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**MR. ROBERT AND THE ROBERT COLLEGE.**

It was my privilege nearly twenty years ago, says a writer in the *Illustrated Missionary News*, to attend the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, New York City. A very familiar sight in that sanctuary was the even then venerable-looking face of Mr. Christopher R. Robert.

Mr. Robert was a successful business man. He thus amassed the fortune which enabled him to do so much in his Master's service. If I am not mistaken, he carried his business principles into his religion and into his beneficence. He gave largely, but he gave systematically and wisely. He knew what results he meant to reach by his benefactions, and worked towards definite ends.

One of his favorite methods of doing good in his earlier days—how long he continued it the writer has no means of knowing—was to make one and another young man studying for the ministry an inmate of his own house, giving him a home and an education at the same time. How many he thus aided probably no one now knows, but he was in himself a society for the education of students for the Gospel ministry. The good he accomplished in this way is simply inestimable.

He was not content to work, however, with his money alone. He wanted the joy of active participation in Christ's service. For many years he was the superintendent of the Sabbath-school of the Rivington street church, one of the two churches which afterwards united to form the Fourteenth Street Church. He was greatly beloved by the teachers and respected by the scholars, and the school, simple, and without any elaborate machinery, was flourishing and successful. When the Rivington Street congregation moved uptown, Mr. Robert maintained in the old church a mission-school, especially for the Germans who had filled up that region, and contributed largely to sustain a Ger-

man church worshipping in the building. Morning and afternoon, in all weathers, year in and year out, he was at his post, going from the school to the service at the Fourteenth Street Church, and not infrequently walking the whole distance—about a mile and a half. He accomplished here a very useful work.

The church prayer-meetings had his constant attendance, and his remarks were pertinent and practical, while his prayers were fervent; and one always felt that his character bore out what his lips uttered.

While he did good in multitudinous ways, his most lasting memorial, from the human

floors. In the centre there is a large court, underneath which is a huge cistern. Galleries encircle the court, the rooms are airy, and the dormitories neat. A gymnasium and workshop add to the completeness of the building.

Mr. Robert was a type of Christian men of whom we cannot have too many—a man of sturdy common-sense, business ability and integrity, laying himself and all his possessions on the Lord's altar, and while diligent in business, still fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. How much might be done for God and man were there more such Christian laymen as he of whom

**CLEARING THE AIR.**

"I was a guest last August," said a lady, "at a small summer boarding-house on the Maine coast. When I took my place at the table for the first time, I soon discovered that my fellow-boarders belonged to a class richer in money than in mind or manners.

"They were gay, well-meaning people, who had flitted from one hotel to another, from mountain to springs, and from springs to beach, in search of amusement, and were now tired and *blase*. They chattered gossip for a while; then discussed the fashions until one of the young men, from sheer vacuity of ideas, apparently, told a story with a covert, immodest meaning. The men smiled significantly; the women tried to look unconscious; the young girls blushed painfully.

