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For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW

TALITHA CUMI.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

"TALITHA CUMI." Memory, vigil keeping,
Sees artist Fancy paint the picture well;
The darkened room, the snowy couch, the weeping
Of mourning friends, who all her virtues tell.

But, see! a Stranger nears the stricken dwelling,
A Presence sheds a radiance round the bed,
And One, in tones divine, is gently telling,
"Fear not; the maid but sleeps, she is not dead!"

"Talitha cumi." And she wakes from slumber!
He gives her to her wondering friends again,
And full toned joy rings out in sweetest number,
As happy voices join the glad refrain!

So, when the life-sand in thy time glass, slowly
Sank lower, lower, and the last was gone,
We would believe the Presence, glorious, holy,
With precious life-gift near thee brightly shone.

Talitha cumi!" Ah! those tones so tender!
I bid thee rise from earth, from death, from woe,
To fields of light, to lands of fadeless splendour,
To all the bliss my own redeemed can know!

"Talitha cumi,' far above earth's weeping,
'Talitha cumi,' far above earth's sin;
'Talitha cumi,' where glad souls are keeping
High festival with choirs of seraphim!"

"Talitha cumi," human hearts are breaking;
The world's great tide flows towards the eternal shore;
And nations strive, and empire seats are shaking,
But thine is peace, deep peace, forevermore!

O! longed-for morn, that from earth's pale horizon,
Lighter than sunburst round our graves

M. A. NICHOLL.

THE MANSE, *Brodview, N. W. T.*

For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SHORTER CATECHISM

BY REV. A. B. MACKAY, MONTREAL.

CVI.

PETER was the leader among the apostles. Fervid and frank, open and impulsive, he always came to the front, therefore when Jesus said that all His followers would forsake Him, Peter declared that he would die rather than deny Him. He said what he meant, and what he felt. He could not conceive it possible that any one who once knew Jesus could ever deny Him, certainly though all men did so, he could not. This confidence he maintained, notwithstanding all the warnings of Jesus.

When Jesus was arrested in Gethsemane and conveyed to the high priest's house, John, keeping as much as possible out of the clear light of the full moon, followed the crowd, and as he entered outside, a hand was suddenly laid on his shoulder,—the sturdy form of Peter stood by his side. He also had followed afar off. They both wished to see the upshot of these things so it was arranged that John should go in alone, and, as he knew the servants, ask permission to bring in a friend.

This was done, and they both entered. In order to avoid observation they separated. We do not know where John went, but Peter boldly mingled with the crowd gathered round a fire that was burning in the middle of the court. There, the servant who let him in, saw him and said "You also were with Jesus of Nazareth." Every eye was at once fixed upon Peter, and affecting indifference he said "I know not the man."

But he felt very uneasy, and as soon as possible slipped away from the bright light of the fire and sought to hide himself by mingling with another group which stood near the door, under the sheltered porch. As he stood there the cock crew, but Peter heeded not. The companion of the porteress, returning to her post at the door, caught sight of him there and said confidently "This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth." Then the men around began to question him, one of them asking "Art not you one of his disciples?" He will not be badgered by them. Curtly and testily he answered "Man, I am not."

Turning on his heel, he stalked angrily back to the fire, and putting on a swaggering air talked away as fast as he could, trying to lull suspicion. Little did he know that the more he talked, the more the suspicions of his hearers were confirmed; and the true state of affairs only dawned on him when a contemptuous listener said, with a sneer, that that fellow who talked so loud must be one of them, for he had the true Galilean brogue. At that moment a kinsman of Malchus, looking keenly at him, asked, "Did I not see you with him in the garden?" At these repeated sneers and questions Peter became furious. The old oaths he had learned when a fisher lad on the beach of Bethsaida came rattling to his lips, "He began to curse and to swear, and to say, I know not the man.' In the midst of this frenzy his eye wandered to the spot where Jesus stood, with his back towards him, and lo! the Lord turned for a moment, and looked upon him. At the same instant the cock crew

As by a lightning flash, Peter realized his danger. He saw the black gulf of apostacy gaping at his feet. He remembered the warning of the Lord and his own foolish words. He knew the meaning of that calm look. It said to him again, "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." Its mingled reproach and love broke his heart, yet saved him from despair. Immediately he fled from the place and wept bitterly.

