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THE ARCHIVES
THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN CANADA

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

The Maritime Presbyterian.

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WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

MAY, 1886.

WORLDLY CONFORMITY.

The Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander wrote to a friend: "As I grow older as a parent my views are changing fast, as to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow to our children. I am horrified to count up the profligate children of pious persons, and even ministers.

"The door at which those influences enter; which countervail parental instruction and example, I am persuaded, is yielding to the ways of good society. By dress, books, and amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind but determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves like the Eddystone lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise a little, but decidedly, above the par of the religious world around us.

"Surely, the way in which we commonly go on is not the way of self-denial, and sacrifice, and cross-bearing, which the New Testament talks of. "Then is the offence of the cross ceased." Our slender influence on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us and them."

NOT AS I AM.

Not as I am, but with this plea,
That I might more like Jesus be,
And follow Him who died for me:
O Lamb of God, I come!

Not as I am, O heart of mine,
While walking in the light divine,
With life becoming more like Thine:
O Lamb of God, I come!

Not as I am—not tossed about,
But rising over sin and doubt;
No foes within, no fears without:
O Lamb of God, I come!

Not as I am, but free from fear,
With peaceful visions calm and clear,
Fortastes of heaven drawing near;
O Lamb of God I come!

—Sel.

Noah Webster, the dictionary maker said: "I like to hear a preacher who makes me feel that the devil is after me."

SAVED FROM SIN.

Christ saves His people from sin. Oh! could you follow in the footsteps of sin and see the ravages it has produced in the world, you would bless God if you are saved from it. What was it that ruined our first parents, opening the eyes of innocence in Paradise to behold its own nakedness? It was sin. What was it that lifted the ponderous club of murder, and struck Abel to the ground, covering him with his own blood? It was sin. What was it that caused the fountain of the great deep to break up and overthrow the world, drowning millions? It was sin. What was it that rained fire from the hand of God, red hot, on the cities of the plain, burning them in a moment? It was sin. What was it that drew from God's bow the arrows of lightning that slew in one night the mighty host of Sennacherib? It was sin. What was it that called from heaven the fire that burnt to blackened ashes and charred cinders the two companies that came to take the prophet Elijah? It was sin. What was it that brought together the mighty waters of the Red Sea, burying beneath their swelling waves Pharaoh and his host? It was sin. What was it that caused God to send forth fire, pestilence, and plague to destroy the children of Israel? It was sin. What was it that shook the tower of Siloam to its foundations, and caused it to fall and bury those eighteen in its ruins? It was sin? What was it that slew every martyr and apostle save John? It was sin. What was it that brought death into the world—plague, pestilence, famine, murder, disease, and battle? It was sin. What slew the Prince of Life? Oh, sin of sins, and death of deaths! it was sin. And how shall we be delivered from this? There is only one who can deliver us—Jesus, the Mighty Friend, who saveth us from all sin.—Selected.

THE FIJI JUBILEE.—The Fijians have just been celebrating the jubilee of the introduction of Christianity into the islands. By way of commemorating the event the Rev. J. Calvart, for nearly forty years a missionary among these people, has prepared a volume entitled "Bible Pictures for Our Pets," and the Religious Tract Society of London has engaged to distribute among the islands three thousand copies of the work.

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The Maritime Presbyterian

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All communications to be addressed to

Rev. E. Scorr, New Glasgow, N. S.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The twelfth session of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada will be opened in the city of Hamilton and within St. Paul's Church there, on Wednesday, 9th June next, at 7.30 p. m.

FOR NEW HEBRIDES.

Any person wishing to send a box or parcel to the New Hebrides can do so by sending to the care of Geo. E. Forsythe, Halifax, before the end of May. Please be particular to mark on each box or parcel the name of the missionary for whom it is intended, and the name of the person sending it.

THE CHURCH AGENCY.

Nearly all will join in disapproving the indecent haste with which some over zealous but most inconsiderate writer rushed into print on this subject, almost as soon as the office was made vacant, and we would not mention it now, but that it must come up for consideration at the Assembly which meets in Hamilton on the 9th of June.

It is a matter of importance to the welfare of our church, a matter in which there should be earnest prayer for guidance. The work is moving along very well as at present managed. There is no need for hurry in making a change. It should be referred by Assembly to Synod. There is little doubt that this will be done. Any-

thing else would be unfair. There will not be more than one eighth of the Synod at Assembly, and the former body is certainly far better fitted to deal with it than the latter. Better wait for a time than appoint an unsuitable man. Let it not be made a place for any man wanting the place. If any appointment be made, let the place seek the man, and appoint the most suitable.

Better than any other way, would be to allow the work to continue along the same lines as at present. Miss Macgregor knows more about the accounts of the church than any man in the Maritime Provinces. Let her services be retained at a fair salary for the work of keeping the accounts, receiving and paying out monies, and let each of the committees appoint its own secretary, one of its number, who shall give his services, without salary. It may be said that a man should be paid for what he does. If some poorly paid ministers were doing the extra work it would be different. Something additional for it would be right. As a rule however the men who are appointed are in the larger centres, and are already in the receipt of good salaries, and if able to do anything more than their congregational work, can do it freely for the good of cause.

IGNORANCE THE BULWARK OF FALSE RELIGIONS.—The Rig Veda, the religious book of the Hindus, is the stronghold of the Hindu religion. Hitherto it has existed in Sanscrit, and the people of India have not been able to read it, but have regarded it with superstitious reverence. It is now to be translated into Bengali; and it is thought that when once the people can read it, much of the veneration for it will be destroyed. So knowledge becomes the ally of the Christian missionary.

Daily Christian living is the true Pentecost, says George Dana Boardman.

THE SANTO MISSIONARY.

In another column will be seen the resolution of the Woman's F. M. Society, and that of the Foreign Mission Committee regarding the same matter.

This is not the first time that it has been under the consideration of the F. M. committee. At their meeting in February, it was discussed, but while sympathizing deeply with Mr. and Mrs. Annand, the state of the Funds did not warrant their assuming any additional responsibility.

The State of the matter at present is as follows :

1. In spite of every effort in the way of circulars, appeals, Missionary addresses, &c., the debt on the F. M. Fund has been steadily increasing. Two years ago the expenditure had exceeded the income by \$1575.30. One year since, that amount was increased to \$1935.30. At the end of the year just closing, the adverse balance will almost certainly not be less than \$3000.

2. There is a probability, almost a certainty that the F. M. Funds of the Eastern and Western Sections, will be unified at next Assembly.

3. In view of the above two facts, first, that our present expenditure is steadily in excess of our income, second, that our work is likely to be united with that of a stronger body, the almost unanimous feeling of the Foreign Mission Committee is, that it would be not only imprudent, but, as a business transaction, it would not be honest for them to assume additional responsibilities at present. If the United Committee will do so, the members from this Eastern Section will rejoice.

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in St. Matthew's church, Halifax, April 8th and 9th. There are about 40 Auxiliaries in connection with the Society. Besides the delegates from these, there were present visitors from other Women's Missionary Societies in the Presbyterian Church, from the Societies of the Methodist and Baptist Churches, as also a lady missionary from the Baptist Church among the Telugus of India. Reports were read from the different Auxiliaries showing good work done during the year.

Mrs. Annand was present and gave a most interesting and touching address on the New Hebrides, dwelling particularly on the Island of Santo where Mr. Annand

and herself expect to labor on their return.

At a public meeting held in St. Matthew's church on the evening of the 8th, Mr. Annand spoke on the Mission field in the South Seas. His address as usual was most interesting and instructive. At the close a collection of over \$30.00 was taken up.

The accounts for the year are as follows :

RECEIPTS,	
Balance from 1885	\$ 67.75
Halifax Presbyterian Society	921.14
Pictou Presbyterian Society	732.18
Newfoundland Auxiliaries	304.50
Sundries	46.52
	\$2072.09
EXPENDITURE.	
Support of lady teachers	\$1624.00
Various appropriations	140.50
Printing and other expenses	120.95
Balance on hand	186.64
	\$2072.09

The ladies were deeply interested with the story of Santo, and the Annands heroic undertaking in connection with that island, and their action regarding the matter will be found in another column.

The meeting was richly enjoyed by all present.

Besides the above organization there is a number of Women's Missionary Societies, chiefly in the Presbytery of Truro and Pictou some of them among the oldest in the Provinces, that prefer to do their work as congregational societies, and that have contributed largely in money to the Foreign Mission Fund during the year; besides quantities of clothing for the school children in the Mission Fields.

There is a deepening interest among the women of our church in behalf of their sisters in heathenism. But neither men nor women realize aright as yet the responsibility that lies upon us to "Go preach the Gospel to every creature."

Rev. H. A. Robertson has sent twelve casks, over 2000 lbs, of Arrowroot as a thank offering from the natives of Erromanga. Hitherto nearly all the arrow-root sent from the islands has been sold in Australia or Britain, but it is becoming more difficult to find a market there. Many of our people will gladly purchase it. Of one thing they can be sure, viz. its purity. Probably the casks will be distributed through the different towns for sale.

The ladies of the missionary societies of United Church and James Church, New Glasgow, held a joint meeting in James Church Hall, May 5th. The hall was well filled. In an address of welcome, Mrs. Annand was presented with a purse of \$62, not from the funds of the Societies, for these are paid, as Society Funds should be, into the Foreign Mission Fund, but from private donations.

Mrs. Annand gave a most interesting address on Mission Work in the South Seas, shewing the dark, sad state of the heathen. For an hour she was listened to with rapt attention. Prayer and singing and the reading of two or three interesting papers occupied the remainder of the meeting, after which tea was provided.

At the meeting of the Foreign Mission Board on the 6th inst., a resolution was adopted with the greatest warmth and heartiness, which we would scarcely take the liberty of publishing, but that some member of the Board published it, unknown to us, in another paper. As that has been done, it is but just to reproduce it. The resolution moved by A. McL. Sinclair, seconded by Dr. Burns was as follows:—"That thanks are due and are hereby given to the Rev. E. Scott, for the interesting notices of Foreign Mission work in his excellent publication the MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN, and especially for generously giving all the profit from that publication to our Foreign Mission Fund, the various sums given by him from that source, up to the present date amounting to \$350.00."

We wish to pass the thanks along to those who have gratuitously aided in circulating the paper, for to their kindly interest is largely owing any measure of success that has been attained. They are fellow helpers in the good work, and the Editor has no right to appropriate the thanks to himself.

The Hindu shopkeepers of Calcutta have voluntarily started a Sabbath closing movement. These keen traders are not animated by any reverence for the day, but they have learned the value of one off-day in the week.

It is said of that grand man, Dr. Leonard Bacon, that during the last part of his long and fruitful life, he had the idea impressed upon him as never before, that the exchange of worlds was like passing from one room to another.

DEATH OF REV. WM. MURRAY.

Mr. Murray was a brother of Mr. Robert Murray of the *Presbyterian Witness*, and was born at Earlton in 1825. Completing his studies in 1854, he was licensed by the Free Presbytery of Halifax and appointed in 1855 as the General Agent of the Free Church in the Maritime Provinces. In 1857 he was settled in Cornwallis, but being laid aside with bronchial affection he resigned his charge and went in 1868 to Jamaica, where he has since labored. About three years since his health failed and he came to Nova Scotia. In 1884 he returned to Jamaica but was not strong enough for the work, and came back to Nova Scotia, but his work was done. He died on the 21st of March at Canning the scene of his earlier labors in the ministry, the scene also of marked success in his work.

Dr. Doddridge was walking out one day in a very depressed state of mind. His trials at that time were peculiarly heavy. He saw no way of deliverance from them, and he was greatly discouraged. As he passed along, the door of a little cottage was standing open, and he heard a child's voice reading the words "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." The effect produced upon his saddened feelings was indescribable; his despondency vanished, and his heart was filled with peace and joy.

When God would educate a man He compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the necessities rather than to the graces, that, by knowing all suffering, he may know also the eternal consolation.—*Celia Burleigh.*

During the last few days more than eleven hundred dollars has been sent to our Foreign Mission Fund from individuals, Sabbath Schools, and Societies in the West. Of this the Women's F. M. Society in the West sent \$600. With the help thus given the debt will be considerably reduced.

Any persons wishing copies of the April issue of the MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN, containing Dr. McGregor's last sermon, can have as many copies as they wish, free, by asking for them.

Mr. Annand spends a part of this month in visiting some of the congregations in Pictou Presbytery. In June he goes to the General Assembly.

Queens University, Kingston, has conferred the title of D. D. upon Principal Forrest of Dalhousie College.

MEETING OF AUGMENTATION COMMITTEE.

This committee met in Halifax, April 27th.

The supplements from the Surplus Fund were directed to be paid for last year. Our readers will remember that the plan of the Fund is first to level up all salaries to \$600, and a manse, and after that at the end of the year, to divide the balance, increasing the salaries to \$750 if there is sufficient in Fund to do it, or to a less amount if there is not enough to pay in full. For the past year they have in most cases been paid in full.

Applications were then considered for the present year. Most of them were granted. Some, that had not fulfilled all the conditions required in order to receive a supplement were deferred for future consideration.

The state of the Fund is very satisfactory. Nearly all the congregation's in the church have contributed to it, and most of them have given all they were asked for. Next year considerably less will be required from the church as a whole, and there are good prospects of making the scheme a permanent success.

