

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

The following letter dated Tamsui, Formosa, April 19, 1889, addressed to the Convener and Foreign Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, has been kindly forwarded for publication by the secretary of the Committee:

A letter from the Convener of date Feb. 26 is before me. Among other things it contains a resolution of the Foreign Mission Committee, passed at its meeting on Feb. 19, namely, that Mr. Jamieson and I should be written to and requested "to inform the Committee as soon as possible of the nature of the work which Mr. Jamieson is expected henceforth to do in connection with the mission." In answer to this request I send you the following:

1. Mr. Jamieson is not a learned Chinese scholar as the term is commonly understood; but he came here as a missionary to preach the Gospel. Now he knows a sufficient number of Chinese characters, and has a sufficient hold of the native dialect to enable him to do what he came for.

If two years ago he had only taken advice and put into practice what he had learned, by this time he would be an efficient speaker.

The truth is he kept on at books instead of practising what he knew. As it is, the daily practice, which is the thing need for the acquisition of any foreign tongue, is every week making Mr. Jamieson more at liberty in the language. We notice a difference even within this year.

2. Mr. Jamieson can do what he is doing now, namely, at any chapel in the field with open Bible explain the Gospel to the people, and this he will be able to do with more freedom to himself and more profit to the hearers as he grows in practice. Thus at a chapel:

(a) He can exhort and encourage the preacher and be helpful to him in many ways. (b) He can assist preacher, elders and deacons in looking after inquirers and examining them. (c) Baptize converts. (d) Dispense the sacrament of the Lord's supper. (e) Preach to the people. In a word, do anything to help build up the work. There are fifty places in the field where such work must be done by someone. (f) Speak to the heathen as opportunity presents itself.

3. Assist in superintending the mission. There should be two foreign missionaries here (for the native preachers neither speak nor write English) so that either missionary being absent or sick, the other native pastor and preachers can carry on the work without interruption.

4. The above is what Mr. Jamieson is able to do at the present time, part of which, indeed, he is actually doing. As regards teaching the present band of students and preachers, I do not think he is able, but that does not mean that in the future he may not be able to help younger and fresher men. There is no lack of men capable of teaching in the college, a dozen could be named amongst the native preachers in ten minutes. That any foreigners are not asked for does not mean that no one is needed.

5. I have already forwarded you A Hoa's letter. I am aware of what Mr. Jamieson wrote, also I send you with this Rev. Tan He's, so I need not repeat their contents, all of which I know to be correct and true.

6. On account of all that has been done for Mr. Jamieson—on account of all that he has come through—on account of all I suffered, being grieved and burdened with heavy work, etc. on account of his knowledge of this mission in all its workings—on account of what he knows of the Chinese language, and on account of what he is doing now day by day, I trust you may yet see the way clear to allow him to remain. I give as my opinion that Mr. Jamieson is this day prepared with the two native pastors and preachers to carry on the work of this mission. When would a new man entering the field be able to do that? Now I hope you will find something "definite" in the above, though at this moment I do not pretend to recall all that he can do, being anxious to send by this steamer. I can only express what I have stated above and in previous letters, viz.: My earnest desire that you may be able to see your way clear to have him labour here. To remove him now would be a very serious mistake according to my judgment. I hope I may not be misunderstood in stating this.

7. People in Canada may naturally ask: Did Mr. Jamieson for four years help the work in North Formosa? I answer, No. Two years or even more are generally allowed for a man to study the language before being considered able to give much assistance. When in the field that length of time Mr. Jamieson was able to begin and go on practising and improving. He was strongly advised to do so. He did not heed; but kept at Chinese characters day by day, and really without any profit. A month soon passed away—a year indeed, and for two years I was hoping month after month, waiting week after week, to see if Mr. Jamieson would stop dreaming—would wake up and come out to gladden souls with the Gospel of Jesus. Two dark years I bore patiently with mistakes, etc., grieved to the heart, until at last he put books aside and came out to labour and preach. It was a great change to us all. I found all I did for him was not in vain, and I rejoiced beyond measure. Innumerable little things which bear directly on the mission are attended to now by him, otherwise it would fall to my lot to do them. A native is unable, for he cannot read or write English.

