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

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

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WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

DECEMBER, 1890.

Literary Notices.

WORDS OF LIFE—Attention was called in the last issue of the *MARITIME* to a volume of sermons by Rev. A. J. Mowatt of Fredericton, bearing the above title. These sermons are in style, simple, terse, beautiful, vivid in illustration, plain and clear in their statement of truth, earnest and evangelical in tone and sentiment. For reading aloud in the family or for a Sabbath service in congregations or mission stations where there is no minister, we know of no other book of sermons that we could recommend before them. Price \$2.00. Address "Reporter Office" Fredericton, N. B.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest, and among them the following may be mentioned:

Sir Edward Arnold contributes to the December number the first of a series of four *Articles upon Japan*, its people, its ways, and its thoughts, with illustrations.

Henry M. Stanley has prepared for the January number an article upon "*The Pygmies of the Great African Forest*," illustrated.

The Wrecker, a serial by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne, will run through a large part of the year, illustrated.

Prof. James Bryce, M. P., author of "*The American Commonwealth*," will write a series of Four articles upon *India*, embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land.

Ocean Steamships will be the subject of a series somewhat upon the line of the successful railroad articles. "*Passenger Travel*," "*The Life of Officers and Men*," "*Speed and Safety Devices*," and "*Management*" are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

Great Streets of the World is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on Broadway; others will follow on Piccadilly, London; Boulevard, Paris; The Corso, Rome.

Price \$3.00 a year. 25 cents a number. Orders should at once be sent to Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, 743-745 Broadway, New York.

DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Whatever is well done is to God's glory. Every violet glorifies Him by its perfect bloom. If you do a thing well, with desire to gain His approval, you glorify God. It is all plain and simple; but it has been mystified by counterfeit piety until to "do all to the glory of God," seems an impossibility.

If we take it that we must do every several act of life with the distinct idea and single purpose of glorifying God, we do indeed set for ourselves an impossible task; and consequently, one which the Lord never laid upon any creature.

What the injunction requires of us, is that we shall try always to act right, i. e., as we are taught that God would have us act, and from a sincere desire to please and honor Him. This should be the habit of our life, even down to the most trivial things.

When you use a sour dishcloth with which to wash dishes, you are not acting for the glory of God.

When you unholily slight any household duty—and, equally, when you spend too much time and strength for things that perish before using—you are not glorifying Him.

No one, however old, poor, or helpless, is there who cannot act all day long for the glory of God. For, if able to do anything, he can do his best; and if not able to do anything, he can bear his affliction well. And who will dare say to say that right bearing of what crosses every wish and hope of life is not his lot, and more accepted with God, than our very best doing?

Let us do all our hand findeth to do in a right manner, spending time and strength on it according to its worth, and so, seeking His approval, we shall ever be working (or enduring) to "the glory of God."

A young man bought ten shares of railway stock. He sold them at fifty dollars premium. His mother, aware of his tendency, said to him: "I wish you had lost" He bought ten shares more and sold at an advance of two hundred dollars. Now he made greater haste and plunged into wilder schemes. In three short years forty thousand dollars were squandered, his health was gone, and his wife's heart was broken. The golden hand had written on the wall of his house, "Pierced through with many sorrows." How truly you might write over the massive door and on the rich wall of many a mansion, and over the fittest epitaph on many a marble shaft: "Distracted by the love of money, and pierced through with many sorrows."—*Rev. Dr. M. Rhodes.*

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. X.

DECEMBER, 1890.

No. 12.

The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

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

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

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions.

All communications to be ad ressed to

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

This number completes the tenth volume of the *Maritime*.

During the year it has spread abroad nearly a million and three quarters of pages, and during the ten years of its life, about fifteen millions of pages, of good, wholesome, instructive, religious, reading.

During the year, missionary letters have, as usual, formed a chief feature of its contents. College matters, Home Missions, Augmentation, French Evangelization, have all been kept before our readers and any one who has read it with any measure of care is pretty familiar with all the work of our Maritime Synod both at Home and abroad.

An additional feature during the past year has been a sermon in each number, chiefly by Rev. John McNeil of London. This feature will be continued during the coming year.

The *MARITIME*, with its selections from such men as Cuyler, and its sermons, makes it specially suitable for Sabbath reading; and in Congregations and Mission Stations where there are so many silent Sabbaths, public gatherings, with one of its sermons read would be profitable.

Thanks are due to the many friends who have so kindly aided in its circulation. Their work in connection with it receives

no reward save the consciousness of the good that it is doing. May their help so freely given in the past, be continued, and with a wider circulation, the paper may become more than ever a power for good.

The *MARITIME* seeks to fill no place but its own, simply that of a monthly periodical that tries to help on the cause of Christ and of our own church, and to give full value for what it costs..

The editorial work and management, like that of those who kindly distribute it is gratuitous. All its receipts after paying its cost are given to Missions, so that in working for it, agents are furthering no private interest but the cause of the church and of Christ.

If any who are willing to try and get up a small club would like to have a few sample copies to distribute, they will be gladly sent.

Unless orders are received to the contrary it will be assumed that parties now receiving them wish them continued, and they will be sent accordingly.

Please send all orders as early as possible as the January issue is frequently exhausted before late orders come in.

Please do not send postage stamps, if it is possible to avoid it; or if compelled to send a few, let it be only in one, two, or three cent stamps.

Will those who are now kindly taking and distributing parcels try to increase the number. Additional copies will gladly be sent as samples.

To Him whose cause it seeks to advance the work of the year is committed. May His blessing follow it and with a widening sphere may it do more toward helping to build up the Kingdom of Righteousness and Peace.

After five successful years the CHILDREN'S RECORD has been transferred to Montreal. In 1885 the Sabbath School Committee's Report asked the General Assembly "to take such steps as would secure the issuing to the children of the church of a Record or other monthly paper." The Assembly decided to leave in the meantime the matter of providing literature for the young to private papers. A few months after that the *Children's Record* was started as a private enterprise, its proceeds to be given to missions. It was received with favour, and the circulation gradually increased until it has reached between eleven and twelve thousand per month. The initial expense of getting it established has all been repaid, and it has paid some \$400 into the F. M. Fund.

In 1880 the Assembly was again overtured to undertake such a work. It was remitted to the Record Committee, to consider. They reported favorably to last Assembly. A committee was then appointed to inquire about the *Children's Record* already published, and they were told that if they wished it, it would be transferred to them. It was accepted, and the Record Committee were directed to make arrangements for taking it over at the end of the year.

They have now done so. Rev. Mr. Cruikshank of Montreal has been appointed Editor, and the first No. of Vol. VI will be issued before the New Year. With improvement in itself and the Sanction of the Church it will enter upon a wider field of usefulness.

The Western Division of the Foreign Mission Committee has asked Rev. Dr. Morton to be its Secretary. The duties are, office work, with the preparation of the Annual Report and correspondence with the missionaries, and so far as time will admit, visiting congregations and Presbyteries and endeavoring to deepen the interest in Foreign Missions.

The Eastern Division in forwarding this offer to Dr. Morton unanimously adopted the following resolution:

The Eastern Division of the Foreign Mission Committee in forwarding to the Rev. Dr. Morton the offer of the Western Division, record their high appreciation of the wisdom,

faithfulness and zeal with which for twenty-three years he has labored in Trinidad, their gratitude to God for the measure of success with which his labors have been crowned and their sense of the loss which would ensue to the Mission should he now remove. Their prayer is that Dr. Morton may be guided aright with regard to this important matter, and while they will acquiesce in his decision and pray for his continued success should he accept, they will rejoice should he see it to be his duty to remain in the Mission.

Rev. Dr. Steel, our Missionary agent, in Australia, writes, to Mr. Morrison as follows:—

"I send you per book post a copy of the Gospels and Acts in Erromangan, just published in Sydney, under the revision and care of the Rev. H. A. Robertson. I have got 2000 copies printed at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose Directors kindly agreed to pay for it. The cost was £137. 11s. I have at Mr. Robertson's request got 1000 copies bound, which cost £35. 8s. 4d. I have asked the B. & F. Bible Society to pay this also. These 1000 less 25 sent to the Society in London, and 25 retained here, have been forwarded Erromanga. The remaining 1000 are stored by the printer's meantime.

I have paid £40 on account as I had that sum from Rev. J. W. MacKenzie on account of the Estate Testament and the Society wished me to retain it for the payment of the Erromanga book.

Mr. Robertson is also getting a new edition of the Erromanga Catechism, printed under the care of the Rev. S. Eida."

The good work of the British and Foreign Bible Society is thus felt in every quarter of the world. No doubt this will soon be repaid by the Erromangans, and thus the Society will be enabled to carry on its work more vigorously elsewhere.

Dr. Steele writes that he has had recent word from Messrs. MacKenzie and Annand, that their families are well. He says, "Missionary news from the Islands is very encouraging; Mr. McDonald of Havannah Harbour, Estate, who has been appointed to lead a new contingent on the Island of Espritu Santo has arrived in the Colonies to make preliminary arrangements at Melbourne where a steam launch is to be got." As we stated some time since it is proposed to work the two largest islands, Malekula

and Espiritu Santo by means of missionaries settled at different points and teachers stationed where they can be visited by a steam launch, thus the whole group will be occupied.

Mrs. Robertson of Erromanga has been very ill. Rev. Dr. Gunn., Medical Missionary on Fotuna, a neighboring island, was in attendance upon her, and writes that she has been at death's door twice but she has been spared and is now better. A young daughter came to the home a few weeks since.

In a note just received from Rev. K. J. Grant, he writes:—"We arrived home at noon Monday, 27th Oct. We had a most favorable passage. Weather fine, steamer comfortable, captain, officers and passengers agreeable. Miss Fisher stood the voyage well, and is with us in the meantime. We have already seen most of the mission-staff. All are as usual much occupied, and in fair health."

Miss Tissie Copeland for five years an efficient teacher at San Fernando, has gone back to Trinidad, this time as the wife of Mr. T. Geddes Grant, son of our missionary there. Mr. Grant has in the past taken a deep and active interest in the work of the Mission in San Fernando and now Mrs. Grant, though in another sphere, will still be a centre of usefulness there.

A custom obtains to some extent among Presbyteries that might be well discontinued, that is, the passing of complimentary resolutions when a minister resigns his charge or accepts a call to another congregation. Concerning the custom several points may be noted. (1.) When done in any case it is almost necessary to do it in all cases. (2.) If done in all cases the resolutions must be largely in the same strain. (3.) If this be done, then, as Presbytery rarely says less than it feels it must be tempted at times to say more than it feels, more than it knows to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. (4.) The results of this must be a weakening of the moral sense of honor and truth, on the part of those who

pass them and the conveying of a false impression to strangers to whom the resolutions may come. (5.) If Presbyteries do discriminate and in some cases, either pass resolutions "damning" with faint praise or do not pass any, they unnecessarily hurt the feelings of a brother and perhaps wound an already discouraged heart. Flattering resolutions do no good. Where a man is known, by his works and worth men will judge him. If he go among strangers his work will soon be weighed, and if weighed by the resolutions and found wanting it will be the worse for him.

We know of at least one Presbytery that has on its records a decision that there shall be no such complimentary motions passed in such cases, and that Presbytery can most cordially recommend it to others as excellent both in principle and practice.

The Presbyterian Church of England has appointed Rev. John Skiuner a young Scotchman, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in the Theological College, London. In his opening address the new professor has boldly avowed himself in favor of the new criticism. He thinks it probable that the era of prophecy was before the law. He breaks up the Pentateuch giving to each part its probable place in the history of Israel, and puts the priestly code as probably away down after the Babylonian Exile. His address, says the Presbyterian Messenger, was received with mingled feelings. No wonder!

The Presbyterians and Methodists of Lunenburg held their Thanksgiving service together in the Methodist Church, the Methodist Minister conducting the devotional services and Rev. E. D. Millar preaching. This spirit of the unity is a grand one. Let it be carried out thoroughly. There are two lines that require special attention in this regard. (1) That no attempts be made to induce Christians to leave their own denominations where churches exist side by side. (2) That denominations do not erect preaching stations where they have only one or two families and where the only hope of gain is from other denominations.

AUGMENTATION.

The following are the amounts asked by their Presbyteries from the different congregations for the Augmentation Fund :—

PRESBYTERY OF HALIFAX.

Asks From

St. Matthews, Halifax, \$280; Fort Massey, \$280; St. Andrew's, \$140; Park St., \$140; St. John, \$125; Maitland, \$125; St. John's Windsor, \$110; Chalmers, Halifax, \$110; St. James, Dartmouth, \$110; Milford & Gay's River, \$80; St. John's Yarmouth, \$55; Shubannacadie, \$55; Grove Church, Halifax, \$30; Noel, \$30; Canard, \$27; Newpor, \$27; St. Paul's, Kentville, \$27; Middle Musquodoboit, \$27; Lower Stewiacke, \$27; Hamilton, \$20; Kennetcook & Gore, \$20; Elmsdale and 9 Mile River, \$20; Upper River; Upper Musquodoboit, \$20; Lower Musquodoboit, \$20; Musquodoboit, Hr., \$20; Annapolis and Bridgetown, \$18; Wolfville and Horton, \$18; Lawrencetown, \$10; Kempf and Walton, \$10; Waterville and Lakeville, \$10; Carlton and Cheboque, \$10; St. Croix and Ellershouse, \$10; Bedford and Waverly, \$10.

THE PRESBYTERY OF TRURO.

Asks From

First Presbyterian church \$110; St. Andrew's, \$110; St. Paul's, \$75; Stewiacke, \$55; Onslow, \$55; Upper Londonderry, \$55; Clifton, \$55; Acadia, \$55; Middle Stewiacke, \$50; Springside, \$50; Great Village, \$45; Riverside, \$45; Economy and Five Islands, \$45; Brookfield, \$30; Parrsboro, \$20; Coldstream, \$15; River Hebert, \$10; Harmony, \$5.

THE PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU.

Asks From

United Church, \$200; Prince St., \$135; James Church, \$110; Antigonish, \$95; Stelarton, \$75; West River and Green Hill, \$70; Knox Church, \$70; East River, \$65; Union Centre, \$52; Thorburn, \$50; Scotsburn, \$50; Glenelg, \$50; Hopewell, \$50; New St. Andrew's, \$50; Merigomish, \$30; Sherbrook, \$30; Blue Mountain, \$30; Lit-Harbour and Fisher's Grant, \$20; Barney's River, \$15; Trenton, 10.

