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

THE MARITIME  
PRESBYTERIAN.

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WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

APRIL, 1889.

## Literary Notices.

We have just received the Twenty-fifth Annual Report of our mission vessel "Dayspring" a neat pamphlet of twenty pages. The report of the "Daysprings work, which occupies but a very small part of it, we give on another page. "The work of the native teachers" we also copy. Besides these there are statistics and reports of the work in nearly all the stations of the Mission. There are now sixteen missionaries stationed in the New Hebrides, viz. three from our own Church, two from the Free Church of Scotland, and eleven from the Presbyterian Churches in Australasia. These latter, which are rapidly growing in wealth and numbers, have been increasing their staff there until now more than two thirds of the whole mission staff are theirs and there will likely soon be more to follow, and the prospect is that ere long these churches will occupy the whole of the group.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF ERSKINE CHURCH, MONTREAL for 1888 of which Rev. L. H. Jordan formerly of Halifax, is pastor, is before us, a goodly 8 vo. pamphlet (almost a volume) of 80 pages filled with the fullest information with regard to the working of a thoroughly organized and active congregation. One feature of their work during the past year is that one of the people, an elder has undertaken the support of a missionary to the heathen, while some members of the congregation have undertaken the support of another, making two new missionaries from one congregation in one year. The pastor in an introductory letter prefacing the report gives a sum in proportion for the consideration of the congregation. It is as follows, "If one man can afford to send out a missionary to the heathen, and if a few persons combined can afford to send out a second missionary, how many missionaries might not a congregation of some 260 families send to their perishing brethren."

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for APRIL, contains the following articles, "Climbing Mt. St. Elias," with illustrations and Photographs.

"The Prevention of Railroad Strikes" "The Building of an Ocean Greyhound" with illustrations and engravings showing the various stages of progress, and a full

description of the building of those fleet footed monsters of the deep.

"A Second Shelf of Old Books" with illustrations.

"The Anatomy of the Contortionist," illustrated.

"Shakspeare's English Kings," with stories complete and serial.

Charles Scribners Sons, \$3.00 per year, 25 cts per number.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF REV. JOHN CAMPBELL of St. Marys, N. S., by Rev. Dr. Patterson, though brief, worthily preserves the memory of a worthy minister of our church and gives as well, much information regarding the history of Guysboro Co., and the state of religious and social life half a century ago. It is in neat pamphlet form, and may be had of booksellers in New Glasgow, Pictou, Truro, Price 20 cents.

In "The work of the native teachers" in the New Hebrides given on another page the middle figure giving the number of native teachers is a blank. In some way that figure has dropped out in the report from which we copy, we have no means at hand of filling it up, and just give it as it is. The number is something over one hundred.

### BIBLE STUDY.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet," said the psalmist of old. You want your lamp to burn as brightly as possible. You trim the wick; you wash, dry, and polish the glass chimney; you keep the shade clean. Let the dust gather, and the smoke make its sooty deposit, and the wick become crisp and hard and black, and the light upon the page is flickering and weak. The lamp is your friend, but you must take good care of it; it will treat you as you treat it. The figure may be homely, but it is true. What the Bible brings to you will depend in a large measure upon what you bring to it. You may have a crumb, or a loaf or a granary, full to bursting, just as you choose. There is gold on its surface, there are jewels in its mines, there are royal pearls in its depths. All are not equally equipped for its study; but every one of us can do his utmost in its patient, loving study; and no labor will bring a surer or richer reward."—*Dr. J. F. Behrends.*

# THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. IX.

APRIL, 1886.

No. 4

## The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

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

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date \$400.

All communications to be addressed to

Rev. E. Scott, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

Dr. Cuyler writes as follows regarding the new president of the United States: "For the first time in our nation's history, a Presbyterian elder presides in the White House at Washington; a family altar in the foremost house in the land, is a source of gratitude and encouragement to all good people of every name." When such men control under God the destinies of a nation we need not fear for the result. Would it not be a good thing if the "court" fashions were followed in other things besides dress, and family worship not for form but in heart become fashionable throughout the land.

The Church of Rome is never satisfied with religious rights such as others enjoy. Their aim is to have political rights as well, which means rights that no other religious body enjoys. An American paper says: "The Canadian French are becoming an immense factor in New England. They crowd our large manufacturing towns, in some instances displacing the Catholic Irish. They have not thus far been prominent in political matters, but seem to be content to earn their wages and let the government care for itself. A priest in Haverhill has just issued a pastoral, urging the faithful French to co-operate with the no less faithful Irish, and thus secure the political rights of the Church."

A writer in the *Toronto Globe* speaking of the rapid increase of the French Cana-

dians estimates that at the present rate in fifty years there will be a solid body of five millions of French speaking people in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Maine. If these five millions of people are Romanist as Quebec now is, and ruled by the priesthood, it means that our Dominion will be ruled from Rome. It rests to a large extent with the Protestant churches of this Dominion to say whether French people that is to be, will be a servile, priest-ridden race bowing meekly to hierarchical sway and ruling the country by their votes in obedience to Jesuits teaching and commands, or whether they shall be an enlightened, free, thoughtful, intelligent, liberty loving, liberty seeking, liberty giving people. Further, let us not be content with idle day dreaming about what might be if all the churches were to enter heartily into this work, or if all this people were Protestant but let us cordially and liberally support the French Evangelization scheme of our church that is seeking to do what it can to give the gospel to those of our countrymen who are sitting in darkness and in the regions and shadow of spiritual death.

While British Christians send missionaries to China to elevate and christianize that great people, the British Government by forcing opium on the country is degrading and demonizing them. Christian societies are sending the gospel to India to deliver them from the chains of error and sin, and British manufacturers are sending idols for their worship, encouraging their continuance in idolatry, for it is not an uncommon thing says an English Journal, for a ship from Liverpool to touch at Madras, Calcutta, and Rangoon, and at each wharf land a missionary from her cabin, and a crate of graven images from her hold. European and American societies are sending the Word of life to the interior of Africa that is being so rapidly

opened up, and liquor dealers are with equal diligence pouring their fire water into the same openings, and spreading demoralization and death among the tribes. The obstacles thrown in the way of evangelizing the world are as much those which go from christian lands as those which are found among the heathen.

There is this marked difference between the missionary agencies of Christ and Satan, the adversary. The servants of Christ go from love, and their aim as well as their work is to lift up the fallen, the agents of evil do not for the most part, of set purpose seek to destroy, but their moving principle is gain. They subordinate all to that and the great enemy uses that as the motive to lead them to engage heart and hand in his service of ruining mankind. All these difficulties however should but nerve Christian people to greater diligence, as they realize more fully the magnitude of the work before them.

#### A SABBATH AT POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES.

The following letter from the Rev. Dr. Warden of Montreal will be read with interest by many of our readers :

Yesterday was Communion Sabbath at the Pointe-aux-Trembles Schools. In company with the Rev. Professor Coussirat, Mr. James Croil, Editor of the *Record*, and Mr. McKenzie, one of the Montreal students who goes to China as a Missionary next summer, the writer drove down from the city in the morning. On our arrival we found the beautiful chapel, erected last fall, filled by as reverent and intelligent a congregation as can be seen anywhere, there being present one hundred and forty-five pupils, together with the teachers and a few friends. The service was conducted, in French, by the Rev. Professor Coussirat, who preached a simple, earnest sermon appropriate to the occasion, after which *fifteen* of the pupils were, on public confession of their faith in Christ, received into the fellowship of the Church. The occasion was one of deep interest and of great solemnity. Many of these pupils are from Roman Catholic homes and knew not the way of salvation by faith in a crucified Saviour till they were admitted to Pointe-aux-Trembles at the opening of the session last October.

The aptness of the pupils, their

hearty singing, and their familiarity with the teachings of God's Word are features characteristic of the Schools which favorably impress all visitors, but most encouraging of all is the large number of them that accept Christ as their Saviour. At the Communion in December last *twenty-one* new members were received and *fifteen* now, making *thirty six* pupils who have this winter been led, we trust by the Spirit of God, to give their hearts to Christ. Before being admitted into the fellowship of the Church, the applicants are individually examined, and only such as make an intelligent profession are received.

Results belong to God. It is ours to labor with patience and perseverance, with faith and prayer, whatever the apparent issue may be, but how heart-cheering it is to be privileged to see spiritual results. Every session God hath manifestly set His seal upon this work and blessed the labors of the teachers, but never has there been such a joyous reaping time as this session. "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

At the close of the morning service we dined with the boys in the spacious new dining hall, and held another service in the afternoon. The chapel was again filled. Mr. Bourgoin, the principal, presided and, after devotional exercises, several brief addresses were given. Mr. Croil spoke on Christ's invitation, "Come unto me"; Mr. McKenzie on Christ's first recorded words, "I must be about my Father's business," and His last recorded words, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me, &c."; Mr. Herdt, one of the elders of St. John's (French) Church, Montreal, gave seasonable counsel to all the pupils; and the writer specially addressed those who had been at the Communion table in the morning. The whole of the exercises of the day were most delightful and refreshing.

It cannot but be encouraging to the friends and supporters of the Schools to know, that by means of their Christian liberality and in answer to their fervent prayers, the work is progressing so satisfactorily. I take this opportunity of most cordially thanking all of them for their generous gifts. Many of those who are supporting pupils have this year sent, in addition to their usual contribution, a sum on behalf of the furnishing of the new

buildings. The Church year ends next month, prior to the close of which all moneys should be forwarded. I will be glad to receive the contributions of those who have not yet sent their annual amounts, as well as donations towards the sum (\$5,500) still required to meet the expense of the additions, &c. made to the buildings last summer, from those who may feel disposed to help this work. The present and former pupils of the Schools have contributed about \$300 toward the furnishing fund.

Yours faithfully,

ROBT. H. WARDEN.

108 St. James St., Montreal, Mar. 18, '89.

### Trinidad.

#### WANTED!

Lady teachers for service in Trinidad— to be employed by the F. M. Committee of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Apply to

P. M. MORRISON, Halifax,  
*Secretary of the Committee.*

#### LETTER FROM REV. ALEXANDER KENNEDY.

ONE OF THE OLDEST MINISTERS IN OUR CHURCH AND A MISSIONARY IN TRINIDAD MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

WELLAND, ONTARIO, March 20th, 1889.

Dear Mr. Scott:—

I am again debtor to you and to the cause of missions for "the MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN," which is regularly received. Herewith I send a dollar by way of acknowledgment.

But apart altogether from pecuniary obligation, which is ever of importance, I feel indebted for the missionary intelligence, especially for that portion relative to Trinidad, and for its other interesting and instructive contents.

I regret that the Mission Committee have not yet succeeded in obtaining a laborer for the district of Couva, in the island of Trinidad. It is a fertile quarter of that singularly fertile and beautiful island, which was wont to be designated "*the Indian paradise.*" But its spiritual barrenness has long presented a melancholy contrast to its physical fertility. It is very cheering to learn that the faithful laborers and God's servants in that island are being blessed with a large measure of success, and giving promise of an abundant harvest "to the praise and glory of God."

The mention of Couva recalls to my mind incidents of the long ago. Immediately after my arrival in the island, 53 years ago, in January 1836, when looking around for a suitable locality in which to begin mission work, I visited the Couva district, and preached on a Sabbath, on the Estate of Milton, to a large assembly, consisting of negroes, and most if not all of the managers and overseers of the sugar Estates in the quarter. It was a novel and interesting occasion, as, I believe, there had not previously been a sermon preached in that district, at least by a Protestant minister. At the close of the service, a planter came forward and informed me that a number of parents had brought their children for baptism; and at the same time, introduced one of the parents to me. I asked the planter, a countryman of my own, if the father of the child, or children, was a Christian? He replied "O Sir, he is one of the best workers on the Estate." Of course I could not accept the statement as a certificate of Christian character. Discovering that the parents poor creatures, had little or no knowledge of the way of salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, I had to decline administering the ordinance of baptism to any of the applicants. I sincerely pitied them; and stated that if opportunity was further afforded, I would gladly endeavour to communicate to them that knowledge, which, with the Divine blessing, would make them wise unto salvation.

The capital of the colony, Port of Spain, became the chief field of my labor; but a Wesleyan missionary was ere long located in Couva, and it is hoped that not a few of our sable kindred were "plucked as brands from the burning." Now, I presume, coolies have supplanted the negroes in that quarter, and generally throughout the island. And what a boon the Church of the Lower Provinces have conferred on the 60,000 strangers from India. Heaven has ordained that those that bless are blessed in return. A grateful fact.

Yours very truly,

ALEX. KENNEDY.

Ten Catechists are to be employed in the Halifax Presbytery this year, two of these will labor in the city of Halifax and its suburbs.

Principal Grant has been nominated by nearly all the Presbyteries of the Maritime Provinces as Moderator of Assembly.

Rev. J. W. McLennan is settled as ordained missionary at Lakeville and Waterville, Kings Co.

