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Contributors and Correspondents

An Appeal for Aid.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—While we rejoice to see so much work done for both Home and Foreign Missions, there is one thing I would like to bring before the readers of the BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN, and that is the building of churches in newly settled places where the people are in straitened circumstances.

I would wish more particularly to draw your attention to one place in the Muskoka District, viz., Huntsville; this is now and is ever likely to be a central point; it is situated in the midst of a fine agricultural district.

Our people here are as yet in a struggling condition; they are without a church and without the means of building one. As pine is plentiful here they could supply the lumber, but that is about all.

They have received the donation of a very fine site on condition that something is done towards erecting a church this summer.

Will not our Church at large take an interest in this? If a church is erected here the people will, in a few years, be able to maintain, in conjunction with another station, a settled pastor, but if no aid is got from the front, it is very doubtful if they will ever be able to build a church, and there will be little need of a pastor.

Other denominations are building churches and as the young people grow up they will, if they have not a church of their own, go where there is a church, and we cannot blame them.

Settlers who come in here are generally short of funds and they will not like to be asked to build churches; they will go where there are churches already built. If the church at large, or members of it, would subscribe at least \$500, although more would be needed and very acceptable, they will never have cause to regret it, and in a few years, if every thing works well, we will have a flourishing congregation.

There is a committee to aid in the erection of churches in Muskoka, of which the Rev. Mr. Gray, of Orillia, is Convener, who will be pleased to receive any contributions. Contributors for this purpose will please state that their donations are for Huntsville. It is very necessary that the money be forwarded immediately, in order to build, else we will lose the site that has been offered.

HUGH CAMERON,
Presbyterian Missionary,
Huntsville, 18th July, 1876.

Revival Work at Poland.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—In my letter to the PRESBYTERIAN dated June 9, containing a brief account of the glorious work of grace that was then going on at Poland, I promised to send you an account of the special work I then proposed to commence here. Before I begin the account of the work here, I wish to let the readers of the PRESBYTERIAN know something more about the work at Poland, when I wrote my former letter the meetings had only been held four nights. We continued them the remainder of that week and the next, and fifteen persons more were brought to the Saviour, making in all seventy-five conversions in two weeks. Truly it was the Lord's work. Poland was ready for that work. The grain was ripe—waiting for the sickle to be thrust in. A mighty harvest was reaped there for the Lord. There were few who loved the Lord—now He has many dear people there. A good interest is still manifested in God's work, and others are being brought to a knowledge of the truth through the very earnest labours of Mr. Baillie.

Well, according to my purpose, I commenced special meetings here on Monday night, 19th June, assisted by Mr. Baillie. We conducted the meetings in the same manner as at Poland, but nothing like the same interest was shown. We continued for four nights without any apparent increase of interest. We closed on Thursday night, but commenced again the following Monday night with a better interest, which increased. That week many became anxious about their souls' salvation, and at the close of services twenty or more were rejoicing in Christ Jesus as their Saviour, and are now on their way to glory; among them being two young men, who were unkindly, wild and wicked. We were kindly and ably assisted by Revs. Cochran and Brown of Middleville, and Rev. Mr. Brown of Lanark. It was a great work, but not as great as I expected. Blessed be the Lord for what he has done. Paul may plant, Apollus may water, but God alone can give the increase. This is a hard place. The people are in a sad spiritual condition. They are very careless and indifferent as to their eternal welfare, and the most are sleeping the dreadful sleep of death. They realize not their awful state. Sad scenes—so many sinners going on carelessly and indifferently to everlasting destruction. "Save, Lord, save."

Fellow-students, who read this, let us be earnest and faithful in our work for Jesus. More earnestness is what we all need. Earnestness is eloquence that will captivate souls. Oh let us yearn over souls. Let us hunger and thirst after souls for Christ. Let us look after the poor, lost ones. Let us look after the poor, lost ones. Let us give us souls or we die." May that be the continual cry. Let us plead with God, and let us plead with God for souls.

THOMAS A. NELSON, Student.
Darling, July 15th, 1876.

French Evangelization.

