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## GOD'S LOVE AND MINE.

BY WILLIAM HALE, M.D.

God's love is like a lighthouse tower,  
My love is like the sea;  
By day, by night, that faithful tower  
Looks patient down on me.

By day the stately shaft looms high,  
By night its strong lights burn  
To warn, to comfort, and to tell  
The way that I should turn.

God's love is like a lighthouse tower,  
My love is like the sea;  
He, strong, unshaken as the rock—  
I, chafing restlessly.

God's love and my love—O how sweet  
That such should be my joy!  
God's love and mine are one to-day;  
No longer doubts annoy.

By day or night the gazer on  
My bitter, brackish sea,  
For ever tends it with his grace,  
Tho' smooth or rough it be.

So singing at its base it rolls  
And leaps toward that tower  
That all my life illumines,  
And brightens every hour.

God's love is like a lighthouse tower,  
My love is like the sea;  
I, peevish, changeful, moaning much,  
Steadfast—eternal He.

—Morning Star.

## CHURCH MANNERS.

ONE of the first remarks to be made in the interest of good manners in church concerns punctuality in arriving there. To be a few minutes too early rather than one minute too late is the dictate of reverence for the place and the occasion as well as of common sense. Unfortunately, in many homes Sabbath morning might be labelled "scramble-time," so much unseemly hurry and bustle characterize the hurried hour between breakfast and the first bell. Having taken an extra hour in bed, the family have abridged their time in the beginning of the day, and as there is less margin than usual, so there is more to do. Never a light task, even in the best regulated households, to induct several children into their Sunday bibs and tuckers, seeing that the hair is braided, and collars fastened, shoes brushed, gloves buttoned, and every thing *comme il faut*, the endeavour approaches madness when Fanny and Frank have both lost their best hats, and Theodore takes the last moment to quarrel with Tom, Teddy treads on the kitten's tail, and the baby in the cradle begins to cry vociferously. Dr. Arnot used to implore his people to spend the hour before coming to church in preparation of the heart, quiet prayer for the Divine blessing, devout reading and meditation. How few there are who find time for this anticipation of the sanctuary, and to the few who have made it their life-long habit how precious the soul-exercise is, and how reluctantly would they give it up! Be in time at church, friends, if only for department's sake. It is not well bred to sweep up a church aisle in rustling silk, nor to tiptoe nervously through the same in creaking boots, distracting the attention of the worshippers, attracting the attention of the vain and foolish to the glory of attire. Better late than never, undoubtedly, but in the majority of instances you never need be late. The same care taken to reach church in-time as to reach the railway train by which you travel, or to keep a business engagement, will enable you to make a reputation for promptness.

A hint as to behaviour in the pew may be pardoned, seeing that the most casual glance around the church you attend on next Sabbath morning will prove that the hint is needed. The customary practice of giving the hymn-book a careless fling into the rack at the moment of concluding the hymn to sensitive nerves which dread a fusillade as of musketry, as the organ's diminuendo dies away. If all would cultivate a gentle pacific manner of disposing of the books he proprieties would be better conserved.

Another thing. Were your minister calling on you socially, though you longed for his visit to conclude that you might resume an interrupted occupation, you would sooner die than by look or tone allow him to suspect your weariness. Yet, good sir, (Madam, your wife, is seldom a transgressor in this regard,) you think nothing of drawing forth your watch in the very midst of the sermon, while in the face of the man who is preaching you take either a furtive peep or a leisurely glance at minute and hour hands, snap the case and put the watch back, and this without the decency to be ashamed. Perhaps the sermon is longer than you like a sermon to be.

But consider; if it were a scientific lecture, and in the least brief or lacking in marks of elaboration; you would complain that you had not received your money's worth. And

were it a political speech, you would hang breathless on the orator's words and never remember the watch in your pocket, nor the town clock in the square while he proved to your satisfaction precisely what you accepted before he opened his mouth. Is there not room for the fear that you are not deeply interested in the preacher's matter; that the spiritual sense in you needs cultivation; that receptivity and responsiveness are wanting, when God's messenger bringing God's message is treated with positive discourtesy in the place dedicated to God's worship? My dear friend, if to look at your watch in sermon-time be the sin that doth easily beset you, please oblige old-fashioned folks who are prejudiced in favour of politeness and do so no more.

Another point of deprecation, gentle reader, is the prevalent habit of assuming outer wraps and overshoes during the final hymn and under the benediction. That custom merits reproof with the equally astonishing forgetfulness which induces people to fumble frantically in their pockets for change, or to search their purses for the same during the prayer after the sermon. A little forethought would provide the change for the collection and place it in some convenient and accessible pocket, so that the owner might undisturbed join in the petition for a blessing to follow the word. As for dressing for the street during the closing exercises of the sanctuary preparatory to a hasty rush from the building, it is in excessively bad taste, all of it, including the undignified and unsocial exit.

Speaking only from the plane of correct deportment, not from the higher ground of duty to God, a reform in these little points in church etiquette is very desirable.

