

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

AR 1.0
M3 P6

THE ARCHIVES
THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN CANADA

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

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Editorial Notes.....	323
The Meeting of Synod	335
Annual Meeting of the W. F. M. Society	329
Death of Mrs. Macrae.....	330
Mr. Morton's Address at Synod.....	330
The Relation of Children to the Church, and their mutual duties: by Rev. A. Gunn	333
NEW HEBRIDES :—	
Letter from Mrs. Annand.....	335
A Missionary Tour in Erromanga: by Rev. A. H. McDonald.....	336
A Fatal Leak ; Murmuring.....	338
Mrs. Loring's Awakening.....	339
Romes Tender Mercies ; Effects of Tobacco.....	342
Wise and Unwise ways of Helping	343
An Honest Christian Man	344
My Last Cigar ; The Poor Armenians ; A Stupid Error.....	346
The Bible and the Intellect ; The Study of the Bible.....	347
What the Deacon said	348
Reflex Influence of Missions.....	349
Fruits of Family Worship	349
Gentle Words at Home.....	350
Distress of Soul.....	351
The Unfailing Hand.....	351
Pious Profanity ; For His Sake.....	351
The Bible to be Studied in Youth	352
Lines to a Skeleton.....	352

WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

NOV., 1889.

Literary Notice.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for October comes breezy with African travel, for the first article is "How I crossed Masai Land" by Joseph Thompson, with illustrations from photographs. A scientific article, one of the electric series—on "Electricity in War"—(1) In naval warfare,—(2) In land warfare,—with illustrations, shews the wonderful progress in this branch of applied science.—"A summer in Iceland"—with illustrations, makes one thankful for a more hospitable country and genial climate. "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini" illustrated, will delight the lovers of art, while the reader who wants nothing but entertainment will find it in the stories serial and complete, which makes up the remainder of the number. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price 25 cents or \$3 per annum.

MISSION WORK IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

The need of the Gospel and the difficulties of mission work in Central America are vividly set forth by the Rev. Joshua A. Gobey, a missionary in Costa Rica, who writes to the London Christian as follows: "With my family I left England in 1888 for Jamaica, where I remained for five years. As the result of a missionary tour to some islands in the Caribbean Sea, and to some parts in Central America the Jamaica Baptist Missionary Society decided to commence Christian work in the Republic of Costa Rica and desired me to become their first missionary. My wife and myself have now been in this country fourteen months. There is much here to sadden one's heart and to depress the spirit, but our work is the Lord's and He is our hope. We hold services in a room 42 by 24 feet, which we rent, paying 35 dollars per month. The place is unhealthily situated, often uncomfortably full; the story above us is occupied by five families, and the sanitary arrangements are in a wretched condition. We are surrounded by rum shops and the sights and sounds around, even while Divine service is being conducted, make us often very sad. We have to endure scoffing and sneering and other discouragements. There is general sceptical indifference; on Sunday men are paid their wages, business is done, trains are running, frequently vessels loaded or unloaded, rum-shops full, drunkenness, blasphemy, gambling, and other sinful practices are common. Nevertheless, God in whom we trust is with us. Some few have come out

on the Lord's side, and others we trust will soon follow.

"The Panama Canal works are completely abandoned. A large number of men have recently come here from there, and thus our responsibility is increasing. Our great want in this town is a suitable building in which to preach. A piece of land is promised, and a portion of the money required has been raised, but we still need from £250 to £300. This is, like the surrounding Republic and States, a Roman Catholic country, and greatly needs the Gospel. The natives speak Spanish, but the great majority in this town and for many miles up country, speak English. At present I am the only Protestant missionary in the Republic. Our work is not confined to the town. Along by the sea-board, and into the interior, on the old railway, and the one in course of construction. I visit, preach, sell, and give Bibles, hymn-books, and tracts. My wife conducts services in the town during my absence. We get our turn of fever, which to have is never to forget."

DISOBEDIENCE.

Mr. Moody tells of a little nephew whom he watched one day, while he and his mother were passing through one of those crucial moments which decide a child's character as obedient or disobedient. The little fellow had taken a Bible from the table, and thrown it on the floor. His mother said, "Go and pick up uncle's Bible."

He said he didn't want to.

"I did not ask you whether you wanted to or not; go and pick it up."

"I won't."

"Why Charlie," said his mother, "who taught you that naughty word? I never heard you speak so before. If you don't go and pick up uncle's Bible, I shall punish you."

Still he declared he wouldn't do it, and she repeated her threat of punishment, adding that he should have to pick it up too. He then declared he wouldn't, looking at it as if he would like to, but really somehow thought he could not; even getting down on the floor and, with both his arms around the book, seeming to try, but still persisted that he "couldn't." Again the mother repeated sternly and inexorable her threat of punishment, and that he would "have to pick it up too." At last she broke the boy's will, and the minute that was done, he picked up that book as easily as possible. "I felt very much interested," was Mr. Moody's comment, "for I knew that if she didn't break his will, he would break her heart."

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

No. 11

The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

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

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

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

All communications to be addressed to

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

One feature of the late meeting of Synod was the large number who took part in the work. To give names in connection with an account of the work would be reproducing, on a not very minute scale, the Synod Roll.

Rev. John Jamieson, missionary in Formosa with Dr. Mackay has been for some time in very feeble health through lung disease. Writing to Dr. Wardrope, Mrs. Jamieson says: "We hope for the best, but it is well that you, as well as we, should at the same time be prepared for the worst."

Mr. Henry stated in his report to Synod that there were 63 congregations of our Synod, whose young people gave no collection last year for the Dayspring and Mission Schools Fund. If the church of a score of years hence is to be an active, working, giving church, the children of to-day must be trained to take an interest and do their part in sending the gospel to the heathen.

An interesting account of a tour in Erromanga, "blood-stained Erromanga"—the "Martyr isle" is given on another page. We have frequently given lengthy and most interesting accounts by our missionary, Mr. Robertson, of his work there; and the progress that it has made. Mr. McDonald, one of the younger missionaries accompanied him on a tour that he recently made through the island, and has kindly sent us a report of it for which on our own behalf and that of our readers we are deeply thankful. There are two other articles to follow.

The Convener of the Home Mission Committee spoke as follows at the late meeting of Synod, and we commend his words to the prayerful consideration of a Christian people. "Our great difficulty is lack of men. A number of laymen are likely to be employed. Elders ought to go out to stations within their reach, especially during the winter months. There are only three good probationers in the field. We need at least fifteen. Why have we not more men?—More for the Home Mission—more for the Foreign Mission. Ministers do not preach enough about the duty of devoting the young to the ministry. Parents should devote their boys to this work. Last spring ten young men graduated from Pine Hill; within six weeks of their graduation the ten were settled or nearly so,"

It is not their Roman Catholic friends and neighbors and fellow citizens of whom men are so often constrained to make complaints but that ecclesiastics—political system, the Papacy which Father McGlynn calls "the machine." What might be expected if the papacy had the power, is seen in the fact stated by *The Christian World* of London, that the Pope recently convened the secret consistory, to denounce, as an outrage upon the Papacy, the action of the Italian Government in erecting a statute to Giordano Bruno on the spot where in 1600 he was burned as a heretic. He was a grand man of noble character and brilliant powers, but upon some obscure questions he held opinions which the Papacy did not approve, and he was burned simply for holding what they regarded as heretical. And now the papacy endorses the act of centuries ago, showing that in its attitude towards religious liberty and human progress, it is still the same. The *London Standard* which does not often touch upon such matters is moved to say: "The legitimate inference is that, if they had the power, they would again pile up the faggots and thrust in the torch as a punishment for the holding of opinions on certain abstract points in which they themselves do not happen to participate."

At the opening of Knox College, Toronto, Oct. 2nd, Professor McLaren took for his subject at the opening lecture, "The Unity of the Church and Church Union." He showed that the unity for which Christ prayed was not of fold but of flock, that there is nothing in the Word of God to teach men that the Church of Christ is to be one in outward organization any more than that it shall be one in color or language or nationality. Starting with the idea that the Church is not an outward organization but the whole body of believers, he showed that Christ's prayer is now fulfilled and receiving daily fulfilment. If the unity prayed for by Christ be outward, organic, visible union, then the Church is an outward organization. This is the position held by the Church of Rome, but if it be, as Evangelical Protestants believe made up of all who are united to Christ, then they are one with him, and one with each other. The grand hope and aim set before the Christian by Christ is not to seek the bringing of all denominations into one ideal organization, but to look upon all believers of whatever denomination as members of the body of Christ and all belonging to the one flock with the one shepherd.

Two widely known ministers of the Free Church of Scotland, Principal Rainy and Professor Blakie are in distant colonies, and write home deeply interesting letters to the *Free Church Monthly*. Dr. Rainy is in Australia and writes of the wonderful progress of that island continent. We are accustomed, he says, to hear of rapid growth in some of the Western American cities but no less wonderful is that of, say, Melbourne, which has passed in fifty or sixty years from a group of tents and huts to a noble and populous capital containing not less than four hundred thousand people. Equally marked is the progress of the Presbyterian Church for, according to the statement of Dr. Steele, fifty years ago there were not twenty-five Presbyterian ministers in all Australia, now there are nearly six hundred. Dr. Blakie, in the same paper writes from Bauff in our own North West. He predicts a marvellous future, and that at no distant day, for the Pacific Coast, with its natural advantages, its immense resources and its unparalleled climate. He emphasizes too that which is so often heard, the vast importance of possessing that land for Christ in its earlier stages when its character and institutions are forming.

The Sabbath was made for man but not for mammon. Yet the latter is ever seeking to get possession of the day of rest. In

many places, however, the success is in man's favor.—It is said that, in Belgium the Ministers of Railways has taken up the question of the weekly rest day, and effected remarkable reforms. Already about two hundred goods trains have been stopped from running on Sabbaths, and eight thousand workmen who toiled in the central depots are free all day.

From Philadelphia the good news comes as follows:—"The Barbers' Sunday Closing Association of Philadelphia began its crusade against the opening of barber shops on Sunday, and out of 1500 shops only twelve were reported as having been open. The *Press* comments: "The barbers who seek Sunday rest scored a victory yesterday. Only twelve places out of 1500 were found open, and the proprietors of these may be sorry to day that they did not close. There is no reason why the 3300 barbers in the city should not have a day of rest as well as other people, and it is to be hoped that they will succeed in their efforts at Sunday closing."

In railway work in the United States there is also progress as will be seen from the following extract. "The Sunday rest movement is moving grandly. Last week we noted the important action, in this connection, of the Vanderbilt roads. This week we have to note similar action by three other railroad corporations. On May 3, the General Manager of the Boston & Maine Railroad issued an order for bidding all Sunday work, hereafter, on the different divisions of the railroad, except such as may be required to run the regularly advertised trains, or to make such repairs as may be made necessary by accidents Saturday night or Sunday. The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, which controls over seven hundred miles of railroad, has issued a notice to the effect that "no freight will hereafter be received from or delivered at any connecting railroad between the hours of 6 A. M. Sunday and 6 A. M. Monday. Neither will any freight, except live stock or perishable property, be moved on this road between those hours." A similar order has recently taken effect upon the Erie and all its connecting lines.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton will return to their field, leaving Nova Scotia somewhere near the first of November. Their experience during the past few weeks is sending them back glad at heart. A few weeks since there appeared no sign of lady teacher or missionary to supply the needs of the field. Now as they return they will be accompanied by Miss Archibald and Miss Graham, teachers

and by Mr. Fulton J. Coffin, missionary for Couva.

Miss Graham who goes to Trinidad, is a great grand-daughter of Rev. James Graham, of Stewiacke, one of the early ministers of Nova Scotia.

Strange how death in the mission field which we sometimes think acts a deterrent to others is sometimes used by God for a purpose just the contrary. When news came of the death of the late Miss Archibald, at Couva, the Miss Archibald who is now going who was a friend of her's and who had often thought of the field and work, said to her mother that she felt as if she should go and take up the work thus laid down, and now in obedience to the call her response is "Here am I send me.

Mr. Coffin who goes to Couva is a native of P. E. Island, and finished his studies last spring at Princeton. He recently received a unanimous call to Richmond, N. B. The Presbytery of St. John met at Synod, sustained the call and presented it to him. Though he knew of nothing to prevent he asked for a time to consider the question, intending, if no further light came to him, to accept it. On Monday night he heard Mr. Morton at Synod, and the impression that had been for some time upon his mind, whether he should not offer himself for the foreign field deepened almost to conviction. On Tuesday morning he spoke to Mr. Morton on the subject, but did not decide. Afterward he thought he would go home to P. E. Island, and perhaps consult with friends and take longer time to consider. With this intention he went down to the wharf on Tuesday, intending to go to Charlottetown, and found that the boat had gone. He returned to the church, received a message from Mr. Morton and had another conversation with him, making further inquiry about the work, and finally offered himself for it. At ten o'clock in the evening the F. M. Committee came together to consider the matter of which some of them had been thinking during the day. Careful inquiry was made on various points from those who could give information, medical men were called in to examine and report, and ere the Synod was ready to close all had been arranged and the appointment made. Several points in the progress of the case seemed so distinctly the hand of Providence that the committee feel confident that they have the man of God's own appointment for the work.

Mr. Simon A. Fraser who has been in Trinidad will return to Nova Scotia this autumn to resume his studies.

A lady of St. James congregation, Charlottetown, gave Mrs. Morton \$50.00 to be used in forwarding her work among the Hindu women.

Shelburne is to have a new Presbyterian Church to replace the old one which was built in 1804.

On Sabbath, Sept. 22nd, the new Presbyterian Church at River Hebert was formally opened for public worship. Rev. James McLean, of Great Village preached in the morning, Rev. D. Macgregor, of Amherst in the afternoon, and Rev. E. M. Dill, of Parsboro in the evening. The church will seat from 350 to 400 people. It is very neatly finished and will cost with furnishing about \$4,800. The debt is about \$2000. Mr. Smith is doing well in this widely scattered field and the energetic Presbyterians of River Hebert have "had a mind to work."

THE MEETING OF THE SYNOD.

Ever since the Union of 1875 our Synod meetings have been limited to two days or two and a half, the work and interest being transferred to the General Assembly. This was felt to be an evil as not more than one eighth of our ministers and presbytery elders ever attend the Assembly, which meets for the most part in the West, making attendance both difficult and costly. This year for the first time since the Union, the Synod extended into the second week, meeting on Thursday evening and closing late at night the following Tuesday, and nearly all experienced a sense of relief from pressure and a calm enjoyment in the prosecution of the Synod's work.

