, as usual, in her tattered garments, with three large brass waterpots on her head, to the great open well from which she drew the daily supply of water for a family of nine. She was so tired, and her frail little back ached so pitifully, that she sat down on a huge stone to rest a minute. Resting her weary head on one thin

little hand, she was a picture of childish woe. Many sorrows had fallen on her young heart, but she was still a child, yearning for companionship and love.

Many Brahmin servants were drawing water near her, singing little *bhajans* or songs, and looking bright and happy in their gay-colored cotton *saris*. A woman so poor that she must draw her own drinking water, but still a Brahmin, came near, and to her Sita appealed for help:

"Will you not draw a little water for me? I am ill and tired and the well is very deep."

The woman turned angrily and uttered in a scathing tone, the one word, "Widow!" Then she burst out:

"Curse you, how dare you come between me and the glorious sun? Your shadow has fallen upon me and I'll have to take the bath of purification before I can eat food! Curse you, stand aside!"

Poor Sita stood bewildered. She made no answer, but tears coursed down her cheeks. Something akin to pity made the woman pause, and halting at a safe distance from the shadow of the child, she talked to her in a milder tone. She was thinking, perhaps, of two soft-eyed daugh-

ters, very dear to her proud heart, though she mourned bitterly when they were born, because the gods had denied her sons.

"Why should I help you," she said, "when the gods have cursed you? See, you are a widow."

Then, in answer to the child's vacant gaze, she continued.

"Don't you understand? Didn't you have a husband once?"

"Yes, I think so," Sita answered; "an old, bad man who used to shake me and tell me to grow up quickly to work for him. Perhaps he was my husband. When he died they said I killed him, but I did not. I was glad he was dead though," added the sad little thing.

"So you call him bad?" the woman cried. "Ah! no wonder the gods hate you. No doubt you were very wicked ages and ages ago and so now you are made a widow. By and by you will be born a snake or a toad," and gathering up her water pots, she went away.

The slender, ill-fed child hurriedly filled the brass vessels, knowing that abuse awaited her late return. Raising the huge jars to her head, she hastened to her house—a *home* she never knew. The sister-in-

law met the little thing with violent abuse, and bade her prepare the morning meal. The child was ill and nearly fell with fatigue.

"I'll show you how to wake up," the woman cried, and seizing a hot poker she laid it on the arms and hands of the child. Screaming with pain, the poor little creature worked on, trembling if the sister-in-law even looked her way.

This was one day. Each of the seven long years contained three hundred and sixty-five such days, and now they were growing worse. The last year, in token of the deep disgrace of widowhood, the child's soft dark tresses had been shaved off, and her head left bare. When that has been done, but one meal a day is permitted a widow, no matter how hard she works.

Most of the little girls who saw Sita would run from her, fearing pollution. But there was one who shone on her like a gleam of sunshine whenever she saw her. One day after the woman had abused her at the well, Sita found a chance to tell Tungi about it.

"There is a better God than that," Tungi said. "Our people do not know him, and that is why I am not allowed to talk with

you. I am married and my husband lives in a distant city. If I speak to you, they believe that he will die. But in the school I attend, many do not believe these things."

"How can you go to school?" Sita answered. "My sister-in-law says that only bad people learn to read."

"So my mother used to think," said Tungi; "but my husband is in school, and he has sent word that I must go until he calls for me to come to his home. Then he can have a wife who can understand when he talks about his books. He says the English have happy families and it is this which makes them so. The wives know books, and how to sing and how to make home pleasant. My mother says it is all very bad, but he is my husband and I must do as he says. I am very glad, for it is very pleasant there."

Thus the bright-eyed little Brahmin wife chatted away, as gay as a bird. The fount of knowledge was opened to her—the beaming eye, the elastic figure and the individuality of her western sisters were becoming hers.

But none of these things seemed for Sita. For nine weary months after Tungi went to school, the shaven-headed child, living on

one poor meal a day, went about sad and lonely. When she again saw her bright-faced little friend, her condition had grown worse. Her neck and arms were full of scars where bits of flesh had been pinched out in vindictive rage of her husband's relations, who believed her guilty of his death. Brutality, growing stronger with use, made them callous to the sufferings of the little being in their power. No one who cared knew of the pangs of hunger, the violent words and the threats of future punishment.

Once or twice she had looked down into the cool depths of the well and wondered how quickly she could die. Only the terror of punishment after death kept this baby-widow from suicide.

One day as she was weeping by the gateway of Tungi's house, the little child-wife told the little child-widow of a safe refuge¹ for such as she, where neither poverty nor ignorance could exclude her—a home under the loving care of one who knew the widow's curse.

After many difficulties, Sita found this

¹The Sharada Sadan, a widow's home, founded by Pundita Ramabai.

shelter. Here she forgot her widowhood and found her childhood. Here, in the beautiful garden, or at her lessons, helping with cooking, or leaning lovingly on the arm of Ramabai's chair, she passed many sweet and useful years. By and by she found the greatest joy in love—higher and better than human love can ever be. Later, when a beautiful young womanhood had crowned her, she was sought by an earnest, enlightened young Christian as his wife.

Many of the millions of child-widows in India never find release from the bonds of cruel custom and false religion. In Hinduism there is no hope for such accursed ones.

DIFFICULTIES OF DOCTORING IN INDIA

From "Between Life and Death," the story of the medical work of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society in India, China and Ceylon, by Irene H. Barnes.

A medical missionary often has cause to wonder how many of her medicines are administered according to directions. After repeating her orders again and again, a dialogue something like the following frequently ensues:

"Now how is this medicine to be taken?" the missionary asks.

"It shall be taken just as you say," the patient replies.

"Well; what have I said?"

"Please say it again, and I shall know."

No neat phial is brought for the physic, but a piece of cocoanut shell or a little brass saucer. To prescribe a "teaspoonful" or a "tablespoonful" is all one to people who eat with their fingers, and have no use for knives, forks or spoons.

If a quarter of the medicine does them good one day, they drink up all that is left the next day, and make themselves ill.

A whole bottle of medicine intended for three or four days is frequently taken in one dose, in spite of ample warning and explanation.

If the doctor should mix the medicine with water from the dispensary, the patients would not touch it, as it would break their caste. All prescriptions must be made up with water brought by them in vessels of their own.

Their use of metaphor is a fertile cause of difficulty to beginners in the language.

Some time ago a woman came to a dispensary complaining of fever and a cough; but she spoke of the fever as a snake, and the cough it had left behind as the trail of the snake!

Amusing incidents constantly occur. Out-patients of a hospital come and show their own tongue and pulse when they want medicine for others.

"Give me the same medicine as you gave my friend just now," is a frequent request, irrespective of difference in malady. Others put the doctor's powers to the test by refusing to give an account of their symptoms.

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“If she is a clever doctor,” they declare, “she will find out for herself.”

Their *hakims*¹, they say, can find out the diagnosis and treatment without any inquiries. They can tell what is wrong by feeling the pulse of one hand, and whether the patient will recover by feeling the pulse of the other. Patients hate examination, and as their *hakims* do not trouble them with this, they object to the methods of the medical missionary in this respect.

¹Priest doctors.

HOW WE DUG THE WELL

From "Village Work in India" by Norman Russell, missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Board of Missions.

One day Raghu¹ came up to Mhow with that same woebegone expression and look of final disappointment that he had worn when the Brahmans decided to drive him out.

"*Ham kya karen, Sahib?*" (What can we do?) and tears of discouragement filled the old man's eyes. "The river is dried up, and the Brahmans refuse us the use of the village wells."

It appeared that the excuse had been given that the vessels they brought would destroy the villagers' caste.

"But, Sahib Ji," said Raghu, "this is not the true reason. Many a time have I drunk water at the village wells, and never been refused till they learned I was a Christian.

¹Raghu was a native Hindoo, who had become a Christian, and was suffering under persecution from his pagan neighbors.

Why, to-day, Sahib, they wouldn't give me a drink the whole way in from Parlia; I wasn't able even to wet my lips."