MEETING OF THE COLLEGE BOARD.

This Committee met in the College at Pine Hill, on the 28th of April, when a number of matters of routine business were disposed of. A resolution was passed, confirming, so far as this Board is concerned, the appointment of Miss MacGregor as acting Agent until further action is taken by the Assembly.

A proposition was submitted by the Senate and agreed to by the Board regarding affiliation with Dalhousie College. This does not imply any connection with Dalhousie College, nor any responsibility for it, but it means that certain classes, such as Hebrew, New Testament Greek, &c., may be made optional subjects in the third and fourth years of the Arts course. A student may take these while studying for his Arts degree. And in this way, by taking part of the first year of the Theological course in the third year at Dalhousie, and part of it in the fourth year at Dalhousie one may complete his whole course in six years instead of seven. In Montreal, the different Theological

Colleges, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Congregational, are affiliated with McGill University, and the result is gain to all.

In consequence of a falling off in the value of investments the income of the College is considerably below the expenditure. In addition to this many congregations throughout the church have not contributed to the College Fund during the year. This is not right. We have the College. It is doing a good work. All should do something, more or less as they feel able, towards its maintenance.

CLOSING OF THE THEOLOGICAL HALL.

The closing services of the Presbyterian College were held in St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, April 29, at 7.30 p. m.

There were nineteen students in attendance during the past Winter, seven third year, nine second year, and three first year. The graduating class are Messrs. W. C. Calder, H. J. Furneaux, Williard McDonald, J. W. Maclellan, R. McLeod, W. L. Macrae, and W. Ross. One of these, Mr. Macrae, has offered his services to the F. M. Board for Trinidad, and goes out to take Mr. McLeod's place at Princetown.

A special course of lectures was given to the students during the winter by Messrs. Burns, T. Sedgewicke, A. Simpson, H. H. McPherson, J. McMillan, W. Donald, T. Cumming, R. Laing, G. Bruce, J. C. Cattnach, E. Scott, N. McKay, and E. D. Millar.

Prizes were given as follows:—St. David's prize (\$40) and Fort Massey prize (\$25) were added, divided equally, and given to Messrs. Dill and Coffin, the McMillan prize (\$25) to R. McLeod, St. Matthew's prize (\$25) to Mr. Cahill; the Pollok prize (\$25) to Mr. Coffin; the Wiswell prize (\$6) to D. McDonald; the Leishman prize to Mr. Coffin, and prizes in books to Mr. D. McDonald, and J. W. Maclellan. Mr. Maclellan having passed the necessary examinations received the degree of B. D.

Addresses were given by Rev. T. F. Fotheringham and Rev. N. McKay.

For the rent of a room which is used as a chapel by the M' All Mission in the Rue de St. Honore, Paris, a zealous bard of ladies in Philadelphia pay 10,000 francs a year.

CLOSING OF DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.

Dalhousie College closed, on Wednesday April 28th, one of its most successful sessions. The number of graduates was larger than ever before, twenty seven in all, viz. in Arts, 14, in Science 1, (a lady) and in Law, 13.

The prospects of the institution are better than ever before.

The old college has been sold to the city of Halifax for \$25,000 and a lot for a new building. Sir. Wm. Young has given \$20,000 to the Building Fund, and the new building is to be proceeded with immediately.

Our Synod while providing in former days as best it could for both the Secular and Theological training of its students, has always held that the higher branches of secular education should be given by the Province. Her dream of a non-sectarian Provincial University is becoming more and more a reality.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERIES.

PRESBYTERY OF P. E. I.

Met in St. James' Hall, Charlottetown, April 1st.

Rev. Mr. Grant accepted the call from Cow Bay, C. B.

Rev. J. G. Cameron was appointed to preach at Mt. Stewart, and moderate in a call to Rev. A. B. McLeod.

The following delegates were chosen to General Assembly, viz.: Messrs. A. F. Carr, A. Raulston, R. McLean, E. Gillies, A. McLean, and J. McLeod of Strathalbyn, Ministers, and Messrs. C. Craig, J. Clay, Wm. McDonald, A. Brown, J. McLaine, and Hon. K. Henderson, Elders.

PRES. OF P. E. I.

Met at E. S. Peters, Mar. 15.

Mr. J. W. McKenzie was ordained and inducted in the pastoral charge of the congregations, Mr. Raulston preaching, Mr. Archibald addressing the minister and Mr. J. W. McLeod the congregation.

Rev. Mr. Carruthers presented the report of the committee appointed to confer with the directors of the PROTESTANT UNION, with the view of effecting certain changes in the editorial management of that paper. He intimated that the directors had cordially agreed to the proposed modifications in the editorial management

of that paper and recommended that the Presbytery extend to the paper its moral support. The report was adopted.

With the view of visiting congregations Presbyterially, it was agreed that the Presbytery be divided into two committees, viz.; Eastern to embrace Charlottetown and all the congregations, lying to the east—Rev. Mr. Cameron convener; and the Western to embrace all the congregations west of Charlottetown—Rev. Geo. McMillan, convener.

It was agreed to apply to the H. M. Board for the services of Messrs. J. R. Coffin, Thomas Corbet and J. M. McLeod, catechists, during the ensuing summer.

A letter was read from Rev. J. A. McLean, declining the call from Mount Stewart and West St. Peter's

PRESBYTERY OF LUNENBURG AND SHELburne.

Met at Lunenburg, April 20th.

Rev. A. Brown's resignation of New Dublin was accepted, to take effect April 25th.

Mr. Simpson was appointed Interim Moderator of Session.

The Clerk submitted the report of Presbytery on Statistics, showing nine pastoral changes, and one Mission Station.

The contributions to the schemes of the church for 1885 were as follows:

Lunenburg.....	\$387
Riversdale.....	69
New Dublin.....	43
LaHave.....	163
Shelburne.....	100
Mahone Bay.....	111
Lockeport and East Jordan.....	54
Clyde and Barrington.....	71
Bridgewater.....	147
The Rocks (mission station).....	12

Total **\$1157**

or more than double the amount given within the same bounds eight years ago.

Childhood is a most fertile part of the vine-yard of the Lord. The seed which is planted there, vegetates very soon, and the weeds that spring up are often eradicated. It is in fact in every respect an easy and a pleasant spot to till, and the flowers and fruit, which with proper effort will bloom and ripen there, surpass all others in richness and beauty.—Abbott.

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM REV. K. J. GRANT.

SAN FERNANDO, April 2nd 1886.

Dear Mr. Scott:—

Two days ago in writing you, I spoke of Mr. Macleods extreme weakness, and yet of his hope of getting away, and of deriving benefit from the change. God has arranged otherwise, and we feel assured that he has entered that better country in which the inhabitant will no more say I am sick.

Possessed of wonderful will power—resolute in everything he put his hand to, those constantly with him were not quite prepared for the suddenness of the change that took place yesterday. The Doctor, an American, was assiduous in his efforts to give relief to the last moment, and Mr. Morton and his family who had given unwearied attention were at the bed side. His illness was a long struggle under great prostration. To Mrs. Macleod in her deep affliction there must have been some consolation in the sympathy shown by the large number of converts and friends that gathered at the funeral to-day.

The services, conducted at the house by Mr. Darling (Episcopal) and neighbour at Princetown, and Mr. Gamble (Baptist), and at the grave by Messrs Ramsay and Aitken, respectively of the Free and United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, were very impressive.

He rests from his labours. The most thoughtless visitor to Princetown sees in the Mission Church there a monument of his unflagging industry, the more sober minded can find more enduring monuments of his ministrations in devout converts garnished by the Spirit, and we trust the heart searching God knows many, who, to man are still hidden ones, who will yet give proof that they are saved.

The intelligence of the likelihood of a successor the night before his death must have been peculiarly cheering. We can imagine him whisper into the ear of Him whose is the work and whose are the workmen, "now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

We are all so thankful of the prospects of a labourer for Princetown.

Mrs. Macleod will doubtless go home-

ward in a few weeks with her two little ones.

Yours faithfully,
K. J. GRANT.

LETTER FROM MR. MORTON TO DR. McLEOD OF VALE COLLIERY.

TUNAPUNA, April 3rd, 1886.

Rev. and Dear Brother:

Your dear brother, John W. McLeod, entered into his rest on Thursday, April 1st, at 4 o'clock p. m. Since he came to Tunapuna and for some time before, his strength had been steadily failing. Yet the doctor encouraged him to hope that he would so far rally as to get away to Barbados and thence to Nova Scotia. He took short drives until about three weeks ago, and was confined to bed but little more than a week.

On Wednesday the 30th, he began to suffer from shortness of breath. I spent that night with him, but there seemed nothing alarming in his symptoms. I left him at 9.30 a. m., and when I returned at 11 o'clock I found his pulse much weaker. We sent at once for the doctor who whispered to me that his heart was giving out. The doctor did everything he could to arrest the collapse but in vain. Mrs. McLeod and Mrs. Morton were kneeling on one side of his bed and the doctor and I sitting by the other, not thinking the end near yet, when he said to his wife, "Bess it is getting dark." I asked him if he wished to tell me anything. He said, "I want my wife to bring up my children in the fear of God." These were his last words. We prayed earnestly but briefly around his bed, and a moment after it was all over. The last struggle was short and not very severe, and passed away into a moment of perfect rest at the very last. While yet kneeling around our dead, Rev. Wm. F. Dickson stepped gently in among us, and he remained with me till after the funeral. The telegraph carried the word to Couva, San Fernando, and Princetown, and at 9 o'clock on Friday, Rev. Mr. Grant and Soodeen arrived. He was buried at 2 p. m., close by the entrance of our new cemetery here. Rev. Lalbihari, two of Mr. McLeod's elders, and three teachers—all converts from Hinduism—bore the body and lowered it into the grave. At the house

Rev. O. W. Darling, of the church of England, read the Scriptures, and Rev. William Gamble, Baptist, led in prayer. At the grave Rev. A. Ramsay, of the Free Church, read the Word, and Rev. Wm. Aitken prayed. Besides these there were present one Church of England minister, and all the Presbyterian ministers in the island, besides a large number of other gentlemen. * * *

Yours, with sympathy,
JOHN MORTON.

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.
TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD,
March 29th, 1886.

My dear Friends:—

As I have nothing very special to tell you, about our work it occurred to me to give you some extracts from a missionary address delivered in Port of Spain about a fortnight ago in Greyfriar's Church by Sir John Gorrie, Kt. Chief Justice of Trinidad, on the occasion of the annual missionary meeting of that congregation. I had the pleasure of being present, and enjoyed the address so much that I regret you cannot have it in full. As an eye witness of the things of which he speaks his testimony is certainly valuable. Sir John is a Presbyterian, and the son of a minister. Greyfriar's congregation is as most of you know in connection with the U. P. Church of Scotland; the present pastor is Rev. William Aitken, successor to our friend Mr. Falconer.

After a suitable introduction Sir John said, it has struck me that there is one point, upon which, perhaps, I might be able to throw some light—a point of great importance with regard to our special object of meeting to-night, and that is, whether it is possible, by the efforts which the Christian Churches put forth, ever to convert a race of heathens to Christianity. Now, there is a large number of men, who doubt that, and I do not wonder at it. It is a very tough job, take it how you will, Now it so happens that I am able to tell you something of the results of the efforts of the Wesleyan Church in Fiji, and I think if I tell you just a little about that, it may have for result, to quicken your faith in missionary efforts, and to encourage you to proceed in the way in which you have been going. As Judicial Commissioner of the Western Pacific, all of the British subjects who were to be

found in Samoa and Tonga, were in my jurisdiction, all in Erronanga where Williams, as you recollect, met his death; all in New Hebrides and the Solomon Group, the Santa Cruz Islands, where Bishop Patterson and *Commodore Goodenough* were killed; New Britain which has now become a colony of Germany under the name of the Bismark Archipelago, and New Guinea, which we have annexed, and we do not know very well what to do with it since we have annexed it.

I will confine myself to the colony of Fiji and to the work, the Christian work, that was carried on there. That is not a single insignificant island, as most people are apt to imagine, but it is a vast archipelago of islands, larger than all the British West Indies put together. There are eighty inhabited islands, and the island of Viti Leon, upon which we have placed our capital of Suva, is larger;—I hope you will excuse me for saying it—than this Trinidad—Now it may enlighten you as to the amount of labor that can be done in one generation of men when I tell you that I have seen the first Christian minister who ever preached the Word in Fiji—It was Joeli, a Tongan, sent over by the Wesleyan ministers in Samoa." The speaker then described with great force and eloquence the condition of the islands when Joeli went to labor there. Murder, cannibalism, the strangling of widows, and burying alive, were the order of the day, one anecdote in illustration must not be omitted. He said:

"Even after we went there a superintendent of police stopped a funeral party and asked them of what the person had died. To his horror he saw the corpse put its head out of the mat, in which they were carrying it and begin to ask why the funeral was delayed. The Superintendent ejaculated in horror. "Why," he said "the woman"—for it was an old woman—"the woman is alive." "Oh, we know that," said the bearers. "But how are you burying her if she is not dead?" "Oh well, they said," she wants it, and we want it; she told us that she could only eat yams, and was not able to plant any, and that she would have no objection whatever if they should put her in her grave; and they said, "we thought so too."

