

## Our Contributors.

### SOME SOURCES OF MILLIONS OF MISCHIEFS.

BY KNONONIAN.

Shakespeare makes one of his characters say that he fears "some that smile have in their hearts millions of mischiefs." It is quite true that some smiling men are not any better than they ought to be. The great dramatist says in another tragedy that one may "smile and smile, and be a villain." So one may. Some of the greatest villains that infest society are smiling men. The most pestiferous humbug in politics and in the Church is the man who constantly smiles on people to make them believe that he has a great interest in them and is panting to promote their welfare. People like to be humbugged. The smiling man knows that and he governs himself accordingly. Just why men who ought to be wise as serpents should love to be gulled is a mystery, but it is a fact all the same.

It would be a good thing for this world if smiling men were the only sources from which millions of mischiefs may come. There are millions of mischiefs in

#### ONE BARREL OF WHISKEY.

Rolled off the dray at the store door, it may look as innocent as a barrel of flour, but there may be half-a-dozen murders in that barrel of liquor and there often is. One of the English judges stated the other day that he had sentenced four men in as many days to be hanged for murder and that each of the four had been brought to the gallows through strong drink. There is no power in human language to describe the suffering, the sorrow and the crime caused by the drink habit. The direct injury and suffering are great and the indirect wrongs that come from the habit are by no means inconsiderable. You sometimes see men banded together in politics, in municipal affairs, in school management, and tell it not in Gath, sometimes in Church affairs, and the only tie that binds them is love of whiskey. The bond that binds them is the bottle. A combination of that kind, and such combinations are by no means rare, is an unmitigated evil in a free country over and above the direct shame and sorrow, crime and suffering caused by the drinking usages of society.

There are millions of mischiefs

#### IN POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

The existence of a nation in which any considerable number of public men are corrupt, in which a large number of the people condone corruption, and a large number more are themselves venal, is only a matter of time. Assuming that the Almighty has not changed His procedure in the treatment of nations, national corruption must aid in national extinction. If the poison could be kept in the politics, decay might be averted at least for a time, but it cannot be kept there. What more natural than that a business man, who defends dishonesty in his favourite politicians, should find his own clerks practising dishonesty. Can he complain if they do? They only apply to their employer's till the theory of morals that their employer applies to the till of the nation. If a man defends fraud with a voters' list, can he expect his son or his clerk to be honest with other documents. If a citizen defends or ignores uncleanness in a public man, can he complain if his own son follows the example of the man his father lionizes? Can the citizen who champions a drunken public man wonder if his own sons imitate their father's hero? Can he wonder if his daughter marries an incipient drunkard and debauchee? They see their father working night and day to put a drunkard or debauchee or dishonest man in a place of honour and trust. Can the young people be blamed if they imitate their father's hero?

Political corruption strikes indirectly at the very root of everything that is pure in the family, and honest in business, and because it does so strikes at all that is vital in the nation. Perhaps the worst feature of the case is the cynical contempt for truth, which always comes with low political morality. Men sneer at any statement and question any fact when the political "boom" is on. We call this a Christian nation. How often has it happened that party managers, some of them prominent men in society, have published, perhaps with the knowledge and consent of prominent so-called Christians in the party, the most villainous falsehoods on the morning of polling day and published them solely in the hope that they might damage their opponents before there was time to reply? How can an average man expect truth amidst a deluge of lies? If a newspaper habitually, systematically, persistently lies about politics, why believe anything in its columns? If a merchant goes on the platform and brazenly lies about his political opponents, why believe him over the counter? A lawyer who deliberately lies in politics is not to be trusted with the secrets of his clients, nor a doctor who does so with the confidences of his patients. The fact is, rottenness in politics soon produces rottenness all round.

People who admit the existence of political evils sometimes deny their danger. They contend that there is one code of morals for politics and another for business and family affairs. All we can say, is that we know of only one decalogue. We may of course be mistaken, but we have always been under the impression that the command, "Thou shalt not steal," applied to the public treasury as well as to a bank or a private purse. We really have had the opinion that "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," applied

to the utterances of public men, but of course we do not know much about these things. Our ideas may not be sufficiently advanced to meet the views of the "heeler," and the "boss," and the "campaign liar," and the distributor of the "influence," and the writer who admits it is a huge lie, but good enough for election material, and all these clean and worthy citizens who rule this country. There may indeed be two codes of morals—one for affairs of state and one for other affairs. All we say is, we never saw more than one. Indeed, it may be possible to be a filthy, dishonest, lying sot in public, and a clean, good man in business and in the family. All we say is, we do not understand how the thing is done and find no authority for it in a book that we were trained to look upon as authority on such questions.