THE PRESBYTERY OF LUNENBURG AND SHELBURNE.

Asks From

Lunenburg, \$110; Bridgewater, \$65; Mahone Bay, \$44; La Have, \$44; Lockport, \$30; Shelburne, \$30; Clyde River, \$3; New Dublin, \$16; Riversdale, \$10; Rocks, \$5.

The majority of those who read the following lines are past the time of life when they can make a practical application of it to themselves, but the solemn lesson need not be lost if it leads parents and others to greater care in shaping the characters of the young:—

“Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so while they are passing, they seem to have been so when we look back to them, and they take up more room in our memory than all years which succeed them. If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits, and fleeing all those pleasures which lay up bitterness and sorrow for time to come! Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty will take good care of you.”

Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? they do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled; and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, in kindness love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year: you will never be forgotten. Not your name, your deeds will be as legible as on the hearts you leave behind you as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. T. Chalmers.*

Let teachers encourage an inquiring spirit among their scholars. Thus interest and thought, and often feeling, are developed, Jesus at the temple when twelve years old asked his teachers questions. Proper inquiry is helpful to teachers as well as to pupils. It creates greater study and investigation. It breaks up routine or perfunctory teaching. It starts one on new lines. It indicates the bent of the scholar's mind. It may lead up to light on dark problems, and also to practical results. The fitting answer shows the pupils that their teacher thinks and is posted. If the question cannot be answered on the spot, ask time for consideration and give the reply next Sabbath, and do it so as to make a telling point. *Sel.*

AUGMENTATION.

To the Presbyteries, Sessions, and Congregations of the Synod of the Maritime Provinces:

The object of the Augmentation Fund is to assist weak congregations, especially those which are willing to help themselves. Where congregations qualify, that is, give \$400 and a manse, and at the rate of \$4.50 per communicant, we endeavor to secure to their ministers the minimum salary of \$750 and a manse. The grants to supplemented congregations are made annually, and are for the year extending from April 1st to the end of the following March. If a congregation is settled only a part of this time, the grant is paid for that part only and does not extend from the date of settlement to the end of the pastoral year. In no case is the sum promised intended to be permanent. Supplemented congregations are supposed to increase their local support from year to year, until they become self-sustaining, and thus effect a corresponding reduction in the amount which they draw from the Fund. Several of our strongest congregations not only owe their existence, but the proud position which they occupy to-day, to the fact that they were fostered during their weaker days by the Augmentation Scheme.

At the close of April, 1886, the number of congregations on the Fund was 42, and the amount paid out that year was \$8,855.00. The figures for the following four years are as follows:—1887—87, 43 congregations, \$8185 76; 1887—88, 43 congregations, \$7737.70; 1888—89, 50 congregations, \$8143.45; 1889—90, 53 congregations, \$9650.00. This year the augmented congregations number 66, and at the very least \$10,000 is required to meet our demands. It is gratifying to know that whilst the number of congregations is larger, and a greater proportion of them have settled pastors than during any previous year, that the difference between the amount needed this year to cover the probable expenditure and the sum paid in 1886 is so small.

What supplemented congregations paid last year for the support of ordinances, according to Presbyteries and per family, varied from \$5.60 to \$11.84, the general average being \$8 38, which is higher than the general average of all congregations within the bounds of the Synod of the Maritime Provinces—a fact which is deserving of notice. If, however, all the supplemented charges were to give at the rate of the general average, there would be an increase from local sources of over \$3,000. It is, however, too much to expect such a rise in one year. But it is surely not too much to expect such an increase as will produce \$1,000, and thus along with the \$9,000 allotted to Presbyteries to be raised, make the \$10,000 that are necessary to keep the salaries of supplemented charges from suffering shrinkage, and the fund from sinking deeper into debt. The Synod at its recent meeting, agreed to ask our people for \$9,000, to be allocated as shown by the following table. The table will explain itself.

<i>Presbyteries</i>	<i>Amount Allocated</i>	<i>Per Family.</i>
Sydney.....	\$ 478	20cts.
Victoria and Richmond	300	20 "
Wallace.....	416	33 "
Pictou.....	1240	44 "
Truro.....	844	47 "
Halifax.....	1950	65 "
Lunenburg and Shelburne...	365	47 "
St John.....	1350	45 "
Miramichi.....	647	31 "
Prince Edward Island.....	1166	33 "
Newfoundland.....	250	\$1 03 "

The attention of Presbyteries is directed to the following resolutions which were passed by the Synod at its last meeting.

The Synod, in view of the present position of the Fund, urges upon Presbyteries the imperative necessity of visiting every supplemented charge before the close of the current year, in order to inform them fully of the present situation of affairs, to enquire carefully into their financial methods, and to endeavor by the improvement of them or otherwise, to get a considerable increase of local support—the Committee to prepare a statement setting forth the present state of matters and the urgent necessities of the situation for use in this visitation.

The Synod urges congregations of 100 families and upwards, to endeavour at once to become self-sustaining, and also instructs Presbyteries to make special efforts to induce them to cease from making applications for grants.

This year will test the strength of the scheme, but our faith in God and in our people is abiding. Promptness of action and faithfulness on the part of Presbyteries in dealing with augmented congregations, as well as a most hearty and liberal response from all our people who have at heart the welfare of our beloved Zion, will ensure the success of the scheme for another year, if not place it upon a firm footing for all time to come. "We then who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

E. SMITH, *Convener.*

Maritime Notes,

Waterville and Lakeville has called Rev. Mr. Coffin.

Harbor Grace congregation, Nfld., is calling Rev. E. McNab.

Rev. E. Bayne has declined a call to Richmond Bay East, P. E. I.

It is said that Erskine Church, Montreal, is to call Rev. A. J. Mowatt.

St. Andrew's Church, Sydney, has put in an organ to assist their service of praise.

Mr. Andrew Forbes an aged elder of Shubenacadie congregation has been taken away by death.

Rev. R. McLeod of Strath Lorne, C. B., has accepted a call to the Presbytery of Glengarry, Ontario.

Rev. Dr. McVicar of Montreal conducted the anniversary services in Park St. Church, Halifax, Nov. 9th.

Rev. James Allan, one of the oldest ministers of the Church is resigning the charge of Cove Head congregation, P. E. I.

United Church, New Glasgow, made its collection for Augmentation, Nov. 2. Amount asked \$200, given \$218.

Rev. M. Campbell, has accepted the call from Woodville and Little Sands, P. E. I., to the congregation of Strathalbyn in the same Presbytery.

A new Presbyterian church is being erected at Sackville, Hx. Co., The Presbyterians there are few but earnest in the work, and wish regular service.

Mr. Elias Tupper of Round Hill, Annapolis Co., died at an advanced age on the 29th of October. He has been for many years an elder, first in Annapolis then Bridgetown.

The Mission Band in connection with the Presbyterian congregation, Lunenburg, has raised during the year \$58.30 besides the direct contributions of the Sabbath School.

Rev. James Anderson has resigned his charge of Musquodoboit Harbour congregation and will devote himself for the present to teaching the Tonic-sol fa system of singing.

Mr. Anthony McLeod, West River, Pictou, says that Rev. Duncan Ross had a Sabbath-school in his congregation seventy years ago, and that he, Mr. MacLeod, attended both the Sabbath school and Bible class when he was ten or twelve years old. This is reported as "The oldest Sabbath School".

Two worthy Elders of Tatamagouche congregation, Mr. James Langille and Mr. Robert Purves have recently passed away, the former having been an elder for nearly thirty years.

Mr. William Morton, an elder in United Church, New Glasgow, father of Rev. Dr. Morton of Trinidad, passed away to his rest Sept. 22 after a service of nearly half a century in the elder ship.

Rev. A. W. McLeod who has been laboring as ordained missionary in Kempton and Walon has left his field before the end of the time for which he was appointed and without asking Presbytery. Presbytery has asked him for an explanation.

This has been the most fruitful year in the Trinidad Mission. Thus writes Dr. Morton. The sowing time has been long and faithful. The ingathering is increasing. There is in this an incitement to gratitude for the past and greater diligence in the future.

The Congregation at Grand River, C. B., has a new church up and boarded in. It is to be a large and handsome building. There has been also organized a Society of Christian Endeavor. Thus they build together both the outward structure and the living Church.

Our Presbyterian College was opened on Nov. 5th, with a lecture by Dr. Pollok. The College has been enlarged during the summer by the addition of a mansard roof and the accommodations are now excellent. The attendance this winter is good.

The Presbytery of Victoria and Richmond met at Whycocomagh for visitation Oct. 14. They find that all the schemes of the Church are supported but that there are some arrears of stipend. They urged that these be paid as soon as possible and gave words of encouragement and cheer to the congregations.

Few ministers complete a pastorate of thirty years in the same congregation. Fewer still at an age so young as that of Rev. T. Sedgewick. And probably few were aware that he had been so long in his charge at Tatamagouche until the enthusiastic celebration of that event on the 19th of September. A grand gathering in the town hall, a bountiful repast, rich decorations of flowers and evergreens, beautiful music, cordial addresses from congregation and co-presbyters; a valuable gold watch and chain and Persian Lamb overcoat for Mr. Sedgewick, and fur collar and tippet for Mrs. Sedgewick, all testified to the deserved esteem in which the pastor and his wife are held and combined to make the occasion one not soon to be forgotten.

Parrsboro congregation has made excellent progress during the three years of Mr. Dill's ministry. They have become self-supporting, have paid off all the debt on the Church, increased the support of their pastor, the contributions to the Schemes of the Church have arisen from \$38 to \$200 annually and 64 names have been added to the Communion roll.

A fine new church was opened in Trenton, Pic. Co. Nov. 9th. Dr. Burns preached. Rev. James Thompson and Rev. Dr. Patterson taking part in the service. A children's service was held in the afternoon in which the pastor, Rev. A. W. Thompson, Dr. Burns, Messrs. McCurdy, Robertson and Scott, took part. Mr. Thompson has been ordained missionary in charge of this station for 18 months and during that time it has made wonderful progress. We trust that when he goes to Trinidad and they have another pastor, a similar rich blessing may follow both.

The following are the standing Committees of Pictou Presbytery for the current year: *State of Religion*.—Mr. Calder, convener, and Messrs. A. Robertson, J. H. Turnbull, Joseph McKay, J. K. McDonald and D. McKay. *Temperance*.—R. Cumming convener, Messrs. Cairns, Forbes, D. Sutherland, John Johnston and Thos. McKenzie. *Sabbath Schools*.—Dr. McLeod, convener, and Messrs. A. McLean, Cairns, Dan. McDonald, John Forbes and D. Robertson. *Statistics*. Mr. Carson, convener, and Messrs. Falconer, Muir and D. Logan. *Systematic Beneficence*.—Mr. McCurdy, convener, and Messrs. Turnbull, Boyd, Robertson and J. D. MacGregor.

Messrs. McCurdy, Forbes and and Munro are a committee to consider the matter of supply of mission stations by members of Presbytery during the winter and report at next meeting of Presbytery.

The Presbytery of Truro met in Truro Nov. 4th. 18 ministers and six elders present. Allocations was made for the Augmentation Fund. The reports of catechists were considered, Mr. A. D. Gunn had labored during the past summer at Harmony. Mr. Clarence McKinnon had labored at Westchester and Greenville, Mr. Duncan Campbell at North River. All of Mr. Gunn's expenses, it was found, had been met at Harmony, a small balance was due Mr. Campbell from North River. It was agreed to ask payment of amounts due, from the Home Mission Board. The work of the catechists was commended as satisfactory, and the clerk was instructed to furnish the usual certificates. The Presbytery met in the evening for the visitation of St. Andrew's,

congregation, and were greatly pleased at the evidence of prosperity in all departments of the work. Next meeting third Tuesday of January.

The Presbytery of Lunenburg and Shelburne met at Mahone Bay on the 4th Nov. Present five ministers, two elders and two brethren who are doing Home Mission work within bounds. Arrangements were completed for the full supply of Riversdale during the winter. A committee appointed to care for the interests of the Presbyterians at Molega mine, reported that supply had been given monthly for the last three months. Presbytery resolved to continue the same supply till the end of the year. Allocations was made for the Augmentation Fund as given on another page. Arrangements were made to visit Mahone Bay in the interest of Augmentation Fund on Tuesday Dec. 2nd and La Have Dec 23rd. The brethren located in the County of Shelburne were appointed a committee to visit the congregations there on the same behalf. Next meeting of Presbytery is to be held in St. Andrew's church, La Have, Dec. 23rd at 2 p. m.

The annual Sabbath School convention of District No 2 of the Halifax Presbytery was held at the Presbyterian Church, Gay's River, on the 23rd Oct. Rev. J. Layton presided. Reports were received from 16 schools, showing 774 scholars with an average attendance of 511 and 79 teachers. Contributions to missions were reported from most of the schools, but no teachers meetings are held, and but few 1st year professed Christ. Three excellent papers were read, prepared by Mrs. M. L. Cook, Gay's River, Mrs. H. McLean, Halifax, and Mr. Jas. McDonald, Shubenacadie. The great feature of attraction was the model class ably conducted by Rev. J. McMillan, Chalmers Church, Halifax. In the evening, earnest practical addresses were given by Mr. McMillan and Rev. Jas. Thompson, Durham, Pictou. Much praise is due to the ladies of Gay's River for the sumptuous tea furnished and to the choir for excellent music rendered.—*Witness*.

"OF ALL THAT I BROUGHT WITH ME from the home of my childhood into the world," said a leading business man in the West, "the most valuable possession was the habit of kneeling to ask God's blessing night and morning. Often it was a mere mechanical form; at times, when I was in desperate straits, my prayer was a single inarticulate groan for help. But it kept alive in me the idea there was a power stronger than I, than money, or business, or life itself. That idea saved me."

New Hebrides.

LETTER FROM MR. ANNAND.

TANGOA, SANTO 26th August 1890.

