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THE ARCHIVES
THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN CANADA

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

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Editorial Items.....	3-5
Maritime Notes.....	5-6
Allocations for Augmentation.....	7-8
NEW HERBIDES:	
Letter from Rev. Dr. Steele.....	8
Another Letter from Rev. D. Steele.....	8
A Missionary Tour in Erromanga, III, by Rev. A. H. Macdonald,.....	8-11
A Relic: First Meeting of the Old Church Session of Douglass	11
The Labrador Mission. Letter from Mr. Bourgeois.....	12
Incidents of Extra Pastoral Work, II.....	13-15
Christian Giving Union.....	15
The Best Cure for Doubt. Company Manners.....	16
Prescription for Fits.....	16
Hans Egede, the Apostle of Greenland,.....	17 20
The Cruelties of Heathenism and Missionary Success.....	21-23
In the Sunshine of Christ's Love. A Fight with Drink.....	23 24
The Reflex Influence of Missions. How the Lord Provides	25
A Father's Testimony as to Licensed Rum.....	26
The Art of Self-defence.....	26
How Dr. Guthrie prepared for the Pulpit.....	26
Fiji. What to Preach. Mr. Moody on His Mettle.....	27
Dr. Tahnage and an English Madman.....	28
The Spirit of the Pew. The Prayer Meeting.....	28
Fuss is not Work.....	29
Yet there is Hope (Poetry). Depression after Elation.....	30
Christ and the Unfaithful Soul. (Poetry). Lost Time.....	31
The Two Compasses. Count Campello.....	31
The Opium Iniquity.....	32

PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

JANUARY, 1890.

Literary Notices.

"THE PRESBYTERIAN AND REFORMED REVIEW" is the title of a new theological and religious quarterly, to be published, similar in general character and style to the late *Presbyterian Review*. It will bear the imprint of the well-known publishers, Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, to whom all business communications and subscriptions may be sent. The price is \$3 a year. The first number will appear about January 1st, 1890, and will contain articles by President Francis L. Patton, Drs. W. G. T. Shedd, Edward B. Coe, Robert D. Wilson, Ransom B. Welch, Samuel H. Kellogg, Wm. Brenton Green, Jr., and others. The writers and the men who have undertaken the work are a guarantee that the new magazine will be a faithful exponent of the truth as held by the great body of the Presbyterian Church.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December is gotten up in Christmas style, the title page in black and gold. One article that every one should read is, "How the other half lives"—or studies among the tenements, illustrated, an interesting but sorrowful picture of life among many thousands in New York, which we make take as a type of the lives of millions in large cities. The dark picture, the struggle for life, the helplessness and hopelessness show but too truly that truth is stranger than fiction. "Contemporary American Caricature" with illustrations, sketches in an interesting manner the rise and progress of this branch of art in America. Besides these there are several stories serial and complete. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$3.00 per annum, 25 cents per issue.

FOR MOTHERS.

Mothers need to read and reread that old parable of the seed and the sower, before they grasp the hidden comfort in the fact that it reveals that growth may be going on even though we see it not. For it was not the seed which forthwith sprang up, that at last bore the full grain in the ear.

The mother should have that love which looketh kindly, and the wisdom which looketh soberly on all things.

The mother's aim should be the life-long counsellor of her child, not commander.

What do we give for, if it is not to make life less difficult for others.

And days of week-day holiness
Fall from her, noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know,
That aught were easier than to bless.

REST IN THE LORD.

"The wicked are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest." Tossed and beaten by storms of passion, restless as the heaving tides. God's peace is unknown to them. They have no inward rest, and they have no resting place where their soul can find refuge. To mortals thus laboring and heavy laden, Christ sends the gracious invitation, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

"There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked," wherever they are; and they faint and weary, fall to rest, because they have no resting-place. Christ gives an inward rest, a rest to the soul, and He also affords a resting-place where heart and flesh may find repose.

Rest in the Lord. Rest in His love, which satisfies the deepest yearnings of the heart; rest in His care, which watches over the lowliest; rest in His Providence, which never fails, and which is over all His works; rest in His promises, which are exceeding great and precious, and which cover the needs of His trusting children in every state and condition in life.

O weary, way-worn, burdened, tempted, despondent, troubled soul! there is rest for you. Go to Him who giveth rest. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Blessed are they who enter into that rest, and share in its sweet repose.

HOW TO RAISE MISSIONARIES.

Let a community cultivate the martial spirit, and of it there will come soldiers; cultivate the commercial spirit, and of it will come merchants; so, by cultivating the missionary spirit, in our families, Sabbath Schools, congregations, colleges, seminaries and Presbyteries, we shall raise up those who will become missionaries and will sustain many enterprises. It was not by accident that David Livingstone became a missionary—he had been reared in a missionary atmosphere. By the circulation of missionary literature; by sermons, lectures and songs; by organizing missionary bands and societies; by holding conventions; by conference and correspondence with missionaries, must we seek to enlighten, quicken, arouse and stimulate our people, and cultivate in them a missionary spirit; then will flow, like waters from the smitten rock, prayers, sympathy and money, and labourers will not be lacking.—*Sol.*

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. X.

JANUARY, 1890.

No. 1.

Let the New Year be more fully consecrated to Christ than any which has gone before. Let its hopes centre in Him. Let its aims and efforts be directed to Him. Let its anxieties and cares be committed to Him. Let its sorrows be cast upon Him. Let its joys be sought from Him. Let its pleasures be enjoyed in Him. Let its life be copied after Him. Let its sins be laid upon Him. Thus will be fulfilled that which friend wishes to friend, and which the MARITIME wishes to all its readers, a good and glad New Year.

Very important, though brief, are Dr. Steele's letters in this issue. Instead of the Dayspring making semi annual voyages to the islands, there is now a monthly steamer calling at one or two of the islands, and the government of New South Wales is subsidizing a steamer to sail constantly in the group. This will bring our missionaries more into touch with each other, and with civilization, and will lessen the loneliness and isolation that has hitherto been a factor in the life of the New Hebrides missionary. Write now to the missionaries any time of the year that you choose and the letter will go direct. Further, address your letters, not to the care of Dr. Steele but direct to the missionary, *via*. Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton, with Mr. Coffin and the Misses Archibald and Graham, have arrived safely in Trinidad, bearing with them, ringing in their ears and resting in their hearts the words of cheer that at their farewell meetings were so plentifully given, and carrying with them gladness to weary and worn workers in the field, whose numbers had been for some time few, and whose burdens of work and care had been correspondingly heavy. In one sad heart and home however, the sadness will still linger, and only the presence and power Divine can give peace, *viz*, in the Mission house at Princetown, which was but lately brightened by that gentle presence which now is there no more.

The cheering letter of Mr. Burgeoin in the present issue speaks for itself. The solution of the French Roman Catholic problem in Quebec is the gospel. Let its light shine in and slavish submission to a priesthood that takes its bidding from Rome will be flung aside, and a free people, free in body, in mind and in spirit, taking their orders from the Word of God only, will make our Dominion united, happy, and prosperous.

Rev. J. Wilkie, speaking of mission work in India, quotes from Hindoo papers to show that Caste is being completely overthrown. He says that Caste rules have of late been broken through frequently, to meet the demands of the people. The priests, in the endeavour to keep their power from decay, are giving a great deal of money for the printing of infidel publications, which are being scattered broadcast among the people, so that at present one of the greatest difficulties to be met is infidelity.

Many people find it hard to give, and consequently the work being hard they do not perhaps try it so often or do so much of it as they otherwise would. The great cure is more of the Spirit of Christ in the heart and more of order and system in the work. Just as with every other thing, swinging an axe, a scythe, wielding a pen or playing a violin or piano, regular practice makes it easy and pleasant. Read carefully the article "The Christian Giving Union" in the Presbyterian Church of England given on another page.

A Rome despatch to the *Catholic News* says: The Pope has ordered that the property of all cardinals who die and leave no relations is to be bequeathed to the Propaganda. Those having relatives must make generous provision in wills for the same institution. These and all other funds devoted to the use of the Propaganda will be invested in foreign countries. This last regulation is to prevent seizure of the Papal revenues by the Italian Government.

Most of the news that comes from Russia tells of intolerance and oppression. Two things that have lately come are of a different stamp and, if true, foretell perhaps, the dawn of a brighter day. One is that the Czar has called the Procurator of the Holy Synod to account for the manner in which he had treated the Lutherans of the Baltic Provinces of Russia. "Since he assumed control, he has shown the greatest intolerance toward the Lutherans, and has sought to force them into the Greek Church. He has not hesitated to use harsh means to break up their organizations and to render it uncomfortable for them to remain in the province unless they renounce their faith and adopt the State religion. Perhaps, under ordinary conditions, he would have been allowed full sweep in carrying out his policy, but it seems that the Czar stands related by marriage to influential Lutherans, and they have brought the state of things to his knowledge. Besides, the Czarina, though a convert to the Orthodox Church, yet retains a sympathetic feeling towards her kinsmen and to the sufferings of a people who maintain the faith in which she was reared. The royal family lately made a visit to Copenhagen and there the matter was formally brought to the Czar's consideration. Dr. Hermann Dalton had prepared a pamphlet upon the subject, and this was placed in the hands of his Imperial Majesty. According to report he has "given the procurator three months to reply to its charges," and meanwhile has ordered the discontinuance of further persecutions."

The other cheering report, which we fear is too good to be true, is that the Russian Government purpose the discontinuance of the exile system which has been for so long a disgrace to Russia, to civilization, and to humanity.

It has been claimed, and perhaps with justice, that the Presbyterian Church gives more attention to the training of her students for the ministry than almost any other. There is one feature of that training, however, which has not received the attention that it should, viz., that of reading and speaking in public, in order that the good training in other respects may be used to the best advantage. More important to a minister than almost any other one of the studies that go to make up a liberal education, is that of being able to use well the voice that God has given, in reading and speaking God's message to men; and yet, while years are spent in preparatory training, in cultivating brain and thought, the voice is allowed for the most part to take care of itself. The result is, sometimes indistinctness, sometimes

monotony, or "sing song," the "Bible twang."

The *Missionary Record* of the U. P. Church of Scotland, speaks of the matter as follows. — There are many in our Church who are satisfied with the scholarly attainments of our students, but who complain that when the students come to be preachers, many of those whose scholarship can least be called in question, fail to deliver their discourses in such form as to attract and impress their hearers. There is, undoubtedly, some ground for this complaint, though it must be a knowledge that the public taste with regard to public speaking is often far astray. Yet it is desirable that our future ministers should be better trained than they are at present in the art of reading the Scriptures, and delivering their sermons effectively. The Synod has recognized that it is so, and has instructed its College Committee to find funds for the more efficient teaching of elocution."

