

attention has this poor man, no children's willing assistance, no friend to comfort, no doctor to heal; worse than all, he has no hope in the Great Physician to keep him on his bed of languishing.

A little boy, his nephew, succeeds in finding him enough scanty food, but nothing to supply his suffering needs. For medicine he needed, cleanliness and dressing of the poor injured members, nutrition properly administered by a physician, and kind, Christian words to point him to Jesus, his only Saviour and comfort in this his last extremity.

Dear friends, this is no fancy sketch. This poor creature was found by one of our own missionaries "half dead," like that other sufferer on the way to Jericho. Our Good Samaritan ministered to his wants; yea, endeavored to bring him to put his faith in Christ. But alas! it was too late! His mind was too filled with the wild delirium of fever to comprehend the richness of grace so freely offered, and he passed away from darkness here into greater darkness without hope. And this man's life might have been saved. If our mission, under whose shadow hundreds die daily without help, possessed only a Christian hospital, with simple, inexpensive appliances with an educated Christian physician, this man might have gained admittance in time to avert the impending attack which proved fatal. Then during convalescence, those hours which have seemed to many so long and tedious, might have been shortened and sweetened by words from the blessed Master's book, the message of salvation.

Ah! does not Christ command us now to send forth help to "preach the gospel and heal the sick," when thousands are dying in anguish like this poor man, lost forever? Does not common humanity, even, loudly call us to heed the wail of sickness and woe which comes from these foreign lands of misery and sin?

Our Church at present has no medical missionary in all the great empire of China. There are medical men ready to go, and those who cannot go themselves are called to the duty of equipping and sending them. The outfit of a medical missionary is costly; he must have a full set of instruments of steel knives; he must have medicines and hospital appliances; he ought to have a hospital. In China these hospitals are simple, and there is no other place in the world where the same amount of money will do so many people as much good. There is abundance of means in our Church; yea, if even the tithes were brought into God's store-house we should not have room for the blessing. How many of our churches will sustain each a doctor in a mission field? How many men and women will support a medical missionary, or a ward, or a bed in some Christian hospital?

Dear fellow-inheritors of God's grace and glory! We have offered ourselves to His service in foreign lands. Will not you help us now, properly equip us, bid us God-speed, and follow us with your earnest prayers?

May he who gives us all things and who spared not His own Son, open your hearts to give liberally, so that the poor heathen may receive healing for body and soul.

EDGAR WOODS, JR., M. D.
Charity Hospital, New York City.

For the Christian Observer.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE IN CHINA.

Office of Foreign Missions,
Baltimore, Md., October 7, 1887.
Messrs. Editors—Will you be so kind as to publish the following appeal, written by Dr. Edgar Woods, Jr. Dr. Woods, under appointment of our Executive Committee as a medical missionary to Tsing Kiang pu, our northernmost mission station in China, where his brother, the Rev. Henry M. Woods, and the Rev. Mr. Sydenstricker, with their families, are now stationed. Dr. Woods, a few years ago, constrained by the love of Christ, gave up flattering business prospects that he might fit himself to be a medical missionary. He took the medical course at the University of Virginia, where, I am informed by Dr. Cabell, he graduated with distinction. Since that time he has spent two years in the hospitals of New York, with the best advantages of clinical study. He is now ready to go forth in the discharge of that important and tender work which our Lord has linked with the preaching of His gospel—the healing of the sick. It is his desire, and the desire of the Committee, that he go at once.

The Executive Committee appointed Dr. Woods and two others as missionaries, with the expectation that the receipts of the treasury this year would be at least equal to those of last year. It is now found, though, that the receipts are \$21,000.00 behind those of last year. The result is that the Committee is without the money needed for equipping Dr. Woods and sending him out. This is the month in which the Executive Committee is authorized by the General Assembly to appeal to the churches for free will offerings. Not only the sending out of Dr. Woods, but other important measures in the work in several of the mission fields, are dependent on liberal offerings at this time, by God's people. These are matters which concern the health and efficiency of our missionaries; they concern the poor, suffering bodies of many of our fellowmen; they concern the everlasting life and everlasting death of those to whom we are debtors; above all, they concern the heart of our Lord and Saviour, who so sympathizes with every form of human suffering, that relief given to it is relief given to Him. Is there any one among all the communicants of our Church who will withhold an offering to Him at this time.

Respectfully,
M. H. HOUSTON,
Secretary.

In a low, miserable hut—one among thousands—on the Grand Canal near Chinkiang, China, lies a poor man. His sickbed is a little pile of musty straw, covered with a dirty mat; no other furniture does his house contain. His daily toil is in the rice-fields; his extreme poverty has prevented his wearing shoes, and his feet have been so injured by the sharp stubble, day after day, bleeding and swollen, until now he lies helpless, unable to move for three days. He is burning with a high fever, his jaws are tightly clinched and cannot be opened the least bit even to partake of food; now and again, he is taken with fearful convulsions, rendering his wretched condition more pitiable. His poor hut does not defend him from the rain, yet is hot and close; the very air seeming to share his misery. No tender wife's care and kind

Simon and Andrew, bold and strong,
 Casting a net into the sea,
 While they braved with the fisher's song
 The surging waves of Galilee:
 Come, "follow me," said the Saviour then
 "And I will make you fishers of men."
 And straightway they forsook their nets
 They rose to seize life's precious goal,
 And out the depths of deep regrets
 That drown the struggling, sinking
 soul,
 They drew men forth from the sea of sin,
 To follow Jesus and life to win.
 And on from thence were John and
 James,
 Mending their nets within a ship;
 Zebedee's sons—and chosen names—
 To herald God's word and worship,
 And these were called by the Saviour, too,
 And found it sweet to believe and do.
 And thus the brave fishermen, four;
 To toil and pain on earth were given
 Persecuted, afflicted, sore—
 They laid up their treasures in heaven,
 They endured the cross and won the
 crown,
 Securely to life-eternal bound.
 To-day He's calling you, dear friends,
 By His word and providence,
 By the Holy Ghost whom He sends,
 By the Church and by your con-
 science.
 Oh! hear his voice—He is calling still,
 And Jesus your hungry soul shall fill.
 W. H. O.

