

Foreign Missions.

Letter from Dr. Butchart.

The Convention wished me to send a report of the meeting recently held to your paper for the Canadian brethren. I enclose a programme which will explain that part of it.

The fourth annual meeting of the Central China Christian Missionary Convention was held at the Drum Tower Chapel, in Nankin, May 25 29. An exceedingly interesting and profitable time was enjoyed by the members of the mission as they gathered from their different fields of work to report the labors of the year and discuss plans for the future. It was a source of great pleasure to us that Bro. Meigs returned in time to be with us, and brought us good news of the interest in the church at home, and of the advances among our brotherhood during the time he was away. He comes back more full of enthusiasm than ever.

It was our one source of sadness that Brother and Sister Williams, who were mighty in counsel, were absent, and that the loving voice and bright happy presence of Mrs. Williams will never more be with us.

Reports from the field were encouraging, though the work of the year was broken and hindered by the riots. The total accessions for the year were six. Work in Lubo is opening up and the people are more friendly. At Chu Jau Brothers Hunt and Hearndon have lately come out victorious in a fight with the official for the purchase of a house. At Yu Ho Tsy the native Christians have almost finished their own chapel, built every bit with their own money. Next year they hope to employ their own evangelist. We rejoice to see this spirit.

In Nankin Bro. Meigs is energetically pushing for a good well equipped school. Dr. Macklin reports about 12,000 patients treated during the year in spite of the riots, the hospital is now under way and will be completed about the end of the year, when the Doctor will be able to accommodate patients as for some time he has wished to do. With the hospital will come the need for more medicine and instruments. An instrument is often the means of curing a case and saving life.

The girls' school, to be conducted by Miss Rose Sickler, is to be located in Nankin, as it is the greatest centre of influence for this part of the country. There was a strong call made by the convention for two ladies for Nankin; one for direct work among the women, the other as nurse for work among the patients in the hospital. It is to be hoped that these may be secured soon, as the work calls for them at once.

We feel that the prospect for the future is bright and full of interest.

Yours truly,

JAS. BUTCHART.

Nankin, China, June 14, 1892.

From Japan.

The time to do anything which ought to be done, is now. The man who waits till everything is perfectly favorable before he unites with the church or gets married will be apt to wait a long time. Circumstances never become perfect. The time to make your will is now. I suggested when making my last report that if the reader would make his will and name something for the foreign work, he would feel the satisfaction arising from such a good deed, and after death he could probably, from the upper spheres, watch the course of his gift as it carried blessings to distant nations, and I would make a better report for the second quarter. Now I am ready to do my part. Have you done yours? Twenty additions. This is the same

number as for the first quarter, but there are three preachers—only one before—and there was more of this work done entirely by the Japanese. At least fourteen are due to their labors alone, some of them far away from Tokyo.

Lest any should think that I take poor timber, I would say that these three men are all graduates either of a theological school or of a college, and I have rejected more men who wished to preach than I have received.

One of them is from the Greeks. He was editor of their magazine. That means a choice out of 160 preachers, and gives us a chance to create some literature. The written language of Japan is quite different from the spoken, and the Japanese are remorseless critics, so I have never felt that I could publish anything to advantage until now.

This man is an intense student. He has very little blood left. Being a great admirer of Kant he emulated his example by resolving not to marry, his friends interfered, and persuaded him to take a wife to take care of him. For some years he was dissatisfied with the Greek church, and he and his sympathizers started a paper advocating the reform of the Greek church. But the "Holy Apostolic Church" does not reform and the Archbishop was furious. They were too numerous for him to do anything with them. This preacher is now at work in a ward called the "Brain of Tokyo," either because of the large number of officers who live there, or because of the Emperor who has his palace there. The Emperor has had the measles lately and has not been out to any of our meetings! The preacher is meeting with some success.

This report is from sixteen preaching places in which I am directly interested. Miss Johnson has just returned from a trip among those in the country. She was accompanied by a Bible woman and held some good meetings. She is preparing to start home for a well-earned vacation.

Not all of these places are fruitful. In one place we have worked steadily for more than three years, and never have come near the water. We are at it yet, just as confident of victory as on the first day we began. They must yield. Every nation which has set itself against the gospel has gone to the wall, and Japan is not travelling that road. "Is not my word like fire?" saith the Lord, "And like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"

We have opened two new places, making eighteen in all. In these we have seven preachers, five helpers, and eight schools. Now that Bro. Azbill has come to our help the Disciples have twenty-one preaching places, and eleven schools. These schools are all for poor children—charity schools.

