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THE ARCHIVES
THE PRESBYTERIAN

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

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

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HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

OCT., 1888.

MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE.

BY PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

Professor Drummond, at Chautauqua, told of his visit in the heart of Africa to the grave of David Livingstone's wife—Dr. Moffat's daughter: "We went to spend the night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingstone died.

Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low, ruined hut a hundred yards from the river's bank, with a broad veranda shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is now. Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long, dark room, its mud floor broken into fragments, and remains of native fires betrayed its late occupants. Turning to the right, we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river.

The evening sun setting over the far-off Morumballa Mountains filled the room with its soft glow, and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening twenty years ago, when in the same bed-room at the same time Livingstone knelt over his dying wife and witnessed the sunset of his life. Under a huge baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—is Mrs. Livingstone's grave.

The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept, and surrounded with neatly planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass and trodden by the beasts of the forest. And as I looked at the forsaken mound and contrasted it with her husband's marble tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love which brought her to a spot like this might be not less worthy of immortality."

THE DAY OF REST.

Yoke-fellows! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes with whom we are identified. Think of labour thus going on in one monotonous, and continuous, and eternal cycle—limbs for ever on the rack; the fingers for ever playing; the eyeballs for ever straining; the brow for ever sweating; the feet forever plodding; the brain for ever throbbing; the shoulders for ever drooping; the loins for ever aching; and the restless mind for ever scheming.

Think of the beauty it would efface; of the merry-heartedness it would extinguish of the giant strength it would tame; of the resources of nature that it would exhaust; of the aspirations it would crush; of sickness it would breed: of the projects it would wreck; of the groans it would extort; of the lives it would immolate; of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig.

See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in days of brightness and of gloom. What a sad picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath!

Prize Essay on the Sabbath.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

Wycliffe's translation from the Vulgate, 1381.

Tyndale's translation from the original, 1525.

Coverdale's translation from Latin and German translations, 1585.

The "Thomas Matthew" Bible. A compilation. By John Rogers. 1537. Revised edition. By Richard Tanner. 1539.

The Great Bible. Called "great" from size of page—15x9 inches. 1539.

The Geneva Version. By English refugees. From the original Hebrew and Greek, 1560.

The Bishops' Bible, 1568.

Roman Catholic translations; New Testament, 1582; Old Testament, 1610.

The King James Version, 1611.

Revised Version; New Testament, 1881; Old Testament, 1885.

WHAT A WASTE AND SIN.

M. Gervais a French authority, says there are men capable of bearing arms—in Germany, 5,000,000; in France, 4,500,000; in Austria-Hungary, 1,800,000; in Italy, 2,000,000; in England, 800,000; in Russia, 6,000,000; and all the other European States, 4,000,000. That gives a total of 24,100,000. Of that number, 10,000,000 are trained Soldiers.

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. VIII.

OCT., 1888.

No. 10

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 \$400.

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, \$200.00.

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

In this issue is given a communication from Venice relative to the progress of light and liberty in Italy. It is a matter for gratitude that Italy so long enlaved is awaking shaking off in some measure the despotism of Rome. It is on the other hand humiliating to think that while Italy so long enslaved is asserting her rights and throwing off her yoke, that any part of Canada such as the Province of Quebec should bow with such servility at the feet of Rome. May the light that is pervading Italy, come in power unto our own Dominion. Read the article on the new Penal Code of Italy given in another page.

The following from *The British Australasian* will be of interest to our readers as bearing upon our mission work in the New Hebrides:

The New South Wales Government have decided to recommend Parliament to subsidise a monthly steam service between Sydney and the New Hebrides. An offer was made some time ago by Messrs. Burns, Philp and Co. to conduct a monthly service at an annual subsidy of £1,200 per

annum. The service, it was pointed out, would be a first-class one; and would be carried on punctually. The speed of the steamers would be from ten to twelve knots. The Government believe that, Sydney being the chief market for island produce, and the chief port of export for the island commerce, a direct service will lead to a large development of this trade, and much of the French trade from New Caledonia will be diverted to this colony. The new service will also be a great benefit to the missionaries on these islands, and will probably enable them to dispense with the schooner "Day Spring." The subsidy the Government propose to grant is £100 per month.

The *Punjab News* has the following interesting incident:—

"Recently the Rev. Moulvie Imadudin, was asked by a rich and influential Mohammedan to come and see him on important business. When he reached the place, he was very cordially received, and hospitably treated. After some time the business was broached. His host took him into an inner room. There he found about forty Mohammedan gentlemen, including some Moulvies and well-to-do influential persons. They carefully shut the door, and having taken every possible precaution against interruption and eavesdropping, they said to him, "Now you are alone with us and God. We charge you by the living God, to whom you will one day give account, answer our questions truthfully. The Lord judge you if you deceive us." The Moulvie said, "God is my witness. Ask, and I will answer truly." Then they said, "We see you are a man of learning and worth. Why did you become a Christian?" "For the salvation of my soul," the Moulvie replied. "Could you not find salvation in Islam, O brother?" "No." "Tell us why not." "Dr. Imad-ud-din then preached Christ Jesus to them. They listened attentively

and only interrupted him now and then to ask pertinent questions. He stayed three days, and each day was spent in converse about the things of Christ.

THE MARITIME SYNOD.

Tuesday, the 25th of September dawned bright and fair, and seemed all the brighter from the fact that such days had been recently so few. From all quarters the ministers and elders gathered to their annual meeting of Synod, held this year in Charlottetown. The trip across the Strait was delightful. The most sensitive were free from sea sickness. Neptune seemed to be absent on other business, and the passengers were left in peace.

Arriving in Charlottetown, a warm welcome was received from the hospitable people of that fair city.

At half-past seven o'clock in the evening Zion Church was well filled with members of Synod and others. The retiring Moderator, Rev. E. A. McCurdy preached a stirring missionary sermon, from Mark 16, 15 ;

"And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

We hope to give it in full to the readers of the MARITIME in next issue.

Next came the roll-call, one feature of which may be mentioned, viz. the absence of elders. Very few of them were present. This should not be. If an interest in the work of the Church at large is to be maintained and deepened, one means of doing so must be by an attendance of the elders at the courts of the church.

Next came in usual order, the changes during the year, the translations, the ordinations, the inductions, the deaths. Of these last there were five viz. Rev. Messrs. William Duff, William Millen, Alexander Russell, Samuel Johnson, W. R. Frame, five during the year, some in old age, some much younger, but the many removals are all calls to those who remain to work more faithfully while life lasts.

Election of Moderator came next. Four had been nominated, Revs. D. B. Blair, J. M. McLeod, H. B. McKay, and N. McKay. There was for a few moments a pleasant rivalry among the other three nominees as to who should have the privilege of moving and seconding Mr. McLeod's nomination, which was unanimously adopted.

The Synod continued in Session for the

two following days. There were no vexing "cases" taking up the time of Synod which, after the devotional exercises of each session, was given diligently to the different branches of the work of the church.

THE HUNTER CHURCH BUILDING FUND

Committee reported that free loans had been made during the year to Gordon Church, Glace Bay, \$250; St. Andrew's Church, Sydney, \$500 for one year, and then 2 years at 5 per cent.; Mabou, \$400; Kennetcook, \$200. Grants were made to Shelburne, \$400; Kemptown, \$400; Carleton, \$100; Margaree, \$100. This fund was left some years ago by Mr. C. D. Hunter a Halifax merchant, a native of Hants County who going to the city a poor boy had pushed his way to wealth, and at his death left a large sum to aid in building churches in weak congregations in Nova Scotia. Part of it is used in giving free loans to be repaid in instalments: This part cannot of course increase as it bears no interest and as fast as it is repaid from one place, it is loaned out in another. The other part is invested at interest and the proceeds are given in free grants or gifts to more destitute places to aid them in building places of worship. As may be expected the demand is much greater than the supply, and but a small portion of the applications can be granted. The report of

THE LADIES COLLEGE

was presented, and was most cheering. During the past year its ordinary receipts have paid all ordinary expenses and left a small balance on the right side. Already the room is too small and further additions to the buildings are required. A resolution was passed tendering the countenance and moral support of the Synod to the directors in taking measures to meet existing liabilities and add such new buildings and equipments as may yet be required.

It was stated that the expenses are at least \$100 per year less than for the same services in a similar institution at Montreal. The committee on

COOPERATION WITH THE METHODIST CHURCH

was reappointed. It is to be hoped that some plan may be agreed upon which will prevent either church planting stations where it has no people, or next to none in the midst of congregations of the other de-

nomination, and where the only hope of increase must be by taking from the other. This is neither courtous, christian, nor right, and yet there are places not a thousand miles from the Maritime Provinces where things like this are done. A report on

OUR THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

showed steady progress, both in attendance and finances. Two things are regretted, first, that while there is an increasing attendance of students, a considerable number there are still going to other places, and second, that there are still some congregations which do not do their duty by the college financially. Forty congregations gave no help last year. More men are needed. Get your promising boys to study for the ministry, and get them to study at Pine Hill. They will get a training as thorough as in almost any other institution and more so than in many.

An overture from the Presbytery of Wallace to

LENGTHEN THE TIME OF MEETING OF SYNOD

was cordially supported and next year the Synod will meet on Thursday and continue its sessions until the following week. This will give more time for conference on the work of the church, and it is hoped will prove vastly more helpful and profitable. Wednesday evening was devoted to

HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

At least one evening should have been given to each but there was not time for that. Our readers are perhaps more familiar with the Foreign than the Home Mission Work. The following particulars of the latter as stated by the Convener will be of interest.

"The work is three fold: 1st. Supplying vacancies, of which there are thirty, but only fourteen probationers are available for these. 2nd. Ordained missionaries, of whom there are 10 over special fields. 3rd. Mission stations, with 42 catechists in the stations. In all \$1,400 more will be needed this year than last. Last year \$6,523 were given—a fine response to the appeal made. This year they will require \$8,000. Part of this increase is owing to the fact that the payment of probationers has been increased to ten dollars per week and that of catechists to seven dollars per week.

The Report of the Synod's Committee

SYSTEMATIC BENEVICENCE

was most cheering. The contributions for the Schemes of the Church over the whole Synod have increased nineteen per cent over the previous year. The report will be published in full. The committee on

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

In giving an account of the years work, could not report such cheering progress. The freight traffic on the Intercolonial is on the increase. Mammon seems determined that if men cannot serve God and him on the Sabbath, he at least shall not be the loser.

The afternoon of Thursday was chiefly occupied in considering the reports on Sabbath Schools and on the Aged Ministers Fund, and the Widows and Orphans Fund. The former will be given to our readers in the next issue, the funds of the two latter are in good condition. One item that occupied a little time this afternoon was an appeal from the Congregation of Mira, C. B. regarding arrears of salary claimed by Rev. Dr. McLeod. The Judicial Committee, to which it had been referred by Synod, reported, and after some discussion the congregation was recommended to pay \$1000 in full of all claims. To this both the representatives of the Presbytery and the congregation agreed. The first subject on the last evening was the report on

THE STATE OF RELIGION

which was very full and interesting. One difficulty with the Committee is to get reports from Presbyteries and Sessions. Another difficulty felt in Synod was the want of time for conference on the subject and a discussion on the best ways and means of advancing the state of religion in our church. The Committee on

TEMPERANCE

in their report, preached as usual a sound temperance gospel, laying vigorously to right and left against all use and sale of strong drink and all complicity therein. The tide of temperance sentiment is on the whole making progress, and though the chariot wheels of Prohibition tarry long yet their distant rumblings are heard and a more favored day than ours shall witness their coming.

At ten o'clock, Thursday evening after the usual closing exercises, farewells were said, and next morning an early hour saw most of the members en route for home.

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM REV. K. J. GRANT.

SAN FERNANDO, Aug. 10, 1888.

Dear Mr. Scott:

The Presbyterian Church, St. George, Grenada, 100 miles distant, became vacant in January through the appointment of the Rev. James Muir of the old Kirk to a vacant parish in Demerara.

Our Presbytery has been giving a helping hand. Intelligence has just been received of the appointment of the Rev. James Rae to the vacancy.

I spent three weeks there in June, and took the opportunity to visit the Indian Mission Station on the Northern part of the island. It is about four hours in a small steamer from from St. George to Sauteurs. We arrived about 5 p. m., but as our engine would not reverse we got on a ledge where we remained in some anxiety for forty-five minutes. During this time we were immediately under a bluff, probably 150 feet in height, which has historical associations of a touching character.

Though Grenada was discovered on the third voyage of Columbus in 1498, it does not appear that the Spaniards ever attempted to force a settlement, and its inhabitants, the Caribs, remained in peaceful obscurity until 1650. At this date the avarice and ambition of the Governor of Martinique led him to fit out an expedition to conquer the island. The Barbarians received them with the utmost kindness, and having no pretext for a war they presented knives, hatchets, glass beads in abundance to the Chief.

The French claimed that this island had thus been ceded, in lawful purchase. They built a fort, left an officer in charge, but when the Caribs declined to ratify the treaty the invaders resolved to exterminate them. Reinforcements arrived from Martinique in a few months, the unfortunate Caribs were butchered, no quarters given. On one spot a company of forty having been surrounded are slain. About an equal number having escaped are pursued and the pursuit continues until the poor unfortunate people being forced to the brink of the bluff, find that they have no alternative but to leap or perish by the hand of their blood-thirsty pursuers. They choose the former and from the brow of the bluff all leap, save one, and

perish. A beautiful girl of 13 shrinks from the fatal leap, and tremblingly confides to the mercy of their foes. A dispute arose between two of the officers, each claiming her as his lawful prize, but the contention was terminated by a third shooting her down. I believe no trace is found of the descendants of the Aborigines.

