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Go Ye (to All the Nations) and Preach
the Gospel (to Every Creature).

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

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HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

JAN., 1889.

Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for January opens the New Year well. The leading article on "The Management of Railways" is of great value, as are all the railway articles that have appeared in SCRIBNER'S during the past few months.

Like some of our r.'s wonders this wonder of the nineteenth century grows upon one as these articles are studied until one scarce knows which to admire the most, the engineering skill which, with its bridges and tunnels laughs alike at rivers and mountains, or the capacity for organization which in all its vast and intricate details manages the work of a railway company.

Such a complete exposition of "railways" in all departments of the work, and presented in so attractive a manner has so far as known to us never been given before.

A STRIKING ANSWER TO PRAYER.

On February 18th last, the Rev. Gerhardt, Moravian missionary of Surinam, narrates the following noteworthy experience:—

The absence of all rain worth mentioning during the last five months produced a scarcity not only of field crops and of the necessary means of subsistence, but of drink for man and beast. The people turned out in troops and walked for miles in different directions in search of water. A piece of land just behind the station, flooded during the rainy season for fertilizing purposes, was not entirely dried up. When this was discovered everyone flocked to the spot. We noticed that several persons were kept constantly occupied in carrying water for household purposes. But here, too, it was evident that the supply would soon be exhausted.

The drought had been a subject of prayer at all our gatherings for public worship since the beginning of the year. Now, however, as matters had really become serious, we instituted a Week of Prayer, meeting every evening in the church, in accordance with the precept contained in Romans xii. 12. After examining ourselves before the Lord, and endeavouring to discover any hindrance to blessing on our part, we humbled ourselves before our Saviour and besought His mercy. To our joy these meetings were as well attended as the Sunday services. We feel sure that they were accompanied with blessing, and that an impression was made on those present. But our chief cause of rejoicing just now is the fact that the Lord has graciously heard our prayer. The answer

came last night, before the end of our Week of Intercession, and for the last twelve hours continuous, gentle, and fertilizing rain has been falling on the dry and thirsty land.

This striking answer to prayer not only is a new strengthening of my own faith, but will never be forgotten by any, old or young, belonging to the congregation. Those so-called "enlightened" persons, who, at the beginning of the week, sneered with contemptuous pity at the idea of our praying for rain, have thus had their mouths stopped. Oh for more earnestness and constancy in prayer, and for more simple faith to expect the answer.—*Periodical Accounts.*

PETER'S REVIVALS.

The Apostle would be considered even now a fair revivalist, and his methods are worth consideration. We have no indication that he had any machinery. There is an account of acts, but none of arrangements. He had no bulletin board and did not send any reports to the daily papers as to how many were converted and how many men of wealth and position were in the inquiry-room; nor did he, so far as the record goes, close his reports to the papers with "This makes five thousand since I became pastor of the church." Sometimes we wonder if a revival could be carried on by its own quiet impetus. We wonder if it could once more get publicity by the men and women converted going everywhere, telling what great things God had done for their souls. As miracles have not ceased this state of things may come around once more. We think the Church would like the variety and the world the novelty.—*Phil. Pres.*

THE SURE ANCHORAGE.

Loyalty to the principles of God's Word, loyalty to the everlasting right, must be embedded in the conscience and control the conduct, or else we drift upon the rocks. It is not strength of intellect that saves a man, or the surroundings of society or alliance with a church, or even orthodoxy of belief. All these have proved but cables of straw attached to anchors of clay. We must have conscience taught of God and held by God, or we drift upon the lee shore. God never insures a man except while his anchor is fastened to the divine principles of right with the cable of practical obedience.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. IX.

JAN., 1888.

No. 1

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS. DEC. 19, 1888.

FOREIGN MISSIONS AND DAYSRING.			
Balance on hand May 1st.	\$449.18		
Receipts	7453.00	7902.18	
Expenditure		9842.04	
Bal. on hand to meet \$12000.00 1st, January 1889, only			\$1060.14
HOME MISSIONS.			
Balance on hand May 1st,	\$420.20		
Receipts	3067.02	3427.22	
Expenditure		5169.16	
Present debt			\$1741.94
AUGMENTATION.			
Balance on hand May 1st,	\$599.90		
Receipts	1288.59	6688.29	
Expenditure		3717.10	
Balance on hand			\$2971.19
COLLEGE.			
Balance due May 1st,	\$234.25		
Expenditure	3967.00		
Receipts from Dividends	4742.59		\$12201.25
Receipts from Collections &c.,	675.06	5418.25	
Present debt			\$6732.00
N. B. The largest dividends are payable first half year, and have been received.			
COLLEGE BURSARY.			
Balance due May 1st,	456.60		
Expenditure	175.00		
Receipts Dividends	18.25		\$621.60
Receipts Collections & Donations	128.29	211.54	
Present debt			\$419.66
AG D AND INFIRM MINISTERS FUND.			
Receipts		1386.51	
Expenditure		1383.62	
Bal. on hand to meet \$709.00 1st, January 1889 only			\$2.89

S. M. MORRISON.

Quietly, noiselessly, surely the old year has gone and a new one has come.

The opportunities of the old are gone, to come no more, opportunities for doing good to self, in building up character into nobleness and gentleness and purity and truth. Every thought, every word, every deed leaves its impress upon us, and helps to shape our characters, all these so plentifully given by the old year are gone.

So with our opportunities for doing good

to our fellow men, comforting sorrow, relieving want, helping the weak, guiding the wandering, lessening the sum of human ill whether improved or not they are gone. Opportunity for service to God in these and other ways is gone to come no more.

This truth so trite and yet so easily forgotten should sink deeply into our hearts. All must confess with sorrow—We are not what we might have been.

A New Year laden with opportunity has come in. Let the aim be to profit by the failures of the past in the work of the future, and thus "make stepping stones of our dead selves to rise to higher things."

Soon the years with their opportunities will all be gone, and then comes the solemn awful truth "He that is unjust let him be unjust still, he that is righteous let him be righteous still, he that is holy let him be holy still." Our characters built during our probation here, passing from a state of change to a state of permanency.

We have just received a copy of a tract prepared and issued at the direction of Synod, by the Committee on Systematic Beneficence. It is entitled "Systematic Beneficence, its principles and methods."

Under the heading of "principles for the individual" it treats of the following subjects:

1. God's ownership and Man's Stewardship.
2. Devotion of Substance.
3. Proportionate Giving.
4. Weekly Storing.
5. Giving should be practised as an act of worship.
6. Giving profitable.
7. Bringing the offering to the House of God the Scriptural method.
8. Every one should practice Systematic Giving whether his income be little or much.

These principles are discussed under their several headings in a clear and forcible manner.

The second part of the tract is devoted to "Methods for Congregations." Several methods are presented and discussed. Congregations will profit by studying and comparing these systems and all will find something to profit in the suggestion given.

On the whole this short tract is one of the fullest, simplest, clearest, and best discussions of the subject of Systematic Benevolence that we have ever seen. The thanks of the church are specially due to the Convener of the Committee, Rev. M. G. Henry of Shubenacadie who has had the chief part in its preparation.

It is now ready for gratuitous distribution.

It is desirable that a copy be placed in every family in our church. Ministers are requested to inform the Convener as soon as possible how many copies they will require. Sessions that are disposed to do so will oblige the Committee by forwarding to the Convener contributions to help pay the expense of printing it. We trust that so far as possible it will be studied by all.

Many thanks good friends for the kind and cheering words that have been sent to the MARITIME in connection with the subscription list for the New Year. Your words cost you little, but they did much good, they were very helpful. We can only hope that in the future as in the eight years that are gone the MARITIME will to some extent both please and profit. Parcels will be sent free to any who may wish them for distribution.

If any of our readers wish to distribute books or papers in any destitute settlements and families that have but little good reading matter we will be glad to send parcels of the MARITIME, FREE, for that purpose. Do not think you are expected to get up a club when you send for a parcel. We will gladly send a parcel where they will help to do some good.

The missionary spirit is growing very rapidly in the West. Several congregations have undertaken to support a missionary each and now generous individuals are undertaking the same thing.

Mr. David Yuill of Montreal has offered to support a missionary in China for five years. His offer has been gratefully accepted and it is probable that Mr. Mc-

Kenzie, a student of Montreal Presbyterian College, will be appointed.

Miss Blackaddar's return to Trinidad has been delayed, sorely against her own desire on account of her health. She has the warmest sympathy of her many friends. One cause of her indisposition is no doubt, overwork. In her zeal to advance the interests of the mission, her untiring energy, and the many calls to address meetings, led her to work hard during the summer when rest was so much needed. To protect her against such calls the Foreign Mission Committee in extending her furlough have enjoined that she do not speak in public but take complete rest. We trust that friends will take note and not ask her to do so.

We are glad to state that Rev. Dr. Fraser who was for some years in the Formosa Mission has been appointed by the Western Division of the Foreign Mission Committee to take charge of the Mission recently undertaken by our church among the eight thousand Chinese of British Columbia. Mr. Fraser's acquaintance with the Chinese language and character, in addition to his amiable disposition and zeal in the work make him eminently fitted for the position, and our church is very fortunate in securing his services. Dr. Fraser is a son of Rev. Dr. Fraser, one of the venerable clerks of the General Assembly.

In addition to the importance of this field considered by itself, it is one means of leavening China. Many of these who come as immigrants to our shores return to their native land, and in so far as they are leavened by the gospel here, in so far they will carry the influence of that gospel with them when they return. The return of immigrants to India is one of the things that makes Trinidad such an important field.

A MISSION.

I walked along a forest-side
Where light the shadow chases,
And flowers my footsteps to beguile
Grew thick in truant spaces.

"Oh, tell me why your loveliness
These lonely by-ways graces?"
They nodded back, "We grow to bless
And fill up empty places!"

MARITIME ITEMS.

Rev. James Ross is called to Shediac.

Merigomish congregation is calling Rev. T. Corbett of Tyne Valley, P. E. I.

Earlton Congregation has just completed a fine manse.

A new church was opened Dec. 8th at New Glasgow, P. E. I.

Springfield, P. E. I., is building a new church to seat 260 persons and cost \$2000.

The Presbytery of Truro meets at Great Village on the 14th inst., for visitation of the congregation.

Rev. Archibald Brown has resigned the pastoral charge of the congregation of Richmond Bay, East, P. E. I.

Rev. J. Ferry has laid before Presbytery his demission of the charge of Bridgewater congregation.

Shelburne congregation is once more settled. Mr. D. McIntosh was ordained and inducted there Dec. 27th. This is a large, scattered charge with seven preaching stations, a grand opportunity for good work.

The Presbytery of Victoria and Richmond is to meet in the church at Little Narrows, on the 29th inst at 11 a. m., for the ordination and induction of Mr. Rodrick McLeod, as pastor of the congregation.

The Presbyterian Congregation of Springhill that was so recently made vacant by the removal of Mr. Robinson to Moncton, is calling Mr. F. C. Simpson. The congregation has just completed a fine new manse.

In the death of the late Robert McDonald the congregation of Antigonish loses an old and valued elder. For many long years he was the Session's representative at Cape George, and amid many difficulties and discouragements there, he wrought and prayed. He has entered into rest and his work and reward will follow him.

A new church was opened at Kempton Col. Co., Dec. 30th. Services were conducted by Rev. E. Grant, and by the pastor of the congregation Rev. W. T. Bruce. The building is very neat and pretty, seats 200 people, and cost \$1500.

MEETING OF THE F. M. COMMITTEE, E. D.

The F. M. Com., E. D., met in Truro, Dec. 20th. It was agreed to purchase the buildings at Caroni for £55. This station was wrought for two or three years by the U. P. Church of Scotland, and it was hoped that that Church might occupy it permanently and thus aid in overtaking the work in Trinidad. They have decided, however, to confine their efforts to other fields, leaving Trinidad to be supplied by our Church, on the same principle that we are looking to the Australasian Churches to undertake more largely the work in the New Hebrides because it is nearer to them. The buildings which they left were valued at the above amount and have been taken over. Mr. Morton has charge of this station and works it with a catechist in connection with his field.

A letter was read from Rev. J. Gibson, Demarara, stating that a desirable property for a mission house was for sale and asking that it be purchased. The matter was deferred for further inquiry, and it is probable that Mr. Gibson's sudden and lamented death will still further defer it.

The Student's Missionary Society of the Pine Hill College asked leave to pay the portion of the support of the missionary at Couva, that is not paid by the proprietors of the estates. The offer was accepted with thanks and the hope expressed that one of their number will go to that field during the year.

An offer was received from Miss Susie M. Dickson to go as teacher to Couva. There was also given in response to inquiries that had been made of her, full particulars, testimonials &c., all of which were most satisfactory, and her offer was accepted. She will probably go out with the missionary as soon as one is secured.

The Committee expressed sympathy with Miss Blackaddar in her illness, extended her furlough, and enjoined complete rest from all work until her health is fully restored.

New Wedrides.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM MR. ANNAND.

SANTO, June 22nd, 1888.

