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## ABOVE IT ALL.

I SEE the crowds of earth go by,  
I hear the world's loud trumpet call,  
Though through its midst my path should lie,  
Yet I must live above it all.

The sorrows of the daily life,  
The shadows of my path which fall,  
Too oft obscure the glory's light,  
Until I rise above them all;

Until upon the mountain height,  
I stand, my God I with Thee alone,  
Bathed in the fullest, clearest light—  
The glory which surrounds the throne.

Here hush! are all the sounds of earth,  
The laugh of pleasure, moan of pain;  
The vain deluding shouts of mirth,  
Here fall upon my ear in vain.

Calm in Thy secret presence, Lord,  
I rest this weary soul of mine;  
Feed on the fulness of Thy word,  
And die to all the things of time.

Learning that word, so wondrous deep,  
To live in joy and grief the same;  
Weeping as though we did not weep,  
Gaining, as though we did not gain.

O I take my fevered hands in Thine,  
And keep me, Master, nearer Thee;  
Walking above the things of time,  
In closest fellowship with Thee.

With Thee, above the clouds and gloom  
That shade and dim this lower life;  
Walking with Thee—with Thee alone—  
Above the storm, above the strife.

## A PASTOR'S AFTERNOON.

THE following lets some daylight in upon what to so many is a dark subject, "How a minister can possibly find enough to keep him in decent exercise." It is from the *New York Christian Advocate*; and by a "Methodist Pastor." Change the names to the "PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW," and a "Presbyterian Pastor," and it is equally true to the life.

*Mr. Baker.*—Dear Brother: Returning home this evening after several hours of pastoral visitation, I occurred to me to make a sketch of my calls, which had been made in a perfectly natural course, with no thought of special selection. I send you the result, thinking that its appearance in *The Christian Advocate* may help some of your readers better to know the real nature of a pastor's work, and perhaps better to realize how many are the sorrows of our common life. Following are the calls made:

1. A lady running a large grocery in place of her husband at home sick.
2. A widow bedridden for many years.
3. A young married woman whose mother had become intemperate and left home.
4. A widow in want because of her son's lack of employment.
5. A young mother with babe of two-months. Husband just taken to hospital, disabled by chronic illness, leaving her destitute.
6. A lady nursing her husband, just returned from business very ill.
7. A young working girl stricken with paralysis.
8. An aged woman dying; no relative, but tenderly cared for by Christian friends.
9. An elderly woman recovering from effects of a severe fall.
10. A home where the husband is out of employment, the wife very ill, and her mother dying.
11. Found her mother referred to in No. 3, suffering from a long debauch, and pledged her to drink no more.
12. Called on Treasurer of the Stewards, and obtained money for relief of No. 6.
13. Carried the money to No. 6, and left her somewhat consoled.

Reviewing this sketch, I find that, with the exception of the first call, I had not been two blocks away from the parsonage. Yours sincerely,  
A METHODIST PASTOR.

## HINDRANCES TO EVANGELISTIC WORK.

BY REV. DONALD FRASER, D.D.

IN an address on Hindrances to Success in Evangelistic Work, Dr. Fraser dwells on various practical points, and concludes with the following remarks, which strike us as of very general application:—

*The Church is wanting in ardour for the conversion of the ungodly.*

Not merely is there scepticism about the utility of special services, there is far too little serious thought about the success of the Gospel in any way, stated or special.

Even the ministers of the Word are apt to fall into a dull acquiescence in things as they are, content with a well-filled church. The officers of congregations are intent on pew-letting and the gathering of the church revenue. When these show respectable figures, "We are doing well," they cry, as if their church were a house of business, always on the look-out for good paying customers. Not only so, but the people too often seem to have got all that they want, when they have secured the sittings that they

like, and hear sermons and services (especially music) such as yield them a fair weekly allowance of enjoyment and consolation. They have no enthusiasm for the grand object for which Christ came—"That the world through Him might be saved." They have among them persons called *far excellere* "Christian workers," but the general mass of Christians, whether in our own or in other churches, have no faith or courage to go forth in the community in the name of Christ and try to make more Christians.

