

Pastor and People.

THE COMING HARVEST.

We are *praying* for the harvest,
For the gleam of reaping time,
When the fruit of all our sowing
Shall appear in every clime.
We are *praying* for the dawning
Of the bright and golden day,
When the Gospel of the Saviour
Shall from pole to pole hold sway.

We are *working* for the harvest,
Oft in gladness, oft in tears;
Oftentimes with hearts a-glowing,
Oftentimes with doubts and fears;
All the labour and the sorrow
Point us to the future years,
When the love of Christ doth conquer,
And the Golden Age appears.

We are *waiting* for the harvest—
Waiting calmly day by day—
For we too must rest in quietness,
While we work and while we pray.
On the hill-tops of our silence,
With the eyes of faith and love,
We can see the coming glory
Streaming earthward from above.

Hail! thou glorious harvest morning,
Quickly come the day and hour
When the weeping earth shall blossom
'Neath the Prince of Peace's power.
When o'er every tribe and nation
He, the King of Kings, shall reign,
And the long-departed Eden
Shall return to us again.

There's no time for idle brooding,
No need for despairing words.
Let us all be up and doing,
For the earth shall be the Lord's.
By our praying and our working,
By our faithful waiting, too,
We shall herald in the morning,
When the harvest comes to view.

—G. F.

THE GOSPEL IN LARGE CAPITALS.—VI.

DR. PATON'S STORY OF A CHRISTIAN ADVENTURE.

BY FIDELIS.

(Concluded.)

From this day Namakei Christianity became, so to speak, the established religion of Aniwa; the idols were brought out and piled up in heaps in front of Dr. Paton's house, though some, as might be expected in such a case, wanted to sell them to the missionary. Even the hidden idols were sought out and the hidens exposed by the authorities, and a sort of assembly was convened to condemn and put down the prevailing sin of dishonesty by imposing fines and punishments on the offenders. The Sabbath was kept sacred, and daily family prayer to God and grace before meals became the general practice, and "every house in which these did not exist was known thereby to be heathen."

The picture of the Christian death of the old chief Namakei, the first convert to Christianity, is as touching, as full of simple pathos, as any of the Scottish scenes of Ian Maclaren. Side by side with Namakei's eloquent speech already given, may be set the equally striking specimen of native preaching from another Christian chief, Narwai, the friend and companion of Namakei, who not only preached himself, but delighted in acting as "Missi's" beadle, carrying his pulpit Bible into the church, and seeing everything in order before the service began. He was also an elder and a Sunday school teacher, and here is a specimen of his power as a preacher, Dr. Paton being translator: "Men of Fotuna, you come to see what the Gospel has done for Aniwa. It is Jehovah, the living God, that has made all this change. As heathens we quarrelled, killed and ate each other. We had no peace and no joy in heart or house, in villages or in lands, but we now live as brethren and have happiness in all these things. When you go back to Fotuna they will ask you, 'What is Christianity?' and you will have to reply, 'It is that which has changed the people of Aniwa.' But they will still say, 'What is it?' and you will answer, 'It is that which has given them clothing and blankets, knives and axes, fish-hooks and many other useful

things; it is that which has led them to give up fighting, and to live together as friends.' But they will ask you, 'What is it like?' and you will have to tell them, alas! that you cannot explain it, and that you have only seen its workings, not itself, and that no one can tell what Christianity is but the man that loves Jesus, the invisible Master, and walks with Him and tries to please Him. Now, you people of Fotuna, you think that if you don't dance and sing and pray to your gods, you will have no crops. We once did so, too, sacrificing and doing much abomination to our gods for weeks before our planting season every year. But we saw our 'Missi' only praying to the Invisible Jehovah, and planting his yams, and they grew fairer than ours. You are weak every year before your hard work begins in the fields, with your wild and bad conduct to please your gods. But we are strong for our work, for we pray to Jehovah, and He gives quiet rest instead of wild dancing, and makes us happy in our toils. Since we followed 'Missi's' example, Jehovah has given us large and beautiful crops, and we now know that He has given us all our blessings. When you go back to Fotuna, and they ask you, 'What is Christianity?' you will be like an inland chief of Erromanga who once came down and saw a great feast on the shore. When he saw so much food and so many different kinds of it he asked, 'What is this made of?' and was answered, 'Cocoanuts and yams.' 'And this?' 'Cocoanuts and bananas.' 'And this?' 'Cocoanuts and taro.'

