

PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW

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THE Lighthouse

From lifted on - island cliff, a lantern from the sea, And sendeth forth a fine, straight ray Of dazzling light to me - A slender line of shimmering shine Across night's mystery.

REVIVALS

BY REV. W. A. McKENNA, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

EMINENT WORKERS AND HONOURED TEXTS.—A MUCH-NEEDED CAUTION, WITH ILLUSTRATION.—JOHN LIVINGSTONE AND KIRK-O'SHOTS.—ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING MONDAY.—WHITE-FIELD AND THE THREE R'S.—TEXTS.—JONATHAN EDWARDS AND HIS GREAT SERMON.—SOME OF HIS TEXTS.

WE are not of those who love to exalt men or one class of Christian workers above another. No need to sound a trumpet for any; for when the great trumpet shall sound, every man's work shall be revealed. The true Christian worker is like the harp which, as one says, sounds sweetly, yet hears not its own melody.

Monday, June 21, 1830, will ever remain a memorable day in the history of Scottish Presbyterianism. On that day John Livingstone, twenty-seven years of age, and not yet ordained, preached a sermon in the churchyard at Shotts, under which 500 souls were converted, and a great work commenced, which spread through the whole of Clydesdale, and the results of which eternity alone will fully unfold.

night in different companies in prayer. On the Monday morning, the ministers, seeing the people still lingering, as if unwilling to leave a spot which had been to them as the very gate of heaven, agreed to have service on that day, though it was not usual at that time to preach on the Monday after Communion. Young Livingstone was selected for the work. His diffidence, however, was great, and he was overcome with a sense of unworthiness and unfitness to speak on such a solemn occasion and in presence of so many aged and more experienced ministers.

Whitefield has been characterized as "The Field Evangelist." His epitaph records that he was "born at Gloucester, England, Dec. 16, 1714; educated at Oxford University; ordained in 1736; that in a ministry of thirty-four years he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times and preached over eighteen thousand sermons. His average congregation was two thousand; frequently he preached to ten thousand; at Philadelphia, to twenty thousand; at Boston Commons to thirty thousand; and at Moorfields to sixty thousand.

Jonathan Edwards is thus described by Mr. Prince in his "Christian History":—"He was a preacher of a low and moderate voice, a natural delivery, and without any agitation of body or anything else in his manner to excite attention except his habitual and great solemnity, looking and speaking as in the presence of God, and with a weighty sense of the matter delivered."

Man's natural blindness in the things of religion. Ps. xciv. 9-11. Men naturally God's enemies. Rom. v. 10. Justification by faith alone. Rom. iv. 5. The excellency of Christ. Rev. v. 5-6. Pardon for the greatest sinners. Ps. xxv. 11. The peace which Christ gives to His people. John xiv. 27. God's sovereignty. Rom. ix. 18.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PEW

Don't let the children hear you criticize the sermon as too long, too profound, too discursive, too anything. Don't suffer anyone, friend, neighbour, comrade, to criticize the pastor unfavourably in your presence. Don't say that the prayers are a weariness, too long, too slow. It is to be remarked that they who carry a devout heart to church seldom find the prayers too long, and usually discover in the sermon some word of comfort, instruction or help, which was specially meant for themselves.

MINISTERS BREAKING DOWN IN HEALTH

THE conspicuousness of ministers of the Gospel is the cause of all this talk about ministers breaking down. No more ministers "break down" or break down sooner than bankers, merchants, lawyers, politicians and physicians. Indeed, it seems to me that those who break down quickest and worst are physicians. And when I come to think of it, it is natural, because of the strain on them and their irregular hours, this should be the case. I do not know that my being sent to the country last September really marked a breaking down with me. It has been told, over and over, about me, that when I first came to New York after the war, when I was 45 years old, that I worked at the Church of the Strangers for eight years and five months with but one Sunday vacation. It has also been told that since I returned from the East, on the first Sunday of July, 1880, I have had but two Sundays vacation, and they occurred in the midst of travel when I failed to make connection. It has been repeatedly told to the press that I have preached 49 years and lost only eight Sundays through personal sickness, and four of those Sundays were caused by a sprained ankle.

Other ministers, it has been pointed out, have had their summer vacations, going to Europe, going to Saratoga, going elsewhere, but it has not been told so frequently that I have pretty strictly observed the Sabbath law during the last score of years, viz., of sequestering one day, Saturday, in each week from all kinds of professional business, making it a day on which, on no account, would I read a sermon, a treatise on theology, or anything that has to do with my profession—a day on which I sleep, bathe, doze, browse and do nothing in the most promiscuous manner.

