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

THE ARCHIVES
OF
THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN CANADA

THE MARITIME

PRESBYTERIAN.

WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
After the Assembly, Across the Continent.....	227
The Comparative needs of our Different Mission Fields.....	230
The New Hebrides.	
The N. H. and a Fourth Missionary.....	231
Letter from Rev. H. A. Robertson.....	232
Trinidad.	
Letter from Rev. K. J. Grant.....	233
Letter from Mrs. Morton.....	233
Letter from Miss Copeland.....	234
Extracts of Report on French Evangelization.....	236
Daniel Webster and the Fifty-first Psalm, by Rev. D. Morrison, Owen Sound, Ont.....	239
Heroism at Home.....	235
The Secret of Joy.....	241
Worldly Mindedness. Consecration of Life.....	242
No Act Falls Fruitless.....	243
Conversions through Family Worship. Waldensian Mission Work.....	243
The Prayer of the Purse.....	244
Scattering Seeds. Fifty-six Wants of the Children of God.....	245
Over-Luggage.....	246
How to Kill Sin.....	247
An Old Man's Advice. Political Influence of Catholic Countries.....	248
Kiah's Idee, by the author of "Auntie Parsons Story".....	250
The Seven Dollar Thief. Progress in Victoria's Reign.....	252
Making Children Happy.....	252
No Weeping—No Reaping. Japan.....	253
Not Lost on the Air. Decay of Family Life.....	254
Halifax Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music.....	255
Heaven. Tempted by Degrees.....	255
Obedience. Parental Example.....	256
Temperance. Three Courses open.....	255

AUG., 1887.

Literary Notices.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW for July has the following table of contents:—I. "Plato's Theory of Education," by Prof. John Watson. II. "Union and Co-operation in Foreign Missions," by Rev. Wm. J. Taylor, D.D. III. "Simon Fisk and his 'Supplication,'" by Rev. Newell Wolsey Wells. IV. "The Postulates of Physiological Psychology," by Prof. J. Mark Baldwin. V. "The Barriers to Christian Union," by Prof. Chas. A. Briggs, D. D. VI. "Necessity and Administration of the Lord's Supper," by Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, D. D. VII. *Historical Notes*: "The Unfaithful Vesey and his advocates," and the origin of the phrase "In necessariis unitas." *Critical Note*: Some Exegetical Notes on 1 Timothy, by Prof. Warfield. IX. *Editorial Notes*: The History of the doctrine of the Intermediate State, by Prof. R. B. Welch. The Biblical Doctrine of Divine Judgment, by Rev. T.W. Chambers. Grounds for believing in the Salvation of Infants, by Prof. W. G. Blakie. Together with over twenty pages of Reviews of Recent Theological Literature. Published for the Review Association by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$3.00 per year; single numbers, 80 cents.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for August, contains "A Collection of Unpublished Letters by Thackeray, V.," with illustrations and reproductions of letters and drawings. "The Picturesque Quality of Holland," with illustrations. "The Instability of the Atmosphere," shewing the causes, movements, and effects of atmospheric movements from zephyrs to tornadoes, with illustrations. "The Revival of Handicraft;" "Realism and the Art of Fiction;" "A Girl's Life Eighty years ago," with several complete, and two or three serial stories. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Monthly, 25 cents; \$3.00 per year.

PEOPLE AND PASTOR. Duties Involved in the Important Relation, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, D. D. The author of this little book has been a most successful pastor and the counsels he here gives are the ripe fruit of his own abundant experience. The book is the *people's* side of pastoral theology and tells them a great many things they ought to know if they

would do their part in making the work of the pastor successful. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication. Price, 40 cents. McGregor & Knight, Halifax.

POPULAR LECTURES ON THEOLOGICAL THEMES, by Rev. Archibald Alexander Hodge, D.D. "The lectures which compose this volume originated in the request of a number of ladies in Princeton to be formed into a class for instruction in Theological subjects. In the fall of 1835 a few ladies in Philadelphia proposed that the lectures should be repeated to a similar class in that city. Large audiences were attracted to hear them. The interest excited awakened a desire for their repetition elsewhere as also for another course on some other subjects to complete the work. These latter were written but he did not live to deliver them. The name of the late, lamented, Dr. A. A. Hodge, is in itself a guarantee of the excellence of whatever came from his pen, and perhaps the best way to give an idea of the book is to reproduce the titles of the different lectures. They are as follows:

- I. God—His Nature and Relation to the Universe.
- II. The Scripture Doctrine of Divine Providence.
- III. Miracles.
- IV. The Holy Scripture—The Canon and Inspiration.
- V. Prayer and the Prayer Cure.
- VI. The Trinity of Persons in the Godhead.
- VII. Predestination.
- VIII. The Original State of Man.
- IX. God's Covenants with Man—The Church.
- X. The Person of Christ.
- XI. The Offices of Christ.
- XII. The Kingly Offices of Christ.
- XIII. The Kingdom of Christ.
- XIV. The Law of the Kingdom.
- XV. Sanctification and Good Works—Higher Life.
- XVI. The Sacraments—Baptism.
- XVII. The Lord's Supper.
- XVIII. The State of Man after Death and the Resurrection.
- XIX. Final Rewards and Punishments.

This book is in the form of popular lectures, easily read, embracing in its themes all the great doctrines in connection with our Christian Religion, and from a master hand. It is a large book, with clear print, and for its size very cheap. Price \$1.25. It may be ordered through McGregor & Knight of Halifax.

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. VII.

AUGUST, 1887.

No. 8.

The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

Price, in advance, 25 cents per year in parcels of 4 and upwards, to one address. Single copies 40 cents. Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time but must end with December.

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date \$100.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels of 5 and upwards, to one address. Single copies 30 cents. Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time, but must end with December.

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date, \$100.00.

All communications to be addressed to

REV. E. SCOTT, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

AFTER THE ASSEMBLY.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Usually the interest of the meeting of Assembly begins to decline as its work draws to a close. The last session or two the attendance is generally small, the larger part of the members having scattered to their distant homes. Those who remain to the end, however, always find themselves richly repaid. There is something very solemn in the close of a Synod or Assembly. There is the breaking up of the pleasant associations, the thought of separation to another year's work, and of all the changes that that year will bring. Who of us shall meet again? With whom shall this year be the last? And there is the reminder too that thus our years are fast hastening to a close. There is the moderator's closing address, usually brief, pointed, practical. Its solemn words giving added weight from the solemnity of the occasion. Then comes the singing of that grand old Hebrew hymn

"Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity.

Let them that love Thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.

Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within Thy walls remain,
And ever may Thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

Now for my friend's and brethren's sakes
Peace be in Thee I'll say,
And for the house of God the Lord
I'll seek thy good alway."

Then the solemn benediction. Then the good-byes, and the partings.

This year was no exception so far as regards the sweet and tender interest of the closing session, but with most there were other things yet to come before the members left the prairie city for their Eastern homes. Some spent the following week in visiting different parts of the Province of Manitoba. A considerable number availed themselves of an invitation from the Governor of the North West to visit the Indian Reserves and see how it fared with their dusky fellow citizens, while a third party, comprising perhaps fifty members of Assembly, together with a number of friends, chiefly from Winnipeg, went on a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Those who visited the Indian Reserves had a week of prairie driving, and were on the whole well satisfied with their trip.

The third party had less of toil than the second, and more of sight-seeing than both the second and first.

The Assembly came to a close about noon on Friday, July 17th.

In the afternoon the special train for the Pacific coast drew out of the station at Winnipeg and started on its long run across the prairie. All night and all next day, with occasional brief stops, it kept on its eager westward race, and about midnight, Saturday, having made 840 miles, it drew up at Calgary, the border town between the prairie and the mountains, for the Sabbath rest.

It was communion day in the Presbyterian congregation of which Mr. Herdman is minister. With them the delegates

spent a pleasant Sabbath, Dr. Burns preaching in the morning and Dr. Grant in the evening, others supplying the Methodist church.

Early Monday morning we left Calgary, and on Wednesday evening reached Victoria, spending one day at Banff and two days in travelling.

This last six hundred miles is literally "a sea of mountains." To the eye of the husbandman there are few attractions. For wild rugged grandeur of scenery it is unsurpassed. Mountains! Mountains! Bare, steep, rocky, snow-capped, towering high, and lonely, and desolate, greet the vision at every turn, until eye and brain grow weary, and yet they cannot rest, for one, unwilling to lose aught so grand, still strains both eye and brain, wishing, it may be, that wonders would cease and give the weariness relief.

Reaching Victoria we found that the kindness which had been so lavishly bestowed by the friends in Winnipeg still followed us, for instead of having to provide for ourselves, as might reasonably have been expected, we were most hospitably entertained during the two or three days of our stay by the good people of that far West city. On the evening after our arrival a meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church, (Mr. Fraser, minister,) addressed by several of the delegates, and this seemed almost a second closing of Assembly, for our party broke up at the coast, different members returning on different days. Still in most cases there were enough together to make the return journey pleasant as the outgoing trip had been, the sights of the way bearing repetition without loss of interest.

One feature of our trip that will long be remembered was the "family worship." On the outward journey the train was at our disposal and we could stop, get out, and have our morning and evening sacrifice of prayer and praise. Now it was on the open prairie with no bound but the horizon to our vision, the level expanse stretching away, away, seemingly infinite, opening the mind to the greatness of the One we worshipped. Again, as at North Bend, the last morning we were together, we were shut in by the everlasting hills. Hoary with age, they were reminders of Him who was "before the mountains were brought forth." Rearing their giant forms aloft as so many spires in the grand Cathedral where we sang and prayed,

they told of Him who "weigheth the mountains in scales." And, as now on open prairie, now in mountain glen, there rang forth to music some grand old psalm, that heart would be hard indeed that would not beat responsive to the thought "It is good for us to be here."

One thought that gets well beaten in during a railway ride from the Atlantic to the Pacific is the size of our country, and coextensive with that the size of our church. The writer preached one Sabbath in New Westminster on the Pacific Coast; the next Sabbath in Winnipeg, and the Sabbath following in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. The distance between the extremes being, by rail, about three thousand seven hundred and fifty miles, or one thousand two hundred and seventy miles farther than across the Atlantic from Halifax to Liverpool.

A church of that extent is certainly a large enough subject for reflection and there are one or two such reflections which we venture to print.

One is the responsibility that rests upon her to see that the land in which she is, is provided through all its length and breadth with a pure gospel.

Another, is her duty, considering the means at her disposal, to the heathen world.

A third reflection which forces itself upon one is, that in a church covering such an extent of territory, it is not the wisest, most economical, or best, arrangement to bring her representatives together every year and to attempt to legislate for the whole from one centre. Might there not be an Eastern, a Central, and a Western, Synod, each of which would be able to do what the Assembly cannot do, keep an intelligent oversight of all the work within its bounds. Might not these Synods have greater power and more work to do than is now given to Synods, and might not Assembly meet once in three years, for such general oversight as might be deemed necessary to reserve to it. If instead of that, the church resort to reduced representation to make the Assembly more wieldy and workable, and send every year, one in eight, or one in twelve, to some central place to do the greater part of its work, the church will be so large that much of the work will be blindly done by many of these present, and the representation will be so small that its deliverances must cease to carry

the weight that the action of a Supreme Court should do.

There is one kind of work needed in our great North West to which very little attention has as yet been given, viz.: *Colportage*. A review of the Home Mission Report of our church for the year shows a great deal of work done in that region. A careful study of the work of other churches tells a similar tale. On the whole that vast country is as well supplied with preaching as could have been reasonably expected. But is there not an opening in the line above indicated? The Missionary in his visitation through his district comes and goes and much of his message is soon forgotten. The Colporteur makes his visit, "and departing leaves behind him" some good books, more or less, according to the ability of the family to purchase. Most of these new homes in mountain or prairie have but few books. Neighbors are few and far away, and in the long winter evenings the books would be read and read again. One of the best measures that our church could inaugurate in her great Home Mission field would be a system of Colportage. Its cost would be small. It would be largely self-sustaining.

Another open door of Christian work is among the Chinese on the Pacific Coast. There are in the city of Victoria alone some three thousand of them, and perhaps as many more scattered in other places near. They have their joss houses and all the paraphernalia of their heathen worship. Our church is doing nothing for them. There is no missionary among them. Many of them return to their native land. Were they to carry the gospel back with them they would be a powerful agency in helping forward the work of evangelizing the millions of China. We send missionaries to Foreign lands. Is it right to allow the steadily increasing thousands of these pagans to come among us with no effort to give them the light of truth.

An impression that one at least brought home to the East is this, that while in many cases those who have gone to that new Western land are doing well, and while in almost every new settlement religious ordinances are provided for all who are willing to attend them, yet people in the older provinces who are able to make a comfortable living at home, had far better stay where they are. It is a new sen-

sation and one well worth having, to see the prairie, verdant and far reaching in summer, bleak and unsheltered in winter. It is equally new and well worth the getting to behold the mountains rocky and ribbed, cradling their heads on pillows of eternal snow, but for a home, give me the hills and dales from Owen Sound to Louisburg that pay tribute to the Atlantic.

