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CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

WOULDEST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold?—
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold?—
'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold
Close to its heart the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty! not when, all unroll'd,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine address'd.
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might,
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God Himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind,
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the Queen of Heaven?
Did Newton learn, from fancy, as it roves,
To measure worlds, and follow where each moves?
'Did Howar! gain renown that shall not cease
By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves?
Or did Paul gain Heaven's glory and its peace
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil Isles of Greece?

'Tis infamy to die and not be miss'd,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist!
Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amarantine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in Heaven's immortal bowers.
—Wilcox.

KNOWLEDGE unused for the good of others is
more vain than unused gold.—*Ruskin.*

THE Mohammedans have ninety-nine names
for God, but among them all they have not "Our
Father."

THERE are but two objects that I have ever
desired for these forty years to behold—the one
is, my own vileness; and the other is, Thy glory,
O God, in the face of Jesus Christ.—*Simeon.*

A WOMAN whose husband was blind was asked:
"Gin her husband widna feel it dull, no' bein' able to read?" "Na na," she answered,
"he disna feel that. I read the Scriptures to
him every day, an' mony's the bit I put in for
his guid."

FOR the God of David still
Guides the pebble at His will:
There are giants yet to kill,
Wrongs unshriven—
But the battle to the strong
Is not given,
While the judge of right and wrong
Sits in heaven.

ABSALOM, who was a fool, wished himself a
judge; Solomon, who was a wise man, trembles
at the undertaking, and suspects his own fitness
for it. The more knowing and considerate men
are, the better they are acquainted with their
own weakness, and the more jealous of them-
selves.—*Henry.*

GIVE ME THESE LINKS.—First, sense of need;
second, desire to get; third, belief that God
has in store; fourth, belief that, though He
withhold for a while, He loves to be asked; and
fifth, belief that asking will obtain—give me
these links, and the chain will reach from earth
to Heaven, bringing Heaven all down to me, or
bearing me up into Heaven.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

"THEY TOOK KNOWLEDGE OF THEM THAT
THEY HAD BEEN WITH JESUS" (ACTS IV., 13).—
One day as I was in a bath a friend of mine put
in my hand a piece of scented clay. I took it
and said to it: "Art thou musk or ambergris?
for I am charmed by thy perfume."

It answered: "I was a despicable piece of
clay, but I was some time in the company of a
rose; the quality of my companion was com-
municated to me, otherwise I should only be a
bit of clay as I appear to be."—*Persian Fable.*

LIGHT is always swifter than sound. We see
the distant woodman's axe fall long before we
hear the blow. We watch the flash of the far-
off cannon before we hear its roar. We are
blinded by the lightning before we are deaf-
ened by the thunder. Happily for us, God
sees the blow struck. Happily for us, He
waits for no resultant earthly echoes. Happily
for us, He could instantly detect the right deed,
and commend the right motive, were report and
result delayed as many ages as there are sands
on all the shores of all the seas.—*S. S. Times.*

Mission Work.

MISSION WORK IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.

MISSIONS to the South Sea Islands began fifty
years ago. When they began the whole inhabi-
tants of all the groups of islands scattered over
the Southern Seas were in gross heathen darkness.
What have been the results? They are only
beginning—the first droppings of a great shower,
the first incoming of a glorious harvest that has
been prepared for the glory of the Great Hus-
bandman. When we went there there were no
professing Christians. Now we have 36,000 in
Polynesia, 1,500 in Micronesia, and 31,000 in
Melanesia—68,500 in church membership in the
South Sea Islands. Does that look as if Chris-
tianity could not accomplish as great a work now
as in the days of the apostles?

