

## Apostles of Missions.

BY REV. R. OSGOOD MORSE, M. A.

No. II.

## COLUMBA, THE APOSTLE TO SCOTLAND.

One hundred and twenty-five years after Patrick, his spirit still lives, and bursts forth gloriously in Columba. His name was Colum, a wolf, but when converted he took the name, Columba, the dove of the churches.

Someone has said that every Irishman who has distinguished himself, has done so either on the battle field, or in the courts of law. Columba was no exception. Foray and feud mark the days of Colum, nor was Columba always the dove his name would indicate. It would seem that a law suit with his bishop, decided against him, was the immediate cause of his exile to the rocky Hebridean Isle of Hii, which through a transcribers mistake has become consecrated as Iona. But back of all was God's purpose to rescue Scotland from the paganism, into which she was lapsing.

Columba's earlier ministry was at Londonderry, Ireland. In 563, when 42 years old, with twelve companions he landed on Iona, where he founded his monastery. This monastery was a training school whence he and his companions went forth to the conquest of Scotland for Christ. With apostolic zeal, methods and success he worked thirty-four years, during which time Scotland became Christian.

So literally did Columba reproduce the traits of primitive piety, that he may well be called an apostle after the apostles. The Holy Spirit in the Word, was his great reliance for changing the hearts of the heathen, to whom he ministered. The Holy Spirit in his own heart, was the great resource for making him, an effectual preacher of the word. Thus the man of God went forth with the Word of God, trusting only in the spirit of God, to turn the hearts of men unto their Saviour.

His biographer Adamnam, describes him as, "Angelic in appearance, graceful in speech, holy in work, with talents of the highest order and of consummate prudence." He never could spend the space of an hour without study, prayer, writing, or some other holy occupation. So incessantly was he engaged in fasting and watching, that the burden of these austerities would seem beyond human endurance. Yet he was beloved by all; for a holy joy ever beaming on his face, revealed the joy and gladness with which the Holy Spirit, ever filled his inmost soul." Indeed he seemed to combine the two qualities of great souls: The power to sway others, combined with that tenderness which draws forth passionate devotion.

To his countrymen lapsing into heathenism, and to the savage Picts, this man and his associates preached the gospel, and founded churches and schools among them from the Orkneys to the Humber, the light of which never wholly went out, and which at length contributed its quota toward the making of the Reformer of Scotland, John Knox.

Columba died on Sabbath morning, June 9, 597. His last work was to transcribe the thirty-fourth psalm, stopping with the eleventh verse: "They who seek the Lord shall want no good thing," and saying, "The next words, 'Come, ye children, harken unto me,' belong to my successor rather than to me."

His children became known as the Schotten or Scotsmen of the next four centuries, all over Europe, as representing at once pure gospel teaching and discipline, sound learning and Christ-like zeal. In time the true Apostolic succession was seen when from the least famous of those Schotten cloisters, that of Erfurth, there came Martin Luther.

Says the historian of Missions: "To this one man the world owes it that not only the name Scot, but the whole character and results which that name implies, was given to the people of North Britain." If in later times John Knox was the Reformer of Scotland, not less in these earlier times was Columba the Forer of Scotland.

The church has had no greater missionaries between Paul and Carey than Patrick and Columba.

Guyssboro.

## What One Woman Might Have Done.

"To visit the fatherless and the widow," the words kept repeating themselves in Mrs. Anstead's mind till she almost grew impatient. Truth to tell, a battle was going on, unknown to those about her, but open to the eye of Him who slumbers not. Faithful in all her church duties; active in temperance and benevolent work; never before had the call of perishing ones in other lands reached her heart, but while visiting an old schoolfriend the previous week, the subject had been brought before her. Her sympathy had been specially aroused at the story of the child-widows of India, and it was of them she thought as this text occurred again and again to her mind.

She felt strangely reluctant to commit herself in any way to this work. These people were so far away and she knew so little about them, why should she worry over them at all? The thoughts refused to be dismissed however, so deciding that the question must be settled, she shut herself in her room and knelt at her bedside with the prayer: "O Lord, I know very little about this

work and have no interest in these people; but I am Thine, what wilt thou have me do?" As if in answer to her prayer, glimpses of her past life came back to her—her happy childhood in a Christian home; the joy of the time when she first reached out the hand of faith and touched the Christ, and knew that He had healed her; times since that when her heart had been overwhelmed with sorrow and He had comforted her, times of anxiety when He had cheered her, times when His peace and joy and light had filled and illumined all her being, and as a faint realization of all that Christ had been to her thrilled her soul, a great pity came into her heart for those who had never heard His name, and very humbly the petition went up, "Father I have been living a selfish life, but now I pray Thee, show me some way in which I can help these my sisters."

