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RETURN UNTO THY REST.

RETURN I the Shepherd's voice is calling
 From breezy heights and pastures fresh and sweet,
 O'er the fair landscape are the shadows falling,
 And earth and sky in dim embraces meet.

Like fleecy clouds in soft and woolly tumult,
 The cherished flocks, with bleatings oft, a-come,
 And on the quiet air the tinkling sheep-bells
 With evening lullabies their music blend.

And thus they rest in green and pleasant pastures,
 And thus at eve for quiet folds they yearn,
 O soul of man, so weary of thy wandering,
 Unto thy resting-place return!

Unto the ark the dove returned at evening,
 Weary and baffled by the flood distress;
 He who was rest, the wanderer receiving,
 Folded her plumes on his tender breast.

Weary thy pinions, baffled, restless spirit,
 Made for the infinite, for him we yearn,
 O'er land and sea his voice is ever calling—
 "Unto thy rest, O wanderer, return!"

—Sunday Magazine.

For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW

THE CHURCH ON WHEELS.

BY DIAKONOS.

I.

"Do you know what I thought when I got into church to-day?" said little Mac on coming home from being at church for the first time.

"No, Mac-ic. What did you think?"

"I thought, will the church go?"

"Will the church go, Mac-ic! What do you mean?"

"I mean will the church go like a train?"

"Will the church go like a train, Mac! Where would it go to?"

"Away to grandpa's."

As little Mac came near the church he heard the bell ringing and took it for a train bell. He saw a man at the door showing people in, and took him for the porter. Then as he walked up the aisle and took his seat in a red-cushioned pew, the whole place reminded him of the train he had so often taken to go to "grandpa's"; so he expected that the next thing would be that the church would begin to move, and was a little amused over his disappointment at finding that he had to sit for over an hour in a train that never started.

Little Mac's ideas of church procedure were not quite orthodox. It would never do for a church to be so undignified as to go whistling and careering round the country like a railway train. Yet if not in point of noise and speed, in almost every other particular the modern church bears a close resemblance to a railway train. The number of churches is about the same as the number of trains, some with parlor coaches and sleepers attached and some without. And the number of religious denominations is nearly the same as the number of railway corporations.

The question is being discussed as to whether it would not be well to have the whole railway system of the country taken under the immediate care of the government. This is a question which for prudential reasons we decline to decide, but we have no hesitation in stating that it would be well if the various denominations of the religious railway system of the world were all placed under the direct care of THE SUPREME GOVERNMENT, so that they would all have one HEAD, one law, and one time-table, thus avoiding the missing of trains and connections so common now. In the course of the progress of truth and civilization this will yet be, and when it shall have come about there will be a practical amalgamation of many of the ecclesiastical railways now existing, with the complete closing up of a few.

There is a great difference between the extent, importance and general usefulness of the various sectarian and denominational roads. Some are only tramways constructed between one little doctrinal point and another at no great distance, for the accommodation of a few individuals whose lives are lived mainly between and around these little points. Other denominations have a more extensive connection, including more important points of doctrine and practice, and accommodating a larger number and greater variety of travellers. Still others, like our own, are of very vast extent with branches and connections and ramifications everywhere, supported by the capital of great and wealthy investors both in the old world and the new, with direct sanction and supervision of the Supreme Government, and furnishing accommodation for all who wish to take "the very best route."

One ecclesiastical railway, rejoicing in the name of the Roman Road, boasts of being a through line, running from ocean to ocean—or as near the other ocean as the uncertain nature of the ground will permit. It is made up of pieces of old roads and a long stretch of new, and runs for the most part through a desolate

and in many places uninhabitable region; and if all accounts be true there has been some very crooked work, both in the construction and control of it, in which through the scheming of contractors, agents, and employees generally, both the Government and the country at large have been unscrupulously robbed.

Among the peculiarly interesting features of the ecclesiastical railway system of the world, are the elevated railway, the underground railway, and the inclined railway.

The elevated road is on stilts and runs above the tops of the houses. The stations are high places. This style of road is likely to be of but limited extent. It is needed almost exclusively for those who live in places where there is such a dense throng that there is no room for their religion on the street. It must be lifted quite above the scenes of every day life and be suspended between heaven and earth, and between people's business and their homes without interfering with either.

The underground religious railway is also a modern invention of limited extent, being of value mainly for those who are making the transition from one ecclesiastical station to another, and for those who are in search of the shortest cut between one point and another, whether in business or religion.

The inclined railway is usually on the switch-back plan; some passengers are pulled up by others being let down. This interesting road will bear careful examination, but this, together with the study of minute features of all the roads, must be left to be among subjects for future consideration, the first of which shall be, "Calling a Conductor."

For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

SILENT FORCES.

BY RIVERSIDE.

THE mightiest forces in the universe are those that are silent in their nature and movements; an idea which is quite antagonistic to the popular opinion. Most persons look for the embodiment of power in the thunders of the volcano, blackening the air with its ashes and burying cities in a subterranean grave, or in the great upheavals of the earthquake which rolls the hills and rocks the mountains in its play. Some hear it in the death-song of the cyclone, covering its pathway with the wreck of broken fragments, and others hear it in the terrific voice of the blackened clouds looking down with furious visage as though enraged with the children of men. Others behold it in torrent of the cataract or the endless roar of the mighty waterfall over which half the waters of a kingdom may be tumbling.

