

## OBITUARY

THE DEATH OF THE REV. D. M. BEATTIE, B.D.

The Rev. D. M. Beattie, B.D., till recently minister of Blenheim and Oxford churches in the Presbytery of Paris, died at Greenwood, S. C., on the morning of the 22nd of November, after a painful illness of several months.

Mr. Beattie was born in Puslinch, near Guelph, Ont., February the 7th, 1850, and was in his forty-fourth year at the time of his death. He received his early education at the schools near home, and was always serious and studious. In his eighteenth year he made profession of faith in Christ, and became a member of Duff's Church, Puslinch, under the ministry of the Rev. K. McDonald. Soon after he felt it to be his duty to devote his life to the Gospel ministry, and he was taken under the care of Guelph Presbytery. He entered the Preparatory department of Knox College; and, on completing this course, went to the University of Toronto, where, after a very brilliant course, he graduated in 1876 with high honors. He then studied Theology in Knox College, completing the course in 1879, in a very creditable manner. At this time he was a very good scholar, and exceedingly well qualified for the work of the ministry. He still kept up his student habits, and in 1887 took the degree of B. D. in Knox College by examination.

In 1879 he was ordained to the Gospel ministry, and settled as pastor of Blenheim and Oxford in the Presbytery of Paris, among a people whose call was most hearty and unanimous. Here he remained for nearly fourteen years, and labored faithfully and successfully for the honor of Christ, and the good of his cause in that community. He found Presbyterianism in a somewhat scattered condition when he went there, but under the new arrangement of the field, and by God's blessing on his labors he soon had a strong, united body of active people banded together in work and worship. The membership grew steadily, and the liberality of the people was greatly increased. A fine new manse was built and various improvements were made on the church property, so that it is now complete in every respect. Each year of his ministry increased the regard in which he was held not only by his own people, but by the community generally. In 1881 he married Miss Catherine McLaren, of Guelph, and she in every way proved a very efficient help-meet. She with seven little children are left to mourn the departure of a devoted husband and indulgent father.

In the winter of 1892 a severe attack of grippe laid him aside from work for a time, and planted the seeds of the fatal disease which finally laid him low. After a time he was able to resume work, but again early in the summer of 1892 he had to cease preaching. He spent most of the summer seeking to recuperate, and sought the benefit of a warmer climate as winter came on. He went to Columbia, S. C., where his brother was a professor in the Theological Seminary. Here his health improved, so that in April he was able to preach. He went to Greenwood, S. C., and preached there three months. At the end of that time this church gave him a hearty call to become pastor. In July he returned to Canada, resigned his charge in Paris Presbytery, and prepared to remove south with his family to take up his work at Greenwood in a most inviting field. He reached there at the end of August, was warmly welcomed by the people who had called him. But it was not the Lord's will that he should long labor among them. He was able to preach only one Sabbath. The fatigue of the long, tiresome trip seemed to be too much for him, or the disease was but surely making inroads upon his system. He gradually grew weaker, and in spite of all that physicians and tender nursing could do he grew weaker, and was soon confined to bed entirely. The people were constant in their kindness and unremitting in their attentions, but soon it was evident that recovery could scarcely be hoped for.

Early in November his brother William, came on from Louisville, Ky., where he was attending the Theological Seminary, to be at his side, and on the 19th a telegram brought his older brother, Rev. F. R. Beattie, to

Greenwood. Gradually the strength ebbed away, and early in the morning of the 22nd Nov. the end came, and he entered into rest. His death was a marvellous triumph of faith, fortitude and patience. Never once did he murmur, and with wonderful self-possession he gave directions about the family and their return home. His dying testimony was clear and unquestioned. It is as follows: "My trust is not in what I am, nor in what I have done, but only in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ my Saviour." His last message to his friends at home in Canada was—"Grieve not." He specially gave thanks to the people at Greenwood, for all their kindness. The funeral services were conducted by Dr. Girardeau in the church at Greenwood, then the remains were taken to Guelph, where the funeral services were held in Knox church in the presence of a large company of friends, Revs. M. Beattie and Mr. Smith, of Guelph, and Rev. Mr. Thomson, of Ayr, for the Paris Presbytery, conducted the services, and thereafter the body was tenderly laid beneath the cloths to await the resurrection morning.

