

Duncan Matheson, the Scottish Evangelist.

Duncan Matheson was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, Nov. 22, 1821, and even during his boyhood, exhibited tokens of the indomitable will, and fiery energy, which when emancipated in after years by the Holy Spirit's influence, became mighty tools for the Master's service.

In such a soul's coming to Christ, there would naturally be a powerful struggle. In the words of "the glorious Dreamer," Duncan might have said: "Satan pulled, and I pulled." But Satan pulled alone; while on the side of the wrestling soul, stood the Everlasting Conqueror, Jesus, the Son of God, who took the prey from the mighty, and pulled him into the ark of salvation.

Worldly inclinations, natural hatred to the doctrine of human depravity, and a proud unwillingness to accept salvation as a free gift,—all were strong hindrances to his heavenward tending. At length came a season when "the terror of the Lord" filled his soul. Conviction of sin now pressed heavily on him; willingness to be saved in God's way followed; and after a weary struggle, peace came, with the remembrance of the words, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii., 16.)

As soon as Duncan had himself tasted that the Lord is gracious, he devoted all his leisure hours to proclaiming the gospel to others. At first he only ventured on reading and prayer; then a Christian lady urged him to "sit up the gift" that was in him, by more public evangelization.

A worthy old saint, exhorting the young evangelist to "follow on to know the Lord," pithily exclaimed, in the strong sweetness of the Scotch dialect:

"Hand in wi' Christ, whatever happens, ay, think weel o' God; an tak' care o' yer-sel; for, ye ken, a breath dims a polished shaft!"

Finding himself unable to purchase as many tracts as he required, he for several months, earnestly prayed that the Lord would give him a printing press, so that he might be enabled to obtain a large supply at less expense. His prayer was heard. He obtained an old press and types, at a merely nominal price.

Then, during whole nights, did Duncan toil to acquire the necessary skill; often being woefully disconcerted by the fall into "pie" of some fairly set up page of type; yet never discouraged, but praying and working on, until success crowned his efforts, and thousands of Gospel tracts issued from his old press.

When the Crimean war broke out, his military ardor was kindled by the sounds of the trumpets; and he burned to accompany the soldiers as their friend and missionary. But he had no means of carrying out his wish. He had long given up his trade as a stone cutter, and was employed by the Duchess of Gordon as a Scripture reader, at the small salary of forty pounds a year, immeasurably less than he could have earned by his trade in which he was proficient; but his soul was on fire for Christ, and earthly gain was counted out loss by him.

He now besought the Lord for means to go to the Crimea; and this petition also was granted. A letter was one day brought him, which ran thus:

"If you are still in the mind to go to the East, reply by return of post; and please say when you could start."

The writer, the Rev. J. Bonar, was unknown to him; and it afterwards appeared that the letter was intended for another person of the same name. But God ordered it, but this seeming mistake only furthered his own divine purposes. Matheson went to the Crimea, and there, among his own countrymen, as well as among the French allies, and the Sardinian contingent, he soon became known and valued as the universal helper. Living himself in the most self-denying way, he procured for the sick and wounded many comforts which they most otherwise have wanted.

He did not believe in preaching a religion of theory; for with him was practical godliness; and he strove to benefit both body and soul. With his talent and perseverance, he quickly succeeded in acquiring a knowledge of French, and then tried Italian. Long before he could speak the Southern tongue, he would take an Italian Testament, and going among the Sardinians read that precious verso which had brought peace to his own soul. The warm-hearted naves of the lovely Scotch gathered around the noble-souled Scotman who showed so much anxiety for their welfare, and listened, as he read in his rugged foreign accents, the story of love. When, long after, he visited Italy, he was welcomed by his old friends by the title which they had given him amidst the battles—"The Sardinian's Friend."

Turks and Greeks, Cossacks and Russians, all received the work of God in their own languages. Thousands of copies of the Scriptures were sold and given away by this one man of God, whose motto ever was, "I press forward." As soon as he was able, however imperfectly, to speak a few hesitating words in a foreign tongue, no emotion of selfish pride prevented his using his "own talent" for God. He would speak for Christ, even if it were "with stammering lips," trusting the promise, "To him that hath shall more be given;" a promise abundantly fulfilled in the experience of Duncan Matheson.

On his return home at the close of the war, he set himself more than ever to work for his own Scotland. As regarded his toil for Jesus, he could truly say: "This one thing I do!"

"Tender and true" as he was in all his social and domestic relations, he yet suffered none of them to hinder his life-work.