The Presbyterian churches in the United States, North and South, which have been divided since the civil war have been considering for some time the question of union. Large hearted men have longed for it. Many have thought that this relic of that unhappy strife should be no longer kept. The practical difficulty, however, and it seems to be one that may for a time put a stop to all negotiations, is that old idea of slave holding days, that the colored race is essentially an inferior one. The South is willing to unite, provided the blacks have separate churches, presbyteries, and synods. The North knows no color line and wishes that if union takes place the blacks shall be at liberty to do as they may choose; have separate churches if they can or worship with whites, and that in all church courts they shall have their place, and equal rights. It is a pitiful sight, to behold this relic of barbarism that the nation washed out a quarter of a century ago in blood, still held in any form in the Presbyterian church.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, North, met this year at Omaha, a city which twenty years ago had scarce an existence, and which now has nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants; and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada met in Winnipeg, which twenty years ago was merely a Hudson Bay Co. trading post, and is now a city containing thirty thousand people.

"How dusty and toil-worn the little group of Christians that landed at Puteoli must have looked as they toiled along the Appian Way and entered Rome? How contemptuously emperor and philosopher, and priest and patrician would have curled their lips if they had been told that in that little knot of Jewish prisoners lay a power before which theirs would cower and finally fade."

THE COMPARATIVE NEEDS OF OUR DIFFERENT MISSION FIELDS.

Some idea of the comparative needs of our different mission fields may be formed from a glance at their respective populations, and the number of missionaries laboring among them.

THE NEW HEBRIDES.

The population of the New Hebrides is variously estimated at from 50,000 to 70,000. The latest Report from the Day-spring Board gives the number of ordained foreign missionaries in the group as sixteen, *i. e.*, one ordained foreign missionary to every 4000 people, men, women, and children. There is probably no mission field in the world so well supplied, or where the number of foreign laborers, in proportion to the population, is so great. In addition to these there are 120 native teachers and laborers, or a proportion of about one to every 500 of the population. Some of our readers can remember when Geddie went there alone, when the people were sunk in the lowest depths of heathenism. As with that we contrast the present: The group so well supplied, some islands Christianized, others receiving the truth, we may well thank God and take courage in extending our work to other lands that are yet without the Gospel.

TRINIDAD.

The Indian population of this island is estimated at about 60,000. Among these there are now four ordained foreign missionaries at work, or one to every 15,000. There is another who has gone to Scotland through ill health and whose return is as yet a matter of uncertainty, and there is one ordained Indian minister, Rev. Lal Behari. There is a goodly staff of native teachers and monitors at work in the thirty-two schools under the care of the mission. The chief centres of Indian population in the Island are occupied, though there are two districts, Cedros and Chaguanos, with a population of about 4000 each, which they have not as yet been able to overtake.

DEMARARA.

The Indian or Coolie population of Demarara, among which we have a missionary, numbers probably 70,000. There are two ordained missionaries now laboring among these people, making one or-

daind Foreign missionary to every 35,000. The work is just begun there and there are only four or five teachers as yet employed.

CENTRAL INDIA.

The latest Report of the mission to Central India contains the following:

"In Central India we have nearly 10,000,000 of people. In this immense district with a population more than double that of the Dominion of Canada we know of only one mission station besides our own (five). Another of the mission (American Presbyterian) has in the past year been planted at Jhansi, which though now British Territory may for Mission purposes be counted as in Central India, lying as it does where the Eastern and Western sections meet each other. Allowing for these and deducting such natives as are reached by those working principally among Europeans we are safe in saying not one ordained missionary for every million and a half of people." Or seven missionaries for about ten millions.

HONAN

is one of the large central provinces of China with an estimated population of about 15,000,000. So far as known at present this whole province is yet almost entirely destitute of the gospel. But one missionary so far as known, is at work in this field. The Student's missionary societies of Queens and Knox Colleges have each agreed to support a laborer, and have each chosen one of their number as a missionary. St. Andrews Church, Toronto, has also offered to support a man. It is proposed that these three men occupy some new field, and the Western Committee has in view this Province of Honan, with its fifteen millions of perishing souls, waiting the word of life. This the Assembly has approved of, and though the field is not yet definitely fixed it is probable that we will soon count Honan as one of our mission fields.

THE NORTH WEST.

The whole Indian population of Manitoba and the North West territories is about 30,000. We have under our care eighteen bands, with a population of 35,000. Other churches are doing something for these as well as our own. This work, however, can't be classed with Foreign work. These people are in our own land and no effort should be spared, both for

their own sakes and for the sake of our country, until they are brought under the influence of the Gospel.

FORMOSA

and its need for more laborers I have not mentioned, for Dr. Mackay wishes, with the present mission staff to overtake the field by means of native agency.

Leaving out Formosa and the North West, the population of the different Foreign fields of our Church, the number of ordained foreign missionaries in them and the comparative ratio of population to each missionary may be summed up as follows :

Field.	Pop.	No. Mis-	Pop. to each
		sionaries.	Missionary.
New Heb.	60,000	16	4,000
Trinidad	60,000	5	12,000
Demarara	70,000	2	35,000
Gen. India	10,000,000	7	1,500,000
Honan	15,000,000	1	15,000,000

THE NEW HEBRIDES AND A FOURTH MISSIONARY.

That our readers may know exactly the present position of matters regarding a fourth missionary to the New Hebrides, we give extracts from the printed minutes of the Assembly's Foreign Mission Committee (consisting of the Eastern and Western Divisions) which met in Toronto on the 2nd of June, just before the meeting of Assembly. The minute is as follows:

"A memorial was read from the Board of Management of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, Eastern Division, accompanied by a letter explaining that the said memorial was intended to be laid before the Committee and transmitted to the General Assembly. The memorialists pled in favor of sending another missionary to the New Hebrides. After a full consideration of the circumstances which led to the sending of the memorial, the following resolution, proposed by Dr. Moore (of Ottawa) was carried unanimously:

"The General Assembly having remitted to this Committee the question of appointing another missionary to the New Hebrides, this Committee referred the same to the Eastern Division for such action. The question, after full and anxious consideration on the part of the Eastern Division, still remaining undetermined, this Committee, while deeply sympathizing with Mr. Annand and highly appre-

ciating the Christian zeal and liberality of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Halifax, still, in view of the existing political complications in the New Hebrides, and the necessity for extreme caution in extending our work there, and in view of the urgent needs of our own North West territories, and the ever increasing demands of our other existing missions, and the new but large and populous fields thrust by the Providence of God upon our attention, resolve that action looking to the appointment of an additional missionary is inopportune, and recommend the Assembly to delay action in the meantime."

"The following resolution referring to the Memorial of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Eastern Division, proposed by Dr. McLaren, was unanimously agreed to "That the Committee having heard the Memorial of the Board of Management of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Eastern Division, and having carefully considered the same, instruct the Convener to acknowledge its receipt, and to forward to them a copy of the resolution adopted by the Committee on the important question to which the Memorial refers, and to assure the ladies that while the Committee have not seen their way clear to concur in the prayer of the Memorial, they fully appreciate the earnest desire for the extension of Christ's kingdom which has led them to put forth the liberal efforts they have made, and the Committee have forwarded their Memorial to the General Assembly as requested."

When the Memorial was laid before the Assembly the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"The General Assembly receives the Memorial and records its grateful estimate of the zeal and liberality of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Eastern Section, but inasmuch as the Church in the Lower Provinces initiated the mission to the New Hebrides, and has hitherto so successfully conducted it, the General Assembly deems it advisable in the special circumstances to refer the important matter embraced in this Memorial to the Synod of the Maritime Provinces to meet at New Glasgow in October next, to pass judgment upon the same in the way which in its wisdom seems best, and to report its finding to the Foreign Mission Committee with power to act."

LETTER FROM REV. H. A. ROBERTSON.

ERAKOR, EFATE, May 11th, '87.

Rev. P. M. Morrison,

My Dear Brother,—On the first day of this month the "Dayspring" arrived at Erromanga from Sydney, with your long, deeply interesting and very welcome letters of the 30th December and 4th Jan'y.

I leave here (Mr. McKenzie's station) to-morrow morning, for the North to attend our annual missionary meeting, and we hope also that we may be able to secure fairly good openings for Messrs. Annand, Laggat, Landells and Morton, and assist them to erect their houses. The "Dayspring" took on a number of the brethren with their wives, and Mr. McKenzie and I are following in the "Cairndhu," a vessel of the same rig and size as "Dayspring," which the "Dayspring" Board chartered to bring down from Sydney scantling for houses for the new missionaries, and many other things, such as boats and supplies that the "Dayspring" could not possibly bring. The "Cairndhu" will proceed to-morrow from Mr. McKenzie's (Erakor) to Ambrim, calling at Tongoa.

Both vessels are appointed to convey the missionaries to stations after our meeting at Ambrim, and as soon as the new missionaries shall have been settled and their houses are up the "Cairndhu" will leave for Sydney, probably direct, that we may save as much money as may be, and the "Dayspring" will call at all mission stations on her way South and then proceed to Sydney to return about the end of October with supplies, mails, etc.

We expect to be absent now from our stations for at least two months, and those of us who live far South will be 10 or 12 weeks. Probably Mr. McKenzie and I will be sent to assist Mr. Annand in his settlement and the building of his house, and others will assist Messrs. Laggat, Landells, and Morton. Probably the gentlemen who will assist them will be Messrs. Watt, Murray, Fraser, and Laurie; or Laurie may go with Mr. Annand. It will be a big job to put up say four houses, but as they are all framed and are to have iron roofing it will be as nothing compared to our house-building in days now gone by.

The securing of suitable and good openings is all that we are anxious about. French priests from Paris are already on Santo, but the island is large and we hope to get a station there for Mr. and Mrs. Annand, and if not then there are other islands.

Mr. McKenzie's youngest child died a short time ago, of dysentery. Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie have lost three little boys since they settled on Efate. They all three lie in the one grave awaiting our Lord's coming. Norman, Mr. McKenzie's eldest son living, is not at all well. He suffers much from fever and is not as strong looking as he was last year. Mr. McK. has put up a splendid large church at this station 56x28 feet, the natives having assisted with money and labor. I had the pleasure in saying a few words to the congregation at their weekly prayer-meeting in it this evening.

We are glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Annand back and looking so well. Canada for health! As a family we are well. Our three children in Sydney were well on the 1st of last month.

The French are buying out all English commercial interests in the New Hebrides and annexation is now sure to follow. But of that I never have had any doubt. They are buying land and bringing out families from Paris and they will only leave if compelled by England, and England does not wish to compel them, nor do I believe England cares a fig whether France annexes the New Hebrides or not and has only watched movements because the Australasian colonies have been and will always be so opposed to French annexation in the Pacific. There is not much money in the thing and there are European complications which England must for her own sake keep in view, and as for the Mission or Christian aspect of the question involved in the event of France annexing, that is the last thing that England or the Colonies will consider.

With much regard,

Yours ever,

H. A. ROBERTSON.

Only what we have wrought into our character during life can we take away with us.—*Humboldt*.

Dr. Hodge said of a certain eminent Christian, "He was not only pious, he was good."

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM REV. K. J. GRANT.

SAN FERNANDO,
June 30, 1887.

Of our 60,000 Indians in Trinidad I think that about one-tenth may be set down as Mohammedans. Annually they fast in day time for one month. No food is eaten from daylight to dark, but during the night the cravings of appetite can be fully met. A week ago the 23rd, the *rosa*, or feast, terminated. Some seven or eight hundred of the faithful assembled in a village a mile distant to enter upon the season of joy that follows the days of mourning and sadness. All went well during the reading of the Koran, but when the time came to assume the praying posture, with the face towards Mecca, as propriety requires, a dispute arose. A few strangers from the Punjab, who at home looked in a somewhat south-west direction, insisted that the face should be turned in the same way; those from Central India, Bombay, Calcutta, held that the orthodox course required them to look west. Hot tempers brought forth angry words and these were followed up with heavy blows. Sticks were freely used, even the boards were torn from the Musjid or mosque to belabor their fellow-worshippers, broken bottles flew like snow balls in a crowd of school-boys at home in the month of March. Some fled pell-mell, some were escorted by the police to the lock-up, whilst others were conveyed to the hospital.

Thus terminated the Mohammedan *rosa* of 1887 in Trinidad. The more thoughtful feel thoroughly ashamed of what has happened. We who believe that the Lord rules, have hope that we shall see in this instance how God makes the wrath of man to turn to his glory. The man who was beaten most severely has been a most attentive hearer at one of our stations for six months. He has had the Gospel and now tastes what heathenism is. May the sense of contrast prove salutary.

Yours faithfully,
K. J. GRANT.

In every temptation to sin, we should hear a still small voice saying "It was sin that crucified your Lord, including such a sin as you are now tempted to commit."

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.,
June 3rd, 1887.

My Dear Friends:

We are aware that your late valued Cor. Secretary has been very much engaged for some months past, and this among other things is sufficient to account for a falling off in weight of the Tunapuna mail bag. Nothing very unusual has transpired here since last I wrote you. We had a Service of Song in our new church. Miss Blackadder kindly read for us and Miss Archibald gave great assistance with the music, but the weather was showery enough to keep a great many away. We cleared eighteen dollars. We wish to make our church as useful as we can to the general population.

In March Mr. Morton gave a temperance lecture; in April we had a missionary meeting and at the Jubilee Mr. Morton intends giving a suitable and instructive lecture. The Missionary meeting on Good Friday was the first ever held in Tunapuna. The Presbytery met through the day; Mr. Grant, Mr. Ramsay, of Port of Spain, and Mr. Muir, of Grenada, kindly remained to take part in the meeting; two of the speakers gave earnest warnings about Sunday selling, and there has been a visible improvement in our village in that respect ever since.

