

Foreign Missionary Tidings.

VOL. XVII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 6

Subjects for Prayer.

THANKSGIVING.

For our gospel privileges; for extension in Home work; for personal, family and national mercies; for the bounties of God's providence. Confession for our shortcomings.

"Being enriched in everything to all bountifulness which causeth through us thanksgiving to God. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."—2 Cor. 9:11-15.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright in view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

AS THE SEASONS ROLL AROUND and we return again to the fall months, there returns the desire to begin afresh active work that has been laid aside. In whatever sphere we are placed, wherever our duties lie, in the quiet home or the weary, busy world, the blessedness of work, and the voice of thanksgiving go well hand in hand.

We look back over the months that have gone. How have our plans been carried out? Some have gone through with success, others seemingly to us have been failures; yet with it all, whether success or failure, we feel an eagerness to press on in the Master's work.

The months that have passed have been filled to over-flowing with anxious thoughts for workers and missions in India and China. The famine of India as it approached, almost overwhelmed us, but God opened the hearts of Christian people, the hill of difficulty lessened and with glad thanksgiving we press on, now to take up the work which God through this calamity has opened up. In China too the cloud of distress grew serious, patiently we waited, earnest in prayer, till the light dawned and again with the voice of thanksgiving we welcomed our faithful workers rescued from death. We thank our Heavenly Master for the blessing they have been to many Chinese homes, and we take heart. "Behind the cloud the sun's still shining," and out of chaos God will again bring sweet peace and order.

THE MEETING WITH OUR RESCUED WORKERS from China was a touching scene. Miss McIntosh, Miss Pyke, Dr. Jean Dow and Mrs. Goforth were warmly greeted by the Board. Devout thankfulness was in the heart of every member as each grasped a hand. Though fatigued by weeks of perilous journeying, their faces were bright and cheery. The long sea voyage had done its best to restore their wonted strength, but trials, such as they have come through must tell even on the most vigorous system. The nervous force lost both in mind and body will take months to replace. As they spoke of the trials that had been endured, they felt more keenly than words can tell, that only through the earnest prayers of those in the home-land could they have come through what they did. It was a miracle to them as they looked back on the past few weeks, that they were here alive to tell it all. Seeking refuge in their carts the Chinese mob repeatedly flew at them with swords and staves. Everything was taken from them even to their pocket handkerchiefs and the buttons on their blouses. They had no means to pay their way and travelled for days getting food as best they could, until at last they reached Hankow, 250 miles south, and were able to secure help and proceed to the coast. These workers have all returned to their homes for a season of complete rest, until the beginning of the year, when other plans may be arranged.

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LETTERS FROM INDIA tell of the distress following the famine, we see, however, a more hopeful side now that rain has fallen. What would our missionaries have done without the help from the home lands! Miss Campbell tells of how they are able to send the women away back to their homes, comforted in mind and body. With the love of Jesus made known to them, let us pray that they may soon learn to love Him as their own. The Famine Fund of our Society has been gladly responded to by our branches—and the Board feels especially grateful in that, through it the earnest pleadings of our missionaries have been answered. The total amount sent in through the W.F.M.S. appeal up to date is \$7,842; with what has come in through other channels of our church, we are hopeful that the increase of work now entailed through the famine will not lack full support.

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AN INTERESTING PAPER is published in this number of a canoe trip through the district we have lately entered at Lake-of-the-Woods. It gives a glimpse into initial work among pagan Indians. There are some interesting items in it for young people.

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MISS LEACH said good-bye to the Board on Tuesday, Sept. 11th. Her designation service took place on the previous Thursday in the Central Church, Toronto. A number of the returned missionaries were present from

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China and India. Mr. Gibson on behalf of the congregation presented her with a purse, expressing at the same time their loving interest in her, and in the work she was taking up. A Bible Commentary was also presented to her by Mrs. Gregory of the Board. Miss Leach sailed immediately for England, and will meet the other missionaries sailing for India in October.

* * *

MISS MCCALLA, M.D., will be designated for India at her own church, the First Presbyterian, St. Catharines, the 18th of September, and Miss Gunn for Chinese work, British Columbia, on the same date at London.

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THE EWART MISSIONARY TRAINING HOME will open again the first week in October. On Thursday, October 4th, at 3 p.m., the opening lecture will be given at Knox College. Several new applicants are coming forward and we trust the work of the coming session will be one of progress.

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TWO NEW THANK-OFFERING LEAFLETS have been issued by the Board and may be had from Mrs. Donald, the Secretary. Price, 8c. per dozen. The first, "The Box from St. Mark's," is a ten-page story of a young woman's thank-offering. The second is a four-page leaflet with two selections on the subject of thanksgiving. Thank-offering envelopes may be had from the Secretary, at 20 cts. per hundred.

Will the Secretaries write in good time for their supplies, as the orders are large, and it is not always possible to answer by return mail.

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RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS have lately come from Mrs. Gray of the Presbyterian Missionary Union, Australia, and Mrs. Bannerman, New Zealand, appreciatory of reports of the Ecumenical Conference sent through Mrs. Watson of our Society who has appointed their representative. Mrs. Bannerman at the same time adds.—"The help, encouragement, and comfort your Society has been to us through your publication, THE TIDINGS, and parcels of literature you have sent us, is beyond all thanks or praise. May God reward you all for the gladness of heart you have given a stranger, for indeed 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.'"

THE MEMORY OF THY GREAT GOODNESS.

WHO of us has not such a remembrance of the year, as we draw near to its close, and as we think of the months that have passed since we made our last thanksgiving offering! To one it has come especially in the home, in some blessing upon those near and dear, and about whom there was anxiety or fear. To another the "great goodness" has been manifested in her own person—perhaps in restored health and strength; in the passing of some form of trial; in the satisfying of some earnest desire; in the

increase of peace and joy in the spiritual life. Yet others have seen this goodness in answered prayer for success in work undertaken and reward of effort made. At this time of thanksgiving and thank offering let us stir up these memories of God's "great goodness" to us. Each one of us knows just where this has touched our lives. Not one who cannot in looking back over the year, rest in thought upon some event or period, and say, *there* I was blessed or helped, or guarded—*there* I realized God's protecting or guiding hand over me.

