

centre of diplomatic negotiations on the one hand, and of heart-rending scenes on the other. The crowds of women and children, homeless and penniless, were like sheep without a shepherd, indeed. Among and for the benefit of these Mrs. Bowen Thompson, sister and predecessor of Mrs. Mott, laid the foundation of this great Christian and philanthropic mission which bears the name at the head of this paper. Mrs. Thompson's beginning was like a cloud the size of a man's hand. Mrs. Thompson was privileged to labour nine years in this field, then she was called to her rest, but she had already seen with her own eyes, and felt with her own heart the copious showers of blessings which none but a courageous faith could have anticipated. Since 1869, Mrs. Thompson's mantle fell on her sister, Mrs. Mentor Mott, who is still the honorary, unpaid, and not half-sufficiently thanked directress of the mission. Mrs. Mott, in connection with whose mission I served from 1870 to 1874, is a specialist in two things: (a) The education of females generally, (b) the training of female teachers.

Mrs. Mott superintends twenty-nine schools with over 3,000 pupils in Tyre, Damascus, Beyrout and Lebanon. This mission is truly founded upon the Bible, and with the object of fulfilling the command in the last verses of St. Matthew's Gospel. Mrs. Mott's home and headquarters is the beautiful city of Beyrout, and I doubt not she will be pleased to welcome friends from the west and give them some idea of her work. Tourists therefore will do well to make a point of visiting the British Syrian schools, when travelling in the East, if at all possible. Mrs. Mott is said to maintain this mission at an annual cost of about £5,000 sterling, which is derived from voluntary offerings made by Christian people. In a later issue I shall give an account of Mr. Mott's schools for the blind, and his blind Bible readers and catechists in Syria.

### THE FORMOSA MISSION.

MR. EDITOR,—Correspondents such as R. R. R., in your issue of the 13th March, who publish their views on the condition of things in the above mission, and who at the same time press their advice upon us of the public might cause fewer mistakes on their own part, and on that of those who may trust to them for information and counsel, if they would but take the trouble to get a knowledge of the facts connected with the present unpleasantness.

R. R. R. tells us that the Foreign Mission Committee made three mistakes in the appointment of Mr. Jamieson to the mission. It sent him out an unregenerate man; it sent him without holding a conference with him; it is now going to recall him when, as seems plain to R. R. R., he has just become regenerate. Three great errors—these, of which it is supposed that no one can have any doubt.

The facts are that the executive of the Foreign Mission Committee had a conference with Mr. Jamieson and that certain of its members were well acquainted with him, and did not think themselves justified in passing a judgment upon him of the nature advocated by R. R. R., while as to those of them who were not previously acquainted with him, such doubts as they may have had of his suitability for the work to which he was being called were not based on his defective religious character. Furthermore, Dr. Mackay had a conference with Mr. Jamieson at his own home, and we may be sure was as faithful with him as R. R. R. would have been; and why not? when he had him in view as his fellow-labourer in the mission. Certain it is that Dr. Mackay returned from his visit to the Upper Ottawa convinced that he had found a man "fit for the work."

As to the third count of the indictment against the Committee, is it not a rash proceeding to raise it? It is supported only by a most uncertain inference. What seems to many clear in the matter is that Mr. Jamieson should be invited to another conference in Toronto, where what is doubtful still to some may be cleared up, and it may be manifested to all concerned that the astute Chinese are not the proper subjects for our minister's ministrations. Yours, etc., AN ELDER

### GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D.

#### THE GODLY MAN'S APPRECIATION OF THE WORD OF GOD.

- He regards it as divine, Psa. cxxx. 5.
- He loves it, Psa. cxix. 97.
- He meditates in it day and night, Psa. i. 2.
- He prizes it more than gold, Psa. cxix. 72.
- It is sweeter than honey to him, Psa. xix. 10.
- It is laid up in his heart, Psa. xl. 8; Psa. xxxvii. 31.
- It is his counsellor, Psa. cxix. 24; Isaiah xxv. 1.
- He is taught out of it, Psa. xciv. 12.
- It is the source of peace to him, Psa. cxix. 165.
- It is to him a light in darkness, Prov. vi. 23.
- It is kept by him, Psa. cxix. 55.
- It is made part of his being, Jer. xxxi. 33, 11 John ii.
- It is his infallible guide, John x. 35; Matt. v. xlviii.
- It is a quickener of his soul for good, Jer. xx. 9.
- It is a sword upon evil, slaying it, Eph. vi. 17.
- It is his equipment for a complete life, 11 Tim. iii. 16.
- It is his teacher and admonisher, Col. iii. 16.
- It is the source of growth in him, 1 Peter ii. 2.
- It works effectually in him, 1 Thess. ii. 13.