Mr. Morton's services are all in Hindustani, but Mr. Dickson comes from Arouca to hold an afternoon service in English. This is quite a privilege for our own children, as the two younger do not understand Hindustani. On Sabbath, May 15th, Mr. Morton dispensed the Communion. Five adults and one child were baptized and two couples married. The church was well filled notwithstanding heavy and continuous rain. One evening in the week Miss Morton devotes to hymn-singing in the church with any who may come. This helps to keep up the interest in the English services and gives us a choir for special occasions. They prepared carefully for the Missionary meeting, and rendered very well, a piece published about that time in the "Christian," with refrain, "Go ye into all the world," etc.

The sugar crop season is over, and the wet season daily expected. Some showers have already fallen. The change of the seasons is not a healthy time. We have daily applications for medicine; we give

only simple remedies but they are eagerly sought for. Fever and ulcers are very prevalent. The dwellings of the poor among the people are low and dark with earthen floors and one or two small and solid board windows, always carefully fastened at night, thus securing bad ventilation. They also suffer from dampness and from the uncleanly habit of allowing dirty and stagnant water to stand about their very door-step. I often feel afraid to breathe in the atmosphere of their homes. Sometimes parents and children all sleep on one mat on the floor. Observing the meagre accommodations of one family where there is a mother-in-law I was told that "Pappa sleeps with the cow." I saw the resting place of the pair, a small grass roof supported by a few bare posts.

The Hindus love their cows; if they have a good one they seem to cling to it, but they think very lightly of changing their wives. At the same house referred to the woman told me quite carelessly, "Pappa does not want me now; he would rather live alone, he says, than have to work for so many." The eldest of her two small children belongs to a previous husband who is living quite near her with a new wife. Next door lives a Mohammedan man with three children, whose wife has left him for another; the youngest child is not three years old. Just think what it is to work among such people. Pen cannot trace it. Sometimes I feel quite powerless to speak to them. When they have no other excuse they say somebody put something in their food which turned their head. One effect of this evil meets us in the schools. Such parents do not care for the improvement of their children, therefore it is a heavy task to the teachers and to the missionary to keep up the attendance in the schools.

Heavy crops of sugar have been taken off this year, but prices continue as low as ever, and commercial depression is increasing. Preparations are being made for Jubilee celebrations. One thousand Jubilee plates have been imported to feed the paupers in a public square in Port of Spain. They are to be waited upon by ladies, it is said, and afterwards the plates are to be presented to them. The wealthy and pleasure-loving part of our community will eat, drink, and dance at a subscription

ball. All the mission families are well. With best wishes for all,
I remain yours truly,
SARAH E. MORTON.
For the W. F. M. Societies.

LETTER FROM MISS COPELAND.

SAN FERNANDO, TRINIDAD.
April 22nd, 1887.

To the W. F. M. Society of Prince St.
Church, Pictou.

My Dear Friends:

It is so long since your box arrived that I am almost ashamed to acknowledge it now. Very many thanks for your kind presents both for myself and for the children. The clothing for the children was very nice, but the little girls don't care for the jackets as they are not accustomed to that style of dress, and it would be better to make them like the old pattern with the short sleeves. Those who wear the native dress usually have armbands above the elbows and won't wear anything to hide their jewellery, but they like the little wrappers—all in one.

On Saturday we had a school-treat; the children of all the schools in Mr. Grant's district were gathered together. Some of the schools are 14 or 15 miles away, so not many of the little ones could be expected to come such a long distance. Notwithstanding, there were 300 present. There was service in the church, when we had short addresses from Mr. Grant, Babu Lal B. Lari, Mr. Muir of Grenada (who is at present visiting us) and Rev. Mr. Moor. We sang several hymns both in English and Hindi, and after the meeting went out into the yard for breakfast. The children sat down on the ground on plantain leaves, and with a piece of the same leaf for a plate. When each was supplied with as much johnny-cake and curry as they could eat. The members of the English congregation subscribed the money for the breakfast, and some of the members of the Hindi congregations came and cooked the food. It is interesting to watch the process of baking. Knives, forks, or spoons are never used when fingers may be substituted. They commenced work about 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon and kept at it until midnight, and were back again before day-light. It was really very nice to see the interest they took in the children, sparing neither

time nor pains to make the breakfast at least a success. In the afternoon the boys enjoyed a cricket match in the Savannah, (town against country boys.) All seemed delighted with their day's entertainment.

One evening last week I went with Bessie and the children to see a Brahmin priest in his temple surrounded by his gods. We arrived just in time, as he was about to commence his service. There are three services each day: at 6 a. m., 12 noon, and 6 p. m. He was ringing the bell as we came up, not to gather the people, but as a part of the service. Then the ceremony of "washing the gods" commenced. In the centre of the room was an open casement made of concrete, where the god Mahades dwells. A pitcher of water with a small hole in the bottom is over his head, in a little frame. The water drips down on him, so that he may always be kept cool. A small bell, too, hanging from the ceiling, decorated with flowers, comes over the pitcher; this bell is rung three times during the service. Besides the god, Mahades, were two others painted on the wall. One was called the monkey-god, and with a stretch of imagination, does look something like a monkey. It is painted red, with a long red tail, and a black nose and eyes. At one side of the room, on a little box, about 10 or 12 inches high, were the other gods, twelve little round stones, varying in size from half an inch to two inches in diameter. After bowing to these 12 stones the priest picked them up in his hand and put them into a little copper bowl to wash them. (after washing the water is considered *holy water*.) They were then dried with a soft cloth and returned to their places. He then sat down on the floor before them. took two pieces of sandal-wood (a large flat piece and a small piece) put a few drops of holy water on them and rubbed them together till a froth was formed, which he put, with his finger, on the head of each of the gods in the room, then on his own forehead, breast, and arms. They are then decorated with flowers, some incense is burnt before them, and the ceremony is over. Into this holy water are put some leaves of the sacred Tulisie plant, it is placed in front of the altar and dispensed to those who may seek it. It is "the blind leading the blind."

Our work is extending. Every day there are some coming forward asking to be shown the way of salvation. Several very

interesting cases have come to our notice lately. One of these is a young man who attended the San Fernando school over eleven years ago, and the seed sown in youth is commencing to bear fruit. He says he is anxious to receive Christian baptism, and to be married in the church. He was married according to the Indian custom when he was quite young, but now both he and his wife wish to become Christians.

I do feel now that as you have in your midst Mr. Falconer, who took so much interest in our mission and who is so intimately acquainted with the details of the work, it is almost unnecessary for me to tell of matters which can be much better spoken of than written about.

With many thanks for the kindness shown and the interest taken in our work,

I remain, yours faithfully,

LISSIE COPELAND.

HEROISM AT HOME.

How useless our lives seem to us sometimes! How we long for an opportunity to perform some great action! We become tired of the routine of home life, and imagine we would be far happier in other scenes.

We think of life's great battle-field, and wish to be heroes. We think of the good we might do if our lot had been cast in other scenes. We forget that the world bestows no such titles as noble as father, mother, sister, or brother. In the sacred precincts of home we have many chances of heroism. The daily acts of self-denial for the good of a loved one, the gentle word of soothing for another's trouble, the care for the sick, may all seem as nothing; yet who can tell the good they may accomplish? Our slightest word may have an influence over another for good or evil. We are daily sowing the seed which will bring forth some sort of harvest. Well will it be for us if the harvest will be one we will be proud to garner. If some one in that dear home circle can look back in after years and, as he tenderly utters our name, say: "Her words and example prepared me for a life of usefulness; to her I owe my present happiness," we may well say "I have not lived in vain."

No man is better than his secret thoughts. "All things are naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do."

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LAST REPORT.

In presenting its annual report the Board would call special attention to the fact that recent and current events show the urgent necessity of prosecuting the work of French Evangelization on a much larger scale, and with much greater faith and courage than heretofore. Romanism is undeniably strengthening itself in many ways, and becoming alarmingly aggressive on this continent. Its wealth and various sources of revenue are being greatly augmented, and its organization perfected by the appointment of Bishops, Archbishops, and Cardinals to direct the efforts of a vast army of priests, nuns, and friars, so that its ecclesiastical and political power can scarcely be estimated.

The restoration, by the reigning Pontiff, of the Society of Jesus (The Jesuits) to its original status in the Church, and its incorporation for religious and educational purposes by the Legislature of Quebec, are steps full of peril to the morality and the civil and religious liberties of the Dominion. It is matter of history that this order was suppressed in Canada, and their property taken possession of by the Crown; but since their return in 1842 they have steadily increased in numbers and influence. In 1847 they established the College of St. Mary's, in Montreal, which has now about 450 students, and they have since extended their labors to the cities of Quebec, Three Rivers and Guelph; to the shores of Lake Superior and Lake Huron, the Island of Manitoulin and the region of Temiscamingue. The power conferred upon them for acquiring and holding property in various forms is practically unlimited, and is sure to be used with the utmost energy and skill so as to absorb in a larger degree than ever the resources of the country. It is well known that their mission is chiefly educational; and no one conversant with their standard theological and ethical writings can hesitate to pronounce these impure and corrupting; and yet such principles are not only assiduously inculcated in Colleges and Seminaries but also made to permeate the whole system of elementary education in the Province of Quebec. And to such a degree is the influence of their teachings already felt that eminent advocates do not hesitate to ascribe to it the great and increasing difficulty in getting witnesses to speak the

truth and to regard the sacred obligation of a judicial oath. Hence the recent attempt to give it additional solemnity by an Act of Parliament enforcing the use of crucifixes in court houses and elsewhere.

It is to be regretted that the aggressive movements of Rome are greatly facilitated by the incessant endeavors of political parties to secure and retain the support of Romanists, and by the course followed by a large section of the nominally Protestant press in being scrupulously silent regarding all that makes against the tactics of the Hierarchy, while outspoken in commending certain of its doings and in denouncing as narrow bigotry the efforts of those who oppose them. It must be acknowledged that owing to ignorance of what Romanism is, and always has been, and through self-interest in various forms, Protestant sentiment has in some become so weak that not a few contribute funds to the support of popish institutions and openly or secretly countenance raffles and lotteries for the same purpose. Some even go the length of frankly avowing their opposition to French Evangelization, ostensibly upon three grounds, namely: first, that it breeds strife and bitterness between the French and English nationalities; second, that it hinders a great reformation movement from within the Romish Church; and third, that it is an insult which we ourselves would resent were colporteurs and missionaries from Rome sent among our people.

These reasons, it is believed, viewed from a Christian, patriotic, or historical standpoint are untenable. As to fomenting strife and contention, that is no part of our mission. We repudiate the insinuation; but we do not forget that when Jesus and his Apostles preached the gospel, and pressed it upon Jew and Gentile, they were charged with the same offence and declared to be guilty of stirring up sedition and turning the world upside down. Our experience, therefore, is truly apostolic in this respect, and the zeal of our messengers has been so intense, in some instances, as to cause them to be stoned or imprisoned. Nor are we dismayed by opposition; because the degree of resentment encountered is often the clearest proof of the necessity, the wisdom, and Divine authority of the work undertaken. And surely the policy of peace at any price in presence of dense spiritual ignorance and aggressive superstitions is

not that which was followed by the reformers of other days, and which is to be deemed worthy of a great church and people, who claim to continue the work and honor the memory of Luther, Calvin, and Knox. "First pure and then peaceable" is the old rule, which is still in force.

As to leaving Romanism alone in the hope that a great spiritual movement will thus come from within the church, we know of nothing in scripture or history to warrant such a belief. Error does not cure itself by being allowed to enjoy unbroken repose. It is rather like sin and sinners, when not acted upon in way of restraint from without and above, it waxes worse and worse. Spain, Mexico, and other Romish countries have as matter of fact been left for centuries very much in the condition pleaded for, but where is the record of the spontaneous reformation for which some are willing to wait? That which is dreamed of as the right thing and certain to happen in future has not occurred in the past. Reformation has hitherto been the fruit of the gospel clearly and lovingly presented to the human heart and sent home with saving power by the Spirit of God; and the men of Luther's day were successful as reformers only in the measure in which they held forth and held fast the word of life. But is this attitude of waiting and doing nothing compatible with an enlightened appreciation of the truth, and of the dangers to which men are exposed who are destitute of it? Is it thus that we manifest our sense of the value of their souls and prove ourselves to be heralds and witnesses for Jesus Christ? Beside, those who ask us to leave Romanism alone overlook the glaring fact that it will not leave us alone. It has not done so in the past, and is not doing so today throughout the length and breadth of our Dominion. To say nothing of political intrigue, of which no one will venture to exonerate the Jesuits, it is notorious that priests and prelates habitually thunder against our faith and our Bibles as utterly false, and, therefore, on the ground of self defence and self preservation, we are bound to act as we do, unless, indeed, we are ready to confess before God and man that the faith which we hold is to us a matter of such little moment that we care not whether it is maintained or destroyed. Finally, as to the work of our colporteurs and missionaries being an impertinence. The unsupported assumption

here is that they are sent to do what is unnecessary, and to do it in a wrong spirit and method, in an insulting manner; all of which we deny. How can it be an insult to offer our most highly prized possession, the Gospel, to any one? It is most necessary that superstition and spiritual bondage should be broken up by a full and clear presentation of God's message of love and freedom to all men. This is all that we charge our agents to do, and if the teaching of the simple Gospel to those who are ignorant of it is an impertinence which should be resented, then we must plead guilty; but if, on the contrary, it is a work stamped with the approval and enforced by the command of the Son of God, then instead of being blamed and censured for it, we justly expect to be heartily supported by all who love and serve Him.