The Psalmist says that those who have felt this "great goodness" shall "abundantly utter" its memory. Not in empty words from the lips or even impulsively from the heart, but surely in acts of service and sacrifice shall this memory find expression. You who read these words—what memory have you of God's wonderful goodness to you since last you made your thank-offering for His cause? Does it take you back to that time when a dreaded evil was by His hand turned away from you? Or to the unexpected strength which came to you with the new cares and responsibilities which you so feared? Or does it call to mind the bringing back of vigor and energy to weakened powers of body and mind after your illness?

Whatever it be do not forget it as you offer your gift upon His altar, and let this bear some due proportion of the "great goodness" which has blessed you, His child, in this last year.—*W. F. M. S. Philadelphia.*

FOR A THANK-OFFERING MEETING.

A suggestive programme for a thank-offering meeting is given to Auxiliaries desiring help. We trust that all our Auxiliaries and Bands will make the thought of prayer and thanksgiving prominent at this critical time in our Missions.

Opening Hymn.

Responsive Reading.

Prayer of thanksgiving for personal and national mercies.

Thanksgiving story.

Prayer—thanksgiving for preservation of our Missionaries.

Paper. One of the following:

(1) What God has enabled us to do in our Mission fields.

(2) Selections from letters in "Tidings," suggestive of thanksgiving.

(3) + Pointed paragraphs from addresses at Ecumenical Conference showing God's hand in all missionary enterprise.

Appropriate music.

Reading of texts in thank-offering envelopes.

Prayer and closing hymn.

* See new thank-offering leaflets issued by Board.

+ See June "Missionary Review"; recent Nos. of Church papers, or July-August "Tidings."

SYSTEMATIC STUDY OF MISSIONS.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR OUR BRANCHES BEGINNING WORK IN THE FALL—NOTES
GLEANED FROM THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE BY MRS. MCQUESTEN.

THE benefits to be derived from a systematic study of Missions was discussed, and a uniform scheme was proposed for all women's organizations to extend over seven years. Several members of the American Boards spoke inspiringly of what might be accomplished among our young people by the systematic study of Church history and mission work from the earliest ages. Speaking on this same subject in an address of great power, Mrs. Montgomery, of Rochester, said—"The greatest need is, first, fuller consecration and deeper realization of the work of the Holy Spirit, and next a more intellectual grasp of the study of missions. We have contented ourselves with little tracts and have made no demands upon the intellects of our women. Why should we have homeopathic doses in the shape of leaflets. "The lessons may often be studied from some great personality as a centre. There is no better way to fix in the mind the broad simple outlines of a period or movement, than to connect them with the life and character of a great man. These missionary studies are peculiarly adapted to such treatment, for in each advance there was some prophet of the faith who was its heart and soul. The lives of Patrick and Columba are really the life story of the wonderful Irish Missions. Ulfilas, Boniface, Heckla, Tullius, Egede, Zinzendorf, Eliot are other names that ought to be as familiar and dear to us as those of the loved missionaries of our own times. Study the Missionary enterprise always in relation to history in general. The more these great movements can be shown in their intimate connection with the story of human progress, the greater will be the stimulus to faith and the heartier the interest.

Study the diversity of gifts in making up your programme and assigning parts. Give the woman who dotes on legends, a legend to tell, one who is musical, St. Patrick's hymn, one who enjoys linguistic study the Gothic Bible of Ulfilas to report, and through these or any other innocent interest, widen the appeal to society. The great thing is to get our members where they can hear and learn to love the story of the irrepressible expansion of our holy faith. Certain it is, that any body of women who will trace Christianity through the pomp and glory of the Roman Empire, watch the irresistible tide of the barbarian invasion, as it overwhelmed the Eternal City, enter into the struggle between civilization and barbarism in the Dark Ages, follow the heroes of the faith, as they thread tangled forests and brand fierce people with the message of the Cross, exult with the passion of Moravian missionaries, and voyage with the great companies by which Christianity colonized the world, will come back to their own time with deeper faith and a wider vision, and a more profound enthusiasm for the triumph of the faith once delivered to the saints."

THY KINGDOM COME.

BY MRS. LEWIS, PH.D.

IT would be a curious calculation to make, were it in our power, to ascertain how many times each of us has, during the course of a single year, presented this petition at the Throne of Grace, without having adequate conception either of its scope or of the great personal responsibility which we bear in bringing about its accomplishment. We are too ready to take it for granted that the answer will come as the result only of an exercise of the Divine will; whereas, in truth, the fulfilment of our aspirations depends, to a very large extent, upon ourselves.

The coming of God's kingdom, is no doubt, decreed in the eternal counsels and the time for it may be even approximately fixed. But into this side of the question it is obviously futile for us to inquire. It will be more profitable to pursue a line of thought, where we are not continually checked by the limitations of our own intellect, and to ask, Why has God's kingdom not yet come? Are there any obstacles to its coming, which human hands may remove? Have we not sometimes, in the past, misunderstood God's plan of working? We have prayed, and, still more, we have acted, as if we had ourselves no share in the fulfilment of His decrees.

The kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Righteousness shall one day be the supreme law of this world. It might reign over the universe to-morrow, for God wills it. But God has also decreed that man, redeemed man, is to be a fellow-worker with Him. He has decreed it indeed of His own good pleasure; but perhaps this co-operation with Him is more necessary than we think; nay, it is perhaps absolutely essential for His great purpose in the perfecting of the saints.

That this is so may be a mere hypothesis; but if we look at God's dealings with our race in the past, and also at the laws of our own being, we must confess that it is a very probable one.

We are already fellow-workers with Him in the supply of our material wants. Man is the only animal who has to employ his own wits in providing himself with both food and clothing. God has indeed created the raw material, for without His wonderful ordinances in nature, and without His blessing, neither the corn or cotton would grow, nor would the sheep produce its wool. But without man's labour these would not be serviceable. For the shelter of a home, for the multifarious conveniences of life, for the means of transit, for the discovering and profiting by the secrets of nature, God's secrets, man has not only to use his wits, but to labour incessantly. The necessity for doing this differentiates him from the brutes, and goes far towards making him conscious of possessing an immortal soul.

And when sickness overtakes us, though we pray that God will grant us a good recovery, do we neglect to use the means which He has placed in our

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hands, or in those of a skilful physician, to combat the malady, and restore the wonderful organism of our bodies to its natural equilibrium? If man be thus a fellow-worker with God in the material world, is it so very unlikely that he must be so also where moral and spiritual results are to be achieved?

