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T H E

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## A SUMMER LESSON.

THE IROK that threads the forest glade  
Whispers beneath the summer shade,  
His dream of love to listening flowers,  
Through the long summer hours;  
While myriads insects, in their festive round,  
Tune all the air to one rich harmony of sound.

The leaves, which rustle in the breeze,  
Make music as they please,  
And the soft zephyrs pass along  
Echoing the mystic song.  
Till the whole woodland like a chantry sings,  
With antiphonal hymns, praising the King of kings.

Here let us rest awhile, and dream  
Upon sweet nature's theme,—  
The love of God in great and small,  
And mercy over all,—  
So fair a nursery garden still is ours,  
Fragrant with memories dropped from Eden's long lost bowers.

If Love can bear so long with sin,  
The heart of man to win,  
If Heaven its beauty thus can spend,  
Yet hardly reach its end,  
How shall we dare to weary or complain  
Though all our toil and work should seem to be in vain?

The palest flower that hales unseen  
Beneath its leafy green,  
The smallest bird that sings on high  
Its gladness to the sky,  
The faintest whisper of the summer wind,  
Each has its special work in God's eternal mind.

A life of sacrificed desire,  
A heart consumed with fire,  
Eyes that can read in every face,  
Some lines of heavenly grace,  
Lips that dare only speak kind words and true,  
How shall they ever fall some heavenly work to do?

Rise with the sunshine of the brook  
Brightening in every look,  
Fill thy hands full of God's dear flowers,  
Born of the springtide showers,  
Learn of sweet Nature how to work his praise,  
And take his summer world to gladden wintry days.  
—*Good Words.*

THERE is a good story of a minister who was paid to preach a sermon on some special occasion in the chapel of a neighbouring town. As the congregation was not very rich, he was informed beforehand that they could not afford to pay more than a guinea for his discourse. When the sermon was over he received in the vestry the congratulations of the elders, who were loud in their admiration of his eloquence. He turned round to them with almost a smile of contempt and said "Do you call that an eloquent sermon? I should just like you to hear my three guinea one."

Is any Christian conscious that he is cold and worldly, that he has lost the glow and fervour of his earliest love. He cannot get it back by praying for it. The only way is that revealed by our Saviour. He must deny himself and take up his cross. Let him turn from the engrossment of business and the fascinations of society. Let him go and seek out the Lord's poor and minister to them. In finding them he will find Christ Himself and be restored to that blessed communion with Him for which he longs. Yes, the aged, bed-ridden believer will say to him, "Christ is here. He comes day and night by His Spirit, and sits beside me in my chamber, lays His hand on my aching head or on my fluttering heart, and comforts me. O how He comforts me during the long hours of loneliness and pain!"—*Interior.*

THE manly man will always be the welcome man in society. Others may, from special gifts of conversation, anecdote, or fair exterior be favourites for a time, but the one who remains firmly fixed in the regard and esteem of society, is the man who has the inward graces of true manhood. His welcome will never wear out. His family life will be equally blest. The political community, the social sphere, and the family will alike appreciate such a character and be benefited by it. He will be a constant and efficient pattern for his children, and they will grow up to be the substantial supporters of the country's noble institutions. Most of the children who become evil or useless members of the community, who become the great host of the loose and crooked, are those that have loose and crooked fathers, men who live from expediency and not principle, and who bring up their children to the same gypsy morals. But the manly man will have more than the homage of his fellows. He will have the approbation of his own conscience. He will feel at every step the unspeakable luxury of knowing that he is doing right, that he is fulfilling his manhood's requirements, that he is rising toward God and not shrinking toward Satan. There is no such joy this side of heaven as that of the clean heart, for it is the pure in heart that see God. The man who lives according to God's grand plan, the man of truth and righteousness, the manly man carries with him an inexhaustible fountain of joy and peace. He finds in daily experience that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.—*Howard Crosby.*

## Mission Work.

CHEERING NEWS FROM CORREA.—The latest reports from the Goran Mission of the Scottish United Presbyterian Church, on the border of Northern Corea, state that a hundred men and boys have been baptized, and the work is rapidly spreading.—*Independent.*

RATE OF PROGRESS.—There are three epochs at which the proportion of the Christian to the non-Christian inhabitants of the earth may be said to be approximately known. In A.D. 250, one to a hundred and forty-nine; in A.D. 1786, one to about three hundred and four-sevenths; in A.D. 1836, one to about two and one-third.

