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Go ye into all the World and Preach
the Gospel to Every Creature.

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

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WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

Literary Notices.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JAMES MCGREGOR D. D., Missionary of the General Associate Synod, to Pictou, Nova Scotia, with notices of the colonization of the social and religious condition of the early settlers. By the Rev. George Patterson, D. D., pp. 533
 REMAINS OF THE REV. JAMES MCGREGOR D. D. Edited by the Rev. George Patterson' D. D. pp. 274.

Copies of both will be sent postpaid, to any person sending one dollar (half the original price) to the author, New Glasgow; or they may be had through any bookseller.

Scribner's Magazine for January opens with a most interesting and valuable illustrated article on "Water storage in the West" showing how the almost rainless plains, and hill, and valleys, of the far West are irrigated and made habitable for man. "Notes and Impression of the Paris Exposition" occupy several pages.—The first of a series of African Studies, profusely illustrated gives a picture of life in Barbary:—The Beauty of Spanish women" is illustrated by sketches from actual life and by pictures from the old masters. "Electricity in the household," with drawings, is one of a series on electricity showing the increasing part that this subtle power is taking in the work of life, while several stories complete the bill of fare.

We have received from the Presbyterian Book Room, Toronto, a copy of the "Rules and Forms of Procedure in the Church Courts of the Presbyterian Church in Canada," as adopted by the General Assembly of 1869. It is a complete hand-book, prepared and printed in such a way as to facilitate the readiest reference. The index is wonderfully full and accurate. In its present shape the Book of Forms is indispensable to ministers and other office-bearers, and to everybody who wishes to know what are the most recent authorized rules and forms of procedure in the Church courts. It will doubtless have a very wide circulation. The committee has done its part well, the book being a fine specimen of lucid statement and methodical arrangement. It ought to be mentioned that although the Book of Forms in former editions contained 96 pages and was sold for 50 cents, the present contains 144 pages and retails for 40 cents.

A LOST LIFE.

A young man was converted during an illness which proved fatal, though this was not apprehended when he seemed to give his heart to Christ. When his physician announced an unfavorable change in his condition, he expressed entire resignation; and requested his friends to sing a hymn expressive of that feeling. An hour or two after, in the silence of the room, he was heard to say, "Lost, *lost* LOST !

This surprised his mother, and caused the immediate inquiry: "My son, are your hopes feeble?"

"No, mother; but oh, my lost lifetime! I am twenty-four; and, until a few weeks since, nothing has been done for Christ, and everything for myself and my pleasures. My companions will think I've made a profession in fear of death. Oh, that I could live to meet this remark, and do something to show my sincerity, and to redeem my lost, *lost*, LOST, life!"

A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

A tender conscience is like the apple of a man's eye, the least dust that gathers into it affects it. There is no surer and better way to know whether our consciences are dead and stupid, than to observe what impressions small sins (as they are properly named) make upon them. If we are not very careful to avoid all appearance of evil, and to shun whatever looks like sin; if we are not so much troubled at the vanity of our thoughts and words, at the rising up of sinful emotions and desires in us, as we have been formerly, we may then conclude that our hearts are hardened and our conscience will no more allow of so-called small sins than of great sins.—*Sed.*

The mischief of cigarette smoking is becoming more widely and fully realized. The Central Presbyterian says that "The Cigarette Bill recently passed by the Georgia Legislature has been signed by Gov. Gordon and is a law. It declares that "it shall be unlawful for any person or persons, either by himself or themselves, to furnish, give or provide any minor with cigarettes, tobacco, or cigarette paper, or any substitute therefor."

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. X.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

No. 2.

The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

Price, in advance, 25 cents per year in parcels of 4 and upwards, to one address. Single copies, 40 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportionate rate may begin at any time but must end with December.

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions.

All communications to be addressed to
Rev. E. Scott, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Robertson, of Erromanga, writes to her mother under date of Nov. 2, 1889, from Paramatta, Australia, where they are at present on furlough.

"My dear, dear, mother:—I wonder if you are all mourning for me as dead, or, as we hope you have long ago found out, that I am well and still in the land of the living. However did such a rumor get afloat. I have certainly not been well all the winter. I mean Australian winter—owing to a severe cold which I took one night and which threatened to settle on my lungs, but for the last two months I have been very well. Our five children are all well. Gordon is at an academy for boys some ninety miles up the country from Sydney, but comes to us in his holidays. He is growing tall and strong and getting along very well in his studies. Chrissie, Nellie, and Ammie, attend school in Petersham and come up to us every Friday evening returning to school Monday morning. Mabel is the only child with us during the week. We have been occupying Mr. Murray's manse in his absence, and Mr. Robertson has been supplying the congregation. We will probably return to the islands in April."

Miss Blackaddar writes under date of Christmas morning, "I am home this morning. The day is hot and wet. Our streets are filled by drunken people. Noise, disorder

and vice are out to-day in full force. A sad way to celebrate the birth of our dear Lord!

I have had a season of great blessing since my return. Our school has increased. One hundred and forty out some days, and our room is uncomfortably filled on Sundays. We have had from one hundred and fifty to two hundred on Sundays. Prayer meeting seventy-five, average forty. The Mortons are home and if possible more busy than ever."

Still another change in connection with the sending of letters to the New Hebrides. Mrs. Burns writes us that she has just had information that the New Hebrides is now in the "Postal Union", and that letters addressed direct only require five cents postage, while if addressed *via. Australia*, the postage will be twelve cents. The *Witness* more recently states the same information as received from the Post Office Authorities. According to this, letters will henceforth be addressed as follows:

REV. J. W. MACKENZIE,
Erakor,
Efate,
New Hebrides.

And so with the other missionaries, and the postage will be five cents.

In this issue we give a most intensely interesting letter from Rev. K. J. Grant. The matter of a new marriage ordinance to which he refers is one of the many instances of advance made among the Indian population of Trinidad that is not directly in the line of missionary work and yet is largely due to it and will be helpful to it. It shows also the place which our missionaries have won in the estimation of the authorities in Trinidad. This indeed, is but one of the many instances of recognition which have been given to their practical sagacity and their knowledge

of the character and needs of the Indian immigrant.

The narrative of the baptism of the Indian Nicodemus is of deepest interest and fitted to fill our hearts with gratitude to Him who has crowned the work of our missionaries there with such abundant success.

How touching the incident related in Mr. McKenzie's letter in this issue, of the giving of the natives, whose rich liberality shines all the more brightly out of their deep poverty, who in addition to repaying the British and Foreign Bible Society for the Scriptures, which that Society so generously supplied to them, have sent a contribution of one hundred and fifty-eight dollars to our Foreign Mission Fund. How many congregations in the Maritime Provinces have done this much during the past year for the Foreign mission Fund. How stirring the simple story. "Some months ago I spoke to our flock of Christian natives about giving a contribution to the Foreign Mission Fund of our church, explaining to them how Christians at home do, how missionaries are sent to the heathen, how you pitied them being without the gospel, and sent to them, first Mr. Morrison and then myself. I also told them how that many are still without the Word of Life in other lands, and that missionaries are willing to go and teach them, but that all who wish to go cannot be sent for want of funds. Then I asked them if they were not willing to do what they could to help you, as now they are all servants of the same Master, and that thus they would show their gratitude to God for sending them the Bread of Life.

It is generally true that "where there is a will there is a way." When the collection was taken it was much larger than I expected it to be. The amount is thirty-four pounds, twelve shillings and eight pence, sterling. This sum I am sending to Dr. Steele for our F. M. Fund."

Rev. K. J. Grant, in his letter, in this issue says. "We would gladly write oftener but if much time is given to letter writing something else is deprived of our services.

It is impossible to do everything, and we yield to the most pressing claims." Then we think that in addition to all the work of his settled field, and the increase of work consequent upon the absence of Mr. Morton and the vacancy in Couva, and above all in having to take the large school at San Fernando, all will agree with him as to the impossibility of over-taking all. We rejoice that now the burden will be somewhat lessened." But amid the greatest pressure, we feel that not the least profitable part of a missionary's work is that in which he tells of the work to the Church at home, and Mr. Grant's many letters which have interested, instructed, and cheered our readers are we trust bearing their due share of the fruit in the steady and growing interest of our church in that most successful mission.

Mr. McKenzie, in his letter from the New Hebrides, calls attention to the cost of sending mission goods to the South Seas, and thinks that it is greater than should be expended, and asks those to whom it is convenient, to send the money instead, to Mr. Morrison, and goods can be purchased in Australia without such expenditure for carriage. The Foreign Mission Committee has endorsed the idea, and recommends to our people that instead of sending boxes of goods for the New Hebrides they send money.

Our church will probably withdraw from Demerara and extend its work in another directions. The Presbyterian Missionary Society of the West Coast Mission there, some years ago requested us to join with them in establishing a mission to the Indian immigrants in that region. The field was large and promising. Mr. Gibson was appointed and was supported partly by our church and partly by that Society. Since Mr. Gibson's death, negotiations have been going on between them and our F. M. Committee with regard to the carrying on of that work, and they now inform us that they have decided that they would prefer to carry it on by themselves by means of Indian teachers and catechists under the supervision of the parish minister. The country is divided up

into parishes, each with a minister supported by government to preach to the English people, planters, &c., but hitherto little has been done for the thousands of Indian laborers on the estates. Now that the work has been begun let us hope and pray that the Presbyterian Missionary Society of the West Coast will carry it on vigorously and successfully, and that in British Guiana will be seen the same glad results in the elevation of the immigrant from India that have taken place in Trinidad.

Rev. J. D. Murray, writes us, "I find that according to the statistics of last year the Pres. Church of Victoria had 159 settled ministers, N. S. W. 84. Queensland 27, S. Australia 18, Tasmania, probably about 25. Besides these there is a considerable number of unattached ministers, engaged as agents of churches in missionary and professional work. I cannot give you the number in the churches of New Zealand and Otago; probably there are about 100. Our N. S. W. ministers and agents in active service number 135. Our total annual income is £55,000 stg. Our preaching centres number 600. S. S. Teachers over 1200. Average attendance of Sabbath Scholars from 8,000 to 10,000, Elders 300. Deacons, or managers over 1300.

Thanks to our friends who kindly returned the November Maritime. Thanks, too, for the kind words of appreciation and the good wishes that have come to us with the renewal subscriptions of the New Year.

We give in this issue letters from almost all our missionaries. Never did the MARITIME have such a full and varied assortment of mission news from our own fields.

A fine new Church was opened at Greenfield, in the Coldstream Congregation, Col. Co., Oct. 13th. Both congregation and pastor, Mr. Bruce, have ground for encouragement as this is the second new church that has been opened in the congregation within about ten months.

CONVERSATION AT HOME.

Few things are more important in a home than is conversation, yet there are few things to which less deliberate thought is given. We take great pains to have our home well furnished. We select our carpets and pictures with the utmost care. We send our children to school that they may become intelligent. We strive to bring into our homes the best conditions of happiness. But how often is the speech of our household left untrained and undisciplined!

The good we might do in our homes with our tongues, if we would use them to the limit of their capacity of cheer and helpfulness, it is simply impossible to state. Why should so much power for blessing be wasted? Especially, why should we ever pervert the gift and use our tongues to do evil, to give pain, to scatter seeds of bitterness? It is a sad thing when a child is born dumb; But it were better to be born dumb, and never to have the gift of speech, than, having that gift, to employ it in speaking only sharp, unloving or angry words.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

STEPPING ON A SHADOW.

One dark night a man who was about to leave a steamboat saw what he supposed to be a gang plank, but it was only a shadow. He stepped upon it, and of course fell into the water below. He thought he was taking the right way, but his thinking so could not make any difference in the result, so long as he really did take it. Just so in matters of far greater importance. You must be right, not merely suppose you are right, if you are to avoid the evil consequences of wrong doing: This man might have put it to the proof whether it was the gang-plank or not before trusting himself upon it. Do not be like him, but test your beliefs and see if they are well grounded. Many a young man has been ruined by a course of conduct which at first he felt sure would do him no harm. Many a man has followed his own notions of what is right, instead of taking God's word as a guide, and awakened in eternity to find that he had stepped upon a shadow and had fallen.—*Exchange.*

It is stated that a Hindu gentleman has called a congress of Brahman priests and learned men for the purpose of incorporating the Bible among the sacred books of India, and officially recognizing Christ as the last and spiritual Avatar, or incarnation of Brahm, the supreme deity.

New Hebrides.**LETTER FROM REV. J. MACKENZIE.**

ERAKOR, BEATE, Aug. 10, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. MORRISON :

I am busy getting my orders, mail, etc., ready for the "Dayspring", and intend taking them round to Hav Harbour on Tuesday first, as she does not call here on her way south. It was found that she would scarcely have time to make two trips to Sydney this year, so it was agreed that she only call at such stations as is absolute necessary.

I am thankful to see that at present we are fairly well. Had a nice change a few weeks ago, having gone south to Kwamera, Tanna, to the Mission Synod. We were absent from our station a little over three weeks. The accommodation of our mission vessel was taxed to the utmost. All the berths in the native teachers' room were occupied, and even some of us had to go under the table or wherever a sleeping place could be found. Whilst one could not but pity our esteemed father of the mission, Mr. Paton, who along with Mrs Paton and their daughter, is back to the islands on a visit, yet it was very amusing to see him go to the end of the table, and worm his way into his den—the settees almost enclosed it on either side. We also had the pleasure of the presence of Mr. Bannerman, chairman of the F. M. Committee of the Presbyterian Church of Otago and Southland, at our meeting.

It was very gratifying to have two additional labourers join our ranks—Mr. Small from the church just mentioned, and Mr. Gillan from the Presbyterian Church of Victoria. The former has been appointed to a station on Epi, and the latter has probably ere this been settled at Port Stanley, Malakula.

We expect two more at least next April. Were fortunate, and yet unfortunate, both going south and returning. Went on board here on a Monday afternoon, and reached Dillon's Bay next day. Generally it takes two or three days at least to do this. Wednesday morning we made Weasisi, and fully expected to get ashore at Kwamera that afternoon. But as we were running past Port Resolution a sudden squall came up, and for that day and the next a sight of Tanna away in the distance was all we had of it. We got ashore safely on Friday, and had our opening meeting the same evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Watt with their usual hospitality made our stay on shore very enjoyable. There being no anchorage there the Dayspring went on to Aneityum. The meeting lasted about a week, and a good amount of business was transacted.