Consider also the history of our race. God brought His people out of Egypt, but it was by the hand of Moses. He settled them in Canaan, under a long line of judges and kings. He won them from idolatry through the Captivity, but the Assyrian was the rod of His anger. He raised up Cyrus for the purpose of restoring them, and for this He also used the courage of a Zerubbabel and an Ezra.

The Christian Church was founded by the Word made flesh. The Second Person of the Godhead worked out our salvation in a human body. Not only so, but the sufferings of Christ Himself had to be filled up or supplemented by those of His disciples before they could shake the world.

From mouth to mouth, in the synagogue, in the market, on the sea-shore, the message of God's mercy was carried around the Roman Empire. Why was it not carried further? Why was not all mankind brought into obedience? Not from any failure on God's part. The Church stayed her hand and lowered her voice when she had only half delivered her message.

Brethren, we have been slow to see this. God is ever ready with His share of the work. He waits to be gracious. He is ever ready to pour out of His Spirit. But we, His people, must not only pray, we must act. And we must *all* act. Before our Gospel can reach the heathen, before we can lift the denizens of our slums out of their degradation, before we can reclaim the lost, arrest or compel the attention of the thoughtless, we must have a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.

The Church of Christ is an army; it must be loyal to the core, it must be obedient to discipline, each separate corps, whether it be formed of pastors, deacons, teachers, healers, must be drilled to understand thoroughly its own particular task.

"England expects every man to do his duty," said Nelson. Does God expect less? In the eighteenth century only ordained ministers were expected to work in His vineyard. The business of the laity was to attend divine service, to lead reputable lives, and to bring up their own children in the nurture of the Lord. More was not asked from them.

Let us apply these ideas to any purely human undertaking, and see what would be the result. Do our brave soldiers in the Transvaal expect their officers alone to work? If they did so even for a single day, would they not be beaten back from every point? When we reflect for how long a time, even through all the Middle Ages, and to a great extent even in the few centuries posterior to the Reformation, such an idea has prevailed, can we wonder at the existence of the lapsed masses, or at the tide of ignorance, folly, and sin which often

seems too strong for our most heroic endeavours to stem? Verily we and our fathers have given place to the devil!

But *Thy kingdom come!* It must be so no more. The Church of Christ is awake as she has never been since the days of Luther. Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Christian Endeavour Societies, Boys' Brigades, University Settlements are the fruits of the impulse which she has received in these latter days. But even they are not sufficient. The old fashioned Christian, saintly though he was, who thought only about the salvation of his individual soul, will soon be a thing of the past. We have come to recognize the solidarity of our race. Personally, we are our brothers' keepers. We must work not merely for our own salvation and the salvation of our household, but for the building up of our characters and for the reclaiming of the lost. No random shots will do, but a concentrated, well-directed fire on the strongholds of sin. Every one must do his duty. All these tithes must be brought into the storehouse, and God will be proved herewith, and will open the windows of heaven, and pour us out such a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. We must realize the truth that God's kingdom will come just in proportion as man puts forth efforts to bring it in.

God's kingdom is our kingdom. The Church is the body of Christ. It lives by His indwelling Spirit. This is a mystery which we are able to feel without comprehending, and our Lord has illustrated it also by His parable of the vine and its branches. So the prayer, *Thy kingdom come*, is a petition which directly touches ourselves. If it be not speedily answered, the delay will be wholly at our own door. And no society has so certain a trust in God's co-operation with its efforts, as the British and Foreign Bible Society. Other societies may receive a large measure of His blessing, but Bible societies alone can point to a direct promise of their own success in Holy Writ—"So shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

This success is not the less real although it cannot always be plainly traced. For example, when we hear the cry *Los von Rom* attributed to purely political causes, we feel inclined to look beneath the surface, and to suspect that the ground had been for many years prepared by the patient labours of printers and of colporteurs, before the plant of intellectual freedom began to shoot up vigorously as it has lately done in Southern Europe. And nothing but the Bible in their own tongue will carry men not only *Los von Rom* but *Back to Christ*.—*Bible Recorder*.

Japan was the first great nation to gain international intercourse without war; the only non-Christian nation that has been made the political equal of Christian nations; the only nation that without bloodshed has voted religious liberty.

**THE CHINA THAT HAS BEEN, THAT IS PASSING AWAY, AND
THAT IS TO BE.**

BY REV. WILLIAM ASHMORE, D.D., SWATOW, CHINA.

THE CHINA THAT HAS BEEN.

THE China that has been covers the ground from its earliest history down to the early years of the present century, and before China felt the transforming influence of the West. Our particular study is the concrete Chinaman of that day, and what made him what he is, or rather what he was. The average Chinese character was the product of the formative pressure, first of all, of three thousand years of unbroken national history, of a hundred generations of ancestors, and of a myriad millions of dead; and second, of five hundred millions of the living. Every individual Chinaman felt himself to be a member of the aggregation, and the backwater pressure of the multitudinous dead and multitudinous living made its impression upon him as a mountain's height solidify the forming granite beneath. To these things were added the undisputed primacy of China among all the tribes and nations surrounding her.

Religiously speaking, Chinese doctrine had a monotheistic substructure with a polytheistic superstructure. To this was added a rationalistic development, and, later, a Buddhistic annex. Confucius and Lau Chi and the foreign Gautama have all helped to shape the religious thought of China. And so the Chinaman has developed. His country is a land of cities, towns, and villages, of monuments, pagodas, arches, canals, roadways, bridges, cultivated fields, terraced hills, idol temples, and ancestral halls; while he himself is a hard-working, industrious, money-making, patient, plodding, dogged, persistent being, with his full share of human vices, but with the race material in him, of as sturdy a manhood, and as enduring a nationhood as can be found in the most forward nations of the West.

This tremendous mass of humanity had stood for all the ages as solid, apparently, as the everlasting hills. There had been rebellions, and disruptions so great, that it seemed impossible for the empire to recover herself. But somehow the old ship had righted herself; and it seemed as if her history, past, present, and future were to be summed up in the words of the prayer-book: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." The nations of the West stood in awe of her; they all came to trade with her; and they endured patiently her assumption of superiority. At the beginning of this century, or even fifty years ago, who ever dreamed of what we see now?

