

World of Missions.

Our Missionaries.

Mrs. Goforth, addressed a large audience in the hall of the Y.M.C. Building, Toronto, on Sunday afternoon.

Constant prayer to God, she declared, had been the salvation of herself and party in the trying period of the journey from Honan to the sea. Again and again, she said, their lives had been spared in the most remarkable manner, when all hope seemed gone.

Many a time in their progress southward to the sea, they came face to face with hosts of their enemies, all armed and waiting for them. Each time they expected to be murdered, but always a providential way of escape was opened. Their deliverance, she thought was in a large measure due to the prayers of their friends in Canada, who were cabled of the route they intended to take, when they sat out.

The story of the march of this little band is a thrilling tale of adventure. Often to go back meant death, to remain where they were meant death, and to go forward seemed equally suicidal. Everywhere could be heard the cries of, "Kill, kill!" which accompanied the assaults.

At one place where they had obtained temporary rest in the room of an inn, with their enemies swarming outside, and occasionally inside the room, they were subjected to a curious sort of indignity which the men of the party were too used up to resist. A Chinese official entered the room, and proceeded to disrobe, except for a pair of pants, and this action was plainly intended for an insult, for no Chinese gentleman would do such a thing. From this inn, the proprietor finally told them they must depart, to which Mr. Goforth replied, "You can kill us here, but we will not go outside to be killed. We are not afraid to die, but remember, if you kill us, vengeance will certainly be taken upon you."

The men in the party were at this time covered with blood from various wounds received, and were utterly unable to resist further the howling mob outside. Eventually, the proprietor, who saw the folly of violent measures, gave them funds and got them off in safety.

And so it was all along the journey, their progress being a succession of such encounters until they reached the sea. Those present could have no idea what it meant to flee in this way, as many fugitives were now doing, and she asked their sincere prayers for those still in danger.

Incidentally Mrs. Goforth spoke of the oath which has been taken by a very high native official, who lived in their own village in Honan, and who is now, she thinks, travelling with the Empress-Dowager, that he will not rest until he has made a mat with hides of the Christians.

The Rev. Mr. Goforth, late of Honan, China, delivered a very impressive address at the South Side Presbyterian church, last Sunday morning. The speaker, during his remarks, which took the form of a history of the mission work of China from two years back to the present time, gave his opinion of the cause of the present uprising. He said that the aggrandizement of the powers was the salient reason for the upheaval, and he animadverted severely on their failure to support the Emperor two years ago in his endeavor to modernize China. He drew a rosy picture of the missionary outlook at the end of the Japanese-China war, and said the Emperor even went so far as to issue a

proclamation ordering the people to read the Bible. That the powers allowed him to be deposed he considered a piece of almost criminal negligence.

The speaker took a very dejected view of the fate of missionary property in China, and said that he had learned that only one mission in all inland China was left standing. While the present were turbulent times, and much suffering and death had been caused, and thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed, he thought it would all redound to the advancement of modernism in China, and that the work mapped out by the deposed Emperor two years ago would be continued.

At the close of his address the preacher expressed himself as hopeful of the future, and declared that as soon as the way was opened up, he, with the ladies of his party, were willing to return and continue the work.

Famine in India.

Miss Jamieson, writing from Ujjain under date July 5, after stating that owing to the heavy work connected with famine relief, she had to close the city mission schools. She had, at time of writing, 138 women and 60 girls in her care.

"To understand, even in a measure, what a responsibility these famine people are, you must know something of their condition intellectually and morally. Much has been written about the terrible evils to the human frame resulting from famine, but little is written of the moral evils. The latter to my mind, are far worse than the former. For months before they came here some of these women and girls lived a wandering life, while others lived by the riverside where thousands of people were congregated for many months; there were no sanitary arrangements, no restraint of any kind. For people of both sexes to be thus living together, especially as they have no finer principles to withhold them, means moral ruin to many. We see the results now. Their habits are filthy—many of them steal and lie but some are clean and womanly. The strain of having so many people living here on the compound where although there were sanitary arrangements they could not be forced to use them, was very great. They were here through the greater part of the hot season, having gone to the city only a couple of weeks ago. As cholera was raging on all sides I stood in daily dread of an outbreak here. There were tents with cholera patients close to our compound, only a few yards from where our women slept, and women and girls were coming in daily from the riverside where hundreds were dying daily from cholera. We went ourselves among the poor sufferers to bring away ten widows and orphans. Hundreds lay about in all stages of the dread disease while the cremation fires burned near almost continuously. We took every precaution but we went without fear; our duty was to go and hear the unfathomable depths of meaning of the 91st Psalm opened up to us! God is always better than our fears and no cholera has come among our people. However, the disease is again in the city, although in a milder form, and the tents for native soldiers, ill with cholera, are again beside us. We know not what a day may bring us, but He who has preserved us so far will do so to the end, whether we are to have sickness or health all will be well."

The sin against the Holy Ghost is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loins.—John Watson, D. D.

The Best of Advice.

To Those who Feel Sick, Weary or Depressed.

Miss Belle Cohoon, of White Rock Mills, N. S., Tells How She Regained Health and Advises Others to Follow her Example.

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N. S.

At White Rock Mills, within sound of the noisy swish of the Gaspereau river, is a pretty little cottage.

In this cottage there dwells with her parents Miss Bella Cohoon, a very bright and attractive young lady who takes a lively interest in the church and society work of the little village. A short time ago an Arcadian representative called upon Miss Cohoon for the purpose of ascertaining her opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—which remedy she had been informed she had been using. He was very cordially received and found both Miss Cohoon and her mother most enthusiastic and ardent friends of this great Canadian remedy which is now so universally used throughout the world. We give below in essentially her own words Miss Cohoon's story.

"Three years ago this spring my health was very much run down. I had not been feeling well for some time and when spring opened up and the weather became warmer my condition became worse. The least exertion exhausted me and was followed by an awful feeling of weakness and a rapid palpitation of the heart. I seemed to lose my ambition, and a feeling of languor and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at night was disturbed and restless. In fact I was in a very sorry condition. I suffered in this way for some time. Then I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they soon began to work a change for the better. My strength and spirits improved wonderfully, and the old feeling of tiredness began to leave me. My appetite returned and my weight increased steadily. By the time I had used less than half a dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had for years. Since that time whenever I feel the need of a medicine a prompt use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has always brought me speedy relief, and in future when ailing I shall never use anything but these pills, and strongly advise others to follow my example."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

The story of Johannesburg recalls the fiction of Aladdin's fairy palace. That, in the midst of an immense desert track, and within the short period of 13 years, a great city with 80 miles of streets, and over 100,000 inhabitants should rise as if by magic, might well be deemed one of the wonders of modern civilisation. The atmosphere of the place, says the "Dundee Advertiser," is magnificent, for the city stands 6,000 feet above the sea. Gold created it, and gold feeds it. It came there as by a trick, and its feverish commercialism and gay bustling activity seems sustained by the golden talisman.