

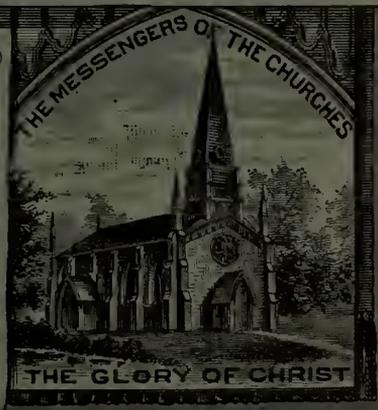


AUGUST, 1895.

HERALD OF MISSION NEWS

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No. 8.

R. M. Sommerville, EDITOR
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1895.

OUR VIEWS OF MISSION WORK.

THE INDIANS' FIRST COMMUNION.*
Rev. R. J. George, D. D., Allegheny, Pa.

Having enjoyed the distinguished privilege of witnessing the first communion season in the Indian Mission, I gladly comply with your request to write some account of it for your Magazine. I feel at the outset how impossible it is to express in words, or in any way to convey to others the impressions made upon my mind by this remarkable occasion.

For more than a year both the missionaries and the Indians had looked forward to this event with feelings of deep anxiety. As the time approached and the way seemed to be opening up for the dispensation of sealing ordinances to those who had believed and who desired to be baptized, it became the absorbing topic. Wistful, thoughtful, anxious faces looked up to the minister and teachers who were laboring to unfold the mystery of the holy sacraments. No one could listen unmoved to the tender, yearning words and fervent, wrestling prayers of these devoted missionaries travailing for the birth of souls.

Your readers know that it is the custom in this Mission to have the children write out on Monday what they can remember of the sermon. I am sure they will read with in-

terest and satisfaction a few extracts from the children's reports of the preparatory sermons extending over several Sabbaths. These furnish the best reply to the question, "Did the children understand what they were doing?" Here is one on Confessing Christ: "After Christ had gone way to Heaven His Apostles went and tell other people about what they know about Him. And a great many people heard about Him and were wanting Him to be their friend. And so they got baptized, because that is the way He want us to do when we want Him to be our friend. He does not want us to be His friends for a while and then stop doing what He wants us to do and do bad things. But He wants us to lay hold to the way of Christ all the time. We ought to turn to Christ as soon as we learn a little of Him, and do what He wants us to do right then."

Here is one on Baptism: "When Jesus was on the earth He toid his disciples to tell others about Him. And some of them did believe what they said and were baptized. We wash our faces with water to make them clean. And when we have the water put on us it makes us think of Jesus' blood. But it is the blood of Jesus that makes our souls clean. Christ died instead of us that we may live. Jesus died to save us. He died just for His children. We ought to love Him because He first loved

* We are very much indebted to Prof. R. J. George, D.D., for preparing at our request this graphic sketch of the first communion season in the Cache Creek Mission of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

us. He sees that we walk straight in way. When we fall He lift us up."

Here is one on the Lord's Supper: "The children were working in Egypt and God wanted them to come out. But Pharaoh would not let them go. So God killed the first-born in the land. And the children of Israel held a feast once in the year. Jesus came to save us from sin and to set His people free. He died on the Cross and His body was broken. And the man put his spear in His side and the blood ran out. And there was bread on the table, and He broke it to show how His body was broken. And when we drink out of the cup He wanted us to think of His blood."

Bear in mind these outlines were written from memory, the next day after the sermons were preached, in a limited time, and by children not masters of the language. They show how careful had been the instruction given, and with what clearness of vision they looked through the sacramental symbols to the thing signified. One little girl, when I asked her what is meant by baptism, answered, "It is Jesus' brand on us." She was familiar with the branding of horses and cattle with the mark of the owner.

The way being thus carefully prepared, a number expressed their desire to confess the name of Jesus and to receive the sacramental seals. The Central Board, in connection with Kansas Presbytery, arranged for the services, and the time was set.

Now the great adversary took alarm. He saw that inroads upon his kingdom were inevitable. I can only enumerate a few of the "crafty devices" by which he sought to defeat our plans.

The "beef issue" was announced to take place Saturday before the preparation Sab-

bath. This would take the Indians to Fort Sill, twenty miles from the Mission, and unfit them for attendance. It was reported that the "grass money" would be paid communion week. This would gather them to Anadarko, thirty miles away, and tempt them to gambling and dissipation. A dear little Indian girl came to my room and asked me to talk to her about the Lord's Supper. When we were about to kneel down, I said, "What do you want me to pray for?" "Oh," she said, "pray that the grass money will not be paid this week to keep the Indians from coming to the communion." That petition, so strange at first, became familiar before the week was done, and the "grass money" had to wait.

Monday morning of communion week Mr. Carithers was forced to undertake a drive of sixty miles to protect the interests of the Mission from the greed of a ranchman. Such occurrences as these proved to be but the skirmish line of the gathering powers of darkness.

Up till Friday but few of the Indians from the camps had appeared. But when we came out of the chapel that afternoon we were surprised to see that an Indian village had sprung up on the border of the Mission premises and fifteen or twenty white tents were glittering in the sunlight. It was a thrilling sight to a stranger, and the little band of God's children "thanked God and took courage." The enemy was discomfited but by no means defeated. About dusk Friday evening five Indian men gathered in Mr. Carithers' parlor. Three of them were regarded as among those of the older Indians nearest to the Kingdom of God and as possible candidates for admission to the Church. They were parents or near kindred of children

who were expected to unite. The other two were comparative strangers. It soon transpired that new difficulties had arisen. The word had been given out that those who would be baptized would die. It was confirmed by the fact that some of the graduates from the Carlisle School had died soon after their return to the camp life. The Indians had become alarmed. They feared to be baptized or to permit their children to go forward. They wanted to know if they could not walk the Bible road without being baptized. Soon the missionary was absorbed in an intense endeavor to dispel the dark, superstitious fear from their benighted minds. The two strangers proved to be interlopers, bent on deterring the others from yielding to the persuasions of the Gospel. Oh, what a struggle followed! If these refused, all the older Indians would be hindered. If these forbade their children to be baptized, the other children might take alarm. We were on the eve of the communion season so anxiously anticipated, and now it seemed possible that not one would dare to come out on the Lord's side.

Mrs. George and I had gone to our room. There was a gentle rap; the door was suddenly pushed back, and the missionary's noble wife looked at me, her face white with excitement, her eyes aglow with her aroused spirit within. She spoke quickly. "A great conflict is going on in the parlor," she said; "it is the hour of decision; *pray!* *PRAY!*" and she was gone. She ran across to the Mission school building, where the teachers, and children, and Father Carithers were, and summoned them all to prayer. The clash of battle had come. The hosts of light had met the hosts of darkness.

Nor was the prayer in vain. God descended into the fight. A dark storm-cloud suddenly gathered. The voice of Majesty thundered in the heavens. Blinding flashes of lightning followed each other in quick succession. In our shortsightedness we cried to God to hold back the storm lest it should break up the interview in the parlor. The two Indians who were making trouble for the missionary took fright at the approaching rain. The other three and Mr. Carithers were too intensely in earnest to take any notice to all that was passing without—not one of them even glanced out of the window. The other two, seeking to excite and distract them, kept exclaiming, "Big thunder!" "Heap rain!" and ran out on the porch; and actually becoming alarmed, they gathered their blankets around them and scurried away to their tents.

Oh, what a relief it was to get them separated from the other three! Left alone with these, the missionary soon had them on their knees, and the issue was carried to the throne of the Eternal.

You expect me to say that when they rose from their knees it was decided. No; these were Indians, and they simply said, "We will decide it to-morrow." They said, "We want to talk it over with our wives." The missionary answered very calmly, "That is all right; you should do that; talk it over with your wives." Then they said, "Let our children come out in the morning, and we will all decide together." The missionary proposed to go out with the children, but the Indians demurred, and again he gave his assent to this, and they turned away more deeply anxious than they came.

Soon the house was quiet and we were

all in bed, for the hour was late. We were just dropping asleep, when the front door opened; there was a step in the hall, and Miss McBurney called up the stairs, "Mr. Carithers, can I come up? I have something to tell you, and I cannot wait till morning." We knew from the way her voice ran on that something important had occurred, and asked to be allowed to come too. This is what she was saying: After the Indians started for home, one of them stopped at the Mission and called out his son, and reminding him that being in the school he knew far more about this new way than they did, told him that he would have to decide for himself, and also for his father and mother—that they would all do whatever he would decide. The boy came in and told his "mamma," as they call their teacher. "What do you decide then?" she said. "Mamma, I will decide it to-morrow." She asked if he could not decide it to-night, and the poor boy said, "Yes, mamma, if you will pray with me." Teacher and scholar knelt together, and again was heard the voice—

"Of children crying in the night—
Of children crying for the light."

After the prayer he gave his decision for Jesus, and when he retired Miss McBurney ran over with the glad news.

The girls in Miss Carithers' room suspected that something unusual had occurred, and sent their "mamma" in to inquire, and when she reported that "Albert had decided for Jesus," one little girl said, "I never stopped praying at all—I just kept right on." The adversary was again discomfited, but he was not defeated.

Early in the day, Saturday, the word went round that the superstitious dread of

death had decided the older Indians not to be baptized, and that some of them would not consent to the baptism of their children. It awakened deep concern, but the services went on as if nothing had happened.