It is our privilege and our honour to aid in
this great and glorious work. In the brief time
allotted to me, I shall speak more particularly
of my own sphere of work—the New Hebrides,
part of one of the South Sea Island groups.
Work was begun there thirty-seven years ago by
two missionaries. The whole group was in
heathen darkness; the natives wore no clothing;
the grossest crimes were delighted in; there was
no word in the language to represent "widow,"
and she was put to death the moment her hus-
band died. Such was the condition of the
people among whom they began to work. It
had been attempted to introduce the Gospel
before. The London Missionary Society had
tried it. The well-known John Williams and
Mr. Harris were murdered on attempting to land
at Erromanga. Others were sent, but they had to
depart. Till our Presbyterian churches attempted
it, nothing was accomplished. Two missionaries
in Aneityum, amid trials and difficulties and per-
secutions, acquired the language and translated
the whole Bible into it. God has spared one of
them to see the Bible carried through the press,
so that now every native can possess a copy of
the Word of God in his native tongue. They
tried to make the work self-supporting from the
first as far as possible. They said: "We will
translate the Word of God for you into your own
tongue, but you must try and pay for the printing
of it." The people said they would be glad to
do that, only they had no money, and no way of
obtaining money. But for fifteen long weary
years they cultivated and sold arrowroot, and
never saw a penny of the money they had raised
all that time. In that period they made £1,400
by the sale of arrowroot; this was entirely
devoted to the publishing of the Bible, but it
was one of the grandest investments ever made.
Now they can study the Book that will raise
them in the scale of civilization. Talk of send-
ing the trader before the missionary; experience
shows that wherever this has been done the dark
races have melted away before the white. Deeds
as dark as any recorded of the worst days of
American slavery have been perpetrated through
the vessels from Queensland engaged in the so-
called labour traffic—women dragged from their
homes, and men murdered. And all this has
gone on under the sanction of the British Gov-
ernment. Little wonder that the work of civi-
lization and progress is stopped, and the dark
races are melting away before the whites. We
hope every friend of the cause of God and
humanity will use their influence to get this foul
traffic stopped, and the trials and dangers removed
which beset our work for God in the South Seas.

My principal object now is to get a new mis-
sion vessel. I have come home here against my
will. Though there is no country like Great
Britain, still I love the work of God far better.
I would rather be amongst the savages of the
South Seas, trying to bring them to Christ, than
here enjoying the happiness of being present at
this grand conference, and sharing in the privi-
leges you have here. I was the only white man
in the island, and my wife the only white woman,
and you may imagine how we value such privi-
leges. But it was laid on my heart as a duty to
the Church in Victoria, Australia, to come home
and try to get this mission vessel for the work of
the Lord in the South Seas. This vessel will
cost £6,000. When I came home twelve
months ago, and gave my first address in Liver-
pool, some of the good friends said the churches
at home were overburdened, and I would never
raise the money. I said I would try. I have
never called on or asked an individual for a
subscription. None of you may expect to find
me asking you for any money; I never do such
a thing, while I am thankful to God for what He
sends through His people, and grateful to them
for their free-will offerings. I was told I would
never get this money, but the Lord has already
sent me over £5,000 of the sum required. When
I have another £1,000 I will be away
back to these islands, and I hope God will speedily
send it.—*Rev. F. G. Paton.*

THE CONGO.—To Sweden has fallen the
honour of printing the first book in the language
of the Congo. Its title is *Nsamu Wambote a
Yoane*, and it is a translation of the Gospel of
John. It is the work of the Swedish missionary
Vestlind, who has laboured for many years in
equatorial Africa under the Swedish Missionary
Society.

INDIA.—At the recent *Ajudhiya mela*, held
near the city of Fyzabad, the reputed birthplace
of Ram Chandra, one of the greatest gatherings
of the kind in India, no fewer than 248 converts
were baptized in three days by two native ordained
preachers and their helpers. Of these converts
a majority were Brahmans, and at least one-third
women; in some cases whole families were bap-
tized. In former years missionaries preached at
these fairs, but only in the hope of scattering
good seed; now the harvest is beginning to be
reaped, and men most familiar with the field
marvel at the speed with which events are mov-
ing.—*Christian Leader.*

CHUNDER SEN'S LAST WORD.—I hate the idea
of conjugating Christ's success in India in the
future tense. It is a thing already largely
achieved—yes, I say most emphatically, the Spirit
of Christ has already gone far into the depths of
India's heart, and I declare as my solemn, delib-
erate conviction, that the sanctifying saving
influences of Christ's life and teachings have
already wrought wonders in this land. Jesus
Christ brings more than a system of morals: He
imparts the germ of a new life: this is His won-
der-working power.—*Christian Leader.*

