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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.

AUGUST, 1889.

Literary Notices.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.—The July issue of this excellent quarterly spreads its table with its usual varied and substantial bill of fare. Its provision is strong and wholesome and those who partake must arise stronger, mentally and morally. The first paper is a lengthy and able Review of Prof. Shedd's recently published work and Dogmatic Theology by Prof. E. D. Morris of Lane Seminary. Those who have not Dr. Shedd's work may gather a very full and correct idea of its character from this article, and those who have, will be aided in its study by this clear, concise, review of its pages. "Church and State in England," being a plea for the continued establishment of the Church in England, by an English canon, is an article that strikes one as having lost its way when it landed in this citadel of Presbyterianism, but it is well to see what can be said in favor of that which Presbyterians almost universally condemn. Professor Young, of Princeton, contributes an article on "The Planet Mars," while another Princeton professor, Dr. Davis, tells of "The Babylonian flood legend and the Hebrew Record of the Deluge," rev. Dr. W. W. Harsha discusses "Nature and Miracles," and Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, whose name is so well and favorably known, contributes an excellent paper on "The Heroic Spirit in the Christian Ministry." There are also "Notes" on some of the recent Supreme Church Courts, and a series of reviews of the new books that are teeming from the press. The review is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$3.00 per year, 80 cents per number.

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REV. ROBERT LAING
Halifax, N. S.

GOD'S REMINDERS.

Every ache and pain, every wrinkle you see stamping itself on a parent's brow, every accident which reveals the uncertain tenure of life and possessions, every funeral bell that tolls, are only God's reminders that we are tenants at will, and not by right; pensioners on the bounty of an hour. He is closing up the right of way, warning fairly that what we have is lent not given; His, not ours. His mercies so much given. The resumption of them is no injustice. Job learned that, too, by heart: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be name of the Lord."

THE LORD'S PRAYER AND LICENSE.—Think of praying, "Hallowed be thy name," and then voting to license the liquor traffic, which causes God's name to be continually blasphemed; "Thy will be done," and then voting that it shall not be done; "Lead us not into temptation," and then voting to place temptation in every one's path; "Deliver us from evil," and then voting for the greatest of evils, if so be that a little money may come to the town treasury; "Give us this day our daily bread," and voting to license that which takes bread from thousands of almost starving children.—*Messiah's Herald.*

I almost adore the Bible. The more I read it without any thought of questions of inspiration, but simply as a record of fact, of precept and principle, of judgment and mercy, of God's acts and ways (i. e., the principles of His acts), all culminating in Christ as a revelation of what God is to man and what man was created to be to God, the more my moral being responds to it as being a revelation of God. The authority of the Bible is to me supreme, because it commands my reason and conscience. I feel it is from God. It was once otherwise with me. It is so no more; and the older I get the more my spirit says Amen to it.—*N. McLeod, D. D.*

The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. IX.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

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

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

Twenty millions of people, it is often said, die in India every year, from the bites of serpents. The probability is that the number is much greater. And yet the serpent is looked upon as sacred and the natives will not kill them. Animals and insects of almost all kinds are regarded with veneration. To feed them is a merit, because one may be feeding the spirit of a dead ancestor, for the same reason to destroy them is a sin. This superstition is one of the reasons why India is so cursed with pests of all kinds. One of the good results of the introduction of Christianity and the overthrow of superstition, will be that these will be destroyed and life made at once more safe and more comfortable. Thus will the gospel bring blessing temporal as well as spiritual.

An esteemed correspondent writes regarding prohibition, complaining of the "muz zling" of so large a part of the religious press, and speaking in high terms of the Montreal *Witness* for its brave and noble stand on this question, as well as on all great questions that affect the well being of our people and country. Modesty bids us withhold his complimentary references to our own pages. With regard to the traffic he indignantly remarks, "This cursed unrighteous traffic is slaughtering our people by the thousand yearly. Is it any wonder that unrighteousness prevails in political circles, indeed in so many circles when the religious press, in general, is so silent upon the greatest wrong ever perpetrated under heaven. - I am glad that the Jesuit question is opening the eyes of thousands to see what

men will do to get into place and power. It is good to see that the religious press offers no uncertain sound on this question, but why is it so silent on a question that is even of more importance. It is bad enough to be robbed of our civil and religious liberties, but surely it is not so cruel as to be robbed of the lives of thousands of our people. And yet this can go on and so little protest be offered by our religious press. Oh, the 'cruelty of silence' when a man or a paper should speak out."

Amid the discouragements of the present it is well to look at what has taken place in the past. In 1600 Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake in Rome. What was his crime? He was a Dominican Monk, a great student. He contended for freedom, for liberty of thought, for the privilege of free discussion and free speech. He lectured far and wide and criticized with severity some of the tenets of the Church of Rome. This could not be permitted. Men must speak as Rome teaches or be silent. He was taken and burned at the stake. But what a change to-day: On the 4th of June, amid great popular rejoicing, a statue was unveiled in his honor on the spot where he had burned. Pope and Inquisitors are still in Rome and had they the power the fagots would be lighted and men still burned at the stake, but they are powerless. They can only look and mourn while the world's progress goes steadily on.

Conventions! Conventions! large, larger, largest! All organization take their rise in some busy brain, they begin on a small scale. Then a few workers meet to consult as to the best ways of carrying on this work. Then they gather from a wider sphere in larger assembly, until they embrace the world, and to-day we have world's conventions of temperance workers, world's missionary conferences, world's Presbyterian and Pan Anglican Councils, world's Y. M. C. A. conventions, and there has just been held in London

THE WORLD'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

It met July 3rd, over 900 foreign delegates

were present, of whom more than 300 were from the United States and Canada, and among them were many of the world's leaders in Christian work. The great ones of the earth were there. Lord Kinncard delivered the address of welcome, and Count Bernstaff, of Berlin, and Dr. Cuyler, of New York, responded. The startling statement was made that out of 50,000,000 children in India there are only 217,100 in missionary day schools, and 100,000 in Sunday schools. What a work here to do! On the other hand, showing the great work done in promoting Bible study, it is estimated that at least ten millions of people study the international lessons. It was decided to send a memorial to the European Sovereigns asking them to exert their influence in favour of a proper observance of the Sabbath.

These conventions no doubt do good. They tend to develop the best methods of work. They show the magnitude of the work doing and the work to be done and thus at once inspire and stimulate. But let us not forget that no matter how large, influential or inspiring, they are only conferences. Sabbath school work, that which saves and guides the young which blesses earth and adds to heaven, is done not in grand conventions but in the prayerful, long continued, often discouraging work of the individual teacher in the S. S. class, with the individual scholar.

Read carefully the article on "British Opium in China" in the present issue. Mention is often made of Britain's responsibility and Britain's guilt in connection with the opium traffic in China, but the real merits of the case are very imperfectly understood. In this they are clearly set forth, and one cannot but shudder at the awful guilt incurred by a powerful *Christian* nation in forcing upon a heathen people at the point of the sword such an awful curse.

Even the deaf mutes not to be out-done hold their conferences. Their international congress met at Paris July 11th. Delegates came from the United States, England, Ireland, Canada, Russia, Switzerland, Turkey, Austria and Spain. They represent 150,000 deaf mutes scattered throughout these different countries. When we look back to the time not far distant when these were allowed to grow up in ignorance, and regarded in a measure as burdens upon friends and society and contrast the present in which they take their place in life as helpers and benefactors of their race, we see one more evidence of the progress that compels us to exclaim. "What hath God wrought."

"A story is told of a good woman, the sole remaining member of what had been a feeble declining church, who when the presbytery had decreed the disbanding of the congregation stoutly declared that she "would not be dissolved" and the issue was that the church lived to see better days." A minister in Michigan writes of a case to match. "The church at salt river was dropped from our roll. But one of our men found it the other day, two male members, who "never asked to be disbanded, didn't want to be disbanded, and ain't going to be disbanded." And they say there is actually now an opening for that church. The disbanding of congregations is quite a common occurrence in the neighboring republic, owing to changes in population, but if all the members of a church were of the spirit of that woman or these two men what a grand work would be done. Let the small weak churches take courage. They may be without a minister, without settled ordinances, but they may live as a congregation and work, and prosper. Let them meet regularly, conduct what service they can and the Masters promised blessing will be fulfilled to the two or three who meet in his name.

"Of making many (hymn) books there is no end" Their name is legion. One thing that is beginning to be agitated is a "Common Hymnal." Some advocate a Common Presbyterian Hymnal, to be used by the Presbyterian Church the world over. Others go farther and claim a Common Hymnal for use in all Evangelical Churches. The former is quite practicable and there is no reason why it should not at once be attained. The Hymn books in use in the different Presbyterian Churches are largely identical. One result would be a making more visible the unity that already exists, and that very visibility would bind more strongly together the different branches of the scattered Presbyterian family. Another benefit that would result would be that wherever the members of our families might scatter the familiar strains of familiar hymns on familiar pages would comfort and cheer. Rev. John Morton of Trinidad advocates especially the desirability of a common hymnal in the mission fields, *e. g.* in India.

The child of God should remember that he has the root of every evil within him; if he take not heed to tend the garden of his conscience, evil weeds will spring up and grow; especially will the besetting sins of his unconverted days be his plague.

On another page will be found the advertisement of the Halifax Ladies' College. This institution has passed the trial stage, and is now, so far as human eye can see, an assured success. The unexpectedly rapid increase in the attendance has compelled the erection of additional buildings which will ere long be completed. The institution is worthy of the high favor with which it is being received, and may safely be said to be second to none in the Dominion.

Temperance legislation has hitherto been directed against the "traffic." The motto has been "Moral suasion for the drunkard," "legal suasion for the drunkard maker." The rum-seller has been regarded as the sinner, the drinker as the victim. In some places a new view of the case is gaining ground, viz.: that of treating drunkenness as a crime. The Minnesota Legislature has passed an act providing that whoever becomes intoxicated by voluntarily drinking intoxicating liquors shall be deemed guilty of the crime of drunkenness, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished as follows: For the first offense a fine not less than \$10 nor more than \$40 or by imprisonment for not less than 10 nor more than 40 days; for the second offense by imprisonment for not less than 30 or more than 60 days, or by a fine not less than \$20 nor more than \$50; for the third and all subsequent offenses by imprisonment of not less than 60 days nor more than 90 days. This law went into effect May 16. Its effect will be watched with interest.

The Ottawa Ladies' College was formally transferred by the college board to the Board of French Evangelization of the Presbyterian Church on Saturday last. The mortgages, amounting to about \$31,000, which were held by Mrs. Slater and the McLaren estate, were paid off the money being paid by an accepted cheque. A staff of men will be at once employed to repair and renovate the building, which will be re-opened October 1. The institution is to be called Coligny College.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, entering the house of one of his congregation, and seeing a child on a rocking horse, exclaimed, "Dear me! how wondrously like some Christians, there is motion but no progress." How true of much of our Christian life. We rock backwards and forwards, from week day to Sabbath, from worship to work, but do little in the way of rising to a higher plane, to a better life. Such is not the life to which Christ invites His people.

The Little Bras P'Or Section has been separated from Sydney Mines. Rev. D. McMillan remaining in charge of the latter.

Rev. John Valentine has been happily settled in the congregation of Upper Musquodoboit which has been vacant since the transference of Mr. Cairns to Scotsburn.

The congregation of Merigomish has extended a hearty and unanimous call to Mr. Muir. The call is accepted and Mr. Muir's ordination is appointed for Tuesday, August 7th. The congregation is thankful after so long a vacancy, and the Presbytery of Pictou is thankful that its vacancies are being so happily filled.

Rev. D. J. Macdonnell having come East for a few weeks to spend his vacation in Bathurst, N. B., was invited to address a few meetings in Nova Scotia on the Jesuit Question. He spoke in Halifax on the evening of Monday, July 23, and in Truro, New Glasgow and Pictou on the evenings following. We wish that every man and woman in the Dominion could hear his statement of the case, so full, so clear, so fair. Some attempt to quiet the agitation by representing it as regarding a paltry sum of money. That is not the chief evil. It is that Quebec is virtually brought under the temporal power of the Pope, the Legislature asking and receiving his permission before taking any steps in the case.

Another question sometimes asked is. What do you expect to gain by Agitation? To this Mr. Macdonnell replies, First, Disallowance is not yet impossible. Second, It is a good thing to record a protest against iniquity. Third, It will aid in preventing similar acts in future. Fourth, It will open the eyes of men, and aid in the effort to procure equal rights for every man.

A poor man being on his death-bed, asked that the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah should be read to him. Though weak and faint and full of pain, yet when he heard the words, "Incline your ear and come unto Me; hear, and your soul shall live," he gathered up his strength to say, "What a mercy, sir, that it is not 'Read, and your soul shall live': for if it had been I could not have been saved, for, you know, I am no scholar. But, blessed be God, it is 'Hear, and your soul shall live.' I have heard and believed, and trust I shall be saved."

Rev. John McNeil who was recently called from Scotland to Regent's Square Church, London, spoke on this wise in a recent sermon, of the seven thousand who bowed the knees to Baal.

If all those seven thousand had had something more of Elijah's spirit, it would have saved him this trip away, would it not? He would have been stronger, and perhaps, although nothing is said here, it is legitimate that for us to say they should not have been so invisible. Seven thousand believers ought to be visible to the naked eye. They ought to have been more audible to the uncovered ear. And yet they were so like ourselves these seven thousand. Very likely they were so cautious, and so quiet, and so "I never-interfere-you-know, I never-say-anything-to-anybody," that poor, fainting Elijah never heard the voice of their testimony, never felt that they were near; and he was mourning and saying, "I, even I only am left, and they seek my life to take it away."

Then the preacher gave the subject this rather unexpected turn:

I wonder if this is true. We could argue for them, of course, as well as against them. Instead of speaking so much against them, let us take it home to ourselves. It may be that somebody within your ken, it may be your own minister—your minister is just about resigning. He is just going to take a call away to Australia, or somewhere else, because he thinks he is doing no good; because he thinks his work is done; because all that is visible to him is discontent and thanklessness, and the work of the devil generally, in the congregation, as well as outside in the world. And you could go into his study for a quiet ten minutes, and get him to deal with you, and make his heart dance with joy, and you don't do it. You could tell him what, under God, he has been the means of doing for you; and you could tell him of more than yourself, and maybe he has no more knowledge of it than Elijah had of this, the seven thousand. He is making things a thousand times blacker than they are, and you are somewhat to blame. It seems to be the big cross of the ministry. Since I have come to Regent Square I should think I have got a thousand to one—at the very least a dozen letters, some signed and some unsigned, finding fault, to one giving any thanks either to God or the man. Yes, take it bluntly. You need it. And a great many other congregations need it. We stand there so like Elijah, and we toil, and toil, and toil, and toil, and all we get is a grunt of dissatisfaction. This about the only evidence many a time.

