

Our Contributors.

CONCERNING THE ZEAL THAT SWEATS.

BY KNOXIAN

An excellent article in the *Christian-at Work* on "Beaten Oil for the Sanctuary," ends with this most timely and suggestive sentence:—

GOD BLESSES THE ZEAL THAT SWEATS.

If any of our readers have been at Boston this summer perhaps they would prefer saying, the zeal that *berspires*, but we do not like to take liberties with the text of the article. The *Christian-at Work* is a very high-toned, dignified journal, and if it says *sweats* there cannot be anything very improper in using that stout little Saxon word to qualify zeal, though *berspire* might perhaps be better in some other connections. Let us then say *sweats*.—*God blesses the zeal that sweats.*

There is a good deal of zeal about just now that doesn't sweat to any extent.

There is, for example, the zeal that *shouts*. Some men are always shouting. If they give an unfortunate man the nickel cent that their grocer refused to take, they always mount the nearest housetop and shout something about their self-sacrificing efforts to feed and clothe the poor. If they happen not to forget to say their prayers some morning they are almost certain to tell somebody during the day about the time they spend in devotional exercises. We heard of an evangelistic fellow once who used to begin his meetings by smacking his lips and rubbing his hands and say *nx*. "Most delightful hour of prayer before coming down to the hall this evening." Now it was all right to have that hour of prayer—if he had it. Prayer is the right exercise before a religious meeting, but why shout about it?

The zeal that shouts but never sweats is having a good time just now. The newspapers give that kind of zeal many a lift. We do not for one moment assert that any reputable newspaper takes delight in helping on shouting zeal. Perhaps editors have as much contempt for the zeal that shouts and does nothing more as any other class of men. Possibly they have more, because they are behind the scenes and see the efforts made by the shouters to get the shouting printed. But all the same a newspaper, however unwilling, must always do much in the way of encouraging mere shouting zeal because the newspaper is the best medium through which the shouter can shout.

The zeal that shouts is very deceptive. Human nature delights in being gulled, especially in religious matters, and nothing does the gulling business better than noisy zeal. The most hollow hearted hypocrite can deceive even the very elect if he advertises his zeal and assumed superiority skilfully. Just let a man pretend to be very much holier and much more zealous than anybody else, and the number of fairly good people who take him at his own estimate is simply marvellous. Gentle reader, be careful about trusting zeal that shouts but never sweats. If zeal sweats in the brain, or in the pocket it is all right, but be careful about the kind that does nothing but make a noise.

The zeal that merely shouts is bad enough, but it is not so dangerous as

THE ZEAL THAT SHATTERS.

Men who are afflicted with this kind of zeal want to tear everything to pieces. The country is not progressing as well as they would like, and their remedy would be a revolution that might destroy it altogether. The Church is not doing as much good as it might do, and they would reform it out of existence. These people never want to think that a remedy may easily be worse than a disease. They never ask what next. Their plan is to cure the disease by killing the patient. Now that certainly is an effective way, but most people would consider it rather hard on the patient. Burn up a city and probably you destroy most of the typhoid germs, but when the fire is over you have no city. Destroy a congregation because the preacher does not preach well or because the choir sings voluntaries, and of course you get rid of the preacher and the voluntaries, but you get rid of the congregation at the same time. The children of this world know that it never pays to cut off your nose to get rid of a wart or to amputate your toe to get away with a corn, but the children of light are often not half as wise as the children of this world.

The Presbyterian Church is afflicted with a good deal of the zeal that shatters. Our fathers had to fight hard for our rights and liberties, and some of the children want to keep up the fighting when there is nothing to fight about. Our fathers wrung our rights from unwilling tyrants, and some of their descendants want to wring the neck of somebody in order to show that they are worthy of their sires. If they would let the fighting alone when there is nothing to fight about and pray as much and as fervently as some of our fathers did, the Church would be a distinct gainer.

THE ZEAL THAT SPURTS

is a poor variety. Whether it is better than no zeal at all is a question on both sides of which something might be said. One thing everybody knows, and that is that spurtive zeal is terribly exasperating. A shallow fellow who never did an hour's work for God or humanity, nor paid a dollar for any good cause, gets his sheet-iron nature heated up at a protracted meeting or in some other way. He shouts. He shrieks. He denounces the elders for being slow. He de-

clares the minister does not preach the Gospel. He says the Sabbath school teachers do not care for the souls of the children. He vows that the members of the Church are all hypocrites. He'll preach himself and convert the whole country in a few evenings. By and bye the spurt begins to exhaust itself. The sheet-iron nature cools. The spurt ends in nothing and the old elders and ministers and Sabbath school teachers have to go on with the work as usual, the only difference being that they have to undo some of the mischief done in the spurt. They have to spend some time and a good deal of patience in putting out fires that the spurtive genius kindled. The zeal that merely spurts never sweats because it never lasts long enough to start the perspiration.

