

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

REV. JOHN JAMIESON'S LAST LETTER.

In a letter dated April 15, 1891, Mr. Jamieson writes to the Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee:—

My Dear Dr. Wardrop,—This may be my last letter to you. I have given up all hope of recovery. I am weak. I may not be able to send you more; but I do most earnestly desire to send a few lines even as a dying effort in hope to do good by a word of warning to young men going out to a foreign field. I wish they could avoid mistakes [Thus far in Mr. Jamieson's own handwriting. The remainder of the letter with the exception of the signature is in another hand] I made, and not take so many years to get their eyes opened. They should beware of being carried away by ambitious dreams never to be realized. If among heathen even a graduate from college must learn much. He cannot understand that but he will know better by and by. It would have been better to tell you all from the first just what I was doing. When the mistake was plain I still hoped for the future; but I was soon hampered by physical weakness.

Dr. Mackay should be thanked; he was always kind and patient even when I had not experience and did not know why all round me were so anxious. He has evidenced not love for himself alone but helping others. God will reward him.

What he (Dr. Mackay) prefers should be done (*i. e.* for the mission), he will do what is sensible and just. What he approves will be approved by those in responsible positions everywhere.

If all the mission work could be kept on in the same way it would be better. Any sudden change is very bad, for that would cause a relapse.

This, my last communication to you on earth, I leave to be forwarded with sincere gratitude to yourself, the Committee and Church for your kindness towards me. In hope of life to come. Yours faithfully, JOHN JAMIESON.

A LETTER FROM DR. JOHNSTON.

The following letter from Dr. Johnston, dated St. Paul de Loanda, May 12, 1891, appears in a contemporary. Proceeding to London, and having put in hand at the Manufacturers some of the many details of my outfit, such as the camp equipment, etc., my coloured men arrived from Jamaica, and the meetings commenced, continuing almost every night until the 17th of April, when we got on board the *S. S. Trojan*, bound for Lisbon. During these seven weeks I never knew what it was to rest for an hour, except during the brief periods of sleep; not only the many meetings to attend and lectures to deliver, but all the detail of purchasing and collecting clothes, medicines, instruments, provisions, tools, suits, and a lot of minor articles very liable to be forgotten because of their insignificance, but sadly missed by us if omitted, when we are thousands of miles from civilization; all the care of the things, both for my men and my self, made my stay in England a very, very trying one. Still we met everywhere with such warmheartedness and deep sympathy from so many friends, that our worries and weariness is now forgotten, and the kindness we experienced everywhere is remembered, and I trust ever will be. Most enthusiastic meetings were held in Edinburgh in the chief halls of the city, closing with a mass gathering in the Free Assembly Hall, at which many ministers were present, representing various denominations. Several spoke warmly, commending this undertaking to God and the audience, and the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Association presented me with a medicine chest valued at \$200, and during the five days I was in the city over \$1,200 was contributed towards the expenses of the coloured men.

The climax of the London meetings was held in the large Exeter Hall, Mr. George Williams in the chair. Nothing could have exceeded the interest manifested by the thousands assembled that night, and the memory of it, with the many similar meetings we attended in other places in Great Britain, Canada and the States, will be an unfailing source of cheer and comfort to us when we are in the midst of trials and difficulties that we will inevitably meet during the long journey that lies before us in the Dark Continent.

The coloured men behaved splendidly in every respect, and made for themselves and for the mission numerous friends wherever they went. Unassumingly, but earnestly, they addressed meetings and sang, winning the hearts of all.

A host of friends accompanied us to Waterloo station on the 17th April, to bid us farewell and to sing a parting "God be with you," and it was a great joy to us all that Mr. Gage, of Toronto, happened to arrive in England in time to form one in this party. In the evening of the same day we sailed from Southampton, dropping anchor in the Tagus, Lisbon harbour, in a little over three days, where we transferred to the *Cazengo*. Left Lisbon on the 24th, calling at St. Thyago on the 29th, and St. Thorne on the 4th of May, arriving at Loanda this morning.

