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THOU KNOWEST ALL.

"For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."

THU night is long. The heavy moments fall,
Each slain as soon as loam,
Yet hasteneth not the morn,
The avenging angel, memory, doth appall
My soul with ingrate sin forgone;
She stands between me and the dawn,
In her right hand a sword—
My heart condemns me, Lord,
But Thou art greater than my heart; Thou knowest all.

The past is still—the past—beyond recall,
But fearful shadows creep
From out that misty deep
And show me where my heedless feet did fall;
Where I forgot my love supreme,
Or wasted in a morning dream
The hours that cannot be restored—
My heart condemns me, Lord,
But Thou art greater than my heart; Thou knowest all.

Through nights when Thou didst wake in prayer for all
That should believe on Thee,
Thou shalt rememberest me;
Thy love shrank not from thorns and scourge and gall;
But I have sat in slothful ease,
Then brought some light excuse to please
Thee, Saviour, crucified, adored!
My heart condemns me, Lord,
But Thou art greater than my heart; Thou knowest all.

Thou knowest; darker than a funeral pall
In Thy pure eyes may be
What fairest seems to me;
My sight is dim: to read life's blotted scroll,
Tell which was sin and which was pain
And which were dreams of a fevered brain,
And which but feebleness of will—
My heart condemns me still,
But Thou art greater than my heart; Thou knowest all.

Thou knowest all, and lovest, spite of all;
In that strong faith I rest,
I spite of all; my Best,
My Love, my King. Forever dark the pall
My gathered sins may weave for me,
Still, still my soul finds light in Thee;
Thy smile turns back the flaming sword,
My heart condemns me, Lord,
But Thou art greater than my heart; Thou knowest all.

—Cynthia C. Sharp, in the *Interior*.

THE FEVERISH HAND.

It was a Monday morning, and a rainy one at that. "Mother" was busy from the moment she sprang out of bed at the first sound of the rising bell. Others besides children get out of bed "on the wrong side," as this mother can testify. She began by thinking over all that lay before her. It made her "feel like flying!" Bridget would be cross, as it was rainy; there was a chance of company for lunch, so the parlour must be tidied, as well as dining-room swept, dishes washed, lamps trimmed, beds made, and children started for school. Her hands grew hot as she buttered bread for luncheons, waited on those who had to start early, and tried to pacify the little ones and Bridget.

"My dear, you're feverish," said her husband, as he held her busy hand a moment. "Let the work go, and rest yourself—you'll find it pays."
"Just like a man!" thought the mother. "Why, I haven't time even for my prayer!" But the little woman had resolved that she would read a few verses before ten o'clock each day; so, standing by her bureau, she opened to the eighth chapter of Matthew, and read these words:—"And He touched her hand, and the fever left her; and she arose and ministered unto them."

It seemed to that busy wife as if Jesus Himself was speaking to her, that she might minister wisely to her dear ones. The beds could wait till later in the day—the parlour might be a little disordered—she must feel His touch! She knelt, and He whispered:—"My strength [not yours, child] is sufficient. . . . As thy day so shall thy strength be. . . . My yoke is easy [thy yoke you have been galled by is the world's yoke, the yoke of public opinion or housewifely ambition], take my yoke upon you and learn of me. . . . Ye shall find rest."
The day was no brighter, the work had still to be done, but the fever had left, and all day long she sang:—"This God is our God, my Lord and my God."

"Ah," said her husband, when he held her hands once more, "I see you took my advice, dear; the fever is quite gone."

The wife hesitated—could she tell her secret? Was it not almost too sacred? Later on, when the two sat together, she told how He had cured her fever, and said, quietly: "I see that there is a more important ministry than the housekeeping, though I don't mean to neglect that."

"Let us ask the Lord to keep hold of our hands," said her husband. "Mine grow feverish in eager money-making as yours in too eager housekeeping."