And I thought of the terrible road beneath the mountains and the blinding, smothering heat of that mid-summer day. Of all the agonies the human system is called on to endure, perhaps none is so terrible as that of thirst. Well may you who have never known such suffering, have pity for the dwellers on India's plains when the skies are brass and the breasts of mother earth are dry.

I knew Raghu's contention to be correct, and that the closing of the wells was only one of the special persecutions by which the villagers visited their spite on those who became Christians. I could have appealed to the English officials but the feeling had run so high that I determined, if possible, to avoid their interference.

We laid the matter before God, and it was decided to try for water on our own little piece of ground, as, if we could have a well of our own, the question of water would be forever settled.

The excavation of a well in this land of continual sunshine and terrible thirst is not only a work of considerable expense, as,

being more of the nature of a cistern, it must be both wide and deep, but also a source of great virtue, and is usually initiated with much ceremony. It created no little talk, therefore, among the villagers, when it became known what the Christians were intending to do.

The piece of land we owned was a bare narrow strip at one side of the village. The houses of the Christians, together with a room for the missionary, had been built towards the rear end, on the highest part of the compound.

The natural place for the well, in the opinion of the villagers, would have been the low ground at the front of the lot. But after prayer for guidance, it was decided to dig it in the higher end, behind the houses.

Without any ceremony beyond this simple prayer the tools were brought and the work begun. No sooner, however, were the first few clods removed than almost the whole village flocked over the thorn hedge into the compound to see and criticise. The village people are very voluble, and there was no lack of spokesmen.

"What is going on here?" several began to ask, as they crowded round the workers.

"We are digging a well," the Christians replied, without ceasing their work.

"But you have not consulted the pundits," objected one old wiseacre with toothless jaws. "Nor called in the priests," added a hanger-on at the temple. "Ye have made no offerings to the gods," sneered a young man, a clerk in the *kachahri*, in convincing tones. "Nor feasted the Brahmans," objected another.

And so the stream of criticisms, taunts, and jeers rolled on, ending in the final assurance, which was evidently the judgment of the crowd. "You will get no water, absolutely none."

"But we have prayed to God who made the water," answered the Christians, "and He will give it to us."

"Wah!" they replied, in a tone which meant a good deal more than it said. And, as if to convince them that any God the Christians might believe in did not know much, one of the Brahmans, who had been prominent in the opposition, added: "There is no water here. There is the place for water," pointing to the lower end of the lot.

"But we have asked God about the place, and we believe this is where He wants us

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to dig. We will surely get water," the Christians answered with much earnestness.

At which, with a loud chorus of "Wah! Wah!" and much shrugging of the shoulders, the crowd turned disgusted away.

There was no real obstruction placed in the way of the work, for even the Brahmans had too much reverence for the digging of a well to attempt that. But day after day, as the excavation went on, the people would come to the side of the well, and pour out the same expressions of contempt.

On the second or third day, when the broad hole, some twelve or fourteen feet in diameter, was beginning to get well through the upper soil, a shrewd-looking farmer, who with a companion was watching operations, remarked in no very complimentary terms: "The fools! this is a stony place; there is no water here."

And sure enough, as if to further try their faith, our people soon struck rock, much to the gratification of the evil prophets. But it turned out to soft rock, readily excavated with pick and shovel, and, contrary to the usual nature of morum soil, remained soft most of the way down. On

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this being pointed out, the villagers had only the same assurance.

“That may be so, but still you will get no water.”

And it looked as though the villagers were right, as day after day our men wrought away at the stone, and still no moisture appeared.

“What did you expect?” the onlookers asked; “they are Christians.”

But the men toiled on in faith, praying every day that God would give them not only the water they so urgently needed, but grace to bear with the taunts of the villagers. For these simple Christians believed not only that God was with them, but that He had chosen the very site on which they were digging, and that therefore they were bound to succeed.

But it was slow work; the soil, though it might have been worse, was still rock; the pick points had to be remade daily; and, now that they were too deep for the coolies to travel up the winding pathway with the refuse on their heads, it had to be hoisted up toilsomely a basketful at a time, by means of the well rope.

They had now been digging for several weeks without any signs of water and every

day they were getting nearer and nearer the great trap bed which underlies the whole soil of Malwa and Nimar ; this reached without finding water, their hopes would be at an end.

As the hole grew deeper and deeper, the prayers grew more earnest and frequent. It was now not merely a question of getting water ; to them the very God of the Christians was assailed and His faithfulness at stake. The men never seemed to tire ; the rest hour was shortened, even the time for meals was grudged from the well. The great heat, the unusual labor, the unfriendliness of the villagers, all were forgotten in the excitement of expectancy. Even the women gave a hand and helped with the baskets.

Deeper, still deeper, yet how slowly the hole crept downwards ; they were stripped to the waist, and the sweat was rolling down their sides ; the rock was growing harder and the great blocks of morum more difficult to dislodge ; and yet, as they looked round upon the uneven well-bottom, torn into rude crevices and ragged ridges, only the hard, dry stone appeared.

But suddenly Raghu, dropping the basket he was loading, rushed to the side of the

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well, and began to examine carefully the bottom of a great slab of stone.

"See!" he exclaimed, excitedly, holding up his hand. "Is not this water? Strike!" he shouted to the man with the pick; but without waiting for him to obey, he seized the implement himself, and with a mighty blow and a still mightier upheaval tore away the face of the slab.

"Again!" shouted the three excited men, as the broken stone revealed sure signs of moisture on the soft rock beneath; and again the pick sank deep into the damp morum. And then, as the old man tore it away, the water bubbled out, trickling in a discolored stream into the crevices beneath.

"*Shabash!*" "*Bahut achchha!*" the shout of joy broke in varied exclamations from their lips; only, however, to be immediately checked, as they saw the hole quickly widen and the stream of water grow clearer and increase. It seemed to them as though a subterranean reservoir must have been struck; and for a moment or two the instinct of self-preservation occupied their whole attention; quickly the men were drawn up in the basket, the last tying the tools to a rope, ere with nervous haste he scrambled out of the water, now fast ap-

proaching his knees; and they were barely out of the well before the place where they had been working was filled with water.

Down on their knees they dropped in a brief prayer of thanksgiving; and then, could you blame them? a feeling of exultation and triumph burst up in their hearts, and, rushing out into the village street, they shouted:

“We’ve got water! We’ve got water!”

The villagers would not believe it until, hurrying out of shops and houses, they rushed to the side of the well and saw it for themselves. Then more than one exclaimed:

“It’s true, they’ve got water!”

Into all the countryside went the news that the Christians had procured water in a well where even the Brahmans prophesied they would fail, and that without the aid of priest or pundit or any service to the gods. And from all the villages round about the people came to see the “Jesus Christ well,” as it was commonly called.

It was the best sermon we had ever had in the district. From that day we heard no more of the Christians’ being turned out; the well had conquered, and the followers of Jesus were received into the community.

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A few weeks later they were holding a service in the house of the *Kamasdar*, preaching to some of their once bitter opponents of the love of Jesus.

THE WINNING OF THE BRECS

From "Soo Thah: A Tale of the Making of the Karen Nation," by Alonzo Bunker, D. D.

Away to the eastward, over the watershed, several days' journey beyond Wee-lakaw, Soo Thah's¹ first mission field, there lived a very savage tribe about which little was known save that they were notoriously bad, and reckless fighters.

In tours up and down the churches and villages, the teachers had often looked away to that range of mountains, and wondered how they might reach the wild tribes living beyond them. They were called Brecs and so great was the fear of them among their neighbors, that their country was seldom entered. They lived largely by plunder, and were said to be fond of uncooked meat and blood.

Only a few years before, they had attacked a village occupied by teacher Saw Ah, and carried his wife and two children into captivity.

¹A native Karen evangelist or teacher.