After His resurrection, Jesus restored the soul of Peter, and laid on him the blessed commands, "Feed My sheep," "Feed My lambs" Thus he well knew that all was forgiven, but he could never forget his fall, and it made him very tender-hearted and very watchful. It is said that to the end of his days he could never hear a cock crow without being moved to tears. We can well believe it, for the truly penitent and contrite heart is one that says, "My sin is ever before me."

Indeed, from its connection with Peter's fall and restoration, has not the crowing of the cock, received for all of us, a blessed consecration. Is it not a remembrancer of our great weakness and sin's great might, of Satan's snares and

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[redacted] to our servants' [redacted] but we [redacted] out and jogged along through the mud and slush, kinder slow, so that by the time I drove up to the church the last bell was just done a-ringing.

Well, when I opened the door expecting to find the church about empty, you can guess how amazed I was to see more'n twenty women a-waiting there for our president, Mis' Barton. I slipped in quiet and set down alongside 'Liza Jenkins, and whispered, "For the land's sake, 'Liza, what *is* a-going to happen? Is the millennium come, or is a live missionary going to speak, or whatever did bring all these women out such a day as this?" And she whispered back in a 'shamed sort of way, "I reckon it's mostly on account of that tea-party over to Mis' Scott's. You see, we hated to go to that and not come to the meeting when it was so close." I couldn't help thinking, "Poor human natur! We must think the Lord feels wonderful flattered to find us so zealous for missions when there's a party next door."

Well, as I set there a-waiting, I begun to get a little thawed out after my cold ride, and then to feel drowsy-like, and by the time Mis' Barton had opened the meeting and begun reading a tolerable long psalm, I was that stupid I thought I'd just shut my eyes one minute to rest 'em. But I guess I must have lost myself, for when I opened 'em again, there stood on the platform the blessed Lord Jesus himself a-looking that sorrowful and reproachful that we all shrunk back in our seats, for we knew by that look that He had something against us.

And when He said, slow and solemn-like, "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion," I was that flustrated, for I made sure He meant me, on account of my having gone to sleep in meeting. But He didn't appear to notice me in particular, but lifted up His hands and raised His eyes to Heaven as He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And while we was all a-trembling and shaking, and wondering how we'd displeased Him so, He looked straight and stern into our faces, saying, "When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning . . . to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his sins, but his blood will I require at thine hands." And then as soon as He said, "How shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent," then we knew He meant us going to give up a-trying to save the heathen.

So when Mis' Barton, afraid and trembling, said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have us to do?" she just spoke the feeling of all our hearts. And the dear Jesus answered, "Be not weary in well-doing. Forsaking not the assembling of yourselves together. No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God."

Then Mis' Barton said, a little more satisfied-like, as if she had a good excuse to back her, "But, Lord, there are so few of us, that it seems useless to keep up our meetings any longer."

But the Lord didn't appear to think that was much of an excuse, for He said, "There is no restraint to the Lord, to save by many or by few. Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

But Mis' Barton went on, not complaining, but as if she really didn't know what to do, "O Lord, we are so feeble, we are so feeble! What can our little society accomplish among so many millions of heathen?"

And His answer come, sweet and comforting, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increased strength."

But when Miss Lester spoke up and said, "Lord, how can we hope for the conversion of the world, when it takes so much money and so many years of hard work to establish one feeble little church in heathen lands?" I made sure He'd reprove her for her presuming, but He only said, in a patient, loving way, as if He was thinking of the poor lonely missionaries, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a great nation. I, the Lord, will hasten it in His time."

Then little Mis' White, with her six children at home, and her childish old father to take care of, said, "Dear Lord, I do pray Thy kingdom come, and want to do all I can to bring that good day; but my hands are so tied and my life is so full of care, that I have no time for so many meetings. Am I not serving Thee in caring for my family?"

And He looked at her so lovingly that I thought sure He'd excuse her; but He only said, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

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come upon you unawares. That which fell among thorns are they which are choked with the cares of this life and so bring no fruit to perfection.

