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THE ARCHIVES
THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN CANADA

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

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

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WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

SEPT., 1889.

Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for August opens with an illustrated article on Lawn Tennis, which is in season and will be of deep interest to the many lovers of the sport. "Tarpon Fishing in Florida" illustrated, tells in an entertaining style of a kind of fishing which has hitherto been little known. "Electricity in Lighting" with illustrations, is a continuation of the interesting and instructive series on electricity. "How to feed a Railway" deals with the commissariat of Railway management, and gives another view of that department of modern civilization which has attained such enormous proportions. "The New Poverty" by George P. Lathrop, is a fancy picture in bright cheery colors of a Utopian state of society, directly opposite to the present, where the aristocracy is one of poverty and the aim is to appear poor. "Tennyson's First Flight," illustrated, by Henry van Dyke, "The Two Locksley Halls," "The Master of Ballintrae" and two or three short stories, completed the bill of fare. Price 25cts, \$3.00 per year. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

MEMOIR OF JAMES MCGREGOR, D. D., first missionary to Pictou, N. S., with notices of the colonization of the Lower Provinces of British America, and of the social and religious condition of the early settlers—pp. 533. Also A FEW REMAINS OF THE REV. JAMES MCGREGOR, D. D., pp. 274. For some years there were none of these works on sale, but recently a quantity have been found in the garret of a warehouse. The two volumes will be forwarded to any person remitting one dollar—which is just half the original price. Address the author, Rev. George Patterson, D. D., or Mr. John Cameron, Auctioneer, New Glasgow. As these are all that are likely to be published, persons wishing copies better apply without delay.

For sale also by Messrs. H. H. Henderson & Co., A. O. Pritchard, W. F. McKenzie, and W. H. Torry, New Glasgow; Jas. McLean, and John K. Beattie, Pictou; G. O. Falton, Truro; and Knight & Co., Halifax.

(A few copies of Memoir of Johnston & Matheson's at fifty cents.)

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TEMPER AND TONGUE.

A London merchant had a dispute with a Quaker about a bill. The merchant said he would go to law about it; the Quaker tried all means to keep him from doing so. One morning the Quaker resolved to make a last attempt, and he called at the merchant's house and asked the servant if his master was at home. The merchant heard him, and knowing his voice, called out from the stairs. "Tell that rascal I am not at home." The Quaker looking up at him, calmly said: "Well, friend, God grant thee a better mind." The merchant was struck with the meekness of the reply, and looked into the disputed bill and found that the Quaker was right and he was wrong. He called to see him, and after confessing his errors, he said: "I have one question to ask you: How were you able so often to bear my abuse with patience?" "Friend," said the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I had once as bad a temper as thou hast; I knew that to yield to this temper was sinful, and I found that it was unwise. I noticed that men in a passion spoke loud, and I thought that if I could control my voice I should keep my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by carefully observing this rule I have, by God's help, mastered my temper.—Selected.

Samoa, which is attracting so much attention now, is generally regarded as a savage island, but a large proportion of the people are Christians. A missionary says:—"I would guarantee to take the first twenty men, women and children that I should meet with in Samoa, and I would back them in Bible knowledge against any twenty I should meet in this country."

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. IX.

SEPT., 1889.

No. 9

The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

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

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

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

All communications to be addressed to

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

The Foreign Mission Committee wish two lady teachers for Trinidad, for the schools at Princetown and San Fernando, to take the places of Miss Semple and Miss Copeland who have so well fulfilled their terms of services, one for five the other for eight years. Write to Mr. Morrison, Agent of the Church, Halifax.

The Foreign Mission Committee want two missionaries, one for Trinidad and one for Demarara, and the appointment of another to Trinidad is under consideration so that more attention may be given to the work of training native ministers, and from this centre evangelizing the East India immigrants that have come to the West Indies, whose numbers will ere long reach a quarter of a million. There are sixty thousand of them in Trinidad, eighty thousand in British Guiana, and the remainder scattered among several other islands as laborers on estates.

"What do you expect to gain by it" is the question that has been often asked by those who have sought to throw discredit upon the Anti-Jesuit agitation. The reply to that has been, "disallowance, if we can get it; if not, then we record our protest against evil, and we hope to prevent similar aggression in the future". But a very definite result has come sooner than was expected, and that not in the Province of Quebec or Ontario but in the far West, in Manitoba. In that new province by persistently pushing their claims the French had succeeded in having the French language as well as the English

made an official language, which meant that all official papers, reports, etc., were to be printed in French as well as in English. In addition to this the Romanists had obtained separate schools, supported by the state; this, by the double language, weakening the national band that should bind together the people of a British Province, and, by the separate school system, preventing the growth of that common bond of union which is fostered among the young of all creeds by attendance at common public schools. But now the government of Manitoba, alarmed at the encroachments of the French and of Romanism as seen in the Jesuit Estates' Bill have decided to take time by the forelock and save their fair province, so far as they can, from such disunion. They have abolished both the dual language and the separate school system.

This is as it should be. In a British Province the English should be the official language just as in a French Colony the official language should be French, and, while parents and religious teachers should give carefully and diligently religious instruction to the young, it is the duty of the State to give them an education that will fit them for taking their places as useful, moral living citizens.

Most of our readers are aware of the reception which the Equal Rights petitioners met with from the Governor General at Quebec. Gathered from different parts of Ontario and Quebec, a large number of representative men laid their petitions before the Governor General asking him to disallow the Jesuit Estates' Bill. He declined as was to be expected, seeing the government had decided otherwise, but he did not stop there. He in effect said to these men, many of them among the best, most loyal, intelligent, liberty loving subjects in the whole Dominion, you had better cease your agitation, Live and let live. Those Jesuits are good loyal citizens. Try and be at peace with your neighbors, etc. To treat such a class of petitioners, approaching him in a respectful constitutional manner and representing such a class of citizens to treat these as if they

were a lot of lawless troublers, peace breakers, and dismiss them with advice that savors in tone of the advice with which a police magistrate is wont to dismiss offenders from his presence is not the way to quiet a free people who are seeking their rights and redress for their wrongs. Live and let live! The trouble in Canada is that the French Romanists while they are willing to live will not "let live." It is they who need to be taught the lesson of quietness and peace. The Protestants of Canada as of every other land are quite willing to give to all classes and creeds the civil rights which they claim for themselves but not more. They want, for themselves and for their children, equal civil and religious rights, and in a British Protestant country they are determined to have them.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton are recruiting rapidly and hope by November to be fully restored to health, and fitted for resuming work in Trinidad. They will not be able to overtake many meetings as they must need rest.

A sweet singer has ceased his songs below to resume them above. Dr. Horatius Bonar has passed to his rest at the good old age of eighty-one years. He was born Dec. 19, 1805, in Edinburgh. In 1838 he was ordained at Kelso. He came out at the disruption and in 1866 became the first minister of Chalmers' Memorial Free Church, Grange, Edinburgh, and died on the 31st of July last. Dr. Bonar belonged not merely to Edinburgh, nor to the Free Church, nor to Scotland, but to the world, so long as there are pilgrims travelling Zionward so long will Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope" cheer them on.

The wonderful changes in the Papal countries of Europe are often brought to notice. Not long since we gave an account of the popular rejoicing in Italy over the unveiling of a statue to Giordano Bruno who had been burnt many years ago as a heretic. Now, as the Waldensians are celebrating the 200th anniversary of their "glorious return" to their beloved valleys whence Rome sought in vain to exterminate them, King Humbert of Italy has sent them a gift of \$1000 and his congratulations in these words:

The faithful Waldensians will shortly celebrate the bi-centenary of their return to their native land dear to them at all cost. This event, which is justly an occasion of rejoicing to these our fellow countrymen, who furnish an example of such eminent goodness

and virtue, is hailed with joy by our King, who well knows the unfaltering devotion of the Waldensians to the House of Savoy. And this their fidelity to his dynasty, joined to a fervent love of their country, having given to Italy courageous soldiers and loyal and faithful children, has prompted his Majesty the King to show his regard for this loving and loyal reception of his people, and to aid them in developing and maintaining in their midst, with increasing fervor and energy, the culture of civil and moral virtue. To that end he forwards 5,000 lire, to be divided between the Church House and the College, which they propose inaugurating on the coming auspicious occasion—a moment which will mark the termination of the exile, which took place two centuries ago. Will you, therefore, Mr. Moderator, make this royal gift known to the Waldensian people, and likewise his Majesty's desire with regard to the disposal thereof. Receive, I beg, the expression of my high consideration."

Later still comes the news that a fine monument to the Protestant hero Gaspar de Coligny who was murdered at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, has been unveiled at Paris.

The pedestal is flanked by two veiled figures—the Country and Religion. The last mentioned bears a palm bound with a scroll, on which is inscribed the date of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew—August, 1572. Underneath is an open Bible.

Against all this Rome bitterly protests and complains, but her thunder-bolts fall harmless. Her threats have no terrors. Martyrs are honored and lovers of freedom rejoice.

In heathen countries Protestants occupy 500 separate mission fields, containing 20,000 mission stations, supplied by 40,000 missionaries. In these 20,000 mission stations there are 500,000 Sunday-school scholars—an average of 25 to each station. In the 20,000 Protestant mission stations there are 1,000,000 of native communicants, or an average of 50 to each station. There are also 2,000,000 of adherents who are friends of the evangelical faith and hearers of the gospel preached from the Bible—an average of 100 to each station.—Pres.

To a humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." "Fear it, sir?" he remarked, "I know I am: but, blessed be the Lord, I do not fear it—I hope it."

THE SALOON KEEPER'S GAINS.

"I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months," said a saloon keeper, boastfully, to a crowd of his townsmen. "You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener. "What is that?" was the quick response. "You have made wretched homes—women and children poor and sick and weary of life. You have made my two sons drunkards," continued the speaker, with terrible earnestness: "you made the younger of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken hearted woman. Oh, yes; you have made much—more than I can reckon up, but you'll get the full amount some day—you'll get it some day?"—*Selected.*

SPEAK LOW.

O mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own sake, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—*Kindergarten Magazine.*

There is need of most earnest attention to the church-going of children. Its importance can hardly be over-stated. The churches that neglect it are digging their own graves. The securing of it ought not to occasion much difficulty. Children like to go to church. A little exercise of authority even on the part of parents is perfectly in place. If parents and pastor and Sabbath school teachers will persevere in well directed effort to secure full and regular attendance of the children at church at least once every Lord's day, that cannot but succeed.—*Pres. Rev.*

Mercy drew the covenant; faithfulness keeps it; mercy called us, faithfulness will not cast us off.

WHAT THE BIBLE IS TO ME.

When I go to that book, God speaks to me. I need no succession. I go at once to the fountain-head. It is not man that speaks. It is God who speaks, and He speaks to me as if there were but one single Bible on the earth, and that Bible an angel had come down and bound upon my bosom. It is my Bible. It was written for me. It is the voice of God holding communion with my own soul, and never will I forfeit my right to commune with God.

Nor is that communion to be held before councils, or in open temples, or in the presence of sects and of priests, and through the intervention of others. It is an act to be transacted in the most secret sanctuary of the Lord. No sects, no priestly interference, can be admitted. It is an affair between God and my soul; and as Abraham bid the young men abide with the ass at the foot of the mountain, so will I ascend and go to meet God alone upon the top.

That book is the book of God, and when I go out and commune with it I hold communion with my God. I am Moses, just come down from the burning mountain, his face shining with joy and glory of the Lord. I am Isaiah, and have come from the golden courts where the Seraphim and cherubim shout Hallelujah to the Lord God of Hosts. I am Paul, and have seen the third heavens opened, and can tell what is uttered there, and have seen glories ineffable which no tongue can tell nor imagination conceive. I am John, and have laid my head upon the Master's bosom, and have caught, warm with His breath, the very whispers of the sweet counsel which He has breathed into my ear.

It is not from any intervention or interpretation of man that it derives its power. God gave it to me. He made it, and He has preserved it. It is still bread and food for all the world.—*From a speech by Dr. Tynng.*

It is the will of God that we should in everything make our requests known to Him by prayer and supplication; not to inform or move Him, but to qualify ourselves for the mercy. The waterman in the boat, that with the hook takes hold of the shore, doth not thereby pull the shore to the boat, but the boat to the shore; so in prayer we do not draw the mercy to ourselves, but ourselves to the mercy.

What we win by prayer we must wear with praise.—*Henry.*

ROMISH PROPOGANDISM IN AFRICA.

Romish foresight and zeal are ever active, and as Protestantism gains any advantage by advanced movement in any locality as soon as possible the necessary counteractives are introduced. An instance of this has just come to light. For over twenty years the territory of Central Africa has almost exclusively been occupied by the Scottish missionaries. Their successful work and increasing power, however, are not to Roman Catholic taste and wish, especially as represented by Portugal aspiration and determination. Hence a move has been started to put a number of priests into that region to neutralize the effect of the devoted workers from Scotland. Upon this circumstance the London *Presbyterian Messenger* throws further light as follows.—"A most imposing function was held at Algiers the other day, when in the presence of over a hundred ecclesiastics and amid a crowd of the laity, with gorgeous processions and magnificent music (in which the Portuguese National Hymn was prominent), six missionaries were consecrated for Nyassaland. During the generations that Portugal has held the town of Zumbesi, she has never sought to send a missionary north of the river, and only does it now in order to counteract the powerful influence which has been established by British traders. Cardinal Lavigerie, who performed the act of consecration, referred to the splendid work of the devout sons of the Church, Lieutenants Caradozo and Pinto, who have just returned from making what they are pleased to call treaties with the native chiefs. Portugal is evidently determined to make a desperate struggle to retain the belt across Africa which she claims as hers."—*Ph. P.*

POPERY "PUTS BETWEEN"

1. Itself as mediator between heaven and earth.
2. Priest between sinner and God.
3. Auricular confession between penitent and mercy.
4. Penance between offender and godly sorrow.
5. Mass between believer and righteousness in Christ.
6. Indulgence between him and self-denial.
7. Tradition between him and Scripture.
8. Purgatory between him and heaven.
9. Celibacy between priest and home.
10. Good works between believer and justification.
11. Extreme unction between him and death.
12. Saints and Virgin Mary between him and a prayer-hearing God.—*M. R.*

MEMORIZING THE SCRIPTURE.

