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THE ARCHIVES
THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN CANADA

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

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Editorial Notes	291
Maritime Notes	292
The Duty of the Parent to the S. School	294
Pioneer Work in Cape Breton	298
Incidents of Extra Pastoral Work, by an old Nova Scotia Pastor	298
NEW BRUNSWICK:—	
Letter from Rev. Joseph Anmand	299
TRINIDAD:—	
Letter from Rev. John Morton	300
Letter from Miss Blackadder	301
Talmage and Lord Chesterfield	302
An Indian Village, by Rev. J. Wilkie of Indore	303
A Brave Little Dutch Boy	304
The Rainy Sabbath; Doing no Harm	305
Lovest Thou Me: A Hindu Husband's Creed	306
The Dignity and Duty of the Elder	306
How Charley bought a Bible; The Home	309
The Missionary and the Infidel	310
The Folly of Having Ones Own Way: Why not an Infidel?	310
Have you Lost Jesus? Parental Prayer	311
God and the Liquor Traffic	311
A Voice in the Twilight; It is well with the Child	312
Why we oppose the Liquor Traffic; Alone with God	313
At the Close of Day: The Wreck	314
My Boys and Girls; I cannot get Beyond it	315
Do we Educate our Children: Earnestness is Power	316
A Solitary Way; Church Rounders	316
The Mute Appeal of Heathenism	317
Blue Mondays	319
The Giving Alphabet: Where the Children are Safe	320

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.

OCT., 1889.

REVELS OF SUPERSTITION.

There has been an extraordinary outbreak of superstition and fanaticism in the Georgia Midlands. A white lunatic suddenly proclaimed himself to be the Messiah reappearing upon earth to establish his kingdom, and a profound impression was left upon the minds of a group of ignorant negro followers, who listened with awe to his incoherent preaching.

When he was lodged in jail at Milledgeville, a black Messiah, as mad as the traditional March hare, took up his parable and affirmed his own divinity in blasphemous outbursts, to which a motley throng of awe-struck negroes responded with many a frenzied "Glory to God!" The second Messiah had been justice of the peace, and possessed considerable authority over men of his own color, although he was known to be a lunatic. He was arrested while encouraging his disciples to offer human sacrifices on a deserted plantation, and was carried off to the Hinesville jail.

The negroes in their cabins surrounding the grass-grown ruins of the stately Walthour mansion burned during the civil war were by this time in a

STATE OF HYSTERICAL EXCITEMENT.

They gathered about the live-oak trees singing hymns, drinking whiskey, and awaiting with superstitious dread the advent of the next claimant for divine honours. When Shedrick Walthour, once a slave on the plantation, declared himself to be King Solomon, armed with a divine commission to release all the prisoners confined in Hinesville on charges of lunacy, his subjects knelt before him in ecstatic reverence. His fame rapidly was noised abroad, and hundreds of negroes from the surrounding country congregated at Walthour to pay homage to their new sovereign. By daylight his majesty was on exhibition in tent, often, it is to be feared, royally drunk. At night, wood fires were lighted in the open air, and about the crackling blaze Solomon's loyal subjects sang, prayed, danced, and slept. The king's short reign closed with a mad rush for the Hinesville jail, where the lunatics were to be liberated. He had promised to attest his divinely-appointed commission by many miraculous signs and wonderful works, and had called for fifteen volunteers to attend him in his triumphal progress.

WITH POMP AND REVELRY

the king and his retinue swept out of camp and took up the march for Hinesville. Sixteen swarthy warriors started with him; but in the course of the journey of ten miles ten fell out. The king, with his faithful guard of six, appeared before the prison and sought

to perform a miracle, but no mighty work could he do. The marshal arrested the seven negroes and clapped them all in jail, lodging Solomon in all his glory in the cell adjoining that in which the Black Messiah was swearing like a Hessian trooper of revolutionary days. The direful news was carried back to his court by the stragglers who had prudently halted by the wayside; and a candidate for the vacant throne instantly appeared. This time it was the Queen of Sheba, with two dusky attendants wielding palmetto fans and adjusting the folds of her raiment, which consisted of a soiled cotton sheet and a new pair of men's socks. She assumed no responsibility for miracles, was less aggressive in her idea of sovereignty, and passed the time in long trances, during which she visited heaven and communed with spiritual powers. Scriptural characters multiplied after her reign began, two Nebuchadnezzars being found eating grass in the fields, a King David arising for judgment, and Satan himself coiling himself up in the branches of a live-oak. Indeed, so contagious was this spirit of Biblical impersonation that all the leading roles in the drama of Israel were in a fair way to be enacted when a sheriff's posse appeared upon the scene to break up he encampment.—*New York Tribune*.

Mr. Gladstone is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of men, and his greatness gets lustre from his goodness. Great as he is among the foremost men of the world, he is not ashamed to remember the Sabbath to keep it holy. Not long since he was on a visit to Naples. The city authorities wished to show him extraordinary attention, and arranged for a visit to Pompeii, at which there should be a great excavation in the "City of the Dead." He accepted the invitation, although no day was named. Knowing his love for classic archaeology, the authorities did not doubt for a moment that he would fall in with all their plans. So they fixed upon Sunday, and on Saturday morning it was announced in all the papers that a special steamer would take Mr. Gladstone and family, the authorities and newspaper correspondents, to Pompeii, where there would be an excavation. But they "counted without their host," or rather their guests, for the "grand old man" firmly but politely informed them that "he did not use the Sabbath for mere worldly excursions;" that they must change their whole plan, or he would not go. That Sabbath Mr. Gladstone and lady quietly attended church, setting a worthy example to their fellow countrymen when in other lands.

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. IX.

OCTOBER, 1889.

No. 10.

All the subscribers of the MARITIME for next year will receive it for the balance of the year free. Sample copies for distribution will be mailed free to any address.

Let every Presbyterian family take the *Presbyterian Record*, the official organ of the church, and after that, whatever good reading matter they can afford, and we do not think that the same amount of good, wholesome, instructive reading, suitable for week day and Sabbath day, combined with the same amount of information about our own missions, can be obtained elsewhere at a cheaper rate than in the MARITIME. Its cost in a home for a year is only *twenty-five cents*, its value, who can tell?

The editorial work is gratuitous, so that in subscribing for it you are enriching no one, as any receipts above cost go to missions.

With thanks for the kindness of its many friends in the past, we look to them as unpaid co-workers to increase its circulation in the future.

The Synod of the Maritime Provinces will meet in Prince St. Church, Pictou, at 7.30 p. m., Oct 3. For the first time since the Union of 1875, the meeting will extend into the second week. For the past fourteen years the meetings of Synod have been hurried. Two days, or two and a half, left little time beyond the ordinary routine of business for the fuller consideration and discussion of the different branches of the Church's work. Let prayer be made throughout the Church that the hopes for the coming meeting may be fully realized. So far as we have noticed, the nominations by Presbyteries for Moderator of Synod have been, Rev. John McMillan of Chalmers Church Halifax, and Rev. Neil McKay of Chatham, N. B.

Do not put your letters to missionaries in boxes of goods and clothing that you may send. In the case of the New Hebrides missionaries the boxes are often delayed and do not reach their destinations until months after letters would do so. And whatever of cheer fresh news from home would give is lost. Letters are more like water than wine. They do not improve with age. In the case of

the Trinidad missionaries the postal regulations forbid it, and any one putting a letter in a box to one of our missionaries there, renders that missionary liable to a penalty of *five pounds*, besides making the government more watchful and suspicious regarding any goods that may be sent. The government has been in all respects very favorable to our mission, but care must be taken not to break the laws or give cause of offence.

There are times when it is cheering to hear of men being thrown out of employment. Such a time is that mentioned in the following clipping:—"In Boston there were over two thousand applicants for liquor licenses, and as the law limits the number to seven hundred and eighty, there are nearly fifteen hundred places that must close. An estimate of the loss to those who have been refused a license in fixtures and income places the sum at \$5,000,000. About 3,500 bar-keepers will be thrown out of employment." Welcome the time when the publican shall find employment at his harmful traffic no more.

Miss Tissie Copeland who has done such good work in the San Fernando school for the past five years, is coming home, having completed her engagement. Miss Semple, from faithful and successful work for about eight years, returns in December. Both the schools require to be supplied, and it is to be hoped that two lady teachers will be obtained for the work. Let application be made to Mr. Morrison at once.

The Aname church, formerly the station of Rev. John Inglis in Aneityum, has been destroyed by a hurricane. The other station of the Free Church of Scotland in the New Hebrides, Futuna, met with a heavy loss from the same storm, the mission house and school being swept away.

The toils of the preachers in early days in our country, is sometimes recalled for the benefit of those whose lots have fallen upon

days of greater ease, but the report of the "Culcarn" congregation of the Presbyterian church of New South Wales, of which Rev. W. Scott Whittier, well known to many of our readers, is pastor, shows that the day of "large and scattered charges" is not yet past. The charge is but a few months old, being part of a still larger one that was but recently divided, and yet the report says that it is considerably larger than the old Kingdom of Judah and Benjamin. It has eleven preaching stations, and its shortest side extends for forty-five miles. The minister travels fully five hundred miles on horseback every month, preaches three times on Sabbath and has on an average four week evening services. The good wishes and prayers of his many friends will be for the pastor's success in building up the Lord's cause in that great new land in the far away Southern Hemisphere.

Two missionaries are asked for by the F. M. Committee. One for Couva is needed at once. The want is pressing. Let us as a Church more earnestly "pray the Lord of the harvest." One is wanted too for Demarara, and the appointment of a fifth to Trinidad is to be made as soon as practicable, for the better training of a native ministry, that as soon as possible there may be a native church in the island, self-supporting, and with a native ministry, leaving our Church free to extend its missionary efforts to other places yet in darkness.

Maritime Notes,

At the last meeting of the Picton Presbytery, the McKenzie bursaries were awarded to Messrs. J. A. McGlashan, and J. A. Logan, and the McGregor bursary to Mr. George Millar.

There have been large additions to the membership of the church in some of our congregations, during the past year, Scotsburn and River John each added seventy to the communion roll by profession of faith, and Bridgewater received an addition of seventy three.

Picton Presbytery together with the presbyteries of the Kirk, have been holding Sabbath School conferences in the several districts into which the church within the bounds was divided for the purpose. At Gleng, New Glasgow, Westville, Durham, Picton, and Scotsburn, interesting meetings have been held, which will, we trust, result in deepened interest in the all important work of teaching the young.

The Kirk congregation at Stellarton has been again happily settled by the ordination and induction of Mr. Rankin, recently from Scotland.

The Presbytery of Lunenburg and Yarmouth is as usual foremost in making arrangements for the augmentation work of the present year. It visited Lockeport, Sept. 10th, Shelburne, Sept. 11th, and Clyde River, Sept. 12th, in the interests of the scheme.

The annual meeting of the W. F. M. S. Eastern section is to be held in Charlotte-town, on the 26th of the present month. Mr. and Mrs. Morton are to be present. Mrs. Ewart, president of the W. F. M. S. west, is expected. Promise is given of a meeting of more than usual interest.

Three members of the Presbytery of Sydney, Revs. Dr. Murray, Forbes of Gluce Bay and McQuarrie of Leitch's Creek, paid a visit in August to Cape North, and spent a few days in earnest, faithful labor there, and dispensed the sacrament to the good people of that congregation. Daily preaching in English and Gaelic furnished to those who waited upon the message, a feast of fat things, full of marrow.

The standing committees appointed for the year by the presbytery of Truro, are: *Augmentation*—James Sinclair, J. H. Chase, W. D. Ness and T. P. Putnam; *Sabbath Schools*, J. A. Logan, James McLean, J. A. Cahill, and J. A. Hill; *State of Religion*—John Robbins, J. D. McGillivray, A. L. Geggie, and J. F. Blanchard; *Temperance*—W. T. Bruce, D. S. Fraser, E. M. Dill, and J. J. Brenton; *Statistics*—E. Grant, Gavin Hamilton, and Lucias McElhinney.

Rev. J. A. F. Sutherland has resigned the pastorate of St. James, Charlotte Co. N. B. Mr. Coffin was licensed by the St. John Presbytery at Fredericton Sept 3rd.

St. John Presbytery meets at St. Andrews, Oct 22nd.

Rev. Ewen Gillis has accepted a call to West Cape, P. E. I., and was inducted on the 17th inst.

Rev. A. F. Carr has been called from Aliberton, P. E. I. to Campbellton, Mir. N. B. Loch Lomond and Framboise congregation is prospering. Since the induction of the present pastor, Rev. Mr. McLeod, two years ago, sixty have been added to the church, and within the past year a new manse has been built. A fine bell, purchased by the young ladies now adds its music to the Sabbath harmony,

Rev. W. R. Calder was inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Mira, on Sept. 10th. A beautiful day, a large representation of this extensive congregation, and the solemn and impressive services, all combined to make the occasion one not soon to be forgotten.

The Presbytery of Victoria and Richmond has appointed committees as follows: *Temperance*—D. McDonald and Angus McMillan; *State of Religion*—Rod McLeod, Alex Grant, and A. McRae; *Sabbath Schools*, John Rose, D. McDougall, and R. S. McLeod; *Statistics*—L. R. Gloag and K. McKenzie.

Clifton congregation was visited by the Presbytery of Truro, on Sept. 17th. Peace was found within her walls and prosperity within her palaces. The Presbytery expressed thankfulness for increased support of the schemes of the church and recommended greater promptitude and liberality in the support of ordinances at home.

Two of our congregations, Merigomish and Brookfield, were happily settled on the sixth of August, and the notice was in some way omitted from our last issue. Merigomish has obtained the services of Mr. R. Muir, a young young man recently from Scotland, while in Brookfield is settled Mr. Gavin Hamilton one of the last graduating class of Pine Hill. Both settlements are bright with hope and promise. May the unions be long, happy, and fruitful of good to man and glory to God.

The Presbytery of Victoria and Richmond for the first time in its history, met at Port Hood on Sept. 10th. This section of the congregation of Mabou and Port Hood contains 21 families, with 21 communicants, pays its share of the stipend, \$125, quarterly in advance, collecting it by envelope on the last Sabbath of the quarter. It gave \$4.00 for French evangelization. The S. School is prospering and gave \$14.00 to the schemes of the church. Family worship is well observed among the communicants. Members of Presbytery expressed their delight at the progress made in this section, and their hopes for a bright future.

The Pictou Presbyterial W. F. M. S. held its fifth annual meeting in New Glasgow, Sept. 5th. The afternoon meeting in New St. Andrews Hall was devoted to business. The report showed 27 auxiliaries and 4 mission bands, with a membership of 995. Twenty boxes and parcels were sent away during the year and fourteen more are pre-

paring. The society raised during the past year \$1286, an increase of more than \$100 on the preceding year. The following officers were chosen for the current year: President, Mrs. C. A. McKay, Stellarton; Vice-Presidents—Miss Burnside, Antigonish, Mrs. R. S. Dawson, Pictou, and Miss Millar, Rogers' Hill; Treasurer—Mrs. Moore, Pictou; Secretary—Mrs. Merriman, Pictou; Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Copeland, Pictou. In the evening a public meeting was held in United Church. A children's welcome service by sixteen little girls was very beautifully rendered, while Mr. and Mrs. Morton's presence among the speakers gave added interest to a delightful missionary meeting.

VISITATION AT LOWER MUSQUODO-BOIT.

Many readers of the MARITIME will remember letters in the *Witness* years ago from the "Manse of Tulloch gorum"—by the gifted pen of Rev. John Spratt. On the eleventh of September the Eastern Committee of the Halifax Presbytery, held a visitation of this historic congregation now ministered to by Rev. T. H. Murray. The first meeting was held at

ANTRIM,

Rev. A. Gunn preached. There are but fifteen families in this section of the congregation that contribute \$120 a year for pastoral support, and raised last year \$28 for the schemes of the church. A flourishing Sabbath School is kept up in summer with twenty eight scholars on the roll. Since the last visitation, three years ago, marked progress has been made. The church has been repaired and there are no arrears. There has also been an increased rate of giving. \$10.50 per family is now the average for stipend, and \$2 per family for schemes. Family worship, however, is not generally observed, and only six copies of the *Record* are taken. A prayer meeting has not been in existence for a number of years. A member of the committee called for a show of hands of all who would attend a prayer meeting. Almost every hand being raised, and a promise made that a prayer would be organized, on the coming Sabbath a chairman was appointed and advice was given as to the conducting of the meeting. All were highly pleased with the results of the examination. In addition to the prayer meeting it was recommended that more copies of the *Record* should be taken and that family worship should be more generally observed, and pastor and people were earnestly commended to God and to the word of His grace.

LITTLE RIVER

section was next visited, where divine service was conducted by Rev. John Valentine.

There are here 60 families, raising \$422 of the stipend, and giving last year \$100 to church schemes. There are 6 copies of the *Record* taken and 30 copies of the MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN. The committee noted the small number of families having family worship, twenty-five altogether, and urged its more general observance. Also the small attendance at the Sabbath School, 49 on the roll, not one from each family, and urged larger attendance at both the Sabbath School and prayer meeting, expressed satisfaction with the progress made since last visit in financial matters, \$100 additional having been raised for stipend during the year, recommended to have visitation by the elders and an increased circulation of the *Record*.

MEAGHER'S GRANT

section of the congregation was not visited, but from the reports given it is in a promising condition. Last year the whole congregation comprising 102 families raised \$157 for schemes of the church, the largest amount ever contributed in its history.

Com.

S. S. CONFERENCE AT STEWIAKKE

For The Maritime.

Three years ago the Halifax Presbytery was divided into districts for the purpose of holding annual Sabbath school conferences throughout the bounds. The third of these conferences comprising the congregations of Shubenacadie, Lower Stewiacke, Nine Mile River, Guys River, Milford and Elmsdale was held at Lower Stewiacke on the 10th Sept. Twelve ministers and a large number of superintendents and teachers were present.

The watchword of the meeting was "co-workers with Christ," and the first half hour spent in devotional exercises and an opening address by Rev. T. C. Jack, gave tone to the day. Then followed the reading of reports from sixteen schools showing a total of 88 teachers and 776 scholars. The average attendance of the latter being 340. The reports however revealed the discouraging fact that only one teacher's meeting is held in the whole district, only five professed Christ during the past year, and but six schools are opened the whole year.

At the afternoon meeting Rev. A. Campbell, of Noel, led off with an earnest practical address on "How to increase the interest of the Sabbath Schools." It was followed by a short discussion in which the several speakers threw out many good hints for the

teachers and others. The Rev. James Andrews, Musquodoboit Harbor, who was invited to be present, spent an hour explaining the Tonic-Sol-Fa system of music aided by a small class of singers.

At the evening meeting, Rev. A. Gunn, Kennetcook, well emphasized, by an earnest address, the relation of the children to the church. He was followed by Rev. John Robbins, of Truro, who delighted the audience for an hour in bringing under review the sayings and doings of the world's convention in London. Rev. E. Grant, of Stewiacke closed the programme in a short, pithy address, explaining and commending the formation of the societies of Christian Endeavor in each congregation. The hospitality of the ladies of Lower Stewiacke was unbounded. The singing, accompanied with the organ at the evening meeting was excellent, and all separated with the feeling that a year is a long time to wait for another conference. We anticipate good results from the gathering of so many good Sabbath School workers.

To give practical effect to the discussions of the day, the following finding was drawn up. That more attention be given to music, that the registers drawn up by our General Assembly be generally used, that there be more memorizing of Scripture, and an endeavor to get and keep more grown up people in our Sabbath Schools, that superintendents and teachers urge and encourage scholars to enter upon the examination of "Higher religious instruction", and above all that we give ourselves to more earnest and prayerful work with the view of leading the scholars to trust in and profess Christ.

Com.

THE DUTY OF THE PARENT TO THE S. S. SCHOOL.

ADDRESS AT THE S. S. CONFERENCE IN NEW GLASGOW.

In order to see clearly the duty of the parent to the Sabbath School, let us first see the work to be done by these two agencies and the relation in which they stand to each other in the performance of that work.

The great work to be done both by parent and Sabbath School may be summed up in one short sentence, viz.—To build up the young into the likeness of Christ.

The prime factor in this work is the parent, the Sabbath School is secondary. The parent is God's appointed agent, the S. S. is of man. The parent is a divine institution, the Sabbath School a human one.

One view of the relationship between these agencies is to look upon the Sabbath School

as a modern substitute for the parental training that used to be the duty of fathers and mothers, one of the convenient labor-saving machines of modern times, which takes the children of a community congregation and gives them religious instruction by the wholesale, relieving the parent of all responsibility in the matter, just as our grandmothers used to card and spin and weave their own wool, and grind by hand their own grain, while now all these things are done at the mill. Sad to say, there are some parents, I trust, not many, who act upon this view and consider all questions regarding their duty to their children, as satisfactorily answered when they can say—I send them to Sabbath School.

A second view is a modified form of the one already mentioned, and looks upon the Sabbath School as a partial substitute for parental training, an institution that takes charge of the children and gives them instruction for part of the Sabbath, but with regard to that time, or preparation for it, it puts upon the parent no responsibility.

Both these views are based upon the idea of substitution. Now while the doctrine of substitution is the grand central truth of the Christian religion, it should have no place in the relation of the Sabbath School to the parent, or the parent to the S. School. That relation should be based not upon substitution, but upon co-operation, and this leads to another view of it, and, I think, the right one, viz:—That the S. School is a helper to the parent, a co-worker with the parent in the grand work of training the young for God.

Now every relation in life has its duties, and the relation of the S. School to the parent being that of a helper, a co-worker, it follows that this relationship involves mutual duties—duties on the part of the S. School to be, to the best of its ability, a helper to the parent; duty on the part of parent to obtain from this helper the best possible results.

Now the ground which I am supposed to cover to-night is the duty of one side of this mutual relationship, viz:—the duty of the parent with regard to this helper, the Sabbath School. Not the whole duty of parents regarding the religious instruction of their children, but the duty along this one line.

This duty might be summed up in one sentence, viz:—to make the best use of such a helper. In order to do this there are four particulars which I may mention.

(1.) The first is to send the children to the Sabbath school. Is it needful to show this a duty? If it be the parent's duty to do the best that can be done for the religious instruction of the child, then plainly it is a duty to use any agency that will help

in that work, and if the Sabbath School be a helper, it is a duty to make use of it. If it be a helper, no parent can refuse its aid and be guiltless.

One reason for neglect of this duty is carelessness with regard to the religious instruction of the children. I do not suppose we have any such parents here to-night. The very fact of parents being here, shows their interest in the matter. The only thing that can be done is to labor and pray that where such carelessness exists parents may be led to realize their responsibility for the children's spiritual well-being as well as for that of the body.

Another reason, not a common one, but one which I have heard, for the neglect of this duty, is that the teaching, and training of the young is the work of the parents, and that they can teach them at home as well as they can be taught at Sabbath School.

This reason reminds one of the reason sometimes given for not attending church, "I have my Bible and can read a sermon at home, as good a one as I can hear in church, perhaps, better." Apart from the command of not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together it may be fairly asked,—Do such people spend their time reading their sermons at home while the others are in the church?

And so it may be asked,—Are such parents teaching their children at home when others are in the Sabbath School, or is it a mere excuse for neglect of duty. In most cases the question answers itself.

But even if the parent be faithful, the S. School is a helper, and though the S. S. teacher be not so well qualified as the parent to instruct, yet the change, the new voice, the new manner, the impulse of numbers, the joining in prayer and praise, will all help to make more deep and lasting the the parent's work at home.

Further, there is the example to others. The parent who does not send the child to Sabbath School, no matter how carefully the work of home instruction may be performed, is neglecting a duty to others. The example makes an excuse for the neglect of other parents whose children get no religious instruction at home, and who if they do not go to S. School, grow up in ignorance and help to swell the mass of home heathenism.

Permit a word of caution here. Let not the S. School be made a substitute for the church. If the children can only go to the one let it be to church rather than Sabbath School. But why this? Will they not understand more and learn more in the Sabbath School? That may be, but there is

one thing with regard to the young that is even more important than the getting of knowledge, i. e., the formation of habit. Let the child form the habit of going to Sabbath School and of staying home from church, and when that child grows up and goes out into life the habit of neglecting church will be liable to continue, while the S. School will be abandoned with the idea that it is only for children. On the other hand let the church-going habit be formed in early life, not intermittent, spasmodic, fine-day attendance, but regular going, until they think of nothing else but being present, and the habit will prove an untold blessing when they go out into life to meet its temptations, bear its trials, and fight its battles. By all means, send the child to Sabbath School, but do not make it a substitute for church. This ought we to do, but not to leave the other undone.

It may be asked how can one do in the country where families are far from church. If the S. School is in the church, let it be held immediately before or after public worship, I think *before* is best, and thus one journeying will do. Otherwise let the few families of a settlement that may be far from church hold their Sabbath School in the school house or at one of their houses. Of course there are solitary families far away to whom what I have said will not apply. The family Sabbath school is the one for them.

(2.) A second duty of the parent is to see that the lessons are thoroughly prepared. Is it needful to show that this is a duty? I think it will be admitted that not only is it the duty of the parent to use this helper the Sabbath School, but to use it to the best advantage, to use it so that it will accomplish the greatest good, and it will be just as freely admitted that the child who goes to S. School with lessons thoroughly prepared benefits to a far greater degree than the one who does not. The teachers in our week day schools can bear abundant testimony to the fact that no pupil in any school will make much progress who does not prepare the lessons at home, and the better the preparation the more does the pupil profit and the more rapid progress does he make. So is it with the Sabbath School.

Let me mention two or three benefits of such preparation:

1. There is the interest with which the child will listen to the teacher and which it will take in all the exercises of the school. You teachers know this by experience. Look back over your classes. The child that came with lessons unstudied, Catechisms or psalm or hymn, memory verse or golden text, unlearned, was deaf to your instruction, pleading, and warning, and

you felt that you were laboring in vain and spending your strength for nought and in vain, the child went away unprofited, and the teacher discouraged. The child that came with lessons all well prepared was familiar with the subject, could talk about it, took an interest in what the teacher had to say, and could understand and appreciate the lessons taught from it, and thus there was a hope that the great end of the work might be secured, that the teaching would reach his heart and find an entrance there. In the case of the unprepared one the seed is for the most part sown by the wayside; in the other, it falls more or less into good ground and brings forth fruit, in some thirty, in some sixty, and in some an hundred fold.

Another benefit of prepared lessons, is the self-respect and the desire and determination to excel in the right which is fostered. Let me again recal your own experience. A child comes to your class with no preparation; you ask him for the golden text,—“not prepared;” for the memory verses—“did not learn them;” for the Catechism—“don’t know it;” you question him upon the lesson, he has not even read it over, and the child, as a rule, seems to be one quarter ashamed, one half careless, and the remainder, non-descript. That child knows that the teacher disapproves, that the other scholars cannot admire. He has sunk in his own estimation. His ambition, his desire to excel in the right, is lessened. That thing repeated, day after day, tends to stunt and dwarf the child’s self respect and while the body grows the character shrivels. There is no worse thing for a child—or man or woman—than the loss of self respect, and this process continued, helps in the deterioration that is going on in the whole character, and aids in developing the care for nothing spirit that uses the earliest freedom from parental control to escape from what has come to be the tedium of the Sabbath school. Take another child with lessons well prepared and mark the contrast. The teacher approves. The child’s self respect is strengthened and with that the determination to excel in the right. The whole character takes a step upward and onward, takes a further trend toward the right, and as that growth in character goes on day by day, the stimulus of the Sabbath has its influence through the week in the preparation of the next lesson, and not only so but upon all its work and play, and thus the character building goes on. Such children develop into the men and women that aim at the noble, the good, and the true; that excel in the right, that live beautiful lives, and leave the world better than they found it.

A third benefit of thorough preparation,

is the knowledge thus obtained. The lessons committed and studied, are more deeply impressed by repetition and by the side lights thrown upon them by the teacher and by others of the class, and the pupil carries away, stored in memory, some instructive portion of Bible history or doctrine, that may be a harbor light or a beacon light in time of temptation. Then there are the precious verses of scripture or hymns, that, stored up in memory, become part of the character, for every thought original, or borrowed is a stone in character building, or, if you will, a stroke, a touch, in character shaping, and these thoughts, lofty in character, beautiful in expression, do their part towards the perfect shaping of the character into the likeness of Him who is our perfect pattern. While there may be exceptions, seldom is it that one whose memory has been in childhood well stored with scripture, hymn, and psalm, has ever gone astray.

And then there is the rich, sweet treasure thus laid up for thought food when life's winter comes. Not long since I visited a woman of great age, helpless, blind, and very deaf, almost shut out from the world, but for every thought mentioned she would find expression in some apt and beautiful verse, strange to me, but that had been new and loved when she had learned it, long years ago.

(3.) A third duty of the parent to the Sabbath school is to speak well of the teacher. This is but following out the line of thought along which I have been speaking, viz., the duty of the parent to make the best use of this helper, the Sabbath School. In order to do this not only must the child be sent with lessons well prepared, but with such an attitude of mind toward the teacher as will receive, in a spirit of love and trust the instruction given.

A slighting, contemptuous word, spoken by a parent, with regard to a Sunday School teacher (or minister) will do much toward counteracting the most earnest and faithful efforts on the part of that teacher (or minister) for the child's good. It is something from which the child will perhaps never wholly recover. The parent who thus, thoughtlessly, it may be, speaks disparagingly of the teacher, in the presence of the children, is doing these children an irreparable wrong, while the one who, so far as it can honestly be done, commends, does much to strengthen the hands of such teacher and consequently to bring good to the child. Life and death are in the power of the tongue, says the good book, and in no case is this more true than in the effect which the words of parents may have on the influence of a S. S. teacher with their children.

(4) Following on this same line of thought, viz., the duty of the parent to make the best use of this helper, we meet a further duty of the parent to the S. School, that is, prayer. It is not enough to use the helper, not enough to send the child with lessons well prepared, and mind well disposed toward the teacher, that the best results may be obtained, we must remember that neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase, and the list of duties of the parent toward the Sabbath School would be incomplete without this one.

There is prayer for the school, for the teacher, for the children, I will not speak particularly of these because all who believe in prayer believe in the importance of such prayer, and may we not hope, practice it, but there is one duty that lies very closely along the line that we have been following, and that is the duty of the parent, and those that are performing the parent's part, when the children come home from the Sabbath school, to take them alone with God, praying with them and for them that the lesson they have learned and studied may be blessed unto them.

What a grand keystone to the arch of the parents duty toward its helper the Sabbath School. Throughout the week, day after day, line upon line, the lesson has been taught. Sabbath comes, and with lessons learned and mind turning lovingly toward the teacher, the child goes to Sabbath School, the Sabbath School, the parent helper, does its work, the child comes home, and now all is done that human power can do and the parent takes the child to God and pleads with Him who has the power that He would bless the work that has been done.

—The ability of children to judge the merits of a sermon should never be underestimated. Not only is praise perfected, but criticism from the mouth of babes and suckling is worthy of honor. "A gentleman in New England was called on to address a Sabbath-school, and during his remarks he seemed much moved, but no one else appeared to experience the slightest emotion. The speaker continued to wipe away his tears which chased each other down his manly cheeks when a boy in one class said to his neighbor: "Say, Charlie, do you know what that old duffer is crying about?" "Well, said Charlie, "if you had to make a speech, and hadn't anything more to say than he has, you'd feel bad too."

PIONEER WORK IN CAPE BRETON.

MR. EDITOR:—I read with interest the article in your last number on "Pioneer work in Cape Breton." Will you allow me, however, space for a few additions and corrections.

First. In regard to the first visit of Dr. McGregor to Cape Breton, after the memoir was published, I obtained more correct information regarding the circumstances in which it was made. It was made on the solicitation of Mr. George Sutherland, grandfather of the Rev. George Sutherland, of Sydney. N. S. W. and of the late George Sutherland of Trenton. He had come from Aberdeen to Halifax, where he had been employed in the Government works, and thence removed to Sydney to be employed in the same way. He re-ided opposite Coxheath about four miles from Sydney. The trip cost the Dr. ten pounds which Mr. Sutherland paid. He died there and his widow and family removed to Pictou, where they settled below New Glasgow, just by Trenton.

Secondly. I think it due that in a notice of "Pioneer work in Cape Breton" Dr. McGregor's second visit should receive notice. It was in the year 1818, and was so far as I can learn the first Presbyterian ministerial service after the Highland immigration to Cape Breton had commenced, and it extended to every Protestant Gaelic settlement on the Island.

Thirdly. Your correspondent is in error in stating that "from the Church of Scotland the first regular supply was received." The first Presbyterian minister who labored stately in Cape Breton was the Rev. Wm. Millar. He was a native of Ayrshire and had studied Theology under Dr. Lawson, of Selkirk. He was ordained by the Presbytery of Pictou at West River, in the fall of 1821, as minister of Mabon and Port Hood. He immediately commenced his labors there, in which charge he continued for thirty years. He was not a man of much energy or great powers, but he was a good man, and we believe his labors were not in vain. The congregation, of which he so long had charge, has ever since been noticed, as for its numbers unsurpassed if equalled by any on the Island for liberality and Christian public spirit. I may add that the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, having in the year 1824 licensed their first band of native preachers trained at the Pictou Institution, of whom, the Revs. Angus McGillivray, Hugh Ross and Hugh Dunbar, spoke Gaelic, all three were sent on a mission to Cape Breton, and two of them spent a winter there, I think that of 1825. This was before a visit from any minister of the Church of Scotland in good standing. For I must notice

Fourthly. That Rev. Mr. McKiehan arrived not in 1823, as stated by your correspondent, but in 1820, and the visit of the Revs. D. A. Fraser and John McLennan to which your correspondent refers took place in the fall of 1827. Both these facts appear from their correspondence, copies of which are in my possession.

GEORGE PATTERSON.

INCIDENTS OF EXTRA-PASTORAL WORK.

BY AN OLD NOVA SCOTIA PASTOR.

I.

The main portion of a pastor's labours must be among his own flock, and among them he must expect to reap the richest and most abundant fruit. But I suppose that every minister is called to do work outside his congregation, which may be productive of very important results. There was, perhaps, more of this in former years when labourers were few, and when a minister's holiday was a mission to some destitute district, from which he returned blessed in spirit as well as invigorated in body. I suppose, however, that ministers from time to time do some outside work, and, perhaps, may meet with very interesting manifestations of the working of the Lord's hand. A few incidents of this kind in my own ministry may interest your readers.

Shortly after my ordination I was sent by Presbytery, along with a co-presbyter now in glory, as a deputation to visit part of Cape Breton. During our mission we arranged to dispense the sacrament of the Lord's supper in one of our congregations which was done with preaching on all days of the week then customary. On the morning of one of these, a beautiful summer morning it was, we were sitting chatting in front of our host's residence, when the conversation turned upon personally addressing individuals on the subject of religion. Reference was made to the injudicious and even offensive manner in which this was sometimes done by a certain class of religionists, but I remarked that perhaps while we were finding fault with the improper ways in which others did it, we were not attending to the duty as we should. "Well," responded my companion, "suppose we make a beginning. What do you say to our going down and having a talk with this old man," pointing to one who was engaged hoeing in our host's garden. He presented rather a shabby appearance. His clothes were rough and worn. He was bowed and stooped, and while his appearance presented nothing repulsive, it was rather rude. I

agreed to my brother's proposal and we immediately proceeded toward him. When we reached the spot where he was at work, we at once entered into conversation with him, and after speaking for a little time upon such topics as are common on such occasions, we introduced the question of personal religion, asking him if he was thinking on the subject. He immediately replied, and with some eagerness, as if glad the matter had been introduced, "Oh, yes. I have for some time." A long conversation followed in which however, my brother, who was older than I, took the lead.

My recollection will not serve to give anything like the order, but the substance of it I can never forget. He told us that he had been for some time anxious on the subject of religion, that he had been reading his New Testament diligently and also praying to the best of his ability. But he had not had religious instruction in youth and was now ignorant of divine things. He had been desirous of further information, but found none of those about him able to give him what he needed, and he welcomed our approach to him as of messengers of God. He told us of his history. He had been a man-of-war sailor and served throughout the Napoleonic wars; had been in some of the desperate engagements of that period, in which as he described it, he had seen "the deck slippery with the blood and brains of men." During this period he had no more of the sense of religion that was common among the class to which he belonged, but he told us a strange dream which he had at that time which continued to dwell upon his mind. He saw like a great furnace with fire burning in it, but in the midst of it a huge beast, and he saw a file of men one after another drawn to be seized by this horrid monster. He felt himself drawn forward, but almost immediately after felt himself seized and drawn back, while at the same time he heard one saying, "I have got—or I have saved—this one."

We conversed with him for some time and instructed him in the way of salvation. He received the information gladly. Indeed, he seemed already under the influence of divine truth, but was highly pleased to have it made more clear to his mind, and he received the word as a little child. We were struck with the simplicity and humility of spirit that he manifested. With the view of testing his condition we asked him, "Do you love the Saviour?" In a tone I cannot forget, as possessing simple faith with a touch of something like surprise, that it should be thought possible that he could have any other feeling, he replied, "Oh, yes, I love Jesus."

We asked him then if he did not wish to commemorate the dying love of Christ by observing the Lord's supper. He said he would like to do so if he thought he should. Altogether he seemed so sincerely and humbly pious, that we recommended him to do so, and on the whole state of the case being submitted to the session, they cordially agreed to his admission, and on the following Sabbath he joined with us in the holy ordinance.

I heard of him years after, and found that he continued to live a christian life. He had severe trials, but under them exhibited much meekness and continued instant in prayer. He has long since fought his last battle and I have no doubt won a victory more glorious than Trafalgar.

I have only to add that a grandson of his, reported as a very excellent young man, lately finished his studies at our Hall and is now an ordained minister of our Church.

The incident suggests several lessons.

First, Does it not teach ministers and Christian workers not to despise or overlook any man?

Secondly, What encouragement does it afford to earnest personal effort with our fellowmen on the subject of religion. Such efforts may be sometimes repelled but we do not know how often we would find the soil all prepared to receive the word.

Thirdly, What a remarkable manifestation of the sovereign grace of God, and how wonderful the arrangements of Providence by which God seeks out his chosen and gathers them into His fold.

Lastly, See the influence of the conversion of one man extending to after generations, and in ever-widening circles.

Does it not say then, "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether this or that shall prosper or whether both alike shall be good." "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters."

New Hebrides.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM MR.
ANNAND.

Santo, New Hebrides,
June 20, 1889.

DEAR MR. MCCURDY:

Yours of Christmas came to hand on the third instant. Thanks for greetings and good wishes. I see by the *Witness* that you were remembered substantially during the season of joy and good will. Quite a num-

ber of the brethren have received fur coats &c., during the winter.

The gospel appears to be gaining influence in the Maritime Provinces. I would like to see our people there doing more for the great

NORTH WEST REGIONS

Both men and money seem to be scarce out there. Now is the time to sow the seed to advantage before neglect of gospel ordinances has rendered the people careless. The Church in the United States has hard work making up the way in the new states and territories

* * * *

You will be pleased to see that we are getting reinforcements for our field.

The past year has been very prosperous in some parts of the group. Mr. Milne has now the largest church in the New Hebrides. Aneityum comes in second, the North side of Efate third, with 330 Communicants. Epi is now moving strongly in favor of the gospel.

I regret that we could not attend the Mission Synod this year. I could not leave our station, have no reliable helpers to put in charge

Mrs. Annand is needing a change very much but it is running too much risk for her to go on a voyage in the "Dayspring" to the Southern islands.

We had a very pleasant but brief visit from Mr. and Mrs. Eaton and daughter for nearly three days, also three young missionaries, McDonald, Giltons, and Small were twenty four hours our guests. They are three fine young men and give promise to be faithful laborers.

Some of our good friends at home send letters inside the mission boxes and as usual we do not get them by the trip expected. Some are now lying at H. Harbor, Efate. The mail for the island, from Sydney to H. H. was lost by the wreck of the Steamship "Fijian" on Tanua. I do not know whether any of our letters have gone or not but some of our papers will certainly have disappeared.

All quiet here. Mrs. Annand is laid up just now. She has been suffering from fever, neuralgia and nervous prostration but is somewhat better.

Yours Sincerely,

J. Annand.

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN MORTON.

For The Maritime

The International Missionary Union which met at Binghamton, July 5th to 11th, closed

with a farewell meeting to those of its members who intended to return to their respective fields before the end of the year. To the general public this was perhaps the most impressive meeting held. On the platform were nine men, most of whom had spent the best years of their life in foreign mission work, all of whom were eager to go back.

In the first pews were seven women, four of whom had spent from 20 to 30 years clearing their husband's toil and cheering their lot in the midst of heathenism. Before another meeting of the Convention all these (D. V.) will be at their work again. Let me introduce some of these to your readers. And first come

REV. DR. SHEDD AND WIFE.

Presbyterian Missionaries, Oromian, Persia. Dr. Shedd's chief work is the training of an evangelical native ministry for the Reformed Nestorian Church as well as for general mission work. Dr. Shedd said:—"It is thirty years since I started out for Persia. I find that my strength does not show so severe a strain as many who have spent thirty years in this country. So I am going back and I am rejoiced to go."

DR. KIP.

who is the very pattern of strong good sense and sincerity, said:—

"Just twenty-eight years ago I was on my way to China. We were delayed ten days by a calm in the South Atlantic, but the delay kept us from a typhoon. We were one hundred and one days on the voyage. This is my third vacation, and if the Lord permits, myself and wife will next September go back to China for the fourth time. I hope none of you will ever think that a missionary is to be pitied. I am glad to go back. And I commend you all to God's good care and greeting."

REV. H. V. NOYES,

who shows not the slightest trace of physical infirmity said:—

"My wife and myself expect to leave for Canton, China, in September next and arrive in October. I first left New York on the 3rd of February, 1866. And I was the last missionary of the Presbyterian Board that went around the Cape of Good Hope in a sailing vessel. As I go I feel that your prayers go with us."

REV. JOHN MORTON.

said:—"I repeat what brother Kip said, Do not heave a single sigh for us. We want your prayers but sighs are of no use. We don't want any praises. It is twenty-one years ago last January since we left for the missionary work and we were the last to go on a sailing vessel. Our ship was dismasted

and all our goods were damaged. There were tears shed when we left Trinidad and there will probably be tears shed when we get back, but we don't want any here."

REV. MR. MA'FEER

said:—"I went to Northern China in 1881. Myself and a companion were sent to open a station two hundred miles in the interior. There was a community of 15,000 Christians there but no pastors. My companion was taken sick and left. And soon after my wife was taken sick and we laid her away. I was planning to go out in the country with a company of fifteen preachers but my colleagues told me I must come home and I came. I expect to go back in the Fall. There has been a great famine in the region where I have been and the missionaries have fed 150,000 people every day and that has increased our opportunity to help them."

REV. T. J. PORTER

said:—"There was no necessity of presenting these brethren to you. You know them. But you might be pardoned for doubting whether I really am a missionary, if you judged by my boyish looks. I thank God that He has counted me worthy and has permitted me to enter the missionary ministry of Christ. Five years ago we went to Persia and on account of Mrs. Porter's health were obliged to return. We go back again this Fall not to Persia but to Brazil.

All these were Presbyterians, while the two following were congregationalists."

REV. DR. BRUCE

said:—"I am going back next October to my work in Western India. We use the Maratha language. Twenty-six years ago we first sailed for India, going around the Cape, and in that time we have made one visit home. This is our second. It has been a very pleasing work to me and I am glad to renew it.

The programme was here varied by a song from Miss Bruce in Marathi, which excited much heartfelt applause.

REV. DR. PORTER

said:—"I have in my pocket three Chinese letters pleading for me to come back to the work that is so interesting to them and so pleasing to me. Therefore I am going, and I ask your prayers.

REV. DR. PACKER,

who is a Baptist Theological Professor in Burmah, asked to be excused from speaking, and instead sang a Karen song. It was a translation of the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee," and was beautifully rendered.

Dr. Nicholas, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in which the convention met was then invited to the platform and said good-bye on the part of the citizens of Binghamton.

"As chairman of the local entertainment and in behalf of all the citizens I want to say to you that I'm glad you came and I hope that you will come again. Binghamton has received a blessing by your presence. Now as you go hence we want to give you a Christian Goodspeed. You've asked us to pray for you. Will you not remember us?"

Rev. Samuel Dunham offered prayer, after which Dr. Wood said farewell to the missionaries in behalf of the Union:—

"If I were not fully confident that what God appoints is better than any change we could make, it would be in my heart to wish I were one of you who are about to return to a work which I love with all my heart. O, to be a messenger of Christ—a herald of the good word of salvation! My heart is full. I can only say God bless you."

Dr. Wood was for many years a missionary. He is now returned on account of age and infirmity. Let our young men read the above statements attentively. Has any one ever met a missionary who, after ten years work in the field regretted his choice? At Binghamton there were forty-seven missionaries assembled, many of whom were fast growing old in the work. The only regrets heard were uttered by those whose health prevented them going back. Those who expected to return soon, were almost envied. There is a call now made by the Master for men, for Couva and Demarara. Who will go? Those who volunteer for life, giving their best to the work, need not fear to lose their life. They will surely save it in the best and highest sense.

JOHN MORTON.

August 21, 1889.

LETTER FROM MISS BLACKADDER.

As School is closed for a few days, we have two weeks vacation, I thought perhaps we would jot down a few items for our dear home friends.

I left New York Saturday July 7, on Sunday we were tossing on the deep. We will draw a veil over the suffering of that sad time, all who have suffered from sea sickness will feel for us, and understand our feelings, for nothing more need be said on that head.

We had a very pleasant voyage in the Bermuda, Capt. Fraser is a personal friend of us all, and his kindness added greatly to the pleasure of our voyage.

A fortnight from the day we left New York, we were in Port of Spain. I confess we did miss the dear home faces, but we got into our boat, and seated among boxes, trunks, deck chairs, and all the small bun-

dles that are the pleasure, as well as the sorrow of women's lives, we went to the Custom House, and had our array of boxes exposed to the eyes of the custom officer. He seeing only two timid women, made a kindly search through one trunk, the most harmless of the lot, and we started for the Hotel. Some of our young Indian friends, had in the meantime gone out to the Bermuda, to meet us, but found we had already landed. Soon after breakfast Mr. H. Morton and his brother called, then Mr. Macrae came in and we did not feel quite so desolate as at first, but there is no place like home, no faces so dear as our own friends.

We came to Tunapuna, found a kindly welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Sudeen. spent Sunday with them and on Monday came to Tacarigua.

We found our house nicely painted, so we only had to have the place washed and the grounds put in order. Then we got some new articles of furniture, and Sungree and I are as comfortable settled as possible. All the other orphans are grown up men and women now, so I do not feel like undertaking the charge of any more orphans.

Our churches and schools are well attended considering the fact that the Morians are away. There have been some baptisms in Tunapuna and Arouco. We have none here as yet. There is a good deal of sickness in the Island, and there have been several fatal cases of dysentery.

I had a short visit to San. Fernando, found the Grants and Miss Copeland hard at work as usual. Success all along the line. Miss Copeland has had great success in her work.

I went to Princetown, found many changes there, so many faces gone. I attended a prayer meeting in the Indian church, found those I had known years ago, small children, now young men and women. Three of the young men made touching and beautiful prayers. Our church has been fortunate in obtaining such workers as the Macraes, and Miss Semple.

The school was closed, so I did not see that, but the average last year was larger than that of any previous one.

We expect a visit from Mr. Fraser next week. We have had many to see us. Our old pupils, and those who used to be with us in the home have all called to pay us their respects. Some of them bringing dear little children with them to show us.

I have sent clothes to Couva, also to Mr. Sudeen, sent garments to Red Hill, Orange Grove, Arouca, and Tacarigua.

Will you still remember us in prayer, we need it so much.

Yours Sincerely,

A. L. M. BLACKADDER

Tacarigua, Trinidad, Aug. 23, 1889.

TALMAGE AND LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Talmage of our own day and Lord Chesterfield of a century and a half ago have not much in common, but their opinions upon the liquor license law and prohibition appear very similar. We give below two extracts from their speeches, one by the former not very long since, one by the former in the House of Lords in 1749.—Ed.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

"Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but vice prohibited, let the difficulty be what it will. Would you lay a tax upon a breach of the Ten Commandments? Would not such a tax be wicked and scandalous? Would it not imply an indulgence to all those who could pay the tax?

Vice, my lords, is not properly to be taxed, but suppressed, and heavy taxes are sometimes the only means by which that suppression can be obtained. Luxury, or that which is only pernicious, by excess, though not strictly unlawful, may be made more difficult. But the use of those things which are simply hurtful in their own nature, and in every degree, are to be prohibited.

None, my lords, ever heard, in any nation, of a tax upon theft or adultery, because a tax implies a licence granted for the use of that which is taxed to all who are willing to pay it.

Drunkenness, my lords, is universally, and in all circumstances, an evil, and therefore ought not to be taxed but punished. The noble lord has been pleased kindly to inform us that the trade of distilling is very extensive, that it employs great numbers, and that they have arrived at exquisite skill, and, therefore, he says, the trade of distilling is not to be discouraged.

Once more, my lords, allow me to wonder at the different conceptions of different understandings. It appears to be that since the spirit which the distillers produce is allowed to enfeeble the limbs, vitiate the blood, pervert the heart, and obscure the intellect, the number of distillers should be no argument in their favor, for I never heard that a law against theft was repealed or delayed because thieves were numerous.

It appears to me, my lords, that really, if so formidable a body are confederate against the virtues or the lives of their fellow-citizens, it is time to put an end to the havoc, and to interpose while it is yet in our power to stop the destruction.

So little, my lords, am I affected by the merit of that wonderful skill which distillers are said to have attained, that it is, in my opinion, *no faculty of great use to mankind to prepare palatable poison*, nor shall I ever contribute my interest for the reprieve of a murderer, because he has, by long practice, obtained dexterity in his trade. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us, at least, secure them from their fatal draught by bursting the vials that contain them. Let us crush at once these artists in human slaughter, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such a bait as cannot be resisted."

DR. TALMAGE.

"Now let us have a high license for theft. Get ready your excise commissioners. We will have \$5,000 or \$10,000 high license for theft. We must somehow put down these small criminals that are stealing door mats, and postage-stamps and chocolate-drops. For high license we will give to a few men all the privileges of running off with \$50,000 of the Newark Bank, of watering the stock in a railroad company, taking \$250,000 at one clip. Now, I shall have this license very high, say \$10,000 for theft, and in that way we shall put an end to all these sneak thieves, and two-penny scoundrels, and wharf rats, and all hail to the million-dollar rascal! You will never put down theft in this country until you give a few people for high license all the privilege of stealing. Then there is the evil of blasphemy. Let us for a high license say \$10,000—gather a hundred men in these cities, men of the hottest tempers, and the fiercest tongue, and the most spiteful against God and decency. Having gathered this precious group to do all the blasphemy of the country at high license, give them full sweep, and then just let us extinguish all these small swearers, who never have any genius at swearing, and who always swear on a small scale, and who never get beyond "by George!" or "my Stars!" or "Damn it!" Extirpation for swearers. You will never put down blasphemy in this country except by high license. And the sin of murder! Why, your law against it is a failure. Murder on Long Island, murder in Illinois, murder in Pennsylvania—murder all over. It is almost impossible to convict one of the desperadoes. He proves an *alibi* right away. Or he did it under emotional insanity. Court-house full of sympathizers, and when he is cleared the crowd follow him down the street thinking he ought to be sent to Congress! Your law against murder is a failure! Now, we have got to stop these clumsy assassins who kill people with car-

hooks and Paris green, and dull knives, and having a high license, say \$10,000 or \$20,000, give to a few men the privilege of genteelly and skillfully and gracefully putting their victims out of their worldly misfortunes. You will never stop murder in this country until you put a high license upon it, and let a few men do all the killing. But my dear friends, all irony aside, you see that if rumselling is right, we all ought to have the right; and if it is wrong \$5,000,000 paid down in hard cash for one license ought to produce no immunity."

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

BY THE REV. J. WILKIE, INDORE.

Come with me to one of the many villages that you see from our home at Indore. The country for the most part is level and bare, with here and there two or three tall trees only to break the monotony of the scene. Woods, as you understand that term, are unknown; all having been removed hundreds of years ago—for you remember we are travelling over ground that was old when our Saviour came to earth, that this traditional history carries us away back to the youth of mankind. These trees indicate the abode of the protecting divinities of the village and so let us away to it to see it as it is. Roads to it there are none, as we understand that term.

ONLY CART RUTS OR FOOT PATHS.

that wind here and there as seems to be most convenient. Holkar and other native chiefs do not trouble the Public Works Department about such things—in fact, almost the only thing for which that Department exists is to build new palaces. Five large new palaces were under construction within four miles of Indore when we left there, each costing probably not less than a quarter of a million each. When the demands for new palaces, the Zenana, an occasional new temple and the thousands of lazy fakirs and Sadhus or holy men are met, there is but little left for roads or anything else. You require to go to a native State to see how beautifully the doctrine—that the people exist for the king—can develop.

Though there are no roads, there is no lack of custom houses that every mile or two are set down on every cart track in the country. To understand the working of these start out from Indore

WITH A LOAD OF SALT.

It is cheap enough at the railway station even after the British Government had levied its small duty; but before you have gone one hundred miles you find the constant daily duty for travelling over Nature's

roads have so raised the cost price of your salt that the poor people can't touch it, that it has become a luxury for only a very few rich ones among them.

SEE HOW DRY AND PARCHED

everything looks as we cross the fields. It is December, our winter weather, but you feel the value of your sun hat and probably an umbrella too. What a bright sun! Smoked glass are a luxury. No green grass to relieve the eye though yonder is a field full of delicate green.

AH YES, OPIUM FLOURISHES

in Central India. All the finest land, the greater part of the water supply and labour of its people and the care and attention of high and low alike are given to the cultivation of this terrible curse. Dearly has the victory over the Chinese been bought and the price is not by any means all paid. It is true that the native princes in order to raise this highly priced drug were led to dig wells, that otherwise would not have been thought of; but even these have been and shall continue to be dearly paid for. Do you wonder that people who have so little to live for or to stimulate ambition, so few enjoyments, so little to relieve their pains, when constantly working amongst it should gradually develop a taste for it. Yonder is a field of it, all cut up into beds of six or eight feet square, carefully weeded and watered. See the women of the village are all out working but

WHERE ARE THEIR BABES?

At home sleeping under the influence of opium. In the morning after its meal a piece of opium is put into the child's mouth and in unconsciousness it quietly awaits the return of the mother from the fields. At noon and again if need be at night the dose is repeated. Do you wonder at the large mortality in Central India? Hardly a child there does not get opium as regularly as its meals till it is about three years old. But it is not confined to children. Have they colds, or fevers or aches of any kind, then opium is their solace. Often it is more easily obtainable than food and so used to drown the cravings of an appetite that cannot be satisfied. You would find it hard to answer the indignant charges of the thinking ones amongst them who point to the terrible ravages of this evil seen everywhere and perchance even felt, and who, laying the blame at England's door, ask if this is what Christianity prompts, or is it so powerless, there that it cannot after all these centuries of growth check such cruel selfishness.

We have not yet I fear reaped the full harvest of iniquity. In China they have begun cultivating it themselves and so do not

require the Indian article in the same quantities as before. Large stocks are unsalable in India. The stockholders must get money and so the article is lowered in price, encouragement given to its use and the evil still further developed. When will nations learn as well as individuals that as we sow so must we reap.

A BRAVE LITTLE DUTCH BOY.

The country of Holland, in Europe, is almost surrounded by the sea. To be sure there is nothing strange in that, for all islands are entirely surrounded by the sea. But Holland is a low country, and if the people had not built high banks to keep the water off, whenever there was a storm or a very high tide, it would wash right over the whole land, and sweep away all the houses and drown the people. The Holland folks built the banks many years ago. They are called dykes. They are not only high, but so thick through, there is room for a broad street on top. Trees are planted along these streets and it is a pleasant and airy place to walk. Men are chosen whose business it is to watch these dykes, and see that the water, which is always trying to break through, never does. It is necessary to be very watchful, for if there comes a break ever so small, it must be stopped at once, or it will grow bigger and bigger, and it would take but a few hours to bring on a dreadful flood.

And even the smallest Dutch child knows the danger of being careless about the dykes. One evening a little boy in the city of Harlem, was on his way home. He walked fast, for it was getting late. It was a quiet part of the city, and there was no one but himself on the street. Everything was quiet, so quiet that presently he heard a soft gurgling sound like that of running water. Ah, Hans knew in a moment what that meant; it meant that somewhere sea had made a little road through the dykes. He stopped and looked carefully and eagerly, and very soon he found it—a tiny stream that rippled and ran as though it meant not the least bit of harm to anybody or to anything.

But Hans knew better than that, and the first thing he did was to look about for something to stop it. He could find nothing. What should he do? Should he run into the city and call a watchman? But before he could get one, the little stream might become a great river. He looked up and down the empty street. 'Well, there's one thing I can do,' said Hans to himself, and he went up to the great dyke and put his fingers into the hole. It just filled it. 'Isn't that lucky?' thought Hans. 'And now I'll stay here till somebody comes.' And he did.

The twilight passed, and the night came on; the stars shone out one after another; by-and-by the moon came up in the east; very slowly the hours went by; it seemed to little Hans that never had there been so long a night. Once he saw a man walking along on the dyke, but so far off for his voice to reach him. He grew tired and cold, but he did not give up. He thought of the stories he had heard of the damage done by the floods in times past, when the dykes had given away. He thought of the little brothers and sisters at home, and of other happy homes that might be swept away should he leave his post. And so he bravely staid by, though it seemed to him sometimes that he should drop down, he was so tired, every once in awhile he would call out, and early in the morning a watchman heard him and hastened to the spot. And it was not long, you may be sure, before others came, and the little break was stopped, and Hans was carried to his home.

The Dutch are a brave people and have fought many battles in the past to save the country from its enemies. But among them all there was never a braver hero than this little boy, who through the long hours of that lonely night, saved the great city from the sea.—Our Little Men and Women.

THE RAINY SABBATH.

"My dear child, you certainly are not going out in this rain!" said Mrs. Hill, as her daughter entered the room dressed for the street, on a disagreeable Sabbath morning.

"Yes, mamma; I am going to church," she answered pleasantly; "the rain did not keep me from the concert last week, nor from going to the stores yesterday. Tom, what did you do with my umbrella?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the young man who had just sauntered in. "But what nonsense—you going to church this morning! You had better stay at home; you can read a sermon that will do you just as much good."

"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together," quoted his sister. "Ah! here's my umbrella. Good-bye."

As Mary approached the church, walking carefully through the rain and mud, Harry Hampton, a bright-faced boy of fourteen came rapidly down the church steps and ran against her, as she started up. "I beg your pardon," said the boy, raising his hat. "Why, Miss Mary! is it possible you are out such a day as this? Let me help you up those slippery steps."

"You are going the wrong way. Harry," said Mary, pausing a moment, as he turned again toward the street.

"Well, yes," replied Harry, with a slight blush; "I looked into the church and it looked so empty and desolate that I thought I would go to see some fellows who had invited me to their rooms to-day. I know that it is not the way to spend Sabbath, but you do not know how lonely a boy gets when in town like this, by himself all day on Sabbath."

Harry Hampton was the son of a farmer, with whom Mrs. Hill and her family usually spent the heated summer months. Mary had heard that Harry had come to town and entered a store. She had intended to ask Tom to hunt him up; as she now spoke, she reproached herself for not doing so.

"I know you must be lonely," replied Mary; "will you not come and sit with me in our pew? I, too, am alone to-day."

"Certainly, if you wish it," and the boy's face brightened as he followed the pretty and well-dressed young lady into church.

The minister gave his text, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and followed it with an earnest appeal to those who had not yet chosen the Lord's side. When the services were over and Mary turned to Harry, she was startled at the earnest, thoughtful expression on his face; he refused her invitation to dinner, and walked quietly off to his own room.

Several weeks had passed, and Mary had seen nothing more of Harry; when, one bright Communion Sabbath she was made happy by seeing him come forward to be received into the church.

"I want to thank you for keeping me at church that rainy Sabbath," said Harry, afterwards. "I was on the road to ruin that day, and the sermon I heard stopped me."

Harry Hampton is active member of church, and Mary Hill often thanks God that He used her faithfully spent "rainy Sabbath" in the salvation of a soul.—*Christian Observer*.

DOING NO HARM.

The story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of a battle, and no one knew what had become of him, but they knew that he was not in the ranks. As soon as the opportunity offered, his officer went in search of him, and to his surprise found that the man during the battle had been amusing himself in a flower garden. When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying, "Sir, I am doing no harm." But he was tried, convicted and shot! What a sad but true picture this is of many who waste their time and neglect their duty, and who can give no better answer than, "Lord, I am doing no harm."—*Ex.*

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

How lightly some can speak of love,
And call the Saviour dear,
Who seldom lift their hearts above,
Or throb with holy fear.

They say they glory in the Cross,
Yet none themselves they bear;
They think, while free from pain and loss,
The martyr's crown to wear.

But love is just the hardest thing
A man can learn to do;
And that of which ten thousands sing
Is understood by few.

It is not but a passing thrill,
A ray of winter's sun;
It is the heart, and mind, and will
By which our life is done.

It yields, if God should ask for much
Nay, if He asks for all;
It welcomes e'en the chastening touch,
And hears His lightest call.

If truly we would learn to live,
To love we must begin;
Yet who can force himself to give
What only grace can win?

My Saviour, if I dare not say
That I have love to Thee,
Do Thou, I pray Thee, day by day,
Reveal Thy love to me.

And this shall be my rapture, when
Before Thy face I bow;
I only wish'd to love Thee then,
I know I love Thee now.

--Sel.

A HINDU HUSBAND'S CREED.

The Hindu idea of marriage is curious. A man both day and night must keep his wife so much in subjection that she by no means be mistress of her own actions. If the wife has her own free will, notwithstanding she is of superior caste, she will go amiss. A woman shall never go out of her house without the consent of her husband, and shall pay proper respect to her husband's father, the spiritual guide and her guests, and shall not eat until she has first served them with victuals (if it is medicine she may take it before they eat); a woman shall never go to a stranger's house, and shall not stand at the door, and must never look out of a window. If a woman, following her own inclinations, goes whithersoever she chooses and does not regard the words of her master, such a woman shall be turned away. If a man goes on a journey, his wife shall not divert her-

self by play, nor see any public play, nor laugh, nor dress herself with jewels or fine clothes, nor see dancing, nor hear music, nor sit at the window, nor ride, nor behold anything rare or choice, but shall fasten well the house door and remain private; and shall not eat any dainty victuals, and shall not view herself in a mirror; she shall not exercise herself in any agreeable employment during the absence of her husband.

DIGNITY AND DUTY OF THE ELDER.

BY REV. JOSEPH R. KERK, D. D.

He is found as far back as the days of Moses from which time on down to the captivity he is largely a civil officer, chosen by the people to exercise governmental authority. When the synagogue system appears he is seen upon its bench, with functions more ecclesiastical and religious; and in the early Christian churches his identity as a spiritual overseer becomes still plainer, although he is not commissioned to preach, the Apostles recognizing two parts in the presb. terial office—teaching and governing, as in the synagogue there were elders who read and expounded the Scriptures and traditions, and elders who managed in matters of order and discipline. In one of the letters to Timothy we get the exhortation, "Let the elders that rule well be considered worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in word and doctrine." Thus the ruling elder moves into his own place in the Christian society, losing nothing of his prestige, sharing ordination with his teaching brother, equal with him in the governing prerogative, and differing from him solely in not being chosen to minister in word and doctrine. The testimony of the Fathers and Reformers puts honor on his head and power in his hand, as one who bears rule in the Lord's house, and the necessities of the present day are emphasizing his office to a degree that is as remarkable as it is gratifying.

He gets no stated salary, he is not paid in the shekels of the sanctuary, albeit his constitutional right to remuneration, along with his teaching brother, and both as the people's representatives, could, I think, be justly raised. But he is usually in business, or the possessor of a comfortable income, and so the honor of his place is deemed sufficient, together with the personal joy of doing the will of Christ. The teaching elder has no secular employment; if he has, it should be closed out, that he may give himself solely to the duties of his spiritual sphere, depending for livelihood upon the provision that they who preach the gospel should live for it. The ruling elder sees this, while holding the principle of parity, and leads the

people to see the propriety of it, speaking of his brother as "our pastor," cheerfully according him preeminence in all departments of church life, co-operating with him in spiritual inspection and general administration.

Perhaps long usage has dulled the elder's notion of his own dignity—the honor and responsibility of his office; he feels himself to be a sort of ecclesiastical convenience, especially about communion time. He has every confidence in the teaching elder, and is assured that things will be kept moving by him, and that all he needs to do is to be a feeble assistant in a most general way. He is harried with commercial cares, and it may be, domestic trials; sometimes he is sorely perplexed and disheartened by the cross purposes in his lot, so he slips along softly in his eldership, lamenting his uselessness, and half afraid that the lamentation is echoed throughout the parish.

But the dear man is a thousand times more precious than if he were to magnify his position, so as to be an offensive, aggressive, and destructive force in the church which professes to serve, but in fact is ambitious to "run." The consequential, dictatorial, and scheming spirit which shows itself now and then in the ruling as in the teaching elder, deserves sharp rebuke in both; and if this be in vain, then it should be escorted to the door in the interests of piety and peace. The man who so exalts himself, ought to be abased. He is a chronic irritant, and does work for the devil oftener than for the Lord.

But surely there is a middle ground where the ruling elder may be more than an ecclesiastical convenience, and considerably less than an ecclesiastical nuisance; and this ground has been traced in the ninth chapter of our Book of Government, where the Session is charged to preserve the purity and order of the Church by the wholesome exercise of discipline, "and to consort the best measures for promoting the spiritual interests of the congregation." Our elder must then be useful not alone in his judicial capacity, but also in a religious and evangelizing capacity; he is to help devise measures, and lend a hand in their execution. These measures should be adapted to the church and its neighborhood, growing out of the needs, tastes, habits, and social positions of the people; and he should have such knowledge of his parish, get such knowledge of how work is being done in other parishes, be animated with such zeal for his own constituency, as that he will ever and everywhere be found alert in mind, heart, and hand for all that will be likely to advance the general prosperity of his church.

In addition he will be faithful in routine

work, visiting the sick and afflicted, cheering the aged, keeping track of the baptized youth, and trying to lead them into the higher consecrations of the Christian life; laboring in the Sabbath-school, where he never forgets that his own childhood needed patience, gentleness, and fidelity; praying in the week meeting, and learning to pray unto edification; organizing and developing cottage meetings and missions, as means of grace for non-church-goers—in short, he will aim to keep ahead of the common level in things Scriptural, spiritual, and saving, so that if a day should come when the teaching elder is absent or the pulpit is vacant, he may stand and preach the truth, or read it as arranged by another, unchallenged by the most spiritual member of the Church, honored or admired as a true and zealous servant of Christ Jesus ministering in His name.

It may be said that this is the ideal elder, not the actual; the impossible rather than the possible. But some of us know of men who have actually come far up to this standard; men of faith and of the Holy Ghost; men directly from the common people, endowed with sanctified common-sense and inspired to walk worthy of their high vocation; men who have lived, toiled, and succeeded in their solemn trusts until released by the Master and brought into His immediate presence on high. They proved to be the right men in the right place. The mistake everywhere is because of the wrong man. Political, social, financial, and other considerations of a purely secondary character occasionally fill the offices in the church as they fill them in the State. The right man is passed by, he is as modest as he is meritorious, he is not anxious to be put in the white light, and the result is conspicuous inefficiency and poor work by the wrong man.

A good way for correcting such blunders has been devised in the rotary plan, which is supposed to revolve until it evolves the best material for the Church Session. If the teaching elder can be retired for failure, certainly the ruling elder should be liable to the same fate for the same cause. But many a minister has had to go, go with a breaking heart and heavy step, while the elder who might have helped him to stay and render grand service, stays on himself to help officiate around another victim.

Yes, you want good and true men in the Session, and as they touch shoulders and hearts and hands, and by their concerted, compacted strength carry the religious welfare of the church, they will present to the world such an association of gracious wisdom and strength as shall command universal respect, admiration, and love.

Among various methods for nourishing and rendering more efficient this scriptural office, stress may be laid on the Sessional prayer-meeting, monthly, weekly, or on Sabbath morning prior to the preaching; and also a union elders' meeting convened from neighboring churches at convenient seasons for closer acquaintance of face and field. Then there is great value in districting the congregation, giving to each man his own section, asking him to keep in view the families therein, rendering any service which may be properly asked, and notifying the pastor of any fact or condition that should have his attention. Moreover, let there be an annual visitation by the teaching and a ruling elder, which enters the home and manifests a prayerful interest in its peace and prosperity. No matter if the men are away; no matter if the children are mostly away; this official inspection is reported to them, and the sweet flavor of it fills the house for many a day to come. It should not shut out the personal calls of the pastor whenever he should choose to drop in, whenever he may wish to converse confidently with the household, or a y member of it. This is always his privilege, but certainly there is much to be said in favor of an annual "riding the lines," the coming round of both sides of the spiritual government of a given church, at stated intervals seeing how the people "do."

It is possible that some congregations need to be educated here. Now and then a parishioneer says to his pastor, "Oh, we don't want the elder; come yourself;" and the elder feels that he is not welcome, that the preference is for a quarter of an hour of gossip with the minister. The elder keeps the fact of the official visitation too prominent; he may be a plain man, wearing ready-made clothes; awkward and ungrammatical in address, and when he gets upon a Wilton carpet with his muddy feet and crushes a gilt chair by his thoughtless weight—he had better remain away! Stay! Is not that despising governments? This man is one of Jesus Christ's officers, and we must be careful lest in disclaiming the servant we disdain the Master. Social fastidiousness is not to rule on this occasion; conscience and character count something in this man. Magnify rather than disparage him; encourage rather than criticize him. Open the way for him. See that he has access to the proper discharge of his duty, and that he is recognized as a fellow-helper in the truth. Take him along: "Two are better than one." There is further advantage by this method, in that it shows to the entire Session the real nature of the teaching elder's influence, and confirms

his fidelity in the same; and if he retires or is called elsewhere, his work is left in the sympathetic and intelligent keeping of those competent to preserve its solidarity, and promote its lasting usefulness.

In my present pastorate we have both districting and visitation. The elders respond cheerfully to the best of their ability, one helps out another, substitutes for another who cannot answer his own call, and a carriage is provided by a member of the Session for the committee in its passage through the congregation. Six out of seven are actively engaged in Sabbath-school and mission work, and in our deliberations and plans there is never a quarrel or pulling apart. But for the brave, buoyant and generous backing of these men, I am afraid I should be seriously crippled in my best efforts for preserving and helping forward the charge committed unto me. I therefore lift up my voice in behalf of the dignity and duty of the elder in connection with the King's business. Give him more honor and opportunity, if he is the right, not the wrong man. If the chair of the Assembly is opened to him, let him occupy it in alternate years with his teaching colleague. Why not? He is a citizen and a magistrate, and the genius of our spiritual republic should guarantee the humblest at least a chance for the presidency. Besides it may help to remove the insinuation (whether well grounded or not) that the church is controlled by elites, in which the teaching elder has the final word, while the ruling elder has to find the funds. Verily a freer and bolder use of the latter would lighten burdens already crushing the former, arousing new interest and provoking new achievement in all parts of the household of faith. It is delightful to observe that his day has dawned brightly in our communion. Already important departments of church work are presided over or pushed by godly and thoughtful elders who give time, strength and substance for a furtherance of the Gospel. Heaven bless them and multiply their number.

But be it remembered that the place least filled, least occupied yet, is in the watch for souls, the superintendence of the spiritual life in the parish, the cultivation of holiness and promotion of godliness in the character and conduct of the membership. This is where the teaching elder finds himself so much alone, and where he sinks down frequently in despair of doing all that is waiting to be done. Brother elders, come up to the help, and may our God anoint us afresh with the Holy Ghost as we enter the New Year of light and love.

HOW CHARLEY BOUGHT A BIBLE.

A TRUE STORY

Charley was the oldest in the family of five children. His father died in 1833, when Charley was only ten years old. He was poor, and had few books and no paper to read. The family bible which had descended from father to son, was entirely worn out, and in the new country to which the family had lately moved, no colporteur came around to bring a new one.

A Sunday-school was organized, and Charley became an interested member. His teacher, a good, intelligent man, often asked the class questions which could only be answered from the Old Testament. One day a question of this kind came to Charley. He had no Bible to read, and therefore could not answer it. The teacher turned to him, and said, "Charley, have you no Bible?" Deeply mortified, poor Charley acknowledged his lack of a Bible. He had no money, his friends were few, credit was out of the question, so how could he compass the desire of his heart and secure a Bible? In some manner Charley heard that poor people were furnished with Bibles at the bookstores. The first chance he had, he went to the nearest town, found the bookstore, but was informed that he could not have a bible unless he had the money with him to pay for it. Discouraged Charley turned away from the array of different kinds of Bibles laid out upon the counter for inspection; and with eyes full of unshed tears he went out upon the street, and leaned against a store for a few moments, trying to think if there was any way in the world whereby he could secure his heart's desire. Unseen by Charley, one of the clerks within the store was watching the despondent boy. He was a profane, wicked young man, but knew Charley very well, and liked him. Finally he came to the doorway, and said:

"What's the matter Charley?"

At first Charley would not tell, but tried to cheer up and look himself again.

But the question was repeated with an emphasis that startled the boy.

"What is the matter Charley? What has happened to you that you should look so downcast? I am determined to know the cause of your gloom."

At last Charley told him the whole story—how he needed a Bible, and could not learn his Sunday-school lessons without one, but was too poor to buy one; that he had come to town hoping to get one in some way at the bookstore, but the dealer would not let him have one on any condition except for the ready money, but it would take all summer; and then the Sunday-school would close

just as he could get his Bible.

"Come along with me, Charley," said the young man. "I'll see if you don't have a Bible."

They went to the bookstore. The proprietor turned to look as they stepped in. The young man said:

"This boy wants a Bible."

"Yes, sir," said the old gentleman; "so it seems."

"You let him have one."

"I'll do so if you say so, sir."

"I say so. I'd rather risk his paying for it than half the men in this town."

The old gentleman handed Charley the Bible.

Charley took the Bible home, and dedicated it to his poor, widowed mother. He opened a vein in his arm, and wrote her name and his in his own blood upon the fly-leaf. During the summer, by hard work for the neighbors, Charley earned the three dollars and fifty cents which paid for the book. Henceforth Charley missed no more questions at Sunday school. In after years, when he grew to be a prosperous man, none of his friends guessed why it was that Charley's contributions to the Bible cause were always double those of his richest neighbors. But the secret lay safely hid in an old yellow Bible, still in existence, upon whose fly-leaf two names may be seen faintly traced in blood.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE HOME.

Nowhere is the subtle moral influence so potent as in the home, which God intended to be the primary training-school for the commonwealth and the church. Puritan homes made puritan character. Out of many a lowly New England farmhouse with a rag carpet on its floor and a few goodly books on its table, have gone the Goodells, the Spauldings and the Mills, to our early foreign missions. They have given the best blood to the American Pulpit and American State. It was the religious atmosphere that penetrated the very core of character.

No Christian government, no healthy public conscience, no Bible philanthropies, no godly church life, can exist without their roots beneath Christian hearth-stones and family altars.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

When the Shah of Persia visited France and England he took along a chaplain to perform the religious ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, particularly the fasts, his imperial majesty being too much attached to the good things of the table to observe these himself.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE INFIDEL.

A CANADIAN STORY.

"I remember," says the Bishop of Saskatchewan, "many years ago listening with great delight to a story I heard from a missionary in North Canada. He said, that some years before then a humble missionary was travelling through the Canadian backwoods. He lost his way; but presently was rejoiced at the sight of a glimmering light. Soon reaching it, to his surprise he found a large congregation of settlers gathered round a fire, listening to an able discourse. To the horror of the missionary, he found that the man was trying to prove that there was no God, no heaven, no eternity. A murmur of applause went through the audience as the orator ceased. The missionary stood up, and said, 'My friends, I am not going to make a long speech to you, for I am tired and weary; but I will tell you a little story: A few weeks ago I was walking on the banks of the river not far from here. I heard a cry of distress, and to my horror, I saw a canoe drifting down the stream, and nearing the rapids. There was a single man in the boat. In a short time he would near the waterfall, and be gone! He saw his danger, and heard him scream: 'O God, if I must lose my life, have mercy on my soul!' I plunged into the water, and reached the canoe. I dragged it to land, and saved him. That man, whom I heard when he thought no one was near, praying to God to have mercy on his soul, is the man who has just addressed you, and has told you he believes there is neither God nor heaven nor hell.'"—*Sel.*

THE FOLLY OF HAVING ONE'S OWN WAY.

Adam and Eve had their own way in eating the forbidden fruit, and they were there upon ousted from the garden of Eden. Pharaoh refused to hearken to Jehovah's voice, and for a time had his own way. Upon him and his people were dealt ten blows, and when the last fell, there was lamentation throughout Mizraim. A han had his own way, and buried beneath his tent banned spoil from Jericho, but ere long the troubler was troubled, and his charred carcass was covered with a great heap of stones. Saul had his own way in sparing Agag, and the choice spoil of Amalek, but he was presently rebuked and rejected of the Lord. Maligners of Daniel had their own way, and for a night rejoiced greatly, but before the next came, they were mastered and crunched by lions. Jews had their way in crucifying

Christ with wicked hands. Upon them and their children has been avenged His blood, and the series of woes which issued, A. D. 70, in the destruction of Jerusalem has not reached the limit yet.

Men have their own way whenever they wilfully transgress or neglect Jehovah's requirements. That way, the transgressors way, they invariably find hard. They may be prospered pecuniarily and "flourish like a green bay tree;" but they pierce themselves meanwhile with many a sorrow, and are starvelings spiritually. To them, as to the lusting Hebrews, God may grant their request, but with it is sent leanness of soul. (Ps. 106: 14-15.)

Let, us, beloved, make persistently our own the just and true way of the Lord. His way is heaven higher and better than our own. Hard it may seem, at times, and narrow, but it leads invariably to pleasantness and peace, and shineth with increasing brightness unto the perfect day. For our sake, therefore, and for His let us walk circumspectly in the Master's way, the way our sainted father's trod, the blissful way to glory and to God.—*Sel.*

WHY NOT AN INFIDEL?

"I once met a thoughtful scholar," said Bishop Whipple, "who told me he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things: 'First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone-blind. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned on an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on its mother's breast. I knew that was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters. They have no protection but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world, if you blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel.'"—*Sel.*

Lord Lawrence says:—"Christianity, wherever it has gone, and nowhere more so than in India, has promoted the dignity of woman, the sanctity of marriage, and the brotherhood of man. Where it has not actually converted, it has checked and controlled; where it has not renewed, it has refined; and where it has not sanctified, it has softened and subdued."

HAVE YOU LOST JESUS.

A woman I spoke to told me a circumstance that was narrated to her by a Christian neighbor respecting herself, which had been helpful in bringing her, as a believer, to an assurance of her salvation. She had gone to an evangelistic service, where some such verses as John iii. 16 had brought her into light and peace. When she got home her little boy noticed her happy face, and asked the reason of it. "I have found Jesus, my dear boy," she exclaimed. "I am saved by his precious blood." "How do you know?" asked the little fellow. "Listen," she said, and she read the verses to him that had brought the joyful assurance. Next morning Satan raised his favorite question of "feelings," and she came down to breakfast with the old miserable expression that her son had been so long accustomed to. "What's wrong now, mother?" questioned the boy. "Everything's wrong, dear; I have made a terrible mistake, I fear." "Have you lost Jesus, mother?" She did not like to say she had. "Has the verse changed then?" continued the boy; "it seems as if it had. Stop, I'll go and see," and away ran the dear lad, to return triumphantly with his Bible. "No, mother, it's not changed; it's just the same every word as last night, and he read aloud the blessed message." Said the mother to my friend, "That was many years ago, but my dear boy's faith rebuked my unbelief. I then and there believed God's bare word, feel or no feel, because it was his word, and I am just resting my soul there now." The story was greatly blessed to my friend, whose spiritual life up to that time had been anything but a satisfactory one.—*Dr. Noxey.*

PARENTAL PRAYERS.

Surely among all prayers that go up to God none are dearer or more prevailing than the intercessions of parents for their children. Are they not hallowed breathings of the purest, tenderest love. Such prayers, if persistent, believing, and importunate, may we not say that God always answers in some way in the end? Monica, the mother of Augustine, prays for her son. For a time he goes deeper and deeper into sin, and it seems that the mother's supplications are unheard or unavailing. But she faints not; she will not give him up; she refuses to be disheartened. For many years her son wandered far from God, farther and farther, but she stays at her altar, undismayed, believing still, and pleading with renewed earnestness. At last all her intercessions are answered in one hour, when Augustine falls down at Jesus' feet in submission, and instantly turns all the wealth of his splendid life into the service of his new Master.

GOD AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Since government is the ordinance of God, it is morally bound to conform to the laws of the Creator. Its only safety is in obedience.

The first law of the Creator is, that land is to be used for the support of population, of a moral, intelligent and healthy population. The State, as God's minister, is to enforce this law.

When we look about us we see a large portion of land, God's land, devoted to the production of an article that causes more poverty and more crime than anything else. Such a use of land is plainly unlawful. It is a violation of the condition on which land is bestowed upon men. The government is the Creator's agent, is bound to see to it that the terms of the grant are complied with by the occupants of the land. The plain duty of government is to extirpate the traffic in intoxicating beverages. This cannot be done by high license or local option that treats the traffic as a matter that is different in its nature. It can only be done by prohibition, national and state, with prohibition officers, national, provincial country and municipal, to enforce the law. This traffic should be prohibited by the government, not simply because it is immoral, not because it is politically corrupting. There are all good reasons for suppressing it. The reason we urge is different. The distiller, brewer and saloon keepers use land, God's land, not to benefit people, but to impoverish and debase them. Such a use of land is unlawful. The easiest way to prevent it is to prohibit the traffic. The farmers who raise grain for the distillers and brewers, are also guilty of misusing their land. As the grain is bought in the open market, the only way to prevent this misuse of agricultural land is to forbid the trade.—*Sel.*

AS YOU ARE

"Gospel services to-night. Come in as you are." This we saw on a sign board in front of a public hall in the city of Portland. The qualification "as you are" struck us as being original, at least we never saw the sentiment so expressed before; but how appropriate, befitting, Christlike. As you are, within, without, doubts, misgivings, rebellious, discouraged. As you are, clothed in rags, or purple. Not readiness, but yourself; not condition of body or soul, but you. Christ has not arisen from that invitation; in it He remains and through it. He walks the earth. Sweeter than the music of a thousand chimes, come, come, not as you would be, or may be, but as you are, and are to-day.—*Pres. Journal*

A VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I was sitting alone in the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sad y^e perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing,
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting,
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones, should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won;

"It is nothing but 'wood, hay and stubble,'" I said:
"it will all be burned"—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I *know* I have tried;
But I'm sure when He sees *such* building,
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bangle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! She wanted to help me,
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But oh, what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?—
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith comes back to its Refuge
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master-Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended
And what must be builded anew.

Perhaps, as He looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said for her,
"Dear child! She wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur,

"And, for the true love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine,
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me,
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness,
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
That would tenderly guide and lead me
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are never more gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim,
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are unto Him

MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

"IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD."

"It is well with the child," was a minister's text, as he stood by the side of a little white casket, trying to speak words of comfort to crushed human hearts. It was a beautiful text, very appropriate for the occasion, and the man of God spoke lovingly and tenderly, and if words could have carried comfort and consolation to bleeding souls, then the friends of the little child would have felt the heavy burden lifted, that was crushing them to the earth.

The sweet child had filled the old home with sunlight for many a day, and the parents had worshipped at the shrine nearest to human purity that is found in this world. But the holy dream came to a terrible awakening, for one day the little baby torn was brought to them a crushed and mangled thing. A drunken driver had done the deed, they said, and it was very cruelly and carelessly done, too. The young parents were so utterly crushed with grief, that they made no inquiries as to how the deed was done—for they could only weep and moan over the bruised and mangled form of the child.

"It is well with the child," the good minister slowly repeated, "for little Annie is forever safe in the beautiful city of our God. She is as happy as the holy angels, and the stain of sin shall never rest upon her sweet face, for it shall wear the seal of eternal peace forever." It is well with the child, but not well with those who are responsible for this awful crime. It is not well with any who in any way sustain the traffic that not only kills the body, but destroys the soul and drives it in an exile from God forever. Little Annie's soul went into the presence of its Maker as pure and white as the winter snow, or the pale lilies and roses that are clasped in her cold dead fingers. We repeat again the beautiful words of our text, "It is well with the child."

So little Annie was laid away in her tiny grave in the old cemetery, and for many a day the parents watched over it. Sweet flowers were planted above it, and lent their sweetness and fragrance to beautify the place that was so sacred to those who loved the little child. A marble slab was placed above the little silent sleeper with the words of the text upon it. The passing stranger might have thought the inscription, "It is well with the child" a little strange, but not those who knew the story connected with her death.

But the cruel traffic in rum goes on. Little Annie's tragic death did not stay its power for a single moment. It went on in the same community just as it did before, and the very ones who were responsible for her death, go on in their old ways. The little grave and white monument with its simple words

"OUR LITTLE ANNIE.

"IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD."

were nothing to them. And the murdered souls that they had sent into eternity were nothing to them, and the traffic went on.—Mrs. Holt in *Pres Journal*.

WHY WE OPPOSE THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

First, on Principles of Political Economy.

1. Intemperance ruins health. This is never questioned by any sane man.

2. What destroys health destroys wealth. Every able-bodied man is a producer. If his health is impaired, he becomes a non-producer to the extent of his injury.

3. Whatever destroys wealth, injures the State, the state, in self-defence, has a right to prohibit.

Second, on Principles of Morality.

1. Intemperance injures character. If any proof be needed, point to the wrecked

lives of the men around you. See how they have learned to lie, steal, and murder, by becoming drunkards.

2. Whatever injures character destroys the citizen, and makes his exercise of the rights of citizenship dangerous to the State. See the thousands of men who have sold their manhood for a drink of whisky. Such men are ready to vote for any measure, however corrupt, in order to appease a depraved appetite.

3. Whatever injures citizenship destroys the integrity of the State; and whatever impairs the integrity of the State, the State has a right to prohibit, as a means of self-preservation.

Third, on Principles of Law.

1. Intemperance enslaves the drinker, corrupts the ballot-box, debases the judge, and bribes the jury.

2. What corrupts the courts of the State threatens the institutions of liberty and whatever imperils liberty is an enemy of mankind, and should be restrained by law.

3. That which defies the law, law should crush.

Thus, from whatever point we view the subject, intemperance is a foe, and should be slain.—*Cumberland Presbyterian*.

ALONE WITH GOD.

There are moments in our lives, when it becomes a necessity to "be alone with God." There is nothing else in the world that will meet and answer our spiritual requirements, except silent and sacred communion with the Divine Father. There are moments in our lives when, without this intimate and tender relationship with Him, the path of duty would be lost to us, and we would wander in the mazes of darkness, alone, and without a guide. I am sure that the dearest and highest revelations come to us in moments when we are alone with God. The presence of others sometimes seems to break the spell of sweetness that exists around the spirit that seeks for the holy right to commune alone with Him. Even the presence of a dear friend might cast a shadow between the seeking soul and God, and in some degree drive away the Holy Spirit that comes to bless our lives. God never fails of meeting one that seeks for the divine influences of His Spirit, whether it be in the glowing morning, the bright noontide, or in the holy hush of night. If the poor human heart is full of cares and troubles such as come to every life, if the soul is crushed almost to the earth by heavy burdens, if every nerve and fibre groans with agony, there is no sweeter and surer relief than to fly to the sacred presence of Him who never fails to

lift the load of sorrow from the suffering one. If the path of duty is lost to the tear-blinded eyes, if the wanderer is bewildered amid the shadows of the way, how oft has all been made plain by the soul communion with Jesus. How many instances in the Bible which show that the one who prevails in prayer, is the one who is alone with God when he prays. Moses is by himself beside the burning bush in the wilderness. Gideon and Jephthah are by themselves when commissioned to save Israel. Abraham leaves Sarah behind when he pleads with God for Sodom. Joshua is alone when the Lord comes to him as an armed man. It is when alone under the fig tree in prayer that Jesus sees Nathaneal. All religious biography, our own closest communion and success with God show what Christ means when He says "And thou when thou prayest enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

Oh! ye who are "weak and heavy burdened" ye who are sick and wounded in life's great battles, ye who with bleeding feet are journeying up life's rocky steep seek for the holy privilege of communion with God's blessed spirit and He will bear the burden for you. CHRISTIAN.

Mr. Moody in one of his addresses before the Bible Institute, on repentance, spoke of the fact that on the grave-stone of a man who died in 1781 there are these words:

"I have sinned;
I have repented;
I have trusted;
I have loved;
I rest;
I shall rise;
I shall live."

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

If you sit down at set of sun,
And count the acts that you have done:
And, counting, find
One self-denying act; one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face;
No act so small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost—
Then count that day as worse than lost.

THE WRECK.

How awful to behold a wreck,
When seas tumultuous roll;
When billows rage with fearful might,
Most inconceivable!

With terror I have seen it so—
The stately vessel tost
Upon the rocks, with fury driven,
And wrecked, and torn, and lost!

But I have seen a wreck more sad:
A vessel staterief far—
A noble life, and early wrecked
Of all that heart holds dear.

One deviation from the course
Of rectitude and right
Led on to that tremendous loss—
That sad, that fearful sight!

One yielding to temptation's power
Made repetition sure,
Till, like the bark by storms destroyed,
It sank to rise no more!

Fair life, with all its vista grand,
And all its power for good,
All sacrificed at pleasure's shrine—
Engulphed in passion's food!

"Oh, awful wreck! untimely death!
Sad victim, how forlorn!
'T were better far than such a loss
Thou never had been born!

ALBERT MIDLANE.

and makes a remarkable showing in favor of a Protestantism. Among the seventy thousand inhabitants it maintains exclusive sway. And what is the result? No theatre is maintained. No police are necessary. No prison exists. Neither is there any thing for a justice of the peace to do. Where can Romanism, Paganism, or infidelity exhibit such moral fruitage? A cold climate may limit the growth of population, but what Iceland lacks in the quantity it makes up in the sterling quality of its people. — *Phil. Pres.*

I have read somewhere the legend of one who, day-dreaming in his chair, beheld a vision, which stood before him and beckoned him to follow her to fortune. He waited sluggishly, heeded not her call nor her beckoning, until at last she grew dim and disappeared. Just as the vision faded he sprang to his feet and cried out, "Tell me who thou art!" and received an answer, "I am Opportunity; once neglected, I never return."

MY BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dreamily I sit and ponder
O'er their future wondrously,
Some in foreign lands may wander,
Some may sail the treacherous sea,
Some may toil in lowly station,
Some may scale the heights of fame ;
I care not what occupation,
If they bear a stainless name.

Side by side they sit before me,
Their young faces beaming bright ;
But deep sadness oft steals o'er me
When I think of this world's blight,
Of the snares and the temptations
Ever luring from the right,
Of the gilded fascinations,—
Sin and death in dress of light.

Will they long for earthly treasure,
Striving mightily for gold,
Seeking rest in sinful pleasure,
Straying from the Shepherd's fold ?
Will they rather seek the portal,
Entrance to the narrow way,
Leading up to bliss immortal
And to everlasting day ?

Ah me ! will my daily teaching
Ever tend to good or ill ?
Will my influence, far-reaching,
Live when I am cold and still ?
Jesus, heavenly teacher, hear me,
Grant to me thine aid I plead,
Let me feel thy presence near me,
Guiding every word and deed.—*Sel.*

PROHIBITION is a certainty in this country, and that within a very few years. Every civilized nation on earth is looking for some cure of the greatest evil that affects the earth. The fact that all countries are trying to regulate it is an admission that it is an evil, and the centuries have demonstrated that there is no sense whatever in trying to regulate the evil. Evils are to be killed, not regulated. The question of to-day is whether the individual man shall have any right, by means of a poison, to demoralize mankind for profit. It is a question every working-man, every employee, every father and mother has a right to answer.—*North America Review.*

It is a good thing to draw on God in the dark hours. It is a good thing to have a God to draw on. It is not a good thing to be compelled to seek for faith in the time when it is sorely needed. Get it to-day, that you may have the use of it to-morrow. It is like having money in a good bank on which you may draw.

I CANNOT GET BEYOND IT.

I cannot get beyond it,—
Love's wide, unfathomed sea,—
That I am proved a sinner,
But Jesus died for me ;
That I am only weakness,
But Christ is ever strong ;
That I am full of weeping,
But Jesus is my song.

I tried to get beyond it,
I tried to climb the height ;
I thought I was progressing,
And all seemed fair and bright :
But sternly blew the whirlwind
Upon the lofty brow,
So once again I sheltered
Where I am sheltered now.

You say I am old-fashioned,
And go to this broad sea :
And if I am old-fashioned,
Old fashions are for me.
So in the Rock of Ages,
Beside the Sea of Grace,
I find old-fashioned sinners
May find a hiding-place.

You ask my creed ? I'll tell you,—
I'm sinful through and through ;
But Jesus is all holy :
And for His sake, although
I still am but a sinner,
I have my Saviour's claim
To holiness and heaven,
And you may have the same.

You need not go beyond it,
You cannot lower go ;
You cannot rise above it,
'Tis level with your woe.
So say, "I am the sinner :
Dear Jesus, set me free ;
I know I ought to perish,
But Thou hast died for me !"

THE MACEDONIAN GIVERS.

The churches of Macedonia had ten excellent points in Giving :

- 1 First they gave themselves to the Lord.
- 2 Then to those who needed help "by the will of God."
- 3 They gave of their own accord.
- 4 Out of their deep poverty.
- 5 In times of affliction.
- 6 With abundance of joy.
- 7 According to their power.
- 8 Yea, and beyond their ability.
- 9 With an abounding liberality.
- 10 Earnestly entreating the opportunity as a favor ("grace") to themselves.—*Selected.*

DO WE EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN.

Of course we do. We send them to school five days of the week and to church and Sabbath school on Sundays. They know how to read, write and cipher. They can tell nouns from adverbs and arrange their sentences in an orderly way. The training they receive in our public schools is invaluable, and the teachers, male and female, are for the most part thoughtful, respectable, God-fearing members of the community. All this we gratefully acknowledge. It is not at all in the spirit of fault-finding with our teachers or with our teachers or with our educational system that we call the attention of ministers, sessions and parents to the duty of giving greater and still greater attention to the religious education of the young. The religious instruction they can get in the day school and in the Sabbath school is no doubt valuable, but it is only a preparation, an aid, to what must come from parents or others who for the love of God will become religious instructors. Our children should have the Shorter Catechism and the best Hymns engraved upon their memory. It will be a fatal mistake if parents persuade themselves that this teaching will ever come to their children through any other agency than that of the Church and the family. Religious teaching in common schools is very good no doubt. Where there is no parental care, where churches fail to do the work, let us be most thankful for even the little the school can do. But our words are for parents who love their little ones and are anxious to secure their best interests for time and eternity. To such we say, — *make sure of the religious instruction of your children, by attending to it yourselves!* — *Witness.*

EARNESTNESS IS POWER.

He who is in earnest will impress himself on others whether he would impart to them or receive from them. Yet no man will gain in earnestness by seeking to be in earnest; nor will he convince others that he is in earnest. In order to show earnestness a man must be in earnest; and the man who is in earnest cannot help showing it. Earnestness is of the man's self, and is drawn out by the cause that can draw it. When it is drawn out every one who sees and hears the man knows that his earnestness is real. If, therefore, a man is in earnest in behalf of anything he undertakes, he may know that he has power in that direction; but if he lacks earnestness, it is of no use for him to try to seem in earnest. — *Sunday School Times.*

A SOLITARY WAY.

There is a mystery in human hearts,
And though we be enriched by a host
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,
To every one of us, from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
Our dearest friend is "stranger" to our joy,
And cannot realize our bitterness.
"There is not one who really understands,
Not one to enter into all I feel;"
Such is the cry of each of us in turn,
We wander in a "solitary way."
No matter what or where our lot may be;
Each heart, mysterious even to itself.
Must live its inner life in solitude.
And would you know the reason why this is
It is because the Lord desires our love.
In every heart he wishes to be first.
He therefore keeps the secret-key Himself,
To open all its chambers, and to bless
With perfect sympathy and holy peace,
Each solitary soul which comes to Him.
So when we feel this loneliness, it is
The voice of Jesus saying, "Come to Me;"
And every time we are "not understood,"
It is a call to us to come again;
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,
And those who walk with him from day to day
Can never have "a solitary way."
And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,
And say "I cannot bear this load alone,"
You say the truth. Christ made it purposely
So heavy that you must return to Him.
The bitter grief, which "no one understands,"
Conveys a secret message from the King,
Entreating you to come to him again.
The Man of sorrows understands it well,
In all points tempted He can feel with you.
You cannot come too often, or too near.
The Son of God is infinite in grace,
His presence satisfies the longing soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have "a solitary way." — *Tract.*

CHURCH ROUNDERS.

In every great city there are a multitude of people who may be called "rounders," who go to church when it is convenient, and are at hand early and late to get good seats. They have no church ties, and care only for the pleasure of sitting with well-dressed people, and listening to the sermon. They take no part in the services, and often sit half upright in prayer, and show by irreverence and conversation that they have no sympathy with the spiritual worship and teaching of the place. These persons fill the places which rightfully belong to the rever-

ent and pious strangers who are in every city on the Sabbath, and it is in a large measure due to this class of attendants upon public worship that Christian visitors find such scant accommodations. It may be said that they have souls to be saved and minds to be instructed, but in many cases it is taking the childrens' bread and giving it to the dogs, to spend effort and eloquence upon them. They live in the city, and there is no reason why they should not identify themselves with a congregation, bear a part of its duties; but this they do not desire. They will be found wherever a famous preacher from abroad is to preach, and on all church festivals they come in crowds to the special services or the decorated church, just as they would fill a music hall or theatre if it cost nothing. And some of them have money enough to lavish on finery and jewels, and make plain Christians ashamed of their company by their foolish and extravagant display. The plain, poor man, who is eager to worship in spirit and in truth has a better claim to a seat in a sanctuary than they, but his modesty stands little chance when these intrusive and urgent vagabonds assert their claims and push themselves forward as if they owned the place.—*New York Observer*.

As a proof that prohibition does to a great extent prohibit the following, from Senator Ingals in the Forum, is evidence with regard to its working in Kansas, he says:—

"Kansas has abolished the saloon. The open dram shop traffic is as extinct as the sale of indulgences. A drunkard is a phenomenon. The barkeeper has joined the troubadour, the crusader, and the mound-builder. The brewery, the distillery, and the bonded warehouse, are known only to the archaeologist. It seems incredible that among a population of 1,700,000 people, extending from the Missouri river to Colorado, and from Nebraska to Oklahoma, there is not a place which the thirsty or hilarious wayfarer can enter, and laying down a coin demand his glass of beer. This does not imply that absolute drouth prevails everywhere, or that 'social irrigation' has entirely disappeared. But the habit of drinking is dying out. Temptation being removed from the young and the infirm, they have been fortified and redeemed. The liquor-seller being proscribed, is an outlaw, and his vocation disreputable. Drinking being stigmatized, is out of fashion, and the consumption of intoxicants has enormously decreased. Intelligent and conservative observers estimate the reduction at 90 per cent.: it cannot be less than 75."

The closing statement showing that at least three quarters of the intemperance of

that state is stamped out, is a grand victory, and if prohibition was adopted in Canada with like results it would mean the extinction of three-fourths of the poverty and want and misery and disease and crime that results from drink.

A MUTE APPEAL OF HEATHENISM.

The Rev George Owen, of Peking, says: An old man, I know not when nor where, wasted and worn by disease, and literally clothed in rags, sat by the wayside begging. But he never uttered a word; his appeal was voiceless. The thoughtless crowd passed him by unheeded: his dumb misery did not touch them. But one gentleman was so much struck by the old man's woe-begone appearance that he went up to him and said: "Are you in want? Are you begging?" "Oh, sir," said the old man, "I am sick, cold and hungry." "Then," replied the gentleman, "why don't you beg?" "Beg!" answered the old man, holding out his thin, wasted hands, and looking at his poor rag-rag covered body: "I am begging with

A THOUSAND TONGUES.!"

It is thus that the heathen beg at the door of the Christian Church. It is their misery that begs. They sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, morally and spiritually degraded. In the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans Paul gives a terribly realistic picture of the condition of the heathen world in his time. But that picture is true of all time and of all heathen nations.

Take China, for instance. It is literally true of the Chinese "that professing themselves to be wise, they become fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image like unto corruptible man, and to birds and beasts and creeping things." The moral picture in every detail except one, is equally true. Yet China has an excellent ethical system, perhaps the best outside the Bible. But mere moral teaching is very powerless against human selfishness, passion and lust. It is like a finely constructed engine with cold water in the boiler, or like good seed without sufficient sunshine to quicken and ripen it. The rapid spread of opium smoking in China is painful evidence of the moral weakness of Confucianism. It has shown itself powerless in China's hour of need. A century ago opium smoking was scarcely known; now nearly every village has its opium den." Writing last year of the city of Soochow, Mr. Dr. Bose says: "Fifty years ago there were five or six opium smokers in this city; now there are 50,000."

"Having no hope," said Paul of the Ephesians. He might have said it of the Chinese

to-day. During the twenty odd years I have lived among them I have never met a heathen man or woman who professed to have

ANY HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE;

nor have I seen a word of hope on the tombstones of the dead. When a heathen Chinaman lies down to die he believes he is going down to hell to expiate his sins, and, having completed that expiation, he expects to be reborn into this or some other world as an insect, a reptile, a bird, a beast, or a man.

Woman in every heathen land is degraded. She is degraded in China. The "three obediences" summarise her duty. "When young, let her obey her parents; when married, her husband; and should she become a widow, her sons." To obey is the whole duty of woman. Her feet are crippled to compel her to keep at home—a prisoner and a drudge. She is seldom taught even to read. Boys' schools exist everywhere; girls' schools are almost unknown. It is a common saying in the land of Confucius that "the absence of ability is a virtue in woman." Buddhism tells woman that there can be no immediate salvation for her. When she dies she falls at once into the dread "Lake of Blood," not for any sin of hers, but simply because she is a woman. And, when she has passed through this fearful ordeal, the highest she can expect is to be reborn into the world as a man!

How sorely the heathen need Christ! Their darkness, degradation, and hopelessness cry aloud for help.

And these needy ones are our neighbours now. The application of steam to navigation has bridged the ocean and made the whole world near. It was when Paul was at Troas, with only the narrow neck of the Egean between, that he heard the Macedonian cry: "Come over and help us." Nearness emphasizes most things; it brought home to Paul Europe's need. We came into close contact with all the heathen nations. Thousands of Englishmen live in India, China and Africa; our ships are found in every harbor, and our manufactures in every market. Those that need our help are both near and known, and their cry should be very audible. These heathen lands are also open to us. A century ago the great heathen nations were mostly closed; now the world is an open door. China, with her eighteen great rich provinces, and teeming population, is accessible to us. India is part of our own Empire, and we are free to preach Christ to her 250,000,000 souls. Madagascar waits to be evangelized, and Africa is stretching out her hands unto God.

But the church is deaf. Few hear the cry of the perishing, Christless, multitudes.

There is "A Beautiful Story" told of Buddha, how, while quite a young man, he was so distressed by the world's misery that it haunted him in his dreams, and he would start at night in his dreams and cry out, as if answering somebody: "My world! Oh, world! I hear. I know, I come!"

Would that all God's children heard that same cry of woe! I wonder how many do hear it? How many of us so pity earth's sinning dying multitudes that they haunt us in our dreams? Not many, if I may judge from the feebleness of the response.

LOOK AT CHINA.

There are only 786 Protestant missionaries, male and female, in the whole of that great empire. There are parts of China where you may travel for a month without passing a single Protestant station. As you journey day after day you will pass great walled cities, populous towns, almost numberless villages, and all without a man or woman to tell them of Christ. As I pass along the streets of our English towns and villages I see churches and chapels on every hand, and the sight is pleasant to my eye. None here need perish for lack of knowledge; and all may hear of Christ and get saved. But I think of China with her masses of ten, fifteen and twenty thousand millions of souls without a single missionary among them.

In the whole heathen world to-day there are only about 7,000 or 8,000 missionaries, male and female. That is the church's response to the world's bitter cry. Is it adequate? Does it express our love of Christ, or meet the need of perishing men? Volunteers for missionary work are comparatively few. China's and India's and Africa's cry for help does not touch many hearts. There is no great constraining missionary enthusiasm even among the young. Our missionary societies are not overburdened with offers of service. Parents send their sons as emigrants, soldiers, sailors and traders to many lands, but are slow to send them as missionaries of the cross. Few men and women of independent means consecrate themselves and their substance to the Lord for work among the heathen. How few such we have among the agents of this Society! The contributions of our churches, too, are terribly small. A few give liberally, but the great bulk of our people give almost nothing. The cry of the heathen world is unheard and unheeded, and the help begged is not given; Great Britain and Ireland spend \$725,000,000 annually on alcoholic drinks; London spends 7s. per head every year on its theaters; our churches spend only a few pence per member on missions to the heathen.

This neglect is

VERY PERPLEXING.

to the heathen themselves. There is something strange and incredible in an 1800-year-old Gospel coming to millions now for the first time. It is hard to believe in a Saviour who saved us 1,800 years ago, of whom we hear only now. Often when I have been preaching to the Chinese and pressing upon them the offer of salvation, they have looked up at me and said: "If Christ is what you say he is, why have we not heard of him before?" I have never been able to give a satisfactory answer to that question. I pass it on to you. Why is it that after 1800 years of Gospel light there should be so many millions who have never even heard of the "glad tidings of great joy"? Shall we add another century to those already gone?

But there is danger of another kind in present delay. Our intercourse with eastern nations is introducing among them western thought and western science—thought and science without God—and every year's delay makes our task the harder. Besides, will the world remain the open door it is today? China may not. America and Australia are shutting out the Chinese in a very arbitrary and high-handed way, and the Chinese may retaliate by shutting us out from China. Other complications are possible and probable. But whatever the future may be, to-day China is open; we enjoy full freedom of action, the millions are waiting for the Gospel."

The Yellow River has again burst its banks in Shantung, inundating an immense extent of country. There are twelve feet of water throughout ten large governmental districts. The loss of life and property is incalculable. The government authorities at Peking are dismayed. Owing to the incapacity of the local authorities, foreign engineering skill, in order permanently to repair the channel of the river, is considered imperative.

James Anthony Froude once remarked that more noble souls have been smothered by luxury than were ever killed by hunger. Wealth has hindered the success of thousands. Turner told a rich pupil, "You would make a noted artist if you were only poor." And the late Simeon Cameron once remarked, "My son Don has had many advantages, but I had one which overbalanced all—poverty." It is quite evident, however, that many who have this blessing don't appreciate it.

"BLUE MONDAYS."

"Pastor Miles was not given to Blue Mondays." These words, used by a correspondent in a late number of the *Journal*, are peculiarly suggestive, especially when a few lines farther on the reason is given—"Ministerial blue Monday generally comes as the result of writing sermons on Saturday nights." A few lines from one who has passed his "four-score years" and three, upon his experience in the matter may furnish thought for some of the younger men who have just entered upon their ministerial work.

The writer of these lines entered upon his ministry nearly half a century ago; and having for nearly thirty-four years, uninterruptedly seldom preached less than twice each Sabbath, and for years in succession three times, and for months together filling an *additional* appointment each Sabbath at a neighboring school house; yet, it is not in his recollection that during all this time he experienced one "blue Monday." His retirement from the regular or stated pastorate in later years was due to other causes than worn out energies; since for the last four or five years he has supplied vacant pulpits with apparently the full strength and vigor of earlier years; and up to nearly the close of last year was employed three Sabbaths out of four in supplying vacant churches, preaching twice a day without weariness. It is true, much in this experience may be ascribed to unusual powers of endurance, but freedom from mental labor and freedom from anxiety over the approaching Sabbath on Saturdays, have had more to do with his uniformly cheerful Monday. Saturday has been habitually his recreation day of the week, and which has always been followed by freshness of both body and mind on the Sabbath.

Instead of being jaded by the Sabbath labors, he has found that these only prepared him for more vigorous and effective labor in his study on Monday, accomplishing upon that day, oftentimes, more than on any subsequent day of the week. No one, except by experience, can appreciate the feeling of satisfaction and rest that attends the closing of the week's study on Friday, when both mind and body, like a bird let loose, enter upon Saturday's recreation.—*Sel.*

"Why pull down thy barns and 'build greater?' Thou hast barns enough—the bosoms of the needy, the houses of widows, the mouths of orphans.—*Sel. Ambrose.*

Bechuanaland is about the only place in Africa still free from the liquor curse.

THE GIVING ALPHABET.

The following alphabet as published in the *Mission Review* would be a good exercise to commit to memory.

All things come of thee, and of thy own have we given thee. I. Chron. xxix. 14.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse that there might be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it, Mal. iii. 10.

Charge them that are rich in this world . . . that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate. I. Tim. vi. 17, 18.

Do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith. Gal. vi. 10.

Every man according as he purposeth in heart, so let him give, not grudgingly or of necessity. II. Cor. ix. 7.

Freely ye have received, freely give. Mat. x. 8.

God loveth a cheerful giver. II. Cor. ix. 7

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase Prov. iii. 9.

If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath and not to that a man hath not. II. Cor. viii. 12.

Jesus said, It is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts xx. 35.

Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free. Eph. vi. 8.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. Mat. vi. 19, 20.

My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. I. John iii. 18.

Now concerning the collection for the saints . . . upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him. I. Cor. xvi. 1, 2.

Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee. Gen. xxviii. 22.

Provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens which faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. Luke xii. 33.

Quench not the Spirit. I. Thess. v. 19.

Render unto . . . God the things that are God's. Mat. xxii. 21.

See that ye abound in this grace also. II. Cor. viii. 7.

The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts. Hag. ii. 8.

Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required. Luke. xii. 48.

Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God. Psa. lxxvi. 11.

Whoso hath the world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? I. John iii. 17.

Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven. Matt. v. 20.

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich. II Cor. viii. 9.

Zealous of good works. Titus ii. 5.

WHERE THE CHILDREN ARE SAFE.

"Thank God that my darling is resting
Safe in the bosom of God,
Praise Him for hands now folded
Under the church-yard sod,

I'm glad that on the white forehead,
I've planted the last long kiss;
Do you ask why I'm glad and thankful,
And can praise God so for this?

Last night, as I sat in my window,
Looking out on the moonlight street,
My neighbor's once beautiful boy,
Went by with unsteady feet.

And I remembered how I had envied
His mother, that sorrowful time,
When God sent his white-winged angel,
And leaving her boy—took mine.

"But now she sits in her lonely home,
In tears, broken-hearted, and old,
While the stainless feet of my darling,
Are walking the streets of gold.

Thank God, for taking my child so soon,
Lest he too might have gone astray,
For none are safe while the doors of sin,
Stand wide—as they do to-day."—*Sel.*

The Bible is now translated into the languages of nine-tenths of the people of the earth. In the early part of this century it could be read by only one-fifth.