The Thirteenth Annual Report of the W. F. M. S., Eastern Section, has been received. It is a neat pamphlet of 72 pages, containing an account of the annual meeting in Charlottetown,—the addresses of welcome, response, and opening, on that occasion,—and the reports of the Foreign Secretary and the Board of Management. Then follow the Reports (1) of the Pictou Presbyterial, giving a brief but full statement of fact of each of its 27 Auxiliaries, and its Mission Bands, their officers, their work, and their receipts for the year, which amount to \$1330.57. (2) A similar report of Halifax Presbyterial, with its 23 Auxiliaries and its 13 Mission Bands, and an income of \$1391.78. (3) Of Truro Presbyterial with 13 Auxiliaries and 5 Mission Bands with an income of \$909.62. (4) Of P. E. I. Presbyterial with eight Auxiliaries, and \$208 37 receipts,—and, of the Presbyterials of Sydney, Victoria and Richmond, and the Auxiliaries in New Brunswick and other places. The whole income of the society for the year being \$5462.62. The Constitution and Bye-laws of the W. F. M. S. with Constitutions for Presbyterials and Auxiliaries, and directions for forming Mission Bands complete the volume. A large edition of it has been printed in order that every family belonging to the Society may have a copy. This being the case, all the members of the W. F. M. S. should get it and read it as it gives full information about the working and extent of the Society, and shows the vigor and energy with which the women are laboring in the work of preaching the gospel to every creature. The addresses printed in the report are excellent. We cannot but think, however, that it would be better to have them printed as

Synod and Assembly sermons frequently are, in the periodicals of the day, when they are fresh, and to make the Report as is the case with the Assembly Minutes, strictly a report of the work of the Society. This would secure a larger circulation for the address, would lessen the cost of printing which will be no small item, and would make the reports more strictly depositories of facts and figures relative to the working of the Society, and with the rapid extension of the organization, this, of itself, will soon make an Annual of no small dimensions.

Unions, associations, organizations, are the order of the day, both within the church and without it. Sometimes it is said there are too many such, that there would be more and better work done if more of the energy were expended upon work and less upon machinery. There was, however, a union formed at the last Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England, unique in its way, and which nearly all will agree, is not one of the "too many." It is called the "Christian Giving Union." The only conditions of membership are: (1.) To set apart a definite proportion of income for religious and charitable purposes. (2.) To try to induce others to do the same. No one is asked to pledge himself to any particular amount; it is left to his own conscience before God to decide whether he will give one-tenth, one twentieth, one fifth, or any other portion of his income. Whatever is decided upon is prayerfully set apart as "The Lord's Portion." The object of the union is to secure order and method in the matter.

Each member receives a membership card or rather a pledge. Around the border of the card, one on each margin, are the following texts:

"God loveth a cheerful giver." - 2 Cor. xx; 7.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive" - Acts xx. ; 35.

"Take heed and beware of covetousness." - Luke xii. ; 15.

"They first gave their own selves to the Lord." - 2 Cor. viii. ; 5.

The body of the pledge card is headed with an ornamental motto, followed by "Presbyterian Church of England" and "Christian Giving Union."

Then follow three texts:—

"Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for He it is that giveth thee power to get wealth." - Deut. viii. ; 18.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in mine house and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord

of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it," Mat., iii. 10.

"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him" Cor., xvi., 2.

After these texts came the pledge, as follows:—

"Believing that Systematic and Proportionate Giving is in harmony with the word of God.

I Promise.

1st.—To set apart a definite proportion of my income for Religious and Charitable purposes

2.—To try to induce others to do the same.

Signed.....

Date

Rev. J. Sutherland has received a hearty call to Caledonia, P. E. I.

Harmony in the Truro Presbytery, raised \$180 last year thus meeting all expenses.

A neat and handsome church was opened at Hampton, N. B., on the 25th October.

Maritime Notes,

The congregation of Strathalbyn, P. E. I., has called Rev. R. McLeod, of Strathlorne, C. B.

The Congregation of Cardigan, P. E. I., has been set apart as a separate pastoral charge.

Rev. A. McDougald has resigned the charge of Calvin church' St. John, and has gone West.

Rev. David Sutherland was inducted into the pastorate charge of Zion Church, Carlottetown, Dec. 18th.

Truro Presbytery has agreed to employ Mr. B. Fletcher to labor for the winter in its mission stations.

The First Presbyterian church, Truro, has organized a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

A second W. F. M. S., in connection with the Upper Stewiacke congregation was formed at South Branch, Oct. 12th.

The people of the Moose Brook Section of Noel cengregation, have been working vigorously at paying off their church, and are now clear of debt.

A Society of Christian Endeavour was formed in the Presbyterian Congregation at Melton, N. B. on the 25th November, with a membership of forty-five.

A new church has been opened in the congregation of Shubenacadie, at Admiral Rock, Hants Co., Dec. 1st. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed, and nine new members added to the church on that occasion.

Mr. J. A. Sutherland labored at Barney's River Pictou last summer. His service proved very acceptable. He was paid in full and over \$70 was contributed to the schemes of the church—Com.

The people of Trenton, Pictou Co., have decided to build a church. Mr. Thompson's work has been most successful. The people are throwing themselves heartily into the movement and are sure to succeed.

The Presbytery of Truro, held a meeting for visitation at Upper Stewiacke, Dec. 3rd; in the morning at South Branch, and in the evening at Upper Stewiacke Village. The congregation was found prospering.

The Dorchester church, New Brunswick, is now free of debt. It is a handsome edifice and adds much to the beauty of the place. Mr. John McGow who labored there last summer is to continue his services this winter.

Mr. John McFlashen, in addition to his regular services at Caribou, Pictou Co., as Catechist during the summer, gave service as he was able at Scotch Hill. On his departure for college a purse of \$30 was presented to him by this section.

The Presbytery of Halifax met on Tuesday, Nov. 12th, in Chalmers' Hall. Reports were received from eleven catechists employed during the summer in the Home Mission stations of the Presbytery, showing encouraging growth in the different fields.

The congregation of Shubenacadie and Lower Stewiacke is about to be divided, thus adding a new congregation to the Presbytery of Halifax. Mr. Henry, who has labored so diligently there for the past thirteen years, is going to Bay of Islands, Nfld., for the winter.

At the teameeting and fancy sale, held at McKay settlement Newport, Hants Co., for the benefit of missions, the people cleared \$125.00. They gave \$25.00 to the Pointeaux Trembles School, and the remainder was divided between five schemes of the Presbyterian Church.

The St. John Presbytery employed 12 catechists last summer, and drew \$84 less

from the Home Mission fund than the previous year. Though catechists now receive larger remuneration, yet on the whole more has been raised by the respective fields than at any other time.

A Society of Christian Endeavor has recently been formed in connection with the congregation of James Church, New Glasgow. Those societies are steadily increasing, and are doing a good work. If they are all that their friends claim for them they should be in every congregation.

Rev. Edward Grant has now been laboring 17 years in Upper Stewiacke. During that time owing to emigration the congregation has decreased 25 families and yet the contributions to the schemes of the church have increased not less than 50 per cent showing that the stream of liberality is gradually rising.

In Richmond and Victoria Presbytery, a prosperous mission station is being cultivated at Margaree. Last year \$55 was drawn from the Home mission fund to assist in paying expenses. This year expenses were met in full. An ordained missionary is required and ere long a congregation will be formed.

Mrs. Burns has had a three weeks trip to the St. John Presbytery in the interests of the W. F. M. S., and as a result of her labors new auxiliaries have been formed in the congregations of Florenceville, New Kincardine, St. Paul's Church, Fredericton; St. Andrew's Church, St. John; and St. David's Church, St. John.

In the far north of the St. John Presbytery is situated the mission station of Three Brooks. Through a widely scattered field it was well wrought last summer and raised \$175 towards the catechist's support. Another important field in the same Presbytery, nearer the centre, in Salina, which this year paid in full all expenses. Large accessions were also made to the communion roll and a general revival of religion manifested. An ordained missionary is needed for this station.

New St. Andrew's Church, New Glasgow, was opened for public worship on Sabbath, Dec. 15th, Rev. L. G. Macneill, of St. John, N. B., preached morning and evening. United Church was closed in the morning and James Church in the evening, the congregation worshipping in the new church. New St. Andrew's is a chaste and commodious building, thoroughly equipped, and as it stands, cost not far from \$12,000. It reflects great credit upon the energy of the new congregation.

BUILDING.

Be careful how you build. Let nothing go to form your character that will not make it better and stronger. Let each brick be an honest one, and let it be laid carefully, with an honest purpose to make of yours if a good, noble man or woman. If already poor material has entered into your character, seek divine help to remove it. Get out every bad thought, every worthless habit. You cannot afford to have only an ordinary, much less a weak, character. While building see that you build of first-class material. You can build but one character in a life time, and it is to be yours for eternity; so make it the very best possible. But no character can be built of the best material unless we go to the Bible for it, nor built in the best way unless under the direction of Jesus the Master-builder. Gathering your material from the word of God, laying every portion with the trowel of prayer and under the direction of Jesus, the great Master, your character will be one that will stand all trials, pass all tests, and remain through eternity well worth the lifetime it took to build it.

ALLOCATIONS FOR AUGMENTATION.

PRESBYTERY OF HALIFAX.

St Matthew's, Halifax	\$250
Fort Massey	250
St. Andrew's,	120
Park Street,	120
St. John's,	115
Maitland	115
Windsor	100
Chalmers, Halifax	95
Dartmouth	95
Shubenacadie and Lower Stewiacke	75
Milford and Gay's River	60
Yarmouth	50
Hamilton, Bermuda	25
Kentville	25
Newport	25
Canard	25
Richmond	25
Noel	25
Middle Musquodoboit	25
Kenetcook and Gore	20
Nine-mile River and Elmsdale	20
Upper Musquodoboit	20
Lower Musquodoboit	20
Musquodoboit Harbor	20
Sheet Harbor	20
Lawrencetown	15
Kempt and Walton	15

Wolfville and Horton	15
Waterville and Lakerville	15
Amapolis and Bridgetown	15
Carleton and Chebogue	15
St. Croix and Ellershous	10
Bedford and Waverly	10

PRESBYTERY OF TRURO.