THE CHINA THAT IS PASSING AWAY.

The passing century is filled in with stupendous events. But among all the events that challenge attention in either hemisphere, none loom up into

more startling prominence than does the threatened collapse of the greatest empire on the face of the earth.

We ask for the cause of this.

It is not found in the decrepitude of old age. The individual constituents of her nativity are not old. The individual Chinaman is remarkable for virile traits. He is an emigrant of ubiquitous adaptation. He is a business man, mechanic, trader, sailor, diplomat, and by and by he will be a soldier. Then let the world look out. His most wonderful characteristic is his capability of being built into a new structure, when his predilection happens to be that way. The Chinamen are poor. Their grinding poverty and the hard toil it entails have given them hardy constitutions, and have made them watchful and ready to push with adventurous desperation, as you know from their endeavors to secure entrance into lands from which they are excluded.

The causes of this impending collapse are to be found elsewhere. Some are from within, some are from without, and some are from above.

Causes from Within :

Leading off in these internal causes are the accumulated corruptions of a dozen dynasties and of many generations of evildoers. Chinamen say their earlier generations were more virtuous than the later ones. Sins and iniquities



A MANDARIN AND ATTENDANTS.

bought off and taken into public service. Even the Empress Dowager offers

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to assassins a reward either of money or office, as the successful assassin may elect. It is the opinion in China, of those who have studied the situation, that a cure is impossible. China is filled with the sins of her youth. Rottenness is in her whole political and social system, and she is festering unto death. Next in order, and to consummate the curse of the situation, China has lost all power of recuperation. She has no expedients for self-deliverance. The ethics of her sages are a spent force. Her nomenclature of morality are merely names without significance. She retains the words—such as benevolence, wisdom, uprightness and good faith; but they are as fruit long since withered; and so there lies the great body politic of China, rolling about like a water-logged hulk in the trough of the sea.

Causes from Without:

Foremost of these is the impact of modern civilization. A hundred years ago, the intercourse between the East and West was not enough to disturb the isolation. A vast chasm separated us, an ocean rolled between. But now, practically, there is no more sea. We are mutually cognizant and mutually sensitive. The two civilizations have come into collision. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. Western ideas, Western methods, Western education and Western politics are invading the East. One of them must go under. There is no hesitation as to which it will be.

Closely related to the above and as a practical outcome, are the wars China has had with outside nations. There is the war of 1842, the war of 1857, and the Japanese war of 1895. These have racked almost to the breaking-apart the endurance of the Chinese. They have revealed the incalculable rottenness that obtains from the Cabinet at Peking, down to the lowest Yamen in the smallest city of the empire. Not only have outside nations made these startling discoveries, but the Chinese people themselves have found out how powerless their rulers are. The reverence once felt has changed to contempt. The soil is already prepared for insurrections. Without orders, without leadership, without a definite policy, without unity of purpose, without anybody in whom they can confide, the whole Chinese mind is bewildered, and the whole Chinese attitude is like that produced by a flock of sheep upon a drove of wolves which is deterred from rushing in, only through fear of being bitten by each other.

Causes from Above:

It is taught in the word of God that there is a method in the divine supervision of human governments. Nations, fully as much as individuals, are allowed to fill up a certain measure of conduct and development.

God's method of dealing with those who are filling up their cups, is sore travail, which God gives them to be exercised therewith under the sun, until the time appointed. He makes upon them call after call of repentance, gives them warning after warning, with let-up after let-up in the downpour of the Divine judgment. When, at last, blindness of mind and hardness of heart

mature, then the doom is sealed; though Moses and Samuel stood before Him He will not hear. Her house is left unto her desolate. The harvest of the earth is declared to be ripe. The angel reaper is bid to thrust in his sickle and gather the clusters into the presence of God.

So God did with Israel. So He is doing with China, the head of the heathen nations of the earth at this time. The voice of the watcher and the Holy One seems to be repeating China's experience in the decree from Nebuchadnezzar, the original head of the heathen: "Hew down the tree. Nevertheless, leave the stump of his roots in the earth, to the intent, that the living may know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will."

Reformation, after ordinary precedents, seems impossible. If indeed now, before she is compelled to eat grass like the ox, China should take a lesson from Nineveh of old and hearken to the preaching, which God has bid his twenty-eight hundred missionaries to preach, it may be a lengthening of her tranquility, though sooner or later may go down, Dowager Empress and a dynasty together. If so it should be decreed, the earth will shake at the sound of her fall, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day.

THE CHINA THAT IS TO BE.

And if so it is to be in the course of events, though there is a cloud-burst, there will be a clear sky in the future beyond.

There will be a reconstructed China. All her material conditions will be changed for the better. She will rise in the scale of nationhood. Her foreign relations, her financial system, her judicial administration, will be lifted immensely above the level where they now are. New soil is always wonderfully rich. Old people once emancipated from old ideas will grow new ideas with an exuberance unwonted. The Japanese are an illustration of this. The Chinese once started in the same way, will move at a slower gait but will surpass them in the scale of magnitude.

There will be a regenerated China. By a regenerated China is not meant that all China will be converted—far from it as yet—but it is meant, that Christianity will soon move with gigantic stride. Already it is beginning to make itself felt. Drawbacks and checks there will be; but, allowing for them all; after taking into account the nature of the Chinese people once emancipated from their slavish allegiance to their literary class, considering that they have no Indian caste to keep them back; counting, as we do, on the mighty power of God to be provident in the last days now just ahead of us, we are safe in assuming that there will be such ingatherings, as the world has never seen. It takes only a small minority of a population, provided that minority is asserted, to create ascendancy in religious matters. It is our firm conviction that the coming century will witness the death of heathenism in China, and the dominance of the Christian faith.

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A China of the future, then, will be transcendent, great and powerful. The structural forces are already at work. The construction train, divine and human, is already organized. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree," says Isaiah. "Instead of the ox cart shall come the locomotive, and instead of the hand shuttle shall come the power loom," says the man of business. "Instead of the idol shrine shall rise up the house of the living God, and instead of the droning Buddhist chants shall come songs of praise to the Holy One," says the missionary of Jesus Christ. All these prophets are true, and although unconsciously some of them are working out the counsels of the Most High, for uplift of a sunken nation.—*Condensed from Review of Missions, (Southern China.)*

THE MANCHUS.