My Dear Mr. Morrison:—Your note of 3th May with inclosed list of special contributions for teachers' salaries was received on the evening of the first inst. Having passed through the new Caledonia post office it had lost a month in making that call. The five-cent postage sends them there as New South Wales will not have anything to do with the Postal Union, excepting to forward the sealed mail bags to their destination. Letters come all right for the five cents, but generally are four weeks longer in reaching us on account of coming through the Noumea office. I have written to three of the Sabbath schools and M. Bands that contributed to our teachers, a few others I have not written as the last sums sent appear to have come as a reply to letters thanking for past favors.

I was not needed in the settlement of the new missionary on Santo. Two passengers on the steamer volunteered to remain a month and help Mr. A. McDonald to erect his house. This offer being accepted there was no need for us going; hence we have been occupied with our own affairs.

Just now our people are particularly busy with their heathenism. Yami planting is beginning, and that requires a certain amount of ceremony to insure a good crop.

Then a marriage feast came off last week with three days revelry, all of which gives them a distaste for school and Sabbath services.

The enemy appears to be active now possibly it is because he sees that his kingdom is in danger. We anticipate still more opposition to the gospel than we have yet seen, but the end is not doubtful. It may require much patient work but the victory must be complete in the end. Santo shall be given to the Son for his inheritance.

Yours sincerely
J. ANNAND.

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM MR. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, Trinidad, B. W. I.,
Oct. 24, 1890.

For the Maritime:—

I spent five days with Mr Coffin in Couva, from Oct. 18 to '22. Mr. Macrae was with us three days. Mr. Coffin has now a class of six who are employed, at least part of their time, as Catechists. These I taught on Saturday forenoon. At noon one of the teachers was married. On Sabbath the people gath-

ered from every part of the District for communion. The session met at 8.30 and sat for two hours dealing with applicants for Baptism—persons who were coming to the Lord's table for the first time, and two who had been under discipline. Much earnest work was done in dealing personally with souls and some hindrances were, we trust, happily removed. At 11 a. m. public worship began when seven adults and eight children were baptized and forty persons united in the communion. The Church was well filled, the attention good, and the service solemn. Monday and Tuesday were devoted to the inspection of the work on the estates and neighboring villages and Wednesday to the work in outlying settlements.

It had rained more or less for fifteen days and had been raining the greater part of the night but the day dawned clear and we left at 8 a. m. well mounted on mules. Part of the ground was quite new to me, part I had been over two years ago, and part I had ridden through 15 years ago with Mr. Christie when there were no public roads and the people were just beginning to make homes for themselves in the forest. We found open cart roads everywhere and though they were suffering from the continued rains, and the hot sun had apparently fallen out of their in a few places, yet there was not much to complain of. At a distance the district seems forest still; on approach it is found to be cacao, a most valuable tree cultivation. In places the trees were covered with the red and yellow pods, almost ripe for gathering—a sight to cheer the heart of even the passer-by.

Calcutta settlement is chiefly owned by Indians. At one place we drew up our mules under some orange trees and refreshed ourselves with Portugal oranges while the master of the house was called. He and his wife sat with us at the sacred table on Sabbath. Several of his boys were present. Now they came in full force five sons and two daughters—the eldest son able to read the fifth book—all now helping their father with the ripe rice and cacao.

In Calcutta settlements here are fifty Christians. Near the centre is a large savanna or pasture, enclosed with wire fencing, where a hundred head of cattle are kept. The people pay one dollar per month for pasture. The owner is an Indian and he owns one hundred and sixty acres in pasture and cacao. He offered us a piece of land 100x100 ft at the corner of two roads as a site for church or school. Though friendly he is still a Hevodo. Certainly these people should have a place to meet. At present they assemble in the gallery of the Catechist's house. This Catechist whose name is Butau was first taught by Mr. Christie to

read, decided to profess Christianity largely through the words of Abram Lincoln who afterwards went to Demerara with the late Mr. Gibson, and was baptized by Mr. Wright. Thus one sowed and another reapeth. He taught his wife to read well in Hindustani. With a little special training she would be most useful as a Bible woman.

We returned weary and hungry at 2.15 p. m. Papers from Canada awaited us announcing the death of Mrs. Christie. The workers die but "their works do follow them." The foot marks of Messrs. Christie and Wright can be traced in the ground over which we have been passing; their presence haunts the buildings here; but these will in time pass from human observation while the good seed of the Kingdom sown by them in human hearts shall bear fruit unto life eternal.

JOHN MORTON.

LETTER FROM MR. GRANT.

SAN FERNANDO, 31st, Oct., 1890.

For the Maritime :

On the 14th inst. at Yarmouth, just before going on board the S. S. "Yarmouth" for Boston in addressing a meeting in the Hall of the Presbyterian Church, Squire Hilton asked me to indicate how our converts gave proof of their interest in Christ. In addition to words then spoken in reply, I beg now to give an illustration reported to me by my assistant Babu Lal Behari who took, on the occasion in question, the appropriate text, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

During my absence Andrew Manohar died. For ten years he had given unmistakable proof of change of heart. He was humble in caste, in circumstances and in spirit. After his days work was over his custom was to visit either a Christian or a heathen home to read and speak and pray. This he did from year to year because he loved the Saviour and wished to make him known.

In August, after a few days illness he died leaving a widow and four young children who were wholly dependent on him for their daily bread. His Christian neighbors bore the funeral expense. Devout men carried him to his burial place. A subscription list was opened, and the maintenance of widow and children guaranteed till the end of this year when it is believed other satisfactory arrangements will be made.

This movement was spontaneous, and chiefly amongst the Hindustani speaking people and indicates that irrespective of clime, nationality, or tongue, the fruit of the Spirit is one and the same.

The conduct of the Christians in this matter has been the subject of remark amongst those who have not yet embraced Christianity and it is likely to be helpful in commending the Gospel.

K. J. GRANT.

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, Oct. 28, 1890

For the Maritime.

8. 15. a. m. Sabbath Sep. 28th, found the Tunapuna Missionaries at Chaguana ready to begin a day's work among the thousands of heathen people there. This is the district referred to by Dr. Morton in his addresses before last year's Synod as a gap between the Tunapuna and Couva districts, which may yet be taken up. We feel it matter for congratulation that circumstances have favored the opening up of work there this year. By the help of the W. F. M. S. (E. S.) a suitable school house has been erected free of debt at Chaguana village, while at Charleville, Couva, and Warren village, distant from each other about two miles of very muddy road, schools have been opened. Two only out of the four have as yet obtained government assistance. The accommodations of the other two not satisfying the requirements of the law, efforts will be made to get these two on the same footing by the close of the year. Under the law the government expenditures for schools will be more than doubled: it is hoped that there will be greatly increased efficiency. One provision is that Indian schools must be taught by Indians; our lady teachers excepted; all teachers must be certificated; they will be much better paid than hitherto. There will be strong inducements (much needed by E. Indians) to improve themselves. Our Missionaries believe that the cost to the mission will be less than under the new ordinance, where we own the buildings.

But we have wandered away from Perseverance estate, where at the hour above mentioned, the manager, Mr. Lutz, kindly accompanied me to the barracks (laborer's house) that the people might know that I had arrived to meet with them at the Estate Hospital, as previously announced by the catechist. My husband had mounted a mule to ride off through the mud to Charleville.

We were to meet at the school house above mentioned about noon. Having walked the length of the barracks, Mr. Lang left me at the Hospital, where the people were beginning to gather. It is a large building, with an open gallery running the whole length. There was no furniture, but we needed none. The clean boards of the floor seated my

audience; a chair was brought for me, but I preferred standing beside my picture of the crucifixion which was tacked against the partition. Gradually they gathered in. Nearly a hundred people; the largest meeting I had ever held alone. About one-third men though we had only called the women.

I began at once to teach them that they were sinners and needed a Saviour. The men were exceedingly quiet giving frequent nods of assent to what was said. When I asked, "in what do you trust for the forgiveness of your sins?" a woman answered, "In our good works." Having tried to show them the worthlessness of such a plea as a ground of acceptance, I said, "If Heaven is to be won by merit, how many of this Estate will get there?" I find this a searching question among purely heathen people. A number shook their heads plainly meaning, "not one." I asked again, "In what then will you trust for forgiveness?" The same woman answered, "Mat ik mu'af kara ga"—God will forgive—I said "no"; "God is a Judge, and a King: he has given us laws, and a prison is prepared for those who break them." I pressed this home on the women by saying, "suppose I steal your jewelry, and you prove it before the magistrate, will he say to me, it is true that you have stolen this woman's jewelry but never mind; you can go home? And if he did say so would he be a good magistrate?" They were unanimous on this point. Then I said, "God cannot take you to Heaven with your sins; and if he did would not Heaven become Hell?" All assented to this and then I took down my picture, and walked up and down in the narrow space and told the story of the Cross. I had talked about an hour (as I were not gathered at first), when I asked them to pray with me, and kneeling there, looking into the clear blue depths of the sky, it did seem as tho we came very near to the Divine Helper, and received from Him an assurance that the feeble words spoken would not return unto Him void, but would result in blessing. We then dispersed, several asking me to come again, and I went on to another estate accompanied by the school-master, where the Manager Mr. Cumberbatch, called the people out, and I had a similar meeting in the Estate Hospital. This time we had more men than women, as the latter were employed in cooking the family breakfast. About eighty came in and after half an hour's talk and prayer, I left them telling them to be at the school-house to meet Dr. Morton, at two o'clock.

I called at the Manager's to thank himself and wife for their assistance, and went on to the school-house, where my husband soon

joined me with news of a fine meeting at Charlville, and five baptized. We removed t. k. and slates, and partook of a modest repast at the school room table. It was the food of the working man, (and working woman too) and it was sweet. Afterwards we taught the people who came early, and sang hymns with them. As the time drew near for the meeting I went out to call the neighbours. I never got less encouragement; a man who was sitting in the shade of a gallery said, "it is too hot." I was standing in the broiling sun. I said, "if it is not too hot for me to stand here inviting you, it is not too hot for you to come." Another said; "who likes may go; who does not like may stay." He was one of the latter. A third, without looking up from the machine on which he was stitching said, "I am not going to church; I praise God every day in the house." One who looked quite at home said, "I don't live here." A few said, "I go" but went not. I did not get one; they were nearly all Mohammedians. We did not however, lack an audience. Encouraged by the Manager the Estate people came in, until children large and small had to pecked on the floor. They were very attentive to the service, five were baptized. After service, I gave a short lesson on a picture of the "Good Shepherd" that we had brought to be hung up in the school-house. Thus concluded the labors of the day. We reached home at six o'clock, quite ready for a rest.

SARAH E. MORTON.

LETTER FROM REV. K. J. GRANT.

Mr. Grant writes as follows to the *Witness*:

SAN FERNANDO, Oct 31, 1890.

Five months have this day elapsed since we left here on our home furlough. These months have glided by most pleasantly. In them we found nought but goodness and mercy, and now revived in spirit we resume our work with fresh resolves to effect, if possible, better results in our Master's service.

Everywhere we have had proof of the deep and ever deepening interest felt in our mission and in the church's work generally, and with the marks of life and growth visible who would set limits to the possibilities of our church. It is gratifying to find the cordial relations that exist between our Church and the Church of Scotland in Canada, but I can't refrain from expressing regret that there should not be a oneness in name, as there is in all essential elements. It was my privilege to address a united meeting at Scotsburn in July. The meeting was held in Mr. Fraser's church (the old Kirk). As

I drove up to the Church the sight was striking. Scores of carriages lined the road—on entering the church I found it filled from floor to ceiling by intelligent, God-fearing, prosperous, independent farmers and their families. To me it was a grand and impressive sight, and yet how saddening the thought that these good Christian people substantially one, should claim the services of two devoted ministers when one would be sufficient to break the bread of life to them, and the other might be sent and supported by the same people in some destitute portion of the heathen world. A stricter economy in men and means practised by the church would aid in carrying the Gospel to those who are perishing, and yet we rejoice in the grand work our church is carrying forward at home and abroad. We arrived home on 27th. Miss Fisher is spending a few days with us here before entering on her work in Couva. One incident alone on our voyage created anxiety. One day after dinner when just entering the tropics, a cry was raised "A man overboard." In a very short time he was a mile astern. A boat well-manned was quickly away to the rescue. His head was visible, and as every eye was strained we think every heart went up in prayer for him. Whilst we had confidence in him as a swimmer, yet the peril from sharks is very great, and it was only when we saw him actually in the boat that we found relief. Such scenes help to show the better side of human nature. We were happy to find on arrival that all the members of the mission staff were in health, and as usual had at work.

Yours, K. J. GRANT.

LETTER FROM MISS BLACKDAR.

TACARIGEA, Aug 9th, '90.

Dear Mrs. Burns, —I spent last night at Mr. Morton's. We had a tea meeting, Christian people from Princetown, San Fernando, and Couva were there. We had music, speeches, cakes, etc. Mrs. Morton's girls were there looking so tidy, clean and intelligent, so different from their country women in the heathen state. Miss Archibald too, had her girls up, Sarah Anajee and Ellen Grantham. In two weeks time we have a short rest of two weeks; not nearly enough, but if we let the children go we find it hard to get them together again.

We had a splendid evening gathering a week last Sunday night, 230 out. Mr. Morton never spoke better, some were deeply impressed. On Thursday evening last we had a precious prayer meeting, 30 young people were there, we read until past 8 o'clock. I

wanted to stop but all begged me to go on. Some had been reading the Bible at home, and wanted passages explained. Others spoke of God's love and kindness, and one Mohammedan said, "Please get me a Bible, then I can read in the day as well." I hope we will see a real outpouring of God's spirit upon our dear Indian people.

Our school made an average of 106 out of 120 enrolled last month. We have had ten new Mohammedan children brought to school by their parents this month. But we need a compulsory law to make the best use of our time. Mr. C. C. So deon has been appointed a member of the new Board of Education, he is worthy of the honour. I had the great pleasure of having our young catechist, Mr. Dana, take charge of the service last Sunday.

Sickness and death have been around us, but we are still spared to go on our way, we feel that we must work while it is day, for the night will surely come. Our new schools are doing well. In the country parts the people gladly hear the word. This last year has been one of advance and progress all along the line. Miss Morton is home and hard at work, not an hour lost.