Saturday afternoon was set for the reception and baptism of the candidates. Mr. Carithers constituted the court—his father, Elder A. F. Carithers, of Sharon Congregation, and the writer, acting with him. Eleven Indian children, all connected with the Mission, came forward and asked to be received. Mr. John Bull, who is in charge of the Mission farm, and his daughter, and May Carithers, came also. The examination was conducted at length and with scrupulous care, and the children professed their faith and made their engagements by raising their hands from time to time. When the motion was made and passed that the examination be sustained and their names enrolled, and that they be admitted to the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper, a light of heavenly joy swept over their dark faces, as if the arms of Jesus had enfolded them.

Soon after the examination began, an Indian entered, whom Mr. Carithers recognized at once and invited forward. About forty or fifty Indians were seated in a group on the left of the pulpit, and in the center was an empty chair, which this man took. He was a noble-looking man, in the prime of life, richly dressed in full Indian costume, blanket and all. He listened attentively to the examination of the children. At its close Mr. Carithers addressed him:

"Popowati, you were not in when we began, and I invited those who wished to unite with the Church to come forward."

The Indian broke in, and explained how he had lost his horses and could not get there until this time. This was the doing of the Lord. In answer to the question, he declared in the most decided tones his purpose to confess Jesus and unite with the Church. I wish I could describe the effect of that answer. I think every Indian moved in his chair, and the buzz and murmurs that ran round that circle showed how deeply they were stirred.

On the other side faces were all aglow and eyes swimming in tears. The missionary regained his control. Carefully, step by step, he went over the ground with this man. Clear, emphatic, unwavering, were the answers, and when he rose calmly and, separating himself from his companions, walked over to the other side and sat down with the children waiting to be baptized, the effect was overwhelming. Now the adversary was indeed discomfited and *he was defeated*.

It would be a vain attempt to describe the baptismal scene that followed. The candidates themselves were deeply moved. The missionary and his wife and the three teachers, Misses Kate McBurney, Alice Carithers and Joanna Speer, all of whom had labored so faithfully and so long, found the joy of the ingathering almost more than they could sustain. Again and again the voice of the speaker failed, and the silence deepened the solemnity, until the witnessing angels must have veiled their faces with their wings.

I must not describe in detail the scenes of that wonderful Communion Sabbath. Heavenly influences continued to work Saturday evening and Sabbath morning, so that four more Indians—the interpreter and his wife and two boys from the school

—sought admission and were received. No one but those who were present will ever know the intensity of our feelings as we saw the communion table spread and covered with the sacramental elements. We knew from the experiences of the day before that our self-control would be tested to the uttermost, and had said to one another that we *must not* give way. Mr. Carithers explained the words of Institution and read the warnings and invitations, and gave the directions about going to the table. The 24th Psalm seemed to have a new meaning. I think I never heard such rapturous singing. It had something of the manner of responses, for one and another of the leaders would be swept away by the tide of feeling and drop out to regain control, and then the other voices would rise and swell to sustain the song. I think I kept my self-control until we reached the sixth verse, and I turned to be seated at the head of the table, and my eye ran back along the procession advancing to their places on each side as the words rang out:

“For this is the people; yea, this is the race
Of those that in Jacob are seeking Thy face.”

The vision was too much for me.

The communicants sitting at the table, we sang the Psalm through to the end. The entrance of the “King of All Glory” seemed as real as if with our bodily eyes we beheld His stately steppings. The question, “Who is King of Glory?” seemed to be written on the astonished, almost awe-stricken, faces of that group of more than fifty older Indians, seated, as before, on the left of the pulpit. Did the missionaries recall the fearful struggle with the powers of darkness through which this triumph had been won, that their

voices rang out with such an exultant shout the response to the question :

“ Jehovah the Strong,
Jehovah the Mighty, in war against wrong.”
“ Jehovah of Hosts, He of Glory is King.”

There were other incidents of the Sabbath evening and of Monday's services that ought to be recorded, but my letter is of an unreasonable length. The older Indians

gathered on Monday and stayed until the very last. They spoke well of the services and said “ it was all good.” I believe that some of them turned their faces toward the light, and will yet “ walk with Him in white.”

“ On hill-tops sown a little corn,
Like Lebanon, with fruit shall bend,
New life the city shall adorn ;
She shall, like grass, grow and extend.”

ITEMS OF MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

ABROAD.

LATAKIA, SYRIA.—The following items are taken from a letter written by Miss Mattie R. Wylie, of Latakia, on the 28th of May :

School is nearing its close. We have had very good health during the entire year, though there has been some sickness among our members. The little son of our agent had a severe, protracted illness, which left a stiffness in his knees, and we fear that he will never be able to walk. One of our school servants lost a bright little boy in February, two years old, making the third boy in a year and a half.

We have had many things to try us and many things to encourage us. One afternoon, in our women's prayer-meeting, the leader for that afternoon was not there, and the wife of one of the teachers led. She took for her subject the Sabbath-school lesson of the week previous. The way she explained it showed that it was studied at home. The little son of one of our teachers often comes with his father to teachers' meeting. The other evening he was quite proud to read his verse with the

teachers, as he was accustomed to do at home in family worship. There has been quite an increase in the attendance at Sabbath-school lately. Last Sabbath there were nearly one hundred, besides the boarding pupils. Some were day pupils, others outsiders. It takes a great effort on the part of the teachers to get the day pupils to attend Sabbath morning. The pictures that have been so kindly sent me are quite an attraction. They are also a great help to Miss McNaughton, both in teaching her class in Sabbath-school, and in teaching some of the little ones on Sabbath evening.

I have been able to make the acquaintance of several prominent Moslem women. How I wish they would accept my Saviour!

SUADIA, SYRIA.—The following letter from Rev. J. Boggs Dodds will be read with interest :

A custom has prevailed in this land during the centuries of observing Easter with much demonstration of so-called joy, varying according to the notions of the people as to what is befitting the occasion. Not knowing the habits of the Greek Church

elsewhere, my description of their celebration in Suadia may not accord with the facts, or details rather, in other places. My information is such as I am able to gather from the natives here. I have not been an eye-witness.

On Friday preceding "Easter Sunday" (I would not say "Easter *Sabbath*" any more than I would say "Sabbath saloon"), on this "Good Friday" the people all go to the Greek Church, and among their mummeries they bring out a sort of coffin in which Jesus is supposed to lie dead. They go around the church with great weeping and lamentations, and wind up by burying him.

Saturday he, of course, lies in the grave. On Sabbath morning, bright and early, every one who can possibly go repairs to the church very early. A procession is formed, at the head of which is carried a picture of Christ. They come to the church door, which is shut. They knock. A voice within demands, "Who?" They outside answer with a great shout and clamor, "The King of Glory!" And thus they burlesque the twenty-fourth Psalm. It so happens at times the crowd outside don't wait for the door to be opened, but they burst it in. They enter in great confusion, and yell and howl and sing, beat drums, blow horns and fifes, so that no one can hear his own voice. It is simply demonish. They even fired off their shot-guns and blunderbusses in the church. Many were very drunk, although no one is allowed to eat or drink until they have taken the sacrament, which is celebrated (?) in this fury of hell. But many carry bottles of spirits or wine with them, so that as soon as they get the sacrament they may drink immediately. Bottles were

shown, liquor flowed, heads got mad, blows were exchanged in drunken folly, until many became engaged in drunken brawls. They spewed on the floors and discharged firearms until it was like the inferno. All day Sabbath there is feasting and drinking, increasing as the liquor inflames, until the holy night darkens about a scene of wildest revelry and hideous debauch. Monday is a continuation of the Sabbath.

To this heathenish carousal the parents of our school children demand that we let their children go. But it is our rule here in Suadia not to let anyone go, and if they run away, as they sometimes do, we do not receive them back again. We have succeeded pretty well in talking them out of it. We do not allow our teachers to go to make calls, according to their former custom. We tell the people plainly how wicked their rites are. The more intelligent among them know that we condemn them justly.

I had to spend a good part of three days patrolling our premises, in order to prevent persons coming to the walls to persuade boys to run away, and to keep the boys from doing so; and, after all, three boys and some girls got away. The girls came back when sent for, with one exception; but the three boys who ran away did not come back until the feast was over, and then they were much ashamed. They come to the day-school, but have lost their privileges in the boarding-school, which they feel greatly.

It would be impossible to describe the entreaties, the abject begging of the people, to let their children go and come again. Then when entreaties seemed to fail, they would get furiously angry, and even make threats, but finally go away. Since the

feast is over, they see that we have gained a partial victory, their consciences witnessing against themselves, and yet so depraved are they that they smother conscience and rage against us, demanding by what right the Protestants come to destroy their customs. One strong accusation against us is that we get no converts except such as we pay by giving employment. This has a semblance of truth, since the large majority of our members are employed by the Mission or missionaries. Of course we do not care to employ any others when there are brethren who can do our work. They rage and are mad, but so was Saul of Tarsus. God's grace can yet make Pauls. "Brethren, pray for us."

CYPRUS.—Rev. R. J. Dodds, writing from Nicosia May 20, 1895, says: Yesterday was our fourth Sabbath for services here. The attendance has regularly increased. Yesterday forenoon we had nearly fifty, and among them perhaps twenty Greeks. It was the first time that we have had Greeks in the audience here. We were glad, though, to add Greek to the languages in which we had previously spoken. Yesterday we read the Scripture and spoke in four languages—English, Arabic, Turkish and Greek. In the afternoon there were more than one hundred present, probably one hundred and twenty-five. The majority were Greeks, though there were also some Arabs and some Armenians present.

I feel that we must rent a room for our services. We have hitherto held them in the hall of Mr. Storey's house, which he kindly granted for that purpose. There ought really to be two workers here, I think, one among the Greek speaking people and another among the Turkish and Arabic speaking part of the population.