In the agitation that is at present going on in our Dominion regarding Romish aggression as seen in the "Jesuit Estate's Bill"—it is well to know the attitude and character of the organization with which we have to deal. Rev. Dr. Ellis of Baltimore in a paper read before the ministerial union of that city on "The Bible in Public Schools and the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards it" showed by quotations from Romish dignitaries how intensely hostile that church is not only to the Bibles in schools but to the common school system itself. He quoted Archbishop Lynch, of New Orleans, as saying: "We ask that the public schools be cleansed of this peace-destroying monstrosity, Bible-reading." Cardinal Antonelli: "Better that the child should grow up in ignorance than be educated in such a system of schools as the State of Massachusetts supports." A priest of Wooster, Mass., at the opening of a parochial school at Jamaica Plains: "The State as an educator of its citizens is a relic of barbarism." Dr. Ellis quoted also from the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, which charges our public schools with "that corruption of morals which we have to deplore in those of tender years."

But the most startling and boldest utterance quoted is attributed to Archbishop Ryan: "The Church of Rome is intolerant. She alone has the right to be intolerant because she alone has the truth. The Church tolerates her enemies because she is obliged to do so, but uses all her power to annihilate them. If ever the Catholics should become a considerable majority, which in time will surely be the case, then will religious freedom in the United States come to an end. Our enemies know how she treated heretics in the middle ages and how she treats them to-day when she has the power. We no more think of denying these historic facts than we do of blaming the holy Pope and the Princes of the Church for what they have thought fit to do."

Mr. and Mrs. Morton will probably be in Nova Scotia about the middle of August. Our readers will be glad to know of their improved health. For twenty one years they have labored in Trinidad. The boys and girls of our church when they began their work are the men and women now, while those who were the active workers are passing away. What changes in themselves also. Twenty one years toil in a torrid clime does not go for nought in its effect upon the toilers. But they have not labored in vain and spent their strength for nought and in vain. What changes they have seen in their field as a result of the work of themselves and their co-laborers.

THE JESUIT AGITATION.

The main facts in connection with the Jesuit agitation may be put as follows :

In the early days of French settlement in Canada, the Jesuit missionaries came with the colonists and soldiers, and while the latter took possession of the country in the name of the king, the former sought to do the same for the Church and the Pope.

Eager, then as now, for power and wealth, they obtained both from the king and from individuals, grants of money and land, the gifts thus bestowed were chiefly, not for aggrandizement of the Jesuits, but for the instruction of the people, for the carrying on of the work which they claimed to do. At the time the country finally passed into the possession of the British, more than a century ago, the order of the Jesuits, had been outlawed both by the Governments of England and France. Being thus an illegal society they could not hold property. Both legally and morally their estates were forfeited; legally, because they were outlawed, and morally, so far as government grants were concerned, because the government of both countries found them to be a hindrance rather than a help to the social well being, plotters against, rather than helpers of the state, unworthy of the trust that had been committed to them.

The British Government, however, as a matter of favor, permitted the Jesuit fathers that then belonged to the order in Canada to remain and have their support during their life from the proceeds of these estates.

When the last of these Jesuit fathers died the British Government then took the estates which consisted of landed property in and about the city of Quebec, and transferred them to the Government of the Province of Quebec to be held by them in trust, the proceeds to be devoted, "inviolably and forever" to the purposes of public education, under the care of the state. Though the fathers of the old order in Canada had died out, Jesuit priests kept coming from the old world to labor in this country, and they have even been planning and working to retain their standing. More than a year ago they succeeded. An act was passed by the Dominion Legislature incorporating the order, an act which many people think to be illegal, as the act of the Home Parliament outlawing the order in all parts of the British Empire still stands unrepealed and unchanged.

Whenever the order was recognized by law they began agitating to regain control of the estates that had long ago been devoted by the British Government to public Education and given in trust to the Quebec Gov-

ernment for this purpose and for no other.

The premier of Quebec, himself a tool of the Jesuits, willing to enrich the order at the expense of the country, offered to purchase from them these estates, and to pay them in lieu of their claim a sum of money from the public treasury. Further, he recognized the Pope's authority in the matter and asked his permission to do so. The Pope gave liberty to the premier to take these estates on condition of paying a certain sum, \$400,000, but stipulated that this money should not merely be given to the Jesuits, but that it should be deposited until he, the Pope, should decide how it should be disposed of.

The Quebec Government meekly obeyed and voted \$400,000 to be given from the public treasury and left at the disposal of the Pope. The latter has directed that it be divided, part given to the Jesuits, part to the Bishops of the Church, and put to Laval University at Quebec.

The Dominion Government has the power to disallow the act but has thus far refused to do so. The Dominion Parliament, with the exception of thirteen members voted in its favor. The act may be disallowed up to the eighth of August, or one year from its first passage. And the agitation is, first, to persuade Government to do this, and secondly, to secure equal rights for the Protestant minority in the Province of Quebec, to secure that in a British country all men shall be free and equal in the sight of the law, that no society or church shall have power and preference in any respect to the injury of others.

As a sop to the Protestants, the Quebec Government voted \$60,000 to the Protestant minority, for the purposes of public education. But instead of making it a free unconditional gift as was done with the \$100,000 to the Pope, they agree that the annual proceeds of \$60,000 be given to public education outside of the Jesuits, but even this is in public schools under State inspection and thus practically under Romish influence. The Protestant Council of Education have thus far declined to have anything to do with it, and it is to be hoped they will reject with scorn this attempt to blind them to an iniquitous wrong.

All through Ontario and Quebec there are protests long and loud.

The objections to the Act are the following:

1. It is a grievous breach of trust in the part of the Quebec Government. The property was given in the first instance chiefly for the purposes of education. It was afterwards, when the Jesuits were disbanded as an illegal society, given by the British Gov-

ernment in trust to the Quebec Government the proceeds to be devoted in "inviolably and exclusively" to purposes of education, a gift in trust for the people of the Province of Quebec in all future time. Now that money is taken and given as a free gift, unconditionally, to a religious body for its own purposes to use as it may see fit.

2. Neither Jesuits nor Pope have legal or moral right to the property. That the Pope has not is self evident. That the Jesuits have no legal right is admitted by all. Sir John Thompson in parliament freely conceded this, but claimed that they had a moral claim. This cannot be, because in the first instance the royal grants to the Jesuits were not for their own personal benefit, but in view of their work and for the instruction of the people, and when royalty considered them faithless to that and all other trusts and outlawed them, the trust was transferred to the government of the Province of Quebec. But further, even if the estates were the rightful, personal, property of the members of the old order that was outlawed more than a century ago, they had their support from them as long as they lived. When all had died they left no heirs, and the estates became the property of the country at large. All citizens were equally heirs, i. e., it belonged to the British government for the country, and was by them given in trust to the Quebec government to be used for the country, and if, a century later, a number of men choose to band themselves together and call themselves by the name of the old order, what moral claim does that give them over their fellow citizens, to the property of men not of their own kith or kin, who lived and died long ago?

3. It is disloyal, dishonoring to our Queen. Here we have the premier of a British Province asking permission of the Pope to dispose of lands, the disposal of which belongs to the British Crown. The Pope gives his consent upon certain conditions and these are faithfully observed. This is certainly the restoration, in Quebec at least, if the temporal power of the Pope, looking to him as the source of authority in the matter, instead of to the crown.

4. This yielding to the unrighteous demands of a church and society that claim supreme temporal and spiritual power, that have been the foes of freedom and equality where they had the power, that have been gradually gaining influence in our Dominion, and that hold so much of sway in the councils of the country, is, it is feared, but the prelude to greater concessions in time to come. In the light of the past history, both of the Church of Rome and the order of the Jesuits, the friends of freedom realize that

the utmost watchfulness and diligence must be exercised in preserving untouched, in our fair land, the heritage of liberty which we enjoy.

This is no mere party question, but one which affects our rights and liberties.

We have no quarrel with the Church of Rome, the Jesuits, or any other. Let all men believe what they think right. If we can show them that ours is a better way, and persuade them to it, well. If not, still we wish them well, but we must have equal rights. As citizens all must be free and equal. No man, and no body of men shall have the preference to the detriment of others. Thus only can our country be happy, prosperous, or safe.

THE HISTORY OF JADU GHOSE.

"Forty-eight years ago, a boy of fourteen sauntered leisurely home from school along the road in Calcutta where now stands College Hospital. At that time there was an open space. Upon that a large crowd was gathered, and in the midst stood a missionary preaching. During the few minutes that the boy's attention was arrested, the speaker, in graphic terms, pointed out the awful nature and effects of sin. The boy moved on without hearing a single word as to the means of escape of sin and its consequences. He was surprised and vexed and troubled to find that the preacher's words would not leave him. For years they worked upon his mind. But he left school, engaged in commerce, grew rich, and buried serious reflections. Reverses came. Misfortune woke up the slumbering thoughts of bygone days. Sin and misery, as set forth by that eloquent preacher, once more troubled his conscience. At length he was so greatly moved that, forsaking wife, children, and all, he started on a pilgrimage to the many sacred shrines of India. For years he thus wandered about in a vain search for peace.

"Finding no comfort from such efforts, he joined the new sect of Brahmans which had been called into being by Rajah Ram Mohun Roy. For ten years he had held by the Brahma Somaj, but yet found no true satisfaction for the deepest wants of his soul. Sin was still an awful thing, and he knew no way of escape from its power and consequences. Again he left Calcutta and wandered over India, haunted by the dread awakened in boyhood. At length he came once more to Benares, determined to make a last attempt to gain peace. With bitter toil and earnest purpose he went from shrine to shrine in that City of Temples. Many weeks it took him to make the dreary round. Night had closed in when his tired feet passed out

of the last temple. He entered a lonely garden and sat down at the foot of a tree. The darkness of its shadow in the dark night was a fitting cover for the darkness of his weary heart. He buried his head in his hands and wept in bitter, hopeless agony. 'Enough,' he said, 'I will make no more journeys after peace.' 'Nearly forty years had passed away since, as a boy, he had lingered to hear the preacher's voice. Toil and anxiety had made him an old man at fifty. Quietly he returned to his ancestral home at Naihati, some twenty-two miles to the north of Calcutta. There he settled among his own people, revered as a saint by all except himself.

"One night, eight years ago, I was preaching," continued Mr. Vaughan, "in our chapel in Bow Bazaar Street, Calcutta. Among the audience I noticed a gray-haired man, whose eyes sparkled with such eager attention whilst I spoke of the Cross of Christ that I was greatly impressed. Whenever I looked in that direction, those wonderful eyes, like diamonds, seemed to gleam upon me. As I was walking home I found this venerable Hindu following me. I invited him to come with me. When we were seated, the old man with tears exclaimed: 'Sir! I thank God that ever I heard you this night. At last, after forty years' searching, I have found the cure for sin.' He told me all the story of his first impressions and subsequent struggles and miseries. I then learned that Mr. Lacroix, of your Mission, was the preacher whose burning words had left such a deep mark upon his young mind. He wished to be baptized without delay, but I advised him first to count the cost—reminding him that those who now revered would curse—that relatives, even his own wife and children, would spurn him, and heap scorn and bitterness upon his head. 'Ah, yes! you are right,' he said, 'I must think about it. That will be very hard.' About four months afterwards he came to me again, said he had counted all the cost, and begged to be baptized without delay, I baptized him. Except his wife, all relatives united to drive him with scorn and curses from their midst. But his wife clung to him, and thus left him a ray of comfort amid the gloom of hatred. Since I baptized him he has been a burning and shining light. And this very night, while we are talking, he is seriously ill and will soon pass away to his long home, loved by all who knew him. Those who cursed him have long since learned to respect and love, and his last days have been cheered by the affection of those very sons who once drove him forth."—*W. B. Phillips, in Chronicle of London Missionary Society.*

SECRET BELIEVERS.

The *Punjab Mission News* is responsible for the following:—As a Christian youth was going to Simla, he chanced to travel with a very respectable, well educated Hindu young man, who had come from Rajputana to Simla, on the business of the Rajah in whose employment he is. The Hindu discovered incidentally that his fellow passenger was a Christian. As soon as opportunity offered, he took him aside into the bushes, and there confessed to him his own faith in the Lord Jesus, bitterly bewailing the cowardice and faithlessness which kept him from declaring openly what was in his heart. They had reached the end of their day's journey, and at the request of the seeming Hindu, the two had an hour's reading and quiet prayer in their retreat. The next day when they got in sight of Simla, he again took the Christian aside and said, "We shall now part soon, probably never to meet again, pray with me once more." They had a time of quiet, earnest prayer, and as they reached their journey's end, the parting words of the young man to his Christian friend were, "be sure to pray for me."

Two Christian youths called at a post office in a place far removed from "the busy haunts of men" for letters. The postmaster, a Muhammadan, was extremely uncivil, so much so that one of the young men at last said, "Were we not Christians we should resent your conduct." When the Muhammadan heard this, he beckoned them into his room, and his whole manner underwent a remarkable change. He embraced them affectionately and said, "Why did not I know you were Christians sooner? I thought you were Muhammadans." He told them that he was an ex-pupil of the Ludhiana Mission School: the things he had learnt there many long years ago were alive in his heart, and he too was a follower of Christ. He was much ashamed of his weakness in not confessing Christ. "When I saw you come in," he said, "I thought you were Muhammadans; my shame at my own cowardice that I should be thought one of you was such, that it made me uncivil to you in spite of myself." The trio had much pleasant converse together. The postmaster was profuse in his hospitality and parted from them as from brothers.

How can a man be fair or a safe judge about God who has never studied him carefully, much less become acquainted with him? Who best knows your father—yourself or strangers?

