

and McKenzie by rotation, and Rev. Messrs. Morrison and Scott by election. The following were the elders elected: Messrs. Murray of Halifax, J. Creaser, J. Haikness, and A. McGill. Financial Committees were appointed for the various mission fields and supplemented congregations. Presbytery agreed to apply to the Synod for leave to license Mr. S. Carruthers, who has finished his college course. A call was laid on the table from Lion's Head in favour of Mr. D. D. McLennan, and accepted by him. It was agreed that the induction take place on Tuesday, the 16th May, at 2 p.m., in Lion's Head; Mr. Stevenson to preside, Mr. Mordy to preach, Mr. Scott to address the minister and Mr. Somerville the people. Business for Synod prepared, the Presbytery agreed to meet in Division Street Church on the first Tuesday of July, and was closed with the benediction.—JOHN SOMERVILLE, M.A., Clerk.

#### GAELIC SCHOLARSHIP IN KNOX COLLEGE.

MR. EDITOR, Will you permit me, through your columns, to request congregations or individuals who purpose contributing to the establishment of a Gaelic Scholarship in Knox College, to remit to the Rev. Dr. Reid, the Treasurer of the College, as soon as convenient?

In accordance with instructions of Senate, I addressed circulars to the ministers of about fifty congregations in the College constituency, explaining the object, and asking them to assist in securing it. It was stated that the modest sum of \$750, if funded, would yield the proposed scholarship—say \$40 annually.

A number of brethren were good enough to write me in reply, giving the assurance that their congregations would assist. One congregation—that of the Rev. N. McKinnon—has already sent in over \$40 towards the scholarship. Should the congregations addressed give, each, only half this amount, the end would be gained. Their response will determine whether we shall succeed or fail; for should these congregations not deem the object a worthy one, their verdict will probably be regarded as final. The appeal has been made to ministers and congregations who are especially qualified to say whether the Gaelic language should be encouraged in the College or not.

Should any congregation, or person, before whom the matter has not been brought by circular desire to assist, such assistance will be all the more prized that it has not been especially solicited.

I respectfully ask the brethren who encourage us to proceed in this matter to ensure its success. This they can certainly do. WM. CAVEN.

Knox College, 9th May, 1882.

#### OBITUARY.

We regret to have to record the death of James Campbell, elder, which happened at his own place, near Wallacetown, on Thursday, the 4th inst. Mr. Campbell was born in Greenock, Scotland, on April 1st, 1825. As his mother died shortly afterwards, he was taken care of by Mrs. Campbell (a friend), and thereby became the foster-brother of Mr. John C. Campbell, of Muirkirk. He was raised about nine miles from the place of his birth. He sailed from Greenock for New York in June, 1848, and came to Dunwich the following year. Shortly after his arrival here he became a subject of divine grace, and took an active part in the formation of Wallacetown congregation in connection with the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Campbell was a most accomplished musician. He led the psalmody of the congregation ever since he resided within its bounds, and there are many ministers in the Presbyterian Church in Canada who can bear testimony as to his most unquestionable abilities in this respect. Mr. Campbell was an elder and a Sabbath school superintendent for many years, occupying both these positions up till the time of his death.

In 1854 he was married to Nancy, daughter of Donald McKay, Esq., of the Currie road, by whom he had ten children, all of whom are living. The eldest son is a partner in the firm of Campbell & Robb, merchants, Wallacetown. By his death the congregation has lost a pillar, the session a wise counsellor, and the pastor a warm and devoted friend. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

#### GOSPEL WORK.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY IN GLASGOW.—A BIRD'S-EYE SKETCH OF A DAY'S WORK.

"How Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey stand it!" is the wonder on every lip now. Full pressure has been on for some weeks, and it is probable that the evangelists never worked harder in their lives. Take a specimen of their programme. Any day almost will do; but suppose we select Good Friday. At twelve both put in their usual appearance at the noon meeting. Mr. Moody presides and speaks. As a variation from the three o'clock Bible-reading, a children's meeting has been announced for four in the St. Andrew's Hall. To hold 6,000 children for an hour is a feat which few men would attempt,—I fancy it has never been done in this country before; but I shall reserve my account of this meeting until I have exhausted the record of the day's work, which, with two meetings past, is nevertheless but begun.

At seven o'clock preacher and singer thread their way through a dense crowd choking the aisles of Dr. Andrew Bonar's church. The audience is mixed, and the church-goers and Christians have denied themselves the right to their own pews, and are now holding a prayer-meeting in an adjoining hall. For half an hour the choir and congregation have been singing hymns, and, after prayer and a formal opening with praise, Mr. Sankey sits down, amid a profound hush, to a solo. Then prayer and another solo, and the singer quietly slips from his place behind the organ; in another minute he is being whisked off in a cab, which has stood in readiness at the door, to begin a meeting in the Circus at eight.

The Circus lies almost in the heart of the East-end—at the very antipodes from Dr. Bonar's church, and the hour is all but striking when Mr. Sankey mounts the extemporized platform at the side of the ring, and looks around on the vast crowd of men—for they are all men this time—with as much of earnest interest as if this were the only audience of his life. This perpetual freshness of the work to the workers must be a hard thing to maintain, but, being thoroughly maintained, it is one great secret of their power. Other workers secretly sometimes feel the work getting a little hackneyed; one gets familiar with blessing, and takes conversion as a thing of course. But it is not so here. Not only every meeting, but every "case," is as if it were the first. Mr. Moody preaches and Mr. Sankey sings as if the truth they uttered had just fastened itself upon themselves a moment ago. They are always, therefore, freshly *en rapport* not only with their truth, but with their hearers; and truth, in such circumstances, is borne in upon the soul of an audience as a revelation.