The Presbyterian Record speaks as follows regarding the good old custom of committing the Scriptures to memory. "With many others, we believe that a weekly exercise in the analytical study of the meaning of the Bible, however valuable the instruction may be, should not supersede the old-fashioned maternal discipline, such as Timothy probably received from his mother and grandmother. In this way certain parts of the Bible are stored away in the memory in their unbroken continuity, and indelible by virtue of the plastic nature of the youthful mind.

There is no disparagement of the wonderfully improved system of Sabbath-school instruction now enjoyed, in suggesting that, to be most efficient, it needs to be supplemented by the home drill. The writer referred to, well says that "whilst the modern Christian knows more about the Bible, the Christian of the last generation knew more of the Bible." A reverent familiarity with the Scriptures, acquired by constant use, is an essential foundation for all biblical knowledge. Timothy knew them from a child, in the absence of Scripture helps and all our modern appliances—yea, in all the absence of the printed page in which we modern children have learned our alphabets. Christian mothers and fathers, remember that whatever young children learn permanently is generally the result of impressions frequently repeated until firmly fixed in the memory. No exercise once a week can ever equal in effect the daily or nightly drill under the parental direction and amid the associations of home.

SELF-IMMOLATION BY FIRE IN CHINA.

We read in the *Chinese Recorder* some striking facts under this head, showing how common is this act of self cremation. The article says:—

"After passing several years in seclusion, sometimes as many as ten or more, in other cases a single year only, hermits imagine that they have become fit for immolation by fire, and then repair to the monastery to which they belong, and make preparations for their incineration, fixing the time, always selecting a festival when worshippers and pilgrims come in large numbers. Advertisements of the following purport are posted through the country: 'The unworthy priest (stating age, the time of quitting family, residence, etc.) now of our monastery, having attained perfection in truth and piety, has

been fitted for transformation and departure to the realm of Budha in the West, and fearing that his fleshy body may become corrupt, has selected an auspicious day to commit it to the flames. All ye believers and believers-esses are invited to come seven or three days before the burning to assist him in his prayers, by reciting the ritual, by which your own merit will be enhanced beyond limit, and at last you, too, will reach the kingdom of Budha."

TESTIMONY OF LORD NORTHBROOK,
(LATE VICEROY OF INDIA),
TO MISSIONS.

"It may surprise some who have not had an opportunity of looking into the matter, to learn that Christianity is spreading four or five times as fast as the ordinary population, and that the native Christians now number nearly a million souls. One of the most hopeful results of mission work, is the lesson which it is silently infusing through native society and vernacular literature, ideas of integrity, honor, philanthropy, truth, purity and holiness, that are distinctively Christian. In every movement for the welfare of the people to, Christian missionaries have led the van. Their services to education are recognized even by her enemies. The advanced schools of modern religious thought in India, are the outcome of Christian teaching. The missionaries were the first to awaken an interest in the welfare of women in India, and even in the magnificent work of philanthropy with which the name of Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin is imperishably associated, missionaries were the pioneers. In a thousand ways preparation is being made for the coming of the kingdom, and the blessed influences of Gospel teaching and preaching are manifest to all who have eyes to see."

Out of 1,500,000,000 who crowd the earth to-day 1,000,000,000 have not heard the good news. Generations are sinking into an abyss of hopeless ruin, one after another. Yet forevermore ring in our ears those words of responsibility and indirect rebuke: "Go ye," etc. You and I are charged with this duty, only more imperative because neglected. We are to help tell the good news to every creature under heaven: if we can go in person, here is the call of God, and the condition of a lost world calls, if possible, more loudly. He who cannot go the heathen in person must go by proxy.—Dr. A. T. PIERSON.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

An observant traveller remarked recently in our hearing, "I consider that one of the greatest perils which threatens our nation is the rapid increase of *irreligious* homes." There is no lack in these abodes of domestic affection, of refinement, of social enjoyment, of literary culture; but they are almost pagan in respect to any recognition of the Divine Being.

One can be a guest beneath such a roof for weeks in succession and never see a Bible opened, or hear a prayer offered. The host shows unbounded hospitality in providing an abundant table, plenty of books, means of recreation and opportunities for meeting delightful people. But can these satisfy all the desires of the human heart? Who would choose to bring up a family in a town whose inhabitants were all of this character?

The head of a Christian household who was in the habit of praying at family worship for the community in which he lived, called forth this tribute from an irreligious neighbour: "I don't believe in religion myself, but I should hate to have that man leave off praying for this neighborhood, and I know his example is worth more to my children than my own." Again we urge, as we have so many times before, don't neglect the family altar.—*Sel.*

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.

A physician says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore vigor to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure a sorrow. Indeed, we may make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room; a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep, otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.—*Selected.*

PIONEER WORK IN CAPE BRETON

For the Maritime :

The picturesque scenery of Cape Breton makes it an attractive spot to tourists. Its combination of forests, lakes, rivers, mountains, rocks, and seas, render a great deal of the scenery very grand. But these features that make it so attractive to travellers rendered it, with its sparse population, all the more arduous and toilsome to the pioneers of Presbyterianism, who labored in Cape Breton. For the most part the population of the island has been divided between the Presbyterians and Roman Catholics, and the inhabitants are principally of Scotch loyalist and French descent.

About the year 1800 a number of immigrants arrived from the Western Highlands of Scotland. Driven from their own country by their straitened circumstances, they sought refuge in Cape Breton, as they could reach it more easily and quickly, and at less cost than any other land. Their temporal and spiritual destination is more easily imagined than described. Though landed on a fertile spot, amid grandeur of scenery, they had no possessions with which to commence life in their new homes. With a great deal of pluck and perseverance however they made a start, and after a time secured some comforts. Years passed away in their fort at homes with many silent Sabbaths. The sound of the gospel was not heard, and it was long ere they were greeted with a visit from a minister.

Twelve years after their landing a preacher of the gospel came among them. An American refugee named John Gwym, the first settler at Cape North carried to them the story of the Cross. Gwym had never entered any college to receive a classical education. No presbyters had ever laid hands upon him and sent him forth to preach the gospel. He had received the anointing from above and impelled by the Holy Spirit went forth to tell others what he had found. Like our Saviour the fishing boat or small vessel was often his pulpit. Being a trader he frequently went from home in his craft and when in port would always hold meetings for prayer and the reading of the scriptures, and eternity alone will reveal how many were brought to Christ in his trading voyages around the island.

This trader was not the only one from this isolated region who did good service for the Master and ministered to the spiritual wants of the destitute. At a later date at an outlying settlement on the western flank of the Cape North Mountains dwelt a pious and zealous Scotchman. He was a native of the island of Skye and after several years resi-

dence in Aberdeenshire removed to this remote corner. Here dwelt more than twenty Presbyterian families, and for over twenty years he regularly conducted a Sabbath School and instructed the rising generation to read the scriptures.

We should not forget the faithful work of some of these noble pioneers. Their precious dust now sleeps beneath Cape Breton's soil and other parts of the Maritime Provinces. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them. We should be imitators of their zeal and faithfulness.

Turning from the work of the laymen to that of the ministry. The first ordained minister that visited Cape Breton seems to have been the

REV. DR. MACGREGOR.

Dr. Patterson in his admirable work the Memoir of Rev. James McGregor, gives a very interesting account of his journey and the hardships he endured. His visit was undertaken, as we are informed, chiefly on the solicitation of a pious woman named Janet Sutherland. Janet felt deeply the loss of the religious privileges she had enjoyed in Scotland and invited the doctor to visit them in their destitution. The journey was exceedingly toilsome, but was a cheering one to the lonely settlers. It was followed by visits of other secession ministers from Nova Scotia. These visits however were few and far between and whetted the appetites of those who longed to enjoy stated religious ordinances.

From the church of Scotland the first regular supply was received, and at River Inhabitants the first minister was settled. For eleven years the

REV. DUGALD MACKICHAN,

the father of the present Kirk minister at Barney's River, Pictou, was stationed here. A few years previous to his settlement a deputation consisting of one minister from Pictou, and one from Prince Edward Island, explored the northern and southern portions of the Island. After their visit in 1823 Mr. McKichan was settled and at the end of eleven years removed again to Barney's River, and afterwards to Scotland where he died in 1859. It is said that a few years before his death he became totally blind, and yet he continued to conduct public worship without any assistance. He was enabled to do this because of his having committed so great a part of the Bible to memory in his younger days, an example worthy of being followed in these days when there is so little committing to memory of the scriptures.

In the year 1824

REV. DONALD MACDONALD came from Scotland and spent two

years, when he removed to P. E. Island, where he died in 1867. Though his labors were confined to two years yet he underwent privations and sufferings of the severest kind. No roads then existed. His feet in the winter season were clad with untanned moccasins, and he wended his weary way on snow-shoes. With hatchet in hand he frequently blazed his way through the trackless forest. He had no home, received no earthly reward for his labor, and was always satisfied with the shelter and the coarse fare of the settlers shanty.

In 1833 came the

REV. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON, the father of the present pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Sydney. Mr. Farquharson was sent out by the Edinburgh Ladies Association. Previous to his departure a Gaelic poem was written by his brother bidding him farewell on leaving his native land. On his arrival in this country he found the people spiritually in a very needy condition, and faithfully did he labor among them. He was much beloved and respected by those to whom he ministered, and his memory is still revered by not a few. Previous to his arrival the people had not given up in despair, though long looking for settled pastors. They had given unmistakable evidence that they had not lost hope. Though without ministers they had built six places of worship, and the year after Mr. Farquharson arrived, ten more. For 25 years he continued to be a faithful standard bearer of Presbyterianism. At the time of the disruption he threw in his lot with the Free Church, and three years after his settlement had the pleasure of seeing three co laborers associated with him in the work of the Master, but the story of their work we must reserve for some future time.

D.

New Hebrides.

THE STORY OF REV. H. A. ROBERTSON'S WORK IN ERROMANGA FOR 1888.

THE MANSE, PARAMATTA,
NEW SOUTH WALES.
May 22. 1889,

DEAR BRETHREN :

I spent much of August, September, October, and November, visiting most thoroughly let me say, the whole of Erromanga, round and round. Rev. A. H. Macdonald, of East Melbourne, so well and favourably known to you all in the days of Capt. Fraser and dear Doctor McGregor by his warm aid in connection with the dear old "Dayspring,"

and sympathy for your missionaries in their trials and difficult work, was with us on Erromanga for two months, and visited with me villages, 8 miles south and 15 miles north of Dillon's Bay, and also Cook's Bay, and Portina Bay, on the east and north-east side of the island. We enjoyed his stay with us and he got some hints of 'how to do it' that is, kept his eyes open as he went through our christian villages. After Mr. Macdonald left us with "Dayspring" for the island of Malkula, I completed my visit to the extreme south and south east side of the island, and my visit of the whole island from August to November last year was perhaps one of the most thorough I have made in finding out particulars about the people, who are, and who are not, really out of the practice of heathenism, and who among the chiefs and leading men have given up all connection with heathen ceremonies. I also got the names of all the people, male and female, young and old, and find I still have 2,500 people on Erromanga. I was received with the utmost kindness in every village, even hoary-headed chiefs going miles beyond their own villages with me on my tramp round their island, and many men going miles to meet myself and party. But the Dillon's Bay people (Chief and young men) showed the most sincerity, conscience and willingness, for they never left me for one hour, and carried hooks, bed, camp-kettle, tea, sugar, rice and biscuit, etc., for me, right round the island.

DEATH AMONG PEOPLE AND TEACHERS.

More than a year ago I wrote home telling you of the high death rate on Erromanga, between September, 1887, and April 1888, and especially how that I had lost nine of my teachers. Altogether one hundred in the prime of manhood and womanhood died in about six months, and in one short year we had one hundred less of a population notwithstanding the birth rate. Death too asks no question of us about our need of good helpers on Erromanga more than of you in Canada, so good, faithful, teachers and christian young people, were called away as well as useless people and degraded dark-hearted demon worshippers—men who had resisted the truth and died much as they lived, so far as known to us.

The heavy death-rate among my teachers and the applications made to me by one brother on Tanna, and by several brethren on the northern islands for help, put us, as a professedly Christian people at Dillon's Bay, and many other villages, to the test as regards our willingness to help on the Lord's work. But our young men and old men and women were found generally willing, and before Dec. 1888, I settled seven men and

their wives, (one only being a single man) in Erromanga, to make up so far for our losses, and we sent two teachers and their wives to Rev. Mr. Watt, on Tanna. We had for two years three men and their wives assisting Rev. Mr. Michelson, on Tongoa, one couple on Ambrin, one couple and a single man on Epi (Api), with Rev. R. M. Fraser, one couple with Rev. Mr. Morton, on Malakula, and one couple with Rev. Mr. Leggatt, on Malikula, and for two years a couple on Tanna, with Rev. Wm. Gray. All these have gone out since we returned from Canada! At present we have one couple on Malikula, one couple and a single man on Epi, and two couples on Tanna, seven Erromangan teachers on islands other than Erromanga, and thirty-four teachers at present on Erromanga, of whom thirty are married, thus making the number of labourers, who are paid, on Erromanga sixty four, and seven other islands, a grand total of seventy-one Erromangans in 1888-89, labouring more or less earnestly for the cause of truth and righteousness. But there are elders, and many not elders or teachers on Erromanga, who assist in spreading abroad the light of the Gospel, who never receive any payment in this life, and sad will it be for our island, or the church anywhere, when only paid agents will do work for Christ and the advancement of His kingdom throughout the world.

STATISTICS OF THE WORK.

