

Missionary World.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

The burial of the dead is a subject most important to a Malagasy mind, and the customs connected with it still remain a great stumbling-block to the development of Christianity in Madagascar. These people honour their dead with an honour exceeding that they pay to the living, and the desire of every Malagasy—and more especially is this true of the Hova tribe—is to be buried with his fathers. Consequently no bones are allowed to rest out of the ancestral tomb, but are taken up after a longer or shorter period to be buried beside their relatives. Only one here, and another there, are willing to break away from this custom, which involves trouble, expense, and frequently debt, with consequent distress. At the last annual meetings of the Ambohimandroso district, where this subject was being discussed, a Christian worker astonished the audience by a thrilling little speech to this effect: "I have often been exercised in mind on this point; but now, I tell you candidly, it matters not to me where I am buried. The whole of Madagascar is the land of my fathers; my home is wherever I work for the Lord; so let me be buried where I die, and there I shall rise at the Judgment Day."

Rev. J. H. Shedd, of Oroomiah, Persia, gives the following account of his own work and that of his fellow-labourers:—

In the spring communions held last month there was joy in a good many congregations. New members were received and some backsliders were restored; so that the increase in communicants was near 150 in some twenty of our congregations. This is the ingathering of the winter's labours. It is a safeguard here not to receive probationers until they have a trial of three months. From the mountain field there is good news also: some twenty accessions to the church in Jelu and Baz, and nearly fifty in the field along the Tigris, under care of Mr. McDowell. In these signs of good we thank God and take courage. The power of the gospel is not less from year to year. Whenever faithful work is done there are results sooner or later. In some places there seems to be long delay, and the difficulties in all Moslem lands are very great. Among the difficulties at our station this year is reduced missionary force. In April Rev. F. G. Coan and wife started on a visit to America, after eight years of service. He is the son of Rev. Dr. Coan, who, twenty years ago, left Persia after long service, and did a great work among the home churches. Many who heard the father will be glad to hear from the son. As an evangelist, Mr. Coan has been very much blessed in winning souls. Mr. St. Pierre, who is in his sixth year of service, is temporarily laid aside by illness of himself and family. In the phrase of the people here, "their places appear." The work they were doing must be dropped, or it falls upon others. The ideal missionary life is, doubtless, on a high spiritual plane, and should ever be kept there. It is to save souls, and to tell the old, old story to those who have never heard it. The actual missionary life in an old station like ours is ideal in motive and aim, but the actual work is what many people would call drudgery. There are so many details, accounts, committees, troubles to settle, calls and difficulties and buildings to attend to; and so many times the unexpected happens and exigencies arise that take extra time and strength; the draft on nervous force from cases of persecution and poverty and wrong, and from the unreasonable and ungrateful, and the care of all the churches, and the daily routine of teaching and preaching and regular work—all these render the missionary abroad no more of an ideal worker than the missionary at the home field. In all the law is, Spend and be spent for Christ.

Two Swedish missionaries, Revs. Wickholm and Johansen, were most brutally murdered, and horribly mutilated on July 1, at Sing Pu, China, by a mob of Chinese fanatics. This town is an important market place north-east of Nankow, containing about 30,000 inhabitants. These missionaries had arrived there last April; they had made no converts, but their lives were endangered from the beginning. They were warned by their servants that they would be killed on July 1, but took no precautions, except to send a letter to a magistrate demanding protection. Early in the morning of the day of the murder, their house was surrounded by a mob composed of loafers, tradesmen, and scholars, demanding their blood. The doors and windows were battered in by stones. The missionaries attempted to escape over the roof of the adjoining houses, but were followed by the infuriated crowd, and were at last compelled to drop into the street among those seeking their blood. Mr. Wickholm's skull was smashed by an axe, and Mr. Johansen was soon beaten out of human shape by bamboo rods and iron bars. Their bodies were then stripped naked, subjected to revolting mutilations, and left in the street to be eaten by the dogs. The mission house after being looted was burned.

On the Nilghiris, or Blue Mountains, in South India, among the Badagas, the Basel Missionary Society has been labouring for some years, and with some degree of success. At Tuneri, quite recently, a young man was baptized and received the name of Paul. His parents are intelligent people, and did not scold and rage as the Badagas generally do, when some one accepts Christ. They wept hot tears in quiet for their first-born. After his baptism, Paul visited his village. Men and women alike scorned and reviled him; but his mother—the father was away from home—boldly took her stand by her son, and said to the mockers: "He is still my son; yes, look at him, he is still my son." The men of the village then tried to make him recant, and promised to get him reinstated in his caste, but Paul was firm and said: "If I deny my Lord, I shall have misery here and misery there; here my life will be lost, and there also," pointing to heaven. Another convert was baptized at the same time as Paul. These, says the missionary, are the beginnings of Christianity in Todanar.

The directors of the London Missionary Society have decided to build a steamship for their work in the South Seas, and in New Guinea, to take the place of their old sailing vessel, the John Williams. The need for a mission ship with steam power has long been felt, for it has been impossible to visit some groups of islands more than once a year, while others have been left for two years without a visit. Consequently, the important work of supervision has been imperfectly done. To go the round of these stations, means a voyage of 6,000 miles. In addition, a new mission has been opened in New Guinea, which extends over 1,000 miles of coast, and employs more than seventy South Sea native evangelists. The new steamer will help on effectively this new work. An appeal is to be made to the young people who have built and maintained the previous ships, to raise the funds for this vessel, as their share in the forward movement of the society.

