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THY WAY IS BEST.

(From "Songs of Earth and Heaven," recently issued.)
BY REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.D.

Thy way, O Lord! Thy way—not mine;
Although, oppress,
For smoother, sunnier paths I pine,
Thy way is best.

Though crossing thirsty deserts drear,
Or mountain's crest;
Although I faint with toil and fear,
Thy way is best.

Though not one open door beside
The passing guest;
Though night its darkest terror lead,
Thy way is best.

So seeming wild without a plan,
Now east, now west,
Joy's boon and pain, hopes blighted, can
Thy way be best?

My soul by grief seems not to be
More pure and blest;
Alas! I cannot, cannot see
Thy way is best.

I cannot see—on every hand
My anguish prest,
In vain I try to understand
Thy way is best.

But I believe—Thy life and death,
Thy love attest,
And every promise clearly saith—
"Thy way is best."

I cannot see—but I believe;
If heavenly rest
Is reached by roads where most I grieve,
Thy way is best.

RENTED OUT.

BY REV. H. H. HAWES, D.D.

WHEN a man yields to temptation, he rents his body, or some part of it, to the devil! Let me illustrate:—You have a house. Some one comes to you asking to rent the whole or part of it. You find that he wishes to use it for a bar-room, or for some other low and vile purpose. For such use of it he will pay you so much money per day, month, or year. Of course you expect to be benefited by this rent-money. But it is "the wages of sin." Well, what is your duty? Only a house owned by you and in which you live. It is not *your*—but the "earthly house of this tabernacle," in which you live, until you remove to the eternal world. Before it is "dissolved," you move out—and go to a home in eternity. It is then laid away in the grave, and crumbles to dust, as any other fallen house would. But while you are living in this body-house, two "renters" apply for its use—or to share it with you. To put the matter in another shape—*partnerships* are proposed—one, by Jesus Christ; the other, by the devil. Or, I would better say, the proposition is to *buy you out*—for, at last, this house becomes the property of one or the other. But let the *rent* idea stand. God wants to come and live in this house with you, and carry on His business of salvation for your benefit. The devil wants to do the same, to carry on his business of damnation for your ruin. The question is:—*To whom will you rent?* He who rents a house to another, to be used in the service of sin, makes both himself and his property the instruments of sin—allows sin to reign there in consideration of the amount paid for rent. So he who rents his body, or any part of it, to Satan, makes both himself and his body the instruments of sin—gives sin the right to use him in consideration of sin-pleasures paid for rent.

Then, as Paul teaches, "the motions of sins * * * work in our members to bring forth the fruit unto death."

For the sake of illustration I have thus represented the case. But the real truth is this:—Our bodies, whether we recognize the fact or not, *belong to God!* His by right of creation and redemption. Lay this paper down for a moment; get your Bible and read 1 Cor. vi., 9-20. In that passage are questions which should set every one to thinking!

Well, how is this renting-business going to end? Christian, will you rent out your body, or any members of it, that he may work sin and pay you in sin-pleasures? Do any think that they may do this as long as they can use the body—then, when death *compels* them to move out, eject the devil, with all his works, and give up the body to God for His use?

What about receiving the things done in our bodies, according to that we have done, whether it be good or bad?

It ought not to be necessary to reason with any Christian on such matters! Look at the man who professes to be God's, yet rents himself out, body and soul, to the devil! Cannot God see through that?

But I had no intention of saying so much. The idea in ascendancy at the start was to give those who are tempted a *guard-thought* against

yielding. So I return to the first utterance:—The man who yields to temptation rents his body, or some part of it, to the devil! He is offered very liberal rent sometimes. But after all, "the pleasures of sin," like money, cannot be ours *always*.

Whenever I see a young man tempted, I feel like asking him, "Will you rent to the devil?" Only think:—To rent our bodies to the devil during time, means sold to the devil during all eternity!