Every imaginable cruelty was practised because they seemed to take a demoniacal delight in blood. You can imagine therefore what it was when the white mission-

aries followed these first leaders into this devil's cauldron for the purpose of endeavoring to convert them to Christianity. . . . And what was the result? Was it all in vain, as some men will tell you now? No, I am able to tell you that they have all received the Christian Faith, that on every Sabbath the Gospel is preached in every town and village of that vast colony, and that people go to church as regularly and in far greater numbers than they do in these B. W. Indies. There are twelve hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji. There is not a Presbyterian church in Fiji. They are Wesleyans, I was about to say, every man of them, but there is a handful of Roman Catholics. In every place where there is a church, there is a school. The children are compelled to attend the school all the young generation can read, and say their multiplication table; and what is more, and I am sure that all Scotchmen will agree with me that this is the truest sign that they have become a civilized people, they have got a shorter catechism. If that does not convince you that they have become Christians I don't know what will.

But the sermons I can tell you that those men preach are uncommonly good. The language is not unlike Italian, and their native orators I have heard often, and heard with great delight. There is one thing that I cannot pass over, that is that they never forget their evening worship. I have travelled a great deal through their country and sometimes arrived pretty tired at the end of a long day's walk, because we have no railways there as you have heard. We had no roads for buggies, nor even for horses; you had to trust to the pair that nature originally gave you, and a very trusty pair it is when you use them well. I have come to the end of my long day's journey, and thought that I had had about enough of it, but no, sure as fate, the native minister came in when it was about time, and gave evening worship. He read from the Fijian Scriptures, the early missionaries had translated them. These ministers were sometimes a little too particular about the personality of those they prayed for"—thus—"Mr. this, and Mr. that, and so on, and then he prayed also, for "the man with thered hair, whose name I don't know."

I daresay you will ask if cannibalism has ontirely ceased. Well I think I may safely say that after 1876 not one single case

of cannibalism has taken place.

Now, then, Gentlemen, you see that when we went there as a Government our work was done for us, and no one has acknowledged this more frankly than Sir Arthur Gordon, who had the chief work of the native organization to perform. We had our work done for us. The young generation of Fijians could all read and write their own language. They could send send in reports to the government as well as Englishmen; they could keep books, they could keep accounts, they could pay money, and the whole of the native government now is carried on by Fijians who have been taught their learning in the Wesleyan Schools. So that, Gentlemen, we can tell you now, if any one asks you, whether it is possible that the efforts of the Christian churches to convert heathens to Christianity can ever be successful, you can tell them yes, that you know that during the life time of a single man, no, less than that—that a whole race of human beings have been converted from being heathens, to being as good Christians as those I see before me." Hoping that these extracts may be, at least, as interesting as anything I could have sent you this mail, and with kindest regards to all,

Truly yours,
S. E. MORTON.

DON'T SCOLD.

For the sake of your children, don't do it. It is a great misfortune to have children reared in the presence and under the influence of a scold. The effect of the everlasting complaining and fault-finding of such persons is to make the young who hear it unamiable, malicious, callous-hearted; and they often learn to take pleasure in doing the very things for which they receive such tongue-lashings. As they are always getting the blame of wrong doings, whether they do it or not, they think they might as well do wrong as right. They lose all ambition to strive for the favorable opinion of the fault finder, since they see they always strive in vain. This is a scold not only a nuisance, but a destroyer of the morals of children. If these unloved, dreaded people could only see themselves as others see them, they would flee to the mountains in very shame.—*Sel.*

The Baptist church at Shanghai has changed its name to the Free Christian church.

A FAMILIAR PROBLEM.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THAT BOY?

If he is already in his teens, and you cannot control him except by the rod, you had better abandon the attempt to control him, and put him into other hands. The fault is certainly yours. We do not mean that you have sinned; all faults are not sins. But you have proved yourself incompetent to manage him, and the danger of continuing the experiment is altogether too great. It may be that your temperament and his are so antagonistic that you arouse each other's combativeness; it may be that they are so different that you cannot comprehend one another; it may be that he has greater force of character than you have, and therefore, you cannot control him except by physical force, which is a very poor substitute. Whatever the reason is, if the fact is that you cannot control him, you had better get some one else to do it for you. If your colt, after three months under one trainer, kicked worse than when the trainer took him, you would look out for a change either in colt or in trainer. In this case you cannot very well change the colt; you had better, therefore, change the trainer. Seek for a good school, with a principal who cares more about character than about Greek and Latin, and about Greek and Latin chiefly as instruments in the development of character, who loves boys, and whom boys love, and who maintains a kindly, gentle, not severe, but firm discipline, and put your boy under him. There are such schools. You cannot find them by luck; nor by hitting on the one nearest home, or on the cheapest, or on one that somebody recommends, or that prints a fine list of references. You must look not merely for a good school, but for a good school for your boy; one adapted to your needs, one possessing the qualifications we have given above. It is quite likely that a year in such a school will make a great change in his character; that, coming into an atmosphere of obedience, he will fall easily, into a habit of obedience, and that when he returns to you next summer it will only require a reasonable modicum of common sense on your part to avoid provoking anew the present chronic controversy. This is the only counsel we can give the father whose boy is in his teens and can be controlled only by the rod. But to other fathers we

suggest some principles of action that may prevent such a dreadful condition.

1. THE FATHER'S FIRST DUTY

is to sympathize with his children, and so to win their sympathy. If you want your boy to be manly, you must be boyish; if you want him to join in your ambitions for him, you must join in his sports and enter into his life. You cannot govern him by perpetual repression. You must guide him; and if you are to guide him you must have hold of his hand and keep hold. If you do not want him to play cards, play something better with him; if you do not wish him to seek fun in the street at night, furnish him with fun in the parlor. It is said of our Heavenly Father, that he knoweth our frame, he remembereth we are dust. A great many fathers do not know their boys' frames, nor remember that they are boys. Most natures will yield to love more quickly than to authority; or, to speak accurately, to the authority of love than to that of force. We are not recommending the substitution of entreaty for command, or coddling for authority. We urge simply to keep up fellowship between yourself and your boy. So he will learn first to trust, then to obey you.

2. GIVE VERY FEW COMMANDMENTS;

insist on prompt and ready obedience to those. Children who are kept in swaddling clothes all the time will sooner or later rend them off. God put the law for the human house in ten commandments on two tables of stone; there are some families that would require a folio volume to contain all the restrictions of their domestic Mount Sinai. The best school in which to learn is the school of experience. It is better that your boy should make a hundred mistakes and learn ten lessons than that he should make no mistakes and learn no lessons. You irritate your boy by perpetual criticism and perpetual law-making. There are families where the sole intercourse between parent and child is confined to "John don't do this; John, don't do that," on the one side, and "Why not, father?" on the other side. The best father we ever knew rarely gave any command to his boys; not often even any positive advice. He left them to get wisdom by experience. When he did command they never thought of disobeying. Great sympathy; few laws; those few absolute and inexorable; this

is the condition of good family government.

3. IN THE ADMINISTRATION

of this government see to it that you have your boy's conscience on your side. Punish him, not merely when he deserves it, but when he thinks that he deserves it. Never absolutely never, punish on suspicion. Never, absolutely never, condemn without first giving the accused a hearing. Do not condemn him even in your own mind till you hear what he has to say. Every boy, as every man, is to be presumed innocent until he has been proved guilty. There is no injustice more horrible than that practised on children, and no victims who are more sensitive to it. The governor who always has the conscience of the governed on his side will never have a rebellion. It is not always easy to secure this; but it is possible. Never punish a child for the consequences of his wrong conduct. If his carelessness has broken a window or torn his clothes, quite likely that is of itself punishment enough. It is when he has been careless and no harm has come that he needs punishment. Never punish because you are angry, or because you have said you would and it will not do to retract, or until he yields and does what he is bidden to do. Whatever punishment may be in the government of God, in the government of man it is simply curative. Punish only for the sake of curing your boy of his sin; punish only so far as may be necessary for that purpose; punish the wrong act, and do not punish again until it is repeated. And when you have punished, do with your boy's sin what God does with ours; blot it out of the book of your remembrance, and remember it no more against him forever. Thus you may secure the sympathy of your boy even in the punishment you administer, and his co-operation in all your work of training him toward a perfect Christian manhood. It is certain that you cannot do much toward that training without such co-operation.—*Christian Union.*

“Young man,” said the late Thaddeus Stevens to Rev. Dr. Sprecher, when entering on his first charge, “if I were going out to preach as you are, I would not try to prove the Gospel. I would just try to preach it. The Gospel, duly preached, proves itself.”

WHAT MADE JOHN RUSKIN.

John Ruskin, in his autobiography, tells of the foundation on which the character of this remarkable man was reared. It was the work of his mother.

“After our chapters (from two to three a day, according to their length), the first thing after breakfast (and no interruption from servants allowed, none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay upstairs, and none from any visitings or excursions, except real travelling), I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known; and, with the chapters thus gradually possessed from the first to the last, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scotch paraphrases, which are good, melodious and forceful verses, and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound.”

Mr. Ruskin prints his mother's list of the chapters “with which, thus learned, she established my soul in life.” It is as follows: Exodus, chapter xv. and xx.; 2 Samuel i., from the 17th verse to the end; 1 Kings viii.; Psalms xxiii., xxxii., xc., xci., cxii., cxix., cxxxix.; Proverbs, chapters ii., iii., viii., xii.; Isaiah, chapter lviii.; Matthew, chapters v., vi., vii.; Acts, chapter xxvi.; 1 Corinthians, chapters xiii., xv.; James, chapter v.; Revelation, chapters v., vi. And truly (Mr. Ruskin says) “though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life—and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidentially the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part of all my education.”—*Central Presbyterian.*

THE SHADOWS FLEEING AWAY.—Heathenism is full of the darkest superstitions, and this has been found especially true in India. The fear that the missionaries and the Bible have some magic power by which they charm the people, and use them as they will, is said to be dying out; and multitudes are ready to hear preaching, and study the Bible, who have hitherto been prevented by this superstition. Many young men are said to be intellectually convinced of the truth of Christianity, but they are not willing to break away from their old customs.

TOBACCO.

In one of his recent "interludes" Joseph Cook made a fierce onslaught on Tobacco:—As to the tobacco nuisance, public-opinion is rising in both intelligence and sternness. It is doing this under the progress of scientific investigation, and especially under the impulse of notice which has been turned lately upon diseases caused by tobacco. It is now very well ascertained that delirium tremens may be produced by excessive indulgence in narcotics. The facts known to the medical profession as to lip and tongue cancers caused by tobacco are too horrible to be recited before a public assembly, especially over the grave of that great soldier whose death has made Mt. McGregor a sacred height. I have no patience with the *low white's mouth disease*, which is the name I give to the habit of chewing and expectorating tobacco, or even of smoking it here, there and everywhere.

In the Massachusetts legislature a bill for the prevention of the sale of tobacco to minors has just passed the lower house by a vote of three to one. A gentleman long in a public position of honor and responsibility, sends me in writing a very suggestive illustration. A lady from the country came to Boston to do shopping. On her way to Boston a gentleman occupied half the seat with her on the cars. Half his time was spent in the smoking car and the rest with the lady. When she arrived in Boston, she was sick and was obliged to send for a physician. He examined her case, and informed her that she had been made ill by tobacco. She paid the doctor's bill and went home without doing her business, and wondering whether non-smokers have any rights which smokers are bound to respect. Another lady says she cannot come to Boston to do business on account of the ever-present fumes of tobacco in the streets and shops.

No doubt tobacco blunts the sense of propriety. The narcotic nosegay is as unconscious of the odors he exhales as is the eater of onions and garlic. "Indifference or apathy with regard to the comfort of others," says the London *Times*, "is one of the most remarkable effects of tobacco. No other drug will produce anything like it. The opium-eater does not compel you to eat opium with him. The drunkard does not compel you to drink. The smoker compels you to smoke; nay, more, to

breathe the smoke he has just discharged from his mouth."