Thus at noontide the sun has gone down. A noble Christian character, and an efficient and faithful minister is no more in the flesh. In many respects the deceased was a remarkable man. He had high ability, yet was as unassuming and gentle as could be. He had an exceedingly high sense of what was right and honorable, and he commanded the unqualified respect of all who knew him. His preaching was clear, scriptural and spiritual, his pastoral work was faithful and affectionate, and as a member of Presbytery he was wise in counsel, and always ready to aid his brethren to the utmost of his ability. His life and ministry will be a fragrant memory for many years to come.

## A WORKING AND A THRIVING CONGREGATION.

The Central Presbyterian Church, corner of Grosvenor and St. Vincent Streets, Toronto, is now one of the handsomest and most comfortable places of worship in the Queen City. At an expenditure last year of close on \$8,000, the interior of the church was greatly improved, a new organ was introduced, and the seating capacity of the choir increased. Rev. Dr. McTavish, the minister, who came from Lindsay five years ago to take charge of the congregation, has proved himself a faithful shepherd, and his people bear witness to his many good qualities, especially to his unwearying spiritual zeal, to his consistent life, and to his numerous acts of charity. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that great activity exists amongst all the organizations formed to carry on the work of the Central Church. That the congregation is a liberal one can be fully proved by a glance at the published report of the church for 1892. In that year close on \$4,000 was disbursed for Missions, including some \$900 for a special missionary in Central India, and \$250 on account of a special missionary in the North-West. This congregation also supports a Mission Church on Elizabeth Street, at a cost of about \$750 annually. The congregation is generous, too, for on a collection being asked on Thanksgiving Day in aid of a charitable fund disbursed by the Ladies' Aid Society, those present responded by putting \$105 into the collection plates. The Sunday School building in connection with the church is commodious and the school-room is well equipped for carrying on the work. There is a large attendance at the general classes and there is a very efficient staff of conscientious, painstaking teachers to take charge of them; there are also senior and junior Bible classes presided over by as good teachers as can be found in Toronto. With all the appliances mentioned, and under the general supervision of a man of Dr. McTavish's widely known zeal and devotion to the work of the Master, the Central Church must necessarily prove a power for good in the neighborhood, of which it is the centre. Since Dr. McTavish took charge of this church the congregation has been steadily growing, and at the present time the number of members and adherents on the roll is 602. At the Communion on Sunday morning, December 3rd, Dr. McTavish read out the names of twenty-two persons who had just connected themselves with the congregation, either by certificate or on profession of their faith.

## Christian Endeavor.

## CHRISTMAS SERVICE. WHAT CAN WE GIVE TO CHRIST?

BY REV. W. S. M'TAVISH, B.D., ST. GEORGE.

Dec. 24.—Matt. 2: 11; Psalm 40: 6-8.

At this season of the year we naturally turn our thoughts to the lowly manger in Bethlehem where Christ was born. It is well that we should do so, for we cannot too often have our attention turned to Christ and what He has done for us. The more we think about Him, the more intense and steadfast will be our love to Him, and if we truly love Him we shall naturally try to devise some way of giving expression to the feelings of our hearts. When the wise men found Jesus, they opened their treasures and presented Him with gold, frankincense and myrrh. What offerings can we bring?

First of all, we can give ourselves wholly to Him. The example of the Christians in Macedonia should be imitated by all. The apostle tells us that they first gave their own selves to the Lord (II Cor. 8: 5). That was both natural and proper. The first gift to be laid upon Christ's altar is ourselves. We should present to Him our bodies a living sacrifice, for such is our reasonable service. Nothing else will be accepted so long as this sacrifice is withheld. He gave His life for us; we should give ourselves to Him.

We can give Him also our heart's love, our praises, our adoration. When the Magi came to Christ, they fell down, they worshipped, they presented their offerings. These three acts are very significant. As Dr. Frank observes: "Three acts are here, falling down, worshiping and offering—the first, the worship of the body; the second, of the soul; the third, of our goods. With these three, our bodies, our souls, our goods, we are to worship Him. Without them all, worship is but a lame and maimed sacrifice, neither fit for wise men to give, nor Christ to receive."

We may give something to Him by helping our needy brethren. If we do not assist His needy children, He regards it as if it had not been done to Him; on the other hand, if we do anything to make their lives brighter and happier, He looks upon it as having been done to Himself (Matt. 25: 34-45). Even a cup of cold water given to a disciple in the name of a disciple, shall not lose its reward.

This is a season of joy and gladness; a time for the giving and receiving of presents; but while we eat the fat and drink the sweet ourselves, we should send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared (Neh. 8: 10). We have the poor with us always, and whenever we will we can show our love to Christ by doing them good. But it seems doubly incumbent upon us to assist them at this particular season. First, because the poor have special hardships in winter; and second, because we celebrate an event which speaks of peace, joy and happiness to all mankind. Someone has truly said, "Even selfishness might prompt benevolence at this season, for it will give zest to our own feasting to be conscious that others are sharing it through our gifts. Even if we must curtail our own feasting somewhat in order to give to others, we shall be thus repaid."

