

AN UNCONVENTIONAL CHRISTIAN.

By Dunelm.

It was a lovely summer Sunday afternoon, one of the ideal days that we get in Canada.

He was lonely, having had to come on business some two or three weeks before the wife he so fondly loved and daughter's, whose tender ministries he so much appreciated and now seemed to greatly miss.

He strolled over to see me. Oh, he was good to look upon. You would not call him handsome; but when he talked, as he could talk, he looked like some prophet with the revelation of God, and there was in his face such a grand look that spoke of the righteous, noble soul within.

The glimpses one got of the many-sided life: In its business world, with all its early struggles and the rising above every difficulty, and turning the very misfortune into stepping stones for further efforts which in time brought its own reward of prosperity; but better than all that was the fine sense of responsibility, of the stewardship, that had such a strong grip of his soul; his sense of duty towards God, and which is very often forgotten, his duty towards his brother man.

Of his church life he spoke with no uncertain voice, as he condemned so much that he regarded as mean and base. "Yes," said he, "I expected they would put me out, but they didn't. I told 'em, now here we are, there are things done in the business of this church that no business man would tolerate for a moment. You talk about your progress. Now, keep on praying, for the Lord knows we need it sure enough; but we have got to have some 'clean doings' as well. Now, you put me on this 'ere trustee board, and if I am to be here you've got to listen to my views on this financial question. As I said before, keep on praying, but we are going to straighten out this financial statement; then we are going to have some 'doings' to keep it straight; and I want to know how much are you going to do?"

Needless to say "they did," and instead of being put off the trustee board he lived to see the mortgage burnt of what had been a heavily burdened church.

Of his home life, it was rare and exquisitely beautiful, as he talked of his children with all the pride of a loved and venerated father; of his wife, who with him was soon to celebrate their golden wedding, you felt you had looked into something very sacred and listened to a story that was almost divine—for is not all true love divine—as for a little while he drew aside the veil and revealed to you in part what that true woman had been to him, and we thanked God for homes like those, forming as they do the very foundation of a country's true greatness.

Then his experiences as he had travelled and met people socially, and dearly he loved to meet them thus. It was a

great treat to listen to him as he described the different people he had met.

He had a fine sense of humor, but it was always kindly and never degenerated into a caustic criticism; and you felt after you had chatted with him for half an hour as if the world was a better and sweeter place. But could he not quickly detect humbug! And this afternoon he told me of some people whom he had met returning from a holiness convention where they claimed they had got a blessing that would enable them to live without sin. And, said he, I did not believe it, and you felt he was right, for there was something in their tone and in their assumption of superiority that savored of phariseism and hurt his simple soul.

But finest of all was his strong, firm faith in the Eternal God. He admitted there was much to perplex and bewilder in the present life—and in the greater life; but he felt as he faced it that—as he so beautifully put it into words—his God was a Great God, and he could leave all the perplexities in His hands, and "sometime and somewhere" he would get the answer.

And then "he was not, for God took him," and now he has got the answer—and we are left to mourn.

But many a time since, during the times of great trial and almost black darkness, have I lived over again that afternoon, and my faith was strengthened and my heart cheered as I recalled his words: "sometime and somewhere" we would get the answer.

And we thank God for lives like these; who go in and out among men witnessing for Him, whose influence is felt for evermore.

FISHING AND SHOOTING.

A new region, now accessible for the first time by rail, and known as the "Temagami" (pronounced Tem-mog-a-mie) District, is being brought to the notice of the public as one of the finest fishing and hunting confines in Canada. Excellent sport is assured all who take advantage of a trip to this magnificent territory which is situated 300 miles north of the city of Toronto at an altitude of 1,000 feet above the sea. Black bass, speckled trout, lake trout, wall-eyed pike and other species of fish are found here in abundance, and large game such as moose, caribou and deer abound in the forests. A handsome booklet, profusely illustrated, giving all information including comprehensive maps can be had free on application to J. Quinlan, D.P.A., Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

A lady writing from Uganda says: "One can tell the Christian women almost at once in visiting a place, by their looks. They are much quieter in their manners, less quarrelsome, and have a superior look about them."

MISSIONARY NOTES.

The government of the province of Shantung, China, has commissioned a scholarly mandarin, who is descended from Confucius, to write a book on Christianity, explaining what it is and what it is good for.

A missionary of the Presbyterian Church (South) in China says that many of the Chinese government and private schools now close on Sunday—not to keep the Sabbath holy, but because they see, as some of our own people do not, man's need of a rest day.

There is a good Christian woman in Melbourne, Australia, who has given of her money to rescue and educate a child-widow in India. She cannot pronounce the girl's name, but she prays for her all the same, saying, "Dear Lord, bless the wee widow over the seas in far off India. Thou knowest her name, if I do not!" Money given for missions is not complete in value, unless the gift is followed by daily prayer.

The power of caste in India is such that one of the Christian lepers at Kothara in Berar refused to come to the communion because a low caste man had been received into the Church. He left the leper village with his family. But in April of this year he returned, worn, feeble, and repentant. He said: "God has punished me for my sin; I confess and ask Him to forgive me. Now I want to obey Him and am ready to take the Lord's Supper at any time that you are willing to give it to me." The victory over caste gave the poor man perfect peace at last.

The reform waves which sweep over China wash away some refuse, but they are not going to save the empire. As one missionary says, many Chinese think that reform means to wear leather soled boots, trousers that are not tied at the ankles, etc., and to read Western books and learn English. All this awakening to the attractions of Western virtue is but the opening of doors for the entrance of the one truth that will produce lasting and fruitful reform in China. Upon the Christian Church lies responsibility for entering the open doors quickly, lest some scoffer get in before the messenger of Jesus Christ.

Here is a hint of the influence of Mission Leper Asylums working in India. The Bible Woman at the Nasik (Bombay) Asylum was taken sick and could not conduct evening prayers. The Hindu women in the Asylum, though not pretending to be Christians, conducted the services themselves, singing the hymns, repeating Scripture texts one after another, then the ten Commandments, and finally the Apostles' Creed, after which the leprous Hindu women called on a Christian girl to offer prayer. The girl prayed for help, gave thanks for help given, and so the strange service ended. So out of the mouths of these babes in knowledge does God ordain praise!