Then Mis' Nichols, whose big farm joins ours, you know, put in her plea: "O Lord, we have been trying to do something for missions, but this year, Thou knowest how the crops have failed; the harvest has been scant, and there is little money for what we actually need." But He didn't say there was no call for *her* to do anything, but, "*Every* man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God, which He hath given thee. There is that scattereth yet increaseth, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

An' then Mis' Peterson, with her diamonds a-sparkling in her ears, and her seal-skin cloak a-snuggled round her—her as had told us she couldn't afford to give to Foreign Missions any longer, because there was so many calls for money, she had the face to get up and say, "Some of us, O Lord, have means, but our expenses are so great, and we *have* to live. When times are so hard and money so scarce, those of us who have money are called on for everything, and it is to give, give, all the time. Isn't there a limit to one's ability to give?"

I tell you, I daren't meet His eye, I was that 'shamed for her; but He just said a little more stern, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine. That shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth. Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse."

Then little Mis' White spoke up again. "O Lord, we do want to bring in all the tithes, but there are so many little mouths that *must* be fed; so many little bodies that *must* be clothed, that when that is done there is little left to give." And then He just give us the Bible way of doing these things. "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you *lay by* him in store, as God hath prospered you. The tenth part shall be holy unto the Lord."

Just then up spoke Mis' Wilson, who hadn't said anything before. "But, Lord, there is so much to do at home. There are heathen at our own doors—the poor and the needy, right here, a-suffering for food and clothing. Does not charity begin at home?"

And His answer come quick and strong, "These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

Then Mis' Hunter, who don't believe in Foreign Missions, but who had stopped in with Mis' Peterson, asked, "Lord, have [redacted] we can do in sustaining our home missionaries in their weak, struggling churches? Isn't it better to give all we can spare to spreading the Gospel in our own land, where it is so much needed?"

"Go ye, teach *all* nations," He said, mighty positive. "Go ye into *all* the world and preach the Gospel to *every* creature."

It appeared as if He had touched everybody's ailment except mine, so I just swallowed the lump that was in my throat, and I said, "Dear Lord, I'm sure I want the poor heathen to have the Gospel, and I'd do anything I could to help; I'd go to missionary meeting rain or shine; I'd willingly give a tenth of all I have; and I'd pray at home for 'em all, but when it comes to praying in meeting, O Lord, I just can't do that; I hain't no gift in prayer." And I thought maybe, if I'd do everthing else willing, He'd say that was enough, because of my timidness, but He just told me plain, "If any man will not take up his cross, and follow Me, he cannot be my disciple."

And I was that silly I was afraid He didn't understand my feelings, and so I said, "Yes, Lord, I *do* want to take up my crosses, and I wouldn't for anything deny Thee before men; but when I try to pray in meeting I just get so flustrated I don't rightly know what to say."

And He settled that by saying, "Who hath made man's mouth? Have not I, the Lord? Now, therefore, go, and I will be with thee, and teach thee what thou shalt say." And then I remembered what Paul said: "Likewise, also, the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us." So I daren't open my mouth again. But Mis' Barton had one more trouble, and said, Lord, if we only had somebody to lead our meetings we might keep together, but there is no one willing to even try but me, and I am not capable of doing it."

And again come His offer to help. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it *shall* be given him. I, the Lord, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, "Fear not, *I* will help thee.'"

And then, when our mouths were all stopped with His arguments, the loving

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[redacted] said, "O, my people, what have I done unto thee, and wherein have I wearied thee? Ye have said, 'It is vain to serve God.'

"'I gave my life for thee; my precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be, and quickened from the dead,
I gave, I gave my *life* for thee.
What has *thou* done for *me*?'"

And His voice was so sweet and pleading-like that the tears streamed down all our faces, and I couldn't stand it a minute longer, but just got right up in my seat and blurted out: "Nothing at all, dear Lord, just nothing at all. God be merciful to us poor sinners!"

And then I heard a sort of titter behind me, and, would you believe it, there I was standing and a-crying right in our own meeting, and the women were singing the second verse of that hymn, and then I knew I'd been asleep in meeting and had dreamed all that, while Mis' Barton was reading that long psalm.