Mr. N. W. Hughes, Q.C., of Toronto, in a paper on "The Soudan Mission," read at Wycliffe College, Toronto, says: "As truly as Hannington gave his life to purchase the road to Uganda, and has won it, so truly has Graham Wilmot Brookes laid down his life that Christ may be preached through the length and breadth of the Soudan. And shall he not win it, too? And so, for the present, the story of the Soudan mission ends—apparently in disaster and defeat—two lonely graves all that remain. God has buried His workers, but shall not the work go on? An earnest appeal has been issued by the C. M. S. for volunteers for this post of honor in the great mission battlefield. Canadians joined in the expedition for the rescue of Gordon, and a Canadian was with Stanley in his last great journey across Africa. May we not hope that some Canadians may be moved by the story of the Soudan mission, may be kindled with admiration for the devotion and heroism of its gallant leaders, and responsive to the cry of the millions of Mohammedans sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to the call of the Spirit, may be led to say, 'Lo! here I am; send me?'"

thing to have Miss Lillian M. Phelps, so well known and thoroughly respected by every intelligent temperance worker in Canada, write imploring me in the name of wronged womanhood to address a wider audience than my own congregation "and if possible save our women and girls from the awfulness of this woman's touch." It seems a startling thing to have Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, the leading New England Baptist, tell me, as he did in August last, that she is the falsest and most unscrupulous woman and the most unblushing hypocrite he had ever met; and to have Mrs. Gordon write of how she and Dr. Gordon had sore experience with her in Boston, and that "she should not be allowed to take the pulpit or platform as an advocate of morality or a defender of the Protestant faith." But such things as these are trifles compared with evidence that could not be published in a paper sent into pure homes.

I know how this woman tries to turn the edge of incriminating evidence and to convert every condemnation into useful advertising matter. I know how she hoodwinks her audiences, posing now as a martyr and now as a penitent. I know how her admirers are overcome by her crocodile tears and give expression to their sympathy by presenting her with Bibles. I have read the much-vaunted certificates of character given by creatures of her own creation, a fragment of the "Loyal Women of American Liberty" and the "Protestant Protective Women of Canada." To be sure she is badly in need of such certificates. But certificates will not do. Testimonials and limp-covered Bibles will not hide her shame or arrest the contagion of her diseased life. Nor tears, nor prayers, "nor poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world" will change her lustful eye, or dull the public sense of loathing for one who has prostituted truth and honor and who "runs riotously in the error of Balaam for hire."

I write strong words, and I use them advisedly. If you knew what words I refrain from writing you would marvel at my mildness of expression. I would not write at all did I not know of this woman's movements in Ontario and her deep-laid schemes to make tools of people who are ignorant of her devices. I see her name connected with Toronto, Peterboro, Brantford, Galt, Thorold, and other places. How long will Protestants be her willing dupes? Surely ministers will beware. Surely Christian people will take warning. Surely those who are still clean will not suffer curiosity to tempt them within her lecherous influence. Surely the press will not wink at her fraud or be criminally silent. Surely political parties in Canada have not come to so desperate a pass as to join hands, even in the dark, with the devil of impurity. It is not a question of the truth or falseness of her charges against the Church of Rome. On lips like hers the Ten Commandments are immoral and the Sermon on the Mount corrupting. She and others of her ilk must be cast out if civil liberty and moral purity are to be maintained. The worst enemies of Protestantism to-day are not those who carry the crucifix, but those who, holding aloft the Bible they do not obey, and flying a flag they disgrace and defile, fire the worst passions and prejudices for the sake of personal gain or political power, and shout to an unreasoning mob, "To hell with the Pope." Unless these fire-eating agitators are silenced, civil and religious liberty in a Canadian democracy will be seriously imperilled. Is there any better way of silencing them than by decent people, being warned, refusing to give them audience, and so making their "Protestantism" a less profitable affair? That they may be warned I have ventured within range of the certain malediction of those whose craft is in danger.

When I arrived at the Fiji group my first duty was to bury the hands, feet, and heads of eighty victims whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a cannibal feast.—James Calvert.

If we had to choose between sending consuls and missionaries to foreign countries, we would get a great deal more for our money out of the latter than the former.—David Dudley Field.