On his marriage to her whom his strong heart loved with most loyal devotion, he would not, even for one day, pause in his spiritual service, saying affectionately to his Mary, like-minded with himself:

"We'll get settled up yonder in the Father's house; meanwhile let us work and win souls."

At fairs, in streets, or in churches, all places were alike to Duncan. Wherever he had opportunity, there was his standing place, and there he preached the gospel. His tracts were still printed, and he edited a monthly paper, *The Herald of Mercy*, which was blessed to many souls.

So passed away a "mighty man of valor, one of those noble" Christian's at work, whose stories are about to be brought, from time to time, before our readers, in the hope that the stirring examples of such impassioned love and labour may incite others to step forward into the vacant places of these dead warriors; for amidst the terrible sins and sorrows of this world of ours, none had need to hold back, contented with a half service for the risen Lord who loves us and calls us all to work, and fight the good fight as

HEROES OF THE FAITH.

Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.

About a year ago a Bill sanctioning marriage with a deceased wife's sister passed the Victorian Legislature. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church repeatedly protested and petitioned against such legislation, and in November, 1872, memorialised the Queen not to affix the Royal signature to the Bill. The Royal signature, however, was appended, and no sooner had the fact reached the colony than a movement was commenced in the Presbyterian Church to bring the discipline of the Church into accordance with the new legislation. The chief movers were the Rev. Andrew Robertson, of West Melbourne, late of the United Presbyterian Church, Stowe, and the Rev. James Nish, of Sandhurst. Neither of these brethren had said a word on the subject when the matter was before the Assembly, which had been all along unanimous. Even at the meeting of Commission in May last a motion proposed by Dr. Cameron was unanimously agreed to, warning all the ministers of the Church against celebrating, and all members of the Church against contracting, such marriages. Soon after the meeting of Commission a letter appeared in the newspapers, signed by Mr. Robertson, demanding that the question should be made an open one in the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Nish also laid on the table of his Presbytery an overture embodying the same demand, and two overtures of the same sort were laid on the table of other Presbyteries. The question was thus unexpectedly raised within the Church, and another letter appeared from Mr. Robertson announcing, from information received, that the General Assembly at its next meeting would grant to the ministers and members of the Church the liberty hitherto refused. Two publications were speedily issued on the subject—one a sermon by Dr. Cairns, and the other an elaborate pamphlet by Dr. Cameron—in which the question was discussed in all its aspects, Scriptural, historical, and social, and in which the imperative duty of the Church to maintain her doctrine and discipline was urged and enforced. The advocates of the new marriage law made no attempt to meet the arguments except by letters to the newspapers. When the General Assembly met last month the subject was brought up in connection with the report of the committee appointed by the Commission, and which was given in by Dr. Cameron. Thereafter Dr. Cairns moved as follows:—"Approve generally of the report, dismiss overture, and declare the continued adherence of this Church to the doctrine of Scripture as stated in the 24th chapter of the Confession of Faith on the subject of marriage, especially of section 4. . . . Further, the General Assembly reiterate the warning addressed by last Commission to the ministers of this Church against celebrating, and to the members of this Church against contracting, marriage with a deceased wife's sister."

An amendment was moved by Mr. Robertson to the effect that the question should be regarded as an open one in the Church. The discussion that followed lasted through three sittings, and near the close of the third sitting Mr. Hetherington proposed a second amendment, that the report of the committee should be sent down to Presbyteries, and that meanwhile ministers should be warned against celebrating, and members against contracting, such marriages. One vote only was given for Mr. Robertson's amendment. The vote was then taken between Dr. Cairns's motion and Mr. Hetherington's amendment, when the former was carried by 61 to 23. Mr. Robertson has since written a letter to one of the papers proclaiming his readiness, notwithstanding the decision, to receive to membership persons who have contracted or may yet contract such marriages. At a meeting of the Presbytery since held Dr. Cameron laid on the table a copy of the newspaper containing the letter, and intimated that at next meeting he would move that the letter be taken into consideration, with a view to the vindication of the authority of the Church.

What is in Store for the Unmarried?

If a Queen wears ruffles for a good reason, her subjects must do so without one. If a Princess lumps through affliction, the young ladies suddenly becomes lame. It will now be the young men's turn to apotheosize when they enter upon the marriage state, and it will be anxious to note whether they will come off better than the young ladies have done. According to the Russian marriage custom the bridegroom wears a ring as well as the bride. The Duke of Edinburgh being in Russia fell in with the Russian mode, and became a banding party to the contract, as readily as he addressed the "Reverend Father." Perhaps the young ladies will insist upon this observance being carried out, and then all the young men of the future can do will be to struggle over this little additional expense at that already expensive time.

