

A HONAN INCIDENT.

IN THE MISSION CHAPEL, SABBATH MORNING.

"The day was hot," writes one of our missionaries in Honan, "and the air was stifling. The little motion that there was in the atmosphere only brought in through the open window occasional puffs of air already superheated.

"The preacher felt strong that morning, for he was at his favorite theme. But in spite of all his earnestness faces became listless, heads began to droop, and some slept.

"One of the fathers—who sat at the preacher's right—and who was always a close listener, gave one tremendous nod, and in his frantic effort to regain his balance nearly fell into the pew behind.

"But it was the conduct of an older pillar of the kirk that scandalized everybody that morning, and brought down upon him, before the whole congregation, due retribution.

"Sitting in the side pew at the preacher's left, in the sight of old and young, he slept. It was not a mere nod or two, but peacefully he slumbered, unconscious of the scandal he was causing, till rudely awakened by two resounding whacks on his head.

"Then his Bible, opened at the text, was placed in his hand, a word of warning given, and Wei Chi T'ai, with a look, half scornful, half indignant, went back to his seat on the bench near the door."

AN AGED CONVERT.

A STORY FROM TRINIDAD.

A few weeks ago a Hindu woman of ninety years was buried in Trinidad.

She was born in Madras, India, and came to Trinidad fifty years since, twenty years before our mission work to that Island began.

When our first missionaries went there she was a woman of over sixty with children and grand children in plenty.

When the missionaries started their schools and began to gather in the children, some of this family were among them, and some of them soon found the peace in trusting Christ that they had sought in vain in their heathen worship.

Through the children, some of the parents became interested in Christianity, and one after another was baptized, until many of this large family connection were professing Christians, and some of them helpers in the mission.

But the grand-mother, long used to her heathen beliefs, still kept away, and not until some five years ago did she accept Jesus Christ as her Saviour. How kindly Providence spared her to such long, long years until she became a Christian.

A few weeks since she went home, not to India but to heaven. Her funeral was from the pretty little Susamachar Church, at San Fernando, where Rev. Dr. Grant has been missionary for a quarter of a century. How the missionary would be made glad and thankful at seeing something of the fruit of his work and your work, as he saw her children, grand-children, and great grand-children. Christians themselves, following to rest the aged one who passed to her home in heaven.

And it was all done largely through the influence of the schools upon the children, and through the children upon the parents.

Now may we have two lessons from this story:

1. How much young people may do by supporting mission schools for heathen children.
2. How much children may do, as did these Hindu children, in leading older people to the right way.

STORY OF AN EARLY JAPANESE CHRISTIAN.

I heard a story the other day from my young woman teacher—the story of her mother who was one of the first Christians in Tokyo about twenty years ago, and of the persecutions she endured from her husband.

She lived nearly five miles from the preaching place, but every Sunday found her there, though she had to walk the whole distance and carry her baby on her back; for though her husband was well-to-do, he hated Christianity and would not let her ride, nor send a servant with her to carry the baby, though he had sixteen servants in the household.

But the mother was faithful and still went every Sunday with her baby (my teacher) on her back.

But the husband was more and more displeased, and declared that he would divorce her if she did not give up Christianity, and as she would not, he carried out his threat, sending her away with all the belongings she brought to his house, but keeping the baby in his house.