

Missionary World.

A WILLING WORKER.

A missionary in China sent home to Scotland for an assistant. The committee appointed to attend to the matter, had their attention directed to a young man of Aberdeen, who wished to enter into that work; but on coming before them his homely and untutored appearance inclined their judgment against him. However, they thought that perhaps he might do for a servant in the mission field, and accordingly one of their number in private broached the subject to the young applicant, asking him if he was willing to go in that capacity. "Yes, sir; most certainly," was the reply. "I am willing to do anything, so that I am in the work. To be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water is too great an honour for me when the Lord's house is building." Impressed by this beautiful spirit of humility, the committee sent him to fill the humble place. That young man afterwards became the famous Dr. Milne.

A HOME-THRUST.

A story is told of an old Fijian chief and an English earl—an infidel—who visited the islands. The Englishman said to the chief: "You are a great chief, and it is really a pity that you have been so foolish as to listen to the missionaries, who only want to get rich among you. No one nowadays would believe any more in that old book which is called the Bible; neither do men listen to that story about Jesus Christ; people know better now, and I am only sorry for you that you are so foolish." When he said that the old chief's eyes flashed, and he answered: "Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we smashed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven over yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now, you! you!—if it had not been for these good missionaries, for that old book, and the great love of Jesus Christ, which has changed us from savages into God's children, you! you would never leave this spot! You have to thank God for the Gospel, as otherwise you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feast on your body in no time!"

THE HOLY SPIRIT IN MISSIONS.

No missionary of the apostolic age was more signally led and held in check by the Holy Spirit than was Adoniram Judson. As distinctly as Barnabas and Saul recognized their separation to God's work, so clearly did young Judson know himself appointed by the Holy Ghost to the ministry of the Word among the heathen. So when that "flattering call" was communicated to him through his father to become the associate pastor with Dr. Griffin in the ministry of Park Street, then "the largest church in Boston," and when the family urged the advantages of the position—its nearness to home and its wide opportunities—he calmly replied, "My work cannot be here, but there." And when mother and sister, with many tears, laid before him the perils of a heathen land over against the comforts of a home field, the old scene was re-enacted: "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart? For I am ready not only to be bound, but also to die in India, for the name of the Lord Jesus." With such self-sacrificing zeal, it seemed all the more cruel that when he essayed to go to India "the Spirit suffered him not." For so it was in the ordering of divine Providence. He reached Calcutta in the summer of 1812, full of ardor for preaching the Gospel, only to receive peremptory orders from the British government to leave the country at once and return to America. With sad hearts the little missionary company retreated to the Isle of France, wondering why what had seemed a wide and effectual door to them should now be so violently shut. But with unconquerable determination they returned again to India, reaching Madras in the June following.

Once more their purpose was thwarted, and once more they were ordered from the country; and being compelled to quit the land, with heavy hearts they fled to Rangoon, to a place which Judson had declared that he regarded with utmost aversion as a missionary field. There he was permitted to stay, only to find bonds and imprisonments awaiting him. "How mysterious the ways of God!" he must have exclaimed many times. But all is clear now, since the acts of the Burman apostle have been interpreted in the light of subsequent history. Judson was forbidden by the Spirit to enter India, because God would have him in Burmah. There, among its wild tribes, was a people prepared for the Lord. The Karens had for centuries nourished the tradition of white teachers ere long to appear among them, bringing the Book of God. When such a teacher came, they gave ready ear to his message. Ko-Thah-Byn, a ransomed Karen slave, was the first of the natives of the Burmese Empire to embrace the Gospel; and he became the chief evangelist to his despised and oppressed countrymen. Such were the results of preaching the Gospel among his people that it has been well said that the Karen mission "in intensity of interest and measure of success has scarcely been equalled by any in modern times." Park Street, in Boston, whose call the Spirit constrained Judson to decline seventy-five years ago, is still a large body, numbering, perhaps, a thousand members; but the Church of Burmah, which that same Spirit led Judson to found, numbers to-day thirty thousand communicants, with a great company besides who have fallen asleep. And such is the character of the work wrought that it has not only been the admiration of writers on missions but has called out special commendation from the British Government. For in the report of the administration for British Burmah, for 1880-81, after citing the fact that there were then "four hundred and fifty-one Christian Karen parishes" connected with the mission, most of which support their own church, parish school and native pastor, and many of which subscribe considerable sums for missionary work," it adds that "these Christian Karen communities are so much more industrious, better educated and more law-abiding, that the British Government owes a vast debt to the American missionaries under whom this change has been wrought."

Medical missionary work is proving very fruitful along the Congo.

There are fourteen thousand converts in the New Hebrides, and every convert is a missionary.

It has been roughly computed that for every five dollars spent in the South Sea Islands, one soul has been converted.

It has been computed that the average giving of Protestant Christians to missions is about thirty-seven cents apiece annually.

A Mission to Lepers, India, founded in Edinburgh in 1874, has thirty different centers, in connection with twelve missionary societies.

For the preservation of peace between the colonists and natives one missionary is worth more than a whole battalion of soldiers.—Gen. Sir Charles Warren, late Governor of Natal.

The Lutheran churches of Christendom sustain 40 missionary societies on 22 fields, occupied by 700 stations, 1,000 missionaries and 4,000 native helpers, in charge of 210,000 members; 1,600 common schools, with 60,000 pupils, and 25 higher institutions. Annual income and expenditures, \$1,200,000. There are 20 institutions for the training of missionaries, and the circulation of missionary periodicals is very large.