Mr. Haslam, in his autobiographical volumes often refers to this apathy, and says, "I never could understand Christians who do not care about the salvation of souls." It certainly is a strange thing that sheep found by the Good Shepherd should think only of green pastures for themselves and have no pity on the sheep that are still astray in the wilderness, or that men who have been rescued and healed should feel nothing for those who are still by the wayside, wounded and half dead.

We do not know how this hindrance of mere self-regard is to be surmounted, unless God be pleased to show us the throbbing of His own heart over sinful men, and in harmony therewith to send a mighty pulsation of love and sympathy through the heart of the Church which will actuate all her frame and quicken all her energies.

Richard Baxter, writing of his success in the Gospel at Kidderminster, mentions with gratitude "the co-operation and zeal of his people." "They thirsted for the salvation of their neighbours, and were, in private, my assistants, and being dispersed through the town, were ready, in almost all companies, to repress seducing words and to justify godliness, to convince, reprove, and exhort men according to their needs; as also to teach them how to pray."

## O TEACHER, DON'T!

1. *Don't begin before you are ready.* Come to the Sunday school with your lesson well prepared. How shall a man teach except he hath first learned? How shall empty vessels be filled out of an empty vessel? Out of nothing, nothing comes; and from nothing, nothing can be taken away. I know teachers who make it a practice, every Sunday afternoon or evening, to look over the lesson for the next Lord's Day. Keeping it in mind during the following week; thinking it over, gathering illustrations, reading about it, getting themselves full of it, when the next Sunday comes round they are well prepared to teach, and never need to begin before they are ready.

2. *Don't go faster than your class can follow.* Avoid big words. Use simple language. See that your questions and explanations are perfectly intelligible. It is a high art to ask questions aright. While a question should not be so framed as to suggest its own answer, neither should it be so constructed as to be ambiguous or misleading. That teacher was rightly served who asked a boy in his class, "What was the condition of the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" and received the prompt reply, "Dead!"

3. *Don't wade out where you can't swim.* Some things cannot be explained. There are mysteries in our holy religion which no man can fathom. If it were not so, then were our blessed religion of but little worth. Some matters are for the reason, and may be explained and understood and explored with the torch of intelligent inquiry; but some things are too great, high, wide, and deep for the human reason to measure. They were not meant to be measured, but to be silently and reverently contemplated and adored. The existence of God, the nature of the Holy Trinity, the incarnation,—it is only the ignorant who will presumptuously attempt to explain or prove truths like these. Keep within your depth. Go not forth into the deep waters, where you can neither wade nor swim.

4. *Don't be dry.* It is in teaching as in farming—too much dry weather kills the crop. All one's time must not be spent in proving things. A little attention should be given to painting, as well as to proving. We are all fond of pictures. Let the volume of your Sunday school work be well illustrated. An anecdote, a little appropriate pleasantry, a brief story, well told, arousing interest and touching the heart, will serve to enliven the lesson. Study the happy art of illustration.

5. *Don't scold.* Preserve order in your class. Hold the reins with a firm, albeit a gentle hand. Insist on obedience, because to inculcate obedience is no small part of your work. But avoid a fault-finding, scolding, scowling habit. Vinegar catches no flies. The fish never bite when it thunders.

6. *Stop when you are done.* I have seen teachers talking and talking to their scholars long after everybody else was through the lesson, and quite until the tap of the bell announced the hour of dismissal. The scholars were evidently weary and restless, and looked decidedly bored. When you have driven the truth home, and fastened it like a nail in a sure place, let it alone. Keep on hammering at it, and you will pound the head off your nail, or split your plank and spoil your work. If you have little children in charge, be particular to remember Spurgeon's saying that "Little vessels are soon filled."—*H. M. Kieffer in S. S. Times.*

## Mission Work.

COMMENDABLE.—There is a good deal of degeneracy no doubt among the nobility of Britain, but there are still many exceptionally earnest and noble men, well worthy of the honourable titles which are their inheritance. It is refreshing to read that "a young layman, an earl's son and an Oriental scholar, an elder in the Free Church of Scotland, proposes to establish a mission at his own expense among Mohammedans in Arabia, and direct it in person." One would like to know his name, and better still to know the man. May many who have the means go and do likewise!