First Presbyterian Church	\$92
St. Andrew's	92
St. Paul's	65
Stewiacke	50
Onslow	50
Upper Londonderry	50
Clifton	50
Great Village	45
Riverside	45
Middle Stewiacke	40
Economy & Five Islands	40
Springside	40
Acadia	35
Brookfield	30
Parrsboro	20
Coldstream	15
River Hebert	10
Harmony	5

PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU.

United Church, New Glasgow	185
Prince St. Pictou	125
James Church, New Glasgow	100
St. James, Antigonish	85
Stellarton	70
West River and Green Hill	65
Knox Church, Pictou	65
East River	60
Westville	55
Union Centre and Lochaber	48
Thorburn	45
Scotsburn, Hermon and Saltsprings	45
Glenelg, Caledonia, and E. River, St. Mary's	45
Union Church, Hopewell	45
Merigomish	30
Sherbrooke	30
Blue Mt and Garden of Eden	25
Burney's River	15
Little Harbour and Fisher's Grant	15

PRESBYTERY OF P. E. ISLAND.

St. James Church, Charlottetown	\$68
Princetown	63
Zion Church, Charlottetown	60
Summerside	60
Alberton	45
Bedeque	45
Valleyfield	45
Cavendish and New Glasgow	40
Strathalbyn	40
Belfast	40
Murray Harbor	36
Long River and Kensington	35
Clifton and Granville	35

West and Clyde River.....	35
Montague.....	30
Woodville.....	30
Cove Head.....	27
Tryon and Bonshaw.....	25
Souris.....	22
Tiguish and Montrose.....	20
Richmond Bay, East.....	20
Richmond Bay, West.....	20
St. Peters and Brackley Point Road....	20
Georgetown.....	20
Mt. Stewart.....	20
E. St. Peters.....	20
Cardigan.....	20
Orwell.....	20
Caledonia.....	19
Dundee.....	15
Brookfield.....	15
Bloomfield.....	15

New Hebrides.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. STEELE.

Rev Dr. Steele, the agent of our church in Australia for the New Hebrides mission, writes as follows:—

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, Oct. 1, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Morrison.

Postages are more now and we have to pay sixpence on each letter and a penny on each paper, I am trying to ascertain whether it may not be cheaper and better for all letters and papers to be posted direct to each missionary without being addressed to my care. In the latter case there is always need of reposting, and of course, repaying.

As there is now a monthly steamer, letters and papers go by the Post Office. There is a prospect for next year of a subsidized steamer to cruise monthly among all the islands, and to call at all mission stations. The Dayspring Board have been negotiating with the Steamer Navigation Co. to get all the work for the mission done, and have offered fifteen hundred pounds a year for the service. The Company will accept, now that the Government has given ten or twelve hundred pounds as a subsidy. In that case the Dayspring may be laid up or chartered out till we see how the new arrangement works. I will let you know regarding this and the postal arrangements

The steam service amidst the Islands is likely to begin in January, so that there will be means of communication monthly for all.

I am sending a new little book for Mr. Anand by the Dayspring.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

Robert Steele.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM DR. STEELE.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

21st October, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. MORRISON,

I have to inform you that the Dayspring was very late this season and did not arrive in Sydney till the 4th October. She sailed again on the 19th. Messrs. Watt and Paton with their wives, and the Rev. Mr. Bannerman and wife from Otago, who had visited the islands, were passengers. Mr. and Mrs. Watt have since gone away to London. Mr. Watt is to carry the New Testament in Tannese through the press.

I heard incidentally of a case lying in a warehouse here addressed to Mr. Anand. I had no bill of lading. It had come from Canada, via San Francisco; I could tell nothing of its contents, it was, however, placed on board the Dayspring.

Negotiations are now nearly complete for employing the steam service to be set up in the Island next year to do all mission work. A steamer is to be kept in the group to communicate with the monthly steamer from Sydney, and to call at all mission stations, as well as on settlers.

The Dayspring is to go direct from the Islands to Dunedin in December.

Mr. Paton brings good news of the state and prospects of the mission all over the group.

With kind regards,

I am, yours sincerely,

ROBERT STEELE.

A MISSIONARY TOUR IN ERROMANGA. III.

BY REV. A. H. MACDONALD.

For the Maritime:

I think that in my last paper we had come to Rumpunalevut and had then turned back, hoping to reach this place again from the other side. For some time, as you may well suppose, the journey to the other side took up most of our thoughts and we had to make many preparations for our stay. The boat had to be repaired and then painted and pintles had to be put on, and then after this was done the various gales had to be looked to, and many injunctions laid upon those who would be stopping behind, but at long last the day came when we started off for the other side. The night before we had all our parcels made up, for we were going to be away three weeks, and thus it was necessary that we should take a great many things with us.

At two o'clock, a. m., the natives were stirring about to get ready for the journey, but we were not ready for a start before six o'clock, on the 25th Sept., 1888. It was a

sight to see us all as we stood round the Tompi tree with the bundles piled up. Man after man came up and taking a bundle started off, and when the last bundle was taken the door of the parlor was shut and we went outside of the mission premises. Here we found the horses and the people who were not coming with us crowded together, the natives making, with their variegated garments, a picturesque group. The light was just beginning to come over the hills when we said our farewells. As we passed along the road all the orange trees looked as if they had snow upon them, so loaded were they with blossoms, and what a crowd we were as we moved up the road stretching away for a great distance. We must have had fifty people; but they seemed much more, for we could only see them at points of the road. Erromanga, blood stained Erromanga, is very beautiful, and as we passed along from Dillon's Bay to Port Narwin. I saw as pretty scenery as any one could wish to see, but alas, where once people flourished now there is no village to be seen on the road until you are four miles from Port Narwin. (I may here state that the natives call it Port Narwin, but it has crept into charts at Port Narwin, so it is now called this.)

The Rev. G. N. Gordon, in 1860, passed on this way, and he writes these words about it: "On the morning of the 29th, taking with me two teachers and two natives, we ascended the mountains at Dillon's Bay by torchlight. This part of the island contains chiefly fine pasturelands. About mid-day we had the pleasure of seeing from the top of a mountain the blue ocean to the East.

We continued to prosecute our journey along native paths which led through splendid forests containing large trees, and over living streams whose murmuring waters with the solitary lays of the feathered tribe reminded us of life even in this land where death still reigns.

In some places on the narrow ridges of mountains we walked beside natural galleries, whence, looking down we beheld on either hand gorgeous valleys decorated most tastefully by the Creator's hand." Much of this is changed, yet one can see how beautiful Erromanga is. I must not trouble you with our journey for every minute some new beautiful scene burst upon us and I was forever repeating "how beautiful." Stream after stream we passed, hill after hill we ascended and descended till at last we were at the mission premises at Port Narwin with good Yomot the elder and his helpmate.

Half way in the deep shadow of the forest we rested and had something to eat, and though we all had but one idea and that was

to press on, yet we found it was very nice to rest. After our meal we pressed on and got to Arawa, four miles from Port Narwin, where Mr. Robertson spoke words of encouragement to the teacher Sempent and his people. These people had only heard we were coming an hour or two before we came, but they were ready for us.

When we got to Port Narwin our party were very tired, but we found everything ready for us so that all we had to do was to sit down to tea. Mrs. Robertson was very tired and so was Annie and Mabel, but we all managed to keep up until after prayers then we were soon in bed and asleep. The premises round about the mission house at Port Narwin, have been well cared for, and Yomot deserves great credit for the excellent way in which he keeps this side in order.

The first day after we came to this side we held a prayermeeting and the school house was filled. Usuo took the prayermeeting and addressed the people.

The people of Port Narwin are intelligent looking, and are quite as clean and as well dressed as the Dillon's Bay people. It was quite interesting to see them come out well to the prayermeeting. We did not go out to any village this day, but rested.

Thursday we visited Port Numa. Port Numa is the place where Mr. J. D. Gordon was murdered, and now all that is visible of the house that he occupied is a few stones, while all that remains of his body rests in the grave at Port Numa. There are not many people living here now but they were all glad to see us when we came to the village. After getting a photograph of the grave and the house, we gathered the people together in the school house and spoke to them of the abounding love of God.

The village was clean and all the people were neatly dressed, but I was sorry to see that one man was sadly afflicted with elephantiasis and some other people had cataract of the eye. It was very pleasant to see that they were willing to listen to their teacher.

We spent some time here talking to the people and then we started back to Port Narwin and reached the mission station shortly before dusk. This journey was rather toilsome as we had to go along the sea shore in a broiling sun.

Next day we all started off for for Nxvi's village and to get there we had to skirt around the base of Traitors Head. We had to ascend abruptly a high hill and then after that we were always descending until we reached the sea shore. All the way we went along a native track fenced in on both sides by forest so that we were glad to find the air fanning our cheeks as we came to the

sea shore. We had a good piece to go before we got to Nxvi's village, but we did not feel it so much with a breeze blowing upon us. When we got to Nxvi's village we found a house fenced off, with sand all around it ready for us, inside this we found things ready for us.

The first thing noticeable here is the great number of healthy women and children, and the next thing you notice is how bright they are. Nxvi evidently has taken great pains with his people and the village is quite a model settlement.

Going into the schoolhouse we found it full of people. After singing, and reading, and praying, Mr. Robertson called upon me to say a few words to the people and he would act as interpreter. I gladly took this opportunity and spoke to them about the risen Saviour able to save them. How very pleasant it is to go to villages that have teachers and have people who have learned what a precious thing it is to have Jesus Christ as their Redeemer.

After we had shaken hands all round, Mr. Robertson, Annie and Mabel, under escort, went back to Port Narwin, while Mr. Robertson, myself and Yomot passed on to Nigup's village. Here we found so far as I have seen, the nicest village outside of Dillon's Bay. Nigup has an extremely Jewish countenance, with bright, piercing eyes; and he is one of the best teachers on the island. Nigup and his wife were ready to meet us. We could not stay long as we were to be back at Port Narwin that night. After service where we had particularly good singing, we came to Nigup's house and had some food. Mr. Robertson divided amongst the people the remainder of the feast, and after our people had eaten and rested a bit we started back. Yomot took the lead when it got dark and led us to where we entered the bush and then torches were made. After getting torches we went on and on, hill after hill we climbed and yet there always seemed to be another hill to climb, but at last we got to the highest point and commenced to descend. Just then the rain began to fall, and by the time we got to the mission premises we were all wet. Yomot and his people saw us into the house, and then after being thanked they went to their various homes, and by the time we had changed our clothes and had tea we were inclined to forget all the rough bits we had gone through.

Saturday saw us all resting after our journey. There is always plenty work to take up the missionary's time around the station, so that Mr. Robertson was glad of this off day so that he could attend the various things that needed looking after at the place.