There are mightier forces than these in nature, and farther reaching in their influence, but they are noiseless in their movements.

Snow is one of these. Composed of little particles not much larger than a speck of dust, they come—unnumbered legions from the domain of the heavens, and cover up a sleeping zone in a comfortable blanket until it awakens in spring. At the approach of this annual invader the business of whole kingdoms is suspended, man and beast forsake the field and seek protection inside of walls of wood and stone, and for months at a time the silent invader remains the virtual ruler of the land. Kings and princes are equally at his mercy with the peasant, and as he does not consult them when he comes so is it as to the duration of his stay.

Growth is another. Silent in its movements and so gradual are its advances that these are usually unnoticed, it transforms the appearance of whole hemispheres in less time than one moon grows large and wanes again. The roar of the cataract does not harm it, the thunders of the heavens are to it in many of its forms a most welcome voice. The death song of the whirlwind only checks it for a moment, and the mutterings of the earthquake can scarcely stay it for a little. It covers wide vales with blades of grass, fills the fields with ears of yellow corn, gives shape and comeliness to forests, and pours into the lap of dependent nations its bounty. And yet while the forces thereof are at work, it cannot even be said that "we hear the sound thereof."

Frost is another. Mightier than the earthquake, stronger than the tornado, more powerful than the thunderbolt. On the approach of this grim ruler all animated nature bows submission and allows itself to be bound with wintry chains. And yet it is silent in its movements. The murmur of the river is hushed at its approach. The voice of the inland lake is still and a long sleep given to its restless waters. The vegetable world stands still in most respectful silence till it please the mighty monarch to grant the truce of summer.

So is it in human life. We do not find the embodiment of strength within the cuirass of the warrior, leading advancing hosts to conquest. It is not found in the chief minister thundering his eloquence which bows the hearts of co-rulers in deference to his views. Nor is it the portion of the demagogue who keeps his own little domain in turmoil during the short-lived day.

One of the mightiest factors of human life is the power of example. And that is silent in its

movements. Stronger than the chatter of the demagogue, mightier than the eloquence of the statesman, and more powerful than the sword of the warrior, it always secures the respectful homage even of enemies, which none of them are likely to achieve.

The influence of the example of that one lone life in Nazareth has been greater on the race than that of all the loud declaimers on human duty who have lived since that time, and yet that power was in a measure noiseless. "It grew up like a tender plant" and "it did not strive nor cry." That influence is a power that rises higher than the terrors of human law, and towers above all the legislative enactments of a modern world.

We see its influence in the pupil and the household equally distinct as in the nation. The minister may cast his net at the right side of the ship, yet he will take no fishes, unless his life is in happy consonance with his words; and the parent may lift the rod even until his arm is sore, he will never implant virtue in the heart of his son while the latter is conscious that it is lacking in the heart of the father.

Another is *human love*. It binds households together with cords such as no earthly government can manufacture. It softens hearts which defy the power of prison walls and retain more than their wonted stintiness in the dumps of the dungeon. Place the heart of the prodigal beneath the focus of its rays and it never fails to melt, the only difficulty lies in getting it placed there. It is not destroyed by distance. Time cannot quench it. The "many waters" of vicissitude only intensify it. It defies the power of death and lives in realms far above the domain of the grave. In many of its features it is indistinguishable, like the asbestos of the ancients, and yet with all its potency the cords it wears are made with a noiseless shuttle.

The same is true of *spiritual life*. "We cannot tell whence it comes nor whither it goes," in the noiselessness of its movements; yet it is the mightiest agency in the universe in relation to mortals here. The hardest thing in the world is the unrenewed human heart; harder than adamant or the diamond, it cannot be ground by any lapidary's wheel. The strong arm of the law cannot pierce it, nor can the sword of the warrior lacerate it. The powers of nature are unavailing in their attempts to change it. The lightning which rends the rocks can do it no harm.

The avalanche which buries whole villages may bury it, but still it is a heart of flint. It laughs at the tempest which strews both sea and land with broken wrecks. It scorns the lightning which shivers the pinnacles of mountains. And even the snows of winter which in their pity cover up sleeping nature with a blanket, cannot send the human heart into even temporary hibernation; but when that noiseless influence represented by the still small voice, which led the recreant prophet to hide his face in his mantle, enters the heart with breathless silence, it melts like congealed waters beneath the rays of a July sun. All that is good in human life is due to the presence of this silent influence, and that is not a little, and all that is bad is due to its absence. It not only works silently in the gradual transformation of a world, but it loves the abodes of silence. It takes no delight in the noisy feast, and cares little for the hustings of the politician, but finds special delight in the quiet of the pew, and that deeper silence of the closet when the door is shut. Ye, men, who desire the presence of this mysterious yet blessed power must seek it most in silent places, and if sought earnestly the search will not be vain.

