

## Our Contributors.

### CONCERNING INDEPENDENT HUMAN HAPPINESS.

BY KNOXONIAN.

It is easy to say "Happy New Year." We have all said it a good many times during the last few days. Perhaps some of us used the friendly old formula without thinking much about what it means or how happiness may be obtained in a world like ours.

Can unalloyed happiness be obtained at all on this side of heaven? Most decidedly, no. The most that we can have here or should expect here is an approximation to the genuine article. If we come fairly near the thing we should be grateful. When we are at our best there will always be something to keep the felicity from being perfect. We have heard of newly married couples who said their happiness was perfect. Perhaps it was. We can't all be newly married couples, however, and the rest of us must be satisfied with such an approximation to the ideal as our make up and our environment permit.

Some people are so constructed that they can never have much happiness in this world whatever they may have in the next.

If you are very sensitive—abominably thin-skinned—you can never have much happiness on this planet even if you are newly married. This old world has some people in it who seem to have been born for the special purpose of annoying their sensitive neighbors. Some of them from mere stupidity, some from envy, some from malice aforethought, some for amusement, and not a few prod on general principles. These prodding people are very annoying to the man with a thin cuticle. They disturb his peace, and lower his average of happiness. But what can you do about it. The Almighty allows these prodding people to live and they must just be put up with until he takes them away or refines their natures with more grace.

If you are vain you need never expect even a fair average of happiness. Your difficulty will consist mainly in making the rest of the human family take you at your own estimate and in getting them to govern themselves accordingly. Your estimate of yourself may be the correct one. You know yourself better than any one else can know you. But the rest of the human family may be stupid enough to think you are an ordinary mortal. Your estimate of yourself and their estimate of you will constantly clash and the clashing may prevent you from being fairly happy. You may try to educate the public up to that point at which they may unanimously adopt your estimate of yourself, but the educative process is slow and tedious.

If you are fond of praise and constantly hanker after compliments you may find it hard work to keep up your average in the happiness line.

Praise within certain limitations is a good thing—praise, mind we say, not flattery. For the man who can never say an appreciative word about anybody or anything, for the jealous churl away on, if not up in his profession or business, who can never speak a kindly, generous word to or about a beginner, for a creature of that kind every generous, large-hearted man can hardly have any feeling other than that of contempt. The clergy suffer more in the estimation of honorable men by their habit of belittling members of their own profession or by damning their work with faint praise than they suffer from any other cause. Fair judicious praise is not a bad thing. It encourages beginners, helps the weak and oils the axles of society in a general sort of way. Still if a man feeds on praise he can never be happy. It is as unsatisfactory a diet as the East wind. If you value your happiness don't try to live on praise.

If you are given to worry about apprecia-

tion you will have hard work to keep yourself in a reasonably happy frame of mind. People can't be expressing their appreciation all the time. There is no more unsatisfactory business in this world than trying to pump a hard-headed Scotchman for appreciation. The most effusive men are not as a rule the men who stand by you when your back is to the wall. Do your duty as best you can. If the appreciation comes good and well. It is a pleasant thing. If it does not come you may strengthen yourself by trying to do without.

If you are selfish and greedy you can never be happy. There is no potatoe patch outside for the man who wants the whole world for a farm.

If you are envious, jealous and feel pained at the success of your neighbors in any line whatever you may just as well give up the idea of being reasonably happy.

We intended saying something about the best ways we know of promoting our own happiness—we mean of course human ways, but time is about up.

One good way is to try and make others happy. Another way is to give every moment to some useful work until we are tired and then take a useful rest. Idleness is the parent of much of the misery that distresses this world. The man who likes his work, other things being equal, will always be among the happiest of mortals. There is absolutely no hope for the happiness of a human being who hates work.

The man who loves his work is independent of his surroundings so far as his happiness is concerned. What need he care about the inane lunacy of what is called society. His enjoyment comes to him every day at his own work. It does not come in spurts from artificial means that nearly always bring more misery than enjoyment.

As a promoter of happiness love of books comes next to love of work.

If you expect 1896 to be fairly happy you must avoid certain things and do certain other things. You can't take a dead lift on yourself and make yourself happy any more than you can lift yourself over a fence by pulling on your boot straps.

### FIFTY YEARS OF WITNESSING FOR CHRIST IN EUROPE.—I.

BY REV. THOMAS SIMS, D.D.

In the year 1845 the Belfast Presbytery ordained a missionary and designated him to Foreign work. The field selected was continental Europe with head quarters at Hamburg. The past summer witnessed the jubilee of that ordination and a memorial volume has been given to the world, filled with reminiscences of that long working life. We have not seen anything so interesting in missionary annals since the story of Dr. Paton appeared. It is crowded with incident. Indeed, the incidents are so abundant that they obscure the story of the life. But as an illustration of the power of the gospel, when faithfully presented, to win its way over every obstacle and prove itself "the power of God unto salvation," this fifty years' record has great value. We have read it with much profit, and desire to share with the readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN some of the wealth of impression and incident gathered from its perusal.

First of all in few words let us outline the story.

James Craig, M.A., Ph.D., D.D., was a son of the manse. Like Paul, he served God from his forefathers with a pure conscience. One of his forbears was a preacher in London in the days of James the First. Another crossed to Ireland as chaplain to the army of Cromwell, and ultimately settled there. Dr. Craig's father was an exceptionally earnest and learned pastor of a parish in the neighborhood of Londonderry, which he served for fifty successful years. Blood tells in every walk of

life, and from such an ancestry we have a right to expect a noble posterity.

