

## Missionary World.

In this column we give this week the substance of the lecture delivered at the opening of our Theological College at Montreal by the Rev. J. H. MacVicar. The subject, "The Chinese Problem," and the statements made will give our readers a vivid idea of the spirit of the Chinese, the obstacles it raises in the way of missionary work, and the imminent danger to which our own missionaries in China were at one time exposed. Mr. MacVicar first gave a graphic description of the troubles of 1891 when wars and rumours of wars filled the air for some months and they were subjected to terrible suspense. The people arose and shouted that the foreign devils of China should be driven into the sea. The feeling of hatred against the foreign element became intense, and even the servants left the houses of the missionaries for fear of being massacred. The foreigners expected death at any moment. Then came the news of terrible riots in neighboring provinces, where nuns were dragged before the officials and charged with practising witchcraft. Buildings were looted and burned to the ground, and soldiers, who were sent presumably to render protection to the foreigners, actually turned their coats inside out and joined in the looting. Hospitals even were attacked. Graves were dug up, and the eyes of the dead plucked out and arms cut off. The people were complete masters of the situation. In spite of the commands of the military mandarins, they continued the looting. The lecturer related the troubles that took place in the Wesleyan Methodist district, in which two missionaries were brutally massacred, their heads being split open and bodies pelted with stones. This rioting continued in all districts, even in face of the commands of the mandarins and edicts of the viceroy, and it was not until the foreign powers themselves threatened to put down the riots that there was any peace. It was astonishing how quick the people were to obey the command of the officials then. All was then smiles, and the Chinamen who had only a short time before threatened to burn and kill, came with an open hand and pleasant face. After giving the facts, the lecturer then proceeded to explain the cause of the troubles. As the Chinese were a semi-civilized nation, it was not that the riots were the outcome of barbarism, as was the case in the Fiji Islands and like places. Nor was it, as was generally supposed by Christians at home, the outcome of the barbarous treatment meted out to Chinese subjects in America, for at that time the Geary law had not been passed. In like manner might be dismissed the theory of incipient rebellion, for though it was true that the standard of revolt was raised before the year came to an end, it was in distant Mongolia, and all the circumstances indicated that the uprising in the north had no connection with the demonstrations against foreigners further south. It was the peculiar and intense dislike to interference or enlightenment from outsiders.

The trouble with the Chinaman was pig-headed, flat-footed, exclusiveness. They still consider that theirs is the only kingdom beneath the heavens. It is a race pride. They never wanted intercourse with other nations, nor do they want it now. The feeling was anti-foreign, and not anti-missionary. They say, when they see the missionary coming, here comes the man who wants to steal our trade. They consider him only one in disguise who comes to steal from them. The educated Chinaman hates the foreigner with a hate that only he can feel. They consider their light and culture and literary institutions in danger of being destroyed. They consider outsiders are intruding barbarians. Perhaps the most conspicuous exhibitions of race hatred had come from the officials, who, he contended, could have

quelled the riots at the commencement if they had so desired. Perhaps nowhere in the whole wide world, he said, could instances of more revolting duplicity be cited against officialdom, than in China. They declared their inability to control the element, but on other occasions, when they wished it, they had not the slightest difficulty in controlling the populace. After some reference to the persistent publication and circulation of defamatory literature and cartoons, the speaker said that no doubt there were certain injudicious missionary methods in vogue in China which could not but be held responsible for the frequent recurrence of trouble—responsible, at least, to the extent that they afforded too ready handle for stirring up the passions of the common people. But China would never be any better until it was Christianized. The Chinaman will never be anything else than what he is under the teaching of Confucius. He must have the Gospel of Jesus Christ. There is no hope for China outside of this. It cannot advance without it.

Mr. J. M. Barrie tells a grand story of Professor Blackie. The Professor was lecturing to a new class. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand. "Sir," thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand"—and as the student would have spoken—"No words, sir! Your right hand, I say." The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the stump of its wrist. "Sir, I have nae right hand!" he said—and his voice was unsteady. Before Blackie could open his lips there rose a storm of hisses, and by it his voice was overborne as by a wild sea. Then the Professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt, and put his arm round the lad's shoulders and drew him close. "My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the class-room—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was over rough? I did not know—I did not know!" He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his great heart, he said—"And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown I am teaching a class of gentlemen."

The first zenana-teaching ever attempted in the East, was in Siam, in 1851, as zenana work in India did not begin until 1858. Twenty-one of the thirty young wives of the king composed the class. And the beginning in India was in this wise: A certain missionary's wife, in Calcutta, sat in her parlor embroidering a pair of slippers for her husband. A Brahman gentleman admired them. Mrs. Mullen asked him if he would not like to have his wife taught to make them. He answered yes. "That was a fatal word to those who wished to cling to idolatry, but a joyous 'yes' it has proved to be to them. As this lady was teaching the women of India to twine the gold and purple into the slippers, she was twining into her heart the fibres of the sufferings and love of our Lord and Saviour." After one home was opened to the missionary, it was easy to gain access to others.

A special from Cincinnati says: Alarming reports concerning their missionaries in Persia have come to the Presbyterians here. Letters just received, declare that the Mohammedans have petitioned their high priests for an old-time holy war. Murders have already begun, one Christian merchant having been hacked to pieces after nails had been driven into his body. Christians have petitioned the Shah to allow them to surrender their property and leave for America. A general massacre is feared. Much anxiety is felt by relatives of Joseph Petter and F. G. Cean, who are stationed at Oroomiah, the centre of the trouble.

## A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE.

AN INTERESTING STORY FROM NORFOLK COUNTY.

