

The Family.

GOD'S OWN TREASURE.

We are as water spilt upon the ground which cannot be gathered up again.—2 Samuel xiv. 14.

Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.—Malachi iv. 2.

With night was dark and stars were clear A dew drop nestled in a rose, Which loved to yield a sweet repose, Nor ever dreamed that grief was near.

But through the vale with fearful sound A cold wind swept in cruel quest, He snatched my treasure from my breast And dashed it ruthless to the ground.

Oh, aching void! Oh, voiceless pain! I groan, I low my weary head, Above the dust where lies my dead, Ne'er to be gathered up again.

Yet as I mourn, a still, small voice Steals to my heart, and makes it swell With hope that all will yet be well, That though I weep I may rejoice.

It whispers "What though wet weeds twine, At night winds sigh around the grave, Remember Jesus came to save, The night must pass, the morn must shine.

"Soon shall thy Sun's all powerful beam Break through the night, and pierce the tomb Where lies his jewels wrapped in gloom— Death's worthless dust, as mortals deem.

"Twill bear them up on golden wing, To gem the diadem divine, For they are mine, and they shall shine My treasure," saith their Heavenly King."

CANADIAN MISSION,

A TRIP TO AJMER AND MESSARABAD.

[WE have pleasure in presenting, through the kindness of the Board of the W.P.M.S., the following interesting letter from Mrs. Wilson, Neemuch, Central India.]

In December we spent a week at Ajmer and Messarabad, in both of which places the U.P. Church of Scotland has mission stations, seeing the work done by this most successful of all Indian missions. My letter would be very long indeed were I to tell you of all the interesting work we saw during those few days. The mission was established about twenty-five years ago, so all the different kinds of work engaged in by missionary societies—preaching, teaching, medical work, etc. are represented in these two important stations.

Ajmer which is a hundred and fifty miles from Neemuch, and three hundred miles from Indore is a large and important railway centre. It is the northern terminus of the Malwa-Rajputana railway (out C. I. line) and in it are many of the works of the great line which extends from Bombay along the west coast right to the Himalaya Mountains. Messarabad is a large military station on the M.R.R., about fourteen miles from Ajmer.

Messarabad, though a much larger station, is not nearly so pretty a place as Neemuch. There you have a white soil, which reflects so powerfully and disagreeably the sunlight; and, I suppose, for want of a good water supply, it is not so well planted with shade trees as Neemuch. The bungalows are good, but as almost the entire station is ranged along the Mall (every Indian camp seems to have its Mall) a straight road about two miles in length, the good points of any one compound are lost sight of, in the extremely monotonous appearance of the whole. Were it not that a long range of hills in the Ajmer direction relieved the flatness of the place, Messarabad in its physical aspect would be dreary indeed. The soil is light and sandy, and, of course, water being scanty there is but little natural vegetation. The jungle about the camp looks almost as bare as the stretch of desert you pass through in going from Port Said to Suez. Sand storms are frequent, and often very heavy. The hot season is very hot. The winds, which blow almost incessantly for some weeks at this season, become some times heated in passing over the great sand desert which occupies a large part of Rajputana. The cold season is an extremely cold.

Leaving Neemuch about five o'clock in the evening, we reached Messarabad at five the next morning; twelve hours for a journey of a hundred and fifty miles! We had accepted an invitation to stay with Dr. and Mrs. Clark, (Dr. Clark is a medical missionary) and found ourselves at once very much at home with these Scotch Presbyterian friends. How our heart does warm to a member of our own Church in India! In Messarabad are three missionaries of the U.P. Church, Dr. Clark, Mr. Robb, and Miss Anderson the lady who has charge of the boarding school for girls in connection with the mission. Mr. Robb, who has been but a comparatively short time here, having spent the first fourteen years of his mission life in the jungle, has charge of the high school; Dr. Clark having the entire medical work of the station under his control. Church and bazaar services are divided between them; also chaplaincy duties, which they have undertaken in addition to their other work.