Dear Mr. Morrison :—

We have had a busy summer and a considerable amount of work has been accomplished. We had a delightful social gathering at our Synod meeting. There were only five members of our Synod present, but all of our five wives were here which made it a unique meeting for us, as usually the ladies are in a small minority.

From copies of our Synod minutes you may see what we had under discussion. The "new vessel" naturally came up again under the new arrangements politically made for the group. To all of us the "inter island steamer" commends itself as the best. Such a vessel we recommend and also that she do something toward defraying her own expenses. We think that the expenses of the present "Dayspring" added to what she can make here by carrying some freight and passengers when practicable among the islands should be sufficient to run her. The loss of time now involved in even going to our Synod meetings has become so great that few care to leave their stations. Perhaps by and by trade may develop so that it will be possible to get along without a mission vessel.

The "Dayspring" brought two Santo men home from Sydney on her last trip, both of whom were baptized in the colony. They have some little knowledge of gospel truth. We have got them with us now and we shall try and keep them so that we may train them for teachers. Their native place is some distance from this.

We got a couple from Aneityum for teachers also but when they may get the language I cannot say. The Aneityumese who have been with us here know very little indeed yet about it.

We hope if the teacher gets some knowledge of their tongue to put him out at a village a mile or so away from us.

Rumor says that a second station has been opened on this island by the French priests. Whether it is true or not I have no means of knowing.

yours faithfully,

J. ANNAND.

LETTER FROM DR. STEELE.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES,

Oct. 1st, 1888.

Dear Mr. Morrison :—

* * * * *

The "Dayspring" left for the islands on the 22nd Sep. There was a large company on board, and included the Moderator and several members of the Trinidad Assembly of the Presbyterian Churches of Australia and Tasmania. The Moderator, Rev. Dr. Hay of Rockhampton, Queensland, offered prayer before the departure from the wharf and with many others accompanied the vessel to the Head and returned in the steamer. Rev. W. Gray and wife from South Australia were on board returning to their station in Tanna.

We expect Mr. and Mrs. Robertson at the end of the year. They come to see their children and to make arrangements for them as well as to benefit their own health.

Principal Grant has been here as well as in the other colonies. He saw the "Dayspring". All were delighted with him and I think he enjoyed his visit much.

He left for Queensland on the 19th Sep., and was to join the steamer at Brisbane for Hong Kong. Hence he was to sail to Japan and there get the steamer for Vancouver, en route for his home and work at Kingston. He enjoyed excellent health.

with kind regards

yours sincerely,

ROBERT STEELE.

LETTER FROM DR. BUCHANAN.

The following letter from Dr. Buchanan one of our missionaries on his way to India, was written to the "Heart and Hand Mission Band of Riverton, Pictou Co. N. S., and has been forwarded to the MARITIME.

THE POLYNESIAN, ALLAN LINE

Nov. 1st, 1888.

To the "Heart and Hand" Mission Band, Riverton.

Dear Fellow Missionaries :—

You are doubtless aware that in addition to the six Foreign Missionaries, sent out since the new year began, under our church, three more are now on their way to tell the message of redeeming love, to those who are laboring in the dark prisons of heathendom. Mr. McGillivray is probably now upon the waters of the Pacific,

pressing towards the setting sun, eager to join the other six, and with them bear salvation to the people of Honan. God bless and prosper the little band, and by His presence make it a mighty host. Two others, Dr. Mary B. McKay, your former president, and the writer of this note, are now by the good hand of God, being carried over the Atlantic, bearing back to the east the blessed Gospel which came from the east, and I think the Son of Righteousness may speedily arise and shine into the dark night of Hinduism; and that His beams may dispel the gloom of paganism. As we press on to India we long to be there to sound in cars not used to love, that dear sweet name of Jesus.

I think I speak for Miss Dr. McKay also, when I say that by the power of the Holy Ghost, and only so, shall the desert be made to bloom and blossom as the rose. So while praying for your prosperity, as Miss McKay has created an interest in you, that God may make you a band of workers that need not be ashamed, we also ask that the band unite in seeking a special baptism of the Holy Ghost, upon us, who are going, and upon those who are already in the field.

When we think for a moment of what a work is to be done, we see the need of being in earnest in this God-given labor. 260,000,000 men, women and children, and less than 1-500th of them know Jesus Christ the Saviour of the lost, are massed together in that Eastern part of our British Empire. They are passing away to their final doom at a rate in India alone, which would depopulate Halifax in less than two days, and out of this number, only about one in five hundred and twenty have learned that name, the only name given under heaven or among men, where by we can be saved.

In Central India we have at least twice as many under the care of our Canadian church, as there people in the whole of the Dominion of Canada. And that ten millions of people are not divided up as our five millions in Canada are, among Methodists, Baptists, Congregational, Presbyterian, English Church, and other bodies. They are left to a little band, that could be numbered on the two hands, who there by God's grace hold the fort for Christ among such a host. O how much need for more men and women consecrated to the Lord Jesus. How much need for a pouring out of the Holy Spirit upon the work-

ers, and those to whom they go. By the power of God given in answer to prayer, "one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight"

As missionaries at home and abroad, is not the cause of our weakness described in James 4-3, "Ye kill and covet and cannot obtain; ye fight and war; ye have not because ye ask not; ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss, that you may spend it on your pleasure." While at the same time we have this glorious absolute promise by Jesus himself John 15-7. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." Let us then as servants and friends of the blessed Lord Jesus, join with Him, and following Him so far as we have light, feed upon His word, then shall we by our prayers bring down the showers of Divine grace, so the last shall cry "what shall I do?" And the penitent as they see the Saviour wounded and lifted up, will joyfully exclaim, "My Lord and my God."

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN H. BUCHANAN.

THE CHEERFUL FACE.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realm of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within.

It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express; and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

It may be a wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less cheerful. We linger near it, and gaze tenderly upon it, and say, "God bless this dear, happy face! We must keep it with us as long as we can, for home will lose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone." And even after it is gone, how the remembrance of the cheerful face softens our way!

DEATH OF REV. JOHN GIBSON.

Our Missionary in Demarara, Rev. John Gibson died Nov. 26th.

The following letter was received by Rev. P. M. Morrison from Rev. George Stephen, Secretary of the Presbyterian Missionary Society of West Coast, Demarara :—

35 MAIN ST., GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA. 7th Dec. 1888.

SIR,—It is with the very deepest sorrow that I announce to you the death of the Rev. John Gibson, the head of our mission to the East Indian Immigrants in this Colony. This melancholy event took place on the 26th Nov., at his residence, Groen-celdt House. The cause of death was acute dysentery, from which he had been suffering for upwards of a week. How much we have lost by Mr. Gibson's death it would be impossible to put in words. The Presbyterian missionary society deplores the loss which it has sustained. The Church feels deeply its loss. Indeed I may say from the Governor down to the poor coolies among whom he laboured, all regret his untimely death. And I have lost a dear friend, who had a single aim in life, the success of his mission. He leaves behind him a widow, and a child, born a few days after his death.

I can, at present, say no more, for my heart is too full of sorrow. Kindly communicate this sad news to Foreign Mission Committee, to whom I will write regarding the carrying on of the mission.

I am, very faithfully yours,

GEORGE STEPHEN,
Hon. Sec'y P. M. S.

Mr. Gibson went to Demarara some four years ago. His appointment was on this wise. The Presbyterian Missionary Society of the West Coast, Demarara, wished to undertake work among the 60,000 Indian immigrants laboring there, such as our church was doing among the Coolies of Trinidad. They offered to pay half the salary of a missionary for that field if our church would appoint a missionary and pay the other half. The Western section of the church agreed to pay the money, the Eastern Section of the Foreign Mission Committee to take the oversight of the field and work. Mr. Gibson was appointed, and has labored faithfully in laying the foundation work of the mission. Now he has been suddenly cut down at his post. To the lonely widow with her help-

less charge many hearts will go out in sympathy and prayer.

DEATH OF REV. JAMES A. JOHNSON.

A few months ago Rev. Samuel Johnson, of Chipman, N. B. was called away very suddenly, scarce past the prime of life and in the midst of usefulness. Now his son has been almost as suddenly taken.

After Mr. Johnson had completed his studies he was settled for some months as an ordained missionary at Country and Isaac's Harbor, Guysboro Co., and soon after accepted an appointment to go to Demarara to supply for a year a congregation of which the minister was absent on a furlough. He had wrought for some months in this field endearing himself greatly to all, when he was stricken with yellow fever of a most malignant type and after a short illness passed to his rest.

Mr. Johnson had offered his services to the Foreign Mission Committee for work in Couva, Trinidad, so soon as his year in Demarara should expire, but a few days before the Committee met to consider the offer, tidings came of his death.

The widowed mother is now doubly bereaved, and the sorrowing family again stricken. O for faith to lay hold on the truth. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

The Allocations for Augmentation in Halifax Presbytery are as follows :—

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| (1.) Fort Massey, Halifax | } each \$250. |
| (2.) St. Matthew's " | |
| (3.) Park Street, Halifax | } each \$110. |
| (4.) St. John's " | |
| (5.) St. Andrew's " | |
| (6.) Maitland | |
| (7.) St. John's, Windsor | |
| (8.) Chalmer's, Halifax | } each \$90. |
| (9.) St. James, Dartmouth | |
| (10.) Shubenacadie, | \$75. |
| (11.) Milford & Gay's River | } each \$50. |
| (12.) St. John's, Yarmouth | |
| (13.) St. Andrew's, Bermuda | } each \$25. |
| (14.) St. Paul's, Kentville | |
| (15.) Newport, | |
| (16.) Canard, | |
| (17.) Richmond, | |
| (18.) Noel, | |
| (19.) Middle Musquodoboit, | |
| (20.) Lawrencetown, | |

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|-------------------------------|--------------|
| (21.) Lower Musquodoboit, | } each \$20. |
| (22.) Elmsdale, and 9-M-R. | |
| (23.) Kennetcook and Gore, | |
| (24.) Musquodoboit Harbor, | |
| (25.) Upper Musquodoboit, | } each \$15. |
| (26.) Sheet Harbor, | |
| (27.) St. Croix &c., | } each \$10. |
| (28.) Kompt and Walton, | |
| (29.) Wolfville and Horton, | |
| (30.) Annapolis & Bridgetown | |
| (31.) Carleton & Chebogue, | |
| (32.) Bedford, | |
| (33.) Waterville & Lakeville, | |

LABRADOR.

Mr. McKenzie, the missionary of the Pine Hill Students' Miss. Society in Labrador, writes to them from Harrington under date Oct. 30th, as follows:

"I intend remaining at Harrington until the travelling on snow and ice becomes good, which will be about the middle of January. While I am here, I will teach the children in the day time and the young people in the evening. There is a large number of young folk here, of whom many cannot read. I also intend to give some instruction in singing which is a very important factor in religious work here. The visits of a clergyman being 'few and far between,' the people gather in groups on Sundays and during the long winter evenings, for the purpose of singing. When the good travelling comes I intend to take a trip north, about 250 miles, among the more destitute whom I met in the summer. I have already sent a large part of the clothing up there by the steamer; but have kept some for the poor families farther south. The clothing will be kept, in case, till I go and distribute it myself. I am told by the mail carrier up north that there has been no improvement in the catch of fish since we were there. The trip will not occupy over a fortnight. I am well fitted out for the winter. St. John's Church, Newfoundland, sent me some clothing and food to be distributed, and also a coat and cap for myself. When I return I will remain at St. Paul's River, Bonne Esperance, and do work similar to that at Harrington until the bays open in spring. I meet with kindness wherever I go; and since I gave up my boat, have been carried long distances free. Yesterday a man with his servant took me and my boxes thirty-six miles,

because I taught his family while at his house.

The mails for Labrador during the winter close at Quebec on Dec. 17th, Jan. 16th, Feb. 18th, March 18th. Mr. McKenzie's address will be Bonne Esperance, Labrador, via Quebec.

Lunenburg Co., is crying "come over and help us." Where there are six congregations nearly all of them but recently settled, there is now but one settled pastor, Rev. E. D. Millar. More men! More of our young men for the ministry!

The late Mrs. Roderick MacGregor, of New Glasgow had purposed bequeathing one thousand dollars to aid young men studying for the ministry of our church. Mrs. MacGregor died intestate, but the heirs have carried out her wish and are placing the above sum in the hands of the Board of the Presbyterian Church, Halifax, the interest to be at the disposal of the Presbytery of Pictou for the above purpose.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred years ago the world was rated at 731,000,000, of whom 174,000,000 were Christians; now the population has doubled and the Christians trebled. One hundred years ago the church was asleep on mission work, and the governments and nations opposed missions; now, with little exception, all welcome them. One hundred years ago English-speaking people had not one mission society; now they have 150 reported. One hundred years ago educated men could not be induced to become missionaries, the work was too forbidding; now we have 7,000 missionaries, nearly one third of whom are women; also 35,000 native agents, 3,000 of whom are ordained ministers. One hundred years ago there were not 300 Bible converts among the heathen; now there are 3,000,000. One hundred years ago it was thought vain to hope for conversions from Mohammedanism; now, in many parts, as Lahore, India, most of the leading Christian pastors are converted Mohammedans. Within the past two years more than 2,000 young men have gone from the United States and Canada, and are laboring with success. The Moravians of Germany have done good work, but to the Anglo-Saxon races on both sides of the Atlantic are committed the oracles of God.—Sel.