Trinidad.**LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.**

TO THE READERS OF THE MARITIME :

OLIFTON SPINGS, N. Y.,
July 1st, 1889,*My Dear Friends,—*

Baths hot, baths cold, baths sulphuric, salt, electric, etc., take up much time here, varied by gymnasium exercises, prayer-meetings, and all sorts of things good for body and soul. that there is not much leisure for writing. We have a missionary from Persia here, and another from Japan, and to see the determined way in which the three, (including the Trinidad brother,) flourish the dumb bells to the stirring music of the piano. points them out at once as men accustomed to striving with difficulties and making the most of opportunities.

This is only by way of introduction to some notes gathered on our homeward voyage respecting our mission field, the Island of

ST LUCIA,

the daughter of Trinidad. Having been permitted to spend a week there on the way to Canada I am much better able than before to tell you something about it, and thus my own interest may become the means of increasing yours.

St. Lucia is a lovely island about forty-two miles long and twenty at its greatest breadth. It has about 43,000 inhabitants, mostly Roman Catholics, with over 2000 Indian immigrants. It is situated in 13° 50' N. lat. and is therefore somewhat cooler than Trinidad. Castries, the capital, has a safe and commodious harbor, which is being deepened and improved by the local government, at an expense of £85,000. It is the coaling station for various lines of steamers. The town is not attractive, but the scenery is grand. Behind it rise the heights of Morna Fortuni, crowned with the crumbling ruins of fortresses which have again and again been the scene of gallant assault and desperate defence.

In the year 1605 St. Lucia was taken possession of by the master of the ship "Olive Blossom" in the name of King James I. of England. The early settlers were on more than one occasion massacred and driven away by the Caribs. For more than 160 years the Island was a battle ground for England and France. Both these countries were determined to have it for a military and naval station. Many bloody battles were fought in which England was usually successful, but France in the end always managed to secure it by treaty.

The fortifications were strong and from them Rodney, Hood, and other great sailors "bore down on their enemies, the French, the Dutch, and the Spaniards, in every part of the Caribbean Sea, pursuing their fleets, capturing their enemies, storming their forts and blockading their ports."

It was captured by the Barbadians in 1664 and held by them for three years, but by the treaty of Breda was restored to France. It was again taken by the English in 1756; in 1763 by the terms of the Treaty of Paris France took possession of it. War broke out afresh fifteen years later; English troops effected a landing and after a bloody battle near Castries, in which the French were defeated, again took possession of the Island, but by the treaty of Versailles in 1784 England once more handed it over to France. Hostilities being again renewed Martinique was captured and H. R. Highness, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, and father of Queen Victoria, raised the British ensign on Morna Fortuni, and St. Lucia became again a British colony, though not wholly subdued until 1796, when Sir John Moore, at the head of the 42nd Highlanders, after hand to hand fighting on the hillsides and in the forests, subdued the French troops and restored peace to the island and with it slavery which had been abolished by the French Republic.

By the treaty of Amiens in 1802 St. Lucia was again restored to France, but war soon broke out again, and this little island was as usual the first point of attack. Commodore Samuel Hood, sailing from Barbados attacked the French in their fortifications, which he captured after a short resistance. Since that date St. Lucia has been a British Colony. The island is now being fortified anew. From Trinidad and from Barbados Britain is withdrawing her troops to station them on the heights of St. Lucia.

OUR VISIT TO ST. LUCIA.

We left Trinidad on the 11th May and went to Barbados to take a Brazil steamer touching there. Circumstances induced us to change our plan and to go to St. Lucia, which is twelve hours steam from Barbados and in the homeward direction. We were thus afforded a delightful opportunity of visiting the converts there, and of cultivating the friendship of Mr. Cropper and his family, whose kind hospitality we enjoyed for the week. Drawn together as we are by a common interest in the work among the East Indians, we had much pleasant fellowship with these *Christian friends*, and also enjoyed meeting our old Trinidad boys, and shaking hands with new converts. Mr. Morton held five meetings and baptized

four children. At two of the meetings I spoke to the people, and we visited together the sick in Castries Hospital.

SARAH E. MORTON.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN MORTON.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.,
July 1st, 1889.

For The Maritime Presbyterian :

We were at first sorry not to get forward in time for the meeting of the General Assembly ; but we feel satisfied that we were wanted in St. Lucia and that the delay was for the best. Our Steamer called at Seven islands for cargo after leaving St. Lucia, so that we had the benefit of fifteen days rest and sea air. June 22nd we arrived in New York. In coming to Clifton Springs we travelled only by day resting one night at Utica and another at Auburn, thus enjoying the lovely scenery and not getting too much fatigued. We were advised by a fellow passenger to come here, and were at once made at home at this delightful retreat.

The Sanitarium is nearly full and, like scores of others, we are boarding outside ; but receive, as missionaries, medical advice, medicine, and baths free. I have already had two salt rubs, an Electro-thermal and a sulphur bath and two hours in the gymnasium.

We have but one desire—to get strong for another term of work in Trinidad—strong in body and soul—and this seems the very place for both. Friends must therefore excuse our delay, and congregations excuse our silence if thereby we gather new vigour for preaching the gospel to the Hindus. Perhaps missionaries have been working too much at home. We need to get refreshed and warmed up and we hope to get that here.

From July 5th till 12th, we expect to attend the Annual meeting of the International Missionary Union at Binghampton, then return here and stay at least another week. Our proposed course will then be Niagara Falls, Toronto, etc., to Nova Scotia.

When booking at the Sanitarium and getting information as to treatment, etc., a gentleman came up and shook hands. His first words were "You are a missionary from Trinidad, I am glad to see you and I hope your stay here will do you much good." Having thanked him, he asked to what branch of the church I belonged, and on receiving the answer, "Presbyterian", he replied, "so do I, my name is George H. Stewart. Of Philadelphia? Then I have known you for thirty years." And this dear old gentleman took us in charge and introduced us to Dr. Shedd from Persia, Rev. Mr. Wor-

ley from China and to a score of others. Since that we feel quite at home. Sunday evening was our monthly missionary meeting in the Sanitarium Chapel ; Revs. Shedd, Worley and myself spoke. At the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting we are again to speak for fifteen minutes each. I may send you some short notes later.

JOHN MORTON.

India.

LETTER FROM REV. J. FRASER CAMPBELL.

Mr. Campbell writes from the Mountains where he is for a short time for a change of air, and his letter is followed by an extract from that of the teacher to which Mr. Campbell refers. In this letter Mr. Campbell makes mention of their higher educational works, which is one of the ways in which they are reaching and influencing the millions of India.—Ed.

CHAKRATA, June 7, 1889.

Dear Brother :

Pardon my remissness in aiding by letter the good work of the *Children's Record* and MARITIME PRS. with which I warmly sympathize. It is just the old story of so much more work asking to be done than so poor an instrument manages to do. Up here I hoped for a little more rest, but how can one rest with so many souls around (nominally Christian and heathen) dead and corrupt, to whom one is permitted and commissioned to say, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light !" In meetings, in hospitals, in prison cells, and on the roads, one tries to win their ear ; and though the irresponsible indifference of death is awful and very depressing, yet there are some cheering tokens of awakening for which to give thanks.

Along with yours of April, came a letter, an extract of which I send you, from one of the teachers, who is at home for the summer vacation. He is referring to the late examinations of the Calcutta University. "F. A.", it may be well to explain, means First Arts examination, a half-way house on the road to B. A. "Entrance" is the same as Matriculation examination. For the former, six of our students went up, and one partial student, but only the two who passed had succeeded in passing our own test examination. Of the others, two or three had been greatly kept back by long-continued fever, (as indeed was one of those who passed, but for which he would doubtless have stood much higher), one being, at the

time of our test examination, too ill to undergo it, but he and another were the whole so good students that I hoped they would make up enough ground in the intervening month to reach the goal, I also heard well of the partial student. But the others went up against our advice, which they were at liberty to do.

For the Entrance examination we sent up four, of whom only the successful one had passed our test; but the others were on the whole so good students, and promised to make so great efforts in the interval, that we hoped they might probably succeed. One of them was very well up in everything but mathematics, for which he was said to have lost all aptitude through the dissipation of mind.

PRODUCED BY NOVEL READING.

Let your readers take a note of this if any of them are wasting their brains on that kind of literature.

The examination may have been a severe one, for I learn that out of 43 who went up from our "centre" for the entrance, only 5 passed, of whom our Vasudev came out first for Central India, and of the five, the only one in the first division. I hear that the Indore City School (with about 600 or 700 pupils) sent up 11, out of whom only one passed.

Will your readers pray earnestly both for those who have now passed out from our influence, and for those who may be with us for another year or so. Some of them are interesting and hopeful young fellows who manifest sympathy with the truth, and seem hovering near the door of the Kingdom of Life, held back from entering by the tremendous social influences which bind them.

Yours faithfully and affectionately,
J. FRASER CAMPBELL.

Extract of Mr. Shome's letter to Mr. Campbell.

MY DEAR SIR :

I think you have already heard that Vinayah and Vejoahare have passed the F. A., and Vasudev the Entrance from our College. Vinayah and Vejoahare have been placed in the Third Division, but Vasudev has passed in the Third Division. I am very sorry for the others, but God knows what is best for them. May they see Him who is the giver of all good gifts, and who reproveth and is kind. Comparing our result with those of other colleges in Calcutta, I find that it is not bad. However I hope that by the blessing of God our boys will do better next year. Some time ago I had

gone on a preaching tour with one of the missionaries here. We had a very pleasant time. We preached, sang hymns, distributed tracts and sold scripture portions. People began to come so eagerly and in such large numbers to hear the gospel that we could hardly find time to eat our meals. Besides I preached in our College Compound once a week, spoke about the Saviour to the Sunday School boys, translated some pieces for the Scripture Union, and delivered three addresses in the Young Men's Christian Association. So you see, Sir, that I did not forget your parting advice to me. But not to me, but to Him be the glory of the little I have been able to do. Please remember me in your prayers.

With Christian love and greeting,

I am yours affectionately,
J. N. SHOME.

LETTER FROM MRS. BUCHANAN.

Mrs. Dr. Buchanan who went out to India a few months ago as Miss Dr. McKay, a lady medical missionary from Stellarton, Pictou Co., Nova Scotia, and was since married to Dr. Buchanan, one of our medical missionaries in India gives some interesting glimpses of life in India in a letter to her sisters from which we have been kindly allowed to make some extracts. Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan are settled at Indore in the same city with Mr. and Mrs. James Fraser Campbell.—Ed.

MISSION BENGALUR No. 3.
Indore, Central India,
May 7th, 1889.

My Dear Sisters:

I am feeling very well again better than I did before taking fever. John had a letter from Mr. Campbell this morning asking me to go up to the hills and stay with them. We feel their kindness deeply and are thankful to God for such friends in this distant land. But I shall remain here at present.

I have not had a teacher since my illness, and do not think I will have one again till the first of June. I am, however, studying the Urdu language all along. I am still at it, but have also begun Hindi. When I again have a teacher I am going to work at Hindi.

We get up at a quarter to five every morning, dress as quickly as possible, take a little bread and tea and go out for exercise an hour or more. We hope soon to ride out and visit some of the surrounding villages. Would that we could tell the gospel story when we go, but we soon hope to be able to do so. We are not discouraged with the progress we are making with the language, but thankful. We trust you are praying

that we may be helped in our studies for that is our work at present.

I have a piece of good news to tell you. Seven people were baptised at Mehow last Sabbath. Mr. Wilson came down from Neemuch to baptise them as Mr. McElvie who is our missionary in Mehow does not know the language yet.

We have pretty hot weather now. One hundred degrees on our north verandah in the shade, but we are not suffering. We sleep at night with windows and doors open. Two doors in our bedroom, one opening to the front verandah, and one to the front are left open all night. We, that is the Campbells and ourselves, have a *Chandikar*, that is, a sort of night watchman. He wanders about our houses all night. All English people have these watchmen and seem to think them necessary, that is, when it is known that you have a chankikar you will likely be left alone whereas if you had not it might be otherwise.

Another thing you might be interested in knowing is how we get our water. The wells of India are strange looking to a Canadian. They are immense in size. The water is generally drawn by ropes and skin bags, oxen being used instead of a crank turned by hand to draw it up. All our water is brought from these wells and we have to pay a man called a Behishh for bringing it to us. He comes with a bottle, made of the skin of an animal, full of drinking water, on his back, and has an ox with another but much larger skin bottle on its back with water for cooking, baths, etc. These bottles are often just the shape of the animal that the skin was taken from. They often look much like a pig without a head. I imagine the same kind of water bottle or skins are used in Palestine. Many things here help us to understand our Bibles better.

Our washing also is done by our man Dhobi. We pay him five rupees a month. A rupee is thirty cents. Of course it would be impossible to do one's own washing, no water, no stoves, and then the heat. These men wash the clothes in the river by kneading and striking them on big stones. Often when out in the morning we see dozens of them at work slashing the clothes on stones in the river.

I thought to tell you when I began this letter some of the things we see when we go out in the morning, but I must leave that for another time.

Your loving sister,
MARY.

There are 146,797 fewer people in Ireland than in 1886, and still the drink bill increases. Is it any wonder Ireland is miserable.

NATIVE DOCTORS IN NORTH FORMOSA.

We have just received the report of the Mackay Mission Hospital at Tamsui, North Formosa. 3,280 new patients, both indoor and outdoor, have been treated during the year, while the return visits of patients for medicines have been 7,685. Dr. Mackay is himself a medical missionary, but as the most of his time is devoted to preaching and teaching, the hospital is in charge of a resident physician at Tamsui, Dr. Remie. One part of the report deals with the practice of medicine among the natives, and from it we make some extracts.

ENTERING THE PROFESSION.

Here in North Formosa natives become doctors in various ways.

A man may learn by working, or being associated with, an older practitioner, who may be a friend or perhaps simply an acquaintance.

Sometimes one purchases books on medicine, studies them, may copy parts of them, and in this manner learns enough about the subject to begin practice.

A man on account of being a sufferer himself and continually taking medicine, in time acquires considerable acquaintance with ailments and their remedies, so he in turn undertakes to prescribe for others.

In some cases one being in a medicine shop, it may be as master or merely as clerk, on account of daily reading and filling out prescriptions sent by other doctors, in time obtains a certain amount of knowledge, and may eventually start as a practitioner.

Sometimes an individual purchases the recipes of others,—perhaps at a pretty high price,—copies them, and thus prepares to set up as a healer of diseases.