I have taken a house for the summer on the mountain above Kerynia. It is a lovely place and one of the best houses in the whole island, with a garden and orchard of young trees and a large vineyard attached. There is also a stable. Except for scarcity of furniture we will be more comfortably fixed than we have been since we became missionaries. We get all this comfort for a pound a month. The place is probably a little less than 2,000 feet above the sea. The sea being north of us and the mountains of Turkey in view, we hope to have good air and good health.

The weather has become very hot during the day in Nicosia and remains so much of the night.

The next letter from Mr. Dodds was written on the 7th of June at Quarantine Station, Smyrna. He had left the Island one Wednesday morning to attend to some business in Mersine, intending to return on Saturday evening. He was detained, however, in this way, and did not expect to get away for ten days.

ANTIOCH, SYRIA.—We take the following paragraph from the Foreign Mission Report, presented by Rev. Robert Dunlop to the Reformed Presbyterian Synod of Scotland for 1895:

The colporteur goes around the towns and villages reading the Scripture and conversing with the people about the Word, and selling copies of the Scripture and good books and tracts, as opportunity offers. In the Mission schools no advanced secular education is given, but only what may tend to promote missionary purposes, and no boarders are kept in the schools. During the time that Dr. Martin has labored at Antioch and Idlib forty-seven members have been received into fellow-

ship, not reckoning members received by certificate from other churches or Missions. But the number of members admitted, where great strictness is observed in the admission, does not furnish a complete estimate of the good done by the Mission. Account must be taken of the large number to whom the Gospel has been preached, many of whom, from various causes that we in this country cannot well understand, do not join the actual membership of the Mission congregation. Dr. Martin states that, taking Antioch and Idlib together, he has a congregation of over one hundred, including the children of church members. In addition, there are from twenty to thirty adherents who give frequent attendances upon the preaching of the Gospel. The members give regular attendance at the fellowship meeting, which, we fear, cannot truthfully be said of all our members in the home congregations.

Dr. and Mrs. Martin set out in December last on their return journey to Syria, and reached Antioch in the month of January. On the second day of the present month a brief note was received from Dr. Martin, making a short statement in relation to the affairs of the Mission since his return. He states that he has been able to preach twice a week—once on Sabbath and once on Thursday, besides conducting a very brief service at the close of the Sabbath evening fellowship meeting. The audiences at the Sabbath services, which had considerably decreased during the absence of the missionaries, are reported to be steadily growing. Mrs. Martin has been diligently prosecuting the house-to-house Bible work, assisted by the Bible woman, who also went her rounds during Mrs. Martin's absence in the British Isles.

The number of women read to in their homes during the past four months has averaged forty-seven per week.

NEW HEBRIDES.—We clip the following items from *Quarterly Jottings* for July:

News has reached us from Santo (the large island at the extreme north of the New Hebrides) to thrill every heart.

Nearly two years ago two native teachers and their wives were left at Belgaule—the only Mission station on the mainland of Santo—to encourage one another and hold the station until a missionary could be found to take the lonely charge. No visit was made, and nothing was heard of the teachers until last December, when the Rev. Fred Paton succeeded in crossing over to the mainland of Santo from his island, and we string together the few facts that have reached us concerning his visit.

On landing he was met by twenty or thirty *dressed* natives. But where were the teachers? Presently a figure slowly advanced to meet him, trembling with intense excitement. It was the Teacher Malas Nosingi. He looked like a living skeleton. Overcome with sheer joy, his tongue could not utter a word. The silence of the year of weary loneliness was at last broken—a “missi” had come to see him. Both missionary and teacher wept. When at length utterance returned, the poor fellow led the missionary to the house. His wife lay sick and with an enormous swollen knee. The other teacher (Malas Charlie) and his wife were dead!—dead at their posts from broken hearts. Sickness and home-sick loneliness had killed them! Mr. Paton adds: “We white people pride ourselves on our civilization, but put any white man in such a lonely place, and he, too,

might lose his reason. Unless we want to murder them, I fear it is not possible to place teachers at a lonely out-station beyond the constant help of a missionary."

And what fruits were seen of the teachers' work? Thirty *dressed* natives carries little meaning to our minds at home. But it should be realized that a savage prides himself on nudity as a badge of heathenism. He needs the courage of conviction to adopt dress. Persecution follows; caste is broken. The man who fears the missionary's God wears the missionary's gift of clothing. Was it not, after all, an act of spiritual import when our first parents clothed themselves? There are some lessons that the heathen alone can teach us as they emerge from the darkness of native savagery. Besides this, the report runs, "The teacher had done his work well. The premises were beautifully clean and everything in good order. The natives had been honest. Everything that had been left in the Mission house was still there. Though sick and alone, the one teacher had kept up daily service and school, and he and his dead colleague had done their best without a missionary to live for Jesus."

Rev. J. Mackenzie, who, with his wife, gave themselves to the New Hebrides Mission during Dr. J. G. Paton's tour in Britain last year, have been settled at this station on Santo. The veteran missionary, who has been for some months among his people on the Islands, had the joy of being with them at the time. He writes:

"They had a cordial welcome. A large number of natives and of boys and girls crowded on the beach—a few clothed, but many naked—yet they were very friendly, and helped willingly to carry the furniture

and provisions on shore from the boats. We went up to the Mission house, where more clothed women and some men were awaiting us. The house was in good condition, except that the white ant has got at the flooring, and some boards were as thin as paper. Never a missionary settled on the New Hebrides had such a welcome and encouraging start as the Mackenzies have had. After nearly two hours on shore, we left them alone to prosecute their course. The Lord bless and prosper them abundantly!

"I helped the younger Gordon to erect his first house or tent there, and what past associations flocked upon my mind at every step on the shore!"

In a more recent letter, Dr. Paton writes in regard to the West Coast of Tanna, where his son, Rev. Frank H. L. Paton, M. A., expects to begin missionary work: "Mr. Boyd and I went on shore, and I had some conversation, first with a lonely trader and his wife there, and afterwards with a big Chief and some others. They are to consult with the surrounding Chiefs and see if all are agreed to have and protect a missionary living among them. They had only a few days before killed and feasted on a man and two women there! Two tribes are at war. I hope to go back, if possible, and inquire more particularly into the state of feeling among the natives and as to the best location for a station. The mass of the people live about 2½ miles inland. The Mission house would require to be there. Mr. Watt thinks a shore house also would be necessary. The want of a good boat landing, if one cannot be found, will be the worst feature of the district. The men are powerful, good looking fellows, and, if Christians, would make splen-

did pioneers. Poor, dark Tanna has only about 100 attending church yet, but the work has got a footing among them. As yet no leading character of great influence has come out boldly for Jesus Christ who might sway his fellow islanders.

“Two teachers from Aniwa—brought up from boyhood by us—are alone in charge of Mr. Gray’s station. How delighted we were to meet once again. Poor things! they were without food, except cocoanuts, so I got them a bag of rice from the ship. They were so grateful. The Lord sustain and bless them in His service.”

FIJI ISLANDS.—We hear comparatively little from these islands since the churches have become more and more independent of foreign aid and direction. The population of the group is about 122,000, and it is reported that, in 1893, no less than 98,959 persons were attendants at the church of the Wesleyan Mission. A more recent report states that the church membership, including those on trial, is nearly 40,000. Not only are the Sabbath congregations large but the day-schools are well attended. A writer in *Work and Workers in the Mission Field*, the organ of the English Wesleyan Missionary Society, says: “One secret of the success in the Fiji Islands has been the attention given from the beginning to elementary education. The church, the Sabbath-school, and the day-school are found in every village, with results that are obvious and admirable.” During the last year Bibles to the value of \$2,000 were sold, and the cry from every circuit was for more books. Orders for these books have been sent to England. There are in Fiji no less than 10,000 East Indian coolies, and missionary work is carried on among them with much

energy. It is a notable fact that the contributions from Fiji for Foreign Missions in 1894 amounted to \$24,500. This is a large increase over the previous year. The natives not only give of their money but they give of their members. Ten trained teachers with their wives have volunteered for service in New Guinea. They have already sent missionaries to other islands of Polynesia. The church members are total abstainers, but the natives outside of the church are being corrupted by strong drink. An interesting ceremony occurred last autumn when Rev. Mr. Langham, a missionary for thirty-seven years, planted a mango tree on the ruins of an old heathen temple. When that temple was dedicated long ago, the old cannibal chief was about to start on a fighting expedition, and he vowed to his god that if he returned victorious he would offer in sacrifice a missionary and one of the Christian converts. But the chief was slain, and *his* body was offered in sacrifice at another temple, and the convert whom he threatened to sacrifice is still a local preacher, and stood by the side of Mr. Langham as he planted this tree on the ruins of the old temple. Surely the Gospel has had great triumphs in Fiji.—*Missionary Herald*.

AT HOME.

NEW ALEXANDRIA, PA.—The Ladies’ Missionary Society of New Alexandria Congregation desires to place on record a tribute of love and respect, and an expression of their deep sense of loss, in the removal from amongst us of Mrs. G. M. Robb. She became a member of our society soon after her husband became our pastor. During these years her uniform character was that of an earnest, active, generous,

and in every way a consistent follower of the Saviour in whom she trusted. She manifested a deep and firm attachment to the principles of her profession, and was a loyal supporter of missionary and reform work, especially all such causes as have in view the honor of the King of Kings. She was a warm friend of the oppressed and down-trodden. While we miss her wise counsel and inspiration, she has left us a noble example. Our prayers shall go with her and our pastor, who was a loyal subject to his King, and proclaimed the truth "as it is in Jesus."

