

World of Missions

A Model Home Mission Station.

Silverwater is situated on Manitoulin Island, forty miles west of Gore Bay, in the Presbytery of Algoma. As a mission station it is worked in connection with Mekrum Bay, which lies twenty miles still farther west, the student preaching at each place on alternate Sabbaths. Silverwater is a farming community. The settlement is comparatively new, and much of the land remains yet uncleared. The number of Presbyterian families is about twenty. Home mission work was begun about ten or twelve years ago, and has been maintained with very little interruption ever since, the services being held in the school house. The success of this work here has been largely due to the ladies of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, who have taken a deep interest in this field and have for a number of years contributed \$150 a year towards the support of the missionary. Three years ago our people at Silverwater decided to build a church, and to proceed with the work as they were able to pay for it, without incurring debt. At once a suitable lot was secured adjoining the school house. The women organized themselves into a Ladies' Aid Society and began to raise funds. During the three years the ladies collected \$240 for the new church. The men agreed to contribute in materials, work or money as each one could. They first brought stones and built the foundation. Then, slowly, but surely, and without letting any contract, they went on with the superstructure, doing all the work themselves, except making the pews, doors and windows. The exterior of the walls and roof they covered with metallic sheeting and shingles, and the interior they finished in wood, and neatly painted the same. The result is that they have just completed, in a thoroughly workmanlike manner, a substantial, comfortable and handsome looking church. The edifice is 27 feet by 40 feet, with a gallery across one end, and it will comfortably seat 200 people. The total cost, including the estimated value of work and material given, is \$800. This has been borne entirely by the people themselves, with the exception of \$25 sent by the ladies of St. Andrew's Church, and the gift of a pulpit, also sent by a friend in Toronto. On Sabbath, the 2nd of July, their new church was opened and dedicated to God, and one of the most gratifying facts in connection with the opening was that every thing had been paid for and that there was not a dollar of debt upon the new church. The Presbyterians of Silverwater have set a noble example of what can be done on a mission field when there is "first a willing mind," and when the people help themselves, and work earnestly and harmoniously. The opening services were conducted by the Rev. John Kennie, of Manitowaning, who preached in the forenoon and evening, and Mr. Arch Bell, student, of Providence Bay, a former missionary on the field, who conducted a children's service in the afternoon. The building was crowded at each service and much interest was manifested by the entire community.—J. R.

Two Incidents From Paotingfu, N. China.

A bright spot in my missionary experience I want to tell you about. Some two years ago an old woman sat at our gate as I went out, asking alms. Something in her countenance struck me as being unusually fine. I cannot tell the whole story, it would be too long; but little by

little that woman has gained a knowledge of Jesus, until now she says "My Lord and my God."

Every day I try to have her read a hymn to me. Depending upon her memory for the number of the hymn, she frequently gets it wrong. One day I gave her the 164th hymn; two days later she came prepared to read the 146th. I was disappointed that she had exchanged "I once was a stranger to grace and to God" for what I feared was the less intelligible one, "Nothing but leaves." But as she read, the expression of her face told me that the meaning of the hymn had taken hold of her, and after finishing she said: "That's me, 'nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves.' I do want to bring forth fruit. I don't want to be a dry, useless branch."

Yesterday she proposed of her own accord to go to a village, near by, where there is a woman with a blind husband—the woman and little child both very ill. There she proposes to find lodgings and minister to the sick woman, as all the neighbors are afraid of doing. She said possibly by so doing she might "love her into the kingdom of Jesus." I allowed her to go, praying that she might win the poor sick woman, who knows a little of the way to be saved.

West of Paotingfu lived a wealthy farmer named Yu, who had an only and much loved child—a daughter. In his tender fondness for her he could not bear to subject the child to the pain of binding her young feet, yet he well knew that natural feet would prove a fatal obstacle to finding a man of her station ever willing to marry her. He compromised the matter by compressing the girl's feet only slightly. In consequence they grew much larger than the eye of a critical husband would approve, for how could he accompany his wife in public, when so important an element of personal appearance as her feet was the object of ridicule?