### New Hebrides.

#### EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM MR. MORTON IN MALEKULA.

Two students of Glasgow College were sent out at the latter part of 1887 by the Presbyterian Church in Victoria and settled in Malekula, one of the largest islands of the New Hebrides. One of them Rev. Alex. Morton writes the following interesting letter concerning his work and the people of Malekula:

"School attendance varies very much, and often during any heathen ceremony we have none at all. Mrs. Morton has a sewing school which has been pretty well attended so far. Previously no woman would enter our school building. The Malekulans are very low and degraded. Their houses are small and poor.

The only things wherein they display the least genius is in the carving and painting of their large drums and images, and in cutting or rather building canoes. Some of their canoes are fully 50 feet in length, and I have seen 40 men in one.

The lot of woman is very hard. They do all the heaviest of the work and carry all the burdens. When a girl has got her second set of front teeth she is taken to the sea and the two upper middle incisors are broken out. Strange to say this custom does not obtain on the islets near Port Stanley is about 20 miles north of us although both people have frequent dealings with each other.

They are very unwilling to tell us anything about their superstitions. We discovered lately that they do not bury the bodies of old men or any principal men but lay them on a table about six feet high. They offer yams at the same time to the spirits of the dead. The people often tell me that they are a mere handful compared to what they used to be, and there is the clearest evidence in every village one visits that the population is greatly reduced. They ascribe this fading away to wars, deaths of so many children, and so many young men going away in labour vessels.

All make professions of friendship towards us but it does not count for very much, we have found them so rapidly changeable. In January we had one of our helps shot. It is generally believed that the murderer did not find the person

he wished for, but determined not to be foiled he took the life of our servant a quiet inoffensive young man.

The Roman Catholic priest who has his head quarters in Sasoon Bay has a house in our district and another at Port Sandwich, but he is very seldom in the house here. The languages at the three different places are totally different from each other.

ALEX MORTON.

#### REPORT OF THE MISSION VESSEL, "DAYSRING"

FOR THE YEAR, 1888.

On the 28th March 1888, the well-known "Dayspring" was towed down Sydney Harbour and stood out to sea, on her way to the New Hebrides, carrying a full cargo of stores and building materials for the missionaries, as well as the anxiously looked for mails. The Rev. J. W. and Mrs. M'Kenzie of Efate and their child were on board, returning to their field of labour after a short rest in New South Wales.

After a rather long passage through a heavy sea she arrived safely at Anietyum on the 20th April. From thence, after watering and taking some timber on board, she proceeded northward, calling at all the Missions Stations with goods and mails. She received on board at various points Missionaries proceeding to the meeting of Synod, held this year at the most Northern Station, Tangoa, Santo. She cast anchor in the harbour there on the 26th May, and put to sea again on the 15th June, having had to lie becalmed for about 10 days after the meeting of Synod was closed. She then called at Epi, Havannah Harbour and Aniwa. At the later place the Rev. W. and Mrs. Watt were left to labour among the Aniwas for some weeks. Returning again to Santo she proceeded to call at all the stations for mails, &c., as she went on her way to Sydney. At Havannah Harbour the Rev. D. McDonald and family joined the vessel, he being on his way to Melbourne to get the New Testament printed in Efatese. After a pleasant passage from the Islands, Sydney was reached on the 5th of September.

After reloading stores, &c., she set out on her mission again on the 18th September, having on board the Rev. W. and Mrs. Gray, Missionaries from South Aus-

tralia, returning to their work on Tanna, after visiting the churches in South Australia. In a fortnight Aneityum was sighted again. From thence she proceeded northward on her way to Santo, calling at all the stations between on her way. At Eromanga she took on board a new Missionary, the Rev. A. H. McDonald, who had come down by steamer from Victoria, and was waiting the arrival of the "Dayspring" to take him on to his destination in Malekula. At some of the older stations she took on board teachers and their wives, who were going out to fields of labour in the more recently occupied islands.

She turned her head southward again on the 14th November, calling at all stations for mails, and landing teachers at some. She took the Rev. H. A. and Mrs. Robertson and child on board at Eromanga, and the Rev. J. H. Lawrie and family at Aneityum, and thence proceeded direct to Sydney, which she reached on the 27th December.

The "Dayspring" is by no means an enviable ship to sail in, but she is a really useful vessel, and a good beast of burden, so, with all her faults, we love her still. We trust that, until we get a steam vessel of some kind, our young friends, and friends of maturer years, throughout the world, will not flag in their support of the good old "Dayspring," which has for so many years battled with the waves, and brought cheer and help and health to the New Hebrides Missionaries times without number.

#### THE WORK OF THE NATIVE TEACHERS.

It is really difficult in the small space at our disposal to give anything like an adequate account of the work of our teachers in the New Hebrides. But the extent of the work carried on by their instrumentality may be conceived from the fact that they number no less than 10, and they are labouring on 20 different islands, under the direction of 15 missionaries. These teachers are absolutely necessary to the carrying on of Mission work in the New Hebrides. The European Missionaries are not ubiquitous, and the islanders are scattered in little villages all over these mountainous islands, in positions where the heat and inaccessibility make the visits of the missionary impossible except

at long intervals, while the Missionary is necessarily much confined to one locality or centre, by the necessities of his work. He may have one or two languages to reduce, scriptures to translate, and teachers to train, besides the multifarious teaching, preaching, advising and directing duties, which cluster around the centre of an aggressive Christian work.

Without native teachers the aggressive power of a Missionary is limited to comparatively few villages; but with good teachers to station wherever they will be received, the gospel is brought into contact with new people, and its purifying and life giving streams flow through valleys that otherwise would be morally arid wastes for many years to come. In the teacher they have one of their own colour, and with their own modes of thought, bearing constant witness to the truth by his life, and daily instructing them out of the Word.

The native teachers are quite as much "Missionaries" as the Europeans. In many cases they give up home and friends to go among strangers, speaking strange tongues and having different customs. Frequently they have much hardship to endure, and, being strangers, they are at first objects of superstition; suspicions are constantly roused by sickness or death among the people with whom they dwell. Numbers have already won the martyr-crown in the New Hebrides, and yearly some are in peril.

The demand for native teachers increases each year, and before the islands are evangelized we will require a force of at least 300 of them. They are teachers, according to the European idea, in that they conduct the daily schools: but preachers and evangelists are words more descriptive of the gifts of many of these men. The training, locating and supervision of these agents are parts of the Missionaries' work which are fraught with great possibilities of good.

The Missionaries at the older stations do much help to their brethren in newer fields by supplying them with teachers during the early stage of their work. This supply of teachers from other islands, or other districts of the same island, does much to break down the inter-island prejudices which exist, and to knit together in the Gospel the fragments of humanity, which in the New Hebrides, have been so much disintegrated by heathenism.



We have no hesitation in appealing to all who desire to honour God with their substance; or Churches, or Sabbath Schools, which desire to have a share in the missionary work, to contribute towards the support of those native teachers, feeling confident that it would be difficult to find a better investment for £6 a year than in providing the salary of a native teacher in the New Hebrides.

One word more—these teachers are only acquainted (as a rule) with a few Books of Scripture, and have not the opportunities which other Christians have of increasing their knowledge. In their daily life they are continually in contact with the people they instruct, and are exposed to many temptations, and some of them to dangers, from which their white brethren are free. Will the Lord's people cover them with the shield of their prayers, as they push forward wielding the sword of the Spirit?

By order of the Mission Synod.

ROBERT M. FRASER.

November, 1888.

#### MARITIME ITEMS.

DIGBY :—Soon after the settlement of the Rev. D. S. Gordon at Bridgetown and Annapolis in 1862 he paid some visits to Digby, Hillsburgh and Bay View. At each of these stations he found scattered Presbyterian families and set about the erection of churches. A neat one was built at Bay View free of debt, and one was commenced at Hillsburgh but this station has been abandoned. For some years catechists have always been placed at a disadvantage having to rent a public hall. A few years ago the Reformed Episcopalians obtained a foothold in the town. A clergyman was settled but only remained a few years. After his removal the church was sold, and purchased by the Baptists. This left vacant the church occupied by them, and it was purchased a short time ago by the Presbyterians for \$550. At the last meeting of the Halifax Presbytery they were recommended to the Hunter fund committee for a free loan of \$400. The purchase of this building at the present time must give some standing to our cause in Digby. As the missing link between Digby and Annapolis is now to be constructed, an increase of population may be looked for and some accessions to Presbyterianism. Had the ground been taken up in Digby when our pioneers were

cultivating the Eastern parts of the Province one of the largest congregations in the Halifax Presbytery might have been found in this town. In taking the present fresh start, sympathy, encouragement and support are needed. Any contributions sent to Rev. P. M. Morrison to assist in paying off the \$400 will be most thankfully received.

CON.

The Presbytery of Victoria and Richmond met at the Forks, on the 12th, in the forenoon, and at Baddeck in the evening. Rev. R. McLeod, Little Narrows, preached at Forks, and Rev. L. R. Gloag at Baddeck. The inquiry into the affairs of the congregation showed good progress. Baddeck contributed last year for all objects \$1327.70 and the Forks \$416.00, or a total of \$1743.70, of which \$216 was for the schemes of the church. The Committee of Presbytery that visited West Bay, Malagawatch, and River Dennis reported good progress both spiritually and financially. Committees that visited Lake Ainslie, Strathlorne, Port Hastings, and River Inhabitants, give a similar report. Principal Grant was nominated as Moderator of Assembly. It was agreed to ask for supplements for the following congregations :—Lake Ainslie, \$100; Middle River, \$100; Strath Lorne, \$150; Port Hastings and River Inhabitants, \$150; Mabou and Port Hood, \$175.

The *Witness* says with regard to the Augmentation Fund. "Pictou Presbytery has as usual taken the lead. Last Synod allotted \$1,000 to the Presbytery. This sum has been paid in, and \$26 additional. One congregation remains to be heard from which will increase the surplus considerably. We hope other Presbyteries will follow this admirable example."—It is all needed and well spent. The Good Book tells us that it is blessed to give, and weak congregations that are not able to support ordinances themselves, know that it is blessed to receive.

The following have been appointed as commissioners to Assembly from the Presbytery of Miramichi, viz. Messrs. Wm. Aitken, John Robertson, F. W. George, and A. F. Thompson, ministers, and Dr. Pedolin, Newcastle; George Haddow, Dalhousie, Dr. J. F. McCurdy, and Arch'd McMurchy, Toronto, elders.

The semi annual meeting of the Pictou Presbyterial of the W. F. M. S., was held in Pictou March 19th. 33 delegates were present from the different Auxiliaries. The amount on hand sent from fifteen Auxiliaries and one mission band is \$350.-45. A pleasant afternoon was spent discussing several questions concerning their work, and an interesting public meeting held in the evening, at which addresses were given by the ministers of the town, and papers read by some members of the society, interspersed with selections of music.

The Presbytery of P. E. I. has applied for the following supplements, viz:—\$250 for Richmond Bay West; \$280 for Tryon and Bonshaw; \$200 for Georgetown, and \$150 for Cove Head. This is considerable less than the amount asked from the fund last year, while on the other hand they are in a fair way for raising the full amount allocated to them by the Synod.

Subscription papers have been circulated on the Eastern Shore with a view to a division of the Sheet Harbor congregation. It was found however that if two congregations were organized at present a very heavy demand would be made on our Augmentation fund. A catechist is still to be employed in summer until the congregation is ripe for division.

St. Matthew's congregation, North Sydney, reports good progress during the five years of Dr. Murray's pastorate. The communicants then were 40, now 170. They have built a manse, paid off debt on church, and this year there are no blanks in their returns to Assembly. They raised for all purposes \$2400

One of the best results of the Augmentation work for the past few years has been the advance made by self supporting congregations. The Presbytery of P. E. I. Island has been working vigorously in this direction, and now all the congregations not on the Augmentation Fund have attained the minimum.

Lower Musquodoboit, which last year received \$100 from the Augmentation Fund has resolved to be self supporting. The congregation is reported as giving twice as much for schemes of the church last year as any previous year. Raised for all purposes \$1024.

Miramichi Presbytery has paid a little more than was asked of it into the Augmentation Fund, and asks for supplements for next year as follows:—Blackville, \$200; New Carlisle \$200; Redbank \$250; Black River \$200; Tabusintac \$230; Welford in the event of a settlement, \$200.

Vacant congregations are looking forward to securing some of the Pine Hill graduates. Mahone Bay is ready to call Mr. J. W. Crawford. Both La Have and Kempt are looking toward Mr. G. A. Leck, and Upper Musquodoboit is seeking to secure Mr. D. Wright.

Three of the Island congregations, Mt. Stewart and West St. Peters, St. Peters and Brackly Pt. Roads, and Orwell, have attained the minimum stipend for their ministers \$750 and manse, and Georgetown is moving in the same direction.

Miss Blackadder's collections at her meetings during her furlough have amounted to over \$800. This has all been paid in to Mr. Morrison or to Mrs. Waddell treasurer of the W. F. M. S.

Clifton congregation raised during the past year for congregational purposes \$1068.00 and for the schemes of the church \$326.00, other religious and benevolent purposes, \$142, total \$1536.

Scotsburn, Hermon and Saltsprings raised during the year \$2252 of which \$389 was for religious and benevolent purposes. Total membership 410, added during the year 82.