We had been just two weeks on shore and

on the following day the vessel hove in sight. All safely on board again we steered for Aniwa and landed the Patons that night. They remain there until the vessel calls for them on her way south. Next morning, Sabbath, we again cast anchor in Dillon's Bay, and were on shore in time for the native service. The Robertsons are in Sydney at present. What a change at that station from the Sabbath morning, over seventeen years ago, when I for the first time set foot on Erromanga! Then they were at service in a reed church, some little distance up the river. It seemed such a solemn place as we entered. One could read in their countenances, how sad and lonely their hearts were. But a few short months before their noble missionary, J. D. Gordon, had been brutally murdered. I can never forget the tender, pathetic tones of Dr. Geddie's voice as he addressed them through an interpreter.

Now I find them worshipping in the neat Martyr's Memorial Church, a respectful, intelligent looking congregation, and the son of the murderer of Williams conducting the service. Monday morning we set sail with a fine breeze for Erakor, with the promise from Captain Braithwaite that he would put us ashore by moon-light. But there was no Erakor for us that night. When getting near our island the wind rose, and soon the sea was like mountains, and so the ship's head had to be turned seawards. Next morning there was no landing here, so we ran into Fila Harbour.

When the Dayspring left us next morning, she took away two of our young men and their wives, teachers, the one for Mr. Anman and the other for Mr. Gillan, one of the new missionaries.

Were it not for the high death rate amongst our natives, we would feel very much encouraged with the progress of the work. But I do not wish you to infer that this death rate is disheartening us, and it should not discourage you at home. Indeed it should only make us labour all the more zealously while their day of mercy lasts.

In the death of a woman lately taken away we had more satisfaction than we ever previously experienced in the removal of any native. It was a pleasure to visit her, for I always came away feeling my faith on the power of the Gospel stronger. Natives in general, we find, are very reserved as to the state of their mind in prospect of death. They will assent to any question you may ask, as to trusting in the merits of Jesus, etc., but they will seldom enter into conversation with you, as to the state of their hearts. This woman, however, reminded me of believers at home ripening for the Kingdom.

I wish now to refund you the balance of the sum you paid to Dr. Steel, on behalf of the Erakor people, for their land. I think it is fifteen pounds, four shillings and sixpence (£15 4s. 6d.) sterling. Please keep this amount out of my salary for next year. It comes out of the proceeds of arrowroot contributed by our natives.

Some months ago I spoke to our little flock of christian natives about giving a contribution to the F. M. Fund of our church, explaining to them how christians at home do, how missionaries are sent to the heathen, how you pitied them being without the Gospel, and sent to them, first Mr. Morrison and then myself. I also told them how that many are still without the Word of Life in other lands, and that missionaries are willing to go and teach them, but that all who wish to go cannot be sent for want of funds. Ther. I asked them if they were not willing to do what they could to help you, as now you and they are all servants of the same Master, and that thus they may show their gratitude to God for sending them the Bread of Life.

It is generally true that "Where there is a will there is a way." They had the will and they managed to find the way. When the collection was taken it was much larger than I expected it to be. The amount is thirty-four pounds, twelve shillings and eight pence (£34, 12. 8.) sterling. This sum I am sending to Dr. Steele, so you can keep it out of my salary for next year.

They have also done well at the arrowroot this year. It is by far the largest quantity made any year hitherto. I think we will have about 3000 lbs.

The proceeds are to go to the B. & F. B. Society, to refund them in part for printing our New Testament, which is now in the hands of our natives.

My letter is now too long, but I must say say a word about the Mission Goods sent. And first of all I wish to thank most sincerely the W. F. M. Society of Prince St. Church, Pictou, for the case of made up garments they kindly sent us. I wish to say, however, about mission goods in general that to my mind the very great expense of sending them all the way from Canada makes it doubtful as to the advisability of doing so. Dr. Steel informs me that those sent by you this year to the New Hebrides cost for freight £20. I hope no one will infer that I do not wish Mission good or that I am ungrateful for them, I merely state the fact that they cost too much for carriage, and I would suggest that any congregation wishing to send goods should if at all convenient to them, send the money to Dr. Steel instead of purchasing the articles in Canada. Of course

I do not speak for my brethren Robertson and Annand.

The specials sent to Dr. Steel have come to hand. I can assure you the Societies from which they have come have our warmest thanks.

The kind offer of Mr. Hingley, Oxford, who supported a young man at the training class for three years, to undertake the support of another, is very cheering to us.

Aug. 12th.—Had the pleasure yesterday, of baptising and admitting to the church three natives brought in and instructed by the teacher supported by the Sabbath School of Knox Church, Shediac.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

J. W. MACKENZIE.

LETTER FROM MR. ANNAND.

Aug. 12, 1889.

SANTO, NEW HEBRIDES,

MR. EDITOR.—I may assume that your readers are not familiar with this one of the "Sunny Southern Lands," one of the fairest of the "summer isles of Eden." This is not a newly discovered region; it is what was once thought to be the north end of the great southern continent, needed, in the opinion of geographers of that period, to balance the great northern territories. While Canada was still a wilderness, two years before Quebec was founded, and 188 years previous to the rise of your own beautiful city, Quiros, the Spanish navigator was here. He attempted to establish a colony and build a city on the north side of this island. So far as we know, not a vestige of that enterprise remains visible. Quiros' description of the newly discovered continent was either highly imaginative or there has been great deterioration since then. He might have admitted that the ancient garden of Eden was at the north pole, but he maintained that the modern one was on "Tierra del Espiritu Santo." It was, he said, to be the inexhaustible source of glory, riches and power to Spain. Millions of birds announced the rising of the sun, the air was perfumed with flowers, the climate was perfect, nobody would know fatigue here, no crocodiles were in the rivers and no mosquitoes were in the land, etc. The source of fiction is fact, so even in the above extravagant language there is some truth. There are certainly no crocodiles. As for mosquitoes, they are doubtless here. Possibly they may have been introduced at a later day. It is affirmed that mosquitoes were unknown in Oahu until a certain foreign vessel visited the port, and now Honolulu swarms with the pested insects. What-

ever changes may have taken place in the climate or in the occupants of the island, doubtless the physical features of the country remain unchanged. The lofty mountains, the deep ravines, the foot hills, the alluvial plains, continuous as of old, clothed with a dense vegetation from the water's edge to the mountain summit.

Santo is a fine specimen of a tropical isle. However, the fruit and nuts of all kinds said to be growing here, are, with the exceptions of breadfruit and coconuts, of little value. Mangoes, oranges, limes and lemons have not yet been introduced, save in a few spots. The whole country is a wilderness. Not an acre of cleared land can anywhere be seen excepting that occupied by Europeans; and the latter are only four in number, namely, two French Roman Catholic priests residing on the north-east side, a French planter on the south-east and your missionary on the south side. The natives are not so numerous as was at one time supposed, and their huts are located here and there all through the island. The people differ little in appearance from the other New Hebrideans. They are a finely built race of the Melanesian type; but many of them are now suffering from disease introduced by foreigners of a low class. There are no trade commodities among the natives of commercial value. Their own barter consists of women, pigs, canoes, mats made from pandanus leaf, a leaf from which a dye for their mats is extracted, shell beads, spears, clubs, bows and arrows, pigs' circular tusks, rude clay pots, yam and taro. To these civilization has added a few muskets, axes, knives, and a few other little things of not much worth. These people were great fighters and inveterate cannibals until lately. Decrease of population from this cause, combined with European disease and infanticide, has so reduced their numbers that war is now unpopular. There has been no war on this side of Santo for more than two years, and there has been no cannibalism known to me.

The people occupy their time in cultivating yam, taro and bananas—these three are their principal food—making canoes, building houses, visiting, feasting and dancing. They spend about half their time at these occupations, the other half is passed largely in "lotus eating." Their style of dress is decidedly more suitable for this latitude than it would be for Canada. That of the men consists of a belt made of a number of small cords—strips of bark or narrow matting, then a small piece of fine matting or cloth fastened to the belt behind and brought forward between the legs, the end taken up under the belt and allowed to hang

down about six inches in front. This is one of the most respectable male dresses in the whole group. The women's dress is somewhat similar. Their belt is generally a number of strings of beads with long narrow leaves secured to the belt like the wrapper of the men. Both sexes wear a bunch of leaves or grass attached to the belt behind. The children up to ten years of age go naked. Lime, ashes, coals, paint and coconut oil are largely used in ornamentation. Fowl's feathers in their hairs, pig's tusks, and bead armlets and necklaces are with the above, full dress suits.

Their whole being and doing are for this life, of the future they know little and seem to care less.

With this fragmentary statement as to our Island and its people I cannot leave your readers for the present to fill up in their own imaginations our environments. We are here to Christianize and civilize these barbarians. In preparation for this labour we have secured a comfortable home as a centre of operations. We have acquired the language of the people so far as to give them a small primer in their own tongue. A building has been erected in which we have a daily morning school, at which eleven young men were present to-day. On Sabbath service is held twice within the one building, yesterday thirty-five natives of this isle were out at both services, and listened well to what I had to tell them. They also joined in singing the hymns "Come to Jesus," "The Great Physician," "I've found a Friend," "Draw me Nearer," "Rejoice and be Glad," "Nearer the Cross" and "Bringing in the Sheaves." The work of evangelizing is thus begun, and we trust that with God's blessing in answer to the prayers of His people we shall yet see glorious results.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

LETTER FROM MRS. MCKENZIE.

ERAKOR, EFATE.

August, 1880.

Dear Mrs. McCurdy:—Your kind letter of December came to us by the Dayspring in May. She is still in the group, but we expect her to leave for Sydney in a few weeks, so I will write you in the hope of you getting it before the end of the year.

We are all fairly well and the children in Sydney were enjoying excellent health when we last heard from them. I don't feel very strong, and not always equal to my work. I sometimes wish we had not so much teaching to do, but teach we must from early morn until one or two o'clock, then sometimes afternoon and evening classes.

Either Mr. McKenzie or I, and sometimes

both, attend the early morning Bible reading with the adults. Then from eight until half-past ten children's school. The hours after that are occupied sometimes with one class, sometimes with another. I have a class for women three afternoons in the week, all of which are well attended.

The training class for teachers still goes on uninterruptedly. We sent out five more from it this year to this and other islands. And it is encouraging to us that all who have been sent are doing well. We have still a number of lads left. The church has, and when I say, the church, I mean Sabbath Schools, Ladies' Societies, and private individuals in it, have, hitherto supplied the funds for defraying expenses connected with the training of these young men. And relying on the faith of her past liberality we have taken three men from Fila. They came with their wives on Monday. These are the first we have had from that village for this work, and they are all people of promise.

It is fifty years since the gospel was introduced into this group, and it was proposed at the meeting of Synod this year that a suitable memorial for the jubilee year would be the establishment of a training institution for young men and a missionary to be set apart for this special work. The demand for well qualified teachers is great and I hoped the proposal would be looked upon favorably by all the missionaries. Then no missionary and his wife can carry on a training class efficiently and attend the work of their district, translating, etc., without being overburdened. I hope it will be brought up again next year, and something definite decided upon.

We took a rest a few weeks ago, went south to the meeting of Synod held at Mr. Watt's Station on Tauna. We were away three weeks. Were one week in the ship and two at Mr. Watt's. There were eleven gentlemen, seven ladies and four children entertained there for that time, so you may know that Mrs. Watt had her hands full of work. Two ladies with their children went on to Aneityun, where the Dayspring lay during the meeting. We were very much crowded in the ship. There are only six cabins. The teacher's room was taken for some of the gentlemen, but still there was not sufficient accommodation. Two or three slept, or rather lay for I don't think they slept much, under the saloon table.

First Sabbath is our communion season. We have buried three church members at this village since the Lord's Supper was last dispensed. Two of our best women and a man, who sometimes acted in the capacity of a teacher. One of the women was the head teacher's wife, she was a woman of much

worth. She took a deep interest in the work generally. She was well informed and a good teacher, and had been so long with me that she could do any work that is required about a house. It was not only her ability, but her willingness and the confidence I had in her integrity, that was such a comfort to me. Her mother died a few weeks later. I had a great deal of pleasure in visiting them both during their illness.

Our boys and Jessie, at school in Australia, all seem to enjoy excellent health, and we feel that our Father has a special care over them. Alice is in her sixth year, is doing a little at her book.

May the dear Lord early lead our little ones into the narrow way. We are glad to hear that the Lord's work is prospering at home in your hands.

Yours affectionately,

A. MCKENZIE.

LETTER FROM THE REV. J. W. MACKENZIE.

ERAKOR, EFATE, NEW HEBRIDES,
August 1st, 1889.

My Dear Mr. McCurdy:—

Your kind letter of January 24th I received by the *Dayspring* on the 14th of May. Many thanks for it, as well as for your interest in us and our work, which prompted you to write. We are now busy getting our mail, orders, etc., ready for the *Dayspring*, which, in order to save time is only to call at certain islands. We have to send our mail round to Havannah Harbor to meet her there. She is now north, settling one of the new missionaries.

We returned about a fortnight ago from the Mission Synod, which was held at Kwamera, Tanna, the station of the Rev. W. Watt. It was the largest meeting we had for many years, and the business was transacted, for the most part, in a very satisfactory manner. We were favored with the presence of Mr. Paton, formerly missionary on Aniwa, and Mr. Bannerman, Convener of the Church of Octago and Southland.

It was very gratifying to have an accession to our ranks of two new missionaries—Mr. Smaill from Octago, and Mr. Gillan from Victoria. The former is to be settled on Epi, and the latter at Port Stanley, Malekula.—At least two more are expected next year, and thus the whole group is gradually being occupied.

Messrs. Robertson and Lawrie are absent on furlough, and leave of absence was granted to Messrs. Watt and Milne. The former intends going to Scotland to get the New Testament printed in the Tannese language.—This will be the third New Testament in

languages of this group. Perhaps you are not aware that the Efatoes have now the New Testament in their hands. Mr. Macdonald superintended the printing of it.

I fear this will be a very disjointed letter, as I am writing it in snatches. When I had written a few lines, I found it was time to ring the medicine bell. Having attended to the sick I wrote a few lines more, and then it was time for my training class. Just as I was going in with them, one of the teachers from Fila came to tell me that he had brought two couples to be married. One of them was to have been married last week when we were at their village, but there was some hitch about it, and the man took to the bush.

There is a great deal of sickness amongst our natives at present. Some of them have fever and ague, and others influenza. They seem to have no idea about taking care of their health, and many of them are averse to taking medicine. Sometimes they come quite a distance on a wet day for cough mixture, and the result is they take severe cold. One old woman amuses me when she comes for medicine. She thinks if she takes part of the dose the rest of it will do for someone else standing by, whose ailment is quite different from hers.

How very gratifying to hear of the deep interest that is now being taken by many congregations at home, as well as by individuals, in seeking to extend the Redeemer's Kingdom.

Some of the congregations in Montreal are doing nobly. What a grand thing it would be if all the congregations in our Church, able to do so, would each support a missionary.

We are fairly well at present, and are very happy in this glorious work.

