

## OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

By F. W. Farrar, D.D.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Aim at that which is good, cleave to that which is good; occupy your time with that which is good, fill your thought with that which is good and the assaults of evil will have lost half their power. An earnest employment, a steady purpose in life, a diligent use of time—these are an irresistible panoply against vice, these strike out of the devil's hand his worst implements of temptation. You will remember that terrible truth in one of the Lord's earnest parables, about the evil spirit returning to the house whence he came out, and finding it "empty, swept, and garnished"; then goeth he and taketh to himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. What does that "empty, swept, and garnished" mean? It means that if your heart is not pre-occupied with good, it will be invaded by evil. Oh, beware of idleness in its every form, idle procreatinations, idle talk, idle habits, idle thoughts, these are the certain ruin of the soul. The laborer who stands idle in the marketplace is ever ready to be hired in the devil's service. The worm of sin gnaws deepest into the idle heart. Pre-occupy your heart with good; pre-occupy your time with honest industry, and you are safe. Whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, if there be any virtue, and praise, think on these things. Evil can as little encroach on the domain of good as darkness can force its way into the circle of radiance which a lamp flings into the night. Remember that since all sin begins in thought, if your thoughts are safe then you are safe.

## PRAYER.

O Lord God Almighty, most Merciful Father, we Thy children approach Thee this morning with confidence and thanksgiving. As we remember Thy love the response of the heart is: "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise His Holy Name." We are not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which Thou art ever showing unto us Thy servants. Give us grace, O Lord, to lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, so that looking unto Jesus, we may faithfully walk in the path of duty according to Thy will. We thank Thee that we have in Thy Son our Lord a great High Priest who offered Himself an all-sufficient sacrifice for sin, and Who now appears in Thy presence for us. We rejoice to know that if any of us sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous. O Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, grant us Thy peace. Amen.

## WHEN AND WHAT TO READ.

If you are impatient sit down quietly and have a talk with Job.

If you are just a little strong-headed, go to see Moses.

If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah.

If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.

If you are a polley man, read Daniel.

If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah.

If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you.

If your faith is below par, read Paul.

If you are getting lazy, watch James.

If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land.

If we knew our brother as God knows him, we should never dare to despise him any more.—G. H. Morrison.

## A MISSIONARY WITH A WIDE PARISH.\*

By Rev. M. MacGillivray, D.D.

The "Presbytery of the Canadas"! Words of gracious music, and omen of great things to come! Now, there are in Canada sixty Presbyteries. That of the "Canadas" was organized in 1818, and if the Rev. Robert McDowall was not of the five who constituted the first "sederunt" he may well be regarded as one of the charter members, for presently he joined the ranks, and gave such proof of executive ability that two years after, he was elected the first Moderator of the Synod of the "Canadas." The "Canadas" were Upper and Lower, now Ontario and Quebec.

In the closing year of the eighteenth century emigrants were coming in considerable numbers to Upper and Lower Canada, both from the Old Country and from the United States—from the latter, because of the war of Independence; but they were settled in little groups, widely scattered over vast areas of the wilderness, for the most part far away from such small business centres as there were, with scarcely a bit of road between but the blazed trail, and sometimes not even that. For many a day, their condition materially was one of extreme hardship, being often pinched for the bare necessities of life; and religiously the case was no better. Years might pass without a sermon or sacrament. Marriage could be solemnized only by going enormous distances to the few ministers then permitted by law to officiate at such ceremonies, or by patiently keeping love warm, and waiting till a chance visit brought the qualified missionary to the settlement.

There were a goodly proportion of Presbyterians both among those who came from over seas and among those who espoused the British side in the war of Independence, and at its close moved northward to Canadian soil, to live again under the folds of the "dear old flag." A considerable settlement of these "United Empire Loyalists" pitched their tents on the picturesque, fertile shores of the Bay of Quinte, where with large hope and sturdy enterprise, they began at once to carve for themselves a new home out of the virgin forest. Their religion was as dear to them as the integrity of the Empire, and with little delay, they made application to the home church in Scotland for the minister and the schoolmaster.