The following circular has been issued by the Convener of this scheme of the Church. We hope it will meet with a liberal response:—

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—The General Assembly has appointed Sabbath the 30th of July, as the day for the Annual Collection on behalf of French Evangelization, in all the Congregations and Stations of the Church in which there are no Missionary Associations. This scheme of the Church has now assumed large dimensions, and is rapidly increasing in importance and extent, 26 missionaries being at present employed by the Board. Congregations are being formed, and mission work carried on, with encouraging success among the French Roman Catholics in many districts of the Provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario, as also on the borders of the State of Maine, and at Ste. Anne, Illinois. Such has been the remarkable success of the work that it has become absolutely necessary to its further prosecution that immediate steps be taken to erect Churches and Mission Schools at several central points. In more than one instance suitable lots on which to build have been gratuitously offered by converts, and liberal aid promised towards the erection of buildings by the people themselves. The burden of this work must, however, be borne by the Church as a whole.

In the city of Montreal last year upwards of 2,000 French Canadians were brought out of Rome through the instrumentality of the Rev. O. Chiquay, whose labours were, and continue to be, remarkably owned of God. To provide for the instruction of these people, Russell Hall was purchased at a cost of \$20,000. This large hall, proving insufficient for the rapidly increasing number of converts from Romanism, the Board recently secured a site in the west end of the city (where upwards of eighty families of the converts reside), on which they are now erecting a church to accommodate 600 persons. The Board have provisionally secured the services of the Rev. Mr. Oriol, formerly a priest of the Church of Rome, and who was received by the Assembly last month. The very marked success, and unparalleled growth of the work during the past year, together with the raising up of men admirably qualified for this department of Missionary labour, all seem to indicate that God designs to use our Church as one of the great instruments for evangelizing the French Canadian masses of the Dominion.

To carry on the Mission work proper, and to meet the expenses in connection with building, large contributions are urgently required, and the Board earnestly, yet confidently, appeal to all the members and adherents of the Church for liberal donations. Never before has there been such a wide door of entrance for mission work among the French Roman Catholics of the Dominion—never before has such a large measure of success been vouchsafed. To take advantage of the present favourable opening, and to follow up the success already achieved, we ask the warm sympathy, the earnest prayers, and large-hearted contributions of the whole Church. As \$10,000 of the purchase-money of Russell Hall falls due in the end of August, and the salaries of the Missionaries for the half-year, together with other claims in connection with the new church in Montreal, require to be met in the end of September, the Board respectfully solicit Congregations and Stations to forward contributions as early as they conveniently can. All monies to be sent direct to the Treasurer, A. B. Stewart, Esq., Official Assignee, Montreal.

Yours faithfully,
H. D. MACVICAR, Chairman.
Montreal, 14th July, 1876.

The Late Mr. D. McColl.

The following particulars relative to Mr. Duncan McColl, catechist, who departed this life on the 12th day of April last may not be without interest to the readers of the BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN:—

He was born and educated in Ardnamurchan, Argyllshire, Scotland. At the age of fifteen he became intimately acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus, and the following year he became an active worker in the service of his Lord and Master as an exhorter.

In July, 1841, immediately after his marriage, Mr. McColl left Scotland for Canada. Without much delay a plot of land was purchased in Westminster, where a comfortable home was hewn out, which was rendered happy and tranquil by the distinguishing excellencies that characterized the deceased. Prayer meetings were inaugurated on his arrival among the settlers. The country might be fitly termed a wilderness, and the meagre domiciles of the settlers were insufficient to accommodate the number that gathered for worship. In consequence a barn belonging to Mr. Wm. Buchanan, Yarmouth, was occupied by the worshippers for a considerable time.

The Presbytery which convened in St. Thomas in the spring of 1842, of which the Rev. D. McKenzie of Ingersoll was a prominent member, employed Mr. McColl to labour as a catechist, and allotted to him a certain remuneration as an acknowledgment of his indefatigable services in strengthening and developing weak congregations.

In the course of time a log meeting house was erected on the farm of Mr. Donald Kennedy, of North Dorchester, expressly for Mr. McColl, and he preached in it with great acceptance for a number of years. He also instituted prayer meetings in private houses, and instructed families in the fundamental doctrines of the church of their fathers. The family altar was constituted in households in which hitherto it was un-

known; and no doubt can be entertained, that the seed sown had germinated, and there souls who enjoyed the benefit of his pious labours have grown to the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus. Mr. McColl was thoroughly orthodox in the doctrines and principles of Presbyterianism; and as a Gaelic preacher, few even of our regularly ordained ministers could surpass him. He was prudent, earnest, and faithful, and the early settlers of the whole section of country from Aldborough to North Dorchester will long remember him with gratitude and affection.

