

## A LIFE SKETCH.

BY MRS. JENNIE BIXBY JOHNSON.

(Dr. and Mrs. Johnson sailed for their field of missionary labor, Toungoo, Burmah, Oct. 14, 1886.)

Thirty years ago, a missionary embarked upon a sailing-vessel at a Burman port, with his rapidly sinking wife, and carrying a baby in his arms, hoping to reach America in time to save the precious life. Of the terrible suffering of that six months' voyage, of the paucity of provision, the brutality of the captain, and wickedness of the crew, I need not speak. The father had taken with him a cow to supply nourishment for his child; and the crew tortured the animal, and rendered it useless, and the captain killed it for food, making no recompense. The father had with him some rice and sugar, and upon this he fed his weo child. The mother grew weaker until she was unable to leave her bed; and the father walked the cabin day and night with his suffering, half-starved infant, until it seemed to him that all three would die together. In the darkest hour the mother smiled, and said, "I shall die, but little Jennie will live to be a solace to her father when I am gone."

Oh, the matchless love and unwearyed care of that father! Nothing but an iron will and an unsurpassed affection could have upheld him through those woful months.

At last the port of New York was gained. Yellow-fever was there; and although this mother was the only case of illness on board, the vessel was quarantined. What well-nigh torture did that father endure then, as he saw drifting past them the bedding and clothing from infected ships, and heard the moan of his dying wife, and the wail of his emaciated child! The end was not there. They escaped that prison-house, they gained the beautiful calm of a Vermont home; and there, after a few quiet days, the loved wife passed to the better land with the last words, "Joy, joy, joy!"

The stricken husband sat by the bedside of his departed wife, holding in his arms the baby now struggling back to life. God sent a noble, tender woman there, who took from his arms the frail child, weeping tears of sympathy, and striving to bind up the broken heart.—God-given mission, which she afterward accepted for life; and to her loving heart and wise training, little Jennie bears tenderest acknowledgment. This God-given mother, refusing to part with her child, took her again to Burmah. She led the little one to give herself to Jesus before she was seven years old. The father and mother both taught her the joy of early service for Jesus, and that the little life so miraculously preserved must be wholly consecrated to carrying on the work the mother laid down. Do you wonder that I grew up with an intense love for missions? Is it strange that the words sung at my parent's farewell service should re-echo in my soul?—

"The vows of God are on me;  
And I may not stop to play with shadows,  
or pluck earthly flowers,  
Till I my work have done, and rendered  
up account.  
I only pray, God make me holy, and my  
spirit nerve for the stern hour of strife."

I learned the Burman language almost before my parents were aware; and then they led me to teach, and sing, and pray with souls, until I felt myself already a missionary.

At twelve years of age I came to America to spend some years in study. Then came a second struggle for health. Few believed I should be strong enough to enter upon active service. But in my soul the conviction has never wavered: God would not have so wonderfully preserved my life when an infant, if he had not a great purpose for me. "Little Jennie will live" to take up her mother's unfinished work. I have lived, and lived, as I believe, for Burmah.

The one who became my friend in early youth, gave himself to that work; and we studied and hoped for that as our life-work.

In 1881 we were examined in Boston by the physician; and he said, "Wait five years, and see if your health is more fully established." The five years are gone, and I have steadily gained in health.

The last two years, we have labored in the school for colored youth at Tullehassee, Indian Territory, where we have endured things which those who know say are more trying than they experienced in Burmah. We have had fifty-six boys and girls to educate, and to care for as a family. The toil and anxiety has been incessant. It is an industrial school. Dr. Johnson has been superintendent, managing the complicated finances, purchasing necessaries, running the large farm, training the boys, giving medical attendance, doing the work of a pastor, and some teaching.

I have taught from five-and-a-half to six-and-a-half hours daily, and, the larger part of the two years, had charge of the housekeeping. I have also given ten or twelve music-lessons weekly, and have endeavored to give personal oversight to the boys, as Mrs. Wooster has specially given to the girls. I have been upon my feet from early morning until late at night. I have not left the premises but once, for months. A person who comes here to labor must have strong physical endurance. I have endured, and I am stronger now than I have been for fifteen years. It seems as much to us a God-given en-

some of whom were first visited by my father. But I have felt more called to the Burman work, whether it be at Toungoo, or in the newly opened fields of Upper Burmah.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

## CASHMERE SHAWLS.

The greater part of the wool for these exquisite fabrics, and we refer to the true cashmere shawls, is supplied not only from the Cashmere Valley, but from Thibet and Tartary—the cashmere goat being distributed over certain portions of Central Asia. The city of Cashmere itself contains a large population, the fertility of the valley, in addition to its chief manufacture, contributing to its prosperity. It is only the summer wool that is used, and this is bleached by a preparation of rice flour. On plain shawls the weaving is effected by a long, heavy, and narrow shuttle, but this is superseded by wooden needles when the more ordinary variegated shawls are to be made. For each colored thread a different needle is used. So slow is the process when the design is elaborate, that the completion of a square inch will occupy three persons for a day, and a shawl of remark-

ternal atmosphere is placed a high, square case of fine poplar-wood, upon which the shawls requiring to be tinted are suspended, and a charcoal fire being lighted beneath the floor, a small amount of powdered sulphur is sprinkled on it. The next day the shawls are washed and dried, and then laid one over the other and subjected to pressure. The dyes used are not simply those of India; Africa and Persia supplying not a few of the colors.