"The chief was immensely astonished at the host of dishes that could be prepared from the cocoanut and carried home a great load of them to his people. One day, all being assembled, he told them the wonders of that feast, and having roasted the cocoanuts he took out the kernels, all charred and spoiled, and distributed them among his people. They tasted the cocoanut, they began to chew it, and then spat it out, crying, 'Our own food is better than that.' The chief was confused and only got laughed at for all his trouble. Was the fault in the cocoanuts? No; but they were spoiled in the cooking. So your attempts to explain Christianity will only spoil it. Tell them that a man must live as a Christian before he can show others what Christianity is."

In striking contrast is a speech by a heathen agnostic named Nerva, which, *mutatis mutandis*, is very like the European type of agnostic declamation. He ended thus: "You never saw God; you never heard Him speak; don't come here with any of your white lies, or I'll send my spear through you!" Yet this very man, with all his boisterous opposition, was in a short time subdued by the unseen power of the Gospel of Christ as he saw it translated into Christian lives, and soon became not only an earnest and intelligent Christian, but also an elder and an energetic missionary helper, taking the place of the departed Narwai in the duties he had fulfilled. The story of his dying hours is as touching as that of old Namakei; and we cannot refrain from giving some of his simple, parting words, whispered to his beloved "Missi" when too weak to speak aloud:

"Missi, my Missi, I am glad to see you. You see that group of young men? They came to sympathise with me; but they have never once spoken the name of Jesus, though they have spoken about everything else! They could not have weakened me so if they had spoken about Jesus! Read me the story of Jesus, pray for me to Jesus. No, stop, let us call them, and let me speak with them before I go. After I am gone, let there be no bad talk, no heathen ways, sing Jehovah's songs, and pray to Jesus, and bury me as a Christian. Take good care of my Missi and help him all you can. I am dying happy and going to be with Jesus, and it was Missi that showed me the way. And who among you will take my place in the village school and in the church? Who among you will stand up for Jesus?"

"Now let my last work on earth be this. We will read a chapter of the Book, verse

about, and then I will pray for you all, and the Missi will pray for me, and God will let me go while the song is still sounding in my heart."

There are other touching stories in this South Sea prose epic, as we might well call it, but we can only mention in passing the suggestive narrative of Wai-Wai's conflicts with his conscience about his wives, and the way in which his difficulties were at last settled; the interesting and tragic story of the island Queen, Litsi, the daughter of Namakei, and her unfortunate husband Mungaw; and also of Litsi's own self-sacrificing mission to the heathen tribe in Tanna from whence had come her husband's murderer! The story of this same murderer's conversion into a penitent, humble Christian, and that of Nelwang and the wife he had to run away with in order to escape the jealous violence of a troop of other suitors have each its own interest; while that of Latence, the young women whose admission to the Lord's table was at first disputed by the "Session" because of what they considered an irregularity in her marriage, recalls an episode in the Session at "Drumtochy," and is scarcely inferior to it in simple pathos. Human hearts are the same all the world over, and the same gospel everywhere meets the same needs, while the Divine saying is also universally true: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Perhaps this, after all, is the lesson this striking narrative most strongly suggests, and Dr. Paton is himself, to use his own words, "A copy of the Gospel in Large Capitals."

THE RESTRICTIONS OF LIFE AND THEIR COMPENSATIONS.