At Sauteurs I was kindly entertained in a Presbyterian house, and Mr. McNeilley gave me the next morning a good mule on which I rode all day, visiting several small communities of Indians, and about five in the evening I reached the mission station at Samaritan Estate. The people though more numerous than in any other district are scattered, yet within two hours quite 80 Indians gathered in to meet me. Under the light of the stars I preached to them Christ, the only Saviour, and then baptized two adults. There was no room large enough to admit the audience. Next morning I met 18 children in the school, who are doing fairly well both in Hindi and English. This Station is most creditable to the Rev. Mr. Muir, to the Presbyterian ladies now working to keep it up in his absence, and to the agent Sewnarayan, one of our young men, who has the confidence and esteem of his countrymen.

My host Jaduaingh, a well to-do shop-keeper, who had promised a site for a church came to St. George after my visit, and signed the Deed of conveyance. A building is now in course of erection. This mission has not been taken up by the Colonies committee. A few friends in Scotland have contributed to the support, but the whole responsibility rests upon a few ladies connected with the Presbyterian congregation of St. George.

A letter to hand this evening from an elder there tells of the assiduous efforts of the Catechist in seeking to prepare a poor Indian for death. The sentence of death has been already executed and the unfortunate man gave every evidence of penitence, and of trust in Jesus as his Saviour.

The number of Indians there do not at present exceed 2,000 but the cocoa cultivation is rapidly extending where the sugar cane once grew, and the demand for Indian labourers is increasing; and it is now expected that annually a few will arrive, hence the importance of the field. At an early day too I think the mission will become self supporting.

Yours faithfully,

K. J. GRANT.

LETTER FROM REV. W. L. MACRAE.

GASPARRE, W. J., Aug. 17, '88.

Dear Mr. Scott :

I feel somewhat guilty for neglecting what should be a pleasant duty, sending you a few notes occasionally for publication. It is a duty we owe not only to the public press of the church, but also to ourselves as it is a means of increasing the interest at home in our respective fields of labour.

The heading of this letter requires a little explanation.

From the window where I now sit can be seen numbers of porpoises poking their noses above water for brief breathing spells.

Perhaps this is the best explanation I can give of our sojourn here. We have come to this little Island for a brief breathing spell—to get the benefit of the sea air, and sea bathing for a few days.

Last evening we rowed to the other end of the Island to see a natural phenomenon in the shape of a cave, which extends through the end of the Island at the sea level. The distance is something like $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile. We could not go through as our light was not sufficient. A good big torch or lamp is required to avoid tumbling over a rock, or slipping into the water. As we had nothing but candles we went in but a short distance and came out impressed with the thought of how dark and dangerous our life would be were it not for the light that shines so brightly in the gospel. How appropriate that passage seemed "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

On our way home our attention was attracted by our boatman exclaiming "Sea behave yourself!" "Be quiet now!" as a slight wave dashed over the bow of the boat. He was at once asked if he thought he had any power over the sea. He said "no." "Have you ever heard of one who on one occasion spoke to the waves and they stood still?" His reply indicated that he had heard of the Saviour and of the incident referred to, and upon this he gave us a discourse in his rude dialect on the future world. According to his idea, heaven is a place where there is a large rocking chair which will never break down. The height of his ambition was to get into that rocking chair and rock for "ever."

Besides two or three private dwellings owned by parties in Port of Spain, there are only a few little huts on the Island,

one of them belonging to our boatman. A glimpse into any one of them would to a large extent account for what seemed to be their highest notion of happiness.

The centre of the Island is quite high, and is covered with a thicket of evergreen trees and by its solitariness reminds one of the mountains side, and the desert places to which our Saviour so frequently resorted to regain spiritual strength; suggesting how much we also need such renewing and strengthening for daily toil. We are apt to forget that we are but implements in the hand of the great Husbandman which require constant sharpening and fashioning by his own hand in order to be made meet for their use. Dealing face to face and hand to hand constantly with sin and error soon takes the edge off one's consecration, so that it is necessary to be much "alone with God" to be of any use in his vineyard.

"And he hath made my mouth like a short sword; in the shadow of his hand hath he hid me, and made a polished shaft, in his quiver hath he hid me."

I will close this somewhat rambling note by asking the readers of the "MARITIME" and I am sure I voice the sentiments of all your agents in Trinidad in making the request, to intercede for us at the throne of grace that we may thus be made "meet for the Master's use" and instrumental in bearing much fruit to his honor and glory."

Yours very faithfully,

W. L. MACRAE.

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

ARIMA, TRINIDAD, July 31st, '88.

My dear Miss Macgregor:—

I trust the Ladies of your Sewing Circle are not among those who are quick to feel aggrieved when a temporary scarcity of Missionary letters takes place. I freely grant that we ought to write more frequently, and often wish, nay more, would be ready to make a considerable sacrifice to secure an arrangement by which I could grind out letters as the Chinese do their prayers.

Our weather, for the past two months has not been inspiring. If rain is not falling by the bucketful, the sun is at furnace heat. What little energy is spared to me, has been largely occupied on two problems.

First:—How to accomplish the same

amount of mission work as when I had my daughter to help me.

Second:—How to patch up Mr. Morton's health and my own, to work on until circumstances favor our taking a furlough.

It has been very unhealthy in Port of Spain. A very fatal type of dysentery has carried off a large number of people. It seems to be attacking San Fernando now; the country districts have so far escaped. They say there is a species of fish crowding the Gulf, that only appears in great numbers in time of cholera or some kindred epidemic.

Great preparations are being made to celebrate to-morrow, being the first of August, the Jubilee of Emancipation. There is to be a morning service in all the churches, after which everybody who feels inclined will eat and drink and dance as he may find opportunity. The rage for jubilees and semi-jubilees is a fine thing for the pleasure loving.

Our schools are all doing pretty well. Sometimes on enquiry we find the numbers too low, and get a message that the children want to see "Missus." Missus understands very well what that means, so she goes not empty handed, but armed with a basket of mangoes, or a bunch of figs bananas from the Tunapuna garden; if nothing else is on hand a bottle of sweeties answers well the purpose of reviving the flagging interest in literature; a rapid increase in numbers is sure to result.

The only Emancipation Jubilee that would be patronized by me will be celebrated on the day that the Government gives us a Compulsory Education Law. To be freed from the never-ending task of coaxing and entreating the children to come to school, and the parents to allow them, would indeed be a boon. There is such a variety of hindrances.

On Saturday we heard that Red Hill School is very small, a gang of children having gone to spread manure on the cane fields. If you ask them to come to take a lesson in the evening they say they are too weary.

We were able to place two of our boys as clerks, with a merchant in Port of Spain, lately. Several have been taken into Government schools as monitors for special work among the Hindus. We sent one young man, Nelson Imam Baksh to St. Lucia as a teacher in May. He is doing very well there.

You will see that this letter is addressed

from Arima. We came here for a change for Mr. Morton who has been troubled with an asthmatic affection for some weeks past. He has improved very much during the week we have spent in Arima, and being a part of his own district he can still be about his work. A gentleman kindly allows us the use of a very comfortably furnished house. We are within three miles of a spot where forest land has just been cleared to put up a school-house on the Omara Road. A good deal of the material has been prepared from forest trees. The roof is to be thatched with a kind of palm. This school is to be assisted by Government, and will gather in the children of those E. Indian settlers who having removed from estates are cultivating cacao etc., on their own lands, or assisting others to do so.

Though I had only been once in Arima previously I was surprised to find that most of the E. Indian people about here know me, and remind me that on such an estate they heard me sing a Hindu hymn, or talk about God.

Arima is only eight miles from Tunapuna, but the road is rough and hilly. The railroad terminates about a mile from the town, which is small and straggling; there are very few white people in the neighborhood. The situation is much higher than Tunapuna, and further removed from swampy districts which are so prejudicial to health. The Sabbath work can be kept up nearly as usual, and we trust that a short residence here will be as beneficial to our work as it seems likely to be to Mr. Morton's health.

With kind messages for all the ladies, and hoping that your valuable box of clothing will be forth coming as usual this year.

I remain very truly yours,
SARAH E. MORTON.

It is reported that in the village Under-ton, hidden away in the Taurus, there was an American merchant who, five years ago, happened to see a Bible in the hands of a neighbor. He began to read therein, and soon learned the way of salvation. Every Sunday morning he holds a Bible class, preaches in the afternoon and has a school of a dozen children. At least a score of people owe their conversion to his example and teaching. This little colony of Christians is not indebted to any foreign mission agency.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE W. F. M. S.

The Annual meeting of the Women's Foreign Mission Society was held in Truro September 20th and 21st.

There was in attendance about one hundred delegates, besides visitors. And a warm welcome was given them by the hospitable people of Truro.

Miss Blackadder was present and by her excellent addresses added much to the interest of the meeting.

During the year three auxiliaries have died, and ten new ones, and seven mission bands have been formed making the present strength of the Society eighty three auxiliaries and twenty five mission bands.

In addition to the usual grants for the year to the lady teachers in Trinidad, fifty pounds each was voted to the work in St. Lucia and Demarara.

All the old officers were reelected with Mrs. Baxter of Halifax as an additional Vice President.

The meeting is said to have been an enjoyable and profitable one. Public meetings were held on two evenings instead of one as heretofore.

The next Annual meeting is to be held in Charlottetown.

In this issue is given a most interesting chapter on "Zenana Wrongs" from a book entitled "Hindu Women." An awful picture it is of the degraded position to which heathenism consigns its women. Their tender mercies are cruel.

The same writer says: "The men are all married but they live apart, a group of men in one portion of the house; the women also in their separated life within the seclusion of their zenana walls. But one thing is pretty certain, that these Zenanas are the darkest, dirtiest and most wretched part of the whole establishment; even light is but grudgingly bestowed on the poor inmates of these prisons, but then a woman is but an inferior creature and so this is all right!"

The almost unanimous feeling among the members of Synod is that the meetings are too short. There should be time for fuller conference on the many divisions of our Church's work. Conventions of different kinds meet and spend several days with profit in conference upon a single subject, such as Sabbath Schools. A few

days in conference in Synod upon the different departments of the work would greatly help. Each could learn from others experience, and members would go to their homes to better work than ever before.

A CONVERTED ATHEIST'S TESTIMONY.

Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh has received the following from one who has recently laid hold of the truth.

"Just a line to thank you, and to say that the story of my unfortunate life would be too long for your paper; but, if my utter condemnation of Atheism, with its hopelessness, its dreariness and its cruelty, is worth anything to you, here is my verdict: Atheism takes all the meaning out of life, and throws a hopeless gloom over the grave. Atheism deprives a man of his power to do good. It narrows and corrupts his mind, and renders his life barren and fruitless. Atheism spells ruin."

PRESBYTERIANS IN EUROPE.

The Belfast Witness, in an article on the London Council, has this, which will surprise many:

"Some of the facts brought out were startling. We knew before that there are 1,000 Presbyterian churches in Canada, and over 15,000 in the United States. But how many people were aware, till the statistics presented to the Council informed them of the facts, that there are over 2,000 Presbyterian congregations in Hungary, and that there are more Presbyterian churches in France than in Ireland?"

THE CHRISTIAN'S PORTION.

"I have a goonly heritage."—Ps. xvi. 6.
Life more abundantly.—John x. 10.
Love which passeth knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.
Peace which passeth understanding.—Phil. iv. 7.
Unsearchable riches.—Eph. iii. 8.
An unspeakable gift.—2 Cor. ix. 15.

The first American Sabbath school of which we have any definite knowledge was started in Ephrata, Lancaster, Pa., about 1739, by Ludwig Hacker, a common school teacher. It was carried on by him up to the date of the battle of Brandywine, when its building was given up for hospital uses.—*Phil. Pres.*

ZENANA WRONGS.

"Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: being fast bound in misery and iron."—Psalm, cvil. 10.

Of the woman's life and fate in India. The outline might be a few sharp touches as follows:—The unwelcome birth. The child-marriage. The lonely wife-life; its vacant, listless drag. The joys of motherhood. The horrors of widowhood. The gloomy future. Life without hope, and death in darkest despair.

Manu, the highest authority in Hindu law, tells us that "In childhood must a female be dependent on her father; in youth, on her husband; her lord being dead, on her sons. A woman must never seek independence."

On the other hand, if she exercises any will of her own, she is a *stairini*, an unchaste or immoral woman. For a female to aspire to the exercise of her free-will would be "shocking to the Hindu community!"

Manu further writes: "By a girl, or by a young woman, or by a woman advanced in years, nothing must be done, even in her own dwelling place, according to her mere pleasure." After obtaining a husband she may at all times be legally superseded by another wife. . . . "If she have no children, she may be superseded in the eighth year; if her children be dead, in the tenth, and if she has *only daughters*, in the eleventh, and if she speaks unkindly, without delay. And when thus legally superseded, if she depart in wrath from the house (as well she may), she must either instantly be confined or abandoned in presence of the whole family." . . . According to Manu, the wife "has no business with the texts of the Veda," i. e., the authoritative writings of her own religion. Hence we are informed: "Thus is the law fairly settled; and having therefore no evidence of law and no knowledge of expiatory texts, sinful women must be as foul as falsehood itself; and this is a fixed rule."