This is no fancy sketch. Dear mothers, busy, anxious housekeepers, let us go again and again to Him that He may touch our hands, lest they be feverish, and so we cannot minister, in the highest sense, to those about us.—*Baptist Weekly*.

Mission Work.

A WINNING MOTTO.—Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who found Livingstone, says, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," has been the motto of his life.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.—"Long Look, a convert of the Southern Baptist Mission at Shanghai, went to British Guiana as a coolie for the sole purpose of preaching Christ to his countrymen there. Before his death at Demerara, he had built up a Baptist church of 200 members, who invested their funds for God, and contributed \$2,000 annually to benevolence." And yet it is seriously asked whether it is really possible to convert a Chinaman! Will some one who asks such questions give us a case in which a Canadian Christian practically sold himself into slavery that he might preach Christ to his fellow-slaves?

HONOR FOREIGN FIRST?—The president of the Lutheran Missionary Society in the United States, recently put the problem, whether a church shall send out foreign missionaries while any work remains to be done in the home field, so that it can be solved by any intelligent Christian without difficulty. Said he, "A great work is to be done in our own land, but Christianity is here to accomplish it, a great work is to be done in heathen lands, but Christianity is not there to accomplish it. Between doing the work of Christianity in a land where it is established and establishing Christianity in a land where it is not yet, there can be no competition of claims."

PRESENT OUTLOOK. STARTLING FACTS.—A the outset of 1886, the religious condition of the race is about as follows:—Total, 1,500,000,000, one-third nominally Christian; of whom about 365,000,000 Romish, Greek and Oriental; and 135,000,000 Reformed; of the remaining 1,000,000,000, about 10,000,000 Jews; 180,000,000 Mohammedans; 800,000,000 Pagans. We give round numbers, as easily borne in mind. Of China's 300,000,000, 75,000,000 are in Christian communities; of India's 250,000,000, about 700,000; of Japan's 35,000,000 about 15,000; of Siam's 8,000,000, 3,000; of Turkey's 20,000,000, 100,000; of Persia's 7,500,000, 5,000; of Africa's 200,000,000, 600,000; American Mission fields add 700,000, and the Isles of the Sea, 400,000 more, identified with Christian institutions, and so we have a grand total of 2,600,000 who in the whole mission field are either converts or adherents of Christian churches.—*A. T. Purson*.

FIFTEEN YEARS' WORK.—Fifteen years ago the Rev. T. J. Weekes began mission work on the San Juan Islands, just east of the island of Victoria. He found the people reckless and indifferent to the gospel, men living with Indian women, the Sabbath spent in drinking, dancing and carousal. He found just one Presbyterian and he a wandering sheep. The difficulties which this man of unusual courage and persistence has had to overcome and which he is slowly conquering with the divine blessing can be as easily imagined as described. But to-day the people hear him gladly in a beautiful church and at four out-stations. He has one organized church and expects to have another soon. Two new houses of worship are needed and may be built at an early day. All this has been accomplished on a group of timbered islands, amongst a people poor, ignorant, infidel and half-Indian, in fifteen years.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

MISSIONARY HEROES.—"It is a big fight," is the way a missionary in China lately referred to the work in a letter describing the kind of men that were wanted in the foreign field. It is the same in the West of Asia as in the East, as may be seen from the following extract from a letter of Mr. Christie at Marash in Asia Minor. It is the same everywhere—and the men who are to win the day are the men who know how to hold on. "I had the honour," writes Mr. Christie, "of being one of the artillerymen who helped to hold 'the Hornet's Nest' at the battle of 'Hiloh, for hours, against the repeated charges of the best troops in the Southern army. We 'held on' till nearly all our officers, men and horses were piled, dead or wounded, around our two guns—till, in fact, we had not men enough to load and fire. Yet even then the few survivors of us did not leave our posts beside the bullet-battered cannon until our own infantry, rising to their feet behind us, began to pour their withering fire into the very faces of the advancing foe. Pardon me for saying that I am reminded again of that situation as I look around upon the field of the Lord's battle here. You may be sure of one thing: Marash will not be abandoned, Adana will not be abandoned, Hadjin will not be abandoned. With the Lord's help, we (the few survivors of us) shall stand at our posts here until we hear the tramp and the cheer of reinforcements coming up behind us, or until we fall beside our guns. I leave you commanding generals to say which it shall be."