In figures not always a reliable test—we stand somewhat thus on Erromanga—or did when Mrs. Robertson and I left our people on the 5th of December last:—Church members in good standing, 260; children baptized, perhaps, 300; elders, 8; schools 34; districts where services are conducted every Sabbath, 34; infant baptisms, in 1888, 24; adults, 10; christian marriages during 1888, 24; teachers at work, 34; christian (nominal) population, 1200; christian, and those who while engaged still in heathen ceremonies, frequently attend church and assist in building churches and school-houses, and in making arrow-root for payment of Bibles, perhaps, 1,600; school-houses, which serve also as churches, 36, of which 2 are plastered, namely, those at Dillon's, Portina, and Cook's Bays. Books in print and in daily use—Genesis, Matthew, Mark, Acts, Catechism, and hymnal, Luke printed, but not in use until corrected. Books ready for the printer, (the) 4 gospels, Acts, Genesis, (Luke and John) new Matthew, Mark, Genesis and Acts new editions. Epistles by Peter also ready and rough translation made by James Gordon, James MacNair and Hugh Robertson of other books of the New Testament,

Romans and Corinthians not touched yet except a few chapters in Romans, which I find an exceedingly hard book to translate.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND FREE LABOR.

Exported by the christian natives of the island, (Erromanga) in 1888, for payment of N. T. books in Erromanga, 3,600 lbs. of the finest and purest quality of arrow-root. Contributions in cash for missionary work on Erromanga, £15 sterling. Free labour on the island in the general advancement of the mission, all the usual thatching of mission buildings, putting on and again removing heavy poles as storm-rigging to protect houses, churches and school-houses in time of hurricane, etc., keeping in repair the bush road between East and West Erromanga, providing a crew (or crews) for the 'Morning Star,' (mission boat, a gift from the Presbyterian church in Canada, and the Kirk in Pictou, in 1878, and which cost £50 stg.) in doing all the boating required round the whole island in my visitations and for the carrying of the arrow-root bulb or potato-like root, and also the prepared arrow-root from the various district schools to Dillon's Bay, from which it was finally shipped on the 5th December.

There was the building also of a room 15x15 feet at Elizabeth Bay (10 miles north of Dillon's Bay) for the missionary when visiting the north end of the island, and also as a spot, perhaps more healthy than Dillon's Bay, to which the missionary and his family might retreat for a few weeks, when suffering from fever, or other sickness, the gathering of the wood and coral, and the burning of 3 large kilns of excellent lime for plastering for mission buildings, keeping clean the grave yard where G. N. and Mrs. Gordon, and Jas. MacNair rest, and the road to the same, cutting and carrying to the mission station, all the fire-wood required for cooking purposes, painting the mission boats the 'Morning Star,' and 'Bluenose,' cleaning, repairing, white washing and painting the Martyr's Church and three plastered school-houses. Keeping in repair stone fence enclosing church, school-house and mission house at Dillon's Bay, and renewing wood fence enclosing mission house at Portnaerevu on East Erromanga, keeping in order grave of James Douglas Gordon and road from shore to graveyard, carrying medicine, tea, sugar and rice to sick teachers, teachers and many not teachers, going long journeys with food and medicine to sick and aged people. There was help from young christian men in supplying out-lying districts on Sunday when teachers were laid aside by sickness in some cases, or removed by death. The greater portion of Yams (Erromangan potato) requir-

ed on the mission stations at Dillon's Bay and Portnacévin were supplied by the better christians and boated or carried to those stations. Assistance was given to the missionary by young men in filling bags, weighing, marking and packing the arrow-root for shipment by the "Dayspring." There was help from Dillon's Bay women in sewing arrow-root bags and sheets, and washing these before use for arrow-root. A most generous supply of hogs and raw yams and bananas were given by the people of Dillon's Bay to all strangers who had gathered to the principal station in July in order to be present at the Lord's Supper.

PAID LABOUR FOR THE YEAR 1887-88.

Cash payments were made for the following work during the latter part of 1887 and the early months of 1888, namely:—A thorough repairing of Mission House, Dillon's Bay, which included new rafters, many new joints, new battens, lining-boards under felt, felt and complete covering of corrugated iron. These named and several smaller jobs were paid for in money during part of 1887 and the beginning of 1888.

THE MISSION BUILDINGS.

The mission house now at Dillon's Bay is large and never before were those buildings so solid, strong, or of material so European and of so permanent a kind, nor so useful and comfortable. The iron roof provided with thick felt and thin lining boards under it is a great boon to us, compared with the nasty, filthy, and dusty thatching, subject to damp and rapid decay. If not carried off by hurricanes the iron roof will last for a generation, the thatch required renewing about once in 6 or 8 years on the west side of Erromanga, and every 4 years on the east side. All the mission premises at Cook's Bay, Portina Bay, Elizabeth Bay, and Dillon's Bay are (were in December last) in excellent order, and all the 34 district grass school houses.

THE FURLOUGH IN AUSTRALIA.

Mrs. Robertson, our two youngest children, two and seven years of age, and I came to Sydney by the "Dayspring" in the end of December, 1888, and have placed Gordon at the Coverwell Academy up the Blue Mountains, 100 miles S. W. of Sydney. Annie, we sent to Miss Ella's school along with her two sisters, while Mabel, (2½ years) is with us at Parramatta in Rev. J. D. Murray's manse. I am giving supply for Mr. Murray in part, supplying the government school for Mr. Murray, visiting some congregations in N. S. Wales on the behalf of the mission in Malo and the "Dayspring" support, and writing out a final copy of Luke

and John, for the printer. The children are very well, so am I, even Mrs. L.: is much better in health since this change for a time from Erromanga. I hear regularly from Erromanga. With united love to all.

Ever yours,

H. A. ROBERTSON.

LETTER FROM A NATIVE TEACHER IN ANEITYUM.

The Rev. J. H. Laurie, the Free Church missionary on Aneityum is now on furlough in Scotland. On leaving the New Hebrides, a native Christian was left in charge of Aname on the north coast. A terrific hurricane visited the island after Mr. Laurie left and the church has been blown down. The native pastor thus writes Mr. Laurie:

DEAR MR. LAURIE:—My love to you. I will tell you what has happened to us this season. A terrific hurricane visited us on January 29th. The strength of the wind was exceeding great on the Aname side of the Island but it was not so much felt on the Auelcauhat side. The hurricane destroyed the new church, the kitchen, the out-house where the taro was kept, the servants house where my wife Lune and Wena our daughter slept, my own good dwelling house. All the buildings on the station are more or less destroyed.

I again tell you that when I stood and saw the fall of the new church, I fell down on the ground and wept and cried aloud and said "Woe's me the temple of Jehovah has fallen." I have now explained all to you. We are all in our ordinary health. The mercy of our God toward you and toward us is great. None of us here forget you, we continue to remember you in our prayers. My wife Lune sends her love to Mrs. Laurie and the three children, we do not cease to remember them. My words to you are done.

EPETENTO.

January 31st, 1889.

Trinidad.

THE STORY OF OUR WORK IN TRINIDAD.

Notwithstanding the oft repeated story of the work in this mission field there are even now members being added to our church, and young people growing up, to whom its earlier history is imperfectly known, and we have pleasure in setting the following which has come to us anonymously, but it is supposed from a pen that

has often added interest to these pages and that knows whereof it writes :-—En.

Trinidad is the most southerly island of the British West Indies, ten degrees north latitude and within sight of Venezuela. It contains 180,000 inhabitants of whom over 60,000 are natives of India, brought over by the government under contract to labour on the sugar and cocoa estates. Their language is Hindostani. About nine-tenths of them are Hindoos and one-tenth Moham-medans.

In 1864 Rev. John Morton sailed from Nova Scotia for the benefits of his health. An apparently trivial circumstance led the captain of the vessel to proceed to Trinidad and Mr. Morton remained there two months, during which he became greatly interested in the East Indians, who then numbered 20,000, and took steps to bring their case before the church, first in Scotland and then in Nova Scotia. In 1867 the Presbyterian church in Nova Scotia now part of the Presbyterian church in Canada resolved to take up this work and Mr. Morton was appointed first missionary. He ended on his work Jan. 3rd, 1868. In 1870 Rev. K. J. Grant was appointed as second missionary and has labored ever since in San Fernando. In 1873 Rev. Thomas Christie was appointed to Couva district where he labored nine years. He returned on account of failing health and died two years later in California. In 1880 Rev. I. W. Macleod took charge of Princes-town station and at the end of five years labour died in the field. On the arrival of Mr. Macleod, Mr. Morton removed to Tunapuna to open up a new field there. In 1883 Rev. John Knox Wright was appointed to succeed Mr. Christie. For family reasons he retired in 1887. In 1886 Rev. W. L. Macrae succeeded Mr. Macleod at Princes-town.

SCHOOLS.

The first school was opened with three children, now there are 40 schools with over 2,000 children in attendance. Both English and Hindustani are taught in these schools and they have exerted a marked influence on both young and old. Five schools have been handed over to the government, and as things become ripe for it others will likely be thus dealt with. In the meantime nearly all the Mission Schools receive result fees from the Government.

There are three female teachers from Canada in charge of the largest schools, who are supported by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society. The other women are chiefly taught by natives who have been trained by the mission.

The growth of the work has been continu-

ous, though retarded at times, both by lack of men and of means. In 1888 the baptisms were 272, marriages 44, and number of communicants 382. The contributions of the converts for the year amounted to \$1,904.

There are in the field two native ministers, Rev. Lalbihari, trained in Trinidad, and Rev. Charles Ragbir, trained at Auburn, and seventeen catechists, one of whom is ready for licensure. In addition to the above, two teachers have been sent to Grenada, 100 miles from Trinidad, where there are about 1,000 East Indians, and three teachers and a catechist to St. Lucia, 200 miles distant, where there are 2,000 immigrants, of whom 170 have been baptized in connection with this mission. The work has also been extended to Demerara and a number of the converts have returned to India and are engaged in Christian work there.

Bibles, books and tracts are obtained from India by the ships, which bring immigrants. About \$240 worth are imported annually and as far as possible sold.

Some proprietors have provided school houses for the work on their estates. Others in villages have been built by the Mission. All school houses are used as chapels. There are also five comfortable churches and four houses.

Evangelistic work is carried on by the missionaries, catechists, teachers and helpers, not only in the above buildings but in estate and government hospitals in open air meetings and in house to house visitation.

FUNDS IN 1888.

There was received from proprietors of estates	\$ 3,300 00
Native church, (L. E. Converts)	1,901 20
Government for schools	4,685 92
Donations and sundries	1,240 66
Total in Trinidad	\$11,130 78
From Canada	9,388 58
Total income	\$20,528 36
Expenditure	20,102 62

Excess of income

Which reduced the debt on the Mission, Dec. 31st, to \$375.60.

EXTENSION OF THE WORK.

Two thousand five hundred new immigrants arrive in Trinidad, and about 500 return to India every year which gives an increase of, say 2,000 per annum. The number of East Indians in British Guiana, Grenada, St. Lucia, Jamaica and Trinidad in close on 200,000.

WANTS.

More of the spirit of God to make the Word fruitful, more men to preach and live the Word, more means to support the men, In particular an additional missionary that more attention may be given to the training of native agents.

India.

LETTER FROM MRS. DR. BUCHANAN.

Nee Miss Mary McKay of Stellarton, Nova Scotia, to a friend in Hopewell.

Indore, India.

MY DEAR MISS McLEAN :

We are both studying the languages, Urdu now but I hope in another month to take up Hindi. I can read the New Testament in Urdu without much difficulty. The language spoken by most of the people of Indore is a mixture of the two languages—we can manage to make ourselves understood and can understand the natives now. We are both longing to be able to tell them of our Saviour, to go to our own field—our future home and begin work.

I have a Sunday-School class now, Eurasian children. That is, partly native and partly European. Two little girls and a boy, brother and sisters they are. Dr. B. teaches two classes every Sunday. A class of native boys, students in our High school here, who speak English, and a Bible Class for our native teachers. And Sunday evening after Mr. Campbell is through with the Hindi service, Dr. B. preaches, or rather speaks in English. We have such nice little meetings. Last Sunday we had twenty-five English soldiers present.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Campbell are going up to the hills in a couple of weeks to be gone for three months. We shall miss them. They live close by us and we like them very very much. We of course see a great deal of them.

This is a holiday time here, a religious holiday, "The Holy", and to go out on the streets is to realize what heathenism is. Vile sights and songs everywhere. The people all seem to be belaboring one another with dust, everything, anything, they can get hold of, and sprinkling or throwing coloured water on one another. It is terribly sad to think of these thousands of poor, poor, heathens, knowing nothing of God and we not yet able to tell them. All we can yet do is ask them to come to our church where Mr. Campbell will tell them of Jesus, and they will hear bajans (hymns) sung.

Our servant is a heathen. We got him persuaded to come to church one Sunday, and could never get him to go back, and after going the once he took his little boy away from our mission school where he had been going. We are praying that he may be given us for Jesus. Will you not pray

for this too. I do believe that he is going to be saved.

Oh, our friend, pray, as I know you do, for us, that our lives may be a constant witness for our Lord and Master.

Did the Church realize our position here, our need, oh, how they would pray for us! Don't let our hands fall down. Only God can keep us here, keep us pure, keep us from being contaminated by the surrounding evil. But what a blessed thing it is to know that he can. That he has promised, and that his promises he will prosper if we but claim them.

We are having our hot weather now. It began with March. May is the hottest month. I have not yet suffered any from the heat. We shut our house up tight about eight in the morning to keep out the heat, and open it up about six in the evening. The nights, so far, are delightfully cool. I am longing to see some rain, everything is so parched and so dusty. I can hardly imagine what things will be like before the hot season is over.

The days pass very, very, quickly. They seem much shorter than the days at home, somehow. The sun rises at 6.30, and sets about the same time, we have no twilight. We get up at six and are supposed to go to bed at eleven, but it is generally later when we get there.

Yours sincerely,

MARY BUCHANAN.

THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

BY REV. JOHN MORTON.

For The Maritime.

The International Missionary Union met at Binghamton, New York, July 31-1. Eleven mission fields were represented by 46 missionaries of whom two, Mrs. Morton and myself, were from the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

From 9 to 10 o'clock, a. m., was spent in devotion, prayer, praise, and very short addresses. We seemed in these meetings to enjoy the presence of the Holy Spirit in large measure. Our hearts were united. Differences were forgotten. Our one master was among us and thus refreshed and satisfied our souls.

