

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

LETTER FROM REV. JONATHAN GOFORTH.

The following interesting letter from Mr. Goforth, dated Pang Chuang, Shantung, June 11, 1889, has just been received.

We are not yet established in Honan, that land of promise, but are beyond its borders preparing for entrance. The northern part of Honan has already been spied out. The extent will not exceed that of the five inland counties of Western Ontario, but its population will sum up as many as the Protestants of our Dominion. We hear with gladness that the Church is sending out further reinforcements. Let no one imagine too many are coming to this field. More than 5,000 ministers and students are not thought to be too many for the spiritual good of Canada's enlightened Protestants. Will any one say that one per cent of Canada's ministerial force or fifty male missionaries would be too many to bear light to 3,000,000 of benighted heathen? By the autumn we will have so far advanced in the language that we will be warranted to attempt work in Honan. The time of waiting will be the most trying on the patience of our friends at home. We are lost to sight for a season. It is not an easy task to study a strange people as well as a strange language. Days and weeks come and go and we are still at the language. Thus absorbed it cannot be supposed that we have much to write about. At this stage, if what we write is little and uninteresting, our friends must bear with us. The account of a soldier's drilling is not so inspiring as the tale of actual conflict.

Our stay among the missionaries will be invaluable. We will strive to glean the most effective methods from veterans on the field. But what may be valuable above all else is the fact that we daily hear the native preachers telling the story of salvation to their fellow-men. From this we hope to lay hold of the simplest modes of presenting the truth to a Chinaman's understanding.

Wishing also to learn how to manage open air work at the fairs we laid aside our books for a day, and in company with two of the native preachers rode over to the "Temple of the Four Virgins" (the name of the town, so called from its temple). Chinamen are too practical to hold a fair for the purpose of display. To buy and sell is the only object. All manner of live stock as well as all manner of Chinese manufacture, including cotton from England were for sale. For the time being merchants deserted their permanent shops. A town of mat sheds is reared. The streets were covered overhead. Everything for sale was in full view. The streets were thronged with buyers. Most goods for summer use in the surrounding region are now purchased. A Westerner would wonder at the countless fans for sale, but all Chinamen use fans in summer but no hats, with the exception of some outdoor labourers who use straw hats. The Chinese indifference to the sun is wonderful. At one of these fairs with the thermometer above 100 in the shade, thousands of these bare shaved heads might be counted apparently indifferent to the scorching rays while we from a colder clime defended by pith hat and umbrella would not feel extra secure. At one of the shops we stopped to purchase a pair of Chinese shoes. At once we were invited to be seated. A cup of tea is poured out. The shoes are tried on, the tea is drunk. The bargain is closed. The refilled cup is again emptied. We bow and move on. It is now dinner time. We sit at the same table and with chop sticks eat out of the same bowls as our Celestial friends, and must confess our relish of the Chinese meal.

In the afternoon, carrying a table and bench and Gospel books, we went to the open space beside the theatre and commenced the open air service. It was not hard to get a crowd since there was a foreigner to be seen. One of the preachers was a Buddhist priest before conversion. He has an easy off-hand manner and fully understands his fellow Chinamen. Besides he has a fine presence and strong voice. He kept his audience attentive and good-humoured. Seeing several Buddhist priests among his hearers he turned to one and calling the attention of the crowd, said: "You see my Buddhist friend here. He represents a foreign religion. Buddhism came from India and we received it, but it is false and cannot save us." Then turning all eyes to me, he said: "Here

is the missionary. He is only one of many who have come to our land to tell us of the true way. He does not come to make gain out of us by buying and selling. The people who worship the true God have sent him and will support him here. Though he is a foreigner he does not come to give us a foreign religion. Men of all nations are sinners. All are lost. The great salvation is for all. You Chinamen think that there are many Gods. You have a god for wind, another for rain, a god for sea and a god for land. Yes, gods without number, but all are false. They have eyes, but cannot see; ears, but cannot hear; mouths, but cannot speak. They are weaker than the men who made them. No help can they give you. Is it not so?" "True, true," said many voices in the crowd. "The missionaries have come to us to tell about the true God and His Son Jesus who more than eighteen hundred years ago came to earth and died to save us. The missionaries also have God's book and know that these things are true. But our time is not sufficient to tell you all about the true way neither could you wait to hear, so we have brought books which explain the plan of salvation. Come and buy and read for yourselves." In this way speaking and selling of books went on for two hours till it was time for us to return home.

