

duct, because of the high order of civilization and culture found, the subtlety of priests, and the fascinations of Brahminism.

The candid observer sees that these really acute and able people cannot find in their own faiths, adequate consolation or strength or satisfaction.

After his recent return from India, M. D. Conway said, "Along the shelves of my library you will find all the sacred books of the East, over which I have pored and exulted for years. The noble aspirations of those ancient writers, the glowing poetry of the Vedas, the sublime imagery of their seers, have become part of my life; nor can I ever sufficiently acknowledge my indebtedness for the spiritual life which they have imparted. But when I went to the great cities, the pilgrim sites to which throng every year millions of those who profess to follow the faith of the men who wrote those books, and mingled with the vast procession of worshippers at the shrines sacred to the deities whose praises are sung by the Hindu poets, then, alas! the contrast between the real and the ideal was heart-breaking. In all those teeming myriads of worshippers, not one man, not even one woman seemed, to entertain the shadow of a conception of anything ideal or spiritual or religious, or even mythological, in their ancient creed. Not one glimmer of the great thoughts of their poets and sages lightened their darkened temples. To all of them, the great false god which they worshipped, a hulk of roughly carved wood or stone, appeared to be the authentic presentment of some terrible demon, or invisible power, who would treat them cruelly if they did not give him some melted butter. *Of religion in a spiritual sense, there is none. If you wish for religion, you will not find it in Brahminism.*"

"The same is true of China and Japan. Buddhism has no regenerating power. The same is true of Confucianism. The wise maxims and beautiful sayings of its great founder fail to convert men from the error of their ways. They profess to believe them; they laugh at the idea of practising them. *They lack regenerating power. But Christianity has regenerating power.* It opens a new life to men, it lifts them into a new state of existence, it educates, it civilizes, it ennobles."

After some great pestilence, famine, war or other calamity, we often see multitudes coming to Christ in mission fields. Why? Because they have long been gradually feeling the superiority of the Christian faith and a crisis comes that brings them to open espousal of Christ. To return to our previous figure, it is the explosion of which long preparations have been going on.

The Rev. Arthur Smith and his wife went out into the famine district in China four or five years ago to carry relief to the starving people. For two months, while they were ministering to the hungry and dying people they lived in a house nine feet square, with a dirt floor. Here they kept all their money, sometimes two or three thousand dollars at a time, and not one cent was ever stolen. The missionaries visited and counted every family, and each adult received about one cent a day and each child half the amount. Before the new crop was harvested they had seventeen thousand upon their list to whom they ministered. *This was a new thing to the Chinese.* They had never read of such benevolence in any of their sacred books. Their gods to whom they prayed, and before whom they burned incense daily, did not provide them one meal, but these foreigners fed them day after day and week after week. It was this work that opened Chinese hearts and homes to our missionaries. After that Dr. Porter and Mr. Smith were not afraid to go and live among them in the country, where

they had no treaty right to live. The work has grown under their hands as it could not in a large city. The people confide in them thoroughly. When frightened by rumors that the French were coming through their province, on their warlike way to Peking, not long ago, they came at once to the missionaries, and hearing that they thought war would soon end, the poor people went home with light hearts, telling their neighbors, "There will be no war; the shepherd says so, and we are not afraid."

A similar illustration is found in the "Lone Star Mission" among the Telugus, where Mr. Clough, himself a civil engineer as well as preacher, undertook with Government sanction to construct roads to employ an idle and starving people, and there in the camps of laborers, preached and taught the Gospel. In the year following that awful famine of 1877, he baptized ten thousand within sixty days.

The fact is Heathenism is in its decline and decadence. The sacrifice of great numbers of devotees under the wheels of the Juggernaut car is a tale of the past. At the last great festival of this old idol at Serampore in July, the crowd attracted by the spectacle was small. The car was dragged a short distance by hired men, and then left half in a muddy ditch. When the priests urged the people to pull, the irreverent populace cried out "Why don't you come down and pull yourselves?" Nobody was crushed; nobody hurt. Has Christianity nothing to do with this decadence?

The whole complexion of communities is often presenting a transformed aspect.

In an Indian village on Vancouver's island, Rev. Mr. Punshon was struck with two streets called "Heathen" and "Christian." The "Heathen" street was close to the river, and consisted of a long row of shanties, with a door and a chimney to each, but no windows. The doors and the chimneys formed the only orifices. Here five, six, sometimes ten families herded together. In "Christian" street one saw white cottages, in which the institution of the family appeared, with something of the industries of civilized life and giving one the idea of a home. Old fathers of sixty years of age were in "Heathen" street, but their sons were in "Christian" street; and, as the Gospel continues to be preached, the emigration goes on by persons passing from the former to the latter.

Joseph Annand, one of the missionaries of the Dominion Presbyterian Church in the New Hebrides, reports that the people of Anetymum would not compare unfavorably in some respects, with Christians in our more highly favored land. The Sabbath is better observed there. An average of one-half of the population attend church regularly. The missionary has no locks on his dwelling, and nothing of the smallest value is ever stolen from him. On his side of the island Mr. Annand states that there are three churches, one of them a large stone edifice. They, with twenty school houses, have been built and are kept in order by the natives without any remuneration. They have contributed in arrowroot during the past year, for the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands, upward of \$750. Mr. Annand states that some of the islands are still closed to the missionaries, and are the habitations of cruelty. Others, however, are open to the Gospel, but there is no one to go and preach to them the way of salvation.

Natives said to Robert Moffat: "We don't see *what* is in this. You go into your little reed chapel, and you are only a little cleaner."

A world of meaning—it does make the whole man *cleaner*; and this cleanliness with which the work of