No sacrifice and no religious rites are allowed to her apart from her husband. she is thus necessarily ignorant of her religion, and prohibited from the performance of such sacrifices as, according to her religion, might expiate her sins. Manu classes her along with "the stupid, the dumb, the blind, and the deaf (supposed to be cursed because of sins in their preceding lives), talking birds, decrepid old men, and infidels," all of whom must

be diligently removed at the time of consolation; for, says our great lawgiver, "above all are women apt to betray secret council. One man's word is of more weight than that of 'even many pure women.' She may be 'corrected' by her lord, to whom 'her mind, speech, and body are kept in subjection,' by means of 'a rope, or a small shoot, of a cane,' and corrected within an inch of her life, yet she can receive no relief from his cruelty by means of a divorce. however numerous his wives and concubines may be. He may have been married in infancy, when he had no knowledge whatever of what he was doing, or rather what was being done for him; and he may never have lived with her, and never intend to; still he cannot get rid of her, and she cannot get rid of him, however anxious both may be for a legal separation with a view to marriages after their own will and pleasure."^{*}

THE INFANCY OF HINDU WOMEN.

There are 100 millions of women in India, so we need not exaggerate the terrible thought of female infanticide, and yet it very surely does exist still. Not as in days gone by, before the British raj proclaimed the sacrifice of an humble life "murder," and when Kali and Gunga claimed their victims, both children and adults in hundreds yearly, but in less obtrusive and less numerous instances it certainly exists even to-day. Sir Richard Temple writes: "The government has for many years set itself to suppress this most inhuman practice by various measures, legislative and executive, with some considerable success at least, though probably not without some failure." We mention it, however, solely to illustrate the thought of how very unwelcome a poor little Hindu child-girl is when its existence becomes a fact.

Probably the disappointment expressed represents two distinctly different phases of feeling in the father's and the mother's minds. To him the girl-child is a disappointment, because, first of all, it means that the gods are displeased with him; secondly, because the sole end of a girl's life must be to get her married as well and as quickly as possible within the prescribed caste rules and limitations, and this will cost him much money; and thirdly, because the father's hopes for time and after death are absolutely dependent upon having a son who can perform the proper funeral-rites, without which none can pass

safely through the gates of death to any measure of even that poor felicity which good deeds in one life may be hoped to secure for the next. No wonder, therefore, that many a time the announcement "A girl is born" is followed by the quiet sign of the father's depressed and tightly-clenched thumb over the fingers of the right hand. No word is needed; the old hag nurses know to well its signification, and as quietly press their thumb on a well known spot on the poor child's head, and all is accomplished! Who can tell how many such deeds of darkness still occur—we fear we even may write daily—behind the purdah?

But the mother's disappointment when a daughter is born probably touches on none of these points. She weeps "not a son," because she *knows* the misery of a Hindu woman's life, and pities the poor little one with such a future of inevitable woe; because she fears her husband's wrath; and because she too has been taught that no woman without sons can ever reach heaven at all.

Poor little Hindu maid, there truly is no possibility left of a welcome for you!

"Often I say to myself with a choking feeling," writes a lady medical missionary, "Alas! what has sin wrought? Here is a poor miserable child of three years, starved and ill; I order her codliver oil to be rubbed into its body, and the mother says, 'I don't think I'll take the trouble, for if she dies I shall have one less to care for!'"

And another missionary adds: "In one of my houses I found a poor little girl of not more than three months old lying, wholly neglected and uncared for, on the floor, crying very bitterly, and apparently in much pain; but nobody came to render her any help. At last the grandmother appeared, but instead of taking her up and comforting the child, she showered anathemas upon the poor little thing, which greatly distressed me. So I asked the old woman to try and pacify the child; but imagine my horror when she exclaimed, 'Who cares for a girl? If God could take away the boy, let Him take the girl also. I am not going to touch her. I would rather she died!'"

Thus we illustrate that the Hindu girl allowed to live enters not on a very joyous life.

A Hindu lecturer before quoted, says: "Our women in these days know not what light is, what intellectual improvement

means; they merely serve their husbands. The Indian woman is faithful to her husband; this is her one predominant characteristic. . . . And so long as we have not been able to educate our wives, our sisters, and our daughters in a proper way, we cannot have attained any amount of moral superiority. . . . Good mothers are wanted for the regeneration of India, therefore I will urge you first to elevate the degraded condition of your females, then try to reform your family before you expect to reform society," &c., &c.

. . . "The merciful hand of our God will come to our succour, be assured; He will bless and elevate our nation. Such a happy day is to come, and I hope that you will labour hard, and look forward in expectation of that happy day when our wives will be blessed, our widows will be released from the thralldom of the manifold sufferings they now undergo, our daughters will be prepared to give us their opinions on subjects of vital interest, and our mothers will anxiously watch our progress in life."

We give these utterances because it seems meet to us, whenever practical, to let the Hindu speak for himself. It is a native educated gentleman who, amongst an audience of fellow-countrymen, thus looks behind the purdah and speaks of the evils there. And be it remembered that this lecture from which we quote is scarcely two months old when we pen these extracts.* So that the strong, sorrowful, suggestive words apply to a present state of things—to India as it now is.

A rather severe critic not long ago hit upon this rebuke: "You write of the 100 millions of Indian women, but you never subtract ought for the children; they surely must decrease somewhat from the round numbers of misery you are so anxious to impress upon us."

How we wish it were so! But when a girl is married at eight years of age, what can we say of her girlhood?

THE WIFEHOOD OF HINDU WOMEN.

Of her wifehood, too, there is not much to tell. Begun at so early an age, and entered by the door of marriage ceremonies which may not be spoken of, revealing possibly to the immature little mind and being things and thoughts which should never have been stirred, she passes from infancy, as we should term it, into the duties and trials of mature life, or, at any

rate, into the seclusion and imprisonment which terminate for ever *millions* of childhood. We suppose it is this fact, this dreary imprisoned life-doom, that is most appalling and most indescribable to our English liberty-loving, liberty-enjoying minds. This, in fact, is the pall overshadowing India, which, notwithstanding all its earthly beauty and glorious sunshine, renders it such a dull and joyless land.

If we seriously set ourselves to fathom this zenana life, what is it? As we glance at it from one view and then from another, perhaps at first sight it only looks a little irksome. Indeed, we have even heard English sisters say as much. But try seriously to contemplate ourselves within the doomed circle. All day long, and every day for years in and years out, in one room: four bare walls, and *nothing* more to look at but a square patch of sky occasionally. What should we think about? "Oh, what we did yesterday, and what we have to do to-day," says one. But, alas! it is not the custom of Hindu ladies to do anything. "Things and people we had seen in days gone by," suggests another. Ah! true, so we might; but these poor weary ones have always been prisoners, and so they have no happy memories to feed upon. It is scarcely credible, I know, but it is true, that in the city zenanas are shut up lots and lots of women who have never seen a tree, and, of course, if not a tree, then not one of the hundreds of different things which pass so constantly before even our babies' eyes and minds, forming sources of mental education and opening thoughtfulness. Truly I know not how to grasp the thought of the utter vacuity. Remember there are no other people's thoughts, no books, no finger-work of any kind, and no amusements, not many household duties, and no outside life, to break the pitifulness of it all.

I know I shall be met with the rebuke, "These are but exceptional cases, and it is not so all over India." But alas! it must be urged that this is the broad general outline and the principle of the thing, and that the exceptional cases—and thank God there are now not a few exceptional cases—are the results of the efforts, of which we are about to speak, to get inside the zenana to break up its dreary monotony and let in the light. And the exceptions here, as in other things, prove the

rule.

It has been said, and probably with much truth, that Mahomedanism brought the present zenana system to a climax. But though it may be credited with much of the miserable seclusion of the Hindu women, it was before Hindu husbands took to locking up their women from their Mahomedan conquerors that Manu wrote his directions which clasped around her the chain of ignorance and inferiority, and made it even virtuous of her to confess, "Mem Sahib, we are like the animals; we can eat and work and die, but we cannot think."

And we have before shown that Hindu men themselves, and these, too, the educated and best amongst the different classes, speak openly, if sadly and all too despondingly, of the state to which, through one fault and another, Indian womanhood has been reduced.

We pass to another phase of the evil with the remark of one of these men; he says: "A impenetrable darkness and chaos still broods over the greater part of India. See in what a life of drudgery and misery our mothers, our wives, and our daughters live." It is not we, therefore, who paint the picture black; it has grown black with the accumulated wrongs of centuries, and as the outcome of an enforced ignorance, idleness, and neglect.

The men are suffering now as well as the women; and truly we are glad, for till they could be made to feel that the ill came back upon themselves there was little hope of its remedy. Hinduism is a terribly self-considering system, so not even national considerations or the general welfare could be made into strong enough arguments. The pinch must be felt pretty sharply and individually in order to awaken conviction. But the light which Christianity exhibits, happily shows to even heathen darkness that it is better to live in the sunshine than to exist in a rock-cave; it is happier to be working for others and their good, than to be always thinking of self and labouring to achieve nothing but one's own "liberation!"

There are other evils of Indian womanhood we have not touched upon, and we should scarcely do so except to bring forward to prominence the fact, which we have not overlooked, that in such a vast country as India there are and must be endless varieties, not only in national habits and customs, religious rules and ob-

servances, family distinctions and regulations, and even caste arrangements and tyrannies; so that it is easy, if we give illustrations of what prevails in the Punjab, for it to be very flatly contradicted by the natives of Travancore; or if we speak of Madras, for people in Bengal to say, "It is quite different here." For instance, the closest seclusion is in the valley of the Ganges; the greatest immorality and the laxest ideas of wifely fidelity in the south; the most obtuse ignorance and gravest want of common sense, we fancy at least, prevails amongst the women of the plains, whilst the grossest superstitions and most most horrible rites are practiced by the Krishna worshippers called Vallabhacharyas. All are different, but all have this one description as reality—"Our women are in soul-slavery, degraded, ignorant, and superstitious."

We have passed over the joys of motherhood whilst we have been dwelling thus, perchance too lengthily, on the sorrows of wifehood: but rays of joy do come to gladden even a Hindu wife's heart; not infrequently, notwithstanding all the surrounding gloom, the husband does truly love his caged mate, and all her love goes out to him and to her children. One of the authors we have before quoted has the grace to say—"The one characteristic of our Indian women is her love and faithfulness to her husband;" and all agree that a mother's love for her sons is supremely concentrated in those pent-up Hindu hearts: the passionate, loving beat must find its object behind the purdah as elsewhere, and the Hindu mother finds it in her boy; and for the most part those who have sons are satisfied notwithstanding all the dreary rest.

THE HINDU WIDOW.

But of those who have neither husband nor son, those who have been robbed, not by Providence, but by wicked "fate," of all joy—of them how shall we write? "The Hindu widow is the most desolate and the most wretched people upon God's earth." Ah! this too is a Hindu wail. Terrible and sad it is that we can thus take up their own words to illustrate the evils that are living in their midst. "Let each Hindu household repeat its own tale," writes another. "The shame and suffering of the widow are written in undying characters. Yet our hearts are not moved." The constant sight of suffering has made us callous

and hard of heart. We view with cold indifference the life-long misery of the Hindu, and we do not even stir to remedy a social system pregnant with shame and mischief to our countrymen."

The following copious extracts are taken from a paper published in the "Indian Evangelical Review," August 1880:—

"The condition of Hindu widows is pitiable. From time to time one phase or other of their misery has excited public attention. A quarter of a century ago, Hordit Ishwar Chunder Vidyasagar aroused Bengal by representations of their sufferings, and spent a fortune on the almost fruitless endeavour to emancipate them from the law of Hindu society that forbids them to marry. Half a century ago, the Hindu widow, burning in the funeral pile with the dead body of her husband, was a spectacle so common here in Calcutta that the cries pierced the hearts, not of missionaries only, but of statesmen and legislators, and the strong hand of law suppressed widow-burning, so that none but isolated cases are now heard of. Suttee has been abolished, the re-marriage of Hindu widows has been proved to be allowable by the ancient laws of the Hindus, nevertheless the present condition of Hindu widows is well-nigh as bad as it was at the beginning of this century.

"Hinduism requires that every Hindu girl be married in childhood; child marriage is the root cause of untold misery. If the boy-husband of the girl-wife die the day after the priests have completed the rite, that girl is a life-long widow as strictly as though she had lived to be a true wife and the mother of a family before being left in widowed loneliness. Such widows are numerous. In the past, Hinduism demanded that widows consent to be burnt, and to such as refused to follow their husbands through the portals of death it left the alternative of a life of cheerless misery; hence when suttee was common, Hindu widows had the choice of a few minutes of torture in the funeral fire, or a life as full of misery as ingenious priests could crowd it. . . . But that door of exit from the living death of Hindu widowhood has been closed by hands that meant to perform a kindly deed. For fifty years the widows that would have departed through the short and sharp sufferings of the funeral fire have been kept in life—some of them to reproach the government that closed their only way of es-

cape. This abolition of suttee introduced a disturbing element into Hindu society, preserving in life a large number of Hindu widows who, but for the intervention of a Christian government, would have passed away.