CHINA—A TOUCHING APPEAL.—A missionary
physician of the Woman's Foreign Missionary
Society was called to see a West China woman
dying in Kiukiang. It was too late to do more
than point her to Christ, who gave his life for all.
"But not for me, a poor Chinese woman—no
one could care so much for us," was her moan.
Again and again she was assured that even a
poor Chinese woman might have salvation.
Gathering her last remnant of strength, she cried,
"Why don't some one tell the women of my
province?" and her soul had fled. There were
four million of women in her province, and not
a missionary among them!—*Phil. Presbyterian.*

THE FAILURES OF FALSE RELIGIONS.—On
my book-shelves you will find copies of all the
sacred books of the East, over which I have
pored and exulted for years. The noble aspira-
tions of those ancient writers, the glowing poetry
of the Vedas, the sublime imagery of their seers,
have become part of my life. But when I went
to the great cities of India, the pilgrim sites,
to which throng every year millions of those who
profess to follow the faith of the men who wrote
those books, and mingled with the vast procession
of worshippers at the shrines sacred to the deities
whose praises are sung by the Hindoo poets,
then, alas! the contrast between the real and the
ideal was heart-breaking. In all those teeming
myriads of worshippers not one man, not even
one woman, seemed to entertain the shadow of
a conception of anything ideal or spiritual or
religious, or even mythological in their ancient
creed. Not one glimmer of the great thoughts
of their poets and sages lightened their darkened
temples. To all of them, the great false god
which they worshipped, a bulk of roughly carved
wood or stone, appeared to be the authentic pre-
sentment of some terrible demon or invisible
power who would treat them cruelly if they did
not give him some melted butter. Of religion
in a spiritual sense there was none. If you wish
for religion, you will not find it in Brahmanism.
—*M. D. Conway.*

REVENUE versus RELIGION.—In the *Mission-
ary Review* for July, a Princeton student writes
a racy sketch of the history of the opium trade
in China, in which he charges Christian Britain
with the responsibility of the deadly traffic.
After full recognition of her civilization, her com-
merce, her government, her wealth, her influence,
and the distinguished services rendered to the
cause of liberty and morality, in Africa where
she frees the slave, and in India where she res-
cues the widow from the funeral pyre of her
husband, he asks, "What is England's gift to
China?" and answers, "OPIUM." And why?
"FOR REVENUE." China protests. War follows.
Killed and wounded, 18,000. Indemnity paid
by China, \$21,000,000. The Emperor still pro-
tests:—"Nothing will induce me to derive a
revenue from the vice and misery of my people."
Another war and another treaty, and the infam-
ous traffic is legalized. India's annual revenue
is £9,000,000 larger, and China is poisoned.
But Britain, India, and China are all losers.
Britain, because the millions of dollars that go
for opium would buy thousands of ship-loads of
British manufactures; India, because millions of
acres growing the poppy should grow wheat and
so hundreds of thousands of people starve out-
right or live on a pauper's dole; China, because
her national independence is outraged and her
people poisoned. These are some of the results
of "a trade destructive to China, debasing to In-
dia, and demoralizing to Great Britain." But the
end is not yet. "National sins demand national
expiation"; or rather, national sins provoke
national judgments. What shall the end be?
Is there hope for a nation in reformation and
restitution, or must the fire of divine wrath be
kindled? Is there no reaching and arousing of
the national conscience? Is it already seared?
Should not every Briton who loves God and his
brother-man cry aloud in the hope that even yet
this policy of heartless greed may be abandoned
and the judgment of God averted?

Woman's Work.

For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

AN INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE FOR GIRLS.

