

## THE MISSIONARY WORLD

JAMES GILMOUR.

Twelve months ago a thrill of sorrow passed through many a heart when tidings reached this country of the death of James Gilmour, of Mongolia. The news came as a painful shock, and awakened a sense of loss well-nigh irreparable. Honoured as the London Missionary Society has been in attracting to its ranks, in recognizing, accepting, and sending forth an unbroken succession of truly great missionaries, a James Gilmour is not forthcoming every year. His strongly-marked individuality, his fervent zeal and enthusiasm, his dauntless courage and heroism, his unique sphere of mission service, the novel and exacting nature of his missionary methods, and his remarkable powers of description, by which the Mongols of the desert became known to English reading people all over the world, alike contributed to place him in the very front rank of Christ's ambassadors to the heathen. A year has gone by, and now comes a memorial worthy of the man and of the holy cause he represented and loved. Mr. Lovett is to be congratulated upon the skilful and admirable handling of his subject. His book will at once take its place among the choicest specimens of missionary biography. He has brought to his task mature experience as a writer and an editor, the fullest sympathy with the missionary enterprise, and warm affection for an old college friend and fellow-student; and he has so selected and arranged his material that, from first to last, it is Gilmour that we are looking at, listening to, following about in his wandering life, and, in spite of angularities, idiosyncrasies, combativeness, pronounced opinions, and other human imperfections, are learning to love.

We have no intention of giving an outline of Gilmour's story. We prefer urging our readers to get that story and read it for themselves. Here is one whose life's motto was "Headlong for Christ," one willing to become a "fool," to become anything, so that Mongols and Chinese might be brought to the Saviour. The influence of early years, of pious parents, of simple home life, helped to train the future missionary. Glasgow and Cheshunt did their share. But God's call, Christ's grace, the "Holy Spirit's energies" alone can adequately account for such a man as this. The volume teems with incidents and descriptions, about as far removed from the "comfortable Christianity" we are familiar with here at home as they can possibly be. Those dreary months in the Mongol's tent learning the language, the long and wearisome journeys on horseback and on foot, experiences as an itinerant bookseller, as a travelling dispenser of medicines, and many similar scenes crowd the pages. We marked passage after passage that we should like to quote, but one or two specimens must suffice. Here is a picture.—

In some cases, Mongols wishing to buy books had no money, but were willing to give goods instead; and thus it happened that I sometimes made my way home at night with a miscellaneous collection of cheese, sour-curd, butter and millet cake, and sheep's fat, representing the produce of part of the day's sales.

Here is another, taken from a description of a journey on foot, which he undertook in 1884, the risks and privations of which were very severe.—

Next day, slinging on one side a postman's brown bag containing my kit and provisions; on the other an angler's waterproof bag, with books, etc., and carrying from a stick over my shoulder a Chinaman's sheepskin coat, I left my landlord drinking the two ounces of hot Chinese whiskey which formed the invariable introduction to his breakfast, turned my face northwards, and started for a twenty-three miles' walk. . . . The priest I had come to visit was busy lighting a fire which would do nothing but smoke, and the room was soon full. Finding him alone, I told him that I had come to speak to him and my other friends about the salvation of their souls, and was pressing him to accept Christ, when a layman I also knew entered. Without waiting for me to say anything, the priest related the drift of our conversation to the layman, who, tongs in hand, was trying to make the fire blaze. Blaze it would not, but sent forth an increasing volume of smoke, and the layman, in visible to me in the dense cloud, though only about two yards away, spoke up and said that for months he had been a scholar of Jesus, and that, if the priest would join him, they would become Christians together. Whether the priest would join him or not, his mind was made up, he would trust the Saviour. By this time the cloud had settled down lower still. I was lying flat on the platform, and the two men were crouching on the floor. I could just see dimly the bottom of their skin coats—but the place was beautiful to me as the gate of heaven, and the words of the confession of Christ from out the cloud of smoke were inspituting to me as if they had been spoken by an angel from out a cloud of glory.—*London Missionary Chronicle.*

## AFRICA AND ITS PEOPLE.

Africa has an estimated area of 11,514,300 square miles and a population of 162,000,000.