One missionary and several Japanese thought it unwise to enter one city where we lately began, and Japanese opinion alone favored the other. The first place is a city of 18,000 population, but intensely devoted to Buddhism. The priest, who by touching the head of a person with his golden razor, can insure that that person will become a god after death, went there. He touches no head for less than thirty cents, and from the rich he expects all the way up to a hundred dollars. In one day he took in two thousand dollars in that city.

Undoubtedly the work in that city will be hard, but that is just what we came to Japan for. A railroad will be built in that section, though it will not be completed for several years, and that will greatly facilitate the work even if it does not show that Buddhism cannot live in the light. No one has a preaching place there. We have both to the North and South, so it seems to be our duty to undertake what may be for years fruitless labor.

The other city has 90,000 population. We had some work in the towns of that province, and I wished the preacher to prosecute that work. He was willing, but said that the best way to do it would be to plant the cause in the capital of the province, and work out from there. Other-Japanese sided with him. "But," said I, "there are Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Methodists there." "Yes," they answered, "and Romans and Greeks. But even then we have 15,000 for each of them and besides there are six thousand soldiers there." The Japanese were right. I told the preacher he could not do the work without a helper, and now he is clamorous for another preacher, a Bible woman to work with her own sex, and for a foreign missionary. When we go to Sendai in a few weeks I shall have to attend to the ordinance of baptism.

These two places are samples of our work. In some places we work long and weariedly without seeming to make an impression. The probability is that that work is better in the sight of God than where we are cheered by immediate success as in the second city named. Would you not think that we might very appropriately take off our hats to the missionaries of China and India who are obliged to work so much harder to accomplish as much? I think so. God does not command success; he does command work. Consider the possibilities. While we prefer to report results and not prospects, I venture to say that if we could obtain the money, in a few years I could increase these eighteen preaching places to one hundred with correspondingly larger reports. Napoleon said, and I think that no one will be disposed to dispute the statement, when they remember that Gladstone said lately that Napoleon's was the most colossal intellect of modern times. Napoleon said, "You can't make an omelet without breaking some eggs." For years we have been asking for money to extend the work according to our opportunities. If you wish us to do so you will have to break some eggs. It cannot be done by simply reading the reports.

Pray for us; like Paul at Ephesus, before us a door is opened, great and full of possibilities, and the opposers are many.—GEO. T. SMITH, in *Christian Evangelist*.

A Chatham Miracle.

DR. CARL VERRINDER'S VICISSITUDES OF TORTURE AND OF HEALTH.

HE SURVIVES THEM ALL, AND RECOUNTS HIS WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE FROM POVERTY AND DEATH, AND HIS RESTORATION TO PROSPERITY AND VIGOR OF MIND AND BODY—GOOD WORDS FOR THE A. O. U. W.

Chatham Planet.

In a Raleigh street residence there lives with wife and one child—a little ten year old daughter—a musician known throughout Ontario, if not the whole Dominion, as a prince among pianists, organists and choir masters—a veritable *maestro* and "Wizard of the Ivory Keys," and no one who has ever listened to his manipulation of the great organ in the Park Street Methodist Church, or heard him evoke "magic music's mystic melody" from the magnificent Decker Grand in his own drawing room but will declare that his eminence is well deserved, and his peers can be but few among the Professors of Divine Art. The door plate bears the following inscription:—

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

DR. CARL LEO VERRINDER, Director.

To sit, as did a *Planet* reporter a few days ago, in a very atmosphere of sweet harmony, created by Dr. Verrinder's magician-like touch was an experience that might well be envied, and one cal-

culated to inspire the most sentimental reveries. But sentimental moods finally vanish and leave one facing the sober and practical side of life. The music ceased and the conversation took a turn leading to the real object of the reporter's call.

"There are stories abroad," said the newspaper man, "regarding some extraordinary deliverance from death, which you have met with recently, doctor. Would you object to stating what foundation there is for them, and, if any, furnish me with the true facts for publication?" Dr. Verrinder shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "I have not," he replied, "been given to seeking newspaper notoriety, and at fifty-five years of age it is not likely I shall begin, and yet," said the professor, after thinking a moment and consulting Mrs. Verrinder, "perhaps it is best that I should give you the circumstances for use in *The Planet*. The story of my rescue from the grave might fittingly be prefaced by a little of my early history. We resided in England, where, though I was a professor of music, I was not dependent on my art, as I had acquired a competence. My wife was an heiress, having £50,000 in her own right. Through the rascality of a broker she was robbed almost of all her fortune, while by the Bank of Glasgow failure, my money vanished forever. It became necessary for me then to return to my profession in order to live. I do not speak of it boastfully, but I stood well among the musicians of that day in the old land. My fees were a guinea a lesson, and it was no uncommon thing for me to give twenty in a day.