Young James was not only well-born, he was also exceptionally well bred, and at eight years of age he had a definite, personal transaction with God, from which he issued a converted lad. He was only nine when his father made him a teacher in the Sunday-school, but as his principal work consisted in teaching his scholars to read, there was nothing very startling about that. But one day he undertook a piece of work which showed the ministerial instinct budding forth even at this early age.

His father had a parishoner who, on market nights, did not always come home sober. One night little James saw him very drunk. He said nothing but on the following Sunday morning, after church, he asked the farmer whether he might walk with him as far as their ways agreed. Consent was given gladly and when they were free from the crowd, James began:

"John, I saw you drunk on Wednesday!" "Yes," was the reply, "the day was cold and some one gave me a drop too much." "But," said Jamie, "that was not the only time I saw you drunk, and you know what the Bible says about no drunkard entering the Kingdom of God." "Why," said the astonished man, you would not call me a drunkard, would you?" to which the lad replied: "Well, when did you come home from market quite sober?"

The farmer was soon in tears, and when the man of fifty and the child of nine separated neither of them had dry eyes. Three or four weeks later the parishoner called on his pastor deeply penitent, and after telling the story, said: "When that child took more care of my soul than I did myself, it broke my heart. Now I have given up drink for ever, and I have given myself to the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation."

This exceptionally wise and earnest lad soon began to distinguish himself as a student, carrying off prizes right and left. To the usual arts and theological curriculum he added the study of philosophy which he pursued in Germany. When he was ordained at twenty-six years of age he was both Master of Arts and Doctor in Philosophy and as well equipped, mentally, for the work of the ministry as any young man of his time.

Above all this, and equally important with it, young Dr. Craig was thoroughly grounded and settled in the evangelical faith. His personal experience, his observations in Ireland and Germany, and his careful studies, all combined to confirm him in the belief that the Bible was the Word of God; that it alone revealed the way of life to men, and that its teachings, presented to men in humble dependence on the Holy Spirit, would produce similar effects in his generation to those which it produced in his father's time and in the days of old.

In this conviction he consecrated his life to the work of spreading the gospel on the continent of Europe, and was abundantly rewarded. By preaching, by teaching, by family visitation, by the distribution of Christian literature he bore his testimony to scores of thousands. With headquarters at Hamburg, where he founded and built up a notable church, he itinerated over the greater part of Europe and had seals to his ministry in court and cottage, in camp and college, among Jews and Gentiles, from Belfast to Constantinople, and from St. Petersburg to Madrid. Out of his Hamburg church he had the joy of sending twenty-six persons as missionaries to heathen lands. The pastors he stirred up to more earnest and useful endeavor is a story worthy of being told in a chapter by itself. The number of conversions he was instrumental in promoting is without count. He ministered in camp and hospital to the soldiers in seven successive European wars, and he set flowing streams of life-giving literature in many provinces and kingdoms, whose waters promise to refresh thousands of weary pilgrims long after his feet have

ceased to tread the dusty ways of this world for ever.

"We live in deeds, not years,  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;  
We should count time by heart throbs."

According to this reckoning Dr. Craig lived long. Fifty years, multiplied by all the activities to which he gave himself, give a magnificent result. What he achieved, however, was accomplished by unyielding courage and high endeavor. He found many and constant adversaries, and as the same adversaries confront ourselves, it may be profitable to study some of them in the light of Dr. Craig's long and widely extended experience. In subsequent papers we purpose giving an account of some of the more conspicuous of them.

### COLLEGE OPENING IN INDORE, INDIA.

BY REV. JOHN WILKIE.

Many of the kind friends in Canada will be glad to know that on Friday, November the 22nd, the Canadian Mission College building at Indore was formally declared open by Col. Barr, the agent to the Governor General for Central India. The Mission Council met on the 19th and only closed its session the afternoon of the 22nd, the opening of the College being a fitting close of one of the most pleasant Council meetings we have ever held. All the members of the staff were present to rejoice with us on the completion of a work of so great importance to the mission work in Central India. Long before the hour of opening the people in large numbers began to fill the building. All the leading people of both the city and the residency were there; including the staff of the agent to the Governor General, members of the Durbar of His Highness, the Maharajah Holkar, the sons-in-law of His Highness and a number of other princes—fully 1,200 in all being present. Promptly at 6 o'clock the agent to the Governor General, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Barr, the Hon. Mr. Napier, and Col. Lewis, drove up and were received by the Principal, Rev. J. Wilkie. After a short inspection of the building Col. Barr was escorted to the platform which was beautifully decorated with flowers, etc. Rev. Dr. Buchanan read a passage of Scripture and Rev. J. Fraser Campbell led in prayer, asking God's blessing upon the proceedings. The Principal, Rev. J. Wilkie, then gave a short statement in reference to the history, necessity, progress, and the aims of the work. In speaking of the aim of the College it was clearly pointed out that the Bible should be, as it had been, regularly and carefully taught as we believe it to be the only true guide of mankind. Regard for the young men and loyalty to Jesus Christ demands that we shall show to all those who come within our reach the blessings He only can confer. Thanks were given to His Highness the Maharajah Holkar for the grant of land on which the College stands and the many other ways in which he had assisted the mission, also to the kind friends in Canada by whose liberality the building had been erected. Special mention was made of Mrs. Bronson, after whom the large hall is called. It was pointed out that this building is a very substantial token from the people of Canada of their kind interest in and desire to advance in the best possible way the interest of the people of Central India. The audience repeatedly showed its warm appreciation of the words of Mr. Wilkie, especially when thanks were given to the Maharajah Holkar, to the people in Canada, and to Col. Barr, who kindly presided and who has since coming here shown such kind interest in the work of the mission. The Principal then asked Col. Barr to formally declare the building open which he did in the following words:—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—We are met together at the invitation of the Rev. J. Wilkie and the members of the Canadian