About Killinry and Marriage.

This article is intended for young women, but only for those who want husbands. Those who have made up their minds to remain single, who 'wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, there!' can pass over this article, as it has no interest for them. Men will shut their eyes if they have the least spark of delicacy, of course, for every word of this is private and confidential.

Firstly. You are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creations. In the continental galleries I always saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion, the gazers were just as likely to be women as men; it was because of the wondrous beauty of a woman's body.

Now, stand with me at my office window, and see a lady pass. "There goes one! Now, isn't that a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big lumps, a wildness of crimps and frills, a heaping up of the dress here and there, an enormous hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on the top of her head, surmounted by a little hat, ornamented with bits of lace, bird's tails, etc. The shop windows show us, all day long, of the paddings, whalebones and steel springs which occupy most of the space within the outside rig.

In the name of all the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask, How is a man to fall in love with such a piece of compound, doubled and twisted, touch-me-not artificiality as you see in that wriggling curiosity?

Secondly. With that wasp waist, squeezing your lungs, stomach, liver, and other vital organs, into one half their natural size, and with that long trail dragging on the ground, how can any man of sense who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work, how can he take such a partner? He must be desperate indeed to unite himself for life with such a fettered, half-breathing ornament.

Thirdly. Your bad dress and lack of exercise lead to bad health, and men wisely fear that instead of a helpmate they would get an invalid to take care of. This bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind as well as a body fuddled and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism. I know you giggle freely and use big adjectives, such as 'splendid,' 'awful,' but then this don't deceive us; we see through it all; you are superficial, affected, silly; you have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to man.

My dear girls, you must, if you would get husbands, and decent ones, dress in plain, neat, becoming garments, and talk like sensible, earnest sisters.

You say you don't care, you won't dress to please men, etc. Then I am not talking to you, for, as I said in the beginning, it is addressed to those who want husbands, and would like to know how to get them.

You say that the most sensible men are crazy after these butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally a man of brilliant success may marry a silly weak woman, but to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible men choose women without sense, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company they are very likely to chat and toy with those overdressed and forward creatures, but they don't ask them to go to the altar with them.

Fourthly. Among the young men in the matrimonial market, only a very small number are independently rich, and in America such very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning in life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future, is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, they dare not ask you to join them, while they see you so idle, so silly, and so gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength, that your life is earnest and real, that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man who would consent to marry, then marriage will become the rule, and not, as now, the exception.—Dr. Dio Lewis.

Trichinosis.

The picture drawn by the local physician who attended the recent cases of "trichinosis" in Ohio, is more vividly realistic than pleasant. The victims, it appears, are a young man between whose German nationality and appetite for pork the relation is obvious, and the respected wife of a clergyman, also German, who was performing the Christian function of nurse to the unfortunate young man. Besides these two there were others afflicted in more moderate degree. The mother and family of the young man were less severely affected. It may also be interesting to know that it was the particular domestic hog of this family which was the innocent cause of the trouble. The physician, or "professor" rather, who made the post-mortem examination, declares that the disease had first extended from one of the family hogs to another, though involving the death of neither. Concerning the relations of trichinosis and hog cholera this learned man says that after an attack of trichinosis the poison still remains in the flesh for years, ready to develop disease when the flesh is eaten or taken into the stomach; but after hogs recover from hog cholera, they are fattened and sold to butchers, and the meat becomes one of the principal articles of food in the West under the form of bacon and sugar cured hams. He concludes, therefore, that trichinosis is a cause of hog cholera, which is now prevailing to a great extent in some parts of Kentucky. But these cheerful statements are merely supplementary and trivial, having no direct bearing upon the cases in point. After careful examination of the bodies of the human victims of the predatory trichina, the doctors affirm that there were eighty millions of these animalcules in every cubic inch of the flesh; that they had provided and ramified through, as it were, every portion

of the defunct carcasses, and worse than all, the microscopic examination developed the startling fact that millions of the trichinae were alive, coiling and uncoiling in the tissues. "This fact," says the local editor, "has created a profound sensation throughout that section of Indiana in which Aurora is situated, and, taken in connection with the deaths named, completely killed the sale of pork as an article of human food. Experiments with the infected pork show that 195 degrees Fahrenheit will destroy the worms, but as it requires 212 degrees to boil water, the meat thoroughly boiled would be perfectly harmless; but the question is who would eat meat, no matter how much it is boiled, that was known to be infected with trichinae?"

