

The Presbyterian Review.

Vol. X.—No. 28.

TORONTO, JANUARY 18, 1894.

\$1.50 per Annum.

Peace Be Still.

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HOW comforting amidst the strife
In daily conflict with the will,
To hear a voice that gives new life,
And sweetly whispers "Peace, be still."
The voice of Him at whose behest
The Sea of Galilee went down,
Subdued to gentleness and rest,
And ceased in angry mood to frown.
His voice who bade creation be
With all its marvels manifold;
Who fashioned both the land and sea;
Whose hands the universe uphold.
'Tis He who wields the worlds He made
With wondrous power and equal skill;
On whom the government is laid,
Who stoops to whisper "Peace, be still."
Then let us welcome from His hand
All that His wisdom sees most fit,
Nor pause till we can understand
The why and wherefore that are writ;
Till we can guess the mystic lines
That promise good or threaten ill,
If but to vitalise the signs
His voice shall whisper "Peace, be still."

Our Italian Mission.

HOW many of our people know that we have an Italian Protestant Church within our borders? An Italian Presbyterian Church having a converted Italian priest as its pastor? This is a fact, however, and for several years past, this small church of twenty-five to thirty communicants has worshipped in the French Presbyterian Church on Catherine street, Montreal. The number of Italians resident in Montreal in winter is about 1,500, in summer, 1,000, the balance leaving the city to work on railways in course of construction, and other public works. It is believed by some, that this colony will shortly be considerably enlarged, by emigrants from Italy and the United States, owing to the prevailing distress in those countries.

Of these, some twenty to twenty-five families with fifteen single persons are connected with our mission, while our missionary has access to as many Italian Roman Catholic families as he can visit. Rev. Antonio Internoscia came to Canada in 1878, in the character of an Italian Priest. On his arrival at Montreal, he fell in with the Rev. Charles Chiniquy, whose arguments shook the confidence of the priest in the teaching of the Church of Rome, and finally led him to renounce it, and embrace the simple faith of the Gospel. He laid aside the *Soutane*, and adopted the simple garb of a citizen, attending the Presbyterian College as a theological student. His zeal, however, led him at once to try and reach his compatriots, to enlighten them in the truth he had found so precious to his own soul. He began to gather as many as he could and preach to them; he became an assiduous visitor, and established a night school for the instruction of his ignorant and benighted countrymen. This school was continued for four years. Meanwhile his small congregation continued to grow, and he sought to establish a day school for Italian children, where they might learn the simple Gospel, along with their daily lessons.

In 1887, such a school was opened under favourable auspices, having for its teacher a young lady, holding a diploma from the Italian Government. This school has been taught by the same teacher up to the present time, more or less successfully, the average attendance varying from fifteen to twenty-five.

Beginning in 1887, the night school was taught by a young Italian, who is at present a student of McGill University. Some three years since, this night school was taken under the care of the Board of Protestant School Commissioners, and is now connected with that body. There are forty names on the roll, with an average of twenty-three.

Such are some of the facts of this interesting work, pursued under somewhat trying circumstances, for they have no church of their own; they meet for worship once on the Sabbath, in the French Church alluded to, at the awkward hour of five o'clock in the afternoon. Moreover, an Italian monk is now in the city aping Pastor Internoscia's methods, in church and in school, going among Italian families, and seeking to weaken his hands. He also complains that Protestant employers of labour do not sympathise with his work, but employ Italian Catholics in their shops, instead of members of his flock.

Pastor Internoscia has well earned the title of the friend of poor Italians, for he has not spared himself to procure work for them, on their arrival at Montreal. He is well known by almost every large employer in the city. But more than this, in order to help his poor countrymen, and keep their families from starving, he, of his own motion, rented a garden in a western suburb of the city of seven acres, and paid them to till it, for several years, which subjected him to a pecuniary loss of about three hundred dollars.

Then he is often deceived by those he helps. They come to his service, a few times; he enables them to get work, after which they fall away, and come no more. Had this good man not had all that stern perseverance, so characteristic of Scotchmen, he would long ago have given up. But he still holds on, hoping that ere long, in the good providence of God, his missionary efforts may so commend themselves to our people, that they will provide a suitable church in which they can worship by themselves. The present average on the Sabbath is from thirty-five to fifty, and their contributions from two dollars and a-half, to three dollars a month. For the most part the people are very poor, and can afford to give but little. May we not look for a brighter day for this struggling mission? These poor souls are blind, led by blind priests and what will their end be, if we do not give them the Gospel! Who will pray in behalf of this mission, in behalf of our missionary, that the Spirit of God may by His power lead these people out of darkness into the light of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God!

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