Here with regard to native practitioners there are no examinations, and no degrees are conferred; but the force of custom makes it so in this as in many other things, that if a man does not know more or less about the business from the standpoint of the native faculty, he very soon has to close his door and clear out.

CHARGES AND SOCIAL POSITION.

For one call from a doctor, one hundred cash—equal to about ten cents—at least will be expected. Where regular attendance is given, the charges range from one dollar (Mexican) up to twenty, forty and fifty dollars.

As a general rule the native doctor occupies a high place in the estimation of the people. The travelling professional, however, who combines sleight of hand work with the sale of plasters and other nostrums

does not enjoy the same confidence and respect.

By the native doctors diseases are divided into internal and external, and it is but rarely that one man makes it his business to attend to both complaints. Those who devote their attention to *internal* diseases hold the highest place in the estimation of the masses.

DIAGNOSIS.

This is made by feeling the pulse. In order to do so the doctor seats himself opposite his patient, who, whether male or female, while the pulse is being examined, places the hand on any piece of cloth laid on the table.

If a male patient, the doctor using his own right hand first feels the pulse of the patient's left hand, then that of his right.

But if the patient be a female, the doctor uses his own left hand and first takes her right hand, then her left.

He places his thumb on the prominent part of the wrist bone, and the first three fingers of the hand, beginning with the index finger, all on that spot in the wrist where the pulse is felt.

There are five words used by which different states of the pulse are distinguished. The first of these mean that the pulse is high and full, or strong; the second, that it is low or deep, and slow; the third that it is deeper and lower still and having very slight motion; the fourth, that it feels as if empty; and the fifth, that all motion is gone, and nothing at all can be felt.

DISEASES.

The heart and liver are supposed to cause these above-mentioned five different states of the pulse. It is believed the heart has seven openings, and that wind and an evil principle there enter it and produce these various conditions.

There are different diseases according to the four seasons of the year. Those of spring are supposed to be caused by the liver, of summer by the heart; those of autumn arise from the lungs, and of winter from the kidneys, &c. The most common complaints for the four seasons are as follows:—

Spring.—Headache, chills and fever, raging fever, great thirst, &c.

Summer.—Chills and fever, pains in the stomach, extremities numb, great internal heat, cough, diarrhoea, great thirst, &c.,

Autumn.—Cholera, stomachache, chills and fever, inflamed eyes, water brash, cough, &c.

Winter.—Cold followed by coughs, giddiness, chills, aching bones, enlarged spleen, indigestion, constipation, &c.

PRESCRIPTIONS.

Dr. McKay gives a long list of the medicines prescribed for various diseases. Some of these are reasonable, some utterly absurd, filthy, and hurtful. The little folks have the worst of it. Many of the medicines prescribed for their various ailments being injurious, disgusting and almost unmentionable.

Dr. Mackay speaks of Dr. Rennie's noble volunteer work in the Hospital in terms of the highest praise, and regards this agency as of great service in aiding to remove the ignorance prejudice and superstition of the Chinese in Formosa and preparing the way for a more cordial reception of Christianity.

THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY UNION.

BY REV. JOHN MORTON.

Binghamton, New York, July 5th, 1889.

The convention of the International Missionary Union began its meetings at 7.45 p.m. in the first Presbyterian church. Rev. Dr. Nichols extended a cordial welcome to the members, and to his welcome Rev. Dr. J. S. Phillips, missionary to India, replied. Among other things he said: "A New York paper two years ago headed its account of the meetings of the Union with *Underminers of Heathenism*, in double leaded type. I hope you regard us as something more than that. We are unifiers of Christianity also." He was followed by the secretary, Rev. C. W. Park in a stirring speech, which aimed at showing that missions were intended to raise the degraded in every respect as well as to save souls, and that this should be kept in mind by the church at home and by missionaries in the field. Civilization always results from missions, and will, till the whole world is civilized and saved. Other eloquent speeches followed, too eloquent perhaps, at least I never before even dreamed that we missionaries were such wonderful heroes, and so lifted above earthly conditions. It seemed even then, to be but a dream, and after a night's sleep and a foggy morning's walk, I felt quite sure that there was a mistake somewhere. Like others we are painfully subject to human infirmities. Our president, Rev. Dr. Gracey, made the following interesting statement: "Two years ago when we were at Thousand Island Park, Bishop Hurst stated that there was no fraction of the scriptures in the vernacular of Mexico. There are about three million people speaking Aztec, and they don't like Spanish; I learned that there was a translation of the book of Luke made by the Roman Catholic priests

centuries ago. We had it revised and it is now in use in Mexico. That is one little outcome of these conferences."

July 6th, from 9 a. m., to 10 o'clock, we enjoyed a delightful hour in prayer, praise, and very short addresses. This is to be continued from day to day, and promises to be a most profitable and soul refreshing exercise. During the forenoon Dr. Gracey presented for discussion this topic: "What can we do to organize the churches at home in the work of helping our foreign mission field to such literature as can be readily picked up and sent abroad?" He said: There are three classes of demand for the literature that we have at home: 1. The literature that the missionaries need. 2. The need of English books among native preachers. There is a dearth of literature among them, and if retired ministers want to give away their libraries here is the best place for them. 3. The non-Christian class who read English, who are reading Tom Paine and Col. Ingersol in English. There are many who are willing to give their books, but there should be a central distributing bureau, and this Union should take the matter up.

Several spoke endorsing this idea, some of whom urged that caution must be used, lest the contents of our waste baskets and lumber room be shipped to our mission fields. A committee was then appointed to consider and report.

In the afternoon a letter was read from Dr. J. H. Fagg, a Hollander, who is in Ching Chow, China, thirty miles inland from Amoy. It was dated April 16th, 1889, and was in part as follows:

"The missionary movement in this section tends from the centre inland. A feature of encouragement is the increased willingness to hear preaching. But idolatry is solidly entrenched. Wooden images filch thousands of dollars from the natives every year. Idolatry is a gigantic system of robbery. There is great prejudice against us, and the expulsion of Chinese from Australia and America has increased it. The good work, however, is going on, and we all pray that it may continue."

Dr. Kip was invited to speak in reference to the latter. He said:

I am very well acquainted with the locality of which Dr. Fagg writes. The latitude is about the same as Key West. The climate is mild. The city of which he speaks as having a population of 100,000, when I first went to China twenty-eight years ago had half a million. The reason of this falling off is the long-haired rebels, who swept down on the place after the dispersion of their forces by Gordon. One church lost fifteen of its thirty members. The rebels held the

city six months and devastated the country. Seven-tenths of the city was destroyed. The marauders finally left and then the imperial troops marched in and claimed a great victory. There are still large unoccupied tracts in the city, but they are being resettled and the missionary work has greatly extended. The first time I visited Chung Chow we had stones thrown at us, but after the people were chastened by their affliction they gave us no further trouble.

In a delightful speech, Rev. Mr. Worley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, said in substance: I came from the same region as Dr. Kip, but a different province, and they speak a different language. We have five or six dialects in our own conference. In China there is a system of civil service examination. Recently they have introduced in this examination western service and mathematics. They have thus lowered the standard of ancient classics and given a better chance to those educated in our schools. The conservative party opposed the change, but it was made, and we consider it a great step forward. The railroads, which are a great civilizing influence, are extending. Telegraph lines now connect all the principal points in China. The Emperor has a little toy railroad in his imperial grounds for himself and wife to ride on. In Foo Chow I have seen in use the old customs of having the pulpit in the centre, and screens running across with men on one side and women on the other. In the early days of the missionaries a woman was not expected to even appear in a public meeting, but now they are allowed to speak. It is a very hard thing for women in China to remove the bandages from their feet, which are put there when they are children to make the feet small. But now the Christian women are unbinding their feet, and I know of some whose feet had been bound for fifty years and afterward straightened out nearly natural. In Foo Chow a man using tobacco can not be admitted to a Methodist conference. I doubt if that is true in all parts of America. The temperance movement is progressing too, and we have many who are taking the triple pledge, opium, tobacco and wine. A Chinaman had as soon drink poison as a glass of cold water, and some of our missionaries, when asked to take wine, retaliate by asking the Chinaman to have a glass of water.

Evidently Southern China is a hopeful field for missionary effort. The evening was devoted to a "recognition meeting." Missionaries were expected to tell who they were, from what country and what society—to what people—in what language—how long—and whether they intended to return, all in three minutes. Vain expectation. The

chairman broke his own rule and spoke for ten minutes. Only one man kept within three minutes, and only one woman exceeded it. Let this be noted in favour of missionaries' wives. All too soon time was up, and many had to remain unrecognized so far as this formal recognition is concerned.

Sabbath, July 7th, this fine island city of about 30,000 inhabitants with its score of churches had only missionaries to listen to morning, afternoon and evening. We listened with interest to Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, of Constantinople—now the aged—as he told of his 40 years' work, and in the evening told of our own shorter term.—*Pres., W'il.*

BRITISH OPIUM IN CHINA.

BY G. L. MASON, AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSION,
HUCHOW, CHINA.

British Christians lead the world in beneficence. Their home charities are multifarious, their foreign missions are everywhere. But the British Government, for the sake of revenue in India, persists in a course against a weaker nation which Canon Wilberforce pronounces "simply dastardly from beginning to end." John Bright and many other distinguished men express the same view. Christian opinion in China is fairly represented by a conservative Englishman, Archdeacon Monle of Shanghai, who says: Government, deliberately engaged in the preparation of opium for China, with only two years intermission, continuously for sixty years." Americans, too, blush at sight of the Chinese caricature of an Englishman with a whiskey bottle in one hand and an opium ball in the other.

In many ways so closely linked to Great Britain, and especially so in evangelization, it behoves American Christians also to know the facts and to labor and pray for the removal of this tremendous hindrance to missions and to honorable commerce and international good-will—a professed Christian government engaging in a trade which is a blighting course to millions.

Since many may not have access to information, the following outline of events has been compiled, from personal study of the Chinese maritime customs' reports, from files of the *Chinese Repository*, and from other trustworthy sources. As partisan statements have been made in books and newspapers, "that opium-smoking is as harmless as twiddling one's fingers," and that "Great Britain has not coerced China on account of opium," it may be well to remark that the writer is prepared to cite authority for every statement in this sketch.

Some hold that opium was first brought to

China by the Arabs toward the close of the thirteenth century. But it was in small quantities, and "commonly used as a medicine before the trade with India commenced" in the eighteenth century. Previous to 1767 the trade was in the hands of Portuguese, but with an import of only about 200 chests a year, a chest being about 140 pounds. The habit of smoking was scarcely known. Even as late as 1830 large inland cities like Hangchow had no opium smoking-shops. Now that city has, approximately, 2,000. The very rapid growth of the habit and of the trade began when the East India Company regularly engaged in the business in 1773. In 1790 the importation reached 4,054 chests, twenty times the amount imported yearly previous to 1767. In 1799 it was 5,000 chests; in 1856, 9,969; about 1830, a yearly average of 16,800. In less than ten years just preceding the first Opium War the trade more than doubled, reaching 34,000 chests in 1836. In 1834 the East India Company closed its career, but other British officials continued the traffic, which has grown to 52,925 piculs in 1850 and 75,308 in 1880, a picul being 133½ pounds.

Smuggling is the proper term for this trade previous to 1860. In 1780 the British established a depot near Macao on two vessels, a plan continued in later years, when armed vessels lay outside the ports, and delivered the opium to Chinese smugglers who had previously negotiated with American or British merchants living at the ports under consular protection. The East India Company entered upon the trade knowing it to be contraband. For the Abbe Roynal (tr. i. 424) writes, as early as 1770: "The Chinese Emperors have suppressed it in their dominions, by condemning to the flames every vessel that imports this species of poison." The Emperor Kiahing in 1796 issued an edict against it, and the prohibition was often renewed by imperial decree of high provincial authority (1799, 1809, 1820, 1836 and 1837) and the prohibition always based on moral grounds. "Severe prohibitory laws (1828) destroyed the trade temporarily and exasperated the British, who 1831 and 1834. Meanwhile the contraband opium trade was fostered and the smugglers provide with armed ships"—*American Cyclopædia*. See also *British Encyclopædia*. In the penal code of 1830, strangling is the punishment for keeping an opium shop. In 1832 at Macao foreigners witnessed a case of its execution, the culprit being tied to a cross and strangled. That the prohibition of the importation of opium or planting of the poppy was only partly successful among a heathen people is not strange. But is the fact that Chinese minor officials often connive with native and

foreign smugglers any excuse whatever for the relentless aim of the British government to thwart the often expressed and humane wish of the heathen government.

A crisis came in 1839. The Chinese Imperial Commissioner Lin, at Canton, addressed a long letter to Queen Victoria, requesting her to interdict the traffic. He also demanded as contraband, 20,283 chests of British opium, and by command of the emperor utterly destroyed it. The annihilation by money loving Orientals, for the sake of a moral idea, of ten million dollars worth of salable property will shine in history as a deed of sublime heroism.

The *British Encyclopedia* calls it "a sufficient proof that the Mandarins were in earnest in their endeavor to suppress the trade. The few foreigners who were present were deeply impressed to witness this deliberate and solemn work of destruction, which occupied twenty days and took place in the presence of a great multitude of Chinese officials and people. Soon after this the British renewed the attempts to smuggle cargoes ashore. The merchants complained that the wholesale confiscation of the opium was sudden and unfair! a vain plea, for the storm had been gathering for years and was foreseen by all whose eyes were not blinded by gold. The seizure was the chief point of the *casus belli*."

In 1840 England declared war. At its close China had to cede the oppressor the island of Hongkong and pay twenty-one million dollars. Twelve millions of this were for England's war expenses, three millions for debts owed by Chinese to British merchants, and six millions partial payment for the opium destroyed. This outrageous robbery was perpetrated in the treaty of Nanking (1842) and ratified the year following.

That the enforced opening of the five "treaty ports" to trade gave a great impulse to commerce and missions no one denies, but these benefits blind Western eyes to the cruel injustice of the war. At that time Sir H. Pottinger, British Minister, strove to get China to legalize the opium trade; and the Emperor Tso Kwang made answer in these pathetic and now historic words: "It is true that I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison, but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people."