"The large number of widows in Hindu society is evident to all. The census of Calcutta shows that there were 53,000 wives and 55,000 widows in the city!

"The difficulty of getting a correct knowledge of the condition of Hindu widows is great. They are as a class mute, and the constitution of the Hindu joint-family is such that events within it are screened as far as possible from persons outside the family. The laws of Manu assign women a very low place, but these laws do not necessarily represent the state of the present generation. The Ramayan says, 'The life of one Brahmin equals that of a hundred women,' but that is a poetical notion. Dramas represent a widow, dying on an *ekadashi* fast-day, begging for a drop of water, and being told that she might have Ganges water put into her ear; but that may be fiction.* There are difficulties peculiar to the case of widows that obscure their real state. However, difficulties notwithstanding, even foreigners have channels through which they can obtain no inconsiderable amount of accurate information. A chief difficulty in representing the case of the Hindu widow is not so much that her real state cannot be known, as that some of the bitterest dregs in her cup cannot be named in public. Some of the most distressing temptations incident to Hindu widowhood must remain almost unnamed.

"In certain cases the Hindu religion allows remarriage. If the husband die, or if he go away and be not heard of for twelve years, or if he change his religion, or if he become a devotee, or in certain other cases, *theory* allows re-marriage, but *practice* is quite otherwise. Among the lower classes some widows do re-marry, but among the middle and higher classes the re-marriage of widows is forbidden. No family can allow the re-marriage of a widow without being subjected to heavy social penalties.

"The widow must eat but one meal of rice in twenty-four hours, and that of a peculiar kind; no fish, no animal diet, no sweetmeats from shops, no curds, no oil, no betel-nut. Twice a month she must fast twenty-four hours, besides many other

fasts during the year. There are particular times when she is obliged to fast for two or three consecutive days. The fasting of ordinary days may be mitigated by taking a little fruit, or milk, or barley, but if she be dying of thirst on a fast-day, she dare not touch a drop of water. If a dying widow ask for water on a fast-day, a few drops are dropped into her ear. At certain times she should eat her food of the bare floor. If she should be touched while eating, she must leave her food, and she loses it for that day. The sufferings of fast-days are very great in the hot season: not so bad in the cold weather. The eyes burn and become dim, the feeling of hunger is great, the mouth is parched with thirst, the hands and body burn and are uncomfortable. Years of habitual fasting do not take away these distressing feelings.

"The widow must not do her hair as when her husband was alive. She must shave her head on appointed occasions. She must wear no ornament of any kind, nor coloured clothing, but must dress in common white cloth. She must, after the death of her husband, for a time, sleep on the bare floor without even a pillow. At appointed times she should bathe in the Ganges. She should make many pilgrimages, attending to certain religious ceremonies day and night. She should give to the priests such food as her husband liked when he was living. Strong or weak, she must observe the appointed ceremonies.

"A Bengali Christian lady, in the course of a conversation as to her own experience when a Hindu widow, said: 'I became a widow when I was twelve years old. My father was a priest, and when I began to fast he fasted with me to encourage me. I was a Hindu widow for twelve years, and have a vivid remembrance of the sorrows of that time. The fasting was very hard; to fast twenty-four hours in the hot season without food or water is almost unbearable. Though I fasted regularly all those years, I never got used to it. I had to do all sorts of menial work, and to bear taunts that sometimes tempted me to give abuse in return. My own brother has said, when suddenly meeting me, 'Oh, I have seen the face of that childless widow, I must make an atonement.' I remember being once so provoked as to reply, 'As sure as I worship the gods, your own daughter shall be a childless widow, and you shall look upon her face.' I was provoked to

this wicked speech. I was one day seated at the foot of a tree, and heard my little nephew, who was on the roof of the house reading the Psalm of David. I did not then know what the book was. As I listened, the words so entered my mind that I went up on the roof to my nephew. He was alarmed when he saw me, and hid the book under him. I asked him what book he was reading. He said, "You won't tell if I tell you?" I replied, "No. Why?" He said, "Because it is a Christian book. Mother tore up one book like this and threw it in the mire. If she should know I have this, she would destroy it and beat me." At my request he read three or four psalms to me. I can never forget them. I determined to go to those who followed that book. I waited three years before I found the opportunity.

"The Hindu community itself is taking no steps to improve the condition of Hindu widows, nor is the legislature doing anything. The government put down infanticide and suttee, but it has not yet taken any steps to diminish child marriage. The Hindu community debated the subject of widow marriage, but few such marriages take place. They talked and wrote much about the evils of child marriage, but child marriages are the universal practice. The native community, like other communities, get occupied with different questions at different periods. At one period religious subjects were much debated, then social reforms came into fashion, but for the last three or four years politics have been uppermost. If child marriage could be condemned in practice as it has been condemned in words, and if Hindu widow re-marriage could be as honestly approved generally as it has been eloquently advocated by a few, then hope of the native community reforming itself in the matter of the Hindu widow's hard lot might be entertained. But no ground for such hope is visible.

"The Hindu widow must look to the Church of Christ for deliverance. Hindu widows are superstitious, they need enlightenment; they are bound hand and foot amid social entanglements, they need to be freed; they are dependent on persons for support who often regard them as a burden and a curse; they need in many cases to be put in the way of earning an honest living. All this is a work of vast magnitude. To faith alone does its accomplishment seem possible. However,

events are proving that there is faith now like to that of the prophet who said, 'Ah Lord God! behold, Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee.'

A Hindu lady thus writes of these woes: "O Lord! why hast Thou created us to make us suffer thus? From birth to death sorrow is our portion. While our husbands live we are their slaves; when they die we are still worse off. But they have all they wish here, and promises for the life to come. O God! I pray Thee, let no more women be born in this land!"

Another: "Our Queen Empress is a widow, can she not help us? The Sahiblog did away with suttee, but it was less cruel than this long, lingering torture. Would that I could die. I must die; any life is better than this; even an animal, a worm, is less miserable than this."

And yet another Hindu sister, looking upon her caged but fretting bird, breaks forth into verse, which, very literally translated, runs thus:—

"Think how miserable we,
Captives in zenanas drear,
Lowest thralls, and crushed by fear.

Still the same— we drag along,
Ignorant of right and wrong;
Knowledge and religion none!
Life a dreary monotone!

Thou wert not a slave always;
Thou but comest a few days,
Just to look on misery;
Then away thy sorrows flee.

But the heart will die before
Half our trials it count o'er;
Oh, were I a dove like thee,
Then, methinks, I'd blessed be!

Bird! thy happier lot to see
Makes a woman envy thee;
Filled with shame, she hides her face,
So to cover her disgrace.

Shall I speak to God on high?
But I tremble as I try!
We are not Thy daughters, sure,
Who must woes like these endure!

All untrained in truth, the soul—
Swayed alone by harsh control;
On like purchased slaves, we go:
Ah! dost Thou then mean it so!

Still, although the heart is broken,
Must the pang remain unspoken?
Veil the face, and hide the woe!
Ah! dost *Thou* then mean it so?

Wretched custom's helpless slaves,
'Whelmed in superstition's waves,
Thus our precious life doth go:
Ah! dost *Thou* then mean it so?"

And yet another: "We are prisoners from our birth, and life-long sufferers. . . . and our fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, keep us in the prison; and while they combine to keep us there, there is no hope for us. . . . No Hindu brother pauses to think that it is to his own hurt he keeps us down in this misery, but it is. We women are shut up in a pit of ignorance. Hearing of our condition, the eyes of strangers fill with tears. But you leave us there. Have you no pity in your hearts?"

Readers, the picture is real, though so overwhelmingly sad. We have written only after long, patient, and careful research, and have ventured on but few original thoughts or descriptions. We have left the sufferers for the most part to speak for themselves, but the cry is gone up, and He who judgeth for the oppressed and the widow has said—"if not, I will know."

THE NEW PENAL CODE IN ITALY.

While Canada is at least one of its provinces, Quebec is coming more completely under the influences of the Jesuits, it is pleasing to find that in Italy, so long under the power of Rome, light and liberty are making progress. We give the following extract from the *U. P. Record*, by the Rev. A. Robertsor, on the New Penal Code of Italy which is refreshing as a summer breeze.

"The problem of the co-existence of a Free State and a Roman Catholic Church is one that is only now for the first time being wrought out in the history of nations. This very question is puzzling England at this moment, for unquestionably it lies at the bottom of much of our Irish difficulties. This question is troubling America. Difficulties arise as soon as its Roman Catholic subjects obtain a majority on school boards and municipal councils. It is agitating Italy. Especially since the Papal Jubilee celebrations it has come to the front.

Humbert I. or Pope Leo XIII.? There

cannot be two kings. 'No man can serve two masters.' The people are facing this matter, and are solving it. Through their representatives in the Chamber of Deputies, they, to a certain extent—to a very large extent—made their choice as recently as last Saturday, and to-day they with jubilation proclaim it before the world. What they have done concerns us as Christians claiming for all that liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free, and concerns us as citizens demanding for all the rights and liberties of a free constitution.

The measure, then, which was before the Chamber, and which after several days' discussion has just been adopted by a large majority—245 votes to 67—is this in substance: 'That if any minister of religion by preaching, or by writing, or by conversation, or in confession, speaks against the king or the unity of Italy, or disturbs the minds and consciences of the people, he shall be liable to fine, imprisonment, and dismissal from office.' What it strikes at amongst other things are these:—

(a) Political sermons. Hitherto, priests in their discourses have been directly or indirectly sowing the seeds of disaffection towards King Humbert, by advancing the claims of the Pope to the temporal power and to authority over the consciences of the people.

(b) The Church declaring that to be right which the State has declared to be wrong. For example, the State says that a marriage ceremony to be valid must be performed by a magistrate, but the Church says if the priest performs it that is enough. In that way many illegal marriages are contracted by adventurers to the ruin of foreign women who are ignorant of the law.

(c) Disturbing the minds and consciences of the people. What is meant by that I can but explain by an illustration. For example, a man is dying, and the priest brings undue influence to bear upon him, so as to secure the inheritance to the impoverishment of his family. Another instance. The State has taken possession of much property that the Church once held, such as monasteries and convents with their gardens and glebes. A farmer buys from the State a piece of that land. The priest tells him he has done wrong, that the land really belonged to the Church, and that he ought either not to occupy it, or occupy it as Church property.

He denies him the Church rights. He refuses absolution to his wife and family if the owner himself is outside his influence.

These are a few of the abuses by the clergy that are now made offences, and the committal of which will be severely punished. Notice, however, the Act does not say 'priest.' It says 'minister of religion.' So that any minister of any religion who uses his position for disloyal purposes is dealt with.

Then, again, it does not touch any minister in his discharge of strictly religious duties. In that sphere all have equal and unchallenged rights. It only deals with him when he becomes a disloyal political agitator. Once more notice the State claims the right to say this or that man shall not exercise the office of a priest. He has abused his office to the detriment of the State, and he can no longer be permitted to retain it. As a subject of Italy, he cannot be permitted to tamper with the loyalty of his fellow-subjects.

The measure has shaken Pope Leo XIII. out of all his Jubilee felicitations. The Vatican is in a ferment. The people have voluntarily chosen to serve their king, and their clergy must make the same choice, and obey too, or suffer. They are not the class martyrs are made of, so we may expect submission. Certainly the clergy, from the highest cardinal down to the poorest illiterate parish priest, must choose whom they will serve—king or pope.

Whilst the discussion was going on the Pope issued an encyclical denouncing the proposed law and all who supported it. In it he is careful never to mention the word 'State,' he speaks only of the 'enemies of the Church.' They it is who, moved by jealousy on account of the display of enthusiasm for the Papal See at the Jubilee celebrations, have proposed this measure. They are those who are seeking to draw closer round the Church its present fetters; and to rivet on it new ones, and make it the slave of the State. The Pope in his encyclical then goes on to counsel resistance in these words, 'It is the duty of the Church to teach all that Jesus Christ commands, if then the enemies of the Church act against this teaching, the clergy cannot approve, nor hold their tongues, thus trying to make it appear that what is aimed against clerical political immorality is aimed against religion. He then goes on to say, 'We are ignorant if in any other nations laws like

these are in force against the clergy; but if so the fact does not justify measures the very proposal of which we deplore. To these laws the church can never consent, but must oppose every resistance.' What he may now do, seeing the proposed measures have been adopted by the Chamber, and will, no doubt, soon be so also by the Senate, remains to be seen.

The press, except the clerical part of it, is full of jubilation, sending to Sig. Zanardelli, the Minister of Grace, Justice, and Public Worship who carried through this measure, their congratulations, endorsing his words that it is strictly a defensive measure and not an aggressive one, and hoping that it will be the means of beating back the black legions of the Vatican who have been too long permitted to war against the rights and liberties of free Italy, and that the people will ever remember the day when this Act was passed as one of the most glorious in the annals of their parliamentary career."

LIFE'S MIGHTY CONTRASTS.

BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

I came away from the police court thinking, as I still think, of the mighty contrasts in city life.

As these criminals passed along I thought of their miserable homes, or the fact that they had no homes at all, and all this within a short walk of homesteads filled with luxury and peace.

