

PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

Vol. II.

TORONTO, JANUARY 21ST, 1886.

No. 56.

The Presbyterian Review,
TORONTO,
ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

I.
God of our fathers! mercifully yield us
Thy love to cheer, and Thy strong hand to shield us.
From day to day!
Give us Thy truth, which Thy so well defended;
Give us Thy peace, wherein, when warfare ended,
They passed away.

II.
Give to our mirth the twilight of their sadness;
Give to our drooping grief their dewy gladness,
From day to day!
Do more than lead us in their paths of duty—
Fain would we be enthralled in Their own beauty,
More bright than they!

III.
Our fathers' God! are these their voices calling,
At break of morn, or when soft eve is falling,
From day to day?
Through the all-silent air these voices quiver:
"Children, we come, and come more near than ever,
To guide your way!"

IV.
Our fathers! yes, they still are round about us,
Between our hearts and this hard world without us,
From day to day!
Our fathers' cross—we shall as bravely bear it;
Nor shall their crown, when we in glory wear it,
Lose one bright ray!
—Thomas Dunlop, in Christian Leader.

CHILD MARRIAGE IN INDIA.—A decision recently rendered in the High Court of India disallowed a claim laid to a girl-wife who was married to the plaintiff ten years ago at the age of eleven. The woman refused to be so disposed of and the suit was brought to obtain possession of her by law. Such a decision deals a death-blow to the barbarous and heathenish custom of child-marriage, and when it becomes known throughout India that women have rights at law the market for marriageable girls will rapidly decline.

There is a good deal of difference between letting one's light shine and letting one's self show; and either of the two processes may go on independently of the other. The unknown worker who freely expends his health, and money in the cause of Christ, lets his light shine, even if he does not himself show; while perhaps another, whose praise is in all the newspapers, and whose beneficence is a matter of public fame, may, through a perverted motive, be making himself show rather than letting his light shine. True, the command reads: "Let your light so shine among men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven;" but letting men see your good works does not necessarily mean letting them see yourself—does it?—S. S. Times.

HYPOCRITES IN HELL TOO.—There is a certain class of unbelievers who are forever telling us that the reason why they do not become Christians is that there are so many hypocrites in the Church. This is the strangest excuse, for it is not a reason. Suppose there are hypocrites in the Church, what of it? They won't be in Heaven, but in Hell, when the judgment is concluded. And if a man refuses Christ, no matter what may be his reason, he will at length be in Hell, and then he and the hypocrites will be together. It is in effect to say, "Rather than be a Christian and Church member in which there are some hypocrites, with whom I must live in outward fellowship for a few years, I will reject Christ, lose my own soul, and live with the hypocrites in Hell forever."—Children's Record.

He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path
Carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness march,
I can lean on His love for the rest.
—Anna Shipton.

WHAT COULD YOU DO?—If an anxious soul should come to you to enquire the way of salvation, or if the pastor should ask you to speak with an enquirer, could you intelligently point him to Christ, or by a wise use of the Scriptures meet his difficulties and clear away the dark clouds of doubt and confusion that hang about his spiritual perceptions? If not, is it not high time that you should so qualify yourself? On many of our great railway lines classes are being formed for the employees on the trains, in which they are taught the simple arts of surgery—how to bind or take up an artery or stop the flow of blood from a wound, or dress a scald, or even set a broken bone and apply a bandage; that in case of emergency and the absence of more skilled surgical aid the wounded or hurt ones in accidents may be helped. Ought not every Christian to be so instructed and practised, at least in the simple arts of soul-cure and winning, that the sin-sick and wounded by the way may have instant help from any Christian who is at hand. What could you do in such a case of spiritual need?—Words and Weapons.

Mission Work.

JAPAN.—Mr. Kurokawa, a wealthy Japanese gentleman, who owns the plot of land upon which in 1862 occurred the famous attack by the Prince of Satsuma's men on the English party, has erected a monument thus suitably inscribed: "Upon this spot of earth, the property of Kurokawa, of Tsurimi, the life of an Englishman named Richardson was sacrificed, his blood running in a river to the sea. From that source sprung the changes which have been accomplished in this country. The nobles rose, and the power of the Imperial House was restored. The light of knowledge was diffused, and the rights of the people recognized. The victim's name has been made imperishable in the history of the world. Dedicated to one who rests in Heaven."—Independent.

THE Rev. John Paton, who has been in Scotland for some time, lately sailed for the New Hebrides carrying with him £8,700 for a new vessel and additional missionaries for the South Sea Islands. Twenty-seven years ago Mr. Paton, with seven others, sailed for the New Hebrides. During these years he has laboured faithfully and zealously. The seven who set out with him were all killed and now lie buried beneath the soil of those islands. On more than one occasion Mr. Paton's life was threatened. One day, hordes of yelling, heathen savages surrounded him, thirsting for his blood. They yelled and shouted, and brandished clubs and spears. Mr. Paton stood by a tree and raised his heart to God in prayer. Suddenly the heathen turned about and left him. Now life and property are safe, and on Aniwa, where Mr. Paton labours, many have thrown away their gods and worship the only living and true God.