As Rev. J. M. McLeod, the Moderator of last year, has removed to Vancouver, the opening sermon was preached by the ex-Moderator, Rev. E. A. McCurdy, from 1 Tim. III. 15, "That thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

The Synod was then constituted, with prayer and the Clerk read the changes in the Roll during the year, which were as follows:—

Deaths.—Abraham McIntosh, St. Ann's, March 10th, and A. Ogilvie Brown, Campbellton, April 27th.

Demissions.—D. B. Blair, J. Ferry, J. A. F. Sutherland, E. Gillies, A. Brown, John M. McLeod, W. J. Thompson.

Translations.—A. S. Stewart to Moss, Ontario, G. Fisher to Dalhousie, A. F. Carr

to Campbellton, J. M. Robinson to Moncton, *Inductions*.—W. P. Calder, J. W. McLennan, John Valentine, J. F. Dustan, W. H. Ness, Gavin Hamilton, G. Fisher, Joseph McCoy, A. F. Carr, E. Gillies, J. M. Robinson.

Ordinations.—Roderick McLeod, Andrew Boyd, John Calder, A. W. Thompson, W. R. Muir, A. W. Lewis, W. M. Fraser, D. McIntosh, J. W. Crawford, G. A. Leck, J. F. Smith, G. Hamilton, W. J. Tuffler, W. McLeod, E. Roberts, W. A. Tufts, Henry Dickie, J. M. Lennan, D. Wright, E. McKenzie. Reception, James Murray.

New Congregations.—Little Bras d'Or; Blue Mountain and Garden of Eden; Brookfield; Weldford and Mill Branch.

These changes have their lessons. The deaths, demissions, and translations, bid us work, for soon the Master's call may lead us away from present opportunity. The ordination, inductions, and new congregations, call for gratitude to God that the church is growing, and more laborers entering the field. These thoughts were the more deeply impressed by the ex-Moderator's closing words as he recalled some of the incidents in the history of our church that had taken place near this historic spot during the past hundred years.

Next came the choice of a Moderator which resulted in the appointment of Rev. N. McKay, of Chatham, N. B. Of all the ministers of the Free Church Synod of Nova Scotia at the time of the Union in 1860, Mr. McKay is the only one now in charge of a congregation within our bounds. Thus swiftly do the fathers pass away. In a few fitting words of thanks he took the chair and assumed the duties of his office.

Amid all the changes some are spared to labor long. A few celebrate their jubilee, so few indeed in the service of our church, that the Synod did well in unanimously adopting on motion of Rev. T. Sedgewick, seconded by Mr. Scott, the following resolution:

The Synod would unite with his congregation and Presbytery, and with the community of Truro in congratulating Dr. McCulloch on the attainment of his Jubilee. They rejoice at his presence among them on this occasion; they assure him of their confidence and affection and of their sense of the great service he has rendered to the church, more especially in the origination and development of her Educational and Home Missionary efforts, and they would earnestly pray for him that in his case the words of the Psalmist may receive an abundant fulfilment, "They

that are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age to show that the Lord is upright, He is my rock and there is no unrighteousness in Him."

Sympathetic sorrow for absent members was deeply felt. Rev. Dr. Macrae, of St. John, had been on his way to Synod when the telegraph brought him tidings of the sudden death of his wife, and then came the darker and deeper shadow that it was caused by a package of poisoned candy sent through the mail to his address. Others too were mourning, Mr. Christie had a few days previously buried his wife at a ripe age, while word had just been received that one of our young missionaries Mrs. Macrae had been called to rest.

The following resolution of condolence, moved by Dr. Burns and seconded by K. McKenzie, was adopted:

"Reverently recognizing the hand of God in the afflictions with which certain of our beloved fathers and brethren have been recently visited, the Synod expresses deep sympathy with them, and agrees to devote a portion of to-morrow forenoon's sederunt to the remembrance of them at a throne of grace."

On Friday, routine business and items of more local interest occupied considerable time, but there was one matter in which our church as a whole is deeply interested and to which the afternoon was largely devoted, viz., the Theological College. The subject came up on this wise. Last winter owing to the increasing number of students the accommodation for lodging them was rather limited. The local Committee, to whom the details of management are largely entrusted, proposed to the College Board the addition of a mansard roof to the present building. The Board felt doubtful as to the wisdom of spending more money upon the present property, some thinking that it would be better to dispose of Pine Hill and erect new buildings on our own lot near the new Dalhousie College. The matter was referred to Synod. After a long and interesting discussion it was decided that the whole subject be deferred until next meeting of Synod—the Board being instructed to keep the matter before it, gather all needful information and report to Synod.

Friday evening was devoted to Home Missions. The report which was submitted by Rev. J. McMillan showed a prosperous year. Our Synod raised last year for this work, \$8,113. In one Presbytery alone that of St. John's there are 80 Home Mission stations, with 1300 families. The losses to our

church have been very great from not caring in the past for these districts, many of which were originally settled by Presbyterians, but through neglect their descendants have scattered to other denominations or grown up regardless of religion. The increasing interest that the church is now taking in this work in looking after her scattered fields is bearing rich fruit in gathering the wanderers in.

Rev. James Robertson, superintendent of Missions in the North West, addressed the Synod for an hour on that great Home Mission Field. He is a man of intense energy, and imparted to his audience somewhat of his enthusiasm as he told of the great door and effectual that is opened in the North West. The work is rapidly growing. The people are liberal in self support but need help, and we in the Eastern section have hitherto done scarcely anything to aid. The whole burden has been upon the West. Mr. Robertson is to visit many of the churches in the Maritime Provinces in October and November to address meetings and take collections for this work. The churches in the United States for a time did not press their work in the great West as vigorously as she should have done and the ill results are seen to-day. Let our church take a lesson regarding the great North West country that has been entrusted to us to take and keep for God. Last summer in the North West there were 143 laborers engaged among the white settlers, and 22 among the Indians.

On Saturday the Synod held but a forenoon session as many of the ministers had to go out to preach on Sabbath either for their own congregation or for others. The principal subjects taken up in the morning were in connection with the "Presbytery of Trinidad," the reports on Sabbath observance and on Systematic Beneficence, and that of the Alumni Association.

A new presbytery was added to the church by this Synod, viz.: The Presbytery of Trinidad. Hitherto it has been in a sense a Presbytery "at large" but now so far as our own missionaries and ordained assistants are concerned, it is anchored to our church, and the names of our missionaries are thus placed on the Synod roll.

The Report on Sabbath observance was submitted by Rev. T. Cumming. It referred in terms of thankfulness to the Sunday legislation passed last winter by the legislature of Nova Scotia, and recommended the Synod to petition the House of Commons for legislation to prevent the desecration of the Lord's Day. After discussion regarding recent legislative and judicial action and the

newer popular forms of Sabbath desecration, the report with its recommendations was adopted.

Rev. M. G. Henry submitted the report on Systematic Beneficence, and was able to report progress. Arrears are becoming less known. Weekly offering is being more widely adopted. Ministers are in a number of cases being paid monthly and the practice is on the increase. The increase in the support of the schemes of the church is very marked. During the year 20 000 copies of the Synod's tract on Systematic Beneficence were printed and it is being circulated with good results. In the speaking which followed points that were made specially prominent were the duty of all the ministers setting apart a tenth for God and the blessing that follows it, and the great contrast between the returns of to-day and those of a dozen years ago, the unworthy methods that have been known sometimes in raising money for the Lord's cause. The recommendations adopted by Synod were in substance the same as last year, the principle of laying by in store and giving regularly, that ministers give due prominence to the scriptural teaching on this subject, and that the young be early taught their duty with regard to giving.

The Report of the Alumni Association was given in by Rev. T. Cumming. A discussion and resolution followed on the benefits of the Association, in promoting an *esprit du corps*, and of the merits of courses of lectures which the Association has provided for the students. Our young ministers were heartily recommended to join the Association.

On Sabbath the Rev. L. G. McNeil by appointment of Synod conducted Divine service in the morning and Rev. Mr. Aitken, of Newcastle, in the evening, and many of the members of Synod enjoyed a day of rest in listening to the gospel instead of preaching.

Monday gathered back from various quarters many who had been out for the Sabbath and a long and vigorous day's work was accomplished, closing up with a grand Foreign Missionary meeting in the evening.

After a number of items of business in the morning the Report of the Ladies' College was submitted by Mr. Laing. The buildings have cost in all about \$50 000, and stock has been taken to the amount of about \$40,000, leaving a considerable sum on mortgage. The prospects are very good. The attendance is large and increasing, and the receipts for last year met all expenses and left

a balance of \$1300 on the right side. Rev. John McMillan, the Synod's visitor to the college, spoke highly of its efficiency and of Mr. Lying a valuable services in connection with it. Testimony from different quarters showed that the popularity of the College is increasing, that it is worthy of the warmest commendation to the church at large. Cautions too were given of the danger of Protestants sending their girls to such institutions as convent schools whose aim is to destroy the faith of their Protestant pupils in the pure gospel and to lead them, if possible, to the Church of Rome.

Monday noon had been decided upon as the time for fixing the next meeting of Synod, and upon invitation of Rev. J. M. Robinson, in the name of his congregation, it was cordially agreed to meet next year in St. John's Church, Moncton, on the first Thursday of October, at 7.30 p. m.

Monday afternoon was largely devoted to Augmentation, one of the most important schemes of the church. Rev. E. Smith, Convener, submitted the report for the past year. Last Synod asked the church for \$8000, and its response was \$7,966 50. The following Presbyteries paid more than was asked of them: Wallace, Pictou, Halifax and Lunenburg and Shelburne. The other Presbyteries gave less. 154 congregations gave as much as they were asked for or more; 25 paid in part; and 9 gave nothing. Two congregations have become self-sustaining during the year, viz.: Orwell and Lower Musquodoboit. The Synod asks the church for \$8000, the same as last year, and it is proposed that after this year the expenditure will be limited strictly to the income of the Fund, that is, that all aid receiving congregations will be supplemented up to \$600, and after that the amount on hand will be distributed pro rata until all are raised to be \$750 or as near it as may be attained.

Monday evening was "Foreign Mission night." After a short statement by the Convener regarding the Funds and the work, Mr. Morton spoke for about an hour on the work in Trinidad. Calm, clear, earnest, far seeing, his address made a deep impression, and like that of Mr. Robertson's on Friday evening, made the Synod realize that while they had a great work at home and in the North West, they had another no less great and imperative in the Foreign Field, that they must do the one and not leave the other undone. The substance of Mr. Morton's address we give in another page and need not review it further here. Rev's. Jas. F. Smith, W. P. Archibald, Dr. Burns, and Rev. J. D. Murray, of Australia, spoke, and

a resolution was adopted, expressing thanks to God for the success of our missions, welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Morton, tendering sympathy to Mr. Macrae, thanking the teachers now coming home, recording appreciation of the services of Mr. Cropper in St. Lucia, and commending all to the care and love of God. Thus came to its close the best Foreign missionary meeting the Synod has had for years.

The morning and afternoon sederunts of Tuesday were taken up by a lively discussion on the perennial Jesuit question. We need not dwell upon the speakers or the speaking. Speeches, except by movers of motions were limited to ten minutes, and thus necessarily condensed. Men had to say their say without unnecessary rhetoric and stop. The debate was conducted with great spirit and interest, some thinking it was too late to say or do anything now, others thinking that a protest against wrong doing should be made even though the wrong is done, and as a means, however small, of preventing like future wrongs. The motion of Dr. Burns, who introduced the discussion, was finally passed by a large majority. It expresses emphatic condemnation of the incorporation of the Jesuits' Estates' Act and appoints a committee to watch over this matter and take such steps as may be deemed advisable in line with the action of the Assembly.

Tuesday evening, the last sederunt of the Synod, was a busy and prolonged one, the keystone of the night being reached ere the closing hymn was sung and farewells spoken.

The first part of the evening was occupied with the report on Sabbath Schools submitted by Rev. T. C. Jack. Messrs. J. Sinclair and Rogers spoke of the qualification and work of teachers,—Rev. J. McMillan, of teachers' meetings, and how to conduct them,—Rev. T. Fotheringham, presented the Assembly's Scheme for Higher Instruction,—Mr. J. S. Smith of Halifax, and Rev. J. Forbes spoke of the Society of Christian Endeavor, warmly commending it to our congregations. Dr. McCulloch and Mr. Coffin emphasized the importance of attention to S. S. Libraries, and Rev. J. Anderson the S. S. service of praise, especially the value of the Tonic-soi-fa system of notation as an aid to the young in learning to sing.

Rev. N. McKay submitted the report of the Committee on Temperance speaking very hopefully of the change for the better. The chief agency producing the change is the faithful preaching of the gospel. The Scott

Act has done much good and the sentiment of the people is largely in favor so prohibition. The report with its recommendations was adopted.

A resolution moved by Dr. Burns was adopted at this stage cordially recommending the Synod's Historical Society to our Ministers and people.

The report of the Aged and Infirm Minister's Fund was submitted by Rev. E. Grant, convener. Total receipts, \$3,519 0. Expenditure, \$2,683. Balance, \$835.47. 119 congregations aided. 97 gave no help. 114 ministers paid rates. 73 gave no rates. \$2,850 will be required this year for annuities. In all we will need over \$3000. It is proposed to pay annuitants a little more if possible. We have 16 annuitants, but others are now coming on. The importance of connecting themselves with the Fund cannot be too strongly urged upon our young ministers. It costs a mere trifle. And congregations should all make a small contribution to it.

The Report on the State of Religion was presented by Rev. John Murray. So far as he had received reports, from 8 presbyteries and 117 congregations, the progress gives good cause for cheer. One point insisted upon in the report is the necessity for observing family worship and for family religion as the foundation of all church life. Dr. Murray and Mr. Baird spoke on the recommendations which on their motion were adopted.

A statement was made by Dr. Patterson of the condition of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund showing that the widows now receiving aid from the Fund are 19, orphans, 18

And now as the Synod's work came to a close an agreeable surprise was given to those who had patiently remained until the end. The Foreign Mission Committee which had been laboring diligently all the evening to bring its plans to maturity succeeded in doing so just as the work of the session was done, and then led to the platform and introduced to the Synod that for which they had so long sought, and hoped, and prayed, a "missionary for Couva," Mr. Fulton Johnson Coffin. — It seemed as though the name were prophetic, as if the mantle as well as the name of the martyr missionary, Samuel Fulton Johnson, of beloved memory, had fallen upon him. Heartily the Synod cheered the glad surprise, and, led by the moderator joined in a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to God for thus leading unexpectedly by a way we had not previously known, and so brought us to a much desired haven.

Resolutions of thanks were then passed to the minister and managers of Prince Street Church, to the people of Pictou for warm hospitality, to the Y. M. C. A., to railway and steamboat lines, and to the press. The Moderator briefly addressed the Synod, and then adjourned to meet again at Moncton, on the first Thursday of October, 1890, at 7.30 p. m.