COLPORTAGE.

While all the missionaries and teachers are expected to do what they can to place copies of the Scriptures in the houses of their respective districts, the Board employs a class of men whose time and service are given exclusively to this work. Specific fields are assigned to these men, generally one or more counties, and those they are expected thoroughly to canvass, with a view of supplying the French families, willing to receive it, with a copy of the Word of God, and to converse with them on religious subjects. This work has been carried on to a greater or less extent for the past forty years, so that there is not a single county in the Province of Quebec that has not been visited by Colporteurs of our own or similar societies. In not a few of the homes in dense Roman Catholic settlements the Bible is known and read, and a visit from a Colporteur is eagerly longed for and highly prized. It is not an unusual thing for several of the neighbors to meet together on the Colporteur's visit, and to spend hours in plying him with questions and in listening to his exposition of God's truth. While fear of persecution and other motives prevent many French Canadians from severing their connection with the Church of Rome, there are not a few, scattered throughout nearly every county, who read and love the Gospel, and to whom the visits of the faithful Colporteur are of inestimable value. Realizing the importance of this self-denying work, the Board is most anxious to increase the staff of Colporteurs.

Formerly, the great difficulty was to obtain suitable men for the work; now, however there are at the disposal of the Board the services of more men than they have the means to employ.

During the past year eighteen Colporteurs were employed, either in whole or in part. These distributed 1,715 copies of Scripture, 17,160 French tracts and pamphlets, and visited 38,167 houses. Adding to this the number distributed by the other Missionaries of the Board, the total distribution for the year was 3,355 copies of Scriptures, and upwards of 26,400 pamphlets and tracts, being largely in excess of the distribution of any preceding year. A gratifying feature of the circulation is the large number of copies sold, the receipts from sales by the Colporteurs amounting to nearly threefold that of any former year. Besides the Province of Quebec, four of the Colporteurs spent the whole of last summer in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and two labored for the greater portion of the year in Eastern Ontario. The following were the fields occupied, together with the Roman Catholic and Protestant population in each:

	Roman Catholic.	Protestant.
Kent, N. B.	15,700	6,899
Westmorland, N. B.	14,774	22,733
Northumberland, N. B.	11,657	13,448
Gloucester, N. B.	18,745	2,838
Victoria, N. B.	10,092	5,482
P. E. Island	47,115	61,662
Rimouski, Que.	33,224	566
Temiscouata, Que.	25,226	246
Beauce, Que.	31,311	709
Iberville, Que.	13,642	792
Rouville, Que.	17,998	545
Yamaska, Que.	16,950	141
Richolieu, Que.	19,858	360
Chambly, Que.	10,161	695
Quebec City	56,255	6,186
Montreal C. ty	112,862	37,831
Ottawa City	15,901	11,445
Ottawa Co., Que.	33,500	10,834
Carlton, Ont.,	6,839	17,838
Russell, Ont.	13,255	11,824
Prescott, Ont.	16,895	5,958
Cornwall, Ont.	5,020	4,836
Glengarry, Ont.	11,758	10,451
Stormont, Ont.	3,024	10,248
Soulanges, Que.	9,753	467
Vaudreuil, Que.	10,669	816
Berthier, Que.	21,674	164
Joliette, Que.	21,624	364
Montcalm, Que.	12,068	897

MISSION SCHOOLS.

French Protestants in the Province of Quebec are placed at a great disadvantage in the matter of education. Comparatively few in number, and often separated from each other by a considerable distance, they are unable to comply with the conditions necessary for organizing a dissentient school, and are compelled to send their children to the public school of the district, for the support of which they are taxed. The public schools are entirely under the control of the Romish hierarchy, and are little better than nurseries for the training of children for their first communion. Under these circumstances, the Board is exceedingly anxious to establish Mission Schools for the education of the children of our converts, and such of the Roman Catholics as choose to attend. Even in districts where the Protestants are sufficiently numerous to comply with the law for the establishment of dissentient schools, they are often unable to raise the amount necessary for the erection of a school building and the maintenance of a teacher. In such cases, the Board sends teachers and makes small grants towards their support.

This important department of our work shows a gratifying improvement from year to year. Four years ago there were reported 13 schools, with 533 pupils. The number has since doubled, there being now 29 schools, with 34 teachers 905 pupils. There has been an increase in the past year of four schools and one hundred and one pupils. Two hundred and ninety of the pupils are the children of Roman Catholic parents, the great majority of the others being from the homes of recent converts. Four of the schools are wholly supported by the people of the district. The Board has recently been compelled for the present to decline applications from four other districts desiring teachers, because of its inability to meet the necessary expenditure connected therewith. Last year the sum of \$3,262 was expended in the maintenance of the Mission Schools, exclusive of those at Pointe aux Trembles.

The most important of these Mission Schools is that at Point aux-Trembles, from which go forth many who become catechists and colporteurs, the bearers of good tidings to their benighted fellow-countrymen.

PREACHING.

There were thirty-two French mission-

aries employed during the year. Some of these were laboring in what might more properly be called Home Mission Fields, where there was a mixed population of Protestants and French Roman Catholics, and they were supported partly by the Home Mission Committee and partly by that on French Evangelization. The work is yet in its infancy and progress is difficult, but it is the time of seeding the harvest will surely come for "My word shall not return unto me void." "Two hundred and thirty-eight members were received during the year. With a few exceptions these were received on profession of faith, most of them being converts from the Church of Rome."

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE FIFTY-FIRST PSALM.

BY THE REV. D. MORRISON, M. A., OWEN SOUND, ONT.

We may well be thankful for the Book of Psalms and give them the first place in our service of song. They furnish us with prayers and praises and confessions suited for every condition—every taste—like the miraculous manna of old—for penitence and rapture, battle-field and dungeon, for night and morning, for times of prosperity and times of adversity. They can be read by the bedside of the dying, chanted in the Cathedral, sung out on the heather of the mountain; but there is no one psalm has had a more wonderful history than the fifty-first. We all know its sad genesis—how that it was written by David after he had committed a double crime—putting Uriah in the forefront of the battle that he might be slain, and forthwith taking the wife of the murdered man to his court; and then how under the touch of the prophet's wand the light of heaven burst in upon his soul and overwhelmed him with a sense of guilt—guilt that took hold on him like an arrow, sticking fast. Here we have the two sides of our mysterious nature presented, the demoniac and divine. By the one, David is plunged into the darkest crimes, and by the other he is drawn near to the majesty of God, humbled, softened and sanctified.

This fifty-first psalm was a favorite with Alfred the Great. His chroniclers tell us that he made a study of the psalms and had nearly completed a translation of them for the benefit of his people before he died, and we may be sure that no one occupied

more of his thoughts than this, for it is the *Miserere* appointed by the Roman Catholic church for penitents. Many a time he knelt on the cold floor of his chapel at night and poured out his soul in these words:—*Have mercy on me O God, according to thy loving kindness, etc.* And we read how that with hushed voices and softened footsteps, those passing by drew near.

This same psalm is associated with St. Margaret of Scotland, consort of Malcolm III. So distinguished was she for her piety and her beneficent deeds that she was canonised by Innocent III (1246), and so great a favorite was this psalm with her that it formed her last utterance in this world. She had been in poor health for some time, and had repaired to Holy rood, the Abbey her husband had founded for the purpose of devotion. Her son, Edgar, coming in hastily from the battle-field where he had lost a father and she a husband, at once awakened her fears. He was slow to communicate the evil tidings, but she constrained him and said: "Tell me all." And on hearing what had taken place, she said: "It is well, bring me the holy rood (holy rod, relic from calvary); and there being some hesitation on the part of the waiters to give her this symbol of approaching death she cried: "Alas, am I not to receive it?" When it was put into her hands she kissed it and having done so applied it to her forehead and then her eyes. Then came the *Miserere: Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, etc.*

The case of Henry the V of England, is also worthy of note. When he was dying this was the psalm that filled his mind. As the solemn tones of the priest fell for the last time on his ear, this was his utterance: "Build up the walls of Jerusalem," etc. "If I had finished the war in France and established peace, I would have gone to Palestine to rescue the Holy city from the Saracens." He had a great undertaking in view; but in the midst of his plans and purposes, he was suddenly arrested by the strong hand of death and he had to make a surrender of all. His life was like one of those broken marble shafts that we often see in our cemeteries; and nothing could better symbolize the fact that our mortal existence is broken off just at that point when purpose is ready to issue in practice, and when the hopes of a life time are ready to blossom into fruition. Such

was the case with Moses standing on the Mount viewing the goodly land which had filled such a large space in his thoughts for many years, at a distance. So with Dr. Livingstone, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Isaac Newton; so with high and low, king and commoner, and such was the feeling of Henry V. of England, when he uttered the sentiment: "Build up the walls of Jerusalem." "Had I finished the war in France and established peace, I would have gone to Palestine and rescued the Holy city from the Saracens."

Once more, let me state the case of Lady Jane Grey, whom all the world has known as the innocent victim of a conspiracy. This was the psalm which was read to her on the scaffold. She had no need for confession as to the sin charged, but she had much need for confession as to the sin that was uncharged and unknown, save to God alone. In his light, the purest life is dark. In his near presence everything like self-complacency takes wings, and at no time is the utterance of this psalm felt to be more appropriate than the hour of death; at no time is the joy and gladness of which the psalm speaks felt to be more precious. In the case of Lady Jane Grey we cannot tell whether she experienced much of this during the weary days and nights appointed to her; but this we have reason to believe was her everlasting portion: "The joy and gladness," of which we read, in its fulness, was beyond the reach of the sharp-edged ax, and almost before the last words of the psalm were uttered—before the echoes of the prayer had died away, the work of the masked headsmen was done.

How different Lady Jane Grey's innocence is to the guilt of Norfolk a few years later? He stands upon the scaffold, a traitor to his Queen, with many acts of treason pressing upon his memory. He thought to deliver his country from the ignominy into which it had fallen and to settle forever the troubled question of succession to the throne; but where now his dreams of honor and renown? Above him is the uplifted axe; before him the traitor's grave, and beside him the priest with that sad *Miserere*:—Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out all my transgressions, etc.

We only add one more case, that of Daniel Webster, the great American

statesman. Knowing this psalm best through the translation of Watts—weak and watery though it is—he in the evening of his days when the long shadows were falling, when the din of fiery debate was hushed, and the strong passions aroused by partizanship were laid, when conscience and memory awoke and were writing better things, he thought of this psalm, and often repeated the lines:

Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

But the hour came when he was no longer able to repeat these lines, when he bowed his head and died. And when we think of the great space he filled in his day, the commanding influence he exercised, it is not wonderful that his death made a great blank. "O, Daniel Webster, the world seems lonesome without you!" This was the expression, according to Joseph Cook, of one of his admirers shortly after the funeral, on visiting the grave of the great statesman. Like Robert Burns his was an intensely religious nature, sensitive to the breath of the Spirit of all grace in a wonderful degree, and if he sinned—if he connived with iniquity, that iniquity which frameth mischief by a law—he did so under an awful responsibility. "What is the greatest thought that ever entered your mind," said a friend to him one day after dinner? "A sense of my responsibility," was his reply. "You'll be here next year," said another friend in parting with him shortly before his death. "Sir," said the great statesman, "I'll be here years after this—thousands of years after this." So strong was the conviction of immortality in the case of Daniel Webster in the approach of death, so deep is the feeling of guiltiness before God, in the case, we may say of all men, when about to pass away into that strange other world where he that is holy shall be holy still, and he that is filthy shall be filthy still. The one great thought that fills the soul in that solemn hour is this: Is there mercy with God for me? Will the great God against whom we have all so grievously offended, pardon, and take the soul that can simply trust to enter into a state of everlasting blessedness?

The mother's heart is the child's school-room.—*Becher*.

THE SECRET OF JOY.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Suppose that a person should invite you to his house, and on your arrival you should find the window-shutters closed, and the house looking as if prepared for a funeral. You would hardly regard yourself as a welcome guest, or that your coming gave your host any pleasure. If on the other hand you were greeted with open doors and lighted apartments, a hospitable feast and smiling faces, you would feel yourself instantly at home. Now in every sincere, healthy Christian, Jesus Christ lives. "Not I," said the sunny-hearted old Paul, "but Christ liveth in me." That was the secret of his happiness. Outwardly the homeless, persecuted Apostle had a hard lot; but a more joyous man did not tread the globe. Never a whimper, never a whine of complaint escapes his lips. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice." Such was the jubilant message which he sent from Nero's guard-house, with a chain clanking from his wrist.

Ought every Christian to be happy? Yes; and may be so always, provided that he seeks in the right quarter for his joys. Paul was too wise to command us to rejoice in money, for wealth is a shifting sand-bank; or in health, for it is a variable possession; or in the society of household and children, who may be snatched away at any time. Our joy, to be solid, must rest on something immovable. There is but one such permanent, unchangeable possession, and that is a loving Saviour dwelling perpetually in our souls—a Saviour served every day.

