

PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

VOL. II.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 30TH, 1886.

No. 105.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
The Presbyterian News Co.,
TORONTO (Limited),
INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.

25 AND 26 FRONT ST. W. O. H. ROBINSON, Manager.

"The Presbyterian Review" has the largest
circulation of the Presbyterian newspapers.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

BY SARAH HODDNEY.

FAREWELL, old year, we walk no more together;
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh,
And, crowned with yellow brake and withered heather,
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here in the dim light of a gray December
We part in smiles, and yet we meet in tears;
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought thee saddest-born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were hidden
Under the mist that veiled thy path from sight,
I knew not then that joy would come unbidden
To waite thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the splash of icy rain,
And in that winter gloom I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

O dear old year, I wronged a Father's kindness;
I would not trust Him with my load of care;
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,
And lo, He blessed me with an answered prayer!

Good-bye, kind year, we walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And from the wreath of faded fern and heather
I take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

—Sunday Magazine.

ONLY BELIEVE.

"As soon as Jesus heard the word that was
spoken, he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue,
He not afraid, only believe."—Mark v. 36.

A PIOUS servant of Christ says: "Several
years ago, when I was going home one day
from church, I encountered an old gentleman
who looked very unhappy. He approached me
and said, 'Dear friend, I am very poor, and
I have no money to buy a ticket for the
lottery. Will you please buy one for me, and
I will give you a gold dollar for it?'"

"No," he answered, "I am not; and yet I
have made it a subject of prayer for twenty
years."

"Prayed for twenty years," I said, "and
yet not saved? Then I will tell you a story.
Some time ago I saw a respectable man who,
being lame on one side, used to be carried
about in a little carriage. At the corner of a
street he saw a beggar who was suffering in the
same way, and was also blind, and who asked
alms of him. The gentleman offered him a
dollar, saying as he held it out to him, 'Here,
my poor friend, is a gold dollar for you.' Now
the poor man who was not only lame and blind,
but deaf also; and thus, while the gift was held
out to him in all its richness and value, he con-
tinued to beg for two pennies, until the gentle-
man caused his carriage to be wheeled close to
him, and again he shouted into his ear, 'Here is
a dollar for you,' and then he accepted the gift
with great joy. Is it not the same with you,
I said, 'dear friend? God has given His own
Son. He offers you forgiveness of sins in His
blood. But you keep praying for that very
thing.'"

"What," answered he, "can I be saved in
so simple a way?"

"Certainly," I replied. "The gift of God is
eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou
shalt be saved. Whosoever believeth in Him
hath everlasting life."

"Oh, now I see it," he exclaimed, and he
went on his way rejoicing.

Is there not many a burdened soul which has
gone corrowing and doubting, for many years,
and whose only need is to grasp the meaning of
Christ's precious words, "Only believe?"—
Words and Weapons.

"THE BLESSED DEAD."—Our Black Brethren
have a striking way of their own of putting
things. The following conclusion of a mission-
ary address is a good sample. "Brethren, I've
heard of churches dat's dying of spectability,
I've heard of a church where de souls of de
people is all shrivelled up with selfishness, and
I've heard of lots of churches, like a great bar-
ren desert, with no living waters, no waters of
freshment running in 'em, cause dey refuse to
do de Lord's will. But brethern, who ever heard
of a church dat was killed 'cause it gave money
to foreign missions? Who ever heard of a
church dat died 'cause it did what de Lord
said? Neber I heber! Brethren, ef anybody
would tell me of such a church in: all dis wide
universe, I'd make a pilgrimage to dat church, and
I'd climb up its ivy-mantled walls in de moon-
light, and up to de top of de steeple, and I'd
put dis great black hand on de topmos' pinnacle
of dat temple, and say, 'Blessed am de dead
dat die in de Lord.'"

Mission Work.

REAL ROMANISM.

