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

# THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

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HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

### Literary Notices.

THE PRESBYTERIAN AND REFORMED REVIEW for July. We gave notice of this excellent quarterly in last issue and again call attention to it. The contents of the last issue are (1) Recent Discussions in Materialism,—(2) Christ the High Priest of the World, by Prof. Woodbridge; (3) Jonathan Edwards as a Naturalist, by Henry C. McCook; (4) The Author of Robinson Crusoe, by Dean James D. Murray; (5) Recent Works on Kant, by President McCosh; (6) What is Animal Life, by Sir William Dawson, Profs. Shedd, W. B. Scott, John Dewey and John DeWitt; (8) Historical and Critical Notes, by Samuel H. Kellogg, David G. Wylie, Profs. David C. Marquis and John DeWitt; (8) Editorial Note, by Talbot W. Chambers, Prof. Warfield; (9) Reviews of Recent Theological Literature. Price \$3 00 per year, 50 cents per number. Anson Randolph & Co., New York, or the Presbyterian News Co., Toronto.

SCRIBNERS MAGAZINE for August opens with a profusely illustrated article on Paris of the olden time, entitled "The Paris of the three Musketeers." Another very interesting illustrated article is "How Stanley wrote his book" giving a delicious glimpse into the work of the great explorer. The remainder of this month's issue is largely serial and continued stories, light reading, like light clothing, no doubt, intended for the hot weather. Price 25 cents a number, \$3.00 a year. Charles Scribners' Sons, New York.

COLIGNY COLLEGE, OTTAWA, for the education of young ladies French and English. This institution is owned and managed by the Board of French Evangelization. The buildings are admirably adapted for educational purposes. The aim is to give young women a thorough Christian education in French and English, at a moderate cost. Every opportunity will be furnished to English pupils, both by daily conversation and instruction in classes, to acquire a full knowledge of French, which will be chiefly, while not exclusively, the language used by the residents of the institution. It is hoped that thus all pretexts for Protestants parents sending their daughters to convents will be removed.

The College will open on Tuesday, September 16th, 1890, at ten o'clock, a. m. The Session will consist of three terms—the first of fourteen weeks, and the second and third of twelve weeks each.—Terms moderate. All applications for information or otherwise should be addressed to Rev. Dr. Warden, 198 St. James St. Montreal.

### YOU CAN KEEP IT.

We mean the Sabbath. There has been debate of late as to whether the Sabbath, as we have known it, is going or has gone from among us. We do not share the views of those who think the Sabbath has disappeared. We know there is much Sabbath desecration. We mourn over it. But it would not be true to put us down as a Sabbath-breaking nation. There is yet a difference, and a wide one, between our Sundays and the other days of the week.

But all this apart. The point we wish to press here is all that it lies in every individual's power to keep the Sabbath holy. The Sunday newspaper is published, but you do not need to read it. The Sunday excursion is advertised, but you are not compelled to go upon it. Your neighbor may employ the day in looking over business accounts, but that does not affect the question of your duty. He may spend it in idleness at home, or in the entertainment of friends, but that does not close the church-doors for you. Indeed, if these things are as they are, it is so much the more reason why you, who believe in the sacredness of the Sabbath, should be more than ever scrupulous to keep it holy.

We are in hearty sympathy with every effort that is made to secure man's legal right to his rest day. We would use every available mode to spread sound views as to the sacredness of the Sabbath, and the resulting blessing if it is properly observed. And then—and this is our point here—we would urge upon the individual his own duty and privilege. Whatever may be true in the community at large, your own duty is clear. Whatever may be the prevalent demoralization, you need not allow yourself in its current. You have the church; you have the Bible; you can have your hour of retirement with God. In the public services of religion, and in the privacy of your own home, you can pass the day—resting according to the commandment.

It is just here that much may be done to establish and perpetuate sound principles. Every Sabbath-keeping individual is a strong argument in favor of the proper observance of the day of rest; and so, and if possible, with increased intensity, is every Sabbath-keeping family. You can help to multiply such arguments. The command is, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." You can obey the command.—*Illus. Chris Weekly.*

# THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

No 9.

The development of our mission work in Trinidad may soon make necessary the appointment of another lady teacher. It is requested that any such who may be thinking of that work will communicate at once with Rev. P. M. Morrison, Halifax, the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Committee, so that if a teacher is appointed to go out this autumn there may be no unnecessary delay.

A grand forward movement is proposed in the New Hebrides, more especially, with regard to the island of Santo. A gentleman in Victoria, Australia, has bequeathed about sixty thousand dollars to the Foreign Mission Fund of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria, and enabled them to devise large things in their mission work in the New Hebrides.

Mr. Annand writes under date June 19th: "There is now a new plan proposed. Victoria proposes to occupy Santo and provide a steam launch for working it and Malekula largely by teachers and their own men."

Dr. Steele writes under date 5th July: "It is proposed to establish three missionaries on the island of Santo to be pioneered by the Rev. D. McDonald of Havannah Harbour. This is indeed a forward movement."

A most interesting article on the New Hebrides from the Melbourne *Argus* is given on another page of this issue. It shows the commercial capabilities of the islands. Shows that there are now 18 missionaries on the group and two more expected before the end of the year. Thus the whole group will be, with the aid of native teachers, pretty well occupied.

Mr. Annand is to have two fellow laborers in the Island of Santo, Mr. A. H. McDon-

ald and Mr. Shanks. This largest island of the group, called by the old navigators, the island of the Holy Spirit, "Espiritu Santo" with its darkness, heathenism and sin, will, we trust soon be indeed the land of the Holy Spirit.

That a christian business man, may, by his influence and work do much for Christ, is seen in the Report from St. Lucia given on another page. Mr. Cropper who writes it, and who is the unpaid lay agent of the mission, has always taken a deep interest in the welfare of the Indian immigrants. Through his representations a catechist was sent from Trinidad, and the progress of the work is seen from the report itself. If in all lands where traders and business men come into contact with he thenism such a work were done what a sight would the world present to day.

To add interest to the excellent report from St. Lucia which is found on another page, we give some facts with regard to St. Lucia. It was discovered by Columbus in 1502. It is 42 miles in length and 21 miles in width. Originally inhabited by Caribs, it was settled by the English in 1659. After many alternations of possession by English and French, sometimes by force, sometimes by treaty, it was finally restored to Britain in 1803. Its scenery is mingled mountain, valley and forest. Its total population is upwards of 40,000, Castries its capital, has over 5,000. It is part of the general government of the Windward Isles. It exports are sugar and cocoa. The East Indians have been brought here as well as to Trinidad to labor on the estates.

The past few months and those to follow will, if expectations are realized, be a mark-

ed era in the history of the New Hebrides. And a fitting time it is for such an era, the Jubilee year of the Mission. The group brought into regular steam communication with the outside world. All the islands brought within the sphere of missionary influence and effort, a brighter day dawning. In this is fulfilled an old proverb which speaks of the darkest hour before the dawn. Two or three years since, with its threatened French occupation, was one of the darkest periods for many years in the history of the mission, the present is one of the brightest. It is indeed a jubilee.

Mr. Annand, writing under date June 12, says, "We are now at our old home at Anelcahut, Aneityum, attending Synod. Mrs. Annand is also here. There are ten members of Synod present and three delegates from Australia. We had a delightful voyage from Santo, the weather being fine."

We would like to call special attention to the paper by Mr. R. A. Falconer, on "How to prepare the Sabbath School Lesson." At the earnest request of those who heard it he consented to give it for publication. As to its excellence, "taste and see."

Y. M. C. A.

#### TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The Maritime Convention of the Y. M. C. A. hold its twenty-fifth annual meeting in New-Glasgow from the seventh to the tenth of August. The attendance was good and a deep interest manifested. Visiting brethren, Mr. Hague of the International Committee, Mr. Budge, general secretary of Montreal Y. M. C. A. and Dr. Kelly of Montreal, made a most favorable impression. Their visit will no doubt be followed by good.

Our great change that has during recent years come over the work of the Y. M. C. A. is, that while some time ago their aim was to do general evangelistic work, it is now wholly centred on definite work for young men. This is really no revolution in the object of the Y. M. C. A., but a return

to the object for which it was first started by Williams in London many years ago. In accordance with this idea the Association make their plans for young men, hold their meetings for young men, and, while they do what they can for others along the line of other organizations, their work in the Association is for young men. This is well, and along this line will their work yield its richest results. The field is wide, giving scope to the widest energies of the Christian young men of our time.

An additional element in the work for young men that is coming prominently to the front is, that young men should be looked after when very young, and consequently, they are turning their attention more to the boys. Boys work or work for young men when very young, is becoming an increasing factor in Association work.

A third point noticeable in the work of the Convention was the increasing prominence given to the physical training of young men, and the necessity for bringing the physical exercises and culture of young men, their games and sports, so far as these are right, under Christian influence, so that this physical culture instead of being as it often is a means of leading the young astray, may be a means of bringing them under Christian influence and associations.

After a stirring meeting in United Church on Sabbath evening, the Convention was brought to a close by singing with clasped hands "Blest be the tie that binds, &c." and adjourned to meet next year at Truro.

#### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

##### FIRST MARITIME CONVENTION.

The First Annual Maritime Convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor met in Prince St. Church, Pictou, from the 13th to the 15th of August. There were about 240 delegates present. Looking over the convention two things were noticeable, viz.: the large attendance of ministers, and the large proportion of young women. This shows two things with regard to the Society. (1) That the ministers take a deep interest in its working. (2) That the ten-

dency of the Society is to bring the young women more to the front, and lead them to take a more active part in the work of the church.

Rev. Mr. Clark, of Boston, the father of the Society, was present, and added much to the interest and usefulness of the gathering. The exercises of the convention consisted chiefly in papers and addresses, which were, for the most part, very good. Perhaps better results might have been attained in the way of bringing out the work, and best methods of work, of the Christian Endeavour Society had a larger proportion of the time been devoted to discussion.

There can be no doubt of the benefit of the individual society to the young people of the individual congregation. It is a question to be solved by the future, how far local and provincial and world wide unions and conventions will do good. The tendency will be to more complete organization on a large scale, and may thus tend to defeat in some measure the very end for which the Society was founded, to cultivate loyalty to the individual church.

May the guidance and blessing of God be given to the earnest efforts of the young people in working out their own motto, "For Christ and the Church."

### Maritime Notes,

Rev. J. F. Smith was inducted into the pastorate of Grove Church, Richmond, Halifax, July 31st.

The annual meeting of the Halifax Presbyterian W. F. M. S. will be held in the Presbyterian Church, Kentville, on Wednesday, Sept. 3rd, at 2 o'clock.

Rev. Godfrey Shore was inducted into the pastorate charge of Carleton St. (West End) Presbyterian Church St. John, N. B., August 12.

The annual meeting of the Pictou Presbyterian W. F. M. S. will be held in Prince St. Hall, Pictou, Sept. 4th, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Grant of Trinidad and Miss. Cope land will be present.

At Shubenacadie on the 25th July Mr. and Mrs. Henry celebrated their silver wedding. A large gathering, including a number of the neighboring ministers, was present to rejoice with them that did rejoice.

Rev. K. J. Grant accompanied by Rev. H. McLean of Lochaber, has been holding a most interesting series of meetings in Cape Breton, meeting everywhere with a warm welcome and stirring up a deep interest in the work in Trinidad.

A Sabbath school conference was held at Lochaber, July 22nd. The morning and afternoon sessions were spent in reading and discussing papers on various aspects of S. S. work, while in the evening a large audience listened with deep interest to Rev. K. J. Grant on his work in Trinidad.

The new Sharon Church was opened at Stelarton on Sabbath, Aug. 17. Rev. A. J. Mowatt, their first pastor, preached in the morning, and Rev. T. Cumming, their second pastor, in the evening. The large and beautiful church well filled at both services. The history of the congregation has been one of steady progress by a band of stable, earnest, Christian people.

On the 27th July the Presbytery of Pictou met at Union Centre for visitation. Mr. K. J. Grant preached as he had done the previous day at Glenelg. The condition of the congregation as shown by the replies to the questions was most satisfactory. Prayer-meetings and Sabbath-Schools are well maintained throughout the congregation, all financial obligation promptly met, and the schemes of the church liberally supported.

The Presbytery of Pictou visited the congregation of Glenelg on Wednesday, July 23. Missionary work was combined with the visitation, for Rev. K. J. Grant preached and spoke on mission work in Trinidad. The answers to the question of Presbytery showed the congregation to be in a prosperous condition. There is no debt, financial obligations are promptly met and the schemes of the church supported with fair liberality. Prayer-meetings and Sabbath-schools are maintained in the different sections of the congregation.

We commend the following extract most heartily to the attention of all our readers:

If laymen knew how much help they can give the pastor by listening properly, they would be surprised. One hearer who closes his eyes and drops his head, or gazes listlessly about the room during the sermon, may seriously embarrass the preacher and spoil a good sermon. The hearer who uses his eyes as well as his ears to drink in the message, and by his whole countenance and attitude manifests deep interest in the word preached, is a valuable assistant to the oft-discouraged pastor."

## New Hebrides.

### LETTER FROM MR. ANNAND.

SANTO, May 3, 1890.

Dear Mr. Morrison:

Yours of the 23rd January was received last mail. It is such a change for us to get our mails so frequently. Were we depending upon the old Dayspring, as formerly, we would not be expecting for two or three weeks yet. As it is we have had four mails already this year and a fifth due next week. Time seems to pass more quickly than formerly. We like the steamer arrangements very well. We propose taking a voyage to Aneityum to Synod meeting in the beginning of June. Thanks for attending to matters of which I wrote. As for specials sent I will acknowledge most of them to the donors direct.

The news items sent us we read with much pleasure. Progress all along the line is cheering news. Not so is the report of Dr. Lyall's death after all his years of labor for his church and country. However he is all right now. No more sorrow nor sighing. The depths of philosophy may now all be made plain to him. And Judge James, good man, is gone. I once attended a Bible-class of his in Poplar Grove Church and received benefit therefrom.

I see that Pine Hill is becoming too small for the school of the prophets. Let them go to the Jordan and cut down trees to enlarge, or build anew.

Our prospects of one more laborer in the New Hebrides this year are good. Poor Mr. Shank's loss of his young wife as they were about to leave Scotland, deprives us of his services for a time at least. Mr. A. H. McDonald is expected back to the islands again this month. So also are Mr. and Mrs. Robertson.

#### A NATIVE FEAST.

This is Saturday evening and this afternoon I spent attending a feast at the village trying to learn something more of their ways, their pleasures and customs. This was a feast in dedication of a new house, also as payment to those who helped build it.

Shall I try to give you some idea of what was done? The house was finished and occupied nearly a year ago, but the feast was postponed until the yam was abundant.