WHAT A FOOL I HAVE BEEN!

It was early in the spring. I was asked by a friend to visit a poor old man who was thought to be dying. For many years he had neither heard nor read the Bible; his life had been chiefly spent in the pleasures of the world. His wife kindly asked me in, and on entering the room, such a sight met my eyes as I never shall forget. The object of my visit was propped up in bed by pillows. His white locks told that seventy years, at least, had passed over him. He was sinking fast. His voice was nearly gone; he could only speak in a low whisper. Through the long night he had continually uttered this one dreadful sentence, "It's too late; it's too late! What a fool I have been!"

As I sat beside him, I spoke gently to him of the Lord Jesus Christ and his finished work, and solemnly warned the old man of his own need of such a Saviour. But he paid me no attention. Then I spoke to him of the tender compassion of Jesus, and his willingness to save, whereupon the dying man turned his face and looked at me. Oh! the despair and terror of that moment—his countenance was with a feeble voice, he moaned, "It's too late now; no mercy for me!" Shortly after, he breathed his last.

Dear reader, have you believed? Have you truly bowed to the name of Jesus? Reader, what do you say? I warn you in my Master's name, not to delay, but to accept the proffered mercy ere it be too late. The mournful bell that knelled over the remains of the poor man of whom I tell you, seems still to ring in my ears, "To-day! To-day!" To-morrow you may be in eternity, where no message of mercy is ever heard.

"What a fool I have been! What a fool I have been!" he cried, during his last night upon earth. Ah! poor man, thy words were true.—
Southern Churchman.

MURMURING.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. I had always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read that Jamie didn't want a cake, or a

and a pleasant one it is, as you get all the breezes blowing.

The hotel is kept by Mr. Taylor Warrick, one of the owners of the cave property, and by his wife who furnishes the guests with clean and comfortable beds, and lots of good things to eat.

The house is plainly furnished, but who needs sofas, or wicker chairs, when for a few minutes' walk, you can have a moss-covered seat, as soft and smooth as velvet, out in the fresh, sweet air?

And what need to have the walls hung with oil paintings, when outside, the most beautiful landscapes are spread out before you?

A parlor is not necessary (though they have one), even for lovers, as there are innumerable spots for them, where they not only may, but will, be inspired to say the right thing.

One spot is particularly appropriate, and was named by our party, Lover's Retreat. After climbing a hill, you are glad to see a shady path, which, if you follow, brings you to some old-time, picturesque bars. By letting them down, you come to a place where the trees almost meet, and where there are lovely ferns and soft grass, and an air of peace and quiet. Here love's tale may be told amid the music of merry birds.

Within one square mile about the hotel, there are four caves, three natural bridges of majestic beauty, a natural tunnel, cliffs three hundred feet high, wells and springs, and a good creek for fishing, besides all kinds of trees, wild flowers and birds.

If it were closer to a railroad (being ten miles off from any), and the road were not so rough, I am certain that, with a certain amount of advertising, it would become a famous summer resort.

Saltpetre Cave is directly opposite the hotel, and the cold air, issuing from it, can be felt forty feet away. Inside, even when wrapped up warm, your fingers and nose get cold. It would be a nice house to live in, as they say that it is as warm in winter as it is cold in summer.

This cave is mostly artificial. During the war of 1812, it was worked for the saltpetre, to be used in making powder which was sold to the Government.

There is one room in it, however, which is filled with beautiful stalactites, and the ceiling looks like that of a church, and has little niches, as for statues. We named it the Cathedral Chamber.

There is a hole in the side of a rock, gained by climbing a ladder of twenty rounds. It receives its name from the fact that the passages branch off from the centre, forming an X. This cave is very clean and beautiful. The formations hang in clusters from the ceiling, and on the sides of the wall, and reminded me of a fruit store, where the fruit hangs in luxuriance before hungry eyes.

In one place, the formations have the shape of pipes, and each one has a different tone when struck. This has caused it to be called the Organ.

The largest, and perhaps most interesting one, is Bat Cave. They say, in winter, the walls are thick with bats. We saw only a few.

We knew we had a good deal of climbing to do, and, perhaps, through mud, so we put on our cave costume, consisting of an old dress, a warm jacket, old shoes and rubbers, and, our head ensconced in a



An Enemy in Camp. Where is he?

[OVER.]

[Established in 1842.]

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At the First Presbyterian church last Sunday morning there was a public reception and baptism of the members received into the church. There were twenty upon profession of religion and five admitted by letter from sister churches. Mr. Caldwell, the evangelist, who has labored in this community with such success, will leave Wednesday for other fields. As a minister he is highly esteemed by all who heard him preach or met him personally. He will be followed in other fields with sincere prayers for his success as a messenger of God.

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