

We Can Make Hemo Happy.

Though we may not change the cottage
Forasmuch as the little cottage
Or exchange the little cottage
For a house of stone and brick
Yet there is something better in it
Than there is in the world's grandest.

Though we have no means to purchase
Costly pleasures, rich and rare
Though we have not silver and gold
For the wall-to-wall and the floor
We can be content with what we have
For it is better than any other.

We can always make home in our life
If the right course we be
We can make it its inmates happy
And the truest pleasure win
It will make the small room brighter
If we let the sunshine in.

We can rather round the grasshopper
When the evening hours are late
We can blot our hearts and voices
In a happy, social note
We can find some erring brother
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music
And with a merry brimming cup
If we get all our instruments
We will surely do the best
Yet should we let each other more
We may have to do each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly
Which the grandest fail to find
There is a chain of sweet affection
Binding men of kindred mind
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

The Rev. John Geddie, D.D., Missionary to the New Hebrides.

(We find the following exceedingly interesting sketch of the life and labours of the late Rev. Dr. Geddie in the December number of the Canada Christian Monthly. It is from the pen of the Rev. C. C. Stuart, M.A., Owen Sound, and will repay perusal.—Ed. B. A. P.)

The man whose name stands at the head of this article, was not, so far as we know, related to any of the great ones of earth so called, for he was of humble though respectable parentage, he was not a giant either physically or intellectually, on the contrary, his bodily presence was weak, and his speech, though not contemptible, was far from that of the popular orators, either of our own or former times, while he made no pretensions to that power and skill necessary to give our literary eminence; and yet as a prince he had power with God—a power over nations, to rule them with a rod of iron, and as the vessels of a potter were they broken to shivers before him. He is gone now, and no word of praise or blame can disturb either the quiet rest of his body or the triumphant joy of his glorified spirit, hence it will not be thought that I speak for him, but rather to stir up others to be followers of him, even as he was of Christ.

He was born in 1816, the same year in which one of the greatest conquerors of mankind, according to the notions of the world, finished his military career. Nothing can be more ludicrous, says one, than a comparison between such an unpretending, obscure man as Geddie and the great Napoleon: I think so too, but for different reasons—the warrior is not worthy to be compared to him. Indeed we could not make such a comparison if we wished, for the cases are so different. We have no silly traditions of portents attending his birth and childhood, scarcely anything romantic in his manhood, and nothing at all of the earthquake style in his stern life battle: we have, however, some things to relate of the deepest interest to all who understand Christianity.

John Geddie, like young Samuel, was lent to the Lord. When quite young he was seized with a severe illness, which threatened his life. His parents despaired of him. Their great love for their child, and their anxiety that his life should be spared, as well as their deep-seated piety and firm faith in God as the disposer of all events, were strikingly manifested by their making a vow, that if He would spare their son they would give him all his life to the Lord. The Lord had mercy, and doubtless the pious parents ever after looked upon him as one brought back to them from the dead, and only theirs as one left with them by God to be trained for his service; and shall we not express our conviction that God accepted the offering thus made in faith, and though it did not yet appear to mortals, doubtless the boy was already a chosen vessel to bear Christ's name to those who sit in darkness, and in the region and shadow of death. And his future seems to confirm this view; for, if we mistake not, from the time that he was capable of forming definite plans for the future, he had the work of the ministry constantly in view, and accordingly, from the very first, he set himself to work with all his might to prepare for that most important office. We do not say that a man cannot be thoroughly consecrated to God as a private member of the Church, we know the contrary to be the case; nor yet that one may not enter the ministry for the sake of social position and worldly advantage, for we fear that many do so; but we do say, that when one, constrained by the love of Christ, in the spirit of the disciple who takes up his cross to follow the Master, undertakes the duties of a preacher of the gospel, he engages in the work which affords the fullest scope for the most thorough degree of consecration to God, and the best field for the greatest amount of useful and self-sacrificing labour. We have not a doubt that this was the spirit in which Geddie entered the ministry; if we had such a doubt, the whole course of his future life would declare it to be most unreasonable as well as uncharitable.

Not only was the work of the ministry thus chosen as his life work; but among all those preparing for the same work, or already engaged in it, his quick ear was perhaps the only one to hear from the hearer's world, the cry, "Come over and help us;" at all events his loving and courageous heart was the only one, at that time, to

respond to this the most urgent and trying of invitations.