Dr. Clark has a fine large building for his work, in a good situation at the entrance to the bazaar. A large part of the house is used as a hospital, one small room being reserved for women. There are also a dispensary and operating room under the same roof; a few yards off is a large store-room for medicines. The morning we visited the place there were but few men in the hospital, and no women. It was long before any women could be induced to become inmates of the ward set apart for them. Now a good many, of course, of lower caste, take advantage of it; and the number of operations among them has increased wonderfully during the last two or three years. Last year alone, Dr. Clark mentioned having performed nineteen major operations on women, as against one, two, and three a year, during former years. In the hospital and dispensary are native assistants who have been trained in Agra Medical College.

Before we had finished our inspection of the building, a fakir, a most curious specimen of degraded manhood came to the doctor for medicine. The man could not walk, having for probably many, many years, crept along in a sort of sitting position, as you occasionally see a baby do who is too independent to creep on hands and feet. His hair had never been cut, and was plaited in heavy long braids, and gathered like a huge turban about his head. As this neglecting of the hair is considered very pious, many fakirs try to impose

on people by plaiting tow or jute with the real hair, so as to make it appear that they have been exceedingly religious during a long period. The nails, too, are allowed to grow as they will; and, in fact, the dirtier and more disgusting the body becomes, the better chance these men have of making their daily bread without any labour. It is incredible that some of them are not really sincere, and think to gain the only salvation they know (absorption in the Deity) the quicker by this means. But the majority take to fakirism as a refuge from any steady work. Indians are extremely lazy, and adhere to regular labour of any kind, so begging has come to be an honourable profession among them. A lady missionary told me that she had once undertaken to lecture a strong able bodied woman who had gone to her begging for pice. "What has God given you hands and feet for?" The answer came promptly, "God gave me feet to carry me to the sahib's bungalows, and he gave me hands to hold out for pice." Don't you think this woman might take her place among Carlyle's heroes?

Mrs. Clark goes to the hospital every morning with the doctor, and while he is engaged among the men, gathers the women about her, and tells them the story of the great Physician who is more willing and able to help them, than is even the doctor sahib himself. In Messarabad is a very fine high school, of which Mr. Robb is principal. The number of boys on the roll is over four hundred. When we were there, they had but one building for both church and school purposes. But, lately, a very handsome house, which had been erected by Government for a school, has been handed over to the mission; also the Government grant, which covers half the expenses of the work. A new church is being built, too, which it is hoped will be ready for occupation next fall.

We were specially interested in Miss Anderson's boarding school, as in our own mission this most important branch of mission work has so lately been opened. Most of the girls are daughters of native Christians, but, while in the school, they are entirely under Miss Anderson's control, and the constant care and supervision of her flock is, certainly, a great labour and anxiety. We are fortunate in having in our mission a lady who is willing to undertake the charge of a similar institution. Miss Roger has already five boarders, and she finds even the charge of that little number involve a good deal of extra work, particularly as she is yet without a proper building. The moral atmosphere in a heathen land is so fearfully polluted that I am sure it would be well if both boys and girls of our native Christians could be entirely shut out from it, until old enough to be strongly influenced by the instructions and lives of their teachers. Strength, of course, comes through conflict; but as yet, the conflict between the Christianity of natives and the heathenism about them is a very unequal one.

We spent part of a day at a little Christian village, Ashapara, about four miles from Messarabad. There are just nineteen families in Ashapara; these were all orphans who were taken care of by the Rajputana Mission during a famine which caused a great deal of suffering, and an immense loss of life, about seventy I think.

But I must leave any further account of our trip to another time. Long letters are not more appreciated than are long sermons, I know, and I need not begin to tell you about Ajmer in a page or two. The work there is large and important.

Comparing the results of our seven or eight years' work in Central India with the twenty-five years' work of the Rajputana Mission, I think we have every reason for encouragement. You are fully acquainted with the details of our work at Indore, of course, but it is really necessary to compare ourselves with others in order to appreciate the progress made. I have felt, certainly, that we have reason for very great thankfulness that in spite of all the difficulties in the way of mission enterprise in Central India, so much as has been already accomplished. God has blessed us, and He will bless us still.

NEEMUCH, April, 16, 1886.

THE BRIDGES OVER INDIAN RIVER.