THE saintly Baxter wrote: "While we wrangle here in the dark, we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies, and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness."

## Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

### WEARY NOT IN WELL-DOING.

BY M. R. M., CROSSHILL.

Hearken, lone pilgrim  
On life's troubled sea,  
Jesus, the comforter,  
Speaketh to thee.  
"Faint not nor falter  
Though waters be deep,  
Bravely press forward,  
In time thou shalt reap."

Trust in His power  
When surges o'erwhelm,  
Skillful the pilot  
That stands at the helm.  
"Faithless—why fear you?  
Ye winds, cease your roar,"  
Softly re-echoes  
From Galilee's shore.

Rugged and thorny  
Thy path may be here,  
Jesus is mighty—  
Naught have ye to fear.  
"Lo! I am with thee,"  
Oh! hear the sweet tone;  
Joy in His presence,  
Thou'rt never alone.

Friends and companions,  
E'en loved ones may chide;  
Heart-sore, forsaken,  
He's still by thy side.  
Strong in His strength  
Christian, onward then go;  
Harmless the arrows  
And darts of the foe.

He is thy shepherd,  
Thy refuge through life,  
Calming the tempests  
Of trouble and strife.  
"Come, heavy-laden,  
Thy burden I'll bear;  
Happiness give thee  
And freedom from care."

Hearken again!  
'Tis thy Father above  
Sendeth thee tidings  
Of peace and of love.  
"Blessed the mourner,  
The meek and the pure,  
Crowned in glory  
If they but endure."

Seasons pass onward,  
Time speedeth its flight;  
Soon comes the dawning  
Of heavenly light.  
"E'en in the valley"  
Thy hand will he hold,  
Gentle will guide thee  
Till safe in His fold.

Blessed consolation!  
All trouble and strife  
We leave in the valley—  
Then, entering life,  
Joyously, gladly,  
We swell the sweet strain;  
"Glory Hallelujah!  
For ever. Amen."

### TROUBLE OF SOUL.

What a powerful picture of a soul without God is that drawn in the prophecy of Isaiah, which describes it as a "troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." This is the work of memory. Let the wrong-doer try to hide his sins as carefully or to bury them as deeply as he knows how, memory will throw them to the surface as troubled waters heave up what has been flung into their depths. When a vessel had sunk in Lake Erie, an effort was made to raise the bodies of the drowned passengers by firing heavy cannon over the spot; and the jar brought them up. So the tremendous artillery of God's justice—manned by those two gunners Memory and Conscience—brings up to our eyes the hideous sins which we thought were buried forever. Conscience utters two great voices. One of them declares "Great peace have they who love God's law; in keeping his commandments is great reward." The other voice is, "There is no peace to the wicked; they are like the troubled sea which cannot rest, the wages of sin is death." Just in proportion as we hear and heed these voices, conscience becomes our sweetest comforter, or our most terrible tormentor.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

### SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR.

I find that in various quarters the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour is looked upon with some measure of suspicion; as though it contained elements that are likely to develop into injury to our churches. I propose, therefore, to relate the result of my own observation of the Society which is in operation in the church of which I am pastor; and also what I think of the principles upon which the Society is founded. The main objects which this Endeavour Society seeks to advance are:

1. To develop religious experience or spirituality in the hearts of young Christians. Every adult Christian who joined the Church in youth remembers the feeling of isolation and the doubts and timidity which obstructed the religious life of those early years. He felt too young for the church prayer-meetings. He did not get in the Bible class that devotional opportunity which was needed to train him to take part in