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At the great annual assembly of the Karen churches, the question of sending teachers to this tribe was brought up in the missionary meeting. When the elders called for volunteers for this work, there was silence. It was not strange that the young men hesitated. Saw Ah's case was ever before them. Men would have sprung to their feet for work in almost any other field. But who would dare go to the blood-thirsty Brecs?

During the appeal, Soo Thah had bowed his head for a few moments, evidently in prayer. Then he rose to his feet; and few will ever forget the look of noble purpose that overspread his face, as he said very simply, almost as if talking to himself:

"I am sorry for the poor Brecs, who know nothing of Yuah,¹ or his law to men. I am very unhappy because no one goes to them with the great tidings. If my church will give me leave, I will go."

In the midst of profound silence, the chairman arose and said:

"It is enough, Soo Thah will go to the Brecs. Let us pray." And the vast audience bowed their heads, while the leader

¹The Karen name for God.

poured out his heart in prayer for their first missionary to this savage tribe.

“But, Soo Thah, you do not propose to go alone to the wild people, do you?” some one asked him afterwards.

“Yes,” he replied; “if Yuah sends me, he will take care of me.”

“But you do not know the road, and the way is long and lonely.”

“Yuah delivered me from the mouth of a bear,” Soo Thah replied, “and also from death when, crossing a swift stream, I was swept among the rocks. He also saved me from the mouth of a tiger. He will be with me in this work, no matter how difficult.”

Committing his family to the care of his church, and taking his Karen bag with a testament and hymn-book, Soo Thah commenced his long journey. He was escorted by the disciples from village to village, until he reached the boundary of English territory; then he pushed on alone over a path of which he knew nothing, except that it led into the country of the Brecs. The second day he reached the foot of the watershed.

This range of mountains towers six thousand feet above sea-level, and is covered

with a thick forest to its summit. When he reached the top, there lay before him the unknown country he was seeking. Here and there in the distance, he could mark the localities of the villages, by the smoke of their fires. Proceeding eastward he selected his way as Yuah seemed to lead him.

As the way now led down the mountain-side, he made rapid progress. In the course of the afternoon, he drew near to a village, but the number of paths was confusing; yet, using his knowledge of jungle life, he finally approached it aright. Had he been left to his own choice, this was the last village he would have selected in which to begin his holy mission. It was the most wicked of them all. Here lived the most notorious band of cut-throats in all the land. But God was with him; he was in the path of safety and success, though led among lions.

Fortunately he met no one until he passed a turn in the road, where suddenly he found himself at the entrance of the village. Then a dozen men saw him at once. The women and children, screaming in alarm, ran for their lives into their homes. They evidently thought the stranger was the advance of an attacking party. The men seized their

spears and knives, and rushing forward, surrounded our hero with cries and threatening gestures. They were a band of fierce savages, moved with anger, and several poised their spears, and raised their long knives, crying:

“Kill him! Kill him! He is a spy sent by our enemies. Cut him down!”

And they would have done so, had not Soo Thah stood there unmoved, quietly looking into their angry faces. What a picture of Christian heroism! Yet he himself did not regard it so.

“Do men of war,” he asked as soon as he could make himself heard, “do spies, go about in the daytime alone and unarmed, as I am? See!” and he pulled from his bag his Testament and hymn-book. “See! Are these the weapons of bad men?”

His coolness, as a shield, had stayed the hurling of the spears, or the thrust of the knives.

“This is the white book,” he said, “of which our ancestors have told us from ancient days¹. It speaks. Listen!”

¹The Karens had a tradition of a “white book” given them by a great Spirit with whom they had lost fellowship.

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Then he read from the hymn book, translating as he read, for the dialect of the tribe was not that of the book. Then he sang. It was the first book ever seen by these people, the first Christian song ever heard.

Soo Thah was a sweet singer, and any one would be fascinated with his melodious voice. But now he was singing for his life. The Spirit of God was upon him. The great love which Jesus had put into his heart for this lost people rounded and softened the melody of the song. It smote upon the savage and angry hearts of these wild men like the warm rays of the sun on a block of ice. What wonder that their spears sought the ground, and their swords their sheaths. It was as if an angel had suddenly descended from heaven and stood in the midst of them.

One song finished, another was called for, until he was weary. Then, having won their attention, he boldly announced to them the glad message Yuah had sent him to deliver. As they listened they began to say one to another:

"This cannot be a bad man. We never saw bad men do this way."

"He talks as Saw Aw does," another joined in, "and he is a good man."

"Are you a Jesu Kree man, and a brother of Saw Aw?" still another asked.

"That I am," answered Soo Thah. "Do you know Saw Aw?"

"Know him!" exclaimed several, "he is with the great chief of the Red Karens. His heart is white. His lips speak true words. He is kind to the poor and sick. We know him, though he has never been here and only a few have seen him."

"Did he not cure me of fever with bitter white powder, when I went with presents to the great chief?" another said.

"Yes, he was kind to us, though our fathers carried off his wife and children," still another said: "We never saw anything like it."

Thus Soo Thah won a notable victory, and was received to the best they had; and they listened gladly to the message he had been sent to deliver.

For some time he remained teaching them about the love of Yuah, and reasoning with them about the folly of their lives of violence and crime.

Having opened wide this door, Soo Thah began to be anxious concerning his family; so he reluctantly closed his visit and re-

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turned to his village ; and finally he made his report to his white teacher in the great city.

After a few years a church of forty members was organized, other villagers joined in the movement, and schools and churches grew up ; all as a result of Soo Thah's brave expedition to the Brecs.

KIM OF KOREA

From "Korean Sketches," by the Rev. James S. Gale, B. A., of the American Presbyterian Mission, Wönsan, Korea.

We had gone northeast to plant a Christian mission on the coast of Korea. We found a home and then announced to this strange people the object of our coming. On the first day of meeting the room was filled and in the farthest corner sat a little oldish man, with face afire, listening while I read. At the close he stood and made an address of his own.

"This doctrine," said he, "tells a man to hate his father and mother and marry his brother's wife. Wrong? Of course! Away with it! Everybody knows its wrong."

He left indignant, but he came again, and the fiery face grew pinched with listening. He drank in the words:

"Rest for the wanderer; bread for the hungry; all who are troubled, come! And the man that was dead heard His voice; and

the poor outcast woman found that He cared for her; and the thief, who deserved to die, was taken home to heaven; and He Himself suffered with His hands nailed through and His feet torn, and His garments bedraggled with blood."

The tears had come, and old Kim was on his feet. With tenderness in his voice he told the people that he did not know how or why, but the story of Jesus was for him. He trusted that his heart was at peace with God, the first time in fifty years.

There was great consternation among the people. Kim's face was changed, the look of woe upon it was gone, and an expression of peace written upon it. He went to the elders of the village and told them what had been done for him. They were all upset and the town was in confusion, for Kim prayed so loud at night that he terrified the people. They in turn offered sacrifice, and cried to their gods to save the town from the spirit that had entered it.

One, bolder than others, defied God, threatened Kim, and blasphemed in his poor, ignorant way, and left for his home underneath the hills. But a great rain came, and a part of the hill slid off and buried the

man; then Kim prayed that God would save the people and stop the landslides.

Gradually, from a wicked man, Kim became what all the townsfolk called a good man, though a little crazy. They nicknamed him *Chom Yung Kam*, (Little Old Man). Little he was in the eyes of his countrymen, and older than his age, for he lived not here, but beyond the eternities in the life to come. Only a year remained for him, and it was a hard year of suffering.

"Once," he said, "I was cutting grass for fuel, and the weariness was so great that I knelt down among the reeds to tell Him of it; then he gave me such peace and such indescribable delight. Oh! If the people only knew it, they would all believe in Him."

But we had no suitable meeting house in which the people could gather to hear, and times were very hard. I told Kim I feared it was out of the question, but he rebuked me, saying:

"Brother! who runs this world?"

With that he went to the end of the veranda and prayed and shouted so loud, that all the people in the town could hear him. He wanted a meeting house in which

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to preach the good news, and he thanked God for the promise of an answer.

