

Missionary World.

HELP FOR INDIA.

We mean, of course, religious help. It would be a waste of time and paper to prove that this is needed. With few exceptions those who are likely to consider the subject at all will admit this without a moment's hesitation. We fear, however, that among many of those to whom we may reasonably look for help Indian missions are not popular. In recent years Indian missionaries and mission work have been freely discussed, and their methods subjected to a good deal of superficial and one-sided criticism. Missionaries are the last to deprecate such criticism. They know the valuable results of criticism, but they desire for the work's sake that the criticism and suggestions should be intelligent and based on sound knowledge of the conditions and needs of the various mission-fields. It is a matter of regret to many missionaries in India that so much of these criticisms refers to details of secondary importance, and so little to the essence of the great problems which confront and baffle them. The Indian missionary has in many respects a unique field, and to attempt to compare the results here with other fields is very misleading. The immense population, the venerable age of Hinduism, the firm hold it has on the minds of all classes, the way in which religion enters into and pervades every state and relation of life, the system of caste, and that part of the national character which prevents all independence of thought and action, are difficulties in the way of rapid progress which must be seen and encountered to be appreciated.

But notwithstanding all these disadvantages, we think that something else is the great secret of want of success. We think that few complaints should be made respecting this when it is the standing witness against those who complain that they have failed in their duty. What has yet been done in the way of a serious effort at all worthy of such a vast empire and adequate to its wants? The richness and meagreness of our harvests must always be determined by the quantity of the seed we sow, as well as by the quality of our soil. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

Young India and a portion of older India, too, is on the alert; the mind is waking up after the sleep of centuries. There is a great upheaval of the nation with its 284,000,000 people, and its present condition is profoundly interesting and critical. She has to be Christian or become the prey of Agnosticism, and even infidelity, and the answer depends almost entirely on the Christian Church.

In the main the plea of the Jew of Mount Ephraim is being echoed now either in unexpressed feeling or in outspoken utterance by thousands of religious-minded Hindus, "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" India is thus entering on a new era of mental and moral awakening and transformation, and there is no phenomenon of our time more fascinating than this transformation of the various types of the Asiatic mind and under the stimulus of a living Christianity. Hinduism has still a powerful hold on millions of souls, but it is the reverse with a small but growing number of enlightened men, who will soon become the leaders of the people. Among this class social, political, and religious movements are now the order of the day. It is a gigantic task to destroy the social abuses of centuries in a land like India, but a beginning has been made; the axe has been laid at the root of many an evil and mischievous institution, such as caste, child-marriage, and widow enforcement. New ideas, such as the rights of men and human brotherhood have been silently spread through the country, creating a social conscience and leavening the people. What does this revival, this religious reform, signify? It means that the mind of the people is awake and inquiring, and that they have not studied the Bible for naught. They have read the Bible with their own sacred books, and found principles which they had never found before; it is a distinct triumph for the old Book. What did this revival mean. It meant that the bright electric light of Christianity had been brought to bear on social and religious Hinduism, and its leaders were looking round upon their ancient fortress, and they were discovering a crack here and there, and were for giving up what was bad and must be condemned,

and for retaining only what was good and true. For Christianity to have brought the Hindus thus to admit that their great religion, in which they had trusted for ages, is defective and radically unsound and needs reconsideration; for it to have given them new and higher ideals, creating a sense of shame as to its impure and degrading worship, and a longing for something higher and better; and, above all, that there has penetrated the idea of a holy, personal God, the starting-point of all religion,—this surely is a distinct and glorious triumph for Christianity. It might not be apparent, perhaps, to those who look only for visible crops, but there is a larger and deeper way of estimating results than merely counting heads. In a country like India many most valuable results are hidden under the surface and incapable of being tabulated and formulated in missionary returns. Surely the truest criterion of success is that which appertains not so much to the success of Missions as to the success of Christianity. One question might be, How many converts were missions making? But another question was, How far was Christianity setting an example to the system of Hinduism?

God is calling on us in these days to enter on his work with the sanctified spirit of Christian enthusiasm. But one feels ashamed when he thinks of the way in which the Church is prosecuting her foreign missionary work. That men of the world should rush around the earth and into the heart of unexplored continents, making discoveries that had to do with secular matters, and that the Church of God should have been nineteen centuries, and less than half the population of the globe taking to the message of salvation,—it was a painful thought. The power that is stored for the evangelization of the world has hardly been claimed. How paralyzed has been the Church which might be clothed with power. Given a church alert, believing, on its knees, baptized with spiritual power,—that is the agency that God will use. A church that is settled on its lees cannot evangelize the world. But when the Church is clothed with power from on high, the young men brought up within her borders will be ready to offer themselves. We want men of talent, men of education, men of natural gifts. But these things are not indispensable. The one indispensable thing is men of faith, men who absolutely believe that Christ died for all men, that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. One such man does more to kindle faith than all the logic of the schools and all the eloquence of the pulpit. Men of faith—that is the demand of God.