A healthy and a holy joy is not an exalted rapture. Mind nor body could not stand the strain of a continual ecstasy. I have observed that those people who live on moods and frames, who are shouting to-day, are very liable to be groaning or scolding to-morrow. A strung bow soon loses its tension. Even spiritual exhilarations are apt to be followed by reactions of depression. Just as soon as we hang our happiness, even our religious satisfaction, on circumstances or surroundings, we go up, or we go down with the tide. The thermometer of our joy is at the mercy of outside atmospheres. But if an indwelling, strengthening, comforting, gladdening Saviour be *always* in the core of the heart, then we can expect to

"rejoice evermore."

"Do you expect me to rejoice when either a reverse or a rogue sweeps away my property?" Yes; because poverty, though it may strip us of a thousand comforts, does not strip away Christ. "Am I to rejoice when the coffin is borne away from my door with some darling of my heart?" Yes; the all-wise Holy Spirit considered even such severe throes of anguish when He commands us to "rejoice *always*." And simply because death does not carry Christ away. Nay; we may have a more full and soul-filling sweetness of His presence when we are threading the valleys of the "death-shade." "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing"—that was the Apostle's experience. It was when the fig-tree had no blossoms, and the vines no fruit, and the stall no herds, that the olden prophet exclaimed "I will rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation."

Good friends, you may be sure of this, that God never sent a trial so bitter that a genuine, Christ-filled Christian could not suck some honey out of it. God does not expect us to be callous under trial, or ask us to make merry at a funeral. But away down deep under the tempest of trial, He offers to implant in us a calm, sober satisfaction—a serene sense that whatever He does is *right*; a sweet sense also of Christ's presence, and a delight in the smile of His countenance. This joy *underlies* the griefs of life and the disappointments, just as there is a profound peace in the depths of the Atlantic, while hurricanes are tossing its surface into foam.

Our happiness arises from *what* we are, not *where* we are. If we take Christ at His word when He says "I am with you *always*," then we can rejoice in Him *always*. That kind of joy is more than a privilege; it is a duty. Our Master commands us to rejoice evermore; to be wretched, therefore, is a *sin*. It dishonors our Lord, as every act of disobedience does. Spiritual joy is a sign of heart-health. Spiritual depression is an evidence of disease. When a baby moans and frets and cries, the mother says "Something is wrong; this child is not well." Must not our loving Master, who is wiser and gentler than all mothers, regard us as disordered and out of harmony with Him, when we become sulky or morose, complaining and wretched? We all expect to be happy when we reach

heaven. Why not now? Why praise heaven in the future tense so perversely? It is a state, a condition of soul as well as a locality. The possession of Christ is the beginning of heaven, and the more we have of Him here, the more shall we have of Him up yonder. Those who open every door and window of the heart to Him, will find the same light and joy streaming in which shall constitute the bliss of the New Jerusalem. Wherefore, "again I say rejoice!"

WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS.

BY REV. H. T. SCHOLL.

This is the obstacle which stands between many a promising youth and consistent church membership. Such is the case with a young friend of mine. What do I tell him? Just what his beloved mother has repeatedly told him:—"There is more real happiness in whole-souled Christianity than can be extracted under the most favorable circumstances from worldly pursuits and pleasures."

It stands to reason that the all-wise, all-loving Creator and Proprietor of the universe is a far better Master than the devil. One of the two is, by choice, your Master. (Rom. vi. 16.) So long as you are not for Christ, you are against Him and for Satan. Christ demands of his followers loyal and self-sacrificing service; but he guarantees "manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting." Satan makes enticing promises; but, then, he is the "father of lies," and the wages really paid by him is death. (Rom. vi. 23.)

Others have crucially tested worldliness. Many have been sated with its pleasures; but none have been fully satisfied therewith. Tiberius lorded it over an empire 2,000 by 3,000 miles; but while saturated with "the delights of his enchanting home at Capræ" penned to Roman Senators these words:—"What to write you, Conscript Fathers, or how to write, or what in the world not to write at this time, may all the gods and goddesses destroy me more than I feel they are destroying me daily, if I know." Of like import is the experience of a Hebrew monarch, whatsoever his eyes desired he kept not from them; "and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit." (Ecc. ii. 1-11.)

Happy are all they who put their trust in Jehovah; but those who are minded to seek satisfaction in the devil's service are

stung, eventually, by the adder that lies coiled in the sparkling cup of pleasure proffered by their deceitful master. God made man for himself, and the heart is, accordingly, restless till it rests in him. Such was the experience of Augustine, the profligate; such his verdict in later and better days. The whole duty of man is to "fear God and keep his commandments;" and by as much as you come short of filially fearing God and loyally keeping his commandments, by so much you come short of a perfect manhood. You are spiritually lacking; and the deficit cannot be made up to your satisfaction by the world.

Be wise *now*, therefore. Set your mind on things above. Seek peace and "joy unspeakable" through faith in Christ as Master and Mediator. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world;" but rather love heartily the Lord Jesus. Love him, and live *for* him; and hereafter you shall live *with* him sinless, sorrowless, satisfied.

CONSECRATION OF LIFE.

Henry Martyn is an example of consecration. In the solitudes of India he writes and describes his state and its longings:

"I sometimes rejoice that I am not twenty-seven years of age! and that unless God should order it otherwise, I may double the number in constant and successful labor. If not, God has many, many more instruments at command; and I shall not cease from my happiness, and scarcely from my work, by departing into another world. O what shall separate us from the love of Christ! Neither death nor life, I am persuaded. O, let me feel my security, that I may be as it were, already in heaven; that I may do all my work as the angels do theirs! and O, let me be ready for every work! be ready to leave this delightful solitude, or remain in it—to go out, or go in—to stay or depart, just as the Lord shall appoint. Lord, let me have no will of mine own! nor consider my true happiness as depending in the smallest degree on any thing that can befall my outward man! but as consisting altogether in conformity to God's will. May I have Christ here with me in this world, not substituting imagination in the place of faith, but seeing outward things as they really are, and thus obtaining a radical conviction of their vanity."

NO ACT FALLS FRUITLESS.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life,
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
For what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not, bring thy smile,
Nor care how small it be:
God is with all who serve the right,
The holy, true and free.

CONVERSIONS THROUGH FAMILY WORSHIP.

In his *Fireside*, Mr. Abbott tells us of a gay young lady who paid a visit of a week in the family of a minister, an eminently holy man. His fervent intercessions for his children and the other inmates of his dwelling went to this thoughtless heart; they were the Spirit's arrow, and upon that family altar his visitor was enabled to present herself a living sacrifice to God.

It is with the church in the house as with the church in the village. The wayfarer may get a word in passing which he never can forget. The stranger that turns aside to tarry for a night may hear at your family worship the word that will save his soul.

Some years ago, an Irish wanderer, his wife and his sister, asked a night's shelter in the cabin of a pious school-master. With the characteristic hospitality of his nation, the school-master made them welcome. It was his hour for evening worship, and when the strangers were seated, he began by reading slowly and solemnly the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The young man sat astonished. The expressions, "Dead in trespasses and sin," "Children of wrath," "Walking after the course of this world," were new to him. He sought an explanation. He was told that this is God's account of the state of man by nature. He felt that it was exactly his own state. "In this way I have walked from my child-

hood. In the service of the God of this world we have come to your house."

He was on the way to a fair, where he intended to pass a quantity of counterfeit money. But God's Word had found him out. He produced his store of coin, and begged his host to cast it into the fire; and asked anxiously if he could not obtain the Word of God for himself. His request was complied with, and next morning, with the new treasure, the party, who had now no errand to the fair, returned to their own home. But I cannot enumerate all the conversions which have occurred at the Church in the House. Many servants have been awakened there. Children have often heard there truths which, when the Spirit brought them to remembrance in after days—perhaps in days of profligacy, and when far from their father's house—have sent home the prodigal. It is not only of Zion's solemn assemblies, but of Jacob's humble dwellings—the little fireside sanctuaries—"that the Lord shall count when he writeth up the people, This man was born there." In your house there have been, perhaps, several spirits born into this world. Have there been any born again?—*Rev. Dr. Hamilton.*

WALDENSIAN MISSION WORK.

According to statistics taken at the beginning of the present year, the Waldensian congregations of Italy employed 36 ordained pastors, 9 evangelists, 7 teachers who also engaged in preaching, 6 colporteurs, 7 Bible readers and 50 teachers, a total of 120 engaged in missionary work, for the support of whom the Evangelization Committee must secure yearly the sum of fifty thousand dollars. The missionary activity of the Waldensians extends from Mont Blanc to the southern extremity of Sicily, embracing in all 44 organized congregations, 38 regular preaching stations, and 126 places assisted from time to time. The missionaries report an attendance of 6,440 regular hearers, 41,580 occasional hearers, 4,000 communicants, 454 catechumens, 1,961 pupils in the elementary schools, 2,434 Sunday School scholars, 773 evening school scholars. These mission congregations last year contributed the noteworthy sum of 70,325 lire to their support. The chief sources of income for this whole work are the Protestant countries of Central and Northern Europe.—*Christian at Work.*

"THE PRAYER OF THE PURSE."

At a recent Missionary Conference in New York the veteran medical missionary, Dr. Chamberlain, of Arcot, India, classified all prayer for Missions into three kinds: First, *of the lips*, about which he was not very enthusiastic as to its being a fountain of blessing; second, *of the heart*, and third, *of the purse*. The second and third he made to appear conspicuously inseparable by illustrative anecdotes so pertinent and persuasive as purse-openers that I am induced to give them to the public.

Some years ago two sailors in the port of — spent a half-holiday in a row-boat. While thus employed a storm arose, the boat half-filled with water and drifted out to sea in spite of all their efforts to the contrary. The situation becoming serious, one said to the other:

"Jim, can you pray?"

"No, I can't, except I say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and somehow that does not seem to be the right thing to say now. But, George, can't you sing a hymn?"

"No, I don't know anything but drinking songs."

Meanwhile the storm was growing in violence, and they continued to drift out to sea. At last, in their desperate strait, one said:

"I have noticed at church that at the close of the service they pass round the hat. Let us do that now."

So George emptied his purse into his hat, and solemnly as an act of worship passed the hat to Jim, who cast all his money into the hat and reverently laid the hat away in the stern of the boat; and then the two, with fresh courage and increase of nerve force, plied their oars so successfully as soon to reach shore. After landing, the sailors went to the residence of the nearest minister, told him their story, and left their collection in his hands to be spent in good works.

Moral—Pray with the lips if the lips speak the language of the heart. If you cannot frame a form of words, pray in your heart for the success of Missions. If the heart prays, the hand will give money. The reality of our prayers will be known to the Omniscient by our gifts being, not larger or smaller than those of our neighbors, but involving self-denial and cheerful willingness of heart.

The Doctor, in continuing to speak of

this blessed union of hearty prayer, spirit of self-denial and cheerful contributions of a willing heart, gave a narrative of the action of the native churches of India in a certain crisis of mission work which should make the majority of Christians blush when they think of their own grudging bestowment of pitifully mean sums upon Home and Foreign Missions.

During the American civil war the Doctor visited one of the native churches and preached to the congregation. The home church in America was unable to send out a missionary recruit much needed in India. The Doctor's address deeply stirred the hearts of the natives, and the elders of the church earnestly advised a collection on the spot. They were told, "If you wish a collection made you must initiate it yourselves." Accordingly they did so. One man in the congregation gave two months' wages; another slipped a finger-ring off the hand and into the collection dish; another did the same thing with a toe-ring—and so the dishes were heaped full with the offerings of deep poverty and a deeper heart of loving self-denial. As this congregation gave, so with great zeal and self-denial all the churches of this foreign presbytery gave, and the handsome sum of seventeen hundred rupees was realized, sufficient to bring from America to India the new missionary the Home Board felt too poor to send themselves!

Sluggish, self-indulgent church member, "go thou and do likewise."—A. B. K. in *Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

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

The Church Missionary Society of England, largely supported by the evangelical section of the Anglican Church, had an income during the year just closing of over \$1,170,000—the largest income of any missionary society now in existence.

SCATTERING SEEDS.

We scatter seed with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more:
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

FIFTY-SIX WANTS OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD;

ALL FURNISHED FROM THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

I want to feed on Jesus' Word,
I want communion with my Lord,
I want salvation full and free,
I want my Father's face to see.
I want to prove each promise sweet,
I want to live at Jesus' feet.
I want His mercy every day,
I want upholding all the way.
I want to live as Jesus' bride,
I want His blessed wounds to hide.
I want to prize His fullness more,
I want His person to adore.
I want to hear His lovely voice,
I want in Jesus to rejoice.
I want to joy in Him by faith,
I want to credit all He saith.
I want on His dear name to call,
I want to trust Him with my all.
I want to die to all things here,
I want on Him to cast my care.
I want to see His Gospel spread,
I want on Satan's power to tread.
I want to see the proud made sail,
I want to see poor sinners glad.
I want to see the hungry fed,
I want by Jesus to be led.
I want Him as my guide and friend,
I want Him to my journey's end.
I want Him as my priest and king,
I want His precious love to sing.
I want Him as my rock and tower,
I want Him in each trying hour.
I want Him as my brother dear,
I want my Jesus ever near.
I want His eyes, His hands, His heart,
I want with all besides to part.
I want Him as my husband kind,
I want in Him my all to find.
I want Him as my daily bread,

I want Him as my living head.
I want Him as my hiding-place,
I want Him as my God of grace.
I want Him as my life of peace,
I want Him as my righteousness.
I want His dear atoning blood,
I want to bathe in that dear flood.
I want His spirit's voice to hear,
I want the love that casts out fear.
I want Him in this tearful vale,
I want Him when all hell assail.
I want Him when all flesh gives way,
I want Him as my only stay.
I want His smiles and looks of grace,
I want to see Him face to face.
I want His wisdom strength and love,
I wish to dwell with Him above. AMEN.