The meeting house is built now, but Kim never saw it, for his body was already sleeping in the dust awaiting the resurrection. To the last he was faithful, and when life was nearly ended and strength gone, he gave us who were left strength and encouragement.

Death and the resurrection! The wisest seek in vain by wisdom to find out what they are and have to give up the search and die forgotten; while a poor old heathen, who has never known anything, finds the secret and dies triumphantly.

On a sunny slope among the pines, near his little mud cabin, there is a green mound that marks his grave. We knew him less than two years; and after all he was only a poor backwoods Korean, but his going meant loneliness to us and his memory brings the tears.

THE MISTAKES OF MISSIONARIES¹

A young missionary to China sent his servant out into the street to buy something. He was gone all day. Late in the evening he came back with his wheelbarrow, looking tired and discouraged. When asked where he had been, he replied:

“Mr. L. sent me out to get him *six wives*, and I could not find one!”

Shortly after her arrival in India, a young lady missionary was allowed to order breakfast for the household, in order to test her progress in the language. She intended to ask for fresh eggs, but used the wrong words, saying to the astonished cook, “You may bring us, this morning, an *old blind man*, nicely boiled!”

¹Missionaries to foreign lands have a good many wrestling matches with the language before they finally master it. The mishaps with strange tongues herewith presented have been gathered from many sources, but all are well authenticated.

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A missionary, wishing to announce a public meeting at the church on a certain day, announced that they would hold a "*big rooster*" there.

Another missionary told his servant to bring him the "*window-sill*."

A young lady, visiting her sister who was a missionary in Mexico, had only a slight knowledge of the language. One day she ran into a gentleman on the street. Bowing, she said, as she thought, "Beg your pardon." Afterward she learned that she had said, "By your permission!"

A lady missionary in China once sent her servant out to buy her some "*courage*" [What she really wanted was beef-gall!

A lady missionary in Brazil requested her servant to bring her some little article that she needed at once. The servant steadfastly refused to obey her orders. With great indignation she went to her husband to lay complaint, only to learn to her dismay that she had asked the man to kiss her!

[A missionary once announced that a

"*great fish*" had destroyed the crops. He meant a great rain.

Mr. H. is a stalwart missionary with strong muscles and broad shoulders, surmounted by massive head and a firm under jaw. One Saturday night he called in his cook to see if he had been honest in his accounts. "Honest," in Chinese, is "*Savan Jang*," while "*Da Jang*" means to fight. When the cook came in, Mr. H. told him he wanted to "*Da Jang*" with him. The poor fellow turned pale and trembled before this young American giant, wondering what he could have done. He was much relieved to see Mr. H. get out his book and pen with which to settle the accounts.

Another missionary in China gave a pretty little dinner party to her friends. At the proper time she ordered the servant to bring in the fruit. He objected; she insisted; he refused; she grew angry. Finally he left the room, and soon returned with an air of supreme contempt, bringing his master's every-day trousers carefully arranged on a large platter!

NOVEL SIGNS IN JAPANESE CITIES

From an article contributed by the Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D., to *The Century Magazine*.

In the larger cities of Japan many of the shopkeepers are not content with one language, and that their own, but evidently have applied to a sign painter who has acquired that dangerous thing, a little knowledge of English, without drinking deep at the Pierian spring, for a "shingle" that shall express to the world in Western characters the nature of their business. The assurance of these sign painters is not matched by their familiarity with English spelling, construction, moods, and tenses; and the result is often amusing in the extreme. For instance, one is amazed to see in Tokyo a sign that boldly announces.

A TAILOR CUT TO ORDER.

Another one informs us

PHOTOGRAPHER EXECUTED
HERE.

A hatter in Kobe announces that he sells
GENERAL SORT STRAW HAT.
 and another informs the public that he is a
DEALER NEWANDSTILISHSTRAW-
HAT
WILL MAKE TO ORDOR.

The new and remarkable word of twenty-one letters in his sign is a puzzle for the uninitiated. Another, who evidently believes that brevity is the soul of wit, has placed over his door

BISCUIT THE WINE.

Still more laconic is the merchant who announces himself as a

SHIRTAILER.

It is not strange that single letters should get out of place, as in

RESTAURAND,
MEALS AT ALL HOUSE,
SHOES MANUFACTUOARY,
CIGARAND AND CIGARETTED,

and the like. But it does seem as if a wag with a keen sense of humor had been at work when we read, as we do in a prominent street of Osaka,

ER-MAN-WASH.

Put the last syllable first, and you will

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catch the thought. A wag, too, must have prepared the label for a dealer in borax, who after extolling the purity and value of his preparation, put in large letters at the bottom:

BEWARE OURTRADEMARK.

Perhaps the same joker prepared the advertisement for a chocolate firm, which highly praised the excellence of its unrivalled chocolate, and then announced that it "was warranted to contain other ingredients."

REAL ESTATE LONE AND CORRECTING AGENCY.

appears in Tokyo, a place, perhaps, for bad boys and girls.

DRAW FOR WISH. OIL PAINTING PORTRAIT.

also appears in the same city.

Public signs and notices are often as amusing as the shop signs. For instance, this one that appears on the way up the famous Bluff at Yokohama:

IT IS FORBIDDEN TO THROW THE STONE A MAN IS BEING WOUNDED.

Probably in some past year a stone thrown over the bank hit a passer-by, but the man is still being wounded.

At a temple door we read :

ALL VISITOR ARE NOT ALLOW
TO ENTER THIS TEMPLE PUTTING
ON THEIR SHOE.

Hence, of course, we took off our shoe.

It will take a linguist to unravel this notice, which I copied from a poster on the side of a house in a little fishing village on the shore of the Inland Sea.

TO LET GRAUND IN BEACH
WHEN IF YOU LIKE I WILL DID
AWAY FROM STEET AND WILL
TAKEN DIRTY COTTAGE.

On mature deliberation of several savants it was decided that the owner meant to say that if we rented his lot on the beach he would move his house from the street, and also take away the "dirty cottage" that now encumbered his ground.

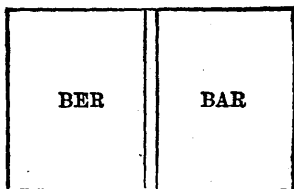
After all, a study of signs in Japan is not altogether productive of amusement. The enterprise of the nation is typified, and its eagerness to enter into the commercial arena with the best of the traders. Its self-confidence, too, that is not dazed by any little difficulty like a wrong letter or article, is admirably illustrated. It is also a significant fact that only English is at-

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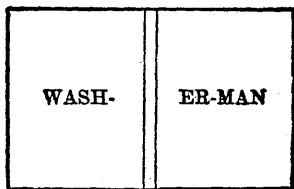
tempted. We see no German or French signs, and even all the railway stations are named in English as well as in Japanese. All these straws show to which direction the trade winds of Japan are blowing.

The following possible explanation of the "Er-man-wash" sign was sent to Dr. Clark after his article appeared in *The Century* by Rev. M. L. Gordon, D. D., the eminent missionary to Japan:

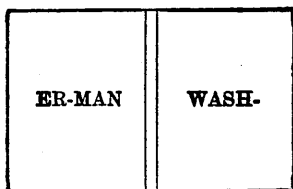
Often the signs are printed on the double sliding paper doors of the shop. But these doors may be pulled the *wrong* way, and then the sign looks queer. Thus "Barber" becomes:



In the same way



is easily transformed into



Dr. Gordon adds:

Did you see this sign: "Ladies' furs made from their own skins?"

JAPANESE ETIQUETTE

From "The Gist of Japan," by Rev. R. B. Peery, A. M., Ph. D., of the Lutheran Mission, Saga, Japan.

In many instances forms of politeness are carried to a ridiculous extreme in Japan.

When you give a present, no matter how nice, you must apologize by saying that it is so *cheap* and *insignificant* that you are ashamed to *lift it up* to the honorable person, but if he will *condescend* to accept it he will make you very happy.