A number of valuable papers were read, and on these and on some "topics," there were most animated and instructive discussions. Young missionaries and candidates profited by the wisdom and experience which veterans in the work had accumulated. There was little eloquence at the business meetings. All that, seemed reserved for the

platform meeting. But there was a great deal of common sense. Members seldom spoke unless to the point. No time was wasted. It was remarked that these missionaries were, after all, men of business—acquainted with affairs—earnest, but not at all fanatics. There was quite a number of men and women who had grown grey in heathen lands on whose sweet contented faces “grace and truth” seemed to be written. How one’s heart was moved by the serenity of faces that were bright with the light of Christ’s face after all they had gone through in lands of the grossest darkness!

One evening was given up to the missionaries from China. They appointed Rev. Dr. Kip as their chairman with instructions to keep every speaker to fifteen minutes. The result was a most enjoyable meeting. Perhaps I cannot do better for the present than send you the following report of the meeting of that evening:

Dr. Kip first introduced Rev. Mr. Worley, of Foo Chow. In opening his address the latter said:

In one respect this is the biggest meeting we have had—that is, it is about the biggest country. There are 350,000 people to one missionary. China was not opened under the arm of England as was India. Japan was opened at a time when it was prepared for progress. But China was opened at the cannon’s mouth for the purpose of forcing upon the people the opium traffic by a representative Christian nation. The Chinese are a selfish nation. Confucius teaches respect to parents; but it has degenerated into worship of ancestors. The Chinaman may pay little attention to his parents when they are alive, but he must worship their spirits when dead, or he will not prosper.

Buddhism teaches the transmigration of souls, and with the women the burden of their prayer is that they may become men the next time they come on earth. They have no name for God. The missionaries had to teach the idea of God.

You have to touch the Chinamen on a very low plane. They say the seat of feeling lies in the stomach or addomen. When they want to compliment you they say: “You’ve got a fine stomach.”

Sometimes when we go into an audience the first question we have to ask them to get their attention is “have you had your rice?” Somebody has said the Chinese language was made by the Devil to keep the Bible out. But we have to learn the language. In our conference there are thirteen different dialects.

Rev. M. Mateer from Canton, spoke next. We can’t expect, he said, to interest you

as much as missionaries of other countries do in stating tangible results, for we have a great country and a difficult country to work in. But we think we have done pretty well. We have now 34,000 members. Do I believe in a future Christian China? I don’t believe, I know, for we have Christ’s promise. There are many signs that show how thoroughly they are converted when once they are converted at all. They give up a great many things that tend to make them superstitious and immoral. When they become Christians they have to undergo great persecution. They are boycotted and ridiculed. They are very much interested in the study of the scriptures when they become interested at all. They are liberal to those who go out to preach the scriptures. One man sold a third of his farm to help us build a chapel. Where can you match that in this country.

Rev. M. L. Taft, of Peking, said: What I consider our chief obstacle to success in China is the literary class. They are at the bottom of all riots against us. They are the learned gentry—the disciples of Confucius. They control the public opinion of the Chinese. They are not an aristocracy of wealth or power or caste. They are recruited from all ranks. The son of the poorest coolie can, if he passes the civil service examination attain a rank second only to the emperor. These literati look up to Confucius as Romanists look up to the Pope. Recently, however, they have found out that Confucius has not been quite infallible. He said nothing about steam or electricity, and so they are beginning to see that he is not perfect. China is beginning to see the steamboat, the telegraph and the railroad within her borders. She is the same in government and customs as she was centuries before the time of Christ and it is only in our day that she is beginning to wake up.

Rev. G. A. Bond, of Singapore, also addressed the meeting.

Singapore, he said, is a small island, situated at the extreme point of the Malayan peninsula. It is of great commercial importance. Large numbers of Chinamen come there. It has commercial intercourse with all parts of the world. It is under the English government and is related to India, Burmah and all the people around. But it is most largely Chinese. The greatest difficulty that the missionaries meet come from the license practiced by the Europeans, who visit the port. The condition of the people is different from those of China. They believe in nothing. They don’t care for any religion. There was a mission at Singapore many years ago, but it was abandoned and now we have but few missionaries in the

place. We have people in this common centre from parts of China that the missionaries have never reached. The Malayan language is the common medium of conversation.

Rev. H. D. Porter, M. D., from the North of China, was the last speaker. He dealt with missionary work from a medical standpoint. We are here to represent the hopefulness of China not the despondency. Christianity is aggressive. The medical work is needed there and it is going on rapidly. There are twenty-two ports open in China and in these are no less than seventy medical missionaries. I remember my first medical experience. I went into a village and found a little child writhing in pain. She had nothing worse than worms. But they had thrust twenty-five needles into her for medicine.

I went in 1872 and spent two or three years studying the language. Then I went out into the country. The Chinese have numbers of needle women, who go about jabbing needles into sick people to cure them. In our province there are eight dispensaries and hospitals, and they are visited by 12,000 persons every year. In Peking 60,000 were healed or helped in our hospitals last year. Over my gateway are written the words: "Within these walls is healing for the body and soul." The medical work is the representation of the philanthropic power of the gospel.

Yours, &c.,
JOHN MORTON.

A DOCTRESS IN CHINA.

Miss Kate Corey, M. D., has been admitted to the Indiana Medical Society as an honorary member. This lady was for four years principal surgeon in charge of a hospital at Fouchou, China. The hospital of which she was in charge is for the treatment of native women and children. It was established and is supplied by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church ten years ago.

"How many persons are treated there each year?" inquired the reporter who visited Dr. Corey.

"From 5,000 to 8,000 yearly. There would have been more, but with only one physician that was all that could be done. There are from seventy to eighty patients in the wards, and the hospital is equipped in every way with drugs and instruments quite as well as most of the hospitals in this country. We have private rooms in which the better class of Chinese are cared for, and who pay for the treatment they receive; the large wards are for the common people. The

dispensary practice runs from fifty to eighty persons daily. These, like those who are patients in the wards, are women and children; occasionally a man.

"I had two relays of coolies to carry me in a chair from house to house. It takes three men to carry the chair—that is, two to carry and one to steady it. I made 800 to 900 of these outside visits a year, going into the homes of the Chinese. The better class of Chinese are now looking toward Christian lands for physicians—that is, women physicians—for their wives and children. Last year I entered the homes of more of the high-class people than ever before. Even the doors of the palace of the governor of the city were opened to me, and I had frequent calls to the houses of other officials."

"How do you do in surgical cases? If death follows an operation, are you not blamed or threatened?"

"We undertake no case in surgery until the utmost confidence is expressed and the patient is willing to take the risk of death.

As indicating the confidence we inspire, a mandarin came to me and pleaded with me to amputate his wife's leg. It would have to be amputated at the hip joint, but the case had gone too far for surgery. Chinese women are ready to take the chance of death. If a Chinese woman feels that she is dying with any imperfection, a tumor, or anything of the kind, she will insist that the attempt be made to remove it before she dies, for she believes that if she dies with the tumor not removed her gods will not receive her, and her only chance of heaven is that she be received by the gods so that she may be reborn into the soul of a man. The Chinese know nothing about surgery, because they know nothing of the cadaver, for they believe it to be sacrilege to cut or mar the human body after death. They have many remedies, a few of which are efficiently and wisely used in some cases, but there is no such thing as science in Chinese medicine. The larger part of Chinese medicine consists of sorcery, incantation and sacrifice to idols."

"What are some of the strange and barbarous remedies they employ?"

"They administer insects of various kinds; finger nails are sometimes given and all sorts of foul decoctions. Tigers' teeth is one of their medicines. They regard disease as being communicated by evil spirits, and so the most outrageous remedies, with sacrifices to idols, are employed. Their knowledge of mercury in its various forms is very complete, and I think they use it effectively. Often the first thing done with a new born babe is to give it a dose of cinnibar, red sulphuret of mercury, to purge it of evil spirits.

Sometimes because of an overdose the child may be poisoned. I have had a few such brought to me with almost every joint in the body displaced. Nothing could be done for them and death followed. Fortunately such cases are few. Cauterization is universal in cases of pain or cramps, the burning being done with hot irons. Cauterization is used for cholera."

"Does the binding of the feet of girls and women give any hospital cases?"

"I have had to amputate toes, sometimes the entire foot of a child. The bandaging begins when a girl is four or five years old. If scientifically done no bad result follows: If not so done gangrene is the result. The low caste women the burden bearers and those who work in the fields do not have their feet bound. It is a badge of birth and a social distinction. This idea of social distinction that the feet should be bound is held by mere children. One little girl about seven years old was brought to me with a grangrenous toe. Before she was put under the influence of chloroform she was very anxious to know whether I would cut off her foot or not. Her reason for not wishing to lose her foot was that it might be spared so that she could bind it, and yet this poor child had suffered untold agony with her feet.

"I had as assistants in the hospital five Chinese girls, medical students. They were taking a course under me, and I gave clinical and didactic lectures each day. At the end of two years' study I think these girls could compare favorably with any students at home here who had studied the same length of time. My object here is to raise funds to build an orphanage for Chinese girls, waifs cast off by their parents. Girls are often sold by parents into slavery or lives of shame. The girls we educate become our most efficient workers."—*Sel.*

HAS THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC ever built a church or asylum or endowed a college? Has it ever set a standard of business character which is recognized in banks and counting rooms? Has it ever given society a great-brained and great-hearted man? Has it ever made a wife happier than she would be with a sober husband? Has it ever led a youth up into noble manhood? Has it ever paid its own way as a revenue retainer? Has it ever lessened crime and criminals? No, no! Then has it not been weighed and found wanting, and been condemned as a malefactor? Dare you sustain such an agency, and claim to be a good citizen?—*Morning Star.*

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

For The Maritime

A remarkable instance of the cordial union that should exist between all evangelical Protestant denominations has been given us in Montreal. Bishop Ussher, of the Reformed Episcopal Church in the United States some time ago held an ordination in St. Bartholomew's Church, Montreal. A young man was being ordained a deacon. A Presbyterian minister was present who wore a black gown and preached the ordination sermon. A Methodist minister clothed in the Episcopal church surplice and scarf read the service of evening prayer. Both took part in the laying on of hands and afterward joined with the Bishop in the administration of the Holy Communion. Is not this a beautiful illustration of the fulfilment of the Saviors' prayer that they all may be one. D.

AFRICA AND THE FREEDMEN OF THE SOUTH.

The Spirit of Missions has the following from Bishop Turner of the African Methodist Church in which he thinks he has found a solution for the race problem in the Southern States.—"Africa is the richest continent under the canopy of heaven. Her natural resources are incalculable. England and other European countries keep 200 ships hugging the coast the year around, pouring her wealth into their coffers; and this country could double the number by utilizing the Negro, if it could just look beyond its prejudices and adjust itself to its possibilities. A line of steamers between Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans or Wilmington and Africa could in a few years be made to flood the land with unnumbered millions of money. The Negro as an agent might be made a thousandfold more valuable to the South than he was as a slave, and at the same time more valuable to himself as a freeman. If England can keep steamer lines running all the time burdened with gold-dust, ivory, coffee, cam-wood, palm-oil and a thousand other things which bring wealth and give business to the world, why cannot this country, with millions of men at its disposal adapted to the climate of Africa and as faithful to their trust as any race in the world, do as much or more? If the Negro is a burden, a menace and source of vexation to our white friends, let them open a highway to the land of his ancestry by a line of steamers, cheap transportation and a little business thrown in, and the 'dark Negro problem' will solve itself in a few years."

THE WALDENSIANS AND THEIR
BI-CENTENNIAL.

BY PROF. HENRY W. HULBERT, MARIETTA, O.

On the 16th of August, 1889, the Waldensians of Italy and their friends throughout the world will celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the return of the exiled Vaudois to their homes in the Alpine valleys of Piedmont. That heroic episode finds its parallel in few, if in any, of the religious struggles since times apostolic. Shrouded from view as were the beginnings of this body of reformers, the brilliant action of patriotism and faith, which we now celebrate, stands out as the most obvious landmark in the history of that church. It will be interesting and profitable to briefly run over the incidents preceding this event, that we may fully grasp its bearings on subsequent affairs.

As the tourist stands beside the old Capuchin monastery on the hills to the east of Turin, a magnificent panorama is spread out before him. At his feet rush the green waters of the Po. Just across is the city that can boast a Cavour, and which may be truly called the nurse of modern Italy. Beyond the regular squares of the old capital of the kingdom of Sardinia stretch the farm lands, twenty miles away to the feet of the Alps. Then the eye rises up through the green of the foot-hills to the grey of the high pasture land, and on up the great gorges to the snow line, then up and up the glistening heights until the sharp peaks cut the azure blue. Directly to the west Mont Cenis may be picked out among the jumble of mountains, and the course of the river Dora may be traced. To the southwest the eye turns instinctively to Monte Viso, that throws up its sharp point into the sky, like some glittering cathedral spire, flashing in the morning sun. With a little care you are able to trace three valleys lying at the foot of the mountains directly between yourself and Monte Viso—the valleys of Lucerne, Perouse and St. Martin, called technically *vallees* Vaudoises. Here the Waldensians have been at home for centuries. The Valley of Angrogna, with which their name has been especially connected, is but a branch of the Lucerne valley, and pours its stream into the Pellice just below the crag of Cateuzzo and in the mountain village of Torre Pellice (La Tou). How early the Waldensians settled in these valleys of rushing streams and wooded hillsides history cannot definitely inform us. This venerable church probably took its rise at Lyons on the Rhone in the twelfth century and its name from Peter Waldo, that ancient Count Tolstoi, who disposed of his property that he might give

himself to the special work of his Master. Banished from Lyons at length, during the crusade against the Albigenses the new sect betook itself to the mountain retreats south and east, and finally settled in Piedmont, among the beautiful valleys under Monte Viso.