HERRNHUT: THE HOME OF MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

Nestling in a little valley in Saxony lies the picturesque village of Herrnhut, the birthplace and centre of the modern Moravian Church. Here, more than one hundred and sixty years ago, came the first settlers, fugitives from the persecutions of the Catholic powers in Moravia, to seek a haven of peace and rest in which they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and in days to

come grow into a centre from which to send the Bread of Life to all nations. The village is a quaint old town, and its inhabitants have the simplicity and honesty of quaint old Christians. Walking through its narrow streets one meets many a foot passenger walking leisurely along, and each one, man, woman, and child, utters a greeting of a kindly "Good-day." The children returning from school carry each a small knapsack on the back which seems quite in keeping with their usually grave demeanour. Everything is quaint, everything is picturesque, from the long avenues of lime trees, trimmed flat at the top, and the antiquated houses, to the canopied waggons passing along the one and the peasant people inhabiting the other.

On the afternoon of my arrival, I was shown through the old schloss or castle, where Count Zinzendorf, the patron of the first settlers, lived. It is now used as the farm-house for the estate, and in it are the conference rooms in which the "Unity's Elders' Conference" meets to discuss the methods for the government of the Church. Around a table are twelve chairs for the members of the Conference. There is still in the old ink-stands the sand in use before the days of blotting paper, and there is about the whole an air of the mingling of the ancient and modern which gives it both authority and practicality. Three of the elders compose the committee to look after the educational department, three have charge of the financial, and three of the missionary matters; each separate committee has its secretary, and there is, besides, one for the whole body. The thirteen compose the Unity's Elders' Conference for the general government of the Moravian Church, and all but the missionary committee compose the Provincial Elders' Conference for the care of the secular departments especially. Each settlement has its own conference committee or council, but that at Herrnhut is the chief. Its duties are especially to preserve the doctrines of the Church in truth and purity, and to keep a general watch over all its affairs. They have the power to appoint missionaries to certain fields and to nominate ministers for vacant charges and offices. They are also inspectors of education and trustees of the financial interests. The principal doctrines of the Church are: the natural depravity of man; the Divinity of Christ; the free atonement for our sins by the death of Christ; and the sanctifying power of His blood; the operation of the grace of the Holy Spirit, and the fruits of faith; while the special emphasis is laid on the belief that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby ye must be saved" than that of Christ Jesus, our Lord.

Not far from the schloss of Berthelsdorf is the Lutheran Church which the Moravians first attended after their migration to Herrnhut. It is a plain building, but one where they could "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," and it was here that the wonderful revival took place in 1727—August 13th—which thrilled the worshippers with a new life which has never died out, but has come down through a century and a-half, transmitted from father to son, and has enabled them to do a work which will never die out. The day is kept as a spiritual birthday and one for special thanksgiving and prayer. The church, too, is considered sacred, though they have long since erected a church of their own in Herrnhut. There was a service in the Moravian Church every evening during the Passion week. Here come the brethren and sisters to hear the reading of the story of the death of our Lord, and to drink from the fountain of life. The "sisters" occupy one side of the meeting house and the brethren the other. It is interesting to see the small caps of the women and note the white ribbons of the widows, the blue of the wives, pink of the maidens, and red of young girls. The officers of each church are the pastors, deacons, and acolytes, and over these the elders, bishops, and co-bishops. The name of "United Brethren" was adopted by them about the middle of the fifteenth century, when, after the persecution following the death of John Huss, they left Bohemia and sought a home in the borders of Silesia and Moravia. They were then, as now, a people who denounce worldly amusements, and strive to live only for the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men. They made it the duty of individuals and families to preserve in its purity the worship of God, to banish idleness and worldly amusements, and to wear none but the most simple dress. Afterward, in their dispersion through Prussia and Poland, their trials and persecutions for conscience' sake, till their migration to Herrnhut, in 1722, they maintained much the same principles and habits of life. In a little grove not far from the village is a monument which marks the spot where the first tree was felled for the building of the first house for the settlers. It is marked with a short inscription and reference to Psalm lxxxiv. 4, "Blessed are they which dwell in Thy house; they will be still praising Thee." With what thankful hearts must the Brothers Neisser and their one or two friends have considered the prospect of a home under the patronage of the earnest Christian, the young Count Zinzendorf, and how gladly must Christian David have carried the news of this new "Fortress of God" to the brethren in Moravia. There are now about a dozen Moravian settlements in Germany alone. Each has its own council, schools, church, and societies. They are all connected by a common bond of brotherhood. In many places there are houses of the brethren and of the sisters where each can find a good home if they have none of their own.