A TRIP INTO HONAN.

LETTER FROM REV. J. T. SMITH IN PRES.
REVIEW.

DEAR SIR, -- I send you the following jottings on the trip Mr. Goforth and myself made into Honan:—

We left Chefoo, September 13th, taking steamer to Tien-Tsin. I did not imagine that within two weeks after landing in China I would be *en route* to Honan. Our departure, however, was hastened owing to the fact that two experienced missionaries of the American Board, who are stationed four hundred miles from Chefoo, had kindly offered to explore Honan with us, and they were anxious to leave their station not later than September 24th.

A pleasant sail of fifteen hours brought us to the famous "Taku Bar," which at low tide effectually guards the entrance to the Peiho river. The river itself is narrow and very crooked, and it requires good piloting to keep the vessel from running upon the bank, an accident which I was told frequently occurs. Tien-Tsin, with a population of nearly half a million, is situated about sixty miles from the mouth of the Peiho, and is one of the most important cities in the Empire and the key of the capital. It is best known to foreigners as the place where the Treaty of 1860 was concluded, and where in 1868 a brutal massacre of French nuns and other Europeans took place. There are representatives of five different Mission Societies stationed in this place, and good work is being done. Mission work in all the seaport towns is both difficult and discouraging, chiefly because the life of the majority of the foreign residents is as bad and worse in many respects than the heathen among whom they dwell. And yet these people are from Christian lands, and call themselves Christians!

We left Tien-Tsin by cart, September 17th. Chinese carts are somewhat similar to country carts in Ontario, only that they have tops like a Gipsy waggon. For the first day or so the traveller is in danger of having his nose broken or his skull fractured, but after a time he learns to pack himself in the cart in such a manner that he does not mind the jolting very much. We were delighted with the general appearance of the country. In many respects it resembles the prairies of our own North West. For hundreds of miles the

face of the country is as level as a floor, with scarcely a tree or shrub to be seen, excepting those in and around the villages and towns. The people do not live on their farms, but congregate in the villages and towns. As you approach a town you notice a great number of mounds of different sizes and shapes, some having the appearance of monuments, but the most of them being but round heaps of earth. These mark out the resting-places of millions who have died in heathen darkness. Where the population is dense the country is one vast cemetery, and only that the land is cultivated around and among these monuments the people would assuredly starve.

There are no fences, and no roads in the sense in which Canadians speak of roads; and yet there are roads every-where. The large roads are worn down in many places ten or twelve feet below the level of the surrounding country, and during the rainy season are totally impassable. Every available foot of ground is under cultivation. The soil in most places is quite fertile. At times we came to districts rendered useless on account of the amount of soda in the soil, and almost every stream and river makes a sand plain two or three miles wide, and in the case of the Yellow River, eight to fifteen miles wide, extending throughout its course. The people were all busy harvesting and sowing their fall wheat. This is their second harvest, and consists principally of corn, beans, millet and kaoliang. The wheat which is sown now is reaped about the end of May, which is their first harvest. The kaoliang grows to the height of sixteen feet, and the stalks are about an inch in thickness. It is cut about two feet above the ground, and after the grain is threshed out the stalks are used for thatching and making screens, etc. The stubble is uprooted and bound in bundles for fuel. Old and young are busy and nothing is wasted. Even the little children are running to and fro gathering into baskets every blade of grass that can be found. In some districts, we passed vast fields of cotton, and hundreds of busy women gathering it.

A Chinese town is rather difficult to describe. From a distance the walled towns are rather imposing, but as you draw nearer you generally find that the walls are poorly built and in many places crumbling away. The arched gate-ways are mostly

quite substantial, but as soon as you enter the gates you find that the town itself is very little better than the small dirty villages passed through, only that it is much larger. There are occasionally a few well built houses; the larger number however, are small and built of mud. In many places very good brick is made by the people, but they do not use it to any great extent in building. The streets are narrow and badly kept. There are no side-walks, and the cart-way is a ditch which has been worn in the centre of the street. Each dwelling house is surrounded by a wall several feet high with a gate leading to the street. The temples, of which there are a great number in every town, are always the best buildings, but in many cases even the temples are in ruin and decay. These temples are kept in repair not because of the religious fervour of the people, but because they are a sure source of revenue to those who are at the head of affairs. For example, in every town there are, say, six important men, and all moneys paid out pass through their hands, and of course a certain amount of it sticks. This being the case, whenever the priests in charge of the temples require money they consult with these important men and very soon the scheme is started. Very few refuse to contribute, and those who dare refuse are threatened with the displeasure of the gods. No question is asked as to how the money is spent, and very often the actual amount expended on the temple is rather small. The vast majority of the people seem to have no religious belief whatever, and when questioned merely laugh and reply, "We don't know," "We can't read." It is a very difficult matter to know how to deal with such people, as no scheme will meet with their approval unless it can be proven to have some relation either to their stomach or their cash bag. It is only when brought face to face with this people that one realizes to what depth heathenism has brought them, and even then we see only the surface. I was surprised to find such a large proportion of the people unable to read. In country districts only about one man in ten can read, and in the towns about one in four. We passed over a great part of what may be called Historical China, a name applied to Northern China. Here and there we saw beautiful tablets erected to the memory of great men, and the Chinese boast of not a few. Some of these tablets are built

in a brick framework and have been standing for upwards of three hundred years.

We arrived at Pang-Chia-Chung on the evening of the 21st of Sept. Here we found quite a prosperous Mission under the direction of our friends of the American Board. There are in all eight mission-aries in this station, three gentlemen with their wives, and two single ladies. For fifty years this Board tried to work each station with at most two men, but experience has taught them that at least three men are required for each separate station. It is found that in this way the work is better and more economically done, and in case of sickness, etc., the work is not so likely to be hindered. A new station has been opened recently at Lin-Ching, which is in the center of a very populous district. From here we proceeded to Kwang-Ping-Fu, in the province of Chilli. Near one of the gates we passed a broken down temple where three of the gods were exposed to the weather and gradually crumbling away. This does not prevent the people from going through the usual ceremony and making their accustomed offerings. From here we proceeded northward, as far as Shun-Te-Fu, passing many villages and large towns on the way. Here the people were rather more boisterous than usual, and we were called "foreign devils" on every hand, and a few ventured to throw mud at us. Leaving Shun-Te-Fu, we directed our course to the south, keeping the Shan-Si mountains about twenty miles to our right, and on the evening of Oct. 1st we crossing the Kang river and entered the much-talked-of Province of Honan, which (D. V.) is to be the field of our future labours.

Chang-Te-Fu, the first large city we came to in this province, is well built, for a Chinese city, and shows signs of having once been a place of considerable wealth. It governs eight Hsien, and is in the center of a good farming country. About forty miles to the south-east is Hsun-Hsien, which is built on a hill. It is under Chang-Te-Fu, has a population of fifty thousand, and governs over six hundred towns, and villages. One of these towns fao-Kou, only six miles distant, has a population of forty thousand. We have decided to try to open our station in Hsun-Hsien, as it is favourably situated on the Wei river, and good sized Chinese boats can run thus far from Tien-tien. Dr. McClure's station will

probably be at Chang-Te-Fu, or perhaps in one of the Tsien to the south of Tsun-Tsien. We will be over one hundred miles from any other mission station, and will have, in the portion of Honan north of the Yellow River, which is about one hundred miles from north to south and sixty miles from east to west, at least, three millions of people. It will require quite a number of men to take up even the important centres, and this is only a small corner of the province of Honan.

We have written requesting the committee to send out Mr. Donald MacGillivray at once. He is anxious to come, and it is imperative if two stations are to be taken up. At present we are helpless without the language, and experienced missionaries tell us that it will require at least two years of hard study before we are able to preach. Medical work could be done from the very first; but to commence medical work without a knowledge of the language, would be very unwise. Those who have done so have scarcely ever acquired the language so as to be able to preach, because from the first they had more medical work than they were able to attend to properly.

On this journey I examined a large number of patients, and in many cases gave medicine. I had over one hundred eye cases alone. On one of these I operated for a peculiar form of Pterrigium, which involved both lids, and formed a complete net-work uniting the lids for over an inch. It shows the confidence they place in the "foreign devils," when you know that this man, who was of the educated class, came forward and allowed me to operate without a word having been spoken. Over a dozen were anxious to get opium medicine, but I had none to give. It is sad to see such numbers victims to this terrible curse. Something must be done and that without delay, if whole districts are to be saved from ruin and death.

We went to the breach in the Yellow River, where several thousand men are busily trying to stop it up with sand and kaoliang stalks. It is almost certain that they will not succeed, for although the breach is at present not more than four hundred feet wide, the water is one hundred feet deep and flows at the rate of about ten miles an hour. The flooded district is still from ten to thirty miles wide and boats going to and fro. Where-

ver the water has been is now a sandy desert, the sand being from four to ten feet deep. We passed over large tracts of country thus rendered useless by the overflowing of this river at different times.

From the breach we turned to the east, keeping on the south side of the river. We remained over night in Kai-Fung-Fu suburbs, but did not attempt to enter the city. The guards stationed at the gates are instructed to keep foreigners out. The country passed through from the breach to Kuei-Te Fu is very poor. Kuei-Te-Fu is a large place and is surrounded by a better farming district. There is a large field for mission work in this corner of Honan. Leaving Kuei-Te, we turned homewards, passing through a number of large towns in the province of Shantung. We found a large number of Mohammedans in the part of Honan visited. The people generally called us Coreans, as that is the only outside country known to those living inland. We have great reason to thank God for His goodness to us the whole journey through. We had expected that a people who for years have shown such hostility to missionaries, would be anything but favourably disposed towards us. But our Heavenly Father opened up the way so that we received nothing but kindness from first to last. Our prayer is that this may be but an indication of what the Lord hath in store for us in Honan. In the district we explored, starting from Lin-Ching, there are over one hundred walled cities, thirty of which we passed through, and there is not a mission station within many miles of the district. We returned to Chefoo, November 1st, and found Dr. McClure and the ladies working hard at the language. We were absent seven weeks, and travelled over twelve hundred miles in Chinese carts. We now must have patience and work dilligently at this most difficult language. Brethren, pray for us—pray for our mission in Honan.

Yours in the work,

JAS. F. SMITH.

Chefoo, Nov. 2, 1838.

WHAT ONE CHRISTIAN WOMAN DID FOR CHRIST.

Seemingly it was only a little thing for that young lady on her way to meet her class, to stop in a lane and speak to a group of rowdy-looking boys about play-

ing games on the Lord's day, and then to invite them to go with her to the Sunday School. "Not very likely to succeed either," say the timid ones; but it did, at least in part, and see what came of it.

One of the lads was Amos Sutton, then about twelve years old and later the honored and beloved missionary of Orissa. I give the story as related by himself to a lady, a fellow voyager to Calcutta, as he was nearing the close of his long and useful life. His early home was London, where both parents died before he was old enough to remember their faces or their love for their only child. His first recollections of himself were of a homeless wandering, without friends or visible means of support, of lawless habits and reckless daring, so notorious, even on the streets of London, for his utter disregard of "the powers that be," that there was scarcely a policeman who did not know of his misdemeanors, nor one sufficiently adroit to detect him in their commission. One Sunday morning, while playing a game of pitch and toss, with two or three companions as lawless as himself, they were accosted by a lady—a young seamstress, wholly dependent upon her needle for support, but "rich in faith and good works." She was on her way to Sunday-school, and ever on the alert for opportunities to serve the Master she loved, and to win the lost and perishing to his fold, she stopped and spoke to the boys. Then with a bright smile, said how glad she was to meet them, but truly sorry that they should forget the sanctity of the Lord's day, or do anything to grieve the dear Saviour who loved them so much as to die to save them from sin and suffering. At first the boys treated the whole affair as a joke and mockingly asked each other how it would seem for "Pudding Lane boys to wear clean pinafores and join in singing psalms!"

Still the lady argued, and presently Amos began to relent, and finally offered to compromise. He would go to Sunday school if, at its close, the lady would give him a shilling to play at "pitch and toss." Vainly the young teacher tried to make other terms—it was no use. The boy was resolute, and turned to leave with his companions. Seeing that she could get his ear in no other way, Miss E—— said to Amos, "I will give you a shilling, but promise me you will not use it at all to-

day;" and earnestly did she lift up her heart to God that the boy might be so touched by the Divine Spirit, as from that hour to give up his evil ways: never to return to them.

The next Sunday morning she found Amos awaiting her at the same spot where she first accosted him, and again she purchased his attendance at Sunday school, but this time by the bestowal of some pretty Scripture cards, and it was not until the third Sunday that he could be induced to sit in Miss E——'s class and take part in the lessons. From that day there was steady improvement; the boy learned rapidly, and soon began to evince a desire to rise above his miserable past, and to earn a living by honest industry instead of vagrancy. He regularly attended both church and Sunday school, and before a year had expired, was hopefully converted and numbered among God's people. Assisted largely by the efforts and influences of the young seamstress, he acquired a liberal education, studied theology, was ordained to the work of the ministry, and entered in the vigor of young manhood, upon the noble missionary career that was so blessed and crowned of God in Orissa.