The grand old 122 psalm was sung, concluding prayer was offered by Dr. McCulloch, and the benediction was pronounced by the moderator at 12 o'clock, midnight, and so we went our ways.

Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea in nine cases out of ten, and we believe it is so. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more from want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand dollars, and, by habit, he spends twelve or fifteen thousand, and suffers from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and does not run into debt, is the happier of the two. There are people, of course, who are wealthy and enjoy their wealth, but there are thousands upon thousands who do not know a moment's peace, as it were, because they live above their means. — *Sel.*

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

On the 26th of September, the W. F. M. Society, Eastern Section, met in Charlottetown. Eighty-five delegates were present, and the meeting continued in session for two days.

The report of the Pictou Presbyterial showed a membership of 995, in 24 auxiliaries, 4 mission bands and life members, with a total income for the past year of \$1,330.57. Halifax Presbyterial reported a membership of 1200 in 26 auxiliaries and 13 mission bands, with a revenue of \$1149.

From Truro Presbyterial was reported a membership of 670 members in auxiliaries and mission bands, with an income of \$909 for the year. Besides these are the auxiliaries in other Presbyteries making the whole membership of the society about 4000, in 90 auxiliaries and 35 mission bands with a total income for the year of over \$5000. Two new Presbyterials one in each of the Presbyteries of Cape Breton have been formed during the year, and six new auxiliaries organized.

A subject which had been remitted for consideration by the General Assembly, viz: Whether the Society should aid the Home

Mission work as well, was fully discussed, and the almost unanimous sentiment was that while there should be an increased interest in Home Mission work this Society should continue to devote its energies to the Foreign Field.

In addition to the sums already pledged, the Society voted, subject to the approval of the F. M. Committee, \$100 to Mrs. Morton for a Bible woman; \$240 for St. Lucia, for a second teacher; \$400 for a church at Arima, and \$300 for a teacher for Mr. Laird in his work among the Indians of the North West.

The officers of last year were for the most part re-elected and the Society adjourned to meet, on the invitation of the President, Mrs. Burns, in Fort Massey Church, Halifax, next year.

Rev. E. Smith, representing the F. M. Committee, spoke at the evening meeting, while the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and Mrs. Ewart, the much esteemed president of the W. F. M. S. Western Section gave added interest to what was in all respects a most successful and inspiring meeting.

With Mr. and Mrs. Morton many of our people are happily acquainted, and have listened to them with unmingled delight, but Mrs. Ewart was almost a total stranger in the Eastern Section. To many she will be such no longer, and with those who met her, the memory of the gentle presence earnest words and wise counsels of this veritable mother in Israel will long remain.

DEATH OF MRS. MACRAE.

Death has visited our Mission field. Mrs. Macrae, of Princetown, fell asleep on Sabbath, Sept. 8, and was buried the following day. It is but three years since she and her husband left, full of life and hope for their chosen work in Trinidad in which they were so richly blessed. For some time she had been prostrated by pleurisy, but seemed to be improving. Good hopes were entertained of her recovery, but these have not been realized.

Mrs. Macrae was a native of Truro, but much of her early life was spent in Dartmouth, in the care of that well known and estimable christian lady, Mrs. Kelly. She was well fitted both by natural gifts and acquired attainments for the important work to which she was called, and from which she could seemingly ill be spared, but the Lord's ways are not our ways.

Mr. Grant writes as follows:

San Fernando, Sep. 6, 1889.

Dear Mr. Morrison:

The mail leaves to-morrow for New York. I must write and what shall I say?

You have probably heard from Mr. Macrae since he returned from Gasparce* on the 24th August. Mrs. Macrae took ill there. She left home with a cough which gave however no concern. I went down with them on Monday, Aug. 5th, and returned alone on Saturday, the 10th. She was very well during my stay. She was attacked with pleurisy on the 21st. Dr. Knaggs visited and advised them to get home. On the 25th the day after their return there was premature confinement of a still born child. The pleurisy continued, and all that medical skill could do was done.

On Wednesday, Sept. 4th I was there. Though ill there were no serious apprehensions by Mr. Macrae or by Miss Temple, who has been as a sister to her. Last evening we got alarming news, and Mrs. Grant and I went off at once. She had rallied, appeared comfortable, and we returned a little before midnight. Intelligéce this morning gives little hope, but we wait in hope. It may be that the Lord will interpose and raise up one who is highly esteemed by all your agents.

Tuesday, Sept. 10th.

Mrs. Macrae died Sabbath night at 10.40. Her funeral, which was at four yesterday, was largely attended by sympathizing friends. It was very touching as we passed the Anglican church to find her bell expressing the sympathy and sorrow of that communion.

Thus wave after wave passes over us, but it is the Lord. Some of us however have been mercifully spared for a long time, let not then candidates be disheartened. Mrs. Macrae felt very keenly the death of Dr. Macknight's daughter, but now she has followed, one amid tropical heat the other in the more bracing atmosphere of a higher latitude. We need recruits, hasten then to the front. Let us not be faint-hearted.

Yours very truly,

K. J. GRANT.

MR. MORTON'S ADDRESS AT SYNOD.

On Friday night you were taken by Dr. Robertson to the North West, where missionaries sometimes sleep unharmed amid the snow. I am to take you to sunny Trinidad where the temperature never falls below 63° on winter nights. He told you of wheat in the fields, and gold and silver in the mines. Trinidad is a land of sugar, cacao, cocoa nuts, asphalt, and I am sorry to say, rum.

*A seaside resort where the missionaries sometimes go for a few days change and rest.

It would be quite easy by a selection of facts, without telling a single fib, to paint Trinidad either as a paradise, or as a prison. Here are some of the items in the bright picture, 70,000 tons of sugar, much of it vacuum pan crystals; 18 million pounds of cocoa beans, some of it the best in the world's market; an inexhaustible lake of pitch, producing a revenue of £20,000 sterling per annum; turtle as cheap as beef; bananas to tempt an epicure, at four for a cent; oysters growing on the trees, not a traveller's story either, but a solid fact; yams 40 lbs. each, with pine apples and oranges thrown in. That is the bright picture. The dark one would tell of snakes, 15 feet long. (I have seen one such) of scorpions in ones' slippers, and centipedes in one's bed; we had cases of both; o beef that obstinately refuses to be eaten, of turtles that are seldom caught and of appetities that refuse turtle; of water that tastes as if it had stood for a time in the sun, of no ice to cool such water, or no money to pay for ice. Now both pictures are false. Trinidad like the North West and Nova Scotia, is a tolerable place to live in, neither a paradise nor a prison.

Our chief concern however is with the people rather than the place, for the men are greater than the cane fields they cultivate, and all this but a prelude.

Since I last had the pleasure of addressing you six years ago, several of our missionaries have fallen on sleep. The workers die, but the work lives on. We dry our tears for the recent dead to plead with the living on behalf of that work.

What I have to say will, I trust, emphasize three things, the importance of the work, the encouraging nature of it, the present pressing call to gather up our energies and go forward.

When we landed in Trinidad 22 years ago, we were sent to 25,000 Hindus. These have increased to 60,000, and still the living stream flows in at the rate of 2,500 each year, with a smaller stream of 500 returning to the shores of India. Here are surely numbers enough to work upon. Always in heat and oft in weariness your servants have toiled on, and God who giveth the increase, hath permitted them to come again bringing their sheaves with them.

Including St. Lucia over 300 were baptized last year. The communion roll numbers 382. Over 2000 children are now receiving both secular and religious instruction. Two native ministers and catechists are employed in teaching their countrymen. In 1888 the converts contributed over \$1900 or nearly \$5.00 per communicant. Proprietors of estates contributed over \$3500, the Colonial

government for education over \$4600, which with donations, made the total amount contributed in Trinidad over \$11,000, against \$9,300 sent from Canada. These figures imply much.

Take the question of schools. The government had a system of purely secular instruction, like that in Ireland. Some years after we went to Trinidad this system was supplemented by what is known as assisted schools, that is schools opened by churches, societies, or individuals, to which the government granted aid in proportion to results and under fixed regulations which provided for four hours secular instruction. It is principally under this system that our schools receive aid from government. Of late years some who were not content with the aid thus received have endeavoured to break down the government, or ward, schools as they are called in Trinidad and to substitute therefor a system of church or denominational schools. They sought to pose as the advocates of religious schools, in opposition to secular or what they called ungodly schools. This is a misstatement of the issue. We believe most strongly in the religious instruction of the young. We would most gladly have all the schools opened and closed with prayer and the Bible read in them, but our opponents will not even agree to have the school opened with the Lord's prayer or the ten commandments taught in it. What they want is really sectarian and separate schools, government money with very little government control, children, our future citizens, classified in our schools not according to their educational requirements, but according to the religious denomination of their parents. Under such a system, effective and graded schools become impossible. Now your missionaries have all along worked toward the government system, which is secular but allows religious instruction to be given by ministers of religion, or their representatives at the close of the school, subject of course to a conscience clause. For a year or more the battle has been hot. But the last news indicates that the government system will be maintained on unsectarian lines. The whole discussion has brought the school work of this church into prominence and led the government to feel and admit its responsibility in the matter of educating the children of Indian immigrants.

Another matter coming up for consideration is a proposal to make attendance at school obligatory from 5 to say 11 or 12 years of age, or till pupils have passed the IV. standard. Also that so far as attendance is obligatory the schools shall be free. If these two points are gained we shall re-

joice. For their parents and planters will drive the children to school that they may pass the necessary standard and be permitted to go to work.

For infants who make 200 attendances in a year, if taught in a separate room, we get \$3.60 per annum from the government. If in the same room, \$2.40. For all who pass a standard higher than they had attained before, we get \$6.00 per annum. Some special grants have also been made to us to provide for special cases, so that this year we hope to earn nearly \$6000 from government, which is prepared more and more to provide for the secular instruction of the Hindu children. This indeed is, for the future, assured either through your mission schools or at the hands of the government. Local interest in the work has been secured and is yearly deepening. The importance of these Indian immigrants to Trinidad is now recognized by the government and by the people generally to an extent it never was before.

When sugar fell below \$2.00 per cwt., and the coolest heads in that hot country were dismayed at the hopeless prospect, our East Indians accepted reduced wages and partial loss of work with commendable patience. They returned to the cocoa estates where they are destined to do good work in the future. They have flowed into the interior and settled so that if we had the English franchise 3000 of them would have votes. Guided by British skill, they have, to a large extent, made, and in the late sugar crisis, saved, Trinidad.

They are appreciated more than they ever were. They are understood better, and they feel more at home. That your mission has contributed its share to this happy result is generally admitted: and in consequence the influence and importance of the work are manifestly increasing.

Let me here say once for all that while Trinidad has greatly benefited by her Indian immigrants, these immigrants owe very much to Trinidad. They come, in most cases, without a rupee,

In 1887 they had deposited in the Government Savings Bank £49,254 stg, and remitted to their friends in India £2000. And those who returned to India in that year took with him £12,065 stg. in bills and specie, besides gold and silver ornaments which they were wearing, to the value of £1000 more. This implies both industry and thrift in the people, and valuable opportunities of exercising them in the country.

We must never lose sight of the relation of our work in India. India comes to the American shores to lure us to mission work.

Men converted in Central India are Catechists in Trinidad. Men and women converted in Trinidad are living and preaching the gospel at Neemuch and Calcutta and various places between. India furnishes our language and our literature. We are part of a great people, 100 millions of whom speak the same tongue.

That the people give so liberally and are so willing to take part in Christian work is another ground for encouragement. I am deeply interested in Home Missions and would rejoice to see much more done both in the North West and in New Brunswick. But the heathen are much more to be pitied than men at home, who have the Bible, the catechism, the Psalm book, and a Christian training to begin with. They could and ought to have met in families and in bands, and formed their own church, though dwelling solitarily in the wood. Our converts are doing this. One man for instance far away from any missionary, is the chief spiritual guide of some 35 christians, and missionary to twice as many heathens. Another, converted in India, has a large settlement to work for. Surely well trained members and elders at home might in this imitate our converted Hindus with advantage.

What has been done in St. Lucia by native workers under the direction of Mr. Jas. B. Cropper shows what may be done if only we honestly take up the work that God sets before us.

Missionaries spend Saturday forenoons in training the native agents. This work is extremely important. Young lads are employed as monitors at salaries ranging from one to three dollars per month. Their work is to aid in getting in the children and in teaching them the first and second Standards. These grow up to assistant teachers in the larger schools, and ultimately teachers. Any missionary may employ a promising convert as a catechist, if his estimate will bear the cost. These are trained for their work and if successful are placed on the permanent list by the Mission Council. The best of these catechists are the material out of which a native ministry should be trained. This is now our most pressing duty.

Our work is important and encouraging. The future is bright with hope and weighty with responsibility. The evangelization of this people is your work, if you rise to the call of duty and the demands of the occasion. From Port of Spain to the Pitch Lake, that is, the most populous part of the Island, is occupied by our mission, except a gap between the Tunapuna and Couva Districts. (That gap may yet perhaps be closed up.) Before us lies a goodly inheritance to possess for Christ. The time has come to define the

issue we are aiming at in Trinidad. Some good has been done. Are we just to go on doing some more good within more or less circumscribed limits—using leaven disproportioned to the meal with results that are disappointing? With the vacancy at Couva filled up, present means and efforts are adequate to such a result. If however, we are fully to possess this people— if we are to drive out heathenism instead of sharing the land with it, these present means and efforts are inadequate. Let us say distinctly whether we take up this wider and nobler aim, and if we do, let us summon up resolution to face it with large-hearted Christian enterprise. To evangelize the Hindus of Trinidad, so far as man's part is concerned, is surely not beyond the strength of the church. We are, I believe, called in Providence to this, and it is a splendid opportunity. Let us not halt after a good beginning, but seize the occasion and press on to the victory.

As a step towards this we have asked the Foreign Mission Committee to give us a fifth missionary for Trinidad, that arrangements may be made for effectively training native pastors and catechists. The committee have agreed to do so, as soon as practicable. These cautious men (and some of them are perhaps cautious to excess) considered the matter, laid it on the table, slept and prayed over it, then endorsed it unanimously. They dare not go back. They could not stand still. They decided to go forward. Fathers and Brethren, who among you, being in their place, would have done otherwise. Only your older missionaries are able to train the native pastors. The burden on them now is almost more than they can carry, To drift on is to wear out the time and miss the opportunity—to save in the spring and lose in the harvest—to let the flood-tide pass without launching the ship. This is surely not to be dreamed of. Duty and enterprise alike forbid it.

