

The Family.

THE LOWER ORDERS.

Who are the "lower orders?" Not those who toil all day, And for fair wages give good work, As honest workmen may. Faithful to wife, and kind to child, And true to self and God! Such men are of the noblest Who live on rough paths have trod!

—Marionne Farnham.

Christian wife Her part in the mission is incalculable. Her remarkable physical endurance has enabled her to accompany Mr. McAll in fatiguing journeys, and to innumerable services. Her musical talent has provided for the reunions a service of delightful song, and has given to all French-speaking people one of the best collections extant of hymns and tunes for social meetings.

After long and prayerful deliberation with pastors the Christian workers of Paris, Mr. and Mrs. McAll matured their plan of action. On January 17th, 1872, the little shop, 108, Rue Julien Lacroix, near the Rue de Belleville, was opened, and the passers-by invited to enter. Forty-five accepted this first invitation. They found inscriptions upon the walls, many of the people being ignorant that these were from the Bible. They were offered a little book of French hymns, and politely invited to a seat. They were asked to sing together one or two of the hymns, led by the little harmonium played by Mrs. McAll. A few verses were read from the Word of God. It was the first time that many of them had seen a Bible. They sang again. Then followed two short Gospel talks. They were told just what they knew themselves to be, and they were offered just what they most needed. All was so simple that a child could understand, all so free that a beggar might receive. Once more they sang together. They were cordially invited to the next reunion, and after a short prayer were bid au revoir. Not least of all, Mr. McAll hastened to the door to take each one by the hand, and to speak to each a kindly salutation.

To these people this service was a new revelation of Divine love and of human sympathy. Two wonderments arose in their minds—(1) Why had such things been so long hid from them? (2) Why had these foreigners now come to tell them? They would know more of this matter, and gladly came to the next reunion. Others passing accepted the invitation to enter. The little room was full. Better yet, souls promptly responded to the loving message of the Gospel. What a joy to Mr. and Mrs. McAll. They had said to themselves, "It is worth while to fail in such a cause." But they were not to fail. How little did they then dream of the great things to which their Lord had called them! One mistake they had made—the little room was all too small for them. A large ballroom, 112, Rue de Belleville, was leased. More chairs were bought, and the people were invited to enter. This large room was at once crowded. The work broadened and deepened. Schools for children were held on Saturdays and Thursdays. The children were delighted with the new sweet stories of the Bible, and with the bright songs. Mothers' meetings followed, Bible-classes for young people, visitation from house to house, distribution of tracts, Gospel, &c.

Then came the call to open a second station; then a third and a fourth. These calls were obeyed in the same trusting spirit as was the first, and with the same Divine blessing. Once more the Lord bids his servants "Go forward!" this time, not to another quarter of Paris, but to other cities of France. Anxious they listened to learn if they were indeed the voice of God. The answer came, was no mistaking, they gladly obeyed. To Lyons, to Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, and to many another city of France, the McAll Mission went; even to Corsica, Algeria, and Tunis. And to-day the little room at Belleville has become a hundred stations, in which last year were held over sixteen thousand services, attended by nearly one million of souls. We might rest here, to consider what God hath wrought, were the call not urgent to still more extended endeavour. It really seems as though the purpose of God, voiced to Mr. McAll by that *ouvrier* of Paris nearly fifteen years ago, meant in its fulness, "Thou shalt call a nation."

No one can follow the history of this Mission without being impressed that from first to last it has been ordained of God. No man ever devised it. Every step has been taken only in obedience to the suggestion and direction of God. Another inviting feature of the McAll Mission is its simplicity. There are no paraphernalia. The shops and stores are often of the plainest. But they are wisely chosen on the busy thoroughfares, where the people are. And the service has no other aim than the immediate salvation of souls. All controversy is forbidden. No laboured attacks upon the Church of Rome are allowed—nothing but the direct, simple preaching of the Gospel of Christ.

