

Missionary World.

LETTER FROM REV. S. H. KELLOGG, D. D.

The following letter addressed to the Christian Endeavour Society of St. James Square Church, Toronto, by their former Pastor, will be perused with interest by many of our readers. It bears date, in North India, Feb. 12th, 1893.

Never a Sabbath comes around but my thoughts go back to St. James' Square Church, and so it is to-day I am moved to write from this far land and say some things, that, could I be with you to-day, I would like to say by word of mouth. First of all, let me say what a comfort it is to me to feel that in this great work here we have your prayers. Of that I have no doubt; but how much they are needed, that I do not think you can fully understand. I have just been holding a service in our camp, at which were present, besides the servants, a few people from the neighbourhood; among others, the chief of police of this town, near which we are camped, and—strange to say—two nicely dressed native ladies of his household. It was the first time that ever any women came to such a service in all my experience; they often listen to us as we preach, in the villages, but that they should come to our tents, to a Christian service, especially, women like these, evidently of the better class, this was a new thing. How Mrs. Kellogg and I wished that she herself could speak to them in their own tongue, as it was, I did not think it wise to speak to them personally, knowing well how shy they are, and fearing that they might be so frightened as never to come again. I think we must go to the chief's house, and return their visit, and perhaps there, especially with me to interpret for my wife, we may draw them out a little. However, I could at least preach to them the gospel, which I did from the parable of the prodigal son, as well appreciated here as in Canada; for where, alas, are there not prodigal sons?

Speaking of our service, I must tell you that in kindly giving that draft for \$20 for a magic lantern and slides, you did better than you knew; for—thanks to the kind mediation of a friend in the optical business in Toronto—I was able to purchase the lantern and all connected with it in London, at the lowest wholesale price; and as everything of the kind is so much cheaper than with you, I thus had enough left, after getting the best lantern in the establishment and five dozen slides, to purchase also a tiny "Baby-organ"—as they call them—made especially for travel and evangelistic work, this also at wholesale price, and all within the limits of your kind gift. Well, not to speak of that first class lantern—the best oil lantern I ever handled—which interests the people greatly as a matter of course, and helps them so much to understand the line and teachings of our Lord—the organ too, in a service like that of this morning, is exceedingly helpful, and takes very fairly well to the native tunes.

Our plans have not been carried out just as I thought when we left Toronto, in matters of detail. It was thought best by the brethren of Allahabad, that another brother should go to those people in the Futtehpore district of whom I remember to have spoken in church, who were inquiring after Christ, and that I should come out by myself into this region, where we can as yet speak of no general spirit of inquiry, though the people receive us with scarcely an exception in a civil and kindly way. No missionary is with us, nor any one speaking English is nearer than Allahabad, unless it be here or there a native educated in some government or mission school; so you may be sure we have enough chance to use all the Hindi we know. I became much interested at the last place in the tahsildar, or head officer of the district (or township). He professed to have lost all faith in Mohammedanism, and eagerly talked on the Gospel, which he had read, though he said he did not well understand it. He came to our Sabbath service in the grove where our tents were pitched, and with him a large number of the leading gentlemen of the place, also a neighbouring Raja, who, to the great edification of our children, rode up into our congregation on a fine elephant, with others on horses and a camel, which were stationed at the back of the congregation

while the Raja strutted into the circle very impressively, in black velvet and silk, and clanking sword, and took one of the front seats, where with the tahsildar he listened very civilly until, on, or to the Church, Edinburgh.

You must pray for that tahsildar. Poor man, he is sadly engaged in the sophistical objections with which the Mahayanas hinder the way to Christ; and yet as he wants to have a nephew or son of whom he is guardian (he has no son) under our charge for both secular and religious instruction, it would seem as if he must at least be very strongly drawn towards the Gospel.