THE Indian River was deep in some places, and in the spring was rapid and turbulent. An old bridge that crossed it and connected two thriving towns was growing somewhat rickety, the people said, and they began to agitate the subject of having a new one built. But as all new projects have their opponents, there were some men of influence in these towns who opposed the "new bridge" plan. They said that the "old one would last some years longer, and they thought it was good enough and perfectly safe." Their fathers had built it, and it still looked well, and they had better "let well enough alone." There was no use in scaring the people, and it would be a needless expense, etc. But, notwithstanding the opposition, the majority in both towns voted for the new bridge; and in the course of a year a fine, modern, safe structure over-arched the stream a few rods above the old one. But the old bridge was not at once removed, and a good many continued to go across upon it. When the spring freshets came it was thought by many to be unsafe, and the word "Dangerous!" in large letters was posted upon each entrance. But strange to say, the old-bridge lovers disregarded this warning, even laughed at it, and advised the young men and boys to still cross upon the old structure. Some of the planks became loose, and people were actually seen trembling upon it, but the party spirit ran so high that even when they began to realize their danger they persisted in their folly. Many warned them, and the mothers of the young people begged them with tears not to venture upon those unsafe and decaying boards when there was a perfectly safe bridge so near at hand. But they laughed at their fears, thought they were cowards, and said that "they preferred the shaky bridge; it was more jolly; and they liked to be just a little excited, and there was no real danger; the timbers were old, but still strong and well seasoned." Notwithstanding their boasted bravery, some of them met with serious accidents, and as days passed on occasionally a man would fall into the river below. But the friends of the new bridge were quite as earnest to rescue those who fell into the stream as were those who had advised them to venture upon the unsafe crossing, and little boats went gliding out frequently to pick up the foolish boys who had so recklessly rushed into this danger; but some of them seemed to be almost insane, and refused to accept the aid of those who came to save them. Even now, after both towns have lost some of their most promising young men by the rottenness of the old bridge, there is a company formed to "patch it up," and the managers are trying to persuade all within their influence to still patronize it. Their courage is truly wonderful and their efforts worthy of a better cause. The only thing

they can possibly say for the time-honoured structure is that after all its repair it may take, with carefulness and extreme watchfulness on their part, some of their friends safely to the other side. Many they know have been, and others will be, maimed for life, and some have disappeared from mortal sight in the deep water under its moss-covered timbers.

The old bridge may be picturesque to an artist's eye, but it is suggestive of too many dangers to be attractive to thoughtful and considerate people. On the contrary the new bridge, though plain and unadorned, will bear the investigation of the most scientific and intelligent men. There have been no accidents upon it, and all who cross it go with perfect safety to life and limb, and they earnestly recommend it to all their friends, and especially to the young, as the only perfectly safe one of the two. The foundations are strong, and the name of this grand and sure bridge is "Total Abstinence," while the old and dangerous bridge is "Moderate Drinking."—Mrs. M. W. Hooker, Hartford, Conn.

A GREAT MANUFACTURER.

A COLT whose will is broken, instead of trained, becomes a spiritless horac. "Never mind," said Powell Buxton's mother, of her headstrong boy, "he is self-willed now; you will see him turn out well in the end." Being a judicious mother, she so trained her son's will, instead of breaking it, that self-will became the will-power which enabled him to fight for the negro's freedom, until there was not a slave in the British Colonies. "Neither chance nor fortune," is the English translation of a Latin motto which adorns the coat-of-arms of Sir John Brown, the Sheffield manufacturer of steel-iron and armour plate. The phrase is an epigrammatic statement of the career of one who created opportunities, and made circumstances serve him. His father, a slater, sent him to a pedagogue who kept his school in a garret. The small pupil's brusque manners and air of decision showed the teacher that he had to do with a boy of strong character, whose will would resist breaking, though it might bend to training.

The boy, after leaving school, entered a hardware store, where he served seven years as an apprentice. For the first two years he received no wages, but during the last five he got six shillings a week.

At the end of his apprenticeship his father gave him a suit of new clothes, a sovereign, and the information that for the future he must live on his own resources.

The young man cheerfully accepted the situation. His resources were a strong will, tenacity of purpose, natural aptitude for business, a knowledge of the hardware trade, and the good will of his employers. When, therefore, through their kindness the opportunity came for him to begin business on his own account, he was ready.