But where was he to go, how was he to go, and who was to send him? The more questions at that time very hard to answer. One would naturally have advised, "offer your services to your own church first, and if she is unable or unwilling to send you, then turn to another." But this was not Geddie's way. It seemed indeed as if his own church was unable to undertake a foreign mission. She had only about twenty-five members and congregations at home; and in this world's goods she was as poor as she was small. But not only did he not despair of one day being able to go forth himself; he did not even despair of making his little church a missionary Church. He laid his plans for missionary work among the heathen, and then patiently waited until his Lord should bid him go forth. A story is told in this connection, which shows, not only that he had this great work in mind years before, but at the same time, the fact that he had made all earthly considerations subordinate to his love for the Master and the Master's service. It is said that when he entered into a matrimonial engagement with her who afterwards proved in all that pertains to a life of Christian heroism and self-sacrifice, a help-met worthy of himself, he made this stipulation, that if ever an opportunity offered for him to become a missionary to the heathen, that she would consent to go. With this understanding he married, and was settled over a congregation in P. E. Island.

In the course of time, we need not here stop to relate how or why, the Presbyterian church of Nova Scotia agreed to undertake a mission to the heathen. The resolution was not come to without many doubts and difficulties. The church was very small and very poor; there remained yet much land to be possessed at home, and all the usual arguments—not so stale then as now, though even yet some wise men think them worth repeating—were used to discourage the undertaking, but there was some faith and consequently some giants in those days, and the Synod decided as above stated. Well done, heroic little church! May the mantle of the Erskines, of Molyville, and of Knox never descend to less worthy children.

Geddie now offered his services, and it would suppose that it would be all he could have to do. But the men of that day could not see things in the same light in which we do, and some of them objected to him. He was not the right kind of man to send, his bodily presence was too weak, he was too bashful, and would never command the respect of the heathen. How often does our Lord pour contempt on our little notions of propriety. Providentially better counsels prevailed, and his services were accepted.

We shall pass over the preparations for departure, the sad farewells, the long and lonely voyage, and come at once to his field of labour.

Anatoni is an island in the New Hebrides group, in the South Pacific Ocean, about 250 miles from Australia. Its population was spiritually in utter darkness. They were naked, and from ignorance, not innocence, were not ashamed. They went to war on the most frivolous occasions, and worse still, under the greatest delusions, slaughtered their fellow-islanders of other tribes. For example, if a severe storm visited the place, one tribe would think it a sufficient pretext for war with the next, on the supposition that it was their neighbours who caused the storm. In the illustration of this, we may give the following, which we heard from Dr. Geddie himself. "One day I noticed the natives running past my dwelling, carrying clubs and apparently greatly excited. I immediately went out and followed in the direction in which they were going. I soon came up to one of the tribes, which was already in battle array, while another tribe a little way off was set in array against it. I asked the chief why they were going to fight, and he replied, that the opposing tribe was to blame for the late storm, and that they were going to give them a beating in consequence. I called his attention to a little pool of water near by, explained to him the nature of water, and the consequence of its remaining stagnant, how bad the effects would be if the waters of the ocean were allowed to remain forever at rest, and showed him that storms were really blessings sent in kindness by the great God and Father of all. The chief then left his tribe, ran and exchanged weapons with the chief of the opposing party, came back and said, 'Now there will be no war, but if your God sends any more storms, we will come and fight you.' Nor were such things as these the worst evils. Cannibalism was quite common. In one part of the island it was found that between certain ages, I think eight and fourteen, there were no children at all, and it was ascertained that this arose from the fact that the chief who ruled during these years had killed and eaten them all. The reader can easily imagine that where such things as these were done, numerous other abominations, of which it would be a shame even to speak, would be both secretly and openly practised.

One cannot imagine a more lonely place than this savage island, and here, for four long years, unprotected by human power, with his wife and little ones, Geddie laboured alone. Here he knew the bitterness of being cut off from civilized society; here he knew what famine meant when the meal failed in the barrel and the long-locked-for supply did not arrive; and worse still, he was sometimes in such peril from the treacherous savages that he could say for himself and family, "There is but a step between us and death." Who will dare to ridicule the faith which sustained this heroic man and woman on that island, through the long dark night of heathenism which preceded the dawning of the gospel day?

At the end of four years or thereabout, a missionary arrived from Scotland, and took up his abode on the other side of the island from that occupied by Geddie. Now that he had already seen some of the results of his labours in the conversion of natives, and in the disappearance of the natives' distrust and hostility, the presence of a brother missionary on the same island in addition, made him feel that he had at least a home,

and his path was henceforth smoother and more pleasant.

