

the above statement at the following sederunt. Such are the real facts, and the intelligent reader will not fail to notice the following points: 1. That the meeting at which the real vote was taken on the remit was the March meeting—of which meeting, as also of the fact that the remit was to be considered, all the members had ample notice.

2. That at this meeting the Presbytery decided in favour of Sustentation.

3. That the vote at the April meeting was only a catch-vote. None of the members who favoured Sustentation had the slightest idea that it was intended to re-open the question, nor received the slightest hint or notice to that effect from any of the other parties.

4. That though our friends, in giving notice at one sederunt of a motion to reconsider a matter that had been disposed of at a former meeting of Presbytery, and not entering upon the consideration of it till the next sederunt, may have fulfilled the letter of the law (which, however, I more than doubt), they certainly violated the spirit of it; for evidently the object in requiring notice being given at all in such cases is to prevent the matter being disposed of by a catch-vote.

5. That it is evident the parties themselves were conscious of something being—well, not altogether right, when they would not venture further, when the opportunity offered, than to represent the Presbytery as expressing “no opinion.”

ONE OF THE ABSENT MEMBERS.

29th May, 1882.

LETTERS FROM REV. DR. MACKAY, FORMOSA.

The Rev. Professor McLaren, Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee, has received the following letters, and handed them to us for publication:

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I arrived here last night at midnight, after travelling over plains and mountain ranges. I spent several days at Sâ-kak-éng on account of great crowds gathering together to worship devils. The first day, when approaching the town, I heard sounds as if very familiar. Hark! Why, several Sin-tiàm converts are yonder in the midst of a dense mass, singing “I’m not ashamed to own my Lord,” etc. Is it possible? Why, this has always been regarded as a lawless, hell-deserving place. Yes, possible; true matter-of-fact Sin-tiàm converts dared to shout praises to God in the midst of excited devotees. I felt like shouting at the top of my voice, *Glory to God for evermore!* As I felt, so I acted, at the risk of being branded as crazy. That sweet hymn was being fulfilled—

“Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand
Firm as a rock on ocean’s strand;
Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand,
Sound forth His name o’er sea and land!”

Yes, stand up for Jesus, though fire and sword and death and hell surround us.

We had a glorious time at Sâ-kak-éng and now call on our Master to bless our poor efforts for His name’s sake.

G. L. MACKAY.

Toa-liong-pong, Formosa, Feb. 24th, 1882.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have just returned from several chapels, which I visited under torrents of rain. It seems to me the Church in Canada should know what the native preachers here have done during the past year to relieve human suffering, as well as what the English doctor accomplished in “Mackay Hospital,” Tamsui. During 1881, the native preachers treated 5,128 patients, whilst 1,640 received treatment in the Hospital. Tân-Hé, the preacher at Sin-tiàm, gave medicines to 1,213 people, all of whom heard of the Great Physician from his lips. Every year men and women are led to embrace the Gospel through the instrumentality of these preachers distributing medicines amongst the suffering masses. I regard this preacher at Sin-tiàm as a model labourer. Think of him visiting scores of villages around, distributing medicines to upwards of a thousand people, preaching nearly every evening in the week and four times on Sabbath, and you will have a faint idea of his work. Christians in Canada should never forget these young men when crying unto God for the outpouring of His Spirit.

G. L. MACKAY.

Tamsui, Formosa, March 6th, 1882.

CARLISTS, in small bands, have arisen in Catalonia, Spain, and disturbing symptoms are also evident in the Basque provinces. The Government is not alarmed.

OBITUARIES.

JOHN BAIRD.

Mr. John Baird, an elder of Amos congregation, in the township of Egremont, suddenly departed this life in Mount Forest, on the 29th of May, in the 61st year of his age. He was a man of sterling piety, and was most highly respected and esteemed by the whole community in which he lived. The people of Amos, by whom he was greatly beloved, deeply deplore their loss, and, as a proof of their sincere regard, intend placing a suitable memorial over his grave. On the following Sabbath a funeral sermon, in accordance with the solemn circumstances, was preached by Rev. Mr. McNiven, the pastor, from the text “Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh” (Matt. xxiv. 44). Notwithstanding the wetness of the day, the church was crowded, and many were in tears.

REV. R. G. McLAREN.

The following account of the death of the Rev. R. G. McLaren, retired Presbyterian minister, residing at Greenville, is from the Dundas “True Banner” of the 8th inst: “The many friends of the Rev. R. G. McLaren, of Greenville, were shocked beyond measure on Tuesday morning, on hearing that the unfortunate gentleman had brought his life to an untimely end by committing suicide. It appears that for a long time past Mr. McLaren has been very peculiar in his ways, and has at times acted very strangely, being especially troubled about money matters—although without cause, as his family were in very good circumstances—and it is supposed that one of these fits of depression led to his committing the fatal act. Early on Tuesday morning he rose and went out to the barn, and detaching the reins from the harness tied them over a beam in the hay mow, and passing a loop around his neck let himself fall through the opening where the hay was thrown down. Mrs. McLaren, after he had been out for some time, followed him, and found the body suspended as above. She ran for a knife, and with the help of her daughter cut the lifeless body down. The neighbours were alarmed and medical attendance summoned, but too late. Coroner Walker was also notified, but on enquiry as to the particulars did not deem it necessary to hold an inquest. Mr. McLaren’s son, who occupies a position in a drug store in Mitchell, was telegraphed for at once. Mr. McLaren was in his 49th year, and was for many years a minister of the Church of Scotland, but had given up active ministerial work for some years. The funeral takes place to the Dundas Cemetery this (Thursday) morning.”