God has wonderfully provided men and means to accomplish the work. Helpers have come from Great Britain, America, and from many lands. Prominent among these were the lamented Rev. G. T. Dodds and his devoted wife, followed by Rev. C. E. Greig, Rev. S. R. Brown, Mr. Wm. Soltan, and others, and a noble band of consecrated women; and these not from one particular church denomination, for the McAll Mission is *interdenominational* in its workers and in its work. Its creed is that of the Evangelical Alliance. It offers a happy instance of harmonious working together of God's children from many lands and of many sects. And this not to build up a particular church, but having won these souls to Christ, to seek to connect them with one or other of the various evangelical churches of France.

A large part of the labour has been accomplished by French Protestant pastors and laymen. In the McAll Mission those devoted brethren have found what they have so long prayed for—access to the multitudes who were wearied with Popery, and who yet knew no other alternative but atheism. As these increasing multitudes thronged the reunions *populaires*, many a Christian worker has gone down with Mr. McAll to the streets and lanes of the cities of France to greet this populace and tell them of the Christ. Noble French pastors, like Pastors Frach, Tréodore, Monod, Re Colin, De Pressensé, Bersier, Dhombres, Hollaré, and many others, and such laymen as MM. Saillens, Réveillaud, Sautier, &c. And outside of Paris this call has often come from pastors who have voluntarily assumed the main responsibility of the work.

The question will be asked, "Whence has come the financial support for so large a work? Rents are costly in principal streets of large cities. The salaries though small are many. God has not only turned the hearts of true men and devoted women to do the work; He has in most unexpected ways provided the silver and the gold. From the very first, *The Christian* has made known the progress of the Mission, and forwarded the goodly offerings of its readers. Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D., wrote that thrilling book, "The White Fields of France," and thus secured a large response. Leading Christian philanthropists

have formed local committees in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other cities, for systematic support of the McAll Mission. And America has organised a national association, pledged to aid the work. It has been accepted as a precious seal of the Divine blessing that, while there are moments of painful lack, and while the progress of the work is greatly limited by scarcity of money, yet wherever the story of the Mission is told, God directly moves his children to respond for his support.—*Abridged from The Christian.*

THE EASTERN PATHERS OF OUR CHURCH.

At the last regular monthly meeting of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, Sir Adams G. Archibald in the chair. Rev. Dr. Burns read a paper on "Centenary Memories," the summary of which is given in the *Chronicle*, we have much pleasure in giving to the readers of the REVIEW. The paper was exhaustive, instructive and full of valuable and interesting historic reminiscence, showing a vast amount of research by the writer. It dealt principally with the three centennial celebrations which have occurred in connection with the Presbyterian church during the present year—that of the first preaching of Rev. James McGregor, D.D., at Pictou, in July; that of the formation of the first presbytery at Truro, in August; and that of the organization of the first Presbyterian congregation at New Glasgow, in September. Dr. Burns thought it right to enshrine in the memory of the just that lessons might be gathered from their character and career. He first went back to 1766, twenty years before the advent of the centennial epoch, and told of the labours, adventures and hardships of Rev. James Murdoch, who came out from Ireland, and laboured for thirty-three years in Nova Scotia. Rev. Mr. Murdoch hailed from Donegal and received a commission from his Irish presbytery. He laboured for a season among what was then called the "Dissenters" of Halifax. Dr. Burns thought the Haligonians of those days seemed to have need of a missionary, for one of them writing to Dr. Styles said, "The business of one-half of the town appears to be make rum; of the other half to drink it." Mr. Murdoch married a daughter of Malschy Salter, and went to live at Grand Pré; his labours extended through Halifax, Colchester, Kings and Cumberland counties; he died in 1799, in the 55th year of his age. By the death of Eamish Murdoch the name became extinct, but through Rev. Mr. Murdoch's daughters his descendants bear the names of Duffus, Cunard, Morrow, Henry, Ritchie and Sangster. In 1764 or 1765 Rev. James Lyon came to Pictou to minister to the pioneer settlers, but he only remained seven years, so Rev. James Murdoch may rightly be called the father of Presbyterianism in Nova Scotia. The other predecessors of Rev. Dr. McGregor were Rev. Thomas Russell, who came out to minister in St. Matthew's church Halifax (but who only remained three years), Rev. Andrew Brown, Dr. Charles Inglis, Rev. Daniel Lock, Rev. John Brown, Rev. David Smith, Rev. B. Rowan Comingo, Rev. George Gilmore, and Rev. Hugh Graham, whose labours and history were successively sketched. It was incidentally mentioned that the first pastor of St. Matthew's church in this city was the ancestor of the present American president.

