

granted full amnesty as to life and property by the Chinese authorities at Peking.

"Knowing the barbarous custom for ages in the Orient to torture and behead all prisoners or defeated soldiers returning to their home land, the Empire of Japan evidenced the true Christian spirit of our Lord by exhibiting such a humane tenderness for her opponents and inculcating a Christ-like spirit of forgiveness on their part. It must be remembered that Japan is not yet a Christian nation, yet so much of Christian principle has permeated and penetrated the people, from the ruler down, through all classes, that this noble Christian act is recorded of her to be handed down in history; and we lay it as a trophy at the feet of Him who, on the cross, cried, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

A Leper Preacher.

IT was not the most pleasant thing, to be informed that the servant who waited on us at table, prepared our beds, and made himself generally useful, had leprosy blood in his veins; but that was our experience. This man had served us in this capacity for six months. Such, however, are the surprises one grows accustomed to in India.

As another instance, our pundit asked leave, in the most casual manner, to visit his sister who was sick with cholera. We were somewhat dismayed by his request at first, but finally granted him leave. He appeared to perform his duties as usual the next morning, and in the course of the lesson told us how seriously ill his sister had been.

While I mention these facts as perhaps somewhat novel to American readers, I also have in mind the providence of God. To Him we render daily thanks for physical strength in this debilitating climate and country of manifold dangers.

But this letter is about a Leper Preacher, and he is the servant of whom I have already written. He came to us in all innocence of heart and served us with so great honesty and faithfulness that we then, when he was only a house servant, felt toward him as a beloved brother in Christ. Indeed, he was a real spiritual help to us. Several times in the Christlike simplicity of his mind and service he came into our rooms and read his Bengali Bible to us and prayed with us. We trusted him with several special services, and it was a treat to have him come to us that we might pray with and for him before he entered upon these services. But one day I was astonished and profoundly saddened to be told this man had once been a leper, was temporarily cured, but in all probability the leprosy would return when the vital forces became lessened through age. Then I understood the significance of a large scar on the poor man's face, which I had thought was due to a burn.

What was to be done? We did not think it right to keep him longer as a servant. But, indeed, I had long before felt that God wanted this man to preach the Gospel. He was ignorant so far as all books but the Bible go. Yet that was another honor to him. He had worked after his cure that his younger brother might go to school. When he could he had gone with us to the street and square, and the native preachers had best be quick to speak or A—— had sprung into the middle of the circle of people to tell of Jesus' love. He has now been studying and preaching for the past eight months. He is stationed out among the villages, and every time I hear him preach or sing (he is quite a good singer) I have been much impressed with the Holy Spirit's presence in his words.

But oh, friends, how much Jesus is to this dear brother! His father died a most terrible death from leprosy. The son is already branded by the disease. His future, if God permits him to live to old age, will in all probability be that of his father. "How dark! How sad!" you say. But A——'s face is most cheerful and his heart is filled with peace and joy. In preaching, his theme is the great love of Christ as he sees him hanging on the cross for sinners. His eyes fill with tears as he speaks of it, and sometimes his utterance is choked with grief as he sings. Jesus' love brightens his future and has taken away all his forebodings of suffering. May not this simple life be a lesson to many? It has been to me.—*Benjamin J. Chew, in World-Wide Missions.*

Our Young Folk.

First Experience in Driving a Dog-Sleigh.

DURING our first winter I accompanied father on a trip to Jackson's Bay and Oxford House. This is about 180 miles almost due north of Norway House, making a trip of 360 miles.

Now, the driver of a dog-sleigh must do all the holding back going down hill; must right the sleigh when it upsets; keep it from upsetting along sidehills, and often push up hills; and, besides all this, urge and drive the dogs, and do all he can to make good time.

This was my first real winter trip with dogs, and I very soon found it to be no sinecure, but, on the contrary, desperate hard work.

Many a time that first day I wished myself back at the Mission.

The hauling of wood, the racing across to the fort—all that had been as child's play; this was earnest work, and tough at that.

My big load would cause my sleigh to upset; my snow-shoes would likewise cause me to upset. The dogs began to think, indeed, soon knew, I was a "tenderfoot," and they played on me.

Yonder was William, making a bee-line for the north, and stepping as if he were going to reach the pole, and that very soon, and Mr. Sinclair was close behind him; and I, oh! where was I, but far behind? Both spirit and flesh began to weaken.

Then we stopped on an island and made a fire; that is, father and the men had the fire about made when I came up. Father looked mischievous. I had bothered him to let me go on this trip.

However, the tea and pemmican made me feel better for a while, and away we went for the second spell, between islands, across portages, down forest-fringed rivers and bluffs casting sombre shadows. On my companions seemed to fly, while I dragged behind. Oh, how heavy those snow-shoes! Oh, how lazy those dogs! Oh, how often that old sleigh did upset! My! I was almost in a frenzy with mortification at my failure to be what I had presumed to think I was. Then I did not seem to have enough spirit left to get into a frenzy about anything.

When are they going to camp? Why don't they camp? These were questions I kept repeating to myself. We were going down a river. It was now late. I would expect to find them camped around the next point, but, alas! yonder they were disappearing around another point. How often I wished I had not come, but I was in for it, and dragged wearily on, legs aching, back aching, almost soul aching.

Finally they did camp. I heard the axes ringing, and I came up at last.

They had climbed the bank and gone into the forest. I pushed my sleigh up and unharnessed my dogs, and had just got the collar off the last one in time to hear father say, "Hurry, John, and carry up the wood." Oh, dear! I felt more like having someone carry me, but there was no help for it.

Carrying ten and twelve feet logs, and you on snow-shoes, is no fun when you are an adept, but for a novice it is simply purgatory. At least I could not just then imagine anything worse than my condition was.

Snow deep and loose, by great dint of effort get the log on to your shoulder and then step out; bushes and limbs of trees, and your own limbs also all conspiring, and that successfully, to trip and bother, and many a fall is inevitable, and there is a great number of logs to be carried in, for the nights are long and cold.

William felled the trees and cut them into lengths, and I grunted and grumbled under their weight in to the pile beside the camp.

At last I took off my snow-shoes and waded in the deep snow.