About two years previous to his death he became afflicted with the malignant disease styled cancer. Skillful physicians were employed, and although the disease was once apparently removed, it broke out again, and at last proved fatal.

For several years Mr. McColl was a valuable member of the Bellmont Session; and besides taking part in the duties of that office along with the other elders, he always supplied the pulpits in the absence of the pastor. The last time he appeared in that capacity in September, 1875, he discoursed on the text, "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." It was a suitable premonition of what was approaching. Those who know him are confident that he sought the city to come, and then the following lines contain a suitable delineation of his experiences and hopes as he neared his end:

"My race is run; my warfare's o'er, the solemn hour is nigh,
When, offer'd up to God, my soul shall wing its flight on high.

With heav'nly weapons I have fought the battles of the Lord;
Finished my course, and kept the faith, depending on His word.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day shall place it on my head."

J. N.
St. Thomas, May 20th, 1876.

A Colored Preacher's Advice.

SOMETHING THAT WHITE PREACHERS MAY READ PERHAPS WITH PROFIT.

In the Conference of the African M. E. Church in Jersey City, recently, the Reverend Mr. Thomas delivered a wonderfully eloquent and practical sermon, that was addressed to the kneeling applicants that had gathered together with the ministers and delegates around the plain altar. He said:

I want you to preach the gospel of JESUS CHRIST. We don't want anything that is flowery or particularly beautiful. We want plain common sense. And don't you think when you go out into the rural districts that you can afford to give the people one sermon with small alterations for each Sunday. These people in the country know what a sermon is, and you can't give them the same discourse each day. They know what good preaching is, and if you preach the same thing, with a slight alteration of the text, you can make up your mind that they will know it. Again there are many high-toned people in the pulpit who discuss involved and difficult subjects, and give their own suppositions and imaginations that don't amount to anything, and they think that they are giving great, big pulpit talk, and everyone else who does not know what they are talking about think so too, and these men get a great reputation. But it is all in vain. It is enough for you to preach Jesus Christ and the doctrine that he preached here on earth. Another thing, you must be original; you must study the Word of God, and study the moods of human nature. More than half the trouble in church societies arises from a want of human nature in the pastor. Preach original sermons. Don't try to imitate other men. Be John Smith or Silas White or Peter Shaw in the pulpit, and then you'll do good work. Don't imitate any man. Study, study, study. We are in advance of our forefathers, and we can't preach what they preached an hundred years ago. Ministers must be posted on all subjects, popular as well as spiritual. You'll never find Jake Thomas talking in the pulpit about dead topics.

Reformed Presbyterian Church.

The Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church met this year at Pittsburg. Not long before its meeting the Rev. Joseph Beattie, of the Syrian Mission, returned to this country for rest. He was elected Moderator, a mark of honor appreciated highly no doubt by his brethren in foreign missionary work. "This Synod was composed of about one hundred and fifty members. The church they represented has about one hundred ministers and congregations. During the year the whole amount of contributions was \$100,000, or about nineteen dollars per member. There is a good average, and shows interest in Christ and his cause. The number of theological students seems steadily on the increase, and in various ways this Church is giving signs of real faithfulness, efficiency and success."

THE Presbyterian Witness very properly remarks:—"Could not something be done to put a stop to the few foul advertisements that disgrace a considerable number of our newspapers. Physiological abominations are described and urged upon the public. The books are as quackish as the doctors who compile them and the rubbishy medicine they prescribe. Any person needing medical advice should go, not to vile quacks or quack books, but to a respectable physician who has a character to lose. We hope the day is not far off when the officers of the law will interfere to stop a certain class of advertisements."

A Peep Into Zonana Life.

In several of the late numbers of the *News* there have been appeals for Zonana missions. Every week we hear of newly opened doors in Calcutta, Madras, and Poona, and we long to send more help, that none of them may be closed through our indifference.