Due notice was given a day or two ago that such was to take place. Yesterday the people were again reminded of the fact and their duty thereto by the blowing of a trumpet shell. This warning voice bade them all go and dig a load of their best yam and bring them home, for all the people must help

make the feast. No one man has enough yam for such an occasion. This morning cooking began and continued till about three o'clock. By that time every man and boy in the village as well as all the visitors had each been presented with a yam and coconut pudding, big enough for a dinner for six men.

After all had been thus served the remaining yams were carried to the public square. Also some fifteen or twenty small pigs were brought and a small dress mat from each and all present.

Then the ceremony of distribution began. For this purpose the village is divided into four sections and each section has a part assigned it, then every male of that section has his portion laid out. Over a ton of yam is lying arranged for the recipients. All this being completed the trumpet-shell again sounds, and each portion is picked up and carried to the feet of him for whom intended. The principal men only receive the pigs, but all receive a mat each with their yam. I being a spectator to-day I heard the chief giving an order for a portion for the "white one"; so by and bye a pile of yam and a mat were laid at my feet as my share of the feast.

My observations to-day lead me to think that such a system of feasting does not impoverish the man who makes it much if any more than those who participate in it. There is a general mixing and exchanging of food, but each man gets back much the same as what he gave. I had given nothing for my share received, but I may yet have a reminder that something would be very acceptable to the master of the feast. There does not appear to be any evil connected with this style of making a holiday and it helps to cheer and enliven the life of those who do not have very many luxuries.

To-morrow I shall bring before them another feast for the spiritual nature of man, and urge upon them the duty and privilege of coming to it. By attending the feast this afternoon I got an invitation to renew the services at the mainland village where I went for a number of weeks, and finally lost all my audience. They all were absent on Sunday, because some heathenism was to be performed in a few weeks. They saw that the gospel and their paganism were not consistent with one another, so they ran away from the worship. Now, however, that their ceremonies are over for a time I am asked to renew the services, which I shall gladly do.

#### INCIDENTS.

All is not rose-colored in our work. Some time ago I may have mentioned the name of a young man living with us who was doing remarkably well for a heathen lad. "Bati"

was my best scholar and proved quite a help to me in the language. When the heathen dancing began on the mainland the temptation was too great for him so he ran off and took part. Twice he returned after a night and a day's revelry, but then he asked for his pay as he did not wish to stay longer on the Station.

Two weeks ago he stole his brother's wife and ran off to an inland village, leaving his own wife behind. Now I am told that he has sent word back that he will return and give up the woman if the people here will pay him some pigs. (How is that for justice?) Very probably after a few weeks he will be paid to return and give up the woman.

A couple of months ago a man in the village stole another man's wife, and the matter was settled by paying the thief three pigs for the woman. A successful thief is a profitable thing, when unsuccessful, trouble and loss follow the attempt. It is somewhat hard to understand their principles of action. They often act from impulse instead of from principles and in their case the former appears the more correct ground of action.

We are both very well. With united love to Mrs. Morrison, yourself and family,  
I am yours faithfully.

J. ANNAND.

#### SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

One of the greatest hindrances to our mission work in the South Seas is the so called "labor traffic" which is carried on there, and which is one of the most cruel forms of slavery. The traffic is this. The sugar planters in Queensland, Australia, and in Fiji want cheap labor for their plantations, and vessels are sent to get laborers called "kanakas" from the Islands wherever they can be obtained. In theory it is a free contract, the laborers engaging to serve for a period of three years in Queensland, for a certain rate of wages, and to be sent back to their own island at the end of that time. In practice, it is a system of kidnapping and cruelty worthy of the darkest days of the slave trade. Men and women, especially young men, are enticed, captured, by fair means or foul, from their own islands, carried to Queensland, where amid all manner of cruelty and hardship they are compelled to

toil. Many of them die of their ill treatment before the end of three years, and this is profitable for the planter as it saves him paying the wages and sending the laborer back to his home.

Some six years ago the crew of a labor ship named the *Hopeful* were guilty of a series of great atrocities and murders. Some of them were imprisoned, and now after serving a few years a large petition has been presented in their favor and they have been released.

Our missionaries complain bitterly of the carrying away of so many of the young men, and earnest efforts have been made to induce the governments of Queensland and of Britain to put a stop to this legalized slavery which is one of the darkest blots on the nation's honor. The Queensland government decided to stop the traffic in 1890, but so great is the pressure brought to bear upon it by the planters and others that the prospects are not encouraging.

Rev. John G. Paton, one of the missionaries in the New Hebrides, now agent in Australia for the mission, writes the following letter to the *British Weekly*.

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

May 20, 1890.

SIR.—Let me cordially thank you for bringing my article on the above subject before the many readers of your excellent paper; for I have long thought that if the British public knew the real character and constantly-occurring atrocities of this traffic in men and women to supply cheap labour for the sugar plantations in Queensland at fourpence a day and for Fiji at twopence per day, for which work they would have to pay white men from five to eight shillings per day, the friends of humanity and the enemies of slavery would long ago have done all possible to get it suppressed, as the only effectual prevention of its many evils. On returning from a long mission tour, I am, indeed, glad to see that it has led to some correspondence, in replying to which I have another opportunity of exposing its crimes and pleading for its suppression by the Imperial Government, as it is a sad, dark stain on our British honour.

ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Mr. J. E. Teall, of the Anti-Slavery Society, says:—"The New-Hebrides, I be-

lieve, are now either occupied by the French or under the protection of France."

It gives no pleasure to inform all that as yet the group is neither occupied by the French nor under their protection; and for the sake of our islanders and Australasia, I hope it never will belong to France. A few French settlers, ex-pees, and ticket-of-leave convicts from Noumea are there as traders and planters; and apparently what France failed to accomplish there by her military occupation and soldiers and New Hebrides French Company, she is now trying to do by the Romish priests ("Miri-t Fathers") she has placed there as her political agents: for her men-of-war regularly supply their wants, France made strong objections to Mr. Romily living on the New Hebrides as H. M. Consul or Commissioner and he has been withdrawn; yet, by her priests and agents, she is doing all possible unchecked in her own interests. A joint Commission of English and French men-of-war now administer punishment to the islanders for any crimes they commit on white men, though generally committed under great provocation, which, as far as possible, is concealed or made light of by the white men. They have no rights in common with white men; and from their cruel, oppressive treatment, the wonder is that they do not murder every labour collector they get at. If similarly abused our countrymen would do so, and the world would support and praise them for it.

#### WITNESSES ON THE FIELD.

I shall here give a copy of the resolution regarding this traffic unanimously passed by the thirteen Presbyterian ministers who composed our last Mission Synod, and who, residing as missionaries on the islands, know well its character and doings there:—

"Mission Church, Kwamera, Tanna, New Hebrides, July 6, 1889.

"Which day the Mission Synod met, and was duly constituted. *Inter alia*, it was agreed:

"Whereas the Kanaka Labour Traffic has, to a large extent, depopulated the New Hebrides and adjoining islands, upset family relations among the natives, and has been, and is, the cause of much sorrow, suffering, and bloodshed among them on the islands, and in Queensland and the other colonies, owing to their altered circumstances in life, food, long hours, and incessant labour on the sugar plantations, &c.; which led the humane Government of Sir Samuel Griffiths in Queensland to resolve that the recruiting should cease in A. D., 1890: and whereas in the report of the recent 'Sugar Commission' of Queensland it is said, 'We declare it our

opinion that if all coloured labour be withdrawn from the plantations, the extinction of the sugar industry must speedily follow, and we, therefore, recommend that the introduction of Polynesian labour be permitted to continue at all events for some years longer than the period now limited, for the purpose of developing tropical agriculture and fruit growing in the northern districts': as this traffic has been an unmitigated evil to the islanders, the New Hebrides Mission Synod respectfully and urgently implores the Queensland Government to let this traffic terminate as resolved by the late Government, and on no consideration to continue a traffic so steeped in deception, immorality, bloodshed, and suffering, and on which Heaven's blessing cannot rest."

#### FRESH HORRORS.

When we were at that meeting of Synod on Tanna, in July last, on the Sabbath Day, a Queensland labour vessel called, and as usual sent two boats on shore; there, before many of us missionaries, the Government agent of the vessel, an old man, came up to the Mission House, and voluntarily assured the resident missionary there that they were not going to take away any Kanakas as recruits that day, after which his boats left, empty of natives, and disappeared. Thus thrown off their guard the natives entered the church for a religious service; and when it was over, great excitement and grief were caused when it was discovered that the same agent and boats had got a number of lads away while we were in the church. The boats had come in near some rocks which hid them from view, and by some inducement got hold of the lads. All engaged in this traffic are so accustomed to deceive and falsify, that we doubt if one man in its vitiating work speaks the truth.

I have just had a letter from an elder of my church on Aniwa, expressing great grief at a Queensland vessel having called and, by some means, got away four young men and a young widow, leaving her two little children unprotected and unprovided for. They plead with me if possible to get them all sent back to the island; but after falling into the hands of those in this traffic, there is no rescuing of any from their sham engagements, except by death, or the termination of their three years' work by the few who live to complete it. And, if able for further work, every inducement possible is used to retain them for work in Queensland.

As to those who return to the islands, though the returning vessel is under a heavy penalty by the Queensland law if they fail to land them on their own island among their own people, yet they are often landed

on islands near their own, or on their own among savages, or enemies of their own people, whereby many of them have been murdered, and the little property they brought with them divided among their murderers.

A short time ago, when in Queensland, I saw a steamer sent by the Government to return and land a number of Kanakas on their own islands and among their own people, and I was told that she was under a heavy penalty if all were not so landed. Yet, on my return to the islands, I found that the steamer had landed a large number of them on Aniwa, from sixteen to twenty miles away from their own land and people on Tanna; and there they had to remain a burden on my poor Aniwans, till they could all be taken to their homes by the mission vessel. Of course, in this case, as in all the vessels examined by the Royal Commission at first, on returning to Queensland, the ship's company solemnly declared that they had fulfilled strictly every requirement of the law.

#### WORSE THAN SLAVERY.

I have always held that this traffic is worse than real slavery. The slave is the property of his master, who from self-interest, will generally treat him kindly, so as to get all the years' labour he can out of him; but if the Kanaka is wrought to death on the sugar plantations, within the so-called three years' engagement, the employer has only to make his fellow islanders bury him like a dog, and get others to occupy his place. Some years ago France had given up this traffic because of its atrocity, but a recent telegram informs us that they have resolved to resume collecting labour on the New Hebrides for their own use and work. No doubt as our British colonies have continued it so long, they now also wish to get all the profit possible from such excellent cheap labour.

Thus, with our New Hebrides now left as a hunting-ground for the labour collectors (—slavers), English, French, German, and American, alas for the remaining poor islanders! Depopulation and misery will follow more and more rapidly to enrich the sugar-planters, the collectors, and the shipowners, but the Divine blessing cannot rest on such a traffic, nor has it rested on the blood-stained fortunes made by it, and so steeped in vice and human suffering both on the islands and in our colonies. It is a disgrace to humanity, and especially to Britain, which has done so much to suppress slavery.

#### PERSONAL INCIDENTS.

I have seen white men in their boats taking Kanakas to a labour-vessel, and by force lifting them on board, and when they tried

to leap overboard to swim on shore, they were knocked down again and again on deck till they lay stupefied, and were so taken out to sea.

I have been on board a Queensland labour-vessel which had there all the stout Kanakas being taken away, and likely to escape or give any trouble, all fastened under irons; and that vessel shortly before that, by the men in her boats, had shot an Errromaungau chief dead, while binding and taking his daughter away by force; they also shot one of his men who attempted to protect her, after which they handed her over to the agent to take to the ship; and the same boat returned on shore that day, and shot dead one of our Christian native teachers because they could not drag him into their boat and take him away.

When such vessels are in port, or near the shore, I have often seen the white men in them keeping guard over the natives being taken away, with muskets and revolvers ready to shoot any who would attempt to escape; and yet all so taken away are got into Queensland or Fiji as free labourers, voluntarily seeking work on the sugar plantations. We have reported all the above cases, and many, many more to our colonial British authorities; and our letters have been published in the colonies, with many from others also regarding the shocking deeds of this traffic, which nevertheless continues. The planters and Sugar Commission, pleading for its continuance, are evidently ready in self-interest to cloak all its crimes.

#### CRIMES CONCEALED.

It is only now and again that a case like Dr. Murray's with his ship's company butchering so many, and such kidnapping and murders as by the crew of the *Hopeful*, are brought to light; yet all colonists know that the whole history of this traffic is steeped in cruelty and bloodshed, as now and again chronicled in our newspapers. But all the interested parties, especially the planters and collectors, screen as far as possible the character of the traffic, and themselves from punishment, by concealing all the crimes practised in it, as generally all on board are equally involved in them. And when prosecution has followed, in some glaring cases, it has been very difficult to get a colonial jury to convict on the clearest evidence; and, generally, those found guilty and imprisoned for the worst of crimes, have by the petitioning and influence of sympathisers, or by some supposed flaw in the case, been set at liberty, to find their way back to their shocking work in the labour vessels on the islands.

## MURDERERS RELIEVED,

Self-interest, and the money made by this traffic, has caused such sympathy with the collectors that very many in our colony are ready to forgive any evil, even the most dreadful murders, as in the case of the *Hopeful*. A short time ago, the largest petition ever got up in Queensland, with 28,000 signatures, was presented to the Governor in Council there, to get all the kidnapers and murderers of the *Hopeful* pardoned and set free from the punishment they were undergoing. At the last Parliamentary election in Queensland a popular test question put to each candidate was if they would vote for the release of the prisoners of the *Hopeful*. The Governor has granted all a free pardon, and they were set at liberty on February 20, 1890. And so great was the enthusiasm of their sympathisers that they proposed to get up a grand banquet for them on their release; but better judgment prevented this. As the *Melbourne Argus* advised, "Let the pardoned men seek obscurity and be thankful." No doubt they will soon be with congenial company, and employed in the Kanaka labour vessels again on the islands. The traders and petitioners knew they were too valuable helpers to be longer left in prison. Every possible effort is now being made in Queensland to have this traffic continued.

## ADDITIONAL TESTIMONIES.

On the highest and most reliable authority let me make known a little more of the atrocities of this traffic.

Near East Cape, New Guinea, natives took from the boat, goods that were laid out for them, and bolted to the bush. The white men followed, and thirty eight natives were shot.

At Teste Island twenty-one natives tried to escape by swimming on shore; two were drowned in the attempt, and one, a woman who had been taken from her husband, escaped, but had a wound on her head, as inflicted by one of the quasi-interpreters with a tomahawk, on his own admission. Again, a labour vessel succeeded in obtaining several recruits. Among them were two young men—brothers. Their mother came down to the boat, and begged one of them to remain; but the man in charge told Alex to catch her. Alex jumped on shore, and struck the unfortunate woman with the back of a tomahawk and knocked her down, then picked her up, and threw her into the boat.