MRS. E. M. McCLELLAND,
MRS. J. A. BEATTIE,
ANNA W. O'BRIAN,
Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The Women's Missionary Society of the Second Reformed Presbyterian Congregation record their testimony to deceased sisters and co-workers, Mrs. Mary Greaves, Miss Margaret Crawford, and Mrs. Jessie Frazier. Their love for the house of God and the ordinances of Divine grace was plainly manifested. Seldom were their seats vacant in the sanctuary. We miss their genial presence in our circle, yet we rejoice in the hope of meeting again.

Whereas God in His infinite wisdom has called away our friends and co-workers, therefore,

Resolved, that it is with sorrow and regret we pay this last tribute of respect to the memory of our sisters who have been removed from their labors among us. May the memory of their patient, cheerful, uncomplaining lives be blessed to each of us. May we keep constantly in mind the Saviour's command, "Be ye also ready."

Resolved, that in their deaths the Church has lost faithful and devoted members, the society kind and loving friends.

Resolved, that we extend to the friends of the deceased our fullest sympathy, and pray that the Comforter may grant them an abiding sense of His gracious presence.

MRS. R. J. JAMISON,
MISS MARY STERRETT,
MRS. M. A. PEOPLES,
Committee.

WINCHESTER, KAN.—The L. M. S. of Winchester Congregation held their anniversary on Thursday evening, May 9, 1895. The meeting was opened with devotional exercises conducted by Mrs. D. H. Coulter, President. Dr. R. J. George, of Allegheny, Pa., gave the address of the evening, which was very appropriate, and from which we received a great deal of encouragement. Mrs. George also spoke at length, and gave some insight into the working of the "Woman's Presbyterian Society" of Pittsburgh Presbytery. Our society received new inspiration from the visit of Mrs. George, who met with us at a special meeting on Monday, the 13th, after communion services. Our society has an enrollment of forty-eight members, have held twelve meetings during the year, with an average attendance of fifteen members. To increase our treasury we gave an ice-cream supper last June. One of our members donated pieced blocks for one quilt, which was finished up by the society. We also sent a donation of clothing to the Southern Mission. We have received some interesting letters from Christian workers in the Foreign and Southern Mission fields.

The Presbyterian circulating letters con-

tinue to visit us with words of cheer and help. We were also favored with a lecture and entertainment by Rev. Henry Easson. During the past year a number of interesting papers on some Scripture subject have been read in our monthly meetings. Death has not taken away any of our members, for which we are indebted to Him from whom all blessings flow.

May we enter upon the work of another year with increased strength and zeal to do more for those who are deprived of the blessings of the Gospel.

MRS. M. M. CARSON,
Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING
MAY, 1895.

RECEIPTS.

Balance from last report.....\$40 07
Monthly dues..... 55 30

Anniversary collection.....\$ 8 12
Receipts of festival..... 43 90
Personal donations..... 6 00
Receipts of lecture..... 20 35
Other contributions..... 3 10

Total.....\$176 84

DISBURSEMENTS.

Annual payment to F. Mission...\$100 00
Expenses of festival..... 15 57
Freight on box to Southern Miss. 2 40
Donation to S. G. Mitchel..... 10 00
Rev. Easson, for lecture..... 10 17
Doors and matting for church.... 11 90

Total.....\$150 04

Balance 26 80

MRS. NANNIE A. HUTCHISON,
Treasurer.

MONOGRAPHS.

A TRIP TO DAMASCUS.

LATAKIA, SYRIA, May 25, 1895.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: We left Latakia Friday morning (April 13th) and landed in Beirut early Saturday morning. Sabbath day we heard Dr. Herrick Johnston, of Chicago, preach in the Protestant church. It was communion Sabbath, and they had the font and pulpit beautifully decorated with large calla lilies and graceful vines. They were the first callas I had seen since I left America, and you can imagine what an eye-feast I had. The same day an American man-of-war, "The Marblehead," came into port. Monday we went on board,

but did not see the chief officers, as they had gone ashore. One of the lieutenants showed us over the vessel, and we enjoyed it very much. It is a beautiful, neat little vessel—all white and heavily armed.

Wednesday at 4.30 A. M. we left Beirut for Damascus and put in a full day of it in the Diligence. If it were not for the entrancing scenery it would be a long, tiresome, hot journey, but the road is a fine macadamized road, built by a French company, and it carried us over rocky heights, through deep gorges, past streams of sparkling water and over sunny plains covered with greenest verdure. Now we saw at a distance mountains covered with whitest

snow, and again we were gazing upon ponderous rocks dotted with caves, or again great stretches of bare red earth, and now and then catching glimpses of the white, dusty way that we had left miles behind us. Several hours from Beirut we could still gaze back and see that beautiful, aristocratic city nestling on the shore of the Mediterranean.

At last, near the close of evening, we reached the environs of Damascus, rode by its blooming gardens, and along the banks of the swift running Abana. Its windings and ways seemed most intricate, and beautiful, tall, silver-leaved poplars were growing right up from its very bed. But we were so tired and dusty that the most beautiful sight of all, as we drove up before the Diligence office, was the beaming face of our friend and host, Rev. Stewart Crawford. He put us into a carriage, looked after our luggage, and soon we were rolling on to be met at the end of our destination by our long-lost companion and your well-known friend, Mrs. McCarroll Crawford. She was looking well and happy, and so proud in the possession of two lovely children.

We were *too tired* to do anything but eat a little and retire to rest. Did we realize, on awakening the next morning, that we were really in Damascus, one of the most ancient cities—a city of the Bible, and the place where Paul was converted? It was not till several days afterwards, anyway, that we viewed the place where Paul was let down over the wall in a basket. I am sure there is nothing there now to prove that to be the exact spot. It is not far from the gates of the “street called Straight.”

We soon visited the ruins of the Great

Mosque that was burnt last year. This Mosque was once a Christian church before it was taken by the Moslems, and it was a heathen temple (Temple of Jupiter) before it became a Christian church. One of the massive doors, still standing, bears on its face the *Communion Cup*. The other door is completely destroyed by the fire. Before entering the sacred precincts we had to don soft slippers over our shoes so as not to desecrate the holy ground with our heathen feet. We wandered through the lower part and viewed the ruin and havoc caused by the fire. It was indeed a sad sight to see all that ancient art work so completely ruined. Even if the work could be reproduced, it would have lost its chiefest charm, “antiquity.” That can never, never be replaced. Then we went up into one of the towers, or minarets, of the Great Mosque and looked down upon a great expanse of flat-roofed mansions, storerooms, khans and baths, with their innumerable miniature domes, the “street called Straight” roofed over for a great distance, and the old stone citadel, which was since used as a prison, and in whose court so many Christians were massacred in 1860, now being torn down and the stones carried away to the new Government barracks outside of the city. The next day we viewed the city from a spur of the Anti-Lebanon range, from which it is said Mahomet looked down upon ‘ts minarets and domes towering above miles of fertile fields and gardens, and the beautiful Abana sending out rivulets and sparkling streams, watering and giving to the vegetation a charming freshness and sweetness.

“Man can have but one Paradise,” he said; “mine is above.”

Damascus is thoroughly Oriental, its sit-

uation charming and unique, and its street life fascinating. Indeed, the streets seem a rendezvous for people of all ages and classes. Fine looking Turks in embroidered costumes riding on beautiful Arab steeds, women and girls in blazing cotton gowns and stiff silks, peddlers with their wares and fabrics, hand carts laden with sweets, donkeys loaded with greens, vegetables and oranges, beggars following hard behind or sitting by the wayside, dogs lurking in every corner and lying in every hole, and vendors with glass bottles of lemonade and colored drinks are seen at every turn.

The bazaar streets are covered but not paved. From the public square streets branch off in all directions, crooked and narrow and paved with irregular cobble stones that make walking a wobble.

Our friends who have been living there for years say they never get tired going through the streets and looking through the bazaars. Life is so gay and varied and public. The carpenter and quilter are seen at their work in the doorway, the dish-mender putting together broken pieces of china and glassware, the confectioner making his cream pastry and iced drinks, even the fine inlaid pearl work and dainty filigree in silver can be seen in all its stages. The bazaars of Damascus are far-famed—and no wonder! They set one almost wild with their tempting display. Beautiful stuffs in silk and silver and gold; table covers, sofa pillows, curtains, prayer rugs and scarfs. Also lovely old Persian rugs.

Then there is the vast variety in inlaid pearl, rare old china, curious coins, old tiles, and lovely knick-knacks in silver filigree. How the money flies! One would

need a fortune. This thing and that is admired, then priced, and then—*the end comes*. This shopping consumes a vast amount of time as well as money, because the Turk never asks what he expects to get, and seldom gets what he asks. The bazaars line both sides of the streets, and the latter, being roofed over, with openings for air and light, it is delightfully cool and pleasant.

The shops are tiny little boxes, with three sides closed and open in front. The shopkeeper sits on a Turkish rug in the midst of his goods and tranquilly and peacefully awaits customers and developments.

What quantities of goods he seems to have stored away in this small space! His supplies seem inexhaustible, and herein lies one of the chiefest charms of the traffic. He actually seems to have hundreds of pounds of rich fabrics right at his hand. One could spend days in one of these little retreats looking at and admiring each and every little article.