Dr. McGlynn, a New York priest, has some theories about the holding of land that the Pope does not approve of. He was forbidden from Rome to teach these theories. Holding that the church has no right to interfere with his opinions as a citizen he refused to be silent. He was then ordered to Rome to give an account of himself. He declined, and was excommunicated. The sympathy of large numbers of the Catholics of New York and America is with him, and no doubt the agitation will be a powerful one among the many factors that must lessen the blind obedience which multitudes in America yield to Rome.

One great difficulty with Romanists is to get them to think. The whole system forbids it. They are taught to leave themselves in the hands of the church, to simply obey its teachings and allow it to look after their interests. The very agitation of this subject will let in the light and help to dispel that darkness which is the strongest fortress of Romanism.

"Of all that I brought with me from the home of my childhood into this world," says a leading business man, "the most valuable possession was the habit of kneeling to ask God's blessing, night and morning. It kept alive in me the idea that there was a power stronger than life—stronger than money or business or life itself. That idea saved me."

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without earning it.—
Horace Greeley.

"OVER-LUGGAGE."

A short time ago, I was waiting at the Stoke station, when I overheard a violent dispute about a gentleman's over-luggage. The owner of the luggage evidently wished to defraud the company; and an officer was very properly refusing to allow him to proceed until the amount was paid. I felt pleased with the manly conduct of the officer, a tall Irishman; and after the noise had subsided, I entered into the following conversation with him: I said, "Then I suppose the passenger cannot go on unless the over-luggage is paid in full. How much is it?" "Seven and sixpence," was the reply; "and it would not be right for me to take less than the full amount." "Very true," I replied; "but if a friend were to pay the full amount, would you hinder him then?" "Oh dear no, Sir! should I not be very glad to see him go along?" "And the porters all along the line, do you think they would stop him?" "Oh, not at all, Sir; he would be as welcome to travel on as though he had paid every farthing himself." "Well, now," I said, "suppose you and I were about to take a journey to-day, say from this world to the next, what about over-luggage—I mean our sins; if put on the scale of divine justice, do you really think you would pass?" "Well, now, Sir," he said, "that is what often troubles me when I come to think of dying. I go to church, you know, Sir, on Sunday, but still I fear my sins would be too heavy for me to pass on to heaven." "Then what have you towards paying the over-luggage?" "Oh, Sir, I have nothing at all, for I am a sinner." "Let me then," I said, "tell you what another has done. When God weighed our sins on the scale of divine justice, such was the weight, that the lever went higher and higher, until the price demanded was the Son of God. And blessed it is that I can tell you that God spared not His own Son; 'for God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Now just as it would not be right for you to let the passenger pass on until his over-luggage is paid to the full, neither would it be righteous if God were to allow the sinner to pass on to heaven until his sins were met to the full. But, then, also, just as it is perfectly right for you to allow the passenger to pass on when

his over-luggage has been paid for by another, how much more is God perfectly righteous in receiving the sinner, the awful weight of whose sins has been met by the death of Jesus Christ, His own beloved Son. The amount claimed by divine justice has been paid to the full. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Yes and then if called upon to take your journey to-day, you may look at the cross, and pass on to glory."

My train moved on, the man thanked me for the conversation, and God only knows whether I shall meet him amongst the redeemed above.

Well, reader, what about your over-luggage? Sinner you are, "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." If God were to let you feel the real weight of only one of your sins, it would sink you in everlasting despair. Yet, strange as it may appear, I find many of my fellow-travellers who seem to think that God is far more indifferent about our sins than the railway officer was about the over-luggage. They know they are sinners, yet with some of them sin is a very light matter, and yet they expect to get into heaven somehow. They think if they begin to reform *some day*, and do the best they can, all will be right at last. Reader, if this is your state of mind, you are not far from the lake of fire.

Sometimes I meet with persons in the very opposite state of mind from this. I will tell you of one case. I was coming to Tetbury station in the omnibus. My fellow-traveller was a young person who appeared distressed in mind. After some conversation, I inquired the state of her soul. I shall never forget her reply. "It is no use; I have tried so often to give up my sins, and the world, and serve God; and I have failed every time. I only keep adding to the weight of my sins. I have given up the attempt." As she said these words, tears rolled down her face. I said, "I am glad to hear you say so." She appeared greatly surprised, and wished for an explanation. I read to her Mark ii. 1-5. I told her, the one sick of the palsy had to BE LET DOWN in his entire helplessness to the very floor at the feet of Jesus. It was then, but not till then, he heard those precious words of Jesus, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." She had made this mistake; she had tried to climb a little by her best endeavors. There must be this letting down; and God had

by every failure let her down a little lower; and now as she was helpless at the feet of Jesus, I was glad to be able to set forth a full and eternal salvation through Him. She said she had never seen it in that way. Her mother, on seeing us enter the omnibus, had retired to pray that God would use that opportunity for the conversion of her child. How little did I think that in a few days she was to return to her mother's house to die. I passed through the same town seven months afterwards. I found her pale on her dying bed. She had now found peace through the precious blood of Christ. The visits of a Christian had been blessed to her soul. She is now with the Lord.

The cross of Christ meets both these states of mind. Are you careless about sin? Look at the cross; in it God says it is impossible for Him to be indifferent about sin.

Is your soul burdened with sin? Do you feel like the person with his over-luggage, that with your sins you must pass on to the presence of God? Oh, how overwhelming is the weight and guilt of sin—still pressing the soul down, down, down! Yet, however much we may feel its weight, it is only at the cross of Jesus that we can really learn what sin is. The cross of Christ was the scale of divine justice on which sin was weighed to the utmost. God there laid its utmost weight on Jesus. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." The thought of it made Him, even the Son of man, sweat as it were great drops of blood. Oh, dwell on the solemn hour of the cross, when His soul was made an offering for sin! Blessed Jesus! in that hour of darkness, thou didst endure the full weight, the utmost curse of sin! Pass on, my soul, pass on; the ransom is fully paid; it is finished. The price of thy fearful over-luggage is paid; fully, divinely paid—paid to the utmost: Jesus is risen. Thou art justified. God, who laid thy sins on Jesus, has justified thee. Pass on. That same Jesus is coming again shortly to receive thee to Himself.

Reader, nothing can discharge thy over-burdened soul but the cross of Christ. Thy best works can help thee no more in this matter than thy greatest sins.

Believer, why doubt? Pass on with holy confidence. God is divinely and eternally righteous in justifying thee from all sin, and receiving thee to glory. "God

forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Railway Tract.*

HOW TO KILL SIN.

Wouldst thou have much power against sin and much increase of holiness, let thine eye be much on Christ; set thine heart on Him; let it dwell on Him, and be still with Him. When sin is likely to prevail in any kind, go to Him, tell Him of the insurrection of His enemies, and thy inability to resist, and desire Him to suppress them, and to help thee against them, that they gain nothing by their stirring but some new wound. If thy heart begin to be taken with and moved toward sin, lay it before Him; the beams of His love shall eat out the fire of those sinful lusts. Wouldst thou have thy passions and love of the world and self-love killed, go sue for the virtue of His death, and that will do it. Seek His spirit, the spirit of meekness and humility and divine love. Look on Him, and He will draw thy heart heavenward, and unite it to Himself and make it like Himself. And is not that the thing thou desirest?—*Leighton.*

SCATTERING SEEDS.

We scatter seed with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them never past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment day,
And we shall meet.

The London Missionary Society has a remarkable showing in Madagascar. Its progress has not been hindered by the new political conditions, the presence of the French resident-general, nor by the fact that the Romish Church has returned in increased force to resume work. With its thirty English missionaries, it reports the astounding number of 828 native ordained ministers, and 4,395 native preachers with 61,000 church members and 230,000 adherents. Yet half the population remain heathen, and have not been touched by the gospel.—*Sel.*

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

I haven't lived to be seventy years old without learning some things 'twould be useful for young people to realize. You can't plant poor seed and have a good crop come up. You can't mix good and bad, and expect the good to overgrow the bad. Neither will the good excuse the bad; there's no gettin' around it any way. I've seen boys go from good homes and talk that unmanly nonsense about sowin' wild oats. Yes, and I've seen them come back again, poor souls, after the crop was all reaped; and of all the sin-stained, soul-sick, Lord-forsaken looking beings on earth, a man that's chosen to sow a crop of wild oats, is the most to be pitied when the harvest comes. It's true after a long season of plowin' and harrowin' and tearin' out of old habits the soil of the human heart gets purified at last, but there's wounds and scars and traces of old sins most apt to be left; so much better to have kept things pure and untainted. It's pretty safe for young folks to trust to the teachin's and experiences of those who have tested this matter of sowin' and reapin'. I sometimes wish young folks could be old just for a spell, and then go back to youth; 'twould teach them so much 'bout sowing the right kind of seed to begin with. But there; the sprouts never wave in full ear for a bit, then go back to sprouts again, and God's way is best, of bidin' one's time in the slow rule of growth. But it is beautiful to have the Spring sunshine of God's love in an old heart; so if I were gifted in speech, and could preach just one sermon to the young folks, I'd beg of them to sow in youth what they'd want to reap in age, and I'd tell them over and over again how blessed it is to have God walk beside you when you are growing old.—*Christian at Work.*

POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.

Look at the world as a whole, and you will see four Powers, and only four, which are showing signs of progress at the present time—Germany, Russia, England and the United States. None of these are Roman Catholic nations. If you add Italy to those you must also add that Italy began to advance from the moment she set herself to destroy the temporal power of the Pope. On the other hand, if you are to ask for conspicuous examples of nations fallen from their high estate as arbiters of the destinies of Europe, you at once think of Austria, France and Spain, and all these Powers, so far as they have any religious creed at all, are Roman Catholic.—*Professor Lias.*

A VAIN PASSION.

A key attached to the wrist of a dead man has been buried with him at Durham, Me. The Lewiston Journal says the deceased was a very determined man, and very penurious. He died in an advanced age. On his death-bed he kept his right hand closely clutched. As he drew his last breath he tightened his hold. Everybody there knew what he held. It was the key to the chest in which he kept his gold. As his nerveless hands unclosed, the key dropped from them and clattered against the bedside. As if to hold it even after his soul had passed away the miser had tied the key about his wrist by a strong cord, and he grasped it as long as life remained. He had wanted to take his gold with him. They buried him as he was, with the key to his money-chest dangling about his wrist, and the key is laid in his grave to rust. "And what became of the gold?" "O, the heirs have taken care of that just the same! they split open the chest with an axe, and divided the gold, and let the miser keep the key about his wrist." There was grim irony in leaving the key to the broken chest on the body; it was a symbol of the vain passion of the dead man's life. The key is not more useless to him now than the treasure would be if he had it. (Ezek. vii. 19.)—*Ch. Herald*

DISAPPEARANCE OF CASTE IN INDIA.

In his interesting work on *Modern Hinduism*. Mr. Wilkins tells the following story, to show how European training is gradually destroying caste prejudices:—"On one occasion, at the Medical College, Calcutta, a professor, in illustration of his lecture on Hygiene, brought samples of different kinds of cooked food. There was beef, roast and boiled, and ham—all, of course, obnoxious to the strict Hindu. No sooner was the lecture concluded, and the lecturer's back turned, than the students rushed from their seats and boldly ate up the different kinds of food in the presence of each other—an act that a generation before would certainly have been followed by the excommunication of every member of the class."

"Exercise thyself unto godliness." The word in the original refers to gymnastics. Practice in being good. Use means, arts, self-denial, labor, be ingenious in seeking to be godly. It requires practice, training, exercise. The exhortation was to Timothy, a minister, from the great Apostle.—*Dr. N. Adams.*

MEETING OF THE FOREIGN MISSION COMMITTEE.

ANOTHER MISSIONARY WANTED.

The F. M. Committee, Eastern Division, met in New Glasgow, July 26th.

Among the items of business was the resignation of Rev. J. K. Wright, of Couva, Trinidad. Mr. Wright went to Trinidad nearly four years since to take the place vacated by the resignation of the late Rev. T. Christie. For some time Mrs. Wright's health has not been good and her medical adviser recommended a change of climate. Mr. Wright has therefore tendered his resignation and the Foreign Mission Committee wish a successor. They invite correspondence from ministers or licentiates of our Church with a view of securing a laborer for that field.

A PURE HEART MAKES PURE SPEECH.

The true way to make pure and wholesome our own share in the ceaseless tide of words which is forever flowing around us is to strive to make pure and wholesome the heart within. "Keep thy heart," says the wise man, "keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." If once our hearts have been trained to care very deeply for what is best and purest in life, for what is beautiful and true in thought, our heartiest mirth, our freest jest, or hasty words, will not be those of men and women who are indifferent, who care nothing for noble living, nothing for a Christian life, nothing for a Christian spirit.

"How dismal you look," said a bucket to his companion as they were going to the well. "Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled, for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me! How strange to look at it in that way," said the other bucket. "How I enjoy the thought that however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light and you will be as cheerful as I am."