The cemetery, or, as the German beautifully puts it, the "Field of God," is a picturesque and interesting spot on the Hutberg, near the town. Here, under the shade of immense lime trees, lie the remains of Count Zinzendorf and the members of the Moravian Church. Each grave is marked by a

small stone slab lying upon it, and each body lies with its face toward the east in readiness for the last awakening, when "joy cometh in the morning." Here, as elsewhere, the sexes are separated; the graves of the brethren being on one side, and those of the sisters on the other of the central path. An odd appearance is given to the burial ground by the flat topped lime trees which enclose the several parts like hedges, and in summer, when the leaves are out, have the appearance of immense walls of green. An observation tower crowns the summit of the hill, as though to remind the people that they are to be "ever watching, waiting, waiting till the Lord shall come."

But, to judge more clearly of the power for good which this Church has become, we must look at the missionary side of their work. Besides secular schools in many parts of the world, they have missions in all quarters of the globe. In the museum at Herrnhut are shown the curious articles gathered from the various mission fields of the society. Here we find huts from Greenland and Labrador, with canoes and arrows from Africa; articles of dress and implements of warfare from the Indians of North, Central, and South America, and from Australia and Central Asia. The first missionary interest was awakened among the Moravians by the tales of distress of a negro from the West Indies, who had come on a voyage with his master to Denmark. He told of his own dissatisfaction with an evil life, and of his struggle after the light without the help of a Christian teacher, and he pictured the needs of his countrymen so vividly that those who heard him decided that they would not keep their Gospel to themselves, but would carry it to those who had need. So it was, that in 1731 two pioneer missionaries were sent out—with the promise of protection from the Danish Government—one to Jamaica and one to Greenland. The story of trial and hardship of these two first missionaries is a thrilling one. In Jamaica they made themselves as one with the slaves, were suspected of treachery to the Government, and imprisoned; and it was only through the energetic action of Count Zinzendorf that they were again given their freedom. Now the mission work has grown, until there are forty-two stations in Central Africa. Each station seems to be prospering, being blessed of God. Periodicals containing accounts of the work of the Church are published in German, French, and English, and tell wonderful stories of the work of grace at home and abroad.

Herrnhut, March 24, 1891.

EVERY tissue of the body, every nerve, bone and muscle, is made stronger and more healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"PUT money in thy purse" by buying Esterbrook's pens. Any stationer can supply them.

OUR NATIONAL FOODS.

Every grocer and general merchant who wishes to make hay while the sun shines should see to it without delay that he has in stock an assortment of "Our National Foods." They are gradually growing in popularity, and storekeepers who have not yet handled them would undoubtedly bring grist to their mills by doing so. Popular as these foods are, there is yet ground waiting for the wide awake business man to cultivate, and he who first breaks the soil will reap the first fruits. The Ireland National Food Co. (Limited), Toronto, are the manufacturers of these invigorating, health-giving and delicious foods, a partial list of which will be found in another column.

YOU TAKE NO RISK

In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building-up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11th, 1887.

FRED. T. HOPKINS, ESQ.,

I would like to know the price of one dozen bottles of your Oriental Cream, as I use it and like it. Would like to get a supply to take on my tour, soon as possible.

Answer and oblige

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER,

Brevoort House, New York.

FEBRUARY 19th, 1888.

FRED. T. HOPKINS, ESQ.,

SIR:—I notice your advertisement in regard to Poudre Subtile. Please inform me the price of it. I wish to send for some of it. I have thoroughly tested the Gouraud's Oriental Cream, and it is grand. I do not want anything else for a face wash.

Reply soon and oblige. Respectfully,

LOUISE DENNING.

Neligh, Antelope Co., Nebraska.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29th, 1890.

MR. F. T. HOPKINS,

DEAR SIR:—I received the bottles of "Gouraud's Oriental Cream." Please accept thanks; it is the only reliable beautifier I have used so far, and take pleasure in testifying to its merits. Yours sincerely,

CARMENCITA.