Some pastors may believe in touching up their sermons on Saturday in order to be ready for the next day's service. When I go to bed on Saturday night I do not know what I am to preach about the next day; I have clean forgotten. But on this Thursday afternoon on which I am being interviewed both my sermons are in a drawer of my desk, as ready as I can make them for my use next Sunday morning.

When I come in on Saturday evening my wife reads to me till bedtime, and, ordinarily, the reading of that evening consists of stories. Amongst men, I prefer Walter Scott as a pure and unadulterated story-teller. Amongst women, on the other side, George Eliot, and upon this side, Amelia Barr. While I was in the Sanitarium my wife read to me eight volumes of Mrs. Barr's novels. They charmed and helped me, and, as I have said, left such a sweet taste in my mouth that I have been commending them to others.

week I took but two doses of medicine, my treatment at the Sanitarium being diet and quiet, and during the four months I was there I copyrighted four books.

I believe I should have broken down but for several facts. One is my observance of the Sabbath law as above stated. Another, my resolution formed years ago, never to give up the ghost, so that if I ever reach Heaven, Death will have to pull the ghost away from me; I will never give up the ghost. Another is that I do not often allow my work to wear on me. I work very steadily and very systematically. Another is that I have great talent for sleeping. I can sleep on the cars, sleep amid crowds, as I have when five thousand men were marched within fifty feet of where I lay sleeping without waking me till the time to preach had arrived; as I can in church, having actually slept while the congregation were singing the hymn immediately before my sermon, on their ceasing to sing the silence, of course, waking me up. "He giveth His beloved sleep." Another is my keen appreciation of the fun there is in the world. I could not endure the tragedies I am compelled to witness as a Christian minister, if I did not on all proper occasions step aside to witness the comedies of life. Really and sincerely, I believe that my health is maintained very largely by the faith I have in prayer and the assurance I have that every day and every night many of my congregation are making prayer that my health and life may be spared.

I believe that the minister is bound to take care of his health. When I was a boy I adored brains. Now, the first question I want to know about any man is as to his stomach. In preaching, health is to be thought with in rifle-shooting powder is to the ball. I have taken gymnastic exercises under a teacher, believing that man to guide himself to any great extent in that matter.

"An impression sometimes prevails among people," says Dr. Storrs in his lectures to theological students, "that religion is good for dyspeptics and invalids, for nervous people and for women; but that it does not suit well with a body full of spirit and health. People are apt to expect to find in a minister a debilitated student who does not know much of what real and vigorous manhood means. His words are for persons like himself, and not for hale men in an out-door life. A full development of vital force, a robust and athletic habit of body, if he can gain it, is the best answer to such an idea. Therefore, if for this reason only, it is a Christian duty to gain it and to keep our merely physical force at the highest point."

I find a good deal of exercise in pastoral visiting. I have walked several miles a day in paying visits to four sick parishioners. When my time allows I walk instead of ride, and amuse myself with the shop windows. I regard it a healthy thing to stroll through the streets of New York and look at the shop windows, in addition to the fact that it goes far toward giving a man a liberal education. I think the mistakes of young preachers lie largely in their zeal outrunning their knowledge in the desire to take the world by storm; in the irregularity of their habits, some of them priding themselves upon not finishing their sermons until 1 o'clock Sunday morning; their failure to observe the Sabbath law, and invasions made upon their health by irregularities in their diet. Old pastors know how to eat small meals at big dinners, but it requires years to attain skill in that department, and many a man in those years destroys his stomach.

Mission Work

LETTER FROM MR. McVICAR. SINCE the night you pressed through the crowd in Union Station, and called our attention to those bright covenant reminders, "Abram's stars," we have come a considerable distance, and passed through wonderfully varied experiences; but all through our travels, by land and sea, the same stars have been over us, even though at times veiled from sight.