One more thought for Christians and all others. He who exposes himself to temptation, by going in sin's ways or to sin's places, is like a house—such as we often see—with the words upon it, in large letters, "For Rent!" Put up your "sign," and it will not be long before the devil, or some of his agents, will be along with bids!—*Central Presbyterian.*

COMMUNION QUESTIONS.

The following Formula of Questions to be put to candidates on their admission to the Communion of the Church has been in use for several years in the East Presbyterian Church, Toronto:—

I.—Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the word of God and the supreme rule of faith and practice?

II.—Do you acknowledge as scriptural the doctrines held and taught by this Church, concerning the being and perfections of God—the guilt and depravity of human nature—the divinity and atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ—the personality and work of the Holy Spirit—the method of Justification by Faith—and the necessity of the regenerating and sanctifying influences of the Divine Spirit on the heart of man, in order to that faith and holiness without which no man can see the Lord?

III.—Do you believe, that so far as you know your own hearts, you have cordially received the testimony of God concerning His Son—that you are resting only on the finished work of Christ and the grace of God through Him for the salvation of your souls—that it is your earnest desire to be His disciples, and to be found walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless?

IV.—Is it your purpose, trusting in promised grace, to regulate all your conduct and conversation by the law of Christ—to carry your religion with you into all the relations of life, and to endeavour to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things?

V.—Do you promise that as Church-members you will cherish an affectionate regard for all the other members; yield a dutiful respect to the Office bearers; attend conscientiously, as you have opportunity, on all the ordinances and means of grace; contribute cheerfully and regularly on the first day of the week, as the Lord may prosper you, for the support and spread of the means of grace, both at home and abroad, and in all things submit in a Christian spirit to the government and discipline of the Church?

VI.—Do you promise to pray for the peace of the Church and to labour for her prosperity; and as God has appointed "to every man his work," will you endeavour to ascertain what God in His vineyard would have you to do, and whatsoever your hand findeth to do will you try to do it with your might—heartily as unto the Lord and not unto men?

VII.—And all these things you profess and promise, trusting in divine grace, as seeing Him who is invisible, and as you will be answerable at the great day, do you not?

WHAT you want, above all and before all, is Jesus Christ in your soul! The Bible shuts you up to this. The loving Saviour Himself comes to the door of your heart and knocks and bids you open to Him. Not to His gospel or system of faith, but to Him as a Person, as the LIFE. First of all; then, yield your heart up to Jesus. Fervently ask Him to enter you by His life-giving Spirit. If any darling sin is in the way and its hand on the door-latch, that sin must give way. When the divine Spirit kindles a spark in your heart, whether it be a penitential thought, or whether it be a prayer or a desire to discharge some duty or to do anything to please your Saviour, I beseech you, do not quench that spark. It is the Spirit of the Lord Jesus beginning to work in your soul; it is the beginning of life, for Christ enters you by His Spirit. The new birth that Jesus spoke of to Nicodemus is a divine work, not your work. Bartimeus was not more completely dependent on Christ for the opening of his blind eyes than you are on Him for giving you the priceless indispensable gift of this new life. When you get Christ, you get everything. From the dead stick, however polished, no bud or fruit; but from the living tree may come all manner of fruits in their season. Christ will enter your heart by His blessed converting, quickening Spirit, just as soon as you are willing to admit Him. Opening the heart's door is your part; and if there be stubbornness in the will, or any sceptic doubt, or any sly plea for procrastination in the way, you must pray fervently for God's help to get them out of the way. At all hazards—cost what it may of surrounding pride or self-righteousness or any pet sin—Jesus must come in or you are lost!—*Dr. Crysler.*

Mission Work.

THE MISSIONARY—THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Bishop Keener, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, recently said, in a missionary meeting, "In these days of grand opportunity, no church can be called Christian that preaches the Gospel in but one language." The Presbyterian Church in Canada preaches the Gospel in at least seven or eight languages in Canada, China, India, the New Hebrides and Trinidad.