JAMES GRAY.

Died, on May 22nd, 1882, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, Mr. James Gray, ruling elder in the Presbyterian congregation of West Flamboro’. The subject of this notice was born in Howick, Scotland, on the 1st day of June, 1803. In the year 1833 Mr. Gray emigrated to Canada, accompanied by his wife, who has long preceded him to the grave, and was guided by a wise Providence to the township of Beverly, Ont., where he continued to reside until the time of his death, a period of forty-nine years. On his arrival in Beverly he connected himself with the Secession congregation which was just organized in West Flamboro’ under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Thos. Christie, who had come out from the parish of Halm, Orkney, in the preceding year, 1832. In the same year he was chosen with others to the office of ruling elder, which he continued to fill to the day of his death, a period of forty-nine years. As a man, he was intelligent, truthful, upright, unassuming, cheerful and warm-hearted; as a ruler, punctual, conscientious, clear-minded, steadfast. He was honoured to live a useful life, and die in hope of a blessed immortality. He loved the Church and her ordinances, and never neglected an opportunity of enjoying them. The last year and a half of his life was spent in feebleness and much affliction, but in believing resignation to the Divine will. Guileless and honest, true to his convictions and eminently faithful to his principles, he was, by his example, helpful to others while he lived, and by these, being dead, he yet speaketh. Having been faithful unto death, he has gone to enjoy the crown of life. His loss is deplored by the good, but his work here was done; and highly consoling is the reflection that he has only left the Church on earth to join the general assembly and church of the firstborn which are written in Heaven.

“Help, Lord, because the godly man doth daily fade away,
And from among the sons of men the faithful do decay.”

—COM.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

WORDS OF CHEER FOR PREACHERS, TEACHERS, AND WORKERS.

We would correct a few sophisms. In one word, to adopt Bacon’s view of idolatries, let us smite idols of the mind, which often darken the hearts of the true children of God; and let us try to cheer all workers in the great harvest-field of the Church. We are hurt sometimes by what a writer once called the “worldly holies”—those who, perhaps all unconsciously to themselves, bring worldly estimates into the Church of God.

There is the sophism about wealth. It is well, it is pleasant, if wealth come into the Church, leaving its large gift on the altar. Where this is done with true sympathy and friendship, it inspires others; but if done with pride and ostentation, it hurts and depresses those who have lesser offerings, involving, perhaps, greater sacrifice. But if wealth does not come to your church, or, coming, leaves it for causes beyond control, why should you mind? Did you ask Christ to give you souls to care for, or wealthy men? Did you consecrate yourself to the service of building up a wealthy church, or a spiritual church in the highest sense of manliness and moral strength? Or supposing it said to you as a matter of comfort, “Wait and work, and wealthier ones will come again,” do you really find comfort in that? Is your eye strained for a vision of rich men with gold rings coming into the church? Then shame on you! You have no right to seek or to take such comfort. The wealth you ought to honour is the wealth of love, of pity, of sacrifice, whatever the measure of the earthly gift of gold and silver may be. You have not to seek that each should have a costly chalice, but that, though even of the poorest earthenware, men may give a cup of cold water to the thirsty and the needy. Beware, then, of judging a religious work by the takings.

There is the sophism about numbers. It is pleasant to preach in the crowded church—very pleasant; it is right to seek for a large ingathering—very right. But supposing for a time that is denied you. May not a crowd be dearly purchased by lack of fidelity in training character—by some omission of the practical aspects of a Gospel which does not vitalize after all, unless it makes men meek, patient, gentle, charitable, forgiving, and Christ-like? Supposing you have the five hundred instead of the thousand hearers, or even the fifty instead of the hundred. Granted! Then if the merchant be made so faithful that he becomes true, tender, kind to and interested in all his employees, so that they say, “How noble, how good, how Christian this man is to us!”—is not that better than if he be left giving his thousands to subscription lists, and yet be indifferent to his human and divine influence over the men about him? Or if your hearer be a servant, and that life is trained to such sweet sanctities as to make the home Christ-like in service, is not that better than if such a servant were only a demonstrative “outward” one, who had little inner life? What are numbers compared with realities? So that if some one said to you, “Adopt such a style, imitate such a man, and you will crowd your church,” you must smite the idol to the dust—must say to yourself, “Perhaps my life-work may be to train to highest use and divinest life the souls I have.” Beware, then, of judging a religious work by the countings!

Then there is the sophism about reputation. What have you to do with your reputation? God will guard that. Take care of your character, and leave your reputation to take care of itself. Your character is what you are; your reputation is what is said about you. Besides, a reputation, what is it? Two generations at the longest will bury all that. The blast of Fame’s triumph dies out as you listen. The flowers in the wreath fade as they are woven. When we see men trying to build up a reputation, we see children building the sand-houses which the laughing wave will presently smite down. He, therefore, is a sophistical reasoner who says reputation is worth thought, and time, and toil. It is worth none of them. That which will live longest, and which only lives indeed, is a character that has translated truth into life. Beware, then, of judging a religious work by the plaudits.

Let us think on these things. Let every worker