

to the extent of fifty cents a month, and this, together with the forty-five cents he received at the asylum, was enough to keep him in food. Before I left Canton for this country I procured for him "Mark's Gospel," written by one of Dr. Mary Niles' blind girls; also paper for writing, and told Wong to go on and perfect himself in his reading and writing, and as opportunity afforded, to teach and preach until my return. This he promised faithfully to do. Before leaving I placed in the hands of the church deacon enough to give Blind Wong fifty cents a month while I was away, promising to send a few dollars more later. He is thus dependent upon me to this amount, but the church gives nothing, so no precedent has been established yet. I believe that on my return I shall be able to open a school for the blind in Canton, or at least get him to work as a tutor to some well-to-do blind person, and there are many such in the city. It has been estimated that there are at least 10,000 blind of all classes in Canton, China. In other places blind preachers have been able to preach with power and to lead souls to Christ, and I trust God will be able to use Blind Wong, especially among his blind associates in the two asylums near the East Gate in Canton.

Blind Wong was very grateful to me for what I had done, and before I left, through the help of the deacon who had befriended him, he presented me with two red paper scrolls; on one was written in Chinese: *The halt, the deaf, the blind, the dumb can learn the way to enter the heavenly city.* On the other: *To speak plainly of salvation and redemption, to proclaim the good tidings, this honors the holy church.*

Since coming to this country the native Christians in the south, around Canton, have suffered for the Name, but I do not think that Blind Wong has met with any serious trouble. I therefore have hopes of again seeing him when I return, and of carrying out my purpose. It may be that some who will read this sketch would like to aid in this work for the blind.

THEM POOR WIDERS.

By Mrs. Mary B. Wingate.

I've been reading, Jacob, all about the famine sufferers in Injy. We've been lookin' at the pictures—and O my! they fairly haunt me now. Such a starved, bony, half-naked set! Its jest awful! I proposed that we go without tea—though I should miss it dreftfully, it kinder sets me up when I'm tired—but Jacob said he'd have it any way, so I might as well. He said he'd give a dollar, and, as he calculated they was a shiffess set any way, he guessed that would be his part. I told him shifflessness was a great misfortin, and I pitied 'em all the more, but it's the poor widers I pity most.

They have to fast mor'n the others any way, and do all the drudgery, and wear different clo's from the

rest. Poor things! So young, too, as many of 'em are, with every man's hand, and every woman's too, agin 'em, what can we expect? They're jest driven to ruin. When I think what if Flory Maria'd been born there, I feel's tho' I *must* do something. But Jacob, he feels real poor with the hard times and low prices; and says he, as the best of men will say, "We can't help it. I wouldn't have a cow of mine 'bused that way." When I ask, "What if 'twas Flory Maria?" he says they'd better not try it while he's above ground, but I see it worries him. He's real good-hearted, Jacob is, even if folks do call him "a little near." I jest know he'll do something for that "Widers' Home." I allers did pity a wider, even in this country, unless they was "widers bewitched," and even then I sez to myself they'd been' all right if their husban's had lived, so I keep right on apityin' 'em. If Jacob had died—but I don't like to think of that; I pray the Lord I may never be one, though 'twould be wus for him, for he never would change his shirt or stockings, and his handkerchiefs—O my! and he never would take anything for his cough if I didn't look after it.

Well, as I was a-sayin', if Jacob had died, life would have been so much harder for me that I think I ought to make the Lord a thank-offering right off. I shall have my turkey money this year, and Flory Maria's made me a nice bunnit—she's real handy and tasty-like—and I've had a cape made out of Jacob's weddin' coat, so I'm fixed up real nice now. Well, I thought this year I'd begin to get some furniture for the parlor aginst the time when Flory Maria should be married, but she's so interested in Injy I really believe she would rather I'd send it out to help build that "Widers' Home" the *Helper* talks about, than to get nice things for that room. It almost worries me to have Flory Maria and her beau think so much about missions—especially the work in Injy. But I think I'll send a part of the money, anyway, and may the Lord help me to remember I was a Christian before I was a mother, and give me strength to say, "His will, not mine, be done."—*The Missionary Helper.*

AMONG the mighty men of God reclaimed from heathenism none excél Khama, a chief of Bamangwato, Africa. He was converted while young, and sought to lead all his people to Christ. The white traders followed the missionary and were welcomed. From boyhood Khama had been set against rum. The white traders begged to be allowed to bring in a little "as medicine." He finally consented, but gave them to understand that there should be no drunkenness. Soon drink had plunged the town into violence and bloodshed. Khama summoned the traders and ordered them all to leave at once, since they had trampled upon his laws because he was black. Even some who had been his intimate friends