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For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

ELIJAH.

My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.—2 Kings ii. 12.

AWAY, away, on wings of steels air  
Mounts up on high the prophet's fiery car;  
The echoing vault reverberates the tread  
Of thundering wheels, and horses spirit lost!  
Wrapped in ethereal flames the couriers ride,  
And cleave a deathless passage to the skies!  
Up the steep path, untravelled and unknown,  
Reserved for him, the favoured one, alone,  
The tireless steeds pursue their heavenly way,  
Leat in the regions of eternal day!

Yet he had longed to lay him down in peace,  
Where all the scourgings of the wicked cease;  
And wooed the night, his day of wonders done,  
And prayed that he might see life's setting sun!  
But o'er that grand career no sun went down,  
To hide the glory that was yet to come!  
For him no arrow sped its flight below—  
No shaft was fitted to the angel's bow!  
He must not tread the dark and cheerless way  
Whose gloomy vista widens into day;  
Nor slip his foot in that cold, rullen wave  
That breaks upon the borders of the grave.  
Across the shinking flood he walked dry-shod,  
And soared aloft to glory and to God!  
Toronto. THOS. K. HENDERSON.

## THE ENGINEER'S REMEDY.

My engineer was a gray-haired, thick-set man of fifty, quiet and unobtrusive, and deeply in love with his beautiful machine. He had formerly run a locomotive, and now took a stationary engine because he could get no employment on the railroads. A long talk with the superintendent of the road from which he had been removed revealed only one fault in the man's past life; he loved strong drink.

"He is," said my informant, "as well posted on steam as any man on the road; he worked up from train-boy to fireman, from fireman to engineer, has rendered us valuable services, has saved many lives by his quickness and bravery; but he cannot let liquor alone, and for that reason we have discharged him."

In spite of this discouraging report I hired the man. During the first week of his stay I passed through the engine room many times a day, in search of my factory rounds, but never found aught amiss. The great machine ran as smoothly and quietly as if its bearings were set in velvet; the steel cross-head, the crank-shaft, the brass oil-cups reflected the morning sun like mirrors; no speck of dust found lodgment in the room. In the "fire-room" the same order and neatness prevailed; the steam-gauge showed even pressure, the water-gauges were always just right, and our daily report showed that we were burning less coal than formerly. The most critical inspection failed to find any thing about either engine or boiler that showed the faintest symptoms of neglect or carelessness.

Three weeks passed. The man who had been recommended as "good for five days' work and then two days' drunk," had not swerved a hair from his duty. The gossips were beginning to notice and comment on the strange affair.

"I should like to speak with you a moment, sir," said he one morning, as I passed through his sanctum.

"Well, John, what now?" I said, drawing out my note book. "Cylinder oil all gone?"

"It's about myself," he replied.

I motioned him to proceed.

"Thirty two years ago I drank my first glass of liquor," said the engineer, "and for the past ten years, up to the last month, no week has passed without its Saturday night drunk. During those years I was not blind to the fact that appetite was getting a frightful hold upon me. At times my struggles against the longing for stimulant were earnest. My employers once offered me a thousand dollars if I would not touch liquor for three months, but I lost it; I tried all sorts of antidotes, and all failed. My wife died praying that I might be rescued, yet my promises to her were broken within two days. I signed pledges and joined societies, but appetite was still my master. My employers reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me, but all to no effect. I could not stop, and I knew it. When I came to work for you I did not expect to stay a week; I was nearly done for; but now!" and the old man's face lighted up with an unspeakable joy, "in this extremity, when I was ready to plunge into hell for a glass of rum, I found a sure remedy! I am saved from my appetite!"

"What is your remedy?"

The engineer took up an open Bible that lay face down, on the window ledge and read, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."  
—Christian.

