

THE OLD TINKER AND THE SCHOOLGIRLS.

BY MISS LANBERT, FUH-CHOW, SOUTH CHINA.



ABOUT two years ago a travelling tinker came into our school grounds at Fuh-chow to see if he could pick up a job. A pewter teapot needed attention, so down he sat with his bellows and little charcoal stove to mend it. A group of girls gathered round him, and some of the elder ones, who often try to sow a seed here and there, said to the old man, "*I bah* (uncle), do you know God's doctrine? We will tell you a little about it."

He listened quietly, and then looking up said, "There are *such* a number of women in my house. Would you ask the *Kuniong* (lady missionary) to come and tell them? My house is a long distance from here, but I will follow the *Kuniong*'s chair and tell the coolies where to go."

I was sitting at my desk surrounded with work, weary after the day's teaching, feeling it almost impossible to get through all I had to do, when a knock (about the fifth during the last few minutes) came at my door.

"*De li*" (Come in), I said, and a dear, bright girl entered.

"Oh, *Kuniong*! There is an old man in the garden, and he does so want you to go to his house and teach the women the doctrine."

"Does he? Tell me all about him. When does he want me to go? Where does he live?"

"He wants you to go to-morrow. He says he will stay near here to night, and come round quite early for you in the morning."

Visions of work which would have to be put on one side arose before me, but difficult as it was at that moment to promise to go, who could dare to say "No?" When God's voice calls, no one but He knows what the results of obeying it may be.

"Very well, tell him I will go, and take our old Bible-woman with me."

When we reached the place we found many branches of the family living in the same house, which was a very large one, though the inhabitants were poor. The centre court soon filled with people, and I and my helper prayed for the right words. The crowd listened long, many standing all the time, and we were much pressed to go again.

Not many weeks after, the old tinker's wife found her way to our school and said she would like to come and worship on Sundays. We told her the days of the moon upon which Sundays would fall, and she promised to come, though we did not think she would be in time for service, as she had so far to come. But the next Sunday there she was, in good time,

her face beaming. She had started at the first streaks of dawn.

For many weeks she and her husband came regularly. The girls helped to teach her the Lord's Prayer and "Jesus loves me" after the service, and when she earnestly wished for baptism she was admitted into a class for preparation, and shortly after was baptized. Soon after she brought her sister-in-law to service, and the latter has been baptized to-day. The old man is still most regular in his attendance on Sundays; his sister-in-law's brother is beginning to be interested and anxious to give up his trade, which is connected with idol worship; and a little girl from their village is now applying for admittance into our boarding school.

How true it is that in sowing "the seed of the Kingdom" we know not whether shall prosper, either this or that, and how it ought to spur one on, not only "in the morning" to sow diligently, but also "in the evening" not to "withhold our hand."—*Awake*.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

(From an Address delivered at the Missionary Conference in New York on April 21, 1900.)



THE story of Christian Missions is one of thrilling interest and marvelous results. The sacrifices of the missionaries for their fellow-men constitute one of the most glorious pages of the world's history. The missionary, of whatever church or ecclesiastical body, who devotes his life to the service of the Master and of man, carrying the torch of truth and enlightenment, deserves the gratitude and homage of mankind. The noble, self-effacing, willing ministers of peace and goodwill should be classed with the world's heroes. Wielding the sword of the Spirit, they have conquered ignorance and prejudice. They have been the pioneers of civilization. They have illumined the darkness of idolatry and superstition with the light of intelligence and truth. They have been messengers of righteousness and love. They have braved disease and danger and death, and in their exile have suffered unspeakable hardships, but their noble spirits have never wavered. They count their labour no sacrifice. "Away with the word in such a view and with such a thought," says David Livingstone; "it is emphatically no sacrifice, say rather it is a privilege." They furnish us examples of forbearance and fortitude, of patience and unyielding purpose, and of a spirit which triumphs not by the force of might, but by the majesty of right. They are placing in the hands of their brothers, less fortunate than themselves, the keys which unlock