The new state house in Des Moines, Ia., will not allow smokers to enter its portals. An edict has just gone forth that tobacco must not be used in the halls and corridors of the White house in Washington. [Applause] Our Military and Naval Academies do not allow their pupils to use tobacco. Several colleges in the West prohibit the use of tobacco by their students. Germany has excellent laws forbidding the sale of tobacco to minors. Eighteen states in the American Union are now teaching children to abstain from alcoholics and narcotics, and my proposition is that the Churches, both preachers and members, should rise at least to the secular level of the state legislatures on both these subjects.—*Sel.*

"MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

Are you "about your Father's business?" Very likely you would say, "I do not know what it means." See what it meant for the Lord Jesus, and then you will see what it means for you. When he said these words he was in the Temple "hearing and asking questions." You are going to God's temple to-day; will you do as Jesus did? Not sit thinking about all sorts of things, and watching the people and wondering when it will be over; but really hearing and watching to see what your heavenly Father will say to you. There is sure to be some message from him to you to-day, if you will only listen for it. Do you not wonder what it will be? and will it not be a pity if you do not hear it, but miss it because you forget to listen to it? And have you not any questions to ask? Not of learned doctors, but of Jesus Christ himself? He who once asked questions in the Jewish Temple now answers many a question in his own temple. Think what you would like to ask him about, and if they are right questions he will answer them. Might you not ask him to-day to tell you how you too can be about his Father's business? When St. Paul said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" the Lord told him one thing at a time, and promised to tell him what else as soon as he had done that. So if you go this day to God's house, and thus do one thing which he wants you to do, you are sure, if you listen, to hear something else which he wants you to do when you come away.—*F. R. Havergal.*

GROUNDED AND STEADFAST.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

When I once congratulated Bishop Doane of Burlington, N. J., on his success in growing evergreens, he replied "Ah, you do not see all the young trees that I have flung into the river." Only the vigorous pines and larches which got well rooted had survived the frosts and the droughts. The same thought is often sadly suggested to us pastors when we recall the large numbers of young converts who are received into the church at a time of Revival. When the roll is called after a few years, how many fail to respond! Some like John Bunyan's "Temporary," have proved that there was transient feeling, but no radical change of heart. Others have drifted away from their religious duties, and though hopeful converts, they turn out to be but feeble Christians. It is a terrible mistake to suppose that the labors of a pastor, or the officers of a church or Sabbath-school are ended when a convert makes a public confession of faith and joins the church. Care, oversight, training, and the development of character, have only just commenced.

God's Word emphasizes the solemn truth that *continuance* in the faith of Christ is essential to salvation. The loss of Christ at any time is the loss of the soul; he that *endureth* to the end, shall be saved. Dear old Dr. Alexander used to say to us theological students at Princeton, "Young men, if any of you should die while in a state of utter backsliding, I would not answer for you." The great Apostle was apprehensive of all the dangers which beset his Colossian converts when he exhorted them to "continue in the faith, being grounded and steadfast, and not moved away from the hope of the Gospel." The first exercise of faith is not enough, there must be constant unbroken connection of the soul with Christ, in order to ensure strength, purity, and the steadfastness which makes one solid and immovable.

The currents which set against us are prodigiously powerful. Some of them work stealthily underneath like the waters which lately undermined the railway embankment near Greenfield, and hurled a whole train into destruction. Temptations work secretly upon a church member's heart, and unless he is clamped fast to the Rock, he gives way under the pressure.

The reason why men of hitherto good repute default or topple over into open disgrace, is that they had been *undermined already, and temptation swept them down*. This world's silent, steady tides take hold of a Christian's keel, and before he is aware he is carried away from his moorings—unless he keeps well anchored. There was never a time when our young converts required more of the clamping power of a Christ-held conscience than now. In business the fierce competitions strain hard on a man's sense of right. In social life the undercurrents set powerfully away from what the world nicknames "Puritanism." Social clubs are especially dangerous to young Christians, yes and older ones also. It is increasingly common for business men to "treat" with a glass or two of tippie after a good bargain; I have known this to trip up some church members' heels, and give them a disgraceful fall. Theatres bid importunately for the support of the Church; often the "hook" of sensuality is concealed under a very plausible and attractive bait. If Charles G. Finney had been told that thousands of church members would commence the Lord's day with a dozen columns of secular news, and police reports, and sporting items, and unclean scandals in a Sunday morning journal, he would have lifted his clean hands in holy horror!

But why specify all the customs and the currents that set against the foundations of Christian character? They are strong enough to wash out those who are not clamped to the Rock, and to carry away those who are not well grounded. The only safeguard is to have the almighty power of the Lord Jesus infused into the will, and to give Him the supreme control of the affections. Young friends, you have not long since owned Christ before the world by joining His Church. Now you must let Him *own you*. Look out for rivals that will try to steal away your hearts from your Saviour. Give Him the first place, the best you have got. If you try to please everybody, you will not please Christ. Heart-love for Him ought not to cool off when the novelty is over; it should rather be kindled into a deeper, richer, warmer glow, the longer you are with Him. Keep that flame at white heat.

Be steadfast in *prayer*. If you begin to neglect this vital duty, the locks of your strength will be stealthily clipped away, and when sudden temptations assail you

like the Philistines, you will be but a poor shorn Samson. Prayer is the perpetual cement that will hold you fast to the underlying Rock of Ages.

Keep your footing firm on Christ's commandments. Grounded on these immutable principles, you can build up a character which will stand four-square to every wind of heaven. If you do not, your structure will soon topple over. Unless you have stamina enough to say "no" to every false friend who invites you into danger; unless you have backbone to stand pressure, your Christian profession will soon turn to pulp. Christ's law must be your law; Christ's life your model; Christ's grace your constant support; then no currents will be able to shake your adamant. It is no disadvantage to an oak-tree to have a wrestle with a hurricane; and you may become stronger every year through conflicts with sin.

"Some may hate thee, some may love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right."

Your loving Master is ready to help you if you will but allow Him to do so. Nor will you ever outgrow the need of Him. The winds will not cease to smite you, nor the floods to strike against the foundations of your structure. Grip closely to Christ—so closely and firmly that neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil shall be able to move you a single inch from that underlying, everlasting "love of God in Christ Jesus your Lord."

DON'T BE PHARISAIC.

A teacher of morals must do his work conscious of his own imperfections and failures if he is to do it with good effect and be helped by it himself. If he take up the idea that he is always right, and that, therefore, he must dictate to all others how they shall think and act, he will suffer from it to the extent of becoming a heartless pharisee. Beginning with his own heart every man has enough to do of that which is near him to keep him busily employed. It is easy to think so constantly and deeply of what is distant that that which should first engage his attention is left out of sight. There is many a reformer, who, if he would but take a right look at himself, would see an amount of good in other people of which he now has no conception.

THE MATCHLESS LIFE.

"From first to last, Jesus is the same, always the same—majestic and simple, infinitely severe, and infinitely gentle. Throughout a life passed under the public eye he never gives occasion to find fault. The prudence of his conduct compels our admiration by its union of force and gentleness. Alike in speech and action, he is enlightened, consistent, and calm. Sublimity is said to be an attribute of divinity: what name, then, shall we give Him in whose character was united every element of the sublime? I know men, and I tell you Jesus was not a man. Everything in him amazes me. Comparison is impossible between him and any other being in the world. He is truly a being by himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truth that he announces, his manner of convincing, are all beyond humanity and the natural order of things. His birth, and the story of his life; the profoundness of his doctrine, which overturns all difficulties, and is their most complete solution; his gospel; the singularity of his mysterious being; his appearance; his empire; his progress through all centuries and kingdoms;—all this is to me a prodigy, an unfathomable mystery. I see nothing here of man. Near as I may approach, closely as I may examine, all remains above my comprehension,—great with a greatness that crushes me. It is in vain that I reflect;—all remains unaccountable! I defy you to cite another life like that of Christ."
—*Napoleon Buonaparte.*

It is said that Syria has made more progress in the last thirty years than in the three hundred years before. Beirut has a population of 100,000, and is said to be the most prosperous city in the East. There are 5,000 children in the Protestant Sunday Schools, and in ten years the membership of the native churches has doubled, amounting now to 1,300. There are eighty-six preaching places.

"A. L. O. E." were the initials by which Miss C. M. Tucker became widely known as the writer of some excellent books. Some years ago she became a missionary in India. A few weeks ago it was announced that she was at the point of death on her far distant field. A later despatch says that she has passed the crisis and is recovering.

WHAT TO PREACH

But many sermons do fail to produce desired results, and a recent writer has, perhaps, given the reason, when he says that "the modern pulpit does not rely enough on Bible knowledge." There are a great many sermons preached about the Bible and the Gospel, proving the inspiration of the one and the reasonableness of the other, and while this is being done there is no proclamation of the Truth itself. Much of the preaching of the day is as if a physician should proclaim the worth of an antidote to fever, but never give a single dose to its victims.

Especially is there a neglect of the presentation of truths which the Holy Spirit uses to convict and convert men. Too many preachers regard a plain statement of the Gospel plan of salvation as so elementary as to be unfitted for their pulpit labors. They believe they must wage war against modern doubt, or deal with more recondite themes. But it is the men who preach the old doctrines of sin and salvation who are most successful, and wherever there is a frequent and well-thought-out exhibition of Bible truth on these great subjects, there is most real success in building up the cause of Christ. It may seem that such preaching is inappropriate to a congregation in which those who have believed largely predominate, but while sermons tending to advance the Christian life are to be highly esteemed, many a Christian has found in an earnest appeal to the unconverted that which has been very helpful to his own spiritual progress.—*Sel.*

A WORK OF FAITH.

Some people are very anxious to undertake some kind of "faith work," such as they have seen, or read of in books. Perhaps they may find faith work all around them.

One of the most intelligent women I have ever known, the Christian mother of a large family of children, used to say that the education of children was eminently a *work of faith*. She never heard the tramping of her boys' feet as they came home from school, 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, and for the Holy Spirit to guide them. She mingled praying with counsel

and restraint; and the counsel was the wiser, and the restraint, the stronger, for this alliance of the human and divine elements in her instruction and discipline. At length, when her children became men and women, accustomed to the hard strife of the world, her name was the dearest one 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 tongues to speak and pray, held their reverence and love, increased a thousand-fold by the remembrance of an early education that had its inspiration in faith in God, and its fruit in the humble lives of upright and faithful men.—*Sel.*

THE CRUSADER'S HYMN.

This hymn was written in the twelfth century, and was sung by the armies that sought to recover the Holy Land from the Saracens. There is also a legend that it was composed by a crusader, and was found, both words and music, in his helmet as he lay dead upon the field:

"Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of Nature!
Jesus, of God and Mary the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thee my delight and my glory and crown!
Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in the flowery vesture of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Making my sorrowful spirit to sing.
Fair is the moonshine,
Fairer the sunlight
Than all the stars of the heavenly host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels that heaven can boast."

LOVE IS ALL.

Love is the foundation of all obedience. Without it morality degenerates into mere casuistry. Love is the foundation of all knowledge. Without it religion degenerates into a chattering about Moses, and doctrines, and theories; a thing that will neither kill nor make alive, that never gave life to a single soul or blessing to a single heart, and never put strength into any hand in the conflict and strife of daily life.—*Alexander MacLaren.*

A TONIC FOR THE TIRED.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Watch the faces as they go by you on a crowded street, and just notice what a tired look many of them wear. If we could read all the hearts around us, we would find multitudes who are weary in spirit, and sometimes sigh for a pillow in the grave. Some are tired out with life's hard struggle, with bearing the heat and burden of the day. Others persist in piling up anxieties as high as an old-fashioned peddler's pack. They carry a huge load of care as to how they shall make both ends meet, and how they shall "foot the bills" that accumulate, and how they shall provide for all the hungry mouths and scanty wardrobes. One is tired from trying to do too much, and another of waiting for something to do. A grievous burden of spiritual despondency makes Brother Small-faith's heart ache, and puts an extra wrinkle in Sister Weakback's countenance. Here is a disciple who is tired of waiting for success, and there is another tired of waiting for answers to prayer.

Do you suppose that the dear Master does not see all these tired bodies and exhausted nerves and weary hearts? To those who are honestly run down with honest toil he says: "Come ye apart into a quiet place, and rest awhile." God puts a night of sleep after every day of work for this very purpose of recruiting lost force. To Christians with small purses he kindly says: "Your life consisteth not in the abundance of things ye possess. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich. My grace is sufficient for thee; and in my right hand are treasures for evermore." There is not really money enough in this land to give everybody a fortune; but there are promises enough in the Bible and grace enough in Christ Jesus to make everybody rich to all eternity. Just think what a millionaire a man who has a clear conscience here and a clear hope of heaven hereafter. To poor brother Smallfaith and sorrowful Mrs. Weakback he gives a wonderful lift in these words: "Lo! I am with you always. No man shall pluck you out of my hands. It is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

But the most frequent cause of weariness is the attempt to carry an overload of care, especially in the cases of those who have a mad haste to be rich or a vain am-

bition to outshine their neighbors. It is not honest, sober, legitimate work that breaks people down; nor is it the wise forethought for the future or the prudent preparation for life's "rainy days" that wrinkles the brow or wears out the strength. It is the restless devil of worry. Christians often hamstring themselves with this besetting sin, as well as godless worldliness. To all these tired out and overloaded Christians the loving Master comes along and kindly whispers to them: "Cast that burden on me, and ye shall find the rest for your souls." If we have the sense and the grace to drop all superfluous anxieties, and pitch off all sinful desires, and heave overboard all worry, Christ will give us strength enough to carry every legitimate load in life. What a precious word for the weary is this: "Cast your care on Him; for He careth for you. I need hardly inform intelligent Bible readers that this verse literally reads: "For he has you on his heart." He who piloted the patriarch through the deluge, and fed the prophet by the brook, and supplied the widow's cruse, and watched over the imprisoned apostle, and numbers every hair of our heads, He has every one of us on His great almighty loving heart! What fools we are to tire ourselves out and break ourselves down, while such an all-powerful Helper is close by our side. Suppose that a weary traveler who is trudging up-hill were overtaken by a waggon, whose owner kindly said to him: "My friend you look tired; throw that knapsack into my waggon; it will rest you, and I will see that it is safe." Imagine the foolish pedestrian eyeing him suspiciously, and blurting out the churlish reply: "I can't trust you, sir; drive along; I'll carry my own luggage." But this is the way that tens of thousands of Christians treat God.