THE subject of industrial schools, or training
homes for boys and girls, is at present claiming
the attention of many of the Christian people of
the Dominion. These schools, while not quite
unknown in Canada, are well known, and have
proved most successful in older countries. The
object is, to pick up street children, "ragamuf-
fins," vagrants, truants, etc., and bring them
under good influences and an industrial training,
before they have been stamped as criminals by
commitment to the reformatory or common
goal. Experience is proving to Christian phil-
anthropists that reformatory work is much more
difficult than prevention work, and that it is easier
to reclaim a boy or girl from vice before he or
she has drifted into the criminal ranks than after-
wards. Again, these institutions are intended
to obviate the indescribable evils which result
from the herding together of criminals of all
ages in our goals. Perhaps those evils can
all be included or compressed in that one word
—gaol-taint. Is there a thoughtful man or
woman in the community, or one who is inter-
ested in the "coming man" or woman, who is
not pained to know that boys of tender years
are from time to time confined in Toronto gaol,
that a lad ten years of age is present in the
Central Prison, and that girls of the same
age are in the Andrew Mercer Reformatory
for Women?

We find that one of these industrial schools
for boys has been for seven years in successful
operation in Halifax, N.S. This school is undenom-
inational, and is called the Halifax Protestant In-
dustrial School. The school numbers about forty,
ages ranging from nine to eighteen years. The boys
do farm work, gardening, and are taught shoemak-
ing, and they assist in maintaining the institution
by carpet-beating, and the splitting of kindling-
wood, etc. The preliminary steps for the estab-
lishment of a similar institution in the vicinity of Toron-
to have been taken. The site chosen is at Mimico,
which has been given by the Ontario Govern-
ment. The cottage system will be attempted,
after the style of Mr. Quaker's Homes near
Glasgow.

Within the past few weeks a movement for
the establishment of an Industrial Institute for
Girls, in Toronto, has taken tangible form. The
object of the projectors of this scheme is, the
elevation of the girls and women of our working
classes through industrial training of various
kinds, and social, and educational advantages.
In furtherance of the plan the Woman's Chris-
tian Association has leased, for a term of years,
the commodious building on the corner of Rich-
mond and Sheppard Streets. About \$1,000 will
require to be expended in the necessary repairs.
Mr. Wm. Gooderham, with praiseworthy liberality,
has contributed \$500 of this sum, and other
smaller amounts have been sent in voluntarily.
The plan of work can as yet only be outlined, but
will include in its detail the following depart-
ments:—On the ground floor, a coffee-room for
working-girls, a bureau of employment, and
industrial rooms for women, the latter under the
supervision of the ladies of the City Relief. In
the coffee-room, hot coffee and hot soup will
be supplied at the lowest possible rates. Also,
there will be on the first floor a large room,
capable of holding nearly one hundred little girls,
for the kitchen-garden classes. The Woman's
Christian Temperance Union will take charge
of this department, the little girls being picked
up through a system of judicious visiting by
ladies interested. The second floor will contain
large parlour, reading and recreation room for
young working-girls, and will be a great boon to
the hundreds of factory girls in our fast-growing
city, also matron's rooms, bath rooms, etc. The
attic will furnish six or eight good-sized rooms
which may be rented to young working-girls
coming in from the country. In the basement
the pupils from the kitchen-garden classes will
receive practical instruction in cooking, laundry
work, etc. The scheme presents a large field
for usefulness and combines many agencies for
good, and doing so, will doubtless receive the
sympathy and support of the community. In-
dustrial work of this kind has been in successful
operation for some time in Montreal, in con-
nection with the Woman's Christian Association,
and we can speak from personal observation of
the good results accomplished.

With the growth of the Dominion, we shall
doubtless realise more deeply our responsibilities
as citizens, in the direction of the training of our
untrained youth, male and female, and as a
result, these industrial schools will be established
in all our thriving towns and cities.

THE *Central Baptist* thus happily hits off the
fallacy of calculations and prophecies based on
ratios: "If our numbers should increase in fu-
ture as in the past, then in eighty-seven years
everybody would be a Baptist, but if the decrease
in contributions continues, then in ninety-one
years nobody would give a cent to the cause of
Christ." It is about time this denominational
sin of "numbering the people" should hide its
head.