General Debility and Chronic Neuralgia made Miss Lizzie Bentley's Life Miserable—Her Parents Feared She was Going into Consumption—Brought Back from the Brink of the Grave. From the Simcoe Reformer.

Miss Lizzie Bentley is the daughter of Mr. Ira Bentley, of Waterford, a former well-known resident of Simcoe. It is well known that Miss Bentley was long and seriously ill; and it was recently reported that she had fully regained her health and strength. Her case has excited considerable interest in Waterford, and coming to the ears of the Reformer, we felt more than a passing interest in the matter, for the reason that for a period of nearly three years there have been from time to time published in our columns particulars of alleged cures of various serious cases of illness that have been effected through the use of a remedy known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The scenes of these cures have been located in widely scattered portions of the country, it might also be said of the globe; for some of these stories come from the United States and some from England, to such great distances have the proprietors extended the sphere of their usefulness.

It is of course the common idea that the age of miracles has long passed, and thousands of people who would not relish a classification among "doubting Thomases," and who are quite ready to believe any long story, so that it does not trespass upon their pre-conceived notions, and what old-line physicians tell them of the limits and capabilities of the medical pharmacopoeia, as laid down by the schools, hear with a shrug of the shoulder and a smile of incredulity, of cases the evidence of which is of so certain a character that no court or jury in the land would question it. Take one of the best known and striking instances of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We refer to the case of Mr. John Marshall. Could any evidence be clearer or more convincing even to a sceptic. Mr. Marshall is a well-known citizen of so large a city as Hamilton. He was paid by the Royal Templars of Temperance the sum of one thousand dollars, that being the sum paid by that institution to its members who are proven to the satisfaction of its physicians to have become permanently incurable. Every fact in connection with the case was investigated by the Hamilton papers and vouched for by them. Not satisfied to take its evidence at second-hand, the Toronto Globe sent a representative to Hamilton. The result of these investigations was the publication by the Globe of an article in which every claim made by Mr. Marshall and the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was fully conceded, and the "Hamilton Miracle" unreservedly endorsed by this great Canadian newspaper.

In a way it reminds of the story of the great lawyer who attended a prayer meeting. His own views of religion were of the most heterodox character. He went to be amused; he came away with all his preconceived ideas changed. He said: "I heard these men whose word was as good as the Bank of England get upon their feet and tell what religion had done for them, not theoretically, it was their own personal experience of it. Were these men in a witness box I would not have the slightest inclination to doubt their word; as a consistent man I was unable to doubt them anywhere else. I had doubted, now I believe."

The man or woman who will give an hour's attention to the evidence that Dr. Williams' Medicine Company have to submit, must, if able to reason at all, concede that their Pink Pills contain wonderful properties for the amelioration of human ailments.

All these reflections are introductory to the case that has come under our notice. Mr. Ira Bentley is widely known in this district, where he has carried on business as a pump and windmill manu-

facturer for years. He formerly lived in Tilsonburg, afterwards in Simcoe and now resides in the village of Waterford. A representative of the Reformer visited Waterford not long since to interview Mr. Bentley as to his daughter's recovery. For be it understood, this journal is as little prone to be carried away by fair spoken or written words as the rest of humanity; and as we had heard that Miss Bentley's cure was due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, we were anxious to investigate, that we might add our personal testimony, if possible, to the many who have already spoken and written on behalf of this great Canadian remedy. The result of the writer's journey to Waterford was eminently satisfactory. We failed in finding Mr. Bentley at home, for he was in Caledonia that day setting up a windmill; but Mrs. and Miss Bentley who were the immediate beneficiaries of the good effects of Pink Pills, proved quite able to give full particulars. Mrs. Bentley was apparently enjoying the best of health, and we were more than surprised to be told by her that it was she who, first of the family, had experimented with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She told us that a couple of years ago she had been grievously attacked by rheumatism, and had, after solicitation by some friends, sought relief in Pink Pills. The result had been eminently satisfactory, as any observer could see. It was, however, to become acquainted with the case of Miss Bentley that we had gone to Waterford. In answer to our inquiries Mrs. Bentley told us that her eldest daughter, Lizzie, was nineteen years of age, that from her infancy she had been a sufferer and that her chances of growing up to womanhood had never been considered good. She early became a victim of acute neuralgia that for weeks at a time racked her body and made life a burden. She would at times go down to the very brink of the grave; she was in appearance a mere shadow, thin, pale and weak, unable to do anything. After finding how Pink Pills had benefited her mother, she too began to use them. No change from sickness to health could have been more rapid, no cure more complete. "You can say," Mrs. Bentley said to us, "she is a well girl, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her, and we are willing to tell the whole world that such is the case."

Desirous of seeing Miss Bentley herself, we next repaired to the Waterford post office, where she is employed as a telegraph operator. We had known Miss Bentley when she lived in Simcoe. We remembered her pale, delicate face as it was then. One glance at the bright young girl before us, her cheeks aglow with ruddy health, was sufficient. The days of miracles were not gone. The happy subject of one stood before us. Her story was a repetition of the one told us by her mother, only with an added depth of thankfulness to the means of her recovery. We came away from our interview with Miss Bentley fully satisfied that we knew of our own knowledge of at least one marvellous cure to be credited to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus's dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred; and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50-cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents.—My daughter was suffering terribly with neuralgia. I purchased a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT and rubbed her face thoroughly. The pain left her and she slept well till morning. Next night another attack, another application resulted as previously, with no return since. Grateful feelings determined me to express myself publicly. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT in the house at any cost.

J. H. BAILEY,  
Parkdale, Ont.