If you receive a present you must elevate it toward the top of the head (as that is considered the most honorable part of the body) and at the same time say it is the *most beautiful thing on earth*.

When you are invited to dinner the invitation will carefully state that no special preparation will be made for the occasion. At the beginning of the meal the hostess will apologize for presuming to set before you such mean, dirty food, and will declare that she has nothing whatever for you

to eat, although she will doubtless have a feast fit for a king. Even if it should not be good, you must say that it is and praise it extravagantly.

The greetings between friends are sometimes very amusing. I have often overheard such conversations as the following. Two men meet in the street, bow very low, and begin as follows:—

A. "I have not had the pleasure of hanging myself in your honorable eyes for a long time."

B. "I was exceedingly rude last time I saw you."

A. "No; it was surely I who was rude. Please excuse me."

B. "How is your august health?"

A. "Very good, thanks to your kind assistance."

B. "Is the august lady, your honorable wife, well?"

A. "Yes, thank you; the lazy old woman is quite well."

B. "And how are your princely children?"

A. "A thousand thanks for your kind interest. The noisy, dirty little brats are well, too."

B. "I am now living on a little back

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street, and my house is awfully small and dirty; but if you can endure it, please honor me with a visit."

A. "I am overcome with thanks, and will surely ascend to your honorable residence, and impose my uninteresting self upon your hospitality."

B. "I will now be very impolite and leave you."

A. "If that is so, excuse me. *Sayonara.*"

MAKING MONEY FOR GOD

From "A Maker of New Japan, Rev. Joseph Hardy Neesima, LL. D.," by Rev. J. D. Davis, D. D., professor of theology in Doshisha University.

¹I am not a college man, and it was the bitter disappointment of my life that I could not be one. I wanted to go to college and be a minister; went to Phillips Academy to fit. My health broke down, and in spite of my determined hope to be able to go on, at last the truth was forced on me that I could not.

To tell my disappointment is impossible. It seemed as if all my hope and purpose in life were defeated. "I can not be God's minister," was the sentence that kept rolling through my mind.

¹The Hon. Alpheus Hardy, the princely benefactor of countless good causes, who educated the great Japanese Christian, Dr. Joseph Hardy Neesima, once told this thrilling story of his experiences to the Psi Upsilon Society at Amherst College, of which he had just been made an honorary member.

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When that fact at last became certain to me, one morning, alone in my room, my distress was so great that I threw myself flat on the floor. The voiceless cry of my soul was, "O God, I can not be Thy minister!" Then there came to me as I lay there a vision, a new hope, a perception that I could serve God in business with the same devotion as in preaching, and that to make money for God might be my sacred calling. The vision of this service, and its nature as a sacred ministry, were so clear and joyous that I rose to my feet, and with new hope in my heart, exclaimed aloud: "O God, I *can* be thy minister. I will go back to Boston. I will make money for God, and that shall be my ministry."

From that time I have felt myself as much appointed and ordained to make money for God as if I had been permitted to carry out my own plan and been ordained to preach the gospel. I am God's man, and the ministry to which God has called me is to make and administer money for Him, and I consider myself responsible to discharge this ministry and to give account of it to Him.

PULLING TEETH IN THE LAND OF THE TOOTHACHE

From "From Far Formosa," by George Leslie Mackay, D. D., missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Church in Formosa.

Dentistry is a most important department of medical mission work in Formosa.

Toothache, resulting from severe malaria, and from betel-nut chewing, cigar smoking and other filthy habits, is the abiding torment of tens of thousands of both Chinese and aborigines. There are numberless superstitions cherished by the people regarding the growth, defects and treatment of the teeth; and the ways by which they attempt to drive out the black-headed worm, believed to be gnawing inside and causing toothache, are some of them amusing, some disgusting, and some, indeed, ingenious.

The methods by which the natives extract teeth are both crude and cruel. Sometimes the offending tooth is pulled with a strong string, or pried out with the blade of a

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pair of scissors. The traveling doctor uses a pair of pincers or small tongs. It is not to be wondered at that the people all dread the operation, as jaw-breaking, excessive hemorrhage, fainting, and even death frequently result from the barbarous treatment.

My first attempt to extract a tooth was in 1873. On leaving Tek-chham with the students one day we were followed by a dozen soldiers who had been sent to watch our movements. One of their number was suffering intense pain from a decayed tooth.

"There is a worm in it," he said.

I had no forceps, but after examining it I got a piece of hard wood, shaped it as desired, and with it removed the tooth. It was primitive dentistry, to be sure, but the tooth was out, and the poor soldier wept for joy and was most profuse in his gratitude. Years after, when a number of soldiers were reviling the "barbarian missionary," a tall officer stepped forward and reproved them, saying that I was the teacher who had relieved him of the toothache.

My first dental instruments were very rude, having been hammered out by a native blacksmith to my directions. I now have the very best instruments made in New

York. The lance is rarely used, and the key, hook, punch or screw, never. A chair is not needed, and with a hundred sufferers waiting their turn, any elaborate preparations would be a waste of time. The Chinese have considerable nerve, and endure the pain wonderfully well.

Our usual custom in touring through the country is to take our stand in an open space, often on the stone steps of a temple, and after singing a hymn, proceed to extract teeth, and then preach the message of the gospel.

The sufferer usually stands while the operation is being performed, and the tooth when removed, is laid in his hand. To keep the tooth would awaken suspicion regarding us in the Chinese mind.

Several of the students are experts with the forceps, and we have frequently extracted a hundred teeth in less than an hour.

I have myself, since 1873,¹ extracted over twenty-one thousand, and the students and preachers have extracted nearly half as many more. The people now know that they do not need to suffer the excruciating

¹This was written in 1895.

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pain of toothache, and that they need not run any risk in obtaining relief.

The priests and other enemies of the mission may persuade people that fever and other diseases have been cured, not by our medicines, but by the intervention of their gods; but the relief from toothache is unmistakable, and because of this, tooth extracting has been more than anything else, effectual in breaking down prejudice and opposition.

THE TESTING OF A HOA

From "From Far Formosa," by George Leslie Mackay, D. D., missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Church to Formosa.

A Hoa, my first convert in Formosa, proved a faithful helper, and an apt and diligent student. He was with me every evening as I preached to the people, and traveled with me, too, on short trips into the country.

In the autumn of 1872, a few months after his conversion, we visited Kelung¹ for the first time. On the way we passed through Bang-kah, the largest city in the north, where the citizens showed signs of bitter hostility, and many followed, reviling and pelting us with stones. A Hoa was now becoming familiar with the taunting cries that everywhere greeted us:

"Foreign devil! Black-bearded barbarian!" At Sek-kahn, on the banks of the Kelung River, broken bricks gave em-

¹A city of northern Formosa.

phasis to the cries when our backs were turned. A Hoa was early learning that the path of duty in the service of Christ is sometimes rough and sore, as it was for Him who first went up to Calvary.

At Kelung we stood on the stone steps of a large heathen temple, sang a hymn or two, and immediately the crowd gathered, filling the open space and the street. It was a mob of angry idolaters. Some of them were A Hoa's old acquaintances, and when they saw him stand beside the hated "foreign devil," their contempt for the Christian missionary was as nothing compared with their feelings toward the Christian convert.

I turned to A Hoa and invited him to address the people. It was a moment of testing. He had never before spoken for Christ in the public street. It was only a few months since he himself had first heard the Gospel. He heard the scornful and vile words of his old friends and comrades, and when I turned and asked him to speak, he was silent and hung down his head.

Immediately I read the first verse of a hymn and we sang it together. The words were those of the old Scotch paraphrase that has so often put iron into the blood

and courage into the hearts of trembling saints.

“I’m not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the glory of His cross,
And honor all his laws.”

It was enough. A Hoa raised his head, and never again was he “ashamed.” Looking out over that angry mob, he said in calm, clear tones of a man who believes and is unafraid:

“I am a Christian. I worship the true God. I can not worship idols that rats can destroy. I am not afraid. I love Jesus. He is my Savior and Friend.”

