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TUNAPUNA.

LETTER FROM MRS MORTON.

I am sure you must have been surprised at the abrupt conclusion, or rather the want of conclusion of my last letter. We reached St. Kitt's on the morning of Sabbath, December 1st., and, at quite a distance from the shore, dropped anchor just long enough to land a few passengers. Hearing that a boat would leave there for New York in a day or two we sent our letters on shore without taking time to add anything to them. On Saturday, November 30th, having been ten days at sea we reached St. Croix and were delighted to have a walk on shore. On Sabbath, after leaving St. Kitt's, we touched at Antigua at mid-day, and at Mountserrat in the evening. Monday morning we arose to find ourselves at Dominica; at eleven o'clock we went on shore for two hours at Martinique, and about sunset reached St. Lucia Harbour, remaining only about thirty-five minutes. Mr. Cropper and family came off to us. I delivered the Bible to Mr. James, and we all felt quite sorry not to have a little more time with them. Tuesday we had to wear out the whole day at Barbados, and Wednesday at Grenada while the *Trinidad* discharged cargo; at 7.30 p.m., we steamed away for Trinidad with the assurance that (D.V.) we should see it at daylight. You may be sure we lost no time in getting on deck next morning. There was the coast of the South American continent, and the grand gateways of the Gulf of Paria, just as we left them on the 11th of May. It was a happy moment in our lives when we dropped anchor off the Port of Spain in about an hour and saw our two boys in a boat at a little distance. They are quite well, but anxious, as you may suppose, to return to their old life in quiet Tunapuna. Mr. Grant and Mrs. Macrae kindly met us and took charge of Mr. Coffin and the young ladies. We had been a "happy family" on board the *Trinidad* for fifteen days, and felt quite sorry to separate. It was by far the most comfortable passage we had ever made. The *Trinidad* is a first-class boat. Captain Fraser was most kind and attentive to every one of us, and the discipline of the ship seemed perfect. No one appreciated the comparative comfort of the voyage so much as those of us who had hitherto had experience only of inferior boats. We reached Tunapuna with our boys at 2 p.m., and had a royal reception. Some of our people were at the railway station to meet us. As we neared the mission house the Tunapuna school children, fifty-eight in number, drawn up in line before the door, sang, "God Save the Queen." The monitor then delivered an address of welcome, and asked permission to sing the "Pilgrim's Song" for us. "Whither, Pilgrims, are you going?" etc. This they did very nicely—the girls and little ones singing the questions, the boys answering, and all uniting in the chorus. Good old Mr. White the teacher, a native of Barbados, had not shaved his beard since the day we left. He was quite affected at seeing us again and in such good health, and next morning the beard was a-missing. The Church was full for Friday evening prayer-meeting. Every one seemed as glad at our return as we were ourselves. We have seen Miss Blackadder and she is looking pretty well, cheered by a full school. We took our usual duties on Sabbath. I am very busy getting the house settled; owing to the admirable care and management of Mr. and Mrs. Soodeen, who were in charge during our absence, everything about the premises is in excellent order, and as far as we have yet seen the work appears to have been most successfully carried on, and the converts to have acquitted themselves well. Of this Mr. Morton will write later. All the mission party are well, and those who toiled hard in our absence are cheered and gratified at the good report we were able to give of the increased interest and liberality that we witnessed at home.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN CHINA.

The idols, the Chinese believe, are very human, and are moved and controlled by the same feelings as themselves. They have this idea in reference even to heaven, the highest and greatest of all the objects of worship. Though it is exalted in their conceptions far beyond the greatest of the idols that are enshrined either in their homes or in their temples, they never have the lofty idea about it that we have about God. Ours is the result of the direct revelation that we have about Him, and not from any intuitive knowledge that man has concerning Him.

To illustrate this let me take an incident from actual life, and for a moment let us imagine that we are passing along the crowded streets of a great city. They are very narrow and it is very difficult for us to get on. We have to be patient, as the rest of the crowd is. By-and-by we come to the opening of a cross street. A great crowd is gathered, looking intently at something that is going on. We find a woman kneeling in the middle of the road, who seems to be perfectly mad with passion; her long hair, instead of being neatly braided up in the complicated way that the fashion demands, is hanging down dishevelled over her back; she is screaming at the top of her voice, till her words become almost inarticulate. As we listen attentively we find she is imprecating the most terrible curses against some one that has wronged her. It is awful to listen to the long catalogue of dire evils and judgments and fierce woes that she asks heaven to send down upon her enemy. We ask a bystander what is the cause of all this. He informs us that the woman, who is still screaming out curses and knocking her head against the earth, has been accused by another of theft, and, as she has no means of proving her innocence, she is appealing to heaven to vindicate her by the utter destruction of her enemy.

The lives of the colporteurs are in such direct contrast to those that worship the idols that they make a deep impression upon the heathen, and thus prepare the way for their books and for the doctrines they teach. When they are abused by the crowd they reply with modesty. When some abominable epithet is hurled at them, because of their connection with the foreigner, they do not get angry and threaten. They are patient and good-tempered and will spend hours in explaining what the Gospel teaches. On one occasion last year the colporteurs entered a village situated on what is called the Great Road. The village had about 1,000 inhabitants; it was flourishing and well-to-do, and the people had a solid, comfortable air about them, such as the poorer villages have not. One remarkable feature about it was that there was no inn or lodging-house in it. It is usual, in those villages that lie on the great thoroughfares, to have such places for the entertainment of travellers who may wish to spend the night in them. No traveller could do so in the village that the colporteurs reached, for there was no place in which they could rest for the night, and no one could be got, either for love or for money, to give them a resting place.

It seems that fifty years ago one of the leading men of the place dreamed that the Clan Choa was destined one day to come and dispossess them of their lands and their houses and to drive them forth as wanderers in the world; since then they have allowed no one, of whatever family name he may have been, to rest a night in the place. They made this stern resolve in regard to all names lest some one of the dreaded Choa family should, under an assumed name, get a footing among them and finally be the means of the fulfilment of the dreaded prophecy.

A short time before the colporteurs arrived two or three natives of this place, who had become Christians, wished to establish a church in the village. A house was accordingly rented, and a preacher was sent for. He had been there only a few days, when the leading men of the place collected a large sum of money from the people, with which they bribed the mandarans, who ordered that the church should be at once closed and no further efforts should be made to evangelize the people.

The colporteurs entered the village and began to display their books. A crowd soon gathered round them. It was not a pleasant inquisitive one, such as they usually met; it was a surly, dissatisfied one. The dream of

THE *Christian World*, London, Eng., says: The Presbyterian YEAR-BOOK for Canada and Newfoundland for 1890 has reached us from the Presbyterian Publishing Company, Toronto. A glance at its pages shows that Presbyterianism has taken a firm root in the Dominion.