Dr. Arthur Fells, of Neyoor, reports that the number of patients attending the hospital, has increased considerably of late—about 3,300 during the five months ending May 31st, as compared with 4,600 for the whole of last year. "Lately we have had an old religious mendicant in the wards, suffering from fever, with extreme emaciation. He came in a most degraded man, accustomed to carrying on unclean practices in connection with his superstitions. Now

he is a wonderful testimony to the transforming power of the love of Christ. His former evidences of holiness, in the shape of nearly two pounds of densely-matted, filthy hair, and a necklace of peculiar beads, are gone, and in his heart a still more marked change has occurred. After he has received a little more instruction, I think of sending him back to his old village to preach the Gospel of Christ to those whom formerly he deluded with his superstitions and charms."

There are still among the hills and mountains of India, tribes scarcely more advanced than those who used agate knives and flint weapons, erected Druidical stones, and formed mounds at a period antecedent to that remote age when the Aryans conquered the aboriginal people. It was only in 1871 that the women of the Juangs, or leaf-wearers of Orissa, were induced to wear any kind of clothing.

A LAKEPORT MIRACLE.

AN EXPERIENCE FEW COULD PASS THROUGH AND SURVIVE.

Broken Down by Congestion of the Lungs and La Grippe—Weary Months of Sleepless Suffering—A Narrow Escape.

From the Colborne Enterprise.

The village of Lakeport in the county of Northumberland is beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, two and a half miles from the town of Colborne. The location of the village is picturesque and healthy, and as a rule the inhabitants of Lakeport are a vigorous people, troubled with very little sickness. But there are exceptions, and even in this healthy locality occasional cases of suffering and long months of weary sickness are found. Among those thus unfortunate was Mrs. Milo Haight, who for nearly two years was a great sufferer, sickness having made such inroads in her constitution that she was almost a complete wreck physically. Although a young woman her system had run down until life had become almost a burden. She had consulted physicians and tried many remedies, but no relief was found. Her attention was finally directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and having read of the many wonderful cures accomplished through the use of this great life-saving remedy, was induced to give them a trial. The result exceeded her fondest expectations, and before long she was restored to her former health and strength. Having heard of this case the Enterprise reporter called on Mrs. Haight, and inquired into the facts, which are given almost verbatim in the following statement: "I was ill for about twelve weeks in the latter part of 1891, while at home with my father in Trenton. I came to Lakeport, but was here only a few weeks when I was taken with inflammation of the bowels. After I sufficiently recovered I returned to Trenton. I had not been at home long when I was attacked with la grippe, which nearly brought me to death's door. A physician was called who said my system was badly run down. This was in February, 1892; and I was under his care for some twelve weeks before I was able to get out of doors. When I was taken down congestion of the lungs and spine set in, and then the trouble went to my throat, and lastly to my ear, causing an abscess which gathered and broke three times, leaving me quite deaf. I suffered the most excruciating pains, sleep left me and I could not rest. I suffered continually with cold chills and cold hands and feet, and severe headaches. The doctor gave me no hope of recovery. As soon as I was able I returned to Lakeport, but did not improve in health and I felt that death would be a relief. In June, 1892, I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and had not been taking them long when the chills left me, my appetite improved, and sleep returned, something I had not enjoyed for many long weary months. After using the Pink Pills for some weeks I began to feel

as though I could stand almost anything. In the month of June, 1892, I weighed 114 pounds, and in April, 1893, I weighed 151 pounds, my greatest weight. I took the Pink Pills for about four months; but I now resort to them for any trouble, even a slight headache. I truly believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold, and I owe my health and strength, if not my life to them. My eyes were weak at the time I was sick, but I have had no such experience since I began the use of Pink Pills. I take great pleasure in thus making known my case, hoping that some fellow creature may be benefited thereby. I allow no opportunity to pass without speaking well of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I know of several persons who began their use on my recommendation and were greatly benefited by them. My father, who is some seventy years of age, is receiving great help from their use. I can truthfully say I cannot speak too highly of Pink Pills, and I would not be without them in the house under any circumstances."

Mrs. Haight's husband is also taking Pink Pills for rheumatism, and being present during the interview gave his testimony to their benefit to him. Mrs. Haight's present appearance indicates the best of health; and no one who did not know of her long suffering would imagine, from her present appearance, that she had ever been sick. Her case is one that cannot but give the strongest hope to other sufferers that they too may be cured by Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills, whose action upon the human system seems almost magical.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and of Schenectady, N. Y. Pink Pills are not a patent medicine but a prescription. An analysis of their properties shows that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus's dance, the after effects of la grippe, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink.) Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealers for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents.—My daughter was suffering terribly with neuralgia. I purchased a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT and rubbed her face thoroughly. The pain left her and she slept well till morning. Next night another attack, another application resulted as previously, with no return since. Grateful feelings determined me to express myself publicly. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT in the house at any cost.

J. H. BAILEY,
Parkdale, Ont.