THE SALVATION ARMY ABROAD.—We are not admirers of the methods of the Salvation Army, but God, whose infinite grace can tolerate greater eccentricities than even our most enlightened Christian charity, seems to bring a measure of good out of the labours of these people among certain classes, and the organization promises to become world-wide in its scope. Who shall say that among heathen races the peculiar method of the Salvation Army, which are, as we think, out of place among cultivated people, may not be attended with success? There are said to be fifteen Chinese members of this Army in Australia, who are waiting for an opportunity to return to China to prosecute their Christian conquests. According to the North China Daily News, a native force is thus being trained in Australia and elsewhere to labour in China under European officers. All we can say is, may God grant to said officers not only His abundant grace but a goodly measure of common sense!—Foreign Missionary.

"IN SEASON, OUT OF SEASON."—A broker, crossing one of the city bridges of Chicago, was met by a stranger, an evangelist, who pleasantly greeted him, and they stopped to talk. "Are you a Christian?" said the stranger. "No, sir," cried he, and rushed on to the board of brokers. There he excitedly told what had taken place. "A man stopped me on the bridge, and asked me if I was a Christian. None of his business! I never was insulted more in my life," exclaimed he. A gentleman present, who was a friend to the evangelist, and knew of his remarkable success in preaching, mentioned to him what the broker had related. "I am sorry," said he; "I did not intend to be rude and am willing to make amends." A few days after, meeting the same man, he addressed him pleasantly, adding, "If I spoke roughly to you that day on the bridge I am ready." The broker interrupted, and laying his hand on the preacher's shoulder, said with warmth, "Do not apologize to me, sir; I trust I have become a Christian, thanks for that word on the bridge." The evangelist was Mr. Moody.—The Watchman.

THAT TRAVELLER.—He has touched at Ceylon. He has spent a few days in Shanghai and in Yokohama. He was two weeks at the Sandwich Islands. He assures you that the missionaries have done no good. True, they have gathered a number of natives into the churches; but the converts are from the drags of the people, and, though they go to church on Sunday, they are as bad as the worst of the heathen. To give money to foreign missions is only a waste. He speaks with confidence; he has been on the ground; he knows all about it.

Some of our readers, we are aware, have met this traveller. Others may expect to meet him in due time. It is well to understand him, and the value to be set on his testimony. He did not see the native converts himself. Who, then, told him they were all low and immoral people? The answer is that, at the ports at which he landed there is a class of English and American merchants with whom he mingled for a few days. Some of these gentlemen told him about the missionaries and their work. What advantages, then, had the merchants enjoyed for knowing the native converts, and their character as Christians? The answer to this must be twofold:

These merchants, as a class, have not learned the language of the natives among whom they live. The trader at Yokohama does not speak the Japanese, nor does the trader at Shanghai speak the Chinese. Their communications with the natives must be through an interpreter, and these communications are usually restricted to matters of business. It is obvious, then, that the merchant is likely to know but little about the native Christians, or their character, or their work, and, as a matter of fact, his ignorance on these points in general is dense.

But, in the second place, it must be said with sorrow that many of these merchants—not all—are prejudiced witnesses. They are men who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. They hate the messenger of Christ, and they hate His work.—Missionary

ENGLISH PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONS IN CHINA.—These have a special interest for us because they are our nearest neighbours in the China field, sharing with us the work in Formosa, and working besides two large districts on the mainland opposite Formosa, of which the cities of Amoy and Swatow are the centres. The latest Presbyterian Messenger to hand contains the first annual report of the Medical Mission Hospital in Amoy, from which we clip some interesting extracts. The description of the buildings is remarkably clear and concise:—"The buildings are rectangular in outline, surrounding a central quadrangle. On the one side is a range of three wards—a large male ward for twelve patients, a small male ward for six patients, and a female ward for six patients. The other side is occupied by a range containing consulting-room, dispensary, operating-room, store room, and kitchen. The land-frontage contains rooms for preacher, dispenser, cook, and coolie, between which passes the main entrance to the quadrangle; while the sea-frontage is occupied by the waiting-hall." How the work is carried on is well told:—"The work was carried on with the assistance of two lads, one of whom had been in training as dispenser for the previous year. For the first few months a third native was employed, who absconded on receiving an appointment as 'surgeon' to one of the Chinese gunboats, which was afterwards present at the bombardment of the Min Forts. As he had always been superior to his position, I did not feel his absence sufficiently to appoint a successor. It is satisfactory to know that the marines under his charge did not suffer from his ignorance, for he deserted his post a few minutes before the firing began. Morning and evening service are daily held in the waiting hall by a native preacher, who resides in the hospital, and is engaged all day in the Christian instruction of the in-patients. The morning service is attended also by those of the out-patients who come for daily dressing. On Tuesdays and Fridays (the dispensary days) all the out-patients are present at the morning service, which is conducted by a foreign missionary—alternately of the American mission and of our own mission. Three ladies from the missions also attend regularly to give instruction to the women. On Sundays, those of the patients who are able to move about attend the ordinary services in the neighbouring chapel. Much Christian work is thus being done in the hospital, with increasing hopefulness of success. In conducting an institution of this kind, it is important to bear in mind that, as a general rule, a Chinaman feels favourably disposed to the gospel in proportion, not so much to the good intentions of the physician (of which, by the way, he is sometimes a little dubious) as to the actual bodily benefit he himself receives. The 'doctrine' and the treatment are both strange to him, and he often estimates the truth of the one by the success of the other. A high standard of efficiency must accordingly be aimed at, and every case carefully and particularly treated."