The houses of Damascus are built of mud mixed with straw, and appear mean and unattractive outside, but they are often rich and magnificent within. Those mud walls contain much that is luxurious and grand. Open courts, flowing fountains, flowering plants, marble pavements, gayly-ornamented and much-beflowered ceilings, velvety rugs, inlaid tables and bureaus, and marble divans covered with rich fabrics from the market. But what I loved most was the beautiful climbing yellow roses—such *large* roses, and in such abundance! After all, nothing is so grand and true as nature's works. The flowers, the rivulets, the hills—all are *His*, and they all far excel the beautiful works of man's

hand. Then, best of all, we found and left our kind friends there so well and enjoying life and their work. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford and the children and another dear friend whom some of you know, well—Miss Sara Lynd, sister to Rev. John Lynd, of Belfast. She has charge of a Jewish girls' school, and she has reason to be proud of her work. We were pleased and delighted with the progress and attainments of her little Jewish girls. We shall always look back upon our visit to Damascus with pleasure and delight. Of the Great Mosque we brought away a dream of ruined art and antiquity never to be displaced. Of Damascus itself enough cannot be said—*words* fail us. And of drives and walks and "teas" and excursions with old and new friends, there are memories that each day but makes more precious. The days sped on golden wings, and ere we knew it we were taking leave of the dear, kind friends that but a few days before we had greeted so eagerly.

We reached home in all peace and safety, and found the ones left behind all well and doing well.

The next week Dr. Balph and Miss Dodds left us for the home land, and we are now few in number and doubly busy.

The hot season has begun in earnest, making us all feel languid and listless; but, nevertheless, we are thankful that we have our health and are able to attend to our various occupations. I think the trip did *me* good, for I have felt so well since I came home, and have not had a headache since we left Damascus.

Lest I weary you, for this time,

I remain yours most cordially,

MARY E. STEWART.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

KESSAB, SYRIA, May 13, 1895.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: The bright rosy light of morning is breaking over Mount Cassius. As I sit by my window watching the beautiful sight, my thoughts go back to some little boys and girls in America, to whom I promised a letter. You shall have one as soon as I reach home. I am now waiting for my horse. I have a long, long, tiresome ride before me. But here comes my horse and guide now, and I must be off to Latakia.

3 P. M. finds me once more at the Mission gate at Latakia, after a ten-hours ride on horseback, in a hot, scorching Syrian sun. Never fell sweeter words upon my ear than the Arabic welcome (*ahlan was-ahlan*) from Abou Usef, our doorkeeper, then by our teachers and the girls.

Once within my own room I began a search for a cool dress and slippers, thinking to pass the remainder of the day resting and writing, when through the keyhole came, "Miss McNaughton, Mrs. Stewart wants you to come over and take tea with the rest of the missionaries. It is Mr. Stewart's birthday, and she is having a surprise on him. You need not send him word you are coming." "I'll be there," I answered. From the same came, "You're also invited to a farewell meeting, to be held after tea, in the first story of the Boys' Building. It is a surprise on Dr. Balph and Miss Dodds."

As I'll be busy the remainder of the evening, I'll use my resting time in telling you about my first visit to Suadia, whither I was called by sickness in Dr. Moore's family. The last part of my visit was indeed a very pleasant one.

I had the pleasure of going with Miss Cunningham and her school to Saleucia. Saleucia is about ten miles from Suadia. You may think this a long distance to go on a picnic, but we did not think so. We all enjoyed it. The day was cool and pleasant. The girls rode donkeys, a large girl and a small one on each donkey. Miss Cunningham rode a sorrel horse and I rode a gray one. We made a funny-looking procession with our horses, donkeys, and guides.

We spent the forenoon in going through and examining the great aqueduct built for carrying water to the old city of Saleucia. What a grand sight this was! Words fail me. I cannot describe it. While there I could only stand in awe and look.

When we came back from our stroll quite a company had gathered to see us. Miss Cunningham talked to them awhile, and examined some of the patients. What sights they were! Sore eyes, noses, arms and hands. The saddest sight of all was that of a young girl. The flesh on her hand was rotting and falling off. Miss Cunningham did what she could for them, and then dismissed the crowd. We then ate our dinner under a large tree. While we were eating, a man came along with a flock of goats. He honored us with some fresh goat milk. The milking process was a novel one to me, as I had never seen a goat milked. I did not enjoy the warm goat milk. It had such a queer, salty taste. Perhaps I'll learn to like it by and by.

After dinner we went to see the tombs. These tombs are hewn out of the solid rock, like Joseph's new tomb wherein our Saviour lay. The grandest tombs of all were those of the Saleucian Family, where

proud kings and queens once lay in state. The carving upon these tombs is wondrous. In our rambles we found two families living in the tombs. We were rude enough to peep into their queer dwelling-houses, and how surprised we were to find everything neat and cozy. When I was a little girl and read in the Bible about the lepers coming out of the tombs, I thought them to be damp, musty places, but since I saw these tombs I can see how they could live there quite comfortably.

From the tombs we went down to Paul's Pier. As I stood on this old pier from which Paul sailed on his first missionary journey, I imagined I could see this grand, good man stepping on board the ship, amid the scene of busy activity in life, and leaving all behind to do a noble work.

Old Sol now bids us hasten home. We obey him, but with the feeling we would like to stay longer in so interesting a spot. We all reached Suadia in safety.

A few days after our picnic little Merle and Marie Moore, aged four and three years, came rushing into my room, with, "Oh, Aunt Lizzie! Miss Cunningham and papa are going to have a show, and you must go to it." "But I don't go to shows," I said. Merle said, "This is a real good kind of a show. They read, sing, pray, and look at pretty pictures." I went to this "good kind of a show," and found between 190 and 200 people present. After the devotional exercises Dr. Moore, by means of a magic lantern, showed a number of beautiful temperance and Scripture pictures. While the audience was looking at the pictures, Miss Cunningham explained to them many verses from the Bible, and taught them some lessons they will never forget.

Miss Cunningham is an attractive speaker, and has no trouble in keeping the close attention of her audience. Many heard the Word of God from that evening's entertainment who would have heard it in no other way.

Rev. J. Boggs Dodds preaches in Suadia on every other Sabbath. Although he cannot conduct the entire service in Arabic, he does well, and the people are eager to catch every word.

Your friend,

LIZZIE McNAUGHTON.

THE LAST WORDS OF A GOOD MAN.

Shortly before his death Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, Mass., addressed a pastoral letter to the members of his congregation on completing twenty-five years of labor among them. The pregnant words with which it closes convey a message that every Church should lay to heart:

"Forget not that your first and principal business as a disciple of Christ is to give the Gospel to those who have it not. He who is not a missionary Christian will be a missing Christian when the great day comes for bestowing the rewards of service. Therefore,

"Ask yourself daily what the Lord would have you do in connection with the work of carrying the news of salvation to the perishing millions. Search carefully whether He would have you go yourself to the heathen if you have the youth and fitness required for the work. Or, if you cannot go in person,

"Inquire diligently what blood mortgage there is upon your property in the interest of Foreign Missions—how much you owe to the heathen, because of what you owe to Christ for redeeming you with His precious

blood. I warn you that it will go hard with you when your Lord comes to reckon with you if He finds your wealth invested in superfluous luxuries or hoarded up in needless accumulations, instead of being sacredly devoted to giving the Gospel to the lost.

"But remember that consecrated giving will be impossible unless there be first a consecrated giver. Therefore I counsel you to seek the special grace and anointing of the Holy Spirit, that He may work in you that consecration of heart and life on which so much depends."

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Dr. J. G. Paton tells an affecting story of a visit to a neglected island in the Pacific, where he found, to his amazement, though no missionary had ever been sent there, there was a sort of Sabbath-keeping. Two old men, who had very little knowledge of the truths of the Gospel, were keeping track of the days, and on the first day of each week they laid aside ordinary work, put on a calico shirt kept for the purpose, and sat down to talk to those whom they could call about them. In a simple way they recited the outlines of a wonderful story they had once heard about one Jesus. Dr. Paton inquired where they had learned this truth, and they answered that long before a missionary had visited the island for a week or two, and had given them each a shirt, and told them something of this story of Jesus. He asked if they could remember the name, and they said, "Yes, it was Paton." Thirty-three years before he had, in his evangelistic tours, stopped at this island for a few days, and here, so long after, was the fruit. The calico shirt had been worn but once a week,

carefully preserved for the Lord's Day, and the only way to keep the day which they knew was to meet others and tell them what they could remember of the wonderful story. What shall Christian disciples say at the great day with regard to the shameful neglect of perishing millions?—*Intelligencer.*

OPIUM IN CHINA.

We in China consider that opium smoking is an obstacle to the advancement of the Church of Christ. It is a vice, and in China, from the officials down to the peasant, there is not one who has any good word to say for it. I have read much since my coming to your country about the reports of the Opium Commission. But they have been speaking of the question, leaving the opinions of the Chinese out altogether. They have been playing "Hamlet," but they have left Hamlet out entirely. I could give you the opinion of our Commissioner in 1893, the opinion of our Prime Minister in his letter to the Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, the opinion of the heads of various hospitals, the opinion of the Japanese, who have a law that the smoker of opium shall be punished and imprisoned—all of whom are strongly opposed to opium smoking. Then, again, our Chinese Christians, to the number of 40,000, have repeatedly sent petitions to your country, praying that you should stop the exportation of opium from India to China. I have, moreover, in my hand nine pamphlets written by non-Christian people in China, all of whom condemn the evils of opium smoking, and exhort the people to abstain from it. Then, again, you have the information in the newspapers

this morning that fifteen British missionaries, who have been resident in China for over twenty-five years, advocate that the use of opium should be restricted to medicine only.

