

Pastor and People.

WHY?—AND BECAUSE.

Why do they go to China, running risks
Which bravest soldiers well might fear to face?
Why, when their pay is deadly hate of men
And martyrdom may end the life of love?
Why not be silent, as so many are,
And find their way to heaven by pleasant paths,
Giving their service to the grateful ones,
And bearing happy faces and light hearts?
Why, but because they have heroic souls,
Because the Christ is in them, and they live
As He did, for the world, and not themselves.
Because they love and long for those who hate;
Because they know, and therefore they must tell
How great is His salvation, and how deep
The peace and joy which He makes free to all.
Because they do not count even life dear
If only they may win some souls for Christ,
And bring His children to their Father's feet!
Yes, and because their faith and hope are strong
That those who in His service loyally
Spend and are spent, shall, when the end has
come,

See, even through closed lids, the face of Him
Who lights the darkness of the dreariest night,
And brings to sunny calm the roughest sea,
And hear His voice who whispers, "Child, come
home,

The storm is over. Be not thou afraid;
Lay down the cross and take the crown of life."
—Marianne Farningham.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

MONDAY MUSINGS.

BY A CITY PASTOR.

This Monday morning I have fallen to thinking on the value of a religious service to the man who conducts it. How far does he himself stand beneath the droppings of that blessing, for whose descent he prays? To assist a conclusion, I ask myself as to whether or not I feel more rich in soul on Monday morning than I usually feel. Not that I for a moment deem it fair to judge my spiritual health by the pulse of the first morning of the working week, since I am then so often beclouded by nervous reaction and natural depression, as to be incapable of reliable judgment. But still, I can estimate to what degree my spiritual life has been stimulated by the services of the Sabbath. This diagnosis has not been always satisfactory. Thus I have come to agree with those who contend that he who publicly leads the exercises of God's house must be ever careful to neglect not that even richer worship, which is wherever and whenever a seeking soul in solitude hangs in humble dependence upon Him who sees in secret, and, in the beauty of holiness, worships there. And I come more and more to think that there is no special self-helpfulness in the conduct of public worship. On this very point, I had an argument a few days ago, of much warmth and vigor, with a young gentleman of my congregation, who contended that it would much assist the religious life of the young, if they were urged to lead in prayer at the weekly prayer-meeting. My own view was that none should be urged, and that the function of prayer was not to cultivate religious courage, nor yet to serve the purposes of a testimony. My experience has been that one hour of private and earnest devotion is worth several of public effort. Last winter, I had an opportunity to put this opinion to the test. I was sojourning for a time with a minister in the Southern States, one whose long and successful pastorate in our Canadian Church has made his name fragrant of high regard and loving memories. Under his ministry I sat with joy, and marked indeed was the impetus which this passive exercise imparted to the spiritual life. With him I attended a meeting of a Southern Presbytery in an adjoining town, and learned thereby how the Southern brethren appreciated the force of what I have been trying to establish. For they have a veritable carnival of preaching, with its corresponding festival of listening. Never shall I forget the opening service of that Presbytery. In company with some songful friends, I sat amid the choir of a quaint and venerable church, old-fashioned in its structure, and still more old-fashioned in its service. A brother preached and with fervour declared the truth. Every listening

minister seemed lifted up by the devotional spirit of that hour. Throughout the remaining days of the Presbytery's meeting, two sermons a day were delivered, and one and all bore testimony to the aid imparted by these services. Many a time I worshipped after in that very church, and so delightful is the memory of this leisure time, that I know of no sanctuary to revisit which would afford me such genuine delight as to return and worship once again before the altar of that Southern church. The lesson of it all is this—that those who are called upon to break the bread of life to others, should themselves in secret feast much upon the Living Bread, and that what we lose of private comfort through public ministrations, should find its compensation in constant waiting at the throne of grace, that the life which waters others should itself of God be watered every day. If we would be leaders, we must ourselves be led of Him who is the living way.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

IRISH PRESBYTERIAN WORTHIES PASSING AWAY.