During the next fourteen years the unwelcome trade flourished, until in 1857, the *Arrow*, a smuggling vessel bearing the British flag, was fired upon. This furnished the pretext for the British bombardment of Canton. As if this were not enough, the English and French combined the next year and made an expedition up the river Pei ho to

Tientsin. Thus the capital was in danger and the terror-stricken government felt obliged to yield to the persuasion of Lord Elgin and legalize the importation of British opium. The import duty was fixed at the low rate of thirty taels a chest, or about thirty cents a pound, the British agreeing not to carry the opium inland. This political villainy was ratified in the Convention of Peace at Peking, October, 1860. Thus oppression scored a great triumph in Asia to offset the grand advance of liberty then about to take place in America. China again paid England an indemnity of \$10,800,000 in gold, one-quarter of which was paid to the foreign merchants of Canton; also \$6,000,000 to France. Is it strange that patriotic but uninformed Chinese would fain have excluded all foreigners, missionaries included, regarding the opium trade as a direct plot against the life of the nation? This treaty secured the opening of five additional ports, through which missionaries might enter with the gospel and merchants with shiploads of opium.

The second opium war only riveted faster the chains of the demoralizing habit and trade. The government, discouraged, made few serious efforts after 1860 to repress native cultivation of the poppy. According to Consul Spence, in Sichuan province, government interference with the planting ceased about 1865. But in July, 1869, the Chinese Government made a pathetic appeal to the British Government. And in October, a "Supplementary Convention" was signed at Peking by which, in consideration of China's reducing her duty on coal exported and for other commercial advantages, England should allow China to advance the import duty on opium from thirty to fifty taels. As though China had not the right to charge what duty she chose without asking leave! But this arrangement the British Government steadily refused to ratify, lest a higher duty might check the trade and thus lessen the revenue at Calcutta.

In 1876 occurs the Chefoo Convention. China by this allows four more ports to be opened to trade, in return for which the British ambassador agrees that opium shall stand on a different footing from other goods as regards transit duties inland, so as to enable China to check the internal traffic. The clauses of this convention in favor of foreigners were soon ratified. The one clause in China's benefit was not. At length after seven years of evasion by England, the irritation felt in China and the anti-opium agitation in England caused an opening of official correspondence on the subject (January, 1883,) Earl Granville writing to Marquis Tsenz, the Chinese ambassador in Lon-

don. China proposes in addition to thirty taels import duty, a uniform rate of eighty taels for internal transit dues. The noble earl objects, proposes seventy taels (April 1883), and insists that *China must guarantee not to hinder the trade* by imposing further taxes inland. O shameful sight! a mighty Christian nation haggling with a weaker heathen government for easier terms on which to debauch its people! Tseng claims (September, 1884) that China may raise the tax on opium to any figure she may think proper as soon as the drug shall have passed into Chinese hands. And why not? Not until July, 1885, was the agreement finally signed, to be in force four years. It came into effect February 1, 1887, more than ten years after the Chetu Convention. The import duty remains the same, thirty taels. But the fluctuating taxes formerly levied inland (the *Lekin*) are now fixed at a uniform rate of eighty taels, and these dues also England allows China to collect at the ports; but China stipulates that British opium may pass inland, unlike other goods, exempt from taxes, and that local licenses to sell shall be at the same rate as for native opium.

The new arrangement has been hastily called a "settlement" of the vexed question. A total revenue of about \$1.10 per pound, all due at the ports, brings a little more money than formerly into the treasury at Peking. But it also hastens the physical and moral ruin of multitudes. Nine and three quarter million pounds were imported in 1887, an increase of nine per cent, on the average yearly amount from 1882 to 1886 under the former arrangement. The trade has now clearer official sanction. The authorities provide safe and cheap storage at ports, and untaxed transit inland. And the cancer is to strike its roots deeper into the nation's heart. In proof of this, read the Customs reports for 1887, how at various ports the new rule "benefits the trade"; how the trade "acquires stability" and "increased facility" and "great benefit"; while at Peking the opium partly "takes the place of silver as a circulating medium." The Shanghai commissioner reports: "Transit passes are respected and the native dealers are sending the opium to more distant markets than ever."

That missionaries do not magnify the evils of opium to excuse the slow progress of missions let Sir Thomas Wade, ex ambassador, testify: "The habit is many times more pernicious, nationally speaking, than the gin and whisky drinking which we deplore at home"—a stronger statement than missionaries make; still it is hard to decide which of the two habits produces the most misery. Forty-five million dollars spent in one year

(1887) for foreign opium, and half of it spent by people unable to buy both opium and good food, means a wide extent of woe. Mr. Eason, of the China Island Mission, says that in Yunnan Province half of the women and four fifths of the men are smokers. When Baron Kichitoven is quoted that in Si-chuan Province as much opium is used as anywhere, and that nowhere are the effects so little seen, it is not explained that the climate of the mountains is salubrious and that the people of the river valleys are wealthy. It is among the poor, who cannot buy both food and opium, that the misery is most seen. Here is the exact parallel to the drink curse,—work neglected, debts unpaid, cloths and bed in pawn, children and aged parents half starved. There are frequent instances of wives sold to provide opium. In some parts of Huchow, Chikiang, opium-ruined vagabonds have been a terror to the farmers. In that part of the city of Shanghai under the municipal control of the Europeans more than 1,200 opium saloons were licensed in 1887. No wonder that the number of prisoners in jail was twenty-five per cent. greater than in 1886. The opium habit often co-exists with alcoholism in the same individuals. All vices thrive within the opium dens. Especially does the opium mania burn out of the man all capacity for truth. A professional burglar would be received to church membership in China as soon as would an opium user.

Foreigners, shielded by British civil or military officials, smuggled opium into China for seventy years. After two wars and the payment of vast indemnities the traffic was legalized, as the Grand Secretary, Li Hung-chang, said in 1881, "not from choice, but because China submitted to the adverse decision of arms." Yet apologists say that China's concessions have been voluntary. As well call the delivery of one's purse to a highwayman voluntary. That the Chinese submitted at all graciously only illustrates their proverb "The legless man who meets a tiger might as well make a present of himself." After 1867, for twenty-five years, British influence prevented China from raising the duty even to a partially prohibitory rate. Finally in 1885-7 a new arrangement was made which friends of China hoped might be somewhat of a check to the trade, but which in the working seems to be rather a strengthening of evil. But it is an arrangement for four years only and the question will be re opened. Meanwhile let the Christian world continue in prayer that God may touch the conscience of all concerned. Parties to the great sin are not only opium merchants, but the Indian officials who, in Bengal, by subsidies, assist planters of the

poppy, and who buy the whole opium crop and prepare it in government workshops expressly for the Chinese market. In this sin Christian England also shares; for "under the specious name of the home charges of the Indian Government, England is annually exacting a tribute of fourteen millions sterling from India" (*Friend of China*, April, 1888) And England's sin and England's punishment, unless she repents, more or less involve all Christendom. Our sharing of responsibility and the Chinese feeling were vividly impressed on the writer once when preaching on the street in Shashing. Hell was mentioned and a fine looking elderly man exclaimed with equal courage and severity: "Yes, there is such a place. *Since you foreigners came, China has become a hell.*"

WELSH PREACHING.

The late Christmas Evans, preaching from the text, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," proceeded to say:

Oh, dear brethren, why will you pay no attention to your best Friend? Why will you let Him stand knocking night and day, in all weathers, and never open the door to Him? If the horse-dealer or cattle-dealer came, you would run to open the door to him, and set meat and drink before him, because you think to make money by him—the filthy lucre that perishes in the using. But when the Lord Jesus stands knocking at the door of your heart, bringing to you the everlasting wealth, which he gives without money or without price, you are deaf and blind; you are so busy you can't attend. Markets, and fairs, and pleasures, and profits occupy you; you have neither time nor inclination for such as He. Let Him knock! Let Him stand without, the door shut in His face, what matters it to you? Oh, but it does matter to you.

Oh, my brethren, I will relate to you a parable of truth. In a familiar parable I will tell you how it is with some of you; and, alas, how it will be in the end. I will tell you what happened in a Welsh village, I need not say where. I was going through this village in early spring, and saw before me a beautiful house. The farmer had just brought into the yard, his load of lime; his horses were fat, and all were well to do about him. He went in and sat down to his dinner; and as I came up, a man stood knocking at the door. There was a friendly look in his face, that made me say as I passed: "The master's at home; they won't keep you waiting."

Before long I was again on that road; and as soon as I came in sight of the house, there stood the same man knocking. At

this I wondered; and as I came near I saw that he stood as one who had knocked long; and as he knocked he listened. Said I: "The farmer is busy making up his books, or counting his money, or eating and drinking. Knock louder, sir, and he will hear you." "But," said I, "you have great patience, sir, for you have been knocking a long time. If I were you, I would leave him to-night, and come back to-morrow."

"He is in danger, and I must warn him," replied he, and knocked louder than ever.

Some time afterward I went that way again, and there still stood the man, knocking, knocking. "Well, sir," said I, "your perseverance is the most remarkable I ever saw. How long do you mean to stop?"

"Till I can make him hear," was his answer, and he knocked again.

Said I: "He wants for no good thing. He has a fine farm, and flocks, and herds, and stock-yards, and barns."

"Yes," he replied, for the Lord is kind to the unthankful and the evil."

Then he knocked again, and I went on my way, wondering at the goodness and patience of the man.

Again I was in those parts. It was very cold weather. There was an east wind blowing, and the sleety rain fell. It was getting dark, too, and the pleasantest place, as you all know, at such a time, is the fire-side. As I came by the farmhouse, I saw the candle-light shining through the windows, and the smoke of a good fire coming out of the chimney. But there was still the man outside, knocking, knocking. And as I looked at him, I saw that his hands and feet were bleeding, and his visage was that of one marred with sorrow. My heart was very sad for him, and I said: "Sir, you had better not stand any longer at that hard man's door. Let me advise you to go over the way to the poor widow. She has many children, and she works for her daily bread; but she will make you welcome."

"I know her," he said. "I am with her continually; her door is ever open to me; for the Lord is the husband of the fatherless. She is in bed with her little children."

"Then go," I replied to the blacksmith's yonder. I see the cheerful blaze of his smithy; he works early and late. His wife is a kind-hearted woman. They will treat you like a prince.

He answered solemnly, "*I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*"

At that moment the door opened, and the farmer came out cursing and swearing, with a cudgel in his hand, with which he smote him, and then angrily shut the door in his face. This excited a fierce anger in me. I was full of indignation to think that a Welsh-

man should treat a stranger in that fashion. I was ready to burst into the house, and maltreat him in his turn. But the patient stranger laid his hand upon my arm and said "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

"Sir, I exclaimed, "your patience and your long-suffering are wonderful; they are beyond my comprehension."

"The Lord is long suffering, full of compassion, slow to anger, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." And again he knocked as he answered me.

It was dark, the smithy was closed, they were shutting up the inn, and I made haste to get shelter for the night, wondering more and more at the patience and pity of the man. In the public-house I learned from the landlord the character of the farmer; and, late as it was, I went back to the patient stranger and said: "Sir, come away. he is not worth all this trouble. He is a hard, cruel, wicked man. He has robbed the fatherless, he has defamed his friend, he has built his house in iniquity. Come away, sir. Make yourself comfortable with us by the warm fireside. This man is not worth saving." With that he spread his bleeding palms before me, and showed me his bleeding feet, and his side which they had pierced; and I beheld it was the Lord Jesus.

"Smite him, Lord," I cried in my indignation; "then perhaps he will hear thee."

"Of a truth he shall hear me. In the day of judgment shall he hear me, when I say, 'Depart from Me, thou worker of iniquity, into everlasting darkness, prepared for the devil and his angels.'" After these words I saw him no more. The wind blew and the sleety rain fell, and I went back to the inn.

In the night there was a knocking at my chamber. "Mr. Evans," cried my landlord, "get up, get up; you are wanted with a neighbor, who is at the point of death."

Away I hurried along the street, to the end of the village, to the very farm-house where the stranger had been knocking. But before I got there, I heard the voice of his agony; "Oh, Lord Jesus, save me! Oh, Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me! Yet a day, yet an hour for repentance! Oh, Lord, save me."

His wife was wringing her hands; his children were frightened out of their senses. "Pray, pray for me," he cried. "Oh, friend Evans, cry to God for me He will hear you; me he will not hear." I knelt to pray, but it was too late; he was gone.

Reader, may the Spirit of God write the lesson of this parable on your heart, Jesus waits to save you, but delay not to go to him.—*American Tract Society.*

ANSWERED PRAYER.

The *Boston Transcript* is responsible for the following remarkable instance of prayer answered:

A woman in West Tennessee went home from church one Sunday, impressed by a moving appeal which her pastor had made in behalf of a minister's widow recently left in want with six children. What could she give to relieve this case of suffering? She was herself a widow and poor. She thought intensely over the matter, and that night she prayed over it, but no way of raising money occurred to her. The next morning when she went out to sweep off her doorstep she noticed that the earth on one side had been freshly thrown up and something glittering lay in the dirt. It was a \$5 gold piece. During the night a rat had taken it into his head to dig a hole under the step, and one result of his labor was the resurrection of that coin. The woman knew that during the war her husband had buried his savings, all in gold coins, under those steps; but he had dug up the money after the war was over, and evidently supposed he had recovered the whole. It seemed that he was mistaken. And now his widow was not slow to follow the hint given her by the burrowing rat. She removed the steps and after a thorough search succeeded in finding \$20. Regarding this money as a direct gift from heaven, she sent all to the suffering family.

TESTIMONY FOR THE SABBATH.

The *New York Journal of Commerce* is not afraid or ashamed to say:—"It is not bigotry nor fanaticism to insist that one day in seven shall be set apart for peace from business and secular pursuits. In our judgment no people will prosper who disobey this law, which is written, as we have often shown, in the very constitution of the material universe, as well as in the revelation which is sacred to so many hearts. This demand to do away with the sentiment that prevents the turning of the first day of the week into a grand holiday is not in the interest of the poor laborer. The moment this restriction is wholly abolished, Sunday will become a working day and not a day of rest for the poor. This has been the result in Germany, as now fully recognized in the government reports; and will be so in this country when the views of religious men are overborne by the efforts of demagogues. When Sunday can no longer be observed as a holy day it will become for the working-man any thing but a holiday, and he will long once more for the 'old Puritanism,' as a writer calls it, which stood between him and seven days of unremitting toil."

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW, OR TIME
AND ETERNITY.*By an old author.*

THE UNBELIEVER.