It is with great modesty that I dare appeal to the brethren of the consistory at touching times and seasons of their conversation with the pastor. Being only a humble member of the sisterhood, perhaps it behooves me not to address in terms of reluctant appeal these gentlemen who are clothed upon with official dignity. But why do they so often find it necessary to approach the pulpit during church time, gravely ascending the steps and whispering to the minister before sermon or after? What is to they say? Why do the same ones always say it? And how does the good man bear with a meekness surpassing that of Moses, when it must be an annoyance, unless it be, which we doubt, a necessity? For the notices cannot last for ever; there must come a blessed moment when there is not another announcement to be made and suitably urged upon the people, although of notices supply, always equals demand, and therefore, the wonder grows what the brethren can have forgotten of which they must remind the pastor, when they ought to be in their pews with *mater familias* and the little ones.

Never has Doctor of Divinity bidden me say it, but out of much observation and—pardon me again—divination, I am moved to say to all elders and deacons and good folk generally, let the pastor alone before service. Do not call upon him in the precious half hour before church. He is full of his subject, of the work he has to do, of the responsibility which weighs upon one in charge of souls. Leave him to himself and to communion with God. Should you meet him on his way to church, content yourself with a bow or a smile of recognition. Should you be in the vestibule on his arrival, do not follow him into his study or into the church parlour for any conversation, however genial, for any consultation, however great, its apparent importance. He is gathering all his forces, summoning every resource, for the work of the next hour and a half; he longs inexpressibly to be in sympathy with his Master, to present his chosen theme with persuasiveness and power, and though you may love him as Jonathan loved David, let him alone. But after the sermon, then is your time. Be not chary of expressing your appreciation, of your thanks, of the hand clasp, and the God-bless-you which so hearten and help the faithful pastor.—*Christian Intelligence.*

The divine method of working is commonly not our method. We would have all the way before us flooded with light; but God chooses that there be light for us to take the next step only. We would select our own goal to strive for, and would then select the path to reach that goal; but God chooses that our goal and our path be of His appointing. And God's method is better than ours, whatever we may think about it. It is better to walk by faith than it would be to walk by sight. It is better trust confidently to the loving wisdom and to the unfailing power of a divine Father, than it would be to depend upon our own imperfect knowledge and upon our own insufficient strength, in all our life struggles. The noblest characters of earth have their sources in an unwavering trust in God; and the greatest victory to be achieved in this world is the victory over self, in order that this trust in God may be perfected. We can never have true mastery, until we know how to serve willingly. We should, therefore, not merely think it a duty to give our lives into God's keeping, but we should regard it as a privilege that we can submit ourselves to God for help and guidance day by day.—*S. S. Times.*

## Mission Work.

**A STARTLING EXHIBIT.**—The aggregate income of the missionary societies of Great Britain is a million and a quarter. The amount spent on amusements is £11,000,000; on tobacco, £13,000,000; on strong drink, £124,000,000.

**WHY NOT?**—A generous friend of missions, moved by the auspicious work in Japan, has recently made a donation of \$3,000 for that field. Who will follow this good example? Here and there a Christian man and sometimes a Christian woman is assuming the full support of a missionary or providing for a hospital on the foreign field. Why not? It is by just such generous gifts that the educational and eleemosynary institutions in our own country are founded and so nobly supported. Why not endow a missionaryship as well as a professorship?—*The Foreign Missionary.*

**FACTS AND FIGURES.**—There are some good people who are always crying out against facts and figures, the latter, particularly as "dry." When a speaker states them they cease at once to give attention and begin to think of something else. When their eyes light on a few figures in print they "skip" that paragraph. No greater mistake could be made. Facts and figures as to mission work at least, are most interesting and most important. No trustworthy opinions can be formed without them. So that though they cannot be remembered, they should be listened to when stated, should be read when printed, for the sake of the impression they will leave on the mind. And they should be noted, classified, and preserved in some way for convenient reference. There is no way in which sensible people can be surely interested in any subject as by the plain statement of "the facts of the case."

**A WONDERFUL PEOPLE.**—Mr. H. McKinney, a missionary among the Veys in West Africa, writes recently to the *Montreal Witness*, what reads more like fable than sober truth. But it is doubtless sober truth: "The Veys are a very fine people, numbering about 10,000. They speak and write throughout their territory. Every boy knows what it is to read and write the Vey language. A long time ago, before civilization had reached any part of the western coast of Africa, the Veys used the leaves of trees for paper and pointed splinters for pens. Sometimes they use porcupine quills for pens. I am writing with one. The Veys are the most eloquent people on the West Coast of Africa. It is not hard to find a boy, if over six years old, who can talk on any subject for an hour. I have one small boy with me who is about seven years of age. This boy can tell in one night a hundred fables. I have sat and heard him tell as many as ten fables in one hour. They are just as humorous as Aesop's fables. I have been a missionary among the Veys more than two years, and have learned by experience that nothing that can be said, preached, or sung to them will tend to bring them to civilization and Christianity as Vey text-books and Vey Bibles and Testaments. Such books we have not; but if they were made we would have no need to teach the least child." There is surely no need that these people should be long without the Word of God. The British and Foreign Bible Society, we dare say, will be delighted when they hear of this case, to add another to their long list of Bibles in many tongues.

**THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR MISSIONS.**—There was never such an opportunity before. The world's strongholds lie before us, like Jericho with its prostrate walls; and we have only to march on straight forward, and take possession. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon is in our hands. The Word of God, translated into almost every dialect or tongue spoken on earth, is waiting to be distributed. Immense wealth lies in the coffers of the Christian Church. A vast host of evangelical disciples waits to be led on to glorious conquests. The facility and rapidity of travel, transportation, communication, brings even distant nations into our immediate neighbourhood. We could compass the globe while Paul was going through Asia Minor. Time and distance are practically annihilated. We have long believed in the entire feasibility of carrying out our Lord's great command within a comparatively limited period, certainly within a single generation. The greatest religious reformations and revolutions of history have been accomplished by one stroke of Divine power,—just as God broke down the idolatry of the Hawaiians, or cleft the chains from four millions of slaves, or demolished the walls of Jericho. But who dares to doubt, that, in response to His leading, the Church of Christ should awake, arise, and plan her campaign with reference to the immediate evangelization of the world, summoning all her forces and energies, laying princely gifts on God's altar; God would startle and surprise us all by the most stupendous interposition of history? We should have another Pentecost, as much greater than the first as the latter rain exceeds the summer shower.—*Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.*

## Woman's Work.

### THE CULTURE OF YOUNG WOMEN.

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN, fresh from Ireland, where she so gracefully performed the duties devolving upon the wife of a Viceroy, has been giving some excellent advice to members of her own sex in Perth. The occasion was a gathering of the Christian Women's Education Union, of which the Countess is president. The education question, she contended, in a charming little address, should be taken up in earnest by Christian women. There had been a holding aloof from the high education of females, the Countess made bold to declare, from a lurking suspicion that it led to free thinking, and unduly exalted the wisdom of this world. The needs of the day and the spirit of the age happily now pressed Christian women forward in this path. There were, in the opinion of the Countess, two ways of dealing with the universal thirst for knowledge. One was to try to curb it, the other to Christianise it, and recognising in it God's hand preparing the young for new and more glorious work. Men and women should everywhere welcome what is true and real, proving as it did a grand soil for a deep religious faith. The spirit of free inquiry, the Countess went on to assert, must of necessity enter into religion. This should not cause alarm, and such inquiry should be met with sympathy and respect. The whole religious life of young people might be seriously affected by injudicious treatment when they were passing through seasons of doubt. There were the agonising questionings which the young feared to make known. And thus—with some point of difficulty, some articles of faith, which were not true to them, at all events in the old form in which it had been presented—young people began to dispose themselves for pretending to believe what they did not. Such periods probably came in the lives of most brought up in Christian homes, and especially in these times, when the simple, happy faith of childhood, held on the authority of parents and teachers, must be proved and tested, if it is to become a living power to the individual; and pass into the deep, reasonable faith of maturer years. If the doubt was suppressed for fear of offending against received forms, there was a grave danger of unreality or formality, even though it might be an orthodox and evangelical formality, creeping over the religious life. The Countess declared that it was a fatal mistake to say to the youthful, honest doubter, "This is the truth, and you must believe it without questioning, or you can be no true Christian." Tender sympathy, a gentle drawing forth of the difficulties, and of recognition that although God's Gospel remains unchangeable He reveals it in various ways to different persons was the way which tended to lead the questioning soul into a deeper, truer, freer faith. If the Christian Women's Education Union could accomplish this end, said the Countess in bringing her remarks to a close, it would become a real power in the land.—*The Christian World.*

A LARGE number of friends, representing the various city churches, assembled on Monday evening 4th inst. at an "At Home" given by Mr. and Mrs. Teller, St. Alban's street, city, to bid adieu to Miss Oliver, M.D., who is on her way to engage in the arduous work of a medical missionary in connection with the Presbyterian church of Canada, in Central India. In the course of the evening Rev. Professor McLaren, on behalf of the Women's Foreign Mission Board, presented Miss Oliver with a valuable copy of the Sacred Scriptures, which gift was neatly acknowledged on her behalf by her pastor, Rev. Robert Hamilton, Motherwell. In the name of the assembled friends, Rev. Dr. Kellogg gave expression to kindly and fervent good wishes for her welfare and success in her important work. The Rev. J. M. Cameron, Secretary Foreign Mission Committee, concluded the meeting with prayer.

THE following resolution was passed at the Fourth Annual Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of the Maritime Provinces, held at Windsor, N.S., on the 21st September, 1886: In view of the evils arising from the circulation of impure literature, and deploring the sentiment which would seem to demand it, Resolved, That we, the Women's Christian Temperance Union of the Maritime Provinces, respectfully ask the editors of all daily and weekly newspapers that reports in detail of criminal cases and confessions of depraved convicts may not be published in their columns. In the opinion of this Union, the effect of such reading is demoralizing in its tendency; and not only as members of a Christian Temperance Union, but as mothers do we plead that such reports may be withheld for the sake of our young sons and daughters. Passed unanimously, and ordered to be sent to the press throughout the Maritime Provinces for publication. Mrs. Dr. Todd, President; Mrs. C. J. Steadman, Secretary.