With kindest regards, I am,
yours sincerely,

J. W. MACKENZIE.

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM MR. MORTON.

In the Presbyterian Review.

STEAMSHIP TRINIDAD.

Dec. 2, 1889.

We left New York at noon, Nov. 20th. Our party consists of Rev. F. J. Coffin, who goes out to fill the vacancy at Couva; Miss Archibald and Miss Graham, who go to take the places of Miss Semple and Miss Copeland returned, with Mrs. Morton and myself. We have been on shore here, and the wild delight of those who after ten days at sea stepped on shore to find a new world, was a sight to move old hearts. You

will be cold enough in Ontario when this reaches you, so a few notes from the Sunny South may be a pleasant contrast to letters from the North-West.

What did we see on St. Croix? A beautiful island of hill and valley, green to the mountain tops—green of various shades from trees and grass and sugar cane—a quiet town sleeping on the sea side with streets shaded by the tamarind, cocoa-nut and other trees, and roses and frangipani in full bloom. In a cool West Indian house, with wide galleries and open windows, we sipped the water of green cocoanuts with the thermometer at 80°. It was so comfortable the new-comers would scarcely believe that it could be so warm. After New York and after the rough sea, how quiet, how cosy, was a land of balmy air and endless beauty, where hurry is out of place and it is enough just to live. We landed sixteen passengers here—some residents who had gone to the United States for the summer, and some Americans who are to winter in the south. Some of these will require to give thanks for a month to make up for the grumbling of the past ten days.

A party of tourists who wished to take the round trip by our steamer, to escape the American coast and particularly Cape Hatteras, arranged that the boat should call for them at Brunswick, Georgia. Instead therefore of going direct across the Gulf Stream into warm weather, we steamed down the coast against persistent head winds to Brunswick. There we heard that the "Mannattan," which left New York a few hours before we did and on the same course, had come into collision with a schooner and sank with every soul on board. Even those who had murmured like the Israelites before, were stilled for a season.

From Brunswick we steered for Nassau, New Providence, to take in Sir William Robinson, governor of Trinidad, and his family. Nassau! Our United States passengers expressed abhorrence of the very name. We could not land, but we saw that some of them called "the detestable place" clearly enough from our ship. There were lively times at Nassau during the early part of the American war, when blockade running was the game and the business of the hour. The bales of southern cotton are gone beyond a trace, but the perfidy of Nassau will never bleach pale in the memory of the North. After a quarter of a century, when North and South are regarded as reconciled, this quiet town on one of the Bahamas is still "Accursed Nassau." Have you ever been sea sick, gentle reader? When you think how nice it must have been to

land at St. Croix, please remember the previous sea sickness. Our party were all more or less sick, some of them considerably more. The captain whose duty it was to keep the ship steady failed sadly. She would play at pitch and toss, so there were empty places at table and sighs in the state rooms, and no one in Ontario will ever know how badly some young people felt and how much they went through, before they drank cocoa-nut water on St. Croix, or how much more they will have to go through before they drink it there again.

St. Croix is a small island about forty miles long by nine broad. It is one of the coolest and healthiest of the West Indies, and would make an excellent winter resort. The passage from St. Croix to St. Kitts was rough, the tradewinds being contrary and unusually strong. This greatly disconcerted some of our passengers, who had been told that they would find the Caribbean Sea "as still as a Canadian mill-pond." If by a Canadian mill pond their informant meant Lake Superior, there might be some truth in his statement; but he should have been more explicit, for I heard him plainly charged with lying. This happened when, at bed-time, we broke our rudder chains and were tumbling about, while the hand wheel was got into gear to steer the ship until the broken chains could be mended.

We reached St. Kitts at 8 a. m. Dec. 1. This is a British Island thirty miles around, with a big mountain 4000 feet high in the centre. From the sea up to the mountain is beautifully cultivated and forms a picture of almost unsurpassed beauty. Leaving St. Kitts we passed under the lee of Nevis, where Lord Nelson found and married his wife in days of old, when slavery and grandeur flourished side by side in these isles of beauty. At 2 p. m. we reached Antigua, one of the lowest and least picturesque of these islands. We anchored in the outer harbour, three miles from St. John's, the capital, the inner harbour being too shallow for our steamer. The tints of the water around us were extremely varied and peculiar, from the clearness of the water, the whiteness of the bottom and the tropical aspect of the sky. Some gazed in silent admiration, others relieved their feelings by a copious volume of unusual adjectives, while our artists were silent over their sketch books. All agreed that nothing like this could be seen north of the Antilles.

Three and a-half hours before wind and sea brought us to Montserrat at 6 p. m. This is the land of lime-juice. The lime orchards with their even rows of dark green trees add greatly to the natural beauty of the slopes of Montserrat. The population

is about 10,000 of whom it is said only 150 are white. It has no telegraphic communication with the outer world, and being healthy, is a splendid place to hide away in when brain and body need rest, and telephone bells and telegraph messengers have become a weariness.

We awoke from a delightful night's rest close to Dominica, the most rugged and picturesque of the West Indies. The soil is rich, the people are few, the pressure of life small, the place sleepy, but is unchangingly grand. Dominica is a British island, lying between the French islands Gaudaloupe and Martinique, as the French island Martinique lies between Dominica and St. Lucia. It is said that when Britain took all these islands it was intended to cede Dominica and keep Martinique, thus setting the three French islands in a groupe, but through some mistake, probably through carelessness in geography or in making out the papers, Martinique was ceded and Dominica kept, producing the aforesaid anomalous arrangement.

We reached Martinique about 11 a. m. and went on shore, for two hours. This a large, lovely and fertile island. It is not flourishing under the Republic, as Indian immigration has been stopped and the labour supply has become unsatisfactory. The capital is an old French town with narrow streets, down the gutters of which copious streams of water constantly flow. Some of the houses bear the date of 1741. There is a theatre, and the French Government pleases the people by sending out a troupe of actors each year to amuse them. On this island Josephine the wife of Napoleon was born and in the second town, her native place, a statue in her honour has been erected. Of St. Lucia, Barbados, Grenada I will write in my next.

JOHN MORTON.

LETTER FROM MR. GRANT.

SAN FERNANDO, Dec. 2nd, 1889.

DEAR MR. SCOTT,

On the 5th we expect Mr. and Mrs. Morton, Mr. Coffin, Mrs. Archibald and Miss Graham. We anxiously await their arrival and we trust and believe that the new helpers will be a great acquisition. The circumstances attending Mr. Coffin's appointment are very striking.

We are delighted to note the growing interest in this mission at home, and we do not think the church's expectations will be disappointed. We are weekly made to feel God's great kindness in owning our feeble, imperfect instrumentality.

After Miss Copeland left, Mr. J. W. Corsbie, who had been at Galt, got an appointment as Borough Bailiff and this obliged me

to take up school work on the first of October and have been at it daily till the present.

To this was superadded another work. The Governor requested Lal-Bihari and myself to act on a committee with two Government officials to draft a marriage ordinance suited to the circumstance of Indian Immigration. This engaged our attention several evenings. After making our draft we invited the leading Hindus and Mohammedans in this whole district to meet us in a Panchayat or Council. Our invitation was heartily responded to, and this afternoon at the Court House here, a meeting of unusual interest, it may be of historic importance, was held. Quite 150 representative Indians were present. The clauses of the ordinance were considered seriatim. Hindus and Mohammedans preserving the utmost decorum, rose and calmly expressed their views. Thankful would I have been if the friends at home, who so cheerfully support this Mission, could have looked in on our assembly and listened to the arguments urged. I never formed a more favourable opinion of our Indian friends, and I think Mr. Macrae, who was also there, shared my feelings.

One difficulty in legislation is in the fact that the Indian Government insists in recognizing her people here as in transit—sojourners for a season—whilst in point of fact less than twenty per cent. return to India.

Again the Indian Government eyes most jealously any legislation that would appear to infringe on the time honoured customs and religious ceremonies and observances of the emigrant abroad. It would have the people marry within their own caste, but as a matter of fact a very large proportion of persons living in the relation of husband and wife do not conform, they are different castes.

The Indian Government would have us recognize child marriages, but probably not more than ten per cent. of those married in childhood are found together in later years. Would it be wise for our Government to undertake to keep the ninety per cent. in line by legal enactments? Would it be wise to import the efete customs of India, which even there in the presence of advancing European civilization are now felt to be an incubus? Child marriages may be maintained when backed by national usage, and when females are kept under the parda or veil and limited to enclosures surrounded by walls, but in Trinidad where no such restraints are found child marriage is scarcely expected to stand. On one occasion I remonstrated with all possible earnestness with a high caste man who proposed to give his daughter (a

child) to one of his own caste who was entirely unsuitable. His reply was I don't expect they will continue to live together, but I have discharged my duty as her parent when I entrust her to one of my own caste.

A deep blood stain runs through our criminal records for the last 45 years. A few months ago there was a case of complete decapitation in this immediate neighborhood, and a few days ago the man who committed the deed was executed. The Government wants to register marriages, to afford redress to the injured when there is any interference, and to wipe out as far as possible the reproach of illegitimacy. The Panchayat of to day will lead to some modifications of our draft, and we are very hopeful that our labours will not be in vain.

We advise civil marriages for all Indians, allowing registration a year earlier than in England. A certificate of registration to be a sufficient warrant for any religious service that any Hindu or Mohammedan, Protestant or Roman Catholic may see fit to observe. It would not be interesting to your readers for me to go into any details. I might just add as an indication of the difficulties one or two facts. At our meeting today one Mohammed stated "Our Koran allows us to marry four wives, will this allow it," another stated "The women of my nation can't appear in the presence of men, and hence can't go to the Registrar, and asked if the Registrar would visit such families, and ask the woman's consent whilst she stood unseen behind a screen." When reminded that the women were exposed on board ship and as labourers, his reply was that was a matter of necessity.

THE BAPTISM OF A BRAHMIN YESTERDAY.

For twelve years Regnandan has persistently fought against christianity. His father was a much respected Brahim and a bigoted Hindu. The son trod in his father's footsteps, but he had a strong craving for knowledge. To get at new sources he did not content himself with acquiring a knowledge of Hindu, he strove to acquire English too. This brought him under our influence. His mind gradually opened, at one time he would be prepared to yield, the mists scattered, truth stood out full and clear, this state of mind might continue for a few days or weeks, and then a darkness that could be felt settled down upon his mind, to be followed almost by despair. In this condition he continued until about 3 months ago when he appeared to be under an influence even stronger than intellectual conviction. The heart as well as the intellect was captivated. He sought Baptism, but feared Brahminical opposition. On Thursday last when he came

seeking for Baptism on Sabbath, I requested him to visit and converse with a well known pundit who is almost ripe. His reply was, I do not wish to speak to any one that will raise objections, lest a doubt again seizes me. I now believe and I wish to feel just as I now do until I can be baptized, and when it is known I have broken caste I will be stronger and they will be weaker.

On Sabbath he shrank from appearing before the congregation. However, just as the shades of evening were gathering, and with half dozen friends, he came. We assembled in church. I thought the interview of Nicodemos with our Lord, a most fitting subject to read and open. He was baptized and his actions will strengthen many. In the meantime he does his work as a labourer, and this will enable him with greater ease to silence gainsayers, but if he continues in the truth as I believe he will, he gives every promise of being a most efficient agent. The Lord be praised.

Yours,

K. J. GRANT.

LETTER FROM MR. COFFIN.

TO REV. MR. THOMPSON, OF TRENTON, PICTOU COUNTY.

COUVA, TRINIDAD.

Dec. 16th, 1889.

Dear A,—

The first excitement of getting settled down is now over.

Just a few words in regard to our voyage out. Our party of five, viz., Mr. and Mrs. Morton and the lady teachers, and myself sailed from New York on Nov. 20th. noon, on board S. S. Trinidad. Our course instead of the usual route, direct to the Windward Islands, was, first, to Brunswick, Georgia, to take on board a company of American tourists, and then to Nassau in the Bahamas for Governor Robinson of Trinidad, and his party. Thence we steamed almost directly East for four days to St. Croix where we first landed after ten days at sea. We called at several of the islands to land mail and passengers, St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, St. Lucia, Barbadoes and Grenada.

One is charmed with the first sight of the topics. Everything is so different from home and so very beautiful; vegetation, people, houses, customs, all new to us to a very large extent. I think the feeling that comes to one when first visiting the topics is that it is a privilege to be permitted to exist, even under many disadvantages, amid so much that is beautiful in nature. I never thought the West Indies possessed so much natural beauty. The islands are real para-

dise as far as nature is concerned, but not so by any means as viewed from what man is, or has done in taking advantage of so many privileges. It is true, as we soon, very soon find, that—"Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," and in many cases here *very, very vile*.

But I am wandering. We reached Trinidad, Thursday morning at 7 o'clock, glad that our voyage was over, and that after 15 days of rocking and tossing we were again on "*terra firma*." We were cheered on approaching our anchorage by seeing our friends Mr. Grant, Mr. MacRae and Mr. Morton's sons coming off to welcome us, which they did in a hearty manner.

We are soon on shore at Port of Spain, but we do not remain long in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Morton hasten with their family to Tunapuna, to set their house in order. The teachers go to San Fernando with Mr. Grant, and I to Princetown with Mr. MacRae.

Here I remained for a few days, and on Sunday preached in San Fernando morning and evening; in the morning, for the Scotch congregation; in the evening, for Mr. Grant's people.

On Monday the Presbytery met in Couva, and your humble servant was inducted in due form into the charge of this congregation and mission. The services were appropriate and impressive. Mr. Morton preached, Mr. MacRae acted as Moderator, Rev. Mr. Ramsay, of Free Church, Port of Spain, addressed the congregation, and Rev. Mr. Dickson the minister. He did so in a very appropriate manner. Mr. Dickson is a *coloured* man.

Tuesday morning the brethren departed, and I was left behind, a stranger in a strange land, and I must say a little feeling of loneliness seemed to overshadow me.

I have now been one week in Couva, and have some idea of the field and the work to which I am called. I am not disappointed, not discouraged. I never felt so much the desire for strength or so much the desire to be enabled to do something for the Master. If I could bring our Christian people at home into this very field of Couva for one week, I know it would do more to stir up the missionary spirit at home than the most eloquent missionary address could possibly do. Within a radius of a few miles from the Manse as a centre, there are said to be between twelve and fourteen thousand Indian people, "having no hope and without God in the world"—heathens.

I went yesterday with my Catechist—Hunagee—to his services. Left the Manse at 8 a. m., had service in a school house on one of the estates at 8.30. Then drove some

distance and held a service on another estate, and home by noon. At 2 o'clock had our Sabbath School in the Churel, about 50 Indian children present; very many of them for the first time, no doubt attracted by curiosity to see the new *Sahib*, and in hope of a Christmas present. Indian children are attractive as are even the older people where vice and sin have not rendered them repulsive. At a glance you can detect the native ability of these people. Well formed heads and thoughtful faces. They are not an inferior people, and are no doubt capable of great things, but the natural heart is in opposition to God and His righteousness.