At Bently Bay, a boy and woman were captured when the natives were holding a feast; the boats of the vessel also pillaged and burned the village.

At another place rifles were used to make

the natives go on board a labour vessel, but they ran away, and the crew of the vessel fired at them from the boats, and several women were killed. At Normandy Island, the natives came off in large canoes to trade, and when alongside were fired upon. This led the natives in terror to crowd to the one side of the canoe, by which they capsized it, and swam for the shore; but the vessel's boats chased them with the result that nine were taken alive, and three shot dead.

At Harris Island a native was shot dead because the white men were angry with the natives for asking too much trade. The canoe then made off, but the labour vessel chased it, caught it, and took the remaining six natives on board the vessel, and kept them there. One of them died from being wounded. The colony of Queensland and its planters may deny that they are responsible for such crimes, but they license the labour vessels to collect the labour, and no matter how got, they are all eagerly engaged in Queensland for plantation work, and if they were not so employed in our colonies there would be no collecting and no such atrocities on the islands, and as long as this sad traffic is not suppressed by law, I fear God will hold Britain and Queensland responsible for all its crimes, and reckon with them in retributive justice for all the bloodshed and for all the evils of this traffic in men and women.

## THE PRESS ON BLACKBIRDING. \*

One of our best papers, the *Melbourne Daily Telegraph*, February 21, 1890, in a leader, puts it thus—"Blackbirding in the South Pacific. A blot on the national escutcheon."

"Some of the reddest-handed murderers who ever cut a throat have been released from the Queensland gaols, and that with the Queen's pardon. The news strikes with a dull, sickening blow on the national conscience. The villainous authors of the *Hopeful* atrocities have had their gyves struck off, and have been restored to the companionship of honest men. The horrible facts which set the blood of all Australia tingling occurred in 1884, now nearly six years ago. It is no exaggeration to say that no story of piracy ever published, of the most abandoned and remorseless who ever trod a deck, exceeded in cold-blooded and heartless brutality the crimes of which this *Hopeful* crew were found guilty. We have republished a short synopsis of their hellish doings, for the purpose of letting our readers see what sort of men they are whom the Queensland Governor in Council has released.

The active spirit in the *Hopeful* was a wretch named Neil McNeil, who occupied the dual post of recruiting agent and second

mate of the vessel. The business of the *Hopeful* was to trade on the New Guinea coast, and carry off as many coolies as she could obtain for the Queensland sugar plantations. Really the *Hopeful* was a slaver under a thin guise. And no slaver among the worst of the thousands who in the bad old times trafficked in black human bodies on the West Coast of Africa, was ever maned by a more fiendish and remorseless crew.

On a June morning, four or five canoes came off to trade in all simplicity. They were black pagan savages; the schooner's men were white ostensible Christians, but savages still, such as Hamlet would have described as 'bloody, bawdy villains, remorseless, lecherous, treacherous, kindless villains.' An eye-witness says the schooner's boats were lowered to meet the canoes. McNeil said to him, 'We are going to round them up.' The boats were armed with Snider rifles and pouches. The canoes fled for the shore. The boats got alongside a small canoe, when a boy took up a paddle. McNeil put his rifle to his shoulder, and the man with the paddle fell dead; and he called Williams, his boatswain, to pick up the swimmers, and six were so captured. One swam for the shore and Williams shot him in the back of his head.

The boats returned to the vessel with the other islanders, and the *Hopeful* sailed for other islands to repeat her frightful career of cruelty and bloodshed. Yet by one of the largest petitions ever got up in Queensland, to the Governor in Council, praying for the release of those unmitigated ruffians, the prisoners are set at liberty. We venture to say that no such miscarriage of justice ever before occurred in any part of Australia. There is no iota of palliating circumstance connected with it. The crimes were no outburst of insanity, but a long series of diabolical deeds, with greed as their motive, and robbery and murder as the means. These men fit out a ship to steal men's bodies, and slaughter scores to accomplish their ends. They serve six years in gaol, and have now obtained the Queen's pardon, at the bidding of a popular clamour,

The whole incident is intensely demoralising. The blood of the offenceless and defenceless black men will smoke up before high Heaven in protest against the iniquity of their release.

Oh, that our British authorities would suppress this traffic, over which we weep and mourn and protest! It cannot be regulated, it must be suppressed to stop its shocking crimes, and free us and Britain from responsibility. Entreating the sympathy and help of all the enemies of slavery.

JOHN G. PATON.

#### A DAUGHTER'S INFLUENCE.

So much has been written in this world about a mother's influence, and rightly too—for there is no love like hers, no nature so self-sacrificing, no one so surely who care for us in quite the devoted way that she does, consequently her influence over us is great.

But the daughter? Did you ever stop to think of the many quiet, sweet lives hidden away, whose influence may not radiate far beyond the home circle? But just there, what a power for good they are! The mother, how naturally she turns to her for companionship, comfort and sympathy. The brothers, what a grand opportunity to win their regard, their love. "'Tis said we are born brothers and sisters, but love and affection we must win," as much in our own homes as we do abroad. How full of all charitableness, uprightness, truthfulness and integrity she should be.

How often have I heard girls whose lives are shielded and protected, have pleasant bright homes, say that they are disgusted with life; it is not worth the living, etc., the results, perhaps, of some annoyance, loss or disappointment. How little they realize that

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,

Whose deeds both great and small

Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread,  
Where love ennobles all.

And surely our duty is to those whom God has placed nearest to us, perhaps sometimes influencing them unconsciously, but always continually and surely. God grant that it may always be to His honour and glory, thus making this world better and brighter for having been a daughter and a sister.—*Selected.*

#### NEW HEBRIDES ITS COMMERCE AND MISSIONS.

The commission of the Australian and Tasmanian Presbyterian churches to the New Hebrides may be regarded as eminently successful. A full report of the work of the missionaries, and of the special subjects of inquiry, will be duly presented to the General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church in Australia. In the meantime it will be interesting to know that political questions in regard to the islands are very quiet, that nothing has happened for some time that is likely to disturb the progress of civilization and Christianity. The dual control by the English and French is working very satisfactorily, and unless any untoward aggressiveness on the part of the French happens, this form of government will suffice for some time to come. This is the weak line in the chain, however, and if any trouble arises in the near future this very

harmless-looking dual form of administration will be the source of it. The unequal and varying administration of the labour traffic question as worked by the British and French is a cause of constant irritation to British settlers.

The French traders, for instance, deal with the natives in drink and firearms, while the British are stringently forbidden under heavy penalties from dealing in these commodities with the islanders. The English traders think, and justly, that the law on this question should be the same for both nationalities.

The special work of the delegates was accomplished earlier than anticipated, and thus the Rev. A. Hardie and Mr. M. McGillivray were able to return to Victoria a fortnight earlier than expected.

Professor Drummond sailed for the New Hebrides by the S. S. Rockton, and should have arrived at Anityum on the 25th inst., the day on which the synod closed its sittings.

The commissioners saw the work on the whole of the islands forming the group, with the exception of that on Nguna, a small island near Efate, or Sandwich. They were well satisfied with the progress of the mission in all its departments; the natives rising steadily in civilization and Christianity. Their mode of dress is improving. There is, however, plenty of room for still further improvement in this direction. Their manners are approaching to the European standard, while in the matter of building houses, the native style is steadily giving place to the European plan.

The customs of those outside missionary influence have undergone little change. Many of these are disgusting and barbarous in the extreme, while superstition lingers long, even among the best of the Christian converts. Infanticide and burial of widows and old people are practices to be found among those outside the mission sphere of the work. Polygamy, early marriages, infanticide, labour trade, and unlawful diseases are the most prolific causes of the remarkable decrease in the population of this and all the Polynesian islands.

The capabilities of the islands in regard to commerce are very great. Tropical products such as sugar, cotton, tea, coffee, arrowroot, and maize will grow with the greatest luxuriance. Coffee, arrowroot, and maize are now the staple products. Bananas, oranges, citrons, and lemons are not at present receiving much attention, but the day of the banana is not far off. Fiji and Queensland will have to look well after their present supremacy in this direction—Fiji alone sends between 25,000 and 30,000 bunches of ban-

anas to Sydney fortnightly. There is a rich prospect of success for the future New Hebridean planters. With wise laws and fair administration in regard to labour, any practical man may make a competency in a few years. There is practically no house rent, while living costs next to nothing, and clothing gives little anxiety.

For the honest trader and planter there is then a bright prospect; for the dishonest and lazy there is no room, for there are too many already. Caution, however, must be exercised, and anyone intending to do pioneer work in the islands should have some capital, and should consult the Australian New Hebrides Company, Sussex-street, Sydney, or the foreign missions committee of the various Presbyterian churches in Australia.

The missionaries meet annually in synod to transact all business concerning their work. The retiring moderator, Rev. W. Gray, of South Australia, gave an appropriate and valuable address on missions. The address was a historical sketch of the work in the islands during the last fifty years, dating from the martyrdom of the Rev. John Williams, in 1839 to the present time. The new moderator is the Rev. Dr. Wm. Gunn, of Futuna. The Australian commissioners were formally welcomed and associated. The Revs. J. Lyall and A. Hardie, and Mr. McGillivray gave addresses, and discussed with the Synod the special matters which the Australian churches had delegated to them. These questions were satisfactorily settled. New missionaries, the Revs. A. H. MacDonald and Shanks, M. A., B. D., are to be sent to Santo, the last, and almost unoccupied, island of the group. The Rev. D. MacDonald, of Havannah Harbour, is to be the leader of this forward movement. Mr. McDonald, however, will still be in charge of Havannah Harbour, one of the most important in the island. The important question of the unification of the New Hebrides mission was discussed, but considered to be premature. Victoria, New Zealand, and Canada are the most zealous colonies with regard to this mission field. Victoria has now six missionaries, and soon will have a seventh. New Zealand has four, and is to send another before the end of this year.

The Canadian Church has three missionaries labouring there, while New South Wales, South Australia, and Tasmania have one each. The mother colony, however, will, it is hoped, not long occupy such a backward place in such an important field of labour. The Free Church of Scotland has two missionaries. There are thus 18 missionaries there now, and two more to be before this year closes—20 in all—just about

sufficient with a well-trained staff of native teachers to overtake this important sphere of work.—*Melbourne Argus*.

### MR. CROPPER'S REPORT FROM ST. LUCIA FOR 1889,

ON THE WORK OF THE CANADIAN MISSION TO INDIAN IMMIGRANTS.

The year passed away uneventfully, and closed without leaving any special occurrence to mark decisive progress. Yet I do not presume to say that no progress was made. It is hardly to be expected that in every year there should be large additions to the Baptismal Roll; and this is not the only means of judging progress, though it is much to be desired. The work was carried on by George Sadaphal our Catechist, and John Allahdua, one of our school teachers.

#### SADAPHAL'S WORK.

Sadaphal opened the regular work of the mission in February, 1886, and has since continued steadily and patiently to carry to his unenlightened countrymen the Gospel message of salvation. He resides at Crown Lands, the first station that was opened. It is between 6 and 7 miles from Castries, at the head of the Grand Cul-de-Sac valley; it is about 7 miles (less, between 5 and 6, if the short cuts are followed) from Mabouya; and it is about 6 miles from Roscan. These are the principal stations at which work is regularly carried on. There are several hundred Indians at each of these places. Throughout the year, unless prevented by illness or bad weather, Sadaphal held, every Sabbath, a morning service at Crown Lands, and an afternoon service at Roscan. During the week he assisted in gathering children for school, and visited the people in their houses or both these Estates. He paid occasional visits to the Hospital and Gaol in Castries, and he visited, as often as the work at his station allowed, the estates in the other quarters of the island, on which immigrants are settled.

#### ALLAHDUA.

John Allahdua, the teacher of the Mabouya school, worked in the valley of that name. It is situated on the windward coast of the island, and is separated from Castries by a range of high hills, the road crossing at an elevation of about 1500 feet, with a very steep gradient. In this valley is situated the Dennyry Usine (owned by an English Company) which is supplied with canes, grown on the four estates, Fond d'Or, La Cay, Richefond, and Resource. Allahdua lives on the last named, and the schoolhouse is here also. He conducts services on the

Sabbath, and receives all inquirers and visit at the peop's houses during the week when not engaged at school work.

#### VISIT OF MR. AND MRS. MORTON.

We were cheered by a visit from the Rev. Mr. Morton and Mrs. Morton in the middle of the year, when three children were baptized. Mr. Morton and wife were on their way to Canada in search of health, and were not able to go about the stations as on previous occasions. Only those on the spot engaged in the work know the full value of a missionary's visit, so great a stimulus is given to every one of us. You can see the gladness and cheerfulness which beam in the countenances of our men when the news is given to them, "Padri Sahib will be with us next steamer." There is much to discourage them and to dull their ardour, and the stirring exhortations of the "Padri Sahib" infuse new life into them, and kindle their zeal afresh. When shall we have a "Padri Sahib" all to ourselves, our own "Padri?" Christian friends, the work needs it, and the need becomes daily more pressing.

#### BAPTISMAL ROLL.

The year closed with 108 names on the Baptismal Roll. A fair proportion of these baptised are adults, and a great many are growing boys and girls. It is pleasing to note that, on the whole, the conduct of these converts was satisfactory. The new teachers are doing well.

Our financial wants were fully supplied during the year. We received from Government, in aid of the school £150 0. 0. We received from Canada £40 0. 0. and from local sources £12 0. 0. We spent on teachers, £140 0. 0.; on the Catechist, £50, and in school requisites and otherwise, £14. There was incurred in Trinidad on our behalf, £4.

Though we have met with many discouragements and disappointments throughout the year, yet there has been much to be thankful for, and evidences of the Master's approval have not been wanting. We feel convinced that He has guided the work throughout the year, and we have felt His hand at the helm in many an hour of anxiety and difficulty, and we have seen the little mission barque ride safely out what seemed to us a stormy sea, against which we felt unable to beat. And we pray that our Lord will continue to extend the providence which has hitherto watched over us, and will make our work instrumental in bringing many a heathen soul from darkness and falsehood to the light of the glorious gospel.

J. B. CROPPER,

Lay Representative of the Canadian Mission, St. Lucia.  
St. Lucia, June 2, 1890.

## HOW TO PREPARE THE SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON.

READ AT THE S. S. CONFERENCE AT LOCHABER,  
BY R. A. FALCONER, AND PUBLISHED  
BY REQUEST.

I take it that there is some great object aimed at in Sabbath-School teaching which must always be kept in view, and up to which everything should lead. Wherein is the difference between the Sabbath-School and the day-school? The latter has for its object the mental education of the child; the former was established for the purpose of affording a spiritual training. The day-school appeals to the head; the Sabbath-School to the heart.