JOAQUIN MILLER can hardly be accused of
political bias against Romanism, but this is the
way he writes of it as he sees it in Mexico,
where it has had full sway for so long. Spain
found intelligence and enterprise in the ancient
Aztec civilization, but she brought and left a
religion which has utterly and hopelessly demor-
alized the whole people, come magnificent
movements of success in building monasteries
and nunneries, churches and cathedrals,—noth-
ing more. Here is the account of a visit to the
cathedral in Mexico city,—doubtless a fair type
of the state of of the Church throughout the
country.

"Hat in hand, let us enter the lofty doors
Gold and silver, and silver and gold! Get a
book and read of this cathedral. After that
you can better understand the splendor and the
squalor that come clashing together inside these
doors, in awful contrast.

"Look forward at the far, deep nave! Fifty
feet high and forty feet wide! You see nothing but
gold and gold and gold! The image of God and
his angels: Old, bald-headed Saint Peter patiently
holding his keys and ready to unlock Heaven to
the kneeling world.

"And now look down, on the dirty floor before
you. A thousand poor creatures crawling
about, some blind, some lame, some dying of
loathsome diseases, and all very, very miserable,
all naked, and hungry, and helpless; yet a sea
of glittering gold before them.

"The music is sublime! Mass is being said
for some dead Mexican robber of princely for-
tune, and so the singers, the priests, the little
boys, and the big boys, too, are all doing their
best.

"A good many of the cripples that crawl about
over the dirty floor have lottery tickets to sell.
Many an old woman with a baby on her back
offers you a lottery ticket by way of breaking the
ice and getting well enough acquainted to ask
you for a gold dollar. 'Dear friend, I have no
church aid out of church, you are importuned
by the poor to buy lottery tickets.' A priest

tries to buy some lottery tickets
of him, for the benefit of his church, and for his
poor. These lotteries are conducted by the
Government, as in Italy. The Government
gets a large per cent. (Those who sell the tickets
get a liberal commission. What I mean to say
is, you can buy your tickets directly from the
Government a great deal cheaper than you can
in the stores or on the streets.

"Yes, indeed, it is simply awful. Every one
expects to draw a grand prize to-morrow; and
so why go to work to-day? O, Mexico, Mexico,
why will you persist in standing forever in your
own glorious light!

"Deeper and deeper the organ sounds, and
louder and louder the prayers for the dead. The
people—the poor, naked and lazy and dirty
people—all on their knees, join in the prayer
for the departed soul. They fall on their faces,
they spread their naked, dirty arms wide out on
the naked, dirty floor, and lie there praying and
mourning in the dust on their faces, their splendor
of hair sweeping up the dust.

"Here comes in a priest to pray. He is
leading a little boy. Perhaps this good priest is
a sort of schoolmaster here. He has a book or
two in his right hand, also a very large sheet of
lottery tickets. He brushes the floor a little
with his long greasy gown. He puts down the
books, and then and there he places the lottery
tickets, so that no one may steal them while he
prays, and so he kneels on books and tickets, his
head sideways, his eyes closed; his fat and
greasy hands are full of greasy beads. The
little boy kneels on his robe behind. And the
little boy, with beautiful eyes and cheeks like a
rose, keeps looking roguishly at some pretty
little Mexicans with the mother praying at
another altar. Let us go hence. I think God
is outside."

If this is all Romanism in full away can do
for a country, God save us from its dominion.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM."—An English
lady in China has a class of small boys whom
she teaches English for the sake of the oppor-
tunity it gives her of teaching them "the truth
as it is in Jesus." An incident, which must
have greatly encouraged her, she reports as
follows. "The youngest of them had by hard
attidy contrived to keep his place at the head so
long, that he seemed to claim it by right of
possession. Growing self-confident, he missed
the word, which was immediately spelled by the
boy standing next him, whose face expressed the
triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward
taking the place, and when urged to do so,
firmly refused, saying, 'No, me not go; me not
make Ah Fun's heart sorry.' That little act
meant much self-denial, yet was done so thought-
fully and kindly that spontaneously from several
lips came the quick remark: 'He do all the same
as Jesus' Golden Rule.' Such labour is not in
vain in the Lord.