To-morrow, I am expecting the Rev. Mr. Clark, the Chief of the Christian Endeavour movement, who with his wife and son is travelling in India, to stop at our camp on the train for an hour or two. How I should delight to see some of you in our homelike home! You would almost be surprised to see with how little one can manage to live; for least the is now elaborate. We used to think it trying in Toronto if the thermometer got as low as fifty, but we have had it in the forties and even in the thirties almost every day since a month ago we came out, and no fire. We make up for it by wearing the more and going to bed early, and for the most part have kept very well. In the morning, though, it is very keen, and one is willing enough for brisk exercise to keep warm, I usually take a cup of coffee and an egg; this the invariable early morning diet, for it would never do to wait for an elaborate breakfast, if we are to reach any of the villages around, before the shivering people leave their scanty fires for the work in the fields. So soon I am off with one or more of the native preachers, usually returning to a breakfast about ten, when despite the cold nights, the sun will easily give one a headache. After breakfast soon appears my Hindu pundit, with whom I have to work on pundit, with whom I have to work on when I get through, then my wife, and our Edna, take each their turn with the old Hindu at the language. After dinner, about four or five, we very commonly go out again to the villages, to get the people as they return from the day's work. So go the days, each very like the other, varied not infrequently by calls from the better class of natives, who would scarcely stop to hear the Gospel in a miscellaneous crowd. I assure you I never found my time more crowded, even as pastor of St. James' Square.

We have had such a cold winter for India, that we shall not go to Landour in the Himalayas, quite so soon as we expected; for the snow lies there still two feet deep on the level. Usually we have scarcely any rainy weather on the plains in the winter, but we have had an uncommon amount this year. I shall not soon forget one night, in our first weeks in tents, when about ten at night a tremendous thunder storm broke on us, which soon converted the whole plain where our tents were pitched into an unbroken lake. I went into my wife's tent to find her standing in water three inches deep, trying to rescue what she might of books, clothes, etc. from the water all around. It was not a cheerful night, you may be sure, quite different from any that we ever spent in 86 Charles Street! As to that native preacher whom you have kindly offered to support, I will say now but a word. I have not settled down as yet on any particular one, as I wish to make trial of two or three, and select one such as shall be worthy of your support, and especially one who shall have such a knowledge of Hindi that he may be able to work, if an opening offer among the hill tribes near Landour. But if you will kindly be patient, all will be arranged in due time. You know I have not yet been two months in India.

I am enclosing herewith two photos, which will help you to put us and our surroundings before your mind's eye. The one is a view of our camp at Sirathu our last place, about 35 miles west of Allahabad; the other, the first congregation to which I preached on reaching India. I had arrived in Allahabad on Tuesday, and Saturday, missionary Alexander said he was going to have a gathering of all their village schools near there with their friends and teachers, and suggested that I should begin again Hinduism preaching by addressing them. So here they are, as many as I could get into the camera.

Now last of all, I want to speak of what lies on my mind as the supreme need of the hour here; namely the exceeding call for truly consecrated natives to preach the Word through all these villages. In them are many inquirers; but alas, who, when soon we have to pass on, shall guide them on into the truth? We want men who can stay here, as we can not, through the whole year, and live as well as preach Christ before them, without interruption. Do pray for this without ceasing, and above all things else.

With a Christian love, which our far removal has not lessened, from both my wife and myself. Yours ever in the best of service, S. H. KELLOGG.

A WARKWORTH MIRACLE.

THE HAPPY TERMINATION OF YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Mr. B. Crouter Relates an Experience of Great Value to Others—Life was Becoming a Burden When Relief Came—A Druggist Expresses His Opinion.

Warkworth Journal.

