

World of Missions

A Manchurian Convert.

By Rev. John Ross.

Mr. Fu is a man in the early prime of life, with bright eyes, clever tongue, and deft fingers. He was passing a light-hearted life as a sleight-of-hand man, and able to keep the attention of an open-mouthed crowd for hours by his clever tricks. Like a sincere Confucianist he honored his mother, and was always glad to be able to bring her some nice surprise whenever he went into the big city—Mukden. He not only lived well, but built several houses in the large country town where he lived, with the proceeds of his nimble fingers.

Some years ago he came in contact with Christianity, in the person of a quiet young joiner, who had been baptized at a station eight miles from the town where these men lived. He was gradually won over to Christian truth became first a professed inquirer, then an applicant for baptism under regular instruction, and ultimately a baptized Christian.

From the earliest contact with Christianity he had come to the conclusion that his mode of livelihood was wrong, for it was deceiving the eyes of the public. He therefore abruptly and decidedly cast off his trade.

He mortgaged first one, then another of his houses, till he was left with a tiny bit of a house in which he lived with his wife and mother. To prove his conversion to the skeptical townsmen, he who had never soiled his hands with labor took the low post of night watchman in an inn where he had to watch by night and work a good deal by day.

With the money of his own he could lay hands on, he built a small church of twenty-two feet square, in which he and his fellow-believers could have worship every Sunday and meet together every night for prayer and the singing of hymns.

His bold and intelligent earnestness having been brought to notice, he was sent out in his neighborhood as a colporteur, or itinerant evangelist, to preach the Gospel and spread Christian books among the numerous towns around. In a couple of months he brought a list of men who were believers, and desired to be inscribed on the list of applicants for baptism.

One day, a few months ago, twenty-two people were baptized in the chapel he had built, and at present he has a list of almost one hundred applicants for baptism on his book. He is extremely cautious lest unworthy motives sway the

men who profess belief; and he therefore refuses to put on his list the well-to-do, who may have reasons connected with litigation for wishing a connection with the foreigner.—The Independent.

An Indian Romance.

Professor Max Muller contributes an interesting paper to the Fortnightly, in which he tells a pretty story of a poor little girl and her boy husband.

We must try to understand, first of all, that it is possible in India for a girl of nine and a boy of twelve to fall in love and to be married, or, rather, to be betrothed. That hearts so young are capable of mutual affection and devotion we know from the biographies of some of our own most distinguished men. Nay, we are told by the people of India that the years of their boyish love form the happiest years of their life.

These two, Srimati and her husband, Kedar Nath, were as happy as children all day long; but what is even more surprising than their premature marriage is the premature earnestness with which they looked on life. Their thoughts were engaged on questions which with us would seem but rarely to form the subject of conversation, even of far more mature couples. They felt dissatisfied with their religion, which, much as we hear about it in Indian newspapers, occupies after all a very small portion only of the daily life of a poor Hindu family. Following the teaching of Keshub Chunder Sen, they arrived at the conviction that God was one, and that true worship consisted in loving Him and doing His will.

They might easily have kept up an appearance of orthodoxy while holding in their hearts such simple, pure, and enlightened convictions. The temptation was great, however, but they resisted. The families to which they belonged occupied a highly respected position in Hindu society, which in India is fortunately quite compatible with extreme poverty. Much as both she and her husband had been loved and respected before, they were now despised, avoided, excommunicated. Even the allowance which they had received from their family was ordered to be reduced to a minimum, and in order to fit himself to earn an independent livelihood, the husband had to enter as a student into one of the government colleges, while his little wife had to look after their small household.

Soon there came a new trial. Her husband's father, who had renounced his son when he joined Keshub Chunder

Sen's church, died broken-hearted, and the duty of performing the funeral rites (Sradha) fell on his son. To neglect to perform these rites is considered to deprive the departed of all hope of eternal life. The son was quite ready to perform all that was essential in such rites, but he declared that he would never take part in any of the usual idolatrous ceremonies. In spite of the prayers of his relatives and the protestations of the whole village, he would not yield. He fled the very night that the funeral ceremony was to take place, accompanied again by no one except his brave little wife. Thereupon his father's brothers stopped all allowances due to him, and he was left with eight rupees per month to support his wife and mother. Srimati, however, managed, with this small pittance, to maintain not only herself and her husband, but her husband's mother also, who had become insane; his little sister, and a nurse. Under these changed circumstances her husband found it impossible to continue his career at the Presidency College, and had to migrate to Dacca to prosecute his studies there. Here they all lived together again, and though they were sometimes almost starving, Srimati considered these the happiest of her life. She herself tried to perfect her education by attending an adult female school, and so rapid was her progress that on one occasion she was chosen to read an address to Lord Northbrook when he visited the school at Dacca.

Thus she lived and died; a true child-wife, pure as a child, devoted as a wife, and always yearning for that Spirit whom she had sought for, if, happily, she might feel after Him and find Him. And surely He was not far from her, nor she from Him.

In 1850 you could buy a man in the Fiji Islands for seven dollars, butcher him and eat him, without even public remonstrance. To-day the Bible is in nearly every house, and on Sunday nine-tenths of the people may be found assembled in the churches for public worship. What about the power and profit of foreign missions?

Politically the New Hebrides are No Man's Land. Therefore every man looks upon them as his legitimate prey! By cajolery, by fraud, by violence, the poor natives are deported as "laborers" (plain English—slaves) to Noumea and French possessions in New Caledonia, or to French plantations in the New Hebrides, and to Queensland. By strong drink, firearms, and disease—introduced to make profit, by vessels of civilized (?) nations—they are slain and demoralized in their own land; and there seems to be no one, outside the missionaries, to lay it to heart. No one in authority speaks out for equal justice to be administered to men and women, whether white or black; and if they did, there are no official administrators.