When daily life is to do the will of God, no disappointment is possible; neither can failure come in. Step-by-step following is the most quieting, disentangling thing in all the world.

Fourteen thousand openly-professed Protestants belong to the sixty Protestant organizations in Spain. It is just eighteen years since the first Protestant chapel was opened in Madrid.

THE WICKED DANCE.

You are welcome to quote me anywhere and everywhere as regarding the modern dance—waltz, German, or whatever else they call it—as immoral. My stand-point is the *Scriptures as understood in the primitive Christian age*, when "renouncing the world" meant any thing but conformity to the licentious and heathenish indecorums of that "excess of riot" which disgraces the Laodicean religion of these times. These shameless dances, with play-going and social parties, are all denounced by the spirit of the New Testament, discouraged by the example of saints and martyrs, and everywhere discountenanced by moralists. Not to the Puritans belongs the exclusive honor of setting their faces against such things. Nowhere has play-going been so written down as by the pen of Jeremy Collier, the stout old High-churchman. I am glad to add that among some of the most high-toned society people of my acquaintance nothing but quadrilles are tolerable for their daughters. One lady of my acquaintance declined to waltz with the Prince of Wales. I have strong convictions on the subject.—*Bishop Coze.*

"To do good and communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.—Heb. xiii. 16.

Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views by thy hand
No worthy action done.

Graciously guide us and rule in us, so that we may both know what we ought to do, and be strong to fulfil the same.

No occupation is so holy that the Devil will not tempt us right in the midst of it, and no name is so sacred that he will not try to use it to cover his vile ends.—*Mrs. F. T. Morgan.*

"Manners make the man," says the proverb. "We who are grown up may well bear in mind that manners" may likewise make or mar the blessed work which we have taken up for God.

The world's threatenings should drive us to God's promises.

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.

KIAH'S IDEE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF AUNTY'S PARSON'S STORY.

When a man wants "an evenin' with his family" and then spends the hull time behind his newspaper, the fam'ly doesn't get much good of it; but when a man gits a figgerin', it's ten times wuss; and when Kiah has one o' his figgerin' spells, I allus feel as ef we was all away from hum! I hate figgers. The biggest jobs I ever hed in school was the cipherin' jobs; an' they used to catch me on the "herrin' an' a half" that cost a "penny and a half" every quarter. I reckon it the one new mark o' grace in me, therefore, that I can stan' all Kiah's figgerin', and jist sit down, when he gits done, an' let him go over it all to me, an' maintain a right sperrit.

Well he's jist got through once more. He's been at it a week or so; every evenin' with that slate an' pencil, an' at last he's done. "I've worked it all out," says he, "this mornin';" and I said "Well I'm glad. Glad to see you to hum once more," says I. "How've you been this long time," says I; "an' now, ef you'll jist take a little," says I, "we'll git out o' this deaf an' dumb asylum," says I, "an' we'll try an' git acquainted once more."

I dropped all my work an' sot right down, an' he took up his slate, all ciphered over; an' says he, speakin' solemn-like, "Amariah," says he, "I've got an idee!"

"Hev you?" says I "Massy on us," says I. "A'nt y' afraid it'll hurt you," says I. An' he, good man' never payin' no attention to what I sed jist went on, an' said "I've got an idee about them boards!"

"Them boards," says I. "Is that what you've been cipherin' on?" says I. "Why the hull pile on 'em isn't wo'th ten dollars, an' if we can jist git that back built, I don't care whether it's pine or hemlock."

"Amariah," says he, lookin' awful solemn, "I ain't in no mood for triflin'. I wasn't talkin' about no pine boards, nor no hemlock boards; I was talkin' about the Boards of the Church."

I never was so 'shamed in my life. To think how that good man hed been workin' there for a week, tryin' to see how things could be brought round right for the church, an' I a frettin' over it in my own mind all the time, an' now that his

mention o' them boards should jist set me thinkin' of nothin' but that back kitchen. "Oh, Massy?" says I, "I didn't mean no triflin'," says I. "An' then I jist set up an' give attention, an' says, "Well what is your idee, Kiah. What is your idee?"

An' he said "Them Boards jist worry me. They're doin' a gre't work; but they du hev sech hard times. It's like sleddin in March; an' fust its one on 'em comes to a bare spot in the road, an gits stuck, an' then its another, an' then its all on 'em together; an' then the's sech a hawin' an' geein' an' a lickin' up of the cattle to make 'em draw, it jist makes me sick. An' the trouble isn't that the cattle doesn't want to draw; that team is jist the willinest team on airth; but it aint hitched up right, an' them drivers does'nt understand their business.

"I'm jist discouraged Amariah," he continued, "I go to Presbytery, an' its all about the gre't distress o' them Boards; and I go to Synod, and in comes a Seckerterry or two, an' gives it to us because we don't give more for them Boards. An' even at our Missionary Prayer Meetin' the old General never lets us off without wollopin' us about them Boards. I try to control my carnal nater, Amariah, but I git mad about it. I'm ashamed to confess it, but it puts me out o' temper; an' I believe the's a good many's feelin' jist about the same. An' now if this feelin' gits to be common, what's them Boards goin' to du?"

"Suthin's the matter, Amariah; an' it jist makes me think o' them sorrel colts. I could drive 'em all day an' no trouble; but John could never git the hang on 'em. It was fust one would jirk, an' then they'd both jirk, an' John couldn't make 'em pull stiddy an' turn 'em both together. An' at last they both got balky, an' we had to sell 'em for 'most nothing'. An' now, in my 'pinion, if suthin' ain't done, this old Presbyterian team is goin' to git balky, fust you know; an' if it does, what's goin' to 'come of them Boards?"

Kiah he aint no grumbler; an' he is jist the patientest man since Job, an' he aint stingy nuther, 'cept he doesn't give his wife quite so much spendin' money sometimes as he orte, which that however is a common infirmity among men, I believe. But when he was younger and was in business, he used to be great on system; an' to this day if anything isn't quite right he

allus says, "There's no system about it;" an' as I didn't justly know what he was drivin' at I ventured to say, sort o' haphazard, says I, "In my opinion," says I, "there isn't no system about it," says I.

"Amariah" says he "you've jist hit the nail onto the head" says he. "There isn't any system about it. "You couldn't a hit straighter, if you'd studied on it a week" says he. Now look here," says he. "Here's a consarn, doin' a business of nigh onto two million a year; an' hes its works in China an' in Africa an' for aught I know in the Tongohlands. An' how do we kerry it on? Why, some Sunday we jist pass the plates for Furrin Missions, and then some Sunday for Hum Missions, an' so we go round. If anybody wants to give anything, an' hes any small change in his pocket, he gives somethin', an' ef he doesn't hev anything, or isn't at meetin' that day, or ef he doesn't feel like it, that ends the matter. Now what sort o' way is that for sustainin' them Boards? It seems to me jist like playin' shilly shally with the hull thing. There aint no system, Amariah," says he bringin' down his fist onto the table, as ef he wanted to pound somethin'. "There aint no system."

Kiah doesn't git excited often, and to see him wake up on this subject pretty near skeert me; an' yet I wasn't o'pow'd, an' couldn't help wishin' he could make that speech, givin' that whack of his fist to end with, at General Assembly. But, I jist kep' quiet like, an' led him along, an' said "But, your idee, Kiah; what was the idee you was speakin' of?"

"To be sure" says he. An' then he took up his slate an' pencil, an' beginnin' to look it over he said, "My idee is to git all our people doin' jist a little for them Boards, to hev 'em do it reglar, every Sunday, an' to hev it divided up "accordin' as every one hes need. Thets Scripeter, an' its common sense, an' it'll do the business."

"Now," says he, "there's 661,809 Presbyterians in our body, or throwin' out the 61,809 we'll say jist 600,000. An' now," says he, "how many is there of them that couldn't give one cent a week the year through for them Boards?" says he. An' I said, "Well there'd be some, perhaps. Some of 'em's children; an' some of 'em's women; an' some of em's poor," says I. "Yes," says I, "there'd be some I spects that couldn't give even a cent a week."

"Well then," says he, "let's count out 100,000, as them thets too poor to give even that. This would leave 500,000 to work on. An' now let's divide 'em into classes an' see what they can do. Now here's class one, we'll call it, who'll give a cent a week. We'll put in that class 100,000. An' we'll give each one on 'em a vacation of two weeks a year, makin' it jist fifty weeks; so't each o' them in class one would give 50 cents a year, which would make for the hull 100,000, \$50,000 a year."

I began to git tangled a little in this cipherin', but he went over it slow an' careful like, an' I see it plain as day. Them 100,000 givin' a cent a week would raise \$50,000 a year for them Boards.

Then he went on, "Here's class two," says he, (same number) "that can give a nickle a week in the same way; an' that would raise \$250,000 a year more. Then," says he, "We'll hev class three, an' they must give a dime each a week, an' thet'll raise jist twice as much, which is \$500,000 more. An' then I must down class four, to give 25 cents a week, which that will give \$1,250,000 more."

"Go slow, Kiah," says I. "These figgers isn't no 'herrin' an' a half for a penny 'n a half," an' I seem to be wadin' pretty deep." So he went all over it again, the \$50,000, the \$250,000, the \$500,000, an' the \$1,250,000, an' I could see it all straight, an' then I said, "Now go on."

"Well," says he, "We've got only 100,000 people left, an' as these is the rich people, or at least the people who are pretty comfortable, we'll ax 50,000 of 'em to give half a dollar a week, which would make \$1,250,000 a year; and the remainder to give a dollar a week, which would give \$2,500,000 more."

"Now," says he, "let's foot it up an' see what it amounts to." So he jist put it down on the slate like a sum in simple addition, this way:

First class, a cent a week, makes in a year	\$ 50,000
Second class a nickle a week, makes in a year	250,000
Third class, ten cents a week, make; in a year	500,000
Fourth class, twenty-five cents a week, makes in a year	1,250,000
Fifth (half class) fifty cents a week, makes in a year	1,250,000
Sixth (half class) one dollar a week, makes in a year	2,500,000

An' all footed up, gives for
them Boards in a year \$5,800,000

"Now," says he, "that's system; an' it doesn't make it heavy for nobody. An' it gives all we want. Why, last year the hull sum given them Boards was only \$1,956,499, an' that includes the large gifts of rich men, an' a good many legacies," says he. "But this plan," says he, "would give more'n twice as much, an' no legacies counted. The legacies could come in, an' so could the large gifts of the rich people; but this is what we'd do ef we could all be somehow got pullin' together. An' it does seem so easy. Nobody'd give more'n \$50 a year, an' a hull 100,000 would only give a cent a week. It's worth tryin' for Amariah. It's worth tryin' for."

Well, I confess, it seemed jist so to me. We're pretty humble people to start a plan for the hull church; but figgers is figgers, an' business is business, an' ef this plan is once tried, I don't believe we should ever go back on it. If General Assembly'll take it up, an' the Finance Committee'll push it, an' an' the churches'll all go into it, it'll go. An' things'll begin to git reg'lar; an' the treasury'll be full; an' there won't be any more debts, and nobody'll be inquiren' any more whether the Presbyterian Church "means to give up Furrin' Missions?" It'll be done so easy, too, that we shall find our givin' a pleasure, an' as the Lord loves a cheerful giver, I'm sure we should hev his blessin'. I'm greatly interested, therefore, in Kiah's Idee.

THE SEVEN-DOLLAR THIEF.

A traveller on his journey meets a robber in the woods. "Give me your money," cries the highwayman, "or I'll shoot you."

"It may be," thinks the traveller, "the man is in want;" and he generously gives him six dollars. "Take this. God bless you! Farewell."

"Stop! stop!" cried the robber. "I see another dollar, and I must have that."

"Oh sir," cries the traveller, be content. Of my all—seven dollars—you have got six, and I have only one to help me on my journey."

"Give me that seventh dollar," cries the robber, drawing his pistol.

What do you think of the robber? Is not he the meanest thief you could conceive of? What do you suppose is his name? Sabbath-breaker.

PROGRESS IN VICTORIA'S REIGN.

Indications of progress in many directions during the lengthened period of her Majesty's reign are being recorded as *apropos* of the Jubilee week. Here is a good specimen:—More than fifty islands in the Pacific have been reclaimed from idolatry and superstition. On the island of Hawaii alone have been recovered 4,500 souls from a savage type of false religion. Over 90,000 Fijians now gather regularly for Christian worship, who fifty years ago feasted on human flesh. Less than fifty years ago, missionaries were persecuted cruelly, and the Bible was destroyed in the island of Madagascar. To-day the Queen of that island and 200,000 of her subjects are ranged on the side of the Cross. Fifty years ago there was not a native Christian in the Friendly Islands. Now there are 30,000. On the Western Coast of Africa there are over 100 organized congregations, whereas all was heathen darkness fifty years ago. In Sierra Leone 50,000 civilized Africans worship the God of our fathers. Two thousand miles of seacoast have been wrested from the slave trade, and the Bible and the school have been substituted for the slave pen. And so the same good work may be said to be going on in Persia, Hindustan, Japan and China. —*Sel.*

MAKING CHILDREN HAPPY.

There is no better test in the world to apply to a household than that of whether the children in it are truly happy—happy in their association with their parents, and happy with any chance company under the roof. The household in which this is not the case is a melancholy, a fairly tragic failure. Perhaps the highest achievement of civilization, refinement, education and religion is a home in which an at once loving and reverential relation subsists between children and their fathers and mothers, children and the familiar and welcome guests of the house.

