

PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

TORONTO, MAY 9, 1889.

Whole No 228.

VOL. V.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY
The Presbyterian News Co.
TORONTO (Limited).
Incorporated by Royal Charter.
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HAMILTON CASSLES, Vice-President,
GEO. H. ROBINSON, Managing Director
66 AND 68 FRONT ST. W.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM."

I see the crowd in Pilate's hall,
Their furious cries I hear;
Their shouts of "Crucify!" appeal,
Their curses fill mine ear.

And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one,
And in that din of voices rude
I recognize my own.

I see the scourgers rend the flesh
Of God's beloved Son;
And as they smite I feel afresh
That I of them am one.

Around you cross the throng, I see
That mock the Sufferer's groan,
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,
I nailed him to the tree;
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

Yet not the least that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin,
And not the least that cross prevails
To give me peace within.

Horatio Bonar, D. D.

For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

OUR HOME WORK IN THE FOREIGN MISSION FIELD.*

BY MRS. E. K. MCQUEEN, HAMILTON.

In a company like this, of Christian women, whose very presence is a guarantee that they have the interests of Foreign Missions largely at heart, it is needless for us to enlarge upon the claims which the work of Foreign Missions has upon the regards of every true follower of Jesus Christ; it is a foregone conclusion that every one in our band of workers is fully aware of her obligations in this matter. This is also not the time for us to tell of the grand march of liberty of conscience in all lands and of how the prayers which have been offered up by God's Church for the last fifty years that the gates of the nations might be opened to the ambassadors of the King of Peace, have been answered in the throwing down of all barriers to the introduction of the Word of God. It is hard to refrain from dwelling on these inspiring themes, but we must confine our attention to the subjects which deal most nearly with ourselves in our special department of work in the mission field. The burden which rests most heavily upon the hearts of all of us who love the cause of Foreign Missions, is the indifference and apathy of so many of our professed Christians; and we are continually asking one another, how can we induce others to come to our meetings and find out for themselves how inspiring and attractive is this work when once one becomes interested in it.

Let us as Christian women make it a matter of serious study where the fault lies, how to overcome it, and why such a large proportion of our fellow worshippers take no part in this work. The first point, we would suggest is the necessity of gaining a hold upon the hearts of our fellow-members in the Church. How is this influence to be secured? By showing a sincere interest in their welfare, as members of one household to do. We can rejoice in seasons of joy, yet it is in seasons of trouble and sorrow that we long for tender love and sympathy, and is so keenly sensitive to cold and careless passing by. We, who, as professed followers of the sympathetic Saviour, ought to weep with those who weep. Let us not miss this golden opportunity which may never occur again of showing our sincere interest in them by our earnest sympathy and warm words of regret; for we ourselves may never forget, but always remember as our true friends in need those who have come to us in times of deep grief and by their tender words and looks have made us feel that we are not left alone in our sorrow. And let us take pains to express our feelings. It is difficult to believe in speechless sympathy. Surely, if our hearts are full, they must overflow into words. Naturally we are so selfish that this kindly consideration for others really requires cultivation. We need to train ourselves into constantly thinking for others; for, in these busy lives of ours, we are very apt to forget and hurry by, when a pleasant "word fitly spoken" or even a kindly glance would chase the gloom from some sad heart. "By love serve one another." But it will be asked what has all this to do with our Missionary Society? Well, just this: Having really made friends of our sisters in the Church may we not use the opportunity to introduce the subject of our Mission work. If

we do not know not speak to one another our influence cannot extend very far beyond ourselves. But if we "speak often one to another" we can tell what a blessed experience it has been to us to engage in Christian work and how by economizing in various personal and household matters we can by denying ourselves without letting the providers of the family feel it at all manage to contribute at least a little every month to send the Bread of Life to those who are starving even unto eternal death. It is by this personal self-denial that the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society expects to raise its funds. We would crave your indulgence for a few moments whilst we enlarge upon this part of the subject; namely, the sources from which we expect to derive our revenues; for on this point, strange as it may appear, there seems to exist an immense amount of misconception. Doubtless, you have all experienced with us that in soliciting contributions, we are continually met with the reply, "Oh I never give to Missions, my husband always attends to everything of that kind," showing, that the very first and really most important principle of our Woman's Society is not yet understood. Now, this idea that a woman has nothing but what she receives from her husband, and that all money comes out of the same pocket, as is so often repeated in our hearing, is true in one sense and not in another. Our noble Christian sisters in the country set us an example in this matter, giving as they do from their butter and egg money—as it is called. We heard of one recently who from this source gave faithfully the tenth, which amounted in the year to sixteen dollars; and cannot we in the city give something without making any extra demands upon the husbands' purses? How are we to do it? Simply by personal self-denial in our dress and in our household management.