A few days passed, but though the subject was much in her mind, no avenue of service had yet opened before her. One afternoon she said to herself, "This will not do; if doors will not open to me of their own accord, I must try and open them." Then taking her little memorandum book, she wrote across the top of a page the question "What can I do?" and settled herself to an hour's serious thinking. The result in her book was as follows:

I. I can pray.

II. I can give.

III. I can teach my children and win their interest.

IV. I can subscribe for a missionary paper, and so learn about the work.

V. I can try and interest others. "What can I do, I ought to do, and God helping me, I will do."

We cannot follow her in the carrying out of all these plans, but will watch her efforts in resolutions II and V. With Mrs. Anstead to resolve was to act, and so that very evening, when the children had finished their lessons and gone off to bed, she astonished her husband with the question, "How much can we give to Foreign Missions this year, Harold?" "Foreign Missions! I don't know, we have never given anything other years." "All the more reason we should this year," she answered, and then she told him of the awakening that had come to her, and of her desire to have a share in this work.

"Well, give me till tomorrow night to think it over; I know very little about it."

The next evening Mr. Anstead broached the subject himself. "I can only think of one way to manage about that Foreign Missionary money Lucy," "Well?" "You remember that five years ago, we decided to give one-tenth to the Lord; but that is all appropriated and I do not like to withdraw it from anything which it now helps. How would you like to set apart another tenth to the Foreign work?" "Oh Harold, do you think we can afford to do that?" "We will have to deny ourselves some things, certainly, little wife, but we have been wonderfully prospered during these five years, and I do not know that we can afford not to do it, now the call has come to us. We may lose what is more precious than gold."

"You are right, Harold, we can give another tenth and we will. Let us dedicate it to the Lord now, and ask Him to accept and use the gift."

Some of Mrs. Anstead's friends wondered why she fixed over her last summer's bonnet that year, and why she did not get the new carpet she had been talking of; and they wondered also at the new light they saw in her face.

After a good deal of thinking and planning and praying, over the best way to win others to an interest in the work that was daily becoming more real to her, Mrs. Anstead sent Connie off one day with dainty little notes of invitation to six of her friends, asking them to bring their work and spend the next afternoon from three to six with her and have a cup of missionary tea.

Mrs. Hermon, the pastor's wife was telling one of her friends about it the next day. "We had a real pleasant afternoon, but very different from the usual afternoon teas. Gossip? No, we did not have time for that. We had not been there long, when Mrs. Anstead brought a little story of a Hindu widow, and asked one of us to read it aloud. It was very touchingly written, and quite naturally turned the conversation to India, and we were surprised to find how little we knew about that country and its people. We decided to all meet together again next month at the Parsonage, and in the meantime learn all we can about India. I am to study up the Geography and physical features, another, the past history of the country, another, the social customs and every day life of the people, and yet another, the great system of caste that has such a hold upon the land. We will not be able to touch on the missionaries and their work at all at this next meeting, but we hope to do that at some future time, after laying this foundation. You had better come to our next meeting, we can each take a friend with us, and I will let you know the day."

The Woman's Missionary Society of Holliside is noted for its faithfulness, earnestness and activity. Not only that, the church there is noted for its missionary spirit, and yet when Mrs. Anstead was first awakened, Missions was very seldom mentioned, and thought of as seldom.

For the last meeting of the quarter, instead of the

usual afternoon meeting, there is an evening gathering to which the fathers, husbands and brothers of the members are invited. At this meeting the field studied during the quarter is reviewed and united prayer offered for the work and workers there, and in this way they are getting so well acquainted with the different missionaries that they seem like personal friends rather than strangers.

What has brought about the change in this church? Humanly speaking, the consecrated energy and perseverance of one woman.

RUTH.

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## The Alumnae Society of Acadia Seminary.

The annual business meeting of the Alumnae of Acadia Seminary was held in class room A of the Seminary, Monday, May 30th, at 2.30 p. m. President, Miss Mabel Parsons, in the chair.

Mrs. M. P. Freeman opened the meeting with prayer, after which the roll was called, minutes of the last meeting were read and approved; the treasurer reported total receipts for the past year \$161.18. The Executive recommended the following sentence be added to Article 9 of the Constitution, i. e., "That any lady who has not studied at the Seminary, whose nomination is approved by two members of the Association may be admitted to Honorary membership by vote of the members of the Association and the payment of a yearly fee of \$1." It was put to vote and passed. This is a very important addition to the Constitution, and it is earnestly hoped that many of the friends of Acadia Seminary may avail themselves of this opportunity of benefiting themselves and the school.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: Pres., Miss Laura Sawyer; 1st vice pres., Mrs. Redden; 2nd vice pres., Miss Ida McLeod; treas., Miss C. Cohoon; sec'y., Miss Bliss Franklin; chairman of Executive Committee, Mrs. Trotter; chairman of Entertainment Committee, Miss Mabel Jones.

