

World of Missions

Missionary Nurses for Atlin.

A meeting of unusual interest was held on Wednesday evening in Westminster Church, Toronto, when two ladies were designated as missionary nurses to aid the Rev. Mr. Pringle in his work at Atlin City, B.C. The movement is a new departure and the issue will be watched with interest. For the first time missionary nurses have been sent by us to a home field. The two ladies sent out are Miss E. H. Mitchell, of Renfrew, sister of the Rev. J. W. Mitchell, and Miss H. Bone, of Paris.

The meeting was presided over by the Rev. Dr. Warlen, who gave the history of the movement which had culminated in sending out these two ladies. The Rev. J. W. Mitchell read the Scriptures and led in prayer. Mrs. Judge MacLennan, on behalf of the Ladies' Committee, presented a Bible to each of the ladies designated. The Rev. Principal Cayen addressed them on the work which they had undertaken, especially emphasizing the opportunities they would have of ministering spiritually to those under their care and the wisdom required to guide them aright. Dr. Robertson followed with an address on the growing demands of the great west, arising from the rapid increase of immigration, much of it of foreign origin, and the interest awakened on this continent and in Europe by the mineral discoveries in British Columbia and on the Yukon. The Rev. R. P. McKay and Rev. John Neil, pastor of the church, also took part in the services.

The attendance was large and much interest was manifested. At the close many of those present came forward to bid them farewell and wish them God speed in their work.

They took their departure for their distant field on Saturday, followed by the earnest prayers of many interested in this new phase of woman's work. They have been fitted out and will be supported by a committee of ladies, representing the ladies of our Church, who responded to the appeal for means to send missionary nurses to the gold fields of the Northwest, when it was made some 18 months ago. If the Atlin gold fields should realize expectations the movement will no doubt be largely self-sustaining. As yet the success of mining there on a large scale remains to be proved.

A Medical Case at Ferozepore, India.

Taloksingh, a zamindar (farmer), and well off, lives in a village about twenty miles from here. One evening in the summer when we were seated out on the grass plot in front of our house, seeking a breath of fresh hot air—the kind of fresh air we have in these parts when the zephyr comes over the parched plains like a blast from the furnace—a son of Taloksingh came and timidly sought an interview. I rose and asked his errand. He said his small brother had been bitten by a camel. The beast had seized the little fellow by the leg above the knee and crunched the bone into bits. This was three months ago, and since, all that could be thought of by all the elderly women and wise men of the village had been done; poultices, plasters, ointments of every description had been applied. The Brahmins had been consulted and many magic formulas had been tried. Talismans, too, containing sacred verses

from the Vedas and the Koran, had been tied around the leg with black woollen threads. And yet, with all this and more, the wound would not heal. It grew foul, the bone became necrosed, and the poor lad's suffering was unbearable. Now, at last, they had put him on an ox-cart and brought him to the city, and, having heard of the mission hospital, had come to make terms. If only I would cure his little brother, they would "make me a happy man." "How happy?" I asked. "Well," after thinking it over, "we will give you thirty rupees" Of course, that settled it! Only, in a moment of generosity, I replied that the money did not signify, and they should bring the boy next day.

So they came, Taloksingh the father, the mother, and the big brother. It was a terrible case, indeed, and soon it became evident that nothing would now do but amputation at the thigh. To make them satisfied that this was necessary, I asked the English surgeon of the station to see the case. He concurred in the opinion that the leg must come off, so a day was fixed upon, and little Mala was lifted on to the operating table, the assistants and the father standing by. We first had prayer, asking God for help. Then in a jiffy the big knife did its work, and in twenty minutes Mala was back in his senses lying comfortably on his bed, the stump bandaged clean and snug. Mala had another brother, three years old, who would fold his hands and pray: "He permeer mere bhai nun raji kar" ("O God, make my brother well.") Whence did he learn his little prayer unless from father or mother? The answer is plain, for, though the Sikhs are notoriously pantheistic they are consistent, as I am convinced all unbelievers are. They talk of God the Creator when off guard, ejaculate the prayer when in distress, but deny His existence in an argument, and, what is worse, by their works, for the majority even of the pious among them, would hardly claim exemption from lying, swearing or stealing.

