

Missionary World.

MORE REAPERS.

"O still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,
More reapers for white harvest fields,
More labourers for the Lord.
"We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.
"Where prophets' words and martyrs'
blood
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labours entering in,
Would reap where they have sown."
Samuel Longfellow.

LESSONS LEARNED.

Friends of missions have learned four great lessons, viz.:—1. Native missionaries are necessary to the most rapid opening and permanent development of mission fields. 2. Schools are absolutely essential. 3. Physicians can reach some hearts and open the way to some classes otherwise inaccessible. 4. Home churches are prospered in their local work in proportion to their gifts of men and money to missions. One more lesson remains as a complement to the work of the century, to which the Divine finger seems to point distinctly, and for which the other lessons have prepared the way, viz.: The preparation and use of mechanical missionaries.

THE COMPRESSED FEET OF THE CHINESE WOMEN.

A writer in the Japan Mail, who appears to have special knowledge of the subject, refers to the well-known Chinese custom of compressing the feet of female children of the better class in China. He hopes that few of his readers have been so unfortunate as to see the naked foot of an orthodox Chinese lady. But many have looked at photographs of this terribly twisted and distorted member, and the sight must have suggested thoughts of barbarous suffering inflicted on a particularly sensitive part of the human body. Year by year hundreds of thousands of little girls throughout the wide empire of China, are subjected to a ruthless process that crushes the bones and wrenches the sinews of their small tender feet until at last a revolting deformity is produced, and the foot, crumpled into a shocking monstrosity, becomes almost valueless as a means of locomotion. The wretched girl emerges from her period of feverish torture a mutilated cripple, condemned to hobble through life on feet which preserve no semblance of nature's beautiful mechanism, having become as hideous as they are useless. At intervals the missionary cries out, the traveller writes, and the charitable agitate; but the poor little children never benefit. For them there remains always the same ruthless bending of bones, the same agonizing application of tight ligatures, the same long months of bitter pain and unavailing tears. Perhaps, he suggests, it is to this singular contrast between general refinement and cultivation of the Chinese on the one hand, and this callous cruelty on the other, that we must attribute the periodical appearance of apologists for the appalling custom. Some people say, that though the foot is ultimately deformed, though the woman is indeed condemned to be little better than a cripple, yet the process is not so very painful after all. The bones are soft, they say, in early youth; the sinews supple. Twisting, crushing and wrenching are operations that may be performed without much suffering on baby feet, whereas adults would be maddened by the torture. To this the writer replies: "Let no one talk of the yielding character of young bones or the pliability of baby sinews. We have listened with our own ears to the cries of a little girl undergoing the torturing process. Such agonizing cries never before fell on our ears. They were the shrieks of a child absolutely wild with suffering. When the ligatures were loosened and the shocking suc-

cession of breathless screams ended in long-drawn wails of exhaustion and misery, the listener turned almost sick with horror and sympathy. Yet a mother was the deliberate torturer of the poor baby, and the father callously listened to its heart-broken cries. Think that this fiendish barbarity is being practised daily and hourly throughout the length of a land containing 300,000,000 inhabitants. Not alone are the tender bodies of the poor little girls ruthlessly racked and tortured, but the purest sentiments of humanity, the love of parents for their children, is perpetually outraged. Such unnatural cruelty could be tolerated only in the presence of the worst kind of demoralization. How much can survive of the moral beauty of the paternal relation when fathers and mothers, in deference to a mere freak of fashion consent to inflict on their daughters, day by day, tortures that well nigh madden the baby brain and wring shrieks of excruciating agony from the little lips? This is one of those facts that make us marvel when we hear a great destiny predicted for the Chinese nation."

The Christian that does not believe in Foreign Missions does not believe in the Apostles' Creed. Repeat it and see.

The Christian that does not believe in Foreign Missions does not believe in the Lord's prayer. Repeat it and see.

The Christian that does not believe in Foreign Missions does not believe in the Great Commission. Repeat it and see.

The Christian that does not believe in Foreign Missions does not believe in the Doxology in long metre. Repeat it and see.

The first Christian building in Tokio was erected twenty-five years ago. There are now ninety-two Christian churches and chapels there.

A Bible meeting was recently held in Madagascar at which 1,246 persons were present, many of whom had come from 10 to 25 miles, some on foot, some in canoes. Eleven different churches were represented.

An African prince whose father was formerly the chief of his tribe, said: "It has been said that I am heir to a throne, a throne on which to-day my uncle sits. It was my father's throne, and by right it belonged to me, but my uncle usurped it, and fearing that I might try to recover it he has tried to murder me. But I have a grander throne than any on earth to which I might succeed. Christ is my king, under Him shall I serve as long as I live. For myself I desire no grander work than the redemption of my people. May the God of Abraham and Isaac carry me on in this work."

Everybody wants to be strong. The Bangala, a people of the Congo region in Africa, give one way to get strong. They say that the power and bravery and other characteristics of men enter into those who eat them, and hence they feast on human beings. The flesh of a strong man is especially prized. It makes the eaters strong. How sweet it is to hear Americans talk of the charming simplicity of the native unfettered by our so-called civilization. This plain, easily understood recipe for increasing strength is such a proof of human simplicity.