The Class of '95 reported that they had raised \$50 to make two life members of the Society and requested the privilege of naming a room. Let this be an example to other Classes in paying for the furnishing of the Seminary. The life members are Mrs. A. E. Shaw, Windsor, and Mrs. Donald Grant, Montreal.

The annual re-union in Alumnae Hall at 7.30 on Monday evening proved a most enjoyable occasion. The programme was as follows: Piano solo, impromptu, Grieg, Miss Mamie Chaloner, Class of '96. Chronicles of Class '87 by Mrs. Beals, '87, read by Miss Cohoon, '95. Address, Miss Mabel Parsons, '89. Song, Fleeting Days, Bailey, Miss Hattie Masters, '97. Poem, A Tale of Acadia, Miss Mabel Jones, '92. Miss Chaloner's piano solo was a performance which showed extraordinary ability and skill. This young lady has been studying in Boston since leaving Acadia, and is one of whom the Seminary may be justly proud. No. 2 on the programme was most interesting as was also No. 3. Miss Parsons set forth an ideal so high as to be an inspiration to every woman present and yet so practical as to be within the reach of all. Miss Masters' song, Fleeting Days, was a treat which all enjoyed, as was also the original poem by Miss Jones.

None the less enjoyable, and perhaps even more so, proved the social intercourse which followed the programme. After refreshments were served toasts to the different Classes were responded to by the following Alumnae: Class of '67, Mrs. Manning; '78, Mrs. Redden; '80, Mrs. Whidden; '83, Mrs. Ralph Eaton; '85, Mrs. W. V. Higgins; '87, Miss Laura Sawyer; '89, Miss Ida McLeod; '90, Miss B. Franklin; '91, Mrs. Avery Shaw; '92, Miss M. Jones; '95, Miss Ino Sweet; '97, Miss Wortman; '98, Miss Mabel Smith. Perhaps this part of the evening was most enjoyable of all, except of course to the speakers. The orthodox joining of hands and singing of Auld Lang Syne closed one of the most pleasant evenings ever spent at Acadia Seminary, and we bespeak for all who attend next year a grand time. Come.

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## At Eventide.

The day is drawing to its close,  
And in the western sky  
There is no glow of rose and gold,  
But clouds, piled thick and high.

And as I saw the sun drop down  
Behind that bank of gray,  
I said within myself, "This is  
The record of a day."

A day with disappointment filled,  
Discouragement and wrong,  
That filled a heart with grief and pain  
And left no room for song.

Cheer up, faint heart, the Father knows,  
And the troubles will pass over;  
The air is filled with fragrance now  
And a faint sweet smell of clover.

The little stars their heads against  
The sky's broad breast are laying;  
The sunset clouds have disappeared  
And a gentle breeze is straying.

And I heard, as the moon rose o'er the fields  
And with glory filled the night,  
A voice that said, "At eventide  
Behold it shall be light."

—ETHEL MAY CROSSLEY.

Almost hidden  
stately tr  
Bending low an  
breese,  
Stood a pretty  
white,  
Resting someti  
the light  
All without wa  
driving r  
Beating like a  
window  
But within the  
or gloom  
Firelight danci  
plants in  
Sented low bef  
ful brow  
Sat a lady gent  
Presently the  
slender f  
Drew a low sea  
wind an  
"Mother, dea  
promised  
Of your school  
Ere you sailed  
shores.  
Open now your  
stores.  
"Yes, my darl  
happy d  
"Tho' some clo  
backwar  
And the pictu  
memory  
That some pa  
memory  
Yet a few scen  
time's s  
Scenes of rare  
the light  
Still I see the  
hill  
Overlooking M  
Tho' the wind  
eye can  
Hill and valley  
the sea;  
To the north a  
head.  
Misty home of  
dead;  
Farther still a  
sure bu  
Lies another  
with bl  
Winding eastw  
Flows the river  
Over which e  
mirrored  
While the bra  
their gr  
Just below the  
On its shady st  
For a little to  
Acadia Colleg  
dome.  
Still again an  
grey.  
'Tis a modest  
In that home  
In her eyes a  
food.  
Yes, my child  
been  
Of a thorough  
But as yet a d  
must wa  
Perhaps somet  
ing's ga  
Ah! if then I  
He would ligh  
But as yet the  
way.  
So I struggled  
When at leng  
hand.  
Stating that  
And that it w  
prepare  
For a journey  
Ah! dear ch  
Septem  
As the train s  
and gav  
Thus began  
happy  
Years so full  
mingles  
In my course  
way.  
Long before I  
day,  
When the des  
the ripp  
Flowing thro  
Week by wee  
interest  
Always learni  
and nee  
Diving deep  
Scanning sun  
to find,  
Living in the  
Striving hard  
pen;  
When in mus  
Practised scal  
Ere I gained  
master  
Hear the roll  
winds;  
Many pleasur  
Bending o'er