Taloksingh was elderly, with gray hair and beard, a man of few words and of singular features, the result of paralysis of one side of his face, including the tongue. Tears would escape from the eye on the palsied side while he winked on the other side. This gave the old man a serio-comic air when one conversed with him. But the mother—she was a caution. No paley about her tongue. We were satisfied of this by the frequency with which she rated us for not curing her darling Mala sooner. Sometimes she would turn her invective upon her husband, just for a change. We of the dispensary staff were fain to keep to the far end of the yard, in which the family stayed under a shade tree. It came to a climax one day when Mala's stump had all but healed. A note came from the surgeon asking for his fee, and when I gently hinted to the parents that it would be appropriate to pay him, though I should ask for nothing for myself, then did Mrs. T. show at her very best. I pointed out that Rs. 32 was not a prodigious sum for people to pay, as well off as they were, and, besides, "did not one member of your family promise Rs. 30 at the beginning?" Upon this she flew into a fresh rage, and wanted to know who the "hog" was who had promised such a ruinous sum? In fact, we were nothing but a band of thieves they had fallen amongst; we hit out off her boy's leg and thus ruined him for life, and were now plundering them; for her part, she would not submit to it. Poor Taloksingh stood by in silence, winking with one eye and tears trickling down from the other. He

offered Rs. 8, made it 10, then 12, finally 15, but beyond this he dared not go, for there was Xanthippe eyeing him all the time. He left the rupees on the table and retreated with his wife, and has never been heard of since.—Francis J. Newton, M.D.

The Jews.

As to Jewish population in different countries: Russia holds the record with nearly 3,000,000; Austria-Hungary comes next with 1,500,000, and Germany follows with 700,000. There are 400,000 Jews in Roumania—nearly a tenth of the population; 100,000 in Turkey, 80,000 in France, and nearly as many in Holland and England. Italy contains 50,000, and the other powers 30,000. In round figures the total population of Jews in Europe is set down at 6,000,000. The estimated population of Jews in Africa is 500,000, of which number 40,000 are in Algeria; 250,000 in Asia, 350,000 in America and from 20,000 to 30,000 in Australia.

What is Life?

If life were only what a man

Thinks daily of his little care,

His petty ill, his trivial plan;

His sordid scheme to hoard and spare;

His meager ministry, his all

Unequal strength to breast the stream;

His large regret, repentance small,

His poor, unrealized dream—

There scarce worth a passing nod!

Meet it should end where it began.

But 'tis not so. Life is what God

Is daily thinking of for man.

—Julie M. Lippman.

Improved Conditions in Madagascar.

It should seem that the injustice with which for awhile the French authorities treated the Protestants, but particularly the London Society missionaries, was rather owing to the violent onset of the Jesuits than to their own dispositions. Certainly General Gallieni is very amiable now. Moreover, he has restored to the London mission all the churches that had been taken away from it in Betsileo.

Gallieni, with his aides-de-camp, and a large number of civil and military functionaries, lately attended a joint memorial service in honor of the late President Faure, conducted, of course, by the Paris functionaries.

This sudden call on the missionary energies of the French Protestants has awakened their latent spiritual forces in a most gratifying degree. What a blessing it would be to Catholic France, if at least a fifth of its people should become Protestants! Even now, in Madagascar, the natives are learning the folly of the Jesuit talk, that Frenchman and Catholic are all one.

Unhappily it was the Protestant Guizot that first set that speech on foot as concerns the colonies.—Missionary Review of the World.

A German missionary magazine relates the following incident showing the power of the Bible: In the Shansi province of China a copy of the Gospel of Mark fell into the hands of a learned man and a priest. The one read the strange book aloud to the other. There was a great deal in it which neither the reader nor hearer understood. But they were so impressed that they came to the conviction that the book must come from heaven, and they paid divine honors to it for many years. Later on they obtained a copy of the New Testament, and began to worship Jesus and the apostles. When at last a Chinese evangelist came to their country these two men were the first who joined themselves to him. They were instructed and baptized, and began to gather two little churches around them. One of them has led about fifty persons to Christ.