On Sunday, Mr. Robertson and Annie set off to Arawa, where Mr. Robertson held a service. Mrs. Robertson and I went to church here, and Yomot took the service. Yomot is a fluent speaker and is dramatic in his style. I always enjoy looking at the faces of the people, and I noticed to daysome who had not long come out of heathenism, and they had not the bright, open, happy countenances of those who have been almost brought up in Christianity.

On Monday we set off for Cook's Bay, and for a long time we went the same road that we went to Nigup's land. After some time we branched off on the road that takes us to Cook's Bay. The natives were very good at a village that we passed on a road, and we got sugarcane and drinking coconuts. There is no more refreshing thing than sugarcane when you are walking along in a path where the atmosphere reminds you somewhat of an oven. After leaving the main road we came on to swampy land, and close to the settlement we came on to the sea shore. The day was very hot, and we were very glad to get to the end of our journey and rest. The people were all at the house to welcome us and there was a great deal of shaking of hands. Mrs. Robertson, Annie and Mabel slept in the mission house, while Mr. Robertson and myself swung hammocks in the school-house. I do not think I have felt such a cold night as that for years, and do what I could, I could not get to sleep at all. I forgot to state that we had a splendid service here, Nigup taking it altogether. Early next morning I went to the beach so that I could have a stretch and warm myself. The sun had hardly got up when I went out, and I had an opportunity of looking at a sunrise over at this side. After breakfast Mr. Robertson and myself crossed the river, and went along the very worst road I have ever gone, for five miles, till we came to a village where the people were wanting a teacher. After the people were gathered together Yomot addressed them, and after Mr. Robertson had spoken to them we returned to Cook's Bay, leaving Yomot to make arrangements about a teacher.

After a time we got all our things ready and started off for Port Narwin. We got a present of pigs and yams, and the people brought them with them to Port Narwin, where we got safely to about dark. We had arranged for a long tour, but after last night it has been found impossible, so we started off this morning. Before leaving, Mr. Robertson got all the people round about us, and then he took a photograph of them all. After getting this satisfactorily done, all hands were put on to paint the house and consequently all day we had the smell of paint in

every corner of the house. Various small things occupied our time until it became dark. When the morning came, we had out Yomot's boat, and Yomot with his boat's crew took us on our journey. You know, perhaps, that Yomot had great difficulty in getting the arrowroot all brought in to Port Narwis, so he got a boat costing £10, and it was in this boat of his that we journeyed to-day.

We visited three places this day, and were gladly received. The last place we got to was Port a Siu Siu. We got there very late at night and it was nine o'clock when we had tea. After tea we had prayers and then we slung our hammocks. When we got up next morning it was just about dawn, but Yomot and Nigup were stirring. After service Mr. Robertson spent some time taking the census of the population between this spot and Kumpunalevat. After this was over we got into Yomat's boat, and after a stiff pull we put in at a small village to get some present that the chief wanted to give us, after this we went for Port Narwin and got there just about tea time.

It is very pleasant travelling round this island, for we have seen very little semi heathenism as yet and, with a few exceptions little absolute heathenism. God has singularly blessed the work of Mr. Robertson and I know Mr. Robertson, has his people always in his thoughts. We only visited one more place and we found the people wishing a teacher very much. Mr. Robertson finds it hard work to supply all vacancies and give teachers where wanted, especially as nine out of his thirty teachers have died. Still, every nerve will be strained to give the people proper supervision.

The teachers from a little past Cook's Bay round to Unepang came up this week and held a conference with Mr. Robertson about the state of their district and what may be done for the good of their districts. Two of the nights were set apart for an exhibition of the magic lantern, one for the women and one for the men, and the people enjoyed immensely the various pictures shown them.

On the whole the time spent over on the eastern side of Erromanga showed the great advance these people have made within the last few years. I am sure all Christian people will remember Erromanga in their prayers and say that the glorious gospel has not lost its power but is yet "the power of God with salvation to every one that believeth." Much blood has fallen in Erromanga, and at one time Erromanga was looked upon as a place that would never come under the influence of the gospel; so we that are in dark spots can take courage and plod on and let us hope that God will speedily give the

increase. After going through the major portion of Erromanga I can but again praise God, "for wonders be hath done." I have spent many happy days on this island and I hope that I have been able to leave a pleasant memory behind me and that the natives will for some time remember the Malekulau Misi. That God may bless Erromanga, the Erromangans, the missionary and his family is the fervent wish of the writer.

A. H. McDONALD.

A RELIC.

THE FIRST MINUTE OF THE CHURCH SESSION OF DOUGLAS.

The following has been forwarded to the MARITIME with the request that it be printed, as an interesting relic of ye olden tyme.—ED.

"MINUTES OF THE CHURCH SESSION DOUGLAS.

REV. ALEX'R DICK, MODERATOR.

- Mr. James Johnson
- Donald McKinsie
- James Moor Esqr.
- Wm. Cook
- John McGeorge
- Wm Dickey
- George Main
- Caleb Putnam
- Francis Densmore
- And'w O'Brien

}—Ruling Elders.

Mr. Putnam's June 14th, 1804

Which Day and place the session met and being Constituted with prayer by the Moderator.

1st. the proceeded to appoint J. Moor Esqr. and And'w O'Brien Session Clerks

2nd. Wm. Cook and John McGeorge ruling Elders to have the Care of the upper District on the Shubenacadie River—from Daniel McHaffy's, both sides of the River upward, and on Gay's R. James Moor Esqr. ruling Elder, to the care of the Middle Quarter from Samuel Frames both sides River to Thos. Ellises—Wm. Dickey to the care of the Lower Quarter from Stephen and Paul Woodworths up the river Sueiac George Main from John Colter's, both sides of the river Sheb'y as lowe Down as And'w McDonald's—3rd. that all parents of Children Desiring their admission to the ordinance of Baptism, Shall bring attestations of their walk and Conversation from the Elder of their Quarter to the minister, before they be admitted.—4th. that all Complaints to this Session shall be Ex-

hibited in writing, as verbal reports cannot be attended to."

The above is *verh im et literatim* a copy of the title page of one of the original Session books of the old "Douglas Congregation", that kept by Mr. Andrew O'Brien of Noel, one of the two Session Clerks, followed by the record of proceedings of the first meeting of Session given in it. Rev. Alex. Dick was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of the Douglas Congregation, on the 21st of June, 1803, but there would appear to have been no church session in existence there at the beginning of his pastorate.

The parish, under the supervision of this old session, included a district now under the supervision of at least seven sessions, viz., those of Maitland, Shubenacadie and L. Stewiacke, Elmsdale and Nine Mile River, Kennetcook and Gore, Noel, Milford and Gay's River, and Clifton. Presumably the elders, Putman, McKenzie, Johnson, Deunmore, and O'Brien, were the diocesan of the districts in which they dwelt.—COM.

THE LABRADOR MISSION.

At the last meeting of the Home Mission Board, the generous offer of the Congregational body to transfer their buildings and property to our church was considered. No pecuniary recompense is to be made in return, all that is asked is that the mission abandoned by the Congregationalists some four or five years ago, be revived and continued. The buildings can, to some extent, be utilized, and the work so auspiciously begun last year can be still carried on. In accepting this offer the Students Missionary Association, Pine Hill, will again occupy 150 miles of the coast of Labrador, situated in the Dominion of Canada, with a missionary and a teacher under the supervision of the Halifax Presbytery. Something will be contributed by the inhabitants on the coast, and the students will make up the deficiency required to meet expenses so that nothing will be drawn from the Home Mission fund to carry on the work.

The Roman Catholics and Episcopalians occupy to some extent the greater part of this coast. It may then be asked why should we send a missionary there. 1st. There is a great deal of spiritual destitution existing, calling loudly for evangelistic work. 2nd. Not a few of the Roman Catholics are thirsting for knowledge of Divine Truth, and will not attend their own or the Episcopal service. 3rd. Intermarriages are taking place, and the contracting parties are lost to the cause of Christ for the want of an evangelical missionary to lead them right, and direct them to the Saviour.

Not a few striking instances are given of Roman Catholics, who, instead of attending mass, presented themselves at the services conducted last year by our missionary, Mr McKenzie.

Providence has now thrown this field upon our hands. Good work has been done, and as further efforts are to be put forth on behalf of this desolate people upon this barren coast, we should be much interested in opening up this new mission station. The students have entered upon the work with much enthusiasm, and we should do what we can to back up their efforts.

COM.

LETTER FROM MR. BOURGEOIN.

TO THE FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS OF THE
POINTE AUX-TREMBLES MISSION SCHOOLS:

The increasing interest manifested in our Schools all over the country is certainly most encouraging to us, and indicates that the Christians of this land are now beginning to realize that we are engaged here in the work that God specially places before the people of Canada, the work which imposes itself naturally upon us, the mission to which we could shut neither our eyes nor our hearts. With full confidence in your sympathy and in your liberality, we have the pleasure of drawing your attention now to the work of the present session.

Never before have our Schools presented a better and more lively appearance, with their crowd of healthy and intelligent boys and girls, all wide-awake and eager to learn and to make progress. One hundred and thirty-six have already gathered around us, and we expect at least ten more in a few days. About one-half of them belong to families who still adhere to the Church of Rome. The others are sent to us by converted parents who have rejected the errors of Popery, and also by families half French and half English, who are so situated that their children would gradually become Roman Catholics if our schools were not open to them.

The number of those who were unable to read when they came this fall is much smaller than usual. In the first class there are forty pupils; in the second class sixty; in the third thirty-two, and in the fourth four.

Had the Girl's School been enlarged during the past summer, as we expected, we would have had 50 more pupils, for very many more than this number have been refused for lack of accommodation; but we are confident that this is the last time that we are obliged to push back into the torrent of error and misery those young souls who cry for light and liberty

During the past summer four of our young men have been employed as colporteurs, and some of them have succeeded beyond all expectation. Two others have been engaged in the service of the Bible Society, and several of our pupils have been employed as teachers of Mission Schools in country districts. Nineteen of our former scholars are now pursuing their studies in the Theological College in Montreal with the ministry in view. Eleven others who were with us only a few months ago are now studying medicine, and many others do honor to our School by their success and their good influence.

Nothing is more encouraging than the interest manifested by our pupils in the prosperity of our School, and their great desire to help us in spreading the truth. During last summer one of them sent \$5.00, another \$12.00, and another \$22.00, for our Mission work, and we have received many smaller amounts.