8. The Church in Canada naturally asks, Is Mr. Jamieson able now to preach and labour in the Mission? I answer, Yes.

It is all true he proclaimed his utter incompetency on the house-top. He would have been better employed preaching the gospel in villages. He went some time ago with Rev. Giam

Cheng Hoa to the east coast and did good work; on return both addressed us all in the College. Mr. Jamieson gave a full and clear account which was understood (every word of it) by students, preachers and even old women (converts and children who happened to be present). His address would have been understood by natives in any part of North Formosa. Having assisted Mr. Jamieson in more ways than one, surely I ought to know whether he is now able to speak so as to be understood. He is now on the right track, practising daily. He was on the wrong track for two years and would not come off.

Note well, if I personally know anything about the language, if my hearing and observation serve me right, I state most emphatically that Mr. Jamieson knows sufficient of the native dialect to speak so as to be understood and to preach the gospel so as to benefit the people and help the mission.

There is a wide range between excelling in any department and being utterly unable to do anything in it. Mr. Jamieson is in that range. He is neither of the extremes; but in the middle ground, able and willing to do useful work for our Master. I have no doubt mischief has been done by Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson's letters, etc. Mr. Jamieson made many serious mistakes. He sees all that now—owns them up, grieves over them, prays for grace to avoid all such in future and to labour for the cause of Jesus here with renewed strength and light. The world's history has many records of serious mistakes having been cast in oblivion. Would that all the mistakes referred to in this letter be quickly buried out of sight that the glorious kingdom of Jesus be not hindered in any way. During all the past years the work here went on as ever before. It was not interfered with. It is what it ever was, solid, vigorous and prosperous.

One word more and I am done. Whether Mr. Jamieson is to be recalled or allowed to remain here, I state once for all that from the day he landed here up to this date there has been all along, neighbourly, friendly and brotherly fellowship between us—no clashing—no irritation—no "temper" during all these years. So "missionary quarrels" &c. don't just apply.

It is one thing for a fellow labourer to think a certain way of acquiring the language, &c., the best, a way which may not commend itself to another. It is a different thing to "quarrel." It is one thing to be grieved and burdened. It is another thing to have a "missionary quarrel."

The mission here was never more orderly, vigorous and prosperous.

Yours sincerely,

G. L. MACKAY.

EVANGELISTIC WORK IN PARIS.

Dr. Pressense writes:

Here is a short *resumé* of the attempts at evangelization that have been made in the immediate neighbourhood of the Exhibition. The initiative was taken by Mr. McAll. He found willing helpers in all our Churches and among all branches of Christian workers. This is a beautiful practical illustration of Evangelical Alliance principles, and the committees of that Society, both in London and Paris, have thrown themselves heartily in the work.

Two halls have been hired, and adapted for evangelical work, at two of the principal entrances to the Exhibition, 51 Avenue Rapp, and 2 Place du Trocadero. The former is capable of holding about 350 people; it is at the back of a pretty building, with a grey and white facade and a balcony which bears the inscription, "*Salle Evangelique*," and underneath these words: "Liberty, Justice, Charity and Truth." The hall is approached by a vestibule, in which the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Tract Society will have their depots, and where their publications will be sold and distributed freely.

The second hall, which is more unpretending in appearance, and is situated next to Cook's Agency, will hold about one hundred and twenty people. Here, also, there will be a depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society and of the English Monthly Tract Societies.

In the Avenue Rapp there will be two services each day in French, at five and eight o'clock in the evening. In English there will be a service on Sunday at half-past ten a.m., and a Gospel meeting in the afternoon at three o'clock. There will also be a meeting every day at three o'clock. Lastly, there will be an international prayer meeting every day at four o'clock, conducted in various languages.

In the hall on the Trocadero there will only be at present one meeting on each week day at five in the afternoon, to be conducted in French. Dr. Bentham will take the general superintendence of both halls. The commission hopes that these new places will be a centre of true Evangelical Alliance work, and it will thankfully avail itself of the help of all Christian friends visiting Paris this summer.

The hall in the Avenue Rapp was opened on Saturday, May 4, with a prayer meeting, and M. Bersier conducted the first Gospel meeting there on Monday, May 6. There was a large attendance and respectful attention and perfect silence was observed, though there was a perpetual coming and going. The hall in the Rue Trocadero was opened on Tuesday, May 7, when M. Nocolin presided. The assembly was chiefly Protestant.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for debility and all nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-creatures. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A FLOWER LEGEND.

Sweet is the legend of a happy soul,
Pacing, in dreams, the sward of Paradise;
Above her hung fruits tinted with fiery flush,
Around her blew flowers myriad in device.

Low was the clime, a twilight arched with stars,
Long, arrowy lights on cedared hill and dale,
Filled with a mellow atmosphere whose heart
Breathed of myrrh and spice and galingale.

She, pausing underneath the tree of life,
Heard all its mystic branches palpitate,
And a low voice—"Take thou the fairest flower
Between the eastern and the western gate."

And, rising up, she wandered forth amidst
Lilies beloved in time by Solomon,
And forest frankincense and wondrous blooms,
Whose chalices were dyed with moon and sun.

Rounding her path, there glimmered in blue dusk
Vast star-eyed blossoms, bright and marvellous
Great charms of streaked splendour, living flowers
Laid to the fallen world and unto us.

At dawn the angel found her at the gate
Weeping, but looping in her vesture's folds
Of all the gorgeous blooms of Paradise,
Passionate violets and marigolds.

And lifting up her low eyes, dashed with rain,
"I paced," she said, "between the east and west;
Heaven's fairest flowers were subject to my hand,
But I did gather what I loved the best."

Answered the radiant angel:—"Sweet and wise,
Thy tender care hath chosen the fairer part,
Henceforth shall violets be loved of love,
And marigolds refresh the tired heart."

"Awake!" And she unclosed her eyes to see
The morning sunlight beating on the blind,
And round her bed the breath of marigolds
Swam with the violets on the garden wind.

—J. K. in *The Week*;

A TOUR IN CAPE BRETON.

It was a lovely afternoon last autumn when two travellers, having come by rail from Halifax, found themselves at Port Mulgrave, on the Nova Scotia side of the Strait of Canso, waiting for the boat which was to take them into the heart of that curiously shaped and most fascinating region which forms the eastern boundary of the Dominion of Canada. Cape Breton narrowly avoids being part of the larger Province. The strait is less than a mile across, and as the little steamer lay at the wharf sending forth premonitory tokens of departure, we were attracted by the pretty, white cottages on the other side, perched here and there along the bold headlands. For about fifteen miles the shores keep greeting each other, but as they make no farther advances Cape Breton establishes its right to be called an island. Indeed, having thus preferred a claim to separate consideration, one might imagine that it grew careless of internal unity, for it is pierced from north-east to south-west by the jagged salt water lake of the Bras d'Or, which leaves only a narrow isthmus at its southern extremity, and with the trifling aid of the St. Peter's Canal at that point, turns one island into two.

Our craft, the *Neptune*, was unpretentious in style or adornment, but the genial captain bore himself with the manners of a host conscious of company, yet feeling quite equal to their entertainment. No one could desire a better supper than the delicious codfish which was served in the cabin downstairs. It was cold on deck, but the fresh breeze was not to be resisted, and muffled in our greatcoats we gathered round the wheel house, perplexing the French man at the helm with questions indifferently conveyed in his native tongue, or recounting some of the legends of the lake before it passed into the prose epochs of its history, or listening to the adventures of one of our number who had lived for many years in western cities of the United States, where he had accumulated a snug fortune, but who was now revisiting his native land. And while with nasal pathos he spoke tenderly of the scenes of youth, he did not hesitate to anathematize the general slowness of things as compared with the "smart" movements of his adopted country. We were, without doubt, in the midst of primitive splendours. Even the canal, at which we arrived about sunset, though an unpretentious gateway letting us into the Eden of the Bras d'Or, seemed glaringly artificial and almost out of place. The inhabitants of the adjacent hamlet came down in full force to inspect the steamer as it was passing through. They had an air of charming simplicity and half satisfied wonder which revealed the quiet sameness of their daily life and their limited apprehension of the ways of the great world.

It would not be easy to conceive of a more beautiful salt-water lake than the Bras d'Or. The rise and fall of the tide in it is but slight, so that the shores are always fresh and clean. One might spend weeks sailing up into the picturesque bays with which it pierces the land in all directions, or camping out upon its richly-wooded islands. If you anchor a little from the shore and drop your line, you will soon find a steady tug at the end of it, and if you