When the girl came to young womanhood all efforts to marry her into one of the wealthy neighbor families were vain, but in course of time the matchmakers succeeded in inducing a more distant family of moderate means to accept her as daughter-in-law on the ground of her being a great heiress.

When the wedding day arrived, and she was to be borne in a closed chair to her husband's home to meet him and his people for the first time, her father was fearful lest the sight of her unusually large feet should excite contempt, so he hit upon a happy device. He prepared a handful or two of small ingots of silver, with which he filled in around the top of her outer winter boots. These boots were removed on the arrival of her chair at the bridegroom's home, and carried by her servant into the house. Some one remarked that the shoes were "rather large" for a bride, but the mother-in-law, whose eyes danced at the sight of the silver treasure they contained, answered, "I only wish they were much larger." This was overheard by the bride's attendant and reported to her. So, in after days, whenever in family brawls she was reproached for her ungainly feet, she silenced her enemy with the remark, "Did you not wish they were rather larger?"—Amelia P. Lowrie in *Woman's Work for Woman*.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise
powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

—Shakespeare.

The Kingdom.

Why shall not the saints lay to heart the signs of the times in the political and financial world and learn wisdom therefrom? This is emphatically the day of peace conventions, movements for federation and arbitration, away from ruinous competition to profitable combination and co-operation in trusts and the like. The missionary counterpart would be: Comity, most careful and conscientious, especially in opening new fields, as well as combining to the utmost in hospitals, schools, printing establishments, etc., in order to cut down expenses.

Recently a new effort was made to compile missionary statistics, and the following is in round numbers the result: The missionary societies of America and Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia number 250, with 4,700 stations, 15,200 out stations, 11,700 missionaries, 65,000 native helpers, 1,122,000 communicants, and nearly 1,000,000 under instruction. The income of all these societies reaches \$13,000,000. This, we believe, is a very close approximation to the present facts.—*Missionary Review of the World for July*.

At Night.

At night

The whirl of life grows still;
The throbbing of the noisy mill,
The pulsing brain and hands that till,
At night grow still.

At night

The stars come out and keep
Their watch through all the hours of sleep,
O'er dreaming land and solemn deep,
And those who weep.

At night

We rise above the care
And pettiness that all must bear,
And breathe the calm and purer air
That angels share.

—Frank H. Sweet.

Lesson on Preaching.

Dr. Stalker recently told his congregation about an early experience of his own preaching at Ramoth.

In Ramoth, he said, I stayed with an old farmer who was the kind of a chief man in the congregation. I have been trying to remember his name, but it has escaped me. I remember perfectly his appearance—a grand old Highlander, really a remarkable-looking man. I think I still have a photograph which he gave me of himself that day. I was preaching of sin, and on the way home the old farmer was talking it all over in the most deeply interested way, and I just caught him saying this: "Ay," he said, "sin, sin! I wish we had another name for that, because the word has become so common that the thing no longer pierces our conscience."

Now, do you know, that stuck to me. It has come back to me hundreds of times since, and I believe it has helped me more to preach than whole books on the art of preaching, because it warned me to avoid hackneyed religious language, and, instead of well-worn theological terms, to make use of words more fresh and modern.

The Mission World says there are in the Church over 100,000 proselytes from Judaism, and in the Church of England alone 250 of the clergy are either Jews or sons of Jews. The gospel is proclaimed in more than 600 pulpits of America and Europe by Jewish lips. Over 350 of the ministers of Christ in Great Britain are stated to be Hebrew Christians.

The Mission Record says: "In March, 1837, the women of the Church of Scotland decided to send out their first missionary to India. Then there was not a single zenana open to a white woman; to-day our missionaries visit 157. Then the one missionary that we sent out started the first girls' school; to-day we have 49 schools, with over 3,000 pupils in them. Our one missionary has increased to 36, and there are 1,084 women in zenanas under instruction."