"Real wants are few, imaginary ones innumerable," says an old writer. Forgive us, if we err in speaking somewhat plainly, but of what benefit are these meetings, if we may not talk over rays and means unrestrainedly just as we would at home. For instance, what is the use of the hundred and one fancy articles of decoration which fill up so many of our rooms upon which much valuable time has been spent in their manufacture, and money in the purchase of materials? They give extra care to the house-keeper, are generally of no conceivable use and even no beauty. It may be said, "Oh if they cost so little and we like to see pretty things." Ah, yes, but is it not just here that self-denial comes in? Put that money you are just about to spend on some trifle in a side pocket of your purse and see how soon there will be a little store for the monthly missionary contribution. Just so with our dress. Take care of it; it is neither necessary nor becoming that it should always appear in the latest style (which is often not the prettiest) and it is also not necessary that we should wear our best kid gloves on all occasions. Do not misunderstand us. We are not advocates of either dandyism or Quakerism but is it not lowering the noble dignity of the "King's daughters" to follow every foolish and extravagant whim of fashion? And if we could only coax the price of a pair of gloves from each lady member of our congregations, there would be a wonderful increase in our receipts. These things appear so trivial that we feel almost ashamed to mention them, if it were not that on this practice of self-denial in little things depends the success of our Society. This is the principle which must actuate every woman, young or old, in our churches before our Society can attain the full measure of its greatness. With this principle must be closely allied the thought that no sum is too small to offer. We do not expect large sums. There are very few independently rich women among us, and we do not want the giving of the women of the house to come out of or lessen the former missionary subscription. This must be our own private offering carefully hoarded, week by week, and given cheerfully as to the Lord. Was it not well said by Dr. McPherson, not long since at Montreal, "The missionary spirit strikes a death blow at selfish piety." As it was said of a lovely young Christian lady who died in Toronto a few months ago, her motto was "Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification." We must learn to put ourselves entirely aside, remembering "We are not our own, we are bought with a price." Has the full meaning of that verse in John, ever come home to us, "As thou hast sent me into the world, so have I also sent them into the world?" As if we, poor timorous mortals were to continue His great life, fulfil His great work here, and be in the world as He was in it, the incarnation of beneficence. This is our mission. To accomplish it we must "have the mind that was in Him," so full of pity, love and compassion that "He drew all men unto Him." It has been wisely said: "Christians are the only Bibles the world ever reads and

they are the only Bibles that the world much believes in." Is it not by raising the standard of Christian life in our Home churches that we can most surely advance the work of Foreign Missions? When our hearts are fired with love to the Master we cannot bear to neglect one of His commands. It is our chief joy to obey them, and every sacrifice for His dear sake is a delight. What was His command? "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Is it not marvellous that with this charge ringing in our ears we can take things so easily? Do we not need to cry mightily unto God, "Quicken thou me" that the Sun of Righteousness may shine on our frozen hearts bound up in the ice of conventionality and worldly care. Do not we need to pray earnestly to God that our tongues may be loosed to speak to others of the free salvation which we have found? Then, too, will our hearts be so full that they must burst forth in prayer, never heeding what others may think or say, but just like children eagerly preferring their requests and certainly expecting an answer. Let us then bestir ourselves. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Reminded as we are so frequently of the shortness and uncertainty of life—for "we know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh"—let us while life lasts be up and doing, for "One of these days will our hands be folded, One of these days will our work be done."

Mission Work.

EFATE.

LETTER FROM MRS. MACKENZIE.

