

PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

VOL. II.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1886.

No. 100.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
The Presbyterian News Co.,
TORONTO (Limited),
INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.
45 AND 47 FRONT ST. W. O. H. ROBINSON, Manager.

"The Presbyterian Review" has the largest
circulation of any Presbyterian newspaper
in Canada.

A TALK WITH ST. PETER.

O PETER, wherefore didst thou doubt?
Indeed, the scud flew fast about,
But He was there whose walking foot
Could make the wandering hills take root;
And He had said, "Come down to me,
Else had thy foot not touched the sea."
Christ did not call thee to thy grave—
Was it the boat that made thee leave.

"Easy for thee who was not there,
To think thou'rt sure than I couldst dare!
It hardly fits thee, though, to rock,
Scared as thou wast, that fallaway shock!
Who saidst this morn, 'Wife, we must go!
The plague will soon be here I know!'—
Who, when thy child slept—not to death—
Saidst, 'Life is now not worth a breath!'"

Too true, great fisherman! I stand
Rebuked of waves seen from the land!
Ever the lashing of the spray,
The bluzi gales of any day,
House anxious doubt lest I should find
God neither in the spray nor wind!
But now and then, as once to thee,
The Master turns and looks at me.

And now to Him I turn: My Lord,
Help me to feel no more sword;
Let not the cross itself appal—
Know I not Thee, the Lord of all!
Let feeling brain nor feeling heart
Wipe out the sureness that Thou art!
Oh, deeper than doubt can be,
Make my poor hope cry out, "I know."

Then when it pleases Thee to say,
"Come to my side"—some stormy way,
My feet, stonion to Thy will,
Shall, leaved and to, walk toward Thee still;
No leaven heart shall sink me where
Prudence is crowned with cold despair!
But I shall reach and clasp Thy hand,
And on the sea forget the land.
—Sunday Magazine.

THE DAMNATION-ARMY.

MUCH has been said in favour of, and in opposition to, the Salvation Army. Its ways, means and methods have been criticised with more or less severity, and much fault has been found with the things done and with the manner of doing them. Members of the Salvation Army have frequently been mobbed and arrested, and sometimes fined and imprisoned, while their parades and performances, have often been discountenanced and forbidden.

While we do not feel obliged to approve or disapprove of all that the Salvation Army has done, we would call attention to another army, which does not seem to attract as much notice as its importance demands. It is the Damnation Army, whose organization is more ancient, whose forces are much larger, and whose operations are much more widely extended than those of the Salvation Army. It has more recruits, more soldiers, more officers, more money, and more men, than the Salvation Army can ever expect to have. It does more marching—not always in straight lines; makes more noise, more tumult, more hubbalooboo than the Salvation Army ever thought of making. It has filled more prisons, hospitals, almshouses, and asylums with its shattered wrecks than the Salvation Army could fill if its entire force was quartered in those institutions.

The organization of the Damnation Army is very complete. It has hundreds of thousands of recruiting officers and drill-rooms. Its officers stand behind the bar, well fed, ruddy-nosed, portly, and self possessed. The rank and file are in front of the bar, in every condition of preservation and dilapidation, from the high-toned swell, the proud aristocrat, the inheritor of millions, and the rising politician, down to the little boy, the wan-faced girl, and the seedy-looking tatterdemalions, poverty-stricken, wretched, helpless, noisy, abusive, unreasonable, riotous, violent, criminal, degraded, diseased and insane.

It would be quite impossible for any tongue to tell the woes and miseries caused by and endured in this Damnation Army, and yet it has seemed to attract comparatively very little notice or attention. It gathers its recruits, young, bright, intelligent, gay, witty and brilliant; and it turns out its veterans, bold, brazen, degraded, debauched, diseased, ruined and lost. It marches its solid columns down to the dark gorges of intemperance and crime until they stream over the awful precipices of perdition, and melt into the blackness of darkness forever! The Damnation Army brings its recruits from the homes of joy and peace and love; it sends its veterans away into sorrow, misery and destruction, from which they never return.