PRELIMINARY PREPARATION.

Miss Cross, in the U. P. *Missionary Record* for January, addresses the following advice to would-be zenana workers:—

"It seems to you that the Holy Spirit of God has planted within your hearts an earnest desire to become missionaries of the Cross in some heathen land, earnestly ask that such desire may be deepened and kept burning, but at the same time pray that no self-will or impatience may mingle with the desire, for in the waiting time may be the very preparation needed for the work.

"In waiting patiently there need be no wasted time, for some of the preparation most fitting for the mission field are preparations that will serve to make life happier and more useful anywhere; it would be well, in the first place, to test the reality of the desire by living and working for the Master at home in some patient humble work, for the work of His kingdom is of the same nature everywhere—needing patience, faith, and courage.

"I would mention a few pre-eminently useful studies—at least they seem so to me.

"I. An earnest study of the Holy Scriptures, not only for your own spiritual profit, but as a whole revelation from God to man. Study the Old Testament in its relation to the New; for we want to tell the Hindoos that we come with no new religion but the very oldest, the one that God intended for the human race, leading them on, step by step, to the glorious consummation. You have to lead utterly darkened souls on and on, to see that He, for whom we claim: the right to be India's King, is He who is the 'desire of all nations,' as well as the satisfier of our deepest need.

"II. Indian histories; books on Eastern manners and customs, caste, etc., such as Dr. Wilson's of Bombay, and the Rev. Mr. Mateer's of Travancore, with the early histories of Indian missions.

"III. For school work and zenana visiting a priceless talent is that of music—vocal music specially—the power of teaching singing and leading in sacred song. In addition to this, being able to teach the bright beautiful rhymes used in the kindergarten system, would be of great service to the little ones to make school attractive to them. Geography, specially the geography of India, and arithmetic, are all necessary adjuncts.

"IV. A good knowledge of all kinds of sewing, plain and fancy. These latter named things may not appear a directly missionary work, no more than the same may be said of spending a year and a half in learning the grammar and construction of a language. And yet all these are part of Christ's work, if done out of love and allegiance to Him, as much as it was part of His wondrous, lowly, earthly life, to do His Father's business in humbling Himself to be, as we must believe, a carpenter, so a true woman missionary must not think anything too lowly that can draw to her, and to her Saviour, a dark and ignorant sister. Through a bit of canvas and wools you may lead on to the highest converse that human beings can have on earth—our relationship to the heavenly and everlasting.

"V. Another and very important preparatory step is, I think, the testing in a measure of one's capability and patient application in the study of language, by taking up German as a study. If one has never tried or got into the habit of mind of comparing any other language with one's own before going to the East, it makes this part of the preparation all the harder."

Woman's Work.

For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW

OUR CANADIAN LETTER MISSION

THE readers of "Woman's Work," PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW, are taking up the work of the "Letter Mission" most heartily. Messages of sympathy and promises of practical co-operation and assistance have reached us from different parts of the country, and already an efficient staff of workers has been secured. The "Letter Mission" opens a wide field of usefulness to friends living in the country, at a distance from gaols, hospitals, etc., where there are but few opportunities for personal service in the cause of our blessed Master. Invalids also, and friends laid aside for a time for active work, can, by this means, not only beguile many a weary hour, but send to others the gospel message. We were much touched by a letter received recently from a Christian friend on this subject. She says: "I formerly visited and took a great interest in our city hospital, but I am now not able to do anything requiring activity, owing to rheumatism; but I shall only be too thankful to do something in the way of writing."