THE POWER OF "OUGHT."—This principle of serving only when we have the inclination is the very highest form of selfishness. It is the substitution of one's own will and inclination for the Word of God and commandments of Jesus Christ, which is not grievous. For our own part we would rather be associated with a dozen Christians who know and recognize the power of the word "OUGHT," than a thousand who ignore it and substitute their inclinations.—Pentecost.

\* Anael, the Angel of Death.

## Mission Work.

LETTER FROM DR. MACKAY.

Rev. Dr. Wardrop, C.F.M.C.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is two weeks since I left Tanyul. General Loo ordered the Mandarins to send three men with me to examine the site of the destroyed chapels. They accompanied me half way to Ke-lung, then went back. I came on over the hills to the harbour and got into a small boat with two oarsmen. The wind was blowing a terrific gale and when half way across a small boat upset and the only man in her was pitched into the forming waves. We turned our boat about against wind, tide and angry sea to save him. In doing so our own nearly capsized; but we saved the man and put about for this shore. When near it one oar broke and we were twirled about and dashed on the rocky beach. For three days the winds howled and wild waves roared furiously around this island. Few inhabitants were here, not having returned yet from the hills where they fled before the French; none could go fishing and no one dared venture across to Ke lung. So I was without any food save rice and salt. It was very sweet.

A few days ago I was called away to see a dying convert. When I arrived he was just bidding all farewell; grand noble follower of Jesus, blind for six years and now saying "I'll soon see again and I'll see my Redeemer." He was baptised in Feb. 1875, ordained elder two years afterwards. From there I visited a young convert who passed away smiling, and saying aloud "Peace to you all, I'm going home." Then yesterday I stood beside a dying heathen 23 years of age. He was doing some work on the mission house here. I called ten students in to see him die.

"Oh, my father! Oh, my mother! Oh, my misery, misery! misery! misery!" he wailed aloud. I told the students to take notes of the sermon. But that was not necessary. The impression was deep.

O blessed gospel of hope—of hope—of hope, and people would despise thee—would forget thee, and would drink mud and filth instead of thy nure, living, fresh streams!

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him."

Ever yours sincerely,  
G. L. MACKAY.

THE New Testament has been translated in the Korean language. A lady of Glasgow provides half the salary for five years of the first Korean evangelist.

SOME three years ago Rev. J. Hudson Taylor and a band of missionaries in a city in China 600 miles from the sea coast, spent an evening in prayer, that God would, within three years, send them seventy consecrated workmen and supply the means for their outfit and passage. Their prayers have been richly answered, for more than seventy have sailed for China within the time and others are waiting to go.

JAPANESE Christians are now praying and working that their country may be wholly Christian by the year 1900. Many now living may witness what the Christians of Japan are now praying and labouring for. Only one language is spoken and to a great extent they are an educated and reading people. Hence difficulties in the way of evangelization of this country are less than in many others.

THE King of Burmah (Thebaw) ruled over about 4,000,000 of people. His will was supreme and he was a most brutal and cruel monster. A respectable Church of England paper in London has lately sent forth the statement to the world, that this wily and wicked king was once a Sunday School scholar; or, if not so, that he was educated by a missionary of the Church of England, Dr. Marks, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and that he was at one time a promising pupil. If this be the case, how sad his wicked career!

NINETY poor, degraded, wretched little Indian boys and girls in far off Alaska, having heard of the good school to which many others were going, came in a body to the school-house and asked if they might come in and be taught. The school-house, however, was too small to receive them, and now an appeal is made to the Woman's Executive Committee of the Home Missions in connection with the Presbyterian Church in the United States, for funds to enlarge the building. We hope the funds may be forthcoming so that the ninety may be taken in.