FROM a letter from Mrs. Mackenzie, Erakor, Efate, of the date Nov. 5, 1888, addressed to the Middle Musquodoboit Auxiliaries, W.F.M.S. (E.D.), we make the following extracts:—

"We have a comfortable home, and are very happy in our work, but sometimes we feel our isolation sadly. When we think of our children separated from us at such an early age, perhaps never more to be with us in this world, we feel at times that we have our cross to bear. But then it is small compared with the sacrifice our Saviour made when He left His home of love and came to live among those who hated Him. Then after a life of the greatest self-denial and suffering, to endure His Father's wrath upon the cross. Then what it must have cost the Father, to give up His beloved Son and be separated from Him for long years, knowing that He was coming in daily contact with sinful men. Such a sacrifice having been made for us, it becomes us to murmur or complain. Truly, he that loveth son or daughter more than that dear Saviour is not worthy of Him."

"I am thankful that our health continues good. We sometimes wish we could spend a week on the Australian mountains, but we might as well wish for Nova Scotia hills. The weather thus far is, we think, unusually cool for this season. This is the time we expect warm weather, but so far it is delightfully cool. You would like to hear something about the Lord's work here. It was cheering to us when we returned from Sydney, to find that the work had gone on in our absence as well as we could expect. The women, too, had done their part. The house-cleaning was done to my entire satisfaction, and everything again in order; and the grounds were clear and tidy. When we landed, there were many expressions of grief about Morrison being left, as we intended bringing him back when we left home. We are glad that we left them together, and thankful that our Father opened such a good home for them. They are well cared for, and are making good progress with their studies. Jessie has been up to the University, but we have not yet heard the results. We landed here, from Sydney, in June. The weeks and months since then have passed rapidly, we have been exceedingly busy.

"Mr. Mackenzie has had a good deal of manual work on his hands, in addition to the large amount of teaching we both do every day. You are aware that we have early morning Bible reading for all the adults. The bell is rung just now about half-past five. It takes them about fifteen minutes to gather in and have singing and prayer. I then go in, and take a class of elderly women. One of these has her second sight, and reads well. One of her great-grandchildren has been attending school for several years, so you may have some idea of her age. She is always present. The teacher "Solomon" has a class of men. We are in about an hour. During that time the girls in the mission house are having their morning reading. They read about twenty minutes or half an hour, then Mr. Mackenzie goes in, questions and has prayer with them. Then each girl goes to her allotted work while we have our family worship. Then break-

fast. As we finish, the children's school-bell rings. Mr. Mackenzie takes charge of the advanced class, the others are conducted by the teacher and young men in the training class. I have only time to give an eye to the girls' work, and orders for dinner, when the settlers' children arrive. These are taught in English, are here from eight until two, and are my special care. At the close of the children's school Mr. Mackenzie dispenses medicine, then has the training class, which occupies the whole forenoon. On Tuesdays and Fridays the candidates' and teachers' classes are held in the forenoon, so that we both meet the training class on the evening of those days. On Wednesdays we go to Fila or Erotap. Mr. Mackenzie meets with the candidates, and at its close I have a class with the women. On Thursday afternoon I have the Pango women, and on Friday afternoon the Erakor women, for two hours each day. Our Sabbaths are equally busy days. The natives have an early morning prayer-meeting. The forenoon service is in from nine till eleven. We both spend from one till two with the settlers' children, also some of their labour. At two, bell for children's Sabbath-school rings; I take the advanced class. At 3.15, bell for adults. They are divided between Mr. Mackenzie and Solomon. The year has been one of our busiest, and perhaps one of our most encouraging. We have not been permitted to do much among the heathen; but the impression the Gospel is making on the worshipping people is more manifest. Their kindness to us and readiness to assist in the Lord's work directly, and in our personal affairs, continues to increase. We still have French settlers here but not very near us. The priest, however, has gone away—for good, I believe; we hope so, at least. But I don't know that he is much to be feared. His own countrymen refused to receive his services. One of themselves told us that a French Bible, which Mr. Mackenzie had presented to a settler who had expressed a desire for a copy of the Word of God in his own language, sold for twenty-six francs. The original cost was five shillings. The poor fellow died a few months after receiving the book, hence his goods were sold. The Bible was bought by an officer on a French man-of-war. We thought the price paid a great dearth of Bibles among the natives.

"I have your own having manifested a love of the Lord's presence with you both in your homes, and in your congregational work, and that the good Shepherd is owning your efforts to train up your children in the right way by making them savingly acquainted with Himself. Let me speak earnestly to you who are mothers. Pray often both for and with your children. Never allow a day to pass without being closeted with them. The prayer of faith will save the soul. And now, desiring that you will remember us and our Master's work here, at a throne of grace, I remain, my dear sisters in Christ, Yours affectionately,
"AMANDA MACKENZIE."