Two of our ministers from the Maritime Provinces have gone to the North West, Rev. J. A. F. Sutherland, St. James, N. B., and Rev. A. P. Logan of Waterville, Kings, Co. N. S.

Rev. D. B. Blair is supplying the congregation of St. Andrew's, Sydney, for a few weeks. Mr. Farquharson, the pastor has been ill for some time, but is we are glad to say recovering.

Rev. George Fisher, of Montrose, Elmsdale, and Tignish, P. E. I., accepted the call to Dalhousie N. B., and is to be inducted April 9th.

Miramichi Presbytery has asked for six catechists to labor within its bounds during the summer.

## REV. JOHN McNEILL.

## THE SCOTTISH SPURGEON.

A man has arisen in Scotland who as a preacher has attracted great attention in his native land, and who not long since was settled in Regent Square Church, London, which may be said to be the leading Presbyterian Church in Britain. He has been called "The Scottish Spurgeon" and some have prophesied that if spared he will in the next quarter to half century fill the place in the pulpit world that Spurgeon has occupied in the past.

He is a young man, thirty five years of age, and began life as a railway man. As he is likely to occupy a prominent place in the years that are to come, we will give a brief account of his life which was published in the *London Christian*.

It is the summer of the year 1872, and we are speeding by rail along the eastern shore of the Firth of Clyde. We have just left behind us the busy port of Greenock, and our eyes are feasting on a magnificent panorama of mountain and sea, wood and glen, when the train draws up at a little station and a strong and cheery voice cries, "Inverkip! Tickets ready." Presently the carriage door is opened and a burly youth of eighteen, in official corduroy and buttons, and with a frank and smiling countenance relieves us of our passport to Weynys Bay. As the wheels move again we get another glance at that happy boy; then we look down the hillside at a few cottages embosomed among trees, and there is mirrored in our mind the humble and uneventful career of a village railway porter.

Fifteen years pass away. It is a Sabbath evening in the city of Edinburgh, in the tropical summer of 1887. We are in the midst of an immense throng in a circus, one of the city's largest public buildings. The crowded passages and expectant looks plainly tell that the gathering is unusual. Very quietly these steps on the platform a powerfully built man in the prime of life, with a face speaking of health and good nature. The clerical collar that surmounts the tightly buttoned surcoat proclaims his calling, and the open Bible his purpose. As he surveys the vast audience he strokes his beard, his brow furrows, and overspreading his countenance is a look not free from pain. Does he hear the hum of bees and see the blue smoke curl among village woods. Does his heart

tremble as he thinks of the plough to which he has put his hand? For the railway porter of Inverkip and the Edinburgh preacher are one and the same.

It was at Houston, a village of Renfrewshire, on July 7th, 1854, that John McNeill first saw the light. His father, who is now spending the evening of his life in Glasgow, is a native of the country of Antrim, but comes of a Scottish stock. Crossing the Channel forty years ago, he settled in Houston, where he married, and in whose quarries he gained his livelihood. A hearty and manly man this father uniting in him the strong religious conviction of the Covenanter with a humor that smacks of both Scotia and Erin. It is not difficult to discover where the preacher got his faculty of uttering "snell" sayings. The mother, whose maiden name was McTaggart, died a few years ago, leaving to her large family the precious memory of a noble Christian life. The home was teetotal; hence the "Scottish Spurgeon's" war with the bottle. There appears to be a poetic strain in the blood, as evinced by the touching verses occasionally published, by Miss Kate McNeill, who, if lacking her brother's humour, has all his pathos. Another member of the family is about to study for the ministry.

When Mr. McNeill was twelve years old the family removed to Inverkip, the father becoming foreman in a quarry there. At the village schools the boy received an education consisting of the ordinary English branches, together with the rudiments of Latin and French. The Free Church minister at Houston remembers being struck by John's habit of sitting alone on the doorstep for long spells of meditation—so unusual in a boy. On leaving school the lad entered the employment of the Caledonian Railway Company as gate-boy at Inverkip Station. By-and-by he became porter and he had a narrow escape one day when engaged in coupling waggons. He can never forget having been a "railway man"; the finger the buffers nipped is ever before him. After three years in this humble occupation he was promoted to the booking-office at Greenock. Spending every Sabbath under the parental roof he worshipped with the family in the Free church of Inverkip; and, under the ministry of Rev. Peter Douglas, he became conscious of a great change in his attitude towards God. His conversion, however, had not been preceded by a course of open

ain. He lately remarked that he was a "converted decent man—a kind hard to convert." He was about nineteen when this occurred; and with the courage that is so marked a feature of his character, he at once stood up and testified to being on the Lord's side. Ever giving satisfaction to his employers, he was sent, in the year 1875, to take charge of the Company's town office at the east end of Princes-street. In a few weeks he saw reason to give up his post, but at once got a clerkship in the North British Railway Offices across the street.

Since his conversion he had been in the habit of addressing religious meetings, and now he threw himself heartily into the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. His capacity for public speaking soon became apparent, and many friends in the city urged him to study for the ministry. Following their advice he relinquished railway clerking, and, in the autumn of 1877, entered the University. It was a bold step, but if he had any doubts of its propriety they were dispelled by a conversation with his mother. When he told her what he had done, her lips quivered, and her countenance betrayed unusual emotion. Then came words he can never forget, "I have never told you, but I meant you for that before I saw your face." There are many Hannahs; but how few can let their sons await the Lord's call! With marked emphasis Mr. McNeill is wont to say that his mother and he were always "great friends."

Three years were spent at the Arts classes; and during all that time he supported himself by mission work in connection with Free St. Bernard's church—work which, of course, precluded all endeavour after academic distinction. Ever courageous, he entered into matrimony during the last year of his curriculum in Edinburgh. His next step was to remove to Glasgow, where he attended the University for one year and the Free Church College for four years, all the time supporting himself and his family by mission work. On receiving Presbyterian license to preach the Gospel, he was at once invited to become the minister of the Barony Free Church, Glasgow, a church with a thousand members. Thinking the charge too great for a young minister, he declined it, notwithstanding a tempting stipend. Soon afterwards he was called by the McCric-Roxburgh congregation in Edinburgh.

It was a small body made up of two decayed Free Church congregations in a poor district of the city. Accepting the call he was ordained in the summer of 1886.

His success has been phenomenal. Scotsmen dearly love a sermon, and when it was announced that a second Spurgeon had appeared in an Edinburgh pulpit there was a rush to hear him. Grave people, hearing of the odd sayings that made his audiences smile and of his extraordinary, unconventionality in the pulpit, shook their heads, and wrote him anonymous letters. Others went to hear him for themselves, and came under the spell of an earnest preacher who believed he had a divine message to man and was not particular about the way of delivering it, provided he got it into their heads and hearts.

The church, which is seated for six hundred, soon became insufficient for the crowds that resorted to it; so the evening service has, during the past fifteen months, been held in a drill hall or circus, the audiences numbering from three to five thousand. The Wednesday evening congregations fill the church. Opinions differ as to the constitution of the circus gathering, but we think the non-churchgoing element is very considerable. All classes in the city are represented, but the majority are well-dressed people of its middle class, who attend the service pretty regularly. All that seems wanting to form a great congregation is a permanent building capable of holding about four thousand people. Some influential gentlemen, including two medical professors in the university, are at last about to issue an appeal to the Scottish public for subscriptions with which to erect a tabernacle. Many think the Free Church has been rather dilatory in the matter, and it is whispered that the United Presbyterians would soon roof him in if he would only join them.

Of what theological school is Mr. McNeill? Well, if the distinction may be allowed, he does not preach a system of theology, but the Gospel. Nevertheless, he holds a definite system; and if you were to ask him what it was he would probably hand you the Shorter Catechism. But his sermons are not "Shorter Catechism and water"; he deals with the whole length and breadth of Bible history, biography, and precept. While not abjuring text preaching, he likes to take up an Old Testament story or one of Christ's miracles,

and deal with it on the plan of the natural divisions of the narrator. Dwelling largely as he does on the Divinity of our Lord, he is nevertheless in full sympathy with those who lay stress on his humanity, and he displays wonderful power in illustrating how He was "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh."

A man of splendid physique, he used to indulge in all manly sports, such as swimming (he once swam three miles at a stretch), throwing the hammer, and tossing the caber. Even yet he could give you a valuable hint as to putting the stone, and might name the Australian cricketers as easily as the twelve Apostles. To alcohol and tobacco he has always been a stranger. He possesses that mysterious magnetism which gives a man power over his fellows, he unites in his character the shrewdness and humour of the Scot with the emotionalism and generous impulse of the Irishman.

London has coveted Mr. McNeill, Highgate Presbyterian congregation having given him a call which he declined, though not without hesitation. Soon afterwards the Free Church offered him the post of their evangelist for Scotland at a large salary. This, too, he declined, partly for domestic reasons, and partly because of his opinion that Scotland can be evangelized to a great extent in Edinburgh, whither the flower of Scottish youth resort for education and professional training.

Mr. McNeill has a happy home, and three little rogues exercise him in the joys and sorrows of fatherhood.

Mr. McNeill is very popular in London. He has preached several times in Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Besides his regular morning and afternoon services in Regent Square Church he preaches on Sabbath evenings in Exeter Hall, to the throngs which gather there.

#### THE UNEXPECTED ANSWER.

Something stayed his feet. There was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit the little parlor, and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the picture on the hearth. There, by the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his little child, at its mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed, and its rosy lips uttering each word

with childish distinctness. The father listened, spell-bound to the spot:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet innocent! The man himself who stood there with bearded lips tightly shut together had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbared to let her pass through. But the child had not yet finished; he heard her, "God bless mamma, papa, and my own self." Then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face. "God bless papa," lisped the little one; "and—please send him home sober." He could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed, in a clear, inspiring tone; "God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober. Amen." Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened suddenly, and they saw who had returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked in bed after such a romp with papa, she said, in the sleepest and most contented of voice, "Mamma, God answers most as quick as the telephone, doesn't He?"

#### FAITH'S FRUITS.

"Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."—John xv: 8.

Are you a fruit-bearer in your Lord's vineyard? Are you seeking to make life one grand act of consecration to his glory—one thank-offering to his unmerited love? You may be unable to exhibit much fruit in the eye of the world; your circumstances and position in life may forbid you to point to any splendid services; or laborious and imposing efforts in the cause of God. It matters not. It is often those fruits that are unseen and unknown to man, ripening in seclusion, that he values most: the quiet, lowly walk, patience and submission, gentleness and humility, putting yourself unreservedly in his hands, willing to be led by him even in darkness, saying, "Not my will, but thy will," the unselfish spirit, the meek bearing of an injury, the unostentatious kindness—these are some of the "fruits" which your Heavenly Father loves, and by which he is glorified.

## PARENTAL AFFECTION AND INFLUENCE.

When mothers are mentioned in the brief record of the early life of some distinguished character in God's Word, we have reason to think that they had a great influence in forming the character of their children. Joseph had the counsel and training of his mother twelve or fifteen years. In the remarkable events in the infancy of Moses, he was sent to his mother to have her shaping influence in the formation of a character that has been admired by God's people from this day down to the present time. The power of the mother in the case of Samuel and of Timothy, is distinctly related in the Bible.

Throughout the history of the Christian Church there are beautiful examples of the faithfulness of mothers in training their children for God. Nonna, mother of Gregory of Nazianzen; Anthusa, mother of Chrysostom; and Monica, mother of Augustine, have secured a prominent place in ecclesiastical history, mainly because of their devotion to their children. Indeed, we have no instances of godly mothers neglecting the religious training of their children. The Church in all its branches holds that to be important, and enjoins attention to it. Baxter gave it as his opinion, that if every parent would faithfully perform his duty in bringing up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, it would almost render unnecessary the living ministry. Shairp says: "College learning is good, but all the learning of all the universities of Europe cannot compensate for the loss of that which the youth, reared in a religious home, has learned in childhood at his mother's knee."

Since the power of the Christian mother is recognized to be so great, it is a wonder that more mothers do not use it with greater effect. We fancy that Rev. Dr. Payson, in writing to his mother when a young man, found one defect, when he says "Why cannot other parents learn your art of mixing the friend with the parent." A little more of the unrestrained fellowship of the friend, with the authority of the parent, would add immensely to the power of the parent. The reading of the letters of his mother to President Adams, led a stranger to say to him one day, "I have found out what made you the man you are." Those letters revealed

the anxiety and the tenderness of the mother's heart, which desired that her son should be a good man.

John Ashworth at early dawn heard the voice of his mother, as she prayed "Lord bless John! Keep him from bad company, and make him a good and useful man." "Her words went to my young heart," said he, "and they are ringing in my ears to this hour."

"Home influences, directed by a pious mother," Washington declared was the source of his success. When his mother heard of his success, she said "It was nothing more than I expected, as George was always a good boy."

When well advanced in life, Thomas Benton said: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to game, and I have not. When I was seven years of age, she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence."

President Lincoln's mother died when he was ten years of age, and even at that early age he was well instructed in the Bible, and he said of his mother, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my mother."

Said Rev. Dr. Bushnell of his mother: "Long years ago she vanished; but God stays by me still, embracing me in my gray hairs, as tenderly and as carefully as she did in my infancy."