At 3 p. m., the Indian service is held in the Church, very few present. In the evening, at seven o'clock, we have the English service. I preached my first sermon here last evening, from Ps. xii: 2. We had a good congregation of Indian people who understand English, Creoles, and Scotch. There are quite a number of young Scotchmen here, overseers and managers on the estates.

I must close for this time. Hoping to hear from you very soon.

Yours sincerely,
F. J. COFFIN.

LETTER FROM MISS GRAHAM.

TO THE CHILDREN.

SAN FERNANDO, Trinidad,
December, 27th, '89.

My Dear Friends:—Now that Miss Semple and Miss Copeland have returned home, you will, no doubt, miss the interesting letters you were accustomed to receive from them while they were in Trinidad. However, I know that those of you who are acquainted with those ladies were glad to see them again, and thinking you might like to hear from your new friends in Trinidad, I will write just a few lines.

As you know, there were five in the Mission party that left New York by the S. S. "Trinidad" on the 20th November, and arrived in Port of Spain on the 5th December. Having a splendid boat and nice Captain—Captain Fraser, of Pictou—the voyage, although a somewhat stormy one, was very pleasant. Perhaps, however, I should only speak for myself and say, I enjoyed it.

When we left home neither Miss Archibald nor I knew to what mission-field in the island we were going, but on landing we were told that Miss Archibald was to go to Princetown, while I came here. On Friday we visited the Princetown school, and on Monday we both began teaching. I was glad to get to work at once, as I did not have time

to realize that I had left home. I cannot tell you how strange everything seemed to me the first morning I took charge of my school. I fancied I saw the boys and girls of the school where I was, just a year ago warming themselves around the stove after an exciting game of snow ball. Then I looked around the school room here, saw no glass windows, no stove, but through the open windows could see orange trees, flowers, etc., looked again at the group of children before me, there were about one hundred and twenty there that morning, I think, some of them—but I need not waste time telling you that they were not clad so warmly as you while playing snowball that December morning. I heard you had a snow-storm at home on the 27th November was it not? So you see I take it for granted you had snow on the 9th of December, the morning of which I am writing. I like the school very much, some of the children are quite bright, much like boys and girls at home, I suppose, some good and some naughty.

Mr. Grant wishes to begin the New Year with at least two hundred pupils, so if we are successful in gathering in that number, I am afraid I shall not be able to write again very soon. Won't some one—or many—who reads this write me a long letter some time? You don't know how very glad I would be to hear from you. People at home expect too many letters from us and do not write enough in return. They do not know how hard it is to find time to write many letters here. Then I find it quite warm, and it is hard to write when you are very tired. Being here but a short time, I cannot write you anything interesting about the people that you have not heard from our Missionaries who have been here for years, but will write you a little about my first Christmas in Trinidad.

Christmas eve, on being told that Santa Claus visited the boys and girls here, I could not understand how he ever got into the houses, for you know there are no chimneys here as at home, besides I fancied he might find his fur coat rather warm, at any rate. I am quite warm enough without one. So wishing to be certain that my old friend did come here, when Mr. Grant's family hung up their stockings I did likewise, and sure enough in the morning I found my stocking quite full of nice things including a box of fire crackers. Why do you suppose he gave me them? Did he know I came from Nova Scotia, and wished to remind me of the 24th of May or 1st July? Now, although I am quite satisfied that Santa Claus does visit Trinidad, I must confess that I cannot yet explain how he enters the houses.

When leaving home Miss Semple told me

that, on Christmas, being so far away from home and friends, I would cry all day. So I resolved that even should I be lonely enough to cry every day in the year, I would be happy on Christmas. I did often think of the dear friends with whom I had spent last Christmas, but also remembered that sometime ago I had decided to come here to try to make others happy, so Miss Semple's prophecy was not fulfilled. We had service in the Church at eight o'clock, I felt glad to have the privilege of uniting with our Indian brothers and sisters in praising God for the dear Saviour, and who having lived and died for us, wishes us to "rejoice and be glad" now, because "our names are written in Heaven."

We hope to make the boys and girls of this school happy by a New Year's treat on the first day that school opens after vacation, and then we will all be ready to go to work in real earnest.

With the New Years, I hope also to start a band of *King's Daughters* here, and trust that any King's daughters, or sons, who read this will pray that the King's children in San Fernando may do their utmost to help others have a glad New Year, and do it all in His name.

Your sincere friend,

M. J. GRAHAM.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

For The Maritime.

The French-speaking population of the Dominion of Canada is 1,300,000, or about one-third of the entire population. The aim of the Board of French Evangelization is to give the gospel of Jesus Christ to this class of our fellow-subjects.

The work is carried on by means of three agencies, viz :

COLPORTAGE.

During the year, sixteen Colporteurs have been employed by the Board in going from house to house in some of the most densely settled French districts, distributing copies of God's word and religious tracts. Last year 2,796 copies of the Scriptures and about 23,800 tracts were circulated.

MISSION SCHOOLS.

As soon as a group of families in any French Settlement have been brought to a knowledge of the truth and have adjoined Romanism, a Mission School is opened for the education of the young and especially for their instruction in the principles of the Bible. During the year thirty-three schools, with thirty-nine teachers and nine hundred

and twelve pupils, have been maintained by the Board. The central Schools are at Pointe-aux-Trembles, where the pupils all reside in the Mission buildings, and enjoy the advantages of a Christian Home. Thirty-six of them last winter professed to find the Saviour, and seventy sat at the Lord's Table in March. Fourteen of last year's pupils were during the summer engaged as Mission Teachers or Colporteurs. The attendance this session is one hundred and forty. The cost of each pupil in the Pointe-aux-trembles Schools is about \$50 per session. To every person or Sabbath-School contributing this amount a particular pupil is assigned, concerning whose progress reports are sent from time to time. Though the buildings were enlarged a year ago, the number of applications for admission is greatly in excess of the accommodation. Of all the means employed in the past none have proved more efficacious and none have more manifestly had the Divine approval. Ten or fifteen years ago it was difficult to secure pupils; now that they are knocking for admission in such large numbers, it is greatly to be desired that additional accommodation be speedily provided so that none will hereafter be turned away.

PREACHING STATIONS.

There are eighty-nine preaching stations supplied by the Board. Twenty-two of the Missionaries employed are ordained Ministers. Fourteen of them conduct service in both English and French. Two hundred and four members were added to the French congregations last year, the majority of whom were converts from the Church of Rome. One of the Missionaries—an ex-priest from Italy—labors among the Italians in the City of Montreal.

The Board support a French Theological professor in the Montreal College, for the training of French-speaking students for the ministry. Four of these graduated last spring and nineteen are in attendance this session.

The total amount required this year is \$77,000, viz., \$30,000 for the general work, \$9,000 for the maintenance of the Pointe-aux-Trembles Schools, \$9,000 for the enlargement of the buildings, and \$25,000 for the purchase, repairs, &c., of Coligny College, Ottawa. Only contributions *specially designated* can be used for the last named object, no portion of the French fund being available for the Ottawa college.

The indebtedness of the Board at this date is nearly \$15,000. To remove this and to aid us in a vigorous prosecution of the work, we earnestly solicit liberal and prompt

contributions from all friends of this department of the Lord's work.

Yours faithfully,

D. H. MACVICAR, D. D., L. L. D.,
Chairman.

ROBT. H. WARREN, *Sec'y-Treas.*

MONTREAL, December, 1889.

All communications and contributions for the above to be forwarded to Rev. Dr. Warren, 198 St. James St., Montreal.

HOW THE ANEITYUMESE PRIZED THE BIBLE.

The following narrative taken from the late work *Autobiography of John G. Paton* will be read with interest. It tells a tale of self-denying effort and toil on the part of the Aneityumese to procure the Scriptures in their own tongue, that ought to prove very stimulating to us.

The Rev. John Geddie and his wife from Nova Scotia, were landed on Aneityum, the most southerly island of the New Hebrides, in 1848; and the Rev. John Inglis and his wife from Scotland were landed on the other side of the same island, in 1852. An agent for the London Missionary Society, the Rev. T. Powell accompanied Dr. Geddie for about a year to advise as to his settlement and to assist in opening up the work. Marvellous as it may seem the natives on Aneityum showed interest in the missionaries from the very first and listened to their teachings so that in a few years Dr. Inglis and Dr. Geddie saw about 3500 savages throwing away their idols, renouncing their heathen customs and avowing themselves to be worshippers of the true Jehovah God. Slowly, yet progressively, they unlearned their heathenism, surely and hopefully they learned Christianity and civilization. In course of time a simple form of family worship was introduced into and observed by every household on the island. God's blessing was asked on every meal, peace and public order were secured and property was perfectly safe under the sanctifying and civilizing Gospel of Christ. And by and by these missionaries lived to see the Bible which they and Mr. Copeland had so painfully translated placed in the hands of the Aneityumese by the aid of the British and Foreign Bible Society—that noblest handmaid of every missionary enterprise. But how was this accomplished as a boon of charity? Listen!

These poor Aneityumese hearing glimpses of the Word of God determined to have a Holy Bible in their own mother tongue, wherein before no book or page ever had been written in the history of their race. The consecrated brain and hand of their mission-

aries kept toiling day and night in translating the Book of God, and the willing hands and feet of the natives kept toiling through 15 long but unwearing years planting and preparing arrow root to pay the £1200 required to be laid out in the printing and publishing of the book. Year after year the arrow root too sacred to be used for their daily food was set apart as the Lord's portion, the missionaries sent it to Australia and Scotland where it was sold by private friends and the whole proceeds consecrated to this purpose. On the completion of the great undertaking by the Bible Society it was found that the natives had earned as much as to pay every penny of the outlay, and their first Bibles went out to them purchased with the consecrated toils of 15 years. Some of our friends may think that the sum was large, but I know from experience that if such a difficult job had been carried through the press and so bound by any other printing establishment the expense would have been greater far. One book of Scripture printed by me in Melbourne for the Aniwns under the auspices of the Bible Society too, cost eight shillings per leaf, and that was the cheapest style, and this the Aniwns also paid for by dedicating their arrow root to God.

Let those who lightly esteem their Bible think on those things. Eight shillings for every leaf, or the labor and proceeds of 15 years for the Bible entire, did not appear to these poor converted savages too much to pay for that Word of God which had revealed to them the grace of God in Christ, and which had opened their eyes to the wonders and glories of redeeming love. They had felt and we had observed that in all lands and among all branches of the human family the Holy Bible is wheresoever received and obeyed the power of God unto Salvation it had lifted them out of savagery and set them at the feet of the Lord Jesus. Oh, that the pleasure seeking men and women of the world could only taste and feel the real joy of those who know and love the true God! a heritage which the world and all that pertain thereto cannot give to them but which the poorest and humblest followers of Jesus inherit and enjoy.

"I am an agnostic," remarked a young man in a proud and dignified tone of voice. "An agnostic is what?" inquired an elderly gentleman. "An Agnostic," replied the smart youth, in a manner full of pity for the old man's ignorance, "an agnostic is a fellow don't you know, who isn't sure of anything." "I see," was the reply; "but how does it happen that you are so sure you are an agnostic?"

INCIDENTS OF EXTRA-PASTORIAL
WORK.

III

BY AN OLD NOVA SCOTIA PASTOR.

The following occurred in the course of ordinary pastoral duty, but as the person referred to was during the most of his life outside my congregation, and was only incidentally brought into connection with it, and that but for a short period, the case may have a place among these sketches.

After I had been some years in the ministry there came into the neighborhood a young lad, rather, I should say, a boy, from abroad. He was of Scottish descent and, I believe, of Scottish birth, but if I recollect right, came to us from the neighborhood of Chicago. One, or both of his parents were dead and he came to live with a relative, upon whom he was depeudent. Here I heard of him, but as his friend, though residing only four or five miles from my house, belonged to a neighboring congregation, I was not then brought in contact with him.

But after attending school for a time he undertook to teach, and the terms on which license for that purpose could then be obtained being easy, he was duly authorized to assume that office at an age, at which persons would not now be admitted to teach in any of our schools. His first school was in my immediate neighborhood, and he was thus brought under my ministry. I and my people paid him the ordinary attention that we would show to a stranger coming among us, perhaps feeling a little more interested in him from his dependent position. I confess that we did not entertain any high expectations as to his future career. Perhaps we judged him by his physical frame, for he was small of stature and of slender make. Had he possessed greater thews and sinews, our anticipations regarding him would probably have been higher. Indeed, in our estimate of him I fear we did him injustice. But still we showed him kindness, and I was glad to hear lately that he retained a kindly recollection of his residence among us. He at this time made a profession of religion, but I have no recollection of the circumstances, and cannot say that it was through my ministry that he was led to the saving knowledge of the truth.

After one, or at most two terms, teaching with us he left and soon after went to live with some friends in the neighborhood of Chicago. From this time for some years I lost all trace of him. I never had his address, and if he had correspondents in province I did not know them, so that for a good many years I heard nothing from him,

and he had almost passed from my mind, when, to my surprise, some friends, who had emigrated to California, told me of a minister of the name who, after proving useful and successful in one of the Western States, had come to take charge of an influential Presbyterian congregation in San Francisco, and on enquiring he was found to be our friend.

I have since heard of him several times as sometimes in delicate health, but always as the popular pastor of an important city charge, a position which he maintained at the time of the last accounts I had of him. I may add that one of the American colleges has honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.*

This case shows the importance of ministers watching for promising young men, drawing out their gifts and helping them forward to the ministry or other important positions. Mr. Chiniquy tells us that the priests in going their rounds are in the habit of looking out the smartest boys they find among their people, and encouraging them and their parents to take the steps necessary to prepare them for the priesthood. It is a lesson that Protestant ministers might well learn, even from their enemies. Many may have the richest fruit of all their labors in some one, two or more, men that they have drawn from obscurity to exercise a commanding influence in their day and to benefit after generations.

In this case I do not take to myself the credit of having brought this brother from obscurity. On the contrary I have to confess that I did not entertain high anticipations of him, and the lesson which I would draw from the case is, that we should be cautious in forming an unfavorable judgment regarding individuals, whose capacities may not appear to be brilliant or may even seem dull. Those who can look upon the careers of those whom they knew a generation ago will have remarked, that many whose talents seemed to promise a brilliant future have made little show or even proved failures in after life, while others who were looked down upon by their companions and perhaps by their teachers, have proved good and useful men, or even have risen to the highest positions.