This fact we are apt to overlook, and we may think that if our scholars can repeat the lessons correctly and can give us a satisfactory account of the events in the passage under consideration, perhaps a correct list of the Kings of Israel and Judah, that all is well.

If this is all; if we seek to do nothing more than give them so much information, we are doing just what the day-school is doing, only not so well; because in day-schools there is pursued a better course of study for training the mind than the series of International Sunday School Lessons.

The truth taught in the Sabbath-school is intended to have a practical effect on the life and is meant to give the youth understanding so that he may walk in the path of God's commandments.

Now, there are two points which ought to be borne in mind—that though the essential truth of Christianity is the same for every one, yet (1) speaking generally, it is to be presented to the child in different aspects from those in which it is presented to older people, (2) special features are more prominently seen and more easily grasped by different individuals.

Christianity is a grand structure like a great cathedral. It stands there and is seen and admired by all, old and young; but the grandeur of that cathedral impresses people in different ways. Some are awe-struck by the vast size and overshadowing mass; they gaze down the vista of interlacing arches, and are attracted by the brilliant colours of the stained windows. Others whose minds have been aesthetically trained, are lost in wonder at the delicate carving on the oak-stalls, and the tracing on the pillars, or the beauties of a particular school of architecture, or the wonderful way in which the architect has wrought out his thought in the structure, or the artist in the stained window. The great result in both cases is the same. Educated and uneducated are impressed by the genius displayed and the grandeur of the building.

So also is Christian truth; one side of the same truth appeals more particularly to one class of people than to another.

From this fact we learn two valuable lessons as to the method of our preparation for the class: (1) We must study the general features of childhood; (2) We must have regard to the individual characters of our class.

We must look for the points in our lessons which appeal most powerfully to childhood in general, and also for those which are suited to the circumstances of our class.

### I. THE GENERAL FEATURES OF CHILDHOOD.

The *affections* of children are strong. Hence if God be shown to them as a father whom they can love, rather than as the God whom they are to fear, their hearts will go out to him spontaneously. This is the period of life when trust is firm, and if children can be taught what faith is; or rather, not what faith is, but if they can be shown a heavenly Father in whom to trust, faith will follow. There is a good deal of truth in these lines of Wordsworth:—

Trail'ing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home;  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

The child has a large share of that faith without which it is impossible to please God, whose own presence it is that makes heaven; and these clouds of Glory and memories of heaven often seem to melt away with the increase of years.

We should make use of this truth in our teaching, endeavouring to treat the lesson in such a way as to arouse the affections of the child. If the young heart is secured early, while the affections are strong, love will make the mind receptive of truth, and the youth or grown men will escape many a doubt and difficulty that may beset others.

Again, the *pathetic emotions* are fully developed in childhood. The child is easily moved by a touching story. Its sympathy goes out strongly toward any one in suffering. Its character has not yet become hardened by finding its sympathy so often unreciprocated; nor has it had its flow of pathos checked by learning that the objects that have excited its pathos are unworthy. The child's nature is soft and pliable under such influences as these. Hence these pathetic emotions should be used to strengthen the affections. Sympathy is often the doorway of love. Now, in the story of Christ's life on earth and his death, and indeed throughout the Old and New Testaments, there is abundant opportunity for appealing to the pathetic faculty of the child.

When the passage is made from childhood to youth there is a general change in characteristics. The growing boy seems ashamed

of the stage he has just quitted. Pinafores and frocks are an abomination unto him. He is becoming a man and has put away childish things. He wishes to be manly before everything else. Of course I cannot speak of girls in the same way as of boys. I presume that their affections are always more highly developed than those of the opposite sex, and that just as women are more religiously inclined than men so girls probably grasp the meaning of faith more instinctively than boys.

But, for those teaching boys, it is essential to bear in mind that they look with favor on the *manly side of things*. Boys like a person who is straight-forward and honest. Nothing gains their contempt more than a sickly, hothouse boyhood. The normal youth despises the girlish boy. Now, I believe that characteristic is not often enough taken into account. I do not say that all boys are frank and open. They are often mean and base. They do underhand tricks; are fond of showing off. But why are boys fond of smoking on the sly and doing mean things? Often just because they think it manly. Now if you can only appeal to this powerful feature of the boys character, you have a very strong impulse in your favour. Be straight-forward and frank with a boy and you will have a ready listener and an apt pupil.

A great effort should be made by teachers to show a boy that christianity is necessary to make him truly noble and manly. I believe that much harm is done by sentimental goody goodyism that is so common in Sunday-Schools. This repels a frank boy. A religion framed after the model so often taught seems to evicerate boyhood of all its best qualities. I can sympathize to a great extent with the boys. Show the boys that sin makes them mean and base; that God intended them to become true men and that Christ is the only true man, one in whom they find courage, dignity, honour and righteousness.

We should seek to use these general features to which I have referred, for the inculcation of truth. A child will be listless until it is shown that the truth is meant for him. Before anyone will take home truth to himself, he must see that he has need of it, that it is suited for him and will be of practical use to him. Now, if you dress up truth in a garb that the scholar does not recognize, no wonder if he becomes languid. Make the truth as attractive as possible, and in your preparation of the lesson be careful to find those aspects which are most suited to the general features of your class.

## II. WE MUST STUDY THE NATURES OF THE INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS OF OUR CLASS.

We shall have scholars shy and retiring,

forward and bold, those of a religious disposition, some probably who are pretty bad. We must not forget that our scholars have different temptations and surroundings, and that the lesson remarks should have reference to the individual life of each. In our class some are to be aroused from their lethargy and to be shown the way of life, nay, even to be threatened with the terrors of the world to come. There is usually a bad boy who seems to have so little goodness of character about him, that he will not be attracted by the beauty of holiness, and threats of punishment alone will drive him from his evil courses. There are others of finer disposition, who will be drawn to God if their gaze be directed towards him; and there are some who have been seeking to serve Christ, and they need food to strengthen them in their new life, some encouragement in this battle with evil.

These are main principles of teaching that every teacher should seek to carry out in his lesson-preparations. This might be called the *objective* side of the subject. Let us now proceed to the

### SUBJECTIVE

the means the teacher must employ on his own part to secure efficiency.

#### (I.) MEDITATE DEEPLY ON THE PASSAGE.

Instruction in the principles of Christianity, and even in the history of religion if properly conducted, should react on the character. We should remember that an enlightened Christian, one with a reason for the faith that is in him, is a better man than one who is not so enlightened. The mind reacts on the heart just as the heart makes the mind receptive of truth. Hence such a lesson as we may find in the Kings or Chronicles, however unspiritual it may seem at first, and however impractical for a class of children, ought to be made profitable for reproof and for instruction in righteousness. We require to go deep down into the lesson and see the spiritual truth taught by God's dealings with his people, and we can get practical lessons for our own guidance.

Many of the International lessons seem often barren and dry as husks; but if they are dry as husks, they only need to be broken, and we find inside the husks a rich kernel of spiritual truth. Now it is the teacher's duty to reach that kernel, to break through that husk, and this as you know requires effort. The deeper the spiritual character of the teacher, the more truth will he see, so that the whole manner of life rests upon the lesson, and a spiritually-minded teacher will bring back rich fruit from the deep meditation of his own mind and heart upon the truths of the lesson. We should study the lessons ourselves with a view to the wants of

our own class, and we should find applications which could not be got from any lesson help. One great secret of good teaching is to have the lesson well in hand and to understand the whole bearings. Some teachers drive along like a man in a mist not knowing whether they are tending, whereas we should have the whole passage at our fingers' end, a result that can be accomplished only by deep meditation and study.

(2) After we have carefully thought the lesson over, we should use every aid we can get. Some people depreciate the use of the Sabbath-school lesson book, their plea being that the teacher will not study the passage itself. There may be probably a good deal of truth in what is said, and yet it may with equal truth be stated in reply,—that the average teacher, after studying thoroughly a good commentary such as is found in most Sabbath-school lesson books, will know far more about the lesson than he could possibly have learned from his own study however prolonged. And even the most highly-gifted teacher has a vast amount to learn. It can only be a species of conceit, I fancy, that would prevent any one from making use of a good Sunday-school lesson help. Sunday-school teachers are usually average sort of people, and they require, and, if they are sensible, they wish to learn the best that has been written on the lesson. Generations have been at work on the Scriptures seeking to make them yield up their inmost meaning. We have entered into the labours of the great scholars and spiritually-minded expositors who have toiled in the past, and Bible study in our age should be further advanced than ever before. Consequently teachers who use a good Sabbath-school lesson-book should be better equipped for their work as far as interpretation of the passage is concerned.

But a danger accompanies the use of these helps, and one different from that previously referred to. The human race—pace Henry George—is lazy, and the teacher will often shirk his work. He has a staff to help him to walk, and instead of exercising his own legs he wants to use it as a crutch. The necessity for study has not gone, now that lesson helps have come in. The conscientious teacher will study the lesson with the help, and know it thoroughly, remembering that only in this way will he be able to handle it, and present it to his class in an interesting and profitable manner.

Some teachers bring their books into the class and read from it to the scholars. This evil is twofold. (1) Whenever the teacher takes his eyes off his class he loses their attention, and they lose respect for his teaching capacity. (2) He will give them merely

snatches from the lesson instead of the great truths taught therein as a whole. Hence we get this precept: *study the lesson thoroughly and leave the book at home.*

(3) We should study in order to find pertinent questions. The method of questioning has several advantages; (a) It keeps the scholar attentive. (b) It draws out better what is in the lesson. (c) It makes the scholar prepare before he comes.

It is a very trite saying that education is the drawing out of what is in a scholar, and yet this fact needs repeating. A little judicious questioning will make the meaning quite plain, and the teacher can lead the pupil from question to question, making the answer evident to him; and on each occasion as the proper answer comes the scholar gets more confidence. The scholar takes pride in his success, has more interest in the lesson and hence remembers it better.

A great deal of care should be spent on the preparation of questions. Those which can be answered by *yes* and *no* do not amount to much. e. g. The question: "Foumy, did Cain kill Abel?" may bring out a languid, *No*. "What do you say Johnny?" *Yes* is sure to come. This kind of questioning does not produce any result. It certainly brings out something, a tiresome monosyllable, but it does not come from far; not much further than the lips. I expect a psychologist would call it an instance of reflex action.

Proper questioning should go to the root of the matter. It should open up new trains of thought for the young mind, or should fasten the truth deep in the pupil's heart. Thus we get another rule; *See what the truths of the lesson are and put them in question form.* This requires hard work, but the result will pay.

(4). Another very important point is the *use of illustration.* How the drooping head suddenly starts up if the teacher says, "Now for a story"; especially if it be added, "and this is a true one"!

In yielding to this demand of the child-nature we are obeying a principle deeply imbedded in the human heart. We like to see how others conduct themselves in the drama of life. We sympathize with them because they have heart and soul and flesh and blood like ourselves, and this sympathy is increased when we learn that the actors are real and that the incidents of the story happened genuine boys and girls, youth and maidens, men and women. This is one great reason why we should use illustrations.

A second hardly less powerful is, because the young mind is able to receive concrete facts much more easily than abstract truth. Body forth the skeleton of your abstract

truth with the flesh and blood of actual fact, and the child will be much more attracted by the living and breathing form than by the bare skeleton. It is the old truth, "Example is better than precept."

Now, illustrations are not to be appended as tails to a kite. Some teachers go through the lesson in a dry sort of way, and at the end comes a series of heterogeneous stories that have no connection with the lesson or one another. A proper illustration should seem to evolve itself out of the lesson, and have intimate and obvious relations thereto. It ought not to fit in as well in one place as in another, but it should serve to rivet home some of the leading truths taught.

Another point in a good illustration. There should be no need of explanation to bring out the moral. The moral should be as plain as the story; and here it may be mentioned that the truth should come first and the story second, in order to enforce the truth.

This need of using illustration is another proof that we require much understanding and study to prepare the lesson well. A good Sabbath-School lesson book should have illustrations suitable for the lesson of the day, but these are not often as telling as those which the teacher discovers for himself, from his own reading, observations or experience, or from the everyday life of the pupil. The teacher will throw his soul and energy into them.

Make the lesson as attractive as possible to the children, remembering that the Sabbath-school has as its object not instruction merely, but such instruction as will have an influence on the life and character of the scholars. You should have the class, whether of boys or girls, feel that religion is meant for them. You want to impress upon them that Christianity is a life, and unless their religion changes their conduct it is vain. Some children are apt to associate religion with pious talk, and this is repellent to them. Teach them that Christianity bids for their youth to be consecrated to God's service, that as they strive from day to day to follow Christ's example, and ask God's help to enable them to do so, they will grow. This growth which began in childhood shall continue, strengthened by the new truths that come to us with increase of years, and at last we shall find that the whole web of our life is woven with different and beautiful colors, truths for youth, for middle age, and advanced years, and yet the sevenfold radiance of all blends together to make the one colour of God's love.

There is not a greater drudge in the world, than he that is under the power of reigning covetousness.

## THE ESSENTIALS OF A SERMON.

I want to find four things in a sermon—intellectual vigour, strength of truth and ethical and spiritual helpfulness. I want to find intellectual vigour, for without this the sermon fails to command respect. I want to find warmth and feeling, for without this it has little interest. I want to find freshness of truth, or truth put in fresh ways, for without this its impressiveness is slight. I want to find helpfulness for the higher life, for without this it is not a sermon. Good sermons possess these excellencies in various degrees. The great sermons of great preachers have great intellectual elements, but they are liable to lack in warmth of feeling. The sermons of popular preachers are liable to lack in intellectual elements but for me they have an excess of the emotional. Sermons of evangelists are aimed at ethical and spiritual helpfulness, but they fail usually to be properly supported by intellectual weight. The sermon of the great intellect is the great gun, but without a proper charge of powder. The sermon of a great heart is a gun with a supply of powder altogether too great. The sermon of the evangelist is well aimed, but the gun itself is too small, and the ball it carries not fitted for the long range. The sermon of the perfect preacher is the perfect cannon, in which gun, powder and shot, of intellect and heart, are all properly adjusted to each other.—*A Clergyman, Chicago Advance.*

## FAITH IN THE FAMILY.

One of the most intelligent woman, the mother of a large family of children, was eminently a woman of faith. She never heard the tramping of her boy's feet in the house, or listened to their noisy shouting in their play, or watched their unconscious slumbers, without an inward, earnest prayer to God for wisdom to train them. She mingled prayer with council and restraint; and the counsel was the wiser and the restraint was the stronger for this alliance of the human and divine elements in her instruction and discipline. And at length, when her children had become men and women, accustomed to the hard strife of the world, her name was the dearest name they could speak; and she who had "fed their bodies from her own spirit's life," who had taught their feet to walk, and their tongue to speak and pray, and illuminated their consciences with the great light of righteousness and duty, held their reverence and love, increased a thousandfold by the remembrance of an early education that had its inspiration in the faith of God, and its fruit in the noble lives of upright men and women.

## THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD.

## A SERMON.

BY REV. JOHN MACNEILL.—Psalm xxiii.

On Wednesday evening, dear friends, we sought to prepare ourselves for the Communion by sitting down at the Master's feet—at the feet of our risen Lord, and listening to His own word, as He said to us, His disciples of to-day, the word that He spoke to His disciples on that morning, beside the Lake of Galilee, "Come and dine." I feel that in taking up this sweet spiritual, pastoral Psalm this morning, we are keeping ourselves in line with whatever the Holy Spirit brought to us then, and whatever He may have brought to us since, of what is helpful for a Communion Sabbath in the meditations of our hearts within us. I shall try to be brief, and get to the Table as quickly as possible, for that is the centre of attraction to-day. We long to be there, to cease from man, and to have once more in our hands those precious memorials of the death of the Great Shepherd of the sheep. What shall we say more about this Psalm than has been said already? The finest-minded saints who have ever lived since it was written have exhausted themselves in describing its beauties. All are agreed that this beauty is of a quiet, tender, spiritual type. May we enter into its beauty to-day!

"Oh, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

Sometimes the preacher's voice has to be rough, strong, keen, and somewhat cutting. He has to cry aloud and spare not: to lift up his voice like a trumpet, and to show God's people their transgressions and sins, and warn them, that they be not partakers of coming judgments. But on an occasion like this, and with a Psalm like this, we could wish that we had the tongues of men and of angels. May our whole soul, may our very voice, to-day, like the dyer's hand, be subdued to what it works in! May the Spirit Himself breathe the sweet gracious Psalm into your heart and mind.

The prevailing note that throbs through it all is the Lord's presence with us. There are just two words on which the changes are rung, "I" and "Thou"—"He" and "Me". Martin Luther said that the most of experimental religion lay in the pronouns—the possessive pronouns and the personal ones. Certainly that remark is illustrated by this Psalm, which he again called "a little Bible." I and Thou, He and Me. "The Lord is my Shepherd, He leadeth me. I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." And just because it is of that quiet kind,

just because it is a stream which, like the waters of Siloah, go softly, the Psalm, I might say, is a test and a touchstone of spirituality—of true spiritual experience. I do not think that Mr. Talkative would like this Psalm. It is too quiet. And I do not think that your argumentative, very logical Christian gets a great deal of marrow and fatness out of this Psalm. I am reminded of what McCheyne said about the Song of Solomon, and I would apply it to this Psalm. He said that the Song of Solomon is such a touchstone because the man who is rather logical in his turn of mind, whose religion is in his head rather than his heart, would not get much good out of it; so I would say that he would not get much good out of this Psalm.

There is logic in it, there is argument in it; but it is not great and solid and massive. There are little links, little argumentative links, which, like hooks of steel, bind the theme into a unity. There is that; but not broadly and strongly and massively, like the piers and spans, shall I say, of the rising Forth Bridge. Then, again, for those who are very fond of the imaginative—the soaring and the fanciful, there is not much here. There is imagination in it, but it is very quiet, very simple. It is a very quiet singing bird, and there are those who are not spiritual at all, who will find far grander flights of imagination in this same Psalm book. There is nothing in literature, for example, for a description of a thunderstorm better than David's great Psalm on that subject, when he describes the rending heavens, and the forests being laid bare, and the Lord's voice upon the waters, and the God of Glory thundering. Here all is very quiet; very subdued. It is the song, very likely, of an aged man, who had been a shepherd, and a courtier, and a king. He had come through great trials, and in his old age is musing much over all these things, and singing to himself this sweet and heavenly melody. It begins, "The Lord is my Shepherd;" and it ends, "I shall dwell in His fold for ever." Ah! to-day, at the Lord's Table, especially do we enjoy it all the more for its sweet, profound simplicity. It is a Psalm of which as you read, you say to yourself, "I might have written that myself: 'that is the touch of genius in it. 'I might have said that myself. Why could not I have said it: 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want: He makes me to lie down in green pastures. He leads me beside the still waters?' I am sure we all agree with what Henry Ward Beecher has said most beautifully about this exquisite little Psalm. I cannot give the exact words; but here is the substance. "Blessed be the day," he says, "when this

Psalms was born. It is the opening of a man's heart, only, as it were, for a moment, and yet between the opening and the shutting there has gushed out a spiritual melody that has throbbled in the very air ever since." I could spend our whole time in simply quoting versions and appreciative criticisms of this Psalm.

I think it was Beecher who said that this Psalm is among psalms what the nightingale is among birds. It is a small bird, he says, and of homely plumage; but with what throbbing melody he pours out his notes! and he goes on to describe what it has done ever since it was penned: how it has soothed the sorrowful, cheered the lonely, dried the eyes of mourners, comforted those who were dying, and consoled those who were left behind. And then he says, that its work is not done. It was at first full of quiet, but intense spiritual power, like the heaving of a silent sea, and it is full of it as ever it was. It will go on singing to your children and my children, and will not fold its wings and cease until the last pilgrim has reached the Father's house, to dwell there for evermore.

Then, he says, it will fold its wings and fly away back to the God who gave it, to mingle its song with the mighty anthems which for ever shall circle round the throne. Oh that we might begin where it begins, and end where it ends! It is a short Psalm. If I may say so, it is a little step-ladder, but a little step-ladder will suffice to lift a man from the pavement up to the shining street-lamp. So may it be with this little Psalm; although it has only six verses, it is always long enough to stretch from the gloom and the darkness of this present evil world to the breakings of the brightness which shall shine more and more till the perfect day. As I have said, the note that throbs all through this nightingale Psalm is that exquisitely melodious spiritual note—"God is with me, and I am with Him;" so simple, so profound—so simple, that the smallest child here can, in a measure, understand it,—so profound, that to all eternity we shall never have done wondering at it, and admiring its beauty.

"God is with me, and I am with Him."

"Rise, my soul, adore and wonder.

Why, O Lord, such love to me?

Grace has put me in the number

Of the Saviour's family.

Hallelujah! Thanks, eternal thanks, to Thee."

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Let us begin with confidence, dear friends, especially as we are gathered round the Communion Table this morning. It is a plain proposition, as logical as logical can be, and therefore most helpful and encouraging to us in spiritual things; for, oh, we are apt

to think that the ordinary rules of logic that apply to ordinary themes, and the treatment of them, do not quite apply in spiritual things and in spiritual experiences. They do.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." There is to be no argument then. Says the writer of this Psalm, "I am not going to examine foundations. I am not going into doctrine. I am not going into history. I am simply to muse, and to treat of my own experience, and as I muse, the fire burns, and out comes this ruddy glow of simple assurance, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.'" Say it in your heart. Begin with it. Look round about upon all that would cause trouble and distress, and look up then to the Great Shepherd; "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." How these two things go together, and, alas! alas! how often we separate them. I was at a marriage here during the week. Down there the two knelt, and they made their covenant, and I sealed it with a life long seal, with the words, "Whom God has joined together let no man put as assunder." So have we come to Christ, if we have come at all.

We have made our covenant with Him. Both sides of it are expressed in this very opening line: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." And yet how often what God hath joined, our unbelief violently divorces. With the one breath we say, "The Lord is my Shepherd," with the other breath, there are a thousand disquietudes, and fears, and alarms, and perplexities, and murmurings. It is not easy to say the simplest of God's words. On the surface they seem to be only like other words. But how round and full, how vast and wide they are when we enter into them. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." That is a fact. If the first be a fact, so is the second. Then bid "good-bye" to fear and care, O soul of mine, if thou canst say like the Psalmist, "The Lord is my Shepherd." Be gone, dull care. I prithe, begone from me, for "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." These two things go together. I shall want for nothing—for the body, for time, for eternity, for the life that now is, or for that which is to come. We shall want for nothing as regards ourselves, as regards our business, or as regards our children. All is included within the sweep and grasp of the heavenly covenant. What a good shepherd is to his sheep, that surely, and more, the heavenly Shepherd will be to us. "The King of Love my Shepherd is." It was well for David to sing a Psalm through this metaphor, for he knew what shepherding was; he knew the faithfulness which it needed; he knew the perils which it brought a man into. He

knew the temptation to become a hireling, and save his own skin and secure his own comfort, by leaving the sheep to the present danger. But just because he knew so well what a tax shepherding puts on body and heart and brain, therefore he is entitled to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd; and if I risked my life, as I did—for I have wrestled with the lion and the bear to save the helpless lamb of my flock—how much more will He, the Lord Jehovah, extend to me His power and faithfulness! 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' No, I shall not!" Here is your bank. It will never fail. There is a vast deal more of ready money in there than the poor saints have ever yet taken out of it. There is a vast deal more of present help in perplexity than troubled and perplexed saints have ever taken out of it. There is everything that we need in that God who has revealed Himself to us indubitably, in these last days, in the person of His Son, who has expressly said to us, "I am the Good Shepherd; I give my life for the sheep." He has done the deed, and this morning we are celebrating the memorial thereof. Come near Him, man. Come near Him, woman. Gather round about this great Good Shepherd. Lay hold, at any rate, of the skirts of His garments; and, as you cling to them, get some sense and feeling of the mighty shoulders from which those garments depend.

I once said in this same church to a servant girl who had got into a good family, "Are you happy where you are?" She had got what for a servant was a good situation, and I shall not forget the quietly confident way in which with beaming face she said, "Oh, yes, sir, I have £22 a year, and all found." "The Lord is my Shepherd," and all is found. "I shall not want." "All found." That was evidently more to her than the small sum total of the actual pounds. She dwelt upon that, and said with emphasis, "and all found."

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters." How simply, how artlessly this Psalm is composed. That is what makes it so difficult to expound, it is artlessly artful. David in his ripeness, is just breathing out his own experience. He sees himself once more a shepherd lad back on the hillsides of Judaea, and he hears in his ears the bleating of his flock. There are few who keep close to him, but see yonder wild one, and this other, dashing off here, and bre-king off there. All his shepherd experience comes upon him as he details in the second and third verses, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake." How David

here puts all things into the category of the sovereignty of grace

I am sure there is none of us who will feel that his part in grace is being overlooked, because David lifts God up so high and so splendidly. He makes all right. He maketh me to lie down. The very syntax helps us. "He causeth me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake." for He is the Shepherd, and the Shepherd keeps the sheep, not the sheep the shepherd, as has often been remarked.

May we enter just now into this gracious simplicity of the relationship that exists between us and the Lord Jesus, the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

"Green pastures, still waters," or, as the margin has it, "waters of quietness." The vision before David's mind, no doubt, is a vision of a sunny day in some quiet place in Israel—one of the days that instinctively made him sing—one of the days when he was preparing himself to be the sweet psalmist and harper of Israel: just such a day as you saw this past summer, when, perhaps, this very scene was before your eyes. Out came the sheep, and out came the shepherd, and in a short time they were scattering themselves through the meadow, or all along the gentle slopes of the hill, and, as you looked, this scene rose up before your eyes.

"He maketh me to lie down." He is seeking to do that to-day; for very often, like sheep, we are very restless, and we need to be made to lie down. We need to be urged to come off the wing; we need to have our souls staided and settled and brought to rest. To change the figure. He needs to say to us, as He said to the wind and the agitated sea, "Peace! be still!" You need to say it to your children. The bed is very soft and downy and white. The resting time has come, and the child is lying on the bed, and ought to be enjoying it, but the little thing is so restless that there is something more needed. The mother, the father or the nurse needs to say, "My child, lie still." So does God. May it be a word of power to our hot and restless hearts to-day. "Lie still. What is it that aileth thee?"

"He restoreth my soul." That is hard work. I think that we are apt to have romantic notions about shepherds. I do not know anything about it practically, but I did once make the acquaintance of a shepherd, and I went with him two or three times, and I got to see that it was not so romantic as poets would make out. It is a toilsome, unromantic business. I had no idea that sheep caused so much trouble until I went with

him. I remember him smilingly saying to me, "Oh, you people think ours is a very romantic life, and that the whole current of our life tends somewhat to the making of poetry. Now" he said, "do you not see that it is a very prosy business?" And so it was. I had no idea that there was such disease among sheep. I had no idea that the shepherd needed to be so much (if you will allow the term) a veterinary surgeon. I had no idea whatever of the hard, rough—shall I say dirty—work that a shepherd has to go through. It all comes out, I think, in one line of this Psalm, "He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness." There is a good deal of doctoring needed. It is not at all romantic and superfine.

A shepherd need to be a man with a pair of open eyes and ears, and ready hands and strong limbs. He needs to be in it, and all in it, and always in it. So does our blessed Master. He needs to be about and around us continually, for we are always going wrong. The sheep is said to be, for its size, the animal with the least brain in this animal creation. And will you allow—not me, but God, just because of that, to speak to us in this type and figure. Like a sheep, my brother, you have a genius for going wrong—a genius for going astray. I have seen how easily they will go through a gap in the hedge, and then, when they seem to be looking for it, in order to come back, they cannot find it. How easily we break out. How easily we get tangled and torn. With what infinite difficulty, as regards ourselves, we get back, and are restored. How thankful it ought to make us that the Lord Jesus Christ stands among us not only as a great Shepherd, but as a great Physician: "Jehovah Rophi"—"I am the Lord that healeth thee." He says, "There is no trouble known to sin-sick men and women that I do not know, and that I cannot cure." None! "He restoreth my soul." How often the roaring lion has sprung upon us, and, how often he might rejoice and say, "Now I have prevailed. Now I have rent them limb from limb." But, lo! we do not die. "He restoreth my soul." Not dead yet, oh devil, but alive and here, notwithstanding all that has happened; here, in this quiet sheepfold, resting myself among the green pastures and beside the still waters of His Word and Sacrament.

"That's a dead 'un," said one of the Hospital Staff, as he pointed to one of the bodies in the trenches before Sebastopol. "Oh no," said "the body"; "I'm worth a great many dead men yet." And the "dead 'un" is now known to fame as Lord Wolseley!

