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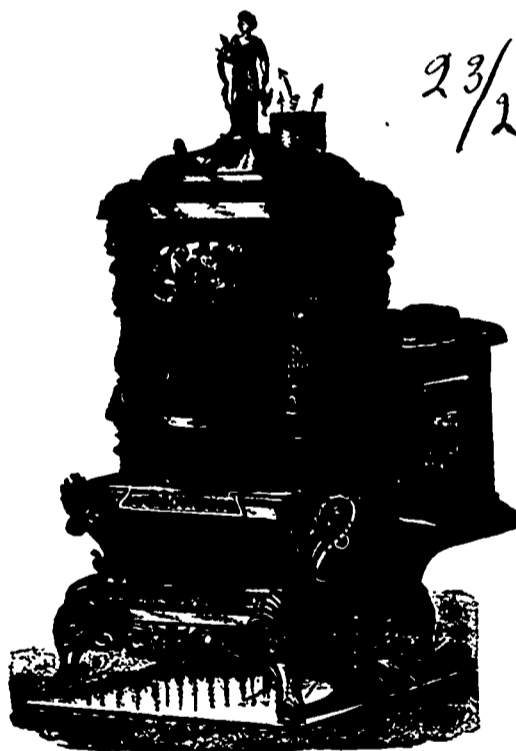
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THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA.

Having been associated with the work in the Republic of Colombia for eight years past, though not in the field all the time, I would like to lay before the Christian world the results of my observation in this country as a mission and field for missionary efforts. I will not try to do so at the present time, only giving you some general information to open the way for new details.

The country is hardly touched yet by our Protestant Christianity. The force is as follows:

1. The Isthmus of Panama, both at Colon and Panama, enjoys occasional services from clergymen of the Church of England, under the care of the Bishop of Jamaica. We are informed here that since the work on the canal has been suspended Christian work has also stopped. It will be some time before anything can be done there on account of the overturning of all relations there. I was told by natives in Colon that no work was done there for the Spanish-speaking people at any time; but the English-speaking ministers of different denominations had held occasional services there for years. The isthmus is almost as much separated from the rest of the republic as if it were a different nation. The only communication is by sea, and, as its ports are free, all articles coming from there pay duties in the other ports of the country, as if they came from some other nation.

2. The only other missionary work is under the care of the Presbyterian Church in the United States (North). The Mission has two stations, namely, Bogota and Baranquilla.

(1) The Bogota station's work has been carried on for some thirty years. It is conducted by Rev. M. E. Caldwell and wife (now visiting in the United States). Rev. J. C. Touzeau and wife, expect to open a new station as soon as Mr. Caldwell returns, and Miss M. B. Franks, in charge of a school for girls. There are several native helpers; none, however, ordained. A teacher for a boys' school, and a teacher for the girls' school are expected in June or July.

(2) The Baranquilla station was opened last year. My wife and I are the only workers on the field connected with our Mission Board. There is an independent worker, Mr. A. H. Erwin, who has been here for a number of years, supporting himself on a small property that he has by cultivating it and selling the fruit and by teaching a small school. Not being an ordained minister, and being a Presbyterian, he welcomed us, and assists us all that he can. Very little work has been done outside these two centres, chiefly because the force has been too small; and what has been done outside is chiefly seed-sowing by the wayside, without time to wait for the harvest.

The position of the Government is simply to permit us to live and work. It is conservatively Romanist, but grants religious liberty and punishes any assault that may be made on us or our services. But it prohibits us from openly attacking the Roman Catholic dogmas by the press, and virtually prohibits the same in speech.

A portion of the people are conservative Roman Catholics, and will not allow us a chance to preach the Gospel to them, but the majority are willing to hear what we have to say. Nowhere are we ostracized in society, but can be on visiting terms socially with even the strictest of the people.

In the larger cities in the interior living expenses are very high, much more so than in the United States. Rents, clothing and living (necessary expenses) are high. Here on the sea-coast these are not so high, but still it costs more to live in the same comfort than it does in a city of the same size (30,000) in the United States of America. Still I believe that self-supporting missionaries, especially if they had a small capital, could maintain themselves here and do a great good. Mr. A. H. Erwin is an example of this. A good gardener, with \$2,000, could buy a plot of land and support his family, very well. A photographer, builder, carpenter, and others could make a living. There are Americans here in business who make a good living on a small capital,—stock-raising, buying and shipping produce to New York, and others in the fruit business. Why could not Christians do this for Christ's sake?

I am here at the port of the country, and would be glad to meet all brethren who pass this way.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were very hungry, thirsty and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

When twilight came on a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand and a vessel of water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks and she replied:

"I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy which I feel in seeing you in this out-of-the-world place."

On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from a missionary some years before; "This," said she, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn."

I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the heavenly Father.—*Moffat.*

THE BIBLE IN A CHINESE PALACE.

We have in our Church in Peking, under Dr. Blodget's care, a zealous and warm-hearted tailor. Tailors are not thought much of in China. This one not only read his Bible, but wished his apprentices to, and one of them took a New Testament about with him to snatch a crumb from it as he could. Being a good workman, this tailor was sent for to work on the trousseau of the future Empress of China. I say future, because this occurred before the Chinese New Year, and before her marriage. While at work in her father's palace the tailor apprentice had his book wide open.

The grandmother—a remarkable woman, and head of the establishment—came along and asked him about it, and asked him to explain it to her. He protested he had no learning, but she told him to tell what he could. So he read a few verses and explained, and she expressed herself much pleased and thought it a very good doctrine. The man told her to what church he belonged, and that they had there a magic lantern with views of Bible scenes. She sent an invitation to have it shown at her house, so Dr. Blodget sent teacher Zen Hai, a young helper recently graduated from Yung Chow, with the pictures.

The young lady (now the Empress), her grandmother and all the household were assembled. The old lady was delighted with the scenes. When she saw Christ twelve years old in the temple she said: "What a fine-looking young scholar!" The helper explained about his being the Saviour of the world, and came at last to the picture where He hung on the cross. The old lady sighed deeply and said: "What a pity for such a good man to be so cruelly used by those wicked people!" The Chinese are full of wonder. For years it has seemed impossible that a knowledge of Christ should ever penetrate to the haughty, imperial palace of China, or reach the heart of one seated on the Dragon