The details of the public life of this beloved missionary are too well known to need repetitions here; while of the hundreds—perhaps thousands of precious souls converted through his instrumentality, we shall know fully only in the great day when "the books shall be opened" and "the work of every man made manifest, of what sort it is."

There is yet another chapter of Dr. Sutton's life work, besides what he accomplished in Orissa. After more than a score of years in India, he was seeking health in England, his native clime, where he wrote the hymn:

"Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above!"

After a short rest in England, the intense longing of Mrs. Sutton to visit the place of her birth, brought them to Boston, and while there Dr. Sutton was invited to attend the Triennial Convention at its meeting in 1835.

So earnest were his pleadings before that body for the ten millions of Telugus among whom was not one single missionary to tell them of Jesus, that the Board

decided to occupy the field at once; and so has begun the most famous mission of modern times, called by the Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, after his recent visit, "the crowning glory of modern missions," and numbering now more than thirty thousand converts!

Was it a little thing done for Jesus and his cause, by that humble unknown Christian woman, when she led the wayward boy into her class in Sunday School, and followed him up, from day to day, with her prayers and guidance and help. If so, how has "the little one become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation?" It is "the Lord's doing, and is marvelous in our eyes." What grand encouragement to work diligently with such ability as he shall bestow, that at his coming we may hear from him the words, "Well done!"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION.

The minister of Christ need not betake himself to the drama of Greece, the forum of Rome, or to the mystic retreats of German philosophy; he need not study Chatham in the Senate Chamber, or Erskine at the bar. He may ever be nurturing his soul amid those pages where John Milton fed, before those eyes, which had "failed with long watching for liberty and law," beheld the gorgeous visions of "Paradise." He may be ever amid the scenes which inspired Bunyan to his matchless dream, and taught Jeremy Taylor his hearse-like melodies. The harp of Israel's minstrel is ever in his ear; before his eye moves the magnificent panorama of the Apocalypse. He need but open his soul to that "oldest choral melody," the book of Job; if it used to inspire Charles James Fox for the Parliament house, why not himself for the pulpit? Paul is ever at his elbow to teach him trenchant argument; John to teach persuasion; and a heart of steel must he have who is not moved to pathos in the chamber of heart-stricken David, or under the olive-trees of Gethsemane. The Bible is the best of models too, for it is always true to the life. It reaches up to the loftiest, down to the lowliest affairs of existence. The same divine pencil that portrayed the scenic splendors of the Revelation and the awful tragedy of Golgotha, condescends to etch for us a Hebrew mother bending over her cradle of rushes, a village maiden bringing home the glean-

ings of the barley fields, and a penitent woman weeping on the Saviour's feet. What God has ennobled, who shall dare to call common? What true orator of nature will fear to introduce into the pulpit a homely scene or homespun character, a fireside incident or a death-bed agony, the familiar episodes of the field and the shop, the schoolroom and the nursery. He does not lower the dignity of the pulpit; he rather imparts to it the higher dignity of human nature.

HENRY MARTYN.

In the year 1812 a lone traveler, passing through Eastern Asia Minor, died at Tokat. His dragoman even did not know his full name, but scratched something like it upon a rude slab and went his way. The grave was soon covered by the sand from a mountain stream. They who buried him thought of him only as one of the millions who every year fall into forgotten graves. But this man was missed. Though but thirty-one years of age, he had struck the chord of heroic appreciation in England and America as almost no other man had. A statesman said: "His name is the one heroic name which adorns the annals of the English Church from the days of Elizabeth to our own." His grave was sought; his body removed to a more public spot; a handsome monument reared, and inscribed with his praise in four languages. Lord Macaulay, with fine appreciation of the truly great in character coming from familiarity with the heroes of all ages, who thrills us with his lines on Horatius and Harry of Navarre, was affected to reverence by the story of this young man's life and wrote this epitaph:

"Here Martyn lies! In manhood's early bloom
The Christian hero found a pagan tomb;
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favorite son,
Points to the glorious trophies which he won.
Eternal trophies, not with slaughter red,
Not stained with tears by hopeless captives shed,
But trophies of the cross. For that dear name
Through every form of danger, death and shame,
Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
Where danger, death and shame are known no more."

Henry Martyn was born in Cornwall, England, in 1781. At sixteen he entered Cambridge University. He was intensely ambitious, and was nettled because at the early examinations he took only the second position. But at twenty he graduated as Senior Wrangler, with the first honor.

He could, however, apply his mind better than control his passionable nature.

Angered one day he threw a large knife at a comrade, who dodged it, and let it stick quivering in the wall, instead of in the intended victim's heart. He was self-willed even to obstinacy and surliness to his father. No natural saint was he.

His after saintliness was not due to development, but total change, point-blank conversion. Its occasion was the death of his father, and the thought that it was now too late to ask from those cold lips forgiveness for his undutiful conduct. He could only go to God for it. But, having once come before that throne, and felt upon his soul the shadow of God's condemnation for sin, all his pride was crushed; having felt the light of God's countenance reconciled, his soul was ever after filled with gratitude and love. From this time Martyn was another man. That strong willfulness became strong willingness, as he gave his whole being up to his Redeemer. He was ambitious still, but he had now an Over-lord, even Christ. His favorite text was "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord." So thoroughly did he belong to Christ that selfish honors no longer pleased him. When he graduated first in his class, he wrote: "I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow." His energy was not lessened, rather intensified, by having higher appeals, those of conscience and service, added to natural desire, and his faculties were new-fired by his communion with the Holy Spirit. Yet he was not without tremendous temptations from his old ambition. For a while he proposed to study law, "chiefly," he says, "because I could not consent to be poor for Christ's sake." But he did not know his newer self when he thought that way, and when the moment of decision came he turned his back upon all prospect of secular gain, and sought the ministry. He could not restrain his impulse for Christian service; it came out in daily incidents of conduct. He once rebuked a fellow student for sinful trifling. Speaking on the impulse, he thought he had overstepped propriety; but the honesty of his manner gave such weight to his rebuke that it led to his friend's conversion, and in after years they labored together in the foreign mission field.

But that was not the day of missionary interest such as now fills the Church. Carey had gone to India, the first English

missionary there; and David Brainerd had laid down his life for Christ among the American Indians. Vanderkemp was in South Africa. These and a few others were then the far-scattered stars in what has now become resplendent galaxies of missionary heroes and martyrs in many lands. To conceive the idea of being a missionary showed independence, enterprise, courage, and far-sighted pioneer faith not required of those who now go out to help bring in the spoil of almost a century's campaign in pagan lands.

Martyn was in spirit alone in the world when he formed the missionary purpose, almost as much as when he lay down to die at Tokat. He loved his home; hearts close to his seemed necessary to the existence of his warm, affectionate nature. Could he break these ties? He was a man of most exquisite intellectual refinement, by genius a student, with a brilliant career awaiting him in a university chair, or as leader of a refined congregation. Could he give his life to the dull monotony of teaching the most degraded people the rudiments of decency and truth? There was no glamour about the work. It was not a roseate outlook, but one of dirt and dreariness to any one; and especially to a man physically weak, knowing that he inherited a tendency to disease that needed to be counteracted by tender living. He wrote, "This is what flesh cannot endure." There was one other obstacle, such as has determined the career of many a man. He was deeply attached to a lady of rarest worth in all that a noble man would seek in a wife. His affection was returned. But she could not accompany him to the mission field. Thus to go was to isolate himself from everything which made life worth living, looked at from the standpoint of self. Yet he said, "I will go," though he, quite naturally under the circumstances, made that great offering of himself in the very words of Christ when expiring on Calvary, and of Stephen bowing his head to martyrdom. "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Why not? The man then died to the world as truly as if he had mounted a funeral pyre.

In 1805 Henry Martyn sailed for India. Nine months were consumed in the journey, which took him across to South America and then back around Cape Good Hope. Much of the time was spent in hard study, mastering the Hindustani language, varied by burning fever as the

fery conflict of his thought consumed his very flesh. He tells us that the most helpful uninspired sentence he ever heard was one that he found at this time in Milner's "History of the Church;" "To believe, to suffer, and to love, was the primitive state," i. e., of the early Christians. This he made the purpose of his life. At the Cape of Good Hope he went ashore. A furious war was raging between the English and Dutch for the possession of that point. Amid the horrors of the battle-field, bending over the fallen forms of English, Dutch, or Hottentot braves, he had his baptismal experience of a kind of duty such as the elegant and thronged churches of England never gave him.

Arriving in Calcutta he was felled by fever, and his weakened body became a source of discouragement overcome only by his deathless devotion. The horrid rites of widow burning and devil worship were then practiced. He said he "shivered as standing in the neighborhood of hell." English friends urged his remaining at Calcutta, where he would meet with countrymen and could preach as much as he wished without danger, receiving a salary as army chaplain. But Martyn determined to go to the heathen beyond, to whom others would not go.

For weeks he pushed his way in a little boat up the Ganges, during the day translating Scripture into Bengalee by the aid of his boatmen, at night talking of Christ to the natives on the shore. Passing into new provinces he found new dialects to be mastered. His rare scholarly habit and genius came to his help. At Dinapore we find this in his diary of a day: "Morning in Sanscrit; afternoon, Bahar dialect; continued late at night writing on Parables in Bengalee. The wickedness and cruelty of wasting a moment when so many nations are waiting till I do my work." He finds that he has use for Arabic, too, in dealing with Mohammedans, and therefore masters that tongue. Then the Persian language is studied. The man seems to have been a mingling of Max Muller and Livingstone.

Through the glaring sun he traversed the sandy plains of the Ganges hundreds of miles to Cawnpore, fainting, fevered, with a terrible disease developing in his chest. He preached steadily to the soldiers in the barracks, and at times the poor natives would gather by the thousand in front of his door to receive his alms and hear his addresses. A strange fascination

went out from his person to all who came in contact with him. A fellow English Christian, speaking of Martyn's ill health, said: "If I could make you live longer, I would give up any child I have, and myself into the bargain."

Physical nature could not endure the strain of that intense spirit, and Martyn's condition necessitated his return to England. But he was not quite satisfied with the correctness of his Persian translation of the New Testament, and therefore proposed to put in an intermediate journey to Persia to perfect it. Pale, emaciated, too weak to speak except in a low voice, he seemed to live only by force of soul. They beheld him "standing on the verge of another world, and ready to take his flight," rather than about to endure another earthly journey.

His thirtieth birthday found him *en route* for Persia. In his journal he says: "I am now at the age when the Saviour of men began His ministry—when John the Baptist called a nation to repentance. Let me now think for myself and act with energy. Hitherto I have made my youth and insignificance an excuse for sloth and imbecility; now let me have a character and act for God."

After several months he reached Persia. He was prostrated by sunstroke. Recovering sufficient strength, he penetrated the country. The thermometer in June ranged from 120 degrees to 126 degrees. He existed only by wrapping himself in heavy blankets to exclude the heat, or wet blankets to temper it. So he traversed the plains. Then over the mountains where the cold at night was piercing, but with a fire in his head, his skin dry as a cinder, his pulse almost convulsive.

Reaching Shiraz, the Persian seat of learning, he began a new translation of the Testament with the help of some intelligent Persian gentlemen. While doing this work he debated publicly with their great men, and wrote articles in reply to their chief books. Sharp arguments were sometimes interspersed with brick bats hurled at his head. Within the year his translation was completed. He would lay it before the Persian king. To accomplish this another long journey was undertaken. To its natural hardship was added the danger to his life from the bigotry of the people, as they knew his mission to introduce a foreign religion. He one day attended a reception given by the Vizier,

bringing his Bible. Vazier challenged him with "You had better say, 'God is God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God.'" Martyn replied at the risk of losing his head. "God is God, and Jesus is the Son of God." The by-standers cried out, "What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for such blasphemy?" They would have trampled the Bible with their feet had not Martyn rescued the manuscript from the floor.

But what was the use of antagonizing the prejudices of the people? Had we simply the diary of Martyn we might only be able to say that his burning zeal would not permit him to be silent. "Everywhere he went he must be talking about Christ. But there was a providence in his tongue that he knew not of. Years afterward Sir Robert Ker Porter, in journeying through Persia, was met by people who asked if he knew "the man of God," some one who had made an impression upon the people like that of a brief sojourn of an angel among them. They said "He came here in the midst of us, set down encircled by our wise men, and made such remarks upon our Koran as cannot be answered. We want to know more about his religion and the book he left among us." At Shiraz, long after Martyn's death, there lived an accomplished Persian, Mohamed Ratem, who confessed that for years he had been secretly a Christian. He had been convinced, he said, by "a beardless youth, enfeebled by disease, who gave him a book," which had since been his constant companion. It was a Persian New Testament, and on a blank leaf the name Henry Martyn.

Martyn probably knew nothing of his personal influence upon these people; as little as we know the result of our lives.