news for you? There is a God, whether you believe it or not, who is watching you all the time, and knows the very thoughts that are passing through your mind as you read these words. More than that—He knows all you have thought, said or done, all through your past life, and when your time comes to die, and you know not how soon that may be, He will be your judge. Then he will either say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," or, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels." Which will he say to you?

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." God knowing this, "so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And Jesus left his beautiful home in Heaven, the Father that loved Him so much and the angels that worshipped Him, and came down to this earth to live as a poor man, amongst people who were continually sinning against His Father, who also treated Him shamefully, for we read of His being crowned with thorns, and spit upon, and of people mocking Him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews." Then He was crucified between two thieves; but He rose again triumphant from the grave, and now lives to intercede for you at the right hand of God. Why did He endure all this? Because He loves you far more than anyone else ever loved you, and wanted you to be saved, and to live with Him in the mansions. He is now preparing and is perfectly happy forever. "Though He was rich yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich." "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." "Who His own self bear our sins in His own body on the tree." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. He that believeth not shall be damned."

If you were drowning and a person threw you a rope, if you didn't take hold of it, it couldn't save you. So the Bible says, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Oh, I beseech you, accept Jesus as your Saviour. There is no other name under Heaven whereby we may be saved. Will you come to Jesus? Ask Him to save you, and He will, for He said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." He not have to say of you, as He did of those of old, "They would not come unto me that they might have life." Do not put it off, for you may never have another chance, but just now give yourself to Jesus and you will never, never be sorry for it. He is my best friend. I wish I could tell you all He has done for me, but this I will say, the older I grow the more I love Him who loves me and gave Himself for me. I will be praying for you and hope to meet you in Heaven.

Your well-wisher,
J. L.

AN ENVELOPE PARTY.

A SPECIAL effort is sometimes made in our missionary societies to raise money for the cause of missions. We know of no better way for any benevolent object than an envelope party. It is at least free from objections. The invitation may be given from the pulpit with other notices, or a written card may be sent from the president to each member of the circle, inviting her to come at a certain time to a certain place, and bring in a sealed envelope such a gift as her heart may dictate. The gifts may be with or without name, as may be thought best, or as each individual may choose. Each envelope should contain, besides money, some selection from Scripture, stanza of a hymn, brief quotations, or short letters expressive of interest in the cause, thanksgiving for mercies received, or new purpose of consecration—anything which the heart may prompt.

The anticipated meeting should be talked over by those interested, and any person that cannot come should be invited to send their envelopes.

On the appointed evening, the opening of the envelopes, reading the contents, counting the money, with prayers, remarks, and singing interspersed, will make a very pleasant occasion. And the amount received, we venture to say, will in most cases exceed what would be netted from a fair or other entertainment. For this party there will be no previous outlay of time and strength, and no consequent exhaustion and weariness. No money will be wasted on side issues, and there will be the pleasure arising from having made a direct offering to the Lord.

We know of such a party recently held for the purpose of furnishing a church. The gifts amounted to about \$800; and the fitting quotations and bright original letters contained in the envelopes, together with a little music, made it one of the most enjoyable gatherings ever held by that society.—Missionary Link.

Woman's Work.

OUR CANADIAN LETTER MISSION.

Will some of the Christian women, old or young, who read "Woman's Work," kindly assist in the work of the "Letter Mission," by undertaking to become responsible for a certain number of copies of the following letter before Easter? Five hundred copies could be used. Let the writing be plain, and the letters as attractive as possible. A little flower hand-painted at the top, or text printed with the pen, or a pressed flower, will greatly enhance the value of the letter. We shall be glad to hear of our friends in different parts of the country becoming interested in this Mission. For further information address, "Woman's Work," PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW Office, Toronto.

Also will someone kindly prepare a letter suitable for distribution among the sick in our hospitals, and another for children, and send copies of same to above address?

EASTER, 1886.

DEAR FRIEND,—Will you kindly bear with me long enough to read this letter on this Easter Sunday morning, as it contains good