This evil must be removed, this rough road must be made smooth, this hill must be leveled in preparation for the coming of the Gospel more and more into my country. And in preventing this evil I beg of you to note that Great Britain must take the first step. And why? Because the cultivation of opium in our country is growing more and more every year, and will increase unless the trade is suppressed. Our Prime Minister says that if England suppresses this trade, our officials in China will endeavor to stop its growth in our country. I beseech of you, Christian brothers, for the sake of Christ, and His Church, and the Gospel, and for the sake of my poor people, that you will use your efforts to suppress this opium traffic. Our 40,000 Chinese Christians are endeavoring to bring about many social reforms, and a reform in the opium trade is one of the first to which they are putting their hands.

Another fact is that the suppression of the opium traffic will raise the honor of England before our eyes in a manner which you cannot conceive of. I think that by suppression of this trade you will show that there is no moral system like that of Christianity, and by so doing Christianity will get an impetus which it has never received since the day it came to our country in 1807; because, if people know that your morality is higher and nobler than our Confucian philosophy, they must come to the conviction that Christianity, upon which it is founded, is a greater and nobler religion than Confucianism. Will you not help our country, our officials, our families, and the Christian men and women of my country, to get rid of this terrible evil?—*From a speech by the Rev. Yung Kiung Yen, in England.*

THE FUTURE IN CHINA.

The Rev. Dr. Griffith John, the distinguished English missionary to China, writes to England as follows:

"We are, I confidently believe, on the eve of very marvelous developments in China. The old civilization is about to break up, and a new order of things is at our doors. Should it be my privilege to be at home in 1896, and able to declare that the whole of China, not excepting Honan, was really and truly open, and that the gates of Thibet were no longer shut, it would indeed be intense gladness to me.

"This war is going to be a source of great blessing to China. It is an awful chastisement; but China needed it, and will be all the better for it. God is dealing with nations in His own way, and I for one am looking to the future with boundless hope.

"Be prepared, my friends, for the new era in the Far East. Your missionaries are doing a noble work in the North, but believe me, you will soon have a louder call from China, and you will have to obey, financial difficulties notwithstanding. You will have to enlarge the place of your tents."—*Quarterly Message*.

"TELL ME HOW I CAN BLISTER MY FEET."

A preacher, whose name is well known throughout the United States, in walking the length of the hotel piazza at a summer watering place, met a lady friend hastening toward the breakfast room. It was late in the morning. A casual remark of the gentleman as to the lateness of the hour for breakfast led to the following reply: "I am late because I was tired. I danced last night until I blistered my feet."

"May I ask one question?" the preacher said, and with consent he asked: "Did you ever blister your feet in the service of your Redeemer?" A scornful look and a hasty retreat was the result. A bystander and mutual friend remarked that the question was faithful, though rather severe. The two wondered what would come of it.

For several days the lady avoided her friends, and in fact was invisible. Nearly a week passed. Then followed an interview at the request of the offended lady, who with real distress confessed that, although angry at the preacher's question, she had been unable to justify herself, nor had sleep been possible since the morning of her confusion. "God has forgiven me," she said. "I come to ask your pardon, and that you will tell me how I can blister my feet in the service of Christ. I am ready to do it now, and before I do anything else; I want to do it very much indeed; I want to make myself weary in His service. I will do anything to atone for the waste and folly of the past. It has been so heartless of me."—*Medical Missionary Record*.

"THE SECRET OF THY PRESENCE."

The Rev. J. Annand, of Tangoa, principal of the Native Teachers' Training Institute, in the New Hebrides, has had his life in great danger from the treachery of the natives. He had gone from his little island to the mainland of Santo and walked inland. In passing along his experienced eye detected certain ominous signs which made him fear mischief, and, as a matter of precaution, he decided to walk another way back to the shore. Such prudence was surely of the Lord. He discovered afterward that a plot had been laid to murder him, and that the murderers had formed an ambuscade on the path along which he would in ordinary course have returned. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them." Our hearts are full of praise for this new evidence of God's loving care of His servants.—*Quarterly Tottings*.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is expected that the Board of Foreign Missions, will, at its next meeting, formally appoint Rev. Elmer McBurney and Rev. A. I. Robb, of Bovina, N. Y., missionaries to China. And arrangements will be made for their departure at as early a date as practicable. The Churches should be earnest in prayer for these brethren that they may receive a fresh endowment of spiritual power and be thoroughly qualified for work to which they have consecrated their energies.

—There are on file in the office of the *HERALD OF MISSION NEWS* the names of *thirty-four* subscribers, presumably members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, to whom was sent, some months ago, the following notice :

HERALD OF MISSION NEWS.

TERMS: FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.

All Avails, after meeting cost of production, devoted to Mission work.

DEAR FRIEND :

Do you know that your subscription expired December, 1893? Please remit at once for the year ended December, 1894, and notify me if you wish the magazine for another year. If you attend to this matter, I shall esteem it a favor, and you will help the cause of Missions.

Yours faithfully,

R. M. SOMMERVILLE.

As no reply has been received to this request, we are led to infer either that these *thirty-four* subscribers were left orphans at a very early age, and so missed the advantage of good home training, or that

their mothers failed to use a persuader to obedience with the diligence and energy demanded by effective family discipline. Men or women who are not willing to pay fifty cents a year for a distinctively missionary magazine do not care to know anything about the evangelistic operations of the Church, and it is "love's labor lost" for anyone to send it to them.

—The story of "The Indians' First Communion" will challenge the attention and move the heart of every reader. Prof. George, who was present and took part in the solemn services, has drawn a vivid picture of the Sabbath scenes, as well as of the touching and impressive incidents that prepared the way for it. The 26th of May will be a red-letter day in the history of Cache Creek Mission. For the favor shown our beloved missionary and his devoted associates every heart should be full of praise to the exalted Redeemer and Head of the Church, and at the same time unceasing in prayer that the young Indian converts who that day so boldly and joyously avowed themselves on the Lord's side, may be kept in His power through faith unto salvation. It is the Lord's doing, and marvelous in our eyes.

—Letters from Syria intimate that when Dr. Balph and Miss Willia Dodds were about to leave the Mission in May for a visit to this country, everyone seemed anxious to show in one way and another his love for them. "Two of the teachers," writes Miss Mattie R. Wylie, "gave entertainments, inviting all the members of the congregation, while our old friend, Mrs. Fahedy,

provided a grand dinner. To show that their kindness was appreciated, Miss Dodds invited the teachers and their families to spend an evening at Dr. Balph's, where all seemed to enjoy themselves. Before separating a portion of Scripture was read by one of the licentiates, and Mr. Stewart led in prayer, the whole company then uniting in a song of praise." Only two days before the departure of the home-coming missionaries Mrs. Stewart invited the whole Protestant community to meet them. "That there might be plenty of room, she cleared out some of the school-rooms and fitted them up with furniture from their own home. The rooms were decorated with plants, palm branches and our national colors. The people were made to feel at home, and Mrs. Stewart was rewarded for all her trouble by seeing them enjoy themselves. At the close of the evening several very affecting farewell speeches were made, and we separated after prayer and praise, many of us asking ourselves the question: What will occur before we are all together again?" It is peculiarly gratifying to have the testimony of such simple incidents as these that the hearts of the little band of Christian workers in Latakia are firmly knit together in love, and that the manner of their life is calculated, under the blessing of God, to impress the community in favor of Christianity.

—Among the loyal friends of the Foreign Missions is Rev. Henry Easson, who spent so many years of his life in Syria, where he is yet greatly beloved, having left behind him on returning to this country the savor of a consecrated life. Wherever Mr. Easson goes he keeps the claims of missionary

work before the people, and often sends us money that has been handed to him at the close of his lectures. Very recently we received through him the following contributions, which have been forwarded to the Treasury:

A freewill offering from Almonte Congregation, Canada.....	\$10 00
Mr. James N. Bowes, a member of the same congregation.....	10 00
Mrs. Rae, of Lisbon Congregation, N. Y. (to be specially applied to Boarding school work in Latakia).....	5 00

—A young man, a member of Second New York, gave us, early in June, a ninth semi-annual offering of fifty dollars towards the work in Suadia. About the same time, a mother in Israel belonging to the same congregation sent us a five-dollar gold piece, as she had done in former years, with the request that it be used for missionary purposes anywhere. It has been paid into the Treasury for the work in Cyprus.

—A few weeks ago we received from Mrs. Ella T. Robb, of Bovina Center, N. Y., a P. O. order for sixteen dollars and fifty cents, to pay for ten sets of the Life of John G. Paton, the balance of one dollar and fifty cents to be applied to Foreign Mission work. The request has been complied with.

—The foregoing are examples of liberality that others might imitate to their spiritual advantage. It was an inspiring hour, when, at the recent meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Gillespie, in the course of a thrilling address, referred to the fact that a young graduate of the Western Theo-

logical Seminary stood ready, with his betrothed, to go to Africa and take up the work of Rev. A. C. Good, who fell at his post a few months ago. The Secretary said: "I blow the trumpet and ask the ladies of Pittsburg whether they will let the sun set to-day with the money uncontrbuted which this young couple, your children, need for their salary for a year." The money was raised then and there, coming in by handfuls, until in a few minutes there was on the table a fund of two thousand dollars. Our Board, too, has applications from young men who desire to preach the Gospel in the regions beyond, and we could wish that many might be stirred by this incident to furnish the means needed to send them out.

—Since last report we have received the following contributions towards the salary of the Young Women's Missionary for a third year:

Miss Bessie S. Scott.....\$3 65
 Venice, Pa.