I have had some nice letters from friends in Toronto. How I do love that city. So the Western people wanted to rob us of our good Mr. Morton. Well, we cannot spare him, so they must lay hands on some one else.

Yours Sincerely,

A. L. M. BLACKDAR.

BE PITIFUL.

Sympathy cannot bring back the departed treasure, it cannot "lift the napkin" from the face of the dead; but it does help wonderfully to lift a great load of sorrow.

Never have I felt before, as now, what an unpardonable mistake we ministers make when we fail to extend the utmost personal sympathy to the afflicted.

Nor must we attempt to apply certain banterings of consolation too soon. The bleeding heart must bleed awhile; the weeping eyes must weep, or the heart will burst. Jesus himself sought the relief of tears: none dared to say to him at Bethany, "Why weepest Thou?"

That pastor fails utterly who attempts to comfort a bereaved heart by an endeavor to stop the natural flow of grief with even a Bible promise. Nature must have her way before divine grace can do its perfect work. Perhaps this simple suggestion—learned from personal experience—may be helpful to my brother pastors in dealing with that largest family in their parishes, the family of the sorrowing.—[Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

A SERMON TO MIDDLE-AGED PROS- PEROUS MEN.

BY REV. JOHN MCNEIL.

"And Jacob was left alone."—Genesis xxxii. 24-32

I am not going to enter into the controversy as to whether this somewhat late-dated event in Jacob's history is really the date of his conversion. I do not see that there is any great profit in it. For myself, I rather think that at Bethel he got a sight of things that never left him—that at Bethel he saw the Unseen and the Eternal with his own eyes; and although afterwards he did not greatly grow in grace and greatly grow in knowledge of God, still his eyes never again altogether closed. But what I am sure that we are all agreed about is this, that if ever God's purposes for Jacob, and if ever God's purposes through Jacob's line were to be realized and carried forward with success, then this Jacob must be made a worthier channel through which these purposes were to work and flow.

I think, to bring this lesson home to myself and home to the people, that this is somewhat the angle of incidence. Look at that lonely man there. Just try to think of him. Now he is not altogether a bad man. Sometimes we fall foul of him grievously, and we have no milder word for him than "swindler," "hypocrite," "artful dodger," and so on. Well, so he was. There was a great deal of clay in him. He was to a great extent of the earth, earthy. And yet he was not all clay. There were gleams of gold among the dirt and rubbish. Why, see how he loved; and I have always a great hope of a man who can love. So has God. See the great, big, bursting heart that he had behind all his suppleness and craft and cunning! There burned in him that one pure, bright thing—he loved his Rachel with an intense love. See what it led to! See what he underwent to secure his heart's desire! See him, tough and wiry and weather-beaten, as with splendid indignation he lifts his face into Laban's and virtually says: "For all these years the draught consumed me by day, and the frost consumed me by night. Whatever was torn I dealt with you as though I had not been your servant—as though I was accountable for it. Whatever went astray I made myself responsible for, and you know how you used me: rather you know how you abused me." All through there was in him a mixture; but that mixed condition was not allowed to last. It must not be allowed any further to continue. He is very much like ourselves, is he not? Sometimes we advertise sermons to young:

sometimes we advertise sermons to children. I do not think that I ever saw a sermon advertised to old men. But I am sure I never saw a sermon advertised to middle-aged men—for those who have been some twenty or thirty years in the din and hurly-burly of life. For those who, like Jacob, have been, in the main, getting on. By fair means or foul you have got on. You have not denied the faith. You have not become an infidel. You have not wholly yielded yourself to the world; neither have you wholly yielded yourself up, body and soul and spirit, on the altar of entire consecration, any more than Jacob. Ah! it has a thrilling, personal interest, I say, especially to middle-aged, to elderly or to ageing, prosperous men.

Let us take a look at the lonely Jacob. See him there! All his company have gone. He has to meet his brother on the morrow; it has plunged him into a state of profound concern. He has sent forward a present to appease his brother's wrath. He expects that Esau is coming upon him: charging down upon him like the wolf on the fold; but he hopes that by the time he has broken through these presentations his wrath will be appeased. He hopes that he will have smothered Esau's wrath by flinging upon such an abundance of the things as will please him, for he knew Esau as well as if he lived with him. He had walked round about Esau, and took his measure long ago; and he has a shrewd idea that these presents will tell upon Esau if anything will. Here we have him sitting quietly alone. They have all gone across the brook, and he is just going after them when he sits down quietly and thinks, as I wish you, my middle-aged friend, and myself, and as I wish us all to sit down quietly and think. Let memory bring out or past years all that past years contain. And is not this the state of the case with a good many of us? Let us talk to our soul; let us commune in the loneliness and the solitude of a time like this, with all London there, so to speak, across the brook on other side of Sunday, and ourselves upon this lonely, solitary side.

Let us commune with our own hearts and see how we stand in the sight of God. And is not this the case—that you and I are bound to say, "Well, now, undoubtedly I have got on, and I have kept up a character and credit and reputation among men. I am known as being sagacious and astute down in the city. I am not known as a thorough-paced blockhead, as some are down there. No; I have not flung away the faith; I have not made shipwreck of a good conscience. The most that men can say of me is that I am pretty near; and that you need to rise early to be up before me, and you need to

trim your sails well, if you are to get to windward of me. But the trouble with me is this. I often wonder—you say, as I think Jacob would be wondering that night—I wonder now *how I look before God*; how do I stand before Him? This near approach of my brother Esau brings vividly before me the last twenty years, which certainly have been a strange twenty years. I believe I know God—I hope—I hope there is a something working in me, and that all this shepherding, and all this love, and all this lust,—for the bottom of all polygamy is lust—“I hope that all these things have not drowned, and have not quenched the something in me that throbs and pulses and trembles away up to the God of my fathers. I do believe—and yet with it all there is such an amount of dirt about the mainspring—I am so clogged and hampered that I wonder how I look before God. I know how to pray, and I have prayed—yes; and God has heard me in spite of all my badness and slipperiness, and I am as slippery as an eel, and I can go round about most men. There are not many men in Paduan-aram who can beat Laban, but I have beaten him at his own game every time. I wonder how I look before God?” And, maybe, Jacob was getting to be in danger, the danger of ourselves; and to think that God was something like him. You remember how God broke out, “Thou thoughtest that My notions of morality worked so easy a sliding scale as your own, now stringent when it pays to be stringent; and again loose, and soft, and buttery and slack, when it pays to be slack! and to ride, so to speak, with a long, long length of cable between you and the anchor. Thou thoughtest that I was very much like you, for the fact remains, that you have got on at this kind of double game, half for me and half for the world, and all the time for yourself, and all the time conscious that, in the main, the weapons of your warfare are not spiritual but carnal.” Now, to-day, middle-aged and elderly brothers look clearly with daylight sincerity at yourselves, as I set you alone, before you dare to steam into the Monday. You and I are, like Jacob, I believe, on the verge of eternal destruction; but God, in His great love and mercy, has gently brought us away to the quiet time of solitude on the Sabbath day, before we cross the stream and go back into the world, where perhaps we shall fatally give the loose to the worst side that is in us. God has met us to-day, and *now brother is the crisis of your soul*. Out of these doors, if God can help it, you are not to go, the shifty, tricky, subtle, half-and-half, almost contemptible creature you came in, and because He loves you, and because He knows you through and through, and be-

cause He has set His love upon you, and wants to redeem you, and the time is short, therefore He comes upon us to-day as He came upon Jacob, with a noiseless tread, and with a long stride, and He has us in His grip before we know it. You did not think, some of you, that you were to be gripped after this fashion this morning. You came into the church praying for comfort. You came in praying for comfort, and praying for something. It is not comfort you need, it is not soothing you need. It is the most awful through putting that ever a man got in his life that you need. You need simply to be turned upside down and outside in, for at this rate of it you will never be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light—never in all time—never.

I have no doubt that sitting there by the brook, resting there with the brawling Jacob wrestling its way through the gully on to the river, and the night winds moaning round about him and the fear of his brother still nearer to him than the winds, surrounding his soul with its chill, Jacob was inclined to pray to God for comfort: “O, God! comfort me. O, God! help me. O, God! be good to me. O, my Father! kiss me, and put Thy arms round about me” And God did, but not to kiss, at least not at first—not to kiss him, but to crush him, to take the Jacob in him, and simply paralyze it once for all.

I do not know how it stands with you, but I dare to say that for you, brother, this is a word in season. This is a word for most of us. Again I say, I speak in God's name to ageing, successful men who make, and have made for years, an open Christian profession. “Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled with him a man until break of day.” I can see him in the gloom sitting there, and he is thinking and fearing; he is just rising between hope and fear—rising to go over the brook and into the land of Canaan—“when suddenly one rises before him, and before he knows where he is, he is wrestling in the darkness as though for life.” It is Jacob in the crises of his life—Jacob met along his own line, Jacob being compelled at last, singly and alone, to come face to face with that unseen, invisible One, who all through has been with him, sometimes checking him, sometimes forwarding him, sometimes taking the cup of his love, as when he thought that he was going to get Rachel, and dashing it down when he finds that he gets Leah, and yet never leaving him alone—never just making him say, “God is against me,” but always rather making him inclined to say, “Bad and worthless as I am, God is still for me. Well, am I not good enough? And yet I know in my conscience that I am indeed very

far back." Jacob is at last brought to an end of that slipperiness and of that duplicity, and in these grips, in the silent watches of the night, compelled to come to an end, the very end, of that lubricity that was in him.

Now, my brethren, that has to come, and the sooner the better for some of us here. God is not such an one as ourselves. God does not look with approval on the tricks of trade by which we have won. God hates our sin with infinite loathing, and unless we gain the victory we are undone. Jacob's God is this kind of being: without holiness thou shalt never see Him. Hear it, O city man! None of this stuff; half dirt, half clean. Without holiness no seed of us shall ever see His face. He that doeth righteousness is righteous. No amount of justification without the deeds of the law, no amount of singing "Rock of ages cleft for me," will do it in it, and through it the strand and fibre of eternal righteousness is not being worked in. Righteousness in thought and word and deed, though the heaven fall. Righteousness!

Jacob was a man who, if you had left him, would have lived to the age of Methuselah without being a bit farther forward. Do you not know somebody vastly like him? He might have lived to the age of Methuselah, and he would just have been on the same beat—sometimes wonderfully spiritual, as we all can be on a Communion Sunday when there is a fine atmosphere round about our souls; and then away back again, back, back into the puddle before Monday night, and never getting much out of it. Now that was not to do for Jacob, and it is not to do for us. The more I study this subject in the light of all that Jacob was, and in the light of that wonderful twenty years, the more I see that indeed and in truth it is, more than words can tell, the awful crisis of his history. He is not to come out of this the same man he went in.

"And there wrestled with him a man, until the breaking of the day." There is a scene—Jacob wrestling. Oh, if there is one thing that Jacob is good at it is wrestling. We have got romantic notions about shepherd herds—the shepherds piping while their sheep are peacefully feeding. We remember romantic pastoral pictures that we have seen about shepherds dancing and piping on oaten straws. It is all wrong, or to a great extent wrong. You are never to think of this Jacob as a weakling—not even as a weakling physically. He was not a weakling physically, any more than was his brother Esau. He was a strong man, but his strength lay not in bigness of bulk. His strength lay in wiriness and suppleness. He is a man to

make a wrestler, a man with lung and breath, sound in wind, a man with a long arm that had a deadly clutch in it—a man whose limbs always seem to land him on his feet no matter how he twists, or how he may be twisted, and that is the thing that Jacob is good at, both mentally and physically. I hear the two of them as through the night Jacob pants, and with side, and hip, and heel he puts in every trick he knows, and tries to grass his adversary. It was a real contest of conflict. It was no dream and no vision of the night, and, as any fellow here knows, who ever tried it, there is nothing that so engages every limb and limb in you as wrestling. To wrestle, you have to have eyes, so to speak all over your body. You need to know how your antagonist is gripping you in weak places behind, you need to know where you can grip him where you do not see him. You have to put your eyes into your hands. Wrestling is mental as well as physical. No stupid, middle-headed dolt ever made a wrestler yet—not he. And Jacob is good at it, and Jacob is being taken upon his own ground and beaten there: wiry, sagacious, crafty, cunning, now pretending to yield, and again springing like a cat; and yet all in vain; tugging, and straining, and making nothing of it, and growing desperate. "Who can this be? Not Esau. At first I thought that it was Esau. It is not Esau. I never met a man who could stand as this man is standing."

And Jacob does not give in. He grows more restless and cunning, and impetuous, until at last *The Man* sees that—as I was going to put it—by fair play is not to win. The man sees that he will not prevail against him. So he puts in and puts on what is more than mortal, and what is more than human. This unknown, this invisible Man puts on or falls back upon Divine resources. He touches him in the sinew, the hollow of his thigh; "and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him." When that takes place wrestling is done. When the limb begins to shrink wrestling is over. You can do no more then. That strong iron sinew collapses, shrivels, and the contest is over, one would say. No, no. It grows more wonderful than ever now. Out of defeat there comes a greater and a nobler victory. The man said, "Let me go for the day breaketh." And Jacob said, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? and he answered, Jacob. Then said the man, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel, for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.

There, they are clinging now. No more wrestling. Nothing to do but just to hold

on and pant. As we find it in Hosea: "He wept and made supplication." This man, strong in body, and in sinew, and in brain, and nerve—this strong man has come to an end of his tricks and of his cunning. It has been the very explanation of his life ever since he was born.