FROM ERROMANGA.—We have a brief note from Rev. H. A. Robertson written July 24. All were well. The letter comes by way of New Caledonia and San Francisco. We do not remember of ever before hearing in so short a time from our New Hebrides missionaries. Mr. Robertson sends us photographic sketches of the scenes round Dillon's Bay, the spot where the Gordons were killed, and the burying ground where lies the ill-fated dust of George N. Gordon and his wife and Rev. Mr. McNair, and Mr. Robertson's child.—*Hullfax Witness, Sept. 18.*

BUT NEVER A MURMUR.—"I have laboured in Africa for fifty-four years, and oh, I would willingly go back. I have toiled there at work by day and by night, under a vertical sun; I have there been exposed to hunger and thirst; I have often had to put on what I call the fast-fasting girdle, but I never complained. I never felt a murmur. I knew that the work in which I was engaged was the work to which God in His merciful providence had appointed me, and I knew that if I laboured and did not faint I should surely reap!"—*Moffat.*

"HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR."—To England belongs the honour of initiating "Woman's work for Women," in Foreign Missions. It is more than fifty years since the women of London resolved to carry the Gospel to their sisters in the far East, and right nobly have they stood by their resolution through succeeding generations. "That London society alone has now hundreds of lady missionaries enrolled and thousands of Zenana pupils; and we know not how many more kindred societies have been organized. Earl Shaftesbury recently addressed the jubilee meeting of this 'society for promoting female education in the East,' and prophesied a great future as before it throughout not only India but the entire Orient; and already it has missions in Ceylon, Japan, Persia, Africa."

SYRIA.—The latest figures of the *Word in Syria* are, societies at work, 30, with 800 labourers, of whom 200 are European and American. There are 140 preaching stations with several thousand regular hearers, 300 schools with 15,000 children; and 14 medical missions in which 80,000 patients are treated annually. But only 1,000 church members! There is evidently some mistake in the figures, or something far wrong in the methods of work. Surely with such vast areas and such multitudes in heathen darkness in other lands, 200 European and American missionaries is an unbecomingly small proportion for a corner of the earth such as Syria. And only five members to each missionary. Perhaps there are so many that they are in each other's way. That is the state of the case in many communities in Canada.

THE PARIS CITY MISSION.—The Paris City Mission is an independent and undenominational society, founded on the model of the London City Mission, but adapted to the wants of Paris. It does not oppose or take the place of any other society, but is, on the contrary, a powerful auxiliary to all other societies and churches, especially by making domiciliary visits, with a view of bringing Gospel truths home to the people, reading and explaining God's Word, distributing tracts, etc. Each agent receives \$500 per annum, one-third of which is paid by the society or pastor employing the agent, and two-thirds by the Paris City Mission. Since its origin, only six years, the little band of seven members of the Paris mission report having made 49,077 domiciliary visits, and 5,336 visits to the sick; meetings attended or held, 11,684; Bibles or New Testaments given or sold, 10,087; tracts and portions distributed, 171,274; attendance at the meetings—adults, 214,975; children, 130,863, making a total of 345,838. In the course of his address Professor Yeatman presented the following picture of the progress of of the Church in France inspired by the power of its own inner life: "In 1813 Protestantism in France could not count one hundred and fifty pastors. It had not a single work of its own, neither of charity, nor instruction, nor evangelization. It was content simply to exist. It could do no more; the law forbade it; it was as a giant in chains. To-day that same Church counts nine hundred earnest devoted pastors. It has thirty-seven homes for orphans and abandoned children; asylums for the blind, the deaf and the dumb, forty-two retreats for the