So far my speaking is to the twos and threes, but we eagerly look forward to the time when we shall be able to tell the story of salvation to the Chinese with the same ease and profit as in the streets and lanes of Toronto.

We have now entered the hot season. Last week the thermometer ranged from one hundred to one hundred and eight in the shade. The hottest has not come yet. To the heat is added the hot dry winds which blow from the south-west and sometimes increase to a gale bringing dense clouds of fine dust which enters every crack and crevice coating everything in the house. But the disagreeable dust will soon cease to rise for the rainy season is at hand. In spite of the heat we are all enjoying good health and feel no cause for slowing up very much in our studies. J. GOFORTH.

MADAGASCAR.

"It was only on Sunday last," writes the Rev. H. E. Johnson, of Fianarantsoa, "that I was greatly encouraged when presiding over, and giving a short address at, a meeting of Sunday school teachers. This was the first of a series of quarterly prayer meetings, which we hope to hold on the last Sunday in the quarter, at the close of the Sunday school. It was a most delightful sight to see on one side of our girls' central schoolroom the male teachers, and on the other side, stretching down the schoolroom, the Malagasy women, who are manifesting such a deep interest in the Sunday school. Whilst we rejoice at having a band of men willing to help the missionary in this work, we are even more encouraged to see such a band of women, many of them mothers, coming to the school with such happy faces, and teaching in their respective classes. In order to make the work lighter for these Malagasy Christians, who have, as it were, only but yesterday given themselves to Sunday school work, we have about thirty-two male and the same number of female teachers who take it in turn to teach. This has the great advantage of calling in a large number of the natives, and thus getting them interested in voluntary Christian service, and the plan, so far, has worked admirably. Each class has four teachers, and each teacher has his or her day fixed by plan throughout the month. May the Fianarantsoa Sunday school, now three years old, grow to be a power for good, not only to the workers, but to the rising generation in Betsileo!"

"There are lights, and there are shadows too, in our missionary work. The sale of intoxicating liquors, brought into the country by traders, is, we are sorry to say, on the increase. And not only in Fianarantsoa, but also in the country markets in Betsileo, we see almost on every hand that this soul-destroying traffic is apparently making headway. We are having pledge cards printed in Antananarivo at our mission press, for the Bands of Hope, which we are organizing, not only in Fianarantsoa, but also in some of our country stations. We trust, too, that we shall soon have an adult total abstinence society as a distinct branch of our missionary work.

BURLINGTON ROUTE.

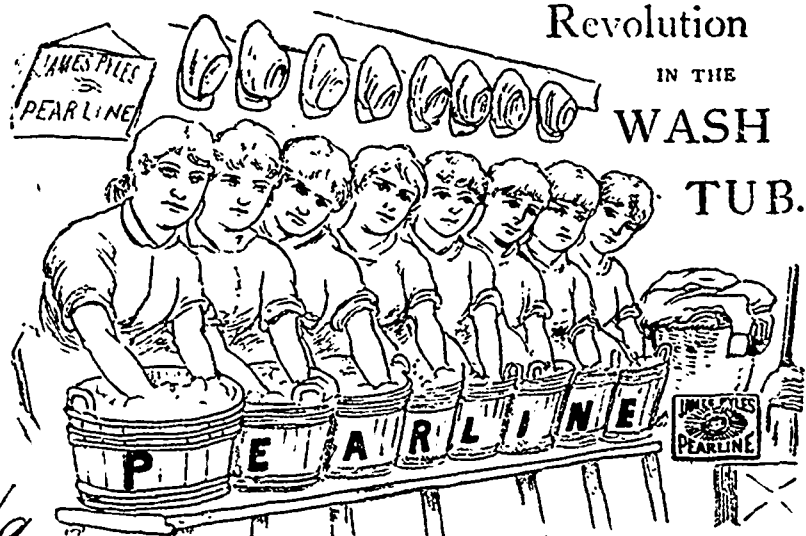
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The C., B. & Q. R. R. is now running in connection with the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Ry. from Hannibal, a sleeping car from Chicago to Sedalia, Ft. Scott, Parsons, Denison, Ft. Worth, Waco, Austin, Houston, Galveston and other points in Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory and Texas. Train leaves Chicago at 5:45 p.m. daily, Peoria at 8:30 p.m. daily except Sunday, and reaches Texas points many hours quicker than any other route. Through tickets and further information can be obtained of Ticket Agents and P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for debility and all nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to any who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

8/52
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