

Missionary.

Hear and Help

Hear the cry of deepest sorrow
Come across the waters blue,
"Ye who know salvation's story
Haste to help and save us too!
Shed, O shed! the Gospel glory
O'er the darkness of the night,
Till the gloomy shadows vanish
In its full and blessed light."

For these poor benighted millions
We can give, and work, and pray,
And our gifts and prayers united
Sure will speed that happy day,
When, no more to idol bowing,
Jesus only shall be King,
And ten thousand voices ringing
Shall his praise victorious sing!

Story of the Converted Gambler

He was passing a preaching place in Japan one evening and being attracted by something he heard walked in and sat down. So greatly was he impressed that he bought a Bible and began diligently to read it, going to the preacher and Christians for explanation. He was such a notorious gambler that he went by a certain nickname as a knave at court. His old cronies when they heard of the wonderful change in the man, told him they did not believe he could stand it thirty days without going back to his old haunts. If he could they vowed they would celebrate it by climbing up a famous hill on their hands while their feet in the air, after the manner of acrobats. For fifteen days he stood out bravely, then the pangs came on so terribly that it was agonizing. But by the grace of God he was given strength to resist. He continued to study the Bible and to pray fervently, with the blessed result that he became soundly converted and was baptized. Since that time he has not had the slightest desire to go back to his old life, and is doing all he can to assist the young preachers in working for the Jirishika men and that class of people.

Prejudice Dies

The following items are from Rev. J. W. Prudham, one of our missionaries in Japan:

Miss —, a Japanese girl living in Imurigi, Toyama Province, entered the Presbyterian Girls' School in Kanazawa. After a short time in that Christian environment she wanted to become a Christian. When her father heard this he became angry and took her home and refused to let her return to school. Last June your missionary, W. W. Prudham, and a Japanese evangelist held a meeting in Imurigi. They did not know anything about the above case, they preached Christ and explained Christianity as much as they could in one meeting. It now seems that the girl's father came to the meeting and was so favorably impressed that he said Christianity was not bad after all. He sent his daughter back to school.

BIBLE STUDY.

The accompanying post-card may be of some interest. I visited this young man over three years ago and sold him a Testament. His diligence in its study is manifest. I am in frequent correspondence with him, and hope to be able to lead him a little nearer.

(Post-Card.)

My Dear Teacher,—I have been too negligent in writing to you for a long time. Please excuse me my apparent neglect. The season is becoming colder and colder, yet I hope you and your family are all well as usual. And as, happily, I

am very well, pray do not worry about me. Now I must say my sole request which I ask you with sincere spirits. I had been studying the Bible by the "Itakushisho kenku" which is published at Kanagawa by (Fru-ton) a Frenchman, but it has not profited me much. Therefore, would you kindly teach me under rule inscribed below?

A. To be obtained your explanation for my question once a month.
B. To pay Tensen for an explanation.
I will obliged with your early answer.
Yours truly,

Y. YAGOO.

Story of the Little Japanese Girl Whose Hands Were Chopped Off by a Robber

She was a little maid in a heathen temple and one night a man broke in the temple for the purpose of killing the priest. Seeing her master lying dead on the floor, the little girl held up her hands beseechingly, whereupon the ruffian drew his sword and cut them off. She lay on the floor until morning, when some one carried her to the doctor, who bound up the bleeding stumps. For three years she was in a helpless and pitiable condition, though she did her best to help the family earn a living. Their occupation was making paper bags for which they received one cent per thousand.