With your cordial support the means necessary will doubtless be provided. For the agents we must pray to God and look to the sons and daughters of our church both here and in Trinidad. Parents and friends and congregations must hold themselves ready to give up their loved ones when the call of God comes. The best men are wanted and a good man for the work is worth untold gold. The danger must not be magnified and craven fears encouraged. We lend our sons to battle and erect monuments to our Parkers and Welsfords when they fall and hush our children around the winter's fireside with tales of their bravery. To reap the harvest of the sea we man our fleets though every year brings its tale of cruel sufferings and watery graves, and all this is heroic. But

when men and women fall in reaping the harvest of souls it is too often considered *waste*. This will never do. Soldiers press on to victory, over the dead bodies of their comrades sure of a nation's applause. Let the church then rejoice when her best and bravest leave her home entrenchments to scale the enemies' ramparts. When the call of God comes to one of your most promising young men let no tears be shed for him. Send him to the battle field with an anthem, and if he falls there send another to fill his place. What are a few lonely graves to weep about if God be glorified and the heathen be redeemed. We must all die once and somewhere. When and where matters little, if only our work be done. There is an earnest call for three men from Canada. Will not someone, moved by the spirit of God and hedged in by His Providence, say with ripened resolution "Here am I, send me."

In sailing down the East River lately there were times when but little water-way was visible. The way was however never closed, but opened up as we advanced and at length stretched away in a long reach to Rictou, where we arrived as night closed in. Thus in Trinidad we have often felt our way, where we could not see far ahead. Now however, we seem to be able to look down a long reach out into a large and safe place; and we propose to trim our fires and under a full head of steam press earnestly forward before the night comes on.

THE RELATION OF CHILDREN TO THE CHURCH AND THEIR MUTUAL DUTIES.

A PAPER READ AT THE HALIFAX PRESBYTERY'S S. SCHOOL CONFERENCE AT STEWYACKE, BY REV. ADAM GUNN.

There has been an idea prevalent and I do not know if it has died out altogether yet, that children are to grow up strangers to God, and, after they have come to years of maturity to be converted during a revival of religion or under the preaching of the Word. There is no foundation for such an idea in the scriptures. The children of christian parents are included in God's covenant with their parents, for the Apostle Peter says, "The promise is unto you and your children," and the Apostle Paul says, "The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband, else were your children unclean, but now are they holy. This relation exists by birth. It is not made by baptism, but baptism acknowledges it and formally enrolls and connects the child with the visible church, and yet is it not a sad

fact that with all our teaching so many of the young, young men more especially, are not in full communion with the church, and do not consider themselves christians and we require to have recourse to evangelistic services to bring them in, when the scripture idea is that they should grow up in the church. If the church discharged her duty faithfully, and by the church I mean the family, the Sabbath School, and the pulpit, there would be hope that the children would grow up to serve the Lord from their infancy, that there would be no time of which they were conscious in which they did not love the Lord. The object of our teaching then should be not to have the child store up truths in his memory for future use, but for present use, that the child may now love and serve God. The Divine injunction is, "bring them up," not for future conversion, but "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." "Train up a child in the way he should go." It is not merely in the way in which he should go when he is old, but in the way in which he should now go. The true idea of christian training is that the child should grow up a christian, and never know himself as being otherwise. I have no sympathy with the doctrine that denies original sin, and asserts that christian nurture is educating the good that is in the child. The scriptures plainly teach the existence of original sin, the corruption of the human nature, yet is it not more likely that the evil can be overcome when the child is young than when confirmed by years of sinful habits? And is he not more susceptible to faith when young than after he comes to riper years? A child may not be able to understand the philosophy of religion, but doctrines that he cannot intellectually receive he may practise. There may be love, faith and repentance in the child's life before he can comprehend what is meant by those terms.

Infancy and childhood are the ages most susceptible to good. It is a pernicious idea that the child must first grow up in the wrong of sin and afterwards be converted to God, that there must be first a season of disobedience before there is obedience, a time of hatred before there is love. It is true that child is born in sin and must receive a new heart, but God can give that new heart in infancy as well as in riper years. The Spirit can work as well on the soul of the child as on that of the adult. Children through their mother's teaching have learned to love their absent father whom they never saw, at an age so early that they were never conscious of a time in which they did not love their father, and is it not possible so to present Jesus to the little ones

in his matchless love, dying in our room and stead that their hearts will be drawn to Him at a similar early age? .

The way in which Alexander the Great attained such a powerful army with which conquered the world was by having children born and brought up in the camp, whereby they become so well acquainted and exercised into weapons from their infancy, that they looked for nothing else but to fight., and if this world is ever to be won for Christ the children must be brought up to serve the Lord, or in the words of scripture, brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Whilst it is the church's duty to make conquests from the world, by going to the highways and hedges and compelling men to come in, yet we must never forget that if the church is to thrive it must be more especially by growth from within. Our Dominion and the neighbouring Republic are greatly increased from year to year by immigration, but a nation's chief dependence for growth ought to be from its own households, so with the church. And when children are thus trained for the Lord from infancy we may expect higher types of christian character than when converted after coming to manhood. Then there will be a people educated to all good enterprises, and it is then that we may expect the kingdoms of this world to become the Kingdom of our Lord and His Christ.

This is nothing new. Children have been so trained. Of Samuel, it is said "He ministered unto the Lord being a child." Jeremiah and John the Baptist were sanctified from their birth. Timothy from a child had known the Holy Scriptures. Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Richard Baxter, Matthew Henry, Isaac Watts, President Edwards and many of the most eminent christians that ever lived began to serve God early in life; some of them never knew the time when they did not love the Lord.

Let us teach the children now to trust in Christ and seek to have them grow up in Him. It is hardly necessary that I should say here that the children ought to attend the preaching service. The Sabbath School was never intended to supersede the pulpit; and if it is necessary that they should be absent from one of the services I would say, let it be the Sabbath School, but they may attend both, and as you farmers put the hay in the rick low enough for the lambs to reach it, so our preaching ought not to be beyond the understanding of the children. It is true that sometimes they are restless and may not be able to sit still like older people, but that is no reason why they should be left at home, and even although

restless we are not to infer from that, that they give no heed to what is said.

Mr. Hammond the "children's evangelist" tells of a little boy who was severely censured by his father on returning from church for inattention during service. The boy persisted in declaring that he heard all the preacher said. His father would not believe him, accusing him of looking more at the rafters than at the preacher. "But, father, I did hear all the preacher said and I can tell it to you."

He then began and astonished his father by giving the text, the heads of the sermon and much that was in it.

"I declare," said the father, "you did hear the sermon."

"I told you I did, father; and now I can tell you exactly how many rafters there are in the roof, for I counted every one of them during the service."

Often in my pastoral visitations I ask the children about the sermon of the previous Sabbath, and whilst there are some who can tell nothing of it there are others who can give more of it than many adults can.

Whilst I would urge no one to come to the Lord's Table, yet when children give evidence of having a knowledge of the way of Salvation and of exercising faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, if they desire to come they should not be hindered, but rather encouraged. The fold of Christ is for the protection of the young in Christ as well as pasture ground for those of mature age. The little babe needs the anxious care of a mother and so should the children have all the protection that church fellowship can give them. Spurgeon who receives many children into his church says, that whilst often he has to discipline those received in adult age, it is seldom that he has to discipline one that he receives in childhood.

The youngest person I think that ever I received into church communion has been studying for the last few years with a view of labouring as a missionary in China. Another I received when young, his mother expressing fear that he did not understand what he was doing, has now for some years arrived at manhood, and is one of the most consistent members of my church. When children are in full communion with the church we are not to expect them to act as old people. Religion does not limit nor suppress the plays of childhood. It does not forbid healthful recreation or innocent sport. I heard an elderly person say of a boy who was in church fellowship.

"He is a fine boy but he is so full of play." So he ought to be.

None ought to be happier than he. Was it not predicted as a happy time for Jerusa-

lein when "the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." Let us pray more earnestly and labour more diligently for the children expecting them to receive the *new heart* in early infancy and it will be unto us according to our faith.

New Hebrides.

LETTER FROM MRS. ANNAND.

The W. F. M. S. have published in the *Witness* the following interesting note from Mrs. Annand from her far away home in the South Seas:

Our house has quite a home look about it; each room has something in it to remind us of dear friends far away many of whom we shall never likely meet on earth again. We are both well and busy all the time as something. Our work among the people is moving along very slowly; it requires much patience and waiting. A number of the men and boys attend church and school, but the women are not allowed to come yet. One of our chiefs is seldom away from church either morning or afternoon, and he has commenced to attend school lately. The other chief will not enter the building, though he says that the worship is good, but that he is not accustomed to it.

We feel much for the poor women and girls; they are such poor degraded slaves, and are beaten some times fearfully by their enraged husbands for very slight offences. Mr. Annand has interfered in two cases; one was on our premises. It is so little we can do for them yet.

We were quite touched by the conduct of the men and boys about a month ago, the day that they dug their new yam. In the afternoon the little boy who formerly owned the land our house is on, with his old grandmother carrying some yam and coconuts, which, he said, was a present for us. Then just before tea I saw the two chiefs and others coming along, each bringing yam. The chiefs first put theirs down by our door, and every man and boy in this village, except two men who are too lame to come, brought some yam, even the two youngest boys, *wee tols*, brought a small yam each. We had over two hundred weight of yam. After they had laid it down they all sat down to have a chat and show their friendliness. After a little the chief said, "Missi, is it your time to eat, go and we will sit here." So they waited. After tea Mr. Annand went and chatted with them till nearly dark. Last year the two chiefs and a few of the head men brought us presents of yam.

Dear friends, pray that the Lord may soon open the darkened minds of these poor people! They seem to be quite proud of their missionary, and say that he is to abide permanently among them. As yet, however, all they wish us here for, is that they may obtain from us such things as they desire. The truth has apparently produced but little effect upon them thus far. They come to service and listen attentively, to what is said, but they never seem to allow it to influence their conduct much. Such a thing as giving up their old heathen customs does not appear to enter their heads at all. However, when we consider their degradation we should not be surprised at that. We labor in faith that bye and bye the seed now being sown will sprout and grow; in fact it may now be germinating, and may soon appear as the tender blade. We must not expect fruit before the sowing has been well done.

Yours sincerely

M. A. ANNAND.

A MISSIONARY TOUR IN ERRO-MANGA. No. I.

BY REV. A. H. McDONALD, MISSIONARY OF THE VICTORIA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN MALIKULA.

For the Maritime.

Many of your readers will have heard of this island and will remember that on this land valuable lives have been lost. Fifty years ago John Williams landed along with his companion Mr. Harris, and owing to some misunderstanding they were murdered.

Since then the Rev. G. N. Gordon, Mrs. Gordon and the Rev. J. D. Gordon have been martyred on this island. As you come into Dillon's Bay you long to get on shore and see the spots hallowed by the martyr's blood. Now what a contrast there is. Today you may go over the whole island and unless you wrong the natives your life will be safe and you will be treated with respect.

In 1872, three months after Mr. J. D. Gordon's death, Mr. Robertson with his wife landed at Dillon's Bay. For many years great caution had to be exercised, and now the missionary and his wife have reason to be thankful to God for the steady progress that the natives have made. One of the first people introduced to me was Numponari, the youngest son of the murderer of John Williams; one son is a very successful teacher, besides being the head chief in the island, whilst another one is the teacher of Dillon's Bay infant school. The eldest son still clings to the old heathen superstition, but he gives signs now of a change coming over

him. To illustrate the change that has come over the people of this island, 3000 pounds of arrowroot were sent away last year to pay for hymn books and testaments. Mr. Robertson promised to take me with him when he went on his trip round the island, but we were unable to start till Thursday.

We were hesitating whether to go or to wait for a while, for if possible we intended to visit the heathen part of the island called Unepanga. On Wednesday night Mr. Robertson decided we should go, and so on Thursday afternoon at two o'clock, Mr. Robertson and myself set out on our journey. We had abundance of people to carry our things, for the mission natives turned out in great force to accompany the missionaries on their tour so that no danger should befall us if they could prevent it.

After saying farewell to Mrs. Robertson and Annie, we set off for the river, and having crossed over we immediately commenced to ascend. The ascent is very steep, in fact it was like climbing up a ladder for over 1000 feet.

We had many places, where we stopped in our upward journey to view the scenery, for it was well worth stopping to look at even if that were the only reason. The creek, dignified by the name of the Williams River, winds away up the valley glistening like a silver thread for miles. The hills on either side lend a certain picturesqueness to the view that vividly impresses the scene on the memory for ever. Down at the foot of the steep brae which we were ascending, peeping out from amongst the cocoanut palms and orange groves were the houses of the mission premises, while clustering about without any attention to order were the houses of the natives.

Half way up the hill the natives drew our attention to a small knoll where the Rev. G. N. Gordon had his house. A little way down the hill was the scene of the martyrdom of Mr. Gordon. He was at work putting up another house when some natives came and decoyed him away. The natives set upon him and one man made a blow at Mr. Gordon's spine. Mr. Gordon knocked the axe out of the man's hand and then the remainder of the natives came after Mr. Gordon. After a time Mr. Gordon started to run back to the house, but before he got far he was knocked down and despatched. One native had been detached to kill Mrs. Gordon, so as the missionary was breathing his last his wife was despatched to meet him in the "Homeland". Such hallowed recollections came up in my mind that for a time I stopped on the spot.

On getting up on top of the hill the path led along the ridge until we were near the

end of our journey. Our way for miles was through rich pasture land that would delight the hearts of Australians. This is of no use to the natives at present for besides being indolent they have no cattle of their own. As years go by, however, the missionary hopes to see the chief utilising all his land.

As we passed along we saw natives burning the grass so that the road might be cleared. Here as elsewhere, people find that fire is the easiest way of clearing the road through grass land.

Our road for a few miles was the main road to the south part of the island, and it was in good order; but we experienced a change when we came to a branch path. We had not been long on our way when it commenced to rain, so a halt was called for consultation as to whether we should go forward or backward. After a little talk forward was the decision, as it would be easy to return next day if the rain continued. The rain fell all the afternoon, and as we passed through lanes with reeds on both sides we got a continued shower bath. Were it not for the damp state of things round about us we would have enjoyed this walk immensely.

We arrived at the end of the path on the ridge at last and found ourselves on the edge of a high cliff looking down on a village at our feet. After clambering down, slipping here and there owing to the greasy state of the road, we reached the end of our days journey namely the village of Rampuntomasi.

The village had a lot of coconut trees and orange trees planted long ago when Mrs. Robertson first came to this village. I was much pleased to see that some effort had been made by the natives to keep the place in order. The natives here are much cleaner than I had expected and evidently have had the restraining influence at work. We found a native grass house nicely cleaned out prepared for us so that after putting on dry clothes we were able to make ourselves comfortable. After tea we had worship, and being tired soon retired to rest. The natives when they had done their chatter, gathered together and sang their hymns.

