

A Chinaman's Gift

(By the Rev. P. W. Pitcher, in the 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

Recently an elder in one of our churches called on several members of the Mission, and in due time arrived at my house. The object of the call he proceeded at once to make known :

He said he did not wish any native to know of it, but he desired to present the Mission with a certain sum of money that he had been laying aside year by year for some time, and which he considered to be the Lord's money. And now, since he had heard that the board was in such great need of funds he deemed it wiser to present the gift to the Mission at this time rather than wait until after his decease.

Mr. Tiu Lo must be about fifty-five years old. He is the most exemplary and thorough Christian man I have ever met in China, and as genuine and truly consecrated a Christian man as I have ever met anywhere. He is a rice merchant, but in no sense a 'rice Christian,' so-called. He is a careful, honest and successful business man, and like a good many good business men in Western lands is depositing a good part of his earnings in the bank of Heaven. He has five sons, and his one and only wish for them all is that they may enter the Gospel ministry.

One has already passed through all our institutions of learning and is now teaching, and another son has just finished his course in the Boys' Academy, and at present is in the Theological Seminary, while the third son expects to enter the Academy next year. Two of them we may say, have the ministry in view at the present time, and undoubtedly the others will, so it is altogether likely that the father's wish will be fully realized. God grant it. Mr. Tiu Lo has never asked for a penny to support his boys in any of our educational institutions, but has borne the entire expense himself. He long ago gave these boys to the Lord. He speaks of it very often, and so concerned is he about their entering the ministry that he has implored us, in case he should not live to see the consummation of his desire, to ever keep before them their father's wish, and to use all our influence to induce them to choose this path.

'And,' said he, 'this gift I wish to consider as a consecration offering—as a witness that I have given my sons to the Lord, and for his service in the ministry. I wish you to use it as you think best and for the best interest of the American Reformed Church Mission at Amoy. My only stipulation is that no Chinaman shall know who the donor of the gift is.' In passing I may say that there was no false modesty displayed in this request. The man knew, and we know that his peace lies in keeping the fact from being known by his acquaintances. However, this means something different here from what it may mean at home, which I will not stop to explain.

Well, I presume you are getting impatient to know how much this gift was, and wondering why I did not tell you in the first place. I think you will be quite as surprised as I was to hear the amount. When he began talking about giving some money to the Mission, I thought of course if this man gives \$50, or \$100 at the most, that would be doing splendidly. But that hardly expresses it. In fact I was not expecting anything like such sums even. What was my surprise and astonishment, when he almost whispered it in my ear (so careful was he lest somebody might hear): 'I have twelve hundred dollars (\$1,200) laid aside for

this purpose, and this I wish to present to the Mission of the American Reformed Church of Amoy.' I was so taken back that I began to show just a little remonstrance, and said: 'Are you sure you can give all this?' 'Yes! Yes! I am sure.' 'Don't you need it? Have you enough without it?' 'Yes, plenty, enough!'

Convinced that he knew what he was doing, I accepted the gift with many acknowledgments of his kindness and generosity, in behalf of the Mission. So on the following Monday he came over with 900 silver dollars and on Wednesday with 300 more, all in cold cash. That was more money in this form than I ever have in the safe at one time or like to have at one time, and especially such times as these. However, it was not an occasion to stand on precedent or ceremony, so the money was received and deposited without comment.

Twelve hundred dollars! A princely gift when we take into consideration all the circumstances! Seven years ago I wrote an article touching on the liberality of this people of Amoy, and made the assertion that every dollar a Chinaman gave should be accounted equal to every ten a foreigner gave. This assertion was made on the basis of wealth, wages, opportunities and necessities. I have seen no good reason to modify that statement with the advancing years. Hence this is no small gift laid at our feet. Twelve hundred dollars silver, at the present rate of exchange, amounts to something like six hundred gold. Multiply this by ten and we have \$6,000.

A Remarkable Vision

The Rev. C. H. Stileman, of the C. M. S. mission at Julfa, Persia, reports a remarkable spirit of inquiry among the Mohammedans there. Scarcely a week passes without some new case of anxiety to know more of the way of life. He narrates some of these cases, and one of them possesses special interest. He says: 'A few weeks ago a well-to-do man came to see me, and told me that he had been seeking the right way for some twenty years, and had gradually become convinced that Mohammedans had not the true knowledge of God. By degrees he has also come to the conclusion that the followers of Christ had really come to know him whom to know is life eternal; and he told me that nothing could satisfy him but this knowledge. In the most earnest manner he besought me to impart to him the knowledge which he believed that I possessed, and adjured me by "the morrow on the Day of Resurrection" that I would keep back nothing from him of what I myself knew to be the truth. He came again and again to hear the Word of God, and seemed to drink in its truths, expressing himself willing to suffer, if necessary, for Christ's sake, and the gospel's and earnestly pleading for baptism. About a fortnight ago he had a remarkable dream, in which Christ appeared to him, and seemed to claim him by laying his right hand on his shoulder to reassure him and remove all his remaining doubts. The one thing that puzzled my friend was that Christ seemed to him very distinctly to have white hair; and he could not understand this, as he believed that our Lord was a young man at the time of His crucifixion, and would not therefore be likely to appear with white hair. He came to our Persian service on April 29, (the second Sunday after Easter), and it so happened that I was preaching upon the words of Rev. i., xvii., 18: 'And he laid his right hand upon me saying, Fear not, I am the First and the Last and the Living One; and

and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of Death and of Hades' (R. V.). The fact that our Lord laid his right hand upon the beloved disciple, saying, "Fear not," finally convinced him that it was indeed none other than Christ who had claimed him in the dream; and you will notice the very remarkable coincidence, that in the description of our Lord, in v. 14, it is written that 'His head and his hair were white as white wool, white as snow.' I have frequently mentioned the fact that in this country God has, as it seems, used dreams as a means of drawing souls unto himself, or of deepening spiritual impressions; and you will hardly wonder that the inquirer I am speaking of took this to be a direct message from God himself. He is now definitely asking for baptism.—'Faithful Witness.'

'Shut Your Eyes, Mamma, It'll Be All Right There.'

There is a family in this city (Detroit) who are dependent at this moment upon a little child for the present sunshine of their lives. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. When the family physician called them together, and in his solemn way intimated to them the truth—there was no hope, then the question arose among them, Who would tell her? Not the aged mother who was to be left childless. Nor the young husband, who was walking the floor with clenched hands and rebellious heart. There was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with unnoticed by them, and asked gravely:

'Is mamma doin' to die?'

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped up-stairs as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow.

'Mamma,' he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, 'is you 'fraid to die?'

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

'Who—told—you—Charlie?' she asked, faintly.

'Doctor, 'an papa, 'an gamma—everybody,' he whispered. 'Mamma, dear, doan' be 'fraid to die, 'ill you?'

'No, Charlie,' said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; 'no, mamma won't be afraid.'

'Jus' shut your eyes in e' dark, mamma; teep hold my hand—an' when you open' em, mamma, it 'ill be all light there.'

When the family gathered awestricken at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand.

'H-u-s-h! My mamma doan' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!'

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting; for when the young mother woke she had passed beyond, and as baby Charlie said: 'It was all light there.'—E. Payson Hammond.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Aug. 11, Sun.—The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.

Aug. 12, Mon.—The Lord is my light and my salvation.

Aug. 13, Tues.—The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

Aug. 14, Wed.—Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart.

Aug. 15, Thur.—Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Aug. 16, Fri.—The Lord will give strength unto his people.

Aug. 17, Sat.—The Lord will bless his people with peace.