

each of the Presbyterian papers, giving weekly receipts and the then state of the fund. By keeping this open for three months, all who have a mind to help, will have the opportunity both for prayer and effort in a quiet but effective way.

Rev. Dr. Reid, at my request, kindly consented, under some restrictions, to act as Treasurer, but these restrictions made a local Treasurer necessary besides, and we think at present it may be more convenient and direct to do all the business on the spot, though looking to him for any instruction that may be needed. But, if further investigation shows it to be advisable, the money will be remitted at the end of each month to Rev. Dr. Reid, for transmission.

Copies of the above "Statement," each inclosed in an open envelope, will be sent to any address. These can be distributed among friends in Sabbath schools or congregations, to be returned within a week containing any gift the willing-hearted may wish to put in for the cause. The smallest offerings in this way will be acceptable. The amount thus received can be sent at once to me, Mrs. Anna Ross, Brucefield, Ont., and will be acknowledged with all the care and speed possible, both to the sender, and to the two Presbyterian papers. Many can thus have the opportunity to help, and yet no one will be pressed to give, or to give more than they feel inclined. When convenient, the copies of the "Statement" may be sent back to me, as they may easily be used several times. \$10,000 are required, if possible, \$12,000. Is it asking too much to plead that He whose are the "silver and the gold," shall so open His treasures that the full amount shall come in by the end of the three months? Will those, especially those who can help but little with money, make this matter a subject of prayer? This effort, I may add, is made with the hearty sanction of the Foreign Mission Committee.

ANNA ROSS.

Brucefield, Ont., Oct. 16th, 1893.

LETTER FROM REV. S. H. KELLOGG, D.D.

Through the kindness of old and valued members of St. James' Square Presbyterian congregation, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following letter from Dr. Kellogg, which will interest them all, and most especially the members of his late charge and all the more because of its personal and domestic references, which in other circumstances might have been withheld, but in this case constitute one of the charms of a most interesting letter.—Ed.

"The Firs," Landour, North India, Sept. 20th, 1893.

My dear Friends: Many is the time that you have been in our thoughts, and often have I thought that the next mail should carry you a word of remembrance. But you will have heard how things went with us for so long, with my wife's long fever, and will not have wondered that there are many both in the congregation and elsewhere to whom I have never yet written. Since my wife has been so far recovered as to give me a chance to work, I have felt that I must crowd to the this Biblical translation work to the utmost, and correspondence has still had to take a second place.

All the morning, I have been working over my Anglican colleague's translation of Jonah and Obadiah, with my own Pundit at my elbow revising my own translation of Exodus, each of us constantly interrupting the other with remarks and questions, each on the work before him. Then, as a third in the room, has been my Edwin at his Algebra, coming to me every now and again with a mathematical problem. It reminds me a little of Napoleon, of whom it is said that he frequently used to dictate to four secretaries at once, as many different letters; though I dare not hope that I can work as successfully in this way, as that great, but very wicked, man. I may carry out my illustration of a morning's work, still showing the manifoldness of one's occupations here, even in hours set apart for study. Yesterday a poor fellow in my service fell very sick and was taken to Dr. Newton, one of our medical missionaries here, who has kindly taken the poor sufferer into his own house that he might nurse him the better, and be with him all the time, as he lives far from here, and the miserable hut of the man's brother which was near, was a sad place for an almost dying man to be placed. But the doctor had left his medicines and instru-

ments at his home on the plains, being only up here for a short vacation; so while he takes medical charge, I have undertaken to look after medicines and apparatus so far as I have them, or can procure them. So in the midst of my studies I have had to rise once and again to fill a prescription sent around by the doctor or send some instrument which the doctor had left at home. We are feeling so sorrow for the poor fellow; for he was according to his light a very faithful servant, and yet unprepared to die, if die he must. I was in his poor hut to see him after I had placed him in the doctor's hands, and tried to point him to the Lord for help, but he was suffering so much I fear he could take in little. However, it gave a good opportunity to explain the Gospel to a young brother of his who went off with me to get some medicine for him, which I was to send him. These are the times, times of sorrow, when with these poor Hindoos, as with us at home, God's plough of affliction makes the soil of the heart open and tender, so that one gets attention instead of indifference, and by kindness shown one can win hearts, we hope and pray, for the Master. So much for the outline of one forenoon's work.

