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MY HOUSE IS LEFT UNTO ME DESOLATE.

A LITTLE while you tell me, but a little while, And I shall be where my beloved are; And with your eyes all large with faith, you say,

"The dear ones have not journeyed very far."

"Not far," I say it o'er and o'er, Till in mine ear my own voice strangely calls.

Like some mechanical utterance that repeats A meaningless refrain to empty walls.

"Not very far," but measured by my grief, A distance measureless as my despair, When, from the dreams that give them back to me,

I wake to find that they have journeyed there!

"Not very far," Ah me! the spirit has Had its conjectures since the first man slept.

But, O the heart, it knoweth its own loss, And death's death, as 'twas when Rachel wept!

—Chambers's Journal

For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

BY REV. A. B. MACKAY, MONTREAL, C.V.

THE twelve whom Jesus chose to be His apostles left all to follow Him, and when He sent them away on their first mission to Israel, He told them to take nothing for their journey but a staff. They were not to take a wallet, nor any bread, nor any money, nor two pairs of sandals, nor a change of clothing. They were to go just as they stood.

Why were they not to trouble about these things? Because He who sent them would care for them. He had taught them to look at the birds fluttering round. They did not sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet they were always fed. He had taught them to consider the lilies which grew around their path. They did not toil nor spin, and yet they were more gorgeously arrayed than Solomon. He assured

them, "He promised them they did so, all these things would be added to them. He also put into their lips this petition: 'Give us this day our daily bread.'"

When He sent them away in that fashion He put them to the test. It was a means of finding out whether they were able to put His teaching into practice. They went away as He told them, and, sometime after they came back, He asked them if they had wanted for anything, and they all answered "Nothing." Every want had been supplied. So has it always been, and so will it ever be. The young lions lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not lack any good thing. No one ever went into a store to buy goods and was grugged the paper and twine in which the parcel was wrapped; and no one ever sought first the kingdom of God and His righteousness who did not also receive a competent portion of the good things of this life.

If we sincerely offer up the third petition, "Thy will be done," we can confidently add the fourth, "Give us this day our daily bread." When Elijah did the will of God and went to the brook Cherith, his bread was given him and his water was sure. And whatever the abundance with which we are surrounded we are never above this petition.

I was once going over the petitions of the Lord's Prayer at my weekly prayer-meeting, and a rich and influential nobleman was greatly interested in their exposition. But when we came to this petition he told me that he had said to his family that he did not think it could be very interesting to them, for they were quite sure of getting their bread. It was a petition for poor people but not for them, and so he felt inclined to stay away from that meeting. However, he came, and when he began to see something of the depth of the petition, he was pleased that he had done so. He saw that it was a prayer not only for the individual but for the whole family. He saw how those who were surrounded with the greatest abundance would starve if God did not answer this petition by giving them power to assimilate what they had. He saw that it was a petition for all, both rich and poor. He was specially struck by the pithy way in which the homely Scotch grace expressed this truth:

Some has meat and o'er us eat, And some could eat that want it; But we have meat, and we can eat, And see the Lord be thankit.

But our souls need food as well as our bodies, and the word translated

"daily," which has been called the rack of theologians, because no one is sure of its exact meaning, should at least remind us that only as our souls feast on Jesus, the Bread that came down from Heaven, can we have everlasting life. Thus we look up to God for all our wants of soul and body, and "In the fourth petition, which is, Give us this day our daily bread, we pray, that of God's free gift we may receive a competent portion of the good things of this life, and enjoy His blessing with them."

For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

SABBATH LEGISLATION.

III.

BLUE LAWS OR TRUE LAWS.

BY THE REV. W. C. ARMITAGE, M.A., PH.D.

NOT infrequently legislative enactments for the protection of the Lord's Day are sneered at as puritanical, and we are asked if we want to live under the Blue Laws of Connecticut, according to which a man could be fined for kissing his wife on the Sabbath day. A little more knowledge and a little more thoughtfulness would change the attitude of many of these sneerers. It would surprise many of them to be told that the celebrated Blue Laws are a fiction. No such code of laws ever existed. The Rev Samuel Peters, a vehement Royalist, was expelled from the colony in 1781, and revenged himself by inventing and printing the Blue Laws as a burlesque on the sober, yet somewhat severe laws of the colony from which he had been forcibly ejected. The fiction proved a success. Even learned men still refer to these laws in their discussion of the Sabbath question, and thoughtless and profane men raise a laugh against Sabbath legislators by quoting them.