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteous-

ness." A man in Glasgow translated the Psalms into broad Scotch, because he thought that broad Scotch had wonderful affinities in its idiom to simple, old world Hebrew; and I think he was right. He said here, "He leadeth me in richt ro'jins." There are little bits of country road that seem to lead nowhere, but the farmer needs them all and uses them all. You tourists, if you struck them, would find that they led you nowhere, but the farmer uses them, and the shepherd uses them, and the dairymaid knows all about them for her charge. So with the Lord Jesus Christ. He leads us by little bits. He does not lay out a whole champaign of country, and cast us on the great highway. No, but He leads us along this sheep track to day and another tomorrow, and these tracks never lose themselves in the moor. For He will always be with us, and it will always be found that there was a track and a path, and that it was the right path. Literally translated, it is, "He leadeth me in the straight paths." They have an expected end and termination because He is Leader and He is Guide.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." This is a lamp that has often been lit on death-beds, and yet, primarily, it is not meant as a lamp for a dying chamber. It is rather meant as a light for a dark valley—for those troubles and sudden distresses, or prolonged distresses, that come to God's pilgrim folk as they go up through the wilderness of this world. David had before him instances in his own experience when he had to lead his flock through some gorge, or some deep defile—through some valley filled with gloom and shadow; and there, lurking in that corner, and here, lurking in the other corner, is the wild beast of prey, ready to spring, watching for its chance, but kept back by the watchful eyes and the sturdy arm of the shepherd with his rod and with his staff.

"The valley of the shadow of death." Sometimes we say, "Oh, it is only children who are afraid of shadows." And the point is brought out for our encouragement, that death has been vanquished by Jesus Christ, and that all that is left is only a shadow. It is said that only children are afraid of shadows. I do not know. I am not a child, but I frankly admit that I do not like darkness. With all my years, and with all my height and weight, I am naturally nervous. How does that nervousness come? Nervousness come? Nervousness springs originally, I suppose, from sin, and it needs grace to cure it; and even the valley of the shadow is a gruesome place, I do not know that you

would care to go from the top to the bottom of your house at night, especially if there is nobody in it but yourself, without at least a candle or a taper. Try it; and, unless you are very brave, I rather think you will admit that your heart beats. And if there is a sudden, unusual sound, you feel your hair almost beginning to rise. Darkness needs light, and the valley of the shadow needs nothing less than the Divine light. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow." What a blessing that the Lord Jesus Christ understands nervousness—for a great many folk do not. Even your best friends, my good woman, my dear man, laugh at you for your nervousness, because you are so timid, and because you are so shrinking, and because you are so easily put about; and they say, "What is wrong with you? There is nothing. You are alarmed and frightened even at your own shadow." And the commentators, brave fellows, tell us so smartly, that the shadow of a sword doesn't cut; and the shadow of a dog won't bite. Well, no; but the shadow of a dog means a dog somewhere here, doesn't it? Ah, anyway, what a Saviour Christ is for nervous people! Even among the shadows, He gives us His own substantial presence. He wants to allay every fear by taking away the very source of fear. He wants Himself to be with us in the darkness and the gloom. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Are you in darkness to-day? Hear this voice. Take this rod and Him that appointed it. Come near to Christ and listen to Him: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee, for I am with thee; I have redeemed thee; thou art Mine." What does that mean? It means what it says. Take it in, in all its strong, majestic simplicity. Some of us are a long while in the valley of the shadow, and we need to work away at that verse, or at something like it. Did you ever hear such an exquisite song in the night as the 4th verse? Did you ever hear a song in the night? Here is one. Oh, what an exquisite melody it appears, as you think of David in some time of darkness and distress and danger! And how darkness and distress and danger were multiplied to him, let his life show. Just think of him, in the midst of it all, saying "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

I remember having this borne in upon myself (if you will pardon a personal reminis-

cence) in a way that I have never forgotten. One night, when I was a lad, lying in my bed at home, long ago, I awoke, and it was dark, and I heard a voice in the night—not a song, but I heard the voice of my mother as she lay upon her bed of pain. She was twenty-five years in the valley of the shadow of death. Her "light affliction" endured for a quarter of a century, but it was "but for a moment," seeing that it led to the "eternal weight of glory." I shall never forget how the sound of her voice floated into my dark room and my disquieted heart—"Yea, though I walk through the valley"—think of it rising in the air at two o'clock on a dark winter morning with the wind howling around your house—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil for 'thou art with me." I am saying it in a rough, unmelodious man's voice. I heard it hummed in the exquisite tone that only a man's mother's voice can ever have to his own ear. Sing it! Sing it in the darkness. Sing it now all the more if the valley seems long. You are passing through it, remember. "Though I walk through the valley." It is a tunnel, but only a tunnel, and, like all tunnels, it has a light at both ends, and certainly it has light at that end to which you are travelling. Most of the railway stations, I notice, are entered through tunnels. I do not know why, but it so happens that coming into most of our London termini you shoot through a long, dreary, ghostly, rattling tunnel, and then there is the terminus, and your father there, or your wife there on the platform, and then the embrace and the kiss and the hearty welcome. We are going through the tunnel, and at the end of it is the terminus, and, please God, we shall soon be there. It is a dark and noisome and spectral, and a little awesome and fearsome just now. Sing. Sing this Psalm of heart confidence, and the shadows will become somewhat luminous with the light that is about to reveal itself—the light of heaven, our eternal home.

I heard again a song in the night. I do not know whether I can faithfully set it forth to you. I remember going down one night, about twelve o'clock, to the seaside, and I stood in the shadow of a gloomy wood. In the front of me for miles stretched the frith of the sea. Away across yonder were the Argyleshire hills, and up above them, again, the gloomy heavens, with here and there a star peeping out. It was like the valley of the shadow of death. The sea was lapping at my feet, and a gentle breeze was blowing over it, when suddenly I heard a sound. I listened and strained my ear, and that sound turned out to be the sound, first

of all, of oars in the rowlocks—a dull, thumping sound as some fishermen urged their boat along its way. And still I listened, and what I heard was the sound of music; and as the boat came nearer, there was borne to me across the waves the sound of singing.

Those fishermen were Christians, and even while tugging at the weary oar in the dark and lonely night they were cheering themselves with the sounds of Zion. I have changed the figure a little from David's valley of the shadow. I have brought it from the country down to the sea, but the teaching is the same. That song told upon me in a wonderful way. I cannot describe how that simple music came into me—those voices and that sound of the rowing. How the singing changed it all. Apart from the singing, that dull thumping on the rowlocks would only have told me of hard-toiling men tugging at the weary oar; but when the sound of the music came, that dull thump became a musical beat, and the whole of the drudgery of their work disappeared. It became the musical beat of that song with which they helped themselves along in their toilsome task. We are down here in the valley. We are out here upon the dark seas of time and sin; but as I stood upon the shore and listened, so God stands upon the eternal shore and listens. Sing this Psalm of quiet confidence. Sing this song in the darkness and in the night. It will tell on God, surely, as no other singing does. There is something peculiarly plaintive in singing that comes across the waters. The water takes a something out of it, and puts an exquisite something into it, which I cannot describe, but which we have all felt. So let us sing amid these seas of time and sin. The very winds will carry our songs. Let us send across to the great God who stands upon the shore our quiet psalm of hearty cheer. Let it rise in the darkness, and it will tell upon God's ear and tell upon His heart as even the mighty hallelujahs round the throne do not tell. Pull out this *vox humana* stop of the great organ, and let God hear it as we sing to Him this quiet psalm in the night of trouble and storm and adversity, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." We shall never be without cause for praise; not even in the shadowless land.

Our days of praise will ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
And immortality endures."

In this quiet, trustful confidence, may we have the Lord continuing with us at His Table!

## THE INTERPRETATION OF SORROW.

BY J. R. MILLER, D. D., IN EVAN.

There will always be mysteries in sorrow. Men will always wonder what it means. It is impossible with our earthly limitations to understand it. Even the strongest Christian faith will have its questions, and many of its questions will have to remain unanswered until the horizon of life is widened and its light becomes fuller and clearer in heaven. Meanwhile, however, some of these questions may be at least partially answered, and grief's poignancy in some slight measure alleviated. And surely no smallest gleam of comfort should be withheld from the world that needs comfort so sorely, and cries out for it so hungrily.

Human hearts are the same everywhere. Sorrow's experiences, while strangely diverse, are yet alike in their general features. Wherever we listen to the suppressed voices of grief, we hear the same questions. What has been answer to one, will therefore be answer to thousands more. This is my only reason for writing these words. Recently, in one day two letters came to me from sorrowing ones, with questions. Whether any comfort was given in the private answers or not, it may be that the mere stating of the questions, with a few sentences concerning each, may be helpful to others who are carrying like burdens.

Here is a Christian man whose only son has been led away into sinful courses, swiftly descending to the saddest depths. The story is too painful to be told. In his sore distress the father, a godly man, a man of strong faith, and noble wisdom, cries out: "What is the comfort even of Christ and the Bible for me? How can I roll this burden of mine upon God? There are some things that even the richest, divinest comfort cannot do. For one thing, it cannot take away the pain of grief or sorrow. In this case, it cannot lift off the loving father's heart the burden of disappointment and anguish which he experiences in seeing his son swept away in the currents of temptation. No possible comfort can do that. The perfect peace in which God promises to keep those whose minds are stayed on Him, is not a painless peace in any case of suffering. That crushed father cannot expect a comfort which will make him forget his wandering, sinning child, or feel no more the poignant anguish which the boy's course causes in his heart. Father-love must be destroyed to make such comforting possible, and that would be a sorer calamity than any sorrow.

The comfort in such a grief, is that which comes through faith in God even in the sore pain. The child was given to God in his in-

fancy, and was brought up as God's child along his early years. Who will say that he may not yet be led back to God? The daily burden may then daily be laid in the Divine hands. The heart's anguish may express itself not in despairing cries, but in believing prayers, inspired by the promises, and kindled into fervency by blessed hope. Then peace will come, not painless peace, but peace which lies on Christ's bosom in the darkness, and loves and trusts, and asks no questions, but waits with hope's expectancy.

There is no doubt that we miss comfort oft-times in sorrow by misunderstanding what comfort is. It comes to us indeed, and we do not recognize it, because it is not what we have been looking for; and so we go un-comforted, with the blessed angel hovering over us all the time. God's comfort is not relief from pain, but strength to endure. It is quietness and confidence amid strife and storm. It is peace in the heart of trial.

The other letter referred to is from another father over whom wave after wave of sorrow has passed. Within a brief space of time two children were taken away. The one was a son, who had entered his professional career and had large hope and promise for the future—a young man of rare abilities and many noble qualities. The other was a daughter, who had reached womanhood, and was a happy and beloved wife, surrounded by friends and refinements, and all that makes life desirable. Both of these God took. The father, a man of most tender affections, and yet of implicit faith in God, uttered no murmur when called to stand at the graves of his beloved ones; and yet his heart cries out for interpretation.

He writes: "In your volume, 'Practical Religion,' I find these words: 'Sometimes our best beloved are taken away from us, and our hearts are left bleeding as a vine bleeds when a green branch is cut from it.'

Here it is that Christian faith comes in, putting such interpretation and explanation upon the painful things that we may be ready to accept them with confidence, even with rejoicing. A strong abiding confidence that all the trials, sorrows and losses of our lives are parts of our Father's husbandry, ought to silence every question, quiet every fear, and give peace and restful assurance to our hearts in all their pain. We cannot know the reason for the painful strokes, but we know that He who holds the pruning-knife is our Father. That ought always to be enough to know."

Having quoted these words, he continues: "Now I do not question the Father's husbandry. I would also 'silence every question' concerning His wisdom and His love:

I would not doubt them for a moment. When I found that my only son, my pride and staff, must die, I prayed with such strong crying and tears as only they can know who are in like circumstances, yet feeling that I could give back to God what He had lent me, without a murmur. By His help, I believe even the slightest murmur has been repressed concerning the painful things, and that in some measure I have been ready to accept them with confidence, even with rejoicing. But my faith has not come in, as you suggest, to put 'such interpretation and explanation' upon them as perhaps I ought. Why has God thus dealt with me? Why was a double stroke necessary? Is His dealing with me purely disciplinary? What are the lessons He would teach me? How am I to test myself as to whether His purpose in afflicting me has been accomplished? Or am I not anxiously to inquire concerning the specific lessons, but let Him show in due time what He designed? Such questions multiply without answer."

Has not this writer in his own last suggestion stated what should be done by those who are perplexed with questions as to the interpretation of sorrow? They should not anxiously inquire concerning the specific lessons, but let God show in due time what He designed. No doubt every sorrow has a mission. It comes to us as God's messenger with a message. If we will welcome it reverently and be still, while it gives its message, no doubt we shall always receive some benediction.

Yet we must look at this whole matter wisely. We must not suppose that the primary reason for the taking away of our loved ones is to teach us some lesson. They are called away because their work on earth is done, and higher service in other spheres awaits them. To them death is gain, promotion, translation. The event itself, in its primary significance, is a joyous and blessed one. Only incidentally is it sorrowful. We need to keep this fact in mind in our questioning. We exaggerate our own importance and talk sometimes as if God took away our friends just to chasten us, forgetting that He did it for their sake. No doubt it is the will of God that we should profit by the pain and loss we experience in the removal of our friends from us; but this is only secondary and incidental in His design.

Of lessons to be learned in sorrow the first is always submission. We are told even of our Lord, that He "learned obedience in the things that He suffered." This is life's great, all-inclusive lesson. When we have learned this fully, perfectly, the work of sanctification is complete in us. Then another

er lesson in all sorrow is the softening and enriching of the life in order to greater personal helpfulness. Christ suffered in all points that He might be fitted for His work of helping and saving men. God teaches us in our pain what He would have us tell others in their time of trial.

Beyond these two wide, general lessons of all sorrow, it is not usually wise to press our question, "Why is it?" It is better for us so to relate ourselves to God in every time of trial that we may not hinder the coming to us of any blessing He may send: but on the other hand, may receive with quiet, sweet welcome whatever teaching, or correction, or revealings, or purifying, or quickening, God would give us. Surely this is better far than that we should anxiously inquire why God afflicts us? Why He sent the sorrow to us? Just what He wants it to do for us, or in us? We must trust God to work out in us what He wants the grief to do for us. We need not trouble ourselves to know what He is doing. Mercifully our old duties come again after sorrow just as before, and we must take these all up, only putting into them more heart, more reverence toward God, more gentleness and love toward man. As we go on we shall know what God means: the grief to do for us; or if not in this world, we shall know in that home of light, where all mystery shall be explained, and where we shall see love's lesson plain and clear in all life's strange writing.

### CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

The origin of the following paper was in this wise. An "Inquirer" sent a letter to the Editor of the *Sunday School Times* asking for a few points on Church etiquette. The Editor passed the letter over to "Bob" Burdette, the "funny man" who always has his "fun" for a high moral end, and the following is his reply as given in the *Times*.—ED.

"Inquirer" knocked at the right door for instruction. The *Sunday School Times* Bureau of Information is the fountain-head for encyclopedical knowledge. The Editor answers all the hard questions himself, and the easy ones are turned over to the wander-deacon who happens along just as the question box is opened and the birds begin to sing.