Dr. Burns then beautifully and most interestingly told the life and labours of Rev. Dr. McGregor, from the time of his leaving his native place, the lovely village of St. Fillans, in the parish of Comrie, Perthshire, Scotland, on the banks of Loch Earn, where he was born in 1759. Here dwelt the two clans of McGregor and MacNab; of the latter clan sprang Sir Allen MacNab, who led the troops which suppressed the rebellion of 1837, and proved afterwards so prominent a figure in Canadian history. In May, 1786, when Dr. McGregor was 27 years old, he was selected and instructed by the General Associate Synod, who had been sent to for a minister, to "take the first opportunity of sailing for Nova Scotia." He arrived in Halifax in July of that year, and tramped to Pictou, where he commenced ministering to some five hundred settlers of Pictou, who for the most part were Scotch Presbyterians, having two tongues—English and Gaelic. Then followed the trials and difficulties overcome by Dr. McGregor, and the great good he accomplished, preaching in barns in the summer and dwellings in the winter, and tramping from place to place, keeping the track by "blazed" trees, for there were no roads then. One tramp described was from Pictou to Fredericton, New Brunswick, and return. The preacher was much pained by the "loud talking, laughing and singing" at his first service, and by someone calling out as soon as the benediction was pronounced, "Come, come, let us go to the grog shop." 1787 the first two churches were built. These were of logs, with logs to sit on in place of seats. When Dr. McGregor received his first stipend he used it in buying the freedom of coloured slaves—slavery being then in vogue in this province. Dr. McGregor's labours, which secured for him the title of the "apostle of Nova Scotia," extended throughout New Brunswick, Cape Breton and P.E. Island, and a large part of this province. He died in March 1830, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Rev. Dr. Burns then came down to the constitution of the first presbytery in the Maritime Provinces, on the 2nd August, 1786, with five ministers present—Rev. Daniel Lock, of Truro, moderator; Rev. David Smith, Londonderry; Rev. Hugh Graham, Cornwallis; Rev. James McGregor, Pictou; Rev. George Gilmore, Windsor; six years later the name of Rev. James Munro was added. The lecturer, continuing, gave the name and a pleasing sketch of the career of all those ministers who came to the country subsequently to Rev. Dr. McGregor, and whose names and memory are familiar to the provinces, in connection with ecclesiastical work. This was followed by a historical story of the progress of the province and the city of Halifax, which embraced many amusing incidents, and extracts from the Halifax *Gazette* (newspaper), started in 1752. When Dr. McGregor arrived in Halifax there were 700 homes and 2,500 inhabitants here, and on the Dartmouth side only two families.

In closing Dr. Burns contrasted the progress of the country and its different state now from a hundred years ago—when instead of railway trains and roads there were nothing but almost trackless pathways; when instead of our postal service the mail was despatched in a sack on the back of a courier, who made a trip on foot once a fortnight; and when instead of our splendid educational system the Government voted £100 to the purpose of education. The paper concluded with the words of the George Washington of Nova Scotia—the father of his country—the lamented Hon.

Joseph Howe, when speaking in the cemetery at Truro. When he took his seat Rev. Dr. Burns was greeted with hearty applause. The president, in a few complimentary remarks, spoke of the great value of the paper, on account of its historical research, and short addresses were made by Judge Savary, Col. Black, Dr. Almond, Sr., Mr. Lynch and Mr. Crofton, the latter two moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer.

A QUEER PROVERB.

THERE is a queer old German proverb which tells us, "The best is often the enemy of the good." What does it mean? I think I can show you. Have you ever heard a boy say in school, "I shan't bother over that lesson. I couldn't get to the top of the class if I tried?" He is possibly not a stupid fellow at all; he could take a fair place among his schoolmates, but because he can't have the "best" place he won't try to take a "good" one. So wanting the best actually prevents his doing good.

"The best is the enemy of the good." Another illustration. A man knows it is a good thing to be religious, he even admires a comrade who loves God and worships Him, who denies himself to benefit his wife and children, and to help the very poor; he secretly desires to be like him.