The blessed results of our work, in the spreading of a spirit of enquiry and a deep desire for a sound education, fill our hearts with thankfulness to God, and with confidence in the triumph of the gospel in the Province of Quebec.

We know that the enemies of truth are numerous and powerful, that the difficulties of the work are great, and that we are weak, but we feel that we do not stand alone; that a host of friends are lifting up their hands towards heaven while we are equipping our young soldiers for the battle, and that the great Captain is Himself fighting on our behalf.

May God bless the present session for His glory and for the encouragement of all those who desire to see His kingdom come.

J. BOVRGOIN, Principal.

Pointe-aux-Trembles, Que., Nov., 1889.

P. S. — Contributions and scholarships should be forwarded to Rev. Dr. R. H. Warden, 198 St. James Street, Montreal.

INCIDENTS OF EXTRA-PASTORAL WORK. II.

BY AN OLD NOVA SCOTIA PASTOR.

Some years after my ordination I was appointed by the Presbytery to dispense the Lord's supper in a vacant congregation about forty miles distant from my home. There were then no railroads in that part of the country, but the weather was fine and the roads good, and about the middle of the week preceding the Sabbath appointed, I proceeded thither drawn by my own good mare Jess, whose long and faithful services in carrying her owner through all the rounds

of ministerial duty justly entitle her to the best future of which such are capable. When I was within five miles of my place of destination, passing some men engaged in repairing the highway, one of them stopped me to say that there was a girl in the house I had just passed who had been for some time in deep distress about her spiritual condition, and the family would be glad if I would go in and converse with her. Every right-minded minister will judge how such an appeal would be responded to. I immediately turned back, and, entering the house, was introduced to a girl younger than I had expected, being only thirteen or fourteen years of age. Without delay we entered upon the subject of her religious interests. On inquiring I learned that she had for some weeks been in a state of deep distress on account of her sins, but I also found that she had begun to "apprehend the mercy of God in Christ," and was emerging into the peace of the Gospel. It became my pleasant duty to endeavour, through the aid of the Spirit, to clear away any remaining obscurity in her views, to confirm and strengthen faith that was yet weak and to encourage her to go forward. Indeed, either then or at another interview I felt it my duty to recommend her to take the decided step of making a public profession of faith, which she did on the following Sabbath by joining with the Lord's people in the commemoration of His death.

And here a thought occurs to me, why is it that we nowadays so seldom or ever hear of persons being for any time under such distress and anxiety regarding their salvation? We hear of persons being converted in large numbers, many of them seemingly without any period of conviction of sin, at all events without any depth of distress and alarm. Persons will go to the revival meeting with minds at ease, at the urgent solicitation of the leaders they will stand up to declare themselves on the side of Christ, and then they will be immediately numbered among the converts of such a meeting or such an evangelist, all this seemingly without any anxious feelings on account of personal guilt. It was certainly very different in former times. Our fathers would sometimes almost distrust the conversion of a man, in whose experience it had not been preceded by a period of distress under conviction of sin. Then books intended to clear the difficulties in the way of seekers after salvation were among the most valued of religious literature. For example in my young days, J. Angell James' "Anxious Inquirer Directed" was sold by the thousand and was eagerly perused. We venture to say that such books are now scarcely called for at all.

That there is such a difference I think will be manifest to all who can look back to a period forty years past, or who peruse the Christian biography, we might say, from the Puritan days. The reason, I think, is that there was more in the teachings, even of evangelical ministers, of what was called preaching the law. There was more setting forth the eternal attributes of God's character, as his righteousness and sovereignty, and there was not the proportionate exhibition of His grace and mercy.

In this we think we erred on the one hand, but yet we are often afraid that in a great deal of modern revivalism, or evangelism as it is often called, there is a serious error on the other, in the too exclusive exhibition of the love and grace of Christ. When we consider how much of the Bible is occupied with the exhibition of God as the righteous law giver, when we remember that the gracious Saviour commenced his ministry by setting forth the law of God in its purity and breadth—in a manner never before known, when we remember the apostle represents the purpose of the law, as producing the knowledge of sin (Rom. iii. 20), as shutting men up to the faith of Christ (Gal. iii. 23,) and as our guide (N. V.) to bring us to Christ (7. 24) we may well consider whether much of our modern Christian effort is not lacking in the distinctive holding up of the righteousness of God and the purity and inflexibility of His law. Mr. Spurgeon compares this to attempting to run up a building before the foundation is laid and goes the length of saying that he believes that in this way much of modern evangelism does more harm than good.

But this is aside from my narrative. Before I left and afterward, I had reason to believe that the case of this girl was only one indication of a special work of the Spirit of God going on at that time in that community. A deep seriousness seemed to rest on the minds of the people, and either then or afterward a larger number of persons than was usual when congregations are vacant, made a profession of religion. The circumstances rendered this more remarkable. There had been no special meetings to awaken interest, from the scarcity of preachers the congregation had not had regular supply, and the former pastor after labouring amid coldness and indifference, had left discouraged, if not disposed to shake off the dust of his feet against them. These circumstances seemed strikingly to mark the whole as the doing of the Lord, and specially illustrates the sovereignty of the Spirit's operations. Shortly after, commissioners from the congregation being present at a meeting of Presbytery with a view to obtaining a minister,

one old father said jokingly to them, "Why you thrive best when you are without a minister." (But after all what of fruit was now gathered sprang from the seed that had been previously sown, and how much by the pastor whose labour seemed fruitless is only known to Him who said that 'one soweth and another reapeth.')

It was several years before I again heard of this young convert. The congregation had in the meantime been connected with another presbytery and I had not the same opportunities of hearing of her. But I have often since felt ashamed of myself that I was so long in enquiring about her. But when I did hear of her it was to receive a most gratifying account of her subsequent life. She was the oldest of the family and from that time she took a sort of motherly lead of the younger children, and I am led to believe that largely through her influence, one after another became a follower of the Saviour. Further, there was in her immediate neighbourhood a number of families in a state of utter religious indifference, I might almost say practical heathenism. She commenced missionary work among them, especially by gathering the children, who were growing up in the deepest ignorance, to instruct them in the ordinary branches of learning, but especially to train them for the Saviour. The missionary spirit continued to possess her. When I last heard of her she was engaged in teaching a mission class among the Chinese, in San Francisco. I may add that a younger sister had been for several years an earnest and successful teacher in one of the Foreign Mission fields of our church.

Two thoughts are suggested by these facts. First the influence of an older sister upon the younger members of the family. By her constant companionship with them, and the manner in which they are disposed to follow her leadership, I am inclined to believe that in many cases her influence is not even second to that of a mother. At all events it is powerful enough largely either to make or mar all the instructions of a parent, and proportionate must be the responsibility of such a position. Then secondly, we have here a beautiful example of the order in which religion in one heart diffuses itself around. As Andrew first findeth his own brother Peter and brought him to Jesus so she first sought the salvation of her family. Then as the woman of Samaria told to the men of her own city of the wonderful man who had told her all her life, so she next labours for the welfare of the community around her. Then as these disciples went forth under the command to preach the Gospel to every creature, so her sympathies

finally went forth to a world lying in the wicked one. May such a spirit more and more be bound in all who name the name of Christ!

CHRISTIAN GIVING UNION.

The following is a leaflet issued by the Presbyterian Church of England, dated July, 1887. Please read it carefully.—[Ed.]

"The subject of *Systematic Beneficence* is receiving increasing attention every year. All Sections of the Christian Church feel that something ought to be done to lift Giving out of the rut into which it has sunk, that it may become a means of grace to the giver, and an act of worship worthy of Him who giveth all. A great step in advance was made at the recent meeting of Synod, when it was unanimously agreed to form a "Christian Giving Union." The only conditions of membership are these:—

I.—To set apart a definite proportion of Income for Religious and Charitable purposes.

II.—To try to induce others to do the same.

No one is asked to pledge himself to any particular amount, it being left to his own conscience, to determine, as in the presence of God alone, whether he will give one-tenth, one-twentieth, or any other proportion, greater or less, of his income. The amount ought to be prayerfully set apart as The Lord's Portion, for Religious and Charitable objects. We plead for order and method in this matter. No large business concern could be conducted successfully for any length of time, without order and method in every department; how much more ought the Lord's money to be given in a worthy manner, that the Lord's work may be efficiently done.

In the majority of cases, giving to Christ's cause is left to chance, impulse, or pressure. Not having realized that they are stewards, Christians often give grudgingly, as if they were parting with their own money. Giving in such a spirit, they conclude that they are so much the poorer, forgetting that God requires a fair proportion of all He gives to us. The most generous givers must say with the Psalmist, "*Of Thine own have we given Thee.*" (1 Chr. xxix, 14.)

The following may be mentioned as some of the benefits which would flow from Systematic and Proportionate Giving:—

1st.—The Finances of the Church would be placed on a sound, scriptural basis. Schemes languishing for lack of funds, would be amply supported. All the departments of home and foreign work would be aided as

they have never been in the history of our Church.

2nd.—Ministers and Office-Bearers would be saved much anxiety. Congregations would not have to "go down to Egypt for help"; adopting means of raising money which, being questionable and unscriptural, must be dishonoring to the great Head of the Church. "*Freely ye have received, freely give.*" (Matt. x. 8.)

3rd.—The few generous friends who are asked to give to every special object would be saved many urgent appeals. What is thought to be the duty of the few, would be the privilege of the many. "*Let every one of you lay by him in store, as the Lord hath prospered him.*" (1 Cor. xvi. 2.)

4th.—Temporal prosperity would often attend the efforts of the Faithful Steward. Multitudes have already experienced the truth of the promise, "*Give, and it shall be given unto you.*" (Luke vi. 38.)

5th.—The practice would also be the means of much spiritual blessing. "*The liberal soul shall be made fat.*" (Prov. xi. 25.) "*He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed.*" Prov. xxii : 9. "*He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver. And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.*" 2 Chr., ix. 6-8.

In the faith of such promises, will Ministers, Office-Bearers, and others, give this subject their prayerful consideration? It lies near the heart of Christ, being closely connected with the prosperity of His Kingdom. It is not a popular subject. It is opposed to much that is selfish and base in human nature. It strikes at the root of that feeling so common among Christian people, that their money is their own, to make use of it as they please; giving much, or little, or nothing, according to their inclination. This is in direct contradiction of our Lord's teaching on Christian Stewardship, and is a heresy which ought to be stamped out. The Church needs to be awakened to a sense of its duty and privilege in this matter. It is not enough that Congregations pay their way. What of the heathenism at home and abroad? Our orders are, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The world is open to receive the Gospel; men are offering to carry the good News to "the uttermost part of the earth;" the thing needed is that the Lord's money be consecrated, and set free to aid in this most sacred enterprise, the preaching of the

Gospel "among all nations."