THE ZEAL THAT SPUTTERS

is not much better than the zeal that spurts. Sputtering zeal fusses around, busies itself with everything, has something to say about everything and everybody, but never does any real effective work.

In short the only kind of zeal worth anything is the kind that *sweats*. Whether it sweats in the pocket or in the brain is not a matter of much moment. The point is to sweat *somewhere*. Zeal of this kind works long and steady, and makes sacrifices when duty calls for sacrifices. Usually it is quiet. A man who is doing any really useful work does not need to stand on the highest stump in the field and shout, behold my zeal! A man who has made any impression on a community does not need to be everlastingly referring to his labours. The impression speaks for itself. A record that has to be continually aired to keep it alive will soon die anyway, and the trouble of airing it might as well be saved.

Gentle reader, have you any zeal? If so, is it the kind that sweats?

LETTER FROM FORMOSA.

In a letter dated Formosa, Tamsui, August 20, 1891, Rev Dr G L MacKay says: Herewith are notes of a journey this year to Eastern Formosa.—

COMPANIONS IN TRAVEL.

Going through the North of this Island in former years, I have had as fellow travellers (not including missionaries) men of more than one nationality, e.g., English, American, Danish and German, also of more than one persuasion, viz. Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, and Lutheran, all of whom I really enjoyed. On my last tour throughout Eastern Formosa, this year from May 9 until June 5, I had the very great pleasure of being accompanied by a Scotch Presbyterian—Doctor Alexander Rennie, of Aberdeen, Scotland—who is a man at once able, active, sensible and eminently practical. Having previously arranged he now armed himself with a fine hunting piece to bring down specimens and a new camera of beautiful finish and mechanism for taking views and portraits.

A-Hôa (Rev. Giam) Sun-á and Ká-w-á took a supply of medicines and my steel forceps were rolled up in one of our baskets. We were thus ready for a journey together in full expectation of toil, labour and pleasure.

MODES OF TRAVEL.

Leaving here Dr. Rennie boarded a large steamer and went by sea to Kelung. The rest of us took a steam launch to Báng-kah, thence by train to the above port. On the 11th of May at 8 a.m., we met in the Kelung chapel and set out together. We walked nearly the whole day though sedan chairs were behind, lest anyone should be prostrated with fever. By far the greater part of our journey was accomplished on foot. At times we perspired to overflowing and more than once arrived at stations drenched wet. To sit or recline in a sedan chair is to all Europeans with whom I am acquainted a positive discomfort. Everyone longs to be out and on his legs, whether it be along muddy plains, up rugged ranges or down precipitous paths. Absolute necessit, (not comfort) compels one in such a malarious clime as this to employ at times the ever-troublesome chair coolies. Our open fishing smack which conveyed us from So Bay to Kí-lí, and back was the largest on hand. From head to stern she measured twenty feet and across the middle five feet. We numbered twenty in all including six oarsmen. The baskets and baggage of all concerned left little spare room for passengers. One had to shift between lying, sitting, crouching and standing. Sea sickness overpowered the occupants until moaning and vomiting became general. On three occasions we were exposed to the streaming heat of a fiery sun. Once when close to the bank, within three miles of Ká-le-oan, two men swam out and ran for aid to haul us ashore. For two long hours we lay on the glassy deep under a fiercely glaring orb. Then when returning the parties engaged to shove us afloat were delayed so we were scorched high and dry as a taste of what was to follow. When midway we got becalmed with a strong current against us. The thermometer stood 105° in the boat. A flaming sun showered his rays thick and heavy. Yon glittering sea threw them back flaring in our faces. Matting and blankets were stretched across and some of us tried underneath but found such a situation too suffocating. Dr. Rennie held out half-stretched on the bottom. I crawled out and sat a stern and soon succumbed under the blazing furnace and vomited worse than during a storm. Wretchedness took possession of the craft and contents, for the rowers became like dead men. By-and-bye a breeze sprang up and revived us, like water to a thirsty land. Dr. Rennie said, "Well, we have had a narrow escape from sun-stroke and its consequences, that was fearful, dangerous, terrible." On entering the Lám-hong-ò chapel with its comfortable rooms we forgot

noises, vomiting and heat. In Kí-lí I rode the same pony as during my previous visit. The owner at once arranged with a petty officer to provide one for my friend. A lively grey appeared with bells dangling on his neck. There was not much "run" in them; still we enjoyed a fine time on horseback over the plain and into aboriginal villages. Pi-po-hoan converts tied a bamboo pole on each side of an ordinary sitting chair and carried A-Hôa in thorough style. Each one had a turn on foot, in the saddle, and by the unstable sedan.

