

World of Missions.

Vindication of the Missionary.

As in the case of the native Christians, one of the silver linings to the dark cloud which has hung over China for months past has been the vindication of the missionary. At first the world, and indeed to many church members were inclined to fling stones at the missionary and make him responsible for the storm that has burst over China. But as weeks and months pass, and the world grows to understand the situation better, all admit (and to their credit be it said, many leading secular papers cheerfully admit) that the great Boxer uprising was not anti-missionary, but anti-foreign, and during all these troubles, in every part of China, especially in the stormiest centers, the missionaries have shown themselves among the bravest and most self-denying, and have won the admiration, confidence and praise of many foreigners who before had looked down upon them, and, indeed, scarcely knew them though living in the same communities with them.

A striking illustration of this is seen in the case of Dr. Morrison, Peking correspondent of *The Times*, as elsewhere mentioned in this issue. In closing a series of most valuable and graphic letters to his paper, descriptive of the memorable siege of Peking, Dr. Morrison says: "In the first place, I find that I have not in any adequate way expressed the obligation of all those confined in the British Legation to the splendid services done by the Rev. F. D. Gamewell, of the American Episcopal (Methodist) Mission, to whom was due the designing and constructing of all our defenses, and who carried out in the most admirable manner the ideas and suggestions of our minister, Sir Claude MacDonald."

Another Englishman writes, during the progress of the siege: "Mr. Gamewell, who is in charge of the fortifications, is absolute y indefatigable. Day and night he is continually going round superintending Chinese labor, helping the foreigners who are assisting in the work, and bit by bit he is making the whole place almost impregnable, so far as it is possible. It is the unanimous opinion that but for Mr. Gamewell's services, the Chinese would have gotten into the legations long ere this."

It should be remarked that in early life Mr. Gamewell had received the training of a civil engineer. The missionary ladies, as well as the ladies of the legations, were tireless in their aid, ministering to the sick and wounded, making clothing for the troops, and especially in making sandbags for the fortifications. During the six weeks of the siege they made fifty thousand of these bags, even using the finest silks, satins, velvets and embroidered curtains for this purpose. During the siege there were times when only the most heroic efforts saved the legation from flames, and at such times the ladies of the various missions were indefatigable. In describing one of these scenes a lady missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. writes in the November Missionary Herald: "We ladies formed in line for passing back the pails, etc. Such an olio of articles for fighting fire, and for one's life! Pitchers, large and small, washbowls of all sizes, pails, tin cans, flowerpots, etc."

Minister Conger did not need such exhibitions of missionary character to convert him into a friend; he was that already. Nevertheless, it is most gratifying to read his tribute to them in the following note, which ought forever to silence the defaming globe-trotter. Mr. Conger writes: "To

the Besieged American Missionaries—To one and all of you, so providentially saved from threatened massacre, I beg, in this hour of deliverance, to express what I know to be the universal sentiment of the diplomatic corps, a sincere appreciation of and profound gratitude for the inestimable help which you, and native Christians under your charge, have rendered toward our preservation. But for your intelligent and successful planning, and the uncomplaining execution of the Chinese, I believe our salvation would have been impossible. By your courteous consideration of me, and your continued patience in most trying occasions, I have been deeply touched, and for it I thank you most heartily. I hope and believe that somehow, in God's unerring plan, your sacrifices and dangers will bear rich fruit in the material and spiritual welfare of the people to whom you have so nobly devoted your lives and work. Assuring you of my personal respect and gratitude, believe me, very sincerely yours, E. H. Conger, Peking, Aug. 18, 1900."—*The Missionary*.

The Mission Nearest the North Pole.

The Rev. E. J. Peck is the well-known C. M. S. missionary to the Eskimo of Blackhead Island, Cumberland sound, to the north of Hudson's Bay. He has been working for 23 years in the frozen north, six of them in this remote island, which can only be reached by a whaler once a year. The much-enduring man has recently written:

"Some are probably aware that for the last six years I have lived at our barren station at Blackhead Island—one of the most isolated, if not the most isolated, mission station now existing. This fact will be obvious when I say that after leaving England again about midsummer this year, on my return journey, I can receive no letters from home for 14 months. In such isolation it is well indeed to have that Eternal Word which gives comfort to one's own soul, and proves also a fountain of blessing to the Eskimo."

Missions as the Century Closes.

Says Dr. George Smith: "Stated broadly, the churches of the reformation at the close of the nineteenth century spend annually from £3,000,000 to £3,250,000 in sending missionaries and Bibles to non-Christians, as against £10,000 at its beginning. They send out about 6,500 men, two-thirds of whom are married, and 4,000 unmarried women, against 150 men only a hundred years ago. Then there was not one convert from the dark races ordained to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ; now there are upwards of 4,000. Then there were hardly 100 native Christian workers; now there is an army of 68,000. Then there were about 7,000 native communicants; now there are nearly 1,500,000, of almost every tribe and kindred and tongue all round the globe. Of all the results, the most significant are these two—the number of women missionaries and the host of native missionaries."

Protestant missionaries in Africa will have to reckon with a formidable organization founded by the late Cardinal Lavigerie, 'The White Fathers.' The order (it can be so described) has at present fifty stations, with a staff of 249 missionaries, 132 nuns and 642 catechists. This body of more than 1,000 workers has gathered 67,190 neophytes and 180,080 catechumens. The White Fathers also control 184 schools, containing 6,000 children. The society is fed by two training colleges or seminaries in Jerusalem, which together have 139 students.

West Indies.

The emancipation of the Javanese is likely to be the fruit of their rapid evangelization, and hence the Dutch government discourages Christian missionary efforts among these twenty-five millions of Mohammedans. Such is the unanswered charge made recently at a missionary conference held in Java. The Dutch have been for just a century and a half in possession of this colony, and the latest report we know of gives 26 missionaries, 20,000 native Christians, 4,000 pupils in the schools, and 40,000 cases treated medically last year. Many a Holander sharply criticizes the government for its oppression, or rather suppression, of the Javanese, and what investigation we have made reveals a vast field for reform.

A Noble Woman.

The Duchess of Sutherland, says the *Christian Herald*, is one of the many members of the aristocracy who are interested in the welfare of humanity, and who try to make the world happier than they found it. The cause of temperance, labor reform, and kindred movements have received her sympathetic support, and she has given unlimited time and labor in befriending the women engaged in the white lead and other deadly industries. At Trentham and Dunrobin she does a good deal for the tenants, and the rooms at Stafford House, her beautiful home in London, have several times been placed at the disposal of the different industries and charities in which she is so deeply interested.

The Old Doctor's Story.

"Children, I have a story to tell you," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road to town.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitating.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hay field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing school. My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think.

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, 'I was going myself; but somehow, I don't feel very strong to-day.'

"He walked with me to the road which turned off to the town. As he left, he put his hand on my arm, saying again: 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town and back again.

"When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door.

"One of them came to me the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father," he said, 'fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were of you.

"I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again, in all the years that have passed since that hour that those last words were. You've always been a good boy to me."—Selected.