The Waldensians (Vaudois as they call themselves) were not long left undisturbed in their new home. Clinging to the pure and simple Word of God and rejecting churchly authority, it was certain that the vials of wrath from Papal Consistory and royal throne must be poured out sooner or later. It is not our purpose to trace the long story of horrors that gathers headway during six centuries of persecution before the heroic event we celebrate. Denounced and excommunicated by papal bulls, exiled by temporal rulers, their homes and villages reduced to ashes, harried by mercenary troops, wandering up the mountains, living in caves, wasting away in deathly prisons, and burned at the stake, the devout Waldensians, without a ray of hope coming to them from any quarter of the world, clung to their simple faith desperately and successfully. "For us," they said, "we hold to the doctrine of Christ and his Apostles, while we ignore the statutes of the church. Everything that cannot be found in the gospel ought to be repudiated. To be legitimate the ordinances of the church must date back at least to the date of our Lord's ascension; otherwise they should be regarded as non-existent."

They left little record of themselves during these centuries of persecution, and we must seek their history in the bloody records of the Inquisition. Listen to the testimony of one of their bitterest enemies—the inquisitor of Passon:

"They must be recognized," he writes, by their manners and discourse. They are sober and modest; they avoid pride in their dress, which is composed of materials neither valuable nor worthless. They have nothing to do with trade, as they do not wish to expose themselves to the necessity of lying, swearing or cheating. They live by the work of their hands as journeymen. Their very teachers are weavers and shoemakers. They do not accumulate wealth, but are content with what is needful for this life. They are chaste, the Leonists especially, and moderate at their meals. They frequent neither tavern nor ball-room, not being fond of that species of vanity. They refrain from anger; although always at work, they find means to study or teach. They are also known by their discourse, which is both sober and modest. They avoid speaking evil of any one and abstain from all foolish

or idle conversation, as from lying. They do not swear; they do not even use the expressions 'verily' or 'certainly,' or anything of the kind, for, in their estimation, such are equivalent to swearing."

At last after weary centuries the Reformation dawned. In the vast chaos of spiritual darkness points of light began to appear in England, in Bohemia, in Germany, Switzerland and France. The rays flashed from peak to peak and began to unite. The lonely, suffering hearts in the valleys of Piedmont plucked up courage. Help at last! Communications were interchanged. Messengers went back and forth, and on Sept. 12, 1532, at the Synod of Chanforans in the valley of Angrogna, Fare and Saunier from Geneva were present, and the little Waldensian church became an active partner in the religious reformations of the centuries to follow.

As may be conjectured, this final and public committal of the persecuted Vaudois to the new doctrines began a new era of horrors. Exterminating edicts, indiscriminate slaughter, overflowing prisons, agonizing cries for help at last aroused the attention of Protestant Europe. In 1655 the Duke of Savoy commanded the Waldensians to return to the Church of Rome on pain of death. They refused. The terrible work began. Under the Marquis di Pianezza 15,000 troops marched to the valley of Lucerne, and butchery scattered the flock far and wide upon the mountains. It was at this point that the voice of blind Milton sent a thrill throughout Protestant Europe:

"Average, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints,
whose bones

Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
E'en them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worship'd stocks and
stones

Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient
fold

Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rock. Their
moans

The vales redoubt to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes
sow

O'er all th'Italian fields, where still doth
sway

The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

Cromwell flew to the rescue, raising £40,000 for the wretched outlaws. Switzerland interfered; the King of Sweden, the Elector of Palestine and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassle interceded. Sir Samuel Moreland

was dispatched from England as Envoy Extraordinary to France and Turin, and the dogs of war and persecution were called off and sent skulking to their kennels.

It was evident that this forced peace could not last. The great Cromwell was dead, and Milton's tongue was forever silent. Europe plunged into an era of spiritual indifference. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes reawakened the spirit of persecution. Church influence at Turin at once aroused the temporal authorities, and the decree of submission or death once more went forth. In 1686 the prisons of Piedmont contained 15,000 unoffending victims, only 3,000 of whom ever came out alive. Again Europe interfered enough to compel the authorities to give the Waldensians the privilege of leaving their country forever. So great had been the destruction that only 7,000 were left to attempt to make the journey over the Alps. Nearly one hundred of these perished in the snow in crossing Mount Cenis. From thence they were scattered in various parts of France, Switzerland, and Germany, the larger part remaining in Switzerland in sight of their beloved mountains, and Protestantism seemed blotted out from sunny Italy forever.

But such was not the decree of Providence. Milton's prayer was yet to be answered. The "martyr'd blood" was yet to yield its "hundred fold" "o'er all th' Italian fields." Throughout the Waldensian world the 16th of August, 1680, is counted a sacred day. It is to them more than a "4th of July," and more than the "landing at Plymouth Rock." That day gave as grand an exhibition of Christian faith to the world as it has ever seen. It was more like the faith of Israel as it crossed the Red Sea and started for the promised land. In this case it was the instinct of patriotism, the love for those beautiful valleys under their old cathedral Monte Viso that made the hearts of heroes strong. Although the scattered Vaudois were under strict surveillance in the countries through which they had been dispersed, they managed to make an arrangement for a secret meeting on the shores of Lake Geneva. Under cover of night on the 16th of August, two hundred years ago, under the leadership of their beloved pastor, Henri Arnaud, the homesick refugees, much less than a thousand in number, with no friends on earth who could or would help them, embarked in small boats at Nions with the purpose of landing on the hostile French shore, to force their way through the rugged defiles of Savoy and over the Cottian Alps, and to trust in God alone to give them back the valleys of their forefathers. Rudely armed and half clothed they started, 800 fighting men. Under strict

discipline they marched as swiftly as possible past hostile villages, paying for food whenever the inhabitants would sell it to them. They were fortunate at first in anticipating the soldiery, but every turn in the rough way showed them their extreme peril. Belegued and half-starved they toiled over Mont Cenis Pass by a circuitous route, and at last looked far down upon the valleys of their birth. But their difficulties were here just beginning. The Duke of Turin, on hearing of their approach, sent out an army 2,500 strong, composed of 15 companies of regulars and 11 of militia. At the bridge of Salabertina the troops met the little band of half-starved patriots, the most of whom had never handled a musket in battle before. When the stubborn fight was over 600 of the Italian army lay dead on the field, while the victorious Waldensians had lost only 15. This was on the 14th of August, 1689. The chagrin of the authorities at this signal defeat led them to send out the Marquis de Catinat with 20,000 troops. The long, cold winter stared the almost helpless Vaudois in the face on those bleak mountains. Pen or tongue will never fully tell the sufferings and horrors of those cheerless months. But the patriots found the impassable snows of winter and the caves to be their true friends. The spring brought on the struggle for life or death. On May 1, 1690, came the heroic storming of the Balsi by the Vaudois, and a second terrible defeat of their enemies. On the 14th of the said month they made a second attempt on the same fortrees, but with a most disastrous result. They were defeated and scattered. And thus the bitter struggle went on. For six months 367 Vaudois, confined in the Balsi, repelled 10,000 French and 12,000 Piedmontese. But at last, scattered and dispirited as they were, the sacred cause seemed all but lost.

Then it was that the God of battles seemed to the waiting eyes of His servants to bare His arm, and the mountains were indeed full of horses and chariots. Help came as unexpectedly as it did to young Prussia when her very existence trembled in the balance at the close of the seven years' war, and a friend unexpectedly mounted the throne of Russia and saved Prussia to hold the balance of power in the latter part of nineteenth century. A rupture took place between the courts of Versailles and Turin. War was declared by the latter power. The Duke of Turin saw that he could not afford to waste his energies on a few mountaineers who had so baffled the allied French and Italian troops. He needed more soldiers who knew the frontier. He forgave the Waldensians, established them in their old home, while in turn many of them volunteered in

his service. Peace settled down at last on Piedmont, and Protestantism was fully established in Italy, never again to be vanquished.

The Waldensian Church to-day, spread over the length and breadth of sunny Italy, and sending its missionaries and money to South Africa, is a sufficient return for all the heroic sufferings undergone during almost seven centuries of the most aggravating persecutions. To-day it teaches the pure, simple gospel under the very walls of the Vatican, and no one can say it nay. Most appropriate is it, then that this 16th of August should be celebrated throughout the evangelized world. As the voice of praise goes up in assembly of the little Alpine village of Torre Pellice on this anniversary, let Christendom join in the glad refrain! As the Waldensians look back over two hundred years, they recount many a weary struggle, but the way was ever leading out into the light, and most appropriate is the legend upon their official seal—"*Lux lucet in tenebris.*" During the struggle between Victor Armadeus and France the Vaudois were faithful soldiers in his service. At one time the Duke fled to the valleys and was protected by the devout patriots. In 1726 he publicly promised them security from all their enemies. Friends cannot live always, but the Church of Rome seems to. Under the ruler of Turin that followed, the Waldensians were frequently oppressed. In the days of Napoleon Bonaparte the Vaudois were given civil liberty and the maintenance of the Romish clergy was abolished by an imperial decree. The funds which up to this time were used for this purpose were handed over to the evangelical pastors. 1814 saw another set back for the Waldensians, when the King of Sardinia, after Bonaparte's fall, recovered his authority. The valleys once more lost their civil rights. The Vaudois came out to welcome the returning monarch, but within four months Victor Emanuel renewed against them the oppressive edicts.

Such was the condition of the Waldensian Church when a few years later the churches of Holland, Prussia, Scotland and England began to take an active interest in the religious condition of Italy. Christian gentlemen, such as Dr. Gillies and Col. Beckwith, visited the valleys. They found the pulse of the little church beating but feebly. Such was the inevitable result of centuries of the most cruel oppression. Encouraging words and active self-denying labor on the part of brethren from beyond the Alps stirred up a new life in the heart of the little band, and from that moment the Waldensian Church has gone forth conquering and to conquer. In 1831, in Turin, a Protestant chapel was

opened at the Prussian embassy, and a Vaudoie pastor was selected. At the Synod of St. Jean, 1839, a constitution of the Waldensian Church was revised on the basis of the decrees of the Synod of Angrogna, 1632. In 1848 Charles Albert, immediately after the promulgation of the new constitution of Italy, placed the Waldensians on an equal footing with the rest of his subjects. Then the heroic little church rose in her might. She established herself firmly at Turin, the capital. From Turin she moved to Florence, and from Florence to Rome. Since 1870 her progress has been remarkable. Milton's "hundred fold" "o'er all the Italian fields" has been more than realized.

Let us stop and consider the tremendous task this little communion places before itself. The home or mother church is confined to three Alpine valleys of Piedmont. In all Piedmont there are only about 25,000 adherents. Italy itself is a sort of foreign mission field to them, with its 30,000,000 people, held for the most part in the grasp of the most unscrupulous ecclesiastical organization the world has ever seen. To recover Italy to the pure gospel is the mighty task of the Waldensian Church. With her college at Torre Pellice, her theological school at Florence, her advanced schools for girls, and her primary schools scattered through Italy; with her "commission of Italian evangelization," with its 44 churches, 38 pastors, 8 evangelists, 67 evangelical teachers, 9 colporteurs, 6 Bible readers, besides her 24 ministers in the valleys, she calls upon the evangelical world for its prayers, its moral support, and its gifts into the treasury. We have no right to let her struggle alone. Let the 16th of August, 1889, then be an occasion when this heroic little church shall receive a special baptism from on high. Let us join our prayers with hers, and heap our gifts upon the altar; for however much we give, the staunch hearts in the valleys of Piedmont are giving more.—*The Missionary Review.*

UNNOTICED LABOR.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labor and success; yet some, who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last, never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in a country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the

angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well.

Perhaps yonder sister has a class in the Sunday-school; nothing striking in her or in her class; nobody thinks of her as a remarkable worker she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant.

There is a Bible woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving Him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone; the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work; care more how you work; never mind who sees, if God approves. If He smiles, be content. We cannot always be sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed which makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labor you are not alone. For God, the eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

RESTLESSNESS.

I know of nothing in our own day more painfully and surely indicative of the interior wrongness of our life than the inability everywhere manifest to rest and quiet. No life was ever healthy and strong in which there was not a central rest, and something to support and feed that rest. But in our day the question "What shall I do next?" is asked before we have well finished that which went before. And so much of our activity is blind and purposeless. It is merely wasting and consuming time. There is no virtue in it, and no intelligence in it; consequently no profit. Life does not become purified, or strengthened, or enriched, or made happier thereby. It is simply wrong; it is foolish. It is not simply harmless activity; it is the activity that comes from internal hollowness of nature. We congratulate ourselves on being the most "alive" people in the world, which means, in plain English, the most restless. But mere restlessness has no inherent virtue or goodness in it. It simply denotes the possession of vitality, which vitality may be altogether uneducated and untrained. In every useful life there must be something believed in so firmly and so continuously that it holds to itself the mind and the heart. Therefore it is that the apostle says:—"Be ye steadfast, unmovable."—*Rev. Reuben Thomas, D. D.*

THE ATTITUDE OF THE PAPAL CHURCH TOWARD PROGRESS.

BY REV. A. T. PIERSON, IN THE MISSIONARY REVIEW.

We have read, recently, of a Roman Catholic priest, in Victoria, whose sermons are usually of a practical kind. On entering the pulpit one Sunday he took with him a walnut to illustrate the character of the various Christian churches. He told his people the "shell was tasteless and valueless—that was the Wesleyan church. The skin was nauseous, disagreeable and worthless—that was the Presbyterian church. He then said he would show them the Holy Roman Apostolic church. He cracked the nut for the kernel and—found it *rotten!* Then his reverence coughed violently and pronounced the benediction."

There are two objections to the Papal church as an institution: First, *putrification*; and second, *petrification*. Whatever may be said of it, favorably or charitably, there can be no doubt that certain leading doctrines of our holy faith are there in a state of decay. Justification by faith in Christ alone is so corrupted by the doctrine of good works that, like putrid substances, it has suffered decomposition, and is no longer recognizable. Mariolatry, and the worship of St. Joseph which in some parts actually displaces the supremacy of the Father, Son and the Virgin—have become practically as idolatrous as any heathenism or paganism. Penance is put in place of repentance; indulgence sets a premium on sin; the confessional is at once de-potic in its power over the conscience and destructive in its influence over modesty and virtue. The withholding of the Bible from the people, and the intervention of the church and its priesthood between the soul and God, are fundamentally opposed to both individual independence and individual development, while the intercession of saints and consequent prayers to the saints strike at the mediatorial prerogative of the only Intercessor, and introduce a virtual polytheism into the practical creed of Christianity. Romanism may represent "a branch of the church of Christ," but the branch is we fear, very rotten, and covered with fungus growths and excrescences which makes it liable to summary excision by the great Husbandman.