aged, two convalescent reformatories for prisoners, all the outgrowth of Christian faith and duty. In a word, it is to-day active in all charities which flow from the fountain of Christian duty and love. Listen to the marked progress of all societies organized for special Christian work. The French Bible Society which, in 1875, circulated but 16,000 copies, in 1885 circulated 60,000. The Societe Evangelique, for the first two years of its existence, received but 1,650 francs, to-day its annual receipts are more than 125,000 francs. The Societe Centrale began with three missionaries; it now employs one hundred and seventy, has built within a few years eighty new churches, and opened three hundred and sixty missionary stations. To advocate Christian principles there are to-day in France no less than seventy-three religious newspapers, not including a number of monthly magazines. Such is my simple statement of facts as to the moral forces at work to redeem France from its follies and sins. And all this is the work, not of the Government, for that is too often hostile, and its influences evil; but of Frenchmen themselves, moved by the spirit of Christian faith and duty."—*Christian at Work.*

## Woman's Work.

### A MISSIONARY HEROINE

THE telegraph has informed the reader from time to time of the great outbreaks against all foreigners, especially missionaries, in all parts of China—and now there comes a story of the peril and heroism of a lady who was born and reared in Davenport that will deeply interest everybody in the city.

This lady was formerly Miss Mary Porter, daughter of Mrs. Dr. Porter, of Davenport. She went from this city to China as a missionary in 1871; she returned home for a rest in 1876, and went back to China in 1877. She was in Peking fourteen years. In June, 1881, she married the Rev. Frank Gamewell, son of the inventor of the Gamewell electric fire-alarm. Last fall Mr. Gamewell was appointed superintendent of the missions at Chung King, western China, 1,600 miles from Shanghai.

It seems that for some time the Chinese of Chung King have been growing more and more intolerant of foreigners, especially Americans; because of the mal-treatment and murder of Chinese on our Pacific coast, the accounts of the outrages on the Chinese reaching that distant part of China in greatly exaggerated form. The missionaries and other foreigners became the subject of grossest insults early in June last, and the walls of their houses were bespattered with mud. The missionaries were called foreign devils, and foreign dogs. Mr. Gamewell writes this to his parents under date of June 12th. He then says: "Sunday, June 6th, I preached in the city, leaving Mary in charge of the house. Shortly after I left she heard a noise—that of a large crowd that had gathered. They threw stones and other missiles on the roof and against the wall and demanded admittance. Mary went down and had the gate opened, and went out into their midst, talking to them for some time, telling them it was contrary to all their customs and manners to seek admittance to a place when gentlemen are absent. This is a carefully observed form of Chinese etiquette, and quieted them for a while; but they grew noisy again, and in time she retreated into the yard and had the gate closed. The crowd, two hundred in number, finally broke the gate down and started to rush in. Mary took my gun, which happened to be in a case under the bed, and for which she had no ammunition, and started out toward the crowd, thinking to frighten them and keep them back for a time, it being nearly time for me to return. A Chinese mob is very cowardly, and this one ran at the first sight of the gun, but they concluded it was not loaded, and tried to wrest it from one of the coolest and most courageous women that ever walked the face of the earth—and of course succeeded. The gun was torn from her and she was painfully though not seriously hurt. In trying to get the gun they pounded her hands and arms, and the crowd pelted her with sticks and stones. Her hands were badly bruised and cut deeply on the inside. The left side of her face was badly bruised with a stone and her dress was covered with mud. As soon as the crowd saw the blood on her face and hands they were frightened—for in China to draw blood is punishable with decapitation; so they rushed from the place carrying the gun with them. The gun was returned by an official the day after. We are all convinced that nothing but Mary's nerve saved the premises from being looted."

But the account given by Mr. Gamewell is only a prelude to the work of destruction which was soon to follow. To-day Mrs. Dr. Porter received a letter from her daughter Mary, dated "Methodist Episcopal Mission Hospital, Chung King, China, July 7, 1886," and opens in this way: "My Precious Mother: This heading is only a reminder of plans that are spoiled and hopes that are delayed. All our property has been destroyed, and we have taken refuge with the officials. No foreigner has been killed, but everything we possess has been taken from us and our lives endangered. The British resi-

dent, Mr. Bowen, the Chinese Island Missionaries (English), American Bible society colporteur, the Catholics and ourselves have suffered—the Catholic cathedral looted and burned to the ground. A rich Catholic armed 200 or 300 men, fought for his place and killed thirty or more of the mob. I am afraid telegrams may have reached you and filled you with alarm; but thus also must we trust in Him who has cared for us in all these days of danger and destruction."