GIRL WIVES AND WIDOWS.—The iniquity of infant marriages and the misery and shame of widowhood imposed for life upon millions of miserable women through no fault of their own, have moved both the missionaries in India and the government to seek out some remedy for this cruel bondage imposed by inexorable use and wont. Hitherto both have failed, but it is good news to learn that the ancient Vedas—the Bible of the Hindus—give no sanction to the practice and that thus there is still hope of effecting a reform.

A MARTYR'S SUCCESSOR.—A successor for Bishop Hannington, who was murdered in Eastern Africa, has been found in the person of Rev. Henry P. Parker, who for some years was Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in Calcutta and who has been laboring among the Gonds in Central India. Mr. Parker was known in India as specially interested in the efforts to build up a native Christian community, which should be independent of support from the English Society, and he has consented to accept this bishopric on condition that another missionary be sent to the Gonds to carry on the work he has begun.—*Missionary Herald.*

NEGRO MARTYRS.—No one can read the dark record of bloody persecutions so heroically endured by the blacks, in Madagascar, without the conviction that the finest characteristics of human nature are to be found also in the Negro race. The conviction is deepened by the latest news from Africa. The church there, though so young, is already passing through the fire, particularly in Uganda. The late King Mtesa—a fickle minded ruler—alternately favored and persecuted the missionaries and converts. His son Mwanga who promised better things has proved to be a perfect Nero. For nearly two years he has been slaughtering and burning all the Christians in his kingdom, and even those suspected of being favorable to the new religion, till at last he has made an end temporarily for want of material. As late as last June, thirty-two were burned alive on one great funeral pyre by the king's order. Fifty of the king's pages were massacred on suspicion that they had become Christians. One of the missionaries writes "God alone knows how vast a multitude is yearly done to death in this dark land." Surely our brethren there should have place in our daily prayers that God may defend and deliver them, and cause the blood of the martyrs to bring forth abundantly, thirty, sixty, an hundred-fold in living witnesses for the truth.

BLOOD-BROTHERHOOD.—The name of Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, has become a household word, familiar to the children as well as to those of riper years. In his recent work, "The Congo," that intrepid traveler relates some strange experiences which he had in his dealings with the native African tribes. He also records some curious customs to which he had to conform in trying to win the favor of these tribes, and secure their confidence. One of these was that of "blood-brotherhood." This is a custom by which those who submit to it bind themselves to perpetual friendship—pledge themselves to help each other to the utmost of their ability. The ceremony connected with it is meant to be very imposing. Mr. Stanley tells us that, on one occasion, he entered into this relation with a native chief named Mata Buzki (lord of many guns). When the moment for the ceremony arrived, a fetish-man—a sort of heathen priest—appeared, carrying his incense, a long pod, a pinch of salt, and a fresh green banana leaf. The staff of a spear belonging to the chief's son, and the stock of a rifle belonging to Mr. Stanley were then scraped, the fine shavings falling on the banana leaf. To these shavings were added the pinch of salt and a little just scraped from the pod. The arms of the two men were then crossed, and the fetish-man made an incision in each with one of the lancets. When the blood began to ooze out, a little of the curious compound just described was dropped on the wounds. The arms were then rubbed together, the white arm and the black arm, and the men were brothers, pledged to a life-relationship. This is blood-brotherhood in Africa. But we read of a blood-brotherhood more real than this, and one which carries with it greater obligations. The Holy Spirit, speaking by the mouth of Paul, says: "God that made the world and all things therein hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth."—*Foreign Missionary.*

## NEWS FROM MISS ROSE.

THE following extract from a letter addressed to Mr. Alex. Bain, Woodstock, Ont. appears in a recent issue of the *Sentinel-Review*.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSION,  
PIAPOOT'S RESERVE, Oct. 15th, 1886.