Many Arabs are found in Egypt, and are scattered through North and Central Africa, and are generally the leaders in the slave trade.

The Zulus of South Africa are remarkable for their endurance, and are a well-built, fine-looking race. They have warm emotional natures.

The Kabyles of Algiers and Tunis are of middle stature and very industrious. They live in huts made of branches of trees and covered with clay.

The Kaffirs occupy the greater portion of South Africa, and are a strong, muscular, active people, and pay considerable attention to agricultural pursuits.

The Berberes live on the banks of the Nile and profess Islam. They are of a red-brown complexion, and have woolly hair. The Berbers are found in Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli.

The Hottentots of South Africa have broad foreheads, high cheek-bones, oblique eyes, yellowish complexion, and are generally short and slender. In disposition they are mild and timid.

The Moors of Morocco, and also those found all along the Mediterranean coast, are a handsome race and an intellectual people, but generally cruel and revengeful. They are temperate in diet and simple in dress. Their religion is the Mohammedan.

The Abyssinians are a fine, strong race, of a copper hue, black hair, clear, bright eyes, and live in huts. They call themselves Christians, but their religion is a degraded mixture of Christian dogmas and rites, Jewish observances and heathenish superstitions.

The Copts of Egypt are considered to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. They number only about 600,000. In complexion they are darker than the Arabs, have flat fore-

heads, soft, woolly hair, short noses, large eyes, thin beards. In religion they are Christians.

The Fellahs of Egypt are the peasants and labouring classes of the country.

The Nubians are slim and well-made, with curly hair. The eastern Nubians are tribes of roving people.

The principal negro nations are the Mandingoes, in Senegambia; the Foulahs, in the Central So Jan; the Wanyamizi, occupying the country south of the Victoria and east of the Tanganyika lakes; the Balunda, in South Central Africa; the Ashantis and Dahomans, of West Africa.

About one fourth of the people of Africa are Mohammedans and nearly three fourths are pagans. There are about 3,500,000 Christians, of whom nearly one-half are Copts and Abyssinians, and the remainder Roman Catholics and Protestants in about equal proportion. The Roman Catholics include the French in Algeria and the Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique. The Protestants include the English and Dutch of the South African colonies. The people in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea and in the countries immediately south of these are Mohammedan, while the pagans comprise the great masses of the Negro, Kaffir, Hottentot and Zulu races in Central and South Africa.

Missions on the upper Zambesi are French Protestant missions.

In Angola are Methodist Episcopal missions, and missions of the American Board.

In 1890 the Roman Catholics claimed in their mission in Africa 700 priests and 398,940 members.

In Egypt are the missions of the American United Presbyterians and the English Church Missionary Society.

In Abyssinia are missions of the London Society for Propagating Christianity Among the Jews, and the Swedish Evangelical Society.

In Congo Free State are English and American Baptist missions, Swedish mission, American Southern Presbyterian mission, Methodist Episcopal missions under Bishop Taylor.

In Uganda, on the borders of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and between that and the coast, are missions of the English Church Missionary Society, with the English Universities missions in Zanzibar.

The Southern Presbyterian mission at Luebo on the Congo has four missionaries: Rev. S. N. Lapsley, Rev. W. H. Shepard and Mr. George D. Adams and wife.

On the borders of Lakes Tanganyika, Nyassa and Ngami are missions of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland, the English Universities, the London Missionary Society and the Moravians.

In Morocco, Algiers and Tunis are missions of the North Africa Mission, United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, French Evangelical Missionary Society, and the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.

In Liberia are American missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Methodist Episcopal Church, Presbyterian Church, American Baptist Missionary Union, Evangelical Lutheran General Synod, and the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

In Sierra Leone are missions of the United Brethren, African Methodists, Wesleyan Methodists, Church Missionary Society, United Methodist Free Churches, Paris Evangelical Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

Among the Kaffirs, Zulus and Hottentots are missions of the American Board, English Wesleyans, London Missionary Society, English Church Missionary Society, Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and several German, French and Dutch Reformed Missions.