Ten years ago the Basutos in South Africa were threatened with ruin and extinction through the ravages of strong drink. At the earnest request of the chiefs, the British Government prohibited the import of intoxicants. As a result the Basutos have made remarkable progress. The country is a center of loyalty and order, and a source of food and labour supply to the neighbouring states. Last year the exports amounted to £250,000, and passes were issued to more than 50,000 natives who went to work in the mines of Kimberley and Johannesburg.

A BRUCE COUNTY MIRACLE.

THE ALMOST FATAL RESULTS OF A FOOTBALL MATCH.

Allen J. Blair's Terrible Suffering—Helpless for Upwards of Two Years—The Best Physicians Could Hold Out No Hope of Recovery—His Health Fully Restored as the Result of Taking Friendly Advice—A Story That Hundreds can Vouch for.

From the Blenheim News.

Many of the readers of The News have seen and conversed with a gentlemanly young fellow who acts as canvasser for the well-known tea firm of G. Marshall & Co., London, and during the past year and a half he has become well-known and is highly liked by a large number of people in all the towns and villages of the west. From his personal appearance it would scarcely be believed that two years ago he was subject to the most excruciating pains that ever tortured a human individual, and was daily growing weaker and weaker, so that only a few months appeared to stand between him and the grave. Yet such was the case. He is to-day a living witness to the life-giving efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, a fact which he takes pleasure in relating, but always with the qualifying statement that he took them "according to directions," a matter which many neglect.

Mr. Blair's home is in Huron township, near the shores of Lake Huron; and the whole family of father, mother and seven sons are respected wherever known. As an old acquaintance the editor of The News can cheerfully testify to their sterling character. All the sons passed through the Kincardine High School and all held good positions in society, one being a Methodist clergyman in Southern Michigan, another being an employee of the London Chemical Works, and one a British Columbian merchant. Allan, of whose integrity all who know him have the highest opinion, has been the most unfortunate, but now considers himself the most fortunate of all. Unfortunate in that by a seemingly trifling accident he was eventually placed in a condition, in which he often thought death preferable; fortunate in that after giving up all hope he was enabled to recover even robust health again. His story, so wonderful that at first it seems incredible, is told with genuine earnestness, that leaves no room for doubt in the minds of his hearers, and is moreover vouched for by hundreds of old friends. We will not enter into details, as the following statement by Mr. Blair, given freely over his own signature will make the case quite plain:

MR. BLAIR'S WONDERFUL STATEMENT.

"While taking part in a football game at Point Clark, on the Queen's birthday, 1887, I received a kick on the shin which at first had no serious result, for I worked on the farm the nine following days. Then pains began where I had been kicked, particularly in the morning, and in about two weeks I was forced to seek medical advice. Dr. Walden, of Kincardine, whom I first consulted, said the periosteum was injured, and that serious results might follow. About a month later, as I was not getting better, but the bone swelling and the foot getting black, I went to Dr. Secord; his medicine seemed to do no good, though under his treatment for nearly a month. He said the trouble was with the nerves. I soon got so that I could not walk across the room, and vomited everything I ate. I then went to Dr. McCrimmon; he believed it to be chronic inflammation of the bone, and that the nerves were affected from it. I still continued to get worse, and was soon in such a condition that every thud of my heart caused me pain enough to almost make me jump out of bed. The doctor then directed me to go to Toronto. I went to a leading specialist there (Dr. Aitken) on the 24th of May, just a year after the accident. He said that an operation would have to be performed, to take out a portion of the bone. This operation was performed by Dr. Gunn, of Clinton, who had previously recommended it. For some time after this I seemed to get better, but soon again commenced to grow worse. The pain left the leg and became a general disease, and so weakened the eyes that I could not read. Next Spring I got so bad that I could not even ride in a buggy. The pain would come on suddenly, with such violence, that I lost all control of myself. The muscles would contract; I would start and laugh immoderately, and this would be followed by a violent shaking, so great that if in bed I would fall out. No person can have any idea of my sufferings at that time. In August 1891, I was taken into London; but none of the eminent physicians there would hold out any hope of recovery, though one thought he might be able to help me somewhat. I went to the city

hospital and held a consultation with the staff, who examined my sight and diagnosed my case. They said there would be no use in coming there, for the treatment would do no good, while the nearness of other patients would have a prejudicial effect. At this time a friend who had been reading the accounts of the Marshall case at Hamilton, advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I declined, but urged, I consented to try them, with no faith whatever that beneficial results would follow. It was not long before I saw they were helping me, and I continued to take them according to directions, accompanied by the baths, and continued to get steadily better. In four weeks I was able to get around, and was able to walk into London every evening, a distance of two miles. I continued taking the pills; went home, but found I was not strong enough for the farm, so I determined to try some light occupation. About October 1st I began to work for Geo. Marshall & Co., selling their teas all over the country. I am now able to get around at all times, in good or bad weather, jumping in and out of a buggy with no effort, and can honestly say that I enjoy health. Thus I have been raised from a bed of perpetual invalidism, with prospects of an early death and continued torture until that end came, to a condition of perfect health, the advantage of which can only be realized by one who has received it back as I have. Hundreds of people can testify to the state I was in. This whole result I attribute to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which I took strictly according to the directions, and without any faith when I first began to take them. I make this statement as a matter of gratitude for my wonderful cure, and trust it may be the means of others receiving as great benefit."

Allan J. Blair.

Blenheim, May 9th, 1893.

The News has every faith in the above statement, which was cheerfully made by Mr. Blair, without solicitation, and we give it publicity, both as a matter of news, and with the hope that perhaps it may aid another who is suffering similarly, or from some other of the many ailments this great remedy is designed to cure.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked on as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties shows that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending on a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sorrow cheeks. 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 not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life-giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way, the blood becoming "built up," and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus eliminates diseases from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink). 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, put up in similar form, intended to deceive. 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 at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.