The Damnation Army has its barracks, its camps, its outposts everywhere. Every drinking saloon is a recruiting office, every gambling den, every haunt of sinful pleasures an outpost or fortress of this grand army.

The Damnation Army has its reserves in every prison, and its invalids in every hospital, anxious-

ly awaiting till they can rejoin their regiments; while every almshouse is a refuge for the disabled veterans. It has its foragers in the shape of beggars and tramps at every back door or front door in the land where there is a chance to get cold victuals, or hot victuals, old clothes, or new clothes. This army forages liberally, and lives in the country where it is quartered. You and I temperate and industrious as we may be, do many a hard day's work to feed and clothe and protect this all-devouring host.

What shall be done with the Damnation Army? Suppose we turn our attention to it, investigate its origin, examine its forces, scan its roster, see who is commander-in-chief, and who are its aiders, abettors, sympathizers and supporters; inquire into its aims, scrutinize its record, and inspect the work it does. Having done this perhaps we shall be prepared to act.

The Damnation Army means rebellion, treason, murder, detolation, and perdition. It makes war on home, happiness, life, health and peace. Shall not every man, and every woman, rally to resist the progress of this army, and to turn back its myriads from the paths of sin to the ways of peace? Shall we not also pray to God, the loving and mighty one, whose arm alone can work deliverance and bring salvation, to turn the feet of the wayward and sinful into paths of righteousness, and gather the multitudes who are away from God into the ranks of those who are redeemed by blood and saved by grace divine?—*Christian Arm.*

CHILDREN'S SERMONS.

MANY a student enters upon his ministry—well qualified, it may be, to deal with the abstract sceptic, the interesting but rare agnostic the lay-theologian, who requires every Sunday an argued discourse—but utterly unable to touch the heart, quicken the imagination, or instruct the mind, of the children. Children's sermons are always liked by the congregation; and not infrequently the ten minutes' talk with the little folks does more to help the elders than the forty minutes' set discourse. The children's level of spiritual perception and feeling is often much higher than that of the grown-up people. To reach them is not necessarily to come down, except from the stilts of pulpit style and theological phrase. A story that moves them will not fail to reach their elders. But children's sermons do not come easily; they are difficult to make, because they must be simple, short, and lively. To drone, argue, read, or orate to the children, always fails; it must be bright, cheerful, tender talk—the outcome of a full memory of childhood, a deep sympathy with its cares and joys, and an indescribable sort of fatherhood and motherhood in the pastor. In these days the qualifications of the ministry in all churches must be manifold; but not the least of them seems to me to be a gift, well cultivated and trained, for dealing with children both in masses and individually. In some congregations the children never hear a word from the pulpit otherwise than such as they may be able to pick up in the sermon. But, in yet a larger number of cases, the Sunday-school scarcely knows the face and form of the minister. What sort of harvesting must that be which altogether misses the young hearts in the sowing of the seed? Something will possibly be said as to the little time preachers have to spare for such work as this. Two services on a Sunday are quite as much, it is said, as most men can stand. Be it so; there are six days in the week in which something ought to be done for the children. Well, it may be replied, something is done. True; but by whom? The total abstainer in the Band of Hope. But in how many instances is that, in any sense, the minister's work? Should he not have his own gathering? Might he not take part one night in the week, or, in his turn, in the "Children's Hour,"—a most popular form of a week-day Sunday-school, with recreation and play as well as instruction? A well-instructed ministry, in hearty sympathy with work among the children, will display no little originality in devising methods by which the pastorate of every church shall include a direct and personal care for the children.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

As there is a difference between firmness and stubbornness, so, here is a difference between yielding and wavering. One may show strength in yielding to good influences, just as one may show weakness by yielding to bad influences; but wavering at any time is the indubitable sign of weakness. A waverer never conquers anything—not even himself. He never satisfies anybody—not even himself. A young lady on being told that her mother had positively refused to grant her a certain favour, remarked, "I am surprised at that, for mamma generally wavers." She did not say that her mother generally yielded, or generally refused; she went deeper down than that in getting at the truth of the case. She had, in fact, learned that keynote of her mother's character when she was a very young child. And many a parent is similarly understood. No one loses the respect of a child more surely than a wavering parent or teacher. Doubt if you must, disbelieve if you ought—but do not waver. Consult and consider, weigh or waive—but, in one way or another, come to a decision.—*S. S. Times.*

Mission Work.