Have we come to that? That crisis wears with you and me to the same point to which it wore with Jacob. Some of us for long years have just been like Jacob, as I have described—neither hot nor won, neither altogether good nor altogether bad, and yet undoubtedly on the whole the smile of God seems to have been over us, and the blessing of God has attended us and all that we have done. But He comes to us to-day, and He comes into grips with us, and He tells us plainly, and painfully, and firmly, that we cannot go one step farther into the promised land as we are—no further road or progress in this direction God breaks out upon us, not in judgement, but in mercy, but His mercy to-day has a part in it that we might feel in every fibre of our soul within us. "Child of Mine." He says kindly yet firmly, as He grips us by the strong muscle and nerve which has been our stay, "Child of Mine, this has to come to an end here and now. No more trusting to yourself, no more doing of things by your own skill and your own energy; no more meeting worldly craft with craft, cuteness with cuteness, and dodge with dodge; but from to-day and forward, Jacob, I am coming to untwist you, and it is a hard business—to take the knots out of you and to make you as plain, and open, and guileless, and sincere as you ought to be." Just think of it. He took Jacob the very man, Jacob with all his cleverness, Jacob with all his craft, to make Jacob as plain and open as the book leaf. That is what God's grace had to do with him. That is what God's grace has to do with some of us, and for twenty years, it may be, it has striven in vain. It has to be done. When, when, in God's name, is the untwisting to come, my brother? He is asking us to-day as he asked Jacob, "What is thy name?" For when God asks, "what is thy name?" He means, "What is it that lies behind the name, that is really thee?" And Jacob had grace and honesty at last to crawl up and say, "Oh, unknown wrestler! my name is Trick and Quirk and Cunning. My name is Jacob. My name is Craft, my name is Cunning." He owned up at last: "I am of the earth earthy. My name is Jacob—Supplanter."

My brother, what is your name? After bearing a Christian profession; after, it may be, being an office-bearer in God's house for twenty or forty years, the great God with whom we have to do comes in mercy to-day

simply because perhaps we are soon to get to heaven, and we need a lot to make us ready; we need a lot yet to make us ready; God has to come to you this morning with my lips, and says: "What is thy name?" If you tell the truth you will say: "My name is Jacob." You will say, "My name is Money, my name is Cent Per Cent, my name is Profit—my very name is that, O God. My name is Moderation in Religion. O God, dost Thou ask my name? My name is Lust. Right down at bottom that wriggling thing is me. My name is Lust, Uncleanliness, Vileness. I have kept it in; I have venerated it over; but I admit to-day that that is me. This is the one thing in me. It is my name." "What is thy name?"

What is at bottom in us, that is us? What is it? How few of us can say honestly, "My name, O God, is Religion; my name is Settled Principle; my name is Candour, Openness, Honesty, Sincerity. My name is Singleness of Heart, Childlike Simplicity." What is our name? I cannot give all the names. It is not the actual Johns and Roberts that that were named over us here in baptism.

Jacob's name was a name of significance; and God gives us all a significant name, and He is asking us to-day, "What is your name? What is it?" Oh, let us be honest and tell Him. I know mine. You could stand up in this church, and in one sentence could tell this meeting what is your prevailing characteristic. Young girl, young woman, you can stand up before God and say, "My name is Frivolity. That is my prevailing characteristic. I come to church on Sunday, but the thing that engrosses and consumes me is a ball and a dance and the theatre. That is my name. That sets my whole soul abounding and a-pulsing." With some of us, our whole creed is just a determination not to yield ourselves utterly unto God, but to keep on the safe side. What is your name? Ananias is the name for some, and Sapphira is the true name for others. It was not a nice name. It may be that Jacob's swarthy cheek got a little swarthier even in the darkness, as he said, "Supplanter is my name. I am a wrestler, I depend on cunning, I call on God even occasionally, to help my cunning. I use religion for a cloak for my cunning." My name, in Thy sight, and with shame I confess it, my name is Double-tongue or Facing both-ways.

And the Man said, "Thy name shall be no more Jacob, but Israel (prince of God), for as a prince thou hast power with God and with men thou hast prevailed." The blessing came when the wrestling was over, and when the clinging came; and that is what God means, but He means all that—to

come down upon us and to stand over us, and to set Himself against us, and to seem to be the worst enemy we have—an enemy who springs upon us in the darkness, and makes our face to grow white with fear. If He puts out all His strength He could hurl us shrieking into the outer darkness from where we sit. But it is not meet for that. It is meet at last to bring us to understand Him, and to cling to Him, and to give up all duplicity, and all deceit, and all dissimulation, and all double-mindedness, both before God and men, all playing fast and loose with our own conscience, and with what we know to be right—to bring all that to an end and with the arms of our faith round about Him, just to cling, and cling, and cling. Then we win. Then we have won against ourselves. Then also have we won with God. Jacob ceased to strive, and was broken with tears. Think of Jacob crying. Think of some before me to-day crying before God. My brother, when did you ever shed the tear before God? When did you ever shed the tear before God alone, simply because you are the wretched bundle of contradictions that you are?

When have we done it? When have we given to God these gracious drops and these gracious evidences that the fountains of the great deep at last are being broken up within us, that the old self is dying, and the new man is rising in his God-given power and beauty? Jacob weeping; Jacob clinging; Jacob pleading—he who before had been used to get at things in a far different fashion. Aye, that has to come too, and with some of us the very time of life to which we have come makes it an awful problem, whether it is ever to arrive. Aye, it has got to be soon, or it will never be with some of us. You will not for ever go on in this condition. You are not so well balanced as you congratulate yourself that you are. You are far more biased in one way than the world and the devil and your own deceitful heart are allowing you to think. When is the end to come? The true secret of spiritual success lies in the name that was given him in place of the old one: Israel in place of Jacob. The true secret of all want of success in the building up of character, and in the building up of a truly prosperous life lies in the name "Jacob," and in the foul, ugly composite behind the name. And, contrariwise, the secret of all freshness, beauty, virility, and power in Christian character and life lies in this new name, Israel—strong with God and strong with men.

And this honour have all God's Israel. This is the stamp upon us. This is the *sine qua non*. If we have not got this, then no wonder that the world looks upon us and

scarcely knows what to call us—whether hypocrite or true man. Jacob is not perfect yet. On this side of eternity we shall never be perfect. There is a limp in him where there never was a limp before. The sons of Jacob never saw him limp. Jacob with a limp—that is a new thing in the world. That strong, supple, lithe man, Jacob, limping! Oh, my brother, may it be seen to-day and from to-day and forward. I would like to meet you down the town with your head a little lower than usual. It would be a good sign—Jacob, with a bowed head, and with a softened look in his eye. That would look heavenly, believe me. It has not been there. That holy light has not been the light of your countenance in past years. It has been a mingled light, a strange, shifting light, about which one can never tell whether it is going to brighten or going to fade away into the dulness of utter worldliness, and selfishness, and unspirituality. May God grant that from to-day and forward the victory may come. May we go out of these doors with the false strength utterly beaten, with our eyes open, and with the chastened look upon our faces of men and women who have gone through something, and who have been severely handled. Less than that would not have been kind to us. "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." That is Peniel set to music: "Lead me in the way everlasting."

We are sitting here and we are troubling ourselves about meeting somebody to-morrow, and about how we shall be able to meet to-morrow, and how we shall be able to cut and contrive against the morrow. Before to-morrow has come to-day has come, and God with it, and we have to meet Him. Let us meet God, and let us get our hearts and our lives straightened and put right. Then we shall be able to meet all the morrows that are coming. God is with us, and this great honour may come to us to-day. We might go out of that door princes with God, having power with Him and with our fellow-men. Oh, that we might break out to-day into the true dignity, and power, and privilege of spiritual manhood. You remember Wesley's hymn. It sums up—sums up all the application of it. He says:

"Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay
And wrestle till the break of day.

"I need not tell Thee who I am ;
My misery and sin declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name—
Look on Thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I ask Thee— who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

"In vain Thou strugg'lest to get free—
I never will unlose my hold !
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know !

"My prayer hath power with God : the grace
Unspeakable I now receive,
Through faith I see Thee face to face ;
I see Thee face to face, and live !
In vain I have not wept and strove :
Thy nature and Thy name is Love,

"Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
Well, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love."

May God add His blessing to His Word !
"When I am weak, then am I strong."

AN APPEAL FROM WOMEN IN CHINA

(From more than two hundred ladies, members of the Missionary Conference held in Shanghai in May, 1890.)

To the Christian women of the British Empire, the United States, Germany, and all other Protestant countries' greeting :

We, the women of the Missionary Conference now assembled in Shanghai, come to you, our sisters in Christ, with an urgent appeal in behalf of the one hundred millions of women and children of China who "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

The work of the women in China has been prosecuted at the oldest stations for about fifty years, at first chiefly by the wives of missionaries ; but in later years single ladies have largely augmented this working force. There are now ladies engaged in educational, medical, and evangelistic work in China. Much has been done by them, many lives have been uplifted from the degradation of idolatry and sin, many sad hearts comforted, many darkened minds enlightened, and much solid good effected. But our hearts are burdened to-day with love and pity for the millions of women around us, our sisters, for whom Christ died, still unreached by the sound of the Gospel.

Beloved sisters, if you could see their sordid misery, their hopeless, loveless lives, their ignorance and sinfulness, as we see them, mere human pity would move you to do something for their uplifting. But there is a stronger motive that should impel you to stretch out a helping hand, and that we plead—the constraining love of Christ. We who are in the midst of this darkness that can be felt, send our voices across the ocean to you, our sisters, and beseech you by the grace of Christ our Saviour that you come at once to our help.

Four kinds of work are open to us :

1. There is school work in connection with our various missions, which in many cases the men have handed over to the women in order that they themselves may be free to engage more directly in evangelistic work.

2. There is work to be done for the sick and suffering women of China in hospitals, dispensaries, and homes, for which skillful physicians are needed. Most of this work can be better done by women than by men, and much of it can be done only by women.

3. There is work for us in the families of the Church. There are converted mothers and daughters who need to be caught the way of the Lord more perfectly, and to be trained in whatever is necessary for their full development into lively members of the great household of faith.

4. There is a work of evangelization among women, similar to that being done by men among the people at large. It is not claimed that the evangelization of women cannot be done at all by men—but that there is more of it than men can do, there is much of it that will never be done unless women do it, and much that men cannot do as well as women can. There is nothing in this kind of work transcending the recognized scriptural sphere of women. Women received from the Lord himself upon the very morning of the resurrections their commission to tell the blessed story of a risen Saviour. What they did then we may continue to do now.

But, you will ask, who are needed for this work ? Knowing the conditions of life and work in China, we would answer that :

1. They should be women of sound health, of good ability, and good common sense, also well educated—though not necessarily of the highest education—apt to teach, kind and forbearing in disposition, so that they may live and work harmoniously with their associates, and win the hearts of the Chinese. Above all, they should be women who have given themselves wholly to the Lord's work, and are prepared to bear hardship and exercise constant self-denial for Christ's sake.

2. It is desirable that they should pursue a systematic course of Bible study before coming to China, and have some experience in Christian work at home.

Further, we suggest that they should labor in connection with established missions in order that the good results of their work may be preserved, and that they may have, when needed, the assistance and protection of their brother missionaries.

Open doors are all around us, and though idolatry lifts a hoary head, and ancestral worship binds the people as with chains of adamant, yet with God "all things are possible," and mountains of difficulty melt like snow flakes before the rising of the Sun of righteousness.

God is on the side of his own glorious life-giving word; we ask you to come in the power of consecration and faith, with sober expectations and readiness to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus, and take your share in the most glorious war that was waged on earth—the war against the powers of darkness and sin—assured that God will accomplish his own purposes of love and grace to China, and will permit you, if you listen to this call, to be his fellow workers in "binding up the broken-hearted, proclaiming liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

That the holy and loving spirit of God may incline your hearts to respond to his call is our earnest prayer.

Yours in our Lord,

Signed on behalf of the two hundred and four ladies assembled in Conference at Shanghai?

RUM CAUSES FINANCIAL RUIN.

It may be set down as a fact that the drinking man can never accumulate money, unless he is the fortunate possessor of a bonanza—a business, that is, as to profits, beyond any consideration as to expenditure, no matter how reckless. Rum has burned a hole in his pocket which leaks faster than any ordinary business or money making avocation will replenish it. Bankruptcy and financial ruin are inevitable. The drinking man is at a sad disadvantage in his business, because the money which should be used to push trade, or tide over dull times, or extend his operations into new lines or new territory, is spent for rum and in the excesses which follow in the trail of that demon. He becomes more and more involved and tries retrenchment in all ways but the one which is his ruin. He will lop off all needless expenditure save that for rum and its attendant vices. But they are like the horse-leech's daughters; they cry "Give,

give," until the man gets desperate; he who was reckless incidentally, now becomes reckless habitually. The crash of financial ruin comes and his course from that time is a direct plunge into habitual drunkenness, poverty and finally death.

Reader, did you ever consider the grim fact—for fact it is—that ninety percent of the men engaged in legitimate lines of trade in this country fail sooner or later? And did you ever trace this back to its cause? The pathway of trade is strewn with wrecks and nine out of ten of them were caused by rum. It should be plain to all in these days of fierce competition in trade, the legitimate profits in any line of business are too small to stand the drain on the pocket imposed by the rum habit. Apparently the cheapest of dissipation, drinking is the most costly. All other extravagances have a limit, but the thirst for rum is limitless. It is like the ocean which receives all the rivers in the world, yet is never any fuller. The more you drink the more you must, and there can be but one end to both the drinker's money and his physical endurance. Rum not only costs fightfully in money, but it takes away the power to make money. It is as dangerous to a man's finances as it is to his body, his mind and his soul.

But though it is a fact that ninety percent of our business men fail, sooner or later, the influence of rum in causing the failure of at least nine out of every ten is not so clearly seen. We do not mean to say that these all fail because they drink up the money that should be used in business. While many do this, there are many others who do not, and yet whose downfall is just as surely the result of rum as if they had done so. To do a successful business in these rushing days, when every avenue of trade is the arena of keen competition, requires brains. It will not do that a man shall have business sagacity, that he shall be sharp in bargaining and quick-witted to avail himself of every opening for profit. He must not only be all these, but he must remain so; and he must give all his attention to business. Now, he cannot do these things and dally with rum. With many men a single glass of the infernal stuff benumbs the brain; and the man in this condition, with his mental faculties clouded with the fumes of rum, can never hope to succeed in the struggle with a competitor of equal natural ability who never touches rum, and so keeps his head clear, his wits keen, and all his faculties on the alert. He who drinks will surely fall behind, through his dulled wits. His trade deserts him, he has lost the ability he once possessed through soaking his brain in rum, and he goes to the wall. The cause is stat-

ed "as bad investments," "too great competition," "had debts," or something similar. But these are the result of drink, and rum is really the cause of his failure.