REV. A. W. EWING.

THE picture which we give of a Manchu lady will prove interesting at this moment. The Manchus have ruled over China for the last 350 years, and are a hardy and vigorous race. For a long time Manchuria was divided up amongst petty chieftains, who seldom for any lengthy period remained at peace with one another. Hence the people, habituated to the exercises of the field became strong and warlike. During a time when China was in the throes of a civil war, one side invoked the aid of the Manchus, and after rendering the needed aid, and seeing the weakness of the Chinese, they were emboldened to seize the throne. After about thirty years warfare they obtained dominion over the whole of China, and a great part of Mongolia. During the time they have governed China,



several of the Emperors have been very able and remarkable men. Every male Manchu above sixteen is liable to be called on for military service, and is enrolled under the standards which he by birth belongs to. The native Manchus are a finer race physically and morally than the Chinese, and though they have subjugated the Chinese, yet the Chinese are gradually over-running their country and bringing its customs into conformity with those of China. Work was begun in Manchuria in 1873, and is carried on by the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, and also the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. At the outbreak of the present troubles there were 8,000 church members, and 20,000 adherents. The full force of the Missionaries including lady workers was between forty and fifty. Out of this number, fifteen were fully qualified doctors. All this large and promising work has been brought to a standstill, the stations wrecked, the Missionaries have had to flee from the country, and many converts have perished.—*China's Millions.*

LETTERS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES.
China.



The above is a picture of the Woman's Dispensary, and Chinese dispensary assistant at Chu' Wang Honan. Dr. Jean Dow speaks of the assistant as being a bright, intelligent woman. This room was doubtless looted with the rest of the Mission buildings.

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India.A DAY IN THE HOSPITAL.

FROM MISS THOMSON.

Indore, June 13, 1900.

AT about five o'clock in the morning Nurse Banoo, who is taking night duty, awakens Nurse Toolsi and the work of the day begins. While a servant sweeps the wards, the nurses brush out and make up the beds, take temperatures, give medicine and see that the patients' toilets are made. Then the wards are dusted and made tidy, and by a quarter to seven the assistants, the patients who are able to be out of bed, and the famine women and children who are being fed on the hospital compound, are ready and waiting for prayers in the large waiting room. After singing two or three hymns all together, the Christians form a separate class in another room, while the others are taught the simple story of salvation through Christ. The Christians are following the daily readings in connection with the International Lessons.

After prayers the out-patients begin to come, and soon the waiting room is well filled by a mixed crowd of different castes and creeds, all eagerly waiting their turn for treatment. Sakubai, the Bible-woman sings and talks to them while they wait their turn. But while they have been gathering in, the night nurse has given her report, the wards have been visited by the doctor and head nurse, and any changes in the orders are explained to the nurses. The day nurse gets the dressing basket ready, and accompanied by the head nurse, does the dressings. To-day there are nine to be done. After these are finished, the babies are bathed of whom there are three at present in the hospital. This with the care of the medical cases, and the dressing which must again be done in the evening, keeps the one day-nurse busy. A third nurse is necessary and we hope soon to secure another young woman to train.

THE BAZAAR SCHOOLS AT NEEMUCH.

FROM MISS LANDON.

August 9, 1900.

THE work among the women and girls of this bazaar goes on. The visible result is not great, and yet I think I can say I have had many small signs to encourage me during the half year.

The famine has encroached much upon our time and sympathies, although I have not felt led to give up my regular evangelistic work and devote my time to the distressed famine people altogether, yet during the earlier months of the year the bazaar swarmed with starving villagers and I did not need to go out of my way to find them.

The epidemics of smallpox and cholera have robbed me of several children—four from smallpox and four from cholera. I was thankful it was not

worse. Of at least one dear girl I am sure she has only "gone before" to be made perfect in another and happier sphere.

There has been much sickness the whole of this year in the bazaar and the children have been coming very irregularly. You will observe my averages for March and April are slightly less than for the preceding quarter. It is *very* difficult to get the girls to come steadily, home-claims of every kind press on them.

At present I have the prospect of losing my teacher, Rôzibai; her health is very poor. I am thinking of running two schools into one—of making Rôzibai's children go (as many as will) to the Kalal Mahalla school, which is quite close, of trying to get a second teacher to help with the increased number of children. Then I shall be able to spend more time with them myself and the arrangement will be much more satisfactory. I find it very difficult to superintend and teach three schools—especially as I am short-handed. When Miss Duncan comes back, I am hoping she will take one school off my hands, and I shall feel I can do better work.

I ask your prayer very specially for a spiritual revival and growth among my workers. It is the greatest need of the moment. Matt. 18, 19.

MY FAMINE GIRLS.

MISS O'HARA, M. D., DHAR:

SO far I have no building in which to keep my famine girls, and as many of them are not orphans we want to keep them here until all who have parents living claim them. A most pathetic thing happened yesterday a. m. A farmer came and asked me if I had two girls by certain names. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said, "Will you let me have them?" The girls were brought out and the father and children wept over each other for a time. Then he said they were all hungry and these two had wandered off to look for food more than two weeks ago and the parents had thought they were dead. On seeing the children were well cared for, he asked me if he left them until the rains came, if I would let him have them. On being told he might take them whenever he wished he was very grateful, embraced the children, told them to be good and stay here and he left for his village, twelve miles away to prepare his land for the coming rains. Our Gujarati people have gone. I had become very much attached to them, but they are better with their own people in their own country and our prayers follow them there.

It is a sight to see my sixty girls, Umabai, my bible woman, Sanihai and her family sleeping. They spread mats on the ground, the Biblewoman goes to one end of the row, lies down and then the sixty girls, as close together as they can lie in a row. Blankets are then spread over the girls—one blanket to five or six girls. Sanihai occupies the other end of the row, and her family next her. The sky is above them, and the air of heaven about them. These

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Bhils are used to living outside and enjoy it, but I trust the building may be ready ere the rains come.

THE WOMEN SENT OFF TO THEIR FIELDS.

FROM MISS CAMPBELL.

Neemuch, July 31, 1900.

TO-DAY we had a grand rainfall, making in all about 11 inches this year. Our usual fall is about 27 to 32 inches, but if we get 24 inches we can hope for a harvest.