A local bank lent him five hundred pounds on the security of his personal character and the endorsement of his father and uncle. With this sum he began selling files and table cutlery on commission.

He was his own "traveller," went about the country with a horse and gig, and carried his own samples. The gig was soon succeeded by a four-wheeled sample coach. Instead of retailing the goods of other manufacturers, he began to make his own files and cutlery. His next advance was the making of the steel required for his goods, and the manufacturing of railway springs.

An anecdote reveals the secret of his rapid growth from a retailer to a manufacturer. A few days before the time appointed for the formal opening of the railway from Dundee to Edinburgh, he happened to visit the Scotch metropolis. Calling on the engineer of the line, on Saturday, that gentleman said to him:—

"Mr. Brown, there is great danger of the opening ceremonies being spoiled, as the contractor seems unable to have several sets of brake-springs ready in time. Can you supply the springs by next Thursday? We must have them, and you are the man to get them to us in time."

"You shall have them," said Mr. Brown. That afternoon a coach took him to Berwick, whence he went by train to Newcastle, and got into Sheffield the next forenoon. On Monday morning all the men in the Atlas Steel works began making brake-springs. By Monday night they were on the rail going to Manchester and Mr. Brown with them. A steamer carried them to Fleetwood, where a wagon was ready to convey them to the station from which the mail-train started for the north.

The station agent refused to allow the bulky goods to be loaded on the mail train. The manager was summoned, and Mr. Brown told him the story. A horse car was attached to the train and the springs loaded on it. The springs were delivered to the engineer on Wednesday afternoon, and the railroad was opened on Thursday. That expedition secured to the Atlas Steel Works the custom of Scotch railways.

One Sunday morning a workman, with pale face and tears in his eyes, summoned Mr. Brown to the church door.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"It is all down, sir."

"What's down?"

"The roof of the new works, sir; it's blown down;" and the workman told how a tornado had blown off one half of the roof of the new steel works, one hundred and eighty feet by seventy-five feet.

"Go to Harvey," answered the cool employer, "and tell him to arrange for putting the roof on again." Then he turned into the church and heard the sermon.

THE INHUMANITY OF THE HEATHEN.

THE Rev. J. H. Reading, an African missionary, writes recently giving some fresh illustrations of the cruelty of the heathen savage, as follows:—

"One shrinks from alluding to the atrocities which prevail, but in what other way can the people of Christian lands form any reliable and practical view of the urgent, the pleading, the overwhelming necessity of carrying to these tribes the humanizing, saving influences of the gospel?"

"The cruelties practiced upon the living are terrible. My house at Kangwe was within ear-shot of several little towns. The sounds travel well over the water. Almost daily I could hear the screams of women and slaves being scourged with the dreadful whips made of hippopotamus hide. A common mode of punishment is to heat a knife and thrust it into the flesh of a wife or slave. I have myself seen hundreds of women bearing scars from three to six inches long made in this way. A frequent form of cruelty is to keep a slave in a state of semi-starvation, giving them just enough to keep the life in them. Any week-day morning you might see on

the mission grounds fat, sleek woman with plantains to sell, accompanied by such slaves. These poor slaves are usually covered with sores, and when these become too foul their masters will take the wretched creatures to the river side and scrub the sores with sand, not with a light hand either. The cries of those undergoing such an operation are heartrending.

The treatment of the aged is equally heartless. Usually they are tolerated as long as they can wait upon themselves, but when they are so helpless as to require attention they are put out of the way, and their bodies thrown into the river or dragged out to the jungle to be a prey to the wild beasts."

THE HORRORS OF OPIUM SMOKING.