A STRANGER INCIDENT.—The other day a man came to Dr. Riddle complaining of a severe pain in the stomach. The doctor gave him medicine which relieved him. Next day we were told that before the man had come to the hospital, he first went to consult the idol about his trouble. The idol, through a medium, answered: "I can't help you; go to the pastor." It is surely a strange state of matters, when one who professes to be the mouthpiece of an evil spirit sends men to the Christian missionary!—*Presbyterian Messenger.*

JAPAN.—Theatre services have been held with excellent success in the Kobe station and outstations in Japan. The audiences have been limited only by the capacity of the buildings, and have been addressed on the vital theme of personal salvation. The movers are almost invariably the churches, or companies of believers where churches are not yet organized. They also pay all the expenses, and the missionary is present only as an invited speaker, responsible for nothing but the truth and earnestness of his address. These meetings are attended by all grades of society, and by both sexes, and great good is anticipated.—*Missionary Herald.*

PROGRESS IN INDIA.—The latest new departure in India is the starting by the Brahmos of a zenana mission! It is composed of Bengali ladies of the most aristocratic order and is called *Sakhi-Samiti*. Many of the most highly educated young ladies are members, and they would seem to be actuated by a really sincere wish to do good. They are on the look-out for a number of girls, or girl-widows, who would agree to be trained at their expense as zenana teachers. It is indeed a most impressive sign of progress to hear that many wealthy ladies, hitherto indifferent to the lot of their poor sisters, have begun to manifest a sympathetic interest in their condition.—*Christian Leader.*

SCIOPTICON PREACHING.—"In ordinary preaching it is exceedingly difficult to keep the attention of a large audience long enough to tell them God's wonderful plan of redemption. Many will leave as soon as they see that a new religion is being proclaimed, while others will try to get up a discussion or get a joke on the preacher. But preaching with a sciopticon has no such drawbacks. By means of it we are able to collect in the streets large audiences, and often to keep their attention for two hours. At Sivagunga we preached in this way five evenings, and our audiences varied from two hundred to four hundred. We visited five different parts of the city, trying in this way to reach the entire city; but I was surprised as well as gratified to see that many followed us from place to place, not being satisfied with seeing only once. In our preaching we confined ourselves entirely to the story of our Lord, not once attacking their system of idolatry. I heard afterward that many said that Christianity was indeed the true religion, and that they would join it provided it did not ruin their caste and social position.—*Mrs. Booth in Missionary Herald.*

HO KING ENG.—At the missionary meeting last year at Niagara Falls there was a young Chinese girl, about seventeen years old, who had come to this country to study medicine, expecting to return to China and do medical work among the women of her own land. She is the daughter of a native minister connected with the Methodist mission at Foochow, and is herself a Christian. At the meeting she told her own story, by the request of others, and said: "I came to America to learn English and study medicine, then I go back to my China, make people well, and talk about Jesus. When I was a little girl, I like to study very much—I think I like to study medicine. One day my father preach in church; he say everybody sin; when I heard, I was so sorry. I asked my father have I sinned? My father say, 'yes.' I say, 'Why, I never kill anybody?' then my father told me oh! many things, and say, 'Yes, you sin.' Then I say I sorry; I cry. My father say, 'You better not sorry; you pray God, and He take away my sin and make me so happy.' Then my father say, 'God take away your sin, make you have peace and joy; do you want to do something for God?' I say, 'O father, so long a time I want to study medicine and help sick people.' Then he say, 'You go pray God; he will help you know.' In three months I went to Foochow Hospital and learn some; then Miss Trask (medical missionary in China) want me to come here, and I so glad; but I leave father, mother, brother, sister, friend,—that so hard,—say good-bye; but God come with me, and help me every day—help me study and learn. I work hard, then I go back my China, make everybody well, and help their bodies; then I talk to them about Jesus. I hope you pray for me; I learn soon, so I go back to my China."—*The Missionary.*

BIBLE WOMEN IN CHINA.