But to return to our narrative. He was out of money, and would have starved but for help from a poor muleteer. Burning with fever, aching with weariness, breathing with difficulty from the progress of his disease, he reached Tabriz, where the English ambassador received him. For two months Sir Gore Ouseley and his lady watched by his bedside, until temporary return of strength allowed his departure. In the meantime the ambassador himself presented the New Testament in Persian to the king, by whom it was graciously received and publicly commended; since which it has shone as a day star of hope to Christian missions in that part of the

world. England has spent millions of money and many lives of soldiers in Persia, but the work of Henry Martyn, though his face was hardly known to its people, has accomplished a thousand fold more.

His work done, the frail man started for home. Thirteen hundred miles overland must be traversed before he could reach even Constantinople. With a heartless dragoman and servant he started across burning plains, dangerous rivers, under the mighty peak of Mount Ararat, through dense forests, drenching rains and thieving villages, he rushed onward, though fainting, and always with the dread fever or chill. After a month or more of this sort of life, we find the last note in his journal, Oct. 6, 1812: "No horses to be had, I had unexpected repose. I sat in an orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God—in solitude my company, my friend and comforter. Oh! when shall time give place to eternity!" Ten days later he was dead. How he died no one knows, except that it was alone. There was no loving kiss of wife or sister or friend upon the chilling brow, but as they would say in the East, "God kissed him and drew out his soul."

Friends in distant India waited for the coming of one who would never come. But the story of his work floated over the lands, and with it the story of his heroism. A thrill of missionary interest went through the Church. The cause of evangelization received an impulse second to none since the early days of the English Reformation.

The story of Henry Martyn almost oppresses an ordinary Christian. His spirituality was so refined that it is difficult to even appreciate it. It was like the rare atmosphere of mountain heights, hard for some to even breathe. His courage and concentration of purpose make our lives seem so weak and disconnected—like water spilled on the ground, compared with the torrent that turns a hundred factories. He was dead at thirty-two, having awakened a nation, and some of us are twice that age and have hardly begun to do anything for the great crying world and Him who redeemed it. We cannot follow Martyn; we are not brave enough, nor fine enough, in moral fiber to take his luster. Let us, then, more deeply appreciate the lesson now carved in four languages upon his tomb in Tokat: "May travelers of all nations, as they step aside and look at this

monument, be led to honor, love and serve the God and Saviour of this devoted missionary."

AMONG THE VILLAGERS OF PERSIA.

BY MRS. ANNIE RHEA WILSON, OF TABRIZ.

Imagine a river-valley, with green hills on either side; beyond, rugged mountains, bleak and bare, just tinged with faint green in this spring season, while far in the distance, rising still higher, are snow-covered peaks, lifting their heads among the clouds. Here and there a little village dots the green valley, with the more tender green of its willow and poplar trees peeping over the grey walls, the only trees to be seen on hill or plain. Wheat fields cover the hill-sides without break of fence or wall, and even higher up where winter has left his last snowy foot-prints there are bright spots of verdant grain and patches of tender grass, where flocks are grazing under the shepherd's care.

In this little valley of the Ujun River we have just made a tour of ten days during our Easter vacation, finding a new and unbroken field for sowing Gospel seed. It is a Persian Arcadia, where the village people live in patriarchal simplicity on the fruit of their fields and flocks. The fields give them bread, and the flocks both meat and milk; and even their shaggy coats only change backs, or become great round hats, or are turned into thread and woven into cloth and carpets.

In this freedom from artificial wants and independence of foreign resources there is a contentment quite refreshing to see. The houses are rude hovels with mud walls and smoky rafters, through which we see the matting on which the flat mud roof rests; the windows are only holes in the roof, and there is no chimney for the deep oven sunk in the floor. A pile of quilts in the corner is the bedding which is spread on the floor at night. Some carpets and earthenware bowls and jars and spoons complete the house-furnishing. Here, in one room, the whole family of father and mother, sons and daughters, brides and grandchildren, live together in such harmony as may be where there are rival wives and different sets of children. A swinging hammock holds the youngest baby, and the other children, half-naked, filthy, and often sore-eyed, seem to receive

little care, though mother-love is strong and tender here as everywhere. The clothing of men and women is the common blue cotton cloth of the country, made up with little difference in style, except that the woman's costume reaches only to the knees, leaving limbs and feet bare. But the head-dress is distinctive; only men wear hats, while women have headkerchiefs of red, the favourite colour, and in the street they are enveloped in the chud-dar of checked white and blue cotton. They also make an attempt at ornament with necklaces and bracelets of beads. My costume in every particular was a wonder to them. They asked me to take off my shoes and "be comfortable" (?), to wear my hair in tiny braids down my back as they do, and especially to take off my hat and cover my face like a woman. In answer I told them: "We are not ashamed to uncover our faces, but to expose our bodies," and they looked down at their open breasts and uncovered limbs as if they had received a new idea of modesty. An all-sufficient explanation of my appearance was simply to say: "It is our custom."

One morning I saw a family at breakfast. A great pot of soup made of soured milk and herbs was lifted out of the deep oven and poured into bowls, which the men shared together, two at a bowl, dipping in their bread and big wooden spoons. When they had finished, the women used the same bowls and spoons, and ate the rest. The soup seemed savoury as Jacob's, and good appetites are born of constant work and fresh mountain air.

After breakfast the women do the daily baking. The leavened bread is rolled into balls on a sheep skin, then rolled and tossed deftly till it becomes a long thin sheet, spread on a cushion and slapped on the sides of the oven till baked, and is crisp and good when fresh. Thirty or more of these sheets are baked every day, and it is no easy task bending over the hot furnace. Next, the house is swept, and dishes washed, not wiped. Perhaps there is a special job on hand of salt-grinding, and two women sit at the mill turning the heavy stones, each taking hold of the wooden stick which serves as a handle. There is always knitting or carpet-weaving for regular occupation. Over a huge wooden frame are stretched rough, brown threads to serve as a warp, while on a bench in front the weaver sits deftly put-

ting in the bright colors and looking occasionally at the bright pattern. An inch a day along the line is, perhaps, all she accomplishes, but it is the one artistic pleasure of her life. At noon is milking-time, and the village herd comes in from the fields. For each owner to select his own among this bloating crowd seems well-nigh impossible, but when we asked how it was done, one man said: "If a man has ten children, don't he know them all?" The women sit on the ground to milk, while the children, like Homer's flies that "buzz about at milking time," hover near to stick in their dirty little fingers and get a taste of the warm foam. The next is the most filthy and degrading work the women have to do; making round cakes of manure which they slap on every wall to dry, for fuel. It is an invention born of necessity, there are no forests, and coal is still hidden in the mountains. Is not such work debasing? I could not but think: "Can they have pure hearts with such unclean hands?"

With all their poverty there is one luxury in this little valley: some hot springs over which a bath-house has been built, and at all seasons it is free to everybody. In a Mussulman country where bathing is a religious rite, this is indeed a "God-send," as the simple people themselves call it.

In nearly every village there is a little mosque and a mollah or teacher; but though the boys go there to read, we found very few who read easily or understandingly. Selling books is not a thriving business under such circumstances, and our little stock did not diminish much, but we found an open door and every opportunity to speak with men and women alike.

There are no inns, so on entering a village we apply for whatever accommodation there is to be had. Some men offer us a room which is the guest-chamber reserved for feasts and weddings, and boasts windows covered with oiled paper and, perhaps, even whitened walls. Here we make ourselves at home, and live picnic-fashion on whatever our bags and the resources of the village supply.

But our work is awaiting us at once. In this room or in the streets, Mr. Wilson soon has an audience of men, while I ask to be taken to the women's room. though I am a stranger their simple hospitality gives me a welcome, and to my salutation, "Peace to you," they answer: "To you

peace," and I spread a carpet or bring cushions for my seat. The news of the arrival of some "Frangees" has spread quickly, and soon the room is filled with curious women come to see the show. We must first get acquainted, so I answer a volley of question on all sides, and wish I had an advertisement to precede my arrival and give all necessary information. Giggling girls and crying babies increase the confusion, and every new comer is greeted with all the news they have already learned, and lends her voice to ask more questions. I pull out my Testament, and, as none in the crowd can read, they are surprised that I can read their language, and settle down a little to listen to this new wonder. Perhaps I say: "You and I are very different in dress, language and customs, but there is one thing we all have—a soul, and that is more important than all these other things." "That's so," they assent; and when I speak of the necessity of preparing our souls for the other world they assent again. I ask them how they will do it, and they answer glibly: "Keep the fast," "Say prayers," "Say the creed," "Make a pilgrimage."

Any of these answers affords me a good starting-point; for example, pilgrimage. "Do you believe Mecca or Kerbela is the gate of heaven?" I ask.

"Certainly we do." One woman adds: "My husband died on the way home," as if he met a most blessed fate.

"But I have heard that pilgrims lie and steal and revile as much after as before the pilgrimage?"

"You speak the truth," they acknowledge.

"Well, do you think people that lie and steal will go to heaven?" A few verses strengthen this argument, for they respect a statement backed by "It is written."

Or, perhaps fasting is the subject. The month of fasting soon begins, so it is in their minds specially, and they tell me how hard it is to neither taste food nor drink water till dark, for thirty days. I ask: "While you are fasting, is there more quarrelling and fighting and reviling than at other times?"

"Always."

"Do you think fasting will fit you for heaven when it really makes you sin more?" Their faces express doubt.

Then, perhaps, we talk about salvation,

removal of the guilt and pollution of sin. All agree in confessing sinfulness, especially each others. The need of atonement finds no place in Mohammed's religion, so it is a new idea to them, and must be illustrated and made plain. So far they agree to my propositions, but when I say: "There is a Friend who took our place, a Saviour who died for our sins, and that Saviour is Jesus," they catch that name, familiar to them only as one of the prophets, and opposition begins. He is *your prophet*, but Mohammed is superior to him."

"We believe there are many prophets, but only *one Saviour*," I say. "Let me tell you about Him." They are willing to listen, and what a beautiful story it is to tell! His teaching and parables win their admiration, and they exclaim: "Sweet words!" "Good words!" His death rouses their pity, but does not melt their hearts, and they listen to it all, briefly told, even to the ascension and promise to come again in "clouds of glory," as to a pleasant tale, new and wonderful, but having nothing to do with them. They are too ignorant to argue as the learned men do, though they ask: "Do you count Jesus, God?" It is hard to explain that mystery which we ourselves do not understand.

Sometimes they zealously try to convert me, saying over the creed in Arabic, and urging me to say it and turn Musulman, even the children echoing: "Turn, turn." As a practical objection which they will understand, I say: "As a woman there is one reason specially why I prefer my religion. Your prophet had many wives, and permitted others to have many. Do you find it pleasant?" This is a home thrust, and they all wax indignant over their wrongs, while they tell of the misery of such a life. But divorce is no less an evil than polygamy. Once, in a crowd, they pointed out a woman "who has been the wife of seven men."

The talk is not often uninterrupted, and it is disconcerting to see an eager question in some face and learn to hear it, hoping some truth has taken hold, and be asked: "Are you the Sahib's first wife?" Sometimes a face will appear above, in the hole in the roof, and my words will be shouted up to this house-top listener. Sometimes a coarse, profane woman hearing me say "the Son of God," asks: "Has God a wife?" and often they ask indecent personal questions which would make one leave in disgust, did not this very thing show how much they need to hear of pure hearts. Ignorant, fanatical, impure they are, as well

as superstitious, and often they beg me to write them a prayer to act as a charm, or look in the book by chance and tell their fortunes.

"How do you pray?" they often ask, thinking of their many genuflections and oft-repeated formulas; and Christ's own words from the Book answer the question perfectly.

"Our Father" is a new name for God to their ears. It made me realize how much Christ gave us in the name. May they, too, receive the "Spirit of adoption," and call Him Father, "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

LIGHT AND SHADE IN MEXICO.

Miss E. Le Huray, of Miraflores Mexico, gives the following account of work in that country:—

Miraflores must, indeed, be a favoured place, for here we have no priest against whom to contend, and we have all the children in town who do not work in the factory. As I often go with them to their homes, I think we have more than half the parents in the place. The girls and myself are frequently invited out to dine. These visits are a great pleasure, we are so gladly received.

How I wish you could see me when school is dismissed! The children crowd around me, and want to know who I am going to visit to-day. They follow me all over the village, telling me their little confidences—what happened when this one died, or that one moved away, etc. When we go in to read or pray with the mother or one of them, they all sit quietly in the doorway and take part in the little meeting. Whatever else they do, they grow up having a knowledge of the Bible, and accustomed to prayer; all else God will care for, and it is written (for my most blessed consolation), "My word will not return unto Me void, but will accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it."

Not only do the members of our church come to us, but often, especially in case of sickness, others will send to the mission, asking for the minister. It is these features that make the work so encouraging, and could you, at home, see all we do, your hearts would be greatly comforted.

This afternoon, when your letter came, I was doing work not properly mine—that is, conducting a funeral. As the native

minister has not yet come, I being the only missionary, the poor people think I can help them, if no one else can. So this morning, as two of our little school-children had died in the night, their parents, although nominally Catholics, asked if they could bring the children to the church and have some sort of a service over them, if only a prayer. We did the best we could, for it was too late to get help—brought all the school-children together and read the burial service, sang and prayed. It was a touching sight to see the small coffins side by side, and the little flock of children bearing flowers.

