

THE POWER OF THE WORD.

A revered father in a church, who travelled at one time in the interests of missions in India, attended one evening a prayer meeting connected with a mission station in Ahmednuggur. He noticed near him a very strange looking man, with hands deeply scarred, and across his skull were deep furrows. At the close of the meeting this man was introduced to our revered friend, and the latter will never forget the sensation which he experienced as he held the deeply scarred hand in his and could feel the scars.

Our friend was told the man's history. Earlier in life this man belonged to an organized band of murderers, and lived in a great, dense gloom of heathen wickedness and superstition. One night he strayed into the mission chapel attracted by the lights and the sweet notes of sacred song. He listened as the missionary told in a clear, simple language "the old, old story" of Christ's love. At the close of the meeting he waited to speak to the missionary.

"This Man that you told us about can save from sin?" he asked. "Yes," was the answer, using the words of the Book, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"Can he save from the sin of one murder?" asked the man. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow," said the missionary, still quoting from the Book.

"Can he save from the sin of two murders?" was the next question.

Again the missionary replied, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

The question was again and again repeated until the specified number of murders was a large one, and with a sense of his own helplessness, the missionary again and again replied in those strong words of sacred writ, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

Deeply stained with sin as was this man, his skull furrowed and his hands scarred by the dreadful wounds received in fearful encounters with his victims, yet he received the word, and deeply repenting of the past, accepted this gift of a Saviour, and became a humble and sincere follower of the Lamb. Is not this a striking instance of the power of the gospel of Christ "unto salvation," and shall we

withhold a gospel which is capable of working such changes in the human heart and character? Who can say what we might have been had we never heard the gracious truths of the gospel!—*E. E. B. in Phil. Pres.*

HOG WORSHIP IN CHINA.

Miss Adele H. Fielde, whose work lies among the women of Swatow in China, describes, in a letter to the *Spirit of Mission*, a strange marvel of superstition: "Last year a villager living about thirty miles from here went to a neighbouring hamlet and bought a pig that he intended to kill. Having paid the money for it, he tied a rope around it behind the shoulders and attempted to drive it home. When just in front of a temple on the outskirts of a hamlet, it slipped the noose, rushed into the building, and took refuge under the altar. No exertion of its owner succeeded in getting it out of the fane; and when it finally crouched before the god and refused to stir, the assembled crowd began to look upon it as a devotee, and to fear to interrupt its petitions. Some of the bystanders belonging to the hamlet in which the pig was reared, made up a purse which repaid the buyer for his outlay, and the contributors then became the owners of the hog, whose fame for piety soon spread throughout the hamlet. A new shrine was prepared and the hog was enticed into it, while awe-stricken throngs came to do him reverence. The whitest of rice was offered for his delectation, and so fastidious did he become as to reject many of the dainties lavishly brought to him by his worshipers. One day two men simultaneously gave him eggs to eat, and when he partook of the one offering and rejected the other, the keeper explained that the deity dwelling in him saw that the latter offering had not been made with a pure heart. The offerer thereupon confessed that just before his leaving home his youngest child had cried for one of the eggs brought for the offering, and that he had struck the child for crying. This story was spread abroad and helped to increase the number and servility of the worshipers. The hog had gold ear-rings put in its ears, a handsome bed to lie in, and strings of coins hung around its neck. When the strings of coins became numerous and heavy, they were quietly removed by the shrine