

Foreign Missions.

Send all contributions for Foreign Missions to A. McLEAN, Box 750, CINCINNATI, O.

For Foreign Missions.

Comparing the receipts for the week ending September 13th with the corresponding time, 1894, we have the following for Foreign Missions.

	1894	1895	Gain
Number of contributing Schools..	8	17	9
Number of contributing churches..	20	16	loss 4
Number of contributing Endeavor societies.....	1	7	6
Individual offerings	14	19	5
Amount, 1894, \$549.94; 1895, \$758.66; gain, \$208.66.			

The books close for the current missionary year October 1st. Let this not be forgotten. Many churches and Sunday-schools and individuals ought to send us offerings before that date. Act promptly.

Remit to A. McLean, Cor. Sec., Box 750, Cincinnati, O.

A Circuit of the Globe.

A. McLEAN.

No. 7—From San Francisco to Honolulu.

On the 3rd of August, at 3 p. m., the City of Peking left her dock for Hong-Kong. She is to touch at Honolulu, Yokohama and Nagasaki on the way. Honolulu is 2,100 miles from San Francisco; Yokohama is 3,478 miles from Honolulu. As we steamed down the bay, and saw the enormous docks and the number of ships going in all directions, and saw the crowded city stretching away for miles, it seemed incredible that, half a century ago, San Francisco was a village of fifty people, living in log huts and hattering food and clothing for tallow, hides and horns. San Francisco is now one of the great cities of the world. What New York is to the east, that San Francisco is bound to be to the west. She must always be the chief port of entry to the commerce of the Pacific. In an hour and a half we were beyond the Golden Gate and the Seal Rocks. Here the pilot left us, and we felt that our voyage was fairly begun. Gradually the land faded from our sight. There was a tinge of sadness in this thought. It was like leaving home for the first time. America now leads all nations. What she is now is nothing compared to what she shall be. Her welfare means the welfare of the world. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." So our country seems more

and more dear as we leave it for a season.

Great God, we thank Thee for this land, The bounteous birthright of the free. Where people from afar may come And breathe the air of liberty.

Still may her flowers untrampled spring, Her harvests wave, her cities rise, And yet, till time shall fold his wing, Remain earth's loveliest paradise.

Before we left the dock a group of people sang, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and "God be with you till we meet again." It was plain that there were missionaries on board. Probably no ship leaves this port for the Orient without having some missionaries among her passengers. God is thrusting out young men and women of culture and consecration into His harvest. As the spiritual life of the churches is deepened, workers will go out in ever increasing numbers. H. H. Luse and Jue Hawk came down to bid me farewell. The first represented the Occident; the second, the Orient. The first was born in Pennsylvania, came west and settled in Oregon, and afterwards removed to San Francisco. Jue Hawk was won to Christ by Miss Sue A. Robins, one of our missionaries in India. I was educated in Drake and now I am in charge of the Chinese Mission in Portland. The San Francisco workers were at Santa Cruz; else a large number would have been on the dock. I thought then of the great hosts of the Disciples of Christ who are interested in this trip, and who assured me that they would pray for me, and I was comforted. May their prayers bring down blessings upon their own heads like rain upon the mown grass and like the showers that water the earth.

Our ship was built in 1874. She was a fast boat in her time. She makes 335 miles a day, burning 70 tons of coal. The greyhounds of the Atlantic consume over 400 tons and cover 500 miles. The officers are Americans; the crew is made up of Chinese and Japanese. The officers are gentlemanly fellows. They give civil answers to proper questions. They take an interest in the passengers, and try to make them feel at ease. The chief steward, Mr. W. S. Chandler, was especially kind. I crossed the Atlantic twice, and found the bearing of the officers there very different. Civility adds much to one's comfort. On the train, as we passed through Nevada, I asked a Pullman official how many large places there were between Ogden and Sacramento. He drew himself up, and said with crushing force, "If I were to enumerate all the large places between Ogden and Sacra-

ment, much else to day." As there is not one large place between the points named, something I discovered after, it would not have taken his lordship long to give the information I sought. As it was, I wilted and said no more. Not only this ship, but the entire fleet, is manned with Orientals. One of the officers spoke of the crew in high praise. They are polite, sober, willing and efficient.