Early in the morning I awoke to hear one of the natives read a portion of Matthew to his companions. We were up betimes, and after worship had our food and then I went for a walk along the jagged coral. On coming back I found Mr. Robertson preaching to the villagers. After the service was over Mr. Robertson took the census of the people round about. The death rate of Erromanga is not so high as in some other islands, yet Mr. Robertson told me that there were now fewer people on the island than last year by one hundred.

All the people here were glad to see the

missionaries, yet Mr. Robertson told me that he at one time was unable to come to the village owing to the hostility of the people.

The villagers now are all christians and although there may be some shreds of superstition clinging to them, yet it is touching to see them listen eagerly while the missionary is proclaiming Jesus Christ the Redeemer of the world.

After getting our things packed we set our faces toward the village of Rampunya-teve, where we were to make a short halt. The way was winding and we had very little level road, and what level road we had was very greasy so we had to progress with a sliding motion. We came along through some very rich jungle land, land that should have been supporting many villages. It is the one thing that surprises me here, viz.: the few people on the island. The land is sufficient and fertile enough to support thousands of natives, yet there are comparatively few people on the island. Throughout the day I saw many splendid varieties of crotons, *Dracaenas*, *Hebiscus*, one stands astonished at the abundance of vegetation. Guavas, custard apples, egg plants, pine apples, coconuts, mummy apples, yams, bread fruit, taro, kava, oranges, lemons, and sugar cane all grow in profusion here so rich is the soil. One feature I noticed about the natives to-day and that was that they had not such a clean appearance as those natives which we saw yesterday. Mr. Robertson addressed the people here and then after some food we started onwards for the village of Rampunumokasx. As we went along the Chief of Dillon's Bay asked leave to bring in his brother as he was anxious to shake hands with the missionaries. This man has been a great heathen, but there are signs now of his desire to come in and give over his heathenish practices. Along with this man another was brought in and it was a great day in his life for to-day the ban that was laid upon him was to be taken off. This man lapsed two years ago, and in order to discipline him he was put out of the church privileges, but as he wished very much for a long time to come back Mr. Robertson took this opportunity of receiving the man back into fellowship. I am told that the natives think this is a punishment and feel it so. A little further on a great wailing was heard, and the reason for this was that a wife was wailing for her husband. When the husband dies the wife has to wail for forty-nine days. This woman had been crying for fourteen days.

When we reached Rampunumokasx we found a new house built for us and everything was in readiness for us. A fire was at once built, and after evening worship we

were soon asleep. In the morning the natives of the village were summoned to service by the ringing of a cow bell. At this place Uswo took service. Everybody was attentive while Uswo pressed home the truth. After the service Mr. Robertson took the census of the surrounding district and then settled various disputes.

We next went a mile further on to see another village, and after making due enquiries there we started back for Dillon's Bay, for the roads were in such a state that our journey would have been very difficult. To day a man that had been shut out of the community for attempted murder was shaken hands with and admonished not to do so again. At this spot the sole survivor of the murderers of Mr. Gordon has given land for a church to be built on and there is every hope that he will be on the Lord's side.

After reviewing the work done on this visitation I am glad to be able to record the great improvement that is perceptible in the mission natives as contrasted with the heathen natives. It is a hard struggle for a native to give up all for Christ, and it is very pleasing to be able to see the great good that christianity has done for this people. They are no longer vile animals, but they are christian people trying in some measure to live the life of christians. I saw many brave examples of christians, and although people may point to natives who come around for the sake of good things yet we do not need to come down to the New Hebrides to gaze on parasites. It comforted me much to see so plainly the evidence of the power of the gospel. We all can say with Paul, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." As we were on our way back I thought that people living in favored lands might get great good if they could see how much is being done to the islanders. As the sun was setting, lighting up all the valley, making the hills for miles exceedingly beautiful, we arrived at the top of the hill opposite the mission house and rapidly descending we soon got home. We were glad to get back safely to the mission house. The journey was a very instructive one, and it was a source of great joy to me to see the people receive the gospel.

We were very thankful however, when we once again assembled in the mission house to give thanks to Almighty God for his mercies to us. A. H. MACDONALD,

Religion is intended for both worlds, and right living in this is the best preparation for the next. Character is decisive of destiny.—Tryon Edwards.

A FATAL LEAK.

A gentleman living in the country, whose supply of water for household purposes was scant, had a cistern dug near his house for collecting the rain which fell on the roofs of the buildings. For a time the expedient answered perfectly; the supply of water was abundant. Suddenly, however, the pump failed to give forth the contents of the reservoir. The rain would fall copiously, and for a time a few pailfuls would be drawn, but very soon the supply ceased. The pump was carefully examined and found to be in perfect working order, and no flaw could anywhere be discovered. At length it occurred to the perplexed householder to examine the cistern itself; then the mystery was solved. It was found that in one corner the cement had cracked, and there was a gaping leak which allowed the water to escape into a distant pit. It was now plain that however freely the rain might fall the cistern would soon be empty again, as there was this ever-widening leak through which the water disappeared. Such a leak in our church life is the Sabbath profaned or neglected. The rains from above may fall abundantly, the church's machinery may be diligently plied, but the law of the Sabbath largely forgotten will prove a leak serious enough to undo and render nugatory the happy influences both of the showers of heaven and the labours of man. It has been well said: "The streams of religion run deep or shallow, according as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected."—*Pearl of Days.*

MURMURING.

No blessing comes to the murmuring, complaining, discontented heart. When once this evil of discontent entered into the soul, nothing is right. Even the "angels' food" was not good enough for the murmuring Israelites, and "the corn of heaven" could not satisfy those whose souls were filled with the discontent of earth. But when once the heart has found rest in God, and all its murmurings are hushed in sweet submission to his will, there is peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and a hallowed confidence in the kind providence of Him who hath done all things well. "Let your conduct be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that he may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man can do unto me."

MRS. LORING'S AWAKENING.

It was one of those warm July mornings in which summer sunshine seems to delight to impress upon us all the fervency of her nature. Mrs. Loring wearily opened her eyes, after a fitful, uneasy slumber. She was awakened by the noise which her husband was making as he performed his toilet. The shades were drawn up to the tops of the windows and the broad, warm rays of the sun were streaming into the room. How her head ached! and how weak and unrefreshed she felt! She looked at her husband with a sort of wondering admiration, as he stood before the mirror, brushing his hair with immense energy, loudly whistling the while. "How well, and full of life he seems," she thought, and she said, "Tom, do you never feel tired?"

"Oh no, indeed," he replied, "I don't know what it is to be tired."

"Nor sick?" she continued.

"No, never, my dear."

"Oh Tom, I do feel so weak and weary this morning," she said.

"Well, my dear," replied Tom, carelessly, "if you want to be strong and hearty, you should exercise more, and take good care of yourself—but don't stop to talk now, it is time this moment that you were up, for you know there is a great deal to be done this morning."

Yes, indeed, she well knew that, for this was the day appointed for the Sunday-school picnic down at Paradise Bay. All the previous day she had toiled to make preparations for this fete, and in the great cool pantry just off from the kitchen, were carefully laid away a half bushel of light, flaky crackers, sprinkled with white sugar; half a dozen loaves of lemon and sponge cake; two large platters of tongue and chicken sandwiches, folded in damp napkins, and covered with large tin pans, to keep them moist and fresh. Besides these, she had promised some of her dainty soda biscuit, of which Mr. Loring was so proud. He boasted of his wife's cooking, and well he might, for she had a deft way of measuring and mixing, which made whatever she put her hand to turn out just right.

Tired as she was, there was no alternative but to rise and take up the burden of the day. The family must have breakfast, and the baskets of eatables were yet to be packed ready to go. So she made a hasty toilet, twisting her beautiful hair into a tight knot at the back of her head, threw on a dingy calico wrapper, and went out into the kitchen, where Lisbeth the little German girl, whom she had taken from the village almshouse to keep her, was already frying saus-

age for breakfast. The hot sun streamed across the floor, the flies buzzed about, and the strong odor of the frying pervaded the room, and made her feel more faint and ill. Peter, her seven-year old son, was perched on the back of a chair, rummaging the top shelf of a closet, in search of his fishhooks, which he had hidden up there in an old teapot, away from his brother Edmund. Mrs. Loring walked to the stove, pushed the frying pan back, and placed over it a tin cover to keep in the smell, closed the blinds, drove out the flies with her paper whisk, and directing the little maid to set the table, she proceeded to measure and sift her flour, preparatory to making her biscuit. Mr. Loring in the meantime hustled in and out, with the boys at his heels, hauling out from closets and drawers various baskets, kettles and boxes in which to pack the good things they were to take to the picnic—and papers and string, knives, towels, bottles, pans, and pails were strewn in their wake like wreckage on the sea. Through the open door, she could see her daughter Minnie, swinging herself in the hammock, cool and calm, turning over the leaves of a new book. On the table in the corner was Minnie's white dress (which she had washed the evening before) rolled up tight in a towel, yet to be ironed for her to wear to-day.

Mrs. Loring sighed—but went on with her work! At length the biscuit were made and baked—soft and snowy on the inside; crisp and brown on the outside; the breakfast was ready, and the hungry family gathered around the table, full of fun and excitement.

"Minnie," said the mother, "please pour out the coffee, I will not come in just yet, for I want to press out your dress while the irons are hot."

No objection was made to this. She was not going to the festival. The demands upon her strength in making ready the eatables left her no desire to join in the pleasures of the day, and the family had grown accustomed to leaving her out of all their plans.

Ironing, alone in the heat, she listened to their talk and laughter, and a bitter feeling crept into her heart as she thought, "I have no part in all this, except to do the drudgery."

The meal was soon over, and the confusion increased, for the boys were to be dressed, and Mr. Loring called continually upon his wife for one thing or another. Minnie was in her own room getting ready to go, and poor Mrs. Loring was almost beside herself as she tried, while lending a hand, now here and now there, to direct Lisbeth to clear up the kitchen and get the dishes washed.

At length the voice of Mr. Loring calling

her loudly from up stairs caused her to leave everything and rush breathlessly to him. "Yes, Tom, what is it?" Tom stood with his back to the window, holding a small hand glass before him, carefully pulling out with a pair of tweezers here and there a grey hair from among his whiskers. So intent was he, that he did not remove his eyes from the face in the mirror to the jaded one of his wife, but said serenely:

"Margie, it has just occurred to me that perhaps it would be well to let Lisbeth go with us to-day; there are a good many things she can do to help us, and poor girl, I notice she looks rather dull this morning. I think a holiday and a little 'let-up,' from her work would do her good. Don't you think, as we shall all be away, that you could do without her to-day?"

Mrs. Loring opened her blue eyes wide at this speech. They flashed and flamed just for a moment, as she thought, "He is far more solicitous concerning his servant than thoughtful of his wife." Her husband while waiting for her answer, smiled at himself in the little glass as he twitched out one very white hair, and did not see the look of indignation in his wife's face.

"Well, Margie," said he, at last looking up, "what do you say?"

"Oh, yes," she replied pleasantly, "she can go if you wish it."

"All right, then," said he, "tell her to get ready at once, for the wagon will soon come for us."

Lisbeth was nearly wild with delight at the unexpected pleasure, and started at once for her room, but she turned back again.

"But the dishes, ma'am, and the beds," she said, "and who will make the supper? It must be that I shall not go."

"Yes, Lisbeth, go," said Mrs. Loring, "and you can help all the more when you come home." Thus reassured, the girl sped away to don her holiday fluary, and be ready to join the party.

At last they were all gone. She watched them from the door, until they had passed the turn in the road just beyond the saw mill, then she went back into her disordered house, and did what a woman would naturally do under the circumstances—she dropped into a chair, and cried as if her heart would break. Cherry, the big black cat, who had been for many years a pet in the family, walked back and forth, rubbing himself against her dress, mewing and purring as if troubled to see her grief.

"Ah, Cherry," said she, "You and I are left here alone, and I am grateful even for your sympathy," and she arose and poured out a saucer of milk for her old friend in acknowledgment of his affectionate concern.

At this moment she heard voices under her window. A couple of tardy ones were hurrying on to overtake the party.

"The Lornings are gone," said one.

"Not Mrs. Loring," replied the other, "she never goes out. She was such a pretty bright girl when he married her, but she has grown now to be a poor faded out drudge."

She listened in amazement. The words were a revelation to her. "Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that I am alone in fault?" and her thoughts went back fifteen years, when Tom Loring and she stood up in the pretty parlor of her father's house, in another State, and how the wedding guests had praised the manly beauty of the groom and the loveliness of the bride. How Tom would follow he around like her shadow, and never seemed happy out of her sight; how when they went to live in the little cottage under the hill, that she had resolved to be a model house-keeper, and how her new duties had so fully occupied her time and made her so tired that she had no inclination to go out among their old friends in social visits as Tom delighted to do. Then the children came, Minnie, Edmund, and Peter, and with them more care and less strength. How often she had repulsed Minnie's offers to "help mamma," and had driven the boys from the kitchen because it was so much easier to do the work herself rather than to be bothered with their noise and awkward efforts to help her and so, in all these years, little by little, it had come to be understood that "Mother never went out;" that mother was always busy in the kitchen, and rarely ever joined in any festivities—and yet, no one could make better bread, or cake, or pies. Her soft soap was the boast of the village, her pickles and preserves always won the prize at the county fair, but she had grown to have a pinched, listless look, her pretty brown hair was done up in a careless fashion, and her clothes were plain and dowdy. She was always at work, and must dress for it, and many an evening, late into the night, did she spend in the kitchen alone while the family were in the sitting room busy with their various occupations, the boys with their lessons, Minnie with her fancy work, or entertaining her young friends, Mr. Loring with his newspaper or book, for he was a home man, and enjoyed his home evenings rather than that questionable gathering place for men in the country; the village store and post-office. Often when she had heard them talking and laughing together, she had felt bitterly toward her husband and children, and wished that she could die and get away from all this indifference and hard work, into that land of love and happiness and sympathy, which was

beyond. But now! oh! how many things came to her! Had she not persistently put the love and consideration of her family away from her? Had she not, after all, brought this on herself? Tears, not angry tears now, were trickling down her cheeks, and as she moved about putting the disordered house to rights she was thinking and planning. A new light had dawned upon her, and this is what she did.

She opened the door of her pretty little parlor, so cosy and tasteful, with its piano, bookshelves, upholstered furniture and lace curtains, and she walked directly to the long mirror between the windows, looking earnestly and attentively at the figure she saw there. It was that of a woman about thirty-five, not bad looking, with large, expressive blue eyes, but darkly underlined hollow cheeks, hands rough and unshapely. A form tall, but slightly bent; gaunt and limp-looking in her faded calico wrapper.