Who indeed? Frogs we know, and we have a diluted faith in the remote possibilities of rats and horse-flesh and snails and birds-nests; but trichinae, never! but yet we like pork, nor shall we hesitate to recommend it. Of twenty million pork-eaters in this country fewer die from trichinosis than are annually struck by lightning. It claims but its units where whiskey takes thousands. It kills its twos and threes while koroseno murders tens of thousands. Therefore, let us be calm and continue to like pork, and to eat it.

Denominational Papers.

Dr. J. G. Holland, recently in *Scribner's Monthly*, came out rather strongly against church papers, intimating that they were temporary arrangements, that would pass away to make room for the more perfect independent papers. Dr. Holland has not shown his usual sagacity in these remarks. A church paper is a church agency for instructing and educating the people who read it. It is no more likely to decline and pass away, than the other agencies which the churches employ. There are now many independent evangelists abroad preaching, without being under the direction of any church. They are not at all likely to supersede the established church agencies for preaching the gospel. These independents are not a whit freer from sectarian feeling and slavery to systems and creeds, than the ministry of the orthodox churches. And it is very easy to see that, in some cases at least, the editor of a so called independent paper may have less freedom than the editor of a denominational paper.

So far from there being any ground for the assumption that denominational papers will soon disappear, they are likely to continue to live and flourish as long as churches and denominations flourish. The *N. Y. Independent*, though itself an example of an independent religious paper, cannot accept Dr. Holland's views of denominational papers. Though believing that the non-denominational papers have some important advantages, it does not claim that all the advantages are on that side, and frankly acknowledges that a paper may be denominational and yet independently edited. It says:

"That there is any reason why a denominational paper should be the organ of a sect, and so its 'slave,' we do not believe. At any rate, it is no more its 'slave' than the independent religious paper is the 'slave' of its somewhat shorter creed. The latter accepts with a good deal of earnestness the Evangelical Christian faith, its 'origin,' its 'slave,' if you please just as much as the sectarian journal is the 'organ' and 'slave' of its somewhat longer creed. In some respects, indeed, the denominational paper has the advantage. There is nothing a denominational paper cannot discuss, if it will. But an undenominational paper virtually pledges itself not to discuss some important subjects. We, for example, cannot attack or defend the independence of Congregationalism, the representative system of Presbyterianism, nor the order of bishops which we find in Methodism and Episcopalianism. On the questions of immersion and infant baptism we have no right to enter. Fortunately these are none of them questions of prime importance, and we find no lack of larger subjects to discuss. But these, too, need discussion; and Christians with any brains need to have opinions on them, and, therefore, denominations and denominational papers must exist; and even the editors of *The Independent* in their individual capacity choose to ally themselves—as we doubt not Dr. Holland does—with some religious denomination, and read its papers with some satisfaction, although in these columns compelled to forgo conscientiously, and now and then with some self-denial, the discussion of interesting topics. But whether a denominational paper be 'slave' or 'independent' depends on its editing. It is just as in politics. *Harper's Weekly* is Republican; but it is very independent. If there is one religious 'advocate' in the country, it is *The Christian Advocate* of this city, owned by a denomination, whose Conference elects its editor. But it is one of the most independent papers in the United States, and none the less independent for being firm in its hold on the Methodist faith and order."—*The Christian Guardian*.

Esquimaux Marriage Ceremonies.

In an account of the marriage ceremonies of the Esquimaux given by Dr. Hayes, he says:—"The match is made by the parents of the couple. The bridegroom must go out and capture a polar bear, as an evidence of manly courage and strength. Then he is told he can marry, if so inclined; and, like most bachelors, he is generally so inclined. He sneaks behind the door of his inamorata, and when she comes out he pounces upon her and undertakes to bear her away to his dog-sledge. She kicks, bites, screams, and breaks away from him. He chases her, and the old woman of the settlement comes with frozen strips of seal-skin and gives her a thrack. After running the gauntlet of these old women, she falls down exhausted and surrenders. The bridegroom then lashes her to his sledge, and, whipping up his dogs, they fly over the frozen snow, and the wedding is consummated."

King Lunalilo's occupancy of the throne of the Sandwich Islands has been brief. He died on the 8th ult. of some throat complaint.

Newspapers Domestically Considered.