There are those whose bonds are poverty, social inferiority, and the grinding necessity of hard work. The son of poverty has not the pleasures and luxuries of the rich man's son, but far oftener he has rugged health, and the habits of industry, frugality, perseverance and self-reliance that are learned in the school of daily tasks and toils. You are not invited to the houses of society people, and you would cut a sorry figure at a social function with the "four hundred." It hurts, sometimes, it wounds your vanity, to be reminded that you do not count for much in the world's eye. But your social obscurity has its advantage. If you do not stand on the hill-top of social prominence you escape the tempests that rage and the lightnings that strike in those altitudes. Do not grieve overmuch if you are not invited to the fashionable social affair. You will have a chance for an evening's reading and a night's rest and sleep at home, and next morning you will have a clearer head, a steadier step, a calmer conscience, and a sounder heart. The giddy whirl from which your bonds keep you back is sweeping many whose moral strength and stamina were once equal to yours out into the dangerous eddies where it is only a question of time with them, for in a year or two this world's whirlpool will have swallowed them up, and if ever they reappear it will be as bits of wreck thrown up by the remorseless waves on the barren shore. Thank God if you cannot dance, or play cards, or drink wine, for a current of unusual sweep and strength has set in, in what is called "society" in this city, that before the season is over will have brushed the bloom from many a cheek, the innocent freshness from many a heart, stolen the delicate grace from many a maiden, the manly integrity from many a youth, robbed some lives of what can never be regained, and set the feet of some who once were pure on the slippery downgrade at the foot of which is the chamber of death. And if you are not in "the set," if your country accent or old-fashioned clothes, if your social obscurity, or your religious principles count you out of the invitation list be thankful to God. If you are not in "the swim" you may escape the sunken rocks and the cataract over which too many of society's swimmers are doomed to go. This social obscurity, this poverty, this bondage of yours is the inner chamber in which your God would hide your soul until this danger is overpast.—*Rev. John A. Macdonald.*

GOD'S LOVE AND GOODNESS.

Whatsoever is good in the creature is first in God as a fountain; and it is in God in a more eminent manner and fuller measure. All grace and holiness, all sweetness of affection, all power and wisdom, as it is in Him, so it is from Him; and we come to conceive these properties to be in God, by the beams of those which we see in His creature, with adding in our thoughts fulness peculiar to God, and abstracting imperfections incident to the creature. For that is in God in the highest degree, the sparkle whereof is but in us. Therefore it is fit that unto all other eminences of God, we should strengthen our faith by considering these glorious singularities, which are altogether incommunicable to the creature, and which gives strength to His other properties, as that God is not only gracious and loving, powerful and wise, but that He is infinitely, eternally, and unchangeably so.—*Sibbes.*

ANWOTH.

Speaking of Anwoth, a place inseparably associated with the memory of the sainted Samuel Rutherford, a cyclist, the Rev. James Christie, who lately made a pilgrimage to it on his wheel, thus writes in the *Presbyterian*, published in London, England:—Anwoth is, of course, a place of pilgrimage to many, and that it was to me also. Here it was that Samuel Rutherford, who was born in Roxburghshire about 1600, was ordained in 1627, and laboured for nine years till, giving offence to the Bishop of Galloway, he was removed from the parish, and was confined as a sort of prisoner at large in the city of Aberdeen for two years. There it was that he wrote his famous letters. Returning to Anwoth, he was appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland Professor of Theology in St. Andrews, was sent a Commissioner to the General Assembly at Westminster in 1643, and when, finally, he died, was buried at St. Andrews. In many respects Rutherford was a beautiful character. He dearly loved Anwoth and its people, and on his deathbed often alluded to it and them. The late Mrs. Cousins, of Melrose—a sweet singer—put most of Rutherford's deathbed sayings into verse, and from among them all there are probably no two verses more touching or beautiful than these:—

Fair Anwoth by the Solway,
To me thou art still dear,
E'en from the verge of heaven
I drop for thee a tear.

Oh! if one soul from Anwoth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven shall be two heavens
In Immanuel's Land.

Deep down in the dell I entered the old kirkyard of Anwoth, and surveyed Rutherford's church, now roofless and ivy-covered. It is a romantic spot, and the visit roused many memories.

Existence comes to feel to many of us like a great river, which is always flowing with unbroken force downward to the sea. It never stops. It is always pushing its waters outward. It gives the sea no chance to flow up into it. So is the ever energetic life of one whose sole idea is to exert influence, to make himself felt in some result. How often the river must long to pause! How often it must become aware that its impetuous rush is losing for it the richness of the great, deep salt sea! How often the busy life of man becomes aware that somewhere round it there is richness which it does not get because it opens outward only, and not inward! How often it desires to pause and grow receptive, and take into itself the richness which it now is keeping out!—*Phillips Brooks.*

China's aristocracy, the Rev. Marcus L. Taft writes from Peking, are rapidly turning to Christian teaching, once so bitterly opposed by them.