BY REV. SAMUEL HOUSTON, M.A.

We have seen that when Mr. Simpson was settled in Portrush there was but little even of promise. There were a few people, but no building, no organization. Assuredly he did not build on another man's foundation. In time there grew up a strong congregation with as complete an equipment of buildings as are to be found anywhere. Much of the money spent was contributed by friends in the United States which country he visited several times, not always in the interest of the cause at Portrush. On one occasion at least he was a deputation from the General Board of Home Missions and helped to raise a considerable sum. In this place the good man laboured for the full term of half a century. He became widely known and is as widely respected. He is now enjoying a green old age. It is in a most racy and interesting way that he tells the story of all these years.

The other biography to which reference has been made is that of Dr. William Johnston who spent half a century of a ministry in the busy and growing city of Belfast. It is something like a quarter of a century since the last of the heroes of the Arian controversy passed away. Since then until about two years ago no face and form were more familiar to the people of Belfast and at meetings of Assembly than those of William Johnston. During the time mentioned he has been the Nestor of the Church. He was a many-sided man, but all the sides that he had bore on the saving of men and on the making the best of this world as well as of that which is to come. He was a son of the manse, his father having been the well known Dr. John Johnston, of Tullylish, the great advocate of open air preaching, in which the more distinguished son also took part. When very young William was settled in Berry St. Church, and from there he was in a few years transferred to Townsend St. Church, which was and is now one of the largest congregations in the city. He was a model pastor, an enthusiast in promoting common school education, and in many other respects the benevolence of his large heart flowed over for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. He was well on to the middle of his public life when the idea of the orphans of the Church took hold of him, and that became his hobby for the rest of his life, using the word hobby in the best sense. The scheme proved to be a marvellous success in his hands. For the support of the orphans he spread his net work of organization over the whole Church, gathering in every year an amazing number of sums, some of them very small. His was a sanctified magnetism that never failed. He was ever bubbling over with humour, his laugh was the loudest, but at the same time there was no man who would do and dare more to help anybody that was in need. He was

throughout backed up by his wife, a daughter of the manse, her father having been the Rev. James Foster, of Drumlee, near Rathfriland County Down.

More than 30 years ago he visited Canada as a special plenipotentiary from the Irish Assembly, and there are people that have still a vivid recollection of him and his work. For months, and that in winter, he went up and down our magnificent distances. Dr. Gregg is made to tell in the volume a specimen of what work he did in those months.

The Rev. S. Fenter, of Dublin, assisted by Mrs. Johnston, is the biographer, and well the story is told, with grace of style as well as skill in arrangement. Long may the Church be served as well as it has been by such men as Johnston, Simpson and Watts.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

SHOULD WOMEN GO TO THE FOREIGN FIELD?

BY A HOME WORKER.

In an article on Foreign Mission Work, by Rev. Chas. A. Doudiet, M.A., in THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, of August 21st, this subject is dealt with at some length. After reading this article carefully several times, the writer feels that the position taken by Mr. Doudiet in regard to women workers on the foreign field is rather sweeping. We agree that for the more dangerous mission fields it would be wise that men should pioneer the work. We also agree that there should be more missionary evangelists, and that it might be preferable they should be single men; though there should be no arbitrary rule against women being so employed. We agree that two should go in company, and it seems best that (on many of the mission fields) at least one of every two sent out for itinerating work should be skilful in the use of medicine. We agree with Mr. Doudiet in believing that the world will not be converted to Christ nor a reign of peace and righteousness ushered in till the Lord Himself shall return. As stated in his article, this does not lessen our responsibility to sound abroad the good tidings, but should rather "increase our efforts to diffuse the knowledge of Christ through all the earth."

Now, to what do we take exception in Mr. Doudiet's article. One statement made is: "It was to men Christ said: 'Go and preach the Gospel to every creature.'" True, these words were spoken to the eleven apostles of our Lord, but we cannot accept, what is implied in the article, that these words were spoken only for men. All the comforting assurances of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of St. John's Gospel were spoken to these same eleven. Are they too only for men? Have women no share in them? I am a woman yet they mean much to me, and I will never willingly lose my hold upon them; neither can I, with a clear conscience, free myself from all responsibility to the last command of my Saviour.