To-day the Sinner's state is much admired,
To-morrow finds his wretched soul required.
To-day seeks what to eat, and drink and wear,

To-morrow plunged in ruin and despair.
To-day puts off repenting for his sin,
To-morrow finds no time to do it in.
To-day thinks how to pass the time away,
To-morrow needs that time to mourn and pray.

To-day he would be counted rich and great,
To-morrow sees his miserable state.
To-day he hopes he never shall be lost,
To-morrow all his hopes give up the ghost.
To-day his conscience sleeps and is secure,
To-morrow shocks him with its dreadful roar.

To-day his sins are lovely in his sight,
To-morrow they his wretched soul affright.
To-day he never thinks of what's to come,
To-morrow finds his sad eternal home.
To-day his worldly treasure has his heart
To-morrow must with that and heaven part.
To-day he fain would be accounted wise,
To-morrow is a fool to his surprise.
To-day the jovial crew is his delight,
To-morrow ghastly fiends his soul affright.
To-day o'er flowing cups his health is sung,
To-morrow wants one drop to cool his tongue.

To-day he slights God's law and Gospel call,
To-morrow has to answer for it all.
To-day the great salvation he rejects,
To-morrow perishes for his neglects.
To-day he lights the children of the King,
To-morrow sees them shine and hears them sing.

To-day he proudly glories in his shame.
To-morrow is tormented for the same.
To-day takes pleasure in the way to hell,
To-morrow fixed therein, eternally to dwell.

Boast not of To-morrow, improve well
To-day,
Lest that should bring sorrow when this
dies away.

THE BELIEVER.

To-day the Saint with time-things has to do,
To-morrow, joyful, bids them all adieu.
To-day he darkly sees as through a glass,
To-morrow views his JESUS face to face.
To-day corrected by a chastening rod,
To-morrow solaced with the smiles of GOD.
To-day's he's burdened with the weight of sin,

To-morrow purified from every stain.
To-day he's watching, fighting, full of fears,
To-morrow palms of victory he bears.
To-day he's persecuted, jeered, and scorned,
To-morrow with a glorious crown adorned.
To-day he feels his wants exceeding great,
To-morrow he enjoys a large estate.
To-day a suppliant at the mercy-seat,
To-morrow casts his crown at JESUS' feet.
To-day he sighs, he mourns, he looks, he longs,
To-morrow all his sighs are turned to songs.
To-day he's racked with pain and sore distress.

To-morrow triumphs in eternal bliss.
To-day to sow in tears is his employ,
To-morrow bears his sheaves of heavenly joy.

To-day he lives by faith, and leans on hope,
To-morrow in fruition swallowed up.
To-day with saints on earth he dwells in love,

To-morrow joins the glorious hosts above.
To-day in feeble strains he tunes a song,
To-morrow sings with an immortal tongue.
To-day he gets a taste of peace and love,
To-morrow drinks full draughts of bliss above.

To-day his sweetest friends may from him fly,

To-morrow filled with joys that never die.
To-day in God's commands he loves to run,
To-morrow hears the plaudit of "Well done!"
To-day he's on the road to happiness,
To-morrow shall the same eternally possess.

Then welcome To-morrow, the Christian
may say,
That ends all the sorrows and cares of To-day.

BY NAME.

What a tenderness of personal attachment there is in that phrase, "He calleth his own sheep by name!" What an intimacy it bespeaks! Every disciple, high or humble, is better known by Jesus than any child by its own mother. All our peculiar weaknesses, all our wants, and griefs, and backslidings, as well as our peculiar capabilities for his service, are perfectly plain to him.

The valley of death is no new place to him; for he has not only trod it himself, he has led myriads of his redeemed ones through it.

On the resurrection morn, we shall find that Jesus the Shepherd has come out of the tomb before us, the first fruits of them that sleep." Even into Heaven he enters as "Our Forerunner." And so all through the believer's experience his loving Leader is seen going on before; and the whole duty of a godly life is summed up in that single word—*following* Jesus.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

THE GREATEST IN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

"Whosoever shall be great among you shall be your servants."

The grand distinction of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ is that he who rises highest in real eminence becomes lowliest of all. Being spiritual and not temporal, coming not with observation as invested with the pomp of this world, but permeating the soul with a secret light Divine, this kingdom knows only a pre-eminence of humility. To be as one that serveth, this is to be our ambition; to walk humbly before our God over the stepping-stones of our dead selves, this must be our aim. If we have a contest, let the strife be who shall be least among us and mightiest in that spirit of self-sacrifice which is so well-pleasing unto the Lord.

But the disciples nowadays, like the disciples eighteen centuries and more ago, learn their lessons of humility very hardly. Again and again, unhappily, the groups linger behind the Lord to dispute by the way who shall be first. While this mind is in us, true work for Christ is impossible. Pride and self-love, like a dense and poisonous mist, darken the eyes and stop progress. If we want to lord it over Christ's heritage, we have evidently mistaken our profession.

Fellow-workers in the labour for the Lord, let us in His name have none of this. We will keep the Sermon on the Mount distinctly above the rules of precedence, which often are a snare in Church organization. Let others strive for place, we want spiritual power, content, while many desire the chief seats, to be ourselves in the lowest room where, indeed, our Master is more likely to be found.

The best remedy for a worldly ambition is to get to the knees of penitence, and afterwards go out into the highways and hedges of civilized or heathen misery and try to bring poor wanderers in.

May God give us more and more of the child's heart with the man's strength; may we be daily more patient and tender as well as brave. Let us court the best gifts and desire that His blessed words may be written upon our memories: "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

STRANGE PRACTICES OF THE CHINESE.

"One of our missionaries in China, Rev. Dr. Smith, who went to the New Honan mission about a year ago gives the following interesting but sad glimpses of life where he labors.

Writing May 25, to the *Canada Presbyterian* he says:

There is great need of thoroughly qualified medical men and women in China. Every day we see cases which prove their absolute ignorance of the first principles of medicine, and we are made to realize the number of lives that are yearly sacrificed to the barbarous treatment of the native doctors. The native doctors made up a certain plaster which they use for anything and everything.

TWO CASES

will suffice to show the danger of such treatment.

The first, a man about thirty years of age, who had had a boil on his cheek; a plaster was applied, and of course it became worse. The native doctor, regardless of the consequence, kept on with the plasters, and when, as a last resort, the man came to the hospital, it was found that the whole of the lower jaw on that side was involved, and that nothing short of a removal would save the man's life. He was unwilling to consent to the operation, and so returned to his home to suffer and die.

The other case was that of a little girl about two years of age; a more pitiable object could scarcely be found. The child, some eight months ago, had received a slight injury on the left cheek, and as usual, a large plaster was applied. The father brought the child to the hospital, but was told that it was too late. The whole of the cheek had fallen away, also half of the nose, and the eye was destroyed, and yet the child was alive and in great agony, although, I believe they had compassion on it and gave it opium from time to time.

Great numbers, especially among the women, suffer from violent fits of passion. They work themselves into a perfect frenzy, and then very often commit suicide.

One day, a woman was brought to the hospital in a chair; she was almost dead. On inquiry, it was found that she and her son had had a quarrel, and in the fit of passion, she swallowed a considerable quantity of native arsenic. The son was told that nothing could be done. From the hospital, she was taken to a native doctor, who pricked her all over with large needles, in the course of which treatment the poor woman died.

These are a few of the many sad cases that have come under my notice during the last six months.

Here is another case of a more laughable nature, a man who complained of his eyes. On examination, it was found that nothing very serious was wrong, but he kept saying that he was unable to see. We got him to count fingers, which he could do fairly well,

and told him that his sight was pretty good. No said he, it is bad, I am totally unable to see to catch shihtza (body vermin), which is a very important consideration with all Chinamen, and which appeared to be his standard of good sight. From these examples, you can form some idea of the work of a medical man, and the great need there is for such work in this land.

Yours sincerely,"

WHAT CHINESE CONVERTS SUFFER.

Rev. Jonathan Goforth, one of our missionaries who went to China about a year since, writes to a friend of the sore trials to which some of the converts are exposed. He says the experience of these Christians is very much like that of the early Church. A break from idolatry means persecution.

An illustration will make this plain. Several Sabbaths previous to the Chinese New Year, which comes on Feb. 1, a rather superior looking Chinaman came into the Chapel and sat beside me; I saw he was not familiar with the hymn book and Bible, so I found the place for him. When the service was ended the Missionary, Rev. A. H. Smith, gave me a few scraps of his history. That man is an inquirer. He has been here before and bought several books. He travelled all night to be here for the service to-day and ask for some advice. He is a rich man and has many friends and is afraid to tell them that he comes here. He says he now believes in the Saviour and must make the final stand against idolatry at the approaching New Year. It is customary to worship the ancestral tablets while making New Year calls, and also to go to the ancestral temples and graves of the departed to burn incense and worship. This inquirer said he could not do so any more, but knew it would draw down upon him all the hate of his relations who mostly live in the same village.

The missionary and native helpers advised him to make the stand and brave the consequences. We heard last week that he had refused to perform any heathen rites during the New Year season. His friends are up in arms against him and threaten all manner of punishment, even his father and mother have turned against him. The friends have allowed him till next month to repent of his folly, then they are going to bury a dead uncle. All the relations must participate in the heathen burial rites. This seeker after light is to be put to the final test. In the event of his refusing, harsh measures will be resorted to. The elders in any Chinese clan have unlimited license to

hastise offenders in the lower generations. This man happens to be in the lower generation and has many who are regarded as his elders in his village. They dare not take his life but may border on that as near as possible. They can unmercifully beat him even to the breaking of his legs or arms. In addition they threaten to drive him from his house and divide his property among themselves. No success can be hoped for in his district, because the head mandarin intensely hates the Christians.

March 31, the persecuted man came to-day (Sunday). He says several of his buildings have been set on fire.

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

A visitor among the poor in one of the worst parts of London was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret, when his attention was attracted by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place, leaning with folded arms against the wall. There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came there with the desire to do him good, and to see him happy, and that the book he held in his hand contained the secret of all happiness.

The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him down stairs.

While endeavouring, with gentleness and patience, to argue the point with him, the visitor was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors that opened upon the landing, saying,—

"Does your book tell of the blood which 'cleanseth from all sin?'"

For the moment the visitor was too absorbed in the case of the hardened sinner to answer the inquiry, and it was repeated in urgent and thrilling tones,—

"Tell me, oh! tell me, does your book tell of the blood which 'cleanseth from all sin?'"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. She raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question.

He sat down upon the stool beside her, and inquired,—

"My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood that 'cleanseth from all sin?'"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied,—

"What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying; and I am going to stand naked before God! I have been a wicked woman—a very wicked woman, all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done!" And she groaned bitterly, as the thought of a lifetime's iniquity seemed to cross her soul.

"But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in; I don't know what for. I was soon out again; but one word I heard there I have never forgot. It was something about blood which 'cleanseth from all sin.' Oh! if I could hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book!"

The visitor answered by opening his Bible and reading the first chapter of the First Epistle of John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused she exclaimed,—

"Read more! read more!"

He read the second chapter. A slight noise made him look round. The savage-looking ruffian had followed him into his mother's room, and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth, and fifth chapters before he could get his poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he had promised to come the next day.

He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died, six weeks afterwards; and very blessed it was to see how, almost from the first, she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus.

Every day the son followed the visitor into the mother's room, and listened in silence but not in indifference. On the day of her funeral he beckoned him to one side as they were filling up the grave, and said,—

"Sir, I have been thinking that there is nothing I should so much like as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which 'cleanseth from all sin.'"

GOOD TEXT FOR A FAREWELL SERMON.

John iii : 30—"He must increase, but I must decrease."

1. *What a minister said of his successor.* John's ministry is ended and he gives place to his cousin from Nazareth. He has had his day. He has done his work. He has

reaped his harvest. Now he is content to stand aside and be forgotten. "All men came to his cousin's baptism" (v. 26). Let them. It is well. Let the coming ministry increase in favor and power and blessing. The old must decrease. There shall be no rivalry. Better for the people to love and revere a living presence than a memory. More honor when His decree of providence is thus ratified by willing hearts.

2. *What a minister said of his Saviour.* For John speaks these words of one who is not only his successor in ministry, but also his God and Saviour, whose name was called Jesus, because He saves His people from their sins.

Let the Saviour increase; let the minister decrease. Enough for the preacher to "stand behind the cross." Give all the glory to the Lamb. To the King bend the knee. Let Him increase in love and praise of His worshippers. "Who is Paul and who is Apollos but ministers by whom ye believed?"

This doctrine, important at all times, is especially pertinent and impressive when declared—as John declared it—as a farewell message from a minister beloved. These pastoral charges might then become true blessings in disguise by drawing the eye of the man to rest upon the "One altogether lovely."—*Selected.*

SYMPATHY.

Those of us who have lost little children feel a prompting within us to speak a word of comfort to every parent who is passing through a similar experience. We cannot do good to others save at a cost to ourselves, and our own afflictions are the price we pay for our ability to sympathize. He who would be a helper must first be a sufferer. He who would be a Saviour must somewhere and somehow have been upon a cross; and we cannot have the highest happiness in succoring others without tasting the cup which Jesus drank, and submitting to the baptism wherewith He was baptised. Every real Barnabas (Son of Consolation) must pass to his vocation through seasons of personal sorrow, and so again we see that it is true that by "these things men live." The most comforting of David's psalms were pressed out of him by suffering, and if Paul had not had his thorn in the flesh we had missed much of that tenderness which quivers in so many of his letters.—*Rev. W. M. Taylor, D. D.*

The Emperor William has requested that horse racing be suspended on Sundays and on all the holy days of the church.

HE MAKES HIS MOTHER SAD.

He makes his mother sad,
The proud, unruly child,
Who will not brook
Her warning look,
Nor bear her counsels mild.

He makes his mother sad,
Who, in his thoughtless mirth,
Can e'er forget
His mighty debt
To her who gave him birth.

He makes his mother sad,
Who turns from wisdom's way ;
Whose stubborn will,
Rebelling still,
Refuses to obey.

He makes his mother sad,
And sad his lot must prove ;
A mother's fear,
A mother's tears,
Are marked by God above.

Oh ! who so sad as he
Who, o'er a parent's grave,
Too late repents,
Too late laments,
The bitter pain he gave ?

May we ne'er know such grief,
Nor cause one feeling sad ;
Let our delight
Be to requite,
And make our parents glad

THE DUMB HERO.