Any one who has looked into the history of Sunday legislation knows that the Sunday laws of New England were based upon antecedent laws in Old England. Some of these laws existed long before Puritan times. Cromwellian Statutes no doubt gave pith and point, and minuteness to Sunday laws they had not before, but it ought to be noted that the law which is the basis of Sunday laws, English and American, was really passed in the reign of the dissolute Charles II. It was passed in 1676. It consists of enactments "for the better observation and keeping holy of the Lord's Day com-

## Mission Work.

### THE CHURCH IN FORMOSA.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN JAMIESON.

(To the Editor of the Presbyterian Review.)

DEAR SIR,—THE REVIEW of 25th October 18th and of October 25th, has just come to hand. As a few points in letters I sent you seem to have been misunderstood, I hope you will give space to some further information.

As you say, some facts I gave in my letters "might have been presented more privately to the Foreign Mission Committee." Most willingly do I acknowledge my mistake in that matter. Again you say, "If the Foreign Mission Committee had from the first been kept informed," etc. Also, "On former occasions, if we do not greatly err, the senior missionary in this field saw fit to take the initial steps for the removal of colleagues of whose competency he was made the sole judge, and whose incompetency has not yet been admitted, either by themselves or by the Foreign Mission Committee."

Now, who should have kept the Committee informed? Natives do not themselves write English, and, besides, would naturally leave such a matter to the two foreign missionaries. Dr. Mackay did not write, and had his own reasons for silence—reasons which now I know. From month to month he hoped that I myself would come to get my eyes opened, and now that I do see things in the true light, he is very thankful he did not write.

Suppose the senior missionary had informed the Committee about my incompetency, according to your own showing, it would not have "been admitted," perchance, either by myself or the Foreign Mission Committee. You say my letters "do not show lack of linguistic power."

But did the senior missionary take the initial steps for the removal of colleagues? With respect to one, I have to know, for I was here on the ground. Had incompetency anything to do with the matter? Is incompetency the only reason why a congregation may not desire the continuance of a pastor over them?

Certainly it seems to me I am the one who should have given account

much more so is time needed in a heathen land.

As regards a "successor" to Dr. Mackay it does appear ridiculous to talk about appointing a successor to him in the prime of life and vigorous in the department of Christian work in Formosa; for example, to propose appointing a successor to the Editor of the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW. If the idea is to get more men to help preach the Gospel, does that not seem strange at the same time, with all the cheerfulness and support given by the Church in Canada to this Mission? Are yet not sufficient means to support trained men already here on ground waiting, and who might be sent to preach the Gospel?

It is an idea as that Dr. Mackay is the sole connecting link between the Church and the Mission, was entertained by any one here. Of this, in spite of the fact, that in the field here saw me so long, and going to home absurd notions of work, now that I have come to my mistakes, those in the Mission are anxious that I should remain on the side of Dr. Mackay, and render assistance such as is within the scope of my own ability.

I am sorry, indeed, if my letters have given the impression that there is anything like an unbecoming attitude on the part of natives toward the Committee, or the Church in Canada. Whatever you may understand from what I wrote, I assure you throughout the whole of my Mission loyalty to the Canadian Church is characteristic of preachers here, from the eldest to the youngest. The Christian liberality of the Presbyterian, and love for the means to give the Gospel to Formosa, and procure medicine for the sick here, is constantly made a fruitful argument in dealing with heathen. To prove that the doctrine must be taught that teaches people to do so, and that gratitude is continually expressed, the very name of Canada is a household word. You know not how many newspapers or any other means of obtaining information about that country are laid hold of. Mrs. Mackay's visit to Canada, and her account of what she saw there, is one of

just before been into an opium den, to which an old woman asked us. She seemed very dense. I could not get much into her poor old head, but we tried to get a little, and also spoke to a nice-looking young fellow, who was evidently an opium smoker. I exhorted him to break off the habit, and he seemed quite to agree, as most of them do, that it would be a good thing; but I fear he has not been to our shop for the medicine.