"The work grows in interest daily. I am often moved to tears at the painfully sad side of my work, and often quite convulsed with laughter at the ludicrousness of many things said and done: for example much of the Indians' English is necessarily slang; they pick it up from the stable boys about the town when they are in Regina.

"One immense native comes to school sometimes. He is the Son of-Dust. When he walks he might very appropriately be called Stick-in-the-Mud. To-day when he came in, said I, 'good afternoon,' he replied respectfully 'shut up'; this exhausted his vocabulary. The night before, two boys were here until 21 o'clock learning to count. As they were going out said I, 'good night.' They looked back at me shyly, and with the utmost politeness at their command said 'your mother-in-law.' They have great powers of imagination in some respects.

"Mrs. A. S. Ball kindly sent me some pictures, all of which are mounted and hung in the schoolroom, and we are very proud of them; one is a good picture of 'Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.' They are quite decided that the Princess is my picture, and that the dots in the veil are flies on my face. 'Why did you not drive them off' they say. I did not understand for some time what they meant. They are quite sure 'His Royal Highness' is my sweetheart and when I deny it they say 'you are lying.' A poor old woman was in and I was singing to her 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me,' and tried to get her to sing 'Jesus loves me.' She was very attentive and tried so hard to get it said, 'Do you know who Jesus is?' She responded in a bright happy way 'Tappua Tappua' the same as 'you bet' with the white man. There are many of our consonants they cannot sound or pronounce B, P, C, E, seem all to sound the same to them and F they cannot say so far; it is 'ep' with them. I point to my lips and teeth as I utter it, they watch intently, then with an explosive effort blurt out 'E, pep' 'L, lop, is a stumbling block; K they do not like to try. Three, thirty, third are quite enough some days to disturb the school. Some of them will run out of the door to 'Tah' 'Tah' to say 'thirty.' 'Tappua' received a message from John Macdonald desired the honour of his company at Ottawa, and he must needs be in Winnipeg upon a certain day; in order to be there on that day he would have to travel to Regina during the night season, so he would not go. Piapoot does resemble your ancient friend Jesurum, who waxed fat and 'kicked.' He is not so very fat, but he is a chronic 'kicker.' He is no longer hostile to the school; is quite friendly, I think; calls sometimes and his sons come to the school.

"Eastern people can form no idea of the irregularity of this institution. Imagine a people who have no timepieces. They do not know the time upon their faces if they had. The schoolroom is open from early to late; often the most teaching is done in the evening. They see before discipline as mist before the sunshine. I am the recipient of much advice—it costs little. One says, 'You must not teach the alphabet first.' Another, 'You must first instruct them very carefully in the alphabet.' 'You must teach them to draw first.' 'You must not allow them to draw until they first learn to read.' 'Do not give them the least thing unless they earn it.' 'You should let the things be given as gifts first, anyway to win confidence.' I need hardly say that all the advice comes from those who have not made missions a study. The schoolroom is large, airy and bright, lit by two windows looking south and two looking north, from which may be seen the long winding range of hills, the formation resembling the pictures of Palestine. Those old, bald, wrinkled hills fade away at the sky line into a squarely flat tableland; not a shrub, tree, slant, stack or villa, breaks the line on the north range. We live on the summit of the south range; about here it has a park-like appearance, dotted here and there with clumps of small trees. Cheerful little groups are they in the summer season, but now turning into a leafless, wailing wood, in which these terrific western winds are constantly trying over their old tunes. They roar at the house corner; frequently I have thought a heavy lumber wagon was at the door; at night I fancy I hear Forepaugh's baggage waggon lumbering up the stony part of Dundas Street, Woodstock, Ont. You are surprised I would even dream of a circus wagon. It never took much to surprise you; these winds surprise me; they will shake the casement so that they rattle as a combined mower and reaper, and shriek through the key-hole, 'I will get in,' 'I will get in.' The white settlers are very disconsolate over a sad succession of bad harvests; many have spent their all and have never reaped the seed sown. I am in a position to hear many sorrowful experiences. Most excellent; people seem to be the rule here, very few, worthless settlers. It is no fault of theirs that they have no crops; they are careful and work hard, but between the frost, drouth and gophers, they have scarcely anything left."