Scene the First.—Mother putting the little children to bed, trying to hush the frisky and giggling group for the evening prayer. Their foreheads against the counterpane, they are trying to say their evening prayer. Their tongues are so crooked that none but God and the mother can understand them. Then the children are lifted into bed and are covered up to the chin. Then the mother gives them a warm good-night kiss and leaves them to the guardian angels, who spread their wings as a canopy over the trundle-bed.

Scene the Second.—A boy kennelled for the night underneath the stairway in a hall through which the wind sweeps, or lying on the cold ground. He had no parents. He was pitched into the world by a merciless incognito. He does not go to bed; he has no bed. His cold fingers thrust through his matted hair, his only pillow. He did not sup last night; he will not breakfast to-morrow. An outcast, a

ragamuffin. He did not say his prayers when he retired; he knew no prayer; he never heard the word of God except as something to swear by. The wings over him are not the wings of angels, but the dark, bat-like wings of penury and want.

Scene First.—Family gathered around the argand burner. Father, feet on ottoman; mother sewing picturesque pattern. Two children pretending to study, but chiefly watching other children in unrestrained romp. So many balls of fun and frolic in full bounce from room to room. Background of pictures and upholstery and musical instrument, from which jeweled fingers sweep "Home sweet Home."

Scene Second—A group intoxicated and wrangling, cursing God, cursing each other. The past all shame, the future all suffering. Children fleeing from the missile flung by a father's hand. Fragments of a chair propped against the wall. Fragments of a pitcher standing on the mantel. A pile of refuse food brought in from the kitchen, torn by the human swine plunging into the trough.

Scene First—A Christian daughter has just died. Carriages rolling up to the door in sympathy. Flowers in crowns and anchors and harps covering the beautiful casket. The silver plate marked "Aged 18." Funeral services intoned amid the richly-shawled and gold-braceleted. Long processions going out this way to unparalleled Greenwood to the beautiful family plot, where the sculptor will raise the monument of burnished Aberdeen with the inscription, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Oh! blessed is that home which has a consecrated Christian daughter, whether on earth or in heaven.

Scene Second—A poor waf of the street has just expired. Did she have a doctor? No. Did she have any medicine? No. Did she have any friends to close her eyes and fold her hands in death? No. Are there no garments in the house fit to wrap her in for the tomb? None. Those worn-out shoes will not do for these feet in their last journey. Where are all the good Christians?

Come, call in the coroner; call in the Charity Commissioner. The carpenter unrolls the measuring-tape, and decides she will need a box five feet and a half long; two men lift her into the box, lift the box into the wagon, and it starts for Potter's Field. The excavation is not large enough for the box, and the men are

in a hurry, and one of them gets on the lid and forces it down to its place in the ground. Stop! Wait for the city missionary until he can come and read a chapter, or say "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." "No," say the men of the spade, "we have three or four more cases just like this to bury before night."

"Well," I say, "how, then, is the grave to be filled up?" Christ suggests a way. Perhaps it had better be filled up with stones. "Let those who are without sin come and cast a stone at her" until the excavation is filled. Then the wagon rolls off and I see a form coming slowly across Potter's Field. He walks very slowly, as his feet hurt. He comes to that grave and he stands all day and all night, and I come out and accost him and I say, "Who art thou?" And he says "I am the Christ of Mary Magdalen!" And then I thought that perhaps there might have been a dying prayer and there might have been penitential tears, and around that miserable spot at the last there may be more resurrection pomp than when Queen Elizabeth gets out of her mausoleum at Westminster Abbey.

But the procession of criminals will be stopped by only one influence—that of the religion of the Bible taking possession of the masses. That religion has in many cases reformed waifs and inebriates, and after a while it will get under full swing, and where the reformed are converted by tens they will be converted by hundreds and thousands. Get the hearts right and the lives will be right, and nothing that I have ever heard of can change a man's heart or a woman's heart but the grace of a pardoning and sympathetic God. — N. Y. World.

JOURNEYING WITH JESUS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

In travelling, very much of the pleasure depends on pleasant company. A mountain clamber is relieved of its weariness if the way is beguiled by cheery talk, and the ever new prospects are drunk in by other eyes as well as by our own. There is a charm imparted to a long voyage, if we have a congenial friend to pace the deck with us, and to watch with us the varying changes on old Ocean's countenance. The road to Emmaus may have seemed long to Cleopas and his associate at other times; but when that 'marvellous

Stranger joined them, and opened to them the treasures of the Scriptures, and made their hearts burn with a fresh glow, how swiftly the moments flew! How fast the threescore furlongs were measured off! The rugged road seemed short, for as it turned out, their companion during that wonderful walk was no less a personage than the Son of God.

What those two disciples had, we may have if we desire it. Jesus has distinctly promised His companionship: "Lo, I am with you always," is as true to-day as it was eighteen centuries ago. If we open our hearts to Him, He will come in and dwell with us. When we rise in the morning, we should ask the Master to walk with us through all the day's journey. The godly merchant may have Christ beside him in the counting-room; the mechanic in his shop; the farmer behind his plough; the minister in his study; the sewing-woman over her needle, and the sailor on the deck. His presence ensues our safety. The Tempter is conquered in advance, when he finds the omnipotent Saviour already in the citadel of the soul. Some hard hills of difficulty lie before us; but we need not climb them until we come to them, and then the assurance "My grace is sufficient for thee," puts fresh iron into our sinews. Jesus never sends one of His own off on a trying duty alone. Paul's travels were anything else than holiday excursions; they were sometimes through tempestuous seas, and into dungeons, and among mobs of bloody persecutors. In Nero's judgment-hall all his human friends forsook him, but he says "The Lord stood with me and strengthened me." So will He stand with you, O faithful toiler at your work, and with you, O missionary of the Cross, amid hosts of discouragements. The great thing is to ask Christ's direction, put ourselves unreservedly into His hands, and let Him lead us. He does not promise smooth paths or easy paths; but He does guarantee our absolute safety to the journey's end. There cannot possibly be a soul in hell to-day whom Christ has ever taken into His guardianship, and promised to see safely into heaven. "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation," is a truth as solid as the throne of Jehovah and as mighty as His everlasting arm.

This sweet companionship of Jesus follows us into the sick chamber, and sits up with us through the long, wakeful nights, and pillows our aching heads. "Here I

lie," said the holy Halyburton; "I am pained without pain—without any strength and yet strong. Christ comes to me in the watches of the night, and draws aside the curtains, and says 'It is I; be of good cheer, be not afraid.'" Beulah lies on the way to the Celestial City. Sometimes the soul is in that land of corn and vineyards and soft airs, while the body may be eating coarse fare, or stretched on a bed of pain. The beginnings of heaven are here in this world; they consist in possessing Christ within us. Death is but the dropping off of the bodily tent; and heaven is reached when the ransomed spirit finishes the journey, to be forever with the Lord.

EFFICACY OF EARNEST PRAYER.

Heine, the well-known physician of Berlin, lost once very heavily by the bankruptcy of a mercantile house. Hufeland met him a few days after, and expressed his sympathy. "I had rather that you had not reminded me of it," he replied; "Thank God, I have got over it." "How have you managed that?" "Well, I was unable to forget it; thought upon it night and day. All my money, won so painfully lost in a moment! Even my poor innocent patients suffered, for my thoughts were wandering. My domestic pleasure vanished; my good wife, otherwise so cheerful, hung her head; we sat opposite each other at the table, dumb and sad; our children, that had been so full of joy, looked on with timid fear. I felt that this could not and must not continue. The money was gone, and with it we had lost our peace. I, poor worm of the earth, unable to come out of this distress, took refuge with the Almighty. I hurried to my bed-room, closed the door behind and fell on my knees to pray with my whole heart that strength and courage and joy and rest might be restored to me. Then I felt as if God had appeared to me and said: 'Thou art a poor minister's son, and I have blessed thee in thy calling; so that thou art now a famous man. For years I have suffered thee to sport with the money thou has lost. Have I not the keys of all treasures? and can I not far more than replace thy loss? Be again of good courage, and promise that thou wilt go joyfully back to thy calling.' And I promised, and wife and children were again cheerful, and I forgot the heaviness. I have got over it; and am once more happy with my God. And prayer has done all this."

THE SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA.

A TERRIBLE PICTURE.

The slave trade with all its horrors is still carried on in Africa, and of these horrors the half has not been told. The slave hunters are Arabs in bands under the lead of an Arab trader, they go on hunting expeditions just as a number of men would on a hunting expedition in our land. Coming to a village they enter it either by stealth in the night or by force in the day, shoot down all that attempt to resist or escape take captive all that they can, tie them in gangs, and, leaving desolate their once peaceful and happy homes, march them off perhaps a thousand miles to the sea to sell them. Village after village in their line of march is thus destroyed. Many more are killed than taken, and but a small proportion of those who are started ever reach the sea, they perish on the way.

Mr. Moore, a traveller, tells of a caravan he once saw. Leaving out what he says about the men; here is his account of the

WOMEN AND CHILDREN.:-

"The women!—I can hardly trust myself to think or speak of them. They were fastened to chains or thick bark ropes; very many, in addition to their heavy weight of grain or ivory, carried little brown babies, dear to their hearts as a white mother's child to hers. The double burden was almost too much; and still they struggled wearily on, knowing too well that when they showed signs of fatigue, not the slaver's ivory, but the living child would be torn from them and thrown aside to die. One poor old woman I could not help noticing. She was carrying a biggish boy, who should have been walking, but whose thin, weak legs had evidently given way. She was tottering already: it was the supreme effort of a mother's love, and all in vain; for the child easily recognizable, was brought into camp a couple of hours later by one of my hunters, who had found him on the path. We had him cared for; but his poor mother would never know. Already, during these three days' journey from Liendwe, death had been freeing the captives. It was well for them; still we could not help shuddering, as, in the darkness, we heard the howl of the hyenas along the track, and realized only too fully the reason why. Low as these poor negroes may be in the moral scale, they have still strong mater-

nal affection, and love of home and country."

For ninety miles along the south coast of Tanganyika, the entire population has been swept away, and in the adjoining fertile country of Fipa, the Arabs are now in great force.

That things are growing worse can be proved by abundant testimony. For example, Mr. Scott of Blantyre writes in the *Mission Record* of the Established Church:

"The slave-trade is worse across Nyassa than ever. Even here, with all our influence, Matope, on Ndirande Hill, three miles from here, has, I learn, taken thirty or forty slaves with him to sell near Quilimane. There were bands of young children carrying very heavy loads, and each band with its driver close behind. The Angoni raids are slave-raids—the Arab or coast-man infests every town along the lake. The chiefs are awayed by them. It is nothing but slavery. Household slavery is bad enough, but this slavery is frightful; and yet this is *mercy* compared with the awful work at the north end and over to the Congo! It is absurd to speak about the slave-trade being less and the wars stopped, when this is going on—to discount Wissmann's words—a man who came with a heart boiling over with what he actually saw,—villages he had passed, entering at sunrise and only getting out at noon,—villages in absolute peace and thriving industry and settled rule,—reposed desolate, dead and dying, rotting and rotten, and the whole completely destroyed! The man was mad with the truth of it; and it is worse than that! . And WE ARE THE ONLY STOP TO THIS AWFUL WORK! Germany is not near, Portugal does not care, and no one cares as does the Church of Christ; and to feel that Government, for its own political ends, or a nation, by lethargy, refuses help when the work is laid upon it by God, makes my soul boil like Wissmann's,—*only I know it will come.*"

At a meeting recently held in London a Roman Catholic cardinal was the chief speaker, and *Spectator* gives the following summary of what he said:—

"Slavery, in the proportions that it has now assumed, means the destruction of the tribes of the interior of Africa. Commander Cameron has declared that half a million slaves at the least are torn from their homes in Central Africa every year and sold into slavery. It must be re-

membered that the number actually sold into slavery is not an exact equivalent of the depopulation that is going on. Many perish in the slave-hunts, and more on the horrible march to the coasts; and Cameron's estimate applies only to those who reach the coast. The aged, the cripples, the weak—all, in fact, who cannot walk to the coast, or who would fetch no price there—are ruthlessly slain in the slave-hunts.

Yet their fate is more enviable than that of those whose lives are spared for the slave-market. The cardinal gives a harrowing description of the march to the coast. To prevent escape, the strongest and most vigorous have their hands tied, and sometimes their feet, in such fashion that walking becomes a torture to them; and on their necks are placed yokes which attach several of them together. In this way they are made to walk all day, bearing heavy loads, and at night a few handfuls of raw rice are thrown to them. That is their only meal for the day. A few days of these hardships begin to tell even on the strongest. The weakest soon succumb, and the weakest are naturally among the women. But terror sometimes nerves even a weak frame to almost superhuman efforts; and the Arab slave-driver adopts a summary method of striking terror into the hearts of the laggards. In order to strike terror into this miserable mass of human beings, their conductors, armed with a wooden bar, to economize powder, approach those who appear to be the most exhausted, and deal them a terrible blow on the nape of the neck. The unfortunate victims utter a cry, and fall to the ground in the convulsions of death. The terrified troop immediately resumes its march. Terror has imbued even the weakest with new strength. Each time any one breaks down the same horrible scene is repeated. This butchery goes on even in the case of those who manage to struggle on, as soon as the experienced eye of the slave-drivers sees that their strength will not carry them to the coast. To save food, they receive a smashing blow from the mallet, and are left behind to a lingering death.