The other day I had a nice time outside the small South Gate, where there are a good many small houses, that I had passed in my chair repeatedly when we went that way to the villages, but at which I had not been able to stop. We soon had an invitation into one; and after the usual inquiries as to whether we had "eaten our rice," and so on, we got to work preaching. I use a large wordless book made of black material, and red, white and yellow satin, and I think it is both a help to me and my hearers. One very respectable man came in and sat for a long while, listening and asking questions; and I noticed that he and his son, as I think the boy was, followed us to our next halting place, which was a sort of beggars' refuge, where these wretched creatures are allowed to sleep. One poor blind fellow, to whom we spoke chiefly, seemed interested. Some of these people—and especially some old women—I have come across, move my heart, they seem so helpless. I just long and cry that the light of life may shine into their dark hearts. Surely One whose heart is far more tender than ours, One who came down and suffered to redeem those lost in sin, will seal home our message—His message—on some of these.

I was much interested at a place where there are two old sisters. One day one of them said to me, "I do pray to the King of Heaven in my room, He taught me how to do it," pointing to a little old Choh-ma. I was there again a few days ago. It was the fifteenth of the Chinese eleventh moon, and the day they ought to burn incense. She said she had not burnt it, but her son said if she would not then he must. She has been once to our Sunday service, but the Sunday is a great difficulty, not only because of losing a day's work, but it is also difficult for these people to remember when Sunday

usual, on Christmas morning, but I got a very unusual reception—a huge doll [trayful] of cake, sweets, etc., etc., and a smaller tray besides. When the latter was counted it gave exactly two hundred rupees (\$80.00) in good coin of the realm. This money she gave, knowing it would be used to buy medicines, and so is a Mission success as well as an expression of personal good-will. I was reading the parable of the Prodigal Son to her one day, and asked her if she understood it. She said she did, that the small boy was bad and the father killed the calf when he turned good; that the big boy was angry because the calf was killed, and quite right too, for it was a wicked thing to kill the cow's calf!

We had a grand time opening the doll boxes this year. Mrs. Campbell came up, and she with Mrs. Wilson and Miss Rodger divided the spoils!

Mr. Wilkie in sending the above adds the following comment:—

"The above was sent as a private letter with all the freedom of such, but contained such important news that I have taken the liberty of sending these extracts. It seems almost too good to be true that Zenana women of Indore could be got out to a Christian School Exhibition. Poor creatures, what a treat it would be to them, and what an advance! We can well ask, what next? And the idea of Bala Prasad giving Rs 200 (I think over one month's salary) as a donation to Miss Beatty! It is only one of the many proofs we have had of the way Miss Beatty has worked her way, through the prejudices of the people and determined opposition by nurses and priests, into the affection of the people, and gives us reason to hope for the day when the reaping time that we all long for, shall come. Both she and Miss Oliver are, by their medical skill, doing a splendid work towards establishing and advancing the interests of the Mission, as is Miss Rodger by means of her educational and Zenana work. Let us work by faith, not by sight, and in due time we shall reap if we s'aint not."

### MISSION NOTES.

In 1851 the native converts to Christianity in India numbered 14,661, in 1881, 113,325.

Two Chinese Christians in Amoy, last year contributed 3,500 pounds of arrowroot of the finest quality to the Free Church Missionary Society.

THE Chinese Exclusion Bill passed by the United States Congress has excited great hostility among the officials in Canton, China, and the missionaries are suffering much persecution and difficulty in consequence.

When Dr. S. Wells Williams arrived in Canton, in 1853, there was only one Chinese convert, and the penalty for teaching foreigners the Chinese language was death. Now there are 33,000 converts.

PRINCESS EUGENIE, of Sweden, has borne the expense of establishing a mission house for the benefit of the Laplanders in the northern part of Sweden. It is over 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

BRITISH contributions to foreign missions in 1877 were as follows:—Church of England Missions, £461,236; joint societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists, £187,048; English and Welsh Nonconformists, £367,115; Scotch and Irish Presbyterians, £202,940; Roman Catholic Missions, £10,420; total, £1,228,759, or more than \$6,000,000.

A SLAVE ship was recently captured at the mouth of the Red Sea, having several hundred children on board, mostly nominal Christians from Abyssinia. They were taken into Aden, and the Free Church Mission has taken charge of sixty-two of them, thirty-nine boys and twenty-three girls.

A CONVERTED Chinaman on the Pacific Coast sold himself to work as a coolie in New Guinea, for the sake of working among his own countrymen; and before he died personally led to Christ two hundred of his companions. But how many such heroic lives have no written annals save in "God's Book of Remembrance!"—Missionary Review.