"I don't wonder much," said she. "I have chosen to be a drudge. I look like one. No wonder that they treat me as one. No wonder that my husband does not care for me, and my children are indifferent. I have a duty in this matter which I have never realized before. To make them respect me, I must first respect myself. To be the adviser, friend, companion and true wife and mother I crave to be, I must not make the kitchen my home, but if I must work there, then they must share my labors.

Now I will see what can be done in the way of permanent improvement," and she proceeded upstairs to her room, and opened the door of her wardrobe. There hung good dresses enough, but it had been months since she had worn any of them. Selecting a trimmed black silk skirt, she laid it out on the bed, and then, opening one of her bureau drawers, she took out a white mull sack, trimmed with lace and lilac ribbons. This had been a birthday gift from her sister who lived in the city, but it had been put away as been quite too dressy for her ever to wear. Then she let down her hair and rearranged it with braids and crimps in a manner becoming to her, and proceeded to array herself in the garments she had selected. Again she passed into the little parlor, and stood once more at the looking glass. How different from the shabby, forlorn-looking being she had seen there a short time before! and she registered a vow that it never should be seen there again.

"And now," she said, "I am going to give myself a holiday." So she closed the blinds and doors, and taking out the last magazine and a pillow, she went out under the shade of the old oak tree, and gathering herself in-

to the hammock, for the first time in her life she read herself to sleep, a deep, peaceful, restful sleep, and when she awoke she felt stronger and better than she had done for weeks.

The sun was nearly down. The party would soon be coming home, but she did not stir. She had laid the wood in the stove all ready to light, and filled the tea kettle, but no further preparations had she made towards getting the supper.

Presently she heard the clatter of horses' hoofs along the country road, the singing and the laughing of the returning merry-makers; still she remained quiet.

Mr. Loring, Minnie, Edmund, Peter and Lisbeth were set down at the door with their empty baskets and boxes, and she smiled at their consternation as they exclaimed, "What are the doors shut up for?" "How awfully still everything is!" "Where's mother?" Still she remained silent in her swinging retreat. After a short wondering search, the boys shouted, "We've found her. Here's mother, out here in the hammock, and she looks just too lovely for anything."

"Hello!" said Mr. Loring, as he came out into the yard, "what's up? Why Maggie! how sweet and pretty you do look," and he stooped down and kissed her softly on the cheek, while Minnie pressed closely to her mother's side and affectionately took her hand.

"Sit down a moment, children and Tom," she said. "I have something to say to you;" and she set up in the hammock and rested her feet on the ground, while they, awestruck with her manner, dropped into rustic seats which were near.

"I have been doing a good deal of thinking," she said, "while you have been away, and I have resolved to turn over a 'new leaf.'" And then she told them what I have related to you. They listened attentively, with mingled curiosity and admiration, and acquiesced heartily in the plans which she, in her new role, unfolded to them.

From that day the Loring were a happier and more united family. Not that the change was brought about at once, but gradually a division of labor was instituted.

Minnie, in time, became her mother's loving companion and able assistant. The boys learned to perform many little household services to help their mother. Mr. Loring developed into a thoughtful, helpful husband, and when he came to know by experience how hard his wife had toiled, was not only willing but deemed it quite necessary that she had a strong, competent person to assist her. Mrs. Loring grew to be patient and winsome, and took her proper place in society. One little remark made by Peter

will indictate the nature of the change. "I say, Edmund," said he one night as they were undressed for bed, "how nice and pleasant mother is; I am real proud of her; what nice stories she tells, and what beautiful songs she sings; and yet I used to think she could do nothing but scrub and scold."

—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*

ROME'S TENDER MERCIES.

In a letter to the *Times*, the secretary of the Evangelical Alliance says—A poor man, a Protestant, of Ilvaho, in Portugal, was lately tried at Aveiro for the crime of refusing to take off his cap to a cross carried at a funeral. He was allowed a legal adviser, but the judge as well as the prosecutor turned against him; he was condemned to twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labor, without the option of a fine, and costs besides; he has appealed against the cruel sentence, and the Evangelical Alliance, is now watching the case.

At Campo Briptano, a small town in Spain, where for many years the pure Gospel has been made known, a Protestant chapel, with the permission of the authorities, had been built and opened. On the Lord's Day, when the Protestants and their pastor had assembled for morning worship, a mob of men and women (about 1,000) instigated by Romish Priests, surrounded the door in great excitement, shouting out, 'Death to the Protestants,' causing the small congregation to fear for their lives. The police fortunately arrived in time and dispersed the mob, but the chapel has since been closed and by order of the authorities, and the Protestants cannot move about without risk to their lives. The Madrid committee of the Spanish branch of the Evangelical Alliance has appealed for protection to the Protestants.

Why is it that it is only where Romanists are in the minority they talk so charmingly about religious freedom? Are there any Protestant countries in which scenes similar to the above, but with the boot on the other leg, take place? One rule in this Protestant land, another in Papal countries?

The Jews in New York city have forty-nine synagogues, and constitute a larger population than in Jerusalem itself, numbering nearly 90,000. They form an influential element, many of them being bankers, merchants, editors and politicians. Although comprising ten per cent. of the population, they contribute less than one per cent to the criminal classes.

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

However 'harmless' tobacco may be to moderate and careful users—who, as Dr. C. W. Lyman states in a late entertaining paper, may avoid some of the virulent oil and nicotine by thorough combustion and clean pipes or cigar holders—it is unquestionably capable of producing most poisonous effects. The most noticeable and important symptom of nicotine-poisoning is a depressed action of the heart, often known as "smoker's heart." In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys, all of classes and of average health, who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, thirth-two were found to have irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, coughs, and a craving for alcohol; twenty-seven showed severe injury to constitution and growth; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse; and one had consumption. These symptoms disappeared within a year after the tobacco habit was abandoned. The Maoris of New Zealand were finely developed and powerful people at the time of the advent among them of the Europeans, but a passionate fondness for tobacco has sprung up among them, and has resulted in decimating their numbers and reducing them to a very inferior physical condition. There is a widespread belief that tobacco is a powerful germ-killer, and an Italian physiologist has just obtained some scientific confirmation of this view. Various microbes—such as those of cholera, typhoid fever and pneumonia—were exposed to the fumes of burning tobacco, and in every case the subsequent development of the germs was either greatly retarded or prevented altogether. Further experiments will be made to determine the germicide value of tobacco and its constituents, and whether smoking can ever claim any place in the treatment or prevention of disease.—*Selected.*

A keen struggle has been carried on in Pennsylvania recently over a prohibition amendment to the constitution, and the liquor interest has won the day. The *New York Times* says that wealthy brewers of New York city contributed \$100,000 to defeat the Pennsylvania amendment, and that the brewers of Pennsylvania contributed \$200,000 for the same purpose. Temperance people have to contend not only with the appetite of the drinker, and the individual rum-seller's love of gain, but with the powerful wealthy organized liquor interest that makes common cause, directs all its energies where the conflict is going on, and spends money freely to accomplish its purposes.

WISE AND UNWISE WAYS OF HELP-
ING.BY J. R. MILLER, D. D. IN N. Y. EVANG-
LIST.

In various ways in these midsummer days there have come to me an unusual number of appeals for help. Few of these have been requests for money; nearly all have been calls for sympathy and for such help as one heart can give another in its distress or faintness. Many of these appeals have been from strangers, coming in letters from those whose faces I have never seen.

So I have been led to think a great deal about the best ways of helping others. It was Charles Kingsley who said "We become like God only as we become of use." The duty of being helpful to others stands foremost among our duties. But there are wise and unwise ways of giving help. We all have power to do much for others, yet just what we ought to do in each particular case requires careful thought. Indiscriminate help is often more harmful than it would be to do nothing at all. Indeed oftentimes we ought to do nothing but put a little fresh hope or energy into the heart of the one who appeals to us.

There is a delightful story in the earliest annals of the Christian Church, which is rich in its practical suggestions just at this point. A poor lame man lay at the temple gate, asking alms. Two apostles were entering, and to them the beggar appealed. One of them answered "Silver and gold have I none;" so he put no coin in the outstretched hand. He might have passed on after telling the man that he had no money, but he did not. Money was not all the beggar needed, and Peter had something to give. "Such as I have give I thee."

We often stand before human needs and distresses in which we seem to have no silver or gold. Sorrow waits before us and we cannot lift it away. Lameness or blindness or sickness, or misfortune of some other kind touches our heart, but we have no miracle-working power. What shall we do in such cases? Can we do anything? Yes, we always have something which we can give, and it may be a better gift than that which the sufferer craves.

Here is a suggestive story from Turgeneff's "Poems in Prose:" "I was walking in the street—a beggar stopped me, a frail old man. His tearful eyes, blue lips, rough rags, disgusting sores—oh how horrible poverty had disfigured the unhappy creature. He stretched out to me his red, swollen, filthy hand; he groaned and whimpered for alms. I felt in all my pockets. No purse, watch or handkerchief did I find. I

had left them all at home. The beggar was old, and his outstretched hand twitched and trembling slightly. Embarrassed and confused, I seized his dirty hand and pressed it: "Don't be vexed with me, brother." The beggar raised his bloodshot eyes to mine, his blue lids smiled, and he returned the pressure of my chilled fingers. "Never mind brother," stammered he; "thank you for this—this too is a gift, brother." I felt that I, too, had received a gift from my brother."

Who will say that the word which revealed the feeling of brotherhood was not ten times a better thing to the beggar than if his hand had been filled with coin? None of us are too poor to speak kindly to the beggar who asks our alms.

Following the old story of the Beautiful Gate a little further, giving his hand to the beggar, lifting him up and healing him. Some of us say that if we only had money we would do a great deal of good. Here we learn that there are other ways of helping even beggars than by putting coins in their hands. Money is good alms when money is really needed, but in comparison with the divine gifts of hope, courage, sympathy and affection, it is paltry and poor indeed. Who will say that Peter did not do immeasurably more for the beggar than if he had filled his hands with coins and left him lying there in his lameness? Was not healing, which gave the man power to earn his own living, far better for the beggar than would have been gold enough to support him all his life in his helplessness? If we can put new life and hope into the heart of a discouraged man, so that he rises out of his weak despair and takes his place again in the ranks of active life, surely we have done a far better thing for him than if we had given him money to help him nurse a little longer his miserable unmanly despair.

What most people really need in their troubles is not to have the burden lifted off or even lightened, but to have their own hearts strengthened, so that they shall not fail in their duty, nor faint in their struggle. Not assistance in carrying the load, but a fresh inspiration of courage and energy, they may carry it for thee; but "He will sustain thee." Usually it is a good deal better for people to fight their own battles through, carry their own loads, and bear unlightened the crosses God has shaped for them, than to have any one seek to make things easier for them. We may interere with the divine discipline, when we are running up to our friends with our help at every point of stress.

It is always vastly better to give a well man something to do by which he can earn

his own bread, than to put the bread in his hand and leave him idle. In the former case we encourage him to be brave and manly; in the latter we make it easy for him to be weak and despairing. It is the poorest kindness to work out a child's school-examples for him; the truly kind thing is to encourage and stimulate him to solve the examples himself. So in all spheres of life, we may do others sore harm by unwisely helping them and making life easier for them than God intended it to be. Our mission to others is not so much to do something for them as to help to make something of them. "Our friends are those who make us do what we can," said Emerson.

All this has a very practical bearing on the question, How shall we help others? We must stand for Christ in this world of need and sorrow, and must be to men, in our little measure, what He would be if He were in our place. He has put the loaves in our hand with His blessing upon them, and we must not fail to give the hungry people to eat, that they may not faint in the wilderness. We must give just what we have to give. Because we do not happen to have silver and gold, we must not therefore conclude that we have nothing to give. Really we have better things than money coins. Bread is better than money when one is hungry. Love is better than money when one is heart-hungry. Hope is better than money when one is discouraged. Such as we have, we should always give. That is one lesson.

Another is that we should be sure not to help unwisely. When people come to us in their distress and need, it is very easy to fall into a mere emotional sympathy with them which in no way makes them stronger to bear their trouble or brave their hardship. It is easy to encourage in our friends their sense of loss or of bitterness, by merely commiserating them as they sit in the shadows, by encouraging their recital of misfortune, and by dwelling with them on the elements of sadness in their peculiar experience. This is what many mean by condolence. But we do not in this way give any real comfort to our friends. True comfort is strength to endure. The Christian's duty in sorrow is not merely to pass through it, but to pass through it victoriously. Our mission as comforters is, therefore, to help those who suffer, in whatever way, to be conquerors, and more than conquerors, through Him that loved them. Merely weeping with those who weep is not enough; we must help them to be strong, to be acquiescent in the will of God, to believe and trust and hope, even in the darkest hours. We must be sure that it is real help that we give,

help that strengthens and inspires, and not mere weak emotional tenderness that only leaves the sufferer weaker, with less courage and power to endure.

AN HONEST CHRISTIAN MAN.

The following incident will serve to illustrate the truth that a truly honest man will not take a larger sum for property than its just value, even if he is offered more.

A certain man named George Smith came one day to a farmer named Daniel Jones wishing to buy a pair of oxen, and said: "Those red oxen of yours suit me, and I will give you \$120 for them." Daniel Jones replied: "That is \$30 more than they are worth." George Smith looked wonder-struck at this remark. The farmer said: "I know the value of those oxen better than you do. One of them is a little 'breachy,' and the other one cannot bear the heat so well as some oxen, and yet there are good qualities in them; but all things considered, \$90 is all they are worth, and you may have them for that price." George Smith gladly took the oxen, and said to a man on his way home; "It beats all what a difference there is in the religion of men. Now, there is old James Clark, my near neighbor; I have heard him make many a long prayer. If he had owned these beautiful oxen he would have asked me \$130 or more for them, and he would have called them a great bargain at that price, and he would not have said a word about one of the oxen being inclined to be breachy, and the other not very tough in hot weather. I do not know anything about religion myself, but one thing I know, as well as I know where the sun shines on a warm day, and that is, there is a mighty big difference between Daniel Jones' religion and James Clark's religion.

—No greater mistake could be made by missionaries, says the *Indian Witness*, than that of yielding to the present popular demands for "results" in the shape of conversions and baptisms. Any missionary knows that he could baptize very many more than he does. He could bring in flaming reports every year; but it will be fatal to the native church of the future if there is any letting down of the high standard of the gospel in order to secure converts. Sacrifice of quality to quantity will wreck missionary effort. Better have twenty truly converted and fully consecrated souls in your native church than two thousand whose daily lives bring reproach on the Cross of Christ.

GOOD TEMPERED PARENTS.