At the present time political corruption is producing thorough and unutterable contempt for the administration of the law, we shall not say the administration of justice. How can anybody with a sense of right and wrong have any respect for forms that imprison a hungry boy for taking a biscuit, and not only acquit, but honour men who have stolen hundreds of thousands. If that ragged, untaught, homeless, motherless, hungry lad, who is handed by the police into the cell and from the cell sent to prison, had been a cabinet minister and had stolen a million or corrupted the morals of more than a million, he would have been a hero, and churchwardens and class-leaders, elders and evangelists, women and clergymen would have vied with each other in doing him honour.

We began this paper with the intention of pointing out several sources from which millions of mischiefs come to Church and State, but we have tapped only two. Thanksgiving Day and the review articles on bribery published on the other side naturally make one think of the dangers to which one's own country is exposed. The dangers are all the greater and more imminent because they are denied by some, ignored by many, laughed at by not a few, and too often defended by men who pose as intensely loyal and patriotic citizens. With too many, the simple statement, "The other side is just as bad," is a sufficient defence for any kind of corruption.

#### CHINESE NATIVE PREACHERS.

The following letters from Dr. G. L. Mackay, dated respectively Formosa, Tamsui, September 10 and 15, 1892, have, through the courtesy of Mr. Hamilton Cassels, Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee, been forwarded for publication:—

Upwards of threescore years ago a peasant lived at Pat-li-hun, on the opposite side of Tamsui Harbour. There a son was born in 1831. The first twelve years of his life were like any ordinary farmer's boy in that region. Days were divided between playing and fishing. Afterwards parents and children moved to Lam-khamn, ten miles south. There the second twelve years were devoted to unceasing study of the Chinese classics. At the end of that time this young man, as an enthusiastic admirer of Confucius and an ardent lover of the sage's "Analects," entered on his duties as teacher of the only writings under heaven able to make men learned, wise and ceremonious, and, alas, conceited. A dozen years were faithfully given to the work, during which time he made many admirers. In Tho-a-hng, four miles distant, there was a house (not so now) with an upper storey for the most zealous Buddhists (vegetarians), to assemble, entertain visitors and chant traditions of the great Buddha. The leader noticed our aspiring Confucian teacher present several times, and arranged to entrap him. He succeeded by flattery, kindness and pretended sanctity. He was induced to join their number and thus escape this world's allurements, etc. Accordingly he abandoned the school-room, deserted his family and travelled far and near with two baskets on a bamboo pole, gathering old papers with characters, exhorting people to cease eating flesh, and entreating them to strive for entrance into Nirvana. As a matter of fact, the fellow, like the founder of Buddhism, got disgusted with riotous living, which enfeebled his constitution. Rambling one day he stepped into a chapel and met a preacher who studied under the canopy of heaven and graduated in the university of experience. Swords were drawn, with the result that the victorious Christian escorted the baffled Buddhist to my quarters. He appeared genial and intellectual; but the physical man was greatly enervated. "Why," said he, "Confucianism I found wanting, and I am completely upset with this new doctrine, already I can perceive its superiority. I see there is a clear solid foundation. God the Creator is God the Controller and God the Redeemer."

It is well known, but a too much neglected fact, that the body and mind act reciprocally on each other. I put the man under a course of treatment, and in three months he was restored to health and household. Thereupon he searched that grand revelation made by the world's Creator in the unseen universe, and turned from the unreal, unscientific and unsatisfactory effusions of finite, frail and futile brains.

He now rejoiced in partaking of God's gifts to men, whether found in ocean, air, or land. In 1876, April 17, he was baptized at Go-ko-khi, and a few months afterwards entered our ranks as a student, and travelled like the rest of us barefooted along rock-bound shores, through crowded towns and over rugged mountains, revelling in God's equally wonderful creation and revelation.

He never ceased comparing his experiences of Buddhism with dreams, pleasant enough, but only dreams that vanish.

Exactly so, the "Light of Asia" in North Formosa is dark, soporific and destructive. At length he was appointed preacher and brought his family to the chapel. Twelve months afterwards the eldest son, a young Confucianist teacher, embraced the Gospel, and, with a still younger son, have been preachers of the glorious way of salvation for years.