His testimony was brief, but it was brave and true. It is easy now for a young man to take his stand for Christ in Formosa; there are other converts to cheer and encourage him. The words uttered by A Hoa to that crowd of rough and bitter heathen before the idol temple in Kelung, were the first ever spoken for Christ to that generation by a native Christian in North Formosa.

JOHN SUNDAY'S APPEAL TO MR. GOLD

From "The Apostle of the North, James Evans," by Egerton R. Young.

John Sunday, the famous Indian preacher was, perhaps, the homeliest Indian in the land. Yet when his face lighted up, and his eyes began to twinkle, everything was forgotten but his inimitable talk.

He could charm and fascinate an audience, playing upon their feelings like a master musician on an organ. Whenever it was known that John Sunday was to speak, the halls and churches were crowded. In his wonderful conversion, we see the power of the Gospel to uplift and save, for as he tells us, he was once a poor, drunken Missusagas Indian.

At a great missionary meeting held in Toronto, he gave a powerful address, appealing to the vast audience for his poor Indian brethren in their wretched wigwams. His closing sentences of appeal for

financial help were characteristically quaint and original.

"There is a gentleman I suppose now in this house," he said. "He is a very fine gentleman, but he is very, very modest. He does not like to show himself. I do not know how long it is now since I saw him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid he sleeps a great deal of his time, when he ought to be going about doing good. His name is Mr. Gold.

"Mr. Gold, are you here to-night? Or are you in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold! Come out and help us do this great work to preach the Gospel to every creature.

"Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to sleep so much in your iron chest! Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver; he does a great deal of good in the world, while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold, from your iron chest, and fly around like your active brother, Mr. Silver.

"And then, Mr. Gold, just think of your active little brother, Mr. Copper. He is flying about doing all the good he can. Be active like him!

"Come out, Mr. Gold! Do come and help

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us in this good work. But if you really can not come yourself, well, do the next best thing you can—that is send us your shirt, that is, a bank note.”

FOUR INDIANS AND A KEG OF WHISKEY

From "The Apostle of the North, James Evans," by Egerton R. Young, missionary to the Cree and Salteaux Indians.

The great curse of the Indian is fire-water. Their love for strong drink is their greatest weakness.

When America was discovered, the Indians had no intoxicants. They were content to drink the water from the streams and lakes. But the white man introduced his spirituous liquors among them, and many and grievous have been the evils that have followed.

Mr. Evans and other missionaries insisted on all Indian converts becoming total abstainers from all intoxicating liquors. In some places this met with fierce opposition from unprincipled white men who had been thriving on the trade of selling fire-water to the Indians. They were furious when this trade fell off and tried by various schemes to get the Christian Indians drunk.

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On one occasion four Indians from Muncy Town went to the white settlement to trade. The trader tempted them to drink some whiskey, but they refused, saying they were Christians.

Finding he could not succeed, he thought perhaps they were afraid lest some one should see them drink and tell the missionary, and that if they could take it on the sly they would drink as heretofore. Knowing the road they would take home, he put a small jug of whiskey by the side of the Indian trail at the edge of a sloping bank, and hid himself in the bushes beneath, thinking to enjoy the sport of seeing them drink when all alone.

At length they came along in Indian file. Suddenly the first one stopped and exclaimed:

“O, mah-je-mum-e-doo sah-oomah ah-yah:—Lo, the evil spirit (the devil) is here.”

The second, on coming up, said: “Aahe, nebeje—mahmahsah:—Yes, we smell him.”

The third shook the keg with his foot and said: “Kagnit, nenoondahwahsah:—Of a truth me hear him.”

The fourth Indian, coming up, gave the

keg a kick, and away went the fire-water, tumbling down the hill.

The four then went on their way, like brave Christian warriors, leaving the mortified white heathen to take up his keg and drink the devil himself.

THE STARVATION CURE

From "On the Indian Trail," by Egerton R. Young, missionary to the Cree and Salteaux Indians.

The food used by the missionaries was the same as that on which the Indians lived.

My Indian fisherman and I used to catch about ten thousand whitefish in gill nets every October and November. These we hung up on great stages, where they froze as solid as stone. A few hundred we packed away in the snow for use in the following May, when those left on the stages began to suffer from the effects of the warm spring.

These ten thousand fish were needed by the missionary's family and his dogs. The faithful dogs from whom so much was required, lived on them all the time, while the family of the missionary had them on the table twenty-one times a week for six long months.

So many have inquired how Mrs. Young

and I managed so long to live and thrive, and keep our health and spirits, on an almost exclusive fish diet, that I here give the plan we pursued.

We were in good health, and charmed with and thankful for our work. We both had so much to do that our appetites were generally very good, and we were ready for our meals as soon as they were ready for us.

Still, after all, the very monotony of the unchangeable fish diet sometimes proved too much for us. We would, perhaps, be seated at the breakfast table, neither of us with any appetite for the fish before us. We would sip away at our cup of tea without apparently noticing that the fish were untasted, and chat about our plans for the day.

"My dear," I would say, "what are you going to do to-day?"

"I am going to have Kennedy harness up my dogs,"¹ she would answer, "and drive me up the river to see how that old sick woman is getting on and take her a warm blanket I promised her. I will also stop to see how the sick babies and Nancy's little

¹Mr. and Mrs. Young each had a favorite dog-train for traveling among the Indians.

twins are progressing. In the afternoon I want to drive to York village and see Oosememou's sick wife—what is your day's programme?"

To my good wife's question, my answer would be after this fashion:

"Well, first of all, word has come that wolves have been visiting our fish-cache, so I have arranged to drive over there with the dogs to see the extent of the damage. We may be detained some hours making the place strong, so that they can not get the fish if they come again. The rest of the day I will spend in that vicinity, visiting and praying with the neighbors."

Having taken our tea, we had prayers, and soon after began carrying out the programme of the day.

It was after dark ere all the work planned was accomplished, and we met in our little dining-room for our evening meal. It was really the first meal of the day; for we had a tacit understanding that, when times arrived that we could not really enjoy our fish diet, we would resolutely put in the whole day's work without tasting food. The result was, that when we drew up to the table after having refused the morning breakfast and ignored the mid-day meal, we

found that our appetite, even for fish, had returned, and we enjoyed it greatly. And what was more, the appetite remained with us for some considerable time thereafter.

Hunger is a good sauce; and we found—and others have made the same discovery,—that when the appetite fails, and there is a tendency to criticise, or find fault with the food, or even with the cook, a voluntary abstinence for two or three meals will be most beneficial for mind and body, and bring back a very decided appreciation of some of God's good gifts which hitherto had been little esteemed.

JACK, THE FAMOUS MISSIONARY DOG

From "My Dogs in the Northland," by Eger-ton R. Young, missionary to the Cree and Sal-teaux Indians.

In the numerous invitations which were continuously received for lectures and addresses, after our return from the North-land, there was the constant request: "Be sure and bring Jack."¹

The result was, that as I traveled up and down throughout the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, Jack was as well known to thousands as was his master. In the large halls and lecture rooms, as well as in many of the largest churches, Jack, the famous missionary dog, was ever a welcome visitor. When the speakers assembled on the plat-form and the music and speaking began, he had an honorable place among the par-

¹Jack was a giant St. Bernard who had rendered notable service in the famous dog-trains used by Mr. Young in his long winter journeys among the Indians of the north.

sons and others of that class, and none who knew of him and his work ever thought of disputing his right to his place among those most highly honored.

On the railroads Jack became a great favorite with the trainmen. When I started off with him on a railway journey, I always took him to the baggage car and left him there, with orders to remain until we reached our stopping place, and then I would come for him. He well knew what was expected of him and cheerfully obeyed.

At the different places where the train stopped, Jack would frequently jump out on the platform while the baggage men were busy with the trunks or other baggage. But he never got left. In some way or other, he seemed to know when it was his duty to spring in the car again. He was very obedient to my orders to wait at the baggage car until I came for him. This he always did, with one notable exception. Then he disobeyed orders most decidedly. But before you court-martial him, or even censure him, listen to the story and then see if you would have found Jack guilty.