On the difficulties of finding suitable women for Christian work among their native sisters, and training them so as to be successful workers, Miss Field, who has herself been eminently successful in such work, writes frankly and candidly as follows:—

"I have found it best not to take into my class those who offer themselves as pupils, but to seek out, and invite to it those whose character is such as to recommend them for the work. Even when the allowance given for food was so low as not to tempt even the most needy to enter the class for the food's sake, some who thought the school-house pleasanter than their own houses, or who had domestic troubles that they wished to get away from, or who hoped that their absence from home might bring an oxidurate mother-in-law to terms, came as applicants for admission to the school. Only when thoroughly acquainted with the women invited to join the class can one feel sure that she is spending her time and money on those who are seeking the truth solely for the truth's sake. We have the joy of finding many such in our classes, and such will and do remain steadfast through much hardship in the work to which they are called. Even when reasonable care is taken in the selection of the women to be trained, fully half of those who are tried are found to be incompetent for the work. Many are dismissed on account of physical weakness or bad temper; or duplicity, or an inability to deliver the Gospel message plainly. Some study a few months, and then return to their homes to be more joyous and intelligent Christians all their lives; some study for years, and grow in grace in a wonderful way.

Of a hundred women admitted to my own training-school in Swatow during ten years, about one-third became capable of aptly instructing others." Miss Fielde sends out her women two and two into the villages and country round about.

"To the nearest villages they go in the morning and return at night; in the more distant ones they stay several days, if some woman there is pleased to hear their message, and will therefore give them lodging. During three months a pair of women will thus teach in from ten to thirty villages. At the end of two months they return and give a report of their work, and after a week of instruction and conference they go out again to the same or other stations. I visit their stations as often as possible, and never send them to any place where I have not myself been, and of which I do not myself know the conditions and surroundings. Each Bible-woman receives two dollars a month and travelling expenses. This buys food and clothing as good as, and no better than she would have at home. This sum merely enables the woman to leave her home and do the work. It does not pay her for the fatigue nor the obloquy she endures. She must bear that for CHRIST'S sake, and with no earthly reward. Probably the worst methods of evangelisation are those which yield worldly advantages to the evangelist and the disciple. Converts brought in through selfishness remain selfish to the end, and transmit to their spiritual children diseases that are finally fatal to the Church."

It were well for the women of China if the number of such sensible and successful missionaries as Miss Fielde were multiplied indefinitely. Her lately published book "Pagoda Shadows," from which these extracts are taken, is a most interesting volume with an introduction by the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston.

ELDERS AS LOCAL PREACHERS.

MR. JAMES E. MATHIESON writes to *The Christian* contrasting the Methodist system of employing local preachers with the Presbyterian one of leaving this whole department of Christian work almost wholly to the regularly licensed or ordained minister. He says:

"I look very wistfully at this state of matters. As a Presbyterian I say to myself: This is the true Presbyterianism and not the sham; these local preachers among the Wesleyans are doing the work which all Presbyterian elders ought to be doing all over Scotland, and wherever in England they have got a footing. But alas! alas! the office of the eldership has been degraded into that of church manager; busied itself with temporalties, and leaves to one man a work of spiritual supervision and preaching which he cannot overtake."

This is too true in Canada as well as in the old country. Is there not surely some way in which the spiritual gifts and power of consecrated laymen may find larger recognition and employment in Christian work? Presbyterianism in Canada is not yet the stereotyped system it has become in Scotland, but is in danger of becoming so; and that in a second edition without revision or amendment.

GOD SPEED THE DAY!—The Marquis Tseng, in a letter to the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, thanks the society for its labours, and says he looks forward to the time, at no remote day, when the society shall have attained its object.