CHINESE IDIAS.—Dr. Christie, of Monkden, in the last U. P. Record says, "My experience up to this present bears out the peculiarity of the Chinese mind in the presence of death and eternity—viz, that the conscience is not educated in the matter of sin. They seem to differ 'toto coelo' from us in this respect. They are our antipodes. Of course this cannot apply

where Buddhism is a living faith. But here no faith is living, or like its original, or like what we read in books. I have yet to meet a living Buddhist of the type I often admire in books. But is the doctrine of sin worth anything when it is not an offence against a loving One whose children we are? The Chinese only know themselves surrounded by spiritual beings, who if offended are potent for harm. To propitiate these is all the righteousness they aspire to (I speak of the common life of the common people). It is a very high class mind in China, a deep student of Confucius, who rises to the notion, and lives it out, that only virtue protects, and that Heaven infallibly protects virtue. We have no right to say such people don't exist. They are conceivable to any student of the Chinese classics. But one does not meet them."

CHRISTIANIZING THE INDIAN.—Those who think it impossible should read the account in the December Foreign Missionary of the result of fifty years' work on the reserve of the Senecas in Western New York. The Rev. William Hall, who began work among them 'n 1834, says at that time they lived in a state of degraded heathenism. Since then so far from dying out their numbers have increased 33 per cent, without immigration. "From occupying rude wigwags, from leading a precarious existence through exposure and lack of food, they now have comfortable homes, many implements of husbandry, domestic animals in great numbers, with convenient vehicles, and that many of them are now able to read those two great instructors, the Bible and the newspaper." Fifty years ago, he says, "most of the people were benighted pagans, ignorant worshippers of false gods. That class had been blotted out; if there are real pagans to-day they are very scarce, and are not ignorant of the gospel. True, there is a large party called the pagan party, but the meaning of this is simply that the Indians, like their white neighbours, are divided into believers and unbelievers. The Senecas are all Christians in the same sense precisely in which the white people of the land are Christians. So far as there is any religion among them, Christianity is that religion." Probably there are not a dozen persons among all these 4,000 Indians who have any religious veneration for heathen worship. Their dances and other ceremonials (which are well nigh extinct) have no religious meaning now, but are simply festivals kept up for the sake of 'lang syne.' Here, then, is a nation, 4,000 in number, who have been in a sense Christianized and civilized, and this has been done, not by the help of mere contact with the whites, but in spite of it. It is the result mainly and potentially of the faithful labours of a limited band of missionaries, who have given their lives to their elevation." Mr. Hall ascribes the increase of the population and the exceptional success of the work to the special isolation of the reserve from the demoralizing influence of demoralized whites.

## Woman's Work.

[The Board of the W. F. M. S., Western Section, has kindly forwarded us the following interesting letter for publication, received through Miss Campbell, Secretary of the W. F. M. S., Eastern Section.]

TACARIGUA, TRINIDAD, Oct. 31st, 1885.

MY DEAR MISS CAMPBELL,—You will perceive that all missionary letters are hastily written. In the first place, we have a good many to write, and in the second place very little time for writing. I have never been so pressed as since I came to Tacarigua. Between teaching school, attending sick, visiting villages and hospitals, and numberless other engagements, I can scarcely compose my mind for writing, or find time to do it, but I suppose it is only our duty, inasmuch as you are interested in, and are doing so much for, our schools that we keep you posted in their operations. I have now been in Tacarigua nine months and during that time I have registered 101 new scholars, besides those already on the roll. A few of these have left the village and gone away. Five have returned with their parents to India and several others have gone to work, but they still continue their attendance at the Sabbath School. This is cheering, for although they were too short a time in school to get any practical benefit, yet they were long enough to have their interest awakened, and this they still manifest by a regular attendance on the Sabbath. At present my school averages 70. To keep up the attendance and interest in such a school involves an amount of labor people not on the ground hardly realize. You have to be constantly visiting them. Some of my children have reached that stage at which love of knowledge and desire for improvement keep them regularly at school with very little trouble; many, however, have to be gone out for twice a day. They show such aptitude to learn when kept regularly at school that we are encouraged to follow them up. I am, I think, justly proud of the progress some of my boys have made during the period of nine months. I have one class of five who were reading short words of one syllable in the

