

In Central Africa.

The latest report of the Livingstonian Mission (Free Church of Scotland) is a remarkable document. The opening page is striking, to say the least, for there Rev. Donald Fraser begins an appeal to the home church for a hundred thousand new missionaries for Livingstonia. "At present," he says, "we are surrounded with great opportunities for extension. Doors are open on every side, at which we helplessly look unable to enter. Where, from the arrival of the white man with God's message, there has even been stolid indifference, or even fierce opposition, to-day there come deputations of old men and young, saying, 'We, too, would learn to send us teachers.' And we sit before them and say, 'Fathers, brothers, would that we were able! But you must wait and God will send His messengers some day.' And they say, 'We have waited and waited. Why do you despise us? And our heads are bowed when we reply, 'Brothers, some time you, too, will hear.' And day by day we cry, 'Lord of the harvest, Thou seekest the field. Send, Lord, ere it be too late.'"

It is difficult in a few lines to give any idea of the interesting character of the report. Spiritual quickening seems to have been experienced throughout the mission. The year has been one of unparalleled ingathering. Twelve languages are employed in various parts of the immense field; in these, or most of them, God's Word has been circulated, and educational work, in various grades, has been pushed forward with encouraging results. Native preachers and teachers are doing their part in a way full of promise, and stations have been planted among new tribes in regions never yet reached by the Gospel. In some quarters the rising generation is showing a real love of study, and English books are read with much zest. The industrial department—printing, building, agricultural measures—many temporal comforts to the immense population, while the medical work is a blessing beyond description.

Lord, Is It I?

"Laborers wanted." The ripening grain Waits to welcome the reaper's cry. The Lord of the harvest calls again; Who among us shall best reply? "Who is wanted, Lord? Is it I?"

The Master calls, but the servants wait; Fields gleam white 'neath a cloudless sky; Will none seize the sickles before too late, Ere the winter's winds come sweeping by? Who is delaying? Is it I?

In the mining camps of the Klondike, British Columbia and Western Ontario, papers of any kind are scarce indeed, while the religious paper is too frequently absent altogether. Send THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN to your young friend, seeking gold in the Far West, and it may prove a wholesome reminder that there are other treasures more precious than gold, and more lasting, for which man should seek. Your sending it may do good, not only to the recipient, but to many others, who may, through him, be led to the pages from week to week. Costs \$1.60 till 1st January, 1900.

Miss Sarah J. MacMaster, of Montreal, contributes an interesting paper on French Evangelization to the December issue of the Foreign Missionary Tidings. Miss MacMaster concludes her article as follows: "We cannot but go forward in this branch of mission work. There are many who have cast off the fetters of superstition and must not be let drift into unbelief. They need to be further enlightened and built up. There are openings for more workers in the field if there were but the necessary funds provided. These surely will be forthcoming when the claims of the work are fully realized."

The Children of China.

Almost every Chinese child of high station carries a fan. Fans are the rattles of Chinese babyhood. A Chinese nurse diverts her young charge with views of her swiftly-moved, gaily-pointed fan. With that same fan she cools for him the torrid air of the Chinese summer, and when he grows strong enough to walk, and totters about, with Asiatic masculine arrogance, upon his well-developed yellow legs, his apple-faced mother, if forced to criticize his momentary mode of life, is very apt to score his yellow shoulders with her pink perfumed fan, though, to be honest, a Chinese child is almost never struck. Many Chinese children who have scarcely a garment and rarely have a good dinner, have fans and are experts in their use, for in China, the manner in which a fan is carried, opened, used, and moved, is almost as significant as it is in Korea. The nakedest Chinese boy will almost be sure to own a kite. Chinese children are as skillful as Japanese children in

kite-flying, and are almost as fond of it as are the children of Siam. They also delight in rolling the hoop and in playing battledoor and shuttle-cock.

It is more than religion with the Chinese to obey as their ancestors have obeyed, and in all things to follow in the footsteps of those ancestors. This held China together for centuries; but now the reluctance of the Chinese to make use of methods and implements of war that were unknown to their ancestors, threatens to make China, if not a nation of the past, at least a nation torn and dismembered. The late war with Japan should teach China the necessity of the arts of Western civilization.

A large proportion of the Chinese are born, live, and die on boats. Strangely enough, none, or nearly none of them can swim. But almost every Chinese child is an expert fisher and exceedingly fond of the sport. Fish and rice form very largely the diet of every Chinese child. Except among the very poor the children and the women eat apart from the men.

The children of the wealthier people eat considerable poultry, and unlimited fruit. Among the poorer Chinese the girls are taught to cook, and to do all sorts of household work, and to sew roughly. I have eaten some delicious dinners cooked by a Chinese girl of twelve. Indeed, cooking is the great national talent of the Chinese.

The boys of the poorer classes are taught one or more of a thousand ways of earning a living.

I remember one bright, merry, little fellow, who lived as if with his grandfather, who was blind and lame, and the small fellow (I think he could not have been more than eight, perhaps not so old) was the real breadwinner of the family. They had a hatching establishment, a small hut with a very low roof, on which the hot summer sun beat down fiercely. Near the hut was a good-sized pond, divided by boards and stakes into small sections. On the floor of the hut they hatched ducks' eggs, and when the ducklings were sufficiently hatched they were put adrift upon the better part of a month. I have seen the floor of the hut completely covered with eggs. But it was said that the small boy never made a mistake. At all events his customers seemed satisfied to a man that they invariably received the result of their own eggs. I never heard of a complaint, which to me was remarkable.—Pall Mall Budget.

Persecution of the Stundists.

The Odessa correspondent of the Daily News writes that since M. Pobiedonostzeff last year obtained for the Holy Synod increased legal powers for the suppression of sectarianism, the unfortunate Stundists, the most virtuous and exemplary body of Nonconformists in the empire, are mercilessly pursued and persecuted wherever they are found, publicly or clandestinely, performing their religious services.

A few days ago seven members of the Stundist sect, all prosperous agriculturists of Trubchevsk, in the government of Orel, were charged before the local tribunal with heretical proselytism. The case was heard, of course, with closed doors, and after sitting for nine consecutive hours the court sentenced the accused to the deprivation of all civil rights and to deportation to Transcaucasia. The wives and children of the deportees have appealed to the court for permission to follow their husbands and fathers into banishment. This prayer may or may not be granted; it rests with the discretion of the court.

The place of deportation for these religious offences depends on the part of the empire in which the sectarian is tried and convicted. If the convict reside in European Russia he shall be deported to Transcaucasia; if he be living in any of the Caucasian or Transcaucasian governments he shall be transported to Siberia; and if he be resident in Siberia he shall be banished to one of the remote settlements of the country. The most cruel part of such a sentence is the deprivation of all civil rights. A person so deprived becomes in the eye of the law and in the estimation of his fellows a mere cypher. He has no redress or legal protection, or appeal against any injury put upon him by an ill-disposed neighbor or a court enemy. He may be harried, abused, robbed, or maltreated to the death with perfect impunity to his aggressors.—The London Christian.

The Dominion Presbyterian.

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