But, in this brief paper, we desire to call attention to the other feature of *petrification*. In an age when all else is mobile and flexible, here is immobility, inflexibility. This is a century of marvelous progress. The world has never known any age like this for those victories of peace which are so much

grandeur than any martial triumphs and those rapid advances in art, science, letters, manners, discovery, invention, national brotherhood and universal charity, which make the most aggressive eras of the past seem like snails for slowness.

The cosmopolite looks about him, and he sees four grand features marking the present age: Intense activity, individual development, general intelligence, and tolerant charity. With all the admitted evils of the modern age, these are its prominent and undeniable characteristics. The candid observer turns to the papal church and he finds exactly the opposite—apathetic lethargy, in individual repression, general ignorance, and despotic intolerance. He has gone from a garden into a grave, from a market-place of bustling life to a museum of fossils. The century glories in progress; the genius of Romanism is to arrest progress. The Pope leads the way with his broom and resolutely sweeps back into its bed the advancing wave of the rising tide of civilization.

For more than a thousand years Rome has been allied to despotism both in church and state. The Papal church is essentially feudal; its subjects are vassals; their persons and property, service and substance, nay, even their opinions, are the perpetual property of their papal lord, Christ's vicar; they have no rights in matter or in mind, such rights are all fiefs, held of a feudal superior.

While the Pope held Italy under his "sacred toe," there was no movement. When Napoleon the First, eighty years ago, replied to the Papal bull against himself by leading the Holy Father, Pius VII., across the Cottian Alps into France, Italy awoke as from the sleep of ages. For the five years that the Pope was captive at Grenoble and Fontainebleau, Rome's captivity was broken. Life, liberty, property, prosperity, received new guarantees and immunities. For five years, civilization, unshackled, ran to catch up with the age; but when Napoleon's fall broke the Pope's captivity, and His Holiness returned to the Vatican, he put the old fetters on the feet of civilization and riveted them anew, and order and progress came to a dead halt.

When Gregory XVI. was but assuming the tiara, even Russia and Austria—themselves far from leaders in progress—urged the necessity of "great administrative and organic improvements" within the territories he ruled. But he was the stern and inflexible foe of all innovations, whether in theology, politics or popular life. His policy for fifteen years was repression and suppression. The Camaldolese monk tried to confine and cramp the world within his cell. With him every advance toward liberty was

a relapse into liberalism; reform meant a revolt against the church and God, to be resisted to the last.

It has been well said that nowhere on earth could the political and social conditions of the Roman States have been maintained anywhere in Christendom, save where priestcraft ruled. There was in Rome one ecclesiastic for every ten families; it is no marvel that neither the soil nor the mind was cultivated, that scarce one in a thousand could read, that there was neither freedom for the press nor an open field for enterprise. Even vaccination was under the ban and the Pontine marshes went undrained. If Pius IX. was a man of more progressive instincts, yet he was in ecclesiastical fetters; and under his rule we find three significant and signal events which sufficiently mark the antagonism to human progress. We cannot forget the bull, "Ineffabilis," in 1854, when the Madonna was crowded with the diadem of the "Immaculate Conception," and all faithful souls were henceforth forbidden to think of the virgin mother as having the taint of original sin. Nor can we forget the "Encyclical" of 1864, when fourscore 'heresies' fell under the papal anathema, and the proposition that the Pope should be "reconciled to progress, liberalism and modern civilization," to "civil liberty of worship and freedom of the press," was held up to execration. Nor can we forget that five years later the 20th Ecumenical Council met in St. Peter's and asserted the "Personal Infallibility of the Pope," and thus completed this trinity of absurdities.

Here was the last step towards petrification. It was not enough for Rome to curse the very progress for which all the rest of the enlightened world blessed God; not enough to stamp upon and seek to stamp out the very life of this aspiring age; not enough resolutely to fight against all the attainments and achievements of this, the last in time, as it is also the first in rank, of the centuries; all the errors of the Pope must be made incapable of retraction, all his mistake becomes impossible of reparation, by pronouncing him *incapable of error!* The whole of this monstrous conglomeration of age-long blunder must take on the rigidity of ice! *Unlimited authority is invested with personal infallibility.* Was there ever such social petrification as that! As Robert Mackenzie well says, "the assertion of infallibility is a reiterated declaration of irreconcilable hostility against all enlightening modern impulses. It is the assumption of power more despotic than the world ever knew before in order the better to give effect to this hostility."

But two things are very plain: first, the

effort is vain to sweep back the tide of progress; and secondly, this is a mere expedient to arrest or, at least conceal the waning power of the Papal Church. Men and women even in these Papal lands are beginning to read, to talk, to think. The Bible is printed and distributed and read. Knowledge runs to and fro in the earth and it is the natural, eternal foe of ignorance and its allies, superstition and bigotry. You cannot keep the people in slavery to the Vatican unless you keep them in chains, and intelligence carries a file for all fetters. A railway, a printing press, a common school, a newspaper, are God's battering rams to demolish the walls that shut in the human mind and shut out light and liberty. Rome resists progress, but in so doing resists Providence, for back of human history is the Hidden Hand of God. Final defeat is inevitable to those who fight against Him. Already the Pope has ceased to be the master of earthly kingdoms. Nearly twenty years ago he surrendered his sceptre of Temporal Sovereignty at the imperative call of an intellectually enfranchised people, and retired to his prison in the Vatican. Father Hecker vainly re-affirmed the right of the church to punish 'crimes in thought.' Even the Romanist has begun to think and to think for himself. He is learning that the 'footprint of the ass' that the Virgin rode on the way to Egypt, could not have been left on a rock in Brazil, inasmuch as Brazil was rather *off the route* from Bethlehem to Egypt, and so he ceases to kiss with idolatrous homage a mere water-mark on the stone. He reads a stray leaf of a torn Bible, or a chapter in the gospel published in a daily paper, and wonders why no priest or pope, confessional or penance, stood between that prodigal and his Father! It is intelligence that begets independence, that detects Jesuitical intrigues and priestly delusions, that scorns anathemas directed against human prosperity and happiness, and defies bulls of excommunication which thunder against invention, discovery and human brotherhood. Above all, it is intelligence that nourishes an independent faith and an unhampered worship.

We believe in perfect freedom of religious opinion and worship. To the Romish church as representing a form of ecclesiastical faith and policy, we would extend all that toleration which we claim for Protestant doctrine and order. But to the Romish church as a political power, teaching the constructive treason of allegiance to a foreign temporal sovereign on the part of subjects of the English Queen or the American Republic; to the Romish church as a Jesuitical cabal, maneuvering to get possession of com-

mon schools, public institutions and state funds; to the Romish church as a *persecuting despotism*, making it a crime for men to think, to read, to talk, to obey conscience or to encourage progress, we are opposed, and against that we proclaim eternal war.

But we have no need to fight with carnal weapons. We have only to scatter Bibles, gather the children into schools, send a preacher of a pure gospel; help the people to think for themselves, and hear for themselves, and we may safely leave the issue with the human mind and the light-giving, life-giving truth. The perverse policy of the Papacy belongs to the dead past. It cannot stand against the living present. Even purification has an end; decay gives place to a new life. There is a remedy also for petrification—the hammer can break, and the fire can melt even stone. Better than all, there is a gospel of grace and a Spirit of grace, that can change stone even into flesh. No marvels of modern missions exceed in fascinating interest the story of the gospel in Papal lands. Matteo Prochet, in Italy, and Robert McAll, in Paris, and Pastor Fliedner, in Spain, can write new chapters in the acts of the apostles. This is a desperate foe, and a war of Armageddon. But one weapon is omnipotent: "The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

A BURMESE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY.

A correspondent of an Indian paper describes a curious ceremony which took place recently at Rangoon. It seems that in a recent earthquake the bird's wing of gold and precious stones crowning the great Rangoon pagoda was thrown and injured. The trustees of the building called on the people for subscriptions for a new one, and in three weeks a sum of 80,000 rupees was collected. It was notified that on a certain day the melting of the gold and silver would take place, and that it would be the last opportunity of contributing. In one of the large rooms of the pagoda two large crucibles were placed, one for gold, the other for silver. Hundreds of men and women, girls, boys, and small children passed by dropping their silver or gold ornaments into the crucibles or handing their precious stones to the clerk for the purpose of being set in the bird's wing. Women gaily dressed and covered with jewels passed by, and taking a couple of gold bangles from each arm, threw them into the pot, or they took off rings, and, handing the stones to the clerk, added the gold to the melting mass. Those who had no gold put in rupee coins into the silver crucible and handed over others to the clerk

for the use of the pagoda; even the beggars came and added their mites. All parted with their treasures without a sigh, and in fact, seemed glad to give it for such a devout purpose. All their good deeds are so many rungs mounted on the ladder towards heaven. The Shans went in a body of 20 men, and presented a valuable diamond weighing 76 carats, which is to be placed as the chief ornament of the wing. The silver melted amounted to Rs. 7,580; that collected to 3,525; the gold melted amounted to Rs. 13,800, and the precious stones given were valued at Rs. 22,000. The wing that fell down was valued at Rs. 1,22,500, and the one to replace it will be worth Rs. 1,75,000. The umbrella ornament at the top of the same pagoda (the Snawgda-goan) is said to have cost King Mindine Min six lakhs of rupees; it is of pure gold, richly set with gems, and is actually 15 feet high, and the hillock on which it stands is 100 feet. The pagoda is surrounded by the barracks of the British troops, and the magazines are said to be in the hillock on which it is built.—*Miss. Review.*

WHAT TO TEACH BOYS.

A philosopher has said that true education to boys is to teach "them what they ought to know when they become men."

1. To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true, genuine in intention and in action—rather than be learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach boys that truth is more than riches, more than earthly power or possessions.

5. To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and in body.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be polite, to be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honourable, and that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however poor, or however rich, he has learned the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man —*Sel.*

THE UST KARA PRISON.

On another page a picture is given of Russian intolerance in religious matters. The following extract by George Kennan, a traveller in Russia, will give some idea of the horrible cruelty of political intolerance in Russia. Were these sufferers really criminals there might seem more of a shadow of excuse for such treatment, but the utmost that can be laid to the charge of many of them is that they dared to think and speak, and perhaps act, for themselves in protesting against oppression and wrong as free men and women are accustomed to think and act, and perhaps many of them have only been suspected of agitating for freedom, and without even the form of trial have been hurried off to Siberia.

"A Cossack corporal ran to the entrance with a bunch of keys in his hand, unlocked the huge padlock that secured the small door in the larger wooden gate, and admitted us to the prison courtyard. Three or four convicts with half shaven heads, ran hastily across the yard as we entered, to take their places in their cells for inspection. We ascended two or three steps incrustated with an indescribable coating of filth and ice an inch and a half thick, and entered through a heavy plank door, a long, low, and very dark corridor, the broken and decaying floor of which felt wet and slippery to the feet, and where the atmosphere, although warm, was very damp, and saturated with the strong peculiar odor that is characteristic of Siberian prisons. A person who has once inhaled that odor can never forget it; and yet it is so unlike any other bad smell in the world that I hardly know with what to compare it. I can ask you to imagine cellar air, every atom of which has been half a dozen times through human lungs and is heavy with carbonic acid; to imagine that air still further vitiated by foul, pungent, slightly ammoniacal exhalations from long unwashed human bodies; to imagine that it has a suggestion of damp, decaying wood and more than a suggestion of human excrement—and still you will have no adequate idea of it. To unaccustomed senses it seems so saturated with foulness and disease as to be almost unupportable. As we entered the corridor, slipped upon the wet, filthy floor, and caught the first breath of this air, Major Potulof turned to me with a scowl of disgust, and exclaimed 'Otvratitelni tiurma!' (Ot vra te-tel-nee tyoor-ma)—It is a repulsive prison!

"The Cossack corporal who preceded us threw open the heavy wooden door of the first kamera (kah-mer-ah) and shouted, 'Smirno!' (Smear-no)—'Be quiet!' the cus-

tomary warning of the guard to the prisoners when an officer is about to enter the cell. We stepped across the threshold into a room about 24 feet long, 22 feet wide and 8 feet high, which contained 29 convicts. The air here was so much worse than the air in the corridor that it made me faint and sick. The room was lighted by two nearly square, heavily grated windows, with double sashes, that could not be raised or opened, and there was not the least apparent provision anywhere for ventilation. Even the brick oven, by which the cell was warmed, drew its air from the corridor. The walls of the kamera were of squared logs and had once been whitewashed; but they had become dark and grimy from lapse of time, and were blotched in hundreds of places with dull red blood-stains where the convicts had crushed bed-bugs. The floor was made of heavy planks, and, although it had recently been swept, it was incrustated with dry, hard-trodden filth. Out from the walls on three sides of the room projected low sloping wooden platforms about six feet wide, upon which the convicts slept, side by side, in closely packed rows, with their heads to the walls and their feet extended towards the middle of the cell. They had neither pillows nor blankets, and were compelled to lie down upon these sleeping-benches at night without removing their clothing and without other covering than their coarse gray overcoats. The cell contained no furniture of any kind, except these sleeping-platforms, the brick oven and a large wooden tub. When the door was locked for the night each one of these 29 prisoners would have, for 8 or 10 hours' consumption, about as much air as would be contained in a packing-box 2 feet square and 5 feet high. I could discover no way in which a single cubic foot of fresh air could get into that cell after the doors had been closed for the night.

THE WINE CUP.

Could the wine cup tell its story—
The story of its day—
It would tell of strength and glory
Long fallen to decay!
It would tell of revel weary
When battlefields were won:
It would tell of dark hours dreary
When revel hours were done!
It would tell of shame and sorrow.
Of weariness and grief,
Of many a wished tomorrow
Proved barren of relief!
Of departed fame and glory,
Could the wine cup tell its story.

PROTESTANT LEAVEN IN ITALY.