When our divine Master says to us, "Cast your care on me," he does not release us from legitimate duty, or the joy of doing it. He aims to take the needless fire out of us by taking sinful anxiety out of our hearts, and putting the tonic of trust into its place. This glorious doctrine of trust is a wonderfully restful one to the overloaded. For let us remind ourselves again that it is not honest work that usually breaks God's children down. Work strengthens sinew, promotes appetite, and induces wholesome sleep. The ague fit of worry consumes strength, disorders the nerves, and banishes sweet, refreshing

alumber. A life consecrated to Christ, that oils all its joints with cheerful faith, and tones its blood with the iron of the promises, never grows pale in the cheek or crippled in its gait. Look at that glorious old giant of Jesus Christ who drew the Gospel chariot from Jerusalem to Rome, and had the "care of all the churches" on his big heart, he never complained of being tired. He never chafed his limbs with the shackles of doubt, or loaded one extra ounce of godless anxiety on his brawny shoulders, and so he marched on to glory shouting. Knowing whom he believed, he was only solicitous to do his Master's will and finish his Master's work; he knew that his strength would be equal to the days until he had won the everlasting crown.

Lean on Jesus and he will rest you. Labor for Jesus and he will bless you. Live for Jesus and your soul shall mount up as on an eagle's wing; you shall run and never weary, you shall walk arm in arm with him and never faint.

"Tired? No, not tired!

While leaning on His breast.

A NIGHT IN A CHINESE INN.

We had been to a part of the province of Fuh-kien, visited only once or twice before by a European. Our sleeping accommodation had been varied,—one night wrapped in a rug on the bottom of the boat, with a plantain-leaf mat between us and the sky; the next in a tea warehouse in the hills; and the next in a loft, or in a gentleman's best bedroom. On the evening to which I am about to refer, we were belated on the river through the sluggishness of the stream after drought, and pulled up at the bank to look for shelter. Whether the inn was more fit to be a human habitation than the very airy barge, let the reader judge.

Fourteen of us quitted the boat to walk a quarter of a mile to the village of Southern Plains, leaving two men to mind the oars and other properties. There was only one inn. This was a single room, ten paces long and four wide. The walls were of light brown cement, and were evidently ancient, for every particle of the white-wash facing had long since disappeared, and the storms of generations had eaten many ugly holes, which were rudely plastered with mud. The one door and window were innocent of paint, and looked, indeed,

as though they had never been honoured by the brush. Inside, the walls and roof and floor were perfectly black with age and dirt. In this small space were three sets of bed-boards, each capable of accommodating three persons, a brick cooking-range without a chimney, several piles of dried grass and pine-wood for fuel, a dozen or so of large jars and tubs, some with rice and potatoes, others filled with rubbish, which has a certain value to the careful Celestial, and under the bed-boards were a pig, several chickens, and a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends, agricultural, domestic, and culinary, apparently in the last stages of decay. The open tile roof was not lofty, but there was an upper floor in it constructed thus: a pole stood in the middle of the room, another, rather stronger, rested on the top of it, and was fastened into the wall, and along this horizontal bar boards were arranged, far from securely, their farther ends lying on the ledge formed by the top of the wall. On this loft eleven men mounted to sleep, and we were sixteen in all in the inn!

By eight o'clock we had had our supper, and had celebrated evening worship with three Christian natives of the company—the rest of the party of course making no objection to our singing and prayer. But by this time the atmosphere inside was rather dense. Doubtless the odours of the room would have been strong enough without our presence; but with a full house, and a chimney-less stove, and the savours of food, tobacco, and opium, the smell was thick and stifling. It was a brilliant moonlight, and not very cold; so I spent a pleasant hour outside talking to little groups of persons as to the purpose of our travelling and residing in their country. As far as it was possible to judge, the audience were very sympathetic, and, as in many places, idolatry pure and simple had only the slightest hold of them. Their religion, if such it could be called, consisted of certain national forms and local superstitions.

On re-entering the inn the smoke had almost cleared off, but my servant was looking perplexed at the set of boards I was to occupy for the night. They were covered with the finest of soot. Smoke had risen to the roof for years and generations, and much of it had settled upon the boards of the loft; so that when our boat's crew betook themselves to that higher latitude, they shook the soot down

like rain upon us who were to pass the night below. Our protests induced the landlord to produce a few mats, which were laid on the loft, and our merry men, with good-natured grins, promised not to be more restless than they could help. Covering my face with a handkerchief, to catch the falling dust, I lay down hoping to secure a little sleep. Till twelve o'clock, notwithstanding all remonstrances, the party up-stairs continued to chatter at a furious rate, and to smoke tobacco and opium, the fumes of which, to all but those accustomed to the oily native weed and the filthy drug, are insufferably nauseous.

It was ten minutes to two when a strange noise was heard coming from the loft, as of some one in mortal pain; groans and suppressed soliloquy expressing the agony he was in. I asked what was the matter, but got no reply. At length the sufferer very slowly felt his way to the ladder, and still groaning and muttering descended to the floor. To my disgust he began to light the fire with grass, and made no reply at all to my protests. In a moment the smoke of the grass rose thick and fast to the region of the up-stairs sleepers, who began to cough and sneeze and choke. Calling to their aid their whole vocabulary of vituperation, they began to consign their absent bed-fellow to every imaginable kind of terrible fate. At last we succeeded in inducing him to explain his unreasonable and unseasonable proceedings. It proved to be our host himself, who said in a whining and anything but apologetic tone: "My stomach is cold; I want some fire; I cannot sleep without the charcoal-pan." It is the custom in cold weather in Fuh-kien for old persons to carry lighted charcoal in an earthen dish, enclosed in a small wicker frame. Sometimes they place it under a low stool and sit over it. They also conceal it within the ample folds of their upper garments.

Sleep might after this have paid his long-delayed visit, had it not been for the pig under my neighbour's bed, which had probably slept by day, and therefore was at leisure to move about at night. His trough was close to the post supporting the loft; and, not content with expressing his pleasure at being able to roam about freely and to sup in peace, he spent the watches of the night in polishing the post. The cock under my bed began to crow at

three. You, reader, have possibly sometimes complained of the early piety of your neighbour's fowls, as they performed their noisy matins with the first rays of dawn; but what would you say to a bird that persists in doing this within a yard of your ears? The deluded songster carried on a broken conversation for a full hour with other members of his species in distant houses.

By this time the situation had become entertaining. The series of misfortunes had trodden upon one another's heels so quickly as to trip each other up, and we could only laugh at the ridiculous position we were in. There was nothing to do but to enjoy a good time. Boots, slippers, walking-stick, umbrella, and a wooden ladle, did duty in turn in silencing as far as possible, our friends under the beds, or driving them thither from their perambulations round the room. Mine host from his couch drowsily whined, "Teacher, you will kill that bird," to which I replied, "What you say has a shadow, and is true."

My servant slew the untimely songster early in the morning, and it appeared at the breakfast-table, not a whit the tenderer for the treatment it had received. We rose at five, and returned to the boat at daybreak. The charge for our entertainment, including the fuel used in cooking supper for our party and the purchase of the noisy fowl, amounted to one shilling and ninepence, and it was dear at that, especially as a considerable number of the unestimated population of the inn resolved, uninvited, to emigrate to other climes, taking a passage with us—to our great discomfort and their own destruction.—From *Dukes' Everyday Life in China*.

The gains of temperance advocacy in Britain have been thus summed up:—Legislation in relation to Sunday closing had been extended in Wales, Ireland, and Scotland; the national drink bill had been reduced by about £20,000,000 since 1877; the coffee house movement had so grown that in Birmingham and Liverpool the annual receipts were \$80,000, and elsewhere in similar proportions; the drink licenses were 1700 fewer last year than the year before; publicans were everywhere ready to sell out; and in the United Kingdom there were not far less than five millions of adherents to the temperance cause.

WHAT IT IS TO COME TO CHRIST!
BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

An old truth is always new to the person who has a new want of it. The oldest of Gospel invitations is "Come unto Me"; but upon a darkened soul crying for light, it rises with as fresh a radiance as the good old sun did when he opened the eye of day this very morning. "I have heard this sentence repeated ever since I was a child," says one of my readers; "now tell me just what it is to come to Christ? Tell me how I shall come?"

To this reasonable question let me offer as plain a reply as I can shape. When our Lord was on earth, many people came to Jesus, from curiosity or some inferior motive, but they brought only their bodies, and not their hearts; they took away no blessing. You probably went to some church last Sabbath; that was only a place, however sacred; the inspired words you listened to were still only words—they cannot save the soul. You read your Bible, and cannot do it too thoroughly; still it is only a heaven-made cup. You cannot drink the cup, you want the life-giving water. You accept Christianity as a beautiful system of religion, worthy of its Author, and may often wish that you possessed it as a rule of faith and conduct. Still it is only a system, and you cannot be saved by a system of truth any more than you can be cured of a fever by your physician's prescriptions without taking his medicine. Nothing can save you but a Person, and the only person in the wide universe who can do it, is He who keeps saying to you, Come unto Me. Are you sure that your eye is fixed on Him?

"I have been to about every church in this town," said a sadly perplexed woman to her pastor, "but the little comfort I get soon goes away again, and leaves me as bad as before." "Do you read your Bible at home?" "Yes," she replied, "I am always reading the Bible; sometimes it helps me, but I soon get as wretched as ever." "Have you prayed for peace?" "O, sir, I am praying for peace every day; I get a little peace after praying, but I soon lose it. I am a miserable woman." The pastor was a skilful handler of troubled souls, and he inquired of her—"Now when you went to church, or read your Bible, or prayed, did you rely on these things to give you peace?" she acknow-

ledged that she did. "To whom did you pray?" With some surprise she said, "Of course I prayed to God, sir. To who else should I pray?" The minister opened his New Testament to the eleventh chapter of Matthew, and bade her read this verse, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest?" Now, madam, have you gone right to Jesus for rest?" The woman looked amazed, and the tears came in her eyes. Everything and everybody else—church, Bible, prayers, and minister seemed to vanish away, and there remained no one to her but Jesus only. She gave her heart to Jesus on the spot, and from that moment she began to live; for he that hath the Son hath life. Up to that hour the bewildered woman had been dead in sin; when Christ came into her soul, pardon, peace, and divine power came. The process through which she passed was just as supernatural, just as much a divine work as when the corpse of Jairus's daughter rose up, at the touch of Christ, and began to speak.

My friend, do you enquire if it was that woman's direct act of yielding herself to Jesus Christ, that gave her immediate peace, and made her a different person ever afterwards? No, not exactly that. The yielding was only her act, the faith was only an exercise of her heart. Jesus did the changing, saving work. When Bartimeus flung away his garment, and arose and came to the Saviour, those steps did not open his eyes. Christ opened his eyes. The utmost that his faith could do, was to put him into Christ's hands for healing. All that faith can effect for you is to put you into connection with Christ, as the atoner for your guilt, the purifier of your heart, the giver of eternal life. He says "Come unto Me;" your heart must assent, and do the coming.

You must put yourself in connection with Christ by faith, but that faith will act in two methods—prayer and practice. The first of these is indispensable. As Christ does not walk your streets in physical form, you can only approach Him by prayer. Unless honest prayer, it is worthless. Honestly, humbly, earnestly ask Him to pardon your sins. Ask Him to cleanse your polluted heart; for His promise is "My blood cleanseth from all sin." He loves to have you quote his promises. Invite Jesus to enter your soul and dwell there; for as many as receive Him into

them, become the children of God. He has told you so. Believe it, and take Him at His blessed Word.

Mark you, that the sincerity, the reality of your prayer must be tested by your own conduct. It will be a solemn farce, almost a blasphemy, for you to ask the Lord Jesus to make a different person of you, a better, purer, stronger person, and yet refuse yourself to think, speak, and behave any differently. Put prayer with practice, whatever it may cost you. Begin right off to do what Jesus tells you, both in His Word, and through the voice of conscience. Up to this time you have been serving another master, and you cannot serve two at once. You must *stop* the bad service before you can begin the better service of the new Master. Then resist the very first sin that presents itself; resist in Christ's name, and to please Him. Godly repentance is striking sin down with Christ's help. I do not endorse quite every line in the brilliant book of my friend Henry Drummond, but he is right when he says that "whatever the conscious hour of the new birth may be, it is probably defined by the first real victory over sin."

Thrusting out the old master, and fighting down the old sin, and quitting the old evil practices, are not enough. "Cease to do evil" is only one-half of the commandment. "Learn to do right" is the other and the better half. Christ meets you in your approach to Him with this indispensable condition—Obey Me, learn of Me, follow Me. A child learns how to walk, and how to talk by using its tongue and using its feet in copying its parents. Begin to obey Christ in the very first thing that comes in your way. Clinch the new desire, the new purpose, by putting it into practice. You must depend on the Lord Jesus Christ to give you the new character; He expects from you the new conduct. His part He performs by His Holy Spirit working upon your heart. Your own part you must perform for yourself as truly as when you write your name or eat your breakfast. I entreat you, do not be satisfied with telling your minister or any one else, "I accept Christ as my Saviour," unless you are beginning to feel, act, and be what your Saviour demands you. More than one has said that in an inquiry room, has been ticketed as a convert, and gone away satisfied. But alas! outside of the door there has been no changed life, *no Christ in the conduct.*

Finally, my friend, this whole transaction of salvation in this world and for eternity, lies entirely between your soul and your Saviour. Honest prayer for pardon is *coming*. Breaking off from sin is *coming*. Doing anything, however small, because Christ commands it, is *coming*. You have been heading your conduct away from Christ all your life; that road means hell if you keep on. Now if you head your course of conduct right toward Jesus Christ as your crucified Lord and Master, you are "coming to Christ." Peace, power, joy, victory, fruitfulness, usefulness all lie in that direction. Keep on coming, and you will be overcoming the enemy at every step. Take your first step immediately; the last one will be the one that lands you in Heaven.