The march sometimes extends over months, and such is the awful carnage; that if a traveller lost the way leading from Equatorial Africa to towns where slaves are sold, he could easily find it again by the skeletons of the negroes with which it is strewn. This prodigal waste

of human life has in some districts so thinned the population, that the slave-hunters are obliged to use stratagem to catch their prey. Their bands prowl in the forests, and pounce upon the hapless women and children who go by. Things have reached such a pass near the great lakes that now, in the words of one of the cardinal's missionaries, 'every woman, every child that strays ten minutes away from their village has no certainty of ever returning.' And the people who are the victims of this cruel oppression are, according to the cardinal, kind, industrious, amiable, and might be made, under happier influences, the means of making those parts of Africa one of the most prosperous regions of the globe. The country is very fertile, and abounds in natural resources. It possesses three zones,—first, the lowlands along the sea-board of the Mediterranean, Atlantic, and Indian Oceans. Towards the interior are two plateaus, one above the other, rising to 2,000 feet and 4,000 feet respectively. These table-lands attract the rains which feed the great lakes, out of which flow the four great African Rivers with their affluents. Under civilizing influences the country might be made one of the richest in the world, and it is large enough to offer room for some time to come to the surplus population of Europe."

CHRISTIANITY THE ONLY CIVILIZER.

The veteran missionary, Rev. James Chalmers, said recently in an address in London:—"I have had twenty-one year's experience among natives; I have seen the semi-civilized and the civilized; I have lived with the Christian native, and I have lived, dined and slept with the cannibal. I have visited the islands of the New Hebrides, which I sincerely trust will not be handed over to the tender mercies of France. I have visited the Loyalty Group; I have seen the work of missions in the Samoan Group; I know all the islands of the Society Group; I have lived for ten years in the Hervey Group; I know a few of the groups close on the line, and for at least nine years of my life I have lived with the savages of New Guinea, but I have never yet met with a single man or woman, or with a single people, that your civilization, without Christianity, has civilized." Testimony such as this is worth volumes of theory.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Air—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

"Whom shall I send," He sayeth;
 "What servant shall it be?"
 'Tis Faith's strong voice that prayeth,
 "My Master, O send me!"
 Send me to tell Thy story,
 Abroad or here at home;
 Send me, O Lord, before Thee,
 Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

Send me, for I have known Thee,
 I would Thy witness be;
 To speak Thy message only,
 My Master, O send me.
 Send me to speak of Jesus,
 Of what my Lord hath done—
 His finished work most precious,
 Of this and this alone.

To bring the lost and sinning,
 To Thee, the Sinless One,
 To speak sweet words and winning,
 Of Christ, the Father's Son.
 Send me to darkest places,
 To many a shadowed home,
 Where with Thy shining graces,
 Lord Jesus, Thou wilt come.

Send me to work appointed,
 But, Master, let me be
 By Thine own power anointed,
 Then, Master, O send me!
 Not unto us the glory,
 When lost ones find their home;
 We only go before Thee,
 Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

M. E. G. in Miss. Review.

BEWARE OF THE CROWD.

"Don't trouble yourself about me, sir: I'll slip into heaven with the crowd some day," said a poor careless sinner, while I was urging upon him the necessity of being converted ere it was too late.

I replied, "Friend, you have mistaken the place. The crowd is on the way to *hell*; therefore if you slip in with the crowd, you will slip into *hell*. The Scripture says, 'For *wide* is the gate, and *broad* is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and *many* there be which go in thereat: because *strait* is the gate, and *narrow* is the way, which leadeth unto life; and *few* there be that find it'" (Matt. vii. 13, 14).

He had not thought of that. Reader, have you?

Salvation is an individual concern.

Each person must receive it for himself alone. Reader, ere your soul enters the portals of you glory-land, you must pass through the strait gate of conversion, on that narrow way which leads to it. Yes, it must be *conversion*—not mere *reformation*—a real turning to God. Mere profession will not do. The more religious you are without Christ, the more awful will be your fall when it comes. Instead of climbing the ladder of self-righteousness far better come down to the bottom, and take the place of a helpless and lost sinner. when the convicted publican confessed to God, he did not say, "God we are all sinners!" No; but he did say, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" (Luke xviii. 13). The confession, too, of the prodigal in Luke fifteenth was intensely individual. "Father, I have sinned."

And so must it be with each one coming to God for salvation.

Well may we say, "Beware of the crowd." Each one will have to do with God for himself. He may glide along with the crowd just now, forgetting the awful realities of eternity, but soon his time-history will close, and at the great white throne each will be singled out and judged according to his works (Rev. xx. 13). Reader, Jesus came to save the lost only, therefore if you refuse to take that place, you reject the Saviour.

"Not the righteous,—
 Sinners Jesus came to call."

HEART-BROKEN MEN.

"The world has no use for heart-broken men." Such were the words written by a suicide lately as the excuse for his awful deed. It was this that struck me most in the whole painful case. What despair there is manifest in that sentence! and hidden depths of sorrow also that we can never fathom. Oh, that the writer had gone to the One who heals the broken-hearted, and had found rest in the love of the heart that was broken on the cross for sin and sinners! The world may have no use for heart-broken men, but the "better world" is filled with those who have been broken-hearted. David was broken-hearted when he wrote the fifty-first psalm—heart broken on account of his sin. He says "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." The world is hard to those who are de-

despairing, and there is little comfort in the narrow bounds of time for those who are distressed; but in God's eternity there is one to comfort the wretched and heart weary. He says, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." And He means what He says. If my reader is despairing, look up, and see the light of love that shines in Jesus's face. Come unto Him who has died to make the vilest clean and the most wretched happy. He was the "Man of sorrows," that He might give joy to those who are in sorrow; He was rejected, that He might welcome and receive to eternal happiness the world's rejected ones; He was "smitten and afflicted," so that He might relieve the anguish of the afflicted heart. If the poor suicide of this article could have washed the Saviour's feet with his tears, he would have known the peace and rest of that Saviour's heart. David found healing for his broken heart, and solace for his wounded soul. Oh, my reader, there is no trouble that Jesus cannot take away. Will you trust Him with your sorrows? Tell Him all: go down upon your knees and do not rise until you have His peace. Read the third of John: dwell upon the sixteenth verse; read it over and over again, and you will find that God is love, that Christ has died for you, and that your heart will lose its sorrow and your life its sin.—*Messenger of Peace.*

AN OLD LEGEND ABOUT PRAISE.

A number of holy, God-fearing old men agreed once that they would live together in a hut just outside a large forest, and would spend their time in doing acts of kindness to the sick and poor who lived around them. Every morning they met together to worship God, and as they had no church to go to, they held their service under the green trees of the forest. But they were quite old, they could not sing well, so how were they to manage the musical part of their service? This difficulty they settled by agreeing to read all of it, except the *Te Deum*, "That glad Psalm of praise we must sing," they said to each other. And so morning after morning they sang: "We praise Thee, O God;" and their voices were so cracked and harsh and out of tune, that the little birds even would fly away when they heard the discordant sounds.

One day a tall fair youth came to the door of their hut and said he wanted to

join them. Finding he had a beautiful voice they gladly agreed, for, thought they, "he will help us with his singing." The next morning, as the *Te Deum* began the boy's voice rang out clear and sweet and bell like, and the old men stopped singing to hear him, and the little birds flew back to listen. But that evening an angel came down from heaven and said: "For six months songs of praise and gladness have reached the throne of God from this forest; to-day there was silence, why is this?" And then the old men found that the youth had been thinking only of his beautiful voice while he was singing and they remembered that they, too, had so much admired his sweet notes, that they had forgotten all about God or the words of praise that were being sung. And that was why no sound had reached the Throne of God; for He only hears the praise that comes from our hearts.

UNSEEN PROTECTION.

A lady was awakened one morning by a strange noise of pecking at the window, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backwards and forwards inside the window in a great fright, because outside there was a sparrow pecking at the glass wanting to reach the butterfly. The butterfly did not see the glass, but it saw the sparrow, and evidently expected every moment to be caught. Neither did the sparrow see the glass, though it saw the butterfly, and made sure of catching it. Yet all the while the butterfly, because of that thin, invisible sheet of glass, was actually as safe as if it had been miles away from the sparrow. It is when we forget our Protector that our hearts fail us.

Elisha's servant was in great fear when he awoke in the morning and saw the city of Dothan encompassed with horses and chariots and a great host; but when his eyes were opened at the prayer of the prophet, his fears vanished, for he beheld the mountains full of horses and chariots of fire. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusted in Thee." The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore.

Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees Him always near;
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then, what have you to fear?
—James Inglis.

GOD IS NEVER DEAF.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

To those of us whose hearing has been impaired by any physical cause, there are numberless vexations and losses and privations caused by deafness. Over one of the inlets into the mind there is inscribed "no thoroughfare." What a comfort it is to know that our Heavenly Father is never deaf! His hand is never shortened that it cannot save; neither is His ear heavy that it cannot hear. Human ears wear out by old age, or they grow deaf by disease; worse still they are closed by indifference or hard-hearted unkindness. The most benevolent people sometimes get impatient under oft-repeated appeals for assistance. Beggary wears out its welcome. But who has ever tired out the infinite Love by oft-knocking at His door, or by his frequent importunities? The oftener we come, the oftener we may. God loveth to be inquired of. It is we who too often give up praying, but God never gives up listening.

I do not believe that the covenant keeping God ever leaves a sincere prayer, breathed to Him in faith, *unnoticed or unanswered*. The answer may be long delayed. For example, a godly mother may pray without ceasing for the salvation of a beloved child. Long years after her lips are sealed in death, the converting grace of the Spirit may reach that son, and the prayer recorded in God's book of remembrance may be answered. The martyr Stephen prayed for his bigoted persecutors. Among them was that young man Saul, on whose wonderful future that day's scenes had a wonderful influence. Perhaps one of the joys of heaven will be the discovery of answers to our petitions which we layed at the throne of grace during our life-time.

God is a supreme Sovereign up on His great white throne. We are responsible free agents down here on His footstool. As a sovereign, he commands us to pray, to continue in it, to pray without ceasing. It is our privilege and duty to pray; it is God's right to bestow just such answers as His all-wise love may deem to be best for us. Faith is that child-like temper of the soul, which submits implicitly to everything which God *orders*, but never submits to what God *can better*. If we yield to discouragements which we ought to battle against, or if we submit to the

absence of spiritual blessings without wrestling for them, then are we out worthless clouds, who deserve to suffer the worst that can befall us. In spite of discouragements, we must never grow faint in prayer. Genuine faith, coupled with obedience, creates such a condition of things, that it may become wise for our heavenly Father to grant what would otherwise be denied.

2. Sometimes God hears and answers our petitions in a way that is quite unlooked for. God sends us something different from what we expected, and something far better. A man prays that he might be purified in spirit. God takes him at his word, and puts him in a burning pit of affliction. The sufferer finds that in that furnace his dross has been purged off, his faith has been strengthened, and his love quickened, and he is ready to cry out "O God, Thou hast tried me, and I came forth as gold." This brother's petition was answered according to its intention, and not according to the letter of the request. We do not always recognize the answers to our prayers when they come. Be sure of one thing, and that is that God is never too deaf to hear, or never too busy to attend to us. Paul besought God three times over, to deliver him from that "thorn in the flesh." All in good time the answer came; "My grace is sufficient for thee." God did not take away the affliction; He gave him grace to triumph over it.

3. Then, too, we must remember that some of God's promises require time to mature. We get impatient and fall to murmuring. Things do not turn out as we had hoped for, and we are tempted to think that God has turned a deaf ear to us, or forgotten us. Too often we raise an ado like the weepers and wailers in the house of Jairus. Unbelief begins to wring its hands, and cry "It is all over." When Jesus came to that turbulent house of the ruler. He put all the noisy mourners out of the room, and calmly spake the omnipotent word "Maiden, arise!" I often think that this story of Christ's restoration of the dead damsel, was given us (among other truths) to teach Christians how to behave in time of trouble. Instead of sitting down in blank despair, or instead of letting our unbelief rave and tear its hair, we should call straightway for the *Master*. Nor should we worry if he does not come at our first call, or if He does not bring

just what we expected, or consent to let us dictate. Mary and Martha tried that, and the patient Jesus taught them a lesson which will avail for us when we are in dark hours of sorrow, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?"

The bell-ropes of prayer reaches up to the ear that is never heavy. Let us pull it with a strong hand, and with a patient, submissive spirit. When we have pulled it, let us wait till the answer comes. If we do our duty, we shall never fail to receive what God knows to be the very best thing for us. "Father, not as I will, but as *Thou wilt.*"

THE BIBLE IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA.

Every Christian must feel the deepest interest over the remarkable Jewish-Christian movement under the leadership of Joseph Rabinowitch, at Kishinev, in Southern Russia. The movement as such is the outcome of the study of the New Testament Scriptures, and it is refreshing to learn how zealous these new converts are for the bread of life. Of Delitzsch's Hebrew translation of the New Testament probably fifty thousand copies have gone to the Eastern Jews, and are there bringing forth Gospel fruit in abundance. Missionary Faber, of Leipzig, recently made two tours through South Eastern Europe for the special purpose of examining into the religious state of affairs among these children of Abraham. His report is full of cheer and encouragement. Among other things he says:

"In the Eastern part of Europe the religious movement among the Jews, which has been developed on the basis of the Hebrew New Testament, is in all quietness constantly gaining further ground. Not a week passes but that we receive from the regions of the most fanatically orthodox Jewish people of the East, pressing requests for New Testaments, for Christian publications, for Christian instruction. In a number of cities of Galicia young Jewish men have formed associations which meet to study the New Testament together.