In 1890 there were reported by forty-two missionary societies working in Africa 781 male and 387 female missionaries and 107,212 communicants. These missionaries are chiefly labouring in the countries bordering on the coast, while many millions in the interior have never heard the story of the Gospel.

In the country bordering on the Gulf of Guinea, and extending from Liberia to Congo Free State, are missions of the Church Missionary Society, Wesleyans, American Southern Baptist Convention, American Presbyterian, United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, North German Missionary Society, Basle Missionary Society.

The Roman Catholics have a missionary steamer on the Congo and a number of missionaries in the Congo State. They report five stations on the Congo occupied by twelve priests. The Sisters of Charity occupy three stations on the Lower Congo, in and near Boma, the capital. "More than one hundred priests and novices, besides the Sisters of Charity, have recently entered, or will soon enter, the Congo State as missionaries, a large proportion of them being from Belgium."

## ANOTHER HAMILTON MIRACLE.

## THE TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF ISAAC W. CHURCH FROM PARALYSIS.

CRUSHED BY A FALL OF FORTY FEET HE SPENDS MONTHS IN A HOSPITAL, AND IS DISCHARGED ONLY TO SUFFER GREAT AGONY—MONTHS WITHOUT SLEEP, AND A VICTIM OF NERVOUS PROSTRATION—AN ACCOUNT OF HIS MARVELLOUS CURE, AS INVESTIGATED BY A "TIMES" REPORTER.

Hamilton Times, June 20th, 1892.

"In the spring of 1887, while working on a building in Liverpool," said Mr. Church, "a scaffold on which I was standing collapsed, and I fell to the pavement, a distance of forty feet. Bruised and bleeding I was picked up and conveyed to the Northern Hospital, and not one of the doctors who attended me held out any hope for my ultimate recovery. The base of my spine seemed to be smashed into a pulp, and the efforts of the medical men were directed altogether towards relieving the terrible agony I suffered rather than towards curing my injuries. I had the constitution of an ox, though, and the speaker threw out his chest and squared a pair of shoulders that would have done credit to a prince among athletes, "and as I seemed to have a tremendous grip on life the doctors took heart, and after remaining in that hospital forty weeks I was discharged as being as far recovered as I would ever be. For twenty-six weeks I had to lie in one position, and any attempt to place me on my back made me scream with pain. Through eighteen months after my discharge I was unable to do a stroke of work, and could with difficulty make my way about the house, and then only with the aid of crutches. Twice during that time I underwent operations at the hands of eminent surgeons, who were amazed at the fact of my being alive at all, after they were informed of the extent of my injuries. On the last occasion my back