It is very desirable that each Presbytery appoint a special Committee on Christian Giving, for the purpose of bringing the subject before the people in their respective districts. It would be still better if helpers could be found in each Congregation. From what has been said it will be seen, that giving a definite proportion of Income (*weekly if possible*) is infinitely better than the haphazard, spasmodic mode, so common everywhere. It is more Spiritual, more in keeping with the great work given us to do; and, thus, more honouring to Him, Whose we are, and Whom we serve. Let every one adopt the plan of having a Box, or Purse, or special Bank Account, in which the Lord's Portion is put from time, "as God hath prospered him." We have all the machinery needed for carrying on His work; let us have the spirit of liberality raised to its proper level; then shall we witness results such as we have not yet seen."

THE BEST CURE FOR DOUBT.

One of the best preservatives against religious doubts and misgivings is to be constantly engaged in Christ's work. When the mind is full of Him and of holy ministries, there is neither time nor opportunity for thinking about troublesome fears and difficulties. The late Mr. William Munsie, of Glasgow, Scotland, acted upon this principle, and possessed great peace of mind and comfort in religion. He was a very zealous worker in his Master's vineyard. Some one put to him the inquiry if he had any doubts or fears, when he answered "I have so much in Christ to think of, and so much to do for Him, that I find little leisure for entertaining that question." Should doubt arise about your salvation, do not sit down in a melancholy mood and take a pessimistic view of your state, but commit your soul anew to Christ, and then become absorbed in Him and his kingdom. Practical Christian service clarifies the vision and removes spiritual depression.

If you would ruin the child, dance to his every caprice and stuff him with confectionery. Before you are aware of it that boy of six years will go down the street, a cigar in his mouth, and ready on every corner with his comrades to compare pugilistic attainments. The parent who allows a child to grow up without ever having learned the great duty of obedience and submission, has prepared a cup of burning gall for his own lips and appalling destruction for his descendant.—*Talmage*.

COMPANY MANNERS.

"I wish that we always had company at our house," said little Jenny Brown to me the other day.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because mamma is so pleasant and smiling then. If I go into the parlor, she says, 'Jenny, my dear, come and speak to Mrs. Smith;' but as soon as the visitors are gone, she says, 'Jenny, you lazy girl, what business had you to come in while I was talking to Mrs. Smith? You know that you ought to have been shelling the peas.' And then she shakes me, and keeps scolding at me, and tells father, when he comes home, what a good-for-nothing girl I am."

I was sorry for Jenny. And I fear that she is not the only little girl that would like to have company, because mamma is so much kinder to her before folks than when they are alone. How cruel it is to lavish our smiles and kind words on mere acquaintances and treat coldly or unkindly those whom we ought to love, and whose happiness depends so largely upon our treatment of them. An apostle exhorts his readers to "show piety at home," and he might have added "politeness." Indeed, truly pious men or women will not have two kinds of manners, but always be patient and gentle, whether at home or abroad.—*Sel.*

PRESCRIPTION FOR FITS.

For a fit of passion, walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the air without hurting anyone, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a negro.

For a fit of extravagance and folly, go to the work-house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

Who maketh his bed of briar and thorn
Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a fit of ambition, go into the churchyard and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of ambition.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a fit of despondency, look on the good things which have been given you in the world. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, will find them, while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his button hole.—*Ex.*

HANS EGEDE, THE APOSTLE OF GREENLAND.

In the tenth century a colony or colonies of Norwegians settled in Greenland and carried with them such knowledge of the gospel as they possessed, and the ruins of their homes built around the church and its God's acre, show that religion had a prominent place among them.

How long they flourished, and in what way they perished, we know not; for the ice barrier round their northern home was strong, and the pulse of commerce was slow and weak, so that ages elapsed between their extinction and the knowledge of it in their fatherland. Whether they were swept away by pestilence, or died a lingering death by famine, or gradually diminished in numbers till they all perished, we may not know. It is suggestive in this connection that more than three centuries ago a boat fastened together with sinews drifted ashore in Iceland, containing an oar on which was traced in Runic letters the words, "I grew tired while I drew thee." No doubt they prayed much and fervently in their distress, and the cold icebergs seemed to fling back a stern refusal to their cries, but victory over the last enemy may have been vouchsafed at the time, and centuries after, another answer was given by Him who does not forget the prayers of his children, even long after they have entered into rest.

January 31, 1686, a babe was sent to a humble Norwegian home. The parents welcomed the new comer with true affection and sought to train him up for God, for though they knew not many things familiar to us to-day, their faith may have been more simple and their lives less ambitious and worldly than ours. Like other children in that rugged region, little Hans (John) soon learned to share in the toils and amusements of his elders, and the long winter evenings of that northern clime gave him ample opportunity to gratify his taste for reading. He was a loving and gentle spirit, ever ready to respond to the sorrows of others, and he made such good use of his educational privileges in Copenhagen that he was ordained pastor of the remote parish of Vaagen, or Vogen, as soon as he became of age. Soon after this he was united in marriage to Miss Gertrude Rusk who was destined to be a true helpmeet and source of strength to him amid privations and trials of which their life in that humble manse gave them no conception.

In the course of his reading he became intensely interested in the fate of those colonies that had gone out to Greenland so

long ago and been lost sight of for so many years. He not only longed to know their fate, but feared lest any who still survived might fall away from the truth: and he desired, besides strengthening that which might still remain, to impart the gospel to the heathen around them. For a long time he kept his feelings to himself, not even telling them to his companion, but they were as fire shut up in his bones, and he could not rest.

Frederic IV. was then King of Norway and Denmark and had sent out Ziegenbalg and others as missionaries to Tranquebar in India. This encouraged him to apply in behalf of Greenland, and in 1710, just three years after his settlement at Vaagen, he sent a memorial to the King and wrote to his own Bishop of Drontheim and to Rindulf Bishop of Bergen, to support his petition. It shows his ardor that in an age when missionary societies were unknown he pushed forward alone, and it shows his practical spirit that he obtained such influential men to second his appeal.

This application to the King, however, gave publicity to his desires, and his people at once set themselves against the undertaking. They even stirred up his own family to oppose him. Hans Egede tried at first to comply with their wishes, but the more he tried to give up the work, the greater was his distress. His companion saw this, and was induced to listen to him, and pray over the matter, and the result was a sympathy with his plans that never wavered, but ever helped him over hard places, where otherwise he himself had gone backward. Her sympathy so encouraged him now that he addressed a memorial to the College of Missions, and again intreated the bishops to second his petition. They, however, received him coldly and the whole subject was deferred from year to year under various pretexts. Meantime he met with nothing but misunderstanding and ridicule. Things were laid to his charge that he knew not. He was accused by some of insanity, and by others of ambition to become the Bishop of Greenland.

So far from yielding to opposition, he made a journey to the Capital and pressed his suit in person before the King who granted him an interview. The result was a royal order that those who had knowledge of the Arctic regions should send in their opinions to the Court, and they were so decided in their opinions that he became the object of even greater derision. At length he prevailed on a few men to subscribe £40 apiece, with £60 from himself, and then by dint of patient labour he got together £2,000 in all, and with this a vessel was

bought and the good man returned happy to his home to make preparation for the voyage after eleven years of patient toil and trials. Yet when he came to leave the people whom he loved it needed all the courage of his wife to carry him through the ordeal. At Bergen where the vessel lay the people pitied his young and devoted wife, but looked on him as a fanatic. It needed strong faith in God to take not only his wife, but the four little ones whom God had given them, on such a voyage, with not even the prospect of a shelter when they landed on that dreary shore, but God honored that trust reposed in him by not only preserving every one of them through many years in that climate, but in making them vessels of mercy and channels of grace to others.

Forty souls in all were on board the ship which sailed from Bergen in May, 1721, and after a perilous voyage, the latter part of it among vast masses of ice in a stormy sea, and often in dense fog, they landed on the island of Kangek, on July 3rd.

They found there the summer tents of a Greenland village, who wondered at the strange sight of a woman and little children on board the ship. When they found however, that this meant remaining in the country, they at once moved their tents to a distance, and would not even receive a visit from the strangers who they feared had come to take vengeance for previous robberies and murders of their countrymen.

The situation was anything but attractive. As many as twenty natives occupied one tent, their bodies unwashed, and their hair uncombed and both their persons and clothing dripping with rancid oil. The tents were filled and surrounded with seal flesh in all stages of decomposition, and the only scavengers were the dogs, and even they do not seem to have been adequate to the disposing of the offal. Not only were there no readers, but few that had any thought beyond the routine of their daily life. No article that could be carried off was safe within their reach, and, of course, lying was open and shameless, for stealing and falsehood always go together. Further acquaintance only brought to light even greater unloveliness. They were skillful in derision and mimicry, and, despising men, who, they said, spent their time in looking at a piece of paper, or scratching it with a feather, they did not study gentle modes of giving expression to their feelings. It was still worse when they pretended interest in the truth before the missionary, and then mocked and mimicked him with their companions. They wanted nothing but plenty of seals, and as for the fires of hell, that, they said, would be a pleasant contrast to

their terrible cold. And when the missionary urged them to deal truly with God, they asked him in reply when he had seen him last.

The cold in winter was terrific. The missionary made a fire in every room, carefully closed every cranny and wore a suit of fur, yet the eider down pillows stiffened with frost under his head, the hoar frost extended even to the mouth of the stove, and alcohol froze upon the table. The cold was most unendurable where the surface of the water did not freeze, for then a thin smoke arose from it that cut like a knife, and none could stand before it. The sun was invisible for two months. There was no change in the dreary night. What wonder if people in such cold grew slothful! Even our daintiest housekeepers, under such an ordeal, would abate somewhat of their punctilio.

It is not strange that in such a climate and among such a people, when the traders found there was no trade, and provisions began to run low, his associates began to murmur when the expected store ship did not appear in the spring, and resolved to go back. In vain Egede pleaded with them. They would only consent to remain till June. As the time drew near he was in agony; he could not desert his post; at the same time he could not stay alone and see his wife and children perish. He had yielded to the demand for returning had not his wife nobly refused to abandon the work God had given them to do. Even when the men began to tear down the buildings she expressed her firm conviction that the ship was near, and on June 27 it arrived, bringing news that the merchants promised to persevere in spite of their ill-success, and that the King had even laid an assessment on his subjects to sustain the mission.