The letter gives an account of the destruction of all the mission houses—all denominations sharing the same fate. The officials did all they could to save the lives of the missionaries and other foreigners and succeeded, but winked at the destruction of houses and property. All Mr. and Mrs. Gamewell saved was \$150 in cash, and a watch that they had in their clothing. The garments they had on were all they were permitted to take away.

"Where is your daughter now?" asked the reporter, as he concluded reading the letter.

"Nearing San Francisco, I believe, in a steamship—she will arrive in a few days now."

"Then they journeyed the 1,600 miles to Shanghai in safety?"

"Yes, and were given protection on an American steamer. Mr. Gamewell's parents live in Hackensack, N.J., and they received a telegram from Mary's husband to that effect."

So it is likely that Mr. and Mrs. Gamewell will arrive in Davenport sometime this month. —*Davenport Democrat.*

### LADY DUFFERIN IN INDIA.

THE "Zenana Day" at the great exhibition in Lucknow was a great success. The college was opened early in the day. A lady correspondent writes: "The doors of the college were opened early in the day. Mrs. Pirie stood at the front entrance to welcome and receive all English ladies, while missionary ladies received the native ladies at the rear entrance as they alighted from their closed carriages—palanquins, doolies and baulies. Within, the scene was unique and interesting. At each stand of displayed wares were stationed Christian young ladies from the different mission schools, taking the places of the usual policemen on ordinary days. Bengali ladies assisted in the escorting of visitors from room to room. The excited and pleased women and girls were very much pleased with the curiosities displayed about them. At 11 o'clock Lady Dufferin, Lady Lyall, and the Misses Lyall, Kunwarani Harnam Singh and other distinguished ladies entered the door and were received by Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Pirie, the band outside playing "God Save the Queen." Lady Dufferin walked leisurely through the rooms examining the specimens of gold and silver ware, while all eyes were turned towards her, and she whispered words, "There is the lady sahib," were passed from one native lady to another. Just before her departure Lady Dufferin requested that the native ladies be presented to her. As they filed before her each received a gracious salaam, and now and then Her Ladyship stooped and touched the forehead of a little child as it tripped along in its gay costume by its mother's side. Mohammedan, Hindu and Bengali ladies, each wearing their own peculiar costume, and all dressed in their gayest colours, passed by; then came the native Christian women. The latter class was most striking. The plain white dress, the neatly-arranged *chaddar*, the absence of tinkling bangles, nose-rings, excess of jewellery, the bright, intelligent faces, the clean white teeth, with no *pan* stained lips—these all spoke of a change of habit, customs and heart.

While English ladies were deceived by the plain dress of the Christian women on all sides, the native ladies, wrapped in their costly *chaddars*, and tinkling and sparkling with their gold and silver ornaments, were gaping astonished as they beheld Lady Dufferin in her plain black costume, and asked in loud whispers, "What! is that simply dressed woman the lady, the Viceroy's wife?"

Lady Dufferin, lending her gracious presence in her plain dress, smiling on all, her heart filled with sympathy for the millions of India's suffering, unhappy women, coming near enough to touch them in their need, is a charming illustration of Christian womanhood, and all earnest Christian woman will unite in the prayer already ascending, "God bless her."

The missionary ladies whose duties were very great all day, were detained until a late hour dispersing the immense gathering of over 2,000 women.

THE semi-annual meeting of the Toronto Presbyterian Society, was held at Aurora on Tuesday Sept. 23rd. Delegates were present from the Murray Mitchell Auxiliary, Knox Church Auxiliary, Burns' Auxiliary, and Central Church Auxiliary, Toronto, and from Aurora; also friends from Newmarket, King, Queensville and Paterson. About thirty ladies were present at the morning meeting and nearly seventy in the afternoon. Four new auxiliaries have been formed during the past six months, and the reports received from the various auxiliaries in the Presbytery were very encouraging. The Treasurer's statement showed a balance in hand of \$183.53.