Mrs. Young and I, with Jack, were coming up from Trenton to Toronto on the Grand Trunk railway. Jack, as usual, was

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put in the baggage car, while Mrs. Young and I were in the last car in the train.

We had hardly been traveling more than an hour, when some obstruction threw the engine and all of the cars off the track. The baggage car, which, as usual, was next to the engine, turned sideways and went down a small embankment. This erratic movement caused the sliding door in the lower side of the car to fly open. The instant the door thus opened Jack sprang out (as we were afterwards told). He struck the ground before the car ceased moving and rolled over in the dirt, but quickly rose up unhurt, and disappeared from view of the baggage men.

Such was the speed with which we were going, that the car in which Mrs. Young and I were sitting was broken almost completely off its running gear. Fortunately no one in our car was hurt.

We, of course, all sprang at once to our feet and rushed for the door. We were thankful to find that it had not jammed, so that we were able to get out very quickly. As our seat had been very near the door, we were about the first to rush out. We were excited by the cries of those injured or confined in the cars in front, and were

anxious to help. But before I had run many yards, there was Jack, coming with all the speed imaginable.

The instant he recognized me he gave a howl of delight, and springing upon me, he threw his great fore-paws around my neck and held me with a grip like a bear, while he kissed me repeatedly in dog fashion, and howled out his joy that I had escaped injury.

When I could get him down and quiet his delight a little, he saw Mrs. Young, and away he rushed for her, and again we had an exhibition of his delight that we had both fortunately escaped without injury.

His remarkable conduct on this occasion attracted much attention from a number of people, and there was much discussion and speculation afterwards about Jack's actions on that day. These are the facts as they occurred and they are worthy of study.

THE TAMER OF THE TSIMSHEANS

From "The Story of Metlakahtla," by Henry S. Welcome.

Remembering how the white Christian¹ had come among them with so much self-sacrifice to lead them out of darkness, the Indians of Metlakahtla felt it to be incumbent upon themselves to carry the Gospel to their less privileged brethren.

Native missionaries went out at their own expense, giving their message in simple, figurative language, yet with an earnestness that carried conviction. Hunters and fishermen, mingling with the people of other villages, told them of the changes wrought by the new life, and parties of traders journeying far inland or voyaging along the coast, bartering for furs, each did their share of the work.

Nor was it by their words alone that they

¹William Duncan, a young Englishman who carried the Gospel to the Tsimshian Indians of British Columbia.

gave their evidence. Here were men, now mild and peaceful, who had once been a terror to the whole coast. What had wrought the change?

After being visited by a company of these Christian Indians, a chief and several head men of the Chilkats, a fierce tribe living some five or six hundred miles north on the Alaskan coast, ventured to pay a visit to Metlakahtla, the model village of which they had heard such wonderful stories.

Just before landing, as was customary on visiting a settlement, they arrayed themselves in all their magnificence of barbaric finery, intending to impress the people with their greatness and importance. As they approached in solemn state, Mr. Duncan was notified of their coming, and urged to put on his Sunday best, because the savages were in gorgeous trappings and would despise him if he were poorly dressed. He had on his common working clothes and was in the midst of some important work, which he could not drop at the moment.

As the Chilkats' superb canoes kissed the beach, they leaped out and were cordially received by the Metakahtlans. They were struck with utter amazement at the sight of the buildings, the manner in which the

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people were clothed, and the general appearance of thrift and civilization on every hand. They were impatient to see the great master who had wrought all these wonders.

Mr. Duncan had made no change in his dress, for at all times he sought to discourage the love of pomp and foolish display which he found so deeply rooted in these naturally vainglorious people. When the Chilkats were escorted to him, and he was pointed out as the benefactor, they looked over and beyond him, saying:

“We can not see him. Where is he?”

And when the modest, plainly-clad little man greeted them, and his personality was made clear, they preserved their countenance in stolid rigor to maintain their own great dignity, and uttered no word save a formal greeting.

Despite their efforts to conceal their thoughts, they betrayed great astonishment; they evidently thought they were being deceived. Mr. Duncan, evincing great cordiality, conducted them to his house, and gave them the customary seats of honor for distinguished guests. They continued to look at him in utter silence for some time; then, unable to contain themselves longer, they cried out:

"Surely *you* can not be the man! We expected to see a great and powerful giant, gifted in magic, with enormous eyes that could look right through us and read our thoughts! No, it is impossible!

"How could you tame the wild and ferocious Tsimsheans, who were always waging war, and were feared throughout the whole coast? It is only a few years ago that all this country was a streak of blood, now we see nothing but white eagles' down!¹ We can hardly believe our own eyes, when we see these fine houses and find the Tsimsheans have become wise like white men! They tell us you have God's Book, and that you have taught them to read it. We want to see it."

When the Bible was placed before them, and they were told that it was by following its teachings that the Metlakahtlans had become enlightened, each one touched it reverently with the tip of his finger and said:

"Ahm, ahm"—(It is good, it is good).

The visitors tarried for several days, during which they marvelled at every new wonder of civilization which they beheld. Mr. Duncan seized every opportunity to im-

¹Their emblem of peace and amity.

press upon them the fundamental truths which had brought about this change. He showed them that the prosperity and material benefits which they witnessed were the reward of adopting the new life.

This lesson was not lost upon them; they returned to their homes resolved to adopt the Christian white man's ways.

COUNT ZINZENDORF AND RABBI ABRAHAM

From "A Short History of the Moravian Church," by J. E. Hutton, M. A.

Among the motley medley that lived about the Castle¹ was an old gray-haired Jew, called Rabbi Abraham. One bright June evening Count Zinzendorf met him, held out his hand and said:

"Gray hairs are a crown of glory. I can see from your head and the expression of your eyes that you have had much experience, both of heart and life. In the name of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, let us be friends."

The old man had never heard such a greeting from a Christian before. "Begone, Jew," had been his usual salutation. He was struck dumb with wonder. His lips trembled, his voice failed, and big tears

¹The old castle Marienborn in which Count Zinzendorf made his home during his sojourn in Wetteravia.

rolled down his wrinkled cheeks upon his flowing beard.

"Enough, father," said the Count, "we understand each other."

From this moment the two were friends. The Count went to see him in his dirty home, and ate black bread at his table. One morning before daybreak, as the two walked out, the Jew said: "My old heart is longing for the dawn. I am sick, yet know not what is the matter with me. I am longing for something, but I know not what I seek. I am like one who is chased, yet I see no enemy, except the one within me—my own old evil heart."

Then Count Zinzendorf opened his lips and declared the Gospel of Christ. He painted Love on the Cross; he described that love coming down from holiness and heaven; he painted in glowing colors how Christ met corrupted manhood, that man might become like God.

As the old man wept and wrung his hands, the two ascended a hill, where stood a lonely church. And the sun rose, and its rays fell on the golden cross on the church spire, and the cross glittered brightly in the light of heaven.

"See, 'Abraham!'" said Zinzendorf, "a

sign from heaven for you. The God of your fathers has placed the cross in your sight, and now the sun rising from on high has tinged it with heavenly splendor. Believe in Him whose blood was shed by your fathers, that God's purpose of mercy might be fulfilled; that you might be made free from all sin, and find in Him all your salvation."

"So be it," said the Jew as a new light flashed on his soul. "Blessed be the Lord who has had mercy upon me."

