

## MISSION FIELD.

## Home Mission Work.

LETTER FROM ORRVILLE.

Editor Presbyterian Review:

Sir,—Thinking that items from the Home Mission field would be interesting to your readers, I now give you a short account of the work at Orrville, Parry Sound District. I arrived on the field on the third Sabbath in October, 1895, and as there had been no services on the two previous Sabbaths, there were very few present at the services, and things looked very discouraging, and the church (which by the way had been built in Sept. 1894), was a mile and a quarter out of the village, I was asked if I could not give Sabbath services in the village. Having been instructed by my Supt., Rev. A. Findlay, to do so, services were commenced there on Sabbath, Nov. 10th. We had the use of a private house for the first two Sabbaths, but the owner told me that he wanted no more of it, was very abusive, and said he wanted no religion around where he was, and not to come back. (His wife had offered the house). We were now in a fix, nowhere to hold services, when Mr. J. Orr and wife, of the Palmer House, offered their dining-room, and an average of fifty met there every Sabbath evening, where earnest attention was paid to the Word. Having spoken to the people as to the desirability of moving the church building into the village, they were nearly unanimous on the subject. At a meeting at which Rev. A. Findlay presided, a committee was formed to see to the moving of the building. At the request of the members, the Presbytery kindly granted leave to do so. The site selected could not be got for less than \$50, and therefore little was done. The ice on the lake over which it had to come not being strong, it could not be moved whole. And apparently the committee were afraid to touch it, so on the 3rd of March, I secured a site for \$10, got the deed drawn out, and proceeded to move the building. On the 9th of March I got two carpenters and we went to work to take the building apart. By Saturday noon it was all cut into sections and laid on the ground ready for the teams to come and haul it to its new site. On Monday morning the teams were on hand and the main parts of the building were loaded on ten sleighs, altogether about twenty-five loads were taken. And by Tuesday noon the walls were up, ready for the roof. On Saturday evening all was ready for the re-opening, with nothing to show that it had been moved, but the absence of the chimney and a few cracks in the plaster. On Sabbath the 22nd of March services were conducted by Rev. W. K. McCulloch at 10.30 a.m., and 7 p.m., which were well attended. On Monday evening a tea meeting was held, when the church was crowded, a large number having to stand. Mr. Lochore, the missionary in charge, having called the meeting to order, Mr. McClelland, Mayor of Parry Sound was voted to the chair, and the evening was enlivened by addresses, vocal and instrumental music, etc., and a pleasant evening was spent. We paid for work at building \$33.25; for new material, \$21.60; for expenses connected with the re-opening and tea meeting \$21.55, a total of \$81.40, which with the proceeds of re-opening, tea meeting, and subscriptions given has all been met. A small debt is still due on the building, contracted when it was built, which the congregation hope soon to wipe out.—JAMES LOCHORE.

## Letter from China.

CANTON, CHINA, Feb. 18th, 1896.

Dear Christian Friends,—As I look back over my letter book I see that it is almost exactly five months since I wrote my last letter to you. To some of you, I dare say, the cause of this long silence will already be known. It was just as I was preparing to write you from Canton early in November '95, that I was taken ill with typhoid fever and God permitted me to be laid aside for two months, not only from activity but for the most part from even consciousness. In my last letter I think I told you of the fall trips into the country which had been planned; and so it came about that I was the only member of our mission at the coast. But loving friends ministered to my wants, and through prayer and the gracious faithfulness of my Lord I now rejoice in having been spared to His precious service in China. It was only upon my recovery that I learned of the sickness of four others of our number. Some of us were brought very near unto death, but the strong and loving hand of God turned the tide of disease, and our hearts can all express in words their praises unto Him "who delivered us, and doth deliver, in whom we trust that He will yet deliver, ye also helping together by prayer for us." You will realize through what a strange and testing time our little mission passed, and the Lord has led us all to be silent before Him, to let the Holy Spirit search our hearts, and to learn the lessons that such circumstances were meant to teach us. The natural heart tends to reflect upon the weeks that have slipped away without the accomplishment of study or work, but God has sealed my lips from a single murmur. To myself, and I think to not a few others, those weeks were not idly spent, but full of meaning, and they will tell to the glory of God and in the fruitfulness of our service as mightily as busy toil. O how great is our danger in the midst of crowding duties and events, to neglect to give sufficient time and opportunity for God to speak to our souls and teach us the deeper lessons that will render our service more Christlike and telling. Is it not perhaps the most crying need of every one of us,