It was not an hour after dawn, yet the great waiting-room of the Central Station was full. The soft morning air blew freshly through the long line of cars and puffing engines. A faint hum comes from without. It was the great city awakening for the day. A Scotch collie belonging to one of the emigrant groups went from one to another, wagging his tail and looking up with mild and expressive eyes full of good-natured, friendly feeling. Children called to him, some students romped with him, the ladies patted his head, a poor negro in the corner shared his meal with him, and then he seemed to unite all these different groups in a common tie of good feeling.

While all this was going on a woman was washing the windows of some empty cars drawn on the siding, singing as she rubbed the glass. While her back was turned, her child, a little fellow about three years old, ran to the door of the car and jumped down on the next track. Upon this track the

Eastern Express was coming. Directly in its path was the babe ; a hush of horror fell upon the crowd. Every eye turned in the direction, and then a low sob of anguish went up from the paralyzed people. The dog, with head erect and fixed eye, saw the danger, and with a bound and a fierce bark darted toward the child. The baby, frightened, started back. The mother went on washing windows and singing, as the huge engine rushed up abreast of her car. There was a crushing noise and a faint little cry of agony. Even strong men grew sick at the sound and turned away.

When they looked again the baby was toddling across the platform, crowing and laughing, and the crushed, dead body of a dog lay on the track. "Passengers for Pittsburg, Chicago, and the West, passengers for Baltimore, Richmond and the South," so the cry went on, and the surging crowd passed out, never to all meet again in this world. But the faces of men and women were pale, and there were tears in the eyes of some. The poor negro and the millionaire, tottering old men and frolicing boys, had been helped onward, upward, by the friendly, cheerful life and heroic death of a dumb dog.

GIVE THE BEST OF THYSELF TO THY CHILDREN.

A lady gave us a rule, by which she had succeeded in interesting her lively fun-loving boys, so they preferred to remain at home evenings instead of seeking amusement elsewhere.

She said, "I remember that children are children, and must have amusements. I fear that the abhorrence with which some good parents regard any play for children is why children go away for pleasure. Husband and I used to read history, and at the end of each chapter ask some questions, requiring the answer to be looked up if not given correctly. We follow a similar plan with the children ; sometimes we play one game, and sometimes another, always planning with books, stories, plays or treats of some kind to make the evenings at home more attractive than they can be made abroad. I should dislike to think that anyone could make my children happier than I can, so I always try to be at leisure in the evening and to arrange something entertaining.

"When there is a good concert, lecture, or

entertainment, we all go together and enjoy it, for whatever is worth the price of admission to us older people is equally valuable to the children, and we let them see that we spare no expense where it is to their advantage to be out of an evening.

"But the greater number of our evenings are spent quietly at home. Sometimes it requires quite an effort to sit quietly talking and playing with them when my work-basket is filled with unfinished work, and books and papers lie unread on the table; but, as the years go by and I see my boys and girls growing into home-loving, modest young men and maidens, I am glad that I made it my rule to give the best of myself to my family."

THE MISSION OF WOMAN,

Any theory of life which assumes that woman has, or can have in the wide world, a "mission" more exalted than that of wife or mother, is alike unscriptural and false. Once fill a young woman's mind with the notion that it is a grander thing to be a speaker on the platform than to be a wife in a Christiana home; that it is a nobler distinction to be a successful author than to be the happy mother of children; that it is more honorable to head a half score of "committees" for public services than it is to be a loving daughter in a father's house, the model of refinement to younger brothers and sisters, and you can no longer find a place of honor in her thoughts for the mission of either daughter, wife, or mother.

These relations become to her lost ideas. They must be superlatives or nothing. The duties they involve are either honors to be proud of, or drudgeries to be got rid of. The law of nature which imposes them on women is either the voice of God, or the voice of tyranny. In this view is seen the massive volume of argument in the very title of Dr. Bushnell's book, "*The Reform Against Nature*." Never was so much of solid logic packed into four words as we find in this invincible thesis. When and where has it ever been answered? One might as easily answer a minnie bullet!—*Prof. A. Phelps.*

THE ATHEIST'S PRAYER.

When I was a boy away in the mountains of Pennsylvania, I knew an old infidel who was anxious to argue against the existence of God. That is what infidelity hates—the existence of a God. A young preacher, against the warning of friends as to his abuses and his obscenities, resolved to see

that blatant scoffer, and confront him with the truth of God.

The sceptic was soon vociferating against the idea of there being a God. He was sitting in his saw-mill, just over the lever that lifts as the saw leaves the log, and, while denouncing the doctrine of a Deity, that lever sprang, catching him under the heels, flung him backward and downward headlong into the stream.

As he plunged, however, he shrieked out as loud as he could yell, "God have mercy!"

The preacher ran around, waded into the water, and drew the struggling man ashore. Said the pastor, "I thought you did not believe in a God?"

As soon as the infidel stopped struggling, he said in a subdued voice, "Well, if there is no God, there ought to be, to help a man when he can't help himself."—*Vanguard.*

"DRINK, DRINK, DRINK!"

It is the echo of the dungeon wall; the blight of each abandoned home; the dirge of each procession to the gallows-post. "Drink, drink, drink!" It is the felon's fortitude; the gambler's goad; the harlot's hardihood; the coward's courage; the assassin's inspiration. "Drink, drunk drink!" Poll all the wives in England, and how they would condemn it! Canvass the cottages of Birmingham, and glean the sufferings of the women who sit beside their scanty fires, and who fly to the pawn shop for the children's crust; where the baby's blanket and the wedding ring itself have been bartered to fill the drunkard's glass; and learn the moral, as they hide their bruised and blackened bosoms, and press their hands against their broken hearts, of the home of the "drink, drink, drink."—*Rev. Arthur Mursell.*

A comrade of the United States Navy, who did not believe in missions, once told the writer there was one sight which impressed him as the most Christ like he had ever witnessed. It was a medical missionary, in his dispensary in Singapore, toiling all the morning long with these wretched outcasts, in the stifling air of a pest stricken city, and all for the love of Christ. Against such an exhibition of unselfish benevolence no cavil can be brought. And the same effect is produced on the native mind. Such a service, so far above all their religious can match, so without precedent or basis in their own experience, is from another world.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION.

You may go far in the temperance reform by moral suasion, but it has failed in removing the evil and from the nature of the case, must always fail, just as anything else would while the state throws its protecting shield over the traffic; and while there are men who will take advantage of such protection and resist your arguments, and soothe their consciences in the plea that what they do is *legal*.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

It is a crime to aid a man in committing crime. Drunkenness is a crime. The man who sells the liquor aids the man to get drunk, and therefore commits a crime. The government that grants a license or permits the sale of liquor, aids the liquor dealer in committing a crime, and therefore commits a crime itself. The voter who votes to license a man to sell liquor, commits a crime; and so on. *Rum* in the majority of cases is the first cause of crime, sin, sorrow, poverty, the expenses of the city and state, the populating of all criminal and charitable institutions, and the support of a tremendous number of sixth-rate politicians. Is there no remedy for all of this? The people are beginning to say, "Yes; try prohibition."—*The Christian Home.*

Under the present system, the state can make drunkards faster than we can hope to reform them. . . . In educating the young, and in building up a strong healthy sentiment in favor of total abstinence and prohibition, and in making the liquor traffic odious in the estimation of the people, and in preventing young men from contracting intemperate habits, moral suasion is our main sail and our sheet-anchor. When we have gained these ends by moral means, then we want legal suasion to maintain and protect them. . . . Moral suasion inaugurates the work, but it is legal suasion alone that can consummate it, and make it triumphant; moral suasion is the *alpha* and legal suasion the *omega* of this mighty reformation.—*A. M. Collins, M. D.*

A San Francisco firm has built the largest wine cellar in the world. It is capable of holding 3,000,000 gallons of wine. Its cost was \$250,000. This is one indication of the rapid growth of wine production on the Pacific coast.

A calculation has been made that at least 50,000 children are in the habit of daily visiting the saloons of New York city. Bar tenders have been known to offer children of the tenderest age candies as inducements to patronize their beer shops. No wonder the *Christian Advocate* sadly remarks:—Could any arrangement for the manufacture of criminals be more ingeniously devised? When

thousands of children hear the profanity and low conversation of the classes who frequent these places, and inhale the atmosphere of the bar room daily, they will become drunk and criminals and paupers, or the laws of nature will be reversed; and yet this institution is tolerated and accorded a prominent place among the forces which control the political machinery and social customs of the country. Can these things continue and the nation go unpunished? "God is not mocked.—*Ex.*

A Massachusetts manufacturer is alleged to have paid one Saturday to his army of laborers seven hundred bright, crisp ten-dollar bills. Each man received one with his pay. All were marked so as to be recognized. By Tuesday, four hundred and ten of these bills had been deposited in the banks of the city by the bar-keepers.

The eighth annual convention of the Christian Endeavour Society, was held recently in Philadelphia. It numbers 7,671 societies, with 470,000 members, and is found in twenty-two different denominations, though principally in Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Congregationalist churches. 3000 societies having a membership of 160,000, have been organized during the past twelve months, being the largest yearly increase since the society began.

TEACH THEM TO WORK.

There is just one road to success, and that is the road of hard work. . . . All sorts of short cuts have been devised and tried by people, but they have all been shorts cuts to failure. The long road of hard work is the only highway that leads to success; all by-paths end in the swamp. Every kind of teaching is bad which inclines a boy to trust to something else than hard work for success. Activity is the necessity of every strong nature; a lazy boy is a sick boy or a defective boy. Boys ought to be taught to love hard work for itself, without reference to its rewards. There is no fear about the success of the man who loves hard work; if he does not achieve the one particular thing he wants, he will get happiness out of the work itself. It is useless to tell boys that this world is a place in which everybody gets what he wants. It is a world in which very few get what they want. Frank, honest teaching is greatly needed; teaching which will make boys understand that life is full of hard work, that no one particular success can be counted on, but that the man who is willing to work, who is honest and true, is

the man who will stand the best chance of becoming prosperous and influential, and is the man who will, under any circumstances, have the supreme satisfaction of having done his work like a man.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE SEEN IN FACTS.

A remarkable instance of God's watchful care over His own work and workers is given in Dr. Cyrus Hamlin's story of "Life among the Turks."

"At a critical point in the history of Turkish missions, the Sultan Mahmud suddenly startled the whole empire by an order for the expulsion of the missionaries. The news fell like a thunderbolt unhurled by the lightning flash. The order was so imperious and arbitrary, and Mahmud was so unreasonable and implacable, that even Mr. Brown, the Secretary of the American Legation, and Commodore Porter gave over the case as hopeless. Commodore Porter prepared a dispatch to the Sublime Porte, acquiescing on behalf of the missionaries, for whom he would not venture to interpose. Just then, on the first of July, 1839, *the Sultan himself died*, at the very hour when the missionaries were waiting in suspense for the execution of the order! And at the same time his entire fleet was betrayed into the hands of the Pasha of Egypt, and the Ottoman army of 80,000 men was almost annihilated. Well may Dr. Hamlin exclaim: "A startling series of events that struck every heart with dismay"! Man proposes, but God disposes. A higher plan swallows up the lower, as Aaron's rod swallowed all the rest. Dr. Goodell had, in the very midnight of that trial hour, and before there was the first hint of a dawn, said in his own peculiar way: "*The great Sultan of the universe can change all this,*" and lo! it was done. "God blew and they were scattered." The work of the mission was resumed with new courage; the exiles came back, and the execution of Mahmud's order of expulsion was never again referred to. The silence of the grave fell on the Sultan and his tyrannical decree alike. A higher hand was holding the invisible sceptre."

The Home Mission work of the Church is yearly increasing. The number labouring in the home field under the direction of the Western Committee alone during the present summer is about 229. viz., 76 ministers and licentates 114 students and 39 catechists. The whole expenditure of the Church during the past year for both Home Missions and Augmentation, both of which are included in home work was about \$158,000.

WAIT.

I saw the proprietor of a large garden, stand at his fence and call over to a poor neighbor. "Would you like some grapes?"

"Yes, and very thankful to you," was the ready answer.

"Well, then bring your basket." The basket was quickly brought and handed over the fence. The owner took it and disappeared among the vines; but marked that he was depositing in all the while rich and various clusters from the fruitful labyrinth in which he had hid himself. The woman stood at the fence the meanwhile, and hopeful. At length he reappeared with a well-replenished basket, saying: "I have made you wait a good while, but, you know, the longer you have to wait, the more grapes."

It is so, thought I, with the Proprietor of all things. He says to me, and to all, "What shall I give thee! What shall I do for thee? Ask, and thou shalt receive." So I bring my empty vessel—my needy, but capacious soul. He disappears. I am not always so patient and trustful as the poor woman. Sometimes I cry out, How long! how long! At last he comes to me—how richly laden! and kindly chides my impatience, saying: "Have I made thee wait long? See what I have been treasuring up for thee all the while!" Then I look, and behold! fruits more, richer, than I had asked for! and I pour out my heart's thanks to my generous Benefactor, and grieve that I distrusted him; and I carry away my burden with joy, and find that the longer he makes me wait, the more he gives.—*Home Circle.*

THE "PRUDENT USE" OF ARDENT SPIRITS.

I know that much is said about the prudent use of ardent spirits; but we might as well speak of the prudent use of the plague—of fire handled prudently among powder—of poison taken prudently every day—of vipers and serpents introduced prudently into our dwellings, to glide about as a matter of courtesy to visitors, and of amusement to our children.

First or last, in spite of your prudence, the contagion will take, the deleterious poison will tell upon the system, and the fangs or the serpent will inflict death.

THERE IS NO PRUDENT USE OF ARDENT SPIRITS.

All who receive it into the system are not destroyed by it; but if any vegetable were as poisonous to as many as the use of ardent spirits proves destructive, it would be banished from the table; it would not be prudent to use it at all. The effect of attempt-

ing to use ardent spirits prudently is destructive to such multitudes as precludes the possibility of prudence in the use of it. When we consider the deceitful nature of this sin, and its irresistible power when it has obtained an ascendancy, no man can use it prudently, or without mocking God can pray while he uses it, "Lead us not into temptation."