The business man who begins to drink might just as well close up his establishment at once if he intends to continue the unequal effort to cope with rum and with his business rivals at the same time. There is no line of safety but in the entire abandonment of rum. He may keep his head above water for a few years, but the inevitable end will surely come. Viewing these facts, is there not pertinency in the claim that it is the highest duty of man to save his brother man from himself? This insidious devil of rum, when he once gets his claws fastened upon a victim, never lessens his hold, till he has him at the mouth of the pit of hell.—*Toledo Blade*

CRUELITIES OF THE TRAFFIC.

The following incident occurred in one of our Ontario cities not many years ago: A widow had an only son, who learned to drink in a certain saloon in that city, and speedily became a drunkard. He spent several evenings a week with boon companions in their haunt of sin. Very frequently the broken-hearted mother would walk out to meet her boy, and wait for him outside the saloon door until he came. One night he was unusually late. His mother, as was her wont, went out to meet him, and coming to the door, heard the voice of ribald song and the echoes of obscene jests coming from the little company of revellers within. Her boy was one of them. The mother heart had a burden too great to be borne; she knelt down upon the pavement under the silent stars of midnight, and lifted up her agonized soul in prayer to him without whose notice even a sparrow does not fall to the ground, that he would destroy the cursed traffic which had stolen away the love of her boy from her, and debauched him almost beyond recognition. A policeman came along, saw the woman, and heard her prayer. She spent that night in the police station; and when she was brought before the court in the morning she was fined "\$2 and costs, or 10 days in gaol." That is the kind of protection the license-law gives us! Are you satisfied? Father, brother, friend, voter, are you well content? Is this the law you vote for? Look well to it.—*Rev. D. L. Brethour.*

They are the best Christians who are more careful to improve themselves than to censure others.—[Fuller.

COMPARISON OF GIFTS.

It is probably true that the poor, as a class, deny themselves more than do the rich that they may give in charity. The smallness of their offerings compared with those of men who have abundance should not blind us to the fact that often they give most generously. We have seen a story recently of a Scotch woman whose practice it was to give a penny a day for missions, to whom a visitor gave a sixpence a day to procure some meat, on learning that she had not lately enjoyed that luxury.

The good woman thought to herself, "I have long done very well on my porridge, so I will give this sixpence also to God." This fact came to the knowledge of a missionary breakfast not long after, narrated the incident. The host and his guests were profoundly impressed by it, the host saying that he had never "denied himself a chop for the cause of God."

He thereupon instantly subscribed twenty-five hundred dollars, and others of the party followed his example till the sum of eleven thousand dollars was raised before they separated. It was a remarkable result of the gift of the sixpence, of which the good woman was duly informed. And notwithstanding this fine sum of eleven thousand dollars from some rich men, it is altogether probable that the old lady's gift measured by the balances of the sanctuary was larger than that of any one of them.—*Missionary Herald.*

GYPSIES.

BY JEAN PAUL.

1. Gypsy is a corruption of Egyptian. It was formerly believed that the gypsies were emigrants from the banks of the Nile. Some held that they had followed Moses in the famous exit from the dominions of the Pharaohs; but, not being Jews, they had not been allowed with them to enter the Promised Land. Thus they had become cosmopolitan marauders.

2. Romanists circulate the story that at the time of Herod's persecution, when Joseph and Mary, with the child Jesus, had fled to Egypt, certain people had refused to entertain them. For this God had punished them with exilement from their native country, consigning them and their progeny to perpetual vagabondism.

3. It is now generally conceded that the original home of the gypsies was India. Their language, the Romany, is an offspring of Sanskrit and identical with the Hindustanee. They came to Europe by way of Egypt, the Moslem invasion facilitating

their transit from Asia to the neighboring continent.

4. The God of their Indian ancestors, Brahma, is neither known nor worshiped by the gypsies. In fact, they are without any religion whatsoever. Words signifying God, soul, eternity, etc., are not found in their language.

5. One who studied the history and character of the Gypsies well, assures us that their code of morals is contained in three maxims, very familiar among them: (1.) No matter as to strangers, be true to your people. (2.) Men are free, but wives must be faithful to their husbands. (3) With our kindred we must deal honestly, as to strangers, debts should not give us any concern. Generally they are lazy, dirty, thievish, treacherous, revengeful, fond of strong drink and tobacco, the embodiment of wandering rogues.

6. The gypsy women, bodily chaste, are equal to men in roguery. They are wily soothsayers, kidnapers, selling, administering poisons, acting as go-betweens. Men and women, in colonies of fifty or more, governed by dukes and knights, wander from country to country on byways, finding temporary domicile in forests and deserts, from whence, in small squads, they frequent the cities for purposes of theft, etc., etc. Of tawny skin, high cheek-bones, black eyes, shining black hair, thin lips, dazzling white teeth, their limbs excel in elegant proportion and agility. Of brilliant intellect, their rare gifts seek employment in knavery. Not less than four million gypsies infest the forests and mountain defiles of Europe and America.—*Texas Christian Advocate*.

EVANGELICAL TRUTH FORCIBLY STATED.

Evangelical truth has been forcibly stated in the writings of the late Dr. George Cheever. Note the following:

SIMPLE RELIANCE ON GOD'S WORD.

"Nothing tends so much to produce a manly independence, confidence, and genuine liberty of thought and feeling as a simple reliance on God's word and unconditional submission to it. 'Let them destroy my works,' said Luther; 'I desire nothing better; for all I wanted was to lead Christians to the Bible, that they might afterward throw away my writings. If we had but a right understanding of the Holy Scriptures, what need would there be of my books?'"

HOW TO SPOIL THE PULPIT.

He very aptly says: "Philosophic views of penalty, as bringing all creatures at length into the bosom of God; philosophic views of

the divine attributes, tending to pantheism; philosophic views of faith, disconnecting it from God's truth, which is its only legitimate foundation; philosophic views of history, exalting it to such a position as to make the authority of God's word dependent upon it; the very vagueness, doubtfulness, and subtlety of philosophic views or speculations generally—all this may just leave a man's theology so far as to spoil it, render it unfit for use, deprive it of regenerating efficacy, and render power in the pulpit impossible. Some of the most improved German writers are illustrations of theology so spoiled. In the system of Nitzsch, for example much applauded for its orthodoxy and philosophic exactness, it is maintained that as to logical position, by the letter, the tenet of absolute, positive, eternal punishment is undeniable; but as to reality, irreconcilable with the philosophy of the divine nature, and therefore impossible. The logical letter is a falsehood; the spiritual truth is that of final universal salvation. There can be no such thing as power, in the pulpit, in proportion as such views have place in the preacher."

UNCERTAIN VIEWS OF INSPIRATION.

Dr. Cheever says with truth: "There may be such theories of inspiration as inspire nothing but anxiety and unbelief; theories so discrediting and questioning, so dishonoring to God, His word, and His Spirit, that the experience of divine power is impossible. If a student has been so unfortunate as to come into the ministry under such a discipline, he comes distrustful and afraid, inexperienced and ashamed; he cannot develop power, for he does not feel it, does not believe it. If a man is doubtful about a bill, a draft, a signature, he cannot use it with confidence; other people will not take it, only with a private mark to return it; commercial operations cannot go on. If a physician is doubtful about a medicine, whether, for example, it be quinine or oak bark, and the patient too is doubtful, little good will the prescription accomplish, for there will not be the power, even if the medicine be genuine. So much does even nature depend for the efficacy of her real cures upon faith. But how much more the divine nature that operates only by faith, new created by faith, produces the experiences of life by faith."

"Work within the lines of your strength. Do not imagine that you are nothing because you are not everything. Abide in the station-appointed of God; and though it be not the highest hill, which first catch the morning light, yet God will not leave you without visitation and succor and comfort."

A PRESCRIPTION FOR SICK CHRISTIANS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Dr. Horace Bushnell was an invalid during the last years of a noble and useful life; and when people Hartford enquired of him "How is your health?" he used to reply playfully "*I have not got away.*" This might be the honest answer of many a professed Christian in regard to their souls. Their spiritual pulse is feeble; their appetite for God's Word is poor; they are more fit for the hospital than for service. They no more enjoy their religion than a fever patient would enjoy a slice of roast beef, or a plum-pudding.

Their sickness is their own fault, and it is their business and duty to get well as soon as possible. Since spiritual disease is obligatory upon every Christian, how shall the invalids be restored? "I will restore health unto thee, saith the Lord." Christ is still the Great Physician. He works cures, not by miracles but by means, and by medicines. One of these is the powerful purgative of *truth* faithfully administered. That pungent preacher Charles G. Finney understood how to apply this heroic treatment, and it would be well if all ministers could read his "Lectures on Revivals" once every year. But whether the truth comes to you from the pulpit or from your own reading of the Word, or from any other quarter, it will do you no good, my sick friend, unless you swallow it and let it work. If it produces some sharp grippings of conscience, all the better.

Then too you are in sad need of exercise. Your Master has given you faculties and affections and capacities to serve Him with. Yet for utter want of use, the limbs of the soul are as feeble as the bodily limbs of a man who has been on his back for a month with typhoid fever. Never will you recover your appetite, never will the flush of spiritual joy mant a your countenance until you get out of your hammock and *go to work*. You are dying from confinement and indolence. Probably a constipation of purse has set in, so that you have ceased to give much money to the Lord, or if you give at all, you do it grudgingly. There is but one cure for spiritual laziness, and that is work; but one cure for stinginess and selfishness, and that is sacrifice; but one cure for bashfulness, and that is to open your lips for Christ, or to plunge into some difficult duty before the shiver has time to come on. A thorough course of feeding on Bible-diet on Sunday, and of practicing Bible-duties during the week, will soon put you on your feet again. You can throw away your

crutches and run without growing weary, and walk without becoming faint. How glad your minister will be to see you out again! How happy you will feel when your congestion of lungs and purse and heart is cured; and the sweat of the laboring man will be sweet.

All the above mentioned prescriptions must be honestly taken; but remember that Jesus Christ is the great physician and health-giver. No permanent cure without Him. Jesus not only gives life, but can give it more abundantly, when "the Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings." There is hygienic power in physical sunshine for sick plants and sick people. It would bring speedy recovery to many a diseased and enfeebled soul to come back into the warm light of Christ's countenance. A great deal of spiritual sickness arises from bad atmosphere. The heavenly winds of the Divine Spirit alone can sweep away this malaria. "My Spirit I will give unto you." is Christ's promise; and with that powerful breath from above will come a new, and purifying and bracing atmosphere. I was once addressing a crowded audience in a small room on a wintry night, and the air became so foul that the candles went almost out. As soon as the door was opened, and the oxygen of the wintry air rushed in, every candle flamed up immediately. Your lamp is going out brother! You need fresh air. O what a glorious oxygen would pour into our hearts and into our prayer-meetings, our Sunday-schools and our churches, if the Holy Spirit should come like a mighty rushing wind, purifying, arousing, and quickening souls unto the very life of God! That would be a *revival*—a living-again from dead works and decay into the glow and gladness of vigorous health.

Such recovery cannot be reached by a wholesale process. God says to each individual Christian who has been made sick by sin, "Return unto Me, and I will heal thy backslidings." The persons who came to Jesus were not afraid to show Him their loathsome disease. You must not be gingerly in your confessions, or seek to hide your sins, or cover them with plasters of apology. Let your honest prayer be "Wash me *thoroughly* from mine iniquities." This prayer means—as Dr. Maclaren truly says—"Wash me, beat me, hammer me with mallets, rub me with caustic n'tre, do anything with me, if only those foul spots melt away from the texture of my soul!"

Such penitence, such prayer will bring pardon for the past. Not only pardon but peace and purity and power. You will be restored to health. Reconverted yourself, you will be able—like restored Peter—"to

strengthen the brethren." Healed yourself, you will be ready to labor for the healing of others. O what a revival it would be in all our churches, if the backsliders, and the fever-patients, and the lean dyspeptics, and the sin-sick professors would come trooping out of the hospital and report them else for duty! Of such a church the Master might say once more "Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy healing shall spring forth speedily."

CHRIST'S FRIENDS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

A little group of men—who had been obscure nobodies three years before—were gathered in an upper room at Jerusalem. The divine Jesus looking around on the company, says to them "Ye are my friends." They had not chosen Him; He had chosen them. The electric cord of divine love had made the little group one. Presently the charmed circle widens; a brilliant and bitter enemy of Christ is stricken by the heavenly electricity and transformed into a most enthusiastic friend. A wretched runaway slave in the slums of Rome is lifted into the discipleship. By and by great thinkers, scholars, philosophers, and orators, Jeromes and Augustines and Chrysostoms and Bernards are drawn in. The circle keeps widening as the ages roll on. Poor cottagers in their cabins, poor widows and orphans in their garrets, sailors in the fore-castle, sufferers in hospitals, slaves in the cotton fields, are admitted to the wonderful household of love. And as the converting grace transforms them, and the great arm embraces them, we hear Him keep on saying "I have called you friends!" It is the greatest marvel in history; for out of that obscure handful in that upper room has sprung the mighty kingdom of Immanuel, which shall yet fill heaven with countless myriads of glorified spirits. "Ye are My friends" describes them all.

1. It is a *confidential* friendship. Jesus tells His chosen ones "I call you not bond servants, for the servant knoweth not what his master doeth." A master sets his slaves to work without any explanations. But Jesus had opened God's thoughts to His disciples, and initiated them into the great mysteries of redemption. He had also chosen the twelve "that they might be with Him." For the same reason Christ takes us into His companionship, offers us His escort, promises us His presence, helps us on the journey, and intercedes for blessings that we need. There are limitations; for love has its *reticence* as well as its revelations. Our hearts ache often to pry into certain mysteries, but our Lord

keeps the veil drawn, and says "What I do ye not know now, but ye shall know hereafter." It will be one of the joys of heaven to study the finished tapestries of Providence, which in this world look often so rough and unravelled.

2. A *conferring* of infinite honor is this friendship. I the Son of God call you poor ignorant sinners who were my enemies to be "My friends." The group to which He originally uttered these words had been obscure day laborers, who were not known a score of miles from their homes, and would have been forgotten in a score of years after their death. He does for them what the sun does for the planets; He floods them with his omnipotent light and love until they become stars of the first magnitude for the guidance of all generations. Brethren, do you and I even begin to appreciate what it is for the Lord Jesus to say to such creatures as we are, "Thou art my friend; I have chosen thee, I have died to redeem thee from hell, I have pardoned thee and graven thy name on My hand, and have prepared a home for thee, that where thou art I shall be also?" The Prince of Glory fits up a palace for paupers, and transforms them into His confidential friends and joint-heirs to His own inheritance!