first book and are now reading nicely in the fourth (English). The same class I took from the alphabet in Hindi and now they can read any common book in their tongue. They read the New Testament quite fluently. In arithmetic they are working in Long Division. My first class are reading in the Fifth Book and working in Compound Multiplication and Division. As yet I have not given them any studies, with the exception of spelling. I felt they were not far enough advanced; but at the first of the year they will take up grammar, geography, and history. You will be pleased to learn that the number of girls is increasing in our schools. At present I have 26, a small proportion of course, yet it is much better than anything we have had formerly. They are not so anxious and consequently do not learn as fast as the boys. They learn to sew quickly and are very fond of it. This, if nothing more, will improve their habits, for Coolie women as a rule do nothing but cook their rice. It was a true saying of a French statesman, "Educate a boy, you make an enlightened man—educate a girl, and you make an enlightened family." We do long to see our women elevated to that position which God meant women to occupy.

I have a night school for young men, four evenings in the week. This is attended by about 20. Last week one young man had to go away to the mountain to work and two evenings he walked six miles rather than miss his lesson. On Friday evening we have turned it into a sort of Bible class. We meet together and spend an hour in singing hymns and studying God's Word.

SABBATH, Nov. 1st.

I must hasten to bring this letter to a close and I will do so by giving you an account of to-day's work. Up at 7 o'clock (very late for me for I felt rather tired). At 8.30 I took my picture book and bayhan and set out into the village. The first place I called at was the house of one of my little boys who was sick with fever. He was asleep, so I did not disturb him, but gave the mother some instructions as to what she was to do for the boy, and then was about to take my leave, but she urged me to sit down, that I did. I took out my books. She seated herself on the ground at my feet and called her children around her, and asked two or three questions. I was praying at the bayhan brought in three women. At the same time we had quite an audience. They were touched with the story of Joseph and said, "Ah, his brothers too bad." Then I told how God made it all turn out for good. From here I went further up into the village, hardly knowing whither I went, and before I left I asked God to direct my course, and it was to the house of a Mohammedan. I was passing his house when he came out and called me in. A box was immediately brought, on which I was invited to sit. I took out my picture-book and was again surrounded by eager listeners. When I had talked to them for a while the man went into the house and soon returned with some money, which he offered me. "What is this for?" I said. "Oh, for you!" "No," said I, "I won't take your money now. Said he, "What did you come here for this morning?" "I came because I am interested in you and I like to see you." "Well, we are glad to see you and that is why I want you to take this money," and he insisted, but I refused. I told him I might take something else sometime but not the money. His wife then said she would send me some eggs. The Coolies are very kind. But I have digressed. (Pardon me.) Before leaving we sang two or three hymns, this man's little daughter helping me. She sang very sweetly. Her parents were astonished when they heard her, but none the less pleased. We then went to the house of an old blind woman. After reading to her and singing a few hymns we came home in the hot mid-day sun; the thermometer must have been as high as 92. At 2 o'clock I again went out to gather the children for Sabbath School. My Sabbath School—what shall I say about it? It has almost outgrown my management. I have very little help and have an attendance of about 80. To-day I had 92. It is cheering indeed to see so many of these poor heathen children gathered together to receive Christian instruction. We humbly pray that the Spirit may apply the Word to many young hearts. Ours is a mission to children, a great preparation truly, but one from which much may be expected. A sowing of precious seed in the spring-time from which much fruit may be expected. I feel the responsibility of my work, but I am assured that the blessing of God goes with His work. With this assurance I go forward and look forward with hope and confidence to the future. Before I close I would ask the ladies of your Society when making up your boxes for the mission field to remember that there are many destitute little children in Tacarigua. As yet we have not received anything for this school. We are all very grateful to you all for your interest and prayers. We are a small band of workers, but it strengthens us to know that we are remembered in the great congregation. With best wishes for the prosperity of your Society, and kindly greetings to all, I remain, my dear Miss Campbell, Yours very sincerely,  
(Signed) A. A. SEMPLE.