

World of Missions.

The Rajputana Kitchens.

BY J. E. SCOTT, PH.D., D.D.

One way of helping the starving people of Rajputana, India, is to give them cooked food to be eaten on the spot. We have several kitchens at which hundreds of our Christian poor, especially, get one good meal a day. Such a kitchen may be seen at Tilaura, a village on the railway between Ajmere and Phalera. This place was selected as it is the center of a large Christian population, and we aim to save our own people first of all.

I rented and fitted up an abandoned cotton press with a square courtyard, enclosed by a stone wall, and convenient outhouses, and a large yard in front, and having bought an immense copper dinner pot with a capacity of at least six bushels of food, we were ready to begin operations.

But everything must be done in an orderly manner. Many more came clamoring for food than we could possibly feed. To begin with, 50 of the worst cases—emaciated men, feeble women, starving children—were picked out and enrolled, and a ticket of admission was given to each, and they were told to present themselves at 9 a. m. each day. Afterwards this number was increased to 100, then to 175, and then to 200.

When the food was ready—a sort of mush made of wheat—the poor people were admitted, one at a time through the gate, each one showing a ticket, and seated in rows on the ground in the courtyard. Each one brought some kind of a vessel in which to receive his share of the food—an earthen saucer, a broken piece of crockery, a plate made of leaves, or even part of the not-very-clean dress spread out, or the end of a chudder.

Then a short service was held—of praise and thanksgiving for the food; of prayer for God's blessing upon the donors and upon the kitchen; of exhortation to trust in Him who fed the multitude—and food, a pound to each adult, and to children a quantity proportionately smaller, was served from large tin plates by men equipped with ladles, and after a special grace said by each over his food, not a sound was heard save the quiet, blessed, pathetic sound of a company of starving people eating mush with their fingers.

At places like these we aim to get the food directly into the locality where it will do the most good. If any of the kind donors of famine money were to visit our Rajputana kitchens they would be convinced that there is no misappropriation of the precious money.

There comes a wail of anguish
Across the ocean wave;
It pleads for help, O Christians,
Poor dying souls to save;
Those far-off heathen nations
Who sit in darkest night,
Now stretch their hands imploring,
And cry to us for light.

Native Chinese Christians in Times of Disturbance.

At the present time the eyes of the civilized world are turned upon China. Many people in all lands are talking of the official representatives of the various governments, of the merchants and of the missionaries now residing in the Celestial Empire. But few take time, however, to consider the circumstances of the native Christian.

Of course, when the great daily papers report the wholesale slaughter of a thousand Chinese converts and comment on the fact

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

that other thousands have been rendered homeless by a pitiless mob, the public takes a passing interest and indignantly resents the barbarities of the "heathen Chinese." But those faithful men and women who have "left all to follow Christ" deserve more at the hands of the home church than a passing sigh of sentiment breathed out at the announcement of a great slaughter.

When a Chinese becomes a Christian he oftentimes incurs the displeasure of his entire family or his clan. In a thousand little ways, ways hard to understand, he suffers persecution. Things that torture him are thought out and in every conceivable way his own people seek to drive him from the true course of duty.

The tongue is indeed a small thing, but under the control of a heathen clan, and when directed against one who has left the traditions and practices of the ancients to become a Christian, it becomes a very powerful weapon, and its sting is hard to bear. Many fall by it. Others remain faithful and bear the ill attendant upon the Christian life in the Christlike spirit rather than return to the ways of darkness.

But the church at large knows but very little of the difficulties of living a Christian life in a heathen land. Few ever pray for the native convert. The poor fellow staggers on in his weakness. His persecutors are persistent. His every day life is hard. He receives no notice, however, until many hundreds are involved with him.

Then the papers fairly blaze with information, with indignation, and with pity. The pastors pray fervently in the midst of their Sunday morning congregations. Devout people everywhere awaken to the awfulness of things, and great thoughts try to find an outlet. The same quality of disturbance has been in existence 100 years. But quantity was also required. Then the nations start. Then the churches awake.

With the awakening queer things happen. Strange words are spoken. Devout Christians meet the returned foreign missionary. They desire to introduce a subject that will interest him. They ask questions. Here with are some samples: "Are you not glad you are out of China now?" "You got out of it just in time, didn't you?" "Have your colleagues in the work there left their station for a port of safety?"

Such questions as these are asked daily. But, with very rare exceptions, the conditions and outlooks, as relate to the native converts are never inquired into.

People seem to think it a strange thing that a missionary become attached to the people among whom he labors, that their trials become his trials, and their persecutions his persecutions. When great disturbances arise the native convert must bear his full share of the trouble.

People at home seem to wonder why the missionary does not fly at the first blast of the storm. They do not think that by such an action he dishonors his faith, his church, and his work, and worst of all, he leaves the poor native to brave the tempest alone.—Gospel in all Lands.

"Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in thy service draw near;
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear,
Lord, Master, the love is here!"

O, for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith;
To embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven my own.

PRONOUNCED INCURABLE.

The Story of Mrs. Agnes Foran, of Halifax,

Following Inflammation of the Lungs a Severe Cough set in and her Doctor said her Case was Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Her Health.

From the Recorder, Halifax, N. S.

Mrs. Agnes Foran, who resides at 21 Agricola street, Halifax, N. S., tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she contributes her present happy condition, under Providence, to the marvellous qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When Mrs. Foran was called upon by a representative of the Arcadian Recorder, who stated his mission, she cordially welcomed him to her pleasant home, where in the presence of her mother and sister, she freely told the story of her sickness and recovery. She said:—"A few years ago I suffered a severe attack of the lungs, and was attended by one of the best physicians in the city. I pulled through but was left a complete wreck, so that I could not do any work, suffering all the time from palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, and a ringing sound in my head. I also had a distressing cough and for months I never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. For two years my life was a perfect misery to me, and under the doctor's orders I took emulsion till I was nauseated with the sight of it, but all to no purpose. My life was despaired of by all my friends who were assured by the doctor that my case was beyond the reach of human skill. I was visited by the clergy of my church and the Sisters of Charity, who were very kind and sympathetic and looked upon me as one whose early race was about run. I experimented with all sorts of remedies for my cough, but without avail. My druggist at last advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being fairly discouraged, nevertheless I was persuaded to make the trial, when to the surprise and joy of myself, family and friends, I began to get better, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was as well as you see me now," and she laughingly added, "I think that you will admit that I don't look much like a sick woman." Her mother, who had been listening to the tale of her daughter's long illness added: "It just seems like a dream to us all that we once despaired of her life, when we now see her the pink of health."

Mrs. Foran said that when on a visit to England about a year ago she contracted a heavy cold and was threatened with a return of her cough, but she at once got some of the pills and by the time she had reached New York she was as well as ever. She related a number of instances in which she had advised persons suffering from chronic complaints to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always with the best results. She mentioned particularly a niece of hers living in Boston, who was run down and in a wretched condition of health, but was now a healthy young woman who owed the fact to the use of the pills. When the reporter was taking his leave Mrs. Foran said: "I am very glad to have the opportunity to testify what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me, and you can say that I will never cease to sound their praises, and I bless the good Lord that they were put in my way at a time when I had not a hope that I could live."