Still the starving little ones come in. To-day we took in eighteen, many of whom will not long survive. Last week I sent off all the women who had fields as seeding time had come. We gave them the clothing they were wearing, one blanket, as much seed grain as they could carry and money to buy food for one week. They were as grateful as natives ever are, but I cannot say that any among them went away changed in heart. They gave up their old worship, but had not really, I fear, entered into the light. Among those left, however, I have five young women asking for baptism—real conversions. I think as a changed life testifies, many more are interested and I do hope ere long will come right out.

SORELY TRIED.

MISS SINCLAIR writes, Indore.—You know I think there ought to be some one—and the best the Church has is none too good—in training for this boarding school work. It calls for a capable common sense woman who will go on and on in the face of discouragements and difficulties. My faith and powers of perseverance were never more sorely tried than just now. Phuli, my first girl to go up for entrance to Calcutta University failed in mathematics. Prema, the brightest girl in the vernacular department, suddenly died of consumption. Sara, her classmate, is too delicate to go on. Rabil has been seriously ill for three months, and so on and so on. I could fill pages of *small matter* and perhaps it is a mistake not to let you know of our difficulties.

The North-West.

THE PAGAN OJIBEWAY INDIANS.

A CANOE TRIP THROUGH OUR NEW MISSION DISTRICT.

BY REV. A. G. MCKITRICK.

Keewatin, Ont., June 19, 1900.

THE W.F.M.S. will no doubt be glad to hear something of the new Mission started this spring amongst the Pagan Ojibeway Indians on the west side of the Lake of the Woods, including Shoal Lake, which lies just west of the Lake of the Woods. We came a thousand miles (from

beyond Edmonton, Alberta) to begin the work April 1st, but because of the unsafe condition of the ice we could not travel far during that month, but spent the time securing a house, getting our family settled, making a tent, purchasing a Peterboro canoe with sail and leeboards, engaging an interpreter, and visiting some Indians who were camped near by and who received us kindly.

An account of our first trip would perhaps be of interest. On May 1st the ice was almost gone and we were ready to start out, but a terrific gale blew all day; next day was better and with our canoe loaded down with provisions, tent, bedding, etc., we, (interpreter John Begg and I) set sail southwards on the Lake of the Woods. After ten miles sailing as we turned westward towards Shoal Lake we met a cold strong head-wind, which soon increased till we were unable to go farther without danger and we stopped at the little shack of an old Scotchman of eighty-two years, living alone on an island, and who, although he had lived there seventeen years, had never been visited by a Presbyterian Missionary before. We slept on the floor of his shack, and next morning tried to push on, but the strong head-wind still blew and we only paddled about three miles when we had to land on the lee shore of Copper Island. After we had dinner, along came two birch bark canoes, containing Indian Councillor Nenakawekesikwap (scattered feathers in the sky) and his wife and family from Shoal Lake. They talked with us a little and told us they were in favor of our building a boarding school if it were near them, and they would send their children, three of whom were of school age, but all arrangements were left with Chief Red Sky.

After a little while we ventured out on the deep angry waves again, facing the gale. The icy water splashed over us till we had shipped about as much water as we could stand, yet we dared not try to land for fear of being dashed against the perpendicular rocky shore. At last with grateful hearts we reached shelter behind an island below Ash Rapids.

As we neared the quiet Ash Rapids at the entrance to Shoal Lake, we met three more families of Indians. One man named Wape-ok (white flesh) was especially glad to see us, and asked us to do something for his sick child. We gave him a little medicine, oatmeal, tea and sugar. He told us all the Shoal Lake Indians were in favor of our school, and he, too, would send his children. I had sent them word in April and they had met and all decided to promise us their children. We paddled on into Shoal Lake and camped a few miles further on, where a gold mine had been opened. Some rich mines have been found in the Shoal Lake country. This first night in my new tent was a cold one. One of my quilts which had got wet with the waves froze stiff on my bed, and my shoes were frozen stiff in the morning, but we slept well. Next morning after packing up, we paddled on, and, at Martineau Island, we came to another birch bark wigwam, occupied by the mother and brothers of Chief Maiskoquesik, (Red Sky). They also favored

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our school and told us the Chief was working at the Mikado gold mine so his two brothers went with us to the mine. When I first arrived at the Mikado mine, Chief Red Sky was busy with others unloading a big barge, so I had to wait till after 6 p. m. to get a talk with him. He was glad to see us and told us at once that they all without exception wanted the school if built at Shoal Lake, and he gave several good reasons why they didn't want it at Keewatin or Rat Portage. Some of the reasons the Chief gave were—better water at Shoal Lake, fear of contagious diseases at the towns, and his wish to keep the Indians more at home, so that, with the school near, they might come to have better gardens and houses, instead of a distant school drawing them even more away from home. The Chief asked me to promise, as he also asked Prof. Hart, that no children would be baptized without the consent of the parents. They had been much vexed because some in another school had been secretly baptized against the wishes of the parents.

We returned to our canoe and camped on a small island, being at home whenever and wherever we got our tent up. Next morning, Saturday, May 5th, we paddled and sailed westward across Shoal Lake towards the Indian Reserves, and on the way met Chief Red Sky and his son, also going that way; the chief wanted to have another talk with us. We had dinner together on a great flat rock, and soon after reached the Reserves. There were four birch bark wigwams on Wild Potato Point, under some great spreading elms. There was a mound supposed to have been built by the historic mound builders, over which ancient elms had grown. Wooden idols were set up, strips of cotton were floating in the breeze, offerings to the spirits; here their great religious festivals, medicine dances, dog feast dances, pagan initiation ceremonies are held, and yet they offered us this sacred piece of land to build a boarding school on. I thanked them heartily, but gave them some reasons why we would rather build outside the reserve. Just across the narrows is their burying-ground on Tug Island, there Chief Shekence (Pelican) had been buried only a few days before, at the age of eighty-five years, and all the graves had little houses built over them and cotton awnings above. The bodies are placed in a sitting posture in the open grave, with only a few poles and no earth over them. Utensils of various kinds are left for the use of the spirits.