We, however, in many cases sent out Hebrew Old and New Testaments bound together into one volume to the Israelities of the East. The mere existence of the entire Bible in Hebrew is a sermon for many whose hands they reach. In many

Jewish reading-halls the friends of Christianity have deposited such complete Hebrew Bibles. Often do we receive the petition, 'I have seen the book of the New Covenant in the house of my friends, I come to beg you from the bottom of my heart to send me to this book in which there is life.' Sometimes, indeed, fanatical Jews seize the packages of books sent to these inquirers, and the latter are then not only scoffed and scorned, but often even abused and beaten. Therefore, they often request us to send the books not to the city where they live, but to some neighboring locality, where they then go and get them. In secret, often in the darkness of night, they take their treasures home; and in secret the books go from hand to hand. In the dire desert of Jewish stubbornness the beautiful flowers of Gospel truth are beginning to grow.

Often we receive letters beginning with the words—'In the name of Jesus, Our Messiah, Peace be unto thee!' These words are then followed by the request for the Gospel of the Saviour. One convert recently wrote—'Of course my feet are bound. Every step that I take is anxiously watched. I am closely observed in the house and on the street, especially by my parents, who are still blind adherents of fanatic Judaism.'

Reports of this character are constantly sent from south-eastern Russia and western Asia. The Russian Government has acknowledged the new movement as an "allowed religion," and it now has a legal existence and legal rights. The three daughters of Rabinowitch have recently been baptized, and the reformed pastor, Venetianer has consented to baptize all of this new communion who desire it. The whole movement is enjoying a healthy growth, and is every day becoming more and more a deciding and decisive factor in the strange and ultra-conservative traditionalism of Oriental Judaism.—*Ex. Oriente lux it was; in Oriente lux it may be! Christian at Work.*

Look not so much on other men's faults as on thine own. Thou knowest thine own faults, but it is difficult to know the true nature and degree of the faults of others. A disposition to judge others turns the soul from its true centre in God, brings it outward, and takes away its repose. Judge not that thou be not judged.—*Molinus.*

MEMBERSHIP AND OBLIGATION.

BY DORCAS HICKS IN THE PHILADELPHIA.

"Can you go fishing to-day?"

"Well, yes, I'll go. The 'Cheerful Workers' meet this afternoon, and I took a question to answer, but I guess they'll get along without me."

"Oh, Annie, how are you? You are going to the society, I suppose, I'm afraid we are late."

"I am not going to-day. I have almost finished that table-cover I have been working at so long, and I just ran out to get a skein of silk so as to get it done to-night—I am so tired of it."

"Where are you going to church to-day."

"Where? Why, to my own church, of course. Why should I go elsewhere?"

"Oh, I didn't know. I usually look in the papers to see if any distinguished man is to preach in town, and if there is, I go to hear him. Any-way, I like a change once in a while."

"But you're a member of — church, aren't you?" "O, yes."

Have you heard people say things like these, good reader? And did it ever strike you that upon even Christian people obligations seem to sit very lightly? Beginning in childhood, up through youth and manhood or womanhood, aye, and into Christian maturity, this sense of responsibility is largely wanting. Membership in a Baud, Society, Board, church, means far less than it should. How differently would the work of the world and of the church be done if everywhere those who unite together to do it would regard such association as something binding something involving duty and accountability? There would then be less careless administration of affairs by those to whom as associations they are entrusted, therefore less opportunity for wrong-doing by those employed by them.

Let the children be taught that to be a member of any thing means some active, earnest obligation towards that thing. If by any means this principle can be rooted in the child, it will grow up into faithful, steadfast fulfilling of duty and meeting of responsibility in the man or woman.

How sadly many a pastor of a church groans over the members of his flock—and they are usually not a few—who seem scarcely to feel the pressure of their ob-

enant vows, vows made to the church as well as to its great head—to that particular church also, as well as to the "holy catholic church" made up of all believers. What a church that would be, where every single member, down to the smallest child who has been lovingly admitted to its privileges, should be wide awake to its responsibilities also, feeling it no burden but a joy to share in what the Master gives that church to do! Reading or hearing the solemn covenant into which those enter who unite with the Presbyterian Church, one wonders how it can ever be so lightly regarded, or its promises so easily, to all appearance, forgotten. Will that covenant meet the Christian some day, with a sad remembrance of lost opportunities, mis-used influence, unfulfilled obligation? God knows.

These words are written with the hope that somebody, may read them, and, reminded by them that he or she belongs to something to which very little care or thought has been given, be aroused to a greater sense of obligation because of membership.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Prayer is not always and only petition, thanksgiving, confession, adoration; often an unuttered and unutterable communion. A nervous clergyman who could only compose to advantage when absolutely alone and undisturbed, thoughtlessly left his study door unlocked and his little three-old child softly opened the door and came in. He was disturbed, and a little impatiently asked, "My child, what do you want?" "Nothing, papa." "Then what did you come in here for?" "Just because I wanted to be with you," was the reply. To come into God's presence and wait before him, wanting nothing but to be with him—how such an hour now and again would rest us. We have a friend who leaves his business place, especially when particularly burdened with care, and rides up to the great Cathedral, where he sits down for an hour, and then goes back again to business. He says "It is so quiet there, it rests and quiets me." How much more might we find a quiet resting place for our weary souls and bodies, by just resting in the Lord, sitting without petition at his feet, or as John, leaning our heads upon his bosom.—Independent.

KEEPING THE SABBATH.

A Chicago lady recently ascribed her conversion to the following incident:

She was travelling through New Mexico three years ago, and was side-tracked at Santa Fe one Sunday. She and a lady friend had some handkerchiefs they wanted washed, and spying a Chinese camp a short way off, went to it, and she asked a Chinaman if he would wash the handkerchiefs. He replied, "No; me no washee to-day." The lady friend, thinking, of course, that John was lazy, recommended her to display her cash, and renew the request. So she held out a dollar bill together with the handkerchiefs, and asked him again to wash them. At this John grew solemn, and reaching up to a shelf took down a book, which the lady was surprised to see was a Bible, and holding it in one hand, pointed to it with the other, looked into her face, while a tear stood in his eye, and said:—"Me Chinaman and you Melican lady; and I lovee that book. You no good lady." There were no handkerchiefs washed that day. A profound impression was made on the ladies and their party, ending in the conversion of the speaker.—*Sailor's Magazine.*

TOBACCO SMOKING.

The *S. S. Times* has the following terrible blast against tobacco smoking. We copy it without any expression of opinion. Let each reader ponder it and judge of its accuracy for himself. One of the incidental evils of tobacco using is its tendency to deaden the finer moral sense and to make one oblivious to the rights and to the preferences of others. The more attractive aroma of the best tobacco is secured by the smoker himself at the time of his smoking. The more offensive odors from it are puffed out from his mouth and nostrils after he has absorbed the better portion, and vilest of all is the stench of the residuum which clings to his beard and clothing or which is left in the hangings of the room where he has been enjoying his tobacco smoking. Ladies are continually making protests of the disregard of their comfort by smokers on the decks of ocean steamers. Many a steam boat stateroom, or a room in a first class hotel is found to be almost unbearable for a person whose sense of smell is undefiled, because of the stench of stale tobacco remaining in it.

It has actually become necessary for

some of the large city banks to post a notice at the desks of the paying or receiving tellers requesting gentlemen to abstain from puffing out their tobacco smoke while doing business at those desks. So also there are similar notices posted in other places of business frequented by gentlemen. Yet these notices are often disregarded not wilfully, but through the indifference to the feelings of others which comes of the semi stupor of the finer senses in tobacco using. And there is never a day when in the lives of passengers at the ticket windows or at the gateways of our principal railway stations there are not to be seen those who would resent the idea that they are not gentlemen, who are unable to protect themselves from this annoyance.

A termagant woman was recently arrested in Philadelphia for throwing dirty water from her window upon some of her inoffensive neighbors. Yet her misdemeanor was less objectionable than that of the man who puffs his offensive tobacco smoke in the face of an inoffensive neighbor at a railway station or in a place of business. That it is possible to retain the habits of a gentleman while in the habit of tobacco using is not to be denied, but it is a sore tax on a man, a tax which most smokers are unwilling to submit to.

RECEIPT FOR DEPRESSED SPIRITS.

I look around me, and think how many are in the same trouble as myself, perhaps much greater, and they have no Father to go to, I look behind me, and think of all the way I have been led, and the mercy upon mercy which I have experienced. I look beneath me, and think of the hell which I deserved, but which has no place for me. I look before and above me, and think of my heaven at the door. Jesus my forerunner there, my God there, where through wondrous grace I shall soon be myself. And by the time I have looked at this last all my trouble is gone.—*Sel.*

He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears;

The billow that guarded my sea girt path,
Carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on the days of my wilder-
ness march,

I lean on his love for the rest.—*A. S.*

MOUNT UNIACKE AND BEAVER BANK.

These mission stations in Halifax Presbytery comprise four school districts including a population of about 300 or 350 inhabitants, and extend a distance of about 15 miles.

For the past five or six years they have been regularly supplied by catechists, and for a number of years previous to that some supply was given by the Presbytery.

There are at present four preaching stations, Etter Settlement, Uniacke Mines, East Uniacke, and Beaver Bank.

There is a church at the Etter Settlement situated about a mile and a half from Mount Uniacke station. There are at the station, and this settlement about 15 families, and the average attendance on the Sabbath service held fortnightly is about 38. Sabbath School is conducted during the summer and a prayer-meeting held every fortnight.

Uniacke Mines, four miles from the Railway station, five and a half miles from the church at Etter Settlement, contains 33 families. The population here as in all mining districts fluctuates very much. The average attendance on Sabbath is about 60. There are a great many children, and great need of Sabbath School workers. The amount raised for the support of the mission varies with the times and population.

East Uniacke school district is on the road leading from Etter Settlement to Beaver Bank, about five miles distant from the former, and seven miles distant from the latter place. The average attendance on Sabbath is about 30. During the past two summers this destitute locality has been regularly supplied.

North Beaver Bank is about eight miles from Beaver Bank station on the Rawdon road, and contains 13 families. The people of this district have heretofore been much neglected. One who has resided here for thirty years says, that during the first 12 years of that time a sermon was never preached within ten miles. During the past 20 years there has been preaching more or less regularly during the summer months. A small church is now in course of erection, which it is hoped will be finished and occupied at the end of the year. The people of this section are all with one or two exceptions in poor circumstances, and quite a large percentage are unable to read. They are however, very attentive to the means of grace.

The total amount raised last year by all the stations for the catechists support was about \$135.—*Com.*

A young bride has gone to her new home. Love and hope gild her future with bright promise. Soon the hope begins to dim. The husband is drinking. Time passes. Property is gone. A thin, worn, faded woman young in years old in suffering, night after night in a wretched home with her hungry ill-clad children, awaits in fear and dread the return of him whose coming is dreaded, whose presence brings cruelty and suffering.

One night his step is heard. The wife trembles. The door opens. He enters. He is different to-night. He sits down in silence. What can be the matter? A nameless dread steals across the wife. Is he sane or has drink dethroned his reason. The faintest glimmer of hope steals in beside the fear. Can it be possible that he is sober. She fears to speak.

At length, he breaks the silence, "Dear Mary." Her heart gives a bound into her throat, but she dare not utter a word. Hope and fear alternate. "Dear Mary," I was in to hear Ingersol lecture this evening. A friend persuaded me to go. I am so glad I went. What he says is true. I have embraced it. It has given me new life and hope. I have determined to cast off all those old time Bible ideas about God and live a new life, and my dear Mary can you ever forgive me the suffering I have caused all those years. And Mary throws herself upon his neck in her love and joy. The days of old have come back again.

Then the husband says, "Here is one of Tom Paine's books that I have brought, we will read a portion of it together, and with the children every night and morning so that we may learn more of this glad free thought. And together they read and sing for joy. 'Tis now a happy home indeed. As years pass, comforts increase. Their children in love and peace are growing up around them, and often in the quiet evening hour, the husband and wife talk together of the days that are gone, and together bless the day that he went to the lecture, learned and embraced the so called "free thought."

Who ever heard or would dream of hearing of such a scene. Substitute the Bible and the gospel for "free thought" and many a time have such scenes been witnessed. By their fruits ye shall know them.

THE COMPARATIVE COST OF WAR AND OF MISSIONS.

Dr. Fed. Garlanda, in an unusually able article, has recently measured the military strength of Europe at the dawn of 1888. The total annual expenditure for the war and navy departments of the six Great Powers is said to reach the enormous sum of \$906,000,000. These Governments are also immensely in debt, yet the political situation is such as to require increased armaments. They cannot go to war because they have not the financial credit to extend their indebtedness. The total annual interest upon European indebtedness is about \$1,070,000,000. Hence the people are burdened with high taxes. All this it costs simply to be prepared for international conflicts in Europe.