We shall now, having passed over fourteen years of toil, introduce the reader to a congregational meeting. We cannot stop to describe the church, although it is, we believe, the largest stone structure of its kind in Polynesia. But who are these assemblies in such an orderly manner, all of them becomingly dressed, and taking their places in that church? They are the once-savage islanders, sitting and clothed, and in their right minds. Geddie is going to preach. The psalm is sung, a chapter from the Bible is read, and prayer is offered, and yet, were we there, we could not understand a single word, for it is indeed a strange tongue. But Geddie has long ago thoroughly mastered it, and has already made of it a written language, besides translating large portions of the Bible into it. He speaks, and all is attention, for it is the gospel he preaches, the story which has a charm for every sin-burdened human being in every kindred, tongue and people, and nation.

The sermon being finished, certain congregational matters must be attended to. The report of mission work must be given in. How much arduous work has been planted this year for missions? How much is it likely to realize in the Australian market? These and similar questions require to be answered, so that the church at home may be informed of the progress of its mission. It may be necessary here to explain to the reader that these people as soon as they learned the gospel, learned to work for God, and as they had no money to give, they cultivated a certain amount of arduous work, to be sold in Australia, in order to raise funds for the support of missions; and though we cannot now say what their contributions amounted to, we remember well that it was a sum so large that many congregations in Ontario would blush (for themselves not for Aneitona) to hear it mentioned.

Next there is a most important and interesting matter to be taken up. Geddie with his family, is about to pay a visit to the church at home, and an elder is about to be chosen to accompany him, to represent the congregation in the mother church of Nova Scotia. The right man, as it is supposed, is found, and the work of the day is now at hand. Geddie himself must be surprised at the work of eighteen years, and what shall we say? We had best be silent, or at least find words more appropriate than our own to describe what has taken place. "The wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose."

What are they saying at home in Nova Scotia now? John Geddie is coming home! is an exclamation of joy on everybody's lips. "What has God wrought?" is the devout utterance from many a pulpit, and "What hath God wrought," is the one thought which occupies every earnest Christian mind in the church which undertook the mission.

Many may be curious to know if the work at home has not suffered while the church's attention has been given to foreign missions. We are glad to say that the very opposite has been the case. She has more than doubled her numbers; her home-mission work was never before more thoroughly done, her college was never more roughly attended; her contributions have been all along increasing, and so far from her sending one missionary in the South Sea Islands a burden, she has already sent three additional ones with their wives. Her ministers at home can now more effectively rouse the hard-hearted and indifferent, by pointing to the poor heathen who are going into the kingdom of heaven before them. In every respect, we may say, the Church at home has prospered beyond all expectation, and not a little of this prosperity is traceable to her Foreign Mission.

After a long voyage, Geddie and his family arrived in Nova Scotia. The elder already mentioned was obliged to give up the voyage and return to his native island, on account of ill health. The visit to Nova Scotia was supposed to be a rest, but he had but little, if any time for rest. He visited all sections of his own church, and even beyond it. Everywhere he met with a most cordial welcome; indeed nothing else was ever thought of. Congregations in the sister Presbyterian church, the Kirk, received him gladly, and some of them raised large contributions for the mission. His story was of the simplest kind, yet congregations were held spell-bound by it. Not by the tricks of the orator, but by the statement of soul-stirring facts, he called forth the deepest sympathies of the heart. We shall never forget those meetings at Halifax at which we had the pleasure of hearing him. One of them was a farewell meeting. He spoke, as was natural, of leaving his native land never to return, but with no dramatic affectation, for he added, we have no desire to return, and the look of pleasure which beamed from his face as he contemplated the resumption of his work, told plainly that he was speaking the simple truth.

A few days afterwards, with his wife and some of his children, for some remained in Nova Scotia, he left our shores for the last time, and after a few months was welcomed back by his spiritual children in Aneitona. He continued on the island at his usual work for several years, when, on account of failing strength, and the fact that he was much needed to complete the translating and printing of the Bible, it was thought advisable to appoint a successor, and allow him to give more attention to this work. But on the very day after his charge was formally handed over to his successor, he was stricken with paralysis. It seemed as if the Lord had just relieved him of the post, where he had laboured so long and faithfully, in order to give him the invitation, "Friend, come up higher." A few months more, however, were granted him, which he spent in Guelton in Australia, tenderly cared for by his wife and daughter, when the final summons came on the fourteenth of December, 1872, and he laid aside his toil-worn body and took his place among the white-robed ones who shall sit on the stars for ever and ever, and Geddie, a conqueror of men in the true sense, is now

more than conqueror through Christ who loved him.