Another point: Roman Catholic missionaries are held up as examples of special devotedness, in that they "give up what may be dearer than all else, the dream of every young life, the love and gentle companionship of a wife." In the Roman Catholic Church all Home and Foreign workers, both men and women, are bound by the vow of celibacy. No Protestant would be willing to say that such a law is a wise one, or conducive to the promoting of the best interests of the cause of Christ. We will say nothing against Roman Catholic Missionaries. They certainly have, in some countries, shown devotion, laboured with zeal and endured much, even death, for the cause; but have we not a roll of Protestant missionaries who have done as noble work—men, too, who in going to the dark places of the earth to proclaim the story of Jesus' love, took a wife as an helpmeet, and who never had cause to regret doing so. We might mention Dr. Moffat, of South Africa,

whose son has recently given up a lucrative position to work as a missionary in Nyassaland. Dr. Geddie and Dr. Inglis of the island of Aneityum, Adoniram Judson, of Burmah, Dr. Morrison, pioneer missionary to China, and Rev. Wm. Murray, now of Pekin, China; Dr. Robertson, our own missionary on Erromanga, and the Rev. Joseph Annand on Santa. These are but a few of the many names that might be mentioned. True, some women died; still, taken on the whole, many have been spared to live noble useful lives, and to be indeed a helpmeet to their husbands. Would we ever have had the Bible translated into hundreds of different languages if some missionaries had not had a quiet resting-place to work in, with some one there to keep things bright, and speak the cheering word and oftentimes to give valuable help in these literary labors? One thing we know it has been Protestant missionaries, not Roman Catholics, that have given the Bible to the world. Missionaries are men, and though without doubt there have been, and are exceptions, yet generally "it is not good that the man should be alone." MacKay, of Uganda, may be noted as an exception, but even on that field the time has come when the need for women is felt, and women are to go. Two reasons for this are: that the natives should have an object lesson as to what a Christian home should be; and that the native women should be taught.

A question asked by Mr. Doudiet is: "Where will we find a single instance of female missionaries, sent by the Church among the heathen in the New Testament?" I will quote one passage: "I will commend unto you Phebe our sister, which is a servant of the Church which is a Cenchrea; that ye receive her in the Lord as cometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you: for she has been a succourer of many and of myself also." Paul is writing to the Christians at Rome. He commends Phebe to them who is a servant of the Church at Cenchrea. Do we know assuredly that Phebe was not sent to Rome to help in missionary work? One writer, speaking of her, uses these words: "Travelling about on missionary and other labors." She at least was honored in being the bearer of an apostolic letter to the Church at Rome. Even could we not point to an undoubted case where a woman was sent as a foreign mission worker, we know women were laborers with the apostles and were commended for their zeal.

How many women since these days have gone out alone, and in far away lands labored for years and been greatly honored in winning many for their Master! We might mention Miss Eliza Agnew who for forty-three years labored in Ceylon, never once returning home, and to whom has been given the name "Mother of a thousand daughters," because of the wonderful influence she exerted over the women of that land. Miss Fidelia Fisk, who labored long in Persia, and of whom one has said: "Wherever she went God's presence and power went with her." Miss Johnstone, of Calabar, of whom the missionaries working in the same fields said: "Her devotion, zeal and self-forgetfulness were beyond praise and worthy of our imitation. These few names, out of the many, will suffice, though we might add one well known to many of ourselves—Miss Rodgers, of India. As I said before some are taken, yet many are spared to do a noble life work. Is not the same true of men?

The special argument against women going to the foreign field is the danger incurred. In the early Church we have instances of women braving danger for Christ's cause. Paul in writing to the Romans says: "Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus: who have for my life laid down their own necks;" and he mentions Junia as a fellow-prisoner, no doubt a sufferer for the sake of the gospel. If we look back on the history of the Church to the early persecutions in Rome and Carthage