

## Pastor and People.

"TENOS; THOU GOOD ONE,—A  
TENDER FAREWELL!"

[IN MEMORIAM REV. D. J. MACDONNELL.]

[The inscription above quoted was found appended to one of the Egyptian tomb-portraits, photographs of which were recently exhibited in Toronto.]

There comes to us, across the long, dim ages,  
The lingering echo of a last farewell,  
And never, from the lips of saints or sages,  
A purer tribute fell!  
*Farewell, thou good one,—now a farewell tender!*  
So runs the legend in that ancient tomb;  
Irradiating, with a sudden splendour,  
The dark Egyptian gloom.

And we, still shadowed by the same dread Sorrow  
That swallows up all earthly joy in pain,  
Can scarce do better, yet, than humbly borrow  
The simple old refrain!  
*Farewell, thou good one,—to whose human weak-  
ness*  
Came strength and goodness from their Source  
Divine,  
Illumining, with light of love and meekness,  
That earthly life of thine.

Strong, because good! thy spirit, warm and fer-  
vent,  
Was fired from heaven,—from selfish aims set  
free;  
In His own path the Master led His servant,  
Still whispering—"Follow Me!"  
And thou didst follow, gladly, where He beckon-  
ed,—  
No path too rugged for thy willing feet,—  
No toil too humble! Never cost was reckoned,—  
The offering seemed complete!

Yet, with the burdened years, it grew complet-  
er,—  
Deeper thy trust,—more true and pure thy  
love!  
And, touched with sorrow, still the song grew  
sweeter,—  
More like the choir above!  
And now, the beauty of that likeness, glowing  
Through cloud and sunshine of the fruitful  
years,  
The fuller radiance of thy spirit glowing,  
We clearer see, through tears!

Farewell, thou good one, then, a farewell tender;  
Till shadows fade before the morning light,  
Touched with the pathos of its sunset splendour.  
Thy memory shall be bright;  
Till faith and hope are lost in full fruition,  
And we, with thee, all earthly mists above,  
Shall clearer see, in "beatific vision,"  
The truth that, "God is love!"  
—*Fidelis in The Week.*

Good Friday, 1896.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.  
**VOICES OF SPRING.**

BY REV. E. WALLACE WAITS, D.D.C.

It has been the habit of devout men in every age to trace God in His works—in the changing heavens, the revolutions of the seasons, and the ever varying aspects of the earth. While it is the province of science to observe and investigate, it is the privilege of religion to believe and adore. She spreads her wings just at the point where philosophy and science cease their flight, and by the exercise of a faith which is at once instinctive, rational, and divinely inspired, it traces every law back to its beginning, and finds that beginning in the infinitely wise and unchanging will of God.

We are now quite in the Spring season again, and before its green flush, and tenderness, and promise pass away, we may surely, by the blessing of God, derive from it some good influences and some solid instruction. "The winter is past, and the time of the singing of birds is come." God is renewing the face of the earth. "Let us hear some of the Voices of the Spring."

The first voice speaks directly from God—for the Divine existence and presence with us in His works. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Nature says in her heart, and in every color and feature of her flushing face—"there is a God, and He is here!" I must believe that these grand effects have a still grander cause; I must believe that a living spring is a voice from the living God. We regard all the facts and phenomena of nature, not merely as the results of the operation of

natural laws, but also as the direct though mediate workings of the Almighty. For one man who can be satisfied with phenomena, there are probably ten thousand who must have something beyond and above to rest on. Even the untutored savage who wanders by the sea shore, sees God in the sweep of the Atlantic waves, hears his voice in the roar of the thunder, and in moaning of the forest blast, is far nearer the truth, than the sage who is satisfied with nothing but phenomena. He at least has not reasoned the throne of the universe vacant. The language of Scripture is none the less scientific because it is devout, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches."

Every spring is with God the keeping of covenant. "And the Lord said in His heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." That is the general promise, and how true He is in the keeping of it! He is, as it were, conducting an argument as to his own faithfulness. The argument is ever-growing and cumulative. It grows in length and strength year by year. The green fields to-day make it stronger than ever it was before.