Miss Marie P. Mackeown (deceased).. 5 20
 The young women who have not yet paid the third installment on their pledge are reminded that the salary will be due in September.

—Some of our young readers, who contributed something towards the new Day-spring, for which Dr. J. G. Paton solicited funds while in America two years ago, will be glad to know that the vessel is to be completed and ready for service about the 15th of August.

—Bovina Congregation has sent to this office, through Elder T. D. Russell, of Delhi, N. Y., three dollars toward the expenses of the Convention of the Reformed Presbyterian Churches, to be held in Glas-

gow, June, 1896. We shall be glad to hear from other congregations or individuals at an early date. There are expenses connected with this movement that must be met, and the money needed for this purpose should be in the hands of Dr. Kerr, Chairman of the Executive Committee, as soon as possible.

—At the closing meeting of the Christian Endeavor Convention in Boston, Mass., July 15, 1895, the following platform of principles was read and adopted. It is hoped that every member of that great society will never lose sight of these principles, and never permit himself to be influenced by any worldly consideration to forget the solemn covenant obligations implied in the pledge to which he has voluntarily signed his name:

"We reaffirm our adherence to the following principles which, under God's blessing, have made the Christian Endeavor movement what it is to-day.

"*First*: Personal devotion to Jesus Christ.

"*Second*: The covenant obligation embodied in the prayer-meeting pledge.

"*Third*: Constant religious training for all kinds of service involved in the various committees.

"*Fourth*: Strenuous loyalty to the local church and denomination with which each society is connected.

"*Fifth*: We reaffirm our increasing confidence in the interdenominational, spiritual fellowship, through which we hope, not for organic union, but to fulfill our Lord's prayer, 'that they all may be one.'

"*Sixth*: Christian Endeavor stands always and everywhere for Christian citizenship, and it is forever opposed to the sa-

loon, the gambling den, the brothel and every like iniquity; it stands for temperance, for law, for order, for Sabbath-keeping, for a pure political atmosphere—in a word, for righteousness.

“*Seventh*: That all moneys gathered by the various societies of Christian Endeavor for the cause of Missions be always sent to the missionary boards of the special denomination to which the particular society belongs.

“*Eighth*: Christian Endeavor has for its ultimate aim a purpose no less wide and lofty than the bringing of the world to Christ. Hence it is an organization intensely evangelistic and missionary.”

NOW READY.

A RARE HISTORICAL DOCUMENT.

In 1743, the Covenanting Presbyterians, with uplifted swords, declared their civil

and ecclesiastical independence of Great Britain, at Octorara, Pa. Thomas Jefferson acknowledged his indebtedness to their sentiments in framing the National Declaration. The proceedings were printed at the time by Benjamin Franklin, but soon became extant. Recently a copy has been found in a library in Philadelphia, and the subscriber has re-published it in a neat pamphlet of forty-three finely printed pages. The edition is limited and another may never be issued. This document is of great value to all Covenanters, and of intense interest to the whole Presbyterian family of Churches.

Single copies, postpaid, 30 cents. Ten copies, or more, to one address, 25 cents each. Order at once to insure its possession.

W. M. GLASGOW,

1201 Sixth Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.

NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF MRS. JAS. R. MCKEE, TREASURER OF THE

Women's Missionary Society of Pittsburgh Presbytery.

Receipts and Disbursements for the year beginning April 18, 1894, and ending April 13, 1895.

RECEIPTS.

1894.		
April 13,	Balanc per last report	\$598.72
May 2,	A. M. Milligan Memorial Band, per Marg't Sloan	\$ 15.00
" 7,	J. R. McBurney	30.00
" 25,	J. R. McKee Mission Band, per Morton Boyd	5.00
July 11,	Children's Mission Band, Allegheny, per Paul Coleman	7.50
Oct. 4,	By order of Convention	58.63
1895.		
Jan. 3,	Interest	42.00
" 7,	L. M. S., Wilksburg, per M. S. Gibson, on acc't	50.00
" 14,	" Eighth St., Pgh., per Mrs. T. H. Boyd, on acc't	150.00
" 19,	" Geneva, per Mrs. Wm. Garrett	51.40
" 24,	" Rehoboth, per Mrs. J. A. White	15.00
Feb. 4,	" Parnassus, per Amanda Anderson	30.00

Feb.	4,	L. M. S.,	Millers Run,	per Mrs. J. H. McBurney	\$	42.75
"	6,	"	New Castle,	per Mrs. Matilda McClelland		5.00
"	7,	Children's Band,	Parnassus,	per Cora Allan		8.50
"	18,	Mrs. M. E. McKee,	Clarinda,	Ia.		50.00
"	23,	L. M. S.,	Union,	per Maggie Sproull		10.00
"	25,	"	New Alexandria,	per Mary A. C. Shaw		50.00
Mch.	12,	"	East End, Pgh.,	per S. J. Shorts		20.00
April	1,	"	Wilkinsburg,	per Mollie H. Gibson, Bal.		50.00
"	4,	"	Central Allegheny,	per Mrs. C. W. Newell		50.00
"	5,	"	New Galilee,	per J. W. Mitchel		10.00
"	6,	"	Eighth St., Pgh.,	per Mrs. T. H. Boyd, Bal.		50.00
"	8,	"	Allegheny,	per Nannie Ewing		135.00
"	8,	Mission Band,	New Galilee,	per Maud McAnlis		5.00
"	9,	L. M. S.,	Beaver Falls,	per Jno. B. Dodds, Tr.		61.50
"	9,	Y. L. M. S.,	"	"		25.00
"	10,	L. M. S.,	Allegheny,	per Mrs. W. J. Coleman		3.00
"	10,	Children's Band,	Allegheny,	per Mrs. W. J. Coleman		8.68
Total receipts						\$1,033.96
To this add balance on hand April 18, 1894						598.72
Total						<u>\$1,632.68</u>

DISBURSEMENTS.

May	2,	1894,	Miss Speer,	Salary in full to	May 1st	\$25.00
June	7,	"	"	"	June 1st	25.00
July	5,	"	"	"	July 1st	25.00
Oct.	2,	"	"	"	Oct. 1st	25.00
Nov.	1,	"	"	"	Nov. 1st	25.00
Dec.	3,	"	"	"	Dec. 1st	25.00
Jan.	3,	1895,	"	"	Jan. 1st	25.00
Feb.	6,	"	"	"	Feb. 1st	25.00
"	23,	"	"	"	Mch. 1st	25.00
April	1,	"	"	"	April 1st	25.00
Total						\$ 250.00
July	5,	1894,	Jno. T. Morton,	Treas., account Salary Rev. W. W. Carithers		\$400.00
Jan.	3,	1895,	"	"	"	100.00
Feb.	7,	"	"	Balance	"	100.00
For year ending Feb. 1, 1895						600.00
Mch.	6,	1895,	Jno. T. Morton,	Tr., acct. Sal. Rev. W. W. Carithers, for year commencing Feb. 1, 1895		200.00
April	10,	"	"	"	"	300.00
Total						500.00
Total expenditures						\$1,350.00
Balance on hand April 13, 1895						282.68
Total						<u>\$1,632.68</u>

CONTINGENT FUND.

Receipts.

April	18,	1894,	Balance per report	\$	17	
May	24,	"	Collection at Wilkinsburg meeting		16.80	
Mch.	22,	1895,	L. M. S., Millers Run,	per Mrs. McBurney	1.40	
April	8,	"	" Allegheny,	per Nannie Ewing	2.65	
"	9,	"	" Eighth St., Pgh.,	per Mrs. T. H. Boyd	2.50	
Total						<u>\$23.52</u>

Expenditures.

June	10,	1894,	Miss Mary M. Henning,	postage	\$	3.00
"	10,	"	"	printing programmes and envelopes		4.75
Aug.	16,	"	Rev. R. M. Sommerville,	printing statistical report		5.00
Feb.	7,	1895,	Mrs. R. C. Wylie,	printing new constitution		2.25
Total expenditures						\$15.00
Balance						8.52
Total						<u>\$23.52</u>

NEW CHINESE MISSION.

Y. L. M. S., Beaver Falls \$2.00

CHINESE MISSION.

L. M. S., Slippery Rock..... \$ 1.50
 Rev. W. W. Carithers and wife..... 10.00
 One-fifth amount not specified 8.82
 Total..... \$20.32

PATTERSON HEIGHTS.

Children's Band, Beaver Falls..... \$1.70

INDIAN MISSION.

L. M. S., Wilkinsburg..... \$ 1.50
 " Rehoboth..... 2.00
 " Millers Run..... 8.00
 " Beaver Falls..... 10.75
 " Geneva..... 3.25
 " Slippery Rock 1.00
 " Allegheny 1 25
 " New Castle 1.00
 J. R. McKee Mission Band. 5.00
 Rev. W. W. Carithers and wife 10.00
 No name 1.60

M. E. McFarland, Bear Run..... \$.50
 E. M. George 2.00
 Children's Mission Band, Allegheny..... 1.60
 " " " Geneva..... 1.30
 Maggie B. Boals..... .30
 No name..... 1.00
 L. M. S., Rose Point25
 One-fifth amount not specified 8.83
 Total..... \$61.13

SPRING GARDEN MISSION.

L. M. S., Central Allegheny..... \$10.00

OLD PEOPLE'S HOME.

L. M. S., Geneva. \$2.00

TO BE DESIGNATED LATER.

