

World of Missions.

Two Fragments of Humanity and the Good They Do.

They are two women on the Island of Hainan. Both are sadly deficient. One is a leper; the other, blind from babyhood. The dreadful disease of the one has developed since her conversion. She is a woman of facts regarding Christian doctrine and experience, and she takes her cheerful "Thus saith the Lord of Heaven" and goes to "leper row," the shunned village outside of Hothow, where miserable huts suggestive of the misery they shelter are huddled together. When she speaks, she is listened to as an equal and a comrade in suffering. How could a happy young missionary catch their ear as she does?

Blind Nydia is one of those whom Mr. Campbell baptized in January. It is worth something to hear her repeat "My Father is rich in houses and lands." She has a wonderful memory and a great store of Scripture passages and hymns. She cannot find her way alone, so together, the leper woman leading the blind, charmingly illustrating Dr. Johnson's Hindu proverb, "You cannot clap hands with one hand," the two thread the streets of Kiungchow, and from house to house the one teaches the doctrine and the other repeats her sweet hymns, prayers and Bible verses. Their visit often gives delight to bound-footed ladies who get only small glimpses of earth, and nothing of Heaven except as the windows are opened by these poor-rich, deprived-blessed guests.

If Nydia and her guide were heathen women, of what use would they be to their people?

Protestants in Spain.

One of the best-known Protestant missionaries in Spain was until recently Pastor Fritz Fliedner, a son of the famous founder of the Kaiserswerth Deaconess Home, and himself a prominent figure at international conventions of the Evangelical Alliance. Pastor Fliedner, who died recently, made his headquarters in Madrid, where he had been conducting excellent schools and a successful Protestant publication house, which has done much to spread Protestant literature throughout the peninsula. He also established congregations and missions in a number of places.

In addition to the English-Spanish and the German-Spanish congregations resulting from the efforts of these men, there exists also the Iglesia Espanola Reformada, a number of Protestant communions established and led by Bishop Juan Baptista Cabrera, who years ago was ordained by the Archbishop of Dublin. He aims at the organization of a purely native Protestant Church in Spain. Formerly a Catholic priest, he has become a strong exponent of the Evangelical cause. One of his leading principles is that the work should be done only by native Spaniards and not by foreigners, as only the former can successfully accomplish the ends desired.

All these movements have in their employ colporteurs, who spread Bibles and evangelical literature wherever possible. Aid also comes from the periodical Protestant press, of which *La Lux* and *El Cristiano* are leading representatives. Numerically the Protestants of Spain are not strong, but intrinsically the cause is stronger than surface indications might suggest.—Missionary Review of the World.

Years of Suffering.

HOW RELIEF CAME TO THOMAS FINDLAY, OF PETROLIA.

HE HAD SUFFERED FOR FORTY YEARS FROM DYSPEPSIA—FOOD BECAME DETESTABLE AND STOMACH CRAMPS MADE LIFE A BURDEN.

From the Topic, Petrolia, Ont.

Few men in Petrolia are better known than Mr. Thomas Findlay, who has resided here nearly forty years. In 1862 Mr. Findlay came here, and before the railroad connected with Petrolia he drove a stage coach bringing the early oil men. When the railroad came here Mr. Findlay engaged in the oil business, but later he suffered from a gun accident that disabled his hands permanently. After recovering from this Mr. Findlay was appointed constable and night watchman for the town, which office he has held during thirty years past. This accident was by no means Mr. Findlay's worst misfortune. From early youth he had been a martyr to dyspepsia, which finally became so bad that he looked forward to death as a merciful release. Happening to hear that Mr. Findlay had found complete relief from his lifelong foe, a Topic reporter waited on him to find if this was true. Mr. Findlay was only too glad to tell his story, hoping its publication might help some other sufferer. "I am a pretty old man now," said Mr. Findlay, "but I cannot remember the time when I was not in pain from pernicious dyspepsia and stomach trouble until lately. As a young man on the farm I suffered all sorts of pains with it; food would sour on my stomach and violent vomiting spells would follow. As I grew older my sufferings increased. I could not eat anything but the simplest kind of food, and little of that. My system became badly run down and I grew so weak that I really looked forward to death as a release from my misery. One after another I tried doctors and medicines, but could get no relief; then in despair I concluded to quit all and await the end. Meanwhile my condition became worse. Violent cramps attacked my legs, prostrating me for a time. They became worse and more frequent until they one day attacked my stomach, and I thought my end had come. Unable to move and in agony I was driven home, as I thought to die, but after an injection of morphine I gradually recovered. From that time on the cramps increased in frequency and violence. Nothing gave me relief except the temporary immunity from pain afforded by morphine. I became so weak from pure starvation that death stared me in the face. Finally a friend said: 'Why don't you try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' 'What's the use?' I said, 'I've tried everything and just got worse all the time.' 'Well,' she said, 'you try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, they cured me, and I believe they will do you good.' Well, I purchased a box and started taking them. After a little I thought they helped me, so I kept on taking them for a couple of months when I felt I was really cured after so many years of suffering. My strength came back, my stomach revived its power, and I was able to eat anything I fancied, and once more could enjoy life. This is nearly two years ago, but I was cured to stay cured. I have never had a sick day since or known the slightest stomach trouble. I am confident I would be a dead man now if it were

not for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—nothing else ever helped me."

The old adage, "experience is the best teacher," might well be applied in cases of dyspepsia, and if sufferers would only be guided by the experience of those who have suffered but are now well and happy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, there would be less distress throughout the land. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had at all dealers in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Health and Home Hints.

To Keep Pans in Condition.—A combination of sapollo, plenty of hot water and elbow grease is necessary to keep iron pans and kettles clean. As both kinds of ware are black we can scarcely speak of them as bright but by the faithful use of these three essentials they may be kept immaculately clean. If one lives on or near the shore the fine silver sand combined with any good kitchen soap will do the work. Pans and spiders, as they used to be and still are called by many, are associated in the mind of the housekeeper with grease and fried food and as the utensil must be very hot to fry well the grease so impregnates the pan that it is hard to remove. We all doubtless can recall instances of pans the outsides of which were thickened a good part of an inch by repeated layers of fat burned on. For such a condition of affairs the next best remedy is to prepare a kettle of strong lye or soda water. Immerse in it the pan to be cleansed and boil for several hours or until, upon examination, the black crust on the bottom and outside of the pan is softened and loosened. Scrape off as well as possible. If still obdurate return to the lye solution and boil again. An old putty knife is the best thing we can suggest for the scraping process. Repeat until the scale is entirely removed then wash well in soapy water and—don't allow the maid to neglect it again. This prescription is most applicable to a pan which has been in use for many years. Such iron pans and kettles are valuable to the housekeeper beyond their intrinsic worth for, unless woefully misused, the inside is worn to a smoothness which only comes from years of use.

Sheet iron pans, being thinner, are usually much easier to keep in condition than those of cast iron. Should they become encrusted, however, the same treatment will apply. Whether sand-soap or a combination of the soap and free loose sand are used hard rubbing and scouring will be found necessary. This should be followed by thorough rinsing with hot water and the pan should not be put away until entirely dry. Sheet iron pans will rust as cast iron will not hence the necessity of drying, preferably on the side of a cool fire until the pan is quite warm.

The Herald and Presbyter: It is a principle in the Christian's giving, as enunciated by the Apostle Paul, that in respect to measure or standard it be as "God hath prospered him." The duty is gauged by our ability.

The distress caused in the Eastern Provinces of Russia by the failure of the crops is so severe that the authorities have forbidden the newspapers to publish any valuable information.