

interrupters received spiritual benefit from their visit to the Abbey.

In themselves these incidents may not mean much, but they are symptomatic. The assertion may be true that these London demonstrations are largely augmented by those who belong to the criminal class, men who under no conditions are disposed to engage in honest labour. It is not from these that real danger is to be feared. Were there no large mass of destitution, which is always akin to discontent, agitators, whether moved by personal ambition or the recklessness that belongs to crime, would be powerless. There would be no inflammable material to kindle by their fiery harangues. Years ago the late Earl of Shaftesbury called attention to the dangers which threatened society from the existence of a large class living in abject poverty, and of necessity coming into close contact with the criminal underworld. To the devoted philanthropist this was a strong incentive to effort for the evangelization of the poor, and a motive for the noble and self-denying efforts, productive of so much good in which he engaged.

At the present time it is stated that in London, possibly the wealthiest city on the face of the earth, there are 100,000 unemployed people. In this state of things there can be no satisfaction and there is certainly much danger. The authorities recognize this, and systematic efforts are being made for the temporary relief of existing distress.

The unconventional irruption of representatives of the distressed into the stateliest of the churches is bringing the social problem face to face with existing Christianity. How is it to be dealt with? It will not down. Is it destined to lead to social bitterness and conflict, or on Christian lines will it find such a solution as will be of lasting benefit to society at large? Many excellent clergymen look on appalled and horrified, being filled with dire apprehension. Others of stronger moral fibre are preparing to grapple with the question, and are desirous of learning all the facts they can and to view them in their proper relation. Last week a meeting of Protestant Episcopal clergymen was held in New York, several of them occupying positions of prominence, Bishop Huntington and Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D., among them, at which these questions were seriously considered. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Church Association for the advancement of the Interests of Labour, whose objects and principles are the following:

The Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labour, believing that the clergy and laity of the Church should become personally interested in the social question now being agitated, should inform themselves of the nature of the issues presented, and should be prepared to act as the necessities of the day may demand, sets forth the following principles and methods of work for its members:

1. It is of the essence of the teachings of Jesus Christ that God is the Father of all men and that all men are brothers.
2. God is the sole possessor of the earth and its fulness; man is but the steward of God's bounties.
3. Labour, being the exercise of body, mind and spirit in the broadening and elevating of human life, it is the duty of every man to labour diligently.
4. When the divinely intended opportunity to labour is given to all men, one great cause of the present widespread suffering and destitution will be removed.

As might be expected, several of those present were far from being in accord with the principles thus enunciated, but there was much direct speaking, indicating that serious attention had been directed to the attitude the Church ought to maintain in relation to the social and industrial questions now agitating society. Bishop Huntington delivered a thoughtful and comprehensive speech. He advised employers to be just and patient, and to live unostentatiously, and that clergymen study the conditions and needs of the people. The classes could only be reconciled on the foundation of the Gospel of Christ and by the Church, and the members were urged to stand fast against lawlessness and anarchy everywhere.

One of the most outspoken opponents of the purpose of the meeting was a young man, the Rev. Mr. Townsend, who said he represented a class of the clergy that had no voice anywhere in the meeting. He administered every Sunday to a wealthy congregation, and would not take up a crusade against them. He belonged to a class ignorant of socialism and communism, and was opposed to any declaration in their favour. He was opposed to taking any part in a meeting which might be construed into sympathy with the Labour party.

Bishop Huntington's son concluded his address by saying:

There lies a profound distrust of the clergy among working-men. They look at the Church as an assembly of respectable people, who are willing to uphold the present commercial spirit of money-getting. They read the New Testament, and find its teachings different from the Church practices. They have asked for bread, and have been given a stone. Too many of us think that a good man with money is better than one without money. I am a Knight of Labour, and the principles of that Order aim to make industrial and moral worth—not wealth—the true standard of individual and national greatness. How many of us are willing to preach that to our congregations—that the millionaire is not in the highest, but in the lowest grade, if he does not render an equivalent for his support. This movement has a deeper purpose than mere politics. It teaches that every man must work in order to live. It is a gospel of work, not a gospel of idleness.

Christianity believed and applied is the true solvent of all social problems.

Books and Magazines.

DOROTHEA KIRK, or, Free to Serve. By Annie S. Swan, author of "Aldersyde." (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrie.)—This touching, impressive and naturally written story appeared in serial form in the pages of our Glasgow contemporary, the *Christian Leader*. The place in literature that the gifted authoress won when quite young by her earlier writings is retained. There is no diminution of power, no yielding to the temptation to write until she has something worth saying. Long may she live to instruct and delight her growing circle of readers.

ACCORDING TO PROMISE; or, The Lord's Method of Dealing with His Chosen People. A new book by Charles H. Spurgeon. A companion volume to "All of Grace." (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs.)—These are brief practical homilies on Scripture themes, the most of them based on appropriate texts of Scripture. They possess all the characteristics of their renowned author—spirituality, scripturalness, directness, fidelity and experimental richness and fulness. It is a little book that cannot fail to carry cheer and comfort and strength to God's people if they will but read and heed its teachings.