We made a remark at the commencement of this sketch in reference to Geddie's power, which some may think very strong, very, even startling; but if we had applied similar language to the power of Britain, now would have thought it inappropriate. We might have said that she possessed the power requisite to rule nations with a rod of iron, or to break them to shivers, and no one would have been the least surprised. Let us suppose then that she had sent the most formidable ships in her navy, surrounded the island of Aneitona, and had, by means of them, undertaken to subdue the natives. She might have thrown shot and shell, and forced them to submit, but would she thus have subdued them, and made them loyal subjects of Britain's Queen? We think not. Once remove the brute force, and the savage mind would show itself as untamed and as unmanageable as before. But Geddie went without a weapon, except the sword of the Spirit, and he not only put to flight the powers of darkness, but he left the natives so thoroughly subdued, that life and property were just as safe on that island, perhaps safer than in England itself. It is then a greater and more enduring conquest than all the armies and navies of the world combined could gain. If it be asked why we did not describe it in more appropriate language, in which the conquests of Christ are described in Scripture, may more the very language in which the conquests of His servants are described: "He that overcometh and keepeth my words unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations: And he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers: even as I received of my father."

Nova Scotia has some heroes of whom she is justly proud. She reckons among them the hero of Kara and the gallant defender of Lucknow, while in one of her cemeteries in Halifax a lordly lion looking down from a well-designed pedestal keeps her in mind of two of her sons, brave officers who fell in the Crimean war. But she has greater heroes than any of these, though she has not erected a single monument to their memory. Geddie, who fell in well-worn harness, and the Gordon who gained the martyr's crown on blood-stained Erromanga, as well as Johnson and Matheson, who were carried off by disease on neighbouring islands, are true heroes and worthy of a far higher meed of praise. She has provided no monument for these, and she need not do it, for long after marble, and granite and bronze have crumbled to dust, and bloody battle fields are forgotten; and swords have been beaten to ploughshares, and spears to pruning hooks, and bugles and drums are needed no more, when a long-battered wall has come to itself and discovered the truth at last, and shall begin to reckon up the men of past ages to whom she owes her gratitude, then shall the soldiers of the cross be the heroes, and then shall such names as Geddie be written high on the roll of fame, not because a record of what they have done has been discovered on crumbling marble, but because their works have followed them, and the descendants of nations liberated through their self-denying labours have kept their memory ever fresh and fragrant.

Every Eye Shall See Him.

Year after year, as each is drawing to its close, are we brought to the season of Advent, that solemn time of preparation which the Church has appointed to enable us fully to commemorate at Christmas the first coming of our Divine Lord, and also to keep before our minds the fact that one day He will come again to judge the world. His first coming was in Humility. His second coming will be "in Power and Great Glory." It is astonishing with what apathy and indifference our Lord's second coming is regarded, not only by the world, but also by those "who profess and call themselves Christians." Are you one of these? Do you believe in your heart what you profess with your lips, that thence He will come to judge the quick and the dead? Do you realize the fact that He will come again, and that when least expected? In that form of prayer which He Himself has taught us, we pray "Thy kingdom come." Are these the words of the lips only? or are you living a life of continual preparation for that great and terrible day of our Lord? That He will come again no one that believes in Revelation will deny, but there are some who do not believe, of such St. Peter says, "Knowing thus first, that these shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things remain as they were from the beginning of the creation." Well, St. Peter foretold us now being fulfilled. Men laugh and scoff, and say, "Where is the promise of His coming?" But the Lord will surely return and judge the quick and the dead. Job says, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." David, also, says, "Our God shall come and shall not keep silence, a fire shall devour before Him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about Him." And our blessed Lord hears frequent testimony of His own coming again. He will come suddenly and when least looked for. People will be saying, "Peace, Peace, when there is no peace," and sudden destruction shall come upon them. People will say, "Oh it will not happen in my time, why prepare for an event so uncertain?" But as it was in the days of Noah, when men were feasting and marrying and occupying themselves with anything but the warning of God's servants; all at once the flood came and swept them from the face of the earth, or as it was with Sodom and Gomorrah, when men ate and drank, bought and sold, planted and builded, and went on in their wickedness, until, without warning, fire came down from heaven.—Rev. W. Carter.