WEATHER WHEN TRAVELLING.

As stated above, intense glow of the sun characterized several days. Fine weather seventy-two hours and heavy rains the remainder. The result was paths of mud, sticky and slippery. And what with water-buffaloes kept near, even to huts or stables joining the dwelling houses all around several villages and chapels, we were like "side-roads" in Canada when wheels go down to the hubs. If that don't give an idea I give it up.

PLACES VISITED.

Though we crossed a region of mountains and valleys, our object was to view two plains called by the Chinese Kap-tsu-lán and Kí-lí. Both are of comparatively recent geological date. The latter was unquestionably not long ago a well-sheltered bay, and became gradually filled up by accumulations of river deposit and mountain debris. The process can now be seen in the way of shingle being washed ashore and the table lands extended. The name Kap-tsu-lán is significant. China has a cycle of sixty years. On the first year, "Ká-tsu," of the last sexagenary cycle that plain was opened up and settled by Chinese from the mainland, etc.; hence the name. This year 1891 is called Sin-bau of the present cycle, and is number twenty-eight. Thus 60 + 28 are the years since that fertile land was wrenched from thirty-six aboriginal villages, only a few of which are still existing. These poor people have been scattered and as we witness every trip, many are making new homes on virgin soil. This time we were welcomed into five new villages with rejoicing. What is the use regretting that we did not give them a glorious Gospel fifty years ago when the land was still theirs? We live in the present, let us work this present hour, for all the dwellers there will yet bow before our King.

Hear to-day's letter from a preacher at one village: "The Chinese are waking up; two women threw idols away. Chinese will soon want a chapel."

PEOPLES SEEN.

We went through Chinese towns with their filthy, narrow streets, settlements with well-regulated drains and cultivated fields, houses with open court yards and well-fed pigs, but everywhere and always those of the "middle kingdom" are about the same. There is an air of superiority even in the short trousered, grass-shod, and bare-headed coolie. Note though what we have accomplished by persistent refusal to be called barbarians during the past. Though my friend was a stranger we were called such not more than nine times and that by children. What a change! Let us continue in the same lines, explaining, teaching, exhorting and rebuking—more fruits to follow. All the villages of Pi-po-hoan and those of 4,000 aborigines in the plains were inspected, while savages from the mountains came out to see their long-lost kinsmen. We passed near and hailed a band of another tribe on the beach. They were armed, looked fierce, and ran as on the "war-path" along the shore as our boat moved slowly over the waters. Pieces of cloth were held up but they showed signs of irritation and wheeled about with a defiant look. Ethnologically considered, there are only two classes, viz. Mongolian and Malayan or Chinese and Aborigines—of the latter we beheld representatives of six tribes.

HALTING STAGES.

We put up for the night mostly in comfortable chapels; on account of heavy rains a number were damp enough. In new land, dark, small, low and wet rooms (the best there) were joyfully put at our disposal. At the home of a Chinaman who kindly invited us, Dr. Rennie was not far from the ox stable, and I was near a pig pen. Offensive smells came from various quarters. A rather clean rattan floor in a savage hut was very acceptable for one night. We lodged in the best places at our command, cleaned them out as for permanent residence and spread rice chaff (according to my custom for eighteen years) three inches deep all over moist, mouldy, mud floors. I write thus, neither complaining nor for sympathy, but present facts without one stroke of colouring. The man who smiles and pretends such abodes are not injurious to the human system simply smiles his culpable ignorance of that system. Missionaries are not exempt from God's eternal laws. We know the miasma—the invisible, deadly malaria—is there. I say we know it and have no better place on hand, so we enter—enter on duty with our eyes wide open as to the effects.

We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.

At Kí-bu-lan as we came up to the chapel and the converts gathered around, the sharp and sympathetic eye of the medical practitioner saw at one glance the havoc caused by such a poison. "Look here," he said, "ninety-five per cent. need medicine." After seeing the bed-room he added, "This place would give a horse fever, and kill him too." We spent many a night there though, and before having a chapel lived days and nights in a smaller, darker, and wetter room,