public service. There are always such distrustful persons who need to be encouraged, and even urged, and indeed almost compelled to come forward. For such, I think this Society is admirably adapted. It requires only what the name indicates—*Endeavour—I will try*. And that endeavour is made just as easy as it possibly can be. The member is expected to take some part, however slight, in each meeting—to repeat a text of Scripture, to recite a verse of a hymn, to express a sentiment, however simple. Thus the timid individual is accustomed to hear his own voice in a meeting, is led on from step to step to do more, until at last he is able to offer prayer in the weekly meetings of the church. Now one cannot, week after week, pass through this process of learning texts of Scripture, and hymns, and thinking out a religious sentiment without growing in grace and increasing in the knowledge of God. The most delightful service I attend is the monthly meeting of this Society, when the roll is called and each member responds in the way I have described. I learn what verses of the Bible are selected by these young persons, I see from the devotional poetry repeated the tendency of their religious thoughts; and even from the manner in which those are spoken I note the measure of strength or timidity in their natures. I know that these meetings furnish me a valuable opportunity of learning the degree of heart-culture that is going on. I seem to have my finger upon the pulse of the young church-life. I am sure no pastor can attend such a meeting of his young people and not feel that this society can be made a great blessing. He sees in it a ray of hope for the future of his prayer-meeting. He must regard it as a training school for that purpose. The germ idea of the society is purely religious, and to develop spirituality. It is not primarily for benevolent purposes or for sociability; although these are valuable adjuncts which should have a place. But everything hinges on attending the weekly devotional meeting and taking a part in it.—Geo. S. Mott, D.D.

### IS IT WELL WITH THEE?

It was a breaking heart that responded "It is well." The Shunamite mother had sounded the entire scale of emotion. Hope, joy, possession had gone up in her spirit to the utmost heights of human ecstasy, and then in one short morning agony all was changed. Her life went out with her child's life literally "at noon." But when in her ride to find the prophet, which seems almost like a flight from herself and her sorrow, she is met by the inquiry as to her own and her household's welfare, her reply is not at random. You cannot tell all that was going on in that soul, so tired, so tossed. But you must know that it did not deny or contradict itself: for when sorrow is sincere, its utterance is veracity itself, unquestionable and ultimate. The truth she spake that day was the unconscious prophecy of faith. Her soul held like a smitten ship by its anchored trust. When she pulled at that line, she was not only safe, but in the way to salvation. With the child laid on the bed on the man of God, as on an altar of offering and of prayer, she met the messenger and cried out "It is well." Was she not right? When the world has done its worst, what is there more to fear? If *then* there is one hope in place of despair, all is indeed well. It is the sublimity of faith that it goes up to God, and not down into the abyss, when it has come to "the ends of the earth." Our poor human hearts are often "overwhelmed" like ships that the seas submerge. But our faith in God is a strong angel that hovers over the place where the heart went down, and it will lift it up out of the depths, and land it safe at length in the "everlasting arms."

It contents some to say that we are only shadows; that God is only a greater shadow; and that our religion is a worship of shadows. But every man knows that love and joy and sorrow are realities; and when you begin to admit one substance into your life, you must go on to acknowledge all the rest. More than this, if love of child or wife or mother is substantial, they are of the earth, yet there is One above them all. Is not the love of our Father in heaven the greatest reality? Tell us, if you can, where to seek anything more real than the sorrow of that smitten mother. Then dare to say her trust was only a shadow. You see the whole fabric of this shallow system of doubt and denial, crushes itself and collapses like a baseless arch. He that insists that the only substance is matter—who cries out for ground, for clay or rock under his feet, in order that he may be sure of his foothold—should in consistency shiver in affright because the star-swinging systems above and beneath are not moored to some mountain of sand, or at least floated on some ocean of mud. Ah, doubter of things spiritual, the safe spirit sails freely in the presence of the Infinite One, and holds firmly the Hand held out from beyond the visible and perishing.

It pleases some to say that our faith in God is cowardice; that to trust in God is what no brave man would desire to do in his extremity. Yet in all the annals of courage where do you find a braver heart than hers who faced that day the worst of this world's woes, and yet answered, "It is well?" Then think of all that do say so now, though the lips are white with the greatness of their grief. They falter not; they complain not. They cry anon, as did He in Gethsemane, "If it be possible, let this cup pass." But when He puts it into their hands, they do not dash it away; nor do they pretend like the pagan philosopher of the past and the twice hardened of to-day, that it is only bitter to the sense. Nay, they drink it when its bitterness touches the soul, and they say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." This is the sublimity of courage, and it is only the man who has a supreme and a serene faith in God, that is brave enough to live with any joy in a world like this. God give to us that faith by which we gain and hold his greatest Gift! Over us who rejoice, as over them who mourn, may there sound the sweet refrain of the song of the life beyond: "It is well, always well, with him who believeth."—Rollin A. Sawyer, D.D.