On his first arrival Egede had gone among the people, as soon as he had learned to ask the question, "What is this?" and wrote down their answers to his inquiries. Now, in the winter of 1722, both he and his two sons took up their abode in the winter quarters of the people, despite their filth and stench, in order to learn their language, and in summer he explored a valley in Amalik Bay, where, amid grass and wild flowers and low thickets of birch, willow and juniper, he found the ruins of one of the settlements that he had read about at home. Here in the fallen church he felt that his countrymen once sang their Norwegian hymns and offered prayers which he knew would be answered by Him who never forgets.

In the second year three ships were sent, one with stores, another for whaling, which carried back a cargo valued at £600, and a

third for exploration, which was cast away in a storm. Egede, this year, went with two shallops on a voyage of five weeks to the east coast of Greenland. The natives pointed out many inlets containing Norwegian ruins, and in one place they found the ruins of a church 50 feet by 20 with walls six feet in thickness. The walls of the churchyard were also still standing, and here in silence rested the remains of both pastor and people.

In his effort to raise a crop he set fire to the old grass in May, to thaw the ground, and then sowed grain, which he had to cut unripe in September. He now translated a short catechism as well as some prayers and hymns, but could not interest the people, especially if they had some frolic on hand, or one of the *augetoaks* (sorcerers) was present. One family at length desired to be baptized, but he wisely deferred it till they should know more of God.

The next year two young men were sent to Copenhagen; one died on the return voyage, but the account the other gave of the King and Court, the churches and public buildings made a strong impression on the people, who had neither laws nor magistrates, and only counted him the greatest who caught the most seals. The young man himself fell back into his old way of life, and married a wife whose favor he had to win by proving that the dainties of Denmark had not taken away his appetite for seal's blubber.

In the year 1727 they had almost exhausted their stores, and being without ammunition or skill in fishing, Egede sailed 100 leagues to buy provisions from the Dutch, but he obtained only a pittance, and famine stared them in the face. The commercial company at home, discouraged by ill success, refused to do any more for them, and the associate who had labored four years with him broke down in health, and had to return to Denmark.

Amid this pressure of trials Egede was greatly strengthened by the strong faith and unflinching cheer of his companion. She was confined to the monotony of their humble home, while he was called here and there by the duties of his office; but though its comforts were very scanty, she saw the ships from Norway come and go, and heard tidings from her native land without any desire to desert her work. Amid all his troubles her husband ever found her face serene and her spirit rejoicing in God. His greatest trial was the want of success in his work. He might have had a following of as many baptized unbelievers as he chose, but, though many pretended to believe, he could find little change in heart or life, for those who affected to hear the word with joy,

among their own people still spoke of his instructions and prayers with derision.

In 1728 four ships arrived with a man-of-war, and a fort was erected to defend the colony against the piracy of other nations. Two colleagues also came in them, and Paul, the oldest son of Egede, returned in them, to study for the ministry, but a contagious disease broke out among the Norwegians, and, worst of all, a mutiny among the soldiers, so that even the life of the Governor was in peril. Most of the mutineers died of the pestilence, and it was touching to see the invalids, when carried to the tents of the natives in the spring, clasp the tender moss and wild flowers in their hands, as old friends from home. Soldiers and forts, however, did little to help the mission. They rather drove the natives away from the settlement. Then, after the death of Frederic IV. an order came for the colonists to return to Denmark. Egede was given his choice to return with them or remain with such as would share his exile, with provisions for a year, after which no more help was to be looked for. In such circumstances, no one would consent to stay with him, and his heart was heavy. His entreaties, however, induced a few sailors to remain. All the rest abandoned the mission, even his two colleagues left him to toil alone, and so he was left for more than two years of trial. He had left Norway full of hope and love for the inhabitants of one of the most desolate lands on earth, but the desolation of the land was not greater than the desolation of his hopes of usefulness. Tethered to one dreary spot, the same stolid faces met his eye, the same knockings fell on his ear. And was it for this that he had given up all, and forced his way here at so great an outlay of toil and treasure? In patient labor and baffled hope, what missionary can compare with him? But the failure in Greenland was not all. What would be the effect at home? Those who had derided his undertaking at first would now ask, "Where are the results?" Had they not foretold this issue of so insane a scheme? His old flock at Vaagen pleaded for his return; and was it not his duty to educate his children? Then, what good influence or elevating associates could they find in Greenland? Well might he say, "My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God," but instead of that we read of great quietness of spirit, arising from a hearty resignation to the will of God. His home, too, was a house of peace. The members of the household were of one mind, and found great enjoyment in each other.

In May, 1733, word came that trade would be renewed, and the mission support-

ed. The king ordered an annual gift of £400. Better still, three Moravian missionaries arrived from Hernhuth, and this formed a turning point in the spiritual history of Greenland.

Egede was not elated, for he had been too familiar with trial in the past to look for unbroken prosperity: and it was well that he felt thus, for trials were at hand greater than he had yet passed through. First came the small pox, and as the natives had no experience in managing the disease, its ravages were frightful. In their despair some stabbed themselves, others plunged into the sea. In one hut an only son died, and the father enticed his wife's sister in, and murdered her, as having bewitched his son and so caused his death. In this great trial Egede and his son went everywhere, nursing the sick, comforting the bereaved, and burying the dead. Often they found only empty houses and unburied corpses. On one island they found only one girl, with her three little brothers. After burying the rest of the people, the father had lain down in the grave he had prepared for himself and his infant child, both sick with the plague, and bade the girl cover them with skins and stones to protect their bodies from wild beasts. Egede sent the survivors to the colony, lodged as many as his house would, and nursed them with care. Many were touched by such kindness, and one who had often mocked the good man said to him now, "You have done for us more than we do for our own people; you have buried our dead and told us of a better life." It need hardly be added that the missionary's wife was not backward in in sharing these labors of her husband, but they were more than she could bear, and she too fell sick. She was prepared to die, but it was a sore trial to leave him alone and without that blessing on his labors for which both had prayed and suffered so much. She had often assisted him in instructing and exhorting the people, and now he hung over her with their children. He had not looked for such a loss, and for the moment it was more than he could bear. She breathed her last invoking the blessing of God on those she left behind.

His oldest son now returned from Europe as missionary to the colony, and so succeeded his father in the work. The second son became a captain in the Danish navy, and was always a good friend of the mission. His daughters remained with him, but he never recovered from his great loss. The hardships of fifteen years labor in so rigorous a climate told on him in his advancing years, and when in 1736 the king kindly invited him to come home, he accepted the

invitation, and spent his remaining years in retirement on the island of Falster, still working for his beloved Greenland, and cared for by his oldest daughter, who refused to leave him till he closed his singularly self-denying life, Nov. 5, 1758, in the 73rd year of his age.

The reader may, perhaps, wonder that a life so unselfish and so occupied in filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ for His body's sake, which is the church, should have been productive of so small results.

Two things may be suggested by way of explanation. One, the results of a man's life are not all immediate, or in manifest connection with his labors. It was so with our Redeemer himself, who laid the foundation on which has been built up all the usefulness of every fruit-bearing disciple. In like manner Egede laid the foundation on which Moravians built up the kingdom of God in Greenland.

The other lesson to be learned from the life of this good man is, that the preaching of Christ crucified is the power of God and the wisdom of God, or, as the apostle says elsewhere: "The gospel is the power of God unto salvation." Now, it is not to be denied that, with all his zeal and spirit of self-sacrifice, Hans Egede did not give due prominence to the direct preaching of redemption through the blood of Jesus Christ. The truth was preached, but only as it formed part of a creed, and the aim was rather to win assent to that creed than to set forth redeeming love as the appointed means by which the Holy Spirit would shed abroad that love in the hearts of His hearers, and so lead them to Christ. The very men who mocked the theological teachings of Hans Egede felt the power of God in connection with this divinely appointed instrumentality in the hands of the Moravians.

When John Beck, on that memorable June 2, dwelt on God so loving the world as to give his Only Begotten Son, the long winter came to an end. Kaiarnac stepped forward, asking eagerly, "How was that? Tell me that again, for I also would be saved," and we may hope that if Hans Egede had given that truth like prominence the blessing might have come while he was yet in the field.

Still he did not suffer for nought if the church learns from his life and sufferings that to our own personal toil and self sacrifice must be added the clear setting forth of the love of God in Christ if we would see sinners partakers of eternal life.—*Rev. T. Laurie in Miss. Review.*

THE CRUELITIES OF HEATHENISM
AND MISSIONARY SUCCESS.

Dr. J. A. Grey a Medical missionary of the Presbyterian church in Ireland, writes as follows from Northern Manchuria, North China.

"Unfortunately, on entering the city of Kirin the charm is rudely broken, for the streets are very filthy, and the smells arising from decaying refuse of all kinds is most objectionable. The Government returns lately stated the population to be 150,000, and as we passed through the gateways how my heart longed that by God's strength we might proclaim this great city as taken possession of for King Jesus, and that soon He might be her crowned by many Lord of all. At present we do not know of one of the teeming thousands who is called by the ever holy name of Christian.

The evening we arrived we had great difficulty in getting an inn, so we judged that there must be some considerable opposition on the part probably of the official classes. After about three hours' searching, however, we secured a room—smoky, dirty, draughty to be sure, but we were right glad to get any resting place to lay our weary heads. The evangelist who had been sent to Kirin two months before us to try and rent a house came and reported to us his utter failure to do so, and that during his negotiations a man had been imprisoned for rendering him assistance.

These things being so, clearly our first duty was to allay the suspicious of the people by quiet deeds of kindness whilst living for a time in their midst. Accordingly, we settled down in our dirty little room, opened the medicine chest, and in a quiet way intimated to the innkeeper that if any of her friends were sick we would attend them and give them medicine. We thought it better not to make any public announcement.

The day after we arrived, when sitting in our room waiting for our way to open up, we were startled by dreadful screams coming from the other side of the yard of the inn. We made inquiries, and found that a native doctor and sorcerer was treating the daughter-in-law of the innkeeper for being "possessed of a devil," and that he had succeeded in getting the evil spirit up into her arms and would soon get out. We refrained from interfering for a short time, but as the screaming continued and betokened great suffering, we then went across to see if we could not render assistance.