Unbounded patience is necessary to bear not only with ourselves, but with others whose various tempers and dispositions are not congenial with our own.

What the Preacher Has to Deal With.

Let the preacher recollect that whilst in the pulpit he is in communication with the actual facts of life, and not with a merely philosophical dream or theory of them; that he is called upon to confront the cruelty of nature and the scorn of time, the vanity and turbulence of youth and the obduracy of unregenerated years, the half-formed and the lukewarm repentance, the sharp pain of regret and the rankling sting of kindness, the weariness of hope deferred and a joyless life, the sickness of a present sorrow and the bitterness of a new bereavement, the counting fires of unbridled passion and the too weighty burden of many cares which crushes the soul down to the ground; and then there is some to raise it up again. Let him recollect that he talks to the fathers of the heathen children, to the struggling artisan or tradesman, to the young man about to enter life, or who has just begun it, to the poor temptress with her sorry-tried powers, and the young gentleman who seeks some one to her to cling in the best mode of distributing her energies and employing her time, to the widow and the orphan, to the poor and the wealthy, with their dangers and responsibilities. All these varying circumstances of life, and many others, which are found in every church and in every congregation, should be distinctly recognized and admonished with an earnest, fervent, and loving thoughtfulness. It is not enough that they should be grouped under one heading, and addressed without any special meaning or intention. The proper function of the pulpit and its worthy fulfillment implies something more than this. It should seek its proper field in the common experience of life, its sorrows, sufferings, and pleasure, not in the emotional transports of a vague and purposeless enthusiasm, which has no reference to anything beyond itself, its circle and its Church; which here every day virtues and simple offices of good for transcendental sentiments sought for their own sake, whose effects die with themselves.—London Quarterly Review.

Christian Profession.

A Christian profession must be 1. Sincere and hearty. Not only must it not be basely hypocritical, but it is there must not be even self-deception. It must be honestly made. In it must be no reserves, no reticences. A profession of love without love is offensive to every man. 2. It must be humble, not vainglorious and ostentatious. John called on men to witness his zeal for the Lord of hosts. He was a poor, vain creature. 3. A Christian profession must be open and public. Christ made no secret of his love for us. Why should we make a secret of our love for him? "Let your light shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven."—Matt. 2: 16. 4. Our profession should be bold and fearless. We should not seem to be asking pardon for being followers of Jesus Christ. Paul says, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—Rom. 1: 16. There is an apologetic way of avowing truth, which seems to provoke opposition. We must stand up for Jesus, even what it may. The life of the truth is more important than the life of any man upon earth. We must resist even unto the shedding of blood, if necessary. 5. A Christian profession is unto death. In this war there is no discharge. "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him," says God.—Heb. 10: 38.—Evangelist.

The Names of God.

Everyone knows that German entitles, followed by Dr. Colenso and others, have written scriptural broken up the most ancient Scriptures into fragments which they call the Elohist and Jehovist sections. These are ascribed to different authors whose names are lost, one of whom knew God as Elohim, the other as Jehovah. But the variety in the use of these holy names admits of a far more natural explanation. The employment of this term or that depends on the drift of the passage in which it occurs. Thus in the first chapter of Genesis, where creative and productive power is revealed, we find only Elohim. In the two chapters which follow, and which describes God as dealing with man personally, He is Jehovah Elohim. When we reach the fourth chapter, and read of worship and sacrifice, the offerings are said to be made unto Jehovah. In the fourteenth chapter is identified with the "El Elohim, of whom Melchizedek was priest. In the nineteenth the word Elohim is used, just because the chapter is occupied with the covenant which God made with Abraham, and the God of the covenant is always Jehovah. Abraham uses the name "Adonai Jehovah," which our version most inaccurately renders "Lord God," instead of "My Lord Jehovah."—Sunday Magazine.

Communion Wine.

For the information of those who wish to prepare unintoxicating wine for sacramental use, rather than to purchase it, as has been done, most of the churches would prefer to do a friend suggests that we state a method of its preparation. He says: To make unfermented wine for sacramental purposes, all that is needed is to apply the principles of canning. Grapes juice boiled and the acetic acid arises very carefully removed, it is perfectly clear, will keep in glass bottles or tin cans; only be sure that it is hermetically sealed at the boiling point. It can be easily done by treating the grape juice as if it were fruit to be canned. In bottles, cover the corks with sealing wax. If preferred, the wine thus made can be sweetened according to taste. He is incapable of a truly good action who knows not the pleasure in contemplating the good actions of others.—Lecturer.