

The Woman's Missionary Society

This Department is in the interests of the M. Society. All communications for it should be addressed to Mrs. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

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What Prayer and a Cent Accomplished.

BY REV. HOWARD W. POPE.

I have a friend in Orange, N. J., who is very much interested in a certain mission in that city. One day a lady connected with another charitable work informed her that they had just cleared off a troublesome debt. My lady friend congratulated her and added that she wished she could say the same for their mission.

"Are you in debt, Mrs. P.?"

"Yes, we have a debt of over seven hundred dollars."

"I suppose you would accept any amount, however small?"

"Certainly, we should be grateful for any contribution, however small."

"Very well," she said, handing her a penny, "I will give you this cent towards your debt."

My friend took it, and said: "I receive this cent in the name of the Lord, and I thank you for it. I am going to dedicate this penny and you see if it doesn't pay off the whole debt."

The other replied, "O, pshaw, you are joking."

"No, I am not joking; I mean it. I believe the Lord will use this cent to pay the whole debt."

She went at once to the treasurer of the mission, told her what she proposed to do, and asked her to unite in prayer with her that God would multiply that penny as He did the loaves and fishes, and with it pay the debt. That night she laid the penny before the Lord, and solemnly dedicated it to His service.

In a day or two she met one of the ladies of the church who was president of one of its many missionary organizations, and the following conversation ensued:

"Mrs. P., I understand that your mission has a debt this year."

"Yes, I am sorry to say we have."

"Well, you have always helped us in our work, and it is no more than fair that our ladies help you. How would you like us to give you a cake and candy sale?"

"It is very kind of you to make such an offer but would you just as soon give us the money which it would cost to prepare for it?"

"O, I understand how you feel about these sales, and I respect your scruples. I'll tell you what we will do. I will ask our ladies to give your mission a donation party. How would you like that?"

"That would suit us far better."

The donation brought in \$166 in money, filled the larder with abundant stores of food, and supplied new and second-hand clothing enough to keep the mothers' meeting running all winter.

The next day Mrs. P. met the treasurer in high glee, saying: "Would you believe it? I have just received a check for fifty dollars for our mission, and I am on my way to the bank with it." Soon another check for the same amount came, and other smaller gifts entirely unsolicited, until the cash offerings amounted to four hundred dollars.

A few days later my friend dropped into the mission rooms, and there she saw an old lady who said to her that she was interested in that work, and had intended to leave something for it in her will; but of late she had been impressed strongly that she ought to make her gift while living, and she had brought her one thousand dollars. That had made fourteen hundred dollars that had come in within two weeks in answer to a prayer that God would bless that penny and with it pay a debt of seven hundred dollars.

Talking it over with the treasurer, my friend said: "You know that when Mrs. — died, her daughter told us that she proposed to give us a thousand dollars as a memorial to her mother. It is now two years or more, and she has not said a word to us about it. If God could give us fourteen hundred dollars in two weeks in answer to prayer, don't you suppose He could hurry up the payment of the other thousand?" The two godly women knelt and committed the matter to the Lord, and said nothing to anyone else about it. Within a few days they received a letter from the lady, and, referring to her promise made two years ago she added, "I am happy now to enclose my check for one thousand dollars for your noble work."

After these experiences I doubt whether the ladies of that mission could be persuaded to go into the fair or restaurant business as a means of support for Christian work.

Mission Notes and News

During the year 1903 there were six thousand added to the Protestant converts in Canton province, China.

In spite of the pleasing pictures brought before the eyes by proofs of the extension of the Kingdom in India, some parts of the country still bar out Christian teachers as carefully as Tibet. A Baptist missionary in Bengal writes that five men, rulers of as many petty native states in the southwest of that province, are still preventing their 500,000 people from hearing the Gospel.

Fifty years ago the United Presbyterian missionaries in Cairo were a lonely little group, meeting together for prayer in English. On the 15th November, 1904, that mission celebrated its semi-centennial with a meeting con-

tinued during three days, holding three sessions each day. These nine sessions were in the Arabic language excepting two sessions held in English, the language of the minority of the Protestants of Egypt.

A Lutheran missionary in India tells of finding out in the course of the year that one of the native workers, besides doing his regular work among the people of his station, is walking eight miles, when he gets time, to teach the people of two other villages who wish to hear the Bible. It is no more than his duty to his Master. Yet what meaning there is in the fact that this man, who was a pagan, now has a sense of his duty to Jesus Christ.

Dr. Susan Rijnhart, author of that thrilling tale of missionary enterprise, "With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple," which tells the tragic story of the death of her husband and their child in that inhospitable land, is now a missionary at Ta-Tsien-Su, Sz-Chaun, China, the centre of Tibetan trade. Mrs. Rijnhart is working among the Tibetans, the murderers of her husband, and as soon as Tibet itself is open to the missionary, she will lead the advance guard into that country. Her knowledge of the Tibetan language and customs should make her work most effectual. Mrs. Rijnhart has the faithful persistence of the true missionary.

A Chinese Baptist living in a village near Hsuehau (Sui-fu) in the province of Tzechwan, is sixty years old, but every Sunday morning he appears at a village ten miles from his home, sends out the town crier with a gong to call the people together, and preaches Christ to them. He is untaught except in the Bible, which he knows from Genesis to Revelation. His sincerity and vivid imagination, which brings homely Chinese illustrations to his help, captures his audience. Afterwards he trudges ten miles back to his home and there, also, sends out the crier with his booming gong. There he preaches again. In the evening he holds another service. This he has done every Sunday for two years—a pure labor of love, for he has no salary.

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THIBETAN MYTHS.

The Tibetans have numberless strange myths, one the most curious pertaining to the sun, moon and stars. The sun is believed to be an immense ball of yak meat and fat, whereon the spirits of departed ancestors are supposed to feast, the light being caused by its heated condition. The stars are portions of this immense feast, which, dropping to earth, give birth to animals for the sustenance of suffering humanity. The moon is a lesser ball of similar texture as the sun, in use while the larger one is being replenished for the morrow. When sun or moon fails to appear in cloudy days and nights it means that the deities are undergoing a period of fasting and religious abnegation. And the parched and sterile condition of bleak regions is ascribed to the fact that many thousand years ago the sun ball slipped from the hands of its keepers, descended too near the earth and before being recaptured scorched these parts which it came in contact.

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