How we insist upon good temper in our children, frowning upon stubbornness and anger, and that cross-grain of perversity which has come down from the primal parents, and is a sort of hall-mark in nearly every baby that has ever lived. But uniformly good-tempered fathers and mothers are not so common as they should be, and when we find them—managing a nursery, presiding at a table, directing a household, setting young feet in the way they should go—we feel like saying as of old was said in another connection, "their price is above rubies." It is not in the power of an ill-tempered child to do the mischief, create the suffering, cast the gloom, that an ill-tempered father can, bringing with him over his own threshold the sharpness and the chill of an east wind, nipping the soul of the sensitive girl, hardening the opposition of the obstinate boy, frightening the toddler who hides beneath his mother's skirts instead of making a grand rush for his father's arms; giving the cook and housemaid cause for gratitude that they are paid by the month and may leave when it is done, and are neither of them the man's wife, obliged to put up with his whims and caprices, his fault-finding and satire, till the end of their mortal lives. The misery an ill-tempered father can make is exceeded only by the dire wretchedness and utter helplessness which follows in the wake of a fretful, morose, discouraging, and ill-to-please mother, who more than all human beings else is a black frost in the home garden, a malarious influence in the home atmosphere. Fortunate the family where the parents are always good-tempered! Deeply to be commiserated the family where they are usually the reverse!

Consider a moment how helpless are the young people when it comes to the question of dealing with the misbehaviour of parents. You may stand the baby in the corner, and banish little Jack to the room upstairs, if either is determined to pout or storm, or cry or be "contrary." You may remonstrate with Ella, who is twelve, and desire John Henry, who is nine, to change his lowering countenance to a bright from a sullen expression. How often do we hear a mother say, "Look pleasant, my child! We cannot have cross looks in the dining-room or the parlour," or wherever it may be. But the child may not thus reprove the older person, nor send him or her from its aggrieved presence, nor do anything except bear in silence what the parent may choose to impose. Nine times out of ten, of course, the evil word is contagious, and the contagion

spreads. Sunny-hearted and sunny-faced parents make sunny hearted and smiling little folk. A habit of good humour in father and mother becomes a habit of amiability and real sweetness in the circle from the girl and boy in their teens, to the youngster in the crib.

It may be urged and with truth, that parents are often tried and troubled by anxieties of which the children know nothing. The problem of ways and means, the disappointment in anticipated remittances, the ships that never come in, the battles and defeats, and sorrows double-edged that are the portion of later life, are quite unknown to our darlings, except as the reflection from our perturbed and untroubled spirits falls upon theirs. It is well that life's morning should be cheery, and that they who are bearing the heat and burden of the day should be strong for whatever may come. But with need is promised grace. It is doubtful whether any man or woman got through a hard day more successfully by scolding at its ills, and making others miserable because its sky over his head or hers was, for the time, of iron and brass. Such skies often melt over brave hearts and true, and always, whatever the sky above our head, above that again stretches heaven, and our Father in heaven is always ready to hear us when we pray, and to send, if need be, His angels to our relief.

There are people who are plodding and toiling from morning till night, day by day, year by year, that they may "leave a fortune," or at least a competence to their children. To this end they add field to field, pile up stock in bank by laborious thrift, deny themselves everything except absolute necessities, and grow narrow and shrivelled because out of sympathy with the world beyond their own front doors, and all for the life that now is; for the fashion that passeth away. Meagre is the harvesting from such seed-sowing. It is right to be diligent and to look well to the ways of one's household in pecuniary affairs. But it is better to cultivate graces and amenities than to grow rich in money and pauperized in soul. And no future store of gold and silver can ever repay to one's children the loss that is theirs if father and mother be ill-tempered, churlish or hateful in the sight of God and man.—*Margaret Sangster, in Christian Intelligencer.*

The difficulties of Scripture I treat as I do the bones of the fish I may be eating, laying them aside I eat the fish. All that is now plain I leave for the studies and explanations of eternity.—*Cecil*

MY LAST CIGAR.

One Christmas my mother invited her children to her home to spend the day. I went, and enjoyed the last Christmas I ever spent with her. After enjoying a real good, old-fashioned Christmas dinner I went out doors to smoke an extra large and fine Havana, which a friend had given me a few days before for a "Christmas Day smoke." I found the flavor fine, but the tobacco was much stronger than I was accustomed to, so that when only a third of it was smoked I found myself quite dizzy, and compelled to cease operations, though I had used the weed for ten years.

So I let the fire go out, and after the dizziness passed off I went back into mother's presence, with the unlit cigar between my teeth. As I entered mother looked up and said:

"My son, I wish you would do something to-day that you will in the future always be glad you did do upon this Christmas day, which will be of permanent good to you through your remaining life, and make your mother happy as well."

"Name it, mother," I replied.

"Throw that cigar into the stove, and never smoke another, or use the vile weed in any way; it is a slow but sure poison, besides being an expensive habit."

I took out the cigar from my mouth, looked at it, asked myself can I leave off smoking—then I looked over to mother's chair; her eyes were closed, but her lips moved, and I felt that mother was lifting up her heart to God for me, and the words came to me, "My grace is sufficient," and instantly I raised the stove lid and threw in my Havana, and said:

"Mother I will do it."

"You will never regret it," she said, and tears of joy rolled down her cheeks. And I am happy to say I never have regretted it. The great wonder to me to day is, how I ever could consent to have endured the slavery of tobacco ten years. Having been a free man fifteen years I have come to despise tobacco in every form in which men use it. And how a father can use the vile weed, and encourage his children to use it, as thousands do in our State, is one of the most astonishing things to me, and of the saddest things I encounter. And I hope Christian women will wage their war upon tobacco as well as upon rum until it is banished from every home. Mothers, do your duty! Fathers, do it by your example as well as by precept, and then the evil will be stamped out, because there is no influence so powerful with a son as a father's and mother's.—*Christian at Work.*

THE POOR ARMENIANS!

They are under the rule of the Turk, which means that they are continually exposed to oppression, misrule, robbery and murder. They are nominally Christians, and for this they are subjected to Mohammedan-hatred and contempt. Around them, on the mountain ranges, hangs a fierce horde of semi barbarians, the Kurds, given to robbery, to ceaseless harrying of defenceless people, to lawlessness in general, and to special raids on quiet villages and agricultural districts, when fire and sword do a destructive work. It is pitiful to read of the atrocities. The Turkish government looks on with indifference, and is suspected of secretly inciting the warfare upon the Armenian Christians. But a voice that is wont to be heard in all European capitals has been lifted up in behalf of the poor wretched dwellers on the Armenian plains. Mr. Gladstone has described some of the atrocities perpetrated by the Kurdish chiefs, and makes a plea for the intervention of the European powers. It is said that the English government has made some strong representations to the Court at Constantinople and the Sultan is beginning to feel that the situation in Armenia is a serious one. Our Presbyterian Church has an interest in that far-off land, because of the presence of a number of its missionaries there.—*Phil Pres.*

A STUPID ERROR.

The most stupid of all errors which a sinner can cling to is the notion that time will make him better. His sins may give up him: it will not avail unless he also gives up his sins. Time is nothing; it is an agent; it is but a mode of thought; and if it does anything it only makes a man worse and not better by hardening him into evil habits. But the grace of God calleth you to repentance, and if you repent not, that golden, that inestimable life, which once for all God has given you must come to nothing, or better not have been. To every soul here which is at this moment in conscious and unrepented sin, I say—yet not I, but the Lord—that not health, not success, not life itself is to you, of anything like an importance so unspeakable as determined repentance. It is, it should be, for you the very work of life.—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

—The government of China has at last forbidden the drowning of girl babies. The penalty is to be sixty blows of the bamboo. This is a step in the right direction, but till parents there are Christianized, they will still make way with girl babies secretly.

THE BIBLE AND THE INTELLECT.

The point of which we are now to treat is perhaps of secondary value, but it ought not to be unnoticed. A habitual, diligent study of the Bible will cultivate the intellectual powers of young men. We all wish to have and we all need mental strength. We recognize it as one of our noblest possessions, one of the most useful, too; one having money value, as well as social and moral. And yet the average young man of to-day, when he reads at all, is inclined to occupy himself exclusively with what we call "light reading," such as is found in cheap magazines, low-grade books of fiction, and daily papers—much of it trumpery and trash. The result in such instances is inevitable. He who confines himself to such starvation stuff will become shallow-brained and superficial; he will have narrow range of vision; he will become incapable of close hard thinking and will be compelled to simply skim the surface of subjects which have any body of thought to them. On the other hand, the direct tendency of the constant use of the Bible is to develop and discipline the intellect of the reader and to enlarge his mental outlook. Does any one doubt this? Look at the wonderful contents of the book, their depth and diversity. Here we have an extended revelation of God's being and character, the most sublime form of knowledge; here we have the record of creation, of the origin of man, of the primeval history of mankind, and of the moral and religious development of our race.

Here we have the entire history and legislation of Israel. Here we have memorials of the rise and fall of earth's proudest empires. Here we have stirring glimpses into the future. Here we have reasonings and arguments of many divinely inspired advocates. Here we have the noblest ethical maxims. Here we have a full analysis of the forces and impulses which control human nature. Here we have picturesque descriptions of Old World scenery, marvelous incidents and vivid delineations of life. Here we have strains of poetry and eloquent oratory. Here we have partial biographies of patriarchs, warriors, prophets, apostles, and martyrs. Here we have the life, the sayings, the miracles of Christ, and here we have an account of the rise and progress of Christianity.

Froude has truly said of it, "The Bible thoroughly known is a literature of itself, the rarest and richest in all departments of thought or imagery which exists." From this review of its resources it is easily seen that the pages of the Bible abound in instructive matter which must inform, strength-

en, and refine the mind, which must give keen perceptions and deep sympathies. There are many other books which will perform this same office of intellectual quickening—books of science, of history, or of polite letters, but we claim a pre-eminent place for the Bible, and so commend it to you.—*Pro. John M. Naugher.*

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

It is wholly out of my power to reply to your letter in the manner which its purpose would recommend and its object requires. But I am unwilling altogether to withhold a few words which may, at any rate, serve as an indication of sympathy with your desire to profit by the treasures of the divine word. I will not dwell on the need of a light from above, or the duty of seeking it; of being vigilant against the excuses of the slothful spirit; of cultivating humility; of bearing in mind that God has, through all the long ages, had a people whom he has led; that we are not the first who come to the wells of salvation opened by Christ and His apostles. I will assume that you are strict adherents of method in this great study, as to make your results comprehensive. In this view I commend you to consider whether the table of lessons, old or new, may not be of much use. Two things, however, especially I commend to your thoughts. The first is this: Christianity in Christ and nearness to Him and His image is the end of all your efforts. Thus the gospels, which continually present to us one pattern, have a kind of precedence among the books of Holy Scripture. I advise your remembering that the Scriptures have two purposes—one to feed the people of God on green pastures, the other to serve for proof of doctrine. These are not divided by a sharp line from one another, yet they are provinces, on the whole, distinct, and in some ways different. We are variously called to various works but we all require to feed in the pastures and to drink at the wells. For this purpose the Scriptures are incomparably simple to all those willing to be fed. The same cannot be said in regard to the proof or construction of doctrine. This is a desirable work, but not for us all. It requires to be possessed with more of external helps, more learning and good guides, more knowledge of the historical development of our religion which development is one of the most wonderful parts of all human history, and, in my opinion, affords also one of the strongest demonstrations of its truth and the power and goodness of God.—*Mr. Gladstone to a Leader of a Men's Class in Manchester.*

WHAT THE DEACON SAID.

"Yes," said the deacon, "there's many a man that calls himself honest, that's never so much as inquired what amount of debts heaven's books are going to show against him. I've learned that. There were years in my life when I hardly gave a cent to the Lord without begrudging it, and I've wondered since what I'd ever have talked about if I'd gone to heaven in those days, for I couldn't talk about any thing but bargains and money-getting here, and those wouldn't have been suitable subjects up yonder.

"Well, in those years I was telling you about, it was dreadful how I cheated the Lord out of his due. Once in a long time I paid a little to our church, but I didn't give a cent to any thing else. Foreign mission Sunday was my rheumatiz day, reg'lar, and I didn't get to church. Home mission day was headache day with me allers, and I stayed away from meetin'. Bible Society day I'd generally a tech of neuralgy so't I didn't feel like going out, and I stayed at home. Tract Society day I'd begin to be afraid I was going to be deat, and oughtn't to be out in the wind, so I stayed in doors; and on the Sunday for helping the Publication Society, like as not my corns were unusually troublesome, and I didn't feel able to get out.

"Wife wanted me to take a religious paper once, but I wouldn't hear to't. Told her that was nonsense. I didn't believe any of the apostles ever took religious papers. The Bible was enough for them, and it ought to be for other folks.

"And yet, I never even thought I wasn't doin' right. I'd come into it sort of gradual, and didn't think much about giving, anyhow, except as a sort of losing business.

"Well, my little girl Nannie was about six years old then, and I was dreadful proud of her, for she was a smart little thing. One Sunday night we were sitting by the fire, and Nannie'd been saying her catechism, and by and by she got kind of quiet and sober all of a sudden she turned to me, and says she, 'Pa, will we have to pay rent in heaven?'

"'What?' says I, looking down at her, kind of astonished like.

"'Will we have to pay rent in heaven?' says she again.

"'Why, no,' says I. 'What made you think that?'

"'Well, I couldn't get out of her for a time what she did mean. Nannie didn't know much about rent anyhow, for we'd never had to pay any livin' in our own house. But at last I found out that sh'd heard some men

talking about me, and one of them said: 'Well, he's bound to be awful poor in the next world I reckon. There ain't much of his riches laid up in heaven.' And as the only real poor folks that Nannie ever knew were some folks down at the village that had been turned out of doors because they couldn't pay their rent, that's what put it into Nannie's head that maybe that I'd have to pay rent in heaven.

"Well, wife went on and talked to Nannie, and explained to her about the 'many mansions' and our 'Father's house,' you know, but I didn't listen much, I was mad to think Seth Brown dared to talk about me in that way; right before Nannie, too.

"I fixed up some pretty shap things to say to Seth the next time I met him, and I wasn't very sorry to see him the next day in his cart. I began at him right off. He listened to everything that I sputtered out, and then he said, 'Well, deacon, if you think the bank of heaven's got anything in it for you, I'm glad of it; but I never seen you making any deposits,' and then drove off.

"Well I walked over to my blackberry patch and sat down and thought, and the more I thought the worse I felt. I was angry at first, but I got cooled and I thought of Foreign Mission Sunday and the rheumatiz, and Home Mission Sunday and the headache, and Bible Society day and the neuralgy, and Tract day and the corns, till it just seemed to me I couldn't stand it any longer; and I knelt down in the blackberry patch and said, 'O, Lord, I've been a stingy man, if ever there was one, and if I ever get to heaven, I deserve to have to pay rent, sure enough. Help me to give myself, and whatever I've got, back to Thee.'