We are having such a tremendous storm for these last three days; I think one of the most terrible I ever saw, except on the ocean. We have already had since the end of June over 120 inches of rain, which I believe is rather more than you have in Toronto for three years, and it must be far above that now. Such sheets of water as fall! The fastest I ever saw in Toronto was one Sabbath eve in the year before I left, when it rained an inch an hour for two hours. I dismissed the people that night without a sermon for the only time in my life. But a night or two ago it rained here thirteen inches in seven hours; twice as fast for about three times as long; and I think last night cannot have been much less. We look to hear of great disaster when the storm is over from the awful landslides which often take place here on the mountains. Fortunately the steep mountain slope behind our house is densely wooded, so that the roots hold the soil together, or we might have the experience of one of the Rajputana missionaries (U.P.) who is up here, who with his sick wife had to turn out into the rain at 2 a.m., the mountain coming down on the house and obliterating some of the rooms, leaving large forest trees on the verandah.

The rains ought now to be over, and we are hoping that this storm may end them.

I am expecting during the winter season to give lectures in Urdu to the students in our theological college in Saharanpur; we wanted to live there, but could not get a suitable house, as all the mission houses were occupied; so we are at present expecting to live in Dehra Dun, after November, about thirteen miles down the mountain from here, and 45 miles from Saharanpur, which distance I shall have to cover—as there is no railroad—in the saddle and on my bicycle, which last I find worth everything in this land of splendid roads. Last winter I went about among the villages chiefly in this way; not only saving a great deal of time and strength, but, as it proved, attracting in a kindly way the natives, who, as a rule, had never seen one. For explaining to them its operation, their good will was won, and questions started which opened the way right up for the Gospel. One day, for instance, a fine old Hindoo gentleman, the postmaster of the town, with a number of the native bankers of the town came over to my tent to see more carefully both the bicycle and the typewriter, of which they had heard much. The old gentleman asked me how it was that while they had very intelligent men, they never made any discoveries or inventions. I told him that for hundreds of years while their forefathers were highly educated and intelligent, mine were utter barbarians, like them, however, worshipping dumb idols; but that from the time the British nation received the Gospel, not only did they leave idolatry, and their morals improve, but their intellect also was wonderfully quickened; while you who, despite the Gospel, have yet held on to your idolatries, have made no progress for centuries. Which of the two religions is the more likely to be true? The old man was much impressed, and said: "Wuh to ak bahut bhari praman hai." "That is indeed a very weighty proof of your religion!"

Things look dark here, as it seems to me, for this poor country. The great depreciation of silver, in a land where silver has been the one currency (with copper) has made the millions of poor still poorer; religious fanaticism, side by side with the spirit of inquiry, increases; Russia is pressing more and more closely on our northern frontier, only less than a hundred miles away now—and

with no peaceable intent. I cannot enlarge on these things, but I want to assure you, and through you, all the dear friends who gather in St. James' Square, to pray for missions, that there is very special reason to pray for India, that God may overrule all these things, that His dear people here, a handful of sheep in the midst of wolves, may grow in grace and numbers, be a blessing to their suffering countrymen, and be saved from the grave calamities which threaten the land. With this, good-bye. Mrs. Kellogg unites with me in Christian love to you both, as also to all inquiring friends. Very truly yours in Christ's service,

S. H. KELLOGG.

P.S. Remember us both specially to the — who have not been out of mind, even if we have not yet written, which same might be said of a host of others.—S. H. K.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. J. G. PATON.

The many friends of the Rev. Dr. J. G. Paton will be glad to hear of his safe arrival in Glasgow, Scotland. Mr. W. Drysdale, of Montreal, has received a letter from him, of which the following is an extract:—

I landed in Liverpool on Saturday morning. That evening I did not feel sick, but could not write or read with comfort, as usual at sea, and felt as if the time were lost. On the 14th I entered upon a two months' course of meetings, in the largest cities of Scotland, England and Ireland. All was arranged before I came, by a volunteer committee, which saves me much labour and time. They have taken Exeter Hall, London; the City Hall, and St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, etc.; and each city to be visited, with from one to three meetings daily. I hope I may be able to carry all safely through, for I caught a severe cold on the voyage, and have not been able to be out since I landed. May the Lord grant strength and His blessing, with much spiritual fruit, to His glory!

I look back to my visit to Montreal with pleasure, and feel very grateful for all the undeserved kindness and liberal aid the churches and friends gave me and our mission. I heard that the Toronto Foreign Mission Committee took no action regarding the Five Cent Children's Shares for our Mission Ship, till they see what the Synod of Nova Scotia does regarding it; but I hope God has led them to approve of it. We must accept the result as His will in the matter.