HOW TO DEAL WITH SIN.

It is a blessed thought that our Heavenly Father's ear is ever open to our cry of penitence, and His arms are always open to us, when we come back to Him with "Father, I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called Thy child."

Every burdened soul seeks relief somewhere. The most sagacious device—and the most dangerous too—in Romanism, is its "confessional." I turned into a Popish chapel one day, and watched the line of men and women filing up toward a curtain, behind which sat a stout, ruddy-faced priest. I could not but think how like a common sewer the poor priest must reek when every Saturday night comes, and such loads of human depravity have been emptied into his ears! And I wanted to proclaim to the deluded devotees, "There is One only Who hath power to forgive sin; go to the loving High Priest who is touched with your infirmities, and can wash away your leprosies."

The problem how to deal with sin is the most pressing and practical one we all have to encounter. Every method is a delusion and a cheat, except the one laid down in the Gospel. Christ the Sin-Revealer, Christ the Sin-Atoner, Christ the Sin-Pardoner, Christ the Sin-Healer, is to you and me THE ONLY SOLUTION. What a blessed relief, and salvation, too, it is for our souls when we throw ourselves down in genuine penitence, and grasp His Cross, and hear Him say, "Go thy way; thy sins are forgiven thee!"—*Cryler.*

CHRIST DWELLING WITHIN.

The Scriptures make a great deal of having Christ in us if we are Christians. Christ himself speaks of abiding in his people and of his life as flowing through them, as the life of the vine flows through its branches. The figure of the body is used, believers being members of Christ's body and deriving all their life from him. The idea of a building, of a temple, with the Divine Spirit as indwelling guest, is also employed to represent the Christian's relation to his Lord. Then St. Paul says, without figure, "Christ liveth in me," and speaks of being filled with the Spirit, filled with all the fullness of God as a possible and most desirable attainment of Christian experience. From the many forms in which this truth is represented in the Scriptures it is evident that the ideal Christian life is one that is thoroughly pervaded, saturated, so to speak, with the life and Spirit of Christ. Far more must be implied than mere divine influence over us, such influence as a friend exerts over a friend, a teacher over a pupil, or even a mother over a child. To become a Christian is to have a new spiritual life enter the soul, as when a seed with its living germ is planted in the dead soil; to grow as a Christian is to have this new life increase in strength and energy, making daily conquests over the old nature, extending itself and expelling the evil by the force of its own good, and ultimately bringing the affections, feelings, desires, and all the activities, even the thoughts of the heart into subjection to Christ.

There is a great difference between having Christ outside and having Christ in us. If he is only outside, we may listen for his words and try to obey his voice, following where he leads; and we may gaze upon his loveliness and seek to copy it in our lives; but our following and obeying will be under the impulse of duty only, with no inward constraint, and our striving after the divine likeness will be like the carving of a figure in cold marble, rather than the growing up of a life from within by its own vital force and energy into fulness of power and beauty.

Only as we get Christ into our hearts and let him dwell within us by his Spirit, shall we reach the true ideal of Christian life and experience. Then shall we do right, not by written rule, but by the

promptings of our own regenerated nature, the Christ dwelling in us. Then shall our dull lives be transfigured by the light that shines in our hearts and slowly changes all the earthliness to heavenliness. Then shall the features of the divine image come out, little by little, as the new life within forces itself through the dull crust of the old nature, until at length the full beauty of Christ shines where once oily sin's marred visage was seen.

Christ within makes an inner joy that all the darkness of earth's trial cannot quench. There are great diversities of experience in sorrow. Some, when this world's lights are quenched, are left in utter gloom, like a house without lamp or candle or flickering firelight, when the sun goes down. Others in similar darkness stand radiant in the deep shadows. They have bright light within themselves. Christ dwells in them and the beams from his blessed life turn night into day. There is an ancient picture of the Christ-child in the stable, which will illustrate this experience. The child lies upon the straw, the mother is bending over him, the wondering shepherds are near, and in the background are the cattle. It is night and there is only one feeble lantern in the place. But from the infant child streams a radiance which lights up all the rude scene. So it is in the sorrow-darkened heart when Christ truly dwell within. The light streaming from him who is the light of the world, in whom is no darkness, illumines all the gloom of grief.

Indeed, when Christ dwells in the heart sorrow becomes a blessing, because it reveals joys and beauties which in common earthly light could not have been seen. We should never see the glory of the stars were there no night with its darkness; and if life were one unbroken glare of human joy the divine comforts would not be revealed to us. Jesus said, "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." We could never be comforted of God if we never mourned, and this is such a privilege and joy that it is well worth while to have the sorrow that we may receive the comfort.

When Christ is within, the chamber of sorrow is a place of divine revelation. It is like the cloud that crowned the summit of the holy mountain into which Moses climbed and by which he was hidden so long from the eyes of the people. Darkness was all about him, but while he was

folded in the cloud he was looking upon God's face, Sorrow's heavy cloud hides the sun and wraps the wondering one in thick darkness, but in the darkness Christ himself unveils the splendor and glory of his face. There are many, rejoicing now in daily communion with Christ, who never saw the beauty of his face, never knew him in the intimacy of personal friendship, until they saw him and learned to talk with him as one talketh with a friend in the hour of sorrow's darkness. When the lamps of earth went out Christ revealed the glory of his face.

But Christ is not a friend for sorrow alone. We do not have to wait till trial comes to enjoy his love and be blessed with his indwelling. Perhaps we err in thinking of our religion too much as a blessing for times of trial, a lamp for dark nights, a comfort for trouble, a solace for weariness. It is just as much a religion for the bright as for the cloudy days, for joy as for sorrow. It is not without significance that our Lord's first miracle was at a wedding feast and was wrought to add to the gladness of the festivities. *Christ in us pours heavenly radiance over all our life, making all brightness brighter, all gladness gladder, all beauty lovelier.*

There is still another blessing that comes from the indwelling of Christ; it transfigures our own dull, earthly lives. An apostolic exhortation bids us to be transformed by the renewing of our mind. The word "transformed" is the same which describes Christ's transfiguration. This was the shining out of the indwelling deity through the garments of flesh he wore. A transfigured Christian is, therefore, one through whose life the light of the indwelling Christ shines. If we have Christ within us we should have in ever-increasing measure the loving spirit of Christ in our disposition. Christ cannot be hidden in a heart. If he dwells there his life will work through the crust and manifest itself. There will be a gradual transformation of our outer life into the divine likeness. As he lived we will live. As he ministered to others we will minister. As he was holy we will become holy. As he was patient, thoughtful, unselfish and kind, so will we be.

It is this that the world needs to-day—not more churches and preachers and services, but more of the Christ-life in those who represent the Master. If all believers would but let the Christ in them

fill all their life and pervade all their being, making them transfigured Christians, the world would soon be won for the Saviour.
—*Phil. Pres.*

MR. MOODY ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Mr. D. L. Moody is very fond of talking to the boys of the schools near his home, sometimes on Bible subjects and sometimes on other topics. Addressing a class once on public speaking he made the following points:

1. Don't talk too much.
2. Don't talk unless you are posted [prepared].
3. Give the best you have.
4. Don't talk when people are asleep. Wake some one man and you will hold the rest.
5. Don't try to show off your learning.
6. Get hold of the most stupid man and you'll hold the rest.
7. Don't try, but don't be afraid, to make people laugh. Milk that slops one way will the other.
8. Be natural; don't try to be some one else.
9. Avoid cant and pulpit tones.
10. Don't talk too long. A man in London, who preached until the people all left, said he thought it was a pity to stop when there was anybody to hear.
11. Don't hesitate to repeat what God uses.
12. Don't keep on talking just because you are holding the audience. Send them away hungry.
13. While people are gathering use the time with song.
14. Shoot where people stand. As the old Quaker said to the burglar: "Friend, I am going to shoot where thee stands. Thee had better get out of the way."
15. Don't gesture and move about too much, and don't talk with your hands in your pockets.

Thoughtful young men and women almost invariably purpose to lead lives of large heroic proportions. In their zeal to be great geniuses, reformers, or saints, they sometimes forget to cultivate the minor virtues of courtesy, neatness, punctuality, and the like. Yet tithes are paid to God in the mint, anise and cummin of little daily deeds, as well as in the greater tribute of heroism and self-sacrifice.—*Youth's Companion.*

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I sat alone in my chamber,
In the Old Year's funeral gloom,
And the muffled beat of the passing feet
Stole solemnly through the room.

I knelt with a grateful spirit,
And hummed in an undertone
My song of praise for the golden days
That a Father's love had strewn.

"And what shall I ask," I whispered,
"For the future time unseen?
A wreath of flowers? for the fruitful hours?
And the sway of Fortune's queen?"

I mused for a little season:
Should I ask a mine of gold?
Or buoyant health, or princely wealth?
Or love? or a friend?—but hold.

I will leave it all to Jesus,
And only ask that His will
May sweetly refuse, and as sweetly choose,
The things that will please Him still.

So I bring the new-found chalice,
And place it within His hand:
While I humbly pray, as I go my way,—
"Lord, fill it as Thou hast planned."
WILLIAM DUFF.

IF MEAT MAKE MY BROTHER TO
OFFEND.

Several legal gentlemen, passing from place to place to attend court, amused themselves by playing cards on the train. Absorbed in the game, they did not notice that they were closely watched by a woman sitting near. She seemed to struggle for some time to suppress her emotions; but, at last, as if unable to do so longer, she rose and approached them. Recognizing them as judge and attorneys in the court of the town they had just left, she introduced herself as the mother of the young man who had the day previous been sentenced to the State Prison for burglary. With show of deep emotion, she admitted the guilt of her son and the justice of the sentence. "But, O, Judge," said she, "knowing that his ruin and my sorrow all came about through these"—pointing to the cards—"it does seem too bad for you to be playing with them here." Then she proceeded to tell of her son's downward course; from the time when he first learn-

ed to play, till he began to stay out at night and be seen in disreputable company. Then, with the excuse that he needed a little money, selling some item from the farm; finally persuading her to dispose of the farm and move to the village; then rapidly gambling away the proceeds till he brought destitution to her, and involving himself in the crime for which he was imprisoned.—*Dr. DeMotte.*

RING THE OLD BELL.

Dr. Thomas, the President of the Congregational Union of England, delivered an address which made a great impression. Here is an extract:

"Ring the old bell in the pulpit," said he, "and take care that it gives no uncertain sound, and the people will come out of their houses to listen. The man who understands the gospel, and preaches it in earnest as one who believes, will not fail to draw people to hear him, if there be people to go. The old Park Street chapel, although in a low, out-of-the-way place, and almost deserted, was soon filled when the people found out that a young man occupied the pulpit who had felt the power of the gospel and could preach it to others. The place was soon found to be too small, and the largest tabernacle in the first city of the world was built for the young preacher, and for thirty years he has gathered together the largest congregations that have listened for so long a time to any preacher in any age. The gospel alone can retain a strong hold upon men, and our spiritual religion is imperilled if we depart from the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus."

When we reach our Father's house we shall look back and see that the rough-visited teacher, Disappointment, was one of the best guides to train us for it. He gave hard lessons, plied the rod, and stripped off much we valued that we might travel freer and faster. Dear old rough-handed teacher, we will build a monument to thee yet, crown it with garlands, and inscribe on it, "Blessed be the memory of Disappointment."—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

An Egyptian necropolis has been discovered by General Grenfell in the Libyan desert opposite Assouan, and the tombs opened are believed to date back as far as B. C. 3000.

WHO KILLED THE PRAYER-MEETING?

1. The pastor killed it. Although he gave notice from the pulpit on Sunday that there would be "a prayer-meeting" in the vestry on Wednesday evening, he changed it into a lecture when the evening came. As a lecture it was a great success, as a prayer-meeting it was a lamentable failure. After the learned man had taken twenty minutes himself, every one else felt that whatever else he might say would seem very tame. Young John Evans wanted to say a word or two, telling how the Lord Jesus had satisfied his hungry soul, and then utter a short prayer of request for other hungry souls, but his poor little word was nowhere. Indeed, he didn't say it. O, the pauses of that meeting! Surely the clock in the corner never ticked so loudly.

2. The deacon killed it. It was the next week. This time the pastor went in with a warm heart. He opened the meeting with a short, tender prayer, and then, in a brief word, told, as a child might tell it, the preciousness of the Lord's presence. And it seemed as if nothing could prevent it from being a helpful, quickening season. Something did prevent it. The grand old deacon was a little tired and sleepy, but he thought he must do something to take up the time. He began away back in the sin of Eden, and did not stop until he reached the year 1885. And then he said, "Let us pray." Was that really "praying," that ten minutes description of the plan of salvation which followed? Was this what, that discouraged man over there in the corner wanted from the meeting? Alas, the deacon killed it all!