How shall we behave ourselves in church? Oh, well! it depends somewhat on the church we attend. Each has his own rules, carefully codified, for the guidance of the members in their attitude toward each other and toward strangers who may seek to wor-

ship with them. These rules are hung up in the pews, on the walls of the church, on the front of the pulpit, over the choir, everywhere, in plain sight. They are not printed on cardboard, but are made "plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it;" and that is just what he wants to do sometimes. The regular occupants of the pews, by manner, by expression of countenance, by significant gesture and action, translate these unwritten rules so clearly that every man may hear them speak in his own language, and "the wayfaring men, though fools need not err therein."

The next time your journey leaves you stranded in the great and delightful city of New Philadelphia on the Sabbath day, if you should go to the Church of Saint Ingolence,—I can recommend it as having the slowest singing and the softest pew cushions, with a preacher to watch, in the city,—you will see the following "Suggestions to Worshipers:—"

"Fall or slide into the end of the pew nearest the aisle.

"Stay there.

"Do not sit erect, but loll. Rest one elbow on the arm of your pew, and support the side of the face with the outstretched hand. If the cheek can be pushed up in folds and wrinkles, so as to wholly or partially close one eye, all intelligent expression will be destroyed, and the attitude of utter and disrespectful laziness will be heightened by the charm of acquired imbecility or natural stupidity.

"Do not rise during the singing of the hymns. The fact that you played tennis or base-ball all Saturday afternoon, or walked four or five miles around a billiard-table Saturday night, entitles you to a little rest Sunday morning. This is the day of rest, and you are no Sabbath-breaker.

"Take advantage of the long prayer, when other people should have their eyes closed and their heads bowed, to adjust yourself into a position of limp and lounging listlessness that you can endure comfortably through the sermon.

"Extend your legs as far under the pew in front of you as you can make them reach without sliding off your seat.

"Gracefully and politely cover your mouth with your hand while yawning during the sermon. If the minister is looking at you, cover the the mouth with both hands, and, at the close of the yawn, bring your jaws together with a cheerful snap.

"It is a mark of the highest culture and best breeding in refined society, to look at your watch frequently during the service. After looking at your watch, always turn your head and gaze longingly and earnestly toward the door.

"Do not move if a stranger, accompanied by his wife and daughter, attempts to enter your pew. Permit them to climb over your legs, no matter how much it may annoy you. This is the Lord's house, and all his children are welcome. It is not Christian, and it may even be questioned if it is really polite, to put your knees up against the back of the pew when a family of strangers attempt to enter. It is practiced in some churches, but we have never openly encouraged it here.

"Do not annoy strangers who may enter the church by looking at them, or even glancing in their direction. Nothing is more embarrassing to a sensitive person than to find himself an object of attention, under the eyes of strangers in a strange place. If he really wants a seat, he will find one without the obtrusive interference of other people. Some of the ablest scholars in our denomination believe the employment of ushers to be a relic of paganism and a legacy of Romanism, if, indeed, they are not the Scarlet Woman himself.

"At the close of service remark aloud, but to yourself that you are hungry as a shark, and set off for home at a brisk trot. The house of the Lord is no place for idle chatter and worldly gossip with strangers."

Possibly, however, your denominational preference will lead you to worship in the imposing edifice of the Church of Saint Dives of Giltedge. I have gone to that church occasionally on hot Sundays in July, when I was fearful of sunstroke and couldn't afford to put ice on my head. The suggestions here are far more scriptural in form, and are so uplifting that the ordinary man is so buoyed up that he finds it almost impossible to sit down.

"The earth is the Lord's, for he made it; but his pew is mine, for I pay \$700 a year for it.

"How hardly shall they that trust in poverty get a sitting on the centre aisle!

"The poor ye have always with you, but you can get away from them a little while on Sunday.

"He that keepeth his pew keepeth his life.

"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a stranger who wandereth into a church without an invitation.

"Give me neither poverty nor poverty.

"The rich and the poor meet together, but not on the same day.

"But as for the mighty man, he had the earth" (Job 22: 8).

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor a nuisance.

"If thou hast nothing to pay, why should he not stand thee up in the vestibule?

"It is a cold day for the stranger.

"He that giveth his seat to a stranger, of

a surety he shall smart for it.

"If thou hast stricken thy hand with a stranger, thou art snared with the words of thy mouth."

Or it may be that you will be led into the Church of Saint Greedy Owaself, whence you will probably run before you get through reading the tablet.

"Come early, and secure your own pew before anybody else can get into it.

"Count your hymn books carefully, the first thing.

"If one is missing,—the old one with the backs torn off, crane your neck in various directions, looking into the neighboring pews for it.

"If you cannot find it, take the best one within reach, in place of it. This is a Christian duty. Paul says, if any provide not for his own, he is worse than an infidel."

"Hold one hymn book in your hand, and sit on the others until the rest of your family arrive. Look pious all the time. If you see any one looking around for a hymn-book, bow your head upon the back of the pew in meditation, and they won't disturb you. Besides it is a proper attitude, and that is what you are here for.

"When your family is supplied, if there is one book over, hide it under the cushion. If you lend it you may never see it again.

"Leave strict orders with the sexton to seat no one in your pew, as you may bring friends to church with you. (He knows you haven't a friend in the world you would share anything with, but never mind.)

"If you find a stranger in your pew, stare at him until he walks out. If he won't walk out, sit down and make it pleasant for him. Crowd him into the corner. Push all the Bibles and hymn-books into the other end of the pew. Turn your back on him when you rise to sing, and sing loud out of your own book, holding it so that he can't see. If he is one of these prayer-meeting Christians who know the hymn-books by heart, when he begins to sing, do you stop singing and look at him, very much as a cat might look at a robin.

"If the stranger should come in late, and ask you for the number of the hymn, or for the text, look out of the window. Or, if you desire to be elaborately but chillingly polite, say 'I dunno.' If, after service, he ventures to say that he enjoyed the sermon, say 'Huh?' and hurry away. He may want to borrow money of you.

"Should the pastor ask you who were the strangers in your pew, say you don't know and you don't care, but you hope they'll sit somewhere else if ever they come again. Say this so the strangers will hear it. Then they will wonder how on earth you can get such

fine clothes on over your bristles without tearing them to pieces.

"If a woman with a child gets into your pew, glare at the child every time the little one moves. When you speak of it to your neighbor, a man whom you really love,—has a night-latch on his pew-door,—call the child a brat. Smile pleasantly when you hear the sexton trying to coax your dog out of the church. That dog is too cute for anything. Might let him stay in; he wouldn't bother anybody."

And, again, it may be that by some mistake you stumble into the Church of the Samaritans. You have no dealings with these fellows, and you would back out as soon as you see where you are going; but the Samaritans are wide awake, with some very informal notions about church etiquette. The sexton, standing on the porch, sees you are a stranger, and the minute you pause hesitatingly in front of the church you are his. He hypnotize you with a cheerful look and a beckoning-hand, and passes you on through the wide open door almost before you know it. An old deacon in the vestibule has you by the hand at once, and introduces you to "our church clerk", as he reaches your part of the introduction, "I don't exactly know your name,"—as though he used to know it like a book, and has a pretty good inkling of it now, but can't quite place you. An usher at each door is ready for you,—there is a perfect picket line of sexton and deacons and ushers along the front of the Church of the Samaritans; not to keep people out, but to bring them in; it isn't a fort, it's a hospital; it's a man-trap, baited with Christian courtesy, and the man who is caught there never tries to get away. The older you are, the better seat you get: if you just hint to the young fellow who is leading you forward that your hearing is a little "near sighted," he'll get you the best seat in the house, if he has to ask a resident Samaritan to give it up to you. You get comfortably seated, and somebody pushes a hassock toward you; a child from the next pew hands you a hymn-book; an old lady puts a Bible into your hands. The minister looks at you as though he had seen you before and was glad to see you again.

Before you get fairly out of the pew, after service, somebody has you by the hand, telling you he is glad to see you there, the pastor is asking you to come again, the usher is telling you the hour of evening service, the superintendent is giving you an invitation to stay to Sunday-school, and when, a little ashamed of the way you felt, when you tried to back out, you say rather meekly, that you are a member of the Church of Jerusalem yourself, they say reassuringly, "Oh, that's

all right! there isn't much difference between the Samaritans and the Church of Jerusalem now; lots of your people drop in and see us on their way to Jericho;"—the deacon tells you "he got the best wife in the world out of the Church of Jerusalem;" and so you have a good time, and go away with such a glow at your heart that if it wasn't Sunday, and in town, you'd take off your coat.

You see, it is just here: the Samaritans feel at home in their church, and consequently they know just how to make strangers feel at home there. It is their Father's house, and they conduct themselves there as easily, cordially, naturally as children at home. A church of that sort has a home-like atmosphere the visitor recognizes and enjoys. Any guest can tell the family living-room from the "spare-room" with his eyes shut. The trouble with some of our churches is that the members frequent them so seldom they have a cat-in-a-strange-garretty feeling themselves when they do go, and are consequently awkward and constrained in their efforts to make the stranger feel welcome,—very much as I should probably be if, being a chance visitor at the palace, I should attempt to receive Queen Victoria's guests in the drawing-room, while she finished her luncheon of bread and honey in the kitchen.

Get acquainted in your own church; feel at home there yourself; get into the habit of frequenting the house during the week; and on Sunday attend both services and the Sunday-school, see how easily the "workers" of the hive and the little people receive and entertain guests,—and you will soon find yourself as cordial and warm hearted as those fellows over in the Church of the Samaritans, and won't ask for a letter of introduction and countersigned credentials before passing a hymn book to a stranger. And remember always the injunction of Peter, "an apostle of Jesus Christ," writing "to the strangers scatteredd throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia."—"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."

*Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

## THE SPIRIT'S PRESENCE.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

We have gained something when we have learned to come and lie low before the mercy seat, pleading for the Holy Spirit. Then we go a little further. We shall be very careful to be such men and women as the Spirit of God can use. Now, if you and I should become indolent or proud and domineering, or if we should become despondent, having little or no faith in what we preach,

and no belief in the power of the Holy Spirit is it likely that God will bless us? Believe me, the vessel that God Himself uses must be very clean. It need not be of silver or gold; it may be only an earthen vessel. But it must be very clean, for our God is a jealous God. He will not drink out of the vessel which just now was at the lip of Satan or used by the world. O, how clean must we be who expect the Holy Spirit to make use of us? How careful we should be in our private life, as well as in our ordinary walk and conversation!

And next, since we depend wholly upon the Spirit, we shall be most anxious in all our work for Christ, for souls to use the word of God. Keep close to the truth, for the Holy Spirit's sword is the word of God. He won't use our own swords; He will only use this New Jerusalem blade of God's own fashioning, the inspired Word. "It is written." So spoke Christ; so the Holy Spirit teaches. "Thus saith the Lord." If that be our preaching, we preach that to which the Holy Ghost will always set His seal; but if you "think it out" and bring something of your invention, go, my good sir, go to the patent office and get letters of patent for your invention. The Holy Ghost cares nothing for it; He cares nothing about your original mind. Christ Jesus spake the word that His Father gave to Him. I would rather speak five words out of the Book than fifty thousand words of the philosopher, for "the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men." You cannot do work for Christ except by Christ and you cannot teach for Christ unless you teach Christ, and your word will have no blessing upon it unless it be God's word spoken to the sons of men through your mouth.

Again, we must avoid everything in our work that would grieve the Holy Spirit. I believe that in a place where that work of conversion goes on daily God is much more jealous than He is anywhere else. If He sees in a church, in the officers of the Church, in the work of the church, something unholy, and if He sees practices tolerated that are not in accordance with His pure mind, He might give His blessing to a church that was worse than this in many respects, but not to this church that has been already so highly favored. We may so act as to have the Holy Spirit. How are we to act? If you want the Holy Spirit to be freely with you and give you great blessing, you must in the power of the Spirit work where you are put, for the Holy Spirit took the prophet into a valley that was full of bones. If you want to save the slums, you must go into the slums. If you want to

save sinners who are broken down, you must be broken down yourself; at least you must get near to them in their brokenness of heart and sympathize with them. I believe that no man will command power over a people whom he does not understand. - We must have more sympathy with sinners.

If the Holy Ghost is to be with us, we must speak in the power of faith. If Ezekiel had had no faith, he certainly would not have preached to dry bones, for it was a wretched congregation, and he certainly would not have preached to the wind. Who but a fool would? We must believe that the Holy Spirit is making use of the truth we speak for quickening the sons of men. We must speak and work in faith, or it will be in vain.

#### PERSECUTION AND BLOODSHED IN MEXICO.

The awful results of the teaching of Rome where she has the power, are seen in the following letter in the New York *Evangelist*, from Rev. Dr. Greene:—

"On the 28th of April, at 3 p. m., the Romanists of El Carro gathered in their church, to receive at the lips of their priest, according to a notice previously given, his sacred orders to kill all the Protestants of the place. The congregation dispersed and at the same time appeared in front of the church the priest's brother, ready to kill the first Protestant whom he should chance to meet.

It happened that a liberal, who occasionally attended our services, was then passing, whom the priest's brother approached and saluted, according to custom; then drew his pistol and fired two shots at him, inflicting wounds from which he cannot recover.

At once more than 500 Romanists, hearing the shots, rushed to the spot, and among them the priest, who addressed himself to the crowd, saying that he would be responsible for what any of them might do, and that it was necessary to kill that very day all the Protestants in the place. He then started through the streets, shouting "Death to the Protestants! I am not afraid of prison, even though they sentence me for ten years. Nor do I fear death; let them kill me. Death to all these heretics; let not one remain." But now the infuriated crowd had reached the wall, and at once made their way toward the house of Mr. Campes.

On the way they found Don Ramon Silva, one of our brethren, who seeing their purpose, commenced to fire upon them, and succeeded in checking their movements, and disconcerting them sufficiently to enable him to leap an adjoining fence and escape.

They rush to the residence of the minister, and broke in the gate of the wall in front of the house. Mr. Campos, (the Missionary), aware of what was passing, commended himself and family to God, then shut his wife and children in an inner room that seemed to offer the greatest safety, while he himself from the door defended his dwelling, firing upon the aggressors with a rifle.

After a little, seeing that the crowd was gaining upon him, he shut and barred the door, but from within continued to fire upon the enemy, availing himself of the breaks in the door, which the fanatics were making with the great stones which they threw in large numbers.

He was about to resign himself to die, seeing that the door could hold out but a few moments, when suddenly the stoning ceased, and he saw that a rush was being made by the mob for our chapel. Reaching it, they broke in the door, and destroyed completely the four doors of the building, all the benches, the organ, the pulpit, the Bibles, hymn books, and all other printed matter.

