

the turning from the national religion to Christianity was made a capital crime, and as late as 1837 an imperial decree was published in China, prohibiting the reading of religious books and threatening severe penalties against Chinamen who should acknowledge or preach Christian doctrines. In 1837 Christian missionaries were driven out of Burmah. The Gospel reached Madagascar in 1818; but as late as 1857 two hundred professors of Christianity were sentenced to death. Nor was it till 1861 that Christians in Madagascar were allowed to worship the Lord in peace.

Obstacles have been many. Churches have been indifferent, governments have been opposed, and commercial companies have fought the Gospel; and yet in spite of all, the work of missions has gone grandly on. Numerous languages have been learned and committed to writing, and the Scriptures, in whole or part, have been translated into all the leading tongues of earth. Tracts, pamphlets and papers in many languages are scattered far and wide, and, with very slight exceptions, the world is now open for the Gospel to be carried into its every nook and corner. Thousands of workers have already gone, and thousands of others are preparing to go, and waiting the opportunity to enter into this wide harvest field. And if Christians will lay aside their strifes and their dissensions, and unite heart and hand in the work of God; if instead of carrying abroad their traditions, their names, their creeds and their disputes, to perplex and vex the heathen, they will simply carry the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and "preach the Word" and nothing but the Word, and tell the glad tidings of salvation in all the world, they will have the blessing of Him who says, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world," and having sown in tears they shall reap in joy, and return with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves.—*The Christian.*

#### THE ARAB'S TESTIMONY.



ONE Sunday evening not many years ago a party of college students were gathered in the room of one of their number. They were intellectual leaders of their University, bright young men, and their conversation sparkled with wit and humour. Perhaps it was the influence of the day, or perhaps the sermon they had just heard from the old college president, but after awhile the talk began to wander from the usual topics of foot-ball and base-ball, to more serious subjects, and finally, with the temerity of youth, they began to discuss the existence of God.

One young man professed to be a disciple of one skeptical writer, another of another; a third had a theory of atheism evolved from his

own brain, while a fourth fondly clung to the teachings of the German deists. Talking, arguing, and counter arguing, they had well-nigh disposed of Christianity to their own satisfaction, when a slight young man, with a pale earnest face and honest blue eyes, sprang to his feet.

"I can't bear to hear you fellows talk that way; you know it is all rubbish as well as I do! All of you have been brought up in a Christian land, and deep down in your hearts you *know* that there is a God; you can't help knowing it. I can't argue the question with you, for you are all cleverer than I, but there is a little story which seems to me to prove the existence of a God beyond a doubt. I dare say you have all heard it, for it isn't new, and I am not much of a story teller, but it runs something like this:

"Once a French scientist, an atheist, had occasion to travel across the great desert. He employed as his guide and companion on the journey a certain Arab chief, a man renowned for his knowledge of the country, and personal integrity. Day by day as they travelled over the burning sand, the Arab at certain appointed hours would halt his camel, take a bit of carpet from his saddle bag, and spreading it upon the sand would kneel with his face toward Mecca, and repeat his Moslem prayer. Day by day the Frenchman watched him in scornful silence, and at last one day he said:

"Sheik, why do you take the trouble to dismount and go through that prayer? How do you know that there is a God to hear your prayer?"

"How do I know that there is a God?" repeated the Moslem. "How do I know? Why, sire, last night while I slept a traveller passed my tent door, I did not see him, I did not hear him, but when I rose this morning and looked out, I knew that a man had passed in the night, for I saw his foot-prints in the sand. And when I see *that*," said the Arab, rising to his full height, and pointing to the sun, "I know that God *is*, and that He is near. I do not see Him, I do not hear Him, but I see His foot-print; it is the setting sun, and I bow down and worship."

"This, my friends, is the witness of a Moslem, a heathen, but what utterance of sage or philosopher could give a clearer, more decisive, more noble proof of the existence and greatness of God?"—*Selected.*

In 1890, the Church Missionary Society (England) accepted eighty candidates, thirty-one being clergymen, of whom twenty-four were graduates; thirty were women, and nineteen were laymen. Within five years the Society has sent out 130 university men, sixty-six of them graduates of Cambridge.