3. This is a *corrective and chastening* friendship in this world. He is the best friend who is not afraid to point out our faults. Jesus is ever more saying to us "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." No part of our earthly schooling costs so dearly or yields such precious fruits. How often we need the file, the chisel, and the hammer to shape us into something like the ideal which Christ has before His own eye! Christ was continually chiding, rebuking, educating, and pruning those poor fishermen and publicans, until He made them fit to go out and be His witnesses and ambassadors before the world. Jesus never loves us more than when He is pruning us of the dead branches to let the rich clusters ripen.

4. But this wondrous friendship is all *conditional*. It depends on a great "IF". Ye are My friends if ye do whatsoever I command you. Obedience to Christ is the only evidence of a genuine affection for Him. Jesus himself acknowledged no other test than entire submission to His will, and cheerful obedience to His commandments. In fact, this is the Bible ideal of *holiness*; it is just the doing of Christ's will and the letting Christ have His own way with us. To all such true friends, in storm and shine, the Master is constantly saying "If ye keep My Commandments ye shall abide in My love; My Father will love you, and we will come unto you and make our abode with you."

5. Our blessed Lord was often sorely wounded in the house of His friends. What a cruel stab one of them gave Him in the court-yard of Pilate! What a cowardly desertion when that very group from the upper chamber all forsook Him and fled! We wound our Master whenever we break His commandments, and when we bring reproach upon the name of *Christian* before the world. The closer we get to Christ in our profession the more cruel is the stab we give Him when we sin. Many a man kisses his Master in the prayer-meeting and kisses Him at the communion-table, and then by shameful conduct or cowardly neglect of duty betrays Him to His enemies! It is a glorious honor and privilege to be a friend of Jesus Christ, but it involves a prodigious responsibility. Happy is that disciple to whom his Lord can say "I call My friend. I was wounded for thee but thou hast not wounded Me."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Tourgenieff, the Russian writer, says:—
I returned home from the chase, and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game. I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak, and down upon its head. It had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently,) and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with its little unfledged wings outstretched. The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow with a black breast quitted a neighboring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang at the opening, grinning mouth.

She had come to protect her little one at the cost of her own life. Her little body trembled all over, her voice was hoarse, she was in agony—she offered herself. The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to her. But, in spite of that, she had not remained safe in her lofty bough. The dog stood still, and turned away. It seemed as he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this little bird and for the depth of her maternal love. Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love that supports and animates all.

Lord, make me this day to be kind to my fellow-men, to be gentle and unselfish, careful to hurt no one by word or deed, but anxious to do good to all, and to make others happy.

AN HOUR WITH SPURGEON.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon still draws great crowds to his tabernacle, which is situated in a part of London called Newington Butts. It is by no means a fashionable district, being in the southeast end of the city. You tell any "cabby" to drive you to Spurgeon's church and he will put you down at the door. But it is only a twenty minutes' drive on a 'bus from Charing Cross; fare four cents.

That Mr. Spurgeon attracts great throngs of hearers every one knows, but here are a few figures. His tabernacle accommodates between six and seven thousand people, and on Sunday morning, September 23, when the writer was present, five thousand four hundred people listened to him. This was in September, be it remembered, when every body is out of town, and "London is empty."

The regular members and attendants ascend the stone steps and enter the church through the front door: strangers and visitors get in by a side entrance, through an alleyway, and as they pass in, a tiny paper envelope is handed to each person. You drop into the envelope as much or as little coin as you please (for no human eye is watching you) and this envelope you in turn drop on your left, this method probably taking the place of a collection, which would be a difficulty to manage where five or six thousand people have to be approached.

People sometimes ask what is the secret of this preacher's distinguished success? The foundation of his success in his earnestness and evident sincerity.

He impresses his hearers with the belief that he believes what he is preaching. He does not seem to be making a profession or business of religion. There is nothing perfunctory in his manner; he rejoices in his calling.

Then again Spurgeon is a good and effective speaker. He talks in a slow, deliberate way, his enunciation being clear, and pronunciation perfect. Each word is distinct and clean cut. His accent is cosmopolitan; there is nothing local in it. Except for the pronunciation of a few words, such for instance as the word "af er," to which Mr. Spurgeon gives the broad sound heard in England, you might be puzzled to know whether the great divine was born "within the sound of Bow Bells" or graduated from Columbia College.

His language, hypercritical people might not call choice, but I beg to differ with them: it is exceedingly choice, being direct to the point, and like the man himself, simple and strong. There is no searching for fine phrases or well-rounded periods. His ideas flow freely, and they quickly find expression: there is no effect aimed at. The

man trusts to the matter of his discourse, never troubling himself about his manner.

His gesticulations are few, natural and not at all dramatic. He will raise his right hand or occasionally take a step towards a small table hard by—nothing more. His voice is not musical, nor is it especially pleasing to a stranger's ear, but it is firm, clear and penetrating, possessing those qualities most demanded in a public speaker.

On the morning of which I write, Mr. Spurgeon took his text from Psalm lxxiii 7th verse, and held his hearers spell bound for about forty minutes by his brilliant illustrations, his convincing arguments and his earnestness, for above and beyond all he is terribly in earnest. His prayer is beautiful; he touches a responsive cord in every heart in his fervent appeal to God for mercy and help.

Before the sermon there was singing of psalms and hymns. Mr. Spurgeon gave out hymn No. 916, "Going to Worship." It was congregational singing, without instrumental music, one man near the pulpit acting as a sort of leader. The singing was too slow for the preacher. After a second verse he called aloud to the congregation to sing faster, himself beating time with his right hand. Psalm xxxiv was next given out, but when the next verse had been sung, Mr. Spurgeon stopped the singing abruptly and said in a tone which was meant to be commanding: "I must beg that if you sing at all, you sing faster; there's more heart in it if you sing quicker. Praise God as if you meant it; put your soul in the words; it will be more welcome if there's spirit in it."

Mr. Spurgeon's deacons, about twelve in all, are seated on two rows of seats behind him, he and they occupying a high platform and prominent place—probably fifteen feet above the floor of the church, where all can get a good view of the man's features—all except the deacons.

The great preacher is now in his fifty-sixth year. Like his character and his language, physically he looks strong and rugged.

Mr. Spurgeon belongs to a family of gospel ministers. His grandfather was an English divine; his father, Rev. James Archer Spurgeon still living, now occupies, or did occupy until very recently, a pulpit in London, and he has two sons who follow his profession—one at Greenwich, near London, and one at Auckland, New Zealand.

PHILLIPS MORRIS.

London, Oct. 1, 1890.

The nearer we are to the infection of sin, the more need we have to stand upon our guard.

ROSEWATER RELIGION.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

An eminent Evangelist once told me that he had rarely preached on Repentance, because he believed that he could convert more souls by preaching on the love of Christ. My reply to him was that the loving Saviour himself made repentance the keynote of His ministry. We are told that He began to preach and to say "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

The Apostle Peter preached his powerful discourse at the time of Pentecost (which converted three thousand sinners in one day) by exhorting his hearers to immediate repentance. Paul declares that through all his ministry he proclaimed "Repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." There was a logical necessity in all this; for a sinner must first see his sin, be sorry for his sins and turn from his sins before he can yield himself to Christ and follow Him. No man can lay hold of Christ and yet keep hold of his favorite sins with the same hand, and at the same moment. My excellent brother admitted the force of this plain argument, and prepared a sermon on the duty and nature of Repentance, which was one of the most effective that he ever delivered.

There is too much tendency to use rose-water in the pulpits of these times, and to shrink the pungent exposure of the sinfulness of sin and its desert of hell. What a mistaken kindness not to tell an auditor that he is under the dominion of a disease in his very heart that will inevitably be fatal! What cruelty to try to conceal from him that the wages of sin is death, and that God is angry with sin every day! And how can any soul be expected to lay hold on a Saviour until he feels his need to be saved from the guilt, and the dominion, and the doom of sin? Our blessed Lord loved His hearers too well to practice any deception on them, or to make any concealments. Therefore He first of all "called sinners to repentance."

It is well for Christian ministers sometimes to step outside of their own churches and to see how their teachings, and its fruits look in the eyes of "outsiders." It is wise, according to the old Latin proverb, "to learn from our enemies." A few Sundays since, Prof. Felix Adler addressed his "Society for Ethical Culture" in this style. He said that "This is an age of material splendor and intellectual achievement, but also of spiritual vacuity. The Churches speak in an *apologetic* tone; doctrines which they once stated roundly, they now only insinuate. They explain away, apologize, and modify. The principal reason why there is so little deep

spirituality at the present day, is because people are so *easy-going*. They want to enjoy religion with a kind of sensuous enjoyment." How does that sound in the ears of the rosewater theologians who hold that in this cultured age such doctrines as "total depravity," and such a word as "hell" should be quietly dropped overboard?

Alongside of Prof. Adler's taunt of easy-going compromise and apology, let us lay such an utterance as the fearless and godly minded Rutherford of Scotland made a few generations ago. He said: "Many people only play with Christianity, and take Christ for almost nothing. I pray you to make your soul sure of salvation. If you never had a sick night and a pained soul for *sin*, you have not yet lighted upon Christ. Look to the right marks; if ye love Jesus more than the world, and would quit all the world for Him, then the work is sound." And so it appears that both in the eyes of the "free-thinker" and of the devout old Calvinist of Scotland, rosewater religion is but flimsy stuff.

There is no better test of a sound and Scriptural theology than the estimate it puts upon *sin*. At this point, true and false theology part company. If sin is a light matter, then no Divine Redeemer is needed, and the Cross of Calvary is an idle spectacle or a solemn impertinence. If sin is infinitely wicked and damnable, then repentance of it is the first imperative duty, and must precede faith in the divine Saviour, and the new life in Him. There was no cologne-water theology in that Jerusalem Chamber, where the Westminster divines penned their immortal definition that "Repentance unto life is a saving grace, whereby a sinner, out of a true sense of his sin, and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth with grief and hatred of his sin turn from it unto God, with full purpose of, and endeavor after new obedience." The pulpits which proclaim this vital doctrine the most plainly, and with loving fidelity, will convert the most sinners to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us all strike anew the key note of our Master, and of His greatest Apostle, and preach repentance towards God, and faith in His crucified Son. The two must be inseparable.

"The Federal Assembly of the Presbyterian Churches of Australia and Tasmania have resolved to establish a mission to the aborigines in Northern Queensland where they are still numerous. It is proposed to establish the mission on the Herbert River, and place it in the hands of two Moravian missionaries."

A WORKING CHURCH.

A working church usually enjoys the services of a regular pastor. Occasionally we hear of a church where the Sabbath school is prospering, the prayer-meetings well attended, the Sabbath services well attended, the finances kept in good condition, and the benevolent work of the church liberally supported, and yet without a pastor. But it is a rare thing to find such a church. If a congregation without a pastor is able to hold its own together, while doing but little for the general interests of the church, it is commonly supposed to be doing quite as well as should be expected. Most every congregation without a pastor for a considerable length of time loses both in strength and spirit. The church as such does not grow in numbers and influence, and the members as individuals make but little progress in spiritual life.

There are churches which have pastors, have numbers, have wealth, have intelligence and social position, and yet they are not what may properly be called working churches. They are supporting the ordinances of religion among themselves, and doing something for the support of the missionary work of the Church. Charitable objects in general receive from them a degree of sympathy and aid. Family religion is not neglected, and they attend the public services of the church with commendable faithfulness.

We may speak of these churches as respectable, influential, useful, but we do not think of referring to them as working churches. A working church is one which is reaching out to the masses; its members unitedly and individually laboring to bring those without under the influence of the gospel. A working church is not only evangelical but evangelistic. It believes that its great work is to bring men to Christ. It is aggressive. Its members, like the servants in the parable, go out into the highways and hedges to compel men to come to the gospel feast. By personal invitation, persuasion, and prayer, they bring them to the house of God, and bringing them to the house of God, continue, earnest efforts in their behalf to bring them to repentance and to the exercise of faith in the Saviour of the lost. No church deserves to be called a working church that is not engaged in active, evangelizing efforts to instruct, uplift, and save those that are perishing at its own door, as well as those in the far-off lands of heathendom.

A working church is a living church. Spiritual life in the hearts of the membership is essential to the development of a

working spirit. Men must feel the power of divine grace in their own souls before they bring others to enjoy like precious faith.

A working church is a growing church. Even though the increase in its membership may not be large, its members will be growing in grace, in knowledge, in their conformity to Christ, and in all those virtues which adorn the Christian character. In helping others they help themselves. Bringing joy to other hearts they increase their own joy. "No man liveth to himself." "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

A working church is a harmonious church. When all the members of the church are diligently engaged in appropriate Christian work they will not think of "coming down" to engage in unseemly strife with one another. The member of the body that is in good condition for performing its appropriate functions gives no distress to the other members of the body; so the member of Christ's mystical body in healthy condition will afford help and comfort to the whole body of believers, the church.

A working church is a happy church. No Christian can attain to even a reasonable degree of peace and joy who is standing all the day idle. Paul was never so happy as when working with all his might for the Master he loved. The church was never more happy, then when she "continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and prayers. Then did these early Christians "eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart."—*United Presbyterian*.

HOW TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY.

Take time; it is no use to foam or fret, or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key and pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door remains unopened.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our underground of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will a month hence.

Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back.

An angry thought canker the mind and dis- it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals

THOUGHTLESS SPEAKING.

We do not stop to consider the evil results of thoughtless speaking before children. The discussions of our neighbors' faults, the little drifts of gossip that come to us, and which we repeat, make deep and lasting impressions on the minds of young people. Life long prejudices are caused by such criticisms of the sayings and doings of those who form our circle of acquaintances, and sometimes our valued friends.

If the history of a piece of gossip, or a slander, could be traced from its beginning to its ending, there would be many a pitiful, unjust revelation disclosed. Why is it that human nature loves to hear discreditable things of its kin, and to tell it over to other itching ears, making as much as possible of the story, and, oftentimes more than is warranted? It would be a grand reform in our household, if we could establish the fact that no unkind thing should be said of any one; no uncharitable news expressed of the weaknesses of others, remembering that more or less frailties belong to the whole human family.