The production of cashmere looms includes small shawls of a colored ground with an extremely fine border; also a light and beautiful fabric, much resembling Nankin gloves and sacks, are manufactured from shawlwool; also a red silk cloth for ladies. The value of the cashmere shawls exported last year from Umritsur to Europe amounted to the sum of \$1,185,000.

## HERR KRUPP AND THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

The following anecdote is told in connection with the late Emperor William of Germany's visit to the works at Essen. The Emperor displayed great interest in the working of the steam hammer, and

Herr Krupp took the opportunity of speaking in high praise of the workman who had special charge of it. "Ackermann has a sure eye," he said, "and can stop the falling hammer at any moment. A hand might be placed on the anvil without fear, and he would stop the hammer within a hair's breadth of it." "Let us try it," said the Emperor, "but not with a human hand—try my watch," and he laid it, a splendid specimen of work richly set with brilliants, on the anvil. Down came the immense mass of steel, and Ackermann, with his hand on the lever, stopped it just the sixth of an inch from the watch. When he went to hand it back, the Emperor replied, kindly, "No, Ackermann, keep the watch in memory of an interesting moment." The workman, embarrassed, stood with out-stretched hand, not knowing what to do. Krupp came forward and took the watch, saying, "I'll keep it for you if you are afraid to take it from his Majesty." A few minutes later they again passed the spot, and Krupp said, "Now you can take the Emperor's present from my hand," and handed Ackermann the watch wrapped up in a thousand-mark note.

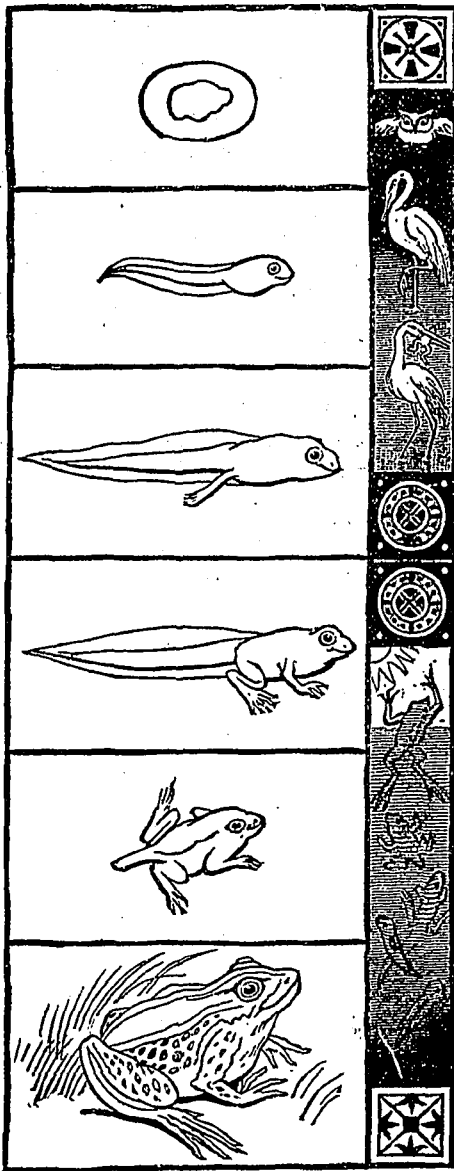
## HOW POSTAGE STAMPS ARE MADE.

In printing, steel plates are used, on which two hundred stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with colored inks and passing them to a man and a girl who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand-presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables, mixed with water. After having been again dried, this time on the little racks which are fanned by steam power, for about an hour, they are put in between sheets of paste-board and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons. The next thing is to cut the sheet in

half: each sheet, of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl, with a large pair of shears, cutting them by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps. Next, they are pressed once more, and then packed and labelled and stowed away for despatching to fulfil orders. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred stamps is burned. Five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. For the past twenty years, not a single sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the process of manufacturing, the sheets are handled and counted eleven times.—*Selected.*

To HAVE what we want is riches, but to be able to do without it is power.—*Donald Grant, by George Macdonald.*

## ALL ABOUT A FROG.



THIS is an egg:  
Watch it, I beg.

Out of this egg—  
(No arm or leg)—

Comes this strange  
thing. [spring,  
The legs now

Both front and rear.  
Now this is queer,

The tail plays flop,  
And goes off pop!

And soon it hops  
about the bog,  
A happy, timid, little  
frog.

durance as a God-given life in the beginning.

God has greatly blessed us here. Of our fifty-six scholars, thirty-six have been hopefully converted in these two years. Six were professors, making forty-two Christians.

I love the work here, but I feel that the greater call for me is to the Burman mission. I learned the language as a child, and could read and write it. I have some of the spelling-book at my tongue's end now, and can understand readily when missionaries speak it. I think, after being there two months, I can talk freely.

I love Toungoo, my beautiful childhood's home, where my brother Willie lies side by side with some native Christians with whom I was baptized.

I know Mr. Bunker, at Toungoo, is calling for an associate; and I deeply love his work, embracing those mountain tribes,

able beauty would take this number a year for its execution; but a number are engaged on the same shawl, according to the speed required. Singularly enough, it is only the inner side of the shawl that is exposed to the view of the workman, he being guided by the design placed before him and the directions of a skilled supervisor of the work. The thread is previously spun and dyed by women. The shawl worked with the needle is, however, far inferior to that in which the pattern is woven in.

As soon as a shawl is made, notice is given to an official inspector. It is then stamped at the Custom House, when a price is put upon it, and on this a demand of twenty-five percent is made. Sulphur fumes are employed to give the shawls the beautiful yellow color so much in request in the East. Over an aperture in the door of a room carefully closed from the ex-