Italy has so long been given up to Roman Catholicism that many have despaired of the purer form of Christianity taking hold of that country; yet the Protestant forces now at work there give promise of great things for the future. The Bible is being circulated quite extensively in certain localities, and the Romish hierarchy has no longer the power for its suppression that it once had. With the overthrow of her temporal sovereignty and the establishment of a more tolerant government, Italy is now open to gospel influences to a degree that the Papacy does not like, and that warrants the expectation that that historic land shall be yet dominated by Protestantism and freed from the superstition and ignorance and degradation of Romanism.

We are glad to give some statistics taken from the *Annuario Evangelico*, or Year Book of the Evangelical Churches of Italy, or 1889, in regard to the present active Protestant forces there, that will be a surprise to many and a ground of encouragement to others.

Among the more prominent and influential Protestant bodies is the Waldensian Church. This communion surely has a right not only to a "local habitation and a name" on account of its past history, but because it is manifesting a higher and a better life, and is coming to a more assured position of recognition and influence. There are now at least one hundred cities, or town, or country places, where it maintains organized churches or has preaching stations. At other places it has schools only. Its communicating membership numbers 4,074, which would make "an average of forty-one members to each church, or station."

Next in order is the Free Church, with thirty-seven churches and stations with 1,519 communicants, bringing up the average of each to that which obtains in the Waldensian body.

Besides these more native evangelizing agencies, the Wesleyans occupy fifty-eight localities and have 815 communicants. The Episcopal Methodists have twenty-eight preaching places, with a membership of 320. The Baptists present the fine record of sixty places of worship, two of which are at Naples and nine at Rome, and claim a membership of 875.

The attendance upon the church services of these Christian bodies varies, but they run up into the thousands. For instance, in the Waldensian body the ordinary attendants numbered 6,218, in 1888, while the occasional hearers are reported at 49,795, showing during the year that 56,013 persons

were more or less under its influence. Many professed conversions occur, but they do not prove as stable as is desirable, about half falling away under the pressure of worldly and Romanizing temptations and agencies. The others, however, make their power felt, and become the nucleus for more aggressive and enduring work. As to the permanence of the converts in the other denominations, no statistics are given.

In addition to this church-force there are the Christian schools. The Waldensians report 25 schools, and 2,323 scholars. The Wesleyans have 9 schools, with 871 scholars. The Free church has 9 schools and 1,094 scholars. Thus youthful minds and hearts are being reached, and with growing intelligence Protestantism has a richer promise of success.

Protestantism should present even a better exhibit than this in Italy, since she has within the last few years presented so open a door for missionary activity unto Protestant lands. But the field has been chiefly accorded to the Waldensian and Free churches. Whether this has been the wisest course admits of much doubt. The Methodists and Baptists have gained a foot-hold and are doing a good work. Nor is there any good reason why other denominations should not go in and possess the land. Whether we or others start separate enterprises, or whether we work through existing organizations, let us not despond of Italy's evangelization. The Lord shows a favoring Providence, and if his people pray and work as they ought, the next decade will exhibit marked progress in this direction.—*Phil. Pres.*

THE HINDU WIDOW.

The case of a young and friendless Hindu woman is attracting the attention of many of the best people of England. Her name is Luchminia, a child widow, who after her husband's death was claimed by a Hindu of high caste as his property, and actually handed over by a civil magistrate to a life of degradation. Her mother and uncle swore falsely, because they feared for their lives. Having reached Bombay they confessed that they were perjurers. Meanwhile, the poor little widow, just fifteen years of age, is in the hands of her cruel master, and the Christian people of England are beginning to be stirred by the story of injustice and wrong. The Queen is Empress of India, and England feels some responsibility for the evil and shameful things done in any part of Her Majesty's dominions. Sympathies also run fast in our times.—*Sci.*

PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA.

One sometimes wonders that Britain should spend so much blood and treasure in supporting the "sick man", the "unspeakable Turk," who, without such assistance would fall at once into the hands of Russia. But as the character of Russia is studied the wonder grows less that Europe should watch jealously any increase of Russian power.

The awful cruelty of the exile system so vividly described by Mr. George Kennan in the *Century Magazine* savors more of the tyranny of some African despot than the government of a civilized land.

But it is not with this that we are at present concerned, but with the religious intolerance in which the nation seems to be going backwards into the darkness of the Middle Ages.

One partial instance of this is thus given by the *Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

"It was in 1870 that the late Emperor Alexander II. announced the national policy of bringing the entire population "under the civil and religious laws and conditions." Ever since the trend of governmental action has been toward this accomplishment. No hindrance has been allowed to stand in the way. Solemn treaties have been set aside as of no importance, and individual rights and conscience disregarded.

Among the greatest sufferers from this Russian intolerance and oppression are the German Colonists in the Baltic provinces. Here are 2,950,930 Protestants, mostly Lutherans, under the persecutor's ban, who by all honorable and fair regard to covenant rights and privileges deserve immunity from governmental interference in their religious convictions and worship.

To understand the situation it is well to go back one hundred and twenty years. At that time it was thought needful to introduce a better class of settlers into the empire for the improvement of the peasantry. Accordingly the Empress Catherine, anxious to secure as many Germans as possible, guaranteed perpetually to them and their descendants control of their own schools, non-interference in their religion and worship, and exemption from military service. Encouraged by these solemn stipulations many German Protestant peasants and others settled in considerable numbers "in the Baltic provinces, and on the Steppes and valleys of the Volga and other streams in the interior, and as far south as Bessarabia." They carried with them thrift, enterprise and intelligence, rapidly increased in numbers and influence, and became a valuable part of the population of the Russian Empire. Up to 1870 they enjoyed their immunities without much mo-

lestation except that occasionally some military duty was exacted of them. Then came the abominable and unjust decree of Alexander II., annulling the original compact at the end of ten years, when they must conform with the rest of the Russian people to the same educational, military and religious codes of the government.

This act of abrogation of covenant privileges aroused the just indignation of those who upon the strength of them had come into the empire, and who, at great sacrifices and hardships, had secured farms, established industries and acquired homes. They saw one hundred years of occupancy counted as nought; personal rights trampled under foot, and honor and justice outraged. Seeing no possibility of redress, thousands disposed of their property at a great loss and found homes and freedom in our western States. But others, unable to do so, have been subjected to a degree of repression and suppression on the part of the government and of the National Church galling to worthy manhood and Christian faith and at war with Christian civilization as well as with plighted governmental faith. The civil burdens could have been borne, but now when the edict is being enforced by both parties that Protestantism must be abandoned and Greek Catholicism substituted the extreme limit of endurance has been reached. The first telling move of Russia against the Lutherans was the prohibition of the German language in their schools. This was followed by "a suppression of various institutions of learning." Now comes the final crushing blow, announced in a dispatch July 12 from St. Petersburg that

THE GOVERNMENT HAS TOTALLY SUPPRESSED THE LUTHERAN CHURCH IN RUSSIA.

This intelligence will, or, at least, ought to call for a decided remonstrance from Protestant Christendom. It will likely arouse the authorities at Berlin, and we look for the voice of the *State Church* of Prussia to be heard in no uncertain sound. The Evangelical Alliance of Europe last year sent a communication to the Russian government formally remonstrating against its violation of that religious toleration now recognized by all civilized nations. Only a slight acknowledgment was returned, and it now appears that the protest produced no practical effect. What now can and should be done by Protestant governments and churches in the premises is a question difficult of decision and of accomplishment. Each nationality claims the right to determine its own internal policy, and for another to interfere therewith is a delicate matter. But possibly the Evangelical Alliance, embodying the

wisdom and representing the power of Protestantism in Europe and America, may devise something timely and effective. Of course, only moral means are available, but these, rightly employed, may, with God's blessing, cause Russia to modify her intolerant edicts. She may yet find that she cannot afford to ostracise herself from the sympathy and support of the Christian world, or to array herself against the liberal sentiment of civilized nations."

SULKERS.

We have felt sometimes like adding a new clause to the Litany that should read, "From sulkers, good Lord, deliver us." We use the term sulkers in a general sense, meaning those who relapse into sulks after an outburst of temper, and those likewise who indulge in them from some cause only vaguely suspected, or wholly unsuspected by those around them.

Whether such moods possess one because he thinks that he has reason to feel offended or whether they arise from some source, probably physically unknown to himself, indulgence in them is inexcusable. In the former case the offender, if the offence has been unintentional, would be glad to have it pointed out to him so that he could apologize, and try to atone for it. He would much rather, usually, be told of his shortcomings than bear the weight of silent wrath and experience an uncomfortable sense of being in disgrace for days together. More over, he has a right to know when he has given offence, and should be informed, unless it has been so obviously marked and intentional that the one offended is sure that it was not unconsciously given. Even then an explanation of the cause of his anger made by the latter in a Christian spirit is preferable to silent resentment; and is far more likely to smooth away the trouble. Let no good person for a moment imagine that it is more meritorious to bear offence in silence than to speak, if that silence is intended simply as a medium of showing anger or resentment. To bear insult or suffer injustice in the silence which is only silence so far that the aggrieved one makes no reply in kind, and maintains a demeanor as cheerful and pleasant as though nothing had happened, is evidence of the possession of an amount of grace that makes him almost a saint. Would that all Christians more earnestly sought such grace. Prayer and effort will surely obtain it in due season. In the meantime, if anger must have expression, let it find that expression in words, not necessarily in angry speech, but in words of remonstrance and explanation, uttered in a

kindly manner. Until they can be spoken kindly, it is desirable, of course, to restrain one's self, and keep silent.

If the mood arises simply from an unaccountable feeling of irritation that inclines one to sullen silence and a gloomy countenance, the sooner the evil spell is broken the better for the sufferer and those who suffer with him; for one person in such a mood is an incubus that weighs heavily on every one near him who is at all sensitive, perhaps drawing such persons finally into a similar condition, to the extent that they also find it a difficult matter to be agreeable, and to speak pleasantly.

A resolute attempt to look cheerful and speak a pleasant word, in our own experience, has proved so effectual a charm for breaking such evil moods, we would like to recommend it to all who are ever afflicted with them. It is alike efficacious from whatever source the spells may proceed; and whether they find expression in sulky silence, or in sullen fault-finding with everything and everybody, as they do with a certain class of people, whether this class or the one that keeps silence is the more disagreeable it would be difficult to say.

Christians cannot be too careful about giving and taking offence. Much injustice may be done if one is quick to become offended; and let him who is careless about giving offence remember the Saviour's words, "Woe unto the world because of offences. For it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!"—*Christian at work.*

Thibet is the only known country on earth not open to missions. It has an area of 750,000 square miles, about as large as all the territory in the United States east of the Mississippi river. The greatest length from east to west is 1,500 miles and the population is estimated at 8,000,000. It is the stronghold of Buddhism. Lhasa, the capital, is the "Rome" of the Buddhists and the Dalai Lama is the Buddhists pope. He is supreme in both temporal and spiritual things. One monastery has about 5,000 Buddhists priests, and there are about 60,000 in the country. Thibet is virgin soil for the missions. The country is tributary to China.—*Baptist Missionary.*

The entire circulation of the Bible Society for the year just closed exceeded one and a half million copies of the Scriptures, or portions, more than one third of which were distributed in foreign lands.

OUR CHILDREN.

I looked at the happy children
 Who gathered around the hearth ;
 So blithe they were, no children
 Could happier be on earth ;
 With their merry plays and their winsome
 ways,
 And the sound of their silvery mirth.

Then I thought of those other children
 So wizened and hard and bold,
 Who huddle in slum and cellar,
 And shiver with want and cold ;
 Not fresh as the dew, or the morning's hue,
 But haggard and lean and old.

But yet may they still, those children,
 Be taught to forget their pain ;
 And gathered in arms that love them,
 Their laughter may come again ;
 And the stare of woe and the craft may go,
 And the spirit be washed of stain.

But it is not in cold book learning
 Those childhoods hearts to move ;
 And the stony eye of the serpent
 Is death to the stricken dove ;
 'Tis an angel alone can touch them,
 And that angel's name is love.

But whatever the world may fancy,
 And whatever the wise men say
 Of our nineteenth century progress,
 Of a new and better way ;
 Still it takes a soul to make a soul,
 Now, as in the olden day.

—*The Spectator.*

TEACH THE CHILDREN TO REFLECT

It is most essential for the future well-being of our children, that early in life we cultivate in them the habit of reflection. That we teach them to look over the day just ended and see its mistakes and failures—to look at the past years, be they few or many, and learn where they are drifting. It is only by such a course that they will be enabled to guide their lives intelligently.

A child or person that never reflects upon his doings, is liable to form most disagreeable and even dangerous habits, while his character can never become strong and reliable.

To cultivate this habit in your headstrong boy or girl don't indulge in long, preachy talks to them ; don't scold or harshly criticize. Oh, no, it is a work requiring the fullness of a mother's love, together with a most wise, tactful head. We cannot hammer and cudgel good habits into our children. How often in dealing with the little

ones and children of a larger growth, am I reminded of the fable of the Wind and Sun trying to get the coat off the man's back. Rough, frigid treatment will not help us. Ours must be line upon line—"precept upon precept"—and most lovingly, tactfully administered.

But just how shall I form this habit in my child, do you ask ?

First, choose the proper time to talk or chat with Nellie and Fred concerning their freak of temper—their sulks, carelessness or other fault that your watchful eye has detected to be growing upon them. Do not approach them when you are exasperated by their course, or when they are in an irritable angry state of mind, but at the subliming twilight hour beguile them into a confidential talk about the events of the day, their little differences with their playmates, their breaking of the rules in school, their temptations on the play grounds to play "for keeps," to deceive, to use tobacco, etc., for be assured that the judicious, discretionary treatment will bring all this rash to the surface, and this is your only hope of recovery. Then, when you tuck them into bed at night, drop with your loving kiss a "word fitly spoken," or when out for a walk or ride.

This teaching of our children to "square up" their actions every night can but make them more earnest and careful. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," is a good motto to teach them. Help them in making their confessions of wrong and in asking forgiveness of one whom they have injured—we all know what a hard and humiliating task this is—but if not learned in childhood it is all the harder and oftentimes it is neglected.