Mr. Sankey has no more appreciative hearers than these rough East-enders, and the testimony-meeting on Mondays never fails to bring to light instances of awakening and conversion under the spell of one or other of the "Songs and Solos." Mr. Sankey is ably assisted in the Circus meetings by Mr. Scroggie, and at the close of the address the ring is always filled with inquirers, who may sometimes be numbered almost by hundreds.

Meantime Mr. Moody has handled this large congregation at Finnieston, delivered a powerful address, and, leaving the inquiry-meeting in safe keeping, goes off on the stroke of eight to Cranston-hill. There another large audience, consisting wholly of men, are anxiously awaiting him. Into this new centre he throws himself again with unflagging energy, betraying by no single symptom of weariness the herculean labours he has already gone through that day. An inquiry-meeting follows, as exhausting, as everyone knows, to a true worker as an hour's preaching, and by ten o'clock the evangelist is released and driven across the city to his temporary home.

But I was to describe the children's meeting. Sitting in my house between two and three, in the outskirts of Glasgow, I saw the unusual sight, at that time of the day, of a procession of little folks filing past my window, two and two. It was Good Friday, and a school holiday, and some kind teacher had marshalled the children—at least, so I concluded—and was now marching them into St. Andrew's Hall, a good two miles off. I put on my hat, and shortly followed in their wake. It was long before four, the hour of meeting, when I arrived at the hall, but it was already crowded from floor to ceiling.

In all my life I have never seen such an audience. The children were swarming in dense seething clusters

in every available corner, wedged round the galleries, packed in about the great organ, standing in the passages, perched on one another's knees, while from time to time a tender-hearted member of the choir would have a couple of standing urchins, restless and unwashed, hoisted up to the platform, where they were tucked in somehow about Mr. Sankey's organ. Mr. Moody was doing his best to keep their throats at least preoccupied with music, but I could see it was no easy task. Any other man's heart would certainly have failed him, but he rose to the occasion, and his great tact saved him in emergencies where there seemed nothing before us but a helpless collapse.

After a little singing, an opening prayer was attempted, which was well attended to. Then a hint of the text was given—the word "Little;" and the eager audience proceeded to guess what it might be. The verdict was all but unanimous in favour of "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," but some were in favour of "Little children, love one another," and "Fear not, little flock." Mr. Moody, however, announced that it was neither. It was not in the New Testament at all. At last the riddle was solved by a little girl—"Little foxes which spoil the vines." Mr. Moody explained in a very few touches how little sins spoil life, happiness, and peace, and then Mr. Sankey rallied the audience at a critical moment with a solo. The piece was admirably chosen—the hymn with the refrain "By-and-bye;" and while Mr. Sankey himself took the solo parts, the choir sang one half of the chorus, and the children in the back gallery were requested to conclude it. After a trial the idea was caught up immediately, and I have seldom listened to anything more effective. The solo was heard breathlessly, and the choir sang "By-and-bye," and paused, while the repeater, taken up by the little choir at the far end of the great hall, had exactly the effect of a very perfect echo.

The song finished, Mr. Moody proceeded to give a most extraordinary and original object-lesson. He produced some half-dozen reels of white thread, and handing down one end to the audience, began to pay out the thread, until, being passed along from hand to hand, it reached right down the audience from the platform to the opposite door. Then more thread was passed along the galleries, and in a few minutes the long white lines were stretching all over the hall. The excitement to know what all this meant became intense, and Mr. Moody had a good hearing when he went on to explain, "Could any boy or girl or child break that thread?" "Yes!" from a thousand voices. "Seize hold of it and try it—break it all to bits!" And the children fell upon it *instantly*, and tore it into a thousand pieces.

"Now," said Mr. Moody, "although that thread is a very little thing, a thing which a little child can break, I could bind the strongest man with it. I could wind it round and round him until he was a helpless prisoner, and he could never break it and escape." Then he showed how this is like the little sins, which, though they seem very feeble, wind themselves round and round the soul, and destroy it finally by their very multitude. With such an audience a lengthened address was an impossibility, and Mr. Moody wisely concluded with a few more words. I am sure while life lasts no boy or girl present will ever forget the singular "thread" of this discourse.

Such is the outline of a day's work in Glasgow. And this goes on day after day, week after week. Some laugh, some mock, others criticize and hold aloof; but those who see the deeper inner side, thank God more and more every day that they are allowed to see this work of faith and labour of love. They feel that God's grace to the workers is quite as wonderful as His grace to the converts.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Mr. J. W. Dill acknowledges the receipt of \$3 for the Muskoka Sufferers' Fund from J. O. Tait, Hollin, through the editor of this paper, and states that the account is now about closed.

REV. MR. MCFARLANE, of the American Presbyterian Mission in Siam, has recently been appointed Minister of Public Instruction, and will, as rapidly as practicable, develop a system of general education. The number of ordained missionaries for a population of eight millions is only three, and one young lady teacher has a field equal to the State of Missouri. Surely the fields are white in this land, and promise an abundant harvest. A particular demand exists for missionaries having a medical education.