The *Mission Field*, speaking of the erection of four new chapels in the Anglican mission in Madagascar, says:—"In each case the people have done almost everything themselves. The cost of erecting these churches would be from thirty to fifty dollars (a cost commensurate with the simplicity and poverty of the people), and the greatest amount of aid given in any case was not over five dollars."

NO WEEPING—NO REAPING.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

There are few more inspiring chapters in the biographies of many of the bravest and the best than those which record their early struggles with poverty and stern adversities. Many a great artist mixed his first colors with tears. Heroic John Todd, of Pittsfield, when he footed it to New Haven to enter college, was compelled to sleep through a cold night under a bush by the roadside from sheer lack of money to pay for his lodgings. If he had lost heart then the New England pulpit would have lost the sturdiest Puritan of these modern days. Godly mothers also can bring their testimonies of the tears, the prayers, the self-denials and the faithful trainings of sons and daughters whose after careers have brought honor and joy to the parental heart. The love-tears soaked both the soil and the seed, or there had been no harvest. We pastors, too, have our experiences; we have often known what it was to go forth weeping, bearing our load of seed, and to come back singing, laden with the sheaves. God never makes his choicest blessings too cheap. Let every young minister who means to reach the highest usefulness lay his account to one thing; his sweetest pleasures will be wrought out of his sharpest pains, and hardships will pioneer his richest harvests.

As this world is only a training-school for a better world, God's discipline commonly runs along these same lines. The seeding in sorrow brings the reaping in song. Some of my readers may be now treading the furrows of affliction with moistened eyes and trembling steps. Good friends, do not let your tears blind your eyes, either to God's love or your own duty. When sorrow is allowed to settle in the heart, it often turns the heart into a stagnant fen of bitter waters, in which sprout all manner of noxious weeds of murmuring and selfishness and unbelief. Turn that sorrow outward into a current of sympathy with others, and it may drive many a wheel of benevolence. Tears are often wonderful fertilizers of the soul; they are the heart-water that grows some sweet graces, just as the irrigating brooks in Nevada turn barren sand into a garden. Sow on, ye suffering ones; you will be the better men and women for this severe schooling. If faith grows, and unselfish

love grows, and patience grows, then sorrow will end in song, and weeping will bring the reaping.

JAPAN.

Neither log-book nor sextant can suffice to mark the swift progress of political and social life in Japan. The reckonings of yesterday are all at fault, and those of to-day will be misleading to-morrow. A month ago we were told by a New York publisher that he was shipping 50,000 American school-books each for the schools of Japan, and that the English language was fast becoming the medium of study in all the schools of middle grade. That was followed a few days later by a letter from Dr. Hepburn, which stated that the English had become the court language of the empire, and the language in which the authoritative record of the laws is now made. Then came the published newspaper articles of Mr. Tayama, which not only advocated a general movement in female education, but advised the employment of female missionaries as superintendents of the enterprise. And now a general order is promulgated in the name of the emperor, calling for the general adoption of the western styles of female dress. The order is all the more significant from the fact that it is *per se* a doubtful expedient. It marks a questionable haste to adopt foreign ways. Many Americans and Europeans are in doubt whether the dainty and altogether comfortable female costume of Japan is not even to be preferred. It is certainly more becoming to the race and its environments.—*Church at Home and Abroad.*

Think of Robert Morrison's waiting seven years for his first convert in China; or Adams' ten years at Port Natal; or the London Mission Society's ten in Madagascar, and thirty in Madras Presidency without any, and fifteen in Tahiti for its first convert; or the Baptists' twenty-one years for twenty-one converts among the Telooongs, as compared with the gains of the last ten years, counted by tens of thousands!

Mr. Wilson, a divinity student, at the United Synod's Temperance Breakfast in Edinburgh stated that ninety-eight out of one hundred and two studying for the ministry of the Church are total abstainers.

NOT LOST ON THE AIR.

A very interesting incident occurred in the early ministerial life of Mr. Spurgeon, and which he verified to the person who made it public. Thirty years ago or more, he was invited to preach in the vast Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Would his voice fill the immense area? Resolving to test it, he went in the morning to the Palace, and thinking for a passage of Scripture to repeat, this as he reached the stage came to mind: "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Pronouncing the words, he felt sure that he would be heard, and then repeated the verse in a softer tone. More than a quarter of a century later Mr. Spurgeon's brother, who is also a pastor, was called to the bedside of a man, an artisan, who was near his end.

"Are you ready?" asked the pastor.

"O yes," answered the dying man with assurance.

"Can you tell me how you obtained the salvation of your soul?"

"It is very simple," said the artisan, his face radiant with joy. "I am a plumber by trade. Some years ago I was working under the dome of the Crystal palace, and thought myself entirely alone. I was without God and without hope. All at once I heard a voice coming from heaven which said 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' By the means of these words I was convinced of sin; Jesus Christ appeared to me as my Saviour. I accepted Him in my heart as such at the same moment, and I have served Him ever since."

God honors His Word. Suppose Mr. Spurgeon had used a secular sentence to try his voice. What surprises await the faithful when results are known.—*The Watchword*.

News from Russia states that three Armenian Protestant missionaries residing in Tiflis have been exiled to Siberia. One of these, who had many followers and pupils, and who had translated the English Bible into two Eastern languages, was extremely popular and had reached the age of sixty years. Just before Easter all three were arrested, imprisoned like criminals, and sent on their way to Siberia.—Pres.

DECAY OF FAMILY LIFE.

An English journal deplors the tendency of modern life to be drawn from home by an endless variety of concerts, lectures, classes, temperance meetings and missions, whereby each member of a family becomes dependent upon external excitement for happiness. They meet only at hurried meals, and an evening at home without an engagement is almost unportable. Concerning a similar state of things in our own country the *Christian Advocate* remarks:

The description of the state of things in London applies to thousands of families in this country. Let it be carefully read, and the happier they will be who do not find in it a description of their ways of living. Wise will those be who, finding it a true description, at once lay the ax of common sense at the root of such a poisonous tree. The division of life into seasons for country and city has much to do with this state of affairs. Churches and societies feel that they have but little time in which to work. Nor is this condition of things confined to cities. The large towns, and even the rural districts, speedily imitate, as far as they can, and reproduce the life of cities. Many a family has no time for morning prayer, the late hours of the preceding night compelling very late rising; and the day begins with hurried dressing, hurried breakfast, and then a rush to business or to school. Do not be driven into such a way of living by fashion, by business, by philanthropy, by the Sunday-school, or even by the church.—*Sel.*

LOOK TOWARD THE LIGHT.

A weary and discouraged woman, after struggling all day with contrary winds and tides, came to her home, and flinging herself into a chair, said:

"Everything looks dark, dark."

"Why don't you turn your face to the light, aunty dear?" said a little niece who was standing near.

The words were a messenger from on high, and the weary eyes were turned towards Him who is the light and the life of men, and in whose light alone we see light.

One of the sayings of the old Jewish rabbi, was "God could not be everywhere, and therefore He made mothers!"

HALIFAX LADIES' COLLEGE AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The Course of Study will comprise English in all its branches, Mathematics, Science, Modern Languages, Classics, Calisthenics, etc., Fine Arts and Music.

There will be three departments—Junior, Academic, and Collegiate. Pupils will be classified according to attainment.

The directors are making every effort to secure teachers of the highest experience and culture. Classes will be opened in September.

Classes of Fine Arts will be formed in connection with the College and it is hoped that arrangements will be made for pupils to avail themselves of the advantages of the School of Art about to be inaugurated in Halifax.

The Conservatory has been established to place a high class training in music in all its branches within reach of young women of the Maritime Provinces. It is practically a separate institution and will be open not alone to Students of the College, but to all wishing instruction in any of its departments. Persons outside of Halifax wishing to enter the Conservatory may board in the College at the published rates.

For admission and further particulars apply to Rev. Robert Laing, Sec., Halifax.

HEAVEN.

I cannot tell what are the forms of its material beauty and sublimity. I cannot catalogue the new powers with which the redeemed and glorified spirits have been endowed. I cannot describe the engagements in which they are now employed. But we are within the limits of revelation when we affirm and rejoice in the blessed truth that, when at last death shall remove us from this world, we shall not only be free from sin, but shall enter a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Let us take the comfort, friends, which God so lovingly offers us. Let us not fail, as we anticipate our future state, to anticipate also the blessedness of our future home. As we think of those who have gone before us, let us not think of them as merely perfect in holiness, but as rejoicing also in material surroundings formed by him who has made all things beautiful to be the residence of his redeemed.—*John De Witt, D.D.*

TEMPTED BY DEGREES.

John Newton says Satan seldom comes to Christians with great temptations, or with a great temptation, or with a temptation to commit a great sin.

You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be star led with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no harm in this," "no great peril in that," and so by these little chips we are at first easily lighted up, and at last the great log is burned. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.—*Sel.*

George McDonald says:—"One thing is clear to me, that no indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness." To licentiousness has generally been assigned the bad eminence here given to selfishness. Yet no one can be blind to the hardening influence of selfishness in apparently respectable people. These often denounce the sins of passion and temper with Pharisaic vehemence, and do not know what flint is not harder than their natures. Their very prayers are but the cracking of thick-ribbed ice.

I have been enabled to commit my soul to him who says: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," and who is "able to save to the uttermost." These two texts have been as sheet anchors, by which my soul has outrode many a storm when otherwise hope would have failed. "In no wise" takes in all characters, and "to the uttermost" goes many a league beyond all difficulties. I recommend these anchors, they are sure and steadfast.—*John Newton.*

I know not the way I am going.

But well do I know my Guide;
With a childlike trust, I give my hand

To the mighty Friend at my side.

The only thing that I say to Him

As He takes it, is "Hold it fast!

Suffer me not to lose my way,

And bring me home at last!"

OBEDIENCE.

W. M. F. Round, a very high New York authority on prisons, intimately acquainted with the causes which keep them full, writes:

"Day by day I see criminals, hundreds of them—thousands of them in the course of the year. I see scores of broken-hearted parents wishing rather that their sons had never been born than they had lived to bear such burdens of shame and disgrace. I hear the wailing of disappointed mothers, and see humiliated fathers crying like children because of the sins of their children. I see mothers growing gray between the successive visits in which they come to inquire about the boy in prison. And seeing these dreadful things till my heart aches and aches, I say to those mothers and fathers whose boys have not yet gone astray, to mothers and fathers whose little families are the care of their lives, teach your children OBEDIENCE. I want it written large. I wish I could make it blaze here in letters of fire. I wish I could write it in imperishable, glowing letters on the walls of every home—OBEDIENCE, OBEDIENCE, OBEDIENCE! Obedience to law—to household law; to parental authority; unquestioning, instant, exact obedience. Obedience in the family; obedience in the school! Wherever, from the beginning, from the first glimmering of intelligence in the child, there is expression of law, let there be taught respect for it and obedience to it. It is the royal road to virtue, to good citizenship; it is the only road."

PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

The ancient Romans were accustomed to place the busts of their distinguished ancestors in the vestibules of their houses, that they might be continually reminded of their noble deeds. They supposed that a recollection of their illustrious virtues would lead to the imitation of the same by all the living members of their households. There is no doubt that the influence of this practice was most happy upon the living, awakening in many breasts high and noble aspirations. In these days we have no busts of honored ancestors in the porches of our dwellings; but we have something more impressive. The characters of living parents are constantly presented for the imitation of children.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

TEMPERANCE.

"WHY DON'T YOU SAY 'AMEN?'"

A few years ago, as Charles G. Finney was holding a series of meetings in the city of Edinburg, many persons called upon him for personal conversation and prayer. One day a gentleman appeared in great distress of mind. He had listened to Mr. Finney's sermon on the previous evening, and it had torn away his "refuge of lies." Mr. Finney was plain and faithful with him, pointing out to him the way of life clearly, and his only hope of salvation. The weeping man assured him that he was willing to give up all for Jesus, that he knew of nothing he would reserve—all for Jesus. "Then let us go upon our knees and tell God of that," said Mr. Finney. So both knelt, and Mr. Finney prayed: "O Lord, this man declares that he is prepared to take Thee as his God, and cast himself upon Thy care, now and forever." The man responded, "Amen!" Mr. Finney continued: "O Lord, this man vows that he is ready to give his wife, family, and all their interests up to Thee." Another hearty "Amen!" from the man. He went on: "O Lord, he says that he is also willing to give Thee his business, whatever it may be, and conduct it for Thy glory!" The man was silent—no response. Mr. Finney was surprised at his silence, and asked: "Why don't you say 'Amen' to this?" "Because the Lord will not take my business, sir: I am in the spirit trade," he replied. The traffic could not withstand such a test as that. The Lord will not take such a business under His care.—*The Pacific.*

THE THREE COURSES OPEN.

An anxious inquirer, in conversation with an evangelist, said to him:—"What must I do?" "There are three things, and one of them you must do," was the reply. "The first is, you may turn over a new leaf perfectly clean—but then what are you going to do about the past? You cannot efface it, and there it will remain to condemn you. Second, you may remain as you are, and then you are surely lost. Or, best of all, you can come to Christ, and the whole thing is finished at once. Your past sins are all blotted out and your future secured. You are safe for time and for eternity." The last named course was adopted and the anxious soul entered into rest.