Take courage, then, ye silent workers. Do not allow the clamour that goes before the noisy seekers of human fame to disturb you. Yours is the fame that follows, if not in this life, in the next. Let them chase their bubble, but make ye sure of the unfading crown, which is assuredly given, not to idlers, but to faithful workers in the vineyard, though their voice may never be heard amid the chatter of those around them.

Mission Work.

OUR WORK IN INDIA.

MISS M'GREGOR'S REPORT.

STATISTICS of school and zenana work during the year 1885:—Number of Bible women employed, 2; number of visits made by Bible women during six months, 133; number of women read to during these visits, 1,065; number of girl's schools, 1; number of mixed schools, 1; number of pupils in girl's school, 169; average daily attendance, 92; number of pupils in mixed school, 24; number of Christian teachers in girl's school, 2; non-Christian teachers, 4; number of pupils in Native Christian Bible class, 10; pupil teachers in secular training class, 5.

SCHOOL WORK.—During the last year it was found that much more accommodation for the increasing number of pupils in the day schools was necessary; also it was thought advisable to unite the girl's schools, in the city, forming one central school, as time would be saved in supervision, it would give scope for better organization, and rouse more general interest in the public mind. After searching vainly for months a

building, then only partly completed, was offered by a native gentleman for a girl's school. This was gladly accepted, more especially as the proprietor had, in former years, been an opponent of Christian work in the city. This building was finished according to directions given by me, and for its present purpose it is admirably adapted. In a good locality with spacious rooms, on the second story and finished in the best style, nothing could be more desirable for a girl's school. On the 1st December it was ready for occupation, and final steps were taken for uniting the schools. It was feared that the plan might meet with opposition, from various reasons, one being that the school was now for the first time prominently before the public as a Christian institution for heathen girls. This fear of opposition was groundless. On the contrary the girl's school has met with the warmest sympathy and approval from all classes of the people. The two girl's schools in the city were brought together, many new pupils were enrolled, and in a short time 169 girls had entered their names. Although this is the year of marriages amongst the higher Hindoo castes, and consequently many pupils have left; the school continues to be remarkably prosperous. Shortly after it was opened, several native gentlemen in good positions visited the school and subscribed liberally for prizes for the girls. This school is now known by the public of Indore as a Christian school and religious exercises are daily conducted, yet no disapproval is expressed by the authorities.

Members of the Durbar have expressed a wish that the school should receive a grant-in-aid from the Maharajah's government, and this no doubt will be given in a short time. 164 Christian books were given to the pupils as gifts, shortly after the opening of the new school, and a hope has been expressed by prominent officials of the Government that another school might be opened in a different quarter of the city, but this has been deferred for the present on account of the difficulty of obtaining suitable teachers. The training class for pupil teachers held in connection with the school is proving most satisfactory, though at present this class numbers only 5 pupil teachers. It has given a prospect of respectable employment for Hindoo widows, and other women of which they have not been slow to avail themselves.

It is necessary, in order to place this school on a proper footing, that a building should be purchased as soon as possible, in the city of Indore, and it is thought that no great difficulty would be experienced in getting a site for a girls' school. The present building being only a rented one, may pass out of our hands when the lease of one year has expired.

Let us thank God and take courage, that this effort on behalf of female education in a native state has met with such unlooked for success, and we hope that the Christian education imparted to the girls may be the seed of the kingdom in this heathen state.

ZENANA WORK.—In this department careful statistics are given, so that some idea may be formed of the actual work done in zenanas by faithful Bible women. The city and cantonment, villages, and general hospital, have been regularly visited by Bible women, and everywhere the Truth is gladly heard, but more especially in the hospital, where there are sick and suffering ones. During the last six months not less than 169 patients have been read to, men as well as women, and all are delighted to hear the Scriptures and gospel hymns.

One woman who had been employed as a teacher in a mission school, was on her death bed, and in her last hours expressed her faith in Christ. She said, "I am not afraid," and passed quietly down the dark valley.

During the last eight years the change in public opinion as to the education of girls is very marked. Through these years many girls have passed their brief school life in our care and left us carrying away gospel truth in fresh and retentive memories. Thus it is hoped that in this heathen state an abundant harvest may yet be gathered for Christ's kingdom and many jewels for the Saviour's crown.

DURING the past winter Rev. Joseph Neesima, a native missionary from Japan, has been visiting the United States. His history which is interesting, shows how remarkably God sometimes raises up agents to carry on his work. He was born in Japan in a heathen family. After a time he became an atheist. Falling in with a Chinese tract he became interested in the Christian religion, and at length found his way to America. On board the ship in which he sailed he sought and found Christ. The owner of the ship kindly welcomed him when he arrived and sent him to college. Several years afterward when Japanese ambassadors were visiting foreign countries, his services were engaged as an interpreter. After passing through England, France, Russia, etc., he returned to his own land and was ordained a missionary. His labours in Yokohama and is now visiting the United States interesting the students in some of the colleges in his native land. Within the last sixteen years he states 9,000 or 10,000 converts to Christianity have been made in Japan.