The spring tells us of God's great goodness. He loves to keep His promise. He is not so much like a merchant who has certain things written in his book and stands honorably to every engagement. He is rather a father with certain things written in his heart, who comes among his children every morning with an open hand. The Divine occupation for ever is to give. Does any one doubt the goodness of God because he has a cross to bear, a burden to carry, shadows falling amid the sunshine, and pains among his pleasures. Every green field, and every tree in blossom, and every flower in bloom, tell that God is good.

God takes this season of the year to tell us especially what tenderness, what delicacy, what colourings of exquisite beauty, there are in His nature. We may therefore commit ourselves and all we have into His keeping. The tenderest and dearest things we have we can bring to Him: our wounded feelings, our trembling hopes, our brightest joys, our children when they are sick, or when they are seeking salvation. All these we may bring to Him whose mercy is tender mercy, whose kindness is loving kindness, who pitieth them that fear Him, and who gives new proof of His tenderness, love, and pity every spring.

Now, if God is able and willing thus to send a springtime to nature, is He not equally able and willing to give a springtime of quickening and renewal to human souls? Is not man greater than nature? Does she not exist for his sake? And is not the moral and spiritual well-being of His children far more precious in the eyes of the Divine Father than the adornings of the house in which they live? When the sinner turns to Christ as a Saviour, a great and glorious transformation is soon brought about. By the light of His truth and the warmth of His love He renews, vitalizes, and makes men progressively beautiful with His own perfect moral loveliness.

Never despair! It may be winter in the heart, but spring shall come. The seeds of truth may have been sown long ago; but they are not dead, they are beginning to germinate and spring. Mungo Park, the African traveller, when, wayworn and weary in the desert, surrounded by savages, destitute of help, was ready to sink in despair, when his eyes rested on a little tuft of green moss of extraordinary beauty, the fresh verdure of the little plant, cared for by God alone in the midst of the thirsty wilderness, revived his fainting spirit, and sent him on his way with courage. If that little flower saved his life, as it probably did, surely the blooming of all the flowers we see around us now might sometimes save our faith.

Our earthly time is the the spring season

of our existence. The proper time for cultivation. Nature left alone soon runs into wildness. So the heart of man! Have you seen the sower in the fields this year? Does he not say—"It is the springtime with the soul as with the earth—look to your fields—the hearts of your children—the homes of your neighbourhood; and above all, to that home-walled garden, your own heart."

We bless God for the Spring! We bless God for the flowers! They are Divinely intended to minister not only to the senses, but also, and chiefly, to the soul and spirit. They are meant to teach heavenly things, and uplift the thoughts and desires of men to the pure and perfect life. As Mrs. Brown-ing has beautifully said:—

"There's not a flower of spring,  
That dies ere June, but vaunts itself allied  
By issue and symbol, by significance  
And correspondence to that spirit world  
Outside the limits of our time and space,  
Whereto we are bound."  
Owen Sound, Ont.

### THE TAOUIST RELIGION.

The ceremonies so often observed on occasions of death all have their origin in the demonology of the Taoists. Paper clothes, paper palaces, paper pipes, and paper money are burnt when a man dies to provide the soul of the dead with means of bribing its way through the devil's kingdom to its rest, and the clothes burned are often patterned after high officials' gowns in order to impress more favorably the spirits encountered on the mysterious journey.

Taoist priests are called to consult the soul of the departed to ascertain its wishes. They discovered the locality for burial, and indicate all details of this last service to the dead.

The Shanghai Railroad met its doom from this source. The priest informed the people that the rumbling noise of the cars and the steam-engine were distasteful to the dead who filled the numerous mounds along its course. To appease the wrath of the dead, Chinese capitalists bought the road, with its equipments, and tore up the tracks, and stored the entire plant under sheds at Shanghai. Thus it is seen that this religion stands in the way of all innovations in that old country, and the first thing necessary in order to introduce railroads into China is to dethrone the priests and infuse a little common-sense into the people.