Not long ago a representative of the Journal while in conversation with Mr. N. Empey, druggist; drifted upon a topic which appears to be of general interest not only to this locality, but throughout the country, we refer to the wonderful cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Newspaper men are not possessed of more curiosity than other people, but they have a feeling that instinctively leads them to investigation, and in the course of our conversation we asked Mr. Empey whether he thought the sales of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are really as large as claimed for them. The answer was that judging from his own sales he was well assured that Pink Pills are the most valuable, the most reliable and the most successful proprietary medicine extant. In answer to the query as to whether there were any noteworthy cures in this vicinity, Mr. Empey promptly responded, "Yes; many people have been greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills, and I know of one case in particular worthy of being recorded. The case to which I refer," continued Mr. Empey, "is that of Mr. Crouter, brother of Rev. Darius Crouter, who some years ago represented East Northumberland in the House of Commons. Mr. Crouter was suffering from nervous affection and the after effects of la grippe. He had not been able to do anything for two years, was unable to eat as he could not hold a knife or fork in his half paralyzed hands. He suffered greatly from cramps in his arms and legs, and had a continual feeling of coldness. One day Mr. Crouter made enquiry concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I advised him to try them, and the result is that he has entirely recovered his health."

Having heard this much the Journal determined to interview Mr. Crouter, and get from his own lips the full particulars of his illness and remarkable recovery. We found Mr. Crouter at his home in the best of health, and enjoying an evening smoke after a day's toil in the woods. When informed of the object of our visit, Mr. Crouter said he was glad to bear testimony to the wonderful value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a remedial agency. "The original cause of my trouble," said Mr. Crouter, "I date back a good many years. When I was nineteen years old I drank a glass of cold water when overheated, which proved a most injudicious act on my part. I was sick for thirteen months, and unable to work, and since that time until recently, I have never had what you could call a well day. Two years ago I had an attack of la grippe which nearly cost me my life. My legs and feet were continually cold and cramped, and I could get little or no sleep at night. It was impossible for me to eat with a knife or fork and I was forced to eat with a spoon, and you can understand what a burden life was to me. One day I read in the Journal of a remarkable cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I made up my mind to give them a trial. I sent to Mr. Empey's for a supply and before the first box was entirely gone I could notice that they were helping me, so you may be sure I continued their use. When I began using the Pink Pills there was such a numbness in my feet that I could not feel the floor when I stepped on it. As I continued the use of the pills this disappeared; the feeling returned to my limbs, the cramps left me, I felt as though new blood was coursing through my veins, and I can now go to bed and sleep soundly all night. I have taken just twelve boxes of Pink Pills and I consider them the cheapest doctor's bill I ever paid. When I get up in the morning instead of feeling tired and depressed, I feel thoroughly refreshed, and all this wonderful change is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Al-

though I am 71 years old I can go into the woods and do a hard day's chopping without feeling the least bad effects. I have now so much confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that I intend shortly beginning their use again, this time as a spring medicine, for I believe they have no equal for building up the blood and I strongly recommend them to all sufferers, or to any who wish to fortify the system against disease.

Mr. Crouter has lived in this vicinity for forty-five years, and is well-known as an upright, honorable gentleman, whose statements can be fully depended on in every particular.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a never-failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, rheumatism, neuralgia, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling arising therefrom. These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. As a remedy for building anew the blood, enabling the system to successfully resist disease, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand far in advance of any other remedy known to medical science. Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, giving a rosy, healthy glow to pale or sallow complexions. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A 2,000 candle-power arc lamp has been erected on the obelisk in St. George's Circus, London.

Science explains the phenomenon of red hair thus: "It is caused by the superabundance of iron in the blood. This it is that imparts the vigour, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing, thoroughly healthy animal life which runs riot through the veins of the ruddy-haired, and this strong, sentient, animal life is what renders them more intense in their emotions than their more languid fellow-creatures. The excess of iron is also the cause of freckles on the peculiarly clear, white skin which always accompanies red hair. This skin is abnormally sensitive to the action of the sun's rays, which not only bring out the little brown spots in abundance, but also burn like a mustard plaster, producing a queer, creepy sensation, as if the skin was wrinkling up."

C. C. Richards & Co.

Genta.—My daughter was apparently at the point of death with that terrible disease diphtheria. All remedies had failed, but MINARD'S LINIMENT cured her; and I would earnestly recommend it to all who may be in need of a good family medicine.

JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.

French Village.