

now. It is to establish and send forth an order of celibate wandering friars, to be called the Order of the Imitation of Jesus. Two Westerners are now at work as wandering friars. Their idea is that they will be perfectly free to go hither and thither where needed, and come into very close touch with the natives. One of them, however, has become betrothed to a Hindu Christian girl, and claims that though the "letter" of his vow will be broken by his marriage, the "spirit" will not.

A missionary in the Punjab, who was formerly a Moslem, has commenced in his work, joint readings from the Koran and from the Bible, which are calculated to show to his hearers the respective merits of the two books. It is said to be meeting with success.

Opium is being driven out of China and Europeans are professing to be much rejoiced over it. And yet,—news comes from Shanghai that a foreign distillery at Chaokow is turning out 600,000 pounds of whiskey a day. Opium driven out and whiskey brought in will not better conditions much.

Korea is still making us wonder. Five or six Christian carpenters and builders went to a village to pursue their trade,—a village where there were no believers. When they left, a few weeks later, an organized church was left behind them. Can that be said to be the order of the day here? One woman who has been a Christian for five or six years has brought over 100 other women to the faith. Is that usual here?

The people of Tibet have a very beautiful custom. When the storm rages and the snow is falling in large flakes, the people in the border villages remember those in the interior

and think of the pilgrims and merchants exposed to the fury of the tempest and in danger of death. They go to the nearest Lama and buy "paper horses" (pieces of paper with a picture of a horse stamped on each). In spite of wind and snow, they climb the nearest mountain top and set the "paper horses" free. As the wind carries them away, they pray to the great Buddha to lay them at the feet of the weary, storm-stayed pilgrims, and to turn them into living horses to bear the pilgrims to their homes in safety. Mr. French Ridley of the China Inland Mission has well said that likewise we should prayerfully scatter the printed Word of God, that it may reach the endangered wanderer and lead him to safety in Christ. —Missionary Review.

REPAID.

It's not what you might call easy
To work in a foreign land,
It's not just peace and comfort
To stand to the fore, and withstand,
But it's worth all the pearls of the ocean
All the toil one can think of to do
Just to hear through the din of the workshop
Jesus say, "I will come unto you."

It's not always news from the Homeland
That gladdens the heart for the day,
Sometimes it's sorrow on sorrow
That settles with us, after, to stay.
But the letter the Spirit has written
While we're wondering, What can we do?
Breathes peace and calm in the exile
For He says, "I will come unto you."

There may be days that are lonely,
There may be weary days, too!
And the toil seems all, all so fruitless
For me and also for you.
But there's always a compensation,
'Tis better than anything new,
For Jesus Himself sends the message
I'm coming, "I will come unto you."

—From a Missionary's Note-book.