GIVING TO THE HOME AND FOREIGN WORK.

In the popular mind there is, and always will be, a clear distinction drawn between the Home and Foreign work. The two essentially differ, and will differ to the end. The only safe, righteous and permanent adjustment of the question that can be made is to create two missionary organizations—one Home, and the other Foreign. A great stride was made in the direction of such a division at the recent meeting of the General Committee, although not many perceived it, and every year will bring it nearer, and make it more inevitable.

Our people have a right to give their money according to their individual convictions. Many of them are beginning to demand a more liberal provision for home evangelization, and they will press their demands till they get a hearing. No sixpenny appropriation will meet their wishes, and no raid upon the revenue of our foreign work will ever yield enough to carry on the gigantic enterprise which God is setting before the Church. Those who begin to insist on a reduction abroad for the sake of meeting such a crisis as this at home, manifestly do not comprehend the crisis, and do not perceive what they are doing. A man cannot give vigour to his left hand by crippling his right.

A powerful Home Missionary Society is the demand of the hour. It would hold its own against all the men from abroad who could be imported. It is very probable that, for a few years at least, the foreign work would suffer by the change; but the loss would be but temporary, and, with a sound basis on which to build, the Missionary Society of our Church would speedily advance to the leading

position of all the great missionary societies of the age. May God speed the day when this change of policy shall be effected! Let men, and vested interests of all kinds, count for nothing while the broad question is under review, and very soon a general conviction will be reached that the money given by our people must be distributed according to the convictions of the givers, and that the immense and rapidly expanding work at home shall receive the representation before the people which it so richly deserves.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

THE NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY THE METHODISTS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

FROM the *Free Press* report of a sermon recently delivered in Winnipeg, by Rev. Thos. Crosby, of Fort Simpson, British Columbia, we make some extracts which will serve to show what a sister Church is doing towards bringing the light of the Gospel into one of the dark places of heathenism in our own land.

Speaking from the text, Ps. lxxiv. 20, "For the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Mr. Crosby said that during the last thirty years he had witnessed some of the truth of these words. How cruel, vile and degraded people are in their heathen state! The speaker told of the man-eaters and dog-eaters, who used to spend three weeks in the mountains pretending to be abstaining from food, and then returning tore the flesh from living men or dogs and devoured it. There are also fire-eaters, and wizards and witches. Mothers left their infants in the woods to die lest they should grow up to be slaves and burden-bearers or to live lives of shame. Woman never has her place in society until the Gospel lifts her up. The preacher caused no little amusement by telling how all the young fathers were led to adopt the practice of relieving their squaws by carrying their babies to church. The missionary set the example, and the Indians, who are great imitators of the white man, soon followed suit.

For fifteen years past he had been labouring in the North among a people greatly superior to the Flat Heads of the South. The language of this race was more comprehensive, and the people could carve beautifully in silver, gold, wood and stone. They raised magnificent totem poles, costing \$1,000 to \$1,500 to their dead chiefs; such were to be seen up the coast all the way to Alaska. They were a far more intelligent and industrious people than any other, unless the Cherokees. Mr. Crosby described the first council meeting that he had induced them to hold, at which he had prevailed on them to give up gambling, conjuring, witchery and other heathen practices. He told how, when he first asked these Indians to help build a church for themselves, which was to hold a thousand people, they went and brought their stock of blankets, which they had carefully folded away, and gave these, worth \$1.50 each, not having any money, making a subscription of over \$400, which afterwards went up to \$1,000. Afterwards they were paid in blankets for work which they did. Afterwards a sum of \$400 more was raised, that the church might be dedicated free of debt, as was also every one of sixteen churches built in fifteen years. After the dedication a great revival came. A lady down East had asked in what proportion the Indians gave. "Why, bless you," he answered, "they give the whole business, and then go out to hunt and fish to get more." A village of a hundred people gave between \$300 and \$400 worth to build a church and afterwards nearly \$200 at a missionary meeting, besides which they raised \$91 towards a bell which had to be brought from San Francisco. Last year the Indians in this district gave over \$700 to the General Missionary Society.