MEDICAL MISSIONARY.—Mr. J. K. Tomory,
of Edinburgh University, has volunteered as a
medical missionary for Central Africa. He has
been accepted by the London Missionary
Society, and is on his way thither.

KARATONGAN BIBLE.—Mr. Gill, of the Lon-
don Missionary Society, is revising Karatongan
version of the Scriptures. He says: "I do
hope and pray that the new edition will become
the standard one for generations to come. No
task is too great to render such a work perfect. I
trust this Revised Karatongan Bible may be-
come a blessing to the Hervey group." The
Directors of the Society have asked the British
and Foreign Bible Society to supply the Samoan
Mission with a small sized Samoan Bible. They
are also printing a Jifuan Hymn Book.

MORE MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.—At the
Medical Student's Missionary Conference, held
at the Y.M.C.A. building, in this city, on the
afternoon and evening of the 14th, seventeen
men, fifteen of them being medical students,
signed a paper headed by the words: "I am
willing and desirous, God permitting, to be a foreign
missionary." A weekly consecration meeting will
be held hereafter by these seventeen men at the
Y.M.C.A. building on Wednesdays, and it is
hoped and expected that a new interest in foreign
medical missions may be thus aroused among
the medical colleges of this city. —N. Y. Trib-
une.

BIBLE AND SCHOOLS.—These and thrust
of the schools the Word of God, yielding to
immoral influences and Romanism, as in Chicago
and Cincinnati, may well consider the example
of Boston. Twenty-five years ago, the reading
of the Bible was forbidden in the public schools
of the country. Now it is said, there is scarce-
ly a town in any importance which has not its
free public Bible school; and in many public
schools the public school is almost deserted.
The Bible schools are maintained by private
contributions, and cost the Christian public nearly two
million dollars. —Homiletic Review for Novem-
ber.

MISSIONARY MITE BOXES.—A great deal of
money that children get is foolishly and selfishly
spent. One device to remedy this waste is "the
missionary mite box," which may be any small
pasteboard or wooden box, with a slit in the lid
large enough to let in a cent, and the lid fastened
on by pasting a strip of paper around. With a
little taste and skill a very plain box can be
made quite ornamental. "For the Lord," or
some other suitable inscription should catch the
eye as soon as it lights on the box. And chil-
dren should learn the delight that is possible
through self-sacrifice for others, as well as through
self-indulgence. They will soon prefer to put
some of their cents in the "mite box." The
mite boxes of the Church Missionary Society in
England yielded last year \$100,000, most of
which came from poor children, and was got not
by begging from others, but by saving and self-
denial.

THE BIBLE AND SERMONS.—The Bible is a
book of principles. These principles have an
almost endless application to matters of practical
life. Don't expect your pastor to point out all
these applications of all these principles. A
darkey was before the court for malicious abstrac-
tion of the contents of a certain poultry-yard.
The examination of Sambo proceeded something
after this wise. "Did you take any geese on the
night in question?" "No geese" was the prompt
answer of Sambo. "Any chickens?" "No
chickens." "Any peacocks?" "No peacocks."
"Any guineas?" "No guineas." As Sambo
retired he triumphantly remarked, "If he had
said ducks he would have had me." You can't
expect the Gospel to always say "ducks." You
remember, perhaps, that sermon by your pastor
on Sabbath observance. How he bore down on
Sunday trains. What havoc he made of many
specific kinds of Sunday labour. The sermon
pleased you. You endorsed its utterances.
He failed, however, to say "ducks." The
butcher says he is still delivering meat to Chris-
tian people on Sabbath morning, and therefore
cannot get to early service. The ice-man still
goes by as usual. That was a robust sermon,
but the pastor trusted you, to apply the principles
of the Bible, and the fore refrained from naming
the things possible under the fourth command-
ment. —N. W. Presbyterian.