If it hadn't been for the dream itself I'd have felt most awfully pestered, but I was that lifted up above common feelings that I didn't care for nothing of that kind; but when they was done singing I just got right up, without waiting for 'em to introduce disbanding, and I told 'em how the Lord had appeared to us, and of all the excuses we'd made to Him for not keeping up our society, and how flimsy they looked when He answered 'em right out of His Word, and how we'd have to take up them excuses to the judgment bar of God, and how we wouldn't get 'em off our tongues there as glib as we do now, and how I hoped the Lord would forgive me for not even trying to pray in meeting. And then I told 'em if we couldn't any of us talk in meeting, as some of us had often said, why it must be a particular kind of meeting, for when we got over to that party to Mis' Scott's, I'd warrant we'd talk fast enough to make Satan laugh in his sleeve at having put *that* silly excuse into our mouths. And as to the hard times and the poor crops, I wouldn't wonder if we'd all spent more in getting new things for that same party than we had in two years for Foreign Missions, or Home Missions either, for that matter. And as for the bad roads, and the cold days, and the hot days, and the rainy days, wasn't it a mighty pity we couldn't have a party next door to our meeting *every* month? And that, as for me, I was going to stick to the society through thick and thin, if I had to be president and secretary and meeting all at once, for I wasn't going back on the Lord that way again.

And, would you believe it, they wasn't one mite mad, but some of 'em was crying and all of 'em was solemn, as if they had seen the Lord as well as me.

An' then I asked 'em wouldn't they all kneel right down with me and help me to ask the Master what *He* wanted us to do about it, and I tell you, I found that if I couldn't never pray before it must have been because I'd nothing particular to say to the Lord for the words come quicker'n I could speak 'em, and I never once thought about what Mis' Peterson and Mis' Nichols was thinking about my poor prayer, but most forgot there was anybody there but me and the Lord, as I told Him how wicked we'd been feeling, and how ashamed we was, and begged Him to forgive us and help us to follow Him wherever He led; and before I'd hardly got done praying, Mis' Barton, she begun and prayed pretty much the same way; and then Mis' White, and another, and another, and we each took our old excuses and laid 'em at His feet, and they did look so little and mean lying there, that we just wondered how we'd ever come to let 'em lord it over us as they had.

Well, the upshot of it all was that we determined then and there that, God helping us, we'd never stop working for the heathen till He called us Home; and that we'd do anything that the Master wanted us to, speaking, or praying, or leading; and if we weren't main sure what He *did* want, we'd keep on asking Him till we found out.

An' since that day, two years ago, we've never missed having a meeting, rain or shine, and you seen yourself today how the women come out and how they take hold of everything, and we don't hear no more of them old excuses, but we just keep on a-working with all our might, so that if the dear Lord should come down suddenly some day to any of us, we needn't be afraid to have Him ask, "What hast thou done for me?"—*Mrs. J. N. McCord, in Woman's Work for Woman.*

[Specimen copies of the REVIEW containing the above paper may be had gratis on application to PRESBYTERIAN NEWS CO, Front Street, Toronto.]

Mission Work.

WHY OUR SOCIETY DID NOT DISBAND

I'm only a plain, unlearned old woman, Miss Mary, and never had no knack of story-telling, but as you're so anxious to hear about it, I'll tell you how it all came about that we've such a live missionary society, as you say, in our little town.

You see, three or four years ago—yes, four years next April—our other minister's wife, Mis' Allison, she was a-visiting her people in one of those towns where the Annual Meeting was going on, and she went to the meetings all the time and got just full of missions. And when she come home nothing would do but *we* must have a missionary society here; and so she talked and begged till she got most of us to say we'd join if she'd do the leading. And we *did* have some downright good meetings as long as she was here. But when she moved to California, and we hadn't no minister for a long time, we got kinder downhearted and lost our interest in the heathen and in our society.

Well, we met and met, but couldn't scarce ever get enough together to have a meeting, and when we did, nobody'd pray 'cept Mis' Barton and Mis' White, and we'd nothing to read, for we'd stopped a-taking the magazines, so we'd mostly spend the time a-talking about everything under the shining sun *but* the heathen, and then go home.