We came to America, landing in Quebec, where I anticipated getting engagement as organist in the Cathedral, but was disappointed. Subsequently we moved to St. Catharines, in which city I procured an organ and choir and soon had a large *clientele*. Later, in order as I thought to better my fortune, I took up my residence in London, first filling an engagement with a Methodist church and afterwards accepting the position of organist in St. Peter's Cathedral. In those cities I made many warm friends, and their tributes and gifts I shall ever retain as among the most precious of my possessions. It was while living in London and pursuing my art with much earnestness and labor that I received a stroke of paralysis. Perhaps,—here the speaker rose and stretching himself to his full height, thus displaying his well-built and well-nourished frame—"I do not look like a paralytic. But the truth is I have had three strokes—yes, sir, first, second and third, and they say the third is fatal, ninety-nine times out of one hundred. Yet here you see before you a three-stroke victim, and a man who feels, both in body and mind, as vigorous as he ever did in his life. My ultimate cure I attribute to my testing the virtues of a medicine whose praise I shall never cease sounding as long as I live, and which I shall recommend to suffering humanity as I am now constantly doing, while I know of a case and can reach the ear of the patient. After removing to Chatham I had not long been here when my health further began to give way. Gradually I noted the change. I felt it first and most strongly in a stomach affection which produced constant and distressing nausea. It grew worse and worse. I myself attributed it to bad water poisoning my system. One doctor said it was catarrh of the stomach. Another pronounced it diabetes, still another a different diagnosis. I kept on doctoring, but getting no relief. I tried one medicine after another, but it was no use. Grippe attacked me and added to my pain, discomfort and weakness. At last I took to my bed and it seemed that I was never going to get well. Nothing of a nourishing nature would remain on my stomach. No drugs seemed to have a counter-acting influence on the disease which was dragging me down to death. My wife would sit at my bedside and moisten my lips with diluted spirit, which was all that could be done to relieve me. Besides three local doctors who gave me up, I had doctors from London and Kingston whose skill I believed in and to whom I paid heavy fees, but without receiving any help or encouragement. It is true that a stomach pump operation afforded temporary relief, but yet I felt that my peculiar case needed some special and particular compound or remedial agent which I knew not of. But, at last, thank God, I discovered it. I had been for eighteen months a

miserable wreck, unable to work, unable to eat or to sleep properly. My means were becoming exhausted. My poor wife was worn out in body and spirit. Suddenly the deliverer came! Pink Pills! Yes, Sir! Pink Pills—God bless their inventor or discoverer!—have rescued me from the jaws of death and miraculously made me what you see me to-day, hearty, happy, with a splendid appetite, a clear brain, a capacity for work and an ability to sleep sound and refreshing sleep—a boon that only a man who has experienced the terrors of insomnia can rightly appreciate. Bear in mind, my friend, I am no wild enthusiast over the supposed merits of this medicine. I have tested the virtues of Pink Pills and am ready to take oath to their efficacy. No one could shake my faith in them; because what a man has thoroughly proved in his own experience, and what he has had confirmed in the experience of others—I have prescribed the pills to other sick persons and know what extraordinary good they have effected in their cases—he ought to be convinced is so. I shall tell you how I came to try them. A fellow member of the A. O. U. W., the brethren of which order had been more than kind to me during my illness, recommended Pink Pills. I knew nothing about what they were or what they could accomplish. In fact, I am rather a sceptic on what are termed "proprietary remedies." But I started to take Pink Pills for Pale People, made by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville. From the very first, one at a dose, I began to mend, and before I had taken more than a box or two I knew that I had found the right remedy and that to the Pink Pills I owed my life. In nine months I have taken twelve boxes—just six dollars worth. Think of it, my friend! Hundreds of dollars for other treatment, and only six dollars for what has made a man of me and set me again on the highway of health and prosperity. There is some subtle, life-giving principle in Pink Pills which I do not attempt to fathom. I only knew like the blind man of old: "Once I was blind; now I can see!" God, in the mystery of his providence, directed my brother of the A. O. U. W. to me. I took it. I live and rejoice in my health and strength. I have no physical malady, saving a slight stiffness in my leg due to grippe. I feel as well as in my palmiest days. My prospects are good. All this I gratefully attribute to the virtues of Pink Pills for Pale People, "and now my story is done!" as the nursery ballad runs. If anybody should ask confirmation of this tale of mine let him write to me and I shall cheerfully furnish it. The Pink Pills were my rescuer and I'll be their friend and advocate while I live!

The reporter finally took his leave of Dr. Verrinder, but not without the professor entertaining him to another piano treat a symphony played with faultless execution and soulful interpretation of the composer's thought.

Calling upon Messrs. A. E. Pilkey & Co., the well known druggists, the reporter ascertained Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale in Chatham, and that from all quarters come glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer—curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.