The following copies of letters have been sent in answer to request for children's letters in last REVIEW. We would like thirty copies of each of these letters before Easter. A few sentences might be omitted from the longest in order to

bring it within the compass of a sheet of note paper. Common note paper will answer every purpose. Do not fold, but send in flat parcel, between pieces of pasteboard to preserve the edges. Address, "Woman's Work," PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

Contributions sent to the Letter Mission will be duly acknowledged and used in the purchase of paper and postage.

EASTER, 1886.

MY DEAR LITTLE ONE.—Do you know that there is a beautiful home ready for you above the blue sky, and that a loving, kind Father is waiting to receive you? He loves you so much that He sent His only Son Jesus down to earth to suffer and die the cruel death of the cross for your sins that you might go to Heaven. This same Jesus rose again from the dead and went up to Heaven, and He is living there now. Whenever you do wrong you grieve your Heavenly Father, but if you kneel down and tell Him you are sorry and ask forgiveness, He will forgive you that very moment. If you have any little trouble, no matter what it is, tell Jesus all about it and ask Him to make it right, for He hears every prayer and loves little children. He said to them, when on earth, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Now, my dear little one, pray to Jesus every day to keep you for Himself and to take you some day to that happy home to be with Him forever. I will pray for you, and although you and I may never see each other in this world, we will hope to meet and talk together with Jesus in our happy home above.

Your affectionate friend,
M. B. B.

EASTER, 1886.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND.—To receive a letter from one who loves you dearly is a great pleasure to you, I know, and particularly if it contains good and happy news. Now I am going to send you a message, which, if you attend to it and lay it up in your heart, will make you really happy, not only in this world, but in the world to which we are all hastening.

Your parents love you very dearly. If you are sick they send for the physician to try and make you good; or if you have grieved them by committing some sin, doing something which you knew you ought not to do, as soon as you are sorry for having made them sad, you go and ask them to forgive you, and you will not feel happy until they do forgive you. Now, there is a Friend who loves you even more than your earthly parents can do. I need hardly tell you that that Friend is God. He sent His only Son Jesus Christ into this world to save us from going to everlasting misery, if we believe on Him. He suffered for us in this world, was crucified, and arose from the dead, and is now seated at the right hand of God, interceding for us; that is, carrying the prayers which we offer to Him straight to His Father—for it is only through Jesus Christ that our prayers can be heard and accepted. The Bible tells us that "God is love." He loves us and entreats us to love Him; and if we love Him we shall keep His commandments and do all we can to please Him. We must go to Jesus as the Physician of souls, as a sick person calls in an earthly physician. But there is this difference—the Physician of souls can and will always cure us if we submit ourselves to His teaching, whereas an earthly physician cannot always effect a cure.

Will you not come then, my dear young friend, to that Saviour who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God." If you do not accept Christ now that He is calling you, you may not have another opportunity given you. You will not be able to say, "No one ever told me of these things." I have heard of such a case. A Christian gentleman was taking a walk one day and came to an encampment of gypsies. On speaking to a woman near their tent, she told him that there was a boy inside who was dying. He lifted up his heart to God and prayed that he might be enabled to say a few words that would be best to the poor boy's soul. He went into the wretched tent and saw in a dark corner what looked like a bundle of clothes. There lay the dying boy. He spoke kindly and softly to him. At first he took no notice, but when he said, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," he opened his eyes and said, "Oh, why did not somebody tell me that before? Oh, tell me that again!" and shortly afterwards he closed his eyes in death. We must hope from his anxiety that he accepted the good news, and like the thief upon the cross, he would be received into Heaven.

You will never regret having given your heart to that loving Saviour. It will make you happy in this world, and you will be forever happy in Heaven, where you will see Him face to face. I may, perhaps, write to you again some day. We may never meet in this world, but I hope we may meet in Heaven.

Your sincere friend,
A LOVER OF CHILDREN.