I could hardly command my voice to offer the prayer especially as the church was filled to the very doors. But it was a little thing to do after all, and if it brought consolation to any heart, we feel well repaid. It is things like this we are doing all the time. We have conducted several church services also (for want of some one to do it better), and have opened our house for prayer-meeting. So you see we are very busy, very happy, in our hearts, in a especial manner, full of God's peace and His blessed presence.

A poor old woman from the town came up to the mission one day, saying that her husband was dying, and asking with tears for some one to come and speak a few words to him, and make a prayer before it was too late.

They rarely send for a priest in the presence of death, but almost always call for us. I told her we had no minister, but that I would gladly go with her and do what I could. It was the old story; they were old and out of work, and so poor. She said, for want of nourishing food, her husband was dying. She herself was barefoot, dressed in rags, and so old and thin and wretched it made one's heart ache to see her, without hearing her sad story. I followed her to her little hut, some distance down the road, a place often passed before, but which, it so happened, I had never visited.

I have seen a great many poor homes in Miraflores, but never one quite so poor as that, where, in one room of the little hut, there was not one article of furniture.

You cannot imagine what a terrible responsibility it is to feel that you must say some last words to one who in a few hours will be in eternity. At home it would be different for there they would

have heard it all before, but here they are neither Catholics nor Protestants, and totally ignorant of all that concerns their salvation.

The dying man lay on some rags on the floor, which itself was of earth—cold and damp. They were very anxious that we should pray with the poor man, but when I knelt beside him and took his feverish hand in mine, he was too far gone to be able to here the Scripture read or the prayer made, and only wistfully turned his eyes upon me, as though trying to hear. I shall never forget how dreadful it made me feel to know that he was, perhaps, then dying, and we so helpless to say or do anything that might help to save his soul. I went away thinking: "How can we take life so lightly."

The next day it rained so hard I did not see him. The following morning, as early as I could, I went to the house, but on entering saw at once that he was dead. There stretched on the cold earth, wrapped only in a sheet, lay his helpless form, while watching at his side were his wife and daughter, dressed in rags and pitiful to behold. The little money I had given them the day before had bought a caudle, which stood lighted at his head; the poor old wife at his side was silently wiping her eyes with the soiled and torn fragments of her dress. A little later Galdino and I went again to pray with them, and found the house quite full of sympathizing friends, who listened gladly to all that was said concerning the death of Lazarus and the hope of the resurrection.

How I wished that those who speak lightly of missions might have seen this pitiful death, the solemn service for the body and the mournful burial that took place upon the hill. His poor old wife, half naked, followed the coffin, carrying on her shoulder the spade to fill in the grave and the ropes with which to lower the remains in the ground. And all without the blessed consolation we Christians have in such an hour. If I could only believe that the prayers at the dying hour were heard at last I would feel relieved of a weight that has been pressing on me for days. If I could but have heard the assurance, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise!" It is only because we believe God came into the world to save sinners that we can go about our work as we do.—*Missionary Review.*

BETTER DIE THAN LIE.

Always speak the truth, whether you please the pigs or make them grunt. It is the best plan always, and nine times out of ten it is the easiest in the long run. If truth costs dear to begin with, a lie will cost more in the end. Truth may be blamed, but it cannot be shamed. For a time, people may think you a fool for being so outspoken; but before many new moons they will respect you for your honesty.

I have met with people who lie as naturally as they eat their dinners. You cannot believe anything they say. That Miss Arabella Bounce has the bump of wonder, and if she doesn't see wonders every day, she will make them up. I should say she she was brought up upon Old Mother Goose, and weaned on novels. Such makers of wonderful tales are a plague in a house, and a pest to a parish: they ought to be transported to the Fool's Paradise, where they could lie on the clouds, or lie on the sea, or lie on the back of a dragon.

Some have a deep design, and lie one way to gain their end in another. Double, double; wheel within a wheel; you never know what they are at, but you are sure they are up to no good. These foxes will be trapped at last, and serve them right. A thief you may pity if he steals because of hunger, but a liar is a mean rat that every dog may hunt if it likes. But where there's one scheming liar, there are a dozen who tell falsehoods because they never learned to care about truth. They have got into a way of exaggerating, or coloring, or making up as they go along, and they never wander into truth, except it be by sheer accident. This comes on by degrees. At first they just added on a word or two, and they went on by degrees till now they can lie as fast as a horse can trot. It is a shocking habit to tell falsehoods in jest. White lies are black sins; and those who lie in fun will find it no fun to answer for it.

Above all things be true. You can cure a man of a great many faults, but it is very seldom that you can save one who is downright false. A cunning rascal is rotten at the core, and there's no doing anything with him. I have known hundreds cured of swearing; but hardly one of lying. The grace of God can conquer this habit, but it seldom does: the liar makes his

calling and election sure for hell, for he becomes by adoption the child of the father of lies. Hate the ground that a lie lies upon. The air around a falsehood is tainted with something worse than typhus fever. Flee every vice, but above all things abhor lying. Be true thyself if all around thee lie!—*Spurgeon.*

MR. SPURGEON'S STUDY.

Entering the house, and ushered into Mr. Spurgeon's large study—for he has two—we find ourselves in a noble apartment and having the whole of one side, facing the south-west, of glass. The other sides are filled with shelves of books except the spaces for the doors. One of these sides, the largest, is covered with commentaries. We question if any one has a larger collection, for Mr. Spurgeon believes he has a copy of almost every commentary published.

This fine apartment was the billiard-room of the former owner, and the gas is kept in the same position as then, for it illuminates the long, large table beneath, at the head of which Mr. Spurgeon sits with two gentlemen, who act as his secretaries, on either side. Close to his hand is a moveable electric bell, by which, when alone, or when suffering from his old enemy, rheumatic gout, he can summon his servant without rising from his chair.

The windows give access to the beautiful lawn and rosary bounded with trees; while over their wavy, tremulous tops lovely glimpses are seen of the fair land of Surrey, with its hills in the blue distance. Not far from the window the ground slopes down to the lake and the fields, which are also included in Mr. Spurgeon's grounds. Quite near is a summer house, to which he is fond of betaking himself. There are three conservatories, also in direct communication with his study, and to these he often retires; he is able to come hither when, by reason of unfavorable weather or feebleness of health—for, as is generally known, he has suffered much of late years from rheumatic gout—he could not go into the garden. The pleasant looking chairs in the first one suggest a cosy chat with a friend; and another is festooned with grapes. Between the conservatories and his study is an inner study, *sanctum sanctorum*, also with its walls covered with books; and while the larger and outer one is used more for what

may be called the transaction of business connected with the Tabernacle and its various institutions, the other is reserved for Mr. Spurgeon's private use alone. On one of these shelves there is a series of volumes containing extracts from newspapers, etc., referring to him, all carefully indexed. In one of these is that precious copy of one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons which was found in Dr. Livingstone's box in Africa, after the great explorer's death. It was brought to his daughter, who, thinking Mr. Spurgeon the most suitable possessor, sent it to him. The paper is brown with age and travel and climate, but on the top of the front page can still be seen the words, "Very good. —D. L.," in faint pencil.

There are many more books in the large room—half drawing-room, half library—on the other side of the hall. The whole of one large wall is covered with them. They are of a more general character than those in the two studies, which are mostly of the nature of "tools" for the preacher's work; but these are historical and biographical and also comprise several works on natural history. Of this latter class of reading Mr. Spurgeon is very fond. He has a set of old Herbals, and has read them all, finding many quaint and curious illustrations in them. The windows of the large drawing-room-library look into a very fine fernery, some of the plants being very large, and the whole graceful in arrangement and appearance.—*The Quiver*

A STRAIGHT RULE.

"The Bible is so strict and old-fashioned," said a young man to a grey-haired friend who was advising him to study God's Word if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written nowadays that are moral enough in their teachings, and do not bind one down to the Bible."

The old merchant turned to his desk and took out two rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.

"Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?"

"One line is not straight and true, is it? When you mark out your path in life do not take a crooked ruler."

A TELL-TALE DOOR.

"Willie, Willie, you'll break my heart, that you will, with your temper," exclaimed Mrs. Morton, as she gazed with tearful eyes at her little son, who stood before her with crimson cheeks and clenched fist, his whole demeanor showing that he had lost all control over himself.

Willie was an only child, and his parents, earnest, God-fearing people, did their best to bring him up well; but though in most things the boy gave them complete satisfaction being truthful and obedient, yet the slightest thing would sometimes be the means of raising his naturally hot temper, and for the time he would act more like a madman than a child. Today the cause of disturbance had been so slight that Mrs. Morton grieved more than ever over her boy as she watched him stamping about the bright cheery kitchen, his frowns and angry words seemed to blot out all the sunshine.

Suddenly the child stopped as the sound of a firm, steady footstep fell on his ear, and a moment later his father, John Morton, entered the room. His quick eye took in the state of affairs at a glance, and a shadow passed over his face.

"In another passion, Willie?" he said, in a low, sad voice, as he laid his hand on the child's shoulder. "My son, this won't do. Do you know this is the third time you have lost your temper since morning?"

The boy hung down his head. He knew it was too true; and he also knew that the same thing had occurred the previous day.

"Willie, you don't realize how often you fall into this sin, and now I am going to make you remember," continued his father; and as he spoke he took up a hammer and paper of nails which lay on the table, and bidding his son follow him, went into the yard behind their neat little cottage. Here he deliberately stopped before a door leading in the woodshed, and placing the hammer and a nail in Willie's hands, bade him drive it into the door. The boy looked surprised, but did as he was told, and then glanced inquiringly into his father's face. Why did you tell me to do that father?"

John Morton gazed earnestly into the little face before him, and all he said was, "Every time you give away to temper, Willie, I except you to come here and

drive a nail into this door, till at last the door had a curious aspect.

The boy was beginning to feel more and more ashamed of himself, as, true to his promise, he never missed driving the nail in to mark his sin. He knew little how his loving parent would steal out in the quiet evening when his son was fast asleep in his warm bed, and standing before that nail-marked door, would send earnest entreaties to the throne of grace that God would speak to the heart of his boy and show him his sin. At last the day came when the last nail was used up, and Willie went to confess the fact to his father. John Morton was busy in his work shop when his son entered, and asked him what he wanted.

The boy's cheeks were crimson as he told his story, and begged his father to let him stop "marking his falls," as he called it. The man's face looked grave as he listened to his son's request; then he said:—"I see you are ashamed, Willie, and I meant you should be, but the nails remain to tell their story of sin, don't they?"

"Yes, father," replied the boy, and I hate the very look of them. Won't you please let me take them out? please do father." The voice was piteous in its entreaty, and John Morton replied:—

"On one condition, Willie, will I let you draw out those nails. Every time you control your temper and gain a victory over yourself, you may draw a nail, but only then, mind."

"Oh, thank you, father, how glad I shall be when they are all out!" and the boy ran home in great spirits.

More weeks passed by, and slowly the nails disappeared; but every nail as it was drawn out left a mark behind on the tell-tale door. John Morton happened to be in the yard as Willie pulled the last nail out, and he came and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "They are all gone, my son," he remarked kindly; "and you are as glad as I am, I'm sure, to see the nails disappear, eh?"

"Yes, father," said the boy, sadly. "What is the trouble, lad? You don't seem to be in great spirits over it."

"Oh, father, father," cried the boy, his blue eyes filling with tears as he turned them round on his father, "I know the nails are all gone, but the marks remain, and we can't pull out the marks!"

"No, my son," said the father, "the

marks will ever remain, we can't pull out the marks. And just so, Willie, you and I may, by God's grace overcome many sins, but it needs the blood of Jesus to wash away the sin stains, which no amount of care and pains on our part can remove. We may live very upright lives, and give up many sins, but that won't win us heaven, lad. We cannot atone for our sins, or wipe out the dark stains; but One can. He who "blotted out our transgressions," and "covers" our iniquities." "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1: 7). My boy, He not only forgives us when we come to Him, but He blots out the marks, and promises to "remember our sins no more" (Jer. xxxi: 34).

Dear reader, what will you do with the marks left behind in your life, of sins forgotten, but which are all remembered by a just, through loving God? One only can blot out those dark stains, and He is willing to do it; one Hand alone can wipe away the marks. Will you come and "find rest unto your soul," in the all-sufficient sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and prove that not only is He "mighty to save," but He also is "able to keep you without stumbling" (Jude 24 R. V.), and by-and by He will, if you trust him now, "present you faultless" before His Father's throne.—*Living Waters.*

A TIMELY QUESTION.

"Father," said a little boy to his profane father, who had just invoked a curse on his soul if he failed to win a bet—"father, are you willing God should take you at your word?"

"No," gasped the conscience-stricken man; "no, no."