3. The thoughtless member killed it. She is at the meeting, although not always there. Next to her sits a friend who is out of Christ. The thoughtless member whispers during the pastor's prayer, giggles at every mistake, and turns over the leaves of the hymn-book when any one talks. The people within a radius of ten feet each way are disturbed. The spirit is grieved, and that too, by one who is professing to seek the glory of God. And that killed the prayer-meeting.

4. The officious member killed it. One of the weaker brothers offered a prayer and made a mistake in it. Another brother misquoted a text. The pastor never corrected an error during a meeting. He

thought the correction more fatal to the spirit of the meeting than the mistake. Not so with the officious brother. He rose and corrected each mistake, and that killed several meetings.

5. The six members who took ten minutes each killed it. It was a fine symposium on the theme, "Christ the bread of life," but it was not a prayer-meeting. It overran the hour, and the only prayer was the opening prayer.

6. The faultfinding member killed one precious meeting. His prayer was a real lecture to God, reminding Him of the failings and wickedness of the church. When Christ said to his disciples, "Give ye them to eat," did he mean gall or wormwood, or the Bread of Life? Would not one earnest prayer at home before the meeting have brought as its answer a sweeter spirit?

How many ways there are of killing the prayer-meetings! How many a church has, this year, lost its Week of Prayer through thoughtless, indifferent careless members! Do we have enough of praying? Do good people ever err by too brief prayers?

Dear reader, don't kill any more prayer-meetings.—*Congregationalist*.

Joseph Cook well states the Pressing need of this present time, theologically, when he says: "The supreme need of the home is a religious awakening that shall bring back to their scriptural positions of authority the three central doctrines of an aggressive and scholarly Christianity—the necessity of the New Birth, the necessity of the Atonement, the necessity of Repentance in this life." It is just at these three vital points that the "new theology" of which we hear so much just now is weak. Councils supposed to be "orthodox" vote to install ministers who explain away the new birth, who reject a vicarious atonement, and who hold out a hope of future chances of repentance for those who are impenitent here. "Ye must be born again." He is the propitiation for our sins," "God now commandeth all men every-where to repent," are texts that must be preached in all plainness and power.—*Id.*

The proposed federation of the Australian and Tasmanian Presbyterian Churches has advanced considerably, and it is expected that the first federal Assembly will be held next July in Sydney.

THE TWO RELIGIONS OF JAPAN.

Shintoism, a religion of nature, was for hundreds of years the only religion of the Japanese. Its temples, as seen in pictures, were but shanties covered with grass. They had no stone or wooden idols. The mirror was an object of great reverence, because, I suppose, they could see themselves in it, and they thought as much of themselves as of anything else in the world. Such persons still live and are confined to no special country. They deified the forces of nature. Raiden, the god of thunder, lived in the clouds, and beat his string of drums. Futen, the god of winds is pictured with a large inflated bag on the back of his neck, both ends of which he firmly grasps. When he relaxes his grasp, the wind escapes, and there is a storm; and when he tightens his hold, a calm follows.

The Seven Happy Gods in the pictures are interesting company. Fukoroku Jin, the god of long life, has a forehead so high that a barber to shave the top of his head must climb up on a ladder. It takes a good deal of brains to counteract diseases and keep people in health, so as to insure long life.

Diakoku, the rice god, sits on a throne of rice bags and pets the rat, the very animal that destroys his rice; so like some men who love the sins which wreck their fortunes and souls.

Hotei, the god of contentment, is very fat, and so slovenly that he is always unfit for company—a proof that the Japanese had a low idea of happiness.

Bishamon is the patron of fame and glory, and his pet animal is the tiger. Men who seek military fame and glory must cultivate a tiger-like ferocity.

Ebisu is the patron of daily food, and spends much of his time fishing, which he, like some terrestrials, greatly enjoys. He is noted for his patience which is proved by the fact that he can stand knee deep in water for two hours waiting for a nibble.

The only one of the seven who never lays aside his dignity is Toshi-toku, the patron of talents. His pet animal is a spotted fawn, and he travels around a good deal for the purpose of rewarding boys and girls who study their lessons. He knows that talent cannot afford to dispense with work.

Among them is one woman, Betten by

name. She is queen of the world under the sea, and lives in ocean caverns, and spends her time playing the flute and guitar. The snake, strange to say is her pet animal, and the dragons are her servants.

These seven jolly gods meet once a year to hold a feast and arrange the marriages for the coming year. They have a great many skeins of red and white silk, which are the threads of fate of those to be married. The white threads are the men, the red the women. At first they select the threads very carefully, so that good matches are made. By and by they get tired and lazy, huddle up their work and jumble the threads together carelessly. This is the reason there are so many unhappy marriages. A visit to some of our divorce courts would convince a Japanese that these god's are a lazy, careless set in this climate.—*Ex.*

KEEP ON TRUSTING GOD.

What a blessed privilege it is to be permitted to do that! When we cannot see, it is an unspeakable blessing to have some hand to cling to; and when that hand is God's, it is all right. But let us take the full comfort of this saying: "*Let him trust in the name of the Lord.*" What is that name? It is "*Jehovah, God, merciful and gracious; long-suffering; forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin; and who will by no means clear the guilty.*" Therefore I need not despair about my guilt, for there is forgiveness with Him. What is that name? It is *Jehovah Tsidkenu*—"The Lord our Righteousness." Therefore we may in Him have "*boldness in the day of judgment.*" What is that name? It is *Jehovah Rophek*—"The Lord that healeth thee." Therefore I may bring all my spiritual maladies, and this of despondency among them, to Him for cure. What is that name? It is *Jehovah Jireh*—"The Lord will provide." Therefore in every time of strait I may rest assured that He will give me that which is needful. What is that name? It is *Jehovah Nissi*—"The Lord my banner;" and as I unfurl that signal and wave it over me, I may see in it the symbol of His protection. What is that name? It is *Jehovah Shalom*—"The Lord of peace;" and so, beneath His sheltering wing, I may be for ever at rest.—*Dr. Wm. Taylor.*

THE CHRISTIAN WALK.

A true Christian walk is a reproducing in our lives of the righteousness which is already ours in Christ. Joined to the Lord by faith, we become "partakers of His holiness." But that not thereby we may be exempted from the necessity of personal holiness. It is rather that such personal holiness may have a new and higher obligation, since it has a new possibility. The double purpose of our union to Christ must never for a moment be forgotten, nor its heavenward and earthward aspects for an instant separated in our apprehension. It is in order that we may be as He is in the reckoning of God, and equally that we may be as He is before the eyes of men. "No condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus" is one phase of this blessed truth. But, O believer, forget not the other, lest you bring upon yourself the curse of a dry and barren Antinomianism; "created in Jesus Christ unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." The branches are the product and the measure of the roots, the one spreading as widely as the other strikes deeply. And how solemn the obligation resting upon those who are as truly rooted in Christ to reach forth their branches and cover that area of good works which they have underlaid, and, so to speak, pre-empted by their faith. Our privileges in Jesus are glorious beyond comparison. But they are awful when we remember that they are the pledge and measure of our obligations. Never before on earth, or perhaps in heaven, was one exalted to utter so great a word as this, I in Christ. Yet if we know its meaning we shall pause lest we speak it lightly or unadvisedly, for "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked."—*A. F. Gordon, D. D., in Christian at Work.*

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother.—*Lord Macaulay.*

God's sun shines most warmly on our hearts when the world's sun shines least; and who that has once felt its reviving rays, would not easily spare the others, if it be his Master's will.—*Augustus Hare.*

THERE'S THE LORD'S ANSWER.

Many year's ago, when in my country charge, I returned one afternoon from a funeral, fatigued with the day's work. After a long ride I had accompanied the mourners to the churchyard. As I neared my stable door I felt a strange prompting to visit a poor widow who, with her invalid daughter, lived in a lonely cottage in an outlying part of the parish. My natural reluctance to make another visit was overcome by a feeling which I could not resist, and I turned my horse's head towards the cottage. I was thinking only of the poor widow's spiritual needs; but when I reached her little house I was struck with its look of unwonted barrenness and poverty. After putting a little money into her hand I began to enquire into their circumstances, and found that their supplies had been utterly exhausted since the night before. I asked them what they had done. "I just spread it out before the Lord!" "Did you tell your case to any friend?" "O no, sir, naebody kens but himsel' and me! I kent he would na forget, but I didna ken hoo he wad help me till I say you come riding ower the brae, and then I said, 'There's the Lord's answer!'" Many a time has the recollection of this incident encouraged me to trust in the loving care of my Heavenly Father.—*New Testament Anecdotes.*

AMUSEMENTS.—Never was there a more flagrant fallacy than that it appertains to the Church to "entertain" and amuse those who attend its services. The *Christian Advocate*, of Nashville, Tenn., well says: "If ever it comes to be thought that a chief function of the Church is to furnish entertainment for the people, young or old, it will not be long before its function as a soul-saving agency will be gone.—*Sel.*

The city authorities of Providence, R. I., have notified the skating rinks of that city that all licenses for them will expire December 31, and none will be renewed, on account of the physical and moral harm they have caused.

French priests who meddle with politics have received a warning. The Prefect of the Ardenne has deprived seventy of them in his department of a quarter's salary for alleged corruption in the late elections.

FUN AT HOME.

There is nothing like it to be found—no, not if you search the world through. I want every possible amusement to keep the boys at home evenings. Never mind if they do scatter books and pictures, coats, hats, and boots. Never mind if they do make a noise around, with their whistling and hurraing! We would stand aghast if we could have a vision of the young men going to utter destruction for the very reason that, having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff firesides at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. Don't let them wander beyond the reach of mother's influence yet awhile. The time will come before you think, when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the dear hands of those very boys; when your hearts shall long for their noisy steps in the hall, and their ruddy cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the music of all the operas; when you would gladly have dirty carpets—ay, live without carpets at all, but to have their bright, strong forms beside you once more. Then play with and pet them. Praise John's drawing, Betty's music, and baby's first attempt at writing his name. Encourage Tom to chop off his stick of wood, and Dick to persevere in making his hen-coop. If one shows a talent for figures, tell him he is your famous mathematician; and if another loves geography, tell him he will be sure to make a great traveller or a foreign minister. Become interested in their pets, be they rabbits, pigeons, or dogs. Let them help you in home decorations; send them to gather mosses, grasses, and bright autumn leaves to decorate their rooms when the snow is all over the earth. And you will keep yourself young and fresh by entering into their joys, and keep those joys innocent by your knowledge of them.—*Selected.*

THE WORD OF GOD.

The same blood circulates from Genesis to Revelation. It is the one Book. He who makes Moses a myth, makes Christ an impostor. He who denies the Mosaic authorship and the inspiration of the Pentateuch, denies the authenticity of the Gospel and the divinity of our Lord. But we are told that the Bible must be tested as to its authenticity as other books are. Granted. But when Sir Walter Scott avowed himself the author of the Waverley Novels,

there was an end of guesses and speculations. Plausible arguments might have been suggested for attributing the authorship of some of them to others. But the world had confidence in Sir Walter's veracity. His word settled the matter. And should not the word of Christ settle the matter as to who wrote the Pentateuch? What are all our petty canons of criticism when weighed against this word? Not one scholar in a hundred can test for himself the grounds on which Wellhausen bases his conclusions. But all of us can read in our New Testaments what Christ said about the Jewish Scriptures; about David in the Psalms; about Moses and the prophets; and that is enough for us."—*Chicago Interior.*

CHURCH HOMES.

"It is surprising to see how long a time it takes some Christians to be really settled in a new home. They send their children to school at once, to be sure, and are ready enough to receive calls; but when it comes to the work of the Lord, they feel that they are on a sort of furlough, and that nothing can be expected of them until they have wandered from church to church, and have been invited and urged and made much of for months."

In contrast with this class of disciples, a writer describes and commends a family that having brought letters from the church they have left, "are prompt in presenting them, not feeling it necessary to wait until the pastor has suggested the propriety of their doing so. Having united with the church, they feel it incumbent upon them to assist in bearing the burden of the church work. They are prompt in attendance at the prayer-meeting, and do not slip into a back seat, but come forward as they used to do in their old home, where the faces were all familiar.—*Sel.*

Paisley Free Church Presbytery has resolved to abolish fast-day services in its country parishes, and is to co-operate with the other Presbyterian ministers of the town in an attempt to separate communion from fast-day services.

The Presbyterian Church of New South Wales has made unwonted progress during 1885. In no previous year have there been so many inductions and so much activity in church building.

MEETING OF THE FOREIGN MISSION COMMITTEE.

The Foreign Mission Committee, Eastern Section, met in the lecture room of United Church, New Glasgow, May 5th.

There were present Alexr. McLean, Convener, Dr. McCulloch, D. B. Blair, Dr. Burns, E. A. McCurdy, A. McL. Sinclair, Edwin Smith, J. M. McLeod, and E. Scott, ministers, and Andrew Walker, and D. C. Fraser, elders.