It is estimated that of Protestants there are in the world 116,000,000; Greek Church, 84,000,000; Roman Catholics, 190,000,000; Jews, 8,000,000; Mohammedans, 170,000,000, of whom 80,000,000 are women confined in Moslem harems; heathens, 856,000,000, of whom 300,000,000 are Buddhist women with no hope of immortality, unless in some future transmigration they may be born as men. Two hundred and fifty millions of women depend for the gospel upon the women of the Protestant Churches of America. Nine-tenths of the contribution to Foreign Missions are given by one-tenth of the church membership, while only one-half of the membership give anything.

Bad men give themselves no rest until they have done their utmost to make others as bad as themselves.

A NORWOOD MIRACLE.

HEALTH REGAINED AFTER SEVEN DOCTORS HAD FAILED.

The Remarkable Experience of Mr. John Slater Knox—Two Hours Sleep all the Benefit Derived From Six Weeks Medical Treatment—Rescue From Suffering Came After the Doctors Had Pronounced His Case Hopeless.
Norwood Register.

The readers of The Register will remember having read in this paper during the early part of last year of the very serious illness of Mr. John Slater Knox, who lives on lot 20, in the 3rd concession of Asphodel township. They will remember how in January, 1892, Mr. Knox was stricken down with la grippe, how from a man of about 185 pounds he fell away in flesh in a few short weeks until he was a mere skeleton of his former self, weighing only 120 pounds; how he was racked with the most excruciating pain; how he longed for death to relieve him from his suffering; how he consulted doctors near and far, and how they failed to successfully diagnose his case. In fact they confessed their ignorance of his malady and said he could not recover. But so much for the profession. Mr. Knox is alive to-day. He has recovered his wonted vigor and weighs 180 pounds, and his many friends in Norwood look upon him in wonder. Of course Mr. Knox is questioned on every hand about his recovery, as to what magic influence he owes his increase in flesh, and his answer to each interrogation is "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it," and he is never too busy to extol the merits of his now world famous remedy. This is what he said to a reporter of the Norwood Register the other day, when asked about his illness and his wonderful cure:—"I will tell you all about it. In January, 1892, I had la grippe, which was prevalent at that time. It settled into pains in the calves of my legs. I was drawing lumber at the time and thought it was caused by sitting on the load and allowing my legs to hang down. I consulted a doctor, in the matter, who told me it was rheumatism. He treated me, but did me no good and I kept getting worse daily. Altogether I had seven doctors in attendance, but none of them seemed to know what my ailment was. Some said it was rheumatism, others that my nerves were diseased, one said locomotor ataxia, and another inflammation of the spinal cord, another inflammation of the outer lining of the spinal cord, and still another said neuralgia of the nerves. I did not sleep for six weeks, and no drug administered by the medical men could deaden the pain or make me slumber. I will just say this: at the end of that time some narcotic administered made me doze for a couple of hours, and that was all the relief I received from the disciples of Esculapius. They said that I could not recover, and really I had given up hope myself. My pain was so intense I wanted to die to be relieved of my suffering. From a weight of 184 pounds I had dropped to 120. I was a skeleton compared with my former self. I had often read in The Register of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but did not think of taking the remedy. About this time my father purchased some from Dr. Moffatt, druggist, Norwood, and bringing them to me requested me to take them. They remained in the house perhaps a couple of weeks before I commenced taking them, and then I must confess I had not much faith in their efficacy. Before I had finished taking the first box I felt a little better, and when I had taken two boxes I was convinced that the Pink Pills were doing me good; in fact that they were doing for me what seven doctors had failed to do—they were effecting a cure. I felt so much better after taking three boxes of Pink Pills that I ceased taking them, but I had not fully recovered and had to resume, and I then continued taking them until now I am as hale a man as you will meet in a day's travel. I am positive that this happy result has been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I recommend them to my neighbors and my friends as I am thoroughly convinced of their great curative properties. There

is a case a short distance from my place of a man, who has been a cripple for some time, recovering after taking eight boxes of Pink Pills. In December last I could only manage to lift a bag of oats, now I can toss a bag of peas into a load with ease. Isn't that gaining strength? At one period since I began taking Pink Pills I gained thirty pounds in six weeks. To-day I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I have been skidding logs in the bush all winter and can do a day's work with any of them. I believe it my duty to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills whenever I can."

"I hear you are making preparations to build a house, Mr. Knox," said the reporter.

"Yes," replied Mr. Knox, laughingly. "I am about building a house and barn, which I think will demonstrate that I am trying to enjoy my new lease of life."

Calling on Dr. Moffatt, druggist, The Register reporter asked him if he knew of Mr. Knox's case, and that that gentleman ascribed his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "I have been talking with Mr. Knox and his is certainly a most remarkable cure. But speaking of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reminds me of the wonderful sale they are having in and about Norwood. I buy a hundred dollars worth at a time and my orders are not few. I sell more Pink Pills than any other medicine and always hear good reports of them." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and the tired feeling arising therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trademark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The marriage between Lord Terence Blackwood, son of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, and Miss Florrie Davis, which the American papers speak about as "one of the greatest international events of the year," will take place at the American Chapel in Paris next autumn.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents.—My daughter was apparently at the point of death with that terrible disease diphtheria. All remedies had failed, but MINARD'S LINIMENT cured her; and I would earnestly recommend it to all who may be in need of a good family medicine.

JOHN D. BOUTILIER.
French Village.