I think the chief hindrance to our getting hearty responses, is the difficulty that so many have in realizing the condition and need of the women in India. They are so widely separated from us in country, colour, language, and religion, that it is hard to understand their way of life; but this should be no barrier to our sympathy for them. We have the great common bond—we are all children of the same Father, and have been redeemed by the same Saviour; and the more we appreciate our own liberty and privileges, the more we must try to help them in their ignorance and despair.

A Hindoo woman's story is dreary, hopeless, and often unhappy. From the first moment of her life, when the excitement and expectation of the occasion is instantly quenched with the unwelcome news that the newly-born is a girl, to the last hour when her relatives hurry her away dying to the Holy River, her position is sad and degraded, without education, without hope, and without God.

Our little Hindoo girl is born in a great house. Three generations live in it, and it is a little patriarchal world. Her grandfather at the head is probably an orthodox worshipper of idols, and a strong believer in the customs of his forefathers; her father and uncles are well educated, speak English fluently, and are enlightened—that is, their common-sense has taught them their own religion must be false; but at home, for the sake of their parents, they continue to conform strictly to its requirements. The family is wealthy and of high caste, and the home is a rambling old pile full of courts, verandas, passages, and rooms most intricate to understand. The outer portion is exclusively for the men. The inner court and surroundings comprise the Zonana, beyond which the women must not venture; and it is here that the little girl spends her childhood. It is a dreary place; the courtyard looks up to a little sky, but the ground is damp; woods spring up between the flag-stones; the verandas are low, and the rooms that open into them are small and dark and airless, and everything suggests discomfort; yet the years spent here are the happiest of her life. She is a merry child, dressed as a miniature woman in the *Saree*, a web of pink or white muslin which is wound round the body and brought over the face to form a veil; and her ornaments are golden necklaces, bracelets and ear-rings, and tinkling silver anklets. Her mother loves her and calls her Motee—"pearl"; and sometimes her father notices her and gives her a toy. She plays with curious rag dolls, makes wreaths of jessamine flowers for the shrine of the household god, and when her brothers are at home she enjoys "marbles" or a romp over the house with them; so, though her life would be tedious to us, she is happy because she is comparatively free.

But at eight years old her fate is sealed for life. For months negotiations have been going on with another family of the same caste and position as hers, and when these are completed and the parents of either side satisfied, there is a great gathering of friends, the priests perform various ceremonies, and little Motee is married. Her husband, a youth of fifteen, once looks at her, and as she is fair and "moon-faced," he is pleased; but they do not exchange a single word; and when the religious rites are over, he returns to his father's house, and she remains with her mother. Her position, however, is changed. She must keep her face veiled; she wears a huge nose-ring—the wedding ring of India—and is obliged to be shy and silent. The childish merriment is subdued, and she must not venture beyond the Zonana. So the years drag on.

At fourteen comes her first real sorrow. A second marriage ceremony is performed, and she goes to live in her husband's home. The parting with grandmother, mother, and aunts, is a terrible one, and they weep for days at the prospect of it; for though the bride is to be only a few miles from them, it may be years before they meet again. She is conveyed in a closely covered palanquin to her new home, feeling sad and strange and solitary. But her mother-in-law, whose orders she has to obey implicitly, is kind-hearted; her sisters-in-law, and all the numerous women in the family receive her pleasantly; and, after a time, the home-sickness wears off, and she settles down to her new lot. The life now is dull and monotonous in the extreme—nothing happens; and weeks and months and years pass with nothing to see, nothing to do, and nothing to think about. Motee sees little of her husband; she is ignorant of his thoughts and pursuits, and so cannot sympathize with him. Her own mind is a sealed book, and her only occupation is preparing her husband's and her own food, and her only amusements plaiting her hair, looking at her jewels and playing cards, or gossiping over the small affairs of their neighbours with her companions.

After some dreary waiting, though she is not yet twenty, the great desire of Motee's life is fulfilled, and a son is born to her. For the first time in her life she understands what joy is; the newly-born is named Anondo—happiness; and henceforth her own identity is merged in his. She is known no longer as Motee, but as Anondo's mother. The very word for son, "Putro," deliverer from hell, expresses the deep feeling of her heart. The time passes quickly now in nursing and caring for him, but as the years slip away it is not all sunshine. The boy grows too big for her caresses, and gains ideas, and learns things in which the mother has no share. Other children are born; but the daughters are

early torn away from her, and a younger son is taken away by death; it is an endless parting, and her sorrow is without hope.