Rev. and Mrs. R. J. George, Beaver Falls..... \$25.00
 Mrs. M. S. Gibson, New Castle 10.00
 Total \$35.00
 Total..... \$593.09
 Balance per last report for Indian Mission.. 58.63
 Total..... \$651.72

EXPENDITURES.

June 28, 1894, Walter T. Miller, Foreign Mission.....	\$90.62
" 28, " " " " Adana "	15.50
" 28, " " " " Industrial School, Latakia.....	1.00
" 28, " " " " Reading-room, Latakia.....	4.25
" 28, " " " " Suadea.....	7.75
" 28, " " " " Syria	1.00
" 28, " " " " Cyprus	6.00
" 28, " " " " Suadea Building.....	11.00
" 28, " " " " Bibles for Children in Syria	21.07
" 28, " " " " Repair Missionary dwelling, Suadea.....	30.00
Total.....	\$188.19
June 28, 1894, John T. Morton, Presbytery's Home Mission.....	\$33.75
" 28, " " " " Southern Mission.. .. .	101.57
" 28, " " " " Home Mission	12.50
" 28, " " " " Chinese "	20.32
" 28, " " " " Domestic Mission.....	114.43
" 28, " " " " Testimony Bearing	5.50
" 28, " " " " Old People's Home.....	2.00
Total.....	\$200.07
June 28, 1894, Mrs. J. W. Sproull, Spring Garden Mission.....	\$10.00
" 28, " D. C. Allen, Patterson Heights Mission	1.70
" 28, " Rev. J. C. Smith, Jewish Mission, Cincinnati.....	12.50
" 28, " Rev. J. C. McFeeters, " Philadelphia.....	12.50
Oct. 4, " Walter T. Miller, Foreign Chinese Mission.....	2.00
" 4, " Salary account by order of Convention	58.63
" 4, " Rev. D. McAllister, National Reform.....	5.00
" 4, " Women's Temperance Publishing Association	10.00
Total.....	112.33
April 10, 1895, Total expenditures	590.59
" 10, " Balance Indian Mission account.....	61.13
Total.....	\$651.72

The Treasurer also wishes to acknowledge thank-offering taken at meeting in Eighth Street Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., April 25, 1895.

SOUTHERN MISSION.

L. M. S., Allegheny, Industrial School..... \$15.00
 " Slippery Rock, " 5.00
 " New Castle, " " 2.00
 Mrs. J. A. White " " 2.00

L. M. S., Wilkinsburg..... \$ 2.25
 " Millers Run 7.00
 " New Alexandria..... 14.00
 " Parnassus..... .50
 " Eighth St., Pittsburgh..... 3.62

Mrs. J. R. Copeland	\$ 1.00
No name.....	2.50
One-fifth amount not specified	10.76
Total.....	<u>\$65.53</u>

JEWISH MISSION—Cincinnati.

L. M. S., Allegheny.....	\$12.00
“ Slippery Rock.....	4.00
“ Millers Run	2.50
“ New Castle.....	11.50
“ Parnassus.....	.50
“ Little Beaver.....	2.25
Y.L.M.S., Wilksburg55
Total.....	<u>\$33.30</u>

JEWISH MISSION—Philadelphia.

L. M. S., Slippery Rock.....	\$ 2.50
“ Millers Run	5.50
“ New Castle.....	3.25
Y. L. M. S., Wilksburg.....	.55
Total.....	<u>\$11.80</u>

J. R. McKEE MISSION BAND.

L. M. S., Eighth St., Pittsburgb.....	\$5 00
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NATIONAL REFORM.

L. M. S., Eighth St., Pittsburgh.....	\$5.57
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TESTIMONY BEARING.

L. M. S., Allegheny.....	\$28.50
“ Geneva.....	20.00
Total.....	<u>\$48.50</u>

INDIAN MISSION.

L. M. S., Allegheny.....	\$ 1.00
“ Wilksburg.....	3.25
“ Millers Run.....	6.00
“ Geneva.....	1.00
“ New Castle.....	.70
“ Eighth St., Pittsburgb.....	1.02
A. M. Milligan Missionary Society.....	5.00
M. J. Campbell, Baxter	3.00
No name.....	2.50
One-fifth amount not specified.....	10.77
Total	<u>\$34.24</u>

INDIAN MISSION SALARY ACCOUNT.

L. M. S., Allegheny.....	\$ 5.00
J. R. McBurney.....	30.00
Total	<u>\$35.00</u>

HOME MISSIONS.

L. M. S., Wilksburg.....	\$10.50
“ Eighth St., Pittsburgh.....	3.00
Total.....	<u>\$13.50</u>

FOREIGN MISSION.

L. M. S., Allegheny, Suadea	\$12 00
“ “ Mersine.....	10.00
Total.....	<u>\$22.00</u>

L. M. S., Wilksburg, Suadea	\$ 1.00
“ Millers Run.....	11.50
“ “ “ Suadea	3.25
“ “ “ Cyprus	1.00
“ Central Allegheny.....	25.00
“ New Castle	3.60
“ Little Beaver.....	5 75
“ Eighth St., Pgb., Mersine.....	15.15
“ “ “ “ Suadea B'ld'g ..	33.77
A. M. Milligan Missionary Society, Mersine.....	16.50
Y. L. M. S., Beaver Falls, Suadea.....	.50
“ Latakia.....	.50
One-fifth amount not specified.....	10.76
Total.....	<u>\$155.23</u>

CHINESE HOME MISSION.

L. M. S., New Castle.....	\$.50
Mrs. J. A. White	2.00
One-fifth amount not specified	10.77
Total.....	<u>\$13.27</u>

CENTRAL ALLEGHENY NEW MISSION.

L. M. S., Central Allegheny	\$13.00
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DOMESTIC MISSION.

L. M. S., Slippery Rock.....	\$.50
“ Millers Run, Seattle	5.00
“ New Castle, Chicago Mission.....	5.00
“ “ “ Denver.....	1.00
“ East End, Pgh.....	1.00
“ Allegheny, Topeka Cong	25.00
“ Wilksburg, “ “	13.00
“ Millers Run “ “	8.00
One-fifth amount not specified	10.76
Total.....	<u>\$69.26</u>

PRESBYTERY'S HOME MISSION.

L. M. S., Wilksburg.....	\$17.50
“ Eighth St., Pittsburgh.....	1.04
Y. L. M. S., Wilksburg	6.00
Total.....	<u>\$24.54</u>

RECAPITULATION.

Southern Mission.....	\$65.53
Jewish Mission, Cincinnati	33.30
Jewish Mission, Philadelphia.....	11.80
Indian Mission.....	34.24
Indian Mission, Salary account	35.00
Home Mission.....	13.50
Foreign Mission	155.23
Chinese Home Mission	13.27
Domestic Mission	69.26
Presbytery's Home Mission	24.54
Testimony Bearing.....	48.50
National Reform	5.57
J. R. McKee Mission Band	5.00
Central Allegheny New Mission.....	13.00
Total	<u>\$527.79</u>

REVISED PSALTERS.

At the request of Mr. John T. Morton orders for Revised Psalters may be sent for the present, **and till further notice**, to the office of HERALD OF MISSION NEWS, 325 West 56th Street, New York.

Minion Edition, - - - 25 Cents, or 30 Cents, Mailed.
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20 per cent. reduction on orders for 30 copies or over. The purchaser in every instance to pay expressage.

Edition of Psalters with music exhausted, and a new edition will not be printed unless the sale of 200 copies is **secured by pledges**.

N. B. — *Bona fide* orders will be filed till that number is ordered. R. M. SOMMERVILLE.

The HERALD OF MISSION NEWS will be glad to receive orders for the Missionary Picture that was on exhibition at Synod. This picture is not an engraving, but a finely finished photograph of all the Missionaries sent out to Syria, Asia Minor and Cyprus, from the inception of the Foreign Missionary enterprise to the end of 1893. It is of historic value, giving the likeness and name of each Missionary, the field to which he was originally sent or in which he is now laboring, and the date of his appointment, with other dates of importance in the history of the Missions; it should have a place on the walls of every Sabbath School Room in the Church. The cost of this unique picture, mounted and ready for framing, is only Four Dollars.

Copies of this picture can also be obtained from Rev. J. W. Sproull, D.D., Allegheny City, Pa., to whom the HERALD OF MISSION NEWS is deeply indebted for his kindness in this matter.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

INTERDENOMINATIONAL.

ORGANIZED 1894.

Secretary and Treasurer, S. H. WILLARD, 14 East 125th Street, N. Y. City.

General Superintendent, F. F. WEST, 41 South Sixth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Young People's Foreign Missionary Society was organized under a deep conviction that the souls of the heathen are lost without Christ, and that "the voice of their blood is crying unto GOD from the ground." Its object is to preach the Gospel in the SOUDAN and ADJACENT TERRITORIES in obedience to our LORD'S commands; there are in this region 150,000,000 souls who have never even heard of the name of JESUS.

It is interdenominational, evangelical and inexpensive; \$300 a year will support a missionary; anyone who deposits \$1 a day into this work can have their own Missionary on the field; they will become Missionaries-at-Home. In looking for means to prosecute its work, the Society will depend entirely upon the faithfulness and promises of GOD, through the **voluntary and spontaneous** gifts of His people, as He may dispose them to contribute; no collections are taken up and no personal solicitations for money are authorized.

Donations are acknowledged by a numbered receipt; also in the "Y. P. F. M. Journal," opposite the number instead of the name. The "Y. P. F. M. Journal" is an 8-paged, illustrated, monthly publication, devoted exclusively to the missionary cause. Price, 25c. a year.

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