While they were effecting this work of destruction, Mr. Campos managed to escape with his family without being observed by the enemy. Leaving his wife and children in a house of a friend, he with several brethren sought the woods, where they remained the greater part of the night. Hearing that they had escaped, the mob went in pursuit of them, but did not find them.

After destroying the contents of the chapel, they commenced to sack the houses of the brethren, and in the case of all but three, sacked their dwellings, leaving almost nothing of any worth. Gregorio Montreal, one of the faithful brethren, was stoned to death, decapitated, and his head borne away to an adjoining village. Many others were beaten and very seriously wounded.

The assault lasted until between 11 and 12 at night. A few Protestant families, including that of Mr. Campos, also the wounded brother Silva, succeeded in reaching the house of Don Francisco Esparza, which was attacked furiously by the fanatics, but bravely and successfully defended, although Mr. Esparza would not allow those who were with him to fire upon the mob, out of respect to the many children of both sexes who were taking part in the assault. Seeing that nothing could be gained against our good friend, the mob retired from his house, and again visited one after another the houses of the other brethren, completing in them the work of destruction, tearing down the doors and carrying away with them tools, books, clothing, and whatever remained.

Strangely enough the local authorities rendered the brethren no assistance, nor was any received from the State until 4 a. m., when a detachment of troops arrived from Pinos. These arrested and removed to Zacatecas the priest with twenty-seven other men and twelve women. Some fifty others are fugitives from justice. There is no doubt that the guilty parties will be severely punished, and that this bloody assault, like those of Acapulco, Almoleza del Rio, Amacuatlan, and many others, will be a severe blow in the end against the murderous priesthood who are responsible for it."

### A SCOTTISH HERO OF THE DARKEST AFRICA.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM DICKIE, M. A.

When Britain is showering well-deserved honors on Stanley, the intrepid explorer of the 'Darkest Africa' and the hero of the hour, we in Scotland should not forget one of our own kith and kin who shall never return to his native land to tell the story of his short but heroic life, and to receive the honors of his countrymen. Patriotism, however, bids us lay upon the tomb the wreath which we are prevented from placing upon the braw.

The name of A. M. McKay will ever be identified with the earliest chapter of Christian history in Uganda—a chapter written in tears and blood. The story of the Uganda Mission, in which Christ has been fighting with the dragons of heathenism, is sad, thrilling, and heroic, displaying at once the unselfishness of heathen life and the joy with which, for the Master's sake, brother after brother goes forth to almost certain death. Thank God, there are still many to whom the service of Christ is better than life.

Mr. A. M. McKay was a son of the manse, a clear-headed, energetic Aberdonian. When Stanley wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* in 1875 his now famous letter in which he 'challenged Christendom to send missionaries to Uganda,' Mackay was engaged as an engineer near Berlin. Stanley exulted in the beauty, fertility, and promise of the country around the inland sea, Victoria Nyanza; but he did not forget the darker side of the picture—the cruelty and ignorance of the people. He appealed to the best Christian sentiment of our country. 'Oh! for the hour,' he wrote, 'when a band of philanthropic capitalists shall try to rescue the beautiful lands, and supply the means to enable the Gospel messengers to come and quench the murderous hate with which man beholds man in the beautiful lands around Lake Victoria. Christian sentiment was not appealed to in vain. Eight Christian volunteers set out to East

Africa to conquer Uganda. Of these eight, two return home from sickness, two died, two were killed, and two, Mr. Wilson and, subsequently, Mr. Mackay, were permitted to enter fully upon their labors as Gospel messengers.

For about six years Mackay and the comrades who subsequently joined him labored heroically among the savage tribes. Mtesa, the king, Stanley's friend, immediately after Stanley's departure, had been induced to embrace the Mohammedan religion, and consequently the way was not so smooth as the missionary pioneers had expected. Within about two years, also, the French Romish priests appeared upon the scene, to reap where they had not sowed, and to produce confusion in the heathen mind.

As builder, printer, smith, carpenter, boat-builder, farmer, and missionary, our countryman acquired great influence, and gathered around him a faithful band of native Christians, who have stood true to death. In 1884, however, Mtesa, by no means the worst enemy of missions, died, and his son, Mwanga, succeeded him. Mwanga 'cared for none of these things.' He was weak, wilful, and wicked, the mere puppet of the Arabs, whose Mohammedanism dictated the new policy of crushing the infant Church of Christ, the one hope of the country.

A time of persecution immediately set in. The royal savage burned and butchered about two hundred of the little band of native Christians; subjected the little church to the most aggravating indignities and cruelties; and after tedious weeks of confinement, ordered the death of Hannington, the first Bishop of East Equatorial Africa, so that Mackay could only write home saying, 'Our hearts are breaking.' Yet, nothing daunted, Mackay kept to his post, having faith in the indestructibility of that Gospel that had been sown as seed in the human heart, and awaiting, sometimes alone, face to face with death, the blessed time when the arm of the Lord would be revealed. And indeed it was revealed. Conversions followed martyrdoms. In one case one of the executioners of three boy martyrs, impressed by their faith and bravery, came and requested to be taught how to pray. Members of the king's court came to the mission against royal orders, and endured the consequence. So many as thirty native Christians at one time were heaped together and burned in a ghastly, but glorious funeral pyre. Yet so great was the power of Christ, that fresh applicants for baptism came forward whilst smelling the very fires of persecution. Little wonder that when it was suggested that the siege might be raised and

Mackay return from the field, leaving Uganda to the great enemy, his answer was worthy of the soldier of Christ—'NEVER!'

About two years ago, Mwanga, who, in his policy of vacillation, had begun to show some favor to the Christians, was dethroned in a revolt headed by the Arabs. Kiwewa, his successor, was murdered, and Kalema, a Mohammedan puppet, was made king. In the revolution Mackay and the Christians were expelled from Uganda, and sought refuge at the south side of the Lake, where Stanley met our unaccredited hero last September.

But the unexpected soon happened. 'The Christian refugees, Protestant and Popish, inspired by patriotic spirit, but against the wish of Mackay, formed themselves into an army and invaded Uganda. Several battles were fought, and it is remarkable that in one of them, three of the arch-enemies of Christianity fell—Pokino, who decreed Hannington's murder; Serukoti, who murdered the good Admiral Gabunga; and the Arab interpreter, Masuh, who poisoned the mind of the king against every European by his misinterpretation. The insurgents were soon headed by Mwanga, who now sits on the throne of Uganda, and naturally favors the Christians who restored him, and whom recently he so cruelly persecuted. But here occurs the mystery of Providence. Mackay was about to return to Uganda where his presence seemed indispensable to the future of the little Christian church, when he was struck down by fever, and, at the age of forty-one, died.

Spite of this mystery, we await with confidence the turn of events in this dark spot of 'Darkest Africa.' Our disappointments in the mission field have often been the prelude of our most surprising successes.—*The Missionary Record, Edinburgh.*

#### RELIGION OF CHINA.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* gives a very vivid glimpse of Polytheism in China—the religion of the people as connected with the state and controlled by the government. The Emperor is Pope as well as civil ruler; but as civil ruler he is supreme over all religions and all religious officers and performances. The *Pekin Gazette*, the official organ of the emperor, has been regularly published for more than five hundred years. The writer from whom we quote has been studying the *Gazette* and noting the official treatment of the religious manifestations of the people. In China ghosts act a very prominent part. There are shrines where miracles occur. Nobles and generals are regularly canonized and deified. The dead

are objects of worship by prayer, incense, and sacrifice. Honors and promotion are conferred on dead soldiers as on the living. Human sacrifices have been offered not long since in Formosa to appease the angry demon who had sent a plague to devastate the people.

Recently a long drought prevailed in Foo Chow. The people prayed to a dead saint who had been canonized as the White Jade Toad, and rain came in abundance. The people therefore prayed the Emperor for higher honors to be conferred on the saint, and that his name be enrolled 'on the list of worthies to whom sacrifice is to be offered.'

The toad earned divine honors long ago from its reputed power of living for centuries. The Frog-god of China symbolizes rain.

Pretenders to supernatural power and originators of new religious movements are usually dealt with in a summary manner,—to lose their heads being their common fate. Any troubler of the 'powers that be' is liable to be disposed of in this convenient way. Recent decrees prohibit under severe penalties 'the fabrication of heterodox and strange wonders by a vicious priesthood for the bewilderment of simple folk.'

The Government policy is to trace all physical calamities to the sins of men. An earthquake affords an opportunity for admonishing the people against disaffection to the Government. The Emperor is the Son of Heaven. He is Pontif or Pope for the whole nation. There is a hierarchy under the Emperor in which Buddhists and Taoists are combined according to rank.

The lists of Gods to be worshipped is revised and sanctioned every year. Old ones are dropped and new ones are added. These Gods are all defunct mandarins. There is a regular hierarchy of these defunct officials and it is their duty when recognized by the Emperor to act as agents for the Lord of Hell—to arrest souls of wicked persons and despatch them for punishment below. The lordship over the unseen world greatly increases the power of the Emperor over his subjects. These canonized, beatified spirits are reported as often being their worshippers in time of danger, reminding one of the "Miracles" which monks and nuns of the Roman Catholic church report from time to time.

The Emperor is as completely supreme over Buddhism as over Taoism. His orders are implicitly obeyed. A new Lama cannot be recognized without the Emperor's decree. Men, ghosts, gods, the dead and the living, are all equally subject to the supreme Imperial pontiff.

They have a purgatory as well as a hell in the faiths of China. The edicts of the Em-

peror are held to run in earth, hell, and purgatory. Promotion in all these realms belongs to his Imperial Majesty. Demons are supposed to appear very often with messages from below; and messages to the other world must be sent by human souls, for demons will not do errands for mortals.

In the olden times the practice was to kill a man so as to send him with a message or on an errand to Hades. Then, more lately, a devoted man would kill himself in order to be qualified to perform the errand. The Emperor being above all, and controlling the unseen world as well as the visible world, it is right that any and every sacrifice should be made for him. Order, subordination, submission, are great principles of life among the Chinese; and any form of religion is tolerated which is satisfactory in regard to the civil power.—*Witness.*

#### PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

The *Hochi Shimbun*, a leading Japanese newspaper, discussing recently the progress of Christianity in Japan, says it is slow but sure. There is nothing striking about the number of converts added each year to the roll of Japanese Christians or about the increase of the propagandists' ministrations.

But, on the other hand, the foreign faith advances surely and steadily, planting its feet firmly as it goes and never retrograding for an instant. Those who estimate its development by the results attained in a week or a day can form no true idea. They must watch it for half a year or more, and they will then discover that what it lacks in extent it gains in stability.

Opportunities to test the influence it has exercised upon the public mind are, of course, few and far between. Its diligence in the cause of female education and its untiring efforts to improve the status of Japanese women are also quoted as easily discernible evidences of the progress it is making. "In short," the *Hochi Shimbun* concludes, "that Christianity will ultimately attain to power by gradual and steady accumulation of merits is a fact of which we are convinced by long observation. If it progresses at its present rate its future is assured."

The writer then proceeds to call upon Buddhists to besmirch themselves in the cause of their faith. They cannot possibly meet the crisis, he tells them, by indulging in slanderous diatribes against Christianity at their anti-Christian meetings. Other and worthier means must be resorted to. Above all, he denounces the recent agitation among Buddhist priests to be allowed to take part in politics. He asks what use

they would make of that privilege if they obtained it. Even supposing that they secured the ear of the electors and succeeded in getting a number of their representatives returned for the new Parliament, could they hope to propagate Buddhism and defeat Christianity by a Parliamentary vote or by the aid of political interference? "If measures of this kind are relied on, the future of Buddhism is indeed in a perilous condition."—*Scl.*

#### A GREAT MISSIONARY GATHERING.

Plans are being perfected for a National Missionary Conference, to be held at Indianapolis, Indiana, September 30, 1890. Prominent Missionary workers, evangelists and Y. M. C. A. workers will be present, among them: Bishop Wm. Taylor, of Africa; Dr. A. T. Pierson, Author of *Crisis of Missions*; W. F. Blackstone, of Chicago, with his large maps of the world; with many missionary volunteers from different sections of the country. As is well known to our readers, remarkable providences have combined in recent years to open the doors for the spreading of the Gospel among the nations of the earth. Especially may this be said of Africa and China. There are also many evidences of great movements toward the preaching of the Gospel to "every creature," and this meeting promises to be one of unusual interest and importance. The theme of the gathering will be "Shall the Gospel be given to all people, during this generation? Special railroad rates are being arranged for and it is expected that the good people of Indianapolis will provide entertainment for the delegates. For further information, address Geo. S. Fisher, Y. M. C. A., Topeka, Kansas.

#### A LESSON ON CHRISTIANITY.

A missionary of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, writes:

"One Sunday I went to Victoria Park to speak, as I often do. I saw a great crowd of Jews as I gently listened to an infidel speaker who endeavored to prove that Christianity is a failure. There were also present a few proselytes. An opportunity was given me by the speaker to express my views on the subject, which I did to the apparent satisfaction of the Christian part of the audience. When the lecturer got up to reply to my remarks, he became very excited and personal, spoke against the bishops, the clergy, &c.

Then a venerable and noble-looking Jew

came forward, and taking off his hat, said humbly, in very broken English, "I am only a Jew."

"I know you are a Jew—your face tells me so!" cried the lecturer, angry at the interruption from an unexpected quarter.

"I mean to say that I am not a Christian," explained the Jew, "and yet I say that the bishops and pastors are good and holy men; when they get money they give it to the poor; but infidels, like you, put it in your own pockets. I believe that if all the Christians were to follow Christ's teachings there would be no socialists. Take this advice from a Jew (who is not baptized); listen to Christ alone and you will all feel happy!"

The words of this Jew produced a deep impression upon the audience—both Jew and Gentile. The Lord has many a witness, even among such as are apparently not nominally Christians.

I afterwards had a discussion with this Jew. He is well off, and has a large family all of whom share his views regarding Christ, "If I die, I die in Christ, and I am trying also to live in Christ. There are a great many of my Jewish acquaintances who, like me, believe him to be our Messiah."—*Hebrew Christian.*

#### THE WAY TO CONQUER.

"I'll master it," said the axe; and his blows fell heavily on the iron.

But every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and, with his relentless teeth, he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down and broken, and he fell aside.

"Ha, ha!" said the hammer. "I knew you wouldn't succeed. I'll show you the way."

But at the first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame.

They all despised the flame: but he curled gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it until it melted under its irresistible influence.

#### TAKE CARE OF YOUR CHARACTER.

Take care of your character. Do not be too much concerned for your reputation. It will give you no trouble. Character is everything something that cannot be hid from God or man, that cannot be changed as we change a garment: but we carry it with us wherever we go, and by it we are known every day of our life. A pure, earnest, broad; consistent, symmetrical character—what blessings it confers on the world!