

REV. R. S. STORRS, D.D., LL.D.

Said Rufus Choate to a young man who was studying law in his office: "I commend to you William Pinkney's example: 'I never read a fine sentence in any author,' said Pinkney, 'without committing it to memory.' The result was decidedly the most splendid and powerful English-spoken style I ever heard." It may not be easy to tell how much Choate's advice had to do with the success of his hearer; but no man in our country is better known for his magnificent diction and the finished style of the periods that flow from his lips, whether he speaks from a manuscript or entirely without notes.

It was not for the bar, however, but for the pulpit, to claim this eloquence. For nearly thirty-four years the Rev. Richard Salter Storrs had been the honored pastor at Longmeadow, Mass.; for about three-score years at Braintree, Mass., were heard the stirring appeals of a second Richard Salter Storrs, of whom it was said that in the pulpit he looked like a living flame; and a great loss would it have been to the church if the third Richard Salter Storrs had not followed the calling of his father and grandfather. From many another ancestor, too, he inherited influences that would naturally lead him to the ministry.

So, after the two years' study of law that followed graduation at Amherst, came a course at Andover Theological Seminary, and a call, in 1845, to the Harvard church at Brookline, Mass. From there he went, the next year, to the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn, of which he became the first pastor.

In the line of Dr. Storrs' descent one finds names that are among the brightest in the religious history of our country. It seems fitting that he should minister to a church bearing the name of the Pilgrims, a church that gained an early impulse as a result of a Forefathers' Day address by Rufus Choate, which was organized by a council meeting on Forefathers' Day, and whose house of worship has in corner-stone and tower fragments of the rock pressed by the Pilgrims' feet. But, imbued as Dr. Storrs is with the spirit of our own land, he is noted also for the rich stores of knowledge that he brings from the study of all lands and times.

In many ways the public and the church have been made debtors to Dr. Storrs. His services are much sought for great occasions, and an address from him is enough to make any occasion great. The courses of lectures that he has delivered in cities and educational institutions have been invaluable contributions to literature and to the defence of Christian truth; and, though one misses in the printed page the fine presence and voice of the orator, there is inspiration in the grand thoughts and glowing words. To Richard Salter Storrs, the father, was due not a little of the prosperous growth of the *Congregationalist*, and of the *Boston Recorder*, one of the oldest of our religious papers; Richard Salter Storrs, the son, was for thirteen years associated with the *Independent*; the father's heart was set on missionary work in Georgia; through his position as president of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the son's influence is felt to the ends of the world. But his estimate of the work that stands foremost he has thus given in his latest book, now fresh from the press: "No other errand on earth surpasses his who, through the supreme message of God, uttered from the lips and re-enforced by the life, is able to send the human spirit, trembling but triumphant, conscious of sin, but exulting in faith, to enter, with a song that never shall cease, the gates of light."—*Golden Rule*.

CHINESE WOMEN AND THE GOSPEL.

At a recent meeting of the China Inland Mission Miss Geraldine Guinness spoke of the readiness to hear to be found among Chinese women. She said it is such a sweet thing to have the old story of Jesus to bring to these dear people. It does so wonderfully meet their needs. It meets them just where they are, and opens to them just what they want.

I have in my hand a little rosary. It is a Buddhist rosary, and it belonged for thirty-five years to a woman who believed that this was her best hope of salvation. Every

one of those beads represents thousands of prayers, short prayers, just nothing but the name of Buddha. She used to spend sometimes six hours a day or spend all the night in praying over these beads. For thirty-five years this woman was a vegetarian. She touched no meat, nor fish, nor eggs, nor anything of the kind. She just lived upon vegetables and rice, and gave herself up to good works, so seeking to save her soul.

At last she heard something of the teaching of the missionaries. Her son came home to her, and told her something of what they said, and she was very, very angry, and said, "Do not go near those people. All they say is untrue. They are very dangerous and very wrong." And she warned him exceedingly not to go again. But her own heart was hungry, and she could not help going herself round to the little preaching chapel and listening to what they had to say; and there that dear old woman of seventy-two the first time she heard the Gospel felt that it was just what she wanted, and she opened her heart to receive it.

She could only understand a little; and she went back to her son and said, "You must go every night and learn all about it and come and explain it to me. It is just what I want." And now that dear old woman is a most consistent Christian, and her son is one of the most earnest members of the little Christian church. These are the

way settlement on a sandy part of the river—just a little place where they collected wood to sell to the boats—and we went on shore and spent all the day in talking to the few women to be found there, little groups of some twenty or thirty. Mrs. Herbert Taylor was telling them the Gospel, and I listened with great interest, just able to understand what she said.

One old woman who must have been quite seventy years of age followed us all day long from one little group to another, and listened most attentively. In the afternoon the meaning of what was said seemed to dawn upon her, and she interrupted Mrs. Taylor once and leaned forward and said, "But do you say that it is for me—that this wonderful Saviour can forgive my sins? I am an old woman of seventy, and I never heard about it before. Is it really for me?" And when she was assured that it was for her she seemed so glad, and she listened and listened and followed us round all day; and then towards evening as the sun was setting we had to go back to our boat, and these dear women came down with us to the shore, quite a little crowd, and this old woman was amongst the number.