This question of his little son stuck to him all day. He could not saw it off, saw as fast as he would! Suppose the great God *should* take him at his word! He left off work at an early hour, in much distress of mind, and in the evening went to a little prayer-meeting in the neighborhood, with the awful question still sticking into him. It was sharper than a two-edged sword. Then he stated his case, and begged his neighbors to pray for him. It ended in his conversion. The swearer turned believer. "Oh," he said, "the most powerful preaching I ever heard was that anxious and solemn question of my little son."

WON AT LAST.

The following touching story is from the pen of the Rev. Maurice Phillips, in the *Missionary Chronicle*.

I accompanied Mr. Robinson last month, he writes, on a tour through the Tripatore mission district of Salem (South India). I was delighted with the large crowds that listened daily to our preaching.

One very interesting incident came under my notice. Some years ago a Sudra farmer in one of the out-of-the-way villages was baptized under the name of Israel. He had a wife and a large family, but they positively declined to follow him to Christianity. At first they gave him a great deal of trouble, refusing to associate with him for fear of defilement, and his wife even declined to give him food. He gradually overcame these difficulties, but his family seemed as far as ever from Christianity.

When I visited the family in 1884, just before going home, I asked his wife and each of his sons whether they intended to become Christians, and the answer was "No." I prayed with them, and urged them to follow their father, who was following Christ, but had no reason to believe that any impression had been produced.

When camping last month within seven miles of Israel's village, a young man came to the tent and said he was Israel's eldest son. "Well, come and sit down. I am very glad to see you. I have not seen you for a long time," I said. He sat down and told me that last year his father died. I told him I was very sorry, but added: "Your father was a good man, and he is now in heaven with Jesus." "Yes," he said, "I believe that. When my father was very ill, and could not read the Bible, he asked me to read for him." "And did you?" "Yes, I read to him every day, and he seemed always better after I read to him." "What did you read?" "I read the Psalms and the Gospels." "When he died, did you burn the body like a heathen?" "No. We had a grave dug for him in the field, and we buried him as a Christian." "I suppose there was no Christian present to read the Scriptures and to pray?" "No; but I read the 23rd Psalm after the body was lowered to the grave." I said; "I am very glad to hear that. How did you have the courage to do it?" "Well; I felt that it was right, and that it was in accordance with the

wish of the departed, and so God gave me courage. And not only that, but I am determined to become a Christian too, and die like my father." "What about your wife?" "She is quite willing to be baptized." "Do you want to be baptized now?" "No; I will wait till you come again, for I want my brothers and their families to be baptized at the same time, and they are not prepared yet."

"Oh! how thankful I was to our heavenly Father for this incident. How wonderful God is in carrying on His work! An incident like this is enough compensation for all the labour bestowed in the Tripatore district since the commencement of the mission. May the Lord's work so prosper everywhere!"

"PRAYING OUT OF ME HEART."

The reluctance on the part of over-careful parents to permit their children to enter the Church is little less than infidelity to the promises of God. The doctrine of faith runs through all spiritual life and its relations. Many believe in God for themselves, but will not trust the faith of their children just because they are children. If they measured five feet six inches of flesh and bones, and had no better defined or stronger faith, they would say, "Yes, by all means receive them."

In the church of the writer at one time was a remarkable revival. So many were coming into the church that the session sat to examine them while the pastor was preaching, and would report to him after services their several experiences. When the pastor came into the session-room, after preaching, a little boy, ten years old, was weeping—turning to him the pastor said, "What troubles you, little man?" He said, "I wanted to unite with the church at this communion, but the session says I am too young, and I am afraid I may go back before next communion. I am tempted awfully now, and how hard it will be for three months more." We said to him, "Do you pray?" "Yes, sir." "How long have you been praying?" "I have said the little prayer, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' most all my life. My mother taught it to me, and my Sunday-school teacher taught me the Lord's Prayer, and I have been saying that for a good while, but the last three weeks I have been praying out of me heart." We said to the session, "This

child is born of the Spirit—no one not a child of God would use such an expression or have such an experience." He was received because he had been praying out of his heart, and he has continued to pray out of his heart ever since—twenty years now—and he has persuaded others to pray out of their hearts.

This fear of childhood brings only the curse of barrenness. Christian men and women doubt them because they do not wear stove pipe hats or seal skin sacks; they cannot understand how it is that childhood can grow up into the image of Christ as easily and surely as they can into the image of their parents or grandparents. They do not understand how it can be that there are Christian children as well as Christian men and women, and how it is that child nature and Divine nature are compatible. The popular idea is, "keep them back," as this boy said buffeted by temptation, and if they can stand what often conquers adults, they may come to the Lord's table—the place where grown men and women say they reinforce their strength for temptation. In another figure, when they are awakened to a sense of their sinfulness and a Saviour's pardon, pitch them out into a snow bank for a fortnight and if they are still living at the end of three weeks, or months, bring them into the church to warm and nurture them. The outcry against them is that they may "go back." But those who have had most to do with them as church members say that a greater proportion of them remain faithful than of adults, and that the portion that does remain is worth a dozen of others in example, in spiritual life and its experiences, in giving, in teaching, in faithfulness and efficiency.

It was pleasantly said by a speaker at a missionary conference held lately in New Jersey: "A dime makes as much noise in a plate collection as a quarter, and both make more noise than a bill. If you don't want your left hand to know what your right hand doeth, put in a bill." A sharper point was given to a sentence by another speaker, when he told a story of a stingy man who, when asked to give something for a monument to General Washington, refused on the plea that he had Washington in his heart. "Well, then you have got him in a tight place," said the collector.

A SORROWFUL YOUNG MAN.

A young man who had been led by a teacher of so-called free thought and liberalism to cast aside the teachings of childhood and his faith in the Bible thus wrote from the far West:

I am one of his victims: Mr. _____ was kind to me in many ways, personally, but cruel in robbing me of my religion, which had been the motive power, previously, to keep my feet in the right paths.

I bitterly regret I left the "old, rotten wharves" of orthodox simplicity to survey and discover other religious hemispheres, that I became so "liberal, free-hearted, a young man abreast of the times, striding away ahead of the antiquated souls who were bound by the old trammels of the orthodox faith;" outgrowing the sweet religion given me in early years by one of the most noble and godly women that ever lived—*my mother*, who taught me the veritable truth that a religion which is "all mercy and no justice is one-sided, eclipsing one-half of God's glorious attributes."

How grieved I am to think I ever allowed myself to be inflated by deceptive flatteries, and seduced to believe I was throwing off the shackles of bigotry, narrowness and ignorance.

* * * * *

My advice to young men is—beware! Hold fast to the rudder of the old ship. I would tell them to remain an occupant of the antique vessel, which has a never deceiving pilot.

* * * * *

Distrust in God's Word is not unfortunately the first step to a downward career. Truly, God is a kind, loving Father who will remain true even when the sweetest of earthly friends forsake. He is the silver lining to the darkest cloud. He is the rainbow of hope and love when the storms beat heavily and the tempests rage furiously. When kin and flesh forsake he draweth nigh and whispereth gentle, tender, brotherly words of admonition and sympathy. But he is also a God of justice. Every line in his Word is verified daily.

I repeat, it is no trifling thing to tamper with God's Word, and reject his Holy Son. O, for a simple, child-like confidence. What is truer than this, "There is a way which seemeth good unto man, but the end thereof is death?" Yes, tears

and bitter woe, shame and remorse.

My first step down was unbelief ; then how rapidly I descended until I reached the lower step, when God, through the remembrance of a mother's prayers, called a halt, ere I leaped into endless hopelessness.

A mother's prayers, what a rich inheritance. God bless the name ! Mothers, pray on. Long after you have found your narrow bed, when violets are growing upon your grave, those longing, earnest prayers will be answered. God works mysteriously, "His wonders to perform." I hope that you will constantly warn other young men.

COURAGE, WEARY MOTHER.

"What have I done to-day?" the tired mother asks at night. Nothing but take care of baby and plan the meals and 'pick up.' My life is wasted on trifles." Take courage, weary mother. The progress of the world depends on the devotion of good women to just such "trifles." Who can do a greater work than these: care for a child and look after the interests of a home? She who with patient mother love prepares a human soul for life responsibilities does valiant service for both God and man. The first years of a child's life must of necessity be devoted to the care of the body, but the body should be made a fit temple for the indwelling of an immortal soul. Taking care of the baby is surely no trifle when viewed in this light.

And what are the other services that go to make a home? Innumerable as the sands of the seashore for number, and in themselves almost as insignificant in character, but the grand sum total serves, as does the sandy shore, to stem the swelling tide of outside sin and suffering that menaces with sullen war the sanctity of home and the safety of society. The husband and the children who know the comforts of a happy home are safe from many woes that prey on those outside its shelter. Blessings on the wife and mother who "looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness." "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." "Her children rise up and call her blessed." "Strength and honor are to be her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."—*Irona State Register.*

THE ELEPHANT AND THE FOX.

These two animals fell into a dispute one day as to which had the greater powers of persuasion, and as they could not settle the matter themselves, it was agreed to call an assembly of the beasts and let them decide it.

When they had all taken their places the elephant began his oration. He spoke eloquently of the beauty of truth, justice and mercy, and the wickedness of falsehood, selfishness and cruelty. The wiser beasts listened with interest, but the larger portion yawned as if it was all a stupid business.

But when the fox commenced to tell his cunning tricks, they showed the greatest delight ; so he went on sneering at the elephant and all who loved justice, truth and mercy, and extolling the pleasures of knavery.

Upon counting noses, the majority were in favour of the fox.

Months passed, and as the elephant was browsing in the woods one day, he heard a piteous moan. Proceeding to the place, he found orator fox in a trap, with both his hind legs broken. Said the fox, sharply, though nearly dead with pain. "So you have come to jeer at me in my affliction."

"Surely not," said the elephant ; "I would relieve you if I could, but your legs are broken, and there is no relief but death."

"True," said the fox ; "had I been satisfied with an honest life and innocent amusements, I had not thus come to a miserable end. Knavery, artifice and cunning may be very good topics with which to delude those who are inclined to be vicious, but they furnish poor rules to live by."

THE REMEDY.

William E. Gladstone says ; "If asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life as the power that is to sustain him under trials and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions, I must point him to something which, in a well known hymn, is called, "The old, old story," told of in an old, old Book ; and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind."

PROTECTION OF FOREIGNERS IN CHINA.

BY S. C. PARTRIDGE, WUCHANG.

"Give me a pile of stones and I can keep back any crowd of Chinese," said a prominent missionary not long since in our hearing. There are many who share this opinion, and believe that stones, bricks, tiles, and similar missiles are their best protection. The number of those who advocate shot-guns and revolvers is necessarily small, as these weapons are of little avail when one is overpowered and outnumbered by a crowd. We differ radically from the sentiment quoted above, and we think we are sustained in our opinion by nearly all sensible people in China. The use of any missile whatever is a great mistake, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred will prove in the end to be an additional source of danger, and not a protection. The foreigner is always outnumbered, and the ratio is so great against him that if the natives use even the mildest missiles in return, he is sure to suffer.

What, then, are the best protections in China when trouble arises? We answer: Two—first, the *language*, this is *facile princeps*; and next, the presence of a child.

The power of a half-dozen words of their own tongue over a Chinese crowd is simply marvellous. One sentence correctly spoken and judiciously applied will cause a rabble quietly and peacefully to disperse, when a shot-gun or a missile would be fatal. We are not called upon every day to face turbulent crowds; but we frequently encounter gatherings of loafers, boatmen, and soldiers, upon whom a few words of the local dialect work like a charm. It is a constant occurrence for the missionary to pass safely and without even a thought of danger through crowds of rough-looking people where the foreign merchant would not expose himself for any consideration whatever. You land, for instance, at the water-gate of a Chinese city. Two or three great rafts are anchored there; and as you step ashore you are surrounded by a crowd of lumbermen, who seem perfectly willing to pick your pocket, or knock you down, or even murder you for a little paltry cash; at least that is the way they appear to the average foreigner. You approach them; and just as they get ready to fling their first abuse at you, you stop and quietly say, "Well, how is the lumber-business now? Good?" There is a pause for a moment or two, until it dawns upon them that you are really speaking Chinese; then the colour changes in their faces, and as they begin to smile, some one says, "No; the times are very hard now," You reply, "Yes! but we will hope for a better season

next year," or something of a similar nature, and then the crowd respectfully gives way, and you pass through the opening perfectly unconcerned.

As you near the inevitable camp of soldiers another gathering awaits you. They have scented the "foreign devil" afar, and are ready now for any rough sport at his expense. They block the street in front of you, and are bound to hinder your progress. When you come up to them you simply say, "Have you eaten your evening rice to-day?" Awestruck at the sound of their own tongue coming from foreign lips, they step on one side, and say, "Thank you, foreign teacher, we have partaken," and so you pass safely along. It is the same story wherever you go: in town or in country, the language is the great protection.

In case of a great riot or insurrection, where the people and soldiers are already beyond control, the language may then be ineffectual, in which case you have resort to the second protection, which is a child. Take a little child with you in your arms, and the roughest men will spare you for the sake of the child. A lady who was in the recent Chung-King riot told me that when the mob surrounded her and began to beat her sedan chair to pieces, she rushed out of it into the street with her child in her arms, and the crowd all cried, "Don't hurt the child!" Thanks to the presence of the little one, she reached the governor's *yamen* in safety. This is a very curious trait, but a very creditable one, and it is almost universal in China.