was cut open, and it was discovered that the bones which had been shattered by my fall had, by process of time, completely overlapped each other, forming a knuckle that you see here," and Mr. Church showed the reporter a curious lump near the base of the spine. "All efforts to straighten those bones continued unavailing, and finally the doctors told me that in the course of a few months paralysis would be increased tenfold. Their predictions proved only too true, and before long I was in almost as bad a position as ever. No tongue can tell the pain I suffered as the disease progressed, and eventually I decided to come to America. So, in 1890 I closed up my affairs in England, and on arriving in Halifax, so done up was I with the journey across the ocean that I had to take to my bed, and was kept a close prisoner for several weeks. Having a brother living at Mourfield, near Guelph, I with difficulty accomplished the journey there, and I tried to do some work. My utmost exertions could accomplish but little, however, and, as the result of my trouble, nervous prostration in its worst form assailed me. I remember once being overtaken by a thunderstorm while about a mile away from the house, and while I was making my way there I felt no less than eight times, completely prostrated by particularly vivid flashes of lightning or heavy jars of thunder. About a year and a-half ago I came to this city and secured work at the Hamilton Forge Works, but before long had to quit, because I could not attend to my duties. I used to think that if I could only get a little sleep once and a while I would feel better, but even that boon was denied me. Night after night I tossed from side to side, and every time my back pressed the bed the pain that shot through every limb was almost unbearable. The doctors prescribed a mixture of bromide of potash, and for weeks I never thought of going to bed at night without having first taken powerful doses of either of these drugs. Towards the last these doses failed to have the desired effect, and I increased the size of them until I was finally taking thirty grains of potash and ten grains of chloral every night—enough to kill a horse. I became so weak that I could hardly get around, and my lower limbs shook like those of a palsied old man. When everything seemingly had failed me, and I was about to give up what seemed a vain battle for life and health, my wife here read an account in one of the newspapers of John Marshall's wonderful cure by means of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I had lost all faith in any medicine I resolved to try once more, and accordingly procured a box of those little Pink Pills from Mr. Harrison, the druggist, and commenced to use them according to the directions. This was in October of last year. I had not taken them a week until I began to feel an improvement in my general health. In a month I slept every night like a baby. The pains left my back entirely, and by the beginning of the new year I could lie on my back for hours and never feel the slightest pain therefrom. Prior to taking the pills I suffered terribly with fits, many of them so severe that three or four men were required to hold me. The pills knocked these all out, though, and all the time I used them I did not even have the suspicion of a fit, and as for my weight, well, you will hardly believe it, but, honestly, in that time I gained forty pounds. Well, to make a long story short, I went to work a few months ago, this time in the Hamilton Nail Works, where I went as shipper, and I have worked there steadily since the first day I went in. Last fall I was too weak to walk a mile, now I can work from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., and my work is no child's play either, I can assure you. I handle about 500 kegs of nails every day, and each keg weighs one hundred pounds, and has to be lifted a distance of from five to six feet. All my renewed strength I ascribe to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I consider have worked wonders in my own case. For any one troubled with nervousness, sleeplessness or loss of strength in any way, in my opinion, there is nothing in existence like those pills for restoring people who are thus afflicted. Yielding to the advice of friends, who claimed that my renewed health was due to the Pink Pills, I quit using them for about a month, but the recurrence of those terrible fits warned me of my folly, and I commenced using the pills again, and I will certainly never be without them in the house."

"Not if I know it, anyhow," remarked Mr. Church. "I know only too well the good they have done you, and you would not have been anything like the man you are to-day if it had not been for those pills, and no one on earth knows better than I how greatly you have been helped; and not only you, but others in the family who were thought to be going into a decline before they were restored by taking those pills."

Some of the particulars of the marvellous rescue of Mr. Church from a life of suffering having reached the public, a reporter of the *Times* thought it worth his while to investigate the matter for the benefit of other sufferers, and it was in response to his enquiries that the above remarkable story was narrated by Mr. Church. Taken in connection with the reports of other equally remarkable cures—the particulars of which have been published from time to time—it offers unquestioned proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People stand at the head of modern medical discoveries.

The neighbours generally were very outspoken in their astonishment at Mr. Church's marvellous cure, all who knew anything of his case having given him up months ago as rapidly approaching the portals of the great unknown. He looks far from that now, though. His eye is as clear, his cheek as ruddy, and his step as elastic as a youth in his teens. He was for seven years a member of the Life Guards, and for some time conducted a gymnasium in Liverpool. He expects to get back to his beloved athletic exercises this season, and is much elated at the success of his treatment.

The reporter then called upon Messrs. Harrison Bros., James St. North, from whom Mr. Church had purchased the remedy, who further verified his statements. In reply to the enquiry by the reporter, "Do you sell many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" Mr. James Harrison, of the firm, replied:—

"Well, yes, rather. A thousand boxes don't last long. You see, our business is largely with men, women and girls employed in the big factories and mills in this locality, and the recommendations we hear from these people day after day, month after month, would indeed make the manufacturer of those wonderful little pellets think he was a benefactor of humanity. Several cases have come under my own notice of women—poor, tired-out, over-worked creatures—being made 'like unto new' by the use of these pills; and I see them passing to and from work daily and looking as though life was worth living, and well worth it, too. In all my experience in the drug business I never saw anything like these pills," and Mr. Harrison related a number of cures that had come under his observation, in addition to that of Mr. Church.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females; such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work 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 Co. 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.