

Tidings from the Front

OUT of a population of 16,000,000, Brazil has only 8000 Protestant communicants.

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THIS testimony of Sir Charles Turner can, without doubt, be duplicated in every mission field: "In India a Christian village can be distinguished from a non-Christian village by the greater cleanliness and greater cheerfulness of the inhabitants."

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A BELGIAN missionary upon the Upper Congo says that on a market day it is customary to take prisoners of war up and down, with marks on their naked bodies, showing the parts the purchasers have selected as soon as the bodies are cut up. The object is to attract purchasers, and when the best parts are sold, the prisoner is killed. One case is mentioned in which no purchaser could be found for the man's head, and the buyers of the arms and legs became impatient, and these were accordingly cut off, and the vender proceeded with his search for a purchaser of the head!

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A HINDU, who lived a long distance from any missionary, and who had never been inside a Christian church, was led to believe in Christ by reading the Gospels. Finding a command to eat and drink in memory of our Lord's death, and knowing nothing of Church order and ritual, he was accustomed each day to take a little rice, saying, "This I do in remembrance of Christ"; then, drinking a little water, he would say, "I drink this because Christ died for me." Thus in his solitude this disciple was taught of the Spirit, and his inner life was nourished without the help that comes from "the communion of saints."

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A MISSIONARY in Persia reports that a converted Moslem woman who was beaten and cruelly persecuted seemed so happy that another came to the mission to ask that happiness given her which her country-woman had obtained. She became a convert, and was persecuted severely in her turn, being even bastinadoed for repeating the Lord's Prayer. She was asked if she were happier when she was a Mohammedan and well thought of, or now suffering so greatly for Christ, and made this reply: "I never knew the meaning of happiness till I became a Christian."

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THE most striking feature in our missionary tidings this month is the marvellous manifestation of God in Livingstonia. The whole Church will join in Dr. Laws' exclamation of wonder and praise. To think that the very place where *only twenty years ago* he was threatened with death by the savage Angoni warriors, among whom he was the first to venture, should already be the scene of a pentecostal communion gathering! After all, there are no triumphs to be compared to those of Christian missions.

FOR a long time no foreigner was allowed to live in Changshuh, a large Chinese city about a hundred miles from Shanghai. When foreign missionaries were sent there, leading officials signed a petition protesting against letting property to them. A short time ago two American Methodist missionaries were to be transferred to another post. The same officials joined in a petition to the Bishop, expressing their high opinion of the missionaries, and asking that they might be allowed to remain. They also gave a feast in honor of the missionaries, and showed much interest in questions about Christian truth.

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"THE Tibetans," says the *Missionary Alliance*, "are the most pre-eminent praying people on the face of the earth. They have praying-stones, praying-pyramids, praying-flags flying over every house, praying-wheels, praying-mills, and the universal prayer, 'Om mani pad me haun,' is never out of their mouths. A German writer on Lamaism says of this sentence, which literally means, 'Oh, God! the jewel in the lotus,' that these six syllables are, of all the prayers on earth, the one which is most frequently repeated, written, printed, and conveniently offered up by mechanical means. They constitute the only prayer which the common Mongols and Tibetans know; they are the first words which the stammering children learn, and are the last sighs of the dying."

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A SNATCH of Christian song put an end to bloodshed in a way that could not have been anticipated by the one who taught the singer. The *Cincinnati Inquirer* tells how the Apaches surrendered to Lieutenant Ord, General Miles' orderly in the Geronimo campaign.

Out on the middle of the desert, miles from white men, Ord was surprised at hearing the sound of a human voice. Approaching cautiously a thicket of cactus, he distinctly heard sung the words, "O, how I love Jesus!" Fearful of treachery, he advanced cautiously, but all the while that voice continued singing over and over again, "O, how I love Jesus!" After crawling for more than an hour, Ord discovered that the singer was an Indian. Covering him with his carbine, he rushed at him, ordering him to surrender. The Apache threw up both hands and made the sign of peace, continuing to sing, "O, how I love Jesus!" The lieutenant took the Indian back to General Miles' camp, where it was learned through the interpreter that he had been sent out by one of the Apache chiefs to say that the Indians were ready to treat for peace. He was the only Indian in that party who could speak a word of English, and all that he could say was, "O, how I love Jesus!" which words he had learned from a missionary,