During the prevalence of the great famine in north-western China in 1874-8 there was an unusual flood in the valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang. The priests endeavored to solve the mystery of this uneven distribution of rain. The curse fell upon the royal household at Peking. It is the duty of the Emperor to enter the Temple of Heaven twice a year and invoke the blessings of Heaven upon the people. He always asks for rain among other things, and the impression obtained that the Emperor had hurriedly asked for rain, but had not taken the pains to state where he wanted it. The result was that floods came in some places, while famine from drought came in other parts of the empire. This feeling was producing a general spirit of revolt, when in 1878 the rains came to the rescue in the drought-smitten provinces.

A few of the more intelligent Chinamen at Shanghai with whom I have conversed exhibited an independence of thought which was exceptional. It showed a tendency to break away from the tyranny of ignorance and superstition, which tendency must eventually spread sufficiently to awaken an age of reason. And when it comes the Taoist high priest must fold his tent and silently steal away.

But the dominance of ignorance and the quackery of priests will hold China in slavery to an unreasoning fear and irrational faith for generations yet unborn. Yet the seeds of a better intelligence are being planted in this dark corner of the earth. The people observe that Europeans give no heed to imaginary devils, and nevertheless pros-

per without the intervention of priests; and thus the realization will eventually dawn upon them of how grievously their forefathers have been hoodwinked, cheated and robbed by the reign of demonology, created and perpetuated for their own gain by the army of Taoist priests.—*Harper's Weekly*

### A LOVE LETTER.

He hurried up to the office as soon as he entered the hotel, and without waiting to register, inquired eagerly:

"Any letter for me?"

The clerk sorted out a package with a negligent attention that comes with practice, then flipped one—a very small one—on the counter. The travelling man took it with a curious smile. He smiled more as he read it. Then, oblivious of the other travellers, who jostled him, he laid it gently against his lips and actually kissed it. A loud laugh started him.

"Now, look here, old fellow," said a loud voice, "that won't do, you know. Too spoony for anything."

Said the travelling man, "That letter is from my best girl."

The admission was so unexpected that they said no more until they had eaten a good dinner, and were seated together in a chum's room. Then they began to badger him.

"It's no use, you have got to read it to us," said one of them; "we want to know all about your best girl."

"So you shall," said the one addressed, with great coolness. "I'll give you the letter, and you can read it for yourselves. That is it;" and he laid it on the table.

"I guess not," said one who had been the loudest in demanding it; "we like to chaff a little, but we hope we are gentlemen."

"But I insist upon it," was the answer; "there is nothing to be ashamed of—except the spelling: that's a little shaky, I'll admit; but she won't care in the least. Read it, Hardy, and judge for yourself."

Thus urged, Hardy took the letter shamefacedly enough, and read it. First he laughed, then swallowed suspiciously; and as he finished, threw it upon the table again, and rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes, as if troubled with dimness of vision.

"Pshaw! if I had a love-letter like that,—" and then was silent.

"Fair play!" cried one of the others with an uneasy laugh.

"I'll read it to you, boys," said their friend, "and I think you'll agree with me that it's a model love-letter."

"Mi owen dear Papa,—"

"I sa mi Praises every nite and Wen I kis yure Pictshure I Ask god to bless you. good bi Papa yure best gurl."

### INDIVIDUAL COMMUNION CUPS.

The *Congregationalist* publishes the following opinion of a physician as to the use of the individual cup at the communion service:

"Not one of the authors of this movement, so far as I have been able to ascertain, has made any painstaking research to justify the unwarranted conclusion arrived at; on the other hand, years ago, at considerable trouble and expense, I sought information from the most distinguished medical men in the world on this subject. From that time until this no medical man has ever been able, to my knowledge, to produce one solitary case where participation in the sacred ceremony of holy communion has been the cause of disease.

"I think, therefore, it is safe to assume that, with the many interesting and valuable investigations still undetermined, medical men had better seek some other source as the cause of infection from disease."

"Notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit India, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined."—*Lord Lawrence.*

\* The text of one of his last and most impressive sermons.