In regard to the ministry, there is a class of aspirants for the office for whom I have little sympathy. It is those who having failed in the grocery business or getting above labour, fancy themselves at once qualified to preach the Gospel—who regard the Church in asking any course of preparation for the office as setting up unreasonable hindrances to the work of the Lord—who, if they had been in the days of our

Lord, would have thought His placing His apostles under three years' training with Himself as their tutor, as quite unnecessary, and would have undertaken to go forth to evangelise the world without any such delay in preparation. In regard to such I think that they should remember the exhortation. "Let every man abide in the calling wherein he is called," and the Church has reason to give good heed to the warning against putting new converts into the ministry, (1 Tim. iii, 6).

But when a minister meets a young man with the love of God in his heart, and with such views of the ministry, that he is willing to give time and labour to prepare himself to fill the office creditably, then I say let him beware how he discourages such an one, even if he gives no indication of brilliant powers. I have seen men that were despised as of inferior talents, who yet possessing true piety with diligence and perseverance, have proved themselves most useful men in the Church. Such qualities are often sufficient to render it our duty to give them all the encouragement and aid in our power. Indeed, there will be cases in which just as Paul "would have Timothy go forth with him" (Acts xvi. 3), we would be warranted in using a measure of pressure to induce them to devote themselves to serve God in the Gospel of His Son. Perhaps in no way will a minister better serve his generation, and when he rests from his labours perhaps in no way will his works follow him more extensively, than in the service rendered to the Church and to the world, by those whom he has been the means of leading or helping forward to the ministry.

—*Since this was written I have seen that he has been called to one of the first congregations of New York city.

PASTORAL LETTER.

BY REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT, D. D. MODERATOR
OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

To the Ministers and Members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada:—

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERN.—The General Assembly asked me to issue a pastoral letter for the purpose of presenting to you the claims of our Home and Foreign Missions, and of entreating your prayerful consideration to a condition of things that should weigh heavily on the heart of the Church.

THANKSGIVING.

First of all, let me ask you to join in giving thanks to God for all that He has done for us as a re-united Church. Fifteen years ago many thought it unwise to unite four

Churches, separated by causes enough to have warranted divisions in former days, and extending over vast Provinces sparsely peopled and not then connected by rail. The result has vindicated the policy of union as well as the polity of our Church. Free intercourse between brethren long estranged has dissipated suspicions and created mutual confidence. A General Assembly that represents all Canada and different sides of thought and feeling discusses questions on their merits and decides them on the common ground of reason and conscience. It listens to any minority that can urge its views with Christian temper, or to any individual who may be dissatisfied with the judgment of the lower Courts. The membership of the Church has well nigh doubled. So has its revenue. Contributions to educational, benevolent and missionary objects have increased in much greater proportion. Our patriotism has deepened, and we have drawn nearer to sister Churches. For these blessings,—above all for the increase of brotherly love and trust, for the quickening of the higher life in us, and the wider outlook we enjoy,—let us thank God and take courage.

DUTIES.

The Church has many duties to discharge to mankind. It touches life at every point from the cradle to the grave. Its aim is to sanctify the family and all social relations.

Neither the municipality nor the parliament is common and unclean. In the ideal community, holiness to the Lord will be written on school and college, on trade and commerce, on mines and manufacturers, on everything where man labors and learns, where habits are formed and character is developed. The Church is missionary from its very constitution. As the Body of Christ it carries on His beneficent work upon earth. As the Depository of the Faith, it has a Gospel for the race. As an association for common worship and the edification of its members, it cultivates spiritual life, and the essence of that life is love. As an Army for the conversion of the world it is always militant. As a type of the Kingdom of God, it must ever seek the extension of its borders and its own purification. Like every living thing, it must grow, and no limits are assigned to its development save the ends of the earth and humanity regenerated. Like the sun, nothing should be hid from the heat thereof. The Church has always been missionary, but each age has a work of its own to do. What is our work?

THE FOREIGN FIELD.

Never was the world so open as now. Never did any flag fly on every sea like the red-cross flag. It speaks to two hundred

and fifty millions of civilized men in Asia. To every nation and tribe it represents that individual liberty and civil righteousness which our fathers learned from Holy Scriptures and tested in the school of life. Blind must he be who sees no indication of the will of God in these signs of the times. The Church is called upon to enter at an open door wide as the world. We have not been wholly disobedient to the call. Devoted men and women have gone from us to the South Sea Islands, to Trinidad and Demerara, to the teeming millions of India and China, and to the decaying aboriginal tribes of our own land. These missionaries are doing our work for us on well-understood modern principle of division of labor. They are our agents and representatives. Considering the difficulties they have to encounter, and that we and they have to learn by mistakes and failures, wonderful results have been accomplished. This is not the place to give details, but everyone who can should read the reports of the Foreign Mission Committee. Every minister should master them and give the substance to his congregation on the Lord's Day, so that none of our people would be without an intelligent comprehension of what is attempted and what is done in our six Foreign Fields. But it is not out of place to say that I know personally almost every one of those missionaries, and—speaking with great joy of heart and with sincerity as in God's sight—I testify that they are worthy the fullest confidence of the Church. Nowhere is there a body of men more animated by the spirit of the Master. If we desert them, we shall be deserted.

THE HOME FIELD: AUGMENTATION AND HOME MISSIONS.

The world is open to every Church. But what Church has a Home Field like ours? And what place is so sacred as home? Here I must not speak of all departments of Christian activity that bless the land, and that taken together constitute a mighty river, compared with which our agencies for the conversion of Heathendom are but a tiny rill. I confine myself to that one to which the General Assembly has directed attention, in its two forms—the augmentation of stipends where congregations are too poor to give \$750 a year for support of ordained ministers, and the formation and care of Mission stations where the people are too scattered to be organized into regular pastoral charges. It is difficult to say which of these two objects is the more important. Together they constitute our one indispensable work as a Church, on the successful prosecution of which everything else depends. With regard to the first, I may state that since October, 1883, when

it was commenced in the western section of the Church, a hundred and fifty-eight supplemented charges have become self-sustaining. Is any other argument needed to prove that the Scheme has been worked well, and that it stimulates self-help? At the present moment a hundred and eighty-one charges are aided from east to west. With regard to the second, one or two facts may be mentioned. Three hundred and seven missionaries are employed; and in the North-west, within the last seven years, congregations and Mission stations increased in number from 129 to 373. Some little imagination on our part is needed to appreciate the eloquence of those figures. I once heard a member of the Church who happened to come in contact with spiritual destitution of a remote section of the country, declaim indignantly concerning the Church's neglect of its first duty. He was almost willing to send an agent forthwith at his own expense. That gentleman represented thousands who do nothing, but who, in the circumstances would feel as he felt. I asked him to multiply his one section by hundreds, to remember that the Church had to care for all alike, and to consider whether in the past he had done his duty to all. Brethren, I ask you to study, if you can, a concrete case, and from it learn a little of what the whole field means. You will then be in a position to understand what your share of the work is.

CLAIMS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

I have referred to the North-west, because in that region lies our most important field for the next ten years. Without a single Presbytery at the Union, it is now ecclesiastically organized as a Synod with seven Presbyteries, including Columbia. Almost every year henceforth new Presbyteries are likely to be formed. The area in the United States for free grants available to settlers is well exhausted, but the stream of immigration from the Fatherlands and the older States and Provinces will continue to flow. That living stream must find its way to the great valleys of the Saskatchewan and the Peace, and to every fertile nook and corner in the land. The destiny of Canada depends on our faithfulness at this time. What an inspiring responsibility to be cast on a Church? It should lift us high above everything petty. The Sybil is offering us her nine volumes, representing as many unborn Provinces. Each year's neglect means the irreplaceable loss of a volume to the Church.

THE OLDER PROVINCES.

Nor should our thoughts be confined to the North-west. In Cape Breton, in the Presbyteries of Miramichi and St. John, in Quebec, in Kingston, in Barrie and Algoma,

on the Pacific, in almost every Presbytery, are families and nuclei of farmers, fishermen, miners and lumbermen, some longing for the ordinances of religion for themselves and their children, others indifferent and therefore all the more in need. These people are not paupers. They are the Church's children away out in the wilderness. They contribute more per family out of their deep poverty for the maintenance of the Gospel, whenever it is fairly presented to them, than many of our largest congregations. In the end they will be our strength. Blessed is Church that has its quiver full of them. It will be the Church of the land. Neglect them now and what shall the harvest be? To our children, a day of grief and of desperate sorrow.

A CRISIS.

There is a special reason for this letter. It is not too much to say that we have arrived at a crisis in our work. The reserve fund of the Home Mission Committee is exhausted. The Committees of both Home and Foreign Missions are in debt—not to a large extent, but for a sufficient amount to embarrass, and to render them sadly deaf to appeals which ought not to be disregarded. We can easily meet this call of duty. God has not led us thus far to cast us off and take His Holy Spirit from us. He bids us go forward, every man keeping rank. There must be organization in every congregation. The question must be put to each member of the church: Is not this your duty, no matter what other things you are doing or leaving undone? Penetrated with the conviction that God is with us, I commend our missionaries and the work they are doing for us, at home and abroad, to your prayers, night and morning, at the family altar, and at all other times when prayer is wont to be made.

Brethren in the faith and fellowship of the Lord Jesus Christ, suffer the word of exhortation. I speak not of my own motive, but by instruction of the Church. God has been very good to us. Never was a people more truly blessed. He has given us a broad land full of hidden treasure, a climate that makes labour sweet, privileges for which our fathers bled, and great enlargement to preach His Gospel. What shall we render unto Him for those benefits? All that we are and all that we have. This will be our wisdom. Thus shall it be well with us. Thus only shall we enter into the rich inheritance of His Grace. Otherwise our toil and our successes shall be in vain. We may heap up silver as the dust and fine gold as the mire of the streets, but we shall not prosper.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.

G. M. GRANT, *Moderator.*
Kingston, Nov. 15th, 1889.

THRIVING FOR GOD.

“As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.” From how many millions of hearts has the cry gone up! It is the expression of the most interior, the most spiritual desire the heart can experience. Though agonizingly intense, it is rich and blissful. It is a profoundly felt want of the soul, and recognition of God as the object of its yearning. And this itself thrills the soul with unutterable delight. It lifts it up out of all that is low, strengthening it to overcome its own evil tendencies and successfully to resist every opposing influence from without. It is the agonizing spirit that urges us through the strait gate and up the narrow way, and when it reaches the fountain, when it enters into conscious communion with God, how rich, how sweet, how satisfying, how restful, how the soul has found its one, its only true! satisfying position! But here this conscious, communion with God is subject to interruptions; and it is best it should be so. The earthly tabernacle could not bear this “weight of glory” uninterruptedly, and these interruptions are a wholesome discipline of the spirit, teaching it to aspire and trust. But not so in heaven. There communion will be uninterrupted and our bliss complete. The soul will be at home with God, and in His presence is fulness of joy, and at His right hand are pleasures for evermore.

O blest communion here below
To us in mercy given.
O be it ours at last to know
The richer bless of heaven!

GOD'S SHADOW.

It is our misfortune that we mistake God's shadow for the night. If a man come and stand between you and the sun, his shadow falls upon you. So God sometimes comes in and stands between us and worldly successes, and His shadow falls upon us, and we wrongly think that it is night. As a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child, the shadow of his body falls upon it, and so many of the dark misfortunes of our lives are not God going away from us, but our Heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of His infinite and everlasting love.
Gospel Trumpet.

SAMUEL CROWTHER, THE BISHOP
OF THE NIGER.BY REV. A. T. PEARSON IN MISSIONARY
REVIEW.

Early in the year 1821, in the midst of the Yoruba country, the Mohammedan Foulahs were ravaging the land to seize and enslave all whom they could secure even at the price of bloodshed. They pursued those who took refuge in flight and flung lassoes over their heads, bringing them to the ground half suffocated, like a bison on the prairies. Among the captives was Adjai, then a boy of twelve and a half years. His father died in the defence of his wife and children, but the boy was dragged away tied with ropes to other victims.

He was traded away for a horse, and afterwards, separated from his mother, was sold to a Mohammedan woman, with whom he went to the Popo country on the coast where the Portuguese purchase slaves. On the road he passed the smoking villages that marked the track of those who traffic in the "souls of men," and saw the human heads nailed to the trees as a warning to all who would not yield to their fate.

So great was Adjai's horror of slavery that he tried to strangle himself with his waist band. At Lagos he saw the first white man, and it was not calculated to draw him to the white man's God, for the Portuguese who afterwards bought him scrutinized his "points" as he would examine a horse; and then, chained with other captives, the boy was packed in a barracoon, where the heat was intolerable, and on the least provocation was cruelly beaten with long whips. Early one morning he was harried, with a hundred and eighty-six others, on board a slaver, where they were all crowded into the hold and compelled to remain, the dead, the dying and the living all in horrible contact.

Two English man-of-war gave chase to the slaveship and mercifully liberated these prisoners, and Adjai was taken to Bathurst. Sierra Leone had been colonized in 1787. Mr. Granville Sharp took some 400 negroes and formed a settlement on a sort of peninsula whose fancied resemblance to a lion gave it this romantic name; and this colony became the refuge of the refuse of slaveships. No one but an eyewitness could have believed what a degraded and destitute community this was, and how like one of the mouths of hell, until 1816. Missionaries were then sent to Sierra Leone by the Church Missionary Society—notably William A. B. Johnson, whose apostolic career has been already outlined in these pages. Six years after, the Lord Chief

Justice publicly testified that in a population of 10,000 there were but six cases for trial and not one of them from any village where there was a school!

Adjai made good progress in study, and best of all, it was here that the little slave boy found the liberty of a child of God, and in 1825, at seventeen years of age, was baptised, taking the name of Samuel Adjai Crowther. He was taught a trade as a carpenter, and often used in his mission work the skill he acquired.

In 1826 Mr. and Mrs. Davey took him on a visit to England, where he became a pupil at Islington. During his year's sojourn he kept his eyes and ears open and learned much by observation. Then returning to Sierra Leone he became the first native student enrolled in the Yourah Bay College in 1827, where he soon became assistant teacher and where he formed the definite purpose, henceforth to devote his life to work for the elevation and salvation of his own people. The little girl, Asano, who like himself, was rescued from a slaveship, and had grown up in his society, baptised as Susanna, became his wife and the mother of his six children. We may anticipate here and say that two of his daughters became wives of native ministers, two of his sons have wielded a noble influence as Christian laymen, and one is the Archdeacon of his father's diocese; so that we have, not to look outside of Bishop Crowther's family, a little church of eight godly souls, all the fruit of the converting grace of God.

To follow step by step the career of this marvellous man would consume ten times our available space; we can only touch the salient points of his useful life. In 1830 he is in charge of the school in Regent's Town; two years later at Wellington, with a more important trust; finally, back in the college, training students for high positions of service in Africa.