Sitting at a friend's table not long since, I heard a guest who was present indulge in severe criticism of the minister, whom the children of the family were taught to reverence and to love. The father bravely tried to turn the conversation into another channel, but he did not succeed, until a story of the minister's shortcomings in some former parish had been well talked over. After the meal had been finished, the head of the house said to the guest "You evidently noticed that I did not take much interest in your story of Mr. C——; but the fact is, we never allow ourselves to speak anything but good of anybody before our children; and we never criticise our minister, of all persons, as you know it might hinder his usefulness with them." It is to be hoped that this way of admonishing was not lost upon the talkative guest.

Not only are pieces of gossip retailed often times in our families, but old scores, mistakes made by our friends years ago, and which by "patient continuance in well doing" they have succeeded in living down, are brought out of their hidden places, and started on their mission of uncharitableness and injustice. We who have lived past the half century corner, and have learned by our own sins and mistakes how weak even the strongest of us are, know how, or ought to know how, to look upon the erring ways of others with great charity. It is to be hoped that we do, and that we ever keep in mind

"To think gently of the erring;
We may not know the power

With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour."

But our children cannot look upon the failing of others in any such light. They are unjustly prejudiced by indiscreet words against many persons, who in the main are well worthy of their respect. And these prejudices stay with them, until they arrive at a standpoint far beyond the present outlook.

So let us all bar out of our homes and our hearts all distorted bits of unkind tales of any our friends and neighbors. Let us impress upon the young hearts the need of charity toward those who have been overtaken in a fault, and the striking out of over two thirds of the detrimental items in the story connected with it. Don't ever carry a bit of unkind, uncharitable, indiscreet piece of news of anybody anywhere. Express instead of circulate things that reflect discredit on our friends.

S. T. P.

KATIE'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Now for a story!" cried a chorus of voices, as the door closed after the nurse, who had gone down stairs for half an hour, leaving the children to their own devices.

"Tell us a Christmas story, Katie."

"I'll tell you a story about last Christmas eve then" said Katie, taking baby Rose on her lap and gently knitting the while. "It was a dreadful cold night, the snow was beginning to fall, and the east wind seemed to chill one's very bones."

"Standing by a crossing in one of the London thoroughfares was a little boy, who seemed not to heed the weather, though his poor little feet had no shoes or stockings, and his elbows and knees were poking through the few rags he wore. His face was all wan and pinched, and the great blue eyes had such dark hollow rings round them, for 'Broomsticks,' as he was called, had only eaten one little crust that day, and everybody had been too busy getting Christmas gifts to remember the little crossing sweeper. So although it was quite late in the afternoon, he hadn't a penny to get a Christmas dinner for himself and poor blind Lizzie at home.

"At last he wandered up the street, trailing his broom after him, till he came to a provision dealer's window. There he stood, flattening his nose against the glass, unable to turn his longing eyes from the tempting display. He was so taken up by the sight of all the good things that he did not notice the merry group inside, who were busily choosing cakes and sausages, etc.: but one of the children, beuding over to find some special

dainty, caught sight of the hungry looking little face peering through the window, and all her sympathy went out to the lonely ragged street boy.

"Oh, mother," she said, "look at that poor little boy outside; he seems to want a bun so badly, May I give him one?"

"Winnie's mother was a kind woman, who had saved enough from the weekly wages for her children to choose some good things for Christmas. She looked up quickly, and saw at a glance, more clearly than her little daughter could, the want and neglect pictured in the sad little face.

"Yes, Winnie," she said, "give him a bun by all means, if you will; but I think he needs something more than that."

Broomsticks felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and starting up, met a pair of kindly eyes looking down into his, and a gentle voice asked him a few questions, which soon drew out the whole sad story,—how his mother had died a year before, leaving him with only his blind sister Lizzie, who stayed at home all day in their little garret while he went out to earn a living, if possible, at his crossing. And then came the last bit—how he had planned to get a real nice Christmas dinner to surprise her, because she was sick and ailing; and, just as if to spite him for such a bold resolve, he hadn't earned a penny that day.

"Come and show me where you live," said the woman kindly, "and perhaps we'll get a dinner for you and Lizzie, after all."

"Delighted at such hopeful words, Broomsticks led the way till they reached the narrow street where he lived. Up the rickety stairs they went.

"Here Liz, I've brought a kind lady and her little girl to see yer," said Broomsticks, as he wiped the dust off two shabby chairs, and placed them for his visitors. Lizzie curtsied, and Winnie took her by the hand, while Mrs. Hyde talked to her, and listened to all the praises of Broomsticks, which seemed the only subject Lizzie cared to speak of.

When they said good-bye, Winnie's bag of cakes was left in Lizzie's delighted hands, and Mrs. Hyde had given half a crown from her Christmas fund to buy the things they most needed. And that was not by any means their last meeting, for when Christmas was over, a situation was found for Broomsticks in the same workshop in which Mr. Hyde was employed, which brought him regular wages, instead of the chance pennies he used to get, and it will be a long time before he and Lizzie are in want of a copper to buy bread again."

Silence fell over the little group in the nursery for some minutes after Katie's story was ended.

"Isn't zero any more hungy ickle boys," lisped baby Rose.

"I expect there are a lot," replied Katie; "only perhaps there are not many Winnie's who care to give up their cakes.

Perhaps some of our little readers may take the hint; and in the glad Christmas time that is so near they may easily find some children who are very badly in need of a little kindness. Who will be a Winnie?

Jesus says, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

UNSEEN PROTECTION.

A lady was wakened up one morning by a strange noise of pecking at the window, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window in a fright, because outside there was a sparrow pecking at the glass, wanting to reach the butterfly. The butterfly did not see the glass, but it saw the sparrow, and evidently expected every moment to be caught. Neither did the sparrow see the glass, though it saw the butterfly, and made sure of catching it. Yet all the while the butterfly, because of that thin, invisible sheet of glass, was actually as safe as if it had been miles away from the sparrow. It is when we forget our Protector that our hearts fail us. Elisha's servant was in great fear when he awoke in the morning and saw the city of Dothan encompassed with horses and chariots and a great host; but when his eyes were opened at the prayer of the prophet his fears vanished for he beheld the mountains full of horses and chariots of fire. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore."

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

A great deal of unhappiness in home life comes from misunderstanding the people one lives with. Each of us is more or less affected by the personal impression of a conversation, incident or episode. The way it strikes us is very apt to push quite out of sight the way it may strike another. In consequence we misinterpret mood, or attribute to our kindred motives which have never occurred to them. The quiet manner is taken to mean irritation when it is simply weariness, or the impulsive speech is supposed to spring from anger, when it may have its origin in embarrassment or in indiscretion.

Life would be smoother in many a home if everybody would endeavour to understand his or her neighbour in the home, and if everybody were taken at the best, and not the worst, valuation.—Selected.

YOUNG MAN THIS IS FOR YOU.

1. Save a part of your weekly earnings, even if it be no more than a quarter of a dollar, and put your savings monthly in a savings' bank.

2. Buy nothing till you can pay for it, and buy nothing that you do not need.

A young man who has grit enough to follow these rules will have taken the first step upward to success in business. He may be compelled to wear a coat a year longer, even if it be unfashionable; he may have to live in a smaller house than some of his acquaintances; his wife may not sparkle with diamonds nor be resplendent in silk and satin, just yet; his children may not be dressed as dolls or popinjays; his table may be plain and wholesome, and the whizz of the beer or champagne cork may never be heard in his dwelling; he may have to get along without the earliest fruit or vegetables; he may have to abjure the club-room, the theatre, and the gambling-hell; and to reverence the Sabbath day and read and follow the precepts of the Bible instead, but he will be the better off in every way for this self-discipline. Yes, he may do all these without detriment to his manhood, or health or character. True, empty-headed folk may sneer at him and affect to pity him, but he will find that he is grown strong-hearted and brave enough to stand the laugh of the foolish. He has become an independent man. He never owes anybody, and so he is no man's slave. He has become master of himself, and a master of himself will become a leader among men, and prosperity will crown his every enterprise.

Young man, life's discipline and life's success come from hard work and early self-denial; and hard-earned success is all the sweeter at the time when old years climb up on your shoulder and you need propping up.—Sel.

A SINGLE BITTER WORD may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, so kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from the tumults of the world, and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun. *Evangelical Messenger.*

THE GENTLEMAN.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIM.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman that he never inflicts pain. The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, being to make every one at their ease and at home. He is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors when he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets every thing for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dares not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good-sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too kindly to bear malice.

WRITE TO THE BOYS.

If we had the ears of mothers in the country, whose boys have gone away to the cities, and to the great city, and who are wondering how they may help them to keep pure and true among the temptations of city life, we should say this to them. Write them a mother's love letter every week. We know, by personal experience, how mother's letter keeps her before the young man's eyes and safe in the young man's heart. We know how those letters keep on building a hedge around a young man so high and so thick that foul conversation and evil enticement cannot get through. We do not believe that the devil can get near the mother-guarded youth.—[*S. S. Chronicle*]

Holiness and happiness are twin sisters. We may, for the sake of explanation, speak of one as older and as introducing the other; but really they are born at the same time, and grow side by side. Blessed are the undaunted in the way, or in other words, "happy are the holy who walk in the way of the Lord."—*Francis D. Montfort, D. D.*

A WONDERFUL CHARM.

There was once a woman who went to her minister for advice, and she said, "Dear sir, my life is very miserable."

"Well," replied the minister, "what would you have me to do?" To which the woman answered:

"Ah, my husband and me don't agree. We quarrel very often. He comes in tired and ill-tempered, and I fire up." Then we go at it tooth and nail."

"Very well," said the minister, "I can cure that."

"Oh, can you sir?" said she, "I am so delighted, for I love my husband when all's come and gone."

"It's a certain cure," said the minister, "and will work like a charm."

"Oh, I am so happy to hear it," says she.

"Well," continued the minister, "when your husband comes in from his work fractious and quarrelsome, and says a sharp thing to you, what do you do?"

"Oh, I answer back, of course," she replied.

"Very well," said the minister, "the mysterious charm is, whenever your husband comes in and speaks sharply, the first thing you do is to run out to the pump, fill your mouth with water, and keep it in for ten minutes."

The woman came back to the minister three or four weeks after and said, "The Lord help you sir, for that's the most wonderful charm I ever heard of. Indeed it is."

Do not be impatient with your fellow-men. Quickness of spirit and quietness of spirit do not go well together. If you are quick-tempered, swift to speak to those about you, you are almost sure to disturb the tranquility which you are seeking. Very often the best thing is—forgive the solecism—to say nothing. "Turbid waters often clear simply by standing." If your children worry you, remember what a worrying child you are to your Father in heaven. If your servants try you, remember what a trying servant you are to your Master in heaven. If your neighbors or friends, or the people with whom you are engaged in business are a perpetual thorn in your side, remember that you are perhaps little better than one of the thorns growing on the tree of life. God has long patience with you—well may you exercise long patience with others.—*T. Culyer.*

Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.—Eph. 4:32.

Teach me to live with kindly words for all;

Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom;

Waiting with cheerful patience, till Thy call
Summon my spirit to her heavenly home.

FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

In a pottery factory here there is a workman who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of his "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon, or a fragment of crimson glass—indeed anything that would lie on the white counterpane and give color to the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental man, but never went home at night without something that would make the wan face light up with joy at his return. He never said to any living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him, and by-and-by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and cups upon their wheels and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another engravings in a rude scrapbook. Not one of them whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; he understood all about it. And, believe it or not, cynics, as you will, but it is a fact that the entire potteryful of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the mouths drifted, becoming gentle and kind; and some dropped swearing as the weary look on the patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day some one did a piece of work for him and put it on the sanded bank to dry, so that he should come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled and the little coffin came out of the lonely door, right round the corner out of sight there stood a hundred stalwart working-men from the pottery, with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half day's time for the privilege of taking part in the simple procession and following to the grave that small burden of a child which probably not one had ever seen.

The *Bombay Guardian* commenting on the methods of the Salvation Army in India, says a careful examination of the facts as to deaths, sickness and failures in the past, justify the belief that in two years' time there will not be one of the fifty Salvationists, recently arrived, left in the Indian-missionary field.

Patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.—[C. Lier.

A WIFE'S SOFT ANSWER.

We were married thirty seven years," said Mr. Gardiner Andrews. "And in all that time my wife never gave me a cross word. But I shall never forget the first time I chided her. It was on a Sunday morning, when we had been married about two years I found a button off my shirt, and drew it across the room.

"Saw a button on," I said in a brutal voice. She was a good Christian woman and she got a button and sewed it on.

"And what did she say?" asked a little, bristling woman, with snapping eyes.

"She said, 'Forgive me, husband, I had a great deal to do yesterday and forgot it, but it shall never happen again.'

"Oh," said the man fixing his eyes on the picture of his dear wife, "her gentle words almost broke my heart. I could have gone down on my knees to ask her forgiveness. She made a different man of me, and the world has been a different place since she died."

There was a silence as he finished speaking, interrupted by a general clearing of throats, and a confused snuffling as if we all had had colds, and the little woman's snapping eyes looked suspiciously dim.

A RELIGION FOR DAILY USE.

There are a good many people whose religion is too sacred a thing to be put to any practical use. Like the man in the parable they have wrapped it carefully up in a napkin and laid it safely away, only taking it out twice a week to look at it and see that it is all safe and ready for use in case of a pinch. We wish such people joy of their religion and of all the good they can get out of it, but we want none of it ourselves. It is not the sort of religion that we find recommended in the Bible. Jesus did not practice that kind of religion, nor did his disciples. The command is, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Every act of the disciple of Christ is to be a religious act, and all his life is to be governed by the teaching of Christ. If the politics of this country are so immoral that they cannot stand any infusion of religious principles, then the country must be in a bad way. And if the people's religion is so unpractical that it does not influence their politics, then religion must be at a very low ebb in this year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety. How can a man hope to say, "For me to live is Christ," "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God," if he does not carry his religion wherever he goes—into his business, into his amusements and into his politics?—*N. Y. Witness.*