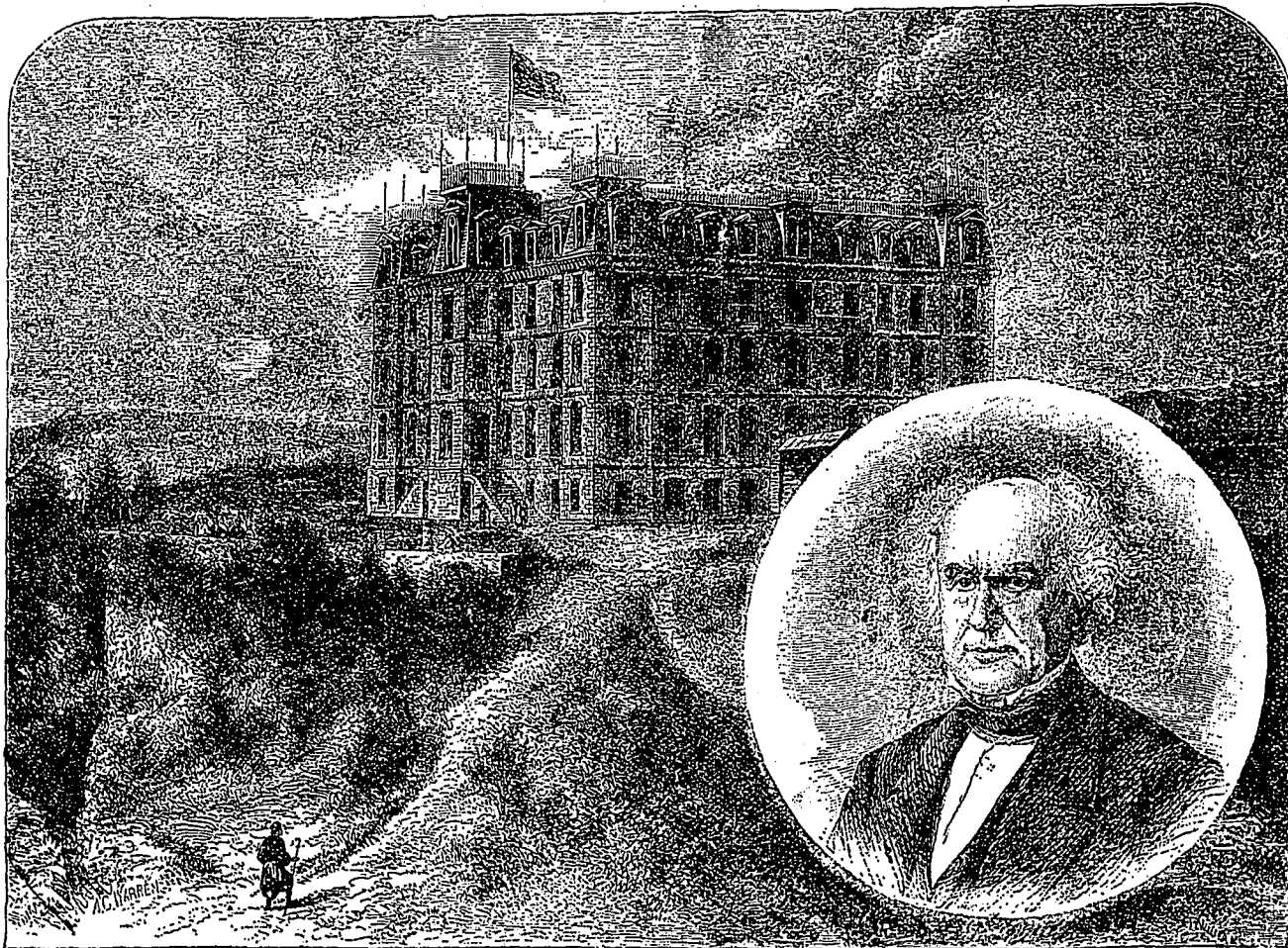
"An old man continued the same line of thought in a still broader anecdote.

"There was a significant silence. I dared not look up lest I should meet the eyes of my neighbors. All that was indelicate in thought had been stirred up from the depths. What could I do? I longed for the decision and firmness to protest, to utter a sharp rebuke; but I was a woman, poor, and of no social position.

"At that moment a little, plain, simply dressed woman entered the room, took her seat at the table, and glanced quickly around at the circle of

embarrassed faces. I saw that she understood the situation, and that it was not a new one. She was greeted warmly by the whole party, and began to talk with a certain gay cordiality of manner which had in it a rare charm.

"She had discovered some old coins in the village store, and had heard of others farther up the country. Who would go coin-hunting? Then followed an eager discussion of rare dollars, or pennies, or shillings, until the talk of even the old joker became not only decent, but inter-



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point of view, will be the college he endowed, and which bears his name, at Bebek, a suburb of Constantinople. This college was organized in 1863. The building (a view of which is herewith given) was begun in 1868, after many vexatious delays on the part of the Turkish Government to grant the necessary and promised permits. It was occupied in 1871. The building, designed by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the first president of the college, and erected under his supervision, is of stone, with iron beams, filled in with brick, supporting the

these few recollections are here presented! Mr. Robert, died in Paris, France, October 27th, 1878, in his seventy-seventh year. His works follow him. The influence for good of the "Robert College" has already been great, and we hope that, by God's blessing, it may be the means of carrying the Gospel to all parts of Turkey.

GIVE THE CHILDREN something to give to missions. And teach them the blessedness of the thing.—*Ex.*



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