A HISTORY OF THE SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ST. GABRIEL STREET, MONTREAL. By Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D. (Montreal: William Drysdale & Co.)—When the importance of the German philosophy was urged upon the attention of Dr. Chalmers, and the perusal of Schiegel specially recommended, his first question was, "Is it a big book?" Dr. Campbell in telling the interesting story of St. Gabriel Street Church has certainly produced a big book. It is difficult, however, to see how it could, without sacrificing much that merited permanent record, have been abridged. To trace the rise and progress of Presbyterianism in Canada, from its small beginnings, is a grateful task, and cannot but be highly instructive and encouraging. Though the work ostensibly deals only with St. Gabriel Street Church, so great has been the importance and relation of that Church to other and far distant parts of the Dominion, that it will be read with almost equal interest by people from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Dr. Campbell, as an author, has done his work admirably. He has spared no pains in his researches, and in the procuring of authentic and authoritative documents bearing on the changeful history of the quaint old church which for so long was one of the landmarks of Montreal. The numerous bits of biography interspersed through the volume give additional life and interest to the well-written narrative. He deals with all the stirring controversies interwoven with the eventful history of St. Gabriel Street Church in a spirit of fairness and candour, a prime requisite in every historian. The chapter devoted to Bishop Strachan is decidedly good, and will be relished by all who have a fair recollection of the important place in public affairs occupied by the first Anglican Bishop of Toronto. Among the many excellent features of the work, the reproduction of the sermons and addresses delivered during the Centennial celebrations held a year ago is not the least valuable. The work is embellished by several well-engraved portraits and views of the old church in which the congregation so long worshipped. Dr. Campbell has done the Presbyterian Church in Canada a valuable service in publishing the "History of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, St. Gabriel Street, Montreal."

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

AN INDIAN CONVERT'S EXPERIENCE.

Why, then, you ask, am I afraid openly to confess the truth? What harm could come to me? Ah! if you could only understand. Why, if I am only away from my house for a little longer than usual, my uncle or my brother is sent to see what has become of me. The other evening when I was gone to study in a friend's house, and had not returned when rather late, my relatives went all the way to the missionary's house and demanded to know if I was there; and, not believing the gentleman's word, went to the police station to see if they could get a search warrant to enter the house and see for themselves. All the town was astir, thinking I had gone to join the Christians. If I am seen going to the missionary's house some one follows me; and if I converse with him in the street some one impatiently waits for an opportunity to drag me off. If you only knew the bitter reproaches I endure at home from the old people. How hard is it to be called an outcast, a variah, a betrayer of your people, when you know you are but wishing for yourself and them a happier and a better life!

My household is a large one, with many women in it, and my relatives are many. My brother-in-law's and my uncle's houses also adjoin. The other day the wife of the missionary called to see my wife and the other women. I was there, and directed them how to receive her. The lady showed them how to knit, and the Christian Hindu woman with her sang a hymn. The old people looked on and scowled. Afterward what a storm arose! My father ordered all the women to bathe, and said he would never more have his house defiled by the presence of a European lady. A week after, when the lady called again, I was not there, but, returning soon from college, I at once saw that things were sadly wrong. My wife and sisters and the other women of the household were standing with their backs to the wall of the courtyard, as far from the missionary's wife as they could get. No chair had been given to the lady to sit on, only an old bench; and I could see her looking so sorrowful and perplexed at the rude treatment she was receiving. No explanation had been given of the change in their behaviour; indeed, no one scarcely would speak a word. They would take nothing from the lady's hands, but tossed the things to a distance, and took them up from the ground. I ordered my wife to come nearer, and she did so, muttering that she did so only because she was ordered by me. I tried to explain what had happened, and then very soon the lady rose to go. How sad it was; but, alas! what am I—one solitary one—in a household like that? I am weak in body, too, and have much care in thinking of their support. Even my brother-in-law, who is an educated man, sides with the ignorant ones, and blames me for what I do.

Perhaps you say. Words do not hurt. Can you not bear up against all they may say; or, if need be, brave even worse treatment? I do not know. A little while ago a Brahmin in a neighbouring town who openly confessed the truth was speedily lost sight of, and I believe that it was quite true that he was poisoned by his enraged relatives. What, then, might I not expect in a proud and bigoted community like this? No, I am not yet courageous enough to die for Jesus, nor can I face the loss of my wife—and of all things besides, and patiently endure the hatred and enmity of parents and relatives. I wait. The courage must come from Jesus. Sometimes I pray to Him; and then when my heart seems to brace itself, and is almost ready for a spring toward liberty, the terrible consequences appear again. I shudder, and draw back. One thing I am looking forward to. I must pass my examination, take my degree, and then go to a foreign country like Madras, where I could be baptized and profess myself a Christian. Will that ever be, I wonder? The missionaries speak so sympathizingly and lovingly, they say God will help me, and they, too, will stand by me and see that no harm befall me. But, enough. To whom am I writing? Who will ever understand my position thoroughly? I sometimes wonder why God has made it to be so hard for us. Does He not know, and will He not care for my soul?

THE Chinese Governor of the large island of Formosa is starting a college, and has chosen a missionary to inaugurate and organize the institution.