Woman's Work.

POOR MAGGIE'S SIXPENCE.

A MISSIONARY told the other day a very
affecting little incident. He had been preach-
ing a mission sermon in Scotland, and telling of
the condition of the poor women of India, and
he observed that many of the audience seemed
affected by his account. A few days afterwards,
the pastor of the church where he had preached
met on the street one of his parishioners, a poor
old woman, half blind, who earned a precarious
livelihood by going on errands, or by any other
little work of that kind that came in her way.
She went up to him, and with a bright smile put
a sixpence into his hand, telling him it was to go
for the mission work in India. Her minister,
knowing how poor she was, said, "No, no,
Maggie; that is too much for you to give; you
cannot afford this." She told him that she had
just been on an errand for a very kind gentle-
man, and instead of the few coppers she gener-
ally received, he had given her three pennies
and a silver sixpence; and, said she, "The
silver and the gold is the Lord's, and the copper
will do for poor Maggie." How many lessons
do God's poor teach us! "Poor in this world,
rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom." —
Home and Abroad.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

MRS. PATERSON, the Hon. Secretary of the
Women's Protective and Provident League, who
has just died, was identified from her youth with
almost all contemporary movements for the
amelioration of the political, especially the
industrial, condition of women. As Miss Emma
Smith, she was Secretary twenty years ago of the
Women's Suffrage Society, and subsequently
held for some years the Secretaryship of the
Workmen's Club and Institute Union, to which
she was also Librarian. She thus came into
close contact with working men, studied their
trade organizations, and fully acquainted her-
self with the needs of the operative classes. Her

she induced working women for the first
time to adopt trade unionist principles, and
established the Women's Protective and Provi-
dent League for the formation of trade and
benefit societies among working women. The
London Bookbinders' Union was the earliest
women's trade society, due to Mrs. Paterson's
exertions; the Upholsteresses, the Shirtmakers,
the Tailoresses, and Dressmakers' Unions
quickly followed. In 1875 Mrs. Paterson was
the first woman admitted to the Trades' Union
Congress, and she attended and spoke or read
papers at all the subsequent congresses. Her
efforts in behalf of the ill-paid female workers of
London were but feebly and grudgingly supported.

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

WOMEN who have sons to rear, and dread the
demoralizing influences of bad association, ought
to understand the nature of young manhood.
It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vain
ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for
excitement, by irrepressible desire to touch life
in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your
sons so that your homes are associated with the
repression of natural instincts, you will be sure
to throw them into the society that cannot in any
measure supply the need of their hearts. They
will not go to the public house, at first, for the
love of liquor; they go for the animated and
hilarious companionship they find there, which
they find does much to repress the disturbing
restlessness in their breasts. See to it, then,
that their homes compete with public places in
their attractiveness. Open your blinds by day
and light bright fires by night. Illuminate your
rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put
books and newspapers upon your tables. Have
music and entertaining games. Banish demons
of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled
in your household, and bring in mirth and good
cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimu-
late their ambitions in worthy directions. While
you make home their delight, fill them with
higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether
they shall pass happy boyhood, and enter upon
manhood with refined tastes and noble ambi-
tions, depends on you. Do not blame miserable
bar-keepers if your sons miscarry. Believe it
possible that with exertion and right means a
mother may have more control of the destiny of
her boys than any other influence whatever. —
Christian Standard.

A LITTLE girl was present at a school exami-
nation where the question was asked, "What is
a hypocrite?" For some time the children
were unprepared with an answer. At last the
teacher supplied one: "A hypocrite is a man
who makes believe to be really good when he
isn't. Sometimes a man will give a lot of money
to a church to make people think that he is
better than anybody else." "Well, my pa isn't
a hypocrite," said the little girl, "for he gives
only a penny every Sunday!"