I know a mother who has taught her children never to go to sleep without thinking over the day, and asking God to forgive their mistakes—or their friends and mates, if they have done them harm. What could develop in them a more quick and tender conscience ?

Too many of them have their first serious moment of reflection when suffering the severe penalty that the lack of this habit has brought upon them. Will not our trials as mothers be lighter and our hope of reward greater, if we will take the time and trouble to arm our children with this safeguard—the habit of reflection ?—*Mail and Express.*

Special efforts are being made by the Church of Rome to promote immigration in Manitoba and the North-west. It is stated that \$2,000,000 of the Church's capital is available for this object.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

The Bible is the most wonderful book in the world.

It is God's book, for he told good men what to write in it.

It tells us about God—what he is, what he loves, and what he hates.

It tells us how to live so as to please God.

If you want to please him and be saved, you must study the Bible.

It was Jesus who said, "Search the Scriptures."

He did not say, "Read." but "Search the Scriptures."

To 'search' means to read slowly and carefully, to think about the words.

It means that we should study all parts of the Bible, because in all parts of it there are good words.

We should search the Bible as men search in the mines for gold, looking even for little shining grains.

We ought to read a portion of it every day—not on Sabbath only, but every day of the week.

The best time to read it is early in the morning, at the beginning of the day, and then again in the evening.

Read a chapter at a time, or, if you cannot read so much, read a few verses.

When you read the Bible, offer a little whisper of prayer to God to make it plain to you.

Read slowly, thinking about each word till you know what it means.

Ask yourself what each verse has to say to you—what duty it tells you to do, what beauty of conduct or temper it shows you for to copy.

Resolve to try to do or be what the Bible says God wants you to do or be.

After you read the Bible, kneel down and pray God to help you to do what he has told you in his book to do.

Often during the day think of what you have read in the morning, and keep it in your heart.

Every young person should memorize—that is, "learn by heart"—many passages of the Bible.

If you learn chapters or verses now in this way, you will always remember them, and they will do you good all your life.

The writer of one of the Psalms said that he hid the word of God in his heart, that he might not sin.

A lady opened a drawer, full of garments, and a strong odor filled the whole drawer. A little gram of musk hid in the corner had gone through every garment.

Get God's word in your heart, and it will

fill all your life and change it all into good and beautiful ways.

"Search the Scriptures."

S. S. Visitor.

A FATAL LEAK.

A gentleman living in the country, whose supply of water for household purposes was scant, had a cistern dug near his house for collecting the rain which fell on the roofs of the buildings. For a time the expedient answered perfectly; the supply of water was abundant. Suddenly, however, the pump failed to give forth the contents of the reservoir. The rain would fall copiously, and for a time a few pailfuls would be drawn, but very soon the supply ceased. The pump was carefully examined and found to be in perfect working order, and no flaw could anywhere be discovered. At length it occurred to the perplexed householder to examine the cistern itself; then the mystery was solved. It was found that in one corner the cement had cracked and there was a gaping leak which allowed the water to escape into a distant pit. It was now plain that however freely the rain might fall the cistern would soon be empty again, as there was this ever-widening leak through which the water disappeared.

Such a leak in our church life is the Sabbath profaned or neglected. The rains from above may fall abundantly, the church's machinery may be diligently plied, but the law of the Sabbath largely forgotten will prove a leak serious enough to undo and render nugatory the happy influences both of the showers of heaven and the labors of man. It has been well said: "The streams of religion run deep or shallow according as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected."—*Pearl of Days*.

A tract distributor writes: A Scotchman to whom I gave a tract said, "You gave me a little book a short time ago, which I put in my pocket and took home. The wife read it, and cried very much over it, and then I read it. If the writer of it had known all about us, he could not have said more to the point; and if we had gone all over the city to purchase a book to meet our case, we could not have got a better." I learned that man and his family had been brought to poverty by drink, and that this little book was the means of altering their course, and bringing them to the Lord, from whom they had departed.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

Compiled by Price Alpine from the sayings of eminent men.

"O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal their brains."—Shakespeare.

"Of all the preventable evils drunkenness is that incompatible with greatness"—Sir Walter Scott.

"Intoxication fills our jails, our lunatic asylums, and our work houses. Were it not for this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England."—Hon. Charles Buxton.

"He who tempts me to drink civilly invites me to a fever."—Jeremy Taylor.

"I never got a patient from water drinking, but thousands from drinking alcohol."—The Celebrated Dr. Gregory.

"Sixty per cent. of all idiots and inebriates in England come from drunken ancestors."—Dr. Lamiere of France.

Drink has murdered my best friends and I hate it. It burdens me with taxes, and I denounce it as a nuisance, on which every honest man should put his heel."—Dr. J. G. Holland.

He is a self murderer who drinks to another's good health and robs himself of his own."—Spurgeon.

"The liquor traffic is the gigantic crime of crimes in this age, and particularly in this country."—Ex Senator Morel in the United States Senate.

"The habit of indulging in ardent spirits by men in office has occasioned more injury to the public welfare than all other causes."—President Jefferson

"Beer and wine shops with vaults are gateways to hell."—Bishop of Manchester, England

"When once this liquid poison is taken in the system, the wretched slave is ready for anything."—Henry Bergh.

"Alcohol is the one evil genius whether in wine, a c or whisky, and is killing the race of man."—Dr. Willard Parker of New York.

"Thousands die prematurely in consequence of drinking, who were never thoroughly drunk in all their lives."—Horace Greeley.

"The beer drinkers when attacked with acute disease are unable to withstand and they die."—Dr. Gordon.

"If alcohol were unknown, half the sin and three-fourths of the poverty and unhappiness in the world would disappear."—Prof. Parks, M. D.

"They murder by wholesale, neither doth their eye pity or spare and the inheritance of blood is theirs."—John Wesley.

"Alcohol is a poison to our organizations."—Dr. Muzzy.

"It is liquid fire, and distilled damnation."—Robert Hall.

"I consider rum the cause of nine-tenths of all the murders, poverty and crime in this country and no earthly consideration would induce me to contribute in the remotest manner to its sale."—General Dix, Ex-Governor of New York.

"No brute beast will step down from the position in which its Maker placed it, but every man who gets drunk does just that,"—John B. Gough.

"Shut up your grog-shops, open your schools and God knows what flashing jewels you may dig out of the unwrought mines of the poorer classes."—Joseph Cook.

"A copious beer drinker is all one vital part. He has his heart on his sleeve bare to a death wound from a rusty nail or the claws of a cat."—Dr. Grinrod, a prominent London Physician.

"It is as plain to me as the sun in a clear summer sky, that the license laws of our country constitute one of the main pillars, on which the stupendous fabric of intemperance rests."—Dr. Humphrey President of Amherst College.

"There is no place on earth whose place of business stands nearer the verge of perdition than the saloon-keeper."—Bishop J. Weaver.

"All who drink intoxicating beverages, by their example and influence encourage others to drink, and so become in no small degree responsible for the evil which may result from their example."—Rev. Joseph C. Foster.

"Of all the preventable evils in the world intemperance is the greatest. It is the cause of more misery than any evil that exists."—Bishop Temple.

"In our criminal courts we can trace four-fifths of the crimes that are committed to rum. There is no one case in twenty where a man is tried for his life in which rum is not the direct or indirect cause of the murder."—Judge Allison.

"The church itself has no enemy out of perdition equal to a law protected liquor traffic."—Sumner Stebbins, M. D.

"If these fountains of crime and misery—the liquor saloons—could be shut up or put under the restraint of existing laws we might hold a jubilee over the improved condition of our city's poor and disband many charitable institutions."—Rev. Dr. Prime, New York.

"There is no disease, no liability or exposure to disease that is not fostered by intemperance, while it has a list of maladies peculiar to itself and of the most fearful character."—Rev. H. D. Kitchell.

"Directly or indirectly rum is chargeable with a good ninety per cent. of the woes that afflict our country."—The Late D. R. Lock, in Toledo Blade.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN QUEBEC.

The kind of liberty of worship that would be enjoyed if some people had their own way is illustrated by the following from the *Presbyterian Review* as given in the *Octawa Evening Journal*. "We are told that Mr. Frappier, of Ottawa, the Bible Society colporteur, has had a lively time at Embro. He had been warned before going there to expect rough usage, a previous colporteur having been nearly killed there. He nevertheless succeeded in selling upwards of thirty Bibles. Before he left Embro, the priest and doctor were seen riding about from house to house. Afterwards the doctor came to Lachapelle's hotel where Mr. Frappier was putting up, accompanied by six men and a large number of dogs. The doctor took the men into the bar and began denouncing the colporteur for selling the Bible, which he told them was a bad book, that no faithful Catholic was allowed to buy. All the heads and entrails of the fish caught for Friday had by this time been thrown on the ground close to the hotel, attracting nearly all the dogs in the place, and there was great noise and excitement in consequence. The doctor told Lachapelle that they had come for the colporteur, and their intention was, first to beat him and then to set the dogs on him. Lachapelle, who is an unusually courageous, high-spirited man, advised the doctor and the men to leave the colporteur alone. He gave several reasons why they should so, first, that not far away there were a number of Orangemen living who might take it into their heads to resent any ill-treatment of a Protestant and pay them back in their own coin with added interest; second, that the man was his guest and under his protection and he would protect him as long as he had strength to do so; third, that if they kicked up a row, he might lose his license; fourth, that although the priest and doctor had denounced the book the colporteur was selling (the Bible) as a "bad book," they might find it, if trouble happened, rather hard to prove and impossible to justify themselves.

This plain talk had some effect and the colporteur entering the room at this juncture, the doctor began talking politics.

Mr. Frappier finally got away without personal injury, but not until he had met with unpleasant experiences on the road, a resident whom he met threatening to assault him. He, however, told the man that he was pursuing a lawful occupation, that the power of the Dominion Government was behind him and he had no fear, and the fellow concluded that discretion might be the better part of valor."

NUMBER OF SOCIETIES IN THE WORLD.

How many missionary societies are now at work in the world? The fullest list we have seen is that of Dr. Robert N. Cust, which runs up to no less a number than 223, of which 113 are in Great Britain and its colonies, 56 in the United States, 20 in Germany, 14 in the Netherlands, and 20 in other countries. But this extended list includes especially in Great Britain, a large number of very minute organizations, many of them mere aids and auxiliaries to larger ones, and many others that are simply private individual missions, with but a single worker or a single station. It is quite safe to say that there are not much over 100 distinct regular missionary societies, in the sense in which the term is commonly used. In fact there are only about 50 having incomes of \$10,000 and upward, and only 20 with more than \$100,000. And of these 10 could be selected which have gathered fully three-fourths of all the converts, and to which are contributed about one-half of all the funds.—*The Gospel in all Lands*.

DR. JEX BLAKE ON INDIAN MISSIONS.

The degradation of the Hindoo religion is so deep and the immorality and unnatural vices of both Hindoo and Mahometan races are so revolting, that the need of religious renovation is more urgent, and the opening for Christianity is more patent, than I had any conception till I saw with my own eyes and heard on the spot with my own ears.

The Indian mind, though now with most degraded objects and theories of worship, is essentially a reverent and religious mind, and, if once won to Christianity, would be a fervently Christian mind.

To win India to Christianity is not a hopeless task, if only enthusiasm at home were strong enough to multiply the army of workers tenfold, and to send men of such quality as those now at Delhi and Peshawur.

Every great religion still active in the world is an Asiatic religion, and the more imaginative or ideal side of Christianity is really akin to Indian veins of feeling and of thought, really Asiatic still.

England has no moral ground for holding India beyond the moral good she does there; and no moral good that she could do could equal the spread of Christianity all over that vast continent, peopled by scores of distant nations, with no unity whatever, except the subordination of each to one empire.—*The Mission Field*.

AN OPEN DOOR.

It was the morning of a busy week-day. The windows—and the doors too—of a city church were open, and above the noise of wagons and carriages and the hum of trade, the notes of the organ rolled out, and for the moment a single clear voice filled the air. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," it sang. A woman, magnificently dressed, with a wearied face and wandering, restless eye, was passing in her carriage. As the way was blocked, she was forced to stop, and though she did not listen, she heard that voice, and caught the words of the singer. She sat erect, startled. "Nearer to God!" Why of course she meant some time to come nearer to Him—as she had been when a child. She was growing gray. Why not begin now to be done with folly?

How peaceful and quiet the church was; she could go in and pray; she could look into her life, into her soul, hold account with God. She pulled the checkstring. The carriage stopped; the footman opened the door. She hesitated. How many receptive she had to go to to-day; and there were her spring gowns to design. "Drive on, William," she said.

A hard-featured merchant also heard the words of the hymn as he hurried by. He had a disagreeable work before him that morning; a sharp financial game, which would bring him in a vast sum. It was sharp even to the point of downright cheating; it would ruin his partners; and in the main he had heretofore been a man of ordinary business honesty. A few years ago he was a church-member, but of late he had been so crowded and hurried as to leave no time for thoughts of serious things. "Nearer my God, to Thee!" Nearer? He had been going away from Him. "I will not make that bargain," he said, halting. "It is the trick of a thief, and I—I hope I am a Christian." But what an enormous profit it would pay! He hesitated a moment. Then he hurried on. In that brief time he had decided in favor of the profit.

A young fellow, his eyes red and his face bloated from last night's debauch, was passing in the crowd as the familiar words sounded through the air. He stopped as if he had been struck a blow. His mother used to sing that in her old trembling voice. She kept near to God, too. "Why did I ever leave her?" he thought. "I am too weak a man to stand alone in this great city." He paused by the gate. Before his eyes rose a picture of the quiet old farm house; of his old mother and the wife and child whom he had deserted. They would welcome him back. But God? Could he come back to him?

He pushed open the gate and went in. Two days afterward he returned to his home and those who loved him. The merchant completed his bargain, and the lady her business, and as they passed the church again, a few hours later, a vague impression touched them of some open door awaiting entrance, some noble summons, some chance of escape to a higher life. But the church was closed, and the voice was silent. The roar of trade filled the busy street, and they went on their way. Who shall tell whither. —*Youth's Companion.*

"KISSING MOTHER."

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said:

"I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And all through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world.

"Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet, if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than the angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

"Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."—*Eli Perkins.*