JERUSALEM is growing rapidly and improving in appearance. The Rothschilds have completed a new hospital. Near is a new Abyssinian church. The Russians have erected a new church, consulate, and lodging-house for pilgrims of the orthodox faith. Near to the Russian buildings is the "German House," for German Roman Catholics, from whose top the German and the Papal flags float side by side. The Russians have also built a high tower on the summit of the Mount of Olives, from which can be seen the Medians and the Dead Sea.

of Chinese Christians here, the counts of the self-denial of men, women and children, in the "great Church in Canada," such as would touch the hearts of many of your readers.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN JAMIESON.

TAMSUI, FORMOSA, Dec. 17th, 1888.

P. S.—As regards the undoubted loyalty of preachers, students, and people, to Dr. Mackay, it would indeed be strange and ungrateful were it otherwise, after all he has done and endured for them. It is indeed, just as it should be, their loyalty is unbounded; so are his labours.

### OUT WITH MY BIBLE-WOMAN.

LETTER FROM A LADY OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION.

[THE writer of the following letter, Miss Fanny Boyd, is a missionary of the China Inland Mission, who, after several years' service in China, visited Toronto en route to England, in company with her sister and brother-in-law, Rev. Horace Randall, of the same Mission, three years ago. As will be remembered, letters also from the pen of Mr. Randall have appeared in the REVIEW.—ED. REVIEW.]

(To the Editor of the Presbyterian Review.)

DEAR SIR,—Since I came back to my old station, Kiu-chau, I have had many a happy afternoon out with Choh-ma, my Bible-woman. We have been able to visit a good number of the homes, streets and shops in this city, as well as some of the villages and hamlets beyond, taking the Gospel in some cases to those who have never heard it. Our experience is varied—sometimes a shop and a large crowd, almost all men; sometimes a mud-floor cottage and a dozen women and children; sometimes up a court or in one of the narrow streets, where we ask for a stool to sit down on. Almost always the people are very quiet and pleasant, and frequently I notice one in the crowd who listens with marked attention, and I think I can trace an interest beyond the mere liking to hear and look at the "foreigner." One day lately we had a good number of men and women in a garden into which we had been invited. One man in the crowd began to revile us, and said to Choh-ma, who lives near the south gate, "I belong to the South Gate too, what do you mean about Jesus and heaven; take me and show me heaven and I'll give you a hundred dollars." Some in the crowd laughed and thought it good fun, but the man soon went off, and after talking a little more we also went our way. We had

### JOTTINGS FROM INDIA.

SOME ENCOURAGING FACTS.

We are indebted to Rev. John Wilkie for the following very interesting extracts from a letter received from Miss Beattie, M.D., of our Central India Mission Staff. Miss Beattie writes under date, January 1st, 1889:—

"To-day feels like Sunday, but I have been working busily enough to be quite sure it is not. I said yesterday that I would give the whole day to writing and get a lot of debts paid off. It is half-past two, and here before you is all I have done. Miss Rodger is in Bombay to meet Miss Scott and Miss Sinclair. We got the usual number of cakes, etc., [given by the natives as tokens of regard] on Christmas, and so had a bee to eat them up on Friday—tea and cake. All the native Christian women were here and all the small children. Mr. Budden sent eleven seers (twenty-two pounds) of sweets for the native Christian children.

Mr. Bala Prasad [Assistant Superintendent of Railway Police, Indore] actually let his wife and her sister-in-law come out to the School Exhibition. We had it all fixed up *parade* [with screens so that no male could see them.] Still it was a great triumph to get them out. But I am writing too fast. You do not know what the School Exhibition was. Well, first of all the dolls came in good time. We hired ball galls [ox-carts] and brought all the girls from the city school to the High School, and Miss Rodger had her girls there too. Chanmukam, [Head master of the High School] and the boys, worked like Turks and had the school beautifully decorated. The big table was padded up and the dolls were all set out on it. Miss Oliver and Miss Rodger sent invitations to all the ladies in the station and asked Miss Henvey [daughter of Agent Governor-General] to give away the dolls, which she did very kindly. Most of the European ladies in the station, a large number of Parsees, the wife of the Chief Justice of Indore, and wife of Municipality Manager, etc., were present. Our 150 dolls were distributed and gorgeous chudders to the most regular attender in the city and camp schools respectively. It all went off very well, and we will be able to bring out a great many more next year.

I went over to Bala Prasad's house, as