Mr. Annand, Dr. Patterson, J. L. George and W. L. McRae, being present were invited to aid in the deliberations.

A statement of the accounts was submitted shewing that the debt on the Foreign Mission work at date is about \$3000.

In response to the Committee's advertisement for a man to take Mr. McLeod's place at Princetown, Trinidad, an offer of service was received from Mr. W. L. McRae. It was accompanied by most satisfactory certificates and was heartily accepted. Mr. McRae will probably leave for his field about the first of September.

Letters were read from Messrs Morton and Grant regarding the death of Rev. J. W. McLeod.

The Secretary was directed to convey to Mrs. McLeod an expression of the sympathy of the Board, and special prayer was offered in behalf of the bereaved family.

The Secretary read the following resolution passed by the Ladies F. M. Society at Halifax, April 9th,

"The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Eastern Section, realizing the great need of another Missionary to accompany the Rev. Mr. Annand to his new field of labor on the island of Santo, respectfully request the Foreign Mission Board to appoint a suitable person to go with him, and guarantee the support of the new Missionary, until such time as the Foreign Mission Board is in a position to assume it."

After long and careful consideration the following resolution was, with the exception of one vote unanimously adopted.

"The committee notices with great satisfaction the Christian earnestness and zeal of the Woman's F. M. Society, and of the several Woman's Congregational Societies throughout our church, recognizes the valuable services that all these societies have rendered to the cause of Foreign Missions, and fully sympathizes with the

object, the Woman's F. M. Society has in view, that of sending a missionary to labor with Mr. Annand on the island of Santo, yet in view of the increasing debt upon the Fund, and the probability of a speedy amalgamation of the Foreign Mission Funds of the Eastern and Western Sections of the church, agrees to defer the further consideration of this subject until after the meeting of the General Assembly."

The committee appointed to prepare a minute with regard to the late Rev. Dr. MacGregor, submitted the following which was adopted.

"The committee desire to place on record their deep sense of the worth of him who has for so many years kept their records, and who has been called to rest.

Through a long life the late Rev. Dr. MacGregor was an ardent friend and supporter of Missions. As a member of the committee, his accurate knowledge of the work and his prudence in counsel, were of the highest service, while his kindly and genial manner helped to make rough places smooth, and crooked places straight, and to make their work one of pleasantness and harmony. As secretary, he was a model of neatness, thoroughness, and accuracy, from the beginning of his office to the end of it, his relation to the committee on the one hand, and the missionaries on the other moving steadily and smoothly on.

While feeling his removal, we rejoice that his sun of service has not gone down, that the call is but the Master's voice bidding him come up higher, that our loss is his gain.

We would record our deep sympathy with the sorrowing family, our thankfulness that while their memories of the past are fraught with sadness they are bright with sunny recollections, the only sadness being in the thought that those days return no more, and our prayer that they may follow in his footsteps, as he followed Christ, and that at length they may have the joy of meeting him in that better life where there is no parting.

A number of casks of arrowroot having been sent by Mr. Robertson it was agreed that they be distributed in various towns for sale.

Glad service is more than money. The heart full is more than the hand full.

FIDELITY TO A GODLY ANCESTRY.

It is no dishonor to a young man to believe in the religion of his father. It shows no want of independence to be a Christian because one's father was a Christian. To believe as my father believed, to trust the faith which my mother sang to me, to cling to the Christian hopes which first bloomed at the fireside of my childhood's home, to rest in my inherited religion, and follow the example of my godly parents, is no unmanly thing. God forbid that I should glory in breaking loose from such sacred ties! Said a clergyman of my acquaintance, "I have been young, and now am old, and I have spent my life in the study of the religions of the world; but I have yet to find a stronger proof of the truth of the Scripture than I discovered forty years ago in the character and life of my father and mother." That pride of intellect which a young man sometimes feels, which makes him think that nothing in religious faith can be settled by the past, that he must therefore inquire *de novo*, as if no experience had taught his ancestry anything, is a very weak and narrow affection of the brain! No generation exists, in God's plan, for nothing. Every generation of Christian believers adds something to the reasonable faith of the world in Christ, as truly as every generation of astronomers furnishes data for the calculations of astronomers who follow them. I have no more reason for rejecting the Christian faith of my fathers because I have not investigated everything about it, than I have for going back to the Ptolemaic theory of the stars because I am not an expert in the Copernican astronomy.—*Austin Phelps D. D.*

Japanese Christians are now praying and working that their country may be wholly Christian by the year 1900. Many now living may witness what the Christians of Japan are now praying and labouring for. Only one language is spoken and to a great extent they are an educated and reading people. Hence difficulties in the way of evangelization of this country are less than many others.

The Mission of the Greek church at San Francisco receives annually \$35,000 from the treasury of the "Holy Synod" at St. Petersburg, Russia.

HOPE AGAINST HOPE.

The late well-known preacher, Professor Vinet, gave a powerful monition never to despair of a lost soul until the very last breath puts an end to all opportunity of striving with it and for it. He remarks: God alone can know whether such a soul is finally hardened. You do not know, battle, contend, cry concerning it—fight its fight, make its death struggle your own. Let it feel in its last agony that besides it there lives and strives a soul that believes, loves and lives. Let your love be to it a reflection and a revelation of the love of Christ. He may be present to it through you. Give it a foretaste, a shimmer, a gleam of the divine mercy. Hope against all hope; wrestle with God to the last moment. The sound of your prayers, the echo of Christ's words, should reverberate in the ears and in the dreams of the dying. You know not what may be going on in that soul's inner world, into which your eye cannot penetrate; nor how wonderfully eternity may depend on a moment, that soul's salvation on a whisper. So weary not: pray aloud with the dying, and pray low for him; unceasingly commend his soul to God; be a priest if you cannot reach him as a preacher; let this intercession be the beginning, middle and end of your ministry.

FATHER TAYLOR'S DEATH.

He was an aged saint of eighty-six years, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, familiarly termed "Father Taylor," the famous sailor-preacher of Boston, whose mind had so failed that he did not recognize even his own daughter. A witness says that very touching was the scene on the last night of his life. He called his daughter to his bedside as if she were his mother, saying, like a little child, "Mother, come here by my bed and hear me say my prayers before I go to sleep." She came near. He clasped his white, withered hands reverently, and whispered, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc. "Amen." Then quietly fell asleep and woke in heaven.

In the United States there are 6,000,000 persons over ten years of age who can neither read nor write, and of these 2,000,000 are voters. This latter fact gives ignorance a vast leverage in controlling public affairs.

MISMANAGED MEETINGS.

Those familiar with gospel labor know the importance of earnest, intelligent, and steady endeavor to lead souls to Christ. Often persons who have been brought to an honest conviction of sin, and who are seeking the path of life, are confused by mere noise and tumult; and much that has been accomplished with care and labor seems undone in an hour, Says S. G. Burney, in the *Cumberland Quarterly Review*:

"Much damage to the success of meetings is caused by the wild confusion occasioned by a conversion; preachers and prominent workers often take the lead. The consequence generally is, that those seeking the Lord are neglected, the serious thoughts of the irreligious dissipated, and a state of levity produced. The feeling of solicitude for sinners gives place to feelings of ecstasy, and leaves the worker, at least for a time, wholly unprepared for his work.

"A state of ecstatic feeling, leading, if not restrained, to outbursts of praise and thanksgiving, is neither unscriptural nor unreasonable, but it may be unseasonably indulged. In many revival meetings the church claims the victory, but Satan gets the largest share of the spoils. A bogus revival may be *shouted up*, and a genuine revival *shouted down*. The shouting is not the prelude and concomitant of genuine revivals. The revival is the outgrowth of a clear view of the lost state of the unconverted, and a deep, abiding solicitude for their salvation. This deep and earnest solicitude may be endured for days and weeks without abatement. The conversion of one soul, if the worker gives way to his feelings, may be the occasion of expending it all in an uncontrolled outburst—in a shout. This puts the worker out of sympathy with the penitents, and for the time being utterly disqualifies him to properly instruct them. Shouting revivals are, of a sort of psychological necessity, short-lived. On the contrary, when the true revival feeling is fostered and not permitted to expend itself in ecstatic exercises, the revival may be continued with success for weeks, or indefinitely. Such, at least, are my convictions after an experience of nearly fifty years."—*Sel.*

After nine years' labor, the first revision of the Malagasy Bible is now completed.

FINISHED WORK.

When Christ came into the world to live among men, he took upon himself the form of a servant, to do not his own will, but the will of the Father who sent him. He became the Father's servant for our salvation. And this is how he speaks: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish his work." And he did finish what he undertook. Beginning with what is lowliest, do you think that, when he labored in the carpenter's workshop at Nazareth, he would ever turn out faulty workmanship? Afterward, when he performed his miracles, each was a "finished" work. When he restored men from disease, he made them "perfectly whole," and so the people testified: "He hath done all things well." At the close of his earthly service he could say to the Father, "I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do;" and the last word he spoke ere he bowed his bleeding, thorn-crowned head and died, was that word, "It is finished!"

Let the Lord himself be your example in service; let the mind which was in him be in you also. Every work that is worth doing at all is worth doing well, from making a besom to setting jewels in a crown. That which you have in hand is indeed comparatively humble, but then it is necessary; and it may be done not only solidly, but with taste and beauty; and so I would urge you—in spite of all temptations that may arise from weariness and haste to get done, or any other cause—to do it with quiet, careful perseverance, as a true Christian, till it is "finished." Acting in this spirit, you will have a right to that noble name, a Christian worker, sometimes assumed by those who have no title to wear it.—*Sel.*

The tendencies of card-playing are well shown in the growth of the disposition to play for wagers among ladies of high social position in an aristocratic quarter of Boston. The pointed allusions to gambling in polite society, made on a recent Sunday by a prominent minister of that city, suffused with blushes the faces of the fair transgressors—their guilty consciences bringing this confession to their countenances. Barbara Heck made no mistake when she threw the cards in the fire. It is the best place for them.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

NOT FIT TO COME.

The awakened sinner who has a knowledge of the gospel, knows that Christ only can save him. He knows that he cannot atone for his past sins, nor work out for himself a righteousness for the future! He knows that he must receive pardon and salvation, at the hands of Christ.

When Christ invites him to come and receive pardon, he is not ready to go. Ask him why he does not at once go as a lost, helpless sinner, to receive pardon and eternal life, and he says he has not feeling enough. He feels anxious and desires pardon. He confounds penitence with distress of mind. He is waiting for more feeling. That, he thinks, though he does not say so, will recommend him to the mercy of Christ.

Another does not go to Christ and receive pardon, because he is such a great sinner. He is not mistaken in regard to the fact that he is a great sinner. No sinner ever over-estimated his sinfulness. All men are greater sinners than they think they are.

But Christ's offer of pardon is not limited to moderate sinners. He has saved, and is willing to save, the chief sinners. No man who comes to him as a small sinner will be saved. No man who comes to him with an atonement for a part of his sins will be saved. He who comes to him as a penitent sinner, however great his sins, will be saved. Though his sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.

Another does not go to Christ, because he has not broken off from his sins. He has refrained from some open transgressions, and has tried to lead a new life; but he finds that his sins remain. He thinks he must not go to Christ till he has made himself better. Hence his delay.

Thus sinners do not go to Christ, because they are not fit to go. Those who persevere in their purpose of becoming fit, never go. Those who become convicted of their folly and sin in making terms which Christ has not made, and who see that they must go to him just as they are, and rely upon his promise for pardon and deliverance from sin, will be saved, or rather are saved.

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to Thee
O Lamb of God, I come!"

DR. JOSEPH ALDEN.

"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

If life to a self-consecrated servant of Jesus Christ is rich and remunerative, there are thousands to whom it is a mere frolic. Its practical motto is, "Eat, drink, and be merry; to-morrow I die." This is a shocking suicide, even though it be done with jest and jollity. What sober faces some of these triflers will wear at the day of judgment! Mirth and madness here; remorse and ruin for evermore. The vapour of such Godless lives will turn into the smoke of torment which ascendeth from the eternal pit! Yet what a multitude of young men and women in our congregations have no other idea of life but a merry-making, or a chase after phantoms!

It is a tremendous truth, though constantly forgotten, that this vapour of human life never appears and disappears but *once*. "It is appointed unto men once to die." This we all admit; but do we as fully realize that it is appointed unto us only once to live? If we could come back hither from the unseen world, and try our probation over again, how differently would we use the golden hours! How busily that now indolent Christian would work! How faithfully we pastors would preach righteousness and the judgment to come! How eagerly that rich man would devote his money to the Lord's service! With what quick haste would that impenitent soul snatch the offered gift of salvation! Oh! how differently would we all live if the light of an actual visit into the eternal world were shining on a second probation!

But even as the leaves now lying under yonder tree will never touch those branches again, or be kissed by another summer's sun, so my life, and your life, my dear reader, will never have another moment of probation beyond the tomb. Verily it is now or never with us. It is either a life for Christ here, or an undying death without Him in the world to come! Which shall it be? Shall this fleeting vapour of existence glow like a rainbow, with God's smile of approval, or shall it darken into a cloud of wrath and blackness under His just frown?

Keep your heart's window always open toward heaven. Let the blessed light of Jesus' countenance shine in. It will turn tears into sunshine.—*T. L. Cuyler.*