So, after things had dragged on that way for a long spell, we allowed we might as well give it up, and one Sunday we had it given out in church that we'd have a special meeting the next Tuesday for the purpose of disbanding.

But when Tuesday came round and a cold, drizzly rain set in, and never let up a minute till noon, I'd a'most made up my mind 'twan't no use for me to take that two-mile ride to town, for there wouldn't be nobody at the meeting such a day as that. Howsomever, as I'd promised to take three pounds of my best Jersey butter to Mis' Judge Scott, who'd invited most of us church women to supper that evening to her house—(you've seen that fine house just across the street from the

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MISSION NOTES.

THE following, from the *New York Evangelist* of the 7th inst, has more than passing interest for our readers:—

"From entirely reliable religious papers in India, we gather some unpleasant facts regarding the teaching required in such of the so-called missionary schools of that country as receive aid from the Government, and of the results of that teaching. A professedly missionary journal declares that because such teaching may involve political dangers, the British Government should not continue the teaching of the Bible in subsidized missionary schools. The same Government, however, sees no danger in making a sacred Hindu book a textbook in such schools, and keeps it in them. Missionaries teach from it for the sake of retaining a Government subsidy. The result is that a good education and a Government appointment are generally the sole objects of young men in some subsidized mission schools, who remain heathen because from those schools the Bible is carefully excluded. This statement is confirmed by the fact that when more than a dozen young men from such schools recently appeared for examination in mental and moral philosophy, and as candidates for the degree of A.M., from the University of Calcutta, *not one* took up the papers on the Evidences of Christianity which had been selected for them by the authorities. Under these circumstances, the Free Church of Scotland has decided, according to *The Indian Witness*, to close its school at Poonah, and the Canadian Indian College at Indore is to be closed this month."

In reference to the above, we would say that it is very doubtful if our college will be closed as early as the [redacted] intimates. Moreover, the reason given by our contemporary for closing the college at Indore, is not the reason that influenced our Committee to take steps in that direction, but one entirely different.

WE learn from recent letters from India that our Missionary Rev. J. H. Buchanan, M.D., was married January 25th, in the Canadian Mission church, Indore, to Miss Mary Mackay, M. D., one of the lady Medical Missionaries of our Central India staff. In a subsequent issue we hope to give some details in regard to this interesting event. We also learn that Rev. George McKelvie, having intimated a preference for Mhow as his field of labour, was appointed by the Mission Council to take charge of that station from the beginning of January, 1880. Rev. Dr. Buchanan writes to a friend in this city: "Good tidings of great joy are coming to our ears. Mr. Wilson baptized four at New Year's time and now two more are seeking baptism at Indore. Praise the Lord! The reaping time is at hand. We expect to see great things in our day." This news from Neemuch is indeed cheering and will bring great joy to the whole Church.

To the EDITOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

SIR,—Permit me to say for the benefit of those who are interested in our Indian Mission on the Assiniboine Reserve that our teacher, Mr. John McLean, is doing good work. I visited this reserve and school last October. I found then the average attendance was eight, whereas now it is sixteen. Besides this, Mr. McLean has engaged an interpreter, John Thunder, who is a converted Indian, and of whose Christian deportment Mr. McLean speaks in the highest terms.

On Sabbath the 17th inst. a service was held in one of the Indian homes, when a congregation of thirty gathered to hear from their teacher the story of the "Fall and Redemption of Man." We think that this first congregation was very good, especially when it is remembered that at the same time an Indian "Dance" was going on in another part of the same reserve. Those who came to hear the teacher were very attentive, and some of them went on the Monday and asked Mr. McLean to tell to them "over again" some of the story which they said they did not quite understand. And of course it was repeated.

Who can say what may be the result of this first service.

Let me just here say that Mr. and Mrs. McLean are fully devoted to their work, and are having a good influence over the Indians. They are worthy of the confidence of our Church, and ought to have every encouragement which the Church, or any member of the Church can give.

They have special difficulties and are making special personal sacrifices. Let me just state, as an instance, the house in which they are living is hardly as good as an ordinary stable, and yet they are uncomplainingly doing the best they can, trusting the day is not far distant when the Church will be in a position to give them a better house. Yours, etc.,

Feb. 23, 1880. A VISITOR.