Here a Bible woman found her one day with her mother and brother the latter an idiot, living in a little four may room. She frequently came after that and taught her to read and write. One day the little girl begged her to teach her to crochet. So with a crochet needle fastened to the stump, she learned to do the work very quickly and neatly. A kind American lady missionary became interested in her case and convinced the idiot of having a pair of artificial hands made for her. She paid the price of one \$10.00 and the English Sunday-school the other. They were made of wood and covered over with flesh color, with jointed fingers. Never was a child more delighted than when these hands were first fastened on. She would gaze at them with the greatest admiration, when she thought she was unobserved, and altogether was most proud in the possession of them. Now she attends a Mission School, and at odd times makes little crocheted baby shoes and bonnets for sale, the proceeds of which go towards her education. The miserable man who maimed her for life has been in jail ever since for the deed; the murder of the priest evidently not being taken into account.

A Remarkable Christian

The story is told of a Japanese woman whose sole possession when she first started house keeping were two "hibachis" (fire boxes) one for cooking rice and another for vegetables. She opened a pawn shop and by great frugality became the richest woman of the village. It was her custom to worship at different shrines making offerings of \$3.00 or \$4.00 at each one.

During one of these pilgrimages, she stopped at the city of Osaka, where she had a Christian relative who asked her to accompany her to church one Sunday. She was greatly touched by the sermon and at once began to think that this God of the Christians must be the true one. Instead, therefore, of visiting any more shrines, she procured a Bible and went directly home. But the trouble was she was an ignorant woman, and did not even know her alphabet. This she set about to learn, though over fifty years of age, pasting the letters on the wall, so that she might study while at

her work. As soon as she had mastered it, she began to read the Bible with great earnestness, and the simple truths took hold of her heart and mind so that she was soon filled with the desire to become a Christian. She went again to Osaka and, confessing her faith, was baptized by the same minister she had first heard preach. But all the villagers were greatly opposed to Christianity and their she must either give up her faith or leave a village for which she had so replied I will leave, but before I do so, you must return all the money I have lent you." The people were distressed about this and had nothing further to say; for many were largely in her debt. For about 17 years she served God faithfully, opening a place for regular worship and inviting ministers to come and preach to the people. The priests actually looked upon her as the God of the Christian. When she came to die, many of the ignorant villagers believing that Christians were crucified after the manner of the house and followed the procession to the burial place. When they heard the sermon and saw all the proceedings they were deeply affected.

Outlook on Mission Fields

There are more than 900,000,000 heathen still outside of the light-circle of Christianity—a field ripe for the harvest, but few laborers to gather it. A hundred years ago the gates into this field were closed and guarded; China, Japan, Korea, Siam, shut within walls of native bigotry and hatred; India barred by the opposition of the East India Company; Africa hidden behind a barrier of unexplored darkness. Now the walls are down; the gates are open; the way is clear. Where is the throng of Christian warriors rushing into these new openings to claim the lands for Christ?

See them passing through the gates: for every 250,000 souls in Africa, one missionary; for every 300,000 souls in Siam, one missionary; for every 700,000 souls in China, one missionary. Hear them begging at home—these brave, lonely soldiers—for the money to sustain and equip them for the fight. Hear them calling from across the sea for men to help them hold the fort.

And then see the Church in Christian lands, rich and increased in goods, and in need of nothing, cutting down its contributions and reducing the number of its missionaries, and sitting down to consider the failure of foreign missions.

Foreign missions in this century have drawn a multitude of at least 4,000,000 human souls out of the darkness of heathen superstition into the light and life of the Christian religion. Of these, 1,300,000 have become communicants and confessors of Christ, often at the cost of martyrdom, always at the price of courage and sacrifice greater than we can estimate. Every year at least 100,000 converts are added to the Church in heathen lands. That makes 274 new Christians every day, almost twice every hour; a new life joined to Christ for every five minutes that pass, while we are discussing the failure of foreign missions.

Failure! Of course it is a failure when we look at it in this way. It has failed to rise to the level of its opportunities. It has failed to keep pace with the growth of the Christian Church in power and wealth. It has failed to hear the message of encouragement which comes back from every land where the Gospel has been preached. It has failed to make an impression upon the world adequate to the grandeur of its cause. It has failed to give full and clear utterance of the heart and mind of Christ to the nations. It has failed to bring the

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