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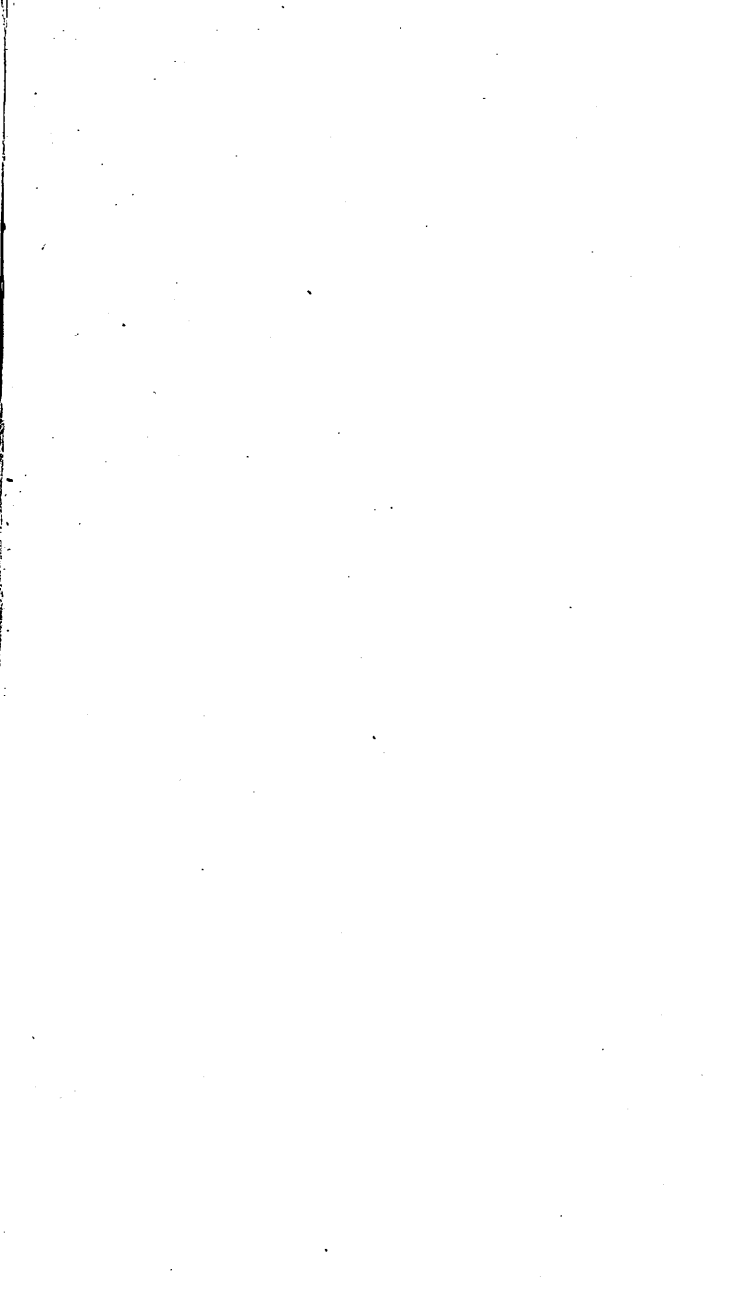
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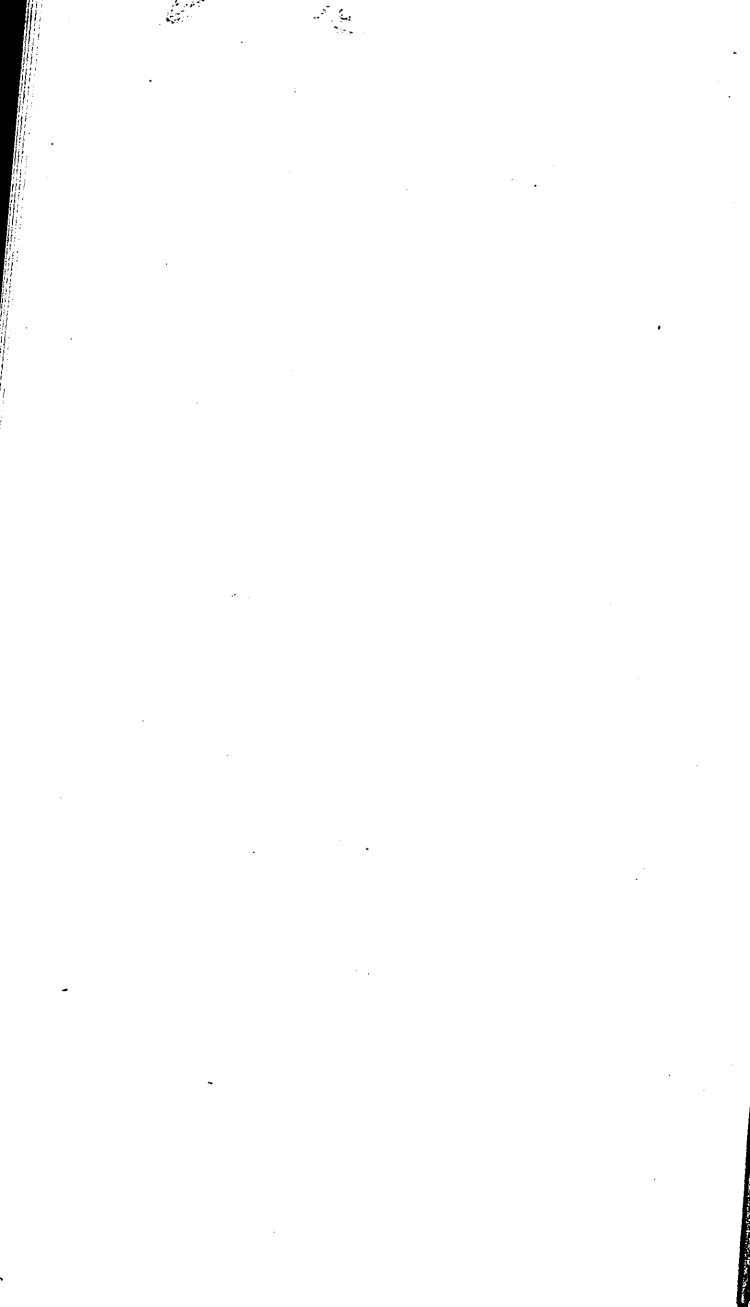
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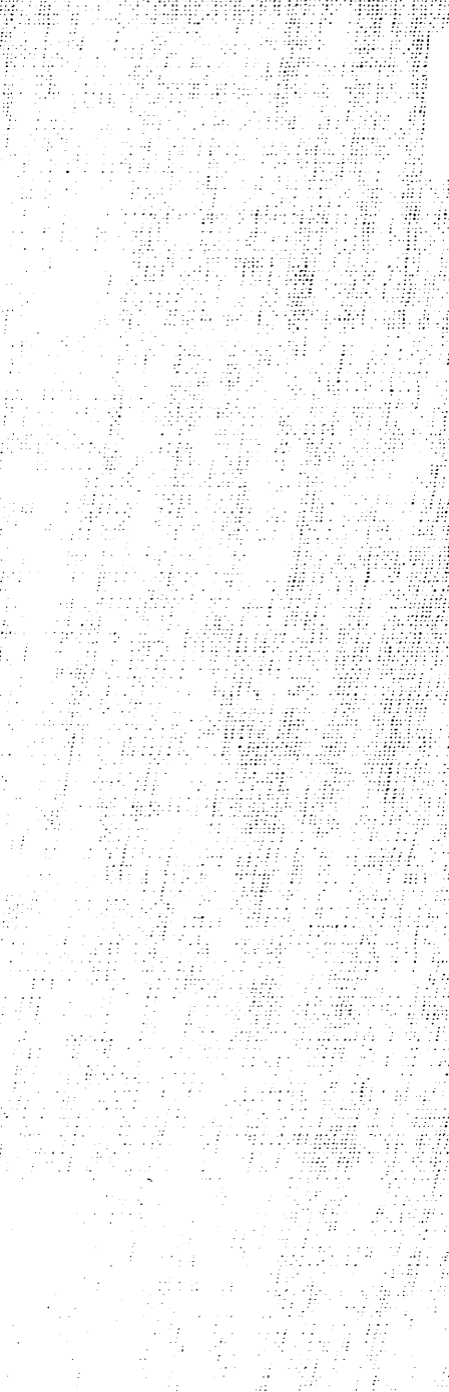


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