IS MISSION WORK A FAILURE?—It appears from the tables recently published that the Protestant churches of Europe and America, with 119,431 ministers and 28,074,116 communicants, had a growth in 1885 of 155,553 members—a percentage of .57. These churches maintain 101 Foreign Missionary societies. In the foreign field they have 2,908 ordained missionaries, and 2,362 ordained natives. These, with 59,201 native communicants, made a gain during the year of 127,149, or 19.71 per cent. In the one case the converts averaged 1.3; in the other, 24.5 to each ordained labourer.

"HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH."—"It is something to be a missionary," says Dr. Livingstone. "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, when they first saw the field which the first missionary was to fill. The great and terrible God, before whom angels veil their faces, had an Only Son, and He was sent to the habitable parts of the earth, as a missionary physician. It is something to be a follower, however feeble, in the wake of the Great Teacher and only Model Missionary that ever appeared among men; and now that He is Head over all things, King of kings, and Lord of lords, what commission is equal to that which the missionary holds from Him!"

BETTER THAN FUNERAL FLOWERS.—Of the Society Islands, Raiatea, with 1,500 inhabitants, has contributed \$1,224; Tahaa, with 900 inhabitants, \$563; Pora Pora, with 1,000 inhabitants, \$1,153. And yet among these churches contributing so nobly there has been no resident missionary during the past year. The people are accustomed, it seems, at the missionary meetings, to commemorate their departed friends in their offerings. At Raiatea, a young widow on the day of contribution brought an offering of seven dollars in the name of a daughter who died about three months after her husband had been taken from her, and for this husband also she presented a gift. The thorough hold which the Gospel has taken hold of these islanders is clearly evinced by the generosity they display in their gifts for the prosecution of the missionary work.

CHINESE FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.—Recently a very remarkable development of Christian activity is said to have taken place. A number of native converts have, of their own accord, volunteered to go as Christian missionaries to Korea. A very wealthy old Fukien gentleman, himself a recent convert, has given generous support to the undertaking; and in a few days the little band of devoted men intend to start to their field of labour under the tutelage of Rev. Mr. Wolfe. * * * As far as we know, this is the first instance of any Chinese Christians leaving their own country to spread Christianity among other nations. We think the fact sufficiently interesting and unique to merit a passing notice; for it shows that even the apathetic Chinaman can be aroused to unselfish enthusiasm under certain influences, and gives good promise of energy in mission work on the part of the Chinese, as a nation, when they shall have been brought more extensively under the dominion of Christianity than is the case at present.—*North China Daily News.*

Woman's Work.

LETTER FROM MISS DR. BEATTY.

The following letter from Dr. Elizabeth H. Beatty was written to a friend in Gananoque, and dated, London, Nov. 17th, 1885:

"I am not at Indore now. We—Mrs. Wilkie, her children and myself—are up among the Himalayas; not quite up to the snow line, though we are in sight of the snow range. The highest points to be seen from here are Jumnotrie and Gungotrie, from the bases of which rise the Jumna and Ganges rivers. People who are fond of walking and camping go out to Gungotrie, and see the Ganges as it starts out for its long run from its home in the snow. About fifteen days are required to make the round trip. One must walk, ride on a pony, or be carried in a "dandy" by Coolies. These Hill "Paharis," as they are called, are short in stature, but strong, good natured and lazy. Four of them go with each dandy, two to carry and two to change. Four annas a day is their regular hire; but if they go far they get double that, and they always want "backshish." At first I thought it would be very

expensive giving so much backshish, but soon found that half an anna satisfied them, and a whole anna is a fortune to one of them—only 2½ cents. Men here do all sorts of work. All our house work is done by men, and half a dozen of them do less than one girl would do at home.