The Indians all welcomed us and many gave us presents of moose, venison, fish, potatoes and native rice, and there was a marked absence of any begging or covetousness. After a few hours' conversation, during which they promised fifty-three children for school, the chief and his son paddled over with us to a large island in the centre of Indian Bay, which is crossed by the boundary line between Ontario and Manitoba; here we found good land suitable for a site for a boarding school. There were a few Indians camped there who also proved friendly towards us. We returned to our tent on the point, and spent the evening, till very late, teaching them to read and write syllabic

characters in Ojibeway; they had never learned to read or write even in their own language. Next day, Sunday, we spent all day with them in conversation and teaching syllabic. Word came to Chief Red Sky that the Roman Catholic priest was at his wigwam at Mikado Mine waiting to see him, but he preferred to stay with us all day long. Young and old, boys and young men, chief and councillors all were anxious to learn to read their own language. The young man had planned to go loon-hunting, but instead spent a quiet Sabbath with us. Although we had no regular preaching service, the day was well spent in personal mission work.

Monday morning we set sail with a strong, fair wind for North-West Angle Reserves; quickly crossing Shoal Lake (about sixteen miles), we unloaded our canoe at Dead Man's Portage, and carried all our stuff and canoe over the rocky hill to Portage Bay, Lake of the Woods. Here is a red painted stone idol, with an oval face about three feet long, and around it were offerings of various kinds to the spirits; little pieces of tobacco hung in the wind, with feathers attached, pieces of clothing, some to fit a little boy, some dishes, cups and pails for the use of the spirits. We paddled on towards the next Reserve, but a thunderstorm caught us and we had to hurriedly pitch our tent on an island, opposite the beautiful Picture Rocks. For picturesque and delightful scenery come to the Lake of the Woods with its uncounted myriad wooded islands and moss covered rocky shores. After the rain in the evening we paddled over to the Indian camp in Outer Bay, where we visited old Nowakesikwap (middle of the sky) and his sons, Chapakakon, (always standing), and Mutwawekesik (thunder sky) and others; several were sick, to whom we gave some nourishment. We broached the school question and they said they would consult with their chief, Minwabinwaiskung, who lives at Big Island. We returned to our tent and next morning with a strong fair wind we set sail southward for North West Angle. We pushed on, up the North West Angle Inlet and River, with Minn., U. S., on our left and Ontario on our right, to Chief Powassin's Reserves, which lie part in Ontario and part in Manitoba. He and some of his Indians were camped on the U. S. side of the line, near the graves of his son and grand-daughter, and we set up our tent beside them in Minn., U. S.

They all welcomed us heartily. Powassin, (coming day) is the head chief over all the Lake of the Woods and Shoal Lake Indians. He and his chief men came into our tent and talked long with us, both that evening and again next morning. He was in great trouble over the recent loss of his favorite son. In his superstitious ignorance he blamed some enemy for killing him through the influence of evil spirits. He thanked us heartily for our visit and sympathy and for going with him to visit the grave. It was indeed sad to see the utter hopelessness of their mourning, the widow and fatherless children and near relatives carried their food there at each meal to offer some to the spirits and eat beside the graves. Each morning they open the tiny door in

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the little house built over the grave to let the spirit out and in the evening close it again; laid beside the little girl's grave were her little paddle, pail, cup and beadwork and a painted wooden idol was set up. Oh, how much they need the comfort of our Christian religion. Why have we so long left them in utter darkness.

Chief Powassin promised to help put up a school building and send all their children, (seventeen were right there) if we would start a day school on or near his Reserve. As to a boarding school or sending children to a Shoal Lake School they wanted time to consider, as they had not thought over it. They also gave us presents of moose venison when we came away.

On our return to Buskete Island we found Chief Candecomewinini (shoving him under the ground), at home and he received us very kindly. We were very sorry that we were unable to help his little grand-child who lay very sick. An idol was set up beside her in a large wigwam, where a religious dance had been held, vainly endeavoring to propitiate or drive away the evil spirits who were blamed for causing the sickness. Poor benighted people, how they need the gospel. We found one Indian family there living in a house, keeping a little store. Everything was nice and clean; they had a cookstove and a box stove, nice clean white curtains on the windows, a pretty clock with thermometer and barometer. He was building a new house and a large new sailboat and had made a fine cutter for winter travel, but, with all his civilization, he had no Bible, but instead, the tom-tom drum hung on the wall, the sign of pagan darkness and superstition.

FOR MISSION BAND WORKERS AND MISSION BANDS.

Arrange a Thank-offering Meeting for your Band. Begin the fall and winter work with thanksgiving. Be confidential with the children. Talk plans over with them—get them to make their own suggestions, help them to carry them out.

A number of the Young Women's Bands in the States are taking up a progressive reading course. One interesting course spoken of is that of "Condition of Women in our Mission Lands." For younger Bands, Child-life in the different countries might form a profitable study for a winter's programme. Get the young people to join in discussion, comparing for example—girl-life in Canada with Japanese girls, Chinese girls, Hindu girls.

Mission Band leaders discouraged by small gatherings will appreciate the following message from a co-worker:—

"I have worked days on a programme, hoping to give the girls a real interesting lesson, and then there would be but five

or six; and these thoughts would come: 'What is the matter? Is the trouble with me? Does it all pay? Had we better continue?'

"I was not really discouraged, but I felt it was well to stop and consider. Well, I brought it up before 'the faithful few,' and I found that, at that meeting, two had hurried through large washings, one an ironing, and another had overcome a difficulty to get there. It touched my heart. We talked it over, and the result was a unanimous expression to go on, even if we should average but five at a meeting. We said, 'It will be five more hearts warmed by zeal, five more to give, five more to pray for missions'; and so, drawn more closely together, and with a firmer hold on the Unseen Power, we went forward. When the reports for the year were read, I must confess I was taken aback. It seemed such a trifle as we did it day by day, or rather meeting

by meeting, that we could hardly see what was being accomplished. But when all the littles were massed, then we could see the true result. 'Does it pay?' Yes, oh, yes, it *does pay!* There is not a Band too weak to be urged to continue. We don't realize, while we are doing it, that it is counting, but it does. I feel as if I wanted to tell every weak and discouraged leader our experience, and urge them to go on."

CHILDREN'S THANK OFFERING MEETING.

In Mission Studies we find a unique programme for a children's Thank-offering meeting. It was arranged by a missionary in Shanghai, and was the first service of the kind ever seen by Chinese boys and girls. Object lessons are appreciated by children, and impressions formed from a simple service like this will not soon be forgotten.