The sight which met our eyes was ghastly. In a small room, crowded with men and women, the sorcerer was carrying on his diabolical work. His patient—a poor woman

of 30 years of age—was held down by a number of strong men upon the king, or bed, and was simply writhing in agony. Two large needles were sticking through her upper lip and others were being forced up under her finger nails. Some of the largest veins in the forearm had just been opened, and the dark venous blood was pouring out. The ignorant and superstitious people, pointing to the blood, cried "Look at its colour, it is well to let it out." The colour was really that of healthy venous blood. It was in vain that we protested against this inhuman cruelty. Warnings and pleadings were alike fruitless, and the exorcist proceeded, looking a little angry, however, at our expostulations. Incense sticks were shortly produced and burned before him, whilst he muttered some prayers, and went through a series of fanatical gesticulations, such as gulping down the devil and slapping himself on his forehead, &c. After he left, the story we got from the mother-in-law of the patient seemed to indicate that the subject of these tortures was suffering from some infectious fever, and had for some nights been delirious. This the poor people thought was "possession by a devil."

Next morning, to our horror, we learned that the woman had died during the night. About ten o'clock in the forenoon she was buried. We got a glimpse of the proceedings from our window. First of all the corpse was carried out on a litter covered with blankets, followed by a man dressed in white cloths (the mourning colour), scattering ashes over the path. Then came a paper effigy of the woman—life size—and a paper ox, to be burned at the grave, it being supposed that these attend to the disembodied spirit in the other world. During all this time a deafening noise, caused by the bursting of powder crackers and blowing of horns, somewhat like the bagpipes, was kept up. Lastly, a herd of swine were fiercely driven to and fro in the courtyard, there being some superstition connected with the proceeding which we could not ascertain, but which brought to our recollection the "herd of swine" possessed by devils mentioned in Scripture. Oh, dear fellow-Christians, I had often read missionary stories before leaving home telling of the cruelties of heathendom, but how different it is when one is brought face to face with such dreadful deeds and is powerless to stop them! Our only hope is in God and in your prayers on our behalf. Do pray much for the overthrow of Satan's strongholds of sorcery, witchcraft, and idolatry, and the setting up of the banner of Jehovah. Kirin is a city wholly given to idolatry, and no might nor power of ours can change it. No! but,

blessed be God, we have His word that, although not by might and not by power, yet by His Spirit, the standard shall be lifted up against the enemy.

From the first moment we entered Kirin we have been constantly watched by Government officials, and felt that we required to walk very circumspectly lest we should give any offence. On going about the streets the words "foreign devils" were ever on the people's lips, but no violence was offered, and we considered it a very little thing to be called upon to suffer for the sake of Christ. Curses from such people felt to me like "blessings" from the Master Himself, such a sweet sense of serving the King did it bring into the soul.

By waiting quietly for a day or two, and doing what work offered itself, the people gradually began to place more confidence in us. One of my first patients was a poor little boy whose eyes had been very sore for some months, and who had spent about 3s—a large sum for him—on native doctors and had derived no benefit. By God's blessing, he was quite healed in a day or two, and that, to his amazement, "free of charge." How grateful the little fellow was, and, as the result, he brought me several "eye" patients. Thus the work began to grow. We did every thing in public. I mean our little room was always filled with a number of spectators. This was the delight of the Chinaman's heart, and soon we became good friends all round. Little operations made great impression on their ignorant minds. The first man whose tooth I pulled said I must have taken it out by some spiritual power, as he never felt it go, and "there," said he, "is the very tooth in my hand." Pain, however, to them must be a very relative term.

After we had been a little more than a week in Kirin, when our work had begun to make a favourable impression, we thought it desirable, if possible, to get the consent of the authorities to come and settle in Kirin. To do this we required to interview the "Perfect," one of the chief magistrates of the city; but never has this high official condescended to see foreigners except those in the Chinese Government service. Russian military gentlemen, French priests, English travellers and missionaries, &c., have alike always been refused interviews. We, however, sent our cards and passports, and prayed the Lord to give us favour in his sight. In return he sent his card but begged to be excused, as he was not attending to public business, having asked leave of the Governor-General for a short holiday. We thought this was just a polite way of refusing us, but in five or six days we repeated

our request. Again we were refused, being told that his holidays had not yet expired. What was to be done? We resolved after much deliberation to make a third and final attempt to see him, and on this occasion, to use a common expression, we to the bull by the horns by going in style right to the Perfect's official residence without giving him notice, and on arrival respectfully requested an interview. The result was far beyond our expectations, as he received us very cordially and gave us all due respect and courtesy. Probably three things conduced to this success, namely—1st, the great help Mr. Carson and other missionaries have been rendering the famine-stricken people; 2nd, a kind word spoken on our behalf to the Governor-General by Mr. Schiern, a Danish gentleman in the Government Telegraph Service at Kirin; 3rd, the good reports conveyed to him of our medical missionary work in the city.

After an interview of nearly an hour he assured us as he would not hinder us in our work, and would undertake to speak to the Governor-General and others in authority on our behalf. His mind was quite at ease, he said that we had no end in view but the welfare of his people, and we might rely on his assistance. About a week later we again visited him, and were again well received. He then gave us the permission of the Governor-General, himself, and the other magistrates to rent premises and come and stay in Kirin: The Governor-General, he said, had remarked that "if the people wished to follow the foreigners' doctrine, why shouldn't they, provided they remain law abiding citizens."

This was truly very encouraging, and our hearts ran over with gratitude to God for so wonderfully answering prayer. Yes! "The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: He turneth it whithersoever He will." The success of our visit was now almost complete and we tried to complete it by renting a suitable house. This, however, was impossible at the season of the year, there being no suitable houses offering. During our visit we treated about 400 sick people of all classes and ranks, some being poor coolies off the street, who could not afford to buy a bottle for the medicine, and others mandarins dressed in silks and satins. Before we left we seldom heard the words "foreign devil" called after us, but were treated very respectfully, and often heard the words, "There goes the doctor," and "I wonder if the doctor would look at my eyes just now," and so on.

The scenes were sometimes very touching, as the blind were led in to us, the fever-stricken carried and laid before us; as many

with loathsome diseases prostrated themselves at our feet and implored us to heal them. Christ-like work! Who does not envy us, Who will join in the triumph of the Gospel of healing to body and soul? Pray, then? for us, and yours will be a large share of the honour, for "more is wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

"The Lord hath done great things for us thereof we are glad," ay! and *shall* do, for hath He not said, "I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

IN THE SUNSHINE OF CHRIST'S LOVE.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

One of the historic landmarks in the Church of Christ was that "upper room" in Jerusalem, where the Master instituted the sacrament which commemorates His atoning love. After He had broken the bread, and given the cup to His disciples. He summons them to "arise and go hence," and leads them out towards Gethsemane. What a wonderful walk was that, and what a wonderful talk He gave them as they moved through the silent streets to the vale of Kedron! That chamber had been redolent of His redeeming love; the atmosphere was laden with its sweet fragrance. The first thing He speaks of is the vital union which He has formed between them and Himself—an union as close as the parent vine to all its branches and tendrils. Then He tells them that even as the Father had loved Him, so did He love them, and tenderly charges them "*Abide ye in my love.*" Not their love to Him, but His love for them. He had created a warm, bright, blessed atmosphere of love, and He urges His little flock to *continue* in it.

It is possible for all of us Christians to live steadily in this bright sunshine, where His love is falling in a constant stream of warm effulgence? It must be possible; for our Master never commands what we cannot perform. Sinless perfection may not be attainable in this life. But there is one thing which all of Christ's redeemed people can do, and that is to keep themselves in the delightful atmosphere of His love. It is our fault, and our shame that we spend so many days in the chilling fogs—or under the heavy clouds of unbelief, or down in the damp dark cellars of conformity to the world. There are three conditions which Christ enjoins upon us. If we fulfil them we shall abide in the sunshine of His love.

1. The first one is *obedience*. "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in My

love, even as I have kept My Father's commandments and abide in His love," A boy leaves his home for school or college, and his mother packs his trunk, with many a tear, moistening his wardrobe. She puts a Bible there, and says to him "Now my dear boy, this you will read every morning and night; and while you are on your knees in prayer, your mother is with you." By-and by her heart leaps with joy when he writes to her that he is doing just what she bade him; and every time that obedient loyal son opens that book and bends on his knees before God, he is surrounded by the sweet atmosphere of his mother's love. He gains two blessings: strength to resist outside temptations, and the heart-happiness of pleasing his devoted unselfish mother.

In like manner we who call ourselves Christians should abide in the bright warm atmosphere of our Master's love. We must heartily accept a *whole* Christ, both as Saviour and Lord, and accept Him without any reserves or limitations. He has a right to command; it is ours simply to obey. Stephen Girard, the Philadelphia millionaire; was once called on by a poor man who wanted employment. Gerard told him to go into a vacant lot near by and carry all the stones on one side of the lot over to the other side, and the next day to move them all back again. At the end of the week, when he came for his wages, Girard said to him, "I like you. There is no nonsense about you. You do just what you are told to do, and ask no questions; you shall have work as long as I have anything to be done." This is the kind of service which Christ wants. "Lord *what wilt Thou have me to do?*" The *why* we must leave with Him. Genuine hearty obedience is not a galling burden; it becomes the secret of perfect joy. Christ tells us that our "joy shall be full."

2. The second direction for keeping in the bright beamings of the divine love is, *Growth* in godly character. Turn to the Epistle of Jude and read this: "*Building up yourselves on your most holy faith, keep yourselves in the love of God.*" The construction of a Christian character is like the construction of a house. There must first be a solid foundation. But some church members never get much beyond this. Up yonder on Lafayette avenue are long lines of massive stone-work—laid there twenty years ago. Those grass-grown stones are the foundation for a Romish Cathedral, but no Cathedral stands there yet. Some people start with a certain amount of faith in Christ, and profess that before the world. Then they stop there. They do not "*add* to their faith, courage, temperance, meekness, patience, godliness, love," and all the other stones

that enter into a solid and beautiful Christian life. Every Sunday they come and draw away more bricks and stones in the shape of truth; but they do not build them into their character. Such self-stunted professors know but little of the sweet sunshine and joy of Christ's smile. They may be growing rich, or growing popular, or growing in self-esteem, but they are not growing in grace. They try to live out in another atmosphere than the love of Christ; and their piety is "winter killed" and withering away. Such religion is a poor joyless thing; it succeeds no better than an attempt to raise oranges among the freezing fogs of Newfoundland.

3. There is one more essential to a strong and a happy life. Keeping Christ's commandments and constructing a solid, godly character, cannot be done without divine help. Therefore the Apostle adds: "*Praying in the Holy Spirit, keep yourselves in the love of God.*" I cannot understand why a backslider does not pray; or if he does, makes it a hollow formality. But every one who desires to be lifted into the sweet atmosphere of communion with Christ, must use the wings of fervent prayer. Those who make it their business to battle down besetting sins, and to build themselves up in Bible-holiