

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

10X	11X	12X	13X	14X	15X	16X	17X	18X	19X	20X	21X	22X	23X	24X	25X	26X	27X	28X	29X	30X	31X	32X
								✓														

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

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

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

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

AR 1.0
M3 P6

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

THE MARITIME
PRESBYTERIAN.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Jubilee of Rev. Dr. McCulloch.....	68
Maritime Items.....	69
Our Missions in Fifty Years.....	70
Presbyterianism during the last Fifty Years in Nova Scotia, by Rev. John McMillan.....	77
Presbyterianism in Truro in Fifty Years, by Mr. J. F. Blanchard.....	79
New Hebrides.	
Letter from Mrs. McKenzie.....	88
Self Effacement in Work. A Successful Prescription.....	81
A Suggestion from Dennis.....	82
Changing the Crop, by Dr. Cuyler.....	83
Spiritual Despotism in Russia.....	85
Joining the Church, by Dr. Cuyler.....	86
What it costs to Smoke.....	87
Nature and Faith. Replenishing the Light.....	89
Training Parents. Sharpening his Knife.....	90
How to Work for Christ. What Then.....	91
The Atmosphere of the House.....	92
The Wise Physician.....	93
In Ninety Years.....	94
For Parents and Children.....	94
A Good Life.....	94
Hard to Please.....	95
Real Strength.....	95
Obituary.....	95
Not our Tears but His Blood.....	96
Left Behind.....	96
Making Prayer Meetings Interesting.....	96

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

MAR., 1889.

Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, has for contents :

"The Railway Mail Service." By Thomas L. James, Ex-Postmaster-General. With illustrations.

"The Master of Ballantrae—V." By Robert Louis Stevenson.

"A German Rome." By W. B. Scott. With drawings.

"Economy in Intellectual Work." By William H. Burnham.

"An eye for an Eye." By Robert Grant.

"Some of Wagner's Heroes and Heroines." By William F. Apthorp. With illustrations.

"Mexican Superstitions and Folk-lore." By Thomas A. Janvier.

"Extenuating Circumstances." By William McKendree Bangs.

"An Animated Conversation." By Henry James.

THE EMPRESS'S REVENGE.

An incident of the horrors of the exile system in Russia which still hangs like a nightmare over the people of that land, is given in the *Methodist Protestant* as follows :

The Veritzins were Russians of enormous wealth and power. Paul held a high office in court. One night, glittering with jewels and orders, the young prince, who was one of the handsomest men in Russia, danced in a quadrille opposite the Empress. As she passed him in the dance she fancied that his eyes scanned her gross figure with covert amusement. After the quadrille she beckoned to him, and with a smile, handed him her tiny ivory tablet, containing seven pages, one for each day in the week. On the first page was written, "The Imperial ball-room. St. Petersburg." On the last, "The mines, Siberia."

He read it, his face grew gray as that of a corpse, he bowed low, kissed her hand and withdrew, "taking," says the old chronicle, "his wife, the beautiful Princess of Novgorod, with him." He was heard to say, as he left the ball-room : "My minutes are numbered, let us not lose one."

Flight or resistance was impossible. The hold of Catherine on her victims was

inexorable as death. Prince Veritzin was forced to remain passive in his palace, while each day the power, the wealth and the happiness that life had given him were stripped from him. First he was degraded from all his offices at court; next his estates were confiscated by the crown; his friends were forbidden to hold any communication with him; his very name, one of the noblest in Russia, was taken from him, and he was given that of a serf. Then his wife and children were driven out of the palace to herd with beggars. "On the last day," says the record, "Paul Veritzin, in rags and barefoot, chained to a convict, bade eternal farewell to his home, and departed to the dark icy north. He was seen no more of men."

SMOKING AND DRINKING.

Mr. D. Clark, of the Insane Asylum, Toronto, in a talk to young men, dealt with some subjects on which he is peculiarly well fitted to speak.

He dealt with the things that should be avoided, one by one, taking first the least dangerous, smoking.

Smoking was an unnecessary habit, it made the victim selfish, as he had always to overlook the comfort of others, sometimes by whiffing in the faces of the ladies in the street and spitting where there were no spittoons.

As regards drinking, it was sometimes said that ninety per cent. of the insane resulted from this vice. There were 3,500 insane in Ontario, 160,000 in the United States and 90,000 in Great Britain, and of these only ten per cent. were the result of excessive drinking. The proportion might be less. The lecturer, however, proved by instances that the vice was hereditary, and gave an impressive description of its horrible effects. The province had greatly improved during the last twenty years, but the only cure was in the complete stoppage of the manufacture.

Lastly, Dr. Clark made a few remarks on a vice common among young men, resulting in ten per cent of the insane. The victims of the vice specified became complete physical and mental wrecks, and never got beyond the asylum walls again. The only proof against these vices was to follow nature's laws and seek good health by physical and outdoor exercise.

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. IX.

MARCH, 1888.

No. 3

The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

Price, in advance, 26 cents per year in parcels of 4 and upwards to one address. Single copies 40 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time but must end with December.

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

All communications to be addressed to

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

After a long illness following a stroke of paralysis, Rev. Wm. McMillan of Bridgeville, Pic. Co., passed to his rest, Feb. 18th. Born in Pictou Co., he was educated in Scotland for the ministry in connection with the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia. Returning to his native Province he was settled, first at Eartown and afterwards at Saltsprings, and more recently for a number of years at Bridgeville. He will be greatly missed by an attached congregation, and a wide circle of friends.

Ancient fable tells us of two serpents that attacked the infant Hercules as he lay in his cradle, but he strangled them both. There are two serpents that are seeking to have their own way with our infant Dominion, viz: the Whis'ey Ring and the Jesuits, and the trouble is she does not seem to have the moral strength to throw them off, but meekly yields to both. O for governments with moral courage to do the right! O for a people with moral courage to support them in that right!

"How long, O Lord, how long?" shall this liquor traffic hold on its way, spreading poverty, disease, crime, misery, death, and men and women careless about it, politicians favoring it, governments encouraging it, and legislators evading the issue or voting in its favor. The recent farce in Parliament of voting down a mo-

tion for prohibiting legislation and passing a resolution in favor of "prohibition when the country is ripe for it," is a pitiable thing. Satan never objects to a man resolving to leave his service at some future time. He is well pleased with such, for it will probably make him better contented to remain quietly in that service now. And the whiskey ring will gladly see such resolutions multiplied, for they serve to divert attention from the present and allow them to carry on their work. And they will see to it that so far as that work can have any effect, the country is kept as far as possible from being ripe for Prohibition.

We gave in last issue the reports of our missionaries and teachers in Trinidad for 1888. There afterwards came to hand a report of the Sabbath School at San Fernando by the Secretary Mr. T. Geddes Grant showing an average attendance of 131 for the last quarter of the year, and contributions during the year \$54.51, a pretty good showing for a mission Sabbath School. One difficulty is to get books for their library and the report asks that if any teachers or friends have any volumes to spare they will be glad to have them. The way to send them would be in one of the boxes of mission goods going to Trinidad.

We have also received the report of the penny savings bank connected with that mission which is a great success and will be very helpful in forming habits of industry and thrift.

Missionary letters have been received from the New Hebrides of date up to the middle of November last. All the mission families are well. The "Dayspring" arrived in Australia from the Islands at the end of the year. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson came in her for a furlough of a few months in the Colonies.

On the inside title page of this issue, second column, top line, "prohibiting legislation," should be "prohibitory legislation."

JUBILEE OF REV. DR. McCULLOCH.

February 14th was Jubilee weather. Under foot, beautiful sleighing,—round about, bracing winter air,—overhead, bright sunshine, all combined to favor the happy gathering that was held in the First Presbyterian Church, Truro, to commemorate the completion of fifty years since the ordination of Rev. William McCulloch to the ministry in that congregation.

Deeply interesting meetings were held in the well filled Church in the afternoon and evening, while in the adjoining hall the interval was spent in discussing an elaborate supper prepared by the good ladies of the congregation.

The afternoon meeting consisted of two parts. First came the addresses and presentation to Dr. McCulloch. Rev. A. McLean, on behalf of the Foreign Mission Committee, and Dr. Burns, on behalf of the College Committee presented the congratulations of these bodies. Mr. J. K. Blair read an address from the congregation, while Mr. C. M. Blanchard accompanied it with a testimonial in the shape of a purse containing \$1200. To all of these Dr. McCulloch made suitable replies.

The second part of the afternoon meeting was occupied by addresses bearing upon the progress made during fifty years. Mr. J. F. Blanchard spoke of the progress in Truro,—Rev. John McMillan, on "Presbyterianism in fifty years," and Dr. Pollock on "Our Colleges in fifty years." Another paper on, "Our Missions in fifty years" was deferred until evening for want of time. Dr. Pollock's intensely interesting address was unwritten. The others in so far as they bear upon the work of our Church and form a part of its history are given in this issue.

The evening meeting was devoted to short congratulatory remarks by a large number of those present.

Golden weddings are a pleasing sight, and not less so when the parties celebrating them are a congregation and their minister. All the little ripples that may have disturbed the harmony, forgotten, all the failures in mutual duty and helpfulness lost to view, as unitedly they thank

a kind Providence for permitting them to live and work so long a time together.

Three miles from Oxford Station, Cumberland Co., lies the pretty village of Oxford, which we were permitted to visit a few days since. Vale and stream and mountain combine to give it a high place among the many beautiful spots in Nova Scotia, while the new railway passing through it will give added life to its busy industries.

One of the most prominent features of the place as one drives into it from the present station is the new Presbyterian Church whose neat and tasteful appearance without is equaled by its convenience within.

Not many years ago the Presbyterianism of Oxford, while good in quality was almost nil in quantity. Then from time to time a settler of good old stock and training came in, and the cause slowly grew. For a number of years they worshipped in the Baptist Church, the use of which was kindly given them.

But they felt that if they were to grow they must have a church building of their own. They went to work with a will and erected, two or three years ago a Church, which is at once an ornament to their town, a credit to themselves and to Presbyterianism. Rev. J. A. McKenzie, preaches on alternate Sabbaths here, and in Pugwash, and his faithful labors have been greatly blessed.

But though paying very liberally, there is a considerable burden of debt resting upon their building. Their numbers are few. The burden is heavy. They have wrought well and deserve encouragement from the Church at large, for their earnest efforts in the way of Church extension, and supporting the Gospel.

Encouragement of a practical kind sent to Mr. A. S. MacIntosh, Druggist, Oxford, in the way of money to aid their Building Fund will be money well spent, thankfully received and suitably acknowledged.

The only surviving members of the first Foreign Mission Committee of our Church, the one that chose the South Seas as a mission field, and appointed and sent out Rev. John Geddie, and Rev. Geo. Christie of Bedford, and Sir William Dawson of Montreal.

The Presbytery of Pictou at its last meeting nominated Principal Grant as Moderator of Assembly, and appointed as Commissioners, Messrs. H. K. McLean, Robertson, Faulkner, McLeod, and Scott, Ministers, and, Messrs. Wm. McPherson, Robert Fraser, Harvey Graham, D. McGregor, and John McPhee, *Elders*

Rev. John Jamieson who has been associated with Dr. Mackay in Formosa for the last five years is being withdrawn from that mission and will probably labor henceforth in the Home field. Dr. MacKay will still be aided in the work by the two native ordained pastors and by a large staff of about fifty native preachers.

A most interesting letter from Mrs. McKenzie, Efate, New Hebrides, is given in this issue. It was not for publication and is all the more valuable on that account, giving glimpses into missionary life with its lights and shadows that more formal letters would not contain. Three of their children are in Australia at school, the graves of the other three make Efate doubly dear to the parents in their toil and loneliness.

MARITIME ITEMS.

Rev. Mr. Kinnear has been settled at Boutouche.

Rev. T. Corbett has declined the call to Merigomish.

Rev. George Fisher has accepted the call to Dalhousie, N. B.

Rev. A. C. Watson has resigned the charge of Riverside, N. B.

The Presbytery of P. E. I. has nominated Principal Grant for Moderator of Assembly.

Grove Church, Richmond, Hx., raised during the past year from all sources the sum of \$1,720.59.

The ladies of the congregation at Cape North, C. B., have formed an auxiliary of the W. F. M. Society.

Rev. Wm. Baird has accepted a call to the congregation of Shediac, and will be inducted April 2nd.

St. Andrew's Church, Spring Hill, raised for the schemes during the past year \$300; for all purposes, \$3165.11.

Rev. D. M. Ferry, late of Bridgewater, has gone to the North West to take charge of the Presbyterian Mission at Indian Head.

Our Home Mission Committee, Eastern Section, has received a gift of \$400 from the Colonial Committee of the Free Church.

Lunenburg congregation reports for last year \$461 for the Schemes, \$51 for other religious objects, and for all purposes \$2990.

Mr. Roderick McLeod was ordained and inducted into the charge of the congregation of Little Narrows, C. B., Feb. 29th.

St. Andrew's Church, Hx., raised during the year for religious and benevolent purposes outside the congregation \$1419.37; for all purposes, \$5938.87.

The congregation of Shubenacadie and Lower Stewiacke, raised during the past year for the Schemes of the Church \$535.00; for all purposes \$2,357.

The congregation of St. John's Church, St. John, N. B., raised during the past year for the schemes of the church \$94; for congregational purposes, \$2531.00.

Sussex, N. B., congregation reports as follows: Raised during the year for the Schemes of the Church, \$128; salary \$500; congregation expenses, \$76; expended on Manse, \$667.

Park St. Church, Hx., reports the offerings of the Sabbath School for the year \$275. Raised by the congregation for missionary and benevolent objects, \$1,023.52; for all purposes, \$5,116.74.

Sheet Harbor congregation raised last year for Home Missions, including support of Catechist assisting the pastor, \$212.99, Foreign Missions, \$143.16, for other Schemes of the Church and benevolent purposes \$110.00.

Knox Church, Pictou, though the Cariboo section of the congregation was cut off and erected into a Mission station at the beginning of the year, has made quite an advance financially. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth. Its contributions for the year for the Schemes of the Church, were \$438, for all purposes, \$2,473.

OUR MISSIONS IN FIFTY YEARS.

ADDRESS AT DR. M'CULLOCH'S JUBILEE.

To sketch the work of nearly fifty years upon a canvas of about half as many minutes, necessitates the barest outline, and I can only ask the patience of those to whom that outline may be a familiar story.

Fifty years ago our foreign mission work was confined to a few individual contributions sent to societies abroad. As a church we did nothing. But as we view our foreign mission work to-day we see flowing by us a stream, broad and deep, and, like the river of Ezekiel's vision, ever growing broader and deeper, carrying life to the moral wastes of our world.

Looking up the stream we see it dividing, like the river that watered Eden, into four heads, each having its source in a different branch of what is now the Presbyterian Church in Canada. After the fashion of the early voyageurs let us explore these tributary streams, trace their origin, not in mountain springs, but in loving hearts; measure their length, not in miles, but in years; their volume, not in feet and fathoms, but in work; their result, not in the products of alluvial acres, but in the fruit of the Spirit borne by once savage lives.

Beginning with the longest branch, that of the

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NOVA SCOTIA, the first sign on the page of history, of our work that was to be, is a scene in a sick room in the old Scottish town of Banff. A baby boy seems dying. Anxious parents bend over him, their hearts wrung with the anguish that only parents can know. There, as they pray, they vow, that if his life is spared, they will devote him to the service of God, to go if it is His will, to the heathen.

Then, just as a mountain spring sometimes comes forth, again disappears, working its way through rock and soil, and again comes forth in larger volume as the head waters of some noble stream, so for years we see nothing of our foreign mission work, but it is there, working down the thoughts and prayers of those parents, and by the blessing of God upon missionary literature which comes in his way, permeating the life of the son until it appears in his own resolve, to go, if the way were opened, to the foreign field.

John Geddie, the pioneer in every respect of our foreign mission work, both in the church at home, arousing her to undertake it, and in the field as her first missionary, was born April 10th, 1815, and was thus not very far from the age of the father in whose honor we are gathered to-day.

When about a year old his parents came to Pictou and thus the two grew in knowledge side by side. They filled one church, one school, one playground, with their worship and work and glee, and, while laboring for one common end, their lives have been, and their graves will be, severed far and wide by mountain, stream and sea.

I have spoken of the vow of Geddie's parents. The Spirit of God seems to have wrought by the same means, the same consecration in the son. From earliest years he desired to preach the gospel, and if possible to the heathen, but while studying for the ministry his health failed. In that sickness, though at the time he knew nothing of the dedication made by his parents, he solemnly pledged himself that if life were spared and the way opened he would be a missionary. How often God uses affliction to crystallize into shape and action, feelings and wishes that may have long been in solution in our hearts!

He was licensed May 2, 1837, but our church had no foreign mission of her own. He did not see his way to leave her, and well for her that he did not. He accepted a call to Cavendish and New London, P. E. Island, and was ordained there March 13, 1838, so that if he had lived, his jubilee would have been celebrated last March.

Working earnestly at home, his interest in foreign missions grew stronger. He organized a missionary society in his own congregation, and led his co-presbyters to do the same in theirs. The next step in his cherished plan was to induce the church to undertake a mission of her own. Quietly and persistently he wrought with voice and pen. In July, 1843, the year that the church in Scotland was rent by disruption, an overture was introduced for the first time into our Synod to undertake a mission to the heathen.

The overture was sent down to the three Presbyteries, and next year's synod appointed a Foreign Mission Committee to investigate, collect funds, and report.

That Foreign Mission Committee appointed 45 years ago is the foreign mission work of our church first taking definite, visible, shape.

Next year they reported progress, and were authorized to select a field and appoint a missionary. They met Sept. 24, 1845, and after much prayerful consideration chose the South Sea Islands as their field, and Rev. John Geddie as their missionary. Of that committee that first opened our mission work among the heathen, the only survivors are Rev. George Christie and Sir William Dawson.

Mr. Geddie spent a year in visiting the church and learning what he could of medicine and the mechanical arts, and sailed from Halifax Nov. 30, 1846. Reaching the South Seas he chose as his field the New Hebrides and landed on

ANEITEUM,

the most southerly island of the group, July 29, 1848, over 41 years ago. The people were low-sunken in savage barbarism; feuds and fighting were constant—killing and eating each other the custom. Maidens when married, had, instead of a marriage ring, a cord tied on their neck. With this they were strangled if the husband died before them, that they might accompany him and serve him in the spirit world. For some fifteen years previous to this native teachers from Samoa had been laboring there, but not much impression had as yet been made on the mass of heathenism. Our missionary, in bodily presence weak, but strong in faith, went to work, amid dangers and hindrances, both from natives and sandal wood traders, and on May 18, 1852, less than four years after he landed he organized a church by the baptism of 13 converts.

A few weeks later John Inglis of the reformed church of Scotland was settled on the other side of the island, and in two years more, or six years after Mr. Geddie landed, there were 30 schools, 2,600 of the people attended public worship, while the whole population, about 4,000, had practically renounced heathenism.

For the onward history of that mission let few words suffice. He came home on furlough in 1864. During his absence his station was wrought by Rev. William McCullagh, sent out by our church, who remained in the mission about three years. Mr. Geddie returned, labored six years and died of paralysis Dec. 15, 1872, aged

57. He died early but he lived long.

Rev. J. D. Murray, formerly settled in Antigonish, succeeded him, remaining four years, when he removed to Australia.

Mr. Annand, who had been laboring in Fila, was now settled in Aneiteum, remaining until 1884, when, owing to the decreasing population, it was felt that two missionaries were no longer needed. Our work there was handed over to the Free Church of Scotland, which had the mission on the other side of the island, and Mr. Annand, after a visit home, went north from Aneiteum, the most southerly island of the group, to Santo, the most northerly, to open a new mission. The people of Aneiteum have for some time had the Bible in their own language, paid for by their own labor, chiefly in the production of arrow root, and probably as large a proportion of them can read it as in Nova Scotia.

Fifty miles N. W. from Aneiteum lies

TANNA.

John Williams first placed three native teachers there in 1839, nine years before the Geddies went to Aneiteum. One died; the others had to leave. Three years later, Messrs. Nesbit and Turner, of the London missionary society, the first European missionaries to settle in any part of the New Hebrides, landed there, but in seven months they had to flee for their lives in an open boat. For the next 15 years it was not deemed safe for missionaries to settle but native teachers at intervals labored there. In 1853 small pox was introduced by a trading vessel, and made fearful havoc. The heathen were angry, murdered some of the native Christians, and the only surviving teacher escaped to Aneiteum.

Next year two teachers went from Aneiteum (where Mr. Geddie had been working for six years), and prepared the way once more for European missionaries, and, as we look in upon the island in 1858, and 9, we find Mr. and Mrs. Paton, from the Reformed church of Scotland, and Rev. J. W. Matheson, of Green Hill, Pictou, and his wife. We see them joined July 6th, 1860, by Rev. S. F. Johnson, from Stewiacke, and his wife, and prospects are bright on Tanna. Soon they darken. Measles are brought by a vessel, and spread rapidly and fatally. Hurricanes sweep the island, and destroy the plantations and food. The new religion

is blamed. The heathen rage. Johnson dies. Paton, whose wife had died not long before, and the Mathesons, barely escape with their lives, and within five weeks Mrs. Matheson is in her grave, followed three months later by her husband; and thus, never to be resumed by our church, ends in disaster and death our mission work in Tanna. It was taken up by another church in 1863, and has since prospered.

Looking still N. W. we see from Tanna, 18 miles distant, the island of

ERROMANGA.

Williams and Harris were killed in an effort to introduce the gospel there in 1830, nine years before we began work in Aneiteum. Native teachers from Samoa were landed a year later, but were cruelly treated, and were at length taken away by the mission vessel. On the 17th of June, 1857, 18 years after Williams and Harris were killed, Geo. N. Gordon and wife, from our church, were settled there. For four years they wrought amid sickness and danger, and on the 20th of May, 1861, they were murdered by a band of heathen.

(We now come to a point in the history of our mission work where in the union of 1860 we meet with another tributary, the Free Church of Nova Scotia, but before going back upon it we will follow down the now united stream.)

Tidings came home of Gordon's death. His brother, James D. Gordon, offered to take his place, was accepted and reached Erromanga in 1864. Here he labored for four years when he left to go as the missionary of the Presbyterian church of New South Wales to Santo. Meantime the year before he left, James McNair, a young Scotchman, was employed by our church and settled in Erromanga, where he wrought for three years and died in 1870. James D. Gordon in a short time came back from Santo, labored as an independent missionary, until 1872, when the tomahawk of the savage laid him low and

“Erromanga's blood stained isle
Had now a martyr roll.”

In 1872, the year that Gordon was killed, Rev. H. A. Robertson and wife, sent out by the church of Scotland in Nova Scotia, whose work in the New Hebrides will be best noticed in this connection, reached the islands. Mr. Rob-

ertson had gone out as one of the crew of the first mission vessel *Dayspring*, which was built in New Glasgow. Taking up his abode in Aneiteum, as the agent of a cotton company which was operating there, he remained for several years. Here, in the best position for judging accurately of missions, their need, their trials, their successes, he devoted himself to the work. Coming home he studied for three years, was licensed, ordained, married, and returning to the south seas, chose as his field that island where the grass had scarce grown green on Gordon's grave. Prospects were becoming better. The sandal wood was exhausted, and white traders no longer provoked the natives by their wrongs. A piece of land was purchased by the mission. The Christians came and lived upon it and were at once a protection and help to the missionary. For seventeen years the Robertsons have wrought and prospered. They have now thirty-five schools, one hundred and seventy-five church members, and gatherings of five hundred people at a communion season. The island is Christian and the axe that laid low the last martyr of Erromanga rests in peace in the museum of the college at Pine Hill.

With thankful hearts we set sail and sixty miles further north reach

EFATE

and are welcomed by Rev. J. W. McKenzie and his wife. The first introduction of Christianity was by some Christian natives of Tonga and Samoa who got lost at sea and landed here. In 1845 the mission ship *John Williams* settled four teachers, who were followed by others as death by disease and violence thinned their ranks. Once at least it was entirely abandoned only to be taken up again, and in 1861 Messrs. Geddie and Murray, when on a visit, organized a native church by the baptism of 13 converts, when as yet they had no European missionary.

In this condition was the island when Rev. Donald Morrison and wife, sent out by our church, settled in 1864. For three short years he wrought, and after a lingering decline he died in 1869 at Auckland. Native teachers for the most carried on the work until the settlement of Rev. J. W. McKenzie and his wife in 1872. The last report shows as a result of nearly 17 years faithful, patient work, a communion roll of 137 members, and states that 70

renounced heathenism during the year. In another part of the island labors Rev. D. McDonald, of the Presbyterian church of Victoria.

The only other of these islands in which our church is directly interested is

SANTO,

the largest and most northerly of the group and with it the island of Tangoa, which has been made the head quarters of our mission there. The first work on Santo was by two teachers and their wives, who were landed by the vessel of the London missionary society in 1861. In a few months they all died from fever. Seven years later, James D. Gordon had with him in Erromanga, two Santo men. He learned their language, went to Australia, left the service of our church, and went as the missionary of the church of New South Wales to Santo in 1869. The people received him most kindly and when he went away in the Dayspring four months later they mourned their loss. He returned to Erromanga to meet two years afterward a martyr's death.

In 1871, less than two years after Gordon left, Rev. John Goodwill and wife, sent out by the church of Scotland in Nova Scotia, settled on Santo. Their reception was kindly, but they suffered much from sickness and fever, and in two years they were obliged to remove, and afterward returned to Nova Scotia. Four years after Mr. Goodwill's departure Mr. and Mrs. Annand took up the work in 1877, settling on Tangoa, a small but pleasant and healthy island with friendly people, and from it they work the adjacent part of Santo, where the same language is spoken. It is too soon yet for reaping, but thus far the sowing time calls for thankfulness and joy.

A FEW GENERAL REMARKS

on this our oldest mission field.

I. Our church has wrought in five of these islands. Two of them, Aneiteum and Tanna, are now wrought by other churches. The other three, Erromanga, Efate, Santo, are still occupied by our three missionaries there.

II. In addition to what we have done directly our church has no doubt been the means of leading others to the field, so that to-day, while we have three missionaries there and the Free Church of Scotland two, the Australasian churches have eleven, making 16 in all, and all the prin-

cipal islands of the group are receiving the gospel.

III. In most of the islands the population has greatly decreased, largely owing to diseases introduced by trading vessels. This decrease is in a measure stayed, but whether these races survive, or give place to stronger peoples, this fair group may be counted among the isles that shall be given to Christ for His inheritance.

IV. On the whole, our experience there has been remarkable for the short time that many of our missionaries have been permitted to work.

The first, Dr. Geddie and his wife, labored longest of all, 24 years, from their first settlement until his death. The last three with their wives, the Mackenzies, Robertsons and Annands, have been from 16 to 17 years, and are still at work. The nine others have together made up little more than thirty years, or an average of about three and a half years each, six of them being taken away by death, and three retiring from the mission.

V. In every island where we have wrought, and, with one or two exceptions, on every island that has been wrought, the pioneers have been natives from other islands. In several instances the first teachers were murdered, but others undaunted took their places. What but divine grace could take such beings and so transform them, moving them to take their lives in their own hands and go to live and labor, and often to die, that they might lift up their fellow-men from degradation, misery and sin.

Let us now go back to the head waters of another tributary, that of the

FREE CHURCH OF NOVA SCOTIA.

This branch of the church began to agitate for a mission of its own about the year 1857, and there is no doubt that the story of Geddie's work was an important factor in the movement. I have heard John Morton, a Free Churchman, tell that when a boy, a neighbor lad who took the old Missionary Register, used to lend it to him, and how his youthful heart was stirred within him and drawn toward the mission field by Geddie's letters from the South Seas.

They selected as their field the Greek population of Turkey, of whom there were about twelve millions, and chose as their missionary Petros Constantinides, a young Greek who had just completed his studies

in Edinburgh. He opened a station at Demirdesh, in Asia Minor, and reported ere long a thriving school, a fair congregation, and a church of 15 communicants, but owing to several causes, chief of which was the unexpectedly large demands made for mission buildings and carrying on the work, and the growing conviction that their agent might possibly be as well suited to some other line of life, they decided to withdraw from that field, and along with the union to cast in their lot with the work in the South Seas. That work, as carried on by the united body and the "kirk" in Nova Scotia, and later, by the eastern section of the Presbyterian church in Canada, we have already seen.

In following down the foreign mission work of the Presbyterian church of the Lower Provinces, after the union of 1860, we come to

TRINIDAD.

Rev. John Morton, a young minister, settled in Bridgewater, Lunenburg county, went to the West Indies for his health. Sojourning in Trinidad, his attention was turned to the 25,000 immigrants from India. Some time previous, owing to the scarcity of laborers, estate owners had begun to import men from the far east. These were to serve five years for a certain wage, and receive a return passage free, if they wished to go back to India, or, in lieu of the passage, a free grant of land if they remained in the island. Here was India brought to our doors. Evangelize them, and if they remained they would be Christian; if they returned, they would help to leaven India with the gospel. He came home, laid the matter before the church, and the synod in 1867, resolved to undertake the work, and sent Mr. Morton as their missionary.

Three years later they called to the work Rev. K. J. Grant. Another three years, and Rev. Thomas Christie was sent. Mr. Christie, after seven years' service, removed on account of illness, which afterward proved fatal. In 1880 Rev. J. W. McLeod was appointed, and four years later died at his post. Rev. J. K. Wright was sent in 1884, and last year retired from the mission, while the latest addition was the Macraes in 1886. In all there have been six missionaries with their wives sent to Trinidad. Three still labor, two have died, and one removed, and here, as in the New Hebrides, the pion-

ers have been the longest spared.

Besides the six mission families, six teachers have labored there. Three of them, Miss Blackaddar, Miss Semple and Miss Copeland, after periods of service of from four to ten years, are still in the work. Of the other three, John A. McDonald and Alexander Campbell are preaching in the home field, and Miss Archibald has been taken away by death. The progress of the mission is stated by Mr. Morton in his 21st annual report, received a few days since, as follows:

"The hopelessness with which our efforts were at first regarded has largely passed away. The three children with which our first school opened has grown to 2,000 pupils in our own or government schools, thirty-four schools, some of them held in large and comfortable houses which serve as local chapels, five respectable churches and four organized congregations cover the ground that was unbroken 21 years ago. The 25,000 E. Indians are now grown to 60,000, while an increase of 2,000 new comers annually, steadily enlarges our work.

One feature of the work in Trinidad is that half, and sometimes more than half, of its entire cost, from year to year, is paid in the island itself, by native converts, estate owners and friends.

If I might describe this mission in two words, these would be "solid" "success."

The next, the third, of these tributary streams to our foreign mission work of to-day is that of

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The chief part of that work prior to the union of 1875, was that of Messrs. Goodwill and Robertson in the South Seas, which we have already seen in connection with the other work in that field. They were so bound together that we could not well take them separately. And we might notice in passing that that intertwining was one of the things that drew the churches together and helped to bring about the union at home.

Besides her work in the South Seas that church was looking toward India, and her first missionary there, and one of the pioneers from our church to India was a woman. In 1874 Miss Johns, lady principal of one of the Halifax schools, offered herself for mission work. The Kirk synod accepted her and she was sent to Madras to engage in orphanage and

Zenana work in connection with the Scottish Ladies' Society for promoting female education in India. On her arrival she was put to live in a newly plastered house, with the result that in a very short time, just long enough to prove her admirable fitness for the work, she was compelled to give it up and returned home to die. She was a member of St. Matthew's church, Halifax, and the expenses of her passage and salary were generously paid by that congregation. About the same time Rev. Jas. Fraser Campbell was accepted by that church and just previous to the union of 1875 he was appointed by them to labor in Madras, and two years later he was transferred to the western section of the church and removed from Madras to the mission in Central India.

While at the work of the East let us glance at

DEMARARA.

Six years ago, Mr. Morton on his visit home brought before the church the condition of 80,000 coolies of Demarara, without the gospel. There is a Presbyterian missionary society there, and they offered that if we would appoint a man and pay half the salary, they would pay the other half. Rev. John Gibson was appointed in 1884, and wrought faithfully laying foundation work. His last report shows a communion roll of 37 members, with 531 children in the schools of the mission. A few weeks since, not long after our hearts were cheered by these glad tidings, came the sad news of his sudden death.

The fourth and last tributary, that of

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

requires more of time than can be given to-day. The briefest notice must suffice. As far back as 1846, all three branches of the Presbyterian Church in the upper provinces were agitating the subject of missions. The U. P. church resolved to unite with the Presbyterian church of Nova Scotia in the mission to the New Hebrides, but did not succeed in carrying it out. The Free church had decided on a mission to Bengal, and the Indian mutiny prevented, while the Kirk were planning a mission to the Jews, with headquarters at Jerusalem. None of these earlier movements came to maturity.

The earliest work in any field that is now any part of the foreign mission work of our church, was in

THE NORTH WEST

by the sending of James Nesbit to the Cree Indian, at Prince Albert in 1866. For 23 years mission work among the Indians in the North West has been carried on, and now there are in that field 10 ordained missionaries, nearly all of them Indians or half-breeds, and 7 teachers, laboring among 19 bands; with a population of 3,500.

The roving habits of the Indians have been one of the greatest hindrances to the work, but now the buffalo is gone, they are being gathered on reserves to live by farming, and it is felt that better days are coming. One good result has already been seen. None of the tribes among whom our missionaries had been laboring took part in the rebellion three years ago.

But while beginning at home, the cry from the regions beyond was heard, and in 1871 that church selected China, and sent out Rev. George L. Mackay. He settled in the north of

FORMOSA,

an island not far from the size of Nova Scotia, containing some two and a half millions of Chinese, and half a million of native aborigines. There have labored at different times with him in the mission Revs. Dr. Fraser, K. F. Junor and John Jamieson. It is 18 years since the mission was begun, and last report shows 2,650 baptized members, with fifty chapels and fifty-one native preachers.

Three-years after occupying Formosa, that church began work in

INDIA.

In 1874, the same year that Miss Johns went from Halifax, Miss Rodger and Miss Fairweather were sent from the Canada Presbyterian church to India to labor under the superintendence of the American missionaries; and thus east and west began work there about the same time, and in both cases the pioneers were women.

We now come to the union of 1875, and these missions in the far East are conducted henceforth by the western section of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Part of them we have already noticed, in Formosa and the North West. Although as we have seen there were two ladies sent out to India in 1874 and supported by the Canada Presbyterian Church,

THE PRESENT MISSION TO INDIA

was not begun until after the union.

I 1876 Rev. J. M. Douglass was sent out and settled in Indore, where he was, July 1877, joined by Rev. James Fraser Campbell. Mr. Douglass retired not long afterward from the mission. Rev. J. Wilkie was sent out in 1879, Rev. J. Builder in 1883, died 1888; Rev. W. A. Wilson in 1884; Rev. R. Murray from Pictou in 1885, died 1887; Dr. Buchanan 1838.

Besides these there have been a number of ladies. From Nova Scotia, besides Miss Johns, Mary Forrester, now Mrs. Campbell, went out in 1877, Mrs. Murray 1886, died 1887, and Mary McKay, M. D., 1888. From the West, in addition to Miss Rodger and Miss Fairweather, there went out Miss Macgregor in 1877, now withdrawn; Miss Ross, 1883; Miss Beatty, M. D., 1884, Miss Oliver, M. D., 1886; Miss Sinclair, 1888 and Miss Scott 1888.

Five ancient cities—Indore, Mhow, Neemuch, Rutlam, and Oojein, have been occupied, and from these great centres of population may the light soon spread to the ten millions of central India.

One of the chief obstacles with which this mission has had to contend has been the opposition and persecu^on of rulers, but with a courage and patience and perseverance that could neither be daunted nor worn out nor wearied, the missionaries held the fort. They appealed and memorialized; they wrought and prayed, and their efforts have been crowned with success. The work has now the favor of the authorities. The distrust of the people has given place to confidence, and the mission stands to day so far as human eye can see, on the threshold of an era of great prosperity and progress.

Next comes

HONAN

in North Central China. Two years ago the Students missionary societies of Knox and Queens colleges, each offered to send one of their number and support him in the foreign field. The committee recommended Honan, a province with a population of some fifteen millions, more or less. Rev. Jonathan Goforth from Knox college went out about a year ago, followed in a few months by Rev. James Smith, M. D., sent by the students of Queens. He was followed by Rev. Donald McGillicuddy, a young minister who knew that funds were low and was so anxious about it that he offered to go for five hundred dol-

lars a year, which the congregation supporting him has since increased to \$750. Still another, a medical missionary, Dr. McClure, has been sent, and is supported by a gentleman in London. This mission while under the control of the foreign mission committee, is entirely supported, so far as salaries are concerned, out-side of the funds of the church.

Youngest of all is the mission to the

CHINESE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA,

of whom there are eight or ten thousand. This mission was approved by last Assembly, but no missionary has yet been appointed.

I have glanced very briefly at our mission work abroad in fifty years. I might speak more fully of the development of interest at home, of the wave of missionary zeal that has swept over the West during the last two or three years, of the action of the students in Knox, Queens, and Halifax, colleges, each supporting wholly or in part their missionary, of congregations and even individuals guaranteeing the support of a missionary, either unconditionally or for a term of years, of the earnestness and activity of the women of our church, which has been manifested from the earliest days of our missionary history, of the growth of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society,—but time will not permit.

As he looks back over the years that are gone and marks the progress of the half century in the spirit and work of missions, well may our father whose jubilee we celebrate, offer the thanksgiving prayer of Simeon,—though we trust the answer may in this case be long delayed,—“Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace—for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles.”

Let us go forth from this glad meeting to work more faithfully and pray more earnestly for the speedy coming of that gladder time, the jubilee of a ransomed race.

E. SCOTT.

Dr. McGill, who was Professor in Princeton Seminary from 1854 to 1884, and since that time, Professor Emeritus, died at Princeton, Jan. 13th, after a lingering illness, in the 82nd year of his age.

PRESBYTERIANISM DURING THE
LAST FIFTY YEARS IN NOVA
SCOTIA.

ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN McMILLAN, B. D. AT
DR. McCULLOCH'S JUBILEE.

Fifty years ago there were four separate Presbyterian bodies in the Maritime Provinces, viz., the Presbyterian Synod of Nova Scotia, the Synod of Nova Scotia in connection with the church of Scotland; the Presbytery of New Brunswick in connection with the church of Scotland, and the Reformed Presbytery of N. B. and N. S. There were in all about 60 ministers.

Belcher's Almanac for 1839 gives a list of the ministers in connection with the first two bodies I have mentioned. There were 24 in connection with the first, and 22 with the second—46 in all. In that list Truro is marked vacant, and the name of William McCulloch is given as a preacher within the bounds of the Synod. With the exception of Rev. Alex. Romans, Dr. McCulloch is the only minister in connection with either Synod at that time, who is now living. All have gone to their reward. Having fought a good fight, they now wear a crown of glory. There is only one minister whose name is on our Synod roll, who is older in the ministry than Dr. McCulloch, viz., Dr. McLeod, of Sydney. He was ordained on 7th Nov., 1833 but he was not in Nova Scotia 50 years ago. Dr. McLeod, I believe, has been longer in the ministry than any other Presbyterian minister in the Dominion.

There are, according to Presbytery rolls submitted to last Assembly, 885 Presbyterian ministers in the Dominion. Of these about 390 were ordained since the union of 1875; 715 since the union of 1860, and only twelve have been over 50 years in the ministry.

There were many truly great men among the ministers of fifty years ago. I do not say that the ministry is degenerating in any respect. I do not believe that it is. Nay, I am sure that it is not. I affirm that the young men of the present day, educated in our own colleges, are in most respects the equals, and in some respects the superiors of the young men who a half a century ago came from the mother country. I believe that, as a rule, our ministers now do more and harder work than our forefathers. No doubt they had

hardships of various kinds to endure of which we know nothing; but in these busy bustling days, when all are on the rush; in these days of close determined competition, every minister must work hard, earnestly and constantly, or he will be a failure. I cannot admit that the former days were better than these—that there were greater men formerly than now—men whose labors put us all to shame! Still, there were many great and good men among the fathers—men who left their footprints all over our land: men whom to copy is to make our lives sublime; men to be held in everlasting remembrance!

There were nine men on the roll of Truro Presbytery when Dr. McCulloch joined it on 14 February, 1839, viz., Revs. John Waddell, John Brown, Thos. S. Crowe, John I. Baxter, John Sprott, A. Kerr, Jas. Smith, J. Murdoch, and R. Blackwood. I was personally acquainted with Messrs. Baxter and Sprott only. When in 1866 I went as a young man to my first charge in Musquodoboit, Mr. Sprott showed me no little kindness, and gave me much valuable assistance. One advice I shall never forget was "always choose a fat text."

The last sermon he ever listened to, he heard from me on 29th December, 1867, at the opening of a new church, and the last time he ever preached—indeed the last time he was ever out of the house—was the same day. He gave a most touching address from the words "so run that ye may obtain."

In 1843 the great disruption of the established church of Scotland occurred, and in the following year "the Free Church of Nova Scotia" was formed, and in 1845, "the Presbyterian Church of New Brunswick." During these years there was much excitement—and many changes. In Pictou Presbytery all "the Kirk" ministers left for Scotland, excepting Rev. Mr. Stewart, who joined the Free Church, and Rev. Alex. McGillivray of McLellan's Mountain. To the latter I owe much, as it was through his advice and assistance I left for college in the autumn of 1859.

In 1845 there were six Presbyterian bodies in the Maritime Provinces. It was an age of earnest contention, shall I say bigoted contention for the truth, or what was supposed to be the truth. If now there is a tendency to latitudinarianism, then there was a tendency to exclusiveness. Doctrine was magnified, practical

work was not unitedly and enthusiastically engaged in. "Cases" abounded in Church courts. The eyes of all were turned to the internal condition of the Church itself; too little attention was given to the condition of the outside world, near and far.

But God had purposes of love with regard to the church. Separation was not to be forever, not for long. A divided Presbyterianism must be reunited, slowly, step by step, but surely reunited. A missionary spirit was created in the Church, and that helped union greatly—for while selfishness separates men, benevolence unites them.

For about 15 years the six bodies existed separately; but then a brighter and better era—the age of union began—On 4th Oct. 1860, at Pictou, the Presbyterian Church of N. S. and the Free Church of N. S. were happily united—there not being a single dissenting minister or congregation in either body. There were 67 ministers present, but the total number of ministers in the united Church was 89.

The next union took place in 1866 between this body, called "the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces" and the Free Church of New Brunswick. In connection with this body there were 110 ministers. Thus the six separate organizations were reduced to four.

In 1868 the two "Kirk" bodies in N. S. and N. B. were united—with 21 ministers—and then there were only three separate Churches, with about 135 ministers in all.

But in 1875 at Montreal on 15th June, a beautiful bright day, took place the last and grandest union of all. After the necessary preliminaries, Dr. McGregor, still to memory dear, had the honor of declaring amid loud and prolonged cheers the formation of "the Presbyterian Church in Canada." The vast assembly gathered in Victoria hall, then joined hands, and burst out with one accord in singing the 133 psalm. A thrill of joy passed through every soul, but alas! there was one note of sadness. A few of the Kirk ministers and congregations declined to enter the union, so that there are still three Presbyterian bodies in the Maritime Provinces, if the Reformed Presbyterians can now be counted. The union has proved a very happy one to all who entered it, and has been productive of great good. All past differences are now forgotten. We look and long for the time to come when there

shall be a perfectly united Presbyterianism from ocean to ocean—and when our brethren who now remain without shall say "we will go with you, for we see that God is with you."

In 1875 there were 153 ministers on the roll of the Synod of the Maritime Provinces. Now there are, counting probationers, about 180. Adding "the Kirk" ministers, we find that in 50 years—from 1839 to 1889, our ministers in these Provinces increased from 60 to 195. But the progress made in other respects is still more marked. The increase even since 1875 has been—in families, 5,000; in communicants, 10,000; in contributions to the schemes, \$15,000; to all purposes, \$122,000. In 1839 there were between ten and twelve thousand members; now there are in the united church 34,000.

During all those years Dr. McCulloch occupied a prominent position in the church. His influence has been very great. Multitudes have been saved, instructed and comforted through his instrumentality. If the Dr. had been a merchant, or lawyer, or medical man, he would probably be worth many thousands of dollars to-day; but he is richer far—rich in the joys of an approving conscience and the assurance of heaven's smile; rich in the memory of great good done; rich in the affections, in the prayers and good wishes of hosts of Christian friends. Yes, Dr. McCulloch can joyfully say: "If I had my life to live over again, I would be a minister." Fifty years in one place make a very long pastorate. Some stay too long in their congregations. They have to be stormed at by shot and shell before they leave. They have sometimes to be starved out. Some are failures in a short time; like meteors, they are very brilliant for a short period, but then pass into obscurity. Long pastorates are not so common as formerly; more's the pity. He is no ordinary man who can successfully manage a modern congregation for forty or fifty years. It says much for the first Presbyterian church of Truro that the Dr. could stay with them for fifty years! The length and success of a pastorate depend much upon the people. It is they who must fill the church; the minister alone can never do it. But, under God, the secret of Dr. McCulloch's success was fourfold, viz: 1st. His faithfulness and prudence in discipline; 2nd. His preaching the plain and simple gospel; 3rd. His un-

wearied diligence in pastoral work; 4th. His kindness to the poor and needy. He has never been an amusing preacher, a sensational preacher, a merely entertaining preacher, or a merely intellectual preacher. He has given not flowers, but bread to the hungry; not sugar plums, but medicine to the sick; not a book of anecdotes, but a guide book to the lost. He has fed you with good strong nourishing food, the sincere milk and the meat of the word. Then, how faithfully and lovingly he ministered to the sick and dying, to the poor and needy; the tempted and fallen! For nearly twelve years Dr. McCulloch and I were neighbors; for nine years members of the same Presbytery. During all these years we never had a disagreement. There never was the slightest coldness between us. No two ministers could possibly work together more harmoniously and pleasantly than we did. We often took sweet counsel together. We were true friends and brothers. I shall never forget his words of tender sympathy when death entered my home and took away a loved little boy! God bless Dr. McCulloch and his beloved family very abundantly always to the end!

PRESBYTERIANISM IN TRURO IN FIFTY YEARS.

EXTRACT OF ADDRESS BY J. F. BLANCHARD, ESQ.

The church, which was located within the limits of the present cemetery was erected about the year 1767. The first pastor, Rev. Mr. Cook, was settled over the congregation in 1772. He was succeeded by Rev. John Waddell in 1793. It was during Mr. Waddell's incumbency that the British and Foreign Bible Society was formed in London in the year 1804—a branch society was formed in this congregation in 1810, which I believe was the

FIRST IN AMERICA.

Rev. Mr. Waddell was succeeded in 1839 by the Reverend Doctor whose jubilee we are this day celebrating.

At the time Doctor McCulloch entered upon his important charge the congregation extended from Beaver Brook to Kemptown, and from the dividing line between Truro and Onslow to Brookfield. The number of communicants on the church roll was 179; the number of elders,

ten, as follows: Messrs. Alexander Kent, John J. Archibald, John D. Christie, William McCully, James Loughend, John Smith, Samuel Archibald, Hugh Moore, Hugh Johnson and Edward Logan—the most of them above the average in mental vigor and of exemplary piety. One of them, Mr. Kent, was

IN THE ELDERSHIP 69 YEARS,

a length of service probably unexampled in the history of the Presbyterian Church, a man remembered by most of you as enjoying the reputation of possessing many excellent qualities and universally respected.

Of the 179 church members on the roll, 13 of them are now living, viz.: in the First Presbyterian church, Mrs. Nancy Archibald, Mrs. R. O. Christie, Mrs. Isaac Archibald, Mrs. Timothy Archibald and Mrs. George Dickey. In St. Andrew's church, Mrs. William Flemming and Mrs. William C. Smith. In Clifton church, Mrs. Robert Loughend Mrs. Joseph Loughend. In Harmony, Saml. Jas. Archibald. In Shubenacadie, Mrs. Isaac Logan. In Acadia Mines, Mrs. Rebecca Johnson, and Mrs. McKeen, living in Cape Breton. Is it not somewhat remarkable that all are women, with but one exception, and all the women but one are widows, a good example I think of the longevity of our women.

I was absent from the Province at the time of the Doctor's ordination but I have been informed by one who was present that the late Rev. John Sprott preached the ordination sermon from the text "He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward." The late Rev. Hugh Ross introduced the Dr. to the congregation.

Some time after this settlement Dr. McCulloch organized a Bible class, which, I understand, was the

FIRST IN THE DOMINION,

at least in the Presbyterian church. He was assisted in this good work by the late Revd. David McCurdy.

The doctor also started

THE FIRST MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETING and sent from his congregation the first contribution to the home mission committee of the church, of which I think he was secretary. At one time there were six prayer meetings, two Bible classes kept up steadily, and others occasionally. At

the same time there were seven Sabbath schools within the limits of the congregation.

During his pastorate the doctor admitted 1008 into the fellowship of the church, baptized 960, married 520 and officiated at 810 funerals. It will be readily understood that it would be an utter impossibility for any man to overtake the pastoral work of so extensive a charge, and it constantly increasing in numerical strength; hence the necessity for several divisions.

The first to separate from the parent stem was the Clifton section, which united with Beaver Brook and Princeport, making together a separate charge. The next was Salmon River, East Mountain and Kemptown, which for a few years received aid from the supplementing fund of the church, but is now self-sustaining. Last year the Kemptown section built a neat church which I believe is clear of debt. I am unable to give the dates of these two separations, but I am of the opinion that both took place after the erection of the church in the village.

A new church was in contemplation at Truro for some years before any decided steps were taken towards its erection. At length a few energetic women took the matter in hand, and by hard work and persevering effort raised a sufficient (or very nearly sufficient) sum of money, and purchased the eligible and beautiful site on which the First Presbyterian Church now stands. That church was erected in the year 1853, and very shortly after it was occupied it was found to be too small for the growing wants of the congregation. An addition of twenty feet was made to it, and when finished I believe every pew was occupied. The congregation still continued to grow and the demand for pastoral labor grew with it, and at length it was deemed advisable to separate the flock. The congregation, if I remember aright, was willing to divide only on the ground that the interests of religion demanded it.

This separation was effected and the new congregation entered on its separate existence on the 1st of January, 1875. They worshipped in the Y. M. C. Association Hall for nearly five years. Their attention was first directed to the erection of a manse, and when that was completed the more formidable undertaking of a church was proceeded with, and some time in the year 1880 was completed

to the great comfort and satisfaction on the congregation.

Harmony has been set off as a mission station and I suppose before long (perhaps in connection with Greenfield) will be erected into a separate congregation.

St. Paul's congregation was originally in connection with the church of Scotland, but having come into the union she has no distinctive existence but like the other churches form part of what is now "the Presbyterian church in Canada." For a good while like all young churches she had to struggle almost for an existence but her progress of late years has been most satisfactory. A few years ago the church edifice was greatly enlarged and the congregation is now in a remarkably prosperous condition. I do not know the number of church members on the communion rolls of Clifton and Coldstream but the rolls of the three churches in Truro will indicate very fairly the degree of prosperity to which our Presbyterianism has attained. The total number on these three rolls is over 900.

OUR FINANCIAL PROSPERITY

keeps pace with our number. Last year the aggregate amount raised by these churches for religious and benevolent purposes was the respectable sum of \$9,300. It will be readily seen that our Presbyterianism has kept well to the front. That it has not lagged behind while our agricultural, commercial and manufacturing industries have been prosperous to a degree that fifty years ago could scarcely have been conceived by the most fruitful imagination.

I do not consider it my place to enquire what part Dr. McCulloch had in producing so satisfactory a result but I am sure it must give him pleasure on this occasion of his jubilee to note the growth and prosperity of that cause which he had so much at heart, and now before I close let me say that amidst the multitudinous changes that have taken place during the last fifty years, the scientific discoveries that have been made; the wonderful inventions that have been brought to light; the progress that has been made in developing the resources that lay hidden beneath the earth's surface, I am glad to say there is one thing that has not changed, does not admit of change and that is the "Gospel of the Grace of God." There may be changes in our manner of worship—there have been to some extent, but the Gospel has

not changed and the truth set forth by our ministers is the same Mighty power which works through faith into salvation.

Let this day's service have the effect of stimulating us to hold fast by the faith once delivered to the Saints, not to let it go, for it is our life.

Finally, let us take with us the motto upon which we, as Presbyterians profess to act, viz.: Unity, Charity and Loyalty; unity in the prosecution of the great work of the salvation of the world, regardless of denominational lines, provided the great essentials of our faith are firmly held; charity towards all men, doing good as we have opportunity, and, loyalty, not so much to our Presbyterianism, though that must not be lost sight of, but loyalty to our great Head and King in whose service it has been our sacred duty and our high privilege to work in the assured confidence that eventually the whole world will be subject to his beneficent reign.

SELF-EFFACEMENT IN WORK.

A quality of consecrated power is indicated by the wings with which, in the Vision of the Seraphim, each seraph covered his feet, or indeed his whole person. This quality of self-effacement, or self-forgetfulness, enters into all good work, and most of all into the best. A great work apparently does itself. Some day the humble doer awakens, and behold, the work is done, and he is famous, and he is himself astonished. He only knew that there was a good work to do, or a great wrong to resist, and he had no choice but to be at it. So men have conducted themselves in battle; the fortress must be taken or the sally made and it was done without thought of glory. The loss of this quality of self-forgetfulness spoils a good work. The Governor of a State is going on nobly with measures of public beneficence; he holds the people's confidence, until some day they perceive he is calculating the value of his policy for his own political ends. A friend comes to advise with me, and I take his admonitions as precious balm, his commendations as proof of his affection, until he ruins all that he has said with one lurid flash of self-consciousness, showing that he is thinking chiefly of his own wisdom and superiority. Efface yourselves, if you would have your work stand. Do it, as it can only be

done, by standing in the presence of God. Yet this self-effacement also is represented in the vision by wings. Self must be lost behind the activity of self. There is no other way to become unconscious but to lose one's self in his work. It is not because men make so much of their work, but because they make so little of it that they cannot forget themselves in it. "Yonder is myself without the inconvenience of myself," said Lacordaire when his brother monk was elevated over his head. In the sick room where souls are learning patience, as well as in active callings where they are learning diligence, is there a way opened to forget self in the calling of God.—*Dr. Phillips Brooks.*

A SUCCESSFUL PRESCRIPTION.

A Christian worker relates: "A doctor in a country district was one very stormy night quietly sitting by his room fire, and hoping, as he listened to the wind and rain without, that he would not be called out. A minute or two later a servant entered with a note. Looking at it, the doctor said, 'Seven miles' ride: I suppose I must go.' Silently he rode for the first six miles without meeting any one; then he noticed a cart drawn by a half starved looking horse. He looked for the driver, but found none. On he went for another mile, when he noticed a dark object staggering along in the middle of the road. As the doctor came up, the owner of the horse stammered out: 'I say, doctor, is that you? I want you to give me a prescription: they say you are real good to the poor, perhaps you will give it to me for nothing.' 'Well, my friend, what is it that ails you?' said the doctor. 'I want a prescription for keeping my legs from turning into the saloon.' 'I cannot give you it, my man, but there is a great Physician, a friend of mine, will give you what you want.' 'Oh, tell me where he lives, that I may go to him, for I am in danger of losing both body and soul.' Days passed, and again the doctor saw the same figure on the road, but not intoxicated this time. He came up, caught the doctor by the hands, and with tears rolling down his face, he said, 'God bless you!' That was all, but the doctor understood that the great Physician had dealt with him, and had effected a cure of both body and soul. For Him no case is too desperate; He can save unto the uttermost.'—*Christian Herald*

A SUGGESTION FROM DENNIS.

When Dennis mentioned the matter for the first time I was almost indignant. We were sitting by the fireside one evening—he had been reading the paper, and I was almost dozing over a dull book—when he looked up quite suddenly and said, “I have been thinking Clara, that you and I should begin giving systematically.”

“Giving systematically to what?” I asked, in genuine surprise, and endeavoring to look wide awake and interested.

“Why, to the church and missions and so on,” exclaimed Dennis.

“Give what?” I asked again, setting my lips a trifle firmer and making it just as hard for poor Dennis as I could.

“Money, of course,” he answered. “You know what I mean, dear. Suppose we keep a tithe box! At present we really give nothing worth speaking of. We mean to, but when Sunday comes there is no small change in the house, or we neglect to take it. Then we have not felt able to pay for sittings in church, and it is beginning to seem easier to stay away than to ask the ushers for seats every time. If we had the tithe money things would be very different with us I imagine.”

“Whatever are you thinking of Dennis,” said I, “to talk so soberly of giving when you know we have not nearly enough to live on as it is? It is more of a problem every day, with our income, to make ends meet. To be sure, one-tenth of it is small enough to be ridiculous; we would not care to have any one know how small; but we could never do without it, that is certain.”

I looked meaningly around the plain little room, with its modest, lonely-looking furniture, and reminded Dennis of the rent which was overdue and the many things we both needed. I even quoted scripture to the effect that if any provide not for his own he is worse than an infidel, and, being fairly started, soon talked both him and myself into a very dissatisfied frame of mind. It all ended in Dennis saying, “Oh, well, no doubt, as you say, what is impossible, is impossible, and that ends it. But I do wish we were able to give something.”

The matter was not again referred to between us, but it came again and again to my mind. It seemed quite out of my power to forget it, for I was conscious that, the responsibility of the final deci-

sion being mine, the guilt, if guilt there were, was mine, too. But Dennis did not have his salary raised and expenses increased rather than lessened, economize as I would. It was still true that there was frequently no money for the Sunday collections, regular or special, and we attended service less and less frequently feeling sure our acquaintances remarked our having no sittings in our own church.

In this state of affairs a serious illness came to me, and, as I needed constant care, Dennis, who was very busy in the office, proposed that we send for a young girl whom we had become interested in, as a child, in the orphans' home. I knew she had experience in attending the sick, and rather unwillingly consented. Maggie was a capable, well-trained girl, and made herself very necessary to me from the first day. She had a peculiarly gentle and pleasing voice, and I loved to hear it so well that, during my convalescence, I kept her talking on one pretext or other most of the time. In this spirit, I asked her rather languidly one day what she kept in a little pasteboard box I had several times noticed in her hands.

“This is my tithe-box,” said Maggie, turning her honest blue eyes full on me. “I was just counting the money over to see how much I have for the missions next Sunday.”

“Why, child,” said I, “come here and sit by me. I want to talk to you. Do you mean to tell me that you give a tenth to the Lord?”

The girl was rather surprised at my vehemence, but she answered simply, “Why, yes, ma'am. I am very sorry it is so little I can give, having only my earnings. Sometimes I think it would be nearer right if I, whose whole is such a trifle, should give one fifth. There is so much need of money, you know. It is different with rich people; one tenth of their money is a great deal, and so much good can be accomplished with it.”

I winced under Maggie's ingenious argument—such a decided inversion of mine—but she, sweet child, all unconscious of my thoughts, went on to tell me of the good matron at the home, who had taught her, as a little child, that she had a Father in heaven ready to be more to her than the father and mother she had lost. “She told us,” said Maggie “that when Jesus left the earth, after his resurrection, he put the missionary work he had been

doing for three years and for that matter, all his life, the matron said—in our hands to do for him, and he said plainly that every one of us who love him shall show it by what we do of the work he loved. If we can not preach or teach, or give up all our time to him here, or over the seas, we can at least give a part of our money to him. She liked us to give him a tenth, because that was God's own plan for the people he loved; and so must be the division of one's money which pleases him best. 'It is his right,' the dear matron said one day, 'to have a tenth of our all, and after that, if we spare more we call it a gift.' She gave us all a tithe box, and the very first money I earned, all my own, I put a tenth in it. Since then I always have a little to give to the Lord's work, though it grieves me that it is often only a few cents, when hundreds of dollars are needed. But I remember the matron's saying that it was wicked to fret over about that; that we must pray the more for his blessing on the little.

"But how do you manage to live, Maggie? Do you have anything left for yourself?"

"Oh, yes. I earn money by working in different ways, sewing and helping sick ladies like you, and what is left after I count out the tenth seems to go so far in bringing what I need that I always have enough."

"So our matron thought that every one should give a tenth to the Lord, Maggie?"

"No, ma'am," was the quiet answer. "She did not say we ought to; she did not think of it in that way. But she said that, like the other plans the good Lord has made for our every day living, it is really all to make us good and happy. We are so glad when we once begin to give in that way, and the nine-tenths which we keep are blessed of him with the one he accepts, so it is lifted above being ordinary money and does us far more good."

My mind was busy with these sweet words long after Maggie had left me, and the question came, if she can give out of her pitiful poverty, what is my excuse? Yes, I saw clearly now. I had been all in the wrong, and a stumbling block to my husband. So, in the evening, as we sat cosily by the fire again, both happy in my returning strength, I said to Dennis, "I have learned a lesson which makes my illness a blessing, dear. Shall I tell you of

it? And then I told him of Maggie's ministering to my soul, as well as to my body, and showed him a little box on which was written "tithes." Dennis did not speak at first, but a glad look shone in his eyes, and he clasped my hand very tenderly.

"The Lord's hand is in this, Clara," he said at last. "We will pledge a tithe of all God ever gives us over this little box, won't we?"

The first bit of money went inside the lid that very night, and a new content came into both our hearts. Any day has an added pleasure when Dennis and I sit side by side to count out the tithes and put it safely away. There is no more trouble about money for church and money for missions. We soon found that we could afford a modest seat in the church, and straightway felt at home there as never before.

It would be a half truth to say we never miss that money. It has brought us a blessing. Though we are not rich and probably never will be, we are content, which is far better, and need not fret about matters any more. "O, Dennis," I said the other day, "how well worth heeding that suggestion of yours has proved!"—*Marie James.*

CHANGING THE CROP.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

The human heart may be likened to soil, and the character of the soil must be judged by the crop which it yields. "By their fruits shall ye know them." The natural growth of the heart is weeds and thistles; but when good grain is grown, there must be cultivation and rains from heaven; the agency of the Holy Spirit is indispensable. There never was a self-generated Christian, and there never will be. "Without Me," truly said the Author of all spiritual life, "ye can do nothing."

Among all the noxious growths of the unconverted heart, the thorns, the tares, and the thistles, the rankest and the most abundant is selfishness. It is a very deceptive weed, often looks like genuine wheat, but on closer inspection it turns out to be a tare. This is the worst of all weeds, for it greedily monopolizes the heart and exhausts the soil, leaving almost nothing for anybody else, and nothing at all for God. The selfish man is one who

nct only lives for his own pleasure and profit, but neglects his fellow-creatures, and robs his God of everything. Dives is the divinely pictured representative of selfishness. He was sent to hell, not because he was a drunkard, a swindler, a blasphemer, or a profligate, but simply because he lived supremely for himself, with no thought of his Creator or of his fellow-creatures. And tens of thousands of "highly respectable" people are for the same reason driving straight to perdition in a fine "turnout," or else walking thither over Wilton carpets with gorged pockets and starved souls. The Dives family die as they live, with hearts overgrown with thistles to the last. The man also who lives for nothing else than to get rich, but fails in it and dies poor, may be just as selfish at the core as Dives, and may, like him, "go to his own place."

We have a fine illustration of changing the heart crop in the history of that proud, fiery, self-willed young man who stood guard over the clothes of the cruel wretches who were stoning Stephen to death. He was just as cruel as they were. His heart was so iron-clad with self-righteousness and bigotry, that it breathes out threatening and slaughter against the best men and women on God's globe. This same man in after years becomes one of the kindest, gentlest, and most unselfish benefactors of his race that ever lived. He will go any distance to save a soul. "For love's sake" he beseeches Philemon to receive kindly a runaway slave, and treat him as a "brother beloved." When he bids good bye to his Ephesian flock, he reminds them how he earned his own living, and "showed you how that so laboring, ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus Christ how He said 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" Grand old man! The vile crop of self-will, self-righteousness, and self-seeking, has all been rooted out, and love has turned his heart into a fruitful garden of the Lord. Instead of the thorns has come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier has come up the myrtle tree. And so completely has self been rooted out, that this heroic man claims no credit for the change of crop, but keeps saying "Not I, not I, but Christ liveth in me." Love has become the master-passion of his soul; the love of Christ possesseth him.

Now here is a good test for all those

who raise the question Am I truly converted? It must be settled by this other question Has there been any change of crop in my character and conduct? If selfishness in some form has never been rooted out of your heart, and if love to Jesus and love to others has not sprouted up, then you are not converted. The Holy Spirit has wrought no real change there, and you are yet in your sins. Faith that saves you, can only "work by love;" faith is simply an union of your soul to the loving Jesus in entire self-surrender. A personal incident—which I may possibly have given before in these columns—will illustrate this evidence of conversion. A self-willed and rather churlish youth was induced to go to church to hear a noted preacher, whose sermon was on the love of Christ the conqueror of selfishness. The boy said nothing to his parents about the sermon, but the next morning he came to his mother and inquired of her very kindly "Shan't I do this for you?" All that day and the next he was making himself as helpful and loving as he could. "What makes our Fred so wonderfully kind and obliging this week?" said his mother to her husband. "I don't know," replied the husband, "unless he was converted last Sunday." The man was right; his son had been quietly changed in heart by the Divine Spirit, and had begun to act differently. There was a change of crop. The thorns of selfishness and wilfulness had given place to some tender blades of love, and after years have proved that the conversion was genuine.

Selfishness, like the tribe of thorny plants in Palestine, has a great many forms. Mr. A—had a bitter quarrel with Mr. B—, whom he had wronged, and was too obstinate to confess himself in the wrong. During a powerful revival Mr. A— was deeply convicted, and found no peace. One evening he espied Mr. B— in the prayer-meeting, and motioned to him to go out with him into the vestibule. He there confessed his sin and asked Mr. B— to forgive him; he then went back, and rising in the meeting, he announced with great joy that he had accepted the Saviour. There was no room for the vines and the fig-trees to grow in that man's heart, until the abominable thistles of hatred had been rooted up. The love of Christ implanted there—both Christ's love for him and his newly-awakened love for Christ—began to yield

another kind of crop in character and conduct.

There are a great many ways of testing the genuineness of conversions. But I do not know a more thorough, unerring, and exhaustive test than this one—has self yielded to Christ? Will self let loose of its money, and give it where it will honor Christ and do good? Will self lower its topsails, and come down in the dust and ask forgiveness? Will self quit its resentments and grudges, and begin to melt into brotherly kindness? Will self stop robbing God, and give Him the heart? Will self break off from its wicked indulgence and lusts, and begin to keep Christ's commandments? If so, then Christ is conqueror. The man is a new creature; the old crop of thorns and briars has begun to be plucked out, and the new crop of Christly affection has begun to spring up. Love may start at first as a very tender blade; but careful cultivation under the sunshine of Christ's countenance and the showers of His Spirit, will bring at last the "full corn in the ear." My friend, the first wicked weed in your heart that you lay hold of, is the beginning of true repentance; the first loving word or deed to please Jesus Christ, is the beginning of faith. He that denieth not *himself* and cometh not after Christ, cannot be His disciple, or ever reach heaven.

SPIRITUAL DESPOTISM IN RUSSIA.

Some time ago reference was made in these columns to the condition of the Lutheran Church in the Baltic Provinces of Russia. The many disabilities they were under and the intolerable oppression to which the members of that communion were subjected, moved them to address remonstrances to the authorities, praying that they might be granted some degree of toleration and the mitigation of the severe laws directed against them. During the reign of the last Czar their condition was much more favorable than the present autocrat is willing to allow. All remonstrance has, however, been in vain. The harsh and oppressive laws devised to favor the national Greek Church, instead of being relaxed, are applied with greater severity than ever. It seems to be the design of the Russian authorities to convert all dissenters from the Greek Church, not by reason or Scripture, but by the strong arm of law. That such methods

will result disastrously is only too obvious. However despotic a ruler may be, he cannot become lord of the consciences of his people, and this is precisely what Alexander III. is striving to become.

The *Interior* publishes a letter from a person in Esthonia, to a relative resident in Chicago, which, though fragmentary, gives a very vivid idea of the spiritual despotism under which the Lutherans in the Baltic Provinces are placed. If a Lutheran desires to join the Greek Church he has every encouragement to do so. The methods of persuasion are numerous and varied. Inducements of temporal benefit are held out, and if these are not sufficient, annoyances are frequent, and the hesitating convert is also spurred on by threats which cannot by any means be regarded as empty. In these circumstances it is not marvellous that some who would prefer it otherwise, find their way into the fold of the national Church. Should a member of the orthodox Greek Church desire to join the Lutheran or any other communion, almost insuperable obstacles impede the change. We are so accustomed to the freedom enjoyed in all Anglo-Saxon communities of adopting the Church connection which conscience counsels, that it is difficult for us to realize the disabilities dissenters from the Greek Church in Russia have to endure. The person desirous of leaving that Church to join another must apply to the authorities, ecclesiastical and civil, for permission to make the change. That permission is usually withheld, and should the individual persist in spite of refusal to follow out his religious convictions, he must be prepared to suffer the consequences, which in due time he will find are quite formidable.

The letter referred to gives several instances of the hardships endured by those who wish earnestly to follow their religious convictions. A Lutheran pastor was accused falsely of speaking disparagingly of the Czar. That was enough. There was no trial, no examination of witnesses. The accused pastor was asked for no explanation, nor was he given any opportunity of defending himself. The decree of banishment was pronounced against him, and he had to go into exile forthwith. A faithful pastor feels it to be his duty to warn his flock against the errors of the Greek Church, and to put his people on their guard against the insidious methods employed to detach them from their own.

That forms a ground of accusation against him, and he is at once at the mercy of those who wield the secular power. Another instance may be cited to show the strength of the persecuting spirit with which Lutherans in western Russia have to contend.

A pastor in Liveland was deposed because he advised two girls, members of the Greek Church by compulsion (their father had them christened in that Church), but who openly confessed to the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and who petitioned said pastor to receive them into his congregation, to petition the Czar. They did so with a heroism seldom found, proclaimed their faith, of which even the Emperor could not rob them. The consequence was the pastor's prosecution and sentence and exile from his congregation. He was sent into the interior of Russia, and as an act of pardon he was permitted after a lapse of two years to go to the German colonies of Russia, far away from his home, and preach there.

These are but examples of what is going on all the time under Muscovite rule. Is it strange that discontent should largely prevail? The object of this harsh procedure is apparent. It is simply an effort to bring about the entire suppression of the Lutheran Church in Russian territory. The deluded Czar imagines he can become absolute ruler over the temporal and spiritual destinies of his unhappy people. It is certain that in this he cannot succeed. God alone is Lord of the conscience, and His prerogative He will not give to another. In seeking to assume domination over the souls and consciences of men, failure is inevitable. All the dungeons in Russia, all the terrors of Siberia cannot make the people think as the Czar dictates. The rudiments of civil and religious liberty have yet to be learned in the Russian Empire.—*Can. Pres.*

JOINING THE CHURCH.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

Ought I to make a public confession of faith and join the church? This most important question is, no doubt, agitating the minds of many of the readers of these pages. The first person with whom most of you would discuss this question would be your own pastor. He would probably say to you, "Yes, my friend, you had bet-

ter do so, provided that you have already joined Jesus Christ." If the Son of God be within your heart, then you are spiritually alive; you have experienced the new birth; you are prepared to live the Christian life because he liveth in you. If you only make membership in a church the main thing, if you unite yourself to nothing stronger than a company of frail, fallible fellow-creatures and expect them to tow you along by the power of their prayers and fellowship, then you have but a poor chance of success in this world, or of heaven in the next.

The first questions for you to settle are, Have you been born anew by the Holy Spirit? Have you by sincere faith united your heart to the omnipotent Saviour? If so, then your public acknowledgment of this fact by connecting yourself with a Christian church is the completion of the process of joining the Lord Jesus. Heart-union first, then open confession. Christ demands both; and when both steps are taken, you have become one with him. Your heart is by a mysterious but real process linked to his infinite heart of love. You join your weakness to Christ's strength, your ignorance to his wisdom, your unworthiness to his merits, your frailty to his watchful oversight, your poverty to his boundless resources of grace. Your spiritual destiny is bound up with your Lord's. Because he lives you shall live also, and you will be kept by the power of God through faith unto full salvation. A glorious conception is this; and if, by God's help, you are making this a reality, then go forward. The sooner, the better.

But perhaps you still may be troubled as to the evidences of this inward work of the Spirit, and may inquire what they are. "Just what is it to be a Christian?" and, "How ought I to feel?" and, "How ought I to be and to do?"—these may be the queries that are agitating your mind. My own habit as a pastor has been to put into the hands of all who propose to unite with the church a series of questions, of which the most vital and comprehensive are the following:

Have you seen yourself to be a sinner against God? Have you not only repented of past sins and sought forgiveness, but do you hate all manner of sin and desire and pray to be delivered from the power of evil? Is your hope of acceptance with God founded upon the Lord Jesus Christ, and upon him alone? Have you surrend-

ered your heart to Christ, and are you willing to follow him whithersoever he shall lead you? Is it your solemn purpose, in reliance on his grace, to cleave to Christ as your Saviour and Guide to the end of life? In order to maintain your Christian life, do you make conscience of secret prayer and the reading of God's word as your rule of duty?

You will observe that the interrogatories embrace the two core-ideas of Christianity, which are to hate sin and to love Christ, to turn from sin and to follow Christ. These are the scriptural signs of a genuine spiritual life in the soul. That life may be as yet very feeble; it may be only the weak pulse-beat of a baby; the "blade" of grace may yet be very small; but if the life is there, then seek to strengthen it by prompt and hearty confession of your Saviour. In the New Testament cases a conversion to Christ commonly was followed by a prompt acknowledgment of Christ. Open your heart to God; ask him to search you and to lead you; and if, after honest searching and self-testing, you are persuaded that Christ has begun to live within you, then take your stand for your Saviour. The Church was not intended to be only a pasture-ground and a field of activity for mature Christians, but also a training school for the young, the inexperienced and the immature. The fold of Christ is a place in which not only the older sheep may wax fat and flourishing, but the lambs may also be protected from hard winters. Do not come in with the idea of remaining always as a lamb—especially as a "cosset"—but enter the Church of the great Shepherd to grow and expand your lungs and to become strong in the Lord. The phrase "a perfect man" (in the fourth chapter of Ephesians) really signifies a full-grown man: yet how can you ever reach that unless you begin?

To join the church before you have joined the Lord Jesus is a mockery, and will be a source of untold misery also. May your conscience, enlightened by prayer, keep you from such a rash and ruinous step! But if your soul has joined the Saviour, then give him your whole self, your whole influence, your time, your talents and entire life. Not much can you give him at the best, but give him all in a public and perpetual covenant. Join his church for eternity.

WHAT IT COSTS TO SMOKE.

Last year the losses by reported fires in the United States reached a total of \$120,000,000, or an average monthly loss of \$10,000,000. This is regarded as an enormous waste, and is largely due to incendiarism and carelessness. How to reduce the amount so lost is a matter of constant study: Legislatures, local governments, and insurance companies make regulations and exercise the greatest care to prevent fires. And yet the loss they occasion is \$60,000,000 per annum less than the amount paid by consumers for cigars, and \$86,500,000 less than the total cost of tobacco consumed in smoke. Last year tax was paid upon 3,510,898,488 cigars. The average smoker is content with a cigar worth \$30 per 1,000, or one that retails at five cents. On that basis there annually goes up in smoke \$180,000,000, or \$15,000,000 every month, half a million dollars every day. In addition, boys waste on cigarettes \$6,500,000, and those who prefer a pipe a further sum of \$20,000,000. How many smoke? If we deduct from the total population as non smokers all children under fifteen, constituting forty per cent. of the total population of 60,000,000, it leaves 36,000,000, of whom one-half are females. Deducting these gives a male population, above the age of fifteen, of 18,000,000. If six out of every ten males above the age of fifteen smoke, it means that 10,800,000 persons consume 3,510,898,488 cigars, or an average per smoker of 325 cigars per annum. This is less than one cigar a day. The average smoker, however, is not apt to be contented with a daily allowance of one cigar, demanding at least two. If the latter basis is the nearest correct, the army of cigar-smokers would be 4,809,44, being eight per cent. of the total population above the age of fifteen. Whatever the number of smokers, it is a moderate estimate to place the cost of smoking to the people of the United States at \$206,500,000. If the cost of chewing tobacco is added, the total expenditure for tobacco reaches \$259,500,000; that is, a sum that represents a per capita tax of \$3.44 per annum.—*American Grocer.*

The Ritualistic clergy in the Church of England now designate the Lord's Supper "The Mass."

LETTER FROM MRS. MCKENZIE.

ERAKOR, EFATE, Nov. 21st, 1888.

My Dear Mrs. McCurdy :

I think I received your letter of Jan. 9th while in New South Wales, but I avoided writing more than was really necessary that I might have as much time as possible free from occupation, to regain my lost strength and be equal to my work when we should return. I was worn out, had been suffering severe pain for years. As soon as we arrived in Sydney I consulted one of the best doctors there who relieved me in a great measure from pain. We then went to the mountains, where we could enjoy cool bracing air and escape the sea breeze.

We took Jessie with us, but we could not keep her long as the most of her holidays were over before we reached Sydney. We found her enjoying excellent health. We remained on the mountains until the first of March, felt the cold a good deal but we were doubtless benefitted by the change.

We kept our little boys with us until we returned to Sydney in March. A home was then secured for them in the family of a Scotch lady and gentleman living in one of the healthiest suburbs of Sydney. They went with their family to Australia about three years ago and have opened a private school or rather a kind of College. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have high testimonials (taken with them from home) both as Christians and educators of the young and so far we have every reason to be thankful that our boys are with them.

Jessie has been with Mr. and Mrs. Ella (formerly missionaries on "Uea") for seven years. She has had good training and made good progress in her studies. In September last she went up for the University examination, and at our request she left the Ellas Oct. 1st, for the Ladies' College which has recently been opened. We wish to give our children an education which will fit them for a life of usefulness, in whatever sphere the Lord may be pleased to open for them.

It was while we were in Sydney that the F. troops were removed and Priest who was near "Meli" has also gone. There was no door open to him either among his own countrymen or the natives.

The Foreign settlers are still here and those with whom we have come in con-

tact are very friendly. One of them sent us a case of vegetables last week. This has been done repeatedly. We are still teaching the settler's children, some of them Roman Catholic, but not French.

The Lord's work goes on encouragingly. The teachers did as well as we could expect during our absence. None of the classes or schools left in their charge were neglected.

Since we landed here in June we have been exceedingly busy. We each teach between five and six hours a day Saturday excepted. The teacher and I attend the early morning Bible reading from half-past five till half-past six, he a class of men, I of women. In my absence, for we go to one of the other villages every week, the teacher's wife takes the women.

I have been trying to spend a good part of my time among the women, with a view to their better acquaintance with the Word, a more close walk with God themselves, thus living a purer life before their children, and training them more for the Lord. I have a class with the women of three different villages on the afternoons of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday each week.

Mr. Mackenzie has had a good deal of manual labour. With native help he has built a neat cottage of two rooms at Fila. We have been living in it for some time when at that village. The people were very hearty in assisting with it. The work there is very encouraging. We have two excellent teachers there just now, but I am afraid we shall have to withdraw one of them as we have been asked to supply Aniwa with a teacher, and there are none in the training class ready to go out.

Efforts made to train young men for this work have been signally blessed. All who have gone out are giving good satisfaction. The class now numbers eighteen or twenty, but about half are boys who were farthest advanced in the different studies in school and who have recently joined the class.

You will be glad to know that Mr Macdonald of Havanna Harbour is now in Melbourne correcting the proof sheets of the New Testament in Efatese and hopes to return with it in a few months.

We have had one addition to our number this year, a Mr. Macdonald from Melbourne. Came down too late to be settled, will probably be settled after the meeting of Synod next year. Others in Melbourne

are preparing to come, and next year we hope the New Zealand and Tasmanian churches will increase their staff. "Fields are white and souls are dying."

May I ask that in your Society gatherings you would plead the cause of those dark-hearted "Meli" people who are still holding out boldly against the Gospel.

Again thanking you for your kind letter, I will close as I have already made this too long. Mr. Mackenzie unites with me in kind regards.

Your affectionate friend,
AMANDA MCKENZIE.

NATURE AND FAITH.

For our light affliction which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 COR. iv : 17, 18.

We wept—'twas *Nature* wept—but *Faith*
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in you world so fair and bright,
Behold thee in refulgent light!
We miss thee here, yet *Faith* would
rather

Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.

Nature sees the body dead—

Faith beholds the spirit fled;

Nature stops at Jordan's tide—

Faith beholds the other side;

That, but hears farewell and sighs—

This, thy welcome in the skies;

Nature mourns a cruel blow—

Faith assures it is not so;

Nature never sees thee more—

Faith but sees thee gone before;

Nature tells a dismal story—

Faith has visions full of glory;

Nature views the change with sadness—

Faith contemplates it with gladness;

Nature murmurs—*Faith* gives meekness,

'Strength is perfected in weakness;'

Nature writhes, and hates the rod—

Faith looks up and blesses God;

Sense looks downwards—*Faith* above;

That sees harshness—*this* sees love

Oh! let *Faith* victorious be—

Let it reign triumphantly!

But thou art gone! not lost, but flown;

Shall I then ask thee back, my own?

Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness?

Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness?

Back—and leave thine angel mould?
Back—and leave those streets of gold?
Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee?
Back—from founts to which He leads thee?
Back—and leave thy Heavenly Father?
Back to earth and sin?—Nay rather,
Would I live in solitude!
I would not ask thee if I could;
But patient wait the high decree
That calls my spirit home to thee!

—Tract.

REPLENISHING THE LIGHT.

He stood in the street side by side with the electric lamp, which he had lowered from its lofty perch above the busy thoroughfare. We were curious to see it and stepped into the street.

"Replacing the carbon?" we ask the man.

"Yes," he replied.

The carbons are slender pipes, about nine inches long, a compound of charcoal and other ingredients. These supply the fuel which the electric current kindles into these dazzling embers that light the streets of our cities and large towns.

"How often do you replace them?" we asked.

"Every day," was the answer.

We went away busily thinking. This is not the only lamp that needs replenishing every day. Upon the pilgrim's shaded pathway to heaven, what a light is shed by prayer! Abraham prayed, Jacob prayed, Moses prayed, David prayed. Daniel got himself into serious earthly trouble because he prayed so persistently. All these, though, found light streaming out of prayer's lamp on life's pathway, and were cheered and comforted. Young pilgrim in the better way, if you would have steady light, let there be steadfast prayer. Don't forget to pray every day.—*Sel.*

Most criminals are young. It is seldom that a grave crime, provided it be the first, is committed after the age of thirty. A careful statistician has proved that in the entire male population of England and Wales, the largest proportion of criminals is found to be between the ages of 20 and 25. Five times as many crimes are committed in the five years between these limits as in the ten years between the ages of 50 and 60.—*Ex.*

TRAINING PARENTS.

There is a great deal of talk about the training of children by parents. Not much is said about the training of parents by children, and a great deal might be said about it.

While the parent is forming, or trying to form, habits of self-control, the child is forming in the parent. While the mother is teaching her little ones to talk correctly, how carefully is her little one teaching her to avoid all incorrect, inelegant, improper, slang expressions. Every effort she puts forth for child, by a certain retroactive force comes back upon herself. Her child, by the very necessities of its being, trains her in self-forgetfulness, lovingness, obedience to law. She must know in order that she may teach her child, guard it from harm, lead it in right ways, foresee and prevent evil from happening to it. The joy and responsibility of maternity transforms many a gay and careless woman into a thoughtful earnest, painstaking student of child-nature.

What lessons of faith and trust do our little children teach us. We love to lavish on them every possible evidence of our love, and the word comes home to us: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

By and by our children grow up and go away from us. They have homes and lives of their own in which their parents have a comparatively small part. They have their own business and social circles, perhaps their religious circle. Caught in currents running at right angles to those they were in when in the parent home, they may drift far away in their faith and practice from that they showed allegiance to when under the parental roof. Here comes for the parent a training in tolerance, in waiting, in trust. We cannot believe or suffer or experience joy or vicissitude for our children. We cannot live their lives for them. They must learn for themselves the lesson of life. As we see them pursuing courses which must end in sorrow, we can only wait and pray that out of evil God will still bring good.

As the years bear us on, and we retire more and more from the labors and responsibilities of active life, our children become to us increasingly what we were

to them in early maturity, in youth, in childhood. It seems strange to look for support and protection to the children that were once, and so short a time ago, utterly dependent on us to let burdens fall from our shoulders on to theirs, and to feel that their hands and hearts and brains are stronger than ours, and more capable than ours now are of meeting the demands of life.

Happy the parent who so trains his children that their training of him is agreeable and beneficent.

SHARPENING HIS KNIFE.

My neighbor, Mr. Slowcum, came over last Sunday afternoon to have a talk with me. In his dull, drawing way he said: "Now, Senex, don't you think that we ought to get a smarter preacher? The sermon this morning was so dull that I couldn't keep awake, all I could do, and my wife had to pinch me or I would have snored out loud."

"Are you sure that the fault was in the preacher, and not in the hearer? Didn't you work very late this morning? Didn't you have to hurry so about your chores that you had no time to read your Bible or to pray before you went to church? Were not both your head and your heart too full of your worldly cares and business when you entered the house of God? If the preacher had told about some better or easier way of farming, or about the prospect for a rise in the price of wheat would he not have interested you? Let me tell you a story that I read in a newspaper the other day.

"A man was dining at a first-class hotel. He ordered a beefsteak, tender and rare. It was brought. He began to carve it, but in a moment stopped, called the waiter, and said: 'This steak won't do. It is tough. Bring me a better one.'" The obsequious gentleman of color bowed, took the dish away, returned in a few minutes with another. This was tried with the same result. It, too, was sent away. The guest seemed hard to please. A third steak was brought, tried and rejected. The other guests became interested and watched the result with side glances. The third time the waiter took away not only the steak, but the knife and fork of the guest. He was absent longer than before. He came back with a smile that was almost broad enough for a grin, and said:

"Guess I got one tender enough this time." The guest took up his knife, cut the steak, and replied: "Yes this is first rate." Another guest, anxious to understand the mystery of beefsteaks, called the waiter to him and said in an undertone: "Pompey, how did you get a beefsteak at last tender enough for that man?" Steak the same all the time, sir. But I sharpened his knife, sir."

"Now, that man did not even taste his steak before he rejected it. It did not cut easily, and hence he hastily concluded that it was tough. The fault was not in the steak, but in the knife. So with many people when they go to church. Their ears are dull. Their minds are preoccupied. Because the preacher don't startle them with something as brilliant as a flash of lightning, they don't get interested. They think of something else. They are weary from overwork. They begin to dose. Now, the voice of the preacher whose ideas they have not grasped, or tried to, becomes a sort of lullaby, and because they find it hard to keep awake, they call the sermon dull."

Neighbor Slowcum looked a little cross at first. But he is a good-natured fellow, and after a while he brightened up and said: "Senex, I believe that you are more than half right. The fact is that I work too late Saturdays, and hurry too much Sunday mornings. I am all tuckered out and worried, and ain't fit to listen to a sermon. I must try to sharpen myself up. I remember when I was a boy at home, my good old father would have us all quit work an hour or two before sundown on Saturdays. Then we would do up beforehand as many of the Sunday chores as we could. Then we would all take a bath, and go to bed early. Sunday morning we would get up early, feed our stock, get our breakfast, have family worship, and sit down and study our Sunday-school lessons until church-time. After church we had a cold dinner, and while eating it we all had to tell what we could remember of the sermon. We didn't talk about the people we saw at church, and how they looked, and who of them had new bonnets. But we talked about what the minister said and father made us feel sometimes as if it was God who said it, rather than the minister. People now-a-days wouldn't endure such sermons as we had then. They were never less than an hour long; and they were not full of stories, but on

quotations from the Scriptures, and of solid arguments based upon them. The preachers discussed the doctrines, such as, "Depravity," "God's Sovereignty," "Election" and "Perseverance of the Saints;" and even the children listened to them, and remembered what they said. They were trained to do it by the example of their parents, and by being catechised at home.

I am afraid that there are a good many Slowcums in our churches every Sunday. And I would be willing to take a contract to make the preaching twice as interesting as it now is, if I could make the hearers prepare for the Sabbath and the sanctuary as they did in olden times.—"*Senex*" in *Journal*.

HOW TO WORK FOR CHRIST.

I have known a poor sick girl to become a "means of grace" to a whole family by her quiet patience, her serene trust, and her tranquil joy under severe suffering. Jesus Christ shone out through her lovely character as a night-lamp shines through a transparent porcelain vessel, and fills the apartment with a gentle radiance. A fearless Christian clerk of my acquaintance makes himself felt in the same way among his fellow-clerks in the store. Without any Pharisaic pretensions or assumptions, he gives them some admirable "object teaching," almost every day, by his square, manly style of conscientious conduct. Preach every day, everywhere, by letting Christ shine out of every chink and crevice of your character; so shall your whole life be full of light. The sermons in shoes are the sermons to convert an ungodly world.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler*.

WHAT THEN?

I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a redeemed sinner, a pardoned rebel, all through grace, and by the most wonderful means which infinite wisdom could devise.

Why, I am a temple of God; and surely I ought to be pure and holy.

I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a child of God; and I ought to be filled with filial love, reverence, joy and gratitude.

I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a disciple of Christ, and must imitate him who was meek and lowly in heart, and pleased not himself.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE HOUSE.

Physical health is not more susceptible to atmospheric influences, than is the spiritual health of a household. It is the *home atmosphere* which usually determines the character of the family. Some homes are sweetened and purified by a family altar, and the cheerful affection and the pervading influence of God's Word; and the children inhale religion at every breath. Such homes have contributed the best blood to the American pulpit and the American State. The Christly atmosphere of the house penetrates into the core of character.

The subtle influence of the household, which is apt either to convert to Christ, or to pervert to fashion, worldiness, or open impiety, is usually created by the parents. They are chiefly responsible. It is their province either to poison or to purify. If the whole trend of the household thought and talk runs toward money-worship, or toward fashion-worship, or towards social convivialities, or in any other similar direction, it is the father and mother who give the pitch. It is exceedingly difficult to make the best preaching or Sunday School teaching effective on character, amid such a domestic miasma. Almost as soon attempt to grow pineapples in Greenland, as to rear the plants of grace amid such godless surroundings. The parental influence goes through the house like the poison gas from the sewer pipe.

Dr. Horace Bushnell in his unrivalled volume on "Christian Nurture," has pithily said that "Whatever fire the parents kindle, the children are found gathering the wood. If the mother directs her servants to say at the door that she is 'not at home,' the children will learn to be polite liars." If the father begins the Lord's day with his huge, Sabbath-desecrating, secular newspaper, it will go through the family. If he puts a decanter on his table, the boys will be apt to hold out the glasses for a taste. That millionaire who in one part of his will bequeathed his costly wine-cellar to his heirs, and in another clause disinherited one poor dissipated son for drunkenness, revealed the secret of the poison gas which he had let in from that cellar. Parental ill-temper often sours the atmosphere of a home, so that both children and servants can hardly escape being snappish and irritable. How can cheer-

ful, healthy piety breathe in the malarious air of a home saturated with irreligion? It was the wretched air of Eli's house which ruined Hophni and Phineas; it was the godly atmosphere of Hannah's home which produced a Samuel.

Not only is a family influenced by the pervading moral atmosphere, but the school and the college are to a great degree subject to the like influence. Williams College in its early days had the missionary spirit in its very walls. Dr. Arnold created an atmosphere at Rugby, which bred a high sense of manliness and honor in nearly all his pupils. The breath of Mary Lyon still permeates and sweetens, yes, and sanctifies, the halls of Mount Holyoke Seminary. It is fatal to fashion and frivolity, and nourishes the unselfish consecration of womanhood to life's holiest aims. In some schools nearly every pupil has been converted to Christ during the course of study, if they had not been Christians when they came there. An influence was in the air, moulded the teachings, and penetrated like oxygen into what may be styled the lungs of the soul. Churches do not differ so much from each other in written confessions and creeds, as in their spiritual atmosphere. It is said nearly all who go into the ministry from Mr. Spurgeon's church and theological training-school carry with them the *animus*, which under God, that mighty apostle of evangelical truth had diffused around him. In short, the chief influence of Christianity is in purifying the sin-tainted atmosphere of human society. The Lord Jesus Christ never intended to take His disciples out of the world, but to keep them from being poisoned by making them purifiers. — *Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.*

Middle Stewiacke & Brookfield reports for last year. 64 names added on profession; raised for the schemes of the church, \$362; for other religious and benevolent objects, \$60; for all purposes, \$1399.

The following have been elected by the Pres. of P. E. Island as Commissioners to the General Assembly: *Ministers:* Messrs. Sinclair, Carruthers, J. M. McLeod, D. B. McLeod, Spencer, Fisher, and R. McLean; *Elders:* Messrs. Nicholson, James, John McLeod, S. H. Brown, Dr. McKay, J. N. Cogswell, and James Carruthers.

THE WISE PHYSICIAN.

Sree Nath, of India, a native Christian evangelist and a physician, reports: "there are among the Chandals of Kotwabipara, five leading men. When I went to preach there they would not hear me attentively, but on a certain occasion one of them, named Mohun Baroi, was taken dangerously ill, and was at death's door. I went and administered medicine to him, finding the house full of his relations and friends who had come to take a last look at him. Some of them were crying bitterly, some expecting his death, some waiting upon him.

"His eldest son made a vow to give a buffalo to the goddess Kali if she would spare his father's life.

"When the son saw me he eagerly took me to his dying father. I examined the sick man carefully; applied what I thought the right medicines; and then, turning round upon the assembled company, I began to speak as to the temporary nature of man's life here, of heaven and hell, of the love of Christ—how He gave up His life for sinners, the story of the cross, and his resurrection. They listened to all these heart-stirring truths most attentively, and then said, "If this is really true, and there really is such a loving Saviour, we should like to hear more about Him."

"Since this time, and the recovery of the man, they have come often to inquire about Christ, and I go to them and preach Christ. In this way medical knowledge is a great help to the preacher of Christ."

WHO ARE THE COMPLAINERS.

It is worthy of notice that most of the writers and speakers who are dinging at the churches for alleged inefficiency, and proposing this and the other improvement in preaching and Christian work, are not frequenters of houses of worship, rarely listen to the Gospel and hardly know anything of what pious hearts and liberal hands are doing for the alleviation of human suffering, the instruction of the ignorant and making known the glad news of salvation. It would be more consistent for those who are indulging with so much complacency in exhibiting the shortcomings of the churches to make some application of the Gospel to themselves.

Mr. Henry M. Fulton of Portauquique, died January 11th, aged 73 years. Mr. Fulton was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for nearly 50 years. While health and vigor continued, he took an active part in congregational work, and led the services of the sanctuary in the absence of the minister.

Mr. Fulton possessed many excellent qualities, and was highly respected by those who knew him. He was a man of peace, gifted in prayer, and well versed in the Scriptures.

He died suddenly of heart disease, leaving a widow and family and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss. But their loss is his gain. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." A. C.

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact? Only one. Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-nastory shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for?

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindne s only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.—*Our Church Home.*

—A movement of Professor Delitzsch, of Leipzig, is a wonderful step toward the conversion of the Jews. In nine of the German universities he is starting a movement for mission work amongst the Jews, and already over three hundred students of the universities have enrolled themselves as members of a special school for training to this end.

One of the most hopeful indications for the future of Christianity in Japan is the missionary character of the native Christians. They are zealous in carrying the Gospel to their own people, and also to Corea and the islands dependent upon Japan.

"Some of the richest men in England owe all their wealth to beer. And some of the poorest men owe all their poverty to beer."

IN NINETY YEARS.

Ninety years hence, not a single man or woman, now twenty years of age, will probably be alive. Ninety years! Alas! how many lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years shall have rolled away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told," a dream; an empty sound that passeth away on the wings of the wind and is forgotten.

Years shorten as we advance in age. Like the degrees in longitude, when travelling towards the frozen pole, man's life declines until it dwindles to a point and vanishes for ever.

Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the blooming beauties fade and disappear—all the pride and passion, the love, the hope, and joy, pass away in ninety years and be forgotten? "Ninety years!" says Death; "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold, to-day, and to-morrow, and every day, are mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust and be remembered no more!

Reader, seeing that life is so very short and uncertain, and that in a few years at most we shall be in eternity, ought we not to be earnest now in seeking that Divine grace may wear our hearts from the things of time, and quicken our souls from cleaving to the dust? Why should we set our affection on this vain, perishing world, and neglect to prepare for the never-ending life of happiness or misery which so soon awaits us? "Lord make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am."—*The Gospel Trumpet.*

FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

There is a lesson in the following story:

A pretty story about a German family discloses the secret of a happy home, where joy abounded, though there are many to feed and clothe.

A teacher once lived in Strasburg who had hard work to support his family. His chief joy in life, however, was in his nine children, though it was no light task to support them all.

His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk had he not trusted in his heavenly Father, when he thought of the number of jackets, stockings and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and of the quantities of bread and potatoes they would eat.

His house, too, was very small for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun which the merry nine made. But the father and mother managed very well and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat at dinner, the stranger, looking at the hungry children about the table, said, compassionately, "Poor man what a cross you have to bear!"

"I? A cross to bear?" asked the father, wondering, "what do you mean?"

"Nine children, and seven boys at that!" replied the stranger, adding bitterly, "I have but two, and each of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the teacher, with prompt decision.

"How does that happen," asked the guest.

"Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't that so, children?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"And you obey me willingly?"

The two girls laughed roguishly, but the seven youngsters shouted:

"Yes, dear father, truly."

Then the father turned to the guest and said: "Sir, if death was to come in at the door, waiting to take one of my children, I would say"—and here he pulled off his velvet cap and hurled it at the door—"Rascal, who cheated you into thinking I had one too many?"

The stranger sighed; he saw that it was only disobedient children that made a father unhappy.

A GOOD LIFE.

A little girl of nine summers came to ask her pastor about joining the Church. She had been living a Christian for nine months, had been properly taught, and answered the usual questions promptly and properly. At last the pastor said:

"Nellie, does your father think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir."

"How, then, does he know?"

"He sees."

"How does he see that?"

"Sees I am a better girl."

"What else does he see?"

"Sees I love to read my Bible and to pray."

"Then, you think, he sees you are a Christian?"

"I know he does; he can't help it; and with a modest, happy boldness, she was sure her father knew she was a Christian because he could not help seeing it in her life. Is not such the privilege of all God's people, to be sure that others see they are following Christ?"

We remember hearing of a poor, hard working man whose fellow-laborers laughed at him, told him he was deceived, and pressed him with difficult questions. At last, in the desperation of his heart, he said: "I am a changed man. Go ask my wife if I am not. She sees I am."

This is what Christ meant by being witnesses and lights in the world. Not only soundness of faith and boldness of confession, but a manner of life which, even without spoken words, testifies of a new life and love.

This is the best evidence of our religion. When those who worked with us in the mill or store or on the farm see that we are living a new life, then our words have power. This is the privilege of every one. We may not be rich or educated or eloquent, and hence not able to give much or teach much or speak much; but we can live much, and good living is the best living, the best teaching, the best eloquence. The poorest, the most ignorant, and the youngest can cause people to see they are changed. They can prove the reality of their conversion.

We cannot hide a good life. It shines. It may make no more noise than a candle, but, like a candle, it may be seen. Thus even a little boy or girl may be a light-bearer.

HARD TO PLEASE.

—It is hard for the clergy to please everybody nowadays. A Boston woman complains that her pastor never looks at her when he preaches, but devotes all his attention to the sinners on the other side

of the church. For this reason she says that his sermons do not have the moral effect on her which they ought to have. On the other hand, a Chicago woman recently complained that her pastor invariably looked at her when he was preaching, especially when he denounced humbugs and hypocrites, and she wanted to know if it wasn't an outrage to treat respectable pew-holders in this way. When the clergyman finally heard of her grievance he laughingly explained that he wasn't looking at the woman at all when she thought he was, but at a certain pillar behind her, the sight of which, for some mysterious reason, always seemed to clarify his thought." We have had two persons seated on opposite sides of the church say that we looked directly at them when we made a certain remark—and yet our vision is not oblique. It was conscience that made them appropriate the look.—*Sel.*

REAL STRENGTH.

There is, perhaps, no better test of a man's real strength and character than the way in which he bears himself under just reproof. Every man makes mistakes; every man commits faults; but not every man has the honesty and meekness to acknowledge his errors and to welcome the criticism which points them out to him. It is rarely difficult for us to find an excuse for our course, if it is an excuse we are looking for. It is in fact, always easier to spring to angry defence of ourselves than to calmly acknowledge the justice of another's righteous condemnation of some wrong action of ours; but to refuse to adopt this latter course, when we know that we are in the wrong, is to reveal to our own better consciousness, and often to the consciousness of others, an essential defect in our character. He is strong who dares confess that he is weak; he is already tottering to a fall who needs to bolster up the weakness of his personality by all sorts of transparent shams. It is not in vain that Scripture says: "Reprove one that hath understanding, and he will understand knowledge;" for one of the best evidences of the possession of that discreet self-judgment which stands at the basis of moral strength, and one of the best means of gaining it when it is lacking, is just this willingness to accept merited reproof; and profit by it when accepted.—*Sunday-school Times.*

NOT OUR TEARS BUT HIS BLOOD.

Should a mote of dust get into the natural eye, the irritation induced will weep out the evil; and so, in a way with sin in a tender conscience. But tears—an ocean of tears—wash not out the guilt of sin. All tears are lost that fall not at the feet of Jesus. But even the tears which bathe a Saviour's feet wash not away our sins. When falling—flowing fastest, we are to remember that it is not the tears we shed, but the blood He shed, which is the price of pardon; and that guilty souls are nowhere to be cleansed but in that bath of blood where the foulest are free to wash and certain to be cleansed. From its crimson margin a Magdalene and a Manasseh have gone up to glory; and since their times, succeeding ages have been daily and more fully proving, that grace is still free, salvation still full, and that still the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.—*Guthrie.*

LEFT BEHIND.

The English garrison evacuated Lucknow at midnight, on November 22, 1857. Lights were left burning, and all stole out quietly, so as not to arouse the suspicions of the enemy, who still kept up a desultory fire around the fort. Thinking that all had accompanied them, the soldiers pushed forward with great eagerness to reach a place of safety and rest. "Captain Waterman, having gone to his bed, in a retired corner of the brigade mess-house, overslept himself. All had forgotten him when they left the fort, and now the unconscious man was alone in the most terrible danger. At two o'clock he awoke, and found, to his horror, that all had left. He visited every outpost. All was deserted and silent. To be the only man in an open entrenchment, and fifty thousand furious enemies outside! It was horrible to contemplate! His situation frightened him. He took to his heels, and ran, ran, ran, till he could scarcely breathe. Still the same silence, interrupted but by the occasional report of the enemy's guns. At last he came up with the retiring rearguard, mad with excitement, and breathless with fatigue." But he was safe at last, and the horror that brooded over his mind was now entirely dissipated by the feeling of rest and security that came to him.

Captain Waterman's experience presents an exact and realistic picture of the state of those who, of a sudden, wake up to the conviction that all around them are fleeing from the City of Destruction, while they are left in the greatest peril. Parents, friends, companions, have fled to Christ for refuge, while they have remained callous and indifferent. If the perusal of these few lines result in arousing such a one, the writer prays that he may escape for his life. Look not behind thee! Seek the safety and the society of those who were once in a peril with yourself, and mourn that you should have so long overslept yourself, and be left behind.—*Robert Spurgeon.*

MAKING PRAYER MEETINGS INTERESTING.

Rev. John Hall was asked, "How do you make prayer meetings interesting?" The great New York preacher replied in this way:

This whole subject is mixed up. "Interesting" to whom? The Lord? The supplicants? The spectators? The only way is to teach men to pray, to eliminate those who preach, or rhapsodise, or scold, or "lament" interminably; to promote a general fervour among the people, and apply to the meeting the ordinary principles of Christian common sense. I would not set much store by "interesting" prayer meetings by themselves. I have known of such that were little more than a young people's frolic. The prayer meeting will be as the taste and life of the congregation.

It may well be doubted if a real prayer meeting conducted on ordinary principles of Christian common sense, was ever uninteresting to a man who really *wished to pray*. The question—How to make the prayer meeting interesting—is discussed in the religious journals, especially, the American journals more perhaps than any other. It is a painfully suggestive question.

—A man in Kansas is in jail serving out a term of seventeen years imprisonment for selling 208 glasses of beer, and the fines and costs standing against his property amount to \$16,000.