The Dutch Reformed Church of the neighboring State of New York (Presbyterian in doctrine and polity) was the first to send help, and in 1798 the Rev. Robert McDowall was ready, and got his "marching orders." As the name implies, he was of Scottish origin, and was born in Saratoga County, New York; educated at Williams' College; and ordained by the Presbytery of Albany. The man and the crisis met.

From first to last, Mr. McDowall's work was largely itinerant, that of a missionary at large and covering a wide extent of country, from Brookville, Quinte, Kingston in the east to York (Toronto) and further west and north. But in 1800 he was inducted minister of the united congregations of Fredericksburg, Adolphustown, and Ernestown on the Bay of Quinte. This was his home, and the seat of his bishopric, but he could not close his ears to the appealing cry of the destitute in other places. His preaching tours were often long and dangerous, but in his prime neither fatigue, nor bad roads, nor stormy weather daunted him. Once he made a trip to York on foot, skirting the lake shore all the way, and swimming the larger streams. Among the many indentations of the Bay of Quinte his canoe was in much request. And wherever he went, he preached, administered ordinances, and officiated at marriages, as occasion might offer or require.

\* Y. P. S. C. E. Topic for April 28th, 1907.—Acts 17: 1-9.

In his bulky Register of Baptisms and Marriages, now preserved with jealous care in the Library of Queen's University, the number of marriages entered between 1800 and 1822 is 753, and in 1838 the number is estimated at 1,100.

When the wholly unjustifiable war of 1812 was forced on us, the Dutch Reformed Church abandoned the Canadian mission; but Mr. McDowall didn't, and his labors multiplied. In 1818 he joined, as already said, the "Presbytery of the Canadas", and shortly afterwards identified himself with the Canadian branch of the Church of Scotland.

Shortly after his arrival in Canada Mr. McDowall was united in marriage to a Miss Hannah Washburn, daughter of a United Empire Loyalist. Eight children were born to them, and two sons became ministers in the United States. She died in 1852.

Quite as much honored by his brethren as by his people, Mr. McDowall's Synod, in June, 1841, planned to present him with a testimonial expressive, in warm terms, of the high esteem with which he was regarded for his personal worth and eminent services.

But the end was drawing near. The days when his brethren were doing him honor, he preached his last sermon, in St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, from the parable of the Lost Sheep. Two weeks thereafter, the intrepid, worn-out pathfinder laid by the implements of his toil, and entered into the joy of his Lord. Amid the tears of his people, his remains were interred in the family plot in the burying ground of Fredericksburg. And this might well have been his epitaph:

"Blow wind! Come whack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back."

## SOMETHING TO LIVE UP TO.

One who repeated to a friend a word of praise that had been overheard—a high encomium of his work and character—was somewhat surprised at the sudden light that flashed into the strong face.

"Thank you," was the earnest reply, "I'm glad you told me that. It is something to live up to."

There was no vain acceptance of the commendation as fully merited; it was only like a bugle call to higher service. That is what such words must always prove to any true and earnest spirit. They flash a sharp contrast between the self that appears to others, and what the soul knows of its own failures and shortcomings, and humble as no blame could do; but also they inspire to fresh courage and effort; they are "something to live up to."

"A true friend will tell one his faults," is a saying we often hear, but a true friend, if he is wise in the knowledge of human nature, will tell us our virtues. The fact is that in this busy world of ours, with its keen struggle and sharp competition, we are pretty apt to be told our faults by those who are not friends, and to be brought face to face with one's mistakes and failures so often that we sometimes lose hope and courage. Whoever has a word of honest praise for another should feel that he holds something which is that other's due, and hasten to pay it. The word of blame may be a good, but the word of hearty commendation will be "something to live up to" through many a trying hour.—Forward.

The neighbor who needs you most is not always the most congenial.

If God gives me work to do, I will thank him that he has bestowed upon me a strong arm; if he gives me danger to brave, I will bless him that he has not made me without courage; but I will go down on my knees and beseech him to fit me for my task, if he tells me it is only to stand and wait.—Jean Ingelow.