His natural aptitude for linguistic study fitted him for noble usefulness in translating and in editing books. During his life he translated the Scriptures into the Yoruba dialect and tongue of the inland tribes, and prepared a valuable dictionary of the Yoruba tongue, a primer, the prayer-book, &c.

Samuel Crowther was too gifted a man to be remanded to obscurity. There was no province of serviceable labor in which he was not in demand. In 1841 he was appointed to accompany the exploring party who ascended the Niger, and in the *Soudan* sailed for the heart of Africa, with no weapons but those of peaceful conquest.

Owing, as it was thought, to the green wood stowed away in the bunkers, this expedition was marked by one awful word,

failure. At one time fifty-five persons lay helpless on the decks, and even the doctor succumbed to fever and death. For twelve years public opinion in England forbade another exploring tour of the deadly Niger. But one thing had been demonstrated amid this failure: that Crowther had in him the mettle of a true man and missionary; and that such a dangerous field must be worked by native agency, mainly by such as were acclimated to the risks of the African country.

In 1842 Crowther was again in England, and in 1843 was ordained deacon in the English Church, and a little later priest. This marks a new era in African missions, in the emphasis laid on a *native agency* for evangelization of the Dark Continent.

In 1843 he is again at Sierra Leone preaching his first sermon in English to a crowd of native Christians, and administering the sacrament to a large number of negroes.

Several refugees from the violence of the Foulahs founded a new city, *Abeokuta*, "under the stone"—called from the great rock that uplifts its head like a sentinel above the town. Here in 1846 the missionaries came, hailed with joy; and here Crowther had the joy, after over twenty-five years' separation, of meeting his old mother! They were both dumb with joy, and could only look into each other's streaming eyes with the mute language of mingled rapture and amusement; and here in Abeokuta his mother became the first fruits of the new mission.

In 1849 the mission, only three years old, could show 500 attendants, eighty of whom were communicants, and 200 more of whom were candidates for full membership, while many more outside the mission circle had already forsaken their idol gods.

He found the Ibo people offering human sacrifices, dragging the victim about by the legs till he died and then flinging the body into the river, or tying human beings to trees beside the stream till they died of hunger; killing infants who first cut their upper teeth, among the Onitsha people all children are slain which are born twins.

It was about this time also that the Egba chiefs sent by Mr. Townsend their memorable letter to Queen Victoria, saying:

"We have seen your servants the missionaries; what they have done is what we approve. They have built a house of God; they have beside taught the people and our children the word of God. We begin to understand them." And yet "missions are a failure!" Not so evidently thought the Egba chiefs. In reply came the Queen's gracious message, with two elegant Bibles, respectively in English and Arabic, and a

steel corn-mill from Prince Albert. Crowther not only taught the people in the Word, but encouraged among them all manner of handicrafts.

Again Crowther was in England, arousing sympathy for the natives of Africa. Then in 1854 he went on a second expedition up the Niger, planned partly in hopes to rescue Dr. Barth, who was believed to be lost in the interior. While at Lagos Crowther observed another fruit of missions—*cassava* and maize, with tillers of the soil, where before slave barracoons used to be with human being in chains and agonies.

When the *Pleiad* anchored off Ibo it was found that the promises made thirteen years before, that the white man would return, had been remembered by the King. But so long a time had elapsed that he began to believe that the promise had been forgotten by the white man. Obi himself was now dead, but his son and rightful successor, Ishukuma, was found a rapt listener to the gospel message.

Along the Niger's banks the explorers encountered constant proofs of the ravages of the Filatas, that, like the Yoplals, aim not so much to slay as to enslave. *The whole right bank of the river* was cleared of its towns and villages to the number of about one hundred, and all who survived the strife of war were sold as slaves! Often-times they found the natives fleeing in terror or preparing to resist violence, but as soon as the peaceful purpose of the explorers was made known they were kindly received everywhere. This expedition was as successful as the former was disastrous. The Niger was proved navigable, and, better still, it was proven that the people of the Niger valley were accessible to the gospel.

On Mr. Golefimer's return to Europe, Crowther took his place at Lagos, and attempted oversight of missions on the coast. When in 1857 the Niger Christian Mission was organized, Crowther sailed on the *Dayspring*, planting the first stations of the Niger Mission. Some of the main obstacles confronted in this work were those which were owing to *previous familiarity of the natives with Europeans!* Oftentimes the missionaries would have been thankful had no shuttle of commerce or contact woven acquaintance between the degraded Africans and the enlightened Europeans.

The wreck of the *Dayspring* compelled Crowther and his party to tarry awhile at and about Rabbah. He found the Niger worshipped by the people as mother of all rivers, very much as the Egyptians held the Nile in veneration. The basis was laid for mission work in Onitsha, 140 miles up the river and on Ibo territory. Everywhere

the people were found not only willing but eager to hear the gospel. One morning a woman came to Mr. Taylor, begging him to follow her, and she led him two miles away to a company of twenty-four persons, one of them rose up and said, "We have sent for you to come and speak to us the word of God: we thirst to hear it; please do help us!"

We come now to the closing period of Samuel Crowther's life. The slave boy becomes a bishop.

In 1859, with Mr. Taylor he established a mission at Akassa, at the mouth of the Nun river, the navigable entrance to the Niger. He visited Onitsha, where he found twenty-eight waiting for baptism; he went again to Ghebe, where he found similar evidences of the grace of God, and gathered the first fruits of the new Niger mission. He passed along the Niger's banks and here and there set up the cross amid the "wastes of many generations." At Ghebe he led around the mission buildings the messengers of King Masaba, of Nupe, and sent by them this memorable message to the King; "We are Nazarenes: in our schoolroom we teach the Christian religion; our only guns are our cotton-guns, and our powder is the cotton puffing out of them; the cowrie shells (the currency of the country) are our shots, which England, the warmest friend of Africa, desires to receive largely."

Crowther is once more in England pleading in Exeter Hall the cause of missions, and the main attraction of the anniversary exercises of the Church Missionary Society. A converted and educated negro was telling his own tale of missions; and it was an illustrated lecture, the speaker himself being the living illustration.

In 1864, in Canterbury Cathedral, Samuel Adjai Crowther was consecrated first Bishop of the Niger, and there were not in that vast audience many eyes that were tearless as that negro knelt to receive that typical investiture of the overseer of Christ's flock. Mrs. Weeks was there, the wife of the missionary who first taught him the way of salvation. Bishop Crowther at once returned to the Niger valley and at once sought to form a Christian Church at the Delta, where even the awful practice of Cannibalism was not yet wholly abandoned, and the people were trodden under foot by the Juju priests. The New Year, 1872 opened with a little mission church daring to utter its testimony to the Lord, and becoming a church of the martyrs. Isaiah Baro and Jonathan Apiafe, persons of distinction, were among the converts, and when bound and doomed to die by slow starvation, they simply declared their "minds made up to remain in chains

till the Judgment Day," if need there be, rather than bow to idols; and quaintly affirming that, "*Jesus had taken charge of their heart and padlocked it, and the key is with Him.*" For twelve months they endured the painful bondage, and would have died but for food secretly conveyed to them by their brethren.

Three years passed, and the wife of a chief known as Capt. Hart died. She had been the Bloody Mary of the persecution, but her husband would not be comforted; and seeing his fetish idol had failed to save her, he heard the word of the Lord from Bishop Crowther, and as he came to die renounced his faith in his idols and ordered them thrown into the river. On the day after his funeral this was done: the people, in a rage, executing wrath on the Jujus, breaking them in pieces and flinging them into the stream.

The era of persecution passed away with the decease of Hart and his wife, and "Bonny became a Bethel." A woman of high position and large influence became nursing mother to the infant church, and her own house became a place of assembly. Another house of worship was built, and both were thronged; and Archdeacon Crowther was put in charge of this mission. Meanwhile the titular king of Bonny, George Pepple, visited England, and when with renewed health he was about to return, he sent a letter in advance declaring himself a convert and asking for a special service of praise to be prepared that he might on arrival at Bonny offer up thanks to God. Led on by this converted king, Bonny became one of the centres of godly influence in the lower Niger district.

Those who depreciate missions should have visited Bonny when Bishop Crowther preached; should have seen an orderly congregation of over 500 gathered attentively listening, and King George and his sister among them. Again in the afternoon the audience gathered, many of them walking through the tide, which was over knee deep in the beach path. Such cavillers should have been in the mission house when those converts came to buy books from the village Ayambo, which they aptly entitled the "Land of Israel," because there was no more to be found in it *a single idol!* In 1883 persecution broke out in Bonny, but it only brought out the martyr spirit. Even timid women would not recant at peril of life.

In the Kingdom of Brass, which is one outlet of the Niger, other marked victories have been won. The King, Ockiya, in his latter years, publicly confessed Christ. In spite of his Juju men he renounced idolatry;

and we saw his cast off idols in the mission house in Salisbury Square. King Ockiya not only gave up idolatry, but polygamy, and thus not only showed how real was his change, but set a beautiful example to his people. In that same land where Bishop Crowther himself a few years ago found horrid cannibalism, and superstitions whose name was Legion, he has since found praying rooms where chief's gather twice a day with their families for worship.

Bishop Crowther maintains that, on account of the prevalence of Mohammedanism in Africa, the Arabic should be taught to the native catechists as the sacred language of the Koran, and so be a means of reaching intelligent natives through the Arabic bibles and testaments. He found on the friendly waters of the Galadima an avidity for the books printed in Arabic, and gave presents of Bibles in that tongue to the Galadima himself and others. When Crowther explained to the Mohammedans he met the difference between the formality of the fast of Ramadan and the fasting of the Christian unto God, the common reply was: "Yes, you are true persons; your religion is superior to ours." He found the work and influence of Islam such that whenever he referred to Adam, Noah, Abraham, etc., and even Jesus, the natives recognized these names as common to the faith of Mahomet as well. He advises that Mohammedanism be wisely dealt with, that missionaries and native preachers and teachers be prepared to utilize all that is common between the teachings of the Koran and the word of God, and at the same time resist and expose the folly, superstition and immorality fostered by Islam.

In 1875 Bishop Crowther's mother died, at the age of 97, the death of a saint, and passed into the unseen glory.

This really great man has left on all the mission work the impress of his ability and piety. He started the Preparandi Institution at Lokoja for the training of native catechists and school teachers, and it is a centre of spiritual light and influence for the whole west coast. Wherever he goes blessing comes, and no living man is doing more than he for the elevation and salvation of his degraded fellow countryman.

Paul wrote to the Colossians that his aim and object in preaching were to "present every man perfect in Jesus Christ." When the great day of Presentation comes, with what joy will Mr. Weeks present to the Lord, Samuel Adjai Crowther as the fruits of his ministry in the Lord! And then for the first time will he realize what ultimate blessing hung on the leading to Christ of a humble slave boy of Yoruba land.

The negro has been described as "God's image carved in ebony." "I don't care much as to what I am carved in," said one of the coloured speakers at the late Baptist Anniversaries in this city, "so long as I am 'in the image of God.'"

CRUELITIES OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

LETTER FROM AFRICA.

One of the Free Church of Scotland's missionaries writes from the Livingstone Mission in Central Africa regarding the cruelties of the Arab slave trade. Our readers may know that the African slave trade in Africa is carried on by Arabs from the East coast. These travel through the country, burning villages, shooting men and carrying off women and children. The missionary writes as follows to the secretary of the Foreign Mission's Committee in Scotland.

KALONGA'S, LAKE NYASSA, Aug. 1, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. SMITH,—Since last I wrote we have had very exciting times, and our hands have been full and our hearts saddened by the atrocities of the Arabs. They have been unusually active, and have been successful in capturing many women and children and destroying many men. Oh, that I could write as I feel on the atrocities of these inhuman wretches.

On the 12th June last, a large party of Arabs attacked the village of Mandroma, twenty-two miles south of this, and shot many of the men and captured five women. Leaving this, they went several miles further south, and attacked Fulirwe's village with like success. Their mode of attack was of the usual order—guns against native spears. They surrounded the village at the earliest streak of dawn and fired into the houses. The terrified natives rushed for their lives, and the women and children were captured. What is most dastardly in this case is that the Arabs went south to these villages with the back rope already made to tie their captives, and continued their march to a village seven or eight days' journey from this called Bwana, and there sold their captives for powder. These women would there be canoed over the lake, and then to Kilwa. This is how the Arab gets his powder—he hunts the native as game, and buys.

Again, on the 14th June, a second band of man-stealers attacked the village of Kapiyira, thirty miles south of Karonga, shooting down the men and capturing the women and children. On this occasion they were returning to Mloze's village with their captives when they were overtaken by a few of our men sent out to overtake them. They had encamped for the night, when the men, seeing

the smoke of their camp-fires, were guided to the spot. Every Arab bolted when the first shots were fired and left his all. Five of these *rugaruga* (native robbers) were killed, and six percussion guns—all English—were captured. The women they had stolen in the early morning being bound could not escape, and were found by our men and brought here. Six women and six children, with the Arab ropes still on their necks, was a great capture; but it was a heart-rending scene. One little girl in the fight had received a bullet wound in the back of the head, and was in a sad state. Two days after, Kapiyira was up here and received back his wives.

There have been, within the last few weeks, several exciting chases after these inhuman men. Twice we heard of them being at villages, and twice large bands of men were out for nights and days watching the roads. On the 24th July we heard that they had again visited Kapiyira's village, and that after killing some men they had gone on to a village hidden among the hills, called Mdoko. Here they had killed eight men, and captured quite a large number of women. We knew that they would have profited by their past failures, and that instead of returning by the road would take to the woods. Two bands were sent out, one to go to Mdoko's, and the other to scour the bush. Fortunately, both parties met them. One, under Chitambala, came upon them shortly after they had left the wrecked village of Mdoko, and had begun the homeward journey. At the first sound of firing they bolted and left every captive, and all the grain they had taken, etc. Fleeing from Chitambala, they rushed into the arms of the second band, and fared worse there. Two of them (the *rugaruga*) were killed, one severely wounded, and all their remaining goods lost.

On 25th July, at breakfast, a poor old helpless woman was led into our stockade with the slave-stick (the gore) still on her neck. She had been found by some Wankonde in the woods, and was brought to us. Her story was very sad. She was one of the women stolen lately from Magulirwe's village, and was with five other women and five children put into the slave sticks inside Kopakopa's village. By night the end of the sticks—young trees, indeed—were tied to the roofs of the houses; but by day they were allowed to crawl about the verandas of the house, alwys dragging the tree behind. The morning of her escape she crawled outside the village gate and got into the grass. Soon a cry was raised, and although they searched everywhere, and even set fire to the grass, she eluded their inhuman vigilance

and got off, being only slightly scorched. All day and all night she crawled along on hands and knees, and in the morning was found by the Wankonde in the woods. I had the pleasure of relieving that slave as I relieved not a few others. She says the other women are to be taken in a few days to Senga, to buy powder and food.