To at least two of us the voyage has not been very conducive to comfort; but then, at least, we are free from the void of disappointed expectations, not having looked for anything better; unless, indeed, by some strange freak, the sea should have proved as tranquil as we had it recrossing the Atlantic from the London Conference in 1888. Before leaving Canada, I am reminded, I was accustomed to assure persons whose sole idea of missionary obligation seemed to be shaped by geographical considerations, that merely crossing the Pacific would never make me a missionary—it would more likely make me sea-sick; and now, perhaps, with all the added wisdom of a realized forecast, I may be pardoned for the further comment that so far from making a missionary, the tendency of a voyage on the Pacific is to unmake one, so be it the dreary waste of waters proved no truer to its name than the majority of missionaries seem to find it. Three days and nights it blew a perfect gale; and many a time, as I lay gasping in my berth, I imagined that to the forced observers on the captain's bridge the waves must have appeared not unlike that huge one so graphically described in the opening heroics of the Æneid. Certainly if the folk on deck were not able on those occasions to see the bare bottom in the trough of the Pacific, all I can say, judging from cabin experience, is that they ought to have been able.

MISSION NOTES

It is gratifying to learn from recent letters from India, that the health of Miss Scott, who has been suffering so severely from fever, is becoming fully restored by her residence at Simla, where she went to recuperate, accompanied by Dr. Marion Oliver. MISS HARRIS and Miss Jamieson expected to sail from England on the 31st October, by P. and O. S.S. Myra-poor. They were to be accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Wanless, and two others of the ladies with whom they crossed the Atlantic. The rest of the party took another S.S. of the same line.

MRS. CAMPBELL, of our Central India Mission, writing under date 19th September, says:—"Within four weeks, lately, I buried three native sisters—two from cholera—and, shortly after, a babe."

MR. MACGILLIVRAY, in a letter to a friend, dated 12th September, says:—"I wish you to join me in thanking to the Giver of Tongues, that He has helped me so much in the language. About a month ago, I, in the absence of the Goforths in Tientsin, began holding family prayers myself, praying in Chinese without memorization of prayers. Since last January I have had fair facilities for study, few interruptions, and I have no reason to despair at the results. Continuous discourse will not come for some time, and is not required, but talking is, and to this branch I have devoted the burden of my time. The 'boy' is in just now, and is repeating his Catechism to me as I write. The small Bible-class I still continue to 'practice on.' We long now for that unconquerable 'we' for souls which will cause us to speak in season and out of season, in so far as we are able, so that no opportunity may be lost."

The monthly meeting of the Canadian McAll Auxiliary was held Thursday, Nov. 7th, Mrs. Blake presiding. The Treasurer's report showed receipts \$676.73, and it was stated that \$900 was still required before the close of the year in February. The chief feature of the meeting was an interesting address by Mr. Caldecott, giving an account of his visit to the mission in France this summer. The field chosen by Mr. McAll, he said, was an important one in his opinion, as much so as Japan or China. These two millions of people in the French capital are a pleasure-loving people, having a form of religion but without any practical Christianity. He was much impressed with the mode of work and steady growth of the Mission, also the earnestness and self-denying labours of those associated with Mr. McAll. He had the pleasure of meeting Dr. and Mrs. McAll at the Salle New York, so called because it is supported by the ladies of New York, and was the bearer of a letter of greeting from Dr. McAll to the ladies of the Canadian Auxiliary. At the close of Mr. Caldecott's address, some time was occupied in discussing the taking up of new work in consequence of Dr. Aiki's kind offer, and also the establishment of Auxiliaries in other cities in Canada. It was decided that the next monthly meeting take the form of a Thanksgiving meeting.

with a legend which an honest man had painted across one side of his factory—perhaps you may have noticed it:—

CARRIAGES REPAIRED WHILE YOU WAIT. IF YOU WAIT LONG ENOUGH. It has often seemed to me that, taking even a rosy view of the present rate of progress in missions, a similar legend might be inscribed on the front of almost every church-building in Christendom, with the last line, however, the most conspicuous: "The world will be evangelized while we wait—IF WE WAIT LONG ENOUGH." But the most startling factor in the case is, that they won't wait.

On the only Sabbath—the third—when the weather would permit of it, we took part in a service on deck for the Chinese. Rev. George Sicklefoose, one of the American missionaries, preached, and Rev. Moy Ling acted as interpreter, so that we were all able intelligently to follow the message and mark its effects. On ourselves it had an indescribable effect, as we watched the eager faces of the listeners, and tried to imagine ourselves in their place, hearing for the first time the surprising story, which is "the power of God unto salvation."

I am writing this on board the *Abyssinia* with a view to catching the mail which leaves early to-morrow morning. If all continues well we shall proceed to Chefoo by the earliest possible steamer. Miss Graham and Miss McIntosh, I am happy to say, have proved the "best seamen" of us all, having practically had the freedom of the ship all the way, storm or no storm. We expect to be joined by Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie on the other side. YOKOHAMA, Oct. 24, 1880.