We have few passengers—less than twenty in the cabin, and not over fifty in the steerage. This is more enjoyable to the passengers than profitable to the company. Our ship will carry a hundred cabin passengers and a thousand steerage. With a small list every one can have a state-room. At table one receives more attention. On deck there is ample space to walk and sit. The passengers are pleasant people. One is an officer in the German army. One lives in Honolulu, and is full of information respecting the islands. Several represent large business houses. The missionaries interest me most. Three of these four are women. It is a significant fact that more women are offering than men. Robert Cust says we shall soon have to change Wellington's famous order, and say, "Up, ladies, and at them." Mrs. Nevins goes to Chefoo. She has been in China forty years. Her illustrious husband died recently. She is going back home. A medical missionary is going out for the first time. She goes to Chinkiang. One of the group has been in Japan six years. She and her parents had been traveling extensively in the east. She became interested in missions, and remained in Japan. She is now on her way back after a year's furlough. An ordained minister is going to Amoy. They are the happiest people on board. Their faces shine. They have heard the joyful sound, "Jesus saves." They are going out to publish glad tidings. Their faces illustrate their message, and commend it to the sad hearted people of the east. There is no suggestion of the ascetic or the pharisee about them. They are full of mirth, and as ready for any innocent games as any on board. The ladies wear no jewelry, dress very simply, and look remarkably attractive. Dr. Goodell, of the Turkish mission, was one of the happiest of men. His associate rebuked him for his mirth, and asked him if he expected to enter heaven laughing. He said he would rather enter heaven laughing than crying. He was incorrigible. There was no more to be said. Missionaries have obeyed the Lord's command, and they have entered into His joy. There are some Chinese passengers in the cabin.

The women wear bloomers and smoke cigarettes. Are these the harbingers of the coming woman? Their dress may be more comfortable, but to the eye of the amateur it is less comely than the present style. There is one thing lacking in our list—*there is not a bride on board.* The captain states that he has had twenty-one in a single voyage. The raw material is here, but not the sweet, finished article. This is quite a loss. A bridal party on a train or on a boat is as good as a play. The fact that there should be a superabundance of brides on one voyage, and none on the next, constrains one to believe with John Calvin in total depravity.

The Chinese passengers in the steerage are not without interest. They play cards and dice early and late. The Chinese are a race of gamblers. They stake their money as long as it lasts. When it is gone they stake themselves or their children. Rice is their principal article of food. The way they shovel the rice into their mouths with their chopsticks is a marvel to the uninitiated. In addition to rice they eat dried fish, fresh and salt meat, and vegetables. They have a common bowl containing some liquid resembling vinegar. Into this they dip their meat or vegetables, as the disciples did at the last supper. This is to make their food palatable. Their diet does not seem very inviting, but it makes great, brawny and athletic fellows. There is no cabin passenger, notwithstanding all the savory food and all the delicacies served to him, that can compare with some of these Chinese in muscular development. So life has its compensations. The rich have more than heart can wish for, and dyspepsia besides. The poor have little, but they have good appetites and superb digestion. In point of comfort, the upper class has not much advantage over the lower.

On board ship we have every comfort and every convenience that we could have on shore. The state-rooms are spacious, and are supplied with everything needed. They are lighted with electricity. Every day you can have a bath in sea water. Pow Sing will call you at any hour you may wish. The table is excellent. The bill of fare must have been designed for epicures. Meats and vegetables and fruits and milk are kept in huge ice-chests. Fowls and sheep are kept on deck waiting their doom. No one need go hungry. The first evening the chief steward explained the arrangement for meals. You can have coffee in your room when you wish it. Breakfast is served at half-past eight; tiffin at one; dinner at seven. If you should feel famished