The other day some of our men returning from Ukanga on the south came across the body of a child lately thrown to the crocodiles. It was the old story. The captive mother was swooning under the load of the gore stick and her infant, when her captor seized the child and threw it into the stream.

One thing, I think, ought to be known at home, as it is a disgrace to us as a nation. Almost all the guns used by these inhuman wretches in their nefarious work are of English manufacture. Up country, on the Nyassa-Tanganyika plateau, as I can testify, almost all the flint-lock guns are stamped "Tower" and numbered. It matters not where you go in this part of Africa, if you look at the gun in the hand of a native or an Arab it is of English manufacture, and was used by our forefathers in their struggles for liberty. It makes one's blood boil to think of the awful work of blood to which these instruments are put in the hands of slaving Arabs, and long for the day when guns shall be prohibited and a powerful government begin its work of civilization.

I sincerely hope you will give every publicity to these sad truths, and endeavour to rouse the conscience of those at home who can help this unhappy land which stretches out its hands to them.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

When the great violin-makers of the Middle Ages wished to form a perfect instrument, they caused the tree to be felled at a particular period of its growth. The wood was then planed and cut into small pieces. These were exposed to the heat of the sun and to the winter's storms; were bent, rubbed, polished and finally fastened together with incomparable skill. If the wood could have found a tongue, doubtless it would have begged to grow in the forest, to rustle its branches and bear its fruits as its companions were left to do, becoming at last a part of the sodden earth. But it was this harsh treatment that made out of its common boards the Stradivari violin, whose music still charms the world. So by countless touches of pain and loss, God fits us to bear our part in the great harmony with which true and earnest souls shall ultimately fill the world.—*Youth's Companion*.

CURING DULL PRAYER-MEETINGS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CYLER.

Every intelligent pastor recognizes the vitally important place which the prayer-meeting holds in the spiritual life of a church.—And every pastor also sees the difficulties in maintaining it at a high point of interest and effectiveness. In the large towns the meeting encounters many rivals in the shape of social entertainments and lectures, concerts, etc. An eminent New York pastor once told me that forty years ago his church was downtown, and many of his members lived over their stores in a very plain, unostentatious style. Then they had no difficulty in keeping up a crowded weekly lecture and a crowded prayer-meeting. After he moved up-town, his members lived in finer style; but such was the pressure of dinner-parties and various social attractions that it was difficult to keep up on a single evening; a devotional service. Outside competitors—legitimate and illegitimate—thin prayer-meetings sadly. Revival-seasons that fill up and fire up the meeting, are more infrequent than formerly. A generation is growing up in our large cities who know almost nothing about such scenes of powerful awakening as were enjoyed in 1857 and 1858.

If outside competitors thin the prayer-meeting, there is a difficulty within doors that is equally serious—and that is the difficulty of imparting interest and variety and life to the service. Only a minority of the male members of the church—usually a small minority—take part in the exercises. In some congregations the same dozen voices are heard throughout the year; and unless they are remarkably gifted in prayer or in addresses, the repetitions are apt to become monotonous and wearisome. "I don't attend the prayer-meeting any more," says Mr. —; "I have heard the same things from Elder B.—and Deacon C.— and Capt. D.—, until I am tired of them." Yet Mr. A.— is a member of the church, professes to be a servant of Jesus Christ, and is under a solemn covenant to let his light shine before men, and to bear his part in maintaining the spiritual life of the church. He is in good health, and goes to his business in all weathers. He can talk shrewdly enough behind the counter or in his warehouse. In a political caucus, he can speak to the point. He is eloquent in selling goods, or in making bargains, or in securing votes. In the prayer-meeting, he is as silent as an Egyptian mummy. He only recovers his organs of speech when he gets home, and begins to denounce the dullness of the meeting.

For the monotony and dullness of that service, brother A.— and the rest of the alpha-

bet who are like him, are chiefly responsible. His and their cowardly silence threw upon a faithful few the whole brunt of maintaining the service. Those who engaged in the service have got the benefit and the blessing; the silent critics and cowards went empty away. Having done their utmost to kill the meeting, they are fluent at the coroner's inquest which they hold over it afterwards.— If our average prayer services suffer from the indiscretions or tediousness of one or two incessant speakers, they suffer ten-fold more from the indifference and the silence of those who shirk their duty. Four-fifths at least of all the persons who attend our devotional meetings, could take part if they would only set about it. Timidity would soon be overcome. It is the first step that costs. Good old Gen Casey used to say to me, "I can face a battery on a battle-field, but I can't face a prayer-meeting." He tried it one evening, and ever after that he spoke freely and frequently.

Even natural impediments can be overcome by divine help. In my little church at Burlington was a godly old man who stammered terribly in ordinary conversation. When he prayed, his voice flowed smoothly along without obstruction! We who listened to his impassioned fervors at the mercy-seat, always believed that the Holy Spirit helped his utterance. Another man who had always been mute, and said "he could not speak," was so moved by seeing his daughter rise for prayer in our meeting, that he arose himself, and broke forth in a fervent prayer that melted all hearts. He had broken the ice, and had no difficulty afterwards. Difficult things are not always impossible. It is perfectly possible for at least four-fifths of all who attend devotional and social services, to take part in them if they will do just two things. First, let them bring something to the meeting; and secondly, let them ask God to help them out with it! It will come, and they and others will be the better for it. I do not pretend that all can be equally fluent, or equally interesting and edifying, but almost every man or woman who has a tongue in their head, and any love of Christ, in their heart, can bear an honest though humble part in the family gatherings of Christ's flock. Our meetings ought to be less formal; cut and dried speeches are not needed; brief, simple, honest prayers are better than long and stereotyped repetitions. Paul's first recorded prayer, Peter's prayer when sinking in the stormy sea, the Publican's prayer, were each only one sentence. Have something to say and then say it. If the vast majority of all our church members, male and female, would go to the family gatherings of the Church with

this simple determination, there would soon be an end of dull prayer-meetings. The Holy Spirit helps those who help themselves. It is a sin and a shame for God's people to play truant and to play coward, and then excuse themselves by saying that they "need an outpouring of the Holy Spirit." *The Holy Spirit needs them*; and when they do their duty, the blessing comes.

MORNING MANNA.

BY REV. THEODORE I. CUYLER.

The manna came fresh every morning; and it is a good thing to have within reach some quickening and spiritual book that one can open at the outset of each day, and gather up a few precious thoughts for the day's journey. The favorite volume of this kind with my dear old mother was Dr. William Jay's "Morning Exercise." Jay was a master in experimental religion. Mr. Spurgeon issued a volume entitled "Morning by Morning." It is good, as everything is that comes from his inexhaustible pen; but for freshness and force it does not equal the volume by my dear friend, Dr. J. R. Miller of Philadelphia, entitled "*Come Ye Apart*."

Of all this class of works I have never met with any that is so suggestive and original as the "*Daily Meditations*," by the late distinguished missionary, Rev. J. Bowen. He was a very unique character, a man of fine genius, who did a noble work in India "on his own hook." He was very modest, very independent, did his own thinking, and has treasured up some of his brightest thoughts in this book. My venerated friend, Mr. Robert Carter, beside whose sick bed I spent a hallowed hour last week, told me that he used to take a page or two of Bowen every day as the best soul-food, next to his Bible. Twenty-five years ago our Presbyterian Board of Education at Philadelphia, issued these "*Meditations*" of the India missionary, as they have recently issued Mr. Miller's excellent volume. My object is not to "puff" either book; they do not need any such little breeze to waft them on their way; but I want to give my readers a handful of manna out of Bowen's precious store, which is "white like coriander seed, and tastes like honey."

I open the volume at a venture, and the first sentence I light upon is the following: "Take not your rest too soon; else you will never enter into your real rest. It is not here on this plank amid the billows, but yonder on that heavenly shore." When writing about prayer, Bowen says, "Ima-

gine a vase with your name on it fast by the throne of God. While you are praying, your Heavenly Father drops ever and anon a gift, brighter than your best conception, into that vessel." For one morning's reading, the text is from the twelfth chapter of Isaiah, second verse, "*I will trust*," said the Syro-Phenician woman, though the disciples said 'send her away': and her daughter was healed. 'Let me live,' said Jonah, and was cast into the sea. 'I will trust,' said he afterward, and Nineveh bowed at his word. 'I will trust,' said Daniel, and was delivered from the lions. 'I will save my life,' said Peter, and denied his Lord. 'I will trust,' said he afterward, and laid him down to sleep; then came the angel of the Lord and brought him out of prison. 'What mean ye to weep and to break my heart?' said Paul, "*I will trust*."

Here is a passage that ought to be read over very often by every Christian: "Man walks in slippery places, saying there is no danger. Yet every rock has one declivity that descends gently and imperceptibly at first, but still descends towards the lake of fire! Scarcely is there an hour of the day when to one who listens attentively there comes not the wail of some forlorn being whose feet have slipped, without any to hold him up. One of these rocks is popularity; another is a passion for venturesome reading; another is evil associations. A child walking among slippery rocks cries out to his parent 'My foot slippeth'! There is but a moment in which a helping hand can reach him; yet it does reach him, for his father is close by. And so if we walk carefully, our heavenly Father's helping hand will be stretched out in the opportune moment. Jesus was very nigh when Peter cried out 'Lord! save, or I perish!'"

Under the text "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God," Mr. Bowen says: "Sooner let the sick passenger insult the generous oarsman who is struggling to save him from the breakers. Sooner let the captive quarrel with the benevolent stranger who is laying down a fortune for his ransom. Sooner let Hagar revile the angel who points her to the fountain where she and her son may drink and live. O grieve not the loving Spirit of God!" But I have no time to gather up more of the manna with which this acute and profoundly spiritual servant of God has enriched all who will begin the day with his "*Daily Meditations*." There is great danger with all Christians that plans of business, or the morning paper, or some other pressing temptations may rob them of their early devotions, and of feeding their souls with some solid rations for the march before them.

A LOOK INTO CHRIST'S ORCHARDS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

The orchards of our country have just been "paying their dividends" into the farmer's apple bins. The wormy and the worthless fruit was left to the swine; only the sound apples were carted home for the market. Every church is a spiritual orchard, and here also *the tree is known by its fruits*. Some people try to pass for Christians without any Christ in their hearts; but from them the genuine "fruits of the Spirit" can no more be expected, than a farmer might expect a grove of New Jersey pines to yield a crop of Pippins and Spitzenbergs. Bible religion is a growth, but it requires a root; that root is the union of the inner soul with Christ Jesus. From that root flows up the vital sap into the believer's life. The root is as invisible as that of an apple-tree; but the inward life of the tree reports itself by beautiful blossoms in May, and bountiful barrels of apples in October. The good tree presents to its owner its good fruit, as the proof that it deserves a place in his orchard.

¶ "What is it to be a Christian?" is a question that has been lately discussed in a prominent religious journal, and several replies were contributed by eminent ministers and authors. Jesus himself gave a touchstone of character, when He said "by their fruits ye shall know them." A Christian is a person who has been born anew by the Holy Spirit; he has been created anew in Christ Jesus *unto good works*. If you and I are born of Christ's Spirit, we shall bring forth the fruits of the Spirit. This is the test. Our Master holds us to it, and the world holds us to it also. Never was there a time when membership with a church counted for less, or when membership with Christ counted for more, than in these present days. What sort of fruit does your religion yield? is the sharp challenge to every one of us.

The Bible catalogues the fruits that are expected from the good trees in the Church orchard. "The fruits of the Holy Spirit are these—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance." *Love* comes first; for the very essence of religion is to love our God with all the heart and soul, and our neighbor as ourselves. Faith only works by love. The only service that Christ values is love-service. The main power that we can exert over our fellow-men is love power. The biggest and best bough on the Christian tree is that which yields the luscious apples of charity and love. The world is apt to try these and if it finds them to be sour or

worm-eaten, the whole profession of Christ-likeness is condemned as a fraud.

Joy is another fruit of the Spirit. A very different thing is this from mere jollity or overflow of animal spirits. Sensual joy is as different from spiritual joy, as lurid lightening is from clear, steady sunshine. A genuine Christian's joy comes from having Christ in the soul: it is "My joy." It is not the mere prey of circumstances. Can you be contented and happy when the tempest of trial blows, and when the purse runs low, and when the bones ache with pain? If your heart is filled with Jesus you can "rejoice in tribulation and crosses"; can a hollow professor do that?

Gentleness and long-suffering are twin fruits growing on the same bough. They are the graces that keep the temper sweet, and the tongue quiet under sharp provocations. I fear that they are among the scarcest fruits to be found; and that more "teeth are set on edge" against Christians on account of the sour and irritable and ugly tempers of professing Christians, than by any other cause. Drummond truly says that an ugly temper is not an accident or a mere infirmity; "it is one of the blackest of all the sins." It reveals a lack of the very cardinal grace of love, and it is better not to live than not to love. The tree that bears this sort of sour and acid apples is a disgrace to Christ's orchard.

Temperance is another fruit of the Spirit that is much talked about in these days—more discussed, we fear than practised. It means control of appetite for our own sakes, and self-denial for the good of others. If the glass has a "ziper" in it, and damns my fellow mortal's soul, why should I have anything to do with it? When all the Church of Christ yields this fruit abundantly, the whole land will taste the blessings of a solid and enduring temperance reform.

We have no time to enumerate in detail all the fruits of the Spirit that prove the genuine Christian, and give beauty and power to the Christian character. A fruit-bearing religion is the crying want of the day. A religion that suns itself on the warm side of a fashionable church, that "enjoys" fine preaching, fine music, and a ride to heaven in a parlor-car, is common enough, and as worthless too. But the religion that would rather be poor than touch a dishonest dollar that would rather go through a Sunday storm to its mission-school than to lie on its easy lounge, that would sooner have a rag carpet on the floor than to cheat heathen souls out of a Gospel of salvation, a religion that serves Christ for the sheer love of serving Him—this is the kind of tree whose fruit

tastes of the *divine life within it*.—And now after this glance through the Church record, let each one of us ask himself and herself the question, Do I hear the genuine fruits of the Holy Spirit?

THE FATE OF THE GREENLANDERS.