So long as men suppose that there is neither crime nor danger in drinking, short of what they term drunkenness, they will cast off fear, and move onward to ruin by a silent, certain course, until destruction comes upon them and they cannot escape. It should be known, therefore, and admitted, that to drink at stated times, any quantity of ardent spirits, is intemperance. It is an innovation upon the system, and the beginning of a habit which cannot fail to generate disease, and will not be pursued by one hundred men without producing many drunkards.

It is not enough, therefore, to erect the flag ahead to mark the spot where the drunkard dies. It must be planted at the entrance of his courts, proclaiming in waving capitals,

"THIS IS THE WAY TO DEATH!"

over the whole territory of "prudent use" it must wave and warn. For if we cannot stop men in the beginning, we cannot separate between that and the end. He who lets ardent spirits alone before it is meddled with, is safe, and he only. It should be in every family a contraband article.—*Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D.*

THE JOHNSTOWN DISASTER.

Villages swept from the face of the earth—a city in ruins—ten thousand lives lost, drowned in the angry waters and consumed by the flames—other thousands homeless, destitute, mourners in the house of death—and all the result of carelessness and criminal neglect! This is the brief story of Johnstown.

A fatal, false security rested upon the place. All knew that danger lurked in the gorge above, for often had the guard at the old dam sent his message of warning.

On the forenoon of the fatal Friday of May 31, word came that the dam might go at any time. Few availed themselves of the warning. It is a false alarm, they said, an old woman's tale. But it was not. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon an unknown horseman came galloping through the streets frantically shouting:

"Run for your lives to the hills! Run to the hills!"

The astonished people rushed into the streets to stare after the rider. A few hurried to the hills, but more laughed, and shook their heads as at a madman. A few minutes later and the torrent had come. A huge wall of waters, pouring down streets and alleys, crashing against houses, lifting, overturning and destroying everything in its path, it rolled on at more than railway speed. Just below the town the flood overtook the heroic rider and his big bay steed, a moment lifted them on its tumultuous bosom and then closed over them, and rushed on.

There is another flood—not in the valley of Conemaugh alone, but in every valley and down every hillside of this fair land; not on the fatal Friday of May 31st alone, but on every day of every month, throughout the weary year. There is scarce a home which has not been saddened by its ravages. The weak and helpless, the widows and the fatherless. The cry of their despair goes up to the strong men of the nation, "Save us from this life-in-death! But the strong men turn away, steeling their hearts against the pitiful cry. And so year after year, and year after year, the river of death sweeps on unchecked, leaving wrecked homes and shattered hopes behind them, and bearing a burden of lost souls into the sea of eternity.—*Third Party Bulletin.*

A LAKE OF BEER.

Now England, Germany and United States are the recognized bulwarks of Protestantism. But the drink bill of these three so-called Christian nations alone is not less than \$2,000,000,000, per annum. Of beer alone twelve of the greatest nations (all Christian) make and drink no less than 3,250,000,000 gallons! Every medical authority declares this beer more debasing, more destructive of morals and conscience than are the stronger drinks. This beer, guzzled down the world's throat yearly, would fill a lake twenty feet deep and covering one square mile—large enough to float all the navies in the world,—and would require 812,500 cars, each of twenty tons burden, to carry it. It is impossible to strain all this poisonous beer and poisonous strong liquors through humanity and not spoil the strainer. And that is what is the matter with our race to-day. Hence poverty, misery, crime, loss of vital stamina to resist evil and general demoralization exist everywhere. J. B. Finch says that forty years

ago the saloon was a thing unknown in the United States. We imported the accursed thing from Europe, and now 200,000 leeches are fattened by it, and 3,000,000 wait on the saloon leeches, get poorer, and grow mad in sin and crime.

Dr. Story insists that deaths by alcohol reach the number of 100,000 every year in this country, and England and Germany would certainly furnish as many more. We cry out over the slaughter of 500,000 strong men in four years by the last gigantic war, yet every five years alcohol furnishes an equal number of victims. Every year 20,000 in India die of snake-bites, but what is the snake in the grass compared with the snake in the glass? Are we a Christian, are we even a civilized people? And yet the optimist shouts, *Progress?*

The official report says the total money expended for liquors in 1883 in the United States amounted to \$900,000,000. Nine hundred millions for red-rum which spelled backwards means *murder*! And murder it is. Beside these awful figures of evil the figures of good shrink into insignificance.

TERRIBLE FIGURES.

Nine hundred millions! Do we realize the vastness of this sum wasted yearly by our 60,000,000 people? Let me try to show it. When Vanderbilt died he left, it is said, \$200,000,000. But our liquor bill—useless and devilish—is more than fourfold greater in a single year than the wealth of the richest man on this continent. In standard silver dollars piled up on top of one another, Vanderbilt's wealth would reach a height of 355 miles. Multiply this by four and a half, and you have the dizzy height to which you must pile up the dollars of the liquor bill. The lofty column, a mad world's monument to crime, would stretch away from the earth into the sky 1,600 miles! It is a sin that "reaches unto heaven." Unrepented of, hugged as a rare blessing, persisted in tenaciously, increasing year by year, every solemn year of our Lord, shall not a just God avenge this colossal crime speedily.—*Rev. T. D. Taylor.*

"How mournfully we write it or speak it at times, *We have nothing left but God!*" As though that were the extreme of destitution, just one spark of hope to save from despair, one faint star only, glimmering through the deep, black night! *Nothing left but Infinite Power, Infinite Wisdom, and Infinite Love!* Why, having this, we have all the blessedness and wealth of heaven, the full joy of immortals, the glory and peace of the redeemed in the mansions of light."

SET APART FOREVER.

Miss Havergal wrote the following golden sentence: I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever. For the Lord is our keeper, and He is the Almighty and the Everlasting God, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. He will never change His mind about keeping us, and no man is able to pluck us out of His hand. He that keepeth us will not slumber. Once having undertaken His vineyard, He will keep it night and day till all the day and nights are over, and we know the full meaning of the salvation ready to be revealed in the last time, unto which we are kept by His power. And then, forever with Him, passing from the gracious keeping by faith for this little while to the glorious keeping in His presence for all eternity. Forever filling the object for which He formed us and chose us, we showing forth His praise and He showing forth the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us in the ages to come. He for us and we for Him forever. O! how little we can grasp this! Yet this is the fruition of being kept for Jesus.

"Set apart to love Him,
And His love to know,
Not to waste affection
On a passing show;
Called to give Him life and heart,
Called to pour the hidden treasure
That none other claims to measure,
Into His beloved hand, thrice blessed set apart.

"Set apart forever
For Himself alone!
Now we see our calling
Gloriously shown.
Owning with no secret dread,
This our holy separation,
Now the crown of consecration,
Of the Lord our God shall rest upon our willing head."

Christian Advocate.

"George Macdonald says a man is only growing old when he ceases to have sympathy for the young. That is a sign that his heart has begun to wither, and that is a dreadful kind of old age. When we are out of sympathy for the young, then I think our work in this world is over. The heart needs never be old. Indeed it should always be growing younger. Some of us feel younger—do we not?—than when we were nine or ten. Only that person in whom the child's heart hath not died, can successfully teach the young."

IS CHRIST WILLING AND READY TO SAVE?

Do you answer, Yes? Why, then, are you not saved? Do you say He is not able to save you? Why, He is "able to save to the uttermost *all who come to God by Him.*" Whose fault, then, is it that you are still "without hope and without God in the world?" We pray you to be honest at this point. Look into your own heart, ask yourself seriously why it is that you continue in sin. And if you answer honestly you will stand self-condemned.

But you say you are waiting for a change of heart, and that this is a work which must be done for you. But why is it not already done? Have you never heard the Gospel preached? Has Christ not been lifted up before you? Have you not heard His gentle voice calling you to come to Him that He may give you rest? You answer, Yes. You say all this is true in your experience, but that is not sufficient to meet your case. What, then, is sufficient? If the Gospel is not "the power of God unto salvation," what is able to turn you from your rebellious course? We beg you to be honest. Have you not continually refused to make a complete surrender? It may be that you have sometimes been *almost* persuaded. But you should remember that "almost" cannot avail. Christ requires the whole heart and life, and the yielding of these must be your act, or else they would be worth nothing when given. Hence do not hesitate. Remember now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.—*Herald of Mercy.*

ALCOHOL, MUSCLE AND BRAIN.

We put a drop of alcohol into a man's eye. It poisons it. We try it upon the lining of a living stomach. It again poisons it. We study after death the stomachs of drinking men, and find that alcohol produces in regular stages, redness, intense congestion, morbid secretions, deeper hurt, destruction of parts, utter ruin. We study its influence upon the health and strength of sailors and soldiers, and find it helps to freeze them in the Arctic regions and exhaust them in the tropics. We watch two regiments on a long march to India, one with and the other without grog, and are driven to the conclusion that even moderate quantities of alcohol weaken the muscles and break the endurance. We visit the training grounds of oarsmen, pedestrians, prize fighters, and learn everywhere the same lesson—alcohol is a poison to muscle and brain.—*Dio Lewis.*

SELF-LOVE.

It is recorded of an architect of the name of Cuidius that, having built a watch tower for the King of Egypt, to warn mariners of certain dangerous rocks, he caused his own name to be engraved in a certain stone in the wall; and then having covered it with plaster, he inscribed on the outside, in golden letters, the name of the king, as though the thing was done for his glory. He was cunning enough to know that the waves ere long would wash away the coat of plastering, and that then his own name would be handed down to successive generations. How many there are, who, while affecting to seek only the glory of God and His church, are really seeking whatever is calculated to gratify self-love. Could the outer coat, as it were, of their pretences be removed, we should see them as they really are, desirous not of God's own glory, but their own.—*Times of Refreshing.*

THE AROMA OF LIFE.

"Beauty hath its charms, but the charms of gracious manners far outweigh them. The manners that express a kindly, sympathetic heart, open to the influence of another personality as the flower to the sun, and as unconsciously giving back its own fragrance, are a gift that far outshines physical graces. Who of us have not forgotten a plain face, or seen it grow beautiful under the witchery of beautiful manners, the expression of a well-poised mind? Learning can be acquired, politeness may be cultivated, but manner is the expression of the nature and brings the object to its own level, at least for the moment. We go out from the presence of gentle manners at peace with the world."

Indisputably the believers in the gospel have a great advantage over all others, for this simple reason, that if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can but be with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment.—*Lord Byron.*

Along the Valley of the Nile, from Alexandria to the first cataract, are 79 mission-stations and 70 Sabbath-schools, numbering 4,027 scholars, while the day and boarding schools have over 5,200 pupils. There has been an increasing demand for Bibles, 9,651 having been sold the last year, with 8,933 volumes of religious literature and 19,179 educational books.

THE POWER OF PRAISE.

To show the power of praise as an incentive to nobler effort, the reader need but recall the familiar story of Benjamin West. Left alone in the house with his baby brother, who was sleeping in a crib, the little fellow, taking pencil and paper, made a crude sketch of the sleeping babe. On his mother's return he showed her the picture. Delighted with the effort, imperfect as it was, she implanted a kiss of appreciation on the little boy's lips. That little act proved an inspiration in the boy's life. From step to step he pursued the art, until at last he became a master painter. And on one occasion, when asked by friends the secret of his success, West gave as his simple reply, "My mother's kiss made me a painter."—*S. S. Times.*

CHRISTIANITY THE ONLY CIVILIZER.

The Rev. James Chalmers said recently, in an address in London:

"I have had twenty-one years' experience among natives; I have seen semi-civilized and the civilized; I have lived with the Christian native, and have lived, dined and slept with the cannibal. I have visited the islands of the New Hebrides, which I sincerely trust will not be handed over to the tender mercies of France. I have visited the Loyalty group; I have seen the work of missions in the Samoan group; I know all the islands of the Society group; I have lived for ten years in the Hervey group; I know a few of the groups close on the line, and for at least nine years of my life I have lived with the savages of New Guinea; but I have never yet met with a single man or woman, or a single people, that your civilization, without Christianity, has civilized."

Testimony such as this is worth volumes of theory.—*Ex.*

GOD'S DAY.

We should think of the Sabbath before it comes, that when it doth come, we may keep it holy, and do the duties of it.

God takes notice what we do, particularly what we do on Sabbath Days, though we be where we are strangers.

God has blessed, honored, and sanctified the Sabbath; let us not profane it, dishonor it, and level that with common time which God's blessing has thus dignified and distinguished.

Keep the Sabbath—keep it as a treasure, as a trust—observe it, preserve it. Keep from polluting it—keep it up as a sign between God and thee—keep it, and never part with it.

"COME FORWARD!"

You are out in the country on a cold, black night, and you come to a door and knock. The door opens, and the warm, cosy light of the fire streams out into the darkness, and the good-wife says to you, "Come in ben!" And if you were stopping just inside the door, she would say, "Come forward, man; come forward!" and bring you up to the very fireside, where you would be thawed.

If you have come to Jesus, you are standing away needlessly far back. Come forward, man; come forward! There are depths in the heart of Christ that you have never penetrated.

There is a verse in the Bible which says, "And let him that heareth say, Come" (Rev. xxii. 17). What does that mean? It just means this. The time is so short, and eternity is so near and so real, that God wishes every sinner who has come to trust in Christ to occupy the rest of his brief life in urging his neighbour to do the same. Let him that heareth pass on the message.

Reader, here is work for you. Start now, and say to whoever you meet, "Do you know the Lord?" and in the great day you will not go without your reward. No presbytery may have laid their hands on you; maybe nobody's hands have been laid on you since the last policeman took his off; but if in the interval you have come to Christ, then go out!

God's eternal blessing waits for the man who lifts up Christ, and says to his fellows, "Come!" We want a mighty band of irregulars, of volunteers. Go back to the office, the workshop, the university, not to reason, but just from a living, loving heart to say, "Come to Christ!" It is the best and the swiftest arrow in all your quiver to take down the worldliness of your fellowmen. "Let him that heareth say, Come."

But the same verse which has been quoted also says, "And let him that is athirst, come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." That is the last and the best. "Whosoever will!" It is just like this. The Lord is so anxious to save you, and the time is so short, that, as it were, He draws Himself back out of sight! together, lest you might misunderstand Him, lest you might haggle and boggle at something or other, lest His doctrines perhaps might stagger you, and it all comes to this, "Whosoever will, let him come."—*Rev. John McNeill.*

One great reason why the work of reformation goes on so slowly is, because we all of us begin on our neighbors, and never reach ourselves.