The London Missionary Society are launching a new "John Williams," with auxiliary steam power, on the 11th Nov., built here in Glasgow; and unless Canada helps us, there seems to be no hope of ours being built.

With best wishes to you and all friends, I remain, yours faithfully,

J. G. PATON.

A SUCCESSFUL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The earnest, devoted Sabbath School teacher need have no fear of failure. Come to your class each Sabbath with your lesson well prepared, and this one desire always uppermost in your mind, to lead the children to love their Saviour. Always be in time to welcome your class, and be careful to see that they have hymn books and everything that is necessary, in order that they may join in the service, and at prayer see that each little head is bowed with reverence. Always set them a good example, never let them see you talking, or looking about, while you should be singing or listening yourself. And try to be with your class every Sabbath. Do not let anything except illness or something which you cannot really prevent keep you from your class. Always remember that you are a worker together with God, placed here to advance His glory, to promote the interests of His Kingdom, to improve every talent entrusted to your care. The time in which we can labour and show diligence is rapidly passing away, opportunities for doing good are not to be recalled at will, once gone they are gone forever.

The great thing wanted is a sincere and earnest desire to bring your class to Jesus. Try and have your class the very best in the school. An eminent servant of God has said, "It is indolence, and not humility, which would make contentment with the lowest a reason for not aspiring to the highest." We, as followers of Christ, coming into contact with the children and with all with whom we associate in the world, are to commend His religion and spread its influence wider by our pure, earnest and Christlike temper and bearing; our daily lives, so to speak, are to be perpetual pleadings with man for God; and by exhibiting the softening power of Christ's grace, by living a life bright with purity and love and goodness we are to win others to the Saviour.

Christian Endeavor.

VICTORY THROUGH CHRIST.

BY REV. W. S. M'TAVISH, B.D., ST. GEORGE.

Nov. 5.—1 Cor. 15:57; 1 John 5:35.

One of the gladdest sounds on earth is the shout of victory. How joyous the words of Paul, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." But did Paul make the mistake of boasting when he was putting on the harness, instead of waiting until he was prepared to put it off? Far from it. Even when writing, he felt that the victory was his. When the time actually came for his last earthly encounter, he was still in the same confident spirit. Then he could say, "I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Paul felt that death was neither a conqueror, nor a master, but a servant. Death to him seemed only like God's porter whose duty it was to open the doors of the heavenly mansion and allow the redeemed to enter in. He was no more concerned with this servant than he would be with his prototype at the door of an earthly mansion. He was interested, not with the porter at the door, but with the friends within. Indeed, he even went so far as to say that death was one of the believer's possessions. Death finds a place in the inventory which Paul makes of the Christian's belongings (1 Cor. iii. 21-23). Since this is so, why should the Christian fear?

Many expressions are on record to show that Christians have triumphed over death. William Hunter when dying said, "If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." Brownlow North, the evangelist, died with the expression, "Perfect peace," upon his lips. Said Lady Glenorchy with her expiring breath, "If this be dying, it is the pleasantest thing imaginable." The Countess of Huntingdon, upon her death-bed said, "I long to be at home! My work is done. I have nothing to do but to go to my Heavenly Father." When Hugh McKail was brought upon the scaffold to suffer martyrdom, he turned to one side of the scaffold and said, "Farewell, sun, moon and stars! Farewell, all earthly delights!" Then turning to the other side he said, "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the new covenant! Welcome death! Welcome glory!" But why give other illustrations? They might be multiplied indefinitely.

Let us never forget that this victory over death is attainable only through Christ. He it was who first robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory. It is only when trusting implicitly in Him that we can realize that the last enemy is robbed of its terror. If we, like Balaam, desire to die the death of the righteous, if we wish our last end to be like his, then we must live the life of the righteous. If our hopes are centered in Christ, if by faith we rest upon Him and His finished work, then we can go down with calm confidence into the valley of the shadow of death; then we can look forward with bright and happy anticipation to the time when we shall be re-united with friends and loved ones beyond the grave. It shall come to pass that at eventime there shall be light.

Do not destroy your church papers, periodicals, etc., when you have read them. They will be a great boon in many homes on our mission fields, where there is a lack of good reading matter. The Knox College Missionary Society ask for contributions of suitable literature for distribution by the missionaries who go out to these fields. Address all donations to Room 21, Knox College.

Rev. M. W. McLean, M. A., has tendered his resignation of the pastorate of St. Andrew's church, Belleville.