But then he says, "What's the use? I should get tired of going to church every Sunday; I couldn't turn teetotaler; I couldn't give up my pipe; and if I did I should forget myself at times, and fly into a passion with my wife when she contradicts me, or should hit Jem when he don't do as I bid him, and then where should I be? Oh no, I'd better not try."

So because he can't be best all in a minute, as good as a man who for years had lead a Christian life, he won't even try to be good. The best is the enemy of the good here. But ought it to be so? Are not the "good" and the "best" brothers of the same family? Ought not a man to feel I can always try to be good, and if I fail even, I am nearer the best than if I had not tried?

It is a great mistake to think that a man who tries to give up sin for a time and then has a fall, is worse than if he had not tried at all.

I tell you he is better, aye, better though the devil may have got him at a weak moment, and persuaded him to commit the very sin he vowed himself never to commit.

I know the world thinks differently, but never mind the world.

That man has only to rise up ashamed and repentant, and to say humbly "I will try again," and he is in a better position than the scoffer who marks his fall and proclaims it in the market-place, declaring, "Well, I never made any profession, thank God!"

Yes, he often puts in these last two words, though what he has to thank God for, just then, poor fellow, I hardly know.

So the end of this little sermon, dear friends, is, "Try to be good, and never mind being best," and don't let scoffers persuade you that trying to be good is "making a profession."

They hold you up to scorn, if you don't keep to that profession, but if you had no fall, and continued perfectly steadfast, the world would still find fault with you somehow. I am certain, for those who won't try even to be "good," are sure to dislike the man who does. He is a living reminder to them that there is a "better and safer road than the one they are travelling on, and that makes them envious and snarling."—*Selected.*

PUBLISHING BLASPHEMY.

IT is a miserable and mischievous piece of business, this publication of blasphemy, even with a rebuke and condemnation. It cheers on the champion infidel, who seeks notoriety which he supposes to be fame. He is delighted with every attack made upon him, because that is his best advertisement. When wicked men and women read in their daily journal the ribaldry which called forth laughter and applause in a crowded theatre, they are impelled by a strong desire to have part in the fun, and they go the next chance they get. This is human nature. And when a man has made it his business to make money by blasphemy, the more he is denounced for it the more dollars he gets.

But another evil is far worse. It is a positive injury to any good person to have the blasphemy projected into the mind. As the perusal of a bad book suggests thoughts that are an evil and only an evil, so the perusal of a newspaper report of a blasphemous speech infuses ideas into the mind, that it were better never to have dreamed of.

It is going to an extreme to stop up the ears of a child that he may not hear wicked words. But it is right to keep the child out of bad company, to prevent his reading vile books, and to preserve his mind as much as possible from impure thoughts. And the care we would take of a child is the care we should take of ourselves. If we would be delivered from evil, we should keep out of its way.

The family circle ought not to be invaded with newspapers in the morning repeating the blasphemies that regaled the ears of bad men and worse women the night before. Even the protest and rebuke do not excuse the publication. There is no antidote for the poison of a foul thought once lodged in the mind. It is here to stay. We may fight it and try to forget it, but we cannot stifle it or wash it from the memory. This is the mischief and misery the bold blasphemer loves to work. As he rolls his wicked words like a sweet morsel under his tongue, so he delights in the thought that he has filled thousands of righteous souls with wicked ideas which they can never shake off. And in this evil work his greatest aid is the newspaper that reports him.

It is no defence to say if people would not read the reports the papers would not print them. We are quite sure that four-fifths of the readers of any respectable newspaper would be glad to have it served with the blasphemy omitted.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A LITTLE CAPTAIN'S REBUKE.

A bright little boy of six summers who, being dressed in a sailor's suit, styles himself "Captain —," and whose boat, when purchased, is to be called in Rothesay bay, administered rather a severe rebuke to his seniors while seated at the tea table the other evening. He was on a visit with a neighbour of his mamma's to an acquaintance of theirs. When all sat down and had begun tea, one lady observing that the child had not commenced eating, asked, "Are you waiting for the buns, Johnny?" "No!" said Johnny, "I am waiting for the blessing." A blessing was then asked, and the meal was finished in silence.—*Christian Leader.*