The late Br. Kleniaschmidt was wont to say that the young men and those in the prime of life are the only "capital" of the Greenlanders. They are "bread winners" in a land where bread is not the staff of life, but fish—and particularly seals. Seal-hunting is a perilous calling, for the most part possible only to those who are skilful in the management of a kayak or skin-covered canoe. These spend a great portion of their lives in such frail craft upon the sea, exposed to constant dangers of ice, rocks, fag, storms, &c. What wonder that there comes a day when the brave hunter never returns alive, and the family are bereft, not only of the one they love, but the one on whom they are dependent for the very means of subsistence. In fact, perhaps the majority of able-bodied Greenlanders perish at sea. This is the main reason why the nation is gradually dying out. Of all our stations, Lichteufels has suffered most severely from these accidents by drowning, which cut short the lives most valuable for the community. There are now only nineteen married men there and very few youths as the hope of the place. Every further accident of this kind will, increasing ratio, be an irreparable disaster.

Dr. Starik touchingly describes some recent losses of this character:—On the 17th of December, to our great regret, a good and industrious youth, seventeen years of age, was drowned at sea in the immediate neighbourhood of Lichteufels. He was the only son of a woman who serves in the mission-house. She, poor thing, shed many tears for him, and is greatly to be pitied, for she has lost at sea, not only both her brothers, but also her husband, with whom she had lived two years very happily. The lad met with the accident not far from our house, and had only been a short time in the water. He was carried into our school-room, and everything was tried to bring him back to life, but all in vain. When he had been dressed in his best clothes and placed in the skin, which serves as the coffin, his mother came to see him once more. She brought her sister with her, a lame and very infirm person. In heartrending tones the mother said, "This is my dear son, my gift, which I once received from the Saviour, and which I now give back to Him; He has taken him, and I will be content." The aunt stroked his face

with both hands, and said: "Kanortok anaussimine pivdluangarile!" i. e., May he be very blessed with his Saviour! Then she added: "Ah, how much we have lost in him, he was so obedient and so industrious!" This is quite true, as we can testify.

While I am writing, there comes sad news from Tornait. An amiable young man, twenty years of age, of whom we hoped and believed that he would become a faithful native-helper, has lost his life at sea. For lack of boat skins he never possessed a kayak until a short time ago. He was, nevertheless, indefatigable in fishing during the summer from the shore and in winter from the ice, and in shooting sea birds and seals. Last winter he fell through the ice, and was in great danger of losing his life. However, a boy who was with him threw him his angling line, by which he could drag himself up on to the ice. When the native-helper at Tornait died last spring, he inherited his kayak, and in a short time he was a so-called "great seal catcher." He soon clothed himself respectably, and the remaining skins were generously given to his poorer countrymen. He was nearly related to a woman living here. When she received the sad news, she cried: "O how sad that just this young man should have been drowned! He always cared for the poor. Widow Johanna and her five children at Tornait will specially miss him, for when they visited here at Christmas, she said of him: 'He cares as faithfully for me and my children as if he were my own son!'" Her lamentation closed with these words: "But we can believe that he is not dead, but has blessedly gone home; therefore we will be comforted in all this sorrow and contented with the will of God."

In this case, too, the family record shows a succession of such troubles. This youth's father perished at sea when his son was but two months old. The mother married again, only to lose her second husband by a like fate within a short time.

This picture of life in Greenland is indeed dark, yet it is not without its rays of heavenly light to alleviate the sorrow and dispel the gloom. Many marvellous instances of deliverance out of extreme peril attest the Fatherly care, which is never unmindful of the lonely Eskimo pursuing his life's calling amid the dangers of the deep. And, as is evident above, even when God permits lives so precious to be lost, amid the many perils the Greenlanders are obliged to brave. He grants the spirit of Christian resignation and trust to comfort and strengthen the hearts of the bereaved, now so directly dependent on His faithful providence and grace.—From *Periodical Accounts of the Moravian Mission*.

DO I—? A MORNING QUESTION FOR
1890.BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP RYLE, OF LIVER-
POOL.

I should like to go to heaven when I die. Perhaps I may die this very year. I sometimes wish that I had more religion. But wishing alone is of no use without doing. Now what am I doing about religion? Let me see?

1. *Do I Resist Sin?* I find sin is in my heart, and sin on all sides of me. I am daily tempted to do wrong. Now do I make an fight against sin, and strive to conquer it? Or do I float lazily down the stream?

2. *Do I Seek Christ?* He only can save my soul, and pardon my sins, and give me peace with God. But do I really go to Christ like one in earnest, cry to Him, call upon Him, put my whole trust in him, and beg him to save my soul?

3. *Do I Pray?* I must pray for the Holy Spirit, if I want to be a true Christian. But do I ever do this with heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, as if I must have an answer?

4. *Do I Read my Bible?* That Book was given to make me wise unto salvation, and to show me the way to heaven. I know that all good men and women love it, and live by it. But do I ever take any pains to know my Bible, and make time to search it?

5. *Do I Keep the Sabbath Holy?* That day was meant for the good of my soul as well as my body. I see that all real Christians are very strict about giving the day to God. But do I really use my Sundays as if I thought much about my soul?

6. *Do I try to get ready for another World?* I cannot stay here always. I must soon go. Hundreds of people, younger and stronger than I am, die every year. My turn may come next. Death, judgment, and eternity are all before me. In a short time I shall either be in heaven or in hell. But am I prepared to meet God? *Do I try?* Lord have mercy on me! Jesus, remember me! God be merciful to me a sinner!

The Rev. John McNeill closed his first service for children in Regent Square by teaching the children first to repeat and then to sing the following lines:—

Two little eyes look up to God,
Two little ears to hear His Word,
Two little feet to walk in his way,
Two little hands to serve Him each day,
One little tongue to speak His Truth,
One little heart to trust Him in youth.
Take them, O Lord, and let them be
Always obedient to Thee!"

EARNESTNESS,

Earnestness is contagious. Earnestness leaps over difficulties, with the prize in view. We have to contend, as we have seen, with widespread indifference; and earnestness will attract the half-closed eye of the indifferent, and rouse to sight, through action, Would that our churches were all in terrible earnest; all intensely alive! Silently as the leaven leavens the whole lump, so an earnest Church leavens the locality in which it works. Earnestness need not be noisy; the hottest coal fire burns without crackling; the earnest runner does not waste his strength in shouting to the spectators as he runs. We plead for the earnestness which is the moral condition of healthy spiritual life—the earnestness which flows from constant communion with God—the earnestness which can calmly look on the scene of continuous indifference, and gather from it strength to plead with men and plead for God; the earnestness which, like the river in its course, is fed by secret springs flowing from the "Throne of God and the Lamb."—*Rev. J. T. Wigner.*

KEEP YOURSELF OUT OF SIGHT.

A GENTLEMAN, with fishing-tackle and other necessary appliances, went forth to a stream, where he toiled all day and caught nothing. Toward afternoon he espied a little ragged urchin, with tackle of the most primitive order, nipping the fish out of the water with marvellous rapidity. Perfectly amazed, he watched the lad for a while, and then went and asked him if he could explain the reason why he was so successful, in spite of his meagre outfit, while the expensive apparatus could catch nothing. The boy promptly replied, "The fish'll no catch, sir, as long as ye dinna keep yersel' oot o' sight." Here is a suggestive lesson for "fishers of men." They may spend much care on style and rhetorical adornment, in all of which they may attract much attention to themselves, and yet utterly fail to win men to Christ. "Keep yourself out of sight"—the wisest advice that can be given—for only thus can the sinner be brought face to face with the Saviour. "For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."—*Selected.*

"The most precious of all possessions, is power over ourselves; power to withstand trial, to bear suffering, to front danger; power over pleasure and pain; power to follow our convictions, however resisted by menace and scorn; the power of calm reliance in scenes of darkness and storm."

THE PLACE OF REST.

Clouds that gather round my head
Seem the wings of God outspread ;
Hours of thought and worldly care
Full of sweetest comfort are ;
Words of bitterness and sneer
Fall like music on my ear.

Once I could not thus partake
Of each cup for Jesus' sake ;
But I learned one bitter day,
To look up and meekly say,
"Thy sweet will, dear Lord, not mine ;
Thy sweet will, and only Thine."

As the dear Christ on the sea
Hushed the billows, so to me
Did he speak, and gently say,
"Peace, be still ; my peace alway ;
And upon my soul he breathed,
I the peace of heaven received.

Like a quiet little child,
With Him to be meek and mild,
Day by day I love to take
All that comes for Jesus' sake.
On this thought my soul doth rest,
"God for me will do the best."

Oh, how easy now to see
All things are for good to me !
Pain or loss, or smile and cheer,
Christ in all is very dear ;
For my heart is whispering still,
"Thy sweet will, Lord, Thy sweet will."
—*King's Highway.*

THREE STAGES OF MISSION WORK.

Speaking generally, a mission-period falls into three stages, which, it is true, are neither sharply distinguished from each other nor have everywhere the same length of duration. The first stage is that of sending forth, strictly speaking, of the slow foundation work of the foreign missionaries, of individual conversion, of the initiation of a process of fermentation, of the impregnation of the intellectual and moral atmosphere with new views and elements of life. The second stage is that of the erection of a first story on the foundation laid, of the extended co-operation of the natives, of the organization of the growing congregation, of the leavening of the popular life with the forces of the gospel. The third stage is that of national Christianization in the stricter sense, the collapse of a heathenism already undermined, the winning of the masses. This mostly comes to pass as a result of important historical events, e.g., the acceptance of Christianity by reigning personages, etc.—*Allgemeine Missions Zeitschrift, September, 1889.*

TOWN OR COUNTRY.

It is a common belief that youths reared in the cities are at a great disadvantage, compared with those brought up in the country, especially in the matter of morals. The reasoning is that the city is so full of temptation and of so seductive a sort, and that children are so idle, that it is almost impossible for them to escape degradation. The good mother living in a quiet village or in the open country is thankful for nothing so much as that her boys are at a safe distance from the theatres and other places of questionable amusement, and a feeling of pity possesses her as she thinks of mothers, acquaintances, perhaps, of hers, whose boys are exposed to the metropolitan temptations. Her thought is not wholly incorrect, though she has an exaggerated notion of her sister's misfortune. The temptations, it is true, are many, and the victims of them form lists that make sad reading, but among people of average positions it is doubtful if the evil is greater than among corresponding classes in other situations. A larger percentage of young men is likely to be found in the city church than is the village one. Part of this is due to the fact that many from the latter have gone to the city, but even without these the statement is a true one. As many noble youths, also, grow up to take the fathers' places in homes of the city as away from it, and they carry into their mature lives as keen a sense of honor and as devout a religious spirit as their brothers who have had a rural training. Environment is very important, but there are boys who will be bad everywhere, whether city or country, and others who, with reasonable home culture and the nurture of right influences, can hardly fail to be of good habits and character. The young man who is being reared in a well ordered Christian home in the city is not an object of commiseration ; he at least lives on a level of advantage with his brother of the country town and hillside.—*United Presbyterian.*

"The public speaker who is sure of a cordial reception from his audience may consider half the battle won, but he who is either received with coolness or compelled to bear ruthless comment on his intentions may be excused for stage fright."

The drowning of girl-babies has at last been made penal in China. A cable dispatch says that the penalty of 60 blows of the bamboo will be enforced.

"THE FIELDS ARE WHITE."

Lift up your eyes - behold the task to which
The Master calls. Earth's fields the reap-
ers wait,
And lo much golden grain is bending now;
So low that fallen, soiled, and stained it lies
Because no hand has gleaned ! The harvests
ripe
Invite thy love, thy prayer thy toil. Before
Thine eyes and near thine hand the burden-
ed plains
Are spread. Thy zeal for souls, thine earn-
est zeal
He asks, who loved and lived and bled and
died
Salvation to secure for thee and thine.
The cost, so great, he freely paid; endured
The cross; despised the shame: so deep
the joy
He found in pain the travail of his soul
For sons of men—for thee !

And now he looks
To thee, and with a voice so tender, sweet
With truest love, he bids thee enter now
The open gates to gather sheaves for him.
Blood-purchased are these waiting fields and
soiled
His own with all the weight of crushing shame
He bore for thee and the n.

Thy *hand* he needs
To lift the grain, so soiled, defiled, and bruised
By error's feet, from out the mire and clay
Of cruel, hopeless, shameful, blighted sin.

Thy *heart* he needs, thy patient loyal heart,
So strong with love, so wholly lost to self
That for his sake no work of thine too hard
Shall seem, no day of toil too long
By light of which can still be seen one grain—
One soul unsaved.

Thy *brain* he needs, to think
And plain how best for him to speak and do,
So not one grain be lost from careless search.
For priceless is *one* soul to love divine
Of Christ, our Lord, who died for you and
them !

'Tis for the *one* he seeks, both night and day,
With eager, anxious, throbbing heart; so glad
To hold once more the grain "which once
was lost,"

And from the seraph and cherubic choirs
There rolls the deep, triumphant flood of
praise—

As halleluiahs from the minstrel hosts,
White robed and glory crowned, proclaim
the joy
Which fills the soul of heav'n when *one* is
found !

Thy *wealth* he needs. 'Tis his, though lent
to thee,

A little while to use for him. From thee
He asks his own ! As steward of his gold,
'Tis thine with willing hand to open wide
The doors, that from his stores, lend thee,
may pour

His silver and his gold, the hire of those
Who reap where thou dost not—the rightful
hire

Now asked of thee, since thou, thyself, at
home

In rest and ease and peace dost stay, and
they

Thy place must fill; as 'neath the burning heat
Of Afric's torrid sun and India's plains.

Or from the harvests dense of Chiu's fields
They seek to reap for Christ the precious
grain;

Or from the sea girt isles the flowers sweet,
For him who died thy soul to save, they cull.

Thy hand, thy heart, thy brain, thy wealth
he needs

To-day ! Thy hand to reap, thy heart to love,
Thy brain to plan, thy wealth to cleave the
way

Through forests dark and jungles deep, and
o'er

The storm-tossed wave to sreed his mission
band,

"His reapers," on to fields as yet unreaped—
Where harvests rich lie waiting for their toil.

The day is *now*, the day in which for Christ
All labor must be done. Too soon the night
Comes on when toil must cease, and what
is then

Ungleaned fore'er must lie ungleaned and
lost !

—Selected.

"When Mrs. Ryland was dying she was
in great darkness of soul. Her quaint hus-
band, John Ryland, went to her bedside,
and said to her, "You are going to heaven,
my dear." "No," cried she, "I am going
down to hell." "And what will you do
when you get there? Do you think you
will pray there?" She replied, "I am sure
I shall pray as long as I exist." "Why
then," said her husband, "if you pray in
hell they will say, 'Here is praying Betty
Ryland come here; we cannot have praying
people here, turn her out.'" It is impossible
for a praying soul to be lost; for a praying
soul has a measure of faith, and faith saves.
A praying heart is a token that for you there
is day coming, and not night.

Ruskin says, "It is advisable that a man
should know at least three things: First,
where he is; secondly, where he is going;
thirdly, what he had best do under the cir-
cumstances.