

has now 258 missionaries, 94,162 church members, 404,785 native adherents, 1,476 native ordained ministers, 6,758 native preachers.

There is an interesting account of Pastor A. G. Brown's work in East London. We have no space here for even an outline but no one can read it without a prayerful longing for a similar spirit of devotion. The environments in East London are so depressing that it is only the man of heavenly joy and inspiration that could sustain himself for so long a period and exercise such a mighty power for good. Mr. Brown was a pupil in Mr. Spurgeon's college, has some of the elements of power that characterized Spurgeon, and was a life-long friend. He will also share his reward.

Rev. Samuel P. Craven, D.D., of Mexico, contributes a very sad article on the state of the Roman Catholic Church in that country. So far as spiritual life is concerned it is as bad as the South Seas. In many towns and villages one or two in the community can read, and there superstition prevails, even to the grossest idolatry. There are many apparitions of the Virgin Mary—she has been recently seen in the leaves of the *Maguey* plant from which the national *pulque* is made. This of course consecrates the drink. What enterprising American can beat that in the advertising line? At a conflagration the writer says that he saw a man coming up repeatedly and throwing something into the flames—which he found upon enquiry to be fragments of the image of a saint, thrown in for the purpose of extinguishing the flames. The people have absolute confidence in the priest that he can open the doors of Heaven—however great a scoundrel he may be. Concubinage amongst the clergy is almost universal. The Sabbath is a day of amusement, and society is universally corrupt, notwithstanding a Spanish politeness that venerates the rottenness within. Mexico has special claims upon America inasmuch as European Christian Missions give attention to the Eastern Hemisphere.

Letter from Rev. Dr. Kellogg.

Through the courtesy of a friend we are enabled to give our readers the following very interesting extracts from a private letter of Dr. S. H. Kellogg, of India:

Your kind letter came in a few weeks ago, welcome as always. It found me in the thickest of work overseeing my native masons and carpenters, etc., who are adding two rooms for our house, so as to give us a room for a study and a place to put a friend. What such work means only those who have been in India or some such country can understand. You know from the beginning that every individual man from those around you intends to cheat if he can and everything has to be watched or bad material will be put in, mortar made with mud instead of lime, the day's work cut at both ends, etc. On one of the last days before I came down, climbing up the ladder to see what that beautiful looking stone wall of the house looked like, when surveyed from above, I found that the fellows had just built up a shell, putting good stone and mortar on the outside, and then filling in loose rubble without mortar, or any attempt at doing anything but filling in the deep space between the two sides. Of course I made them throw down all that piece of the wall and do it over again, a process which I have had to tell them to go through three times in as many weeks. This they do meekly, inwardly resolving, no doubt, that next time they will be more careful not to get caught. The addition, like the rest of the old house, is of stone, as by far the cheapest material in these rocky mountains, and of course there is nothing better in itself. As two weeks ago I had come down for the winter I have got an excellent Christian Englishman, experienced in building, to take charge of things and watch the masons until the work is done. It will easily save the mission in the end much more than the nominal sum of \$25 I have agreed to give him for his trouble.

Coming down from Landour a little over two weeks ago I went almost immediately to Ludhiana, where our Synod was to meet, leaving my family here. For two days before the meeting we held a series of devotional meetings in Hindustani which were very largely attended by our native brethren from all parts of North India. The tone was excellent and all felt that good must be done. The great subject kept in the foreground above all others was the need of the grace and gifts of the Holy Spirit for us all. The meetings were conducted sometimes by one of us American brethren, sometimes by one of the native brethren, two or three of whom in particular spoke with special power and conviction.

After two days thus passed in prayer and conference, four sessions each day, the Synod organized. The brethren did me the honor to put me moderator, a position which I have always been more glad to leave to others for many reasons. But seeing that they were intent on it, notwithstanding my strong expressed desire that my name should be dropped, I accepted at last their manifest will. All the sessions were conducted in Urdu, excepting that as we had three young missionaries from Kolhapur, where no Urdu was spoken, I or others had to translate for their benefit all important items of business as they came before us.