Now look at the cost of actually carrying on the Lord's war for human redemption by the universal Church! We have put into the entire foreign field, including men, women, and native helpers, considerably less than 50,000 labourers, and we expend about \$10,000,000 yearly; so that Europe alone has 333 times as many soldiers, and spends 900 times as many dollars each year as the entire Church of Christendom can muster in men and money for the Lord's war of the ages! How would these figures be changed if the Christian Church should but appreciate her opportunity and her responsibility—the perils and possibilities of the critical hour of history!—*Missionary Review*.

"WHAT IF I HAD BEEN DEATH?"

The Rev. Dr. Kidd was a Scotch minister of some eminence; he was very eccentric; and one who had his own way of doing things. One of his parishioners says:—

"I was busy in my shop, when, in the midst of my work; in stepped the Doctor.

"Did you expect me?" was his abrupt inquiry, without even waiting for a salutation.

"No," was my reply.

"What if I had been death?" he asked; when at once he stepped out as abruptly as he came, and was gone almost before I knew it.

What a question! What a thought for every one of us! Does not death come to most, if not to all, as unexpectedly as this? And does not the inquiry enforce the lesson from our Saviour's lips,—

"Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

Repentance for sin, faith in Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour, a life conformed to the teachings of the Bible, in humble dependence on the aids of the Holy Spirit—this is the great preparation we all need to make us ready for the coming of Christ. Have we this preparation? If we are truly ready to live, then we are ready to die, whenever death may come, he will not find us unprepared.—*Stirling Tract*.

A PRAYER FOR EVERY DAY.

O God! I want Thee to subdue my will: Make me like Jesus, with Thy Spirit fill. I want to be more holy, meek, and mild, I want to be more like a little child, I want to live on earth a life of faith, I want to credit all the Bible saith; I want to work more earnestly for Thee, Oh may I thus Thy faithful servant be! I want to bring poor sinners to Thy throne, I want to live for Thee, and Thee alone, I want to imitate my Saviour's life. Avoiding lightness, gloom, and sinful strife; I want a living sacrifice to be To Him who died a sacrifice for me, I want a heart to burn with pure desires, I want to do whatever he requires; I want to feel the Spirit's inward power And stand prepared for death's important hour, I want to be what Jesus Christ commands, And leave myself, my all, in His dear hands.

O Lord! pour out Thy Spirit on my soul; Govern my temper, and my tongue control.

I want through life to glorify Thy grace, Then, after death, to see Thee face to face!

The native princes of Rajpootana, India, who hold the highest rank in Hindoo Society in India, have come forward voluntarily and introduced one of the greatest reforms that the land has yet witnessed. They have unanimously passed a rule that in future no girl shall be married under the age of fourteen, and no boy under the age of eighteen, unless there had been a contract of marriage existing previous to the time when such law was passed. The misery arising from infant marriage and child widowhood which no tongue can tell will be largely done away when such a law becomes universal in India.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson, better known as Stonewall Jackson, so noted as a General of the Confederate forces in the late war, was a man of intense convictions, deep moral earnestness, and of exceeding vigor and promptness in action. He was also a faithful and devoted Christian, recognized as such wherever he was known, and of unbounded influence over the soldiers under his command. Some incidents illustrating his character and influence may be interesting to your readers.

When the Southern troops were in Hagerstown, Jackson and some of his staff were quartered in the house of a friend for the Winter. And one morning, when all were summoned to breakfast, Jackson was not in his room, and the servant reported that he had probably gone out, as he could not find him. He was at last found behind the broad door of the hall, quietly kneeling and engaged in prayer.

Such was the manifest sincerity and earnestness of his piety that he was almost idolized by his troops, every one of whom recognized and respected his Christian character. When the chaplain of the regiment was engaged in the usual religious services, many of the soldiers might be seen inattentive and careless. But, as was said by one of his officers, "when Jackson was about to pray, as he often did with his troops, they would leave everything, and gather to hear him." On one such occasion a group of the men were engaged in card-playing, when another, coming along cries out to them "Come, fellows, leave that stuff, and come along; old Jackson's going to pray!" And at once all would move as one man and stand reverently with uncovered head to hear him. "So still," says one, "that you might have heard the rustle of a butterfly's wing." And says another: "If a single man had said or done anything to interrupt or show contempt for the sacred service, it would have been as much as his life was worth."

At one time a small detachment of Jackson's troops, just as they were about resting for the night, were found to be in danger, before they knew it, of being surrounded by the Northern troops; and an officer was sent to rouse them up, and warn them to move at once to a new position before it might be too late. Addressing one of the first soldiers he met, who was drowsily going to sleep, the officer called to him "The Yankees are gathering

to surround us. Wake up, and stir yourself, or you and all will soon be their prisoners." The soldier, half-waking and in a dreamy, muttering tone, says "I—guess—there—aint—much—danger;—we—are—all—safe—enough." "Safe enough!" said the officer; "if you are not, every soul of you, off in an hour, you'll all be surrounded and taken prisoners!" "Well," said the other, in the same half-sleepy, dreamy tone, "let 'em surround us and be hanged! if they do, we are all safe, for old Jackson will just pray to the Lord, and He will give us wings, and we'll all fly out and be safe!"

At another time one of the Southern soldiers was cursing the Yankees, and saying to a comrade "I wish they were all in h—l!" "I don't," said the other, "for if they were, old Jackson would follow them, and take us all there!" Their respect for his piety, and their confidence in his courage and prowess were unbounded. He was wounded through mistake, by some of his own soldiers, who supposed they were firing on the Union troops, and died in 1863, at the early age of 39.—*Gettys. in N. Y. Evangelist.*

BELIEVE.

Faith is a sensible act. Do you consider it a sensible thing to purchase a United States government bond? Yes; because it gives you lien on all the resources of the great republic. So the highest exercise of the reason is to trust what the Almighty God has said, and to rely on what he has promised. Infidelity plays the idiot when it rejects God, and pays the penalty. Faith is wise unto its own salvation. Faith is salvation; unbelief is suicide.

Faith is a stooping grace. That heart-broken, self-despising woman weeping on the feet of her Lord, is a beautiful picture of lowliness and submission. Self must go down first before we can be lifted up into Christ's favor and likeness. He that humbly himself shall be exalted. Pride and self-righteousness were biting the dust when Saul of Tarsus stammered out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." It is an accursed self-conceit which prevents thousands from becoming Christians. On the low grounds falls the fertilizing rain of heaven; the bleak mountain-tops are barren. God resisteth the proud and giveth his grace to the lowly. Faith links us to omnipotence.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

WHAT WOULD THE WORLD BE WITHOUT THE GOSPEL.

A young man with sceptical tendencies demanded of his Christian friend *one* conclusive evidence that the gospel is Divine. His condition had become already perilous, for the reason that unsatisfactory investigations had led him to the verge of hopeless indifference. "Consider," said his friend, "what this community would be if every vestige of this gospel were immediately removed; every church demolished; every line of sacred literature blotted out; every Christian agency abolished—the entire population at this moment destitute of a single ray of gospel light. Imagine, if possible, such desolation; and then by way of contrast, think of our present exalted condition."

The serious thoughtfulness revealed in the countenance of the inquirer was the hopeful sign of his recovery from cheerless doubt. The view had not impressed him in precisely such a manner before. It is reasonable to believe that the suggestion made a lasting impression upon his mind. The authoritative proof, arising from other forms of Christian evidence, was not, in his case, equal to this simple appeal made by human lips. Reflection upon the beneficial results achieved in society through the truth of God compelled him at last, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to an unreserved submission of his whole heart to Him.—*St. L.*

"PAY JOHN WILLIAMS."

At a prayer-meeting "down East," a man noted for his failures to meet business obligations, arose to speak. The subject was: "What shall I do to be saved?" He commenced slowly to quote the words: "What shall I do to be saved?" He paused looked around and said again: "What shall I do to be saved?" Again with more solemn tones he repeated the question of questions, when a voice from the assembly in clear and distinct tones replied: "Go and pay John Williams for that yoke of oxen."

The incident stirs up solemn thought. A great many people before they can be saved, or guide others to the Saviour, will have to "go and pay John Williams" the money they honestly owe him. Shrewd tricksters in the marts of the world are not shrewd enough to be dishonest at heart and retain the favor of God who

"loves purity in the inward parts." Neither can a hope of the world to come be like a sheat-anchor in the soul of any one who robs God by being dishonest to his fellow-man.

Thousands read no other Bible than the lives of those who profess to be following its precepts in their daily lives. The greatest need of the Church is true, pure, upright living—"living epistles, known and read of all men." The square man is the best shape. The tree is known by its fruit. "Go and pay John Williams."—*Mid-Continent.*

SUCCESS OF MELA WORK IN INDIA.

In the *Life and Work of Christ*, published lately by some Hindu, the author laments the fact that lacs of people (that means, hundreds of thousands) are becoming Christians, and appeals most earnestly to the adherents of the Hindu faith to copy the examples of missionaries who are to be found at all the melas and principal places of pilgrimage, etc, to stem the tide of Christianity which is flowing over the land.

Well might the priests feel bitter towards us when they see that by our labours their gain is going. Some few years ago the offerings at the temple at Baignath amounted to a lac of rupees (£10,000) on the two days of this mela. Now they amount to not quite half that sum by Rs. 40,000 (or £4000). Upon asking the reason why there is such a falling off, they told me thus: 'You are the reason; you preach against our religion; you sell your religious books to the people; they read them in their houses, and no fear of us and our gods come into their hearts.' We thank God for such testimony that the silent messengers (the Gospels) are doing such sure work amongst the people.—*Rev. B. Evans in Missionary Herald.*

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Blessed are those homes which are halloed by daily prayer. They are blessed now, and their memory will be a benediction when the children have gone forth into new homes of their own. Alas that any home, particularly and professedly Christian home, should be without this great privilege, this great safe-guard, this means of preparation for the heavenly home!—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE CHILDREN AT BEDTIME.

Every parent who has been in the habit of reading or talking to the little ones after they are safely tucked in bed, will bear witness to the value of this influence. With laying off the clothes, the angers, the worries and discontents of the day subsiding. With the brief season of prayer, they fly still further into the background. And when the little form rests in bed they seem to vanish out of sight. The body is at rest. The heart is plastic to the touch of a loving father or mother.

Now is the time to exert a moulding power. At this hour the little ones listen with the hushed attention to what is read to them. Hymns, the Scriptures, Bible stories are heard with close attention, until the reader's voice is stilled, or the hearers sink into a state of rest. Conversation may take the place of reading. The will that was in a state of resistance an hour ago is now relaxed. The anger that blinded moral discernment has passed away. With open heart the child utters his confessions and gladly receives the forgiving kiss.

Plans for the morrow can be discussed, and duty can be made to put on an attractive form. Irritation can be looked at quietly, and admonitions to watchfulness may be dropped with soothing efficacy into the listening ear. And then how delightful the embrace with which the young arms clasp your neck, the intense "dear mother" with which the "good night" is said. Parents, if you have not thus parted from your birlings at the evening hour, you have something yet to learn of hopeful instruction, to experience of love's delights.—*Baptist Weekly*.

HEALED BY HIS STRIPES.

A remedy for your sins and mine is found in the substitutionary sufferings of the Lord Jesus, and in these only. These "stripes" of the Lord Jesus Christ were on our behalf. Do you inquire, "Is there anything for us to do, to remove the guilt of sin?" I answer: There is nothing whatever for you to do. By His stripes we are healed. All those stripes He has endured, and left not one for us to bear.

"But must we believe on Him?" Ay, certainly. If I say of a certain ointment that it heals, I do not deny that you need a bandage with which to apply it to the wound. Faith is the linen which binds the plaster of Christ's reconciliation to the

sore of our sin. The linen does not heal; that is the work of the atonement of Christ. "But we must repent!" cries another. Assuredly we must, and shall, for repentance is the first sigh of healing; but the stripes of Jesus heal us, and not our repentance. These stripes, when applied to the heart, work repentance in us: we hate sin because it made Jesus suffer. When you intelligently trust in Jesus as having suffered for you, then you discover the fact that God will never punish you for the same offence for which Jesus died. Thus with his stripes we are healed.—*Spurgeon*.

GROWING OLD.

The realization that we are getting old, that more and more of this world is getting behind us, and that soon very little of it will be before us, need not necessarily be a sad one. It will not be, it will in fact be found a very pleasant one, if we have made the world, as we should make it, a brighter, purer, and better world by our acts of benevolence and mercy while in it, and by using it and teaching others to use it, not as a finality, but as a preparatory school, a sort of robing room, for an eternal and an unutterably happy and glorious life in a world unseen by mortal eye, although it nearly touches this. If we have lived aright, and are still living so, this matter of growing old is simply one of an earlier release from burdens of responsibility which have always proved heavy, and have often seemed ready to crush us; from troubles and worries and annoyances, very often causeless, it is true, but always afflictive; from a blasting of hopes which once seemed so stable and so promising; and from a thousand other things which we need not now stop to think about. But this growing old is something better than a promise of a near and nearer release from the things which have made this life a burden and a sorrow. If we have lived as it is both our privilege and duty to live, we are only approaching an open door through which we shall pass to that perfection of peace, that fulness of joy, that radiancy of glory, that eternal reunion with the loved and lost of time, and that eternal communion with the Triune God and the unfallen angels, which are reserved for all who are here the faithful followers of the Christ. Why should we object to growing old? Why should we not love to grow old?—*N. Y. Evangelist*.