

Missionary.

Music in the Missionary Meeting.

Now that Christian Endeavors are housing so many missionary meetings, our readers will be particularly interested in a most suggestive article by Belle M. Brin, in the Missionary Review of the World, on the subject of music in the missionary meeting. The writer thinks, and we believe, quite correctly, that music is not always as effective in the missionary meeting as it should be. A serious hindrance to the spiritual power of music is the use of inappropriate selections. Elaborate anthems rendered largely for the gratification of the musical faculty, and not in a true spirit of worship to God, are out of place in missionary meetings. So also is secular music of any kind. The practice of having secular solos in the hope of attracting those not interested in missions is deplorable. No matter how beautiful and pleasing such music may be, it has no place on the missionary programme. Every missionary organization should have a committee to take charge of the music, and see that it is made an attractive feature of each meeting. An accompanist should also be appointed, and either a precentor or choir to lead the singing, but it is well to remember that the power of sacred song is immeasurably increased when "the hands that touch the organ keys and the voices that lead the singing in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs are at the disposal of the Holy Ghost and usable as His instruments." While it is well, occasionally, to arrange for appropriate solos and duets, music in the missionary meeting should largely consist of congregational singing. The method of conducting it, however, may frequently be varied. Responsive singing, rightly conducted, can be made very effective. In hymns, such as "The Light of the World" and "What a Wonderful Saviour!" where two lines of each stanza are alike, one division of the society may sing the first and third lines and the other respond with the second and fourth, all uniting in the choruses. In such hymns as "Hallelujahs Again" and "Bringing in the Sheaves," where the repetition occurs in the choruses, the entire society may sing the stanzas and the two divisions alternate in the lines of the choruses. Reading the words of a hymn instead of singing them is helpful occasionally.

A Twenty-Four-Hour Day.

Calling one day upon a business man in his office, I found him, as usual, "up to his eyes" in work.

"Sit down and wait a moment," he said, handing me a chair.

"You are always working," I exclaimed; "how many hours do you put in each day?"

"Twenty-four," he replied, with a smile.

My face expressed my astonishment. "Yes," he said, "I work ten or twelve hours here; the rest of the time I am working at the other side of the world—by proxy, of course."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Let me explain," he returned, more seriously than before. "When I was at school I became deeply interested in the mission cause. I determined to go out to China and work in the field. But my father died, and his business here was in such a state that no outsider could successfully carry it on. There were a mother, sisters, and younger brothers dependent upon the profits of the house. I was obliged to remain here. But I determined, nevertheless, to have a representative in the field and

I took up the support of a native preacher in China."

There my friend took down a much-tumbled map of southern China, and pointed out a certain town.

"There is where my man is at work," he said. "We have representatives of our business in several of the principal cities of the world. I call this our missionary branch. My man there is working while I sleep. He is my substitute. In that way I work twenty-four hours a day for the Master. I work here for the money to keep my representative working over there."

Encouragements.

The whole world is now open for the reception of the Gospel. The Bible is printed in 250 languages and dialects. There are 150,000,000 copies in circulation. The number of missionary societies is tenfold what it was eighty years ago. The number of converts is nearly fiftyfold. Wonderful revivals, with pentecostal power, are frequent in heathen lands. The increase in membership in heathen lands is thirty times greater than at home in proportion to the number of ministers employed, although the tests of discipleship are the most trying nature. But above all other encouragements are the precious promises of God. Our great desire is to awaken the people of God to the unparalleled opportunities of our own age, and the need of a movement more deep and wide, more earnest and self-denying, more bold and aggressive, than anything that has yet been attempted, to reach the neglected at home, and evangelize the mighty generations abroad—the one thousand million souls who are dying in Christless despair at the rate of 100,000 a day. Let us remember: "The light that shines faintest shines brightest nearest home."

Picture of a Decaying Church.

An artist was once asked to paint a picture representing a decaying church. To the astonishment of many, instead of putting on the canvas an old tottering ruin, the artist painted a stately edifice of modern grandeur. Through the open pulpit, the magnificent organ and the beautiful stained glass windows.

Just within the grand entrance guarded on either side by a "pillar of the church," in sparsely apparel and glittering jewellery, was an offering plate of gaudy workmanship, for the "offerings" of fashionable worshippers. But—and here the artist's conception of a decaying church was made known—right above the offering plate, suspended from a nail in the wall, there hung a square box, very simply painted, and bearing the legend, "Collection for Foreign Missions;" but right over the slot, through which certain contributions ought to have gone he had painted a huge cobweb!

"They Also Serve."

I once visited the Indian school at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Professor Bryan was then at the head of it. At table I was trying to find from each teacher his share in the great work they were doing. Opposite me sat a bright-faced German, looking the wisest person at the table. As I came to him I said: "And you, Professor?" "Madam, I am the cook." Whether my face flushed with surprise, or not, I do not know. No one smiled. After a somewhat embarrassing moment for me, he said:

"Madam, since I was a little boy I have desired to be a missionary to the Indians. I received a good education, graduated at Berlin University, took a course in

theology at a seminary in Germany, then came here, where I found that my imperfect English was an unsurmountable barrier to religious work among the Indians. We had no cook. Some of our best teachers were ill nearly all the time, so I became the cook, and I do it unto God, believing that every soul saved by these devoted workers whose health I have improved, is part of my work. Do you approve?" "Do I approve?" I asked. "Why, every pot and kettle becomes a sanctified implement in your hand. The Master said: 'And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.'"—Mrs. Harriet Earhart Monroe.

Favorably Impressed.

With our missionary work in China I am most favorably impressed. We are doing a larger and better work in this country than I had supposed. I knew the statistics of our work here, but I did not know, until I came to see, the quiet and yet far-reaching influence of our missionaries are exerting over this people in the schools and hospitals we have established among them. In our school and hospital work we are not only reaching the lower classes, but the higher and most influential classes are coming to us for medical treatment; even princes of the royal blood are grateful patients of some of our medical missionaries. No treatment for a physical ailment is ever ministered without also ministering to the needs of the soul.—Rev. Dr. Homer Eaton.

A Great Gift.

One Sunday, years ago, there came to one of the churches at Utica a clergyman who made an appeal for the mission work among the heathen, which was then a new work to American Christians. Among those who were moved by his appeal was a godly mother, who had little to give in the way of money, but who, tearing out a fly-leaf from a hymn book, wrote on it, "I promise to give my two sons to be missionaries, and dropped it in the contribution box. Those two sons were S. Wells Williams, one of the greatest missionaries who ever went to China, and Dr. Frederick Williams, who was in his sphere almost as distinguished a missionary at Mosul. After all, those who give life give more than those who give money.

Immense Population.

A new census of China, just completed, shows that the population is 426,447,000. The number of inhabitants in Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet and Turkestan was only estimated. These figures show that more than one-fourth of the world is contained within the Chinese Empire. Even the British Empire, with its vast possessions on every continent has 30,000,000 less inhabitants than China. In 1890 E. G. Ravenstein estimated the inhabitants of the earth at 1,487,900,000. Since then the number has increased to about 1,500,000,000.

Scarcity of Missionaries.

A missionary of the Church of England writes from northern Nigeria: "From my house I can walk straight away until I have walked the whole length of England and Scotland combined five times before I could see another missionary, and if I then sail, the only way to be in a ship going to Uganda."