Walking through the bazaar one day I was attracted by a number of men in a little room—like most of them—all open to the street. The men seemed to be playing at see-saw, and I stopped to see how the game would go. It is not rude or contrived here to stop and see what is to be seen, though sometimes, as at home, it would be better not to stop. The men stood two and two facing each other, each pair having an earthen ghara (a round bottom jar) between them, and each man holding a string that was fastened to an upright stick standing in the ghara. One man would give his string a twitch, which would cause the stick to revolve and wind up the other string; then the other man would pull his string and turn the stick the reverse way, this winds up the first man's string, and the stick was thus kept turning by the constant winding and unwinding of the two strings. I was just on the point of asking what they were doing when I saw some milk pop out of the ghara. It was a butter factory, and these men were churning. I did not wait to see the butter washed, and was glad to reflect that the butter we use on our table is churned in our house. A man puts the cream in a wide-mouthed bottle and gravely sits down on the floor, cross-legged, and pounds a bag of sand or a folded mat with it till the butter is made. Though these people do so many things in apparently the most awkward way, they have some rather clever devices. In another room in the bazaar I saw a man preparing cotton for spinning and other uses. The raw cotton lay in a pile on the floor; a native sat beside it—natives never stand at work if they can help it—before him was a large triangle suspended from the roof by ropes; the long side of the triangle was a single steel wire which the man kept striking with a piece of wood shaped like a dumb bell. As it vibrated he swung it up to the cotton, a little of which was caught and kept shaking. When it was thus well picked and shaken he gave the wire a tug with the little end of his stick, and it threw the cotton quite out of reach. I have not seen the spinning, but I saw a Coolie spinning yarn for his winter blanket. The only appliance he used was an iron spindle about ten inches long; he had the wool in a loose roll, and wound in a ball; a few inches of thread were drawn out, and he gave the spindle a turn between his finger and thumb like a top, and it was twisted; another dexterous twist and it was wound up.

Since we came up here the weather has been like Indian summer at home, but it is getting quite cold now—frost every night. In the middle of the day and in the sunshine it is still hot. Then two or three yards round the side of a hill and one feels as if midwinter had suddenly descended. To make the delusion complete, look away to the north and there are the snows; to puzzle one's self entirely look down at the trees and shrubs, mosses and flowers, at one's feet. The trees remind me constantly that I am not at home; plums and cherries look familiar, but the wild cherry is in bloom now, in November. Some of the oak leaves are purpling, but they are shaped like the elm leaves at home. Pine, spruce, and cedar look natural; but when I pluck a branch I get no turpentine on my fingers, and there is none of the pleasant odour that should be there. I have been quite disappointed in the seasons; the hot season was not so very hot, and the rainy season was not so very rainy. The days and days of heavy rain did not come, and the rivers were not on exhibition. At the beginning and ending of the rains the air was scarcely fit to breathe; it was hot, steamy, and full of bad odours—just the weather for fevers. And sure enough they came, we fled. On our way up we passed some very large bridges, what they were needed for puzzled me. The rains were just over, yet there was scarcely water enough passing under the largest bridge to fill a common roadside ditch at home. The river at Indore has been under the eye of a landscape gardener and the shovel and pick of the Coolie for weeks; the result is, that the water which used to flow quietly along its narrow channel now spreads itself around the bases of a dozen or more little hills, that do duty for islands when there is water enough. No doubt it is pretty, but it is provoking to see such a caricature of our grand old St. Lawrence.

Perhaps I ought to apologize for not writing about the work I came to India to do. I am away now from the plains for a change, and to get the better, as I hope for all the time, of malaria fever. Owing to the necessary changes in connection with our new houses, and the giving up of the native house the ladies have occupied for so long a time, my dispensary is broken up, and there is no place ready for it yet, so I am taking advantage of the time to study Hindu up here. In Indore sick people would come, and many of them; and my time was so much taken up with them that I have not made very satisfactory progress in the language. When I shall once more be settled to my work, I shall write specially of it.