I shall never forget watching that old woman's face. She stood a little apart from the rest of the crowd who were saying good-bye to us with such effusive kindness. She stood alone on the sandy bank there, and turned away from the boat and

we had a long evening's work telling the Gospel to these dear people. You know how, sometimes, here in England there appears to be a special spirit of hearing. There was that night. Every sentence and every word seemed to go right home to hearts that were prepared for what we had to say. We do meet that sometimes, not always, not often, but sometimes it is so; and then it is such an exquisite joy to tell of Jesus when you feel that the heart is just taking it in as if it had been waiting for that very news.

Well, it was so that night, with the women especially. A young girl from the next boat to ours listened till late on into the night, and then she went away. We were teaching them some little sentences as we often do in China, with five characters in each, rhyming as to the number of syllables, just conveying the simplest outline of the Gospel. That night I did not sleep very much. I was very tired, and we were rather afraid of robbers on the river; and somehow or other I lay awake a good part of the night; and in the middle of the night I heard the people in the next boat begin to move. The women were waking up, and they talked a little to one another, and then began to settle down again; and one of them said to the other— "Now, do not forget that Jesus gave up His life to redeem our lives. Do not let us forget it." And they talked over it a little while, and then seemed to go to sleep.

But the little girl evidently was awake, because after all was quiet in the hush of midnight and there was no sound to be heard save the splash of the river that went rushing down through the crowd of boats, I heard her voice. She was talking to herself and going over the words which we had been teaching them, the four little sentences we had been trying to get them to remember. In English it was just this: "Jesus can forgive sins; Jesus can give us peace; Jesus lovingly cares for us all the way, and after death takes us to heaven."

She repeated it over and over again to herself, softly, in the silence of the night. It went into my heart. I knew that in the morning we should part never to meet again, but just there by the wayside they had heard of Jesus, and found that He was just what they wanted.

Oh, the women of China do need a Saviour! They do need the love that Jesus brings, and they need loving sisters' hearts and voices to go to them. They welcome us; they welcome us exceedingly. Even during the seven happy years that it was my privilege to work in East London I never had more love, more real sympathy and kindness, than I have met with in the heart of China.—*China's Millions*.

THE BIBLE IN THE CLASS.

There are still to be found Sunday-schools in which both teachers and scholars are accustomed to use lesson-helpers in the class exercise. An Ohio superintendent, who has been chosen to have charge of such a school, writes to ask whether he is right in thinking that this custom is an undesirable one. Here is his statement of the case:

I am acting in the capacity of superintendent of a Sunday-school which has fallen into the habit, as many others have done, of using the lesson-leaf and quarterly in the class. Most of our teachers do the same. It is my opinion that this is not the way these helps were designed to be used. I propose to have my teachers use nothing but the Bible in the class, and later I hope to have every scholar use nothing but the Bible in the class. I hold that the quarterlies should be studied at home, as a help to the lesson, and should not be used in the class. Am I right? I shall be pleased, and it will greatly oblige me, to have your opinion on the above.

Certainly this superintendent is correct in his opinion. A lesson-help is designed as a help to the study of the lesson, and not as a help to a conference over the lesson by teachers and scholars in the class. In no secular school is a pupil allowed to have his lesson-book before him in the class; and it is the rule with the best teachers not to use a lesson-book there. The Bible should be before both teacher and scholars in the class, for that contains the text which the lesson-helpers have aided in making clear; but a lesson-help in the class is a hindrance, and not a help.—*Sunday-school Times*.



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beads that represented her only hope for so long. They represent thousands of hopeless prayers.

Have we not something better than that to take to them? The Gospel is just what these people need. I could give you instance after instance of it—so many in which, hearing for the first time, these dear people understand. I have been quite struck with that in the records of baptisms. When they come forward for baptism in all the various stations the question is generally asked them how they became Christians, how they were converted; and not infrequently is it the testimony that the first time the Gospel was heard it was believed—not always, of course, but still in not a few cases.

Just to illustrate this point of how suitable and sweet the Gospel message is to these people, let me tell you one or two little incidents that have come under my own personal notice, and you will excuse my taking five minutes longer of your time.

When I was first privileged to go to the north, I was journeying up the river to Ho-nan after being ten months in China. We were several weeks on the river. It was the depth of winter, and on Sundays we used not to travel, of course, but anchor our boats at the side of the river, and spend the day on shore, seeking to reach the women. One Sunday I remember so well. We stopped at a little out-of-the-

from us altogether. She seemed to be looking toward the setting sun, and I saw her old lips moving, and I stood a little nearer to her, and I just heard her say a little prayer that we had been teaching them that day—a few words, just a little sentence. She had got it by heart, and she was saying it over and over again to herself, forgetful of all her surroundings. She repeated it many times while I listened before I had to go away.—"Jesus Saviour, dear Jesus, I pray Thee to forgive my sins, and take me to heaven."

Is not that word true, "Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved"? I believe that Christ reckons His church in China, not by the rolls of communicants in our stations—thank God for every one of them—but we do believe, we cannot but believe, that there are many, many hundreds who are never baptized, and whose names do not appear on the church registers, but who are dear to him as His little ones.

Coming down that same river when I left Ho-nan, I recall a rather similar instance. We were moored with some two or three hundred other boats by the little village where we were stopping for the night. You see that these are the kind of openings that we get in travelling about China. When the evening meal was over, a lot of women from these boats crowded on our boat to see us and talk to us, and