From Au-lang, on the west of So-bay, on the east coast, the father laboured in this mission, always with a success peculiar to himself. Faithful in duty, he was nevertheless exceedingly popular amongst all classes of heathens and Christians. Kind in heart, forgiving in spirit and venerable in appearance, (with long, white, flowing beard), he disarmed prejudice, conquered opposition and won many friends to the cause. His first wife died many years ago and he married a Pi-po-hoan on Palm Island, who became a convert when we were rebuilding the Ke-lung chapel after the French departed. Seeing him fail in strength during my last tour in Eastern Formosa, he was ordered (much according to his own desire) back to Palm Island. When there only a few days he summoned the children to his bedside and uttered his last words on earth April 21, 3 p.m.

"Now I am done with this world, go you all and pray. Jesus has sent an angel for me, I'm going home."

Thus Sian Tai Sun, sixty-one years of age, passed from that little room below to the mansions vast above.

October 12, 1891, I wrote about another preacher sixty-two years old, who passed into glory. I suppose the letter went astray. Ko Chin was farmer in 1872, drover in 1873, member in 1875, elder in 1879, learner in 1882, preacher in 1884, and victor in 1890.

Ko Hok, the only child of his parents, was born in 1860, about fifteen miles from Ke-lung, amongst rugged mountain ranges, where tree-ferns forty feet high spread their magnificent fronds on the leeward slopes and along dark, deep valleys. He was reared amid the deprivations of hardy peasants in that region, and lost his mother when ten years old attending a small school. Soon afterwards the father moved to Sin-tiam and began trade in the village. The first preaching hall there was a room in the shop, and when a new building was being erected the young lad laboured most assiduously for the cause. After its completion at every night's service he was an intelligent and eager hearer.

I baptized him November 23, 1879, and some time after he was enrolled as a student. Though small in stature, he was large in intellect, and stood first during his last term in college. At that time he recited the Shorter Catechism and one hundred psalms, etc., without making a single mistake. His success as a preacher throughout this field was very marked; and especially at Pat-li-hun, his last charge. The work got a great impulse under his faithful instruction and visitation. There he became ill after exposure, and would not be contented until brought across here. A room was put at his disposal in the college. On the 11th ult. I left him very weak and started for Pak-tan. He wished to know if I would be back that day? When answered in the affirmative, he smiled and said, "I'm all right," meaning his soul. But ere I returned God summoned him away. The following I gathered from his wife, several preachers and Mrs. M., who were with him at the last moments: At noon he anxiously enquired if I arrived. He wished we would sing "I to the hills, etc.," and thus bid him farewell. He was conscious that the time of his departure was at hand. Exhorted his wife and child never to forsake the Lord God.

The last hour he kept repeating the names Saviour, Paul, Daniel, etc. The eve before when all the students, etc., were singing in college hall, he jumped out of bed and stood outside weeping.

He repeated several times the words, "Why, why, did Jesus suffer so much for us?" Gently whispered, "I'm going to heaven, if I just get a small corner there it will be all I am worthy to receive." Ko Hok slept in peace.

Next day at eleven a.m. we laid the remains of this young faithful preacher in the native cemetery. In the evening I addressed all on Rev. vii. 9-10. "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people and tongues, etc." That's what the great God of the unseen universe says, no matter then, what prejudiced or worldly man on His footstool may think or do, He will triumph over all His foes and fill His boundless mansions with souls redeemed by Jesus of Nazareth. Yours sincerely, G. L. MACKAY.

#### MISSION METHODS.

Various and diversified are the methods of evangelizing adopted in the different mission fields of the world, wisely and necessarily so, for they must be adapted to the several races, their religious conceptions, civilization and idiosyncrasies, educational, medical, colportage, Bible reading, tract distribution, household visitation, Zenana women, mothers, clubs, industrial institutions, and so forth, all excellent and efficacious auxiliaries for the spread of the Gospel truth, but auxiliaries only to the divinely-appointed *viva voce* preaching of God's message to man in the pulpits, platform, open air gatherings, or small groups and individuals, for none of them, nor all combined, can replace or substitute that higher mode of penetrating the heart and arousing the conscience. When all, or most, of these auxiliaries are employed by the agency of earnest, devoted, consecrated men and women, the