Then comes the greatest blow—her husband dies. She always toiled more than loved him, and her widowhood is hard to bear—it is a perpetual self-sacrifice. The few pleasures of life are now denied her. She must eat of the plainest food and only once a day, twice in the month fasting altogether; her dress is of the coarsest cloth without colour, and not a single jewel is permitted; she is degraded in the family, and looked down upon by all except her son, and life becomes a thing but a burden.

At last, after months and years of weakness and despair, she sinks under the load, her last sigh is breathed; in a few hours her body is reduced to a heap of ashes; and her soul has fled—to some indefinite beyond, her relatives say, where it is of no use to remember her more.

Is the story too dark? There are many sadder cases. There are in India 80,000 widows between the ages of six and sixteen, all condemned to lifelong misery and temptation and shame. If a wife is childless, her husband may marry again and inherit her dreary life yet more.

The love and obedience of their children

is the one real happiness possessed by Hindoo women, and yet this has been the great stumbling-block to progress with the whole nation. Their personal belief in their religion is not strong—they are indifferent; but if their sons forsake the old path, it is death and ruin to the whole family.

It is to try and remove this stumbling-block, and to cheer and brighten those desolate lives, that we carry on the Zonana Mission. The men help us; they have found it intolerable to have uneducated wives, and hundreds of houses are opened for the visits of missionary ladies. The pupils are far from being stupid—they are only undeveloped. I remember once showing a picture of a tree to a woman; she looked at it every way, and then innocently asked if it represented a house or a man! Yet in a few weeks she made a good start in reading, and was able to copy a group of flowers in wools, arranging all the colours correctly. Fancy-work has a fascination for them, and they are the most patient and persevering learners. Books open a new world to them; many delight in their Bibles, and not a few have found the true secret of happiness, and are humble believers in Christ. They cannot be Marthas, active in His service, but they are like Mary, sitting at His feet and learning of Him.

We are still in the day of small things, but our encouragements are great to go on and persevere. Who will help? A gift of dolls or toys would amuse many ignorant women; some extra copies of the *News* circulated among friends would widen the interest in our work; and every gift and prayer offered for these poor women, will make those who are obliged "to tarry at home" fellow-workers with those abroad, in sowing good seed, uprooting the weeds, gathering out the stones, and preparing the way of the people of India.—A. F. in *News of Female Missions*.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH PROPERTY CASE.

—The Perth *Expositor* publishes the following as a communication:—"As is known to many of our readers, a party in the congregation of Williamstown, Glenarry, opposed to the recent union of the Presbyterian Churches, took forcible possession of the church and other property belonging to the congregation. The congregation instituted a suit in Chancery for the recovery of their church property. By special appointment the case was brought on a few days ago at Cornwall, before Vice-Chancellor Blake. Very able lawyers in Glasgow and Toronto were employed on both sides. At the close of the argument, the Vice-Chancellor gave judgment against the defendants (the anti-union party), declaring the Act of Union strictly constitutional, and decided in favour of the plaintiffs, directing the defendants to give up immediate possession of the church edifice, the three parcels of land, the Communion plate, and all other property belonging to the congregation, and restricting them from any further interference with plaintiffs' enjoyment of the use and possession of the property. All costs of suit, including the costs of denurrer filed, and the application for an injunction, to be borne by the defendants."

MR. GLADSTONE has not been in the House lately, but he is far from idle. He is correcting the sheets of his article for the *Contemporary* on the "Courses of Religious Thought." He is writing on Lord Macaulay for the *Quarterly*, and he is writing for the *New Quarterly* a review of Dr. Norman Macleod's life. Thus at the same time he extends his favours to the Broad Church Liberal, the Low Church Tory, and the High Anglican reviews.

At a meeting of the society for the Propagation of the Gospel, valuable testimony was borne to the success of the missionary work by Sir Bartle Frere, who accompanied the Prince of Wales during his recent tour in India. Wherever he went he said there were communities of Christians grown up under the regis of the British Empire; and he remarked that wherever he went the power of the Gospel was most marked where it had been least associated with "temporal power." And the man who had been engaged in effecting what seemed to him an enormous re-union in the opinions of those about them were unconscious of what they had done, and were "always striving at something higher and better and more complete."