If ever the hand of God could be traced in any history it is not too much to say that it can be traced, with quite peculiar clearness, in the steps by which a little trading company, entering this great continent without the thought or wish of anything beyond a petty trade, gradually expanded into one of the most important and glorious empires the world has ever seen. And is it too much to say that our greatest national glory, or our deepest national shame will, in the eye of history, turn on the way in which we recognize our responsibilities and discharge our obligations to this land? That our contact with India must, whether we will it or not, be fraught with issues of the most momentous importance to this country must be patent to every one who is the least acquainted with the conditions of life here. Even putting all distinctive missionary effort out of the question, the mere contact of western thought, culture and education is inevitably breaking up the older forms of Hindu thought. But it lies with us whether that contact shall be charged with infinite blessing, leading them on to a higher, deeper, truer faith, and a new national life, or whether, cutting them adrift from their old moorings, we leave them without Christ, "strangers from the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." Let us be very sure that if we betray the trust God has reposed in us, and neglect the marvellous opportunity He has put before us, He will assuredly tear the kingdom from us and give it to some neighbour of ours, be it who it may, who is better than we. And that Britain has, as yet, in any kind of adequate degree realized her responsibilities, or that the efforts she is at present making to win the nations of India to the faith of Christ are, in any degree, commensurate to the immensity of the task and the very singular and almost unique difficulties which beset it, no one surely could for a moment maintain.

Give then, unstintingly to the nations of the world at large, but more particularly to India, as it has been given more peculiarly to us. Give us your best, your sons and daughters, your prayers, your sympathy and your alms. "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."—Rev. Henry Rice, Madras, in The Church of Scotland Record.

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Dundas Star.

During the past two years many of our most reputable exchanges have given accounts of wonderful cures occurring in the localities in which they were published. These cures were all effected by a remedy that has made for itself the most remarkable reputation of any medicine ever brought before the notice of the public, so remarkable indeed that it is a constant theme of conversation, and the name among the most familiar household words. We refer to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Many of the cases published told the story of people given up by the doctors, and who were on the very threshold of the other world when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to their notice. The cases reported were in most instances distant from Dundas and for this reason might not be considered of more than passing interest. For the past month, however, the report was current in town of a wonderful cure accomplished by these same pills in the township of Ancaster. It was stated that Mrs. D. S. Horning, wife of a prominent farmer, residing about a mile west of the village of Copetown and seven miles from Dundas, had been given up by the doctors and that she had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So great was the interest taken in the case that The Star decided to investigate it and a few days ago a representative went up to the Horning homestead for that purpose. In passing through Copetown he learned that very little else was talked of but the remarkable recovery of Mrs. Horning. Possibly the fact that both Mrs. Horning and her husband were born in the immediate neighborhood, and are presumably known to everybody in the country around, increases the interest in the case. The Star man on arriving at the Horning residence was admitted by Mrs. Horning herself. She looked the picture of health, and it was hard to believe that she was the same woman who was at death's door four months ago. In answer to the question as to whether she had any objection to giving a history of her case for publication, Mrs. Horning replied that she had not. "I consider that my recovery was simply miraculous; I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all the credit, and I am willing that everybody should know about it."

Mrs. Horning then gave the following history of her remarkable recovery:—

"A year ago I was taken ill with what the doctors called spinal affection, which finally resulted in partial paralysis, my legs from the knees down being completely dead. My tongue was also paralyzed. On the first of July last I took to my bed, where I lay for four months. No tongue can tell what I suffered. I was sensible all the time and knew everything that was going on, but I could not sleep for the intense pain in my head. Our family doctor said I could not live, and three other doctors called in consultation agreed with him. I felt myself that it would be only a short time until death would relieve me of my sufferings. Neighbors came in, 25 or 30 every day, and every time they went away expecting that it was the last time they would see me alive. I quit taking doctor's medicine and gave up all hope. About four months ago a friend came in and read an account in the Toronto Weekly News of the miraculous cure of an old soldier named E. P. Hawley, an inmate of the Michigan Soldiers' Home, at Grand Rapids. The story he told exactly tallied with my condition, and it was on that account that I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. When I began taking Pink Pills I was so ill that I could only take half a pill at a time for the first few days. Then I was able to take a whole one after each meal, and have continued taking them. After I had taken over a box I began to experience a strange tingling sensation all over my body, and from that out I began to improve. In a month I could walk with a cane or by using a chair, from one room to another. My general health also improved. In fact my experience was like that of the old soldier, whose case had induced me to give the pills a trial. While taking the pills at the outset I had my legs bathed with vinegar and salt and rubbed briskly. It is now four months since I began taking the Pink Pills, and from a living skeleton racked incessantly with pain, I have as you see been transformed into a comparatively well woman. I am doing my own house-work this week and am free from all pain and sleep well. When my neighbors come to see me they are amazed, and I can tell you there is great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this section, and many are using them. When I began taking Pink Pills I made up my mind that if I got better I would have the case published for the benefit of others, and I am glad you called as I am sure I would now be dead if it had not been for Pink Pills."

Mrs. Horning stated that she purchased the Pink Pills at Mr. Comport's drug store in Dundas, and Mr. Comport informed us that his sales of Pink Pills are large and constantly increasing.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and 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, of Brockville, Ont. and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cents 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.

C. C. Richards & Co.

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

John D. Bouttler.

French Village.