THE third annual report of the Hangchow medical mission issued from the Presbyterian press at Shanghai, comes to us accompanied with a remarkable series of pictures of the new hospital and medical training college opened in May of last year. All the mandarins in the vicinity appear to have been subscribers to the building. Dr. Duncan Main, who has personally superintended and carried through the work with characteristic energy, had the happiness of reporting at the opening that the hospital is burdened with no debt. It seems to be a noble structure, with ample accommodation for all classes of patients, including a large ward for the unhappy victims of opium, and there is a chapel in which morning and evening services are held. During the past year a total of 10,024 patients were treated. Dr. Main's notes include some curious cases. He tells of one man brought to be cured who had had both his eyes gouged out in a quarrel. He came fully expecting to have a couple of new ones put in, and was very much surprised when the doctor told him that they were only able to relieve his suffering! Of the 123 admitted with a view to break off the habit of opium smoking, only six left because the craving was too much for them. Those who are cured require to be rejoiced over with fear and trembling. To give up the habit is a serious undertaking, not merely on account of the distress felt in cutting off the drug at the time of cure, but on account of the protracted after-weakness, which unfits the wretched victim from following his ordinary occupation for several months. To satisfy the craving a man will mortgage his mother or even sell his wife. "We had a patient in the hospital," says Dr. Main, "who smoked his wife—that is to say, he sold her for sixty dollars and smoked the proceeds." The doctor adds that a few years in an opium refuge is sufficient to show that opium smoking is sucking the life out of the people. "It robs them of their funds, friends, and filial affection, visits them for their work, and hurries them to destruction and the grave." Of seventy-nine cases of attempted suicide, all were by opium; fourteen were dead on their arrival at the hospital, and were of course dismissed without attempting restoration—"much to the surprise of their friends," says the doctor; six died on the premises, and fifty-nine were saved. During the year fourteen students have been under training. Such an agency seems to be specially needed in China, where elementary western medicine is almost unknown, and where "it only requires a sedan chair and a few dollars to become a member of the faculty."—Christian Leader.

TWO GENTLEMEN.

I SAW two gentlemen on a street-car to-day. One of them was grown up. He was handsomely dressed in a grey business suit, and had very neat kid gloves and fine boots. The other was about twelve years old. His jacket had several patches, and needed more, and his shirt was of brown cotton, and not very clean. Do you wonder how I knew he was a gentleman? I will tell you.

The boy went through the car to give some message to the driver. As he returned, he gave a little jump through the door, and as he did so, his bare foot touched the grown gentleman's knee, and left a little mud on it. Turning around on the platform, he raised his straw hat, and said very politely, in a clear tone, "Please excuse me." Then the other gentleman bowed in his turn, just as he would have done to one of his own age, and said with a pleasant smile, "Certainly."

The Iroquois Indians, many of whom are very fine gentlemen, say sometimes of a rude person: "His mother did not teach him manners when he was young." I am inclined to think that the mothers of both young gentlemen had taken a good deal of pains with their manners, because their politeness came so naturally and easily.—Youth's World.

CLOUDLESS skies drop no rain. We may bathe ourselves in the unclouded sunshine for days and for weeks, thinking that if the blue of the heavens were nevermore veiled by the blackness of storm, we at least would be perfectly satisfied. But as the unclouded days pass on, the parched earth begins to gape to heaven for water, the flowers fade, the grass is burned up, and men and beasts droop in the merciless heat, which now seems no longer the messenger of life, but the angel of death. For need like that there is no help in cloudless skies; the sign of deliverance rather comes in the livid thunder-cloud, the flashing lightning, and the pouring rain. There is a like need of the rain-cloud in the inner life. There is a parching and deadening influence even here in too much sunshine; and the storm-cloud of pain or of sorrow, which drenches our heart-sole with the rain of tears, alone makes possible the continued growth of that which is best in our heart culture. We do right to thank God for cloudless days; but we do wrong if we do not thank Him also for days not cloudless. If the one gives the sunshine, the other gives the rain; and without either there would be no increase.—S. S. Times.

THE Barony parish, in which a large part of northern Glasgow is situated, is one of the largest in Scotland, and it has long been recognized as one of the very best livings. The parish church, situated near the Cathedral, and for many years associated with the name of Rev. Norman Macleod, D. D., is a plain, old-fashioned, barn-like building. The old church is to be taken down and replaced by a handsome new edifice which is to cost about \$50,000.

THE BIBLE IN MEXICO.—Bibles are multiplying in Mexico, and, notwithstanding all the vigilance and rage of the Romish priesthood, are finding their way into the hands of the people. Last year the American Bible Society sustained there twenty-six colporteurs. They put in circulation 11,234 volumes, of which 8,175 were sold. Considering the opposition and hardships they encounter, and the extreme poverty—even misery—of the mass of the people, they have done well.—Home Missionary.