The people build beautiful villages; but not a dollar did they ever get from the Government. They never recognized the Indian title. He was not a politician, did not know anything of politics, and didn't believe anybody else did now, but a mistake had been made from the start. The Indians had been treated like paupers, and row there were a lot of miserable fellows over the Dominion, rolling themselves up in dirty blankets and waiting for the rations and annuities to come along. If prizes had been given for the best homes, the best farms and the best pupils at school, we might have had men instead of paupers. He described how the Indians of Fort Simpson gradually built improved frame houses for themselves; how they were "barbered up" and well-dressed; how they had a fire brigade and two brass bands for the second one of which \$400 had been collected and instruments bought last fall.

The speaker told an affecting story of a blind boy named Jack, who came

"ten suns" to "see" the church. Having felt around the building, he asked the missionary to teach him, to "fill me up" with what was in the book. Having been told of the story of the Gospel, and having learned to sing some hymns, as he was about starting for home again he asked for a Bible to "hold up" before his people and tell them that was God's great book; and a hand-bell with which to call them together every Sunday that he might sing to them and tell them all he had heard. About two years after Jack's mother came to return the Bible and the bell, stating that Jack was dead, and that he had faithfully done as he said while he lived. When the Indians saw the electric light and the telephone at Victoria they thought the white people ought never to die, that they should be able to ward off all diseases and live forever.

In conclusion Mr. Crosby told of his little missionary steamer, "Glad Tidings," with which he had been enabled to reach ten times as many people as before. The steamer had sailed 10,000 miles last year. In one trip of 1,800 miles along the west coast of Vancouver Island, he had in seven weeks preached over a hundred times to a thousand people whom he had never seen before, and hundreds of whom had never seen a missionary. He dwelt upon the words of a dying young man whom he baptized, "Why didn't you come sooner?" He thought the \$220,000 raised by the Methodist Church for missions last year "mighty little" in comparison with the number of members and the wealth of the denomination.

A FINE SHOWING.

THE Foreign Mission income of the English Presbyterian Synod for the year amounts to £16,360, which meets the expenditure. The Church has now in China seventeen ordained missionaries, nine medical missionaries, two missionary teachers, and fifteen native missionaries. There are also eight native pastors, entirely supported by their own congregations, 100 native evangelists, and thirty-four native theological students. There are forty-three organized congregations, and eighty-four not yet organized. The total membership of adults and children exceeds 6,000. There are, in addition, six hospitals, in which 20,000 patients have been treated in the twelve months. The "Barbour College," at Swatow, has been completed, and, through the liberality of Mr. Bethel, of Manchester, who visited Swatow last Spring, a new building for the girls' school is being erected. A sum of money has been given for a boat for the use of the lady missionaries.

EROMANGA.

REV. HUOH A. ROBERTSON, of Eromanga, in a recent letter, says:—"It is simply delightful to note the changes in the field since we arrived in the New Hebrides in 1872. Encouraging reports come from nearly all the stations. Epi has a population of 10,000. Mr. Fraser has fourteen teachers at work, and he asks as many more. Messrs. Mackenzie and Macdonald have translated the whole New Testament into Efate, and the volume is now being printed at Melbourne. The other stations are most hopeful. The work on Eromanga was never more encouraging. The converts are doing their best to aid the work of the Mission by their contributions and otherwise." Mr. Robertson with his family came to Australia in the "Dayspring." Mrs. R. is not well—has not been well for years, though at present her condition is not alarming. Mr. R. hopes she will be able to return to Eromanga in September.—*Record.*

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS IN INDIA.

THE *Indian Witness* says:—"At the present time there are, in round numbers, about half a million Protestant Christians in India. One-half of these are comparatively recent converts, and it is too soon to expect them to exert a very perceptible influence on their neighbours, but even allowing for this, the little body of Christians forms a most important factor in the body politic of the empire. It will not be long till the half million will be a million, and many of our readers will live to see the day when there will be ten million Protestant Christians in India. When that day comes these ten million Indians will be the leaders of Indian thought and Indian progress. Their voice will be more potent in England than the voice of all India is to day. They will be bolder innovators than any men in India now, and they will be recognized by all classes as the natural leaders of the Indian people."

SHE is only half a mother who does not see her own child in every child.—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

*A paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, (W.F.M.), April 10, 1889. Revised by the author for the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.