

NOT ANOTHER CENT.

A mechanic about thirty years of age, having a wife and four children, was wont to step into a beer-saloon close by twice a day and pay five cents each for two glasses of beer. For many months he did this, under the impression that it was rather necessary for a hard working-man. But one day, while toiling at his bench, a new and better idea took possession of his mind.

"I am poor," he said within himself: "my family needs every cent I earn; it is growing more expensive every year; soon I shall want to educate my children. Ten cents a day for beer! Let me see—that is sixty cents a week, even if I drink no beer on Sunday. Sixty cents a week! That is thirty-one dollars and twenty cents a year! And it does me no good: and it may do me harm. Let me see," and here he took a piece of chalk and solved the problem on a board. "I can buy two barrels of flour, one hundred pounds of sugar, five pounds of tea, and six bushels of potatoes for that sum." Pausing a moment, as if to allow the grand idea to take full possession of him, he then exclaimed, "I will never waste another cent on beer!" And he never has.

"Why stand ye here idle all the day?" Why, indeed, when a perishing world claims your assistance, when men, women, and little children are lost, perhaps for want of the word of sympathy, the touch of kindness, the prayer of faith, which might come from you. The night cometh, the opportunity for work will soon cease, and then how shall you, brother and sister, meet the judgment of a righteous God?

THE FAMINE IN MANCHURIA, CHINA.

As with glad hearts we observe our Thanksgiving days rejoicing in the plenty of our bounteous land, it may make us more grateful and more helpful to read of some of China's millions during the past winter as told by Rev. James Webster, a missionary of the U. P. Church of Scotland.

CAUSES OF THE MANCHURIAN FAMINE

The causes at work in bringing it about were twofold. First, the long-continued drought of early 1888, when for two or more months, during the most crucial season of the year, not a drop of rain fell. And,

second, the disastrous floods of August last, when for over ten days rain fell with an almost unbroken continuity. The drought rendered the wheat crops an utter failure; in most cases no attempt was made to harvest it, and the millet and other cereals would have yielded at the best only half a crop. The long-continued rains flooded the rivers and mountain streams to an altogether unprecedented extent—the swollen torrents sweeping over the level lands, and submerging, in great part at least, the whole of Southern Manchuria from Moukden to the sea. The country washed by the three largest rivers in Central Fengtien, suffered overwhelming destruction, almost every town and village being demolished—all in part, most of them entire, so far as their habitations were concerned; while an unknown number of their inhabitants were washed away, never to be seen or heard of again. The crops, of course, were utterly wasted—thousands of acres literally buried out of sight in mud and silt, and what was not clean gone could never reach maturity. Such a calamity had never befallen Manchuria within the memory of her oldest inhabitant; indeed, in the annals of the past three hundred years, there is no record of a flood so great or so far-reaching in its terrible destructive effects.

FAMINE DISTRESS: SOUP-KITCHENS.

From an early date it was evident that the distress of the then fast approaching winter would be very great. Whole communities were herding together on little islands, with broken bits of furniture by their side—all they had saved from the general wreck,—surrounded by an ocean-like expanse of water 'waiting for the waters to subside.' Then they had to provide themselves houses to live in, for the winter with all its rigour was fast coming on. Many could not face the task, and took refuge in the huts built by others, bringing about a state of overcrowding which can be better imagined than described. The huts were all of mud, many of them mere caverns dug out of the ground, or small sheds about the size of a single dog kennel or fowl house. Before the mud walls had time to dry, the frost had set in; and as the winter advanced the inside walls became covered with a thick layer of hoarfrost, so that the rooms resembled snow houses more than anything else.

The Governor-General of the province took steps to relieve, in some measure, the widespread distress, and soup kitchens were opened at various centres, where a bowl of thin millet gruel was dispensed daily to each applicant.

Those who were really helped by the