

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

LETTERS FROM SHANTUNG, CHINA.

Through favour of Mr. Henry W. Darling the following extracts from Rev. D. McGillivray's correspondence are placed before our readers:

The name at the end of this letter, somewhat unpronounceable without practice, is the name of a little village in the north-west corner of Shantung Province, the centre of a large work carried on by the American Congregationalists. To this place, which is 440 miles overland from Chefoo, I came, leaving Chefoo December 15, and coming by cart and by barrow in order to join Mr. and Mrs. Goforth here. We are here about six day's journey from Honan, but this place is the nearest we could at once get to it in order to study the language.

The closing of navigation by the rivers made an overland trip necessary, otherwise I should have had a delightful sail down a river to them. This village is very small, but it is in the centre of a good district, with 60,000 people within a radius of six miles of it. The work here began with famine relief ten or twelve years ago, when millions of Chinese died by starvation. The mission has now three foreign houses, church, dispensary, womens' buildings, etc., and a great deal can be learned by a stay here.

I had a nice trip across the province, coming occasionally to places where there were missionaries, and as they rarely see any foreigner but themselves, they would detain me for a few days; and in this way I was about a month going 440 miles. Of course a two-wheeled Chinese cart does not go more than thirty-five miles a day; and in order to do that you must start an hour or two before daylight. The barrow which I used for 200 miles of course goes slower still, but otherwise is an easier way of riding than by cart. There was a good deal of snow on the ground and lots of ice. The inns are not luxurious; my barrows were always wheeled right into the best room, and occupied one side, while I slept on the kang opposite, generally with my merry men. Chinese food is not bad for journeys if you are well, but I should think that exclusive use of it would not keep up sufficient vital force for tip-top work. Those who like porridge can have it three times a day.

For half the journey I had a guide in the person of a foreigner, a missionary, and the rest of the time I blundered along myself. As Dr. Kellogg said of himself in India, I must speak or starve. One time my man put my butter into a bowl, and before I noticed what was up, he had it boiled in water and brought it back a most tempting gravy soup. At another time I asked for old noddles to eat, but they considerably brought me baked cakes instead. The tones of this wonderful speech are apt to cause embarrassment at first.

The country just now looks very desolate, and there is nothing to relieve the eye, the wheat is showing above the ground,—in some districts the wheat is cropped short by the wretched people, and these sprouts boiled and eaten in order to stave off starvation. There is little wonder if thousands are always pinched and thousands always succumbing in this grim struggle for existence. Life is a dreadfully earnest thing in China. Such a thing as loud hearty laughter I have not yet heard. Cash and food are the staple of every conversation. At the gates of Chinanfu I met thousands of women and children returning from the temple compound, where they had been fed by public charity.

The evils of foot-binding are everywhere manifest here, although the practice is not so strict here as in South China; but even here all women with any desire to be respectable have bound feet; and the slow and hobbling gait is painful to look upon.

The spiritual needs of this Province are very great, and it is better off by far than Honan. Here are about twenty millions of people and about fifty missionaries, men and women,—sixty miles is the average distance between the stations on the way. How can these millions hear without a preacher? Although converts are few the Lord has bright jewels here, and it is an ever increasing pleasure to pray and sing, though very imperfectly, with the dear Chinese Christians here. We attend Chinese meetings of all kinds here, and have splendid opportunities to learn the language. The only lack is a serious one, which we hope our master will soon make up, and that is a teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Goforth have not been fortunate so far in teachers, and this is always the experience of new missions. The Chinese here, of course, have never heard of Canada; and we have some difficulty in explaining that we are neither English nor American, but a dependency of England. God willing, the Province of Honan will know of the Canadian Church.

Friends at home should remember that we can always find time to read letters but not to write them. One at home has no idea how the language presses on all sides, and we are always tempted to let it crowd everything else out. Labour-saving writing machines are, I hold, one of the most merciful inventions to missionaries.

About two hundred beggars and refugees crowded into our front yard and were addressed by Mr. Arthur Smith and his helpers, after which 10 cash [or one cent] each was given them. It is wonderful how far a small sum goes for a Chinaman; and this sum which seems ridiculously small to us, is deemed quite proper in the circumstances.

Pang Chia Chwang, Shantung Province,
China, Jan. 23, 1889.

I send you a copy of this letter which is somewhat general in its nature, and add this by way of more special application.

We are very comfortable here in a foreign house rented from the Congregational Mission. I, of course, board with the Goforths. Tennis is our regular exercise for an hour each day. The barrow is a very nice way of riding, slow, of course, but if one has plenty of Chinese clothes and a rug you can be made quite snug, and no danger of upset either. I was upset partially only once or twice in a very crowded street, but never in the open. One man pulls in front and the other shoves behind, and for expedition—that is, for thirty miles a day—I hired a donkey to pull in addition.

In Chinan a great many foreign articles were seen on sale. For example, watches, clocks, French opera glasses, foreign spectacles, matches which came from Australia. The telegraph line runs to Chinan from Chefoo and thence to Peking. In Chinan a Presbyterian elder put a new mainspring in my watch.

I find that \$3,000 or \$4,000 is ample for hospital purposes in interior of China and here. Dr. Smith's is secured; ours is still to come—that is, Dr. McClure's. Dr. McClure is a choice young man, and it will certainly not be his fault if there is any squabble, which God forbid. Meantime the language engrosses every energy.