not to know how to do more, but to know better how to wait before our God, not simply to pour out our requests to Him but in silence and relaxation of every faculty of our souls to wait upon Him, and let Him speak, unfolding to our hearts deeper secrets of Christian life and service. O friends, I feel that here is our lack, our deepest need: and shall we not resolve to meet it? Will you not here and now with me determine to set aside sacredly some definite time each day, though it may be only five minutes, for the laying aside of everything, ever prayer, to wait in silence, in stillness and receptiveness before our Father's face? You who are not yet clear as to your sphere and place of service you who have offered yourselves to the Lord for witness in the spiritual deserts of the earth but before whom there are still obstacles, and hindrances that seem to render the path of advance impracticable, you who are in active preparation for the harvest field—O how much to every one of you the practice of this little rule of waiting regularly definitely, wholly upon God may prove in revealing the light of God's will and purpose, more clearly, and in opening up the perfect path God has prepared for you to the accomplishment of this will and purpose of His.

Coming in contact, as has been my privilege since last I wrote you, with this mighty city of Canton, of much more than a million of people my mind has been thereby brought into contact more forcibly than ever with this land's overwhelming need, contrasts with the mere pittance of Gospel witness that has been sent to it. It would be a strange experience, indeed, to any of you who do mission work at home, to come across a person who absolutely had never heard the Gospel and to whose mind the name of Jesus is but a meaningless sound; yet even here at the coast, and in this city alone, around our doors and thronging the narrow streets through which we pass are thousands of such, and thousands more who have heard of the Gospel merely as a foreign doctrine, but who have never been sought out and guided to its blessed saving truth. And then think of the vast territory that stretches inland hundreds of miles, representing millions of souls who at the present rate of missionary advance are doomed to wait in heathen darkness for many years before the Gospel light can reach them. And of these hordes of unevangelized Chinese, 33,000 die daily. Some have lived to a grey-haired age, but not long enough for a half-hearted Church to bring to them the knowledge of a saving hope for their dying hour. O how I have wished that the sound which almost every day we hear around us could reach the ears of some at home—the clang of the deep-sounding gong mingled with the sobs and wails of mourners, which tells us that another body is being hurried along to a Christless grave and another soul is beyond all human reach. There is something in that sound that seems to strike a chill to a Christian heart, for it speaks of hopelessness and despair. I thank God that it keeps ever vividly before our hearts the solemnity of our mission, and stimulates to greater and more constant zeal for the rescue of these souls. O may we more continually realize that,

"Life is real, life is earnest."

and rid our daily life of all that does not conform to such a thought all trifling, all idleness, and much that may be called culture, but which, when measured with the eternal destiny of souls falls miserably low in God's estimation.

Many of you know that my heart is burdened with the prayer our Master laid upon us for more laborers for the harvest-field. I think back to the many gatherings of young Christians in America which it was my privilege to meet, and I covet many of them for this great land, both for the sake of Jesus and dying souls, and for your own sakes, because I am convinced that the foreign field offers to the young Christian of to-day the grandest sphere of opportunity and possibility ever set before the people of God. It attracts those who partake of the holy ambition of Paul "to preach the Gospel not where Christ was named," to help and save those who but for your individual effort might never have been saved and helped. A deep and deepening persuasion fills me that God has a place for many of you in China, and the other heathen lands, and that you cannot substitute a place in the Gospel-flooded home-land without compromising your blessing, your usefulness, and your eternal reward. O let no man take thy crown. And let me point out dear fellow young men and women, for I know that not a few among those who read these lines, are honest seekers after God's highest will, that we need not expect nor wait for special revelations from Him upon matters which He has already revealed openly in His word. That precious book was written to you personally, and as you read there of God's will for a dying world, and His command to His people, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," it rests with you not to prove that the command is literally for you, but to prove that it is not literally for you, before you can honestly exempt yourself from its literal and binding demands. May our Lord lead you to a clear knowledge of His Will for you, and give His grace that you may "apprehend that for which you are apprehended of Christ Jesus." You are much upon my heart in prayer, and the memory of those many meeting rooms and individual faces is still with me.

There are already precious first-fruits in our humble work here, and the outlook is one of much hopefulness. I had hoped to share with you some of these encouraging incidents and features in this letter, but it is already long, and I shall hope to write again shortly if the Lord will, and give you some knowledge of our present work. It is with joy that I look forward to welcoming dear brother Jaffray to China in two weeks more, and to the happy prospect of being re-united to him, as he arrives and enters into the study of the language, pray for him.

I would express our grateful thanks to the dear friend who has so kindly offered to duplicate and circulate our letters to you. I have received cheering, helpful letters from some of the young people whom we met on our missionary trip, and appreciate them deeply, rejoicing with you in God's leadings onward toward the field. I remain, with Christian love,

Faithfully yours,

I. M. A. Macao, China.

ROSE H. GLOVER.