When the parents' training and solicitude are appreciated and acknowledged before their removal from the world, then their care must come with great satisfaction to their remembrance. Guizot once wrote to his mother in the following words: "If I ever do any real good, the consolation it may afford you, will be my sweetest recompense."

To please his father was one great thought in the early life of Dr. Thomas Guthrie, and he wrote at his death "I was anxious to please him by success in my studies, and when he died, I felt as if one great motive to exertion was gone."

Dr. Payson wrote to his parents: "Thanks be to God, that you are loved and blessed by many who never saw you, on account of your children."

When the praises of the people were many, just after the writing of the missionary hymn "From Greenland's icy mountain," Heber was found "on his knees thanking God, not so much for the

talents which brought him so much honor, as for the happiness which they had enabled him to give his parents."

On the other hand, how keen are the reproaches of memory, when a man is led to cry out, as did Charles Lamb, when he said "What would I give to call my dear mother back to earth for a single day, to ask her pardon upon my knees for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit."

How the memories of parental affection and influence come to us as the end of life approaches. It is said of Senator Hill, that when too feeble to walk into the parlor to view his mother's portrait, he would have himself carried in, and after gazing for a time, would say, "I shall soon be with her again."

When on his death bed, Rev. Dr. Adams of New York, remarked: "I owe everything to the judicious training of my parents. Serious, earnest in their own religious life, they never made religion repulsive. My mother's influence was specially gentle and wise."

After referring to his attention to his mother's grave, Thaddeus Stevens remarked in his will: "I do this out of respect to the memory of my mother, to whom I owe whatever little of prosperity I have had on earth, which, small as it is, I desire emphatically to acknowledge."

John B. Gough said in reference to his mother, before a large audience, "I stand before you to-night, to declare that if I have ever accomplished anything in the world, if I have ever done aught of good, what I am and what I have done by the grace of God, has been through the influence of that mother."—*R. H. W. in N. Y. Erau.*

### PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

Some facts may be noted with regard to Prohibition in Kansas where it has been wrought with good effect for several years.

(1.) How it was brought about. It was "not adopted as a party measure. The liquor men forced the issue until the political parties took sides for or against them. It was triumphantly declared that 'the political party that will dare endorse prohibition will dig its own grave.' The dominant party took the risk, and has repeatedly in its platforms declared for the law and its enforcement. At the last election it had a majority of over 80,000

at the head of all States voting with the triumphant party."

(2.) It cost a severe struggle not only to get it passed but to make it work. There have been periods when not only leading newspapers, but even a minister of the gospel, declared that Prohibition was a farce. Some of the courts seemed unable to get convictions, and officers of the law helped the criminals, but they did not wait until the "country was ripe for it." The friends of temperance secured it as soon as they were able and enforced it as well as they could. Once the law was placed on the Statute books there were no longer diverting questions. The conflict was simplified. It was merely a question of enforcing the law, and in this success soon crowned their efforts, and at present the Prohibitory law in a great portion of the State is as well enforced as other criminal laws.

(3.) Its results. Governor Martin in his closing message says:

"There is no longer any issue or controversy in Kansas concerning the results and beneficence of our temperance laws. Except in a few of the larger cities all hostility to them has disappeared. For six years, at four exciting general elections, the questions involved in the abolition of the saloon were disturbing and prominent issues, but at the election held in November last this subject was rarely mentioned by partisan speakers or newspapers. Public opinion, it is plainly apparent, has undergone a marked change, and there are now very few citizens in Kansas who would be willing to return to the old order of things.

"The change of sentiment on this question is well grounded and natural. No observing and intelligent citizen has failed to note the beneficent results already attained. Fully nine-tenths of the drinking and drunkenness prevalent in Kansas eight years ago have been abolished; and I affirm with earnestness and emphasis that this State is to-day the most temperate, orderly, sober community of people in the civilized world. The abolition of the saloon has not only promoted the personal happiness and general prosperity of our citizens but it has enormously diminished crime; has filled thousands of homes where vice and want and wretchedness once prevailed, with peace, plenty and contentment; and has materially increased the trade and business of those engaged in the sale of useful and wholesome articles of merchandise."

Governor Lyman, Governor Martin's

successor, in his first message to the Legislature says :

"The growth of public sentiment in support of Constitutional Prohibition in Kansas is steady, healthy and unmistakable. In the last campaign no political party had the temerity to demand a resubmission of the question to the people, in the face of a popular verdict that has been repeated, and emphasized every time the popular sense has been taken. As an issue in Kansas politics, resubmission is as dead as slavery. The saloon as a factor in politics, as a moral iniquity, has been outlawed and made a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth, or that part of it within the territorial limits of Kansas."

Attorney General Bradford repeats an assertion made in a former report :

"that the laws enacted to make effectual prohibition in Kansas have interested the people and are discussed more by the masses than all other laws on the statute book. The people are beginning to see the results. The payer begins to feel it. The wives and children of reformed inebriates experience the change. Prohibition is here to stay; it is a fixed fact. It is indelibly stamped upon our statute books. A vote of the people would never erase it. For the good it has done and will do it ought never to be erased. It is depopulating our penitentiary, and reducing pauperism and crime to the minimum."

He also says that

"the administration of the law is growing more popular, that the masses demand it and scheming individuals are slow to oppose the will of the masses. The average age of those convicted of crime and sent to the penitentiary in Kansas has increased, a proof conclusive that the boys of to-day, in this State, are not inmates of these dens of infamy and schools of crime (the saloons.)"

The Topeka Capital-Commonwealth declares that

"this report of the legal representative of Kansas should effectually end all cavil about the inefficiency of the prohibitory law as a conservator of the public peace, and as one of the most potent agencies obtainable for the suppression of vice and crime."

A leading man in Kansas writes

"Is it not a remarkable fact that while the population of the State has been steadily increasing, the number of crimes and criminals is decreasing? At the recent opening of the District Court in Topeka, representing a population of 60,000 people, there was not a solitary criminal case on the docket. A

police judge said, "Prohibition kills the goose that lays the golden eggs for police courts."

### GOD'S DESIRE TO SAVE.

BY HOWARD CROSBY, D. D., NEW YORK.

John iii: 16—17. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life, for God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved."

1 Tim. ii: 4. "Who wishes all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."

2 Pet. iii: 9. "Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

Nothing can be plainer from these Scriptures than that God sought to save all men. He saw them sinners and doomed otherwise to perish, and he sent his Son to save them. He did not wish them to perish, but he wished them to be saved. And all this after man had sinned. He knew the extent of their sin and its desert of eternal ruin as the necessary consequence, and yet he wished to save all men. If these Scriptures do not say this, they say nothing. Now, for anyone to say after all this that sinners go to eternal ruin because God has not chosen to save them—i. e. at he wished to save some, but did not wish to save others—is to give the direct lie to these Scriptures. It is the sinner's choice, and not God's that he goes to hell. When God made man after his own image he gave him an independent will. That made him a responsible agent. There was *nothing* back of that will. When man willed to sin it was man that willed, not God. Man acted *independently* of God. So when the whole race was lost in sin and doom God saw fit in his infinite mercy to offer in Christ salvation to all men. This was no sham offer. The thought is blasphemy. His offer was with the *wish to save all*. Man, as lost in sin, is utterly impotent to do good. All good in him must come from God, as the sinner receives the divine grace. God offers him this saving and renewing grace, urging him to accept it. If a man accepts it, it is the *man's will* and not God's will that accepts it. If he rejects it, it is the *man's will* and not God's that rejects it. To say that God makes one man accept it and makes



the other reject it (by not making him accept it) is again to give the lie to the Scriptures quoted. Man's independent will is constantly appealed to by every invitation of the gospel. It was God's will that man's will should be independent. When a sinner, seeing his lost condition, cries to God for help, there is no merit in that cry. Accepting a salvation is not a merit. Hence the act of a sinner's will in saying "Yes" to God's grace is not an act of holiness or moral goodness. It is seeking relief from God, as God presses that relief upon him. The moment the sinner says "Yes," God's grace opens in him as before it had operated on him and every sinner. The man is renewed and a habitation of the Spirit. Anything whatever put before this independent will of man in accepting salvation, however delicately and metaphysically you may put it, destroys man's responsibility, and makes man a machine and the gospel a delusion.

It does not mar God's sovereignty that he gave man an independent will. Did it mar God's sovereignty that Adam sinned with an independent will? Nor does it take from the fact that salvation is *all of grace* that man accepts that grace with an independent will. He has no power to do good, but he has power to accept grace.—*Homiletic Review.*

### STREET SIGHTS IN MEXICO.

BY BISHOP HENRY W. WARREN, D. D. IN GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS.

The first things that strike a traveller in a strange land are the street sights. They are evident and obtrusive. They are the outcome of all the thrift or thriftlessness, of all the inner life, and even of the modes of thinking and metaphysics of the land. They are the outward signs of an inward grace or disgrace.

One is first struck with the odd and sometimes fantastic appellations of small shops. A grocery, in a room 7x12 feet, parades the name of "Philosophy." On the grog-shops may be seen the following very frank and significant names: "The Charms of the Seductress," "The Birth of Venus," "The Kiss of Love," "The Toast of Bacchus," "The Life Eternal" (better have said death eternal), "The Voracious" (suggestive of fiery floods), "The Shipwreck," "The Delirium Tremens," "The Little Hell." So do men defy destiny and face the worst. They

know they rush on ruin, and glory in their shame.

Associated with these blatant shops is the public traffic in pulque, the national intoxicant or stupefier. Long before reaching Mexico City one sees vast plantations of maguoy plant, a species of cactus, from the center of which whole pailsful of juice are drawn, which, being put in hog-skins, ferments and becomes mildly alcoholic. It is a vile drink. It is said that one train comes into this city every day bringing pulque enough to make a charge of \$3,000 as freight. It is distributed to the shops in the city in casks, from which it is drawn into the detestable hog-skins ounce more. The hog never looks worse than when his skin is full of this evil spirit, with neck and each leg tied up to prevent its running out, too drunk to stand, and lying round waiting to have the evil spirit transferred from its inside to the inside of some man.

Clothes are a street study in Mexico. The most violent contrasts are everywhere apparent. Here one meets half a dozen gentleman in overcoats. Immediately behind come men whose trouser-legs are not more than six inches long and whose shirts are assemblages of holes loosely attached together. Each party is seasonably clad for some part of every day.

Pants are often gorgeous with silver buttons, a double row running up each outside seam, with a silver cord laced between the buttons of each row. Sometimes as many as one hundred and fifty buttons are required for a single pair of pants, and constitute no small part of one's fortune. The silver on one pair that I saw cost \$120. These garments are cut so small that the buttons are a necessity. And yet in the diversity of styles it is not strange to see on the lower classes pants thirty inches in circumference at the knees. Occasionally both styles are combined, the tight pants being worn over the wide drawers, and, being a foot too short, display a flowing drapery in a most attractive manner. Pants are also made in sections, so that we can have simply a covering for the trunk, or a complete pair, according to the weather, taste, or the exigencies of employment. The fundamental idea that lies at the base of a Mexican gentleman's dress is that he is a horseman. Hence pants are often reinforced with leather, as if for cavalry ser-

vice, and worn by men who never vault into a saddle. Sometimes there is only cloth enough to connect the pieces of leather, and often none at all. Patched pants are a sign of gentility here.

Another strange article of apparel is a long shawl, called a *reboco*, on the women, and a blanket, called *serape*, on the men. The *reboco* is dropped on the head, one end falling in front of the left shoulder, and the other end is passed in front of the face and thrown behind the left shoulder. It is head-dress, cloak, mantle, basket, baby-wagon, and general cover for all things one desires to conceal. Sometimes a hole is cut in the middle of the *serape* and it is slipped over the head; but in every case it is wrapped tightly about the arms if the weather is in the least chilly. What are the possibilities of a race the arms of which are wrapped in shawls? It becomes almost an armless race. It may be questioned whether the toga was not one great occasion of the decadence of the Eastern, Grecian, and Roman peoples. Such swathing bonds of manhood and of manhood's most effective members must tend to reduce men to infancy. One often sees men stop and look eagerly at something on the ground, as if desiring to pick it up; but the trouble of unwrapping and of rewrapping is too much and they pass on.

Shoes are in equally great variety. Many, both women and men, wear none whatever. Many wear the sandal, which is simply a piece of leather pierced round the edge for strings to lace over the foot. People wearing these never have corns. Nearly all the shoes in the market here are short as possible, have high heels, and are made to keep up the traditional idea that a Spaniard has a high instep. Hats are in equally great variety. The sombrero has a brim six or eight inches wide, often stiff with silver or gold braid. The hat-band affords a field for the play of creative genius: here it puts a silvered such rope three times round the crown and ornaments the ends; there it puts a series of double cones, combined with other elaborate ornamentation, about the base of a crown twelve inches high. Hats frequently cost twenty or fifty dollars; and one gentleman showed me a hat for which he paid eighty dollars. To counterbalance this excessive bestowal of money and material on the hats of a few many go with very little or no hat at all. I dismiss the

subject of clothes with the remark that such extreme raggedness is not to be found in any other country. The brown skins appear in sections amid the streaming rags of all colors, textures and shapes. It is not strange to see a bit of fiery red carpet patched on to what was once white cotton. The whole effect produced is that of poverty; lack of taste, ambition, and perhaps possibility of bettering their condition.

Lottery-tickets are offered with constant frequency on the streets. There are no savings-banks, but lotteries conducted by the Government. It is no wonder the people are poor.

A striking peculiarity of street life in Mexico is the number of burdens borne on human shoulders. The water carriers are very numerous. An enormous earthen jar, with three large ears, is slung on the back, supported exclusively by a strap over the forehead. To balance this a smaller jar is hung in front, supported by a strap over the top of the head. Seeing these men and women stagger along under their heavy burdens one longs to bring the melting snow of Popocatepetl down to the city in pipes, and set it leaping, singing, breaking into pearls in the sunlight, as abundant and free as God's gift of air.

All sorts of boxes, trunks, and furniture are carried on the shoulders of men. One reason is, the streets are quite bad for carts, and another is, men are cheaper than beasts. These men carry enormous burdens, some actually walking off with nine hundred pounds. Nothing can be more expressive of strength and the beautiful play of muscle, now stiff as steel and anon pliable as tenderest flesh, than to see a man, with nearly every muscle in sight, moving quickly under such loads. As the burden shifts from one leg to the other in walking the lights and shadows play on the shapely limbs and the rounded or relaxed muscles more beautifully than the flicker of sunlight through wind-tossed leaves. Nearly all these burden-bearers move at a quick step, scarcely touching the heel, thus giving an appearance of exquisite ease of movement. Their movement reminds one of that of the runners before the chariots of the kings of the East. The runners scarcely, if at all, touch the heel to the ground, and have no difficulty in keeping ahead of the most spirited horses. But, seeing these immortal men reduced to mere muscle, how one longs to cry aloud:

"There is power enough in wind, steam, and lightning to grind all this corn, lift all these loads, carry all these burdens. These powers leap over the mountain-tops, lift acres of lava in yonder volcano, and parade their swiftness in the daily lightning, trying to tell man that they are servants, that he is king. They offer their powers for the burden and reach the scepter toward his hand." But his hand is clutched on the means of his oppression, he puts by the scepter, and the forces God has provided to work for the emancipation of his children frolic and play on.

One of the most striking things seen in Mexico is the perpetual suggestion of the customs, manners, and ways of the East. The houses, in the country, at least, are mostly one-story high, made of mud, or sun-baked bricks of adobe; they are entered by a front door into a *pateo* or open court. Here all the animals herd. One meets the same little donkeys as in the East, bearing the same burden of three hundred pounds. In the field are the same plows and other agricultural tools. One of the oldest Aztec idols has a head-dress singularly like that of the sphinx of Egypt. One constantly sees the same complexion and physiognomy among the Eastern races. There is the same style of dress. The people have the same patient, helpless look that belongs to contented slaves. Women wash by the stream in the same manner. One may eat bread baked at the foot of Hermon and at the foot of the Cordilleras and not know the difference except by the material of which it is made. The scenes call up the ideas from which these striking resemblances spring. Even the Aztecs believed in catastrophic epochs; they had traditions of the deluge, of the ark, of the dove and the green sprig or leaf. The great religious structures of the country are pyramids; the one of Cholula is in design and idea a repetition of Babel. Further back they represent Eve as bringing sin into the world by the temptation of a serpent, and as bequeathing to her sex the sorrows of childbirth. The ancient languages are exceedingly similar to those of the East in organization, but not in etymology. The astute arguments of Galton, Barton and Vater, drawn from intellectual analogies, easily persuade one that early Mexican civilization drew its characteristics from Eastern and Western Asia by way of the Behning's Strait and by way of the lost

continent of Atlantis; but the more evident material scenes of to-day thrust the same conclusion far more forcefully on the observer whose steps have wandered around the places of the changeless customs of the Orient.

Street scenes in Mexico are amusing at times; but the general impression is that of sadness that a race can be oppressed for centuries till all elasticity has been worn out, that men with immortal minds can become contented beasts of burden, and, saddest of all, that the most of this has been accomplished by what claims to be religion.--*The Independent*.

### EXCUSES.

BY D. L. MOODY.

But I hear some one say, "He has not touched my case at all. None of these things ever troubled me; but the fact is, I cannot believe. I would like to come, but I cannot believe." Not long ago a man said to me, "I cannot believe." "Whom?" I asked. He stammered and said again, "I cannot believe?" I said, "Whom?" "Well," he said, "I cannot believe." "Whom?" I asked again. At last he said, "I cannot believe myself." "Well, you don't need to. You do not need to put any confidence in yourself. The less you believe in yourself the better. But if you tell me you can't believe God, that is another thing; and I would like to ask you why?" If a man says to me, "I have a great respect for you; I have a great admiration for you; but I do not believe a word you say," I say to myself, "I certainly do not think much of your admiration." But this is the way a good many people talk about God. They say "I have a profound reverence for God; the very name of God strikes awe to my heart; but I do not believe Him." Why don't you be honest and say at once you won't believe? There is no real reason why men cannot believe God. I challenge any infidel on the face of the earth to put his finger on one promise God has ever made that He has not kept. The idea of a man standing up in the afternoon of the nineteenth century and saying he cannot believe God! My friend, you have no reason for not believing Him. If you say you cannot believe man, there would be some reason in that, because men very often say what is not true. But God never makes any mistakes. "Has

He said it and shall he not make it good?" Believe in God and say as Job says: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." Some men talk as if it were a great misfortune that they do not believe. They seem to look upon it as a kind of infirmity, and think they ought to be sympathized with and pitied. But bear in mind that it is the most damning sin in the world. When He the Holy Ghost is come, He will reprove the world of sin, because they believe not on Me." That is the sin of the very root of sin; and the fruit is bad, for the tree is bad. May God open our eyes to see that He is true, and may we be led to put our fullest trust in Christ.

But you say, "I do not know what it is to believe." That is another excuse. Well, let me put it differently. Suppose I say trust Him—just take Him at His Word. Believe that He really invites you—that He wants you to come. If you do not know what it is to believe, will you not just trust God?

But here is another one who says, "I would like to come very much, but I am afraid I would not hold out." Now, I have had a rule for a number of years that has been a great help to me—never to cross a mountain until you come to it. You trust Christ to save you now. The devil throws a little straw across your path, and then tries to magnify it and makes you think it is a great mountain. Never mind the mountains; trust Him to-night to save you. If He can save you to-night, He can keep you to-morrow. When you have sat down at the banquet and had one good feast—when you have had one interview with Christ, you will not want to leave Him. I accepted this invitation twenty years ago, and I never wanted to go back. I have not had to keep myself all these years. I would have been back in twenty-four hours if I had. But thank God, we do not have to keep ourselves. The Lord is my keeper, my shepherd, I shall not want. He keeps us. It takes the same grace to keep us that it does to save us. And God has told us that "My grace is sufficient for you."

But some people are not at all afraid of falling away. They are sure that God is quite able to save them, and quite strong enough to keep them. But when you ask them if they are Christians, they say, "Well, you know, I would like to be, but I have no time." If I were to go to

the door to-night, and take you by the hand and say, "My friend, why not accept of the invitation to-night?" some of you would say, "Please just excuse me now. I have really no time. I have got some very pressing business to attend to to-morrow morning, and I have to go home as fast as possible to get my night's rest. You must excuse me." And the mothers would say, "We have to run home and put the children to bed; you must excuse me for this time. So thousands and thousands say they have no time to be religious. But, my friends what have you done with all the time that God has given you? What have you been doing all these months and years that have rolled away since He gave you birth? Is it true that you have no time? What did you do with the 366 days of last year? Had you no time during all these twelve months to seek the kingdom of God? You spend twenty years getting an education to enable you to earn a living for this poor frail body, so soon to be eaten up of worms. You spend seven or eight years in learning a trade, that you may earn your daily bread; and yet you have not five minutes to accept of this invitation of Christ's! My friend, bear in mind you have yet to find time to die; to stand in the presence of the Judge. And when He calls you to stand before that bar, will you dare to tell Him that you had no time to prepare for the marriage supper of His Son? You have no time? Take time! Let everything else be laid aside until you have accepted this invitation.

#### PECULIAR CUSTOMS.

Travelling in Syria, the natives will tell you how Mr. H. H. Jessup, in his early days in the country, sat down to eat a Syrian repast. He saw a large flat thing beside his plate, which he took to be a napkin of a peculiar texture. So he spread this out on his lap, and later called for some bread. It turned out that he had the bread in his lap.

The late Mr. Dale used to tell of a certain Mount Lebanon colporteur, who came to a bigoted village where the inhabitants refused to buy a single Bible. He then attempted to give some away. This failed. Finally, in half despair, "with more shrewdness than piety," he managed to put the Bibles where they could be stolen, and before the next morning every book was gone.—*Christian at Work.*

### THE REVIVAL IN RUSSIA.

This work which began in 1874 when Lord Radstock paid a visit to St. Petersburg and addressed a few persons assembled in a drawing-room from day to day on the subject of "Spiritual Christianity," still continues to some extent. Several prominent leaders of society then became sincere Christians, and from this small beginning the movement spread in every direction, and soon became one with a similar work which began earlier in the South of Russia, and is known as the Pashkoffski movement. These religious teachers find a prepared soil in the minds of Russian peasants who are taught by the Greek Church to say "God be merciful to me a sinner." From this seed of truth it is not difficult to produce a harvest of spiritual life. No attempt has been made on the part of the converts or leaders of the revival to establish a religious sect, or separate themselves from the Greek Church. But when one enters the clear light of the Gospel he is very apt to break his idols, and this course brings down the Government on his head. There has been severe persecution, and some of the converts have displayed the spirit of true Christian martyrs as they have accepted banishment even to Siberia with composure. It is said by one who has been in that country, that the Government with all its vigilance and cruelty is not able to crush out or impede the work.—*Central Pres.*

### HOW THE MAINE LAW ORIGINATED.

The following story was told by Neal Dow, at his home in Portland, Maine, to a correspondent of a New York daily:

"It was a great many years ago. I was sitting in this same house one evening quite late. In answering a knock at the door, I found a woman whom I knew very well as the wife of a government official in this city. He was a perodical drunkard, and on this very night was down town on aspre. His wife wished me to get him home quietly, because if he was drunk the next day he might lose his position. I started out and found him in the back room of a down town hotel. That was in the days of license in Maine. I said to the keeper in a quiet way: 'I wish you would sell no more liquor to Mr. Blank.'

'Why, Mr. Dow,' he said, 'this is my business; I must supply my customers.' 'That may all be,' I replied, 'but here is this gentleman with a large family depending on him for support. If he goes to his office to-morrow drunk he will lose his place. I wish you would sell him no more.' He became somewhat angry, and told me he, too, had a family to support; that he had a license to sell liquor to whoever he pleased, and that he didn't care to have me meddling in his business.

"'So you have a license, have you?' said I, 'and you support your family by destroying that man's? We'll see about this.' I went home thoroughly determined to devote my life to suppressing the liquor traffic in the best way possible. The Maine law originated in that rum shop."

Wealth as a source of happiness is sheer humbug, said a millionaire to me the other day; "mine never gave me an ounce of pleasure until I began to do good with it." We ministers often find the happiest souls are they who have the least of earthly goods and the most of Christ. A pastor once called to see an old woman on the ground floor of a dingy rookery; she lay helpless and alone on her bed, and poked the scanty fire with a long iron rod; a kind neighbor came in occasionally to feed the fire. Her one solace was her Bible, her one companion was her Saviour. Cheerful, uncomplaining, joyful, she was a living witness how little a human soul depends for its richest happiness on mere externals, and how supremely happy it may be when it has the continual presence of the Lord of glory. "My joy shall remain in you and your joy shall be full." Put this promise to the test, my friend, and then tell me—when we get to Heaven—if you were disappointed.—*Dr Cuyler.*

"Heavenly Foot Society" has been formed by Chinese women at Amoy. Rev. John McGowan, missionary at Amoy, now in England on a visit, in a speech delivered at Manchester recently, stated that the society was the result of his persistent teaching that the Chinese custom of binding the feet was in open violation of the precepts of the Gospel. It is his belief that the example will be extensively imitated, and that the final result will be a death blow to the barbarous practice.

## FOR YOUNG MEN.

Lead not me into temptation! O young man, thinking within yourself "I am so strong, there is no fear about me," I tell you make the most dreadful mistake. The very fact that you think yourself so strong, opens the way for the devil and his insidious attacks. Fling the temptation aside. Come to the Lord's side and pledge yourself to him, and be his; and when you say, "Lead me not into temptation" move in the direction of your prayer, God will give you the strength, in which alone you will be able to resist the tempter. Then you will be delivered from evil, and then you will look up to God, not taking credit to yourself, not magnifying yourself, but saying "Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory."  
—*Rev. John Hall.*

## JAPAN.

Rev. A. Lloyd, a missionary, writes that Unitarianism is so wonderfully like Confucianism that it seems likely to prove specially attractive to the Japanese. Without change of heart, opinion, or anything else, they will be able to call themselves Christians, and enjoy all the consideration of a Christian nation; and that is just what they most desire. It must be admitted that the tendency in Japan is toward a nominal rather than a spiritual Christianity; and if evangelical Christianity is to have much power in that country in the near future, the next few years must witness mighty and intense efforts on the part of those who hold to the pure gospel of Jesus Christ.—*Sel.*

## THE USES OF SORROW.

The simplest and most obvious use of sorrow is to remind us of God. It would seem that a certain shock is needed to bring us in contact with reality. We are not conscious of breathing till obstruction makes it felt. We are not aware of the possession of a heart till some disease, some sudden joy or sorrow, rouses it into extraordinary action. And we are not conscious of the mighty cravings of our half divine humanity, we are not aware of the good within us, till some chasm yawns which must be filled, or till the rending asunder of our affections forces us to become fearfully conscious of a need.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

Some of the best arguments in favor of Prohibition are facts. One of the places where it has been a law upon the statute book for a number of years in the State of Maine, and with regard to its effect there Senator Frye says, "I can and do from my personal observation unhesitatingly affirm that the consumption of intoxicating liquors is not to-day one fourth so great as it was twenty years ago, that in the country portions of the State the sale and use have almost entirely ceased." One objection frequently made to it is that even if it become law it will not stop drinking. That may be true, neither will harging stop murder, nor will any law stop any vice or crime so long as human nature is unchanged, but the practical question is what will to the greatest extent reduce drinking and its consequent misery and crime? And so far as Prohibition has been adopted the universal testimony is that "there is none like unto it."

The growth of our Church in the North West is illustrated by the fact that in 1882 there were 129 congregations and 81 at ons, now there are 450. In 1882 there were 1,355 communicants; now there are 9,000. Only 15 churches were erected during the eight years preceding 1882, and there have been built 131 churches and manes since that date, while the Sabbath school attendance has gone up from 618 to over 8,000. The census in Manitoba in 1886 showed 3,000 Baptists, 18,000 Methodists, 23,000 Anglicans, and 28,000 Presbyterians.

Nearly 5,000,000 persons in the United States depends for their living on the sale of liquor and tobacco. In every community of say 6000 people, nearly 500 live on the profits of liquor and tobacco. We are not so far gone in this country.

Probably the "longest pastorate" that the world ever saw was that of Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, in England. He lacked but a week or thereabouts of being a century old and had been rector of one church for 76 years,

The German Secretary of War has given strict orders to the generals to observe the rules and regulations on the sanctification of Sunday. Everything preventing the soldiers from attending divine worship must be avoided.

## THE LEPEROS, PEONS, AND BEGGARS OF MEXICO.

*Leperos*, derived from the Castilian *lepra* (leper), is not pure Spanish, nor does it denote a class afflicted with the loathsome disease of leprosy; but it is applied to a class than which it would hardly be possible to imagine one more repulsive or disgusting. The traveler who sees them—and they are found everywhere in the towns of this country—must fain hope that no human beings like them are to be found in any other lands of the earth. They wear little clothing, and that little, unless it is of leather, is apt to be in shreds and tatters. If it is of leather it may have served to cover the wearers as long as the children of Israel wore their garments. Their hair, if sometimes cut, is certainly never combed; it is long, and matted, and full of vermin. It is impossible, in looking at them, to imagine that they ever washed face, feet, or body. They are completely encased in a thick and hard crust of dirt. Their complexions are very dark, or that is the color of the dirt covering them, their teeth alone are clean and bright, and what with their wild eyes and famine-pinched features, their expression is savage and altogether wolfish. If they are women they will often have two or three little half-naked, sometimes wholly naked, children trotting after them or fastened to their backs. They are the most miserable-looking creatures I ever saw wearing the human form. To see one such creature would be shocking enough, but to see them by thousands is a sad sight indeed. Their haunts in the city of Mexico are the canals and the markets, and especially the pulque shops there and in all towns. They live on what a civilized man would revolt at as no better than offal. They spend their lives in drinking pulque (which is as much the national drink of the Mexicans as lager beer is of the Germans), quarreling, and stealing. There is nothing on which they will not lay their thieving hands if they get a chance. The superintendent of telegraph construction on the road between Vera Cruz and Mexico told me that, despite all their vigilance, they not unfrequently had the wire of their lines stolen and carried off, sometimes by the mile! How large a proportion of the ten millions of the Mexicans in the country are *leperos* I do not

know. The numbers are certainly very large, and their presence in such numbers must greatly affect and depress the civilization of the country.

Another and perhaps larger class of the population is made up of what are called *peons*. These are day laborers, and while they are industrious, and in general not morally base, they are in other respects about as degraded as the *leperos*. They are ignorant, very poor, and in reality a servile class. Having often heard it said that they were slaves I took pains to make careful inquiry into the facts of their condition. While the wages of all of this class are very low—only about thirty cents a day—yet such of them as are out of debt are virtually free, though they seldom care to leave the place where they have lived and labored, since they have strong local attachments. But many of them are not out of debt, but all their lives long are in debt, and these are in a condition which lacks nothing but the name of being a condition of slavery. Indeed, the very definition of the word *peon* is that of a laborer held in servitude until a debt is discharged, and, as often the debt is never discharged, the bondage is life-long. Debt is often incurred through the tender sentiments. A young man wishes to marry. He has not a cent of money laid by, and hence to meet the necessary expenses of his wedding, a large item in which is the enormous fee of the priest, he must borrow money. He cannot do this without selling his labor in advance, which amounts to a selling of himself for the sum of the money borrowed until full payment is made. As he can earn but a few cents a day, and must support himself and family out of this miserable pittance, it often happens that for years, and sometimes happens that for life, the debt and the servitude remain. The condition of the *peon* class is thus one of far greater ignorance, poverty, and hopelessness than that of the freedmen of the South. They are not likely to be raised above this servile condition until and only as the whole people are elevated. And when this takes place it will doubtless involve the breaking up and the distribution among many owners of the *haciendas*, or immense landed estates into which the country is now divided. If it is the curse of Ireland that the land of the country is owned and held by a few persons, much more is this the curse of Mexico. There are in Ireland but little more

than five millions of landless people, whereas in Mexico there are more than ten millions of such people. Or, to put the case in a much more striking way, of the more than five millions of Ireland's population about nine thousand are land owners, while of Mexico's more than ten millions of people not more than six thousand, it is estimated, are owners of land. It is no doubt true that there is much more waste land in Mexico than there is in Ireland, perhaps ten times more. But Mexico is twenty-six times larger than the Emerald Isle, and probably contains at least ten times as much arable land. With this all in the hands of only six thousand *haciendados* or landed proprietors it will readily be seen that the smallest estates must be immensely large, while the largest may very likely contain as many acres as the whole State of Connecticut. No country can be prosperous in such a state of things, and so long as it continues so long the condition of the *peon* class must remain practically what it is now. Mexico needs one more revolution, not necessarily a bloody one, to break up this huge land monopoly and rid the country of the all-pervasive and blighting effects of it.

Beggars—a word about these, for they meet the traveler every-where. They press their suit sometimes with great volubility, sometimes with merely piteous and mutely appealing looks, and sometimes with expressive and excruciating pantomime. Of words I learned to distinguish the *por el amor de Dios*, "For the love of God." Other and frequent forms of adoration, as I was told, were "For the love of the Blessed Virgin," "By the precious blood of Christ," "By the holy mystery of the Trinity." Surely not Italy, nor even Sicily can boast of so many beggars as Mexico; relatively to the whole population it seemed to me as if they were as one to ten. And such looking beggars! They utterly beggar description! It is said of Michael Angelo that he often drew from beggars, and his biographer Fuseli says of him that he "ennobled his beggar into patriarchs and prophets in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel." Mexican beggars would need a good deal of ennobling to make them look like prophets, though some of them, on the score of age, and of a certain rugged and remarkably striking appearance, might well be considered patriarchs. Many of them look old enough

to be the Wandering Jew. Now with these three classes—the *leperos*, the *peones*, and the beggars—present in such large numbers, it is safe to conclude that the higher classes cannot be very high in the scale of civilization. Individual exceptions to this statement there no doubt are, and many of them. But, making all allowance for the it will still remain true of the higher classes as a whole that vice in many forms, and licentiousness in particular, is very prevalent among them. And if the general condition of the people morally is low, even lower yet is their intellectual condition.—*Evangelist*.

### PALM-TREE CHRISTIANS.

What a grand spectacle is some lofty tree standing in regal height among its fellows, the very king of the forest! From the spout where its trunk strikes the ground to its topmost twig it is a thing of sublimity. Look at it yonder towering towards the blue sky as if ambitious to brush the clouds with its leaves. With its roots piercing the soil to a great depth, and the sap of strength coursing through its veins, that tree is a veritable storm-wrestler, able to resist the wildest hurricane that ever ran through the woods.

The Psalmist probably had such an image of rugged vitality in his mind when he wrote the sentence in which he declares that "the righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree."

The analogies stored up in that passage are various, for there are many likenesses between the true saint of God and a palm-tree. There is one similarity here, however, which may well arrest the attention of those who are suffering any kind of affliction.

The palm-tree the more it is pressed upon the more it grows. That which might seem to be a hindrance to its development is instead a stimulation, giving it greater roundness of trunk and length of branches, and sending its feathery plumes higher into the sunlight.

In God's Church there have been found just such hardy specimens of heavenly strength. Such a palm-tree servant of the Lord was the patriarch Job whose trials, instead of blistering his lips with curses, called forth that sublime expression of confidence, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." Loss of property, loss of children and the accusations of



friends were the devices of Satan for the stunting of Job's spiritual life, but these served to increase the stature of that life. The rustling of the broad leaves of that ancient palm-tree has inspired with faith "a great multitude that no man can number."

Such a palm-tree child of God was David, whose tribulations hung the boughs of his old age with luscious fruits. Such a palm-tree disciple was Peter, whose upbraiding of conscience outside the hall of Caraphas kindled the flaming love for the Master that blazes upon the pages of the Acts of the Apostles. Such a palm-tree Christian was Paul, who was moved to say in the face of the most fearful persecution, "I know whom I have believed." Such palm-tree heroes were the martyrs whose faith was tried by fire and rack and sword.

The records of the Church are crimson with the blood of many of these old-time worthies. Those men of past ages stood out under the sharp gales of sorrow; but the rough winds that blew among their branches sent their tops climbing to the stars. While they were pressed upon they grew.

That history is still being written,—written with tears and punctuated with sobs. But those tears shall yet sparkle as gems in the crown of a completed righteousness, and those sobs shall yet be swept from the strings of golden harps in strains of sweetest melody.

"It is a funeral procession," we say, as we see the hearse with its fluttering feathers and the long line of carriages wending their way to the silent city of the dead.

"It is a failure in business," we remark, as we hear the crash of a man's prosperity and listen to the bursting of his bubble of wealth.

"It is the suffering of pain," we declare as we look upon one lying pale and emaciated upon a couch of sickness.

"There is a skeleton in the closet," we whisper, as one passes us whose brow is furrowed with care and whose head is woven with gray threads of trouble.

This may be all true. But there is something more. These things are the pressure that quickens the growth of a palm-tree Christian. These are the boisterous winds that send his roots deeper into the soil. These are the methods employed by the Gardener for the bringing forth of the fruit of an increased trust in God.

That man's sore bereavement turned his eyes towards the eternal city where death never plants his spade for the rearing of a grave. That man's financial loss secured for him a priceless treasure, lying beyond the reach of misfortune within the pearl vaults of the bank of heaven. That man's illness brought immortal health into his soul. That man's skeleton in the closet became a living joy.

Sorrowing reader, remember these things. The ship must be torn from its moorings that it may glide towards a richer harbor. The nest of the mountain eagle must be stirred that the eaglets may spread their pinions to the breeze and wheel beneath the sun. The blackness of clouds must be piled in the east for the arching of an evening rainbow. The night must cast its shadows before we can catch the radiance of stars. So if you are afflicted, God has thus visited you that out of your trials may come a grander experience of faith and a more willing obedience to the precepts of the Lord. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."—*Sel.*

### IT DOES MATTER

It is often said, "It is no matter what a man believes, if his conduct is right." By parity of reason, "It is no matter on what foundation, the house rests, if it only stands." There are houses on the sand which makes as fair a show as those on the solid rock till the floods come and the winds blow, but only those on the rock will weather the storm. It is of utmost importance to the right-doing man why he is doing right; for his reasons may be such as opportunity, temptation, evil example, will silence and sweep away. And I know of no reasons that may not be disposed except those which are embodied in the therefore of the Christian faith. Loose views as to the worth of religious truth and of fixed religious beliefs are already having their inevitable results in a correspondingly loose, vacillating, and low moral standard. Morality never has subsisted, and never will subsist, without religion. As well might you attempt to raise grapes from a rootless vine.—*Dr. A. P. Peabody.*

## THE TWO STEPS TO SALVATION.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

God brought Israel *out of Egypt* before He brought them *into Canaan*. So there are two vital steps to be taken by every one who sincerely desires to be saved; the one is a step *from*, and the other is a step *towards*. Peter, the earliest revival preacher in the Christian Church, addressed an assembly of awakened sinners by condensing the first step into the single word "repent." Repentance means far more than shedding tears, or rising for prayer, or being alarmed at the thought of hell. It is taking a right view of sin, and then determining by God's help to quit it. The good old Westminster Catechism describes it as that act by which the sinner, with a true sense of his sin, and with grief and hatred of his sin, doth *turn from it* unto God. Whether it be one specific sin or evil habit, or whether it be a whole life course of ungodliness, the thing to be done is the same. Sin must be loathed, and then left. Many a drunkard loathes himself and his bottle; but he does not leave off. The dishonest railway-contractor, who is only ashamed because he is detected, but would repeat his speculations if he could get another chance, is not a true penitent. A great many people's lives are an alternation of sinning and sorrowing, sorrowing and then sinning again, but yet they become no better. My friend, when you have looked at your own heart as wicked, and your own conduct as utterly wrong; when you have prayed God to change your heart, and to help you change your conduct, you have taken one vital step towards your salvation.

Perhaps you may say "I thought that coming to Christ was the first step, and the only step that I need take." Let me tell you that you are never likely to come to Christ as you ought, until you see yourself as you are, and feel your need of a Saviour. There is a very light way of inviting sinners to Christ, that makes very light work with their souls. They hear a certain kind of invitation that makes them believe that they can come to Jesus, and bring their favorite sins along with them. Christ himself did not ignore repentance; the very first recorded text that He ever preached from, was the short sharp word "Repent." Peter rang out the same text at Pentecost. Paul work-

ed on the same lines, for he tells us that he preached "Repentance towards God, and faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ." The step *from* must precede the step *to*. Even the prodigal did not set his face towards his father's house until he had come to himself, and began to loathe himself and his horrible sins.

2 As the first vital step is a penitential step *from* sin, so the second vital step is a step *towards* the crucified Saviour. When an anxious inquirer asked Paul what he must do to be saved, the Apostle gave back the swift reply "Trust on the Lord Jesus Christ." That was not an emotion or an opinion, but an act. I have but little patience with a class of crude but well meaning Christians, who talk to inquiring souls as if faith was a sort of passive resting in the arms of Jesus, as a baby drops to sleep in the arms of its mother. There are times in life when a soul may do this, but not in the decisive step of conversion. If I fall off the ferry boat, and a rope is tossed over to me, my act of faith in that rope must be a pretty sturdy grip of the rope, and a fast holding to it. If it holds me, I must hold on to it. The trust on Christ that saves you, must be an energetic grasping of him and clinging to Him, and uniting your very soul to His loving and all powerful self. Faith is your *doing*. Divine support and upholding grace is Christ's *doing*. In process of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, there is a certain sense in which the soul is passive, just as Bartimeus was passive while Christ was opening his blind eyes for him. Yet Bartimeus was thoroughly active in praying to Christ, trusting Christ, and coming to Christ for healing. "Come unto me" is Christ's invitation to you; but coming implies a step towards Him, and taking steps is an active process, not a passive recipiency.

3. From the moment that you surrender yourself to Jesus, you must let Him have His way with you. Saul of Tarsus had been used to having his own way, and a wretched way it was; as soon as Christ had conquered him, he cried out "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Paul did not bargain to be made "happy," or expect any raptures; neither must you. The great Apostle's joy was to do his Master's will; his crown was the work he nobly wrought, and the souls he won. Search through all the old hero's biography, and you will seldom find him talking about

his own enjoyments, except when he tells us that he "rejoiced in his tribulations," and rejoiced in his Lord always.

Now then, my friend, I have tried to set before you the two essential steps to your own salvation. They may be condensed into the single sentence: Quit your sins, and follow your Saviour. These mean repentance towards the God you have displeased, and faith towards the Lord Jesus who died for you. Sin would hold you back; cut it off. Christ would draw you to Him; yield and obey. When you give up a single sin to please Him, and do a single duty to honor Him, the work of conversion has begun. Begin to obey Christ. If when your heart gives way, a flood of joy comes with it, be thankful. If you experience no ecstasies, don't be disturbed; hold out steadfastly, bravely, and unselfishly to the end, and you will get raptures enough in the first hour of Heaven, to requite you for all the sharp trials and tough conflicts on the road. If two decisive steps make you a Christian, there will be *one more step* by-and-by, that will usher you into the resplendent throng of the crowned conquerors.

### JUMP FOR THE ROPE.

The following story is familiar to many of our readers, but it illustrates so well the sinner accepting Christ that we give it again in the hope that it may lead some one to "Lay hold on eternal life."

The poor inhabitants of the Shetland Islands realize a scanty living by catching the sea-birds which frequent those islands in great numbers, and build and breed in the rocky cliffs or the shore. Their skin, feathers, oil, and eggs are of vast importance to the islanders, who in this manner pay their rent, obtain food and clothing, and secure lamp-light during the long winter months. The catching of these birds is often accompanied with great danger. A true incident will help us in the illustration of our subject.

A birdcatcher went alone one day on his perilous enterprise. Fastening a rope to a stake at the top of the cliff, he let himself down to a ledge of rock, and, in his eager pursuit of birds, neglected the usual precaution of tying the rope round his body. Holding one end of the rope in his left hand, he went farther than he

ought, and in his ardour lost the rope. It swung backwards and forwards for a minute or two, and then came to a stand some distance from his reach.

What was to be done? To climb the overhanging rock was impossible. To cry aloud was useless, for no human being was near. To descend was only to be lost in the foaming billows of the Atlantic, which broke upon the rocks far below. What was to be done? Death stared him in the face. To care for his treasure of birds and eggs was out of the question. He made his resolution, and acted upon it. Laying aside anything that would encumber him, he collected his strength, and with wide-spread arms sprang forward to catch the rope, and, no less strange than true, succeeded in grasping it, and lived to tell the tale of his marvellous escape.

Reader, is there anything in your case similar to this birdcatcher? Have you in your anxious pursuit of fame, pleasure, or money, neglected that Gospel which by faith brings salvation? By an undue attention to the things of this life have you suffered your soul to starve, and the interests of eternity to be unheeded? And have you been wakened up by the Holy Spirit to realise your loss? Does sin press heavily upon your conscience? Is the wrath of God hanging over you? Is the ocean of eternity for which you feel yourself unprepared, before and beneath you? And does the question arise, "What must I do to be saved?"

The answer is simple, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Like the birdcatcher, venture at once and without delay; lay hold on the hope of salvation, lay aside worldly hindrances, and you shall succeed. In his case there was every probability of destruction; in your case there shall be the blessed certainty of salvation. It was indeed a marvellous thing that he effected his escape; but in your case, the love of God, the grace of Christ, and the faithful promises of the Word, all proclaim salvation if you humbly and earnestly believe in Jesus.

"Lo! the incarnate God ascended  
Pleads the merit of His blood;  
Venture on Him, venture wholly;  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good."

## A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I shine in the light of God ;  
His likeness stamps my brow ;  
Through the valley of death my feet have  
trod,  
And I reign in glory now !

No breaking heart is here,  
No keen and thrilling pain,  
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear  
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have reached the joys of heaven ;  
I am one of the sainted band ;  
For my head a crown of gold is given,  
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing,  
Whom Jesus has set free,  
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring  
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain ;  
Safe in my happy home ;  
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,  
My hour of triumph's come !

Oh ! friends of mortal years,  
The trusted and the true !  
Ye are watching still in the valley of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget ? Oh no ;  
For memory's golden chain,  
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,  
Till they meet to touch again,

Each link is strong and bright,  
And love's electric flame,  
Flows freely down like a river of light  
to the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star  
Shines out from the glittering sky ?  
Do you weep when the raging voice of war  
And the storms of conflict die ?

Then why should your tears run down,  
And your hearts be sorely riven,  
For another gem in the Savior's crown,  
And another soul in heaven ?

## A DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.

During the public ministry of Jesus Christ upon the earth, the following description of His person was sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome. It is from an ancient manuscript :

"There lives a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ, in Judea.

The barbarians esteem him as a Prophet; but his own followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or a touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped ; his aspect amiable and reverend ; his hair flows into those beautiful shades which no united colour can match, falling into graceful curves below his ears, agreeably couching upon his shoulders, and parting on his head like the head of a Nazarite. His forehead is smooth and large ; his cheeks without either spot, save that of a lovely red ; his nose is smooth, and formed with exquisite symmetry ; his beard is thick, and of a colour suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below the chin, and parted in the middle like a fork. He rebukes with majesty ; commands with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language ; his whole address, either in deed or word, being elegantly graceful and characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has ever seen him laugh ; but many have seen him weep, and so persuasive are his tears that the multitude cannot withhold theirs from joining in sympathy with his. He is very temperate, modest and wise, and in short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems, at present, from his excellent bearing and divine perfection, every way surpassing the children of men."

Such a word picture of Him of whom the Bible says : He is the chiefest among 10,000 ; yea, He is altogether lovely.

—When Garibaldi had been defeated at Rome, he issued his immortal appeal:

"Soldiers, I have nothing to offer you but cold and hunger and rags and hardship. Let him who loves this country follow me!" And thousands of the youth of Italy sprang to their feet at that high appeal. And will you, the trustees of posterity—will you turn your backs to the appeal of our Saviour Christ? I know that you will not. You cannot all be missionaries ; but some of you may be called to that high work, and all of you may help it forward.—*Canon Farrar.*

Bad words are soon learned by converse with those that use them, but not soon unlearned.

### EMINENT PIETY NOT AN ACCIDENT.

\*Gifts in prayer, gifts in the Christian graces, are greatly coveted by many who do not have them—coveted as *gifts*. They are gifts, indeed, whenever possessed; but gifts that have been asked for and striven after. Though gifts, they have cost much—much in prayerful vigilance and eager assiduity. There is indeed great variety in constitutional endowments of speech, quickness and depth of emotion. But the essentials of true piety, the piety which the world feels and covets, are not constitutional endowments, like the poetic genius. All piety is a graft set into a wild stock, and set there for the asking. The eminently devout spirit is a fruit of cultivation. What we call Christian "breeding" has much to do with it; the "second birth" still more; but no matter how well-bred Christianly, or how thoroughly born again, deep, daily piety—piety that modifies life, giving it an efficient and consistent earnestness which commands the world's confidence, does not come by chance, nor come of neglect after the beginning. The spirit and power of that prayer which everybody in prayer-meeting loves to hear, even though in poor English, did not come into that soul on an accidently breeze. It was born of soul burnings alone with God. The Payson and Page and Moody spirit does not develop out of an uncultivated soil. William E. Dodge and Christopher Robert were as assiduous in cultivating the Christian spirit as they were liberal of time, toil, and money in the interests of Christ's Kingdom. The one came as the result of the other. Christopher Robert is said to have had his times, in the days of his highest business activity, when, shut away alone with God, all business demanding his personal attention must stand still, awaiting his coming down from the mount—sometimes for whole days. Eminent piety never comes by chance. It is a result only of painstaking endeavour after just that. The reason why we have not a larger proportion of eminent Christians is, there are so few who are willing to pay the price of attainment. Somebody has said "The highest genius is the genius to sit"—which means the ability, the patient perseverance to hold to a purpose.

A strong body does not come without good food. No more does spiritual vig-

our and growth without spiritual food. The best bread and most thoroughly converted soul can be starved, until it will seem as if struck with the blight of death. Fed only, or chiefly, upon business, pleasure, light reading, skeptical reading, worldly reading, on the Sabbath, will kill off the best born soul. The older we grow, the more deeply we feel that there is no food for the soul that can compare, in nutritive power, with the Word of God. It is like daily oxygen to the lungs. All other books are likely to be like air with more or less miasma in it. There are starveling Christians to-day moody and hopeless, simply for want of feeding upon God's truth. And the best cooking for it, is that which comes of a soul heated by solitary communion with God.

Pastors look sadly upon so many and whisper in themselves, "Ye *did* run well, who did hinder you." Nobody hindered you, my brother. No environment prevented you. Painstaking endeavour would have kept you running well. God foreordains no man to failure or to poor success. He calls all to the height in Christ Jesus. But "I must fight if I would win."—*Rev. Dr. J. H. Taylor, in N. Y. Evangelist.*

### EXPECT LITTLE.

The less we expect from this world the better for us. The less we expect from our fellow-men whether of spiritual help or of inspiring example, the smaller will be our disappointment. He that leans on his own strength leans on a broken reed. We are always *going* to be something stronger, purer, and holier. Somewhere in the future there always hangs in the air a golden *ideal* of a higher life that we are going to reach; but as we move on the dream of better things moves on before us also. It is like the child's running over behind the hill to catch the rainbow. When he gets on the hill-top the rainbow is as far off as ever. Thus does our day dream of a higher Christian life keep floating away from us; and we are left to realize, what frail, unreliable creatures we are when we rest our expectations of growth and victory over evil in ourselves. "My soul, wait thou only upon God! My expectation is only from Him."—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

God will be with those who live in love and peace.

## IN TIME OF NEED.

Yes, you may do without your Bibles in the heyday of prosperity; when the sun shines, and the birds sing, and not a breath ruffles the surface of your summer sea. You may then, possibly, afford to rest satisfied with barren theoretic views, or the chill of skeptic creed—to regard the Sacred Oracles as the effete record of a by-gone economy—antiquated sophistries—some writings of Palestine peasants and fishermen, which the superstition of an after age has palmed upon a too credulous world. But wait till the sky is clouded, and the wind moans, and the hurricane of trial is let loose; and where are you without these discredited pages then? No poetry, no philosophy, can hush the sorrows, and satisfy the yearnings of the crushed and broken spirit, as that Book of books has done. When no other panacea is of any avail, it has put courage into fainting hearts, and peace into troubled hearts, and hope into despairing hearts. Greece and Rome! Socrates, Cicero, and Plato! You have, we allow, served us heirs to many golden maxims—beautiful fantasies, which read pleasingly in the sunshine, lulled by the ripples of the brook and the music of the grove—life all ecstasy and rapture.

But for the soul which, in its hour of bitter desolation, craves for realities, commend me to the Psalms of David and the promises of Isaiah—above all, to the living, loving balm-words of Him who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Every other world oracle is a Delphic one. It is either dumb, or its utterances are perplexing, dubious, misleading. But "Thy testimonials are very sure." "The word of the Lord is tried." "This is my comfort in mine affliction, for Thy word hath quickened me!" "Read, read the Bible," said William Wilberforce on his death bed. "Through all my perplexities and distresses I never read any other book, and I never feel the want of any other."—*J. R. Macduff, D. D.*

## GROWING UP.

This is the same spirit which minifies everything that is near us, and magnifies the remote. The townspeople say of the distinguished preacher, or the well-known lawyer, or the distinguished politician about whom every one is talking, "Why,

that is little Johnny A—! I used to know him when he was a freckled-faced boy, and it's his mother who lives in the little house up on the turnpike." And yet, in spite of the fact that Mr. John A—was born in Squashville, and that it is his mother who lives in the little brown house on the turnpike, he may be the distinguished senator or the well-known preacher. Human nature has changed little during the centuries. The chief reason that many would not believe on our Lord, we remember, was the absurd reason that he was the one whose father and mother they knew. In the household the father is slow to acknowledge that the son who overtops his own gray head may be quite as good a farmer or mechanic as he is himself. He is still little Johnny, the boyish, the frivolous. He grew so gradually and right before the father's eyes, in such a way that he never realized when Johnny put away childish things and became a man. The mother can scarcely bring herself to believe that Mary, too, is grown up, that she is no longer to be regarded or treated as if she wore pinafores, but is a woman like herself, with a grown woman's rights, and privileges and opinions of her own that are to be respected.

Much unhappiness comes into families just by reason of this inability to recognize growth and advancement in those nearest us. It would be well for every father and mother to bear in mind the discovery that the genial Dr. Deems made at a recent convention of young people, "that a young man of to-day who is twenty-five years of age is just as old as he was himself when he was twenty-five years of age."

"The oldest minister of the Gospel in active service is Rev. William Stoddart, of the parish of Moderty, in Scotland. The baptismal register shows that he was baptized on the 29th of March, 1787, and is now in his 102nd year. Father Stoddart walks about a mile to his preaching service every Sunday with buoyant step, and preaches a sermon of about an hour's length, discharges, unaided, all his pastoral duties, and is a most efficient chairman of the County School Board."

There are twenty-two Protestant places of worship within the walls of the city of Rome. There are twenty six in Bombay.

## PROMISES AND PRAYERS.

A promise is like a cheque. If I have a cheque, what do I do with it? Suppose I carried it about in my pocket, and said, "I do not see the use of this bit of paper, I cannot buy anything with it," a person would say, "Have you been to the bank with it?" "No, I did not think of that." "But it is payable to your order. Have you written your name on the back of it?" "No I have not done that." "And yet you are blaming the person who gave you the cheque! The whole blame lies with yourself. Put your name at the back of the cheque, go with it to the bank, and you will get what is promised to you." A prayer should be the presentation of God's promise endorsed by your personal faith. I hear of people praying for an hour together. I am very much pleased that they can; but it is seldom that I can do so, and I see no need for it. It is like a person going into a bank with a cheque, and stopping an hour. The clerks would wonder. The common-sense way is to go to the counter and show your cheque, and take your money, and go about your business. There is a style of prayer which is of this fine practical character. You so believe in God that you present the promise, obtain the blessing, and go about your Master's business. Sometimes a flood of words only means excusing unbelief. The prayers of the Bible are nearly all short ones; they are short and strong. The exceptions are found in places of peculiar difficulty, like that of Jacob, when he cried,

With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

As a general rule, faith presents its prayer, gets its answer, and goes on its way rejoicing.—*Spurgeon.*

## A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

A remarkable instance of the way in which God answers prayer in His own way, even while seeming to deny it is in the case of the famous Augustine.

When Augustine, in his home at Carthage, resolved to visit Rome, his mother wished either to prevent him from going, or to go with him. He would listen to neither proposal, and resorted to a trick to carry out his plan. One evening he went to the sea-shore, and his mother followed. There were two chapels dedicated to the memory of the martyr Cyprian, and he

pressed her to spend the evening in the church of the martyr, while he would accompany a friend on board a ship, there to say farewell. While she was there in tears, praying and wrestling with God to prevent the voyage, Augustine sailed for Italy; and his deceived mother next morning found herself alone.

In quiet resignation she returned to the city, and continued to pray for the salvation of her son. Though meaning well, Monica erred in her prayers; for the journey of Augustine was the means of his conversion. The Good Shepherd found the wanderer in Rome, and the Gospel became the power of God to his salvation. The denial of the prayer was, in fact, the answering of it. Instead of the husk, God granted rather the substance of her petition in the conversion of her son. "Therefore," said he, "O God, Thou hadst regard to the aim and essence of her desires, and didst not do what she then prayed for, that Thou mightest do for me what she continually implored."

## WALK BY FAITH.

The hand that beckons us to glory waves us out of impenetrable clouds. We walk in a way that we know not. We labor for our Master, but never know beforehand which shall prosper, whether this or that. We lay wise plans, and they miscarry. We commit gross blunders, and they are overruled for good. We run toward the light, and it goes out in darkness. We sink shivering in the darkness, and find it light. We pray for joys, and they milder into griefs. We accept the griefs, and they blossom into joy. To-day the apple turns to ashes and to-morrow the stones to bread. We exult in some prosperity, and get leanness with it. We murmur at some adversity and find it big with blessings. We run toward open doors, and dash our heads against a granite wall. We move against the wall at the call of duty, and it opens to let us through. What shall befall us we cannot know. What is expedient we cannot tell. Only this we know, that God would shape us to himself, whether it be by the discipline of joy or the discipline of sorrow. To make us perfect as He is perfect, this is the choice of our heavenly Father, this is the end of His revelations; while everything not helpful to this He hides away out of sight.—*Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock.*

### THE PSALMS SUITED TO ALL EXPERIENCES.

Because they both touch and cover every possible condition of a real Christian experience, the study of the Psalms will always be found profitable to a true child of God. Those Psalms respond so fully, and with such perfect harmony, to the inspired teachings of the New Testament Scriptures, and they so fully meet the wants of our frail and struggling humanity, that they should always be read in close connection, with those later Scriptures. While they are not of course fully intelligible to the worldly reader, they will always be found to have a precious intelligibility to all, who fully apprehending their source and purport, go to them for light in times of darkness, for sure comfort in seasons of sorrow, and for spiritual strength in seasons of felt spiritual weakness. Prayerfully and humbly read, they always assure us that the heavenly Father will never forsake one of His trusting children; they lift us from the deeply darkened valley of despondency, to the sun-lighted heights of an assurance of His ever watchful protection and constant care. And so the doubting and fainting pilgrim is refreshed, and arises and girds himself anew for a journey which ends only at the open door of the house with many mansions, one of which he finds reserved for him. A wonderful book is that same Book of Psalms. —*Sel.*

### REST IN THE LORD.

"The wicked are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest." Tossed and beaten by storms of passion, restless as the heaving tides, God's peace is unknown to them. They have no inward rest, and they have no resting-place where their soul can find refuge. Like Noah's dove, they "flit between rough seas, and stormy skies." To mortals thus labouring and heavy-laden, Christ sends the gracious invitation, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

The restless cannot rest wherever they are; and the faint and weary fail to rest because they have no resting-place. Christ gives an inward rest, a rest to the soul, and He also affords a resting-place where heart and flesh may find repose.

Rest in the Lord. Rest in his love, which satisfies the deepest yearnings of the human heart; rest in his care, which watches over the lowliest, and notes the sparrow's fall; rest in his providence, which never fails, and which is over all his works; rest in his promises, which are exceeding great and precious, and which cover the needs of his trusting children in every state and condition in life. O weary, way-worn, burdened, tempted, despondent, troubled soul, there is rest for you. Go to Him who giveth rest. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him. Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." —*Sel.*

In Galt, Ontario, there is quite an exciting "heresy" case. Seven members of Knox (Presbyterian) Church there have teaching the doctrine of "entire sanctification." Whether it was to this case that he referred we do not know, but the *Chicago Interior* says that Spurgeon not long since wrote a letter to a Presbyterian pastor, in a town where some "spiritually perfect and sinless" folk were making a sensation, begging him to catch a specimen and send him on, marked right side up, as a curiosity for Londoners to see. The great preacher declared that he had known people "who might have been thought perfect, but they always disclaimed it; and some who claimed it, while no mortal ever believed in their pretensions." It is by no means those who claim to be perfect that their fellow men judging by their fruits think to be so.

### PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA.

Not only has Colonel Pashkoff been banished from his native country for embracing and preaching evangelical truth, but his trusted servant, Basil Kirpitchnikoff, has learned even more sadly what it means to declare for the pure Gospel of Christ in preference to the Creed Church and its corruptions. Kirpitchnikoff by no means made himself offensive to his neighbors of the Orthodox faith, but simply told those around him that he no longer revered images or believed in the intervention of the saints. False witnesses, however, rose up against him, and, being condemned by the tribunal, he was sent to Siberia in chains. There he remains, but with a consolation of which his enemies are deplorably ignorant.



## CHILDREN AT CHURCH.

A false idea which it is time to explode is the notion that children cannot go to church and Sunday-school the same day. "Poor little dears," say some foolish parents, "it is altogether too much for them to attend a service an hour and a half long and then stay to Sunday-school for another hour, so we let them stay at home from church." And yet those same "Poor little dears" have to stay in the school-room three hours in the morning and two more in the afternoon, five days in the week, and no wise parent thinks of condoling with them or conniving at a truant half holiday. There is nothing in this world so easy to find as an excuse for the non-performance of a religious duty. If we will urge them for our-selves, let us not bring our children up on such poor excuses.—*Golden Rule.*

## SHORT BUT POINTED.

"My pastor, I have somewhat against thee." "Ah! What is it?" "I was sick, and you did not visit me." "Did you desire me to visit you?" "Why, certainly. The presence, sympathy and prayers of the pastor are naturally expected by the sick of his people." "As a rule, I suppose they are; but your case, it seems, was exceptional." "What do you mean?" "I mean that you did not desire anything I might have done for you in your sickness; so far from it, you did not wish me to know that you were sick." "How can you say that?" "Well, let us see. Did a physician visit you?" "Yes." "How did he know you needed him?" "Why, I sent for him, of course." "Exactly; but you treated me differently. The physician would not know that you were sick unless you informed him, and you did inform him, because you desired his presence; but the pastor, by some sort of clairvoyance, peculiar to himself, was to know what the physician could not know, and so you took no pains to give him a needless message! Is that it, brother? Now be candid. Am I not to understand that, as you did not send for me, my presence was not desired? Pardon my plainness; I think, in comparative treatment of your physician and your pastor, your complaint is both unreasonable and unjust."—*Methodist Protestant.*

## WHAT HAS IT DONE FOR YOU?

After an infidel had concluded a lecture in a village in England, he challenged those present to a discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old bent woman, in antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said:—"Sir, I have a question to put to you." "Well, my good woman, what is it?" "Twenty years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave, but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus. That's what my religion has done for me. What has *your* religion done for you?" "Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort, but—" "O! that's not the question," said she, "keep to the point, sir. What has *your* way of thinking done for you?" The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again; the meeting gave vent to uproarious applause, and the champion had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

## THE GARMENTS OF PRAISE

Happy are those whose names suggest gladness and brightness, whose presence acts as sunshine wherever they may move. Even those who are not joyful by nature, may become thankful and bright by grace, and recommend religion by putting away murmurings, complaints and irritability. The Bible urges us *Forget not all His benefits.* If we think about our mercies, our preservation, our deliverances, and more about the hope that is set before us, depression will be cured, and the spirit of heaviness will be replaced in garments of praise.

Mr. Spurgeon has said that some Christians are too prone to look on life's dark side, and talk about what they have gone through, rather than what the Lord has done. A healthy Christian says "I will speak not about *myself*, but to the honor of my God. The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad.—*Short Arrows.*