Too low an estimate is apt to be set on the domestic value of newspapers. After reading them, and putting ourselves through their agency, in mental correspondence with the world, they are not thrown aside and forgotten. But to suppose their usefulness bounded by their news columns and the waste bag is a thriftless mistake.

In the first place, there are the household recipes, to be found in stray corners, often excellent, and deserving a refuge on the fly-leaf of the family cook-book. Then come the pretty verses, the strange and droll stories, and brief biographies, and reminiscences which, pasted in a scrap-book, are a source of never-ending pleasure not only to those who do not care for richer intellectual food, but to those who have only odd minutes for reading.

Notwithstanding the squibs jocular journalists have penned on the use of newspapers for bed-clothing, we know from experience that these are not to be despised. They may not be as comfortable as your blankets, but certainly they keep out the cold. Two thicknesses of papers are better than a pair of blankets, and in the case of persons who dislike the weight of many bed-clothes, they are invaluable. A spread made of a double layer of papers between a covering of calico or chintz, is desirable in every household. The papers should be tacked together with thread, and also fastened to the covering to keep them from slipping. An objection has been made on account of the rusting, but if soft papers be chosen the noise will be annoying, especially should the spread be laid between a blanket and the counterpane.

As a protection to plants against cold, both in and out of doors, nothing is better. If newspapers are pinned over winter night a wall between pots and glass, the flowers will not only be not frozen, but will not even get chilled, as they are so liable to be at this season. In the same way, if taken to cover garden-beds, on the frosty nights of early autumn, they will allow the plants to remain safely out-doors sometime later than is common.

One of the oldest services to put our journals to is the keeping of ice in summer. An ingenious housekeeper recently discovered that her daily lump of ice would last nearly twice as long when wrapped up in newspapers, and placed in any kind of cool box, as when trusted solely to a refrigerator. This is very convenient, since it is possible to have the best and cheapest refrigerator constantly at hand.

To polish all kinds of glass after washing, except table glass, no cloth or flannel is half so good as a newspaper; and for a baker's dozen of other uses, quite foreign to its primal purpose, it is without a rival.—"Home and Society," *Scribner's for March*.

Scepticism and Superstition.

It is a remarkable phenomenon in the religious history of the world that a spirit of unbelief should so often be found allied to superstition. The transition from the one state to the other is frequent and easy. From debasing superstitions men pass into infidelity and from infidelity they go back to superstition. This singular fact is illustrated sometimes in the history of individuals, and sometimes in nations and communities.

We know one of the clearest intellects and most vigorous writers of the present day, now a Presbyterian, then a Universalist, then a sceptic, and finally passing at one bound from the extreme infidelity and somnolism into the bosom of "Holy Mother Church." One day he believes nothing; the next he swallows all the fables of Popery, transubstantiation, infallibility, legends of the saints, and winking Madonnas.

Historians have remarked that the decline of Paganism in the Roman Empire was immediately followed by the rise of astrology. When the philosopher ceased to believe in the gods they substituted a belief in omens, and dreams, and supernatural events. They persuaded themselves that they could discover the will of heaven in the colour of a calf's liver, or the direction of a flight of birds, or the appetite of the sacred chickens. The appearance of a comet or a meteor was the signal of some new calamity. The consoling doctrine of a presiding intelligence was exchanged for the belief that the destiny of each individual is controlled by the star under which he is born. No enterprise could be undertaken until the position of the planets had been observed.

Do we not find this same tendency illustrated in the "pilgrimages" of which so much is now said? It is a humiliating spectacle to see intelligent men in this nineteenth century thus reviving the superstitions of the dark ages. It is enough to shake our faith in the boasted progress of the world. But it only shows that when infidelity has disordered the minds of men they are fit subjects for any delusion and folly.

How vain is the attempt to blot out the idea of God! Scientists decree that "there is no God," and then write Nature with a capital N!

French atheism drags down religion, morality, public order, in one common ruin; spreads destruction and terror through the streets of Paris; reduces France from her pre-eminence in the family of nations; and then goes on a pious pilgrimage to Larye Monial to worship the bones of a Romish saint! Is it not true that scepticism and aniporition are natural allies?—*London (Eng.) Weekly Review*.

The lady in Millais's famous picture would fain save her lover's life from the massacre of Bartholomew, by binding the papal badge around his arm; she kisses her for her love, but finally removes the badge. So when the dearest friends we have have, out of mistaken tenderness, would persuade us to avoid persecution by relinquishing principle, and doing as others do, we should thank them for their love, but with unflinching decision refuse to be numbered with the world's pilgrims.