And I believe he has helped me ever since. 'Twas pretty hard work at first, getting to giving. I did feel pretty sore over the first dollar I slipped into the collection plate, but I've learned better now; and I mean to keep on giving 'as unto the Lord' till I go to heaven where Nannie's been these twenty years."—*From a Leaflet Published by the American Home Mission Society.*

—Spurgeon relates that he deemed it a strange thing when he saw on a country weathercock the motto, "God is Love," and he asked his friend if he meant to imply that the Divine Dove can be as fickle as the wind. "No," said he, "this is what I mean—*which-ever way the wind blows, God is Love;* though the cold north wind, the biting east wind, still God is Love, as much as when the warm, genial breezes refresh our fields and flocks."

REFLEX INFLUENCE.

A striking illustration of the reflex influence of missions is seen in the case of the Hermannsburg Parish, Germany. In thirty years from the time the people began their foreign mission enterprise this Church had about 150 missionaries and more than 200 native helpers in their missions, with 3,920 communicants. During the first seventeen years of this time the home Church received 10,000 members. The reflex influence of the foreign and domestic work is recognized by all. The dome of the Pantheon at Rome suggests to Brunelleschi of Florence to build the magnificent dome that for these 500 years has crowned the historic Church of that city: Rome gets back her pay through Michael Angelo, who, equally at home in Florence and in Rome, building St. Peter's Church in the latter city, taking the hint from Florence, crowns that marvel of architecture with the noblest dome in all the world. The high-domed edifice of Christianity we erect in this land shall set the pattern for yet nobler edifices that are to stand on the great heights of foreign lands; were they, in turn, incorporating such beauty and glory as the genius of other peoples shall indicate in the edifices they rear, shall make the helpful suggestion to America herself in turn, to build all the mightier and nobler structure for the King of kings.—*Missionary Review*.

FRUITS OF FAMILY WORSHIP.

TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.—PROVERBS XXII. 6.

The much-neglected duty of family worship has in its possibilities for good which a simple striking incident may help careless parents to realize, as well as encourage those who are faithful. It is found in connection with the above text in an admirable collection of "Old Testament Anecdotes," which with companion volume on the New Testament has recently been published by Messrs. Armstrong & Son, of New York.

The opening scene is a dark one in every respect. At midnight in one of the inaccessible ravines in the Black Forest a century ago, a strange auction was in progress. The place was lighted by torches, which cast a ghastly glare through the darkness of the abyss. Savage-looking men, armed to the teeth, were sitting in a circle, while one stood in the midst, holding up articles for sale. It was a gang of brigands who had that evening robbed a stage coach. According to their custom, they were engaged in selling the stolen articles among themselves.

After a good many pieces of dress and travelling bags had been disposed of, and while the glass and the bottle were going from hand to hand, and each member of the company vied with his neighbor in making unseemly jokes and setting the Assembly in a roar, a New Testament was held up last of all. The man who acted as auctioneer introduced this 'article' with some blasphemous remarks, which made the cavern resound with laughter. One of the company suggested jokingly that he should read a chapter for their edification. This was unanimously applauded, and the auctioneer, turning up a page at random, began reading in a voice of mock-devotion.

While the company were greatly amused at this sacrilegious scoffing, it was not observed that one of them, a middle-aged man, who was one of the eldest members of the gang and used to be foremost in their crimes and in their debauchery, became silent, and clasping his hands on his knees, was absorbed in deep thought. The passage which the auctioneer had read was the same which that man's father had read thirty years ago at family worship on the day when he, to escape the hands of the police, fled from the parental dwelling, never to return again. At the sound of the words which he remembered so well, the happy family circle, of which he had been a member, rose to his fancy. In his imagination he saw them all seated round the breakfast-table which was covered with the blessings of a new day. He saw his venerable old father sitting with the open Bible reading the chapter which was to prepare them for prayer. He saw his tender-hearted mother sitting by his father's side, attentively listening to the Word of God. He saw himself with his brothers and sisters joining in the devotional exercises, which entreated for them the guidance, protection and blessings of God during the day. He saw it all as clearly before his mind as if it had happened that morning. Since leaving home he had never opened a Bible, never offered up a prayer, never heard a single word which reminded him of God and eternity. But now, at this moment, it was as if his soul woke out of a long sleep of thirty years—as if the snow of a long, long winter melted away on a sudden at the sound of that well known Bible word; and all the words which his good father had spoken to him from his childhood, and all the lessons, admonitions and prayers of his pious mother—which then were scornfully given to the winds, now came flying back to his memory, as the winter crop bursts forth through the snow when the vernal sun unshackles the fields, and causes the hidden life to rise from the long dreary grave.

Perfectly absorbed in those hallowed recollections, he forgot all that was round him, heard nothing of all the scoffing, laughing and blaspheming that was passing in his presence, until on a sudden he was waked out of his reverie by a rude tap on the shoulder, which was accompanied by the question: "Now, old dreamer, what will you give for that book?" You need it more than any of us, for you are undoubtedly the biggest sinner under the firmament?" "So I am," he answered, struck to the very bottom of his heart by the truth which he recognized in that rough joke. "Give me the book. I will pay its full price." The next day the brigands dispersed through the neighbourhood to turn their bargains into money. The man who bought the Bible went also on his errand, but he directed his steps to no receiving house. He repaired to a lonely place where he spent the whole day in the agonies of unspeakable remorse. and but for the consoling words which his Bible held out to him, he would certainly have made away with himself.

But God had mercy on that repenting sinner, and sent a message of mercy and peace to his heart. The next day on entering a village where he resolved to speak to a minister, he heard that the gang was overtaken the night before by a detachment of soldiers, and taken to prison. His resolution was confirmed now all the more. He told the minister the whole of his life's story, and requested him to direct him to the police office where he gave himself up to the hands of justice. This proof of the sincerity of his repentance saved his life. His comrades were all put to death, but he obtained a reprieve from the Grand Duke, to whom his story was reported. After an imprisonment for some years he was set free on account of his exemplary conduct. A Christian nobleman took him into his service, and he proved a blessing to his master's household till he died in peace, praising Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he confessed himself to be the chief.—*Sel.*

—Shaftsbury was the philanthropist of his generation. No man of his age had such skill in reaching, touching, moving, moulding, even the worst and most hopeless criminals. One man recently discharged from prison went to him for counsel; and years afterwards, redeemed to God and humanity he was asked where his reformation began. "With my talk with your earl." "But what did the earl say?" It was not so much anything he said; but he put his arm around me, and he said, "Jack we'll make a man of you yet." It was his touch that did it. *Women's Tribune.*

GENTLE WORDS AT HOME.

What trifles make or mar the happiness of home! Mr. Jones comes home to dinner, red and perhaps a little cross. The dinner is not quite ready, the meat is a little overdone or no quite done enough, and Mr. Jones thinks he does well to be angry. It is trying, to be sure; and Mrs. Jones, if she be a loving wife, will do her very utmost to prevent such contingency; but it may be she has had the charge of several small children, with an inefficient servant in the kitchen, and has really done her best. "I wonder why I can't have my dinner in comfort like Tom Smith," says Mr. Jones. Now Tom Smith has just twice his income, and Mrs. Smith is able to keep a thoroughly efficient servant, besides which she has no children. All this Mr. Jones forgot in his anger, but not so his wife. It makes the question doubly galling to her, and she replies quickly, "I wonder why I can't have as much house-keeping money as Mrs. Smith." This turning the tables on Mr. Jones is very consoling at the time, but is another of the trifles that destroy the peace of home. A soft answer, a conciliatory word, would have stopped the quarrel at its beginning, but now retorts fly back and forth and an atmosphere of irritation and anger pervades the household for the remainder of the day—aye, for the remainder of life—for each family jar paves the way for another, unless some mighty, reforming force, some new birth of love and holiness comes in. The children catch the tone of their parents and bicker among themselves, and that house ceases to be a home except in name. Only where love reigns in every heart, where slights are neither given nor imagined, where no bitter, cutting word is ever spoken, can there be a happy, an ideal home.—*Sel.*

The Japanese Papers give gloomy accounts of the terrible floods of August 20th. in the city of Wakayama and in the districts of Nishi-Muro and Hidaka. From 10,000 to 15,000 persons are represented as drowned, and 20,424 as needing relief. The river Kinokuni rose from thirteen to eighteen feet above its usual level. Towns and embankments were wasted away. Enormous losses in property were sustained. The disaster to Johnstown which stirred public sympathy so deeply was nothing like this in extent. Probably later intelligence may modify the present reports, but there seems to be no doubt that the destruction and suffering are of an appalling character. It looks as if 1889 was determined to be memorable in the Old World as well as in the New on account of its watery devastations.

DISTRESS OF SOUL.

BY REV. WILLIAM T. BERGER.

Lord Jesus, lead me. I would leave
The sins and cares that burn my soul;
Distressing thoughts my spirit grieve
The world distracts and sorrows roll
Like conflicts o'er my weary way,
Jesus, it seems so dark to-day!

My trembling feet have often tried
To tread the way thy feet have gone,
But they have failed, a human guide
Has led my steps thro' paths unknown.
Be near me now when all is night,
Jesus, I see no breaking light!

The way seems long and lies between
This dreary earth and gates of gold:
I know if I may only lean
Upon some arm to lift and hold
My tottering steps, I soon shall gain
My home, though days are dark with rain.

Lord Jesus, lead me. Take my hand
Leave me not here to find my rest,
For who can lead in this strange land?
I would be home upon thy breast.
Be thou near me while yet I stay,
Jesus, it seems so dark to-day!

THE UNFAILING HAND.

A traveller following his guide amid the awful Alpine heights, reached a place where the path was arrowed by a jutting rock on one side and a terrible precipice on the other. The guide, holding on to the rock with one hand, extended his other hand over the precipice for the traveller to step upon and pass round the jutting rock. He hesitated, but the guide said: "That hand never lost a man." He stepped upon the hand and passed on safely.

The child of God who takes the Saviour as His guide in this world of darkness and danger, has the help of an unfailing hand. Who that has ever trusted Him has been disappointed? He stretches out His hand for our help and deliverance. He hold us by His right hand in the midst of danger. And He has said: "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." "That hand never lost a man;" blessed are they who can lie safely within its hollow, protected by its almighty grasp."—*Episcopal Recorder*.

PIOUS PROFANITY.

Young Christians, learning to pray in public, are apt to fall into the habit of repeating the name of God so frequently and in such quick succession as not only sounds ridiculous, but is in violation of the commandment that forbids the taking of God's name in vain. In that short but most comprehensive prayer which the Saviour gave us as a model, he uses the name of the Father but once. To have used it oftener would have been using it in vain. Such careless and unnecessary use of the name is not only profane, but, if done mostly to fill up, would be letting it down to the level of a sort of wadding or packing material to fill in the vacant space where ideas or words run short. Thus to use the name of God as a substitute for words to make up the volume of a prayer, or to give time to think up something else to say, is tantamount to turning it into a sort of verbose crutch or wooden leg on which to keep along in lingual lameness until the tongue can move on again in its wonted way, and is irreverent, as well as inadequate and ugly. Some good and well educated young ministers of the Gospel sometimes err in this particular without knowing it, and their friends feel a delicacy in calling their attention to the fact. And to avoid this error it is necessary to be careful as to how we use God's name in either prayer or singing; and from a want of this reverent care, there is seemingly much pious profanity in prayer-meetings and aesthetic church choirs.—*Uncle John, in St. Louis Presbyterian*.

FOR HIS SAKE.

Anything done for Christ is great, and it will be sure to bring a great reward. The greatness of him to whom the service is given makes the service great. Sir Walter Raleigh cast his cloak into the muddy street for Queen Elizabeth to step upon. The act, which done for another, would have been thought trifling or ridiculous, was commemorated in history and romance as great and honourable in him, because it was done for his sovereign. So the smallest gift you bestow the humblest work you do, the feeblest talent you employ in the service of Christ is made excellent and glorious by the infinite greatness and glory of Him whom you serve. Because you cannot do a great thing do not sit down idle and do nothing. Because you cannot startle the world with your benefactions, do not fail to give anything.

THE BIBLE TO BE STUDIED IN
YOUTH.

It is of the deepest importance that Scriptures should be studied, and, as much as possible, printed in the memory of our young days. The result is often wonderful. In the bosoms of the most reckless men some fragment of beautiful feeling often lies buried; some flower still lingers from the paradise of purer thoughts and desires, which sin has not entirely ploughed out, though it may have destroyed its blossom and fragrance. We read of a physician by whose skill the ashes of a rose in a glass, under the gentle influence of heat, gradually expanded, as from a dark cloud, into its natural loveliness. The fable of science may be realized in the purification and garnishing of the human mind. God works His miracles oftentimes by humble agents; in His hand memory may become an angel to bring us good tidings of hope and joy. Beneath its sunshine the withered flower of meekness, of purity, of patience, may revive, and be arrayed in all the charm of its original bloom. It will be by His grace, after all, that the change is effected. "Spiritual idleness," said a great and good man, may be recollected in old age, but can hardly be acquired."

The remembrance of the Bible warning, or a Gospel promise, has aroused the sleeping conscience, and poured peace into the bosom. It was while steering a vessel through gloom and tempest, and the handwriting of God flashed upon the soul of John Newton. The only child of his mother, he had been carefully instructed in the hal-
lowed page:—

"He had early learned
To reverence the volume which displays
The mystery—the life which cannot die."

Those impressions sin had obscured; but like a beautiful landscape seen in a dark night by lightning, they all revived for a season; memory spoke to him, in accents that carried him home to his mother's arms, of death and judgement to come. The landscape fades with the flash; and so the awakening thoughts of Newton died with the impulse of the hour, yet not without leaving a faint impression behind. The Bible is never studied in vain; its pictures of Christian holiness are never impressed upon the tender mind of childhood without an earlier or a later benefit. Their lustre may be obscured by crimes and sorrow, but they are not worn out; the light from heaven can awaken their colours into a more pristine beauty and freshness.—*Set.*

LINES TO A SKELETON.

About fifty years ago the London *Morning Chronicle* published a poem entitled "Lines to a Skeleton," which excited much attention. Every effort, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired, was that the poem, in a fair clerk's hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and color, in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the Curator of the Museum had sent them to Mr. Perry, editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* :

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full,
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beautiful visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor Hope, nor Love, nor Joy, nor Fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social Love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright,
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle Concord never broke!
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity.

Say did these fingers delve the mire?
Or with its envied rubicund shine?
To hew the yock or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim,
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.