In front of the pulpit was an arch, and behind this a background of bamboo. Branches of autumn leaves and sprays of bright flowers could be used, and small sheaves of wheat can be substituted for the sheaves of rice.

First came Yung Teung carrying a basket of flowers, which she hung on the arch. She was followed by Kyung Tue, reciting Matthew vi, 28, 29.

Zoen Hyang, with a basket of vines, recited John xv, 1. Keve Ling, with herbs, recited Ps. 104, 14.

Kyung Me, with grasses, Matthew vi, 30, Pe Tsung, with moss, Matthew xi, 28.

Yoeh Ugro, with shells, Psalm cvii.

23, 24.

Pan Ling, with leaves, Revelation xxii, 2.

Ah Me, with fruit, Matthew vii, 20.

Loh Pau, with rice, Psalm cxxvi, 25, 26.

Sing Yuin, with sugar, Psalm cxix, 103.

Nug Sic, with a glass of milk, 1 Peter ii, 2.

Ah Loh, with a glass of water, John iv, 14.

Ah Woo, with pennies, Isa. lv, 1.

And then with hearty voices and overflowing hearts we sang "Praise God," etc.

Five little ones now came forward each bearing a small sheaf with a motto. On the first the motto was "Work," and he recited a hymn, "Working for Jesus."

On the second child's sheaf was

"Trust," and she recited, "My faith looks up to Thee;" on the next, "Prayer," and the hymn, "Sweet hour of Prayer." The child whose motto was "Praise," recited the hymn, "We thank Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love." The last was "Love," and the hymn, "Jesus Loves me, this I know." Each child stood in place and the first one said: "I bring my hands to work for Him;" the second child, "I bring my ears to hear His Word;" the third child, "I bring my heart to be His home;" the fourth child, "I bring my tongue to sing His praise;" the fifth child, "I bring my feet to walk His ways."

Closing hymn:

"Oh what can little hands do
To please the King of Heaven."

LEGEND OF THE MOSS.

There is a beautiful legend which tells how, long centuries ago, in a sombre forest, some moss began to grow. The sunshine warmed it, and it spread until it formed a soft, rich carpet of bright hue. One day, Jesus, coming out of the wilderness, passed through this old forest, with feet torn and bleeding from the rough way by which He had come, His path led over this carpet of moss; and as His bruised and weary feet walked on it they were soothed, refreshed, and rested by its gentle softness. Grateful for the comfort which He had received, Jesus, from His loving heart, uttered words which made the moss holy for all time: "Thou shalt be blessed for ever, o'er every plant that grows," then forth from the green bosom of the moss there sprang a perfect rose.

This is only a legend; but in its tender beauty we can get a sweet lesson—that Christ honors always and everywhere the gentle thoughtfulness which makes the way easier for any tired one. We are in this world to bless others. If we can spread a carpet of moss for any bruised and weary feet, we are sure of the benediction of Christ. Such sweet ministry we can render every day. Evermore Jesus is passing in the person of His little ones. The paths are rough, and feet bleed as they walk over them. He who lives to give cheer and hope and strength, will receive the Masters' blessing.—
J. R. MILLER, D.D.

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CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

BY MISS LILLAS GRAHAM.

At Go-tau I visited a poor old blind woman whom I had to see the previous year. She is quite blind and very poor, and all her people are heathen; but she told us that since our last visit she had never worshipped idols any more, and had prayed night and morning to the "Heavenly Father." You will be amused to hear what her blindness is ascribed to. The fortune-tellers had been consulted, and had informed her, that long years ago, when she was quite a child, she had once eaten some dog's flesh on the birthday of Koe-seng, an idol to whom the dog is sacred, and some sixty years after, this offence brought on blindness! The poor old lady asked anxiously whether God was angry with her for having eaten dog's flesh.

THE END OF AN IDOL.

At Ho-chi I visited a family who have been Christians for more than a year. They told me how they had first thought of going to hear the gospel. The whole family, and especially the man, were very earnest worshippers of idols. The wife was taken very ill, and they sent for an idol from the nearest temple to ask what they should do. The idol demanded a large payment, but the family were very poor, having spent large sums on their various idolatries. The man thought it was so cruel of the idol to take advantage of their distress to make such a demand, that he smashed the idol in bits, and when nothing happened, he concluded it was all a cheat and went off to the "worship hall" to inquire about the true God. From this he himself and family became Christians.—*Messenger for Children.*

FAMINE FUND.

The total was incorrectly printed in the September "Tidings." It should have read, \$7,641.62. Previously acknowledged \$7,641.62

AUG.	—Two Friends, Egmondville.....	5 00
10	—Mrs. Bleakley, Bowmanville, (additional).....	5 00
13	—W.F.M.S., Kenyon	39 00
13	—North Caradoc Aux.	8 14
13	—N. Westminster	9 40
13	—Melville Ch., Caledon, W.F.M.S. and friends (additional).....	31 00
22	—Gauld M.B., Colden.....	1 25
25	—King St. Aux., London.....	12 25
25	—Mount Forest	32 50

Famine Fund.—Continued.

31	—Some Ladies in Chatham.....	5 00
31	—A Friend, Renfrew.....	1 00
31	—Eburne W.F.M.S., British Columbia.....	32 45
31	—W.F.M.S., Knox Ch., Dundas (additional).....	2 00
31	—Mrs. Tower, Belleville.....	1 00
31	—Mrs. Panter, Belleville.....	1 00
31	—Three Little Boys, Willie and Jimmie Tower and Louie Sanders, Belleville.....	93
31	—An Erin Friend.....	1 00
SEPT.		
1	—Mr. Malcolm Campbell, Glencoe.....	5 00
1	—Kenyon W.F.M.S., (additional).....	3 00
5	—W.F.M.S., Sarnia (additional).....	5 00
Total paid Rev. R. H. Warden, D.D.....		\$7,842 99

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

AUG. 1900 RECEIPTS.

1	—To balance from last mon.	\$2,166.33
4	— " Hamilton Pres. Society	600.00
7	— " Sarnia Pres. Society....	429.71
27	— " Winnipeg Pres. Society	172.40
30	— " New Westminster Pres. Society	114.40
		<u>\$3,482.84</u>

EXPENDITURE.

9	—By Rev. R.H. Warden, D.D.	\$2,500.00
31	— " Balance in Bank.....	982.89
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