I felt the position to be one of peculiar interest. We met in the very building in which after the terrible mutiny of 1857 the survivors of our mission met for the annual meeting, mourning eight of their number who have been put to death since their previous meeting, and where and when the venerable Dr. John Morrison moved the adoption of that resolution asking the world's Evangelical Alliance to appoint the first week in January of each year as a season of prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh according to the promise and the speedy coming of the Kingdom. What immense advance since then in mission work, what doors opened, what hundreds of thousands gathered into the church! Then in the little grave yard near the Mission Church lay the body of the beloved brother Joseph Meyers, who with his wife, came out with me a classmate in Princeton in 1864, one of the saintliest of men, whose death when only four years here, remains one of the unsolved mysteries of which there are so many.

Then the composition of the synod had a peculiar personal interest to me. Four of us there were fellow students in Princeton thirty years ago. Three of us were sons of fathers who, like their sons afterward, almost sixty years ago were classmates in Princeton Theological Seminary. Of all the foreign missionaries present four were former students of mine in Allegheny, and of the ordained native ministers present no less than nine it had been in like manner my privilege in the former days in India when I was in our theological school in Allahabad to train for the ministry of the Word. I assure you it filled me with feelings of very great gratitude that the Lord should have permitted me to see with my eyes before leaving this world, under such affecting circumstances, so much fruit of what I have tried at home or here to do for His church in India. Something like David's language involuntarily came to my mind as he was so affected by the apprehension of God's great and undeserved goodness to him in II. Sam. vii: 18.

Other circumstances of interest to you all came out during our session. For instance, it appeared that no less than nineteen out of over seventy of our missionaries present, men and women, had come out of the number of that Student's Volunteer Movement of which you have been hearing so much at home of late years. Furthermore, we had one evening a meeting of all who had in any way been connected with the Christian Endeavor movement, and in a meeting of about thirty-five it appeared that not only about all the younger men and women had been members of Christian Endeavor Societies at home, but that two were wholly supported by Christian Endeavor Societies and another was to be after a very short time.

Several testified that their connection with the Christian Endeavor Societies has been the means under God which led them in the first instance to think of coming out to the foreign field. Considering how very recent this organization is, this record was, you will agree, very significant and encouraging.

Among the new missionaries who had just come out was a Miss Caldwell, M.D., from Johnstown, Pa., (she knew of you very well and was well acquainted with your sister and her husband). She herself went through that awful visitation, climbing out of the third story of their house with her father, mother and sister onto the roof of a house that happened to be floating past and drifting about for a long time in instant prospect of death, while both her mother's parents and all her mother's brothers and sisters, six in all, were drowned. Before coming out here she was a short time a missionary among the Mormons. She has impressed us all as an admirable person in every way for the ladies to have sent out here, and I may just add that the same impression was made by the other young medical ladies who came out with her all the way from Oregon.

You will be glad to hear that both our Edwin and our Edith made a public profession of their faith in Christ just before we left Landour. It was quite spontaneous on their part and without any consultation together, and we feel sure it was the right thing, for we have long thought that they were trying to follow Christ. Edith has just come down very happy from the Woodstock school, having come out first in rank for scholarship and conduct among the whole 125 girls. Their long vacation begins now and lasts till March.

As a Christmas reminder I am sending you a photo of the native Himalayan teacher, whom my Toronto Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor supports, preaching in a village some five miles from Landour. I was with him and the Zeminder chief proprietor of the village, seemed disposed to be contentious and hinder preaching. I thought it wise to be crafty and catch him with guile, as Paul put it, and so having my camera with me, I asked him if he had ever seen one, etc., and finally told him I would take a picture of his village and his tenants for him, which pleased him greatly, has stopped all contention and has opened a way for preaching the Gospel without opposition, they all feeling that I am a friend. Only yesterday I had a message from him thanking me for the picture I had sent him and asking me to come out again and preach in his village. The picture which I send with it is not much photographically, for, perforce, I had to take it at a time of day when the light was not right and it is very flat, but it will give you an idea of the way these little miserable hamlets nestle around the shadow of these tremendous mountains. It is that same village seen from a distance, Toneta.

With our united Christian love to you both and to all inquiring friends,

Affectionately yours,

S. H. KELLOGG.

RAJPUR ROAD, DHIRA DUN, NORTH INDIA, Nov. 26, 1894.

—Presbyterian Messenger.