To sum it all up in a word: I may say that a knowledge of the language and peculiarities of the people, combined with Christian gentleness, and firmness will carry you in safety through a very large portion of China. Always keep your courage and your self-respect, and above all things keep your temper. Remember that the Mongolian is a human being and your brother man, and you will have little or no occasion to use your revolver, your passport, or your cane.

Jesus stopped right under the tree in which Zaccheus was, and at once He looked up and saw Zaccheus, and said to him, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down," I can just imagine Zaccheus saying to himself, "I wonder who told Him my name! I was never before made known to Him." But Christ knew all about Zaccheus; and, sinner, Christ knows all about you; He knows your name, your dwelling-place. Do not think God does not know you. If you would try to hide yourself from Him, bear in mind you can-

not do so. He knows where each one is; He knows all about our sins. He said to Zaccheus, "Make haste and come down." He might have added, "This is the last time I shall pass this way." Yes this may be your last chance of eternity. He may be passing away from some soul now. Oh! sinner make haste and come down and receive Him.

HAVE YOU A BOY TO SPARE.

The saloon must have boys, or it must shut up shop. Can't you furnish it one? It is a great factory, and unless it can get 2,000,000 boys from each generation for raw material, some of these factories must close out and its operatives must be thrown on a cold world, and the public revenue will dwindle. "Wanted—2,000,000 boys," is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys will it be? The minotaur of Crete had to have a trireme full of fair maidens each year; but the minotaur of America demands a city full of boys each year. Are you a father? Have you given your share to keep up the supply for this great public institution that is helping to pay your taxes and kindly electing public officials for you? Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has had to give more than its share. Are you selfish, voting to keep the saloon open to grind up boys, and then doing nothing to keep up the supply?

A PRIEST CONVERTED.

A priest was converted through the confessional recently, as related in *Evangelical Christendom*. "An anxious penitent in a Spanish town confessed to a priest that she had been to a Protestant service. He questioned her closely, for his curiosity was greatly excited. She gave him a full account, and acknowledged that a great impression had been made on her mind. The impression communicated itself to him, and shortly after he requested his own sister to go to the nearest place where Protestants assembled, to listen, as with *his ears*, and under his responsibility, and to bring him full details of everything. Reluctantly she did so, but faithfully reported all. The priest was con-

vinced that there were truths of which he was ignorant, entered into communication with the pastor, appointed a secret place for a prolonged interview, and found immediate peace in the finished work of Jesus. The secluded place in which he labors allows him comparative freedom of action; he preaches Jesus; all his parishioners have the New Testament; the children learn more of Christ than of ceremonies; and confessions are stopped short, and belief in the full satisfaction wrought by the Lord Jesus is substituted for penance."

THE DEVIL ALWAYS PREFERS BUSINESS TO PLEASURE.

We are told upon the authority of the Book of Job, that once when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them. His audacity is always equal to the occasion. When asked whence he came, he replied in a flippant and free-and-easy way, that he had only "been going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it"—had in short, been on a pleasure excursion. Of course this was a falsehood, for Satan never took, and never takes, any such harmless trips. He never neglects business. He had been on a business journey, had been examining the condition of the crop from the seed previously sown, and sowing fresh seed as opportunity offered. He is still engaged in his old work of "walking up and down the earth," and of getting into the company of the sons of God, whenever he has an opportunity, as the other crowd does not seem to need his special attention. Sometimes he steals into a pastor's study and tries his hand there. More frequently he is found in the prayer-meeting, where under the cover of pious talk he often succeeds in doing a great deal of mischief. Again he is found in other church meetings, giving bad counsel when any good work is projected or in progress. His most efficient work is, however, done privately and with individuals. He always puts on a pious disguise, professing the best motives for his malignant work. This disguise is not always easily discovered. It drops off as soon as we begin to study our Bibles, and honestly pray for light.—*Sel.*

THE POWER OF THE WORD.

A revered father in a church, who travelled at one time in the interests of missions in India, attended one evening a prayer meeting connected with a mission station in Ahmednuggur. He noticed near him a very strange looking man, with hands deeply scarred, and across his skull were deep furrows. At the close of the meeting this man was introduced to our revered friend, and the latter will never forget the sensation which he experienced as he held the deeply scarred hand in his and could feel the scars.

Our friend was told the man's history. Earlier in life this man belonged to an organized band of murderers, and lived in a great, dense gloom of heathen wickedness and superstition. One night he strayed into the mission chapel attracted by the lights and the sweet notes of sacred song. He listened as the missionary told in a clear, simple language "the old, old story" of Christ's love. At the close of the meeting he waited to speak to the missionary.

"This Man that you told us about can save from sin?" he asked. "Yes," was the answer, using the words of the Book, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"Can he save from the sin of one murder?" asked the man. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow," said the missionary, still quoting from the Book.

"Can he save from the sin of two murders?" was the next question.

Again the missionary replied, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

The question was again and again repeated until the specified number of murders was a large one, and with a sense of his own helplessness, the missionary again and again replied in those strong words of sacred writ, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

Deeply stained with sin as was this man, his skull furrowed and his hands scarred by the dreadful wounds received in fearful encounters with his victims, yet he received the word, and deeply repenting of the past, accepted this gift of a Saviour, and became a humble and sincere follower of the Lamb. Is not this a striking instance of the power of the gospel of Christ "unto salvation," and shall we

withhold a gospel which is capable of working such changes in the human heart and character? Who can say what we might have been had we never heard the gracious truths of the gospel!—*E. E. B. in Phil. Pres.*

HOG WORSHIP IN CHINA.

Miss Adele H. Fielde, whose work lies among the women of Swatow in China, describes, in a letter to the *Spirit of Mission*, a strange marvel of superstition: "Last year a villager living about thirty miles from here went to a neighbouring hamlet and bought a pig that he intended to kill. Having paid the money for it, he tied a rope around it behind the shoulders and attempted to drive it home. When just in front of a temple on the outskirts of a hamlet, it slipped the noose, rushed into the building, and took refuge under the altar. No exertion of its owner succeeded in getting it out of the fane; and when it finally crouched before the god and refused to stir, the assembled crowd began to look upon it as a devotee, and to fear to interrupt its petitions. Some of the bystanders belonging to the hamlet in which the pig was reared, made up a purse which repaid the buyer for his outlay, and the contributors then became the owners of the hog, whose fame for piety soon spread throughout the hamlet. A new shrine was prepared and the hog was enticed into it, while awe-stricken throngs came to do him reverence. The whitest of rice was offered for his delectation, and so fastidious did he become as to reject many of the dainties lavishly brought to him by his worshipers. One day two men simultaneously gave him eggs to eat, and when he partook of the one offering and rejected the other, the keeper explained that the deity dwelling in him saw that the latter offering had not been made with a pure heart. The offerer thereupon confessed that just before his leaving home his youngest child had cried for one of the eggs brought for the offering, and that he had struck the child for crying. This story was spread abroad and helped to increase the number and servility of the worshipers. The hog had gold ear-rings put in its ears, a handsome bed to lie in, and strings of coins hung around its neck. When the strings of coins became numerous and heavy, they were quietly removed by the shrine

keepers. Some of the pilgrims to this shrine were marvelously cured of disease, and then the filth of the sty began to be in demand for all ailments. Persons came a day's journey to buy the offal for sick friends, and the sale of it kept the shrine exquisitely clean. At the last report this sale was still carried on, and the porcine idol was so fattened on the dainties brought to him that his eyes had become invisible!"

A CURE FOR ALCOHOLISM.

I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. It had reduced me to degradation. I vowed and strove long and hard, but I seldom held victory over drink long. I hated drunkenness, but still I drank. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something I must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work nor sleep. I entered a reformatory and prayed for strength; still I must drink. I lived so for over twenty years; in that time I never abstained over three months hand running. At length I was sent to the House of Correction as a vagrant. If my family had been provided for I would have preferred to remain there, out of liquor and temptation. Explaining my affliction to a fellow prisoner, a man of much education and experience, he advised me to make a vinegar of ground quassia, a half ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful of it in a little water, and drink it down every time the liquor thirst came upon me violently. I found it satisfied the cravings, and suffused a feeling of stimulation and strength. When I was discharged I continued this cure, and persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor, and I have no desire for it. Lately to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whisky, but I have no temptation to take it. I give this for the consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by the same means which I no longer require to use.—*Connecticut Home.*

THE GOSPEL IN THE LOYALTY ISLANDS.

Rev. John Jones, a missionary of the London Missionary Society who was expelled by the French authorities from his field of labor in the Loyalty Islands, thus

sums up the work of the L. M. Society in that group.

'The *whole* of the people, who so lately were wild and savage cannibals, have embraced Christianity, no trace of heathenism being left.

'There are more than 3,000 church members.

'The churches are self-supporting, and contribute largely to the spread of the gospel to regions beyond.

'Almost all the Protestant natives can read and write.

'The Scriptures are nearly all translated into the Lifuan and Marean languages, and the New Testament and Psalms and other portions into the Iaian.

'There is now only one missionary of the Society remaining on the group; but there are about forty native pastors.

'The island of Mare is now left to sustain the work which the London Missionary Society is no longer permitted to carry on. It is hoped that the Protestant churches in the island will prove themselves equal to the task of self-government and self-support.'

It was only in 1854 that the first missionaries of the London Missionary Society were located at Mare.

HOW LORD McAULAY READ.

When a boy I began to read very earnestly, but, at the foot of every page I read, I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page.

At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed. But I compelled myself to comply with the plan, until now, after I have read a book through once, I can almost recite it from the beginning to the end.

It is a very simple habit to form early in life, and is valuable as a means of making our reading serve the best purpose.

A LIVING GOSPEL.

A person having been taken ill in the neighborhood of Stirling, the messenger who was sent into town for medical aid failed to deliver his message in a way to impress the doctor that the case was urgent. So he put off his visit till morning; and when he made it then it was to find his patient dead. And shall I preach a living gospel in a lifeless manner? must I not preach it as a dying man to dying men?—*Rev. James Robertson.*

HOPE FOR THE DUNCES.

There are many dull boys who are like clouded mornings before bright days. It is the safer plan for an educator to assume that dullness is but a husk more or less difficult to peel off, and almost always concealing a sweet kernel. It may be long before he discovers it, and when discovered it may not lie in the usual forms of school life. A man and his wife bought a music stool. After a time they brought it back to the upholsterer, declaring with great vexation that they "could make nothing out of the dratted old thing; they had twisted it to right and left, and set it on its head, and rolled it on its side, and never a note of music could they get out of it." And yet the music-stool was a good stool. For the comfort of the mothers of dull boys, let me record a few instances of such lads who turned out bright men when the key to their brightness was found.

Isaac Newton, being then a boy at the bottom of the class, was kicked by the boy above him. He fought the bully and beat him, out of which victory arose the thought that as he had beaten him with his fists he might also do it with his brains. And he did.

Isaac Barrow, the divine, was a quarrelsome, idle boy. His father said of him that "If it please God to take away any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac."

Adam Clarke was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce;" but it is recorded of him that he "could roll large stones about." Take note of boys who can and do roll large stones about. They may take to roll great ideas about.

Dr. Chalmers was expelled from the parish school of St. Andrews as "an incorrigible dunce."

Walter Scott, at Edinburgh University, was labelled by Professor Dalzell, "Dunce he is, and dunce he will remain."

John Howard, was an illustrious dunce, "learning nothing in seven years."

And when I record that both Napoleon and Wellington were dull boys at school. I am conscious of closing with *clat* brief *recursus* on dull boys.—*Edward Butler.*

HOW TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

Learn to govern yourselves, and be gentle and patient. Guard your tongues, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayer

and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word makes the quarrel. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice. Learn to say kind pleasant things whenever opportunity offers. Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small. Do not neglect little things if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree. Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness. Learn to deny yourselves and perfect others. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers. Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

It takes a strong assurance that one is right to enable him to submit quietly to being misunderstood, but this form of trial is very common. An explanation of circumstances seems necessary to clear one's self of suspicion, but to make it is impossible, because, in the nature of the case, it cannot help rendering "confusion worse confounded." Exasperating though it is to be misunderstood, and especially to be regarded as blameworthy when conscious of innocence, it is an experience which God occasionally ordains for each of us. Is there not in it, after all, a reward in the acquisition of that calmness of spirit which enables us to be at peace as long as God and conscience approve? No character has attained great strength until it has learned how to stand alone with God, if necessary, enduring unjust suspicions. In the end, moreover, it usually is vindicated triumphantly, even here.

BE PATIENT WITH MEN.

"Be patient with men. Often a man speaks hurriedly. When he has come to himself he feels he has made a mistake. He is not quite man enough to acknowledge his fault. If you hold him mercilessly to the record he has made, you will make an enemy. Be large enough to overlook his fault and take him for what on the whole he intends to be. Many misunderstandings and serious differences would be avoided by obeying this rule."