The children of China are very interesting. On the way from Chinan I had a deeply interesting group of them crowding around my table, on which lay my Chinese primer. One of them could read. I turned to sentences bearing on the true God and Jesus Christ. He read, but a question or two revealed his ignorance of the meaning. Did he ever hear of Christ? Perhaps, for there were a few native Christians some miles from that village, the only ones in a distance of forty miles from Chinan or Pan chia chwang. How bright their eyes seemed by the light of my candle. Must these bright lads become heathens, as their parents? It looks as if nothing else were in store for them; and by-and-by that opening brightness will be beclouded by the surrounding ignorance of manhood, and they will have few ideas outside of cash and food. What might they become if taught? What if taught of Jesus and His salvation? My heart was filled with deep sadness as I retired to rest on my kang. This thought is always pressing in on us here.

THE MURDER OF MR. BROOKS.

Our readers are already aware of this mournful event. A telegram reached the Mission House on January 24, informing the directors that on the previous Monday (January 21) Mr. Arthur Brooks had been shot dead by natives at Mkange, a few miles from the East African coast. The *Times* correspondent at Zanzibar supplemented the news by stating that sixteen of Mr. Brooks' porters had also been murdered, and thus gave conclusive proof of the utter insecurity of life in the region affected by the German naval operations.

Mr. Brooks was on his way home, where he was due on furlough after nearly seven years' absence. Probably had he known what we in this country knew, he would have remained at his station until the end of the present troubles. Not anticipating danger, he came down to the coast on his homeward journey, and had only one march more to make when he was set upon and killed. He went out to Africa in 1882 as an artisan missionary, his friend, James Dunn, going with him. Dunn was the carpenter of the mission, Brooks the blacksmith. By trade he was a coach-builder, but the society needed a blacksmith. In a spirit of true heroism he at once set to work to learn the blacksmith's trade, and, by dint of hard work at the forge, fitted himself for the post he longed to fill. Both Dunn and Brooks were members of the Congregational Church, Windsor, of which the Rev. Thomas Orr was, and still is, pastor, and both are held in affectionate memory. A friend in Windsor says of him: "Although somewhat reserved and ungainly in manner, he had a noble heart and was exceedingly devoted to the work to which he had given himself. I shall never forget his intense earnestness and manly bearing when obstacles seemed to be put in the way of his going out. He told me that he had placed his life in the Master's hand, and now he has laid it down for the same Master's sake." His friend Dunn died in less than two years from the date of their sailing. Brooks survived. Companion after companion either fell at his side or in broken health retired from the work, but he continued sufficiently strong and well to remain. He assisted in the construction of the steamer *Good News*, at Liendwe, at the south end of the lake, and in the launching of the hull of that vessel in March, 1885. In October of the same year he removed to Urambo, taking charge of the station during the absence of the Rev. T. F. Shaw in England. When at length he turned his face homeward, it was with the settled purpose of returning. He felt that he needed a change, but he hoped that while at home he might more fully equip himself for Christian work in Africa. But God has permitted this hope to be frustrated, and an eleventh name is placed on the roll of missionaries who have laid down their lives in establishing the Society's Central African Mission. The last, however, has succumbed, not to the ill effects of climate, but to the turbulent and warlike spirit which now predominates. His last letter to the Foreign Secretary, received after the tidings of his death was as follows:

MAMBOIA, CENTRAL AFRICA, Dec. 24, 1888.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON,—You will see by this I have got so far on my way home, and, so far, all is well. I left Urambo November 12, ten days after the arrival of Rev. T. F. Shaw. Mr. Draper came with me as far as Unyanembe to take on the loads Mr. Stokes had brought on. My health has been the best all the way down. But, having got so far,

I am afraid of a block. The mail is seventeen or eighteen days overdue; and the rumours here of the state of affairs towards the coast are not of the best. Owing to the Germans having blockaded Saadani, no Europeans or their men are allowed to pass through, so that my men, or most of them, are in a state of rebellion. I have just seen one of the Sultan of Zanzibar's captains, and with him I have arranged to go down. It is said quietly that he will desert us on the road; but I don't put the slightest value on these rumours. The only difficulty is I cannot get my men to think as I do. If, as I hope to leave here to-morrow, and all being well, I ought to be at Zanzibar about January 6 or 7, and should leave on the 15th by steamer for home. Mr. Roscoe here is sending the mails down under cover with these soldiers, hence this from me. It is not, certainly, a very bright look-out, but I trust Him who has hitherto led me. And, trusting to meet you soon, believe me, dear sir, yours respectfully,

A. BROOKS.

Thus troublous times have come upon Central Africa, and the faith of the Christian worker is put to a severe test. Last year there was fighting upon Lake Nyassa. This year matters have become still more critical. The missionaries of the Church Missionary Society were the first to suffer. A revolution took place in Uganda; the missionaries were expelled; and Uganda (not Nyanza as a whole however) is for the time closed against them. Next we heard of the murder of eight German missionaries at their station near the coast. German gunboats shelled the towns and villages along the coast, and the natives retaliated by killing German missionaries. Lastly, came the tidings of the murder of Mr. Brooks.

The fact is the East African situation has, during the last five years, undergone a complete change in consequence of German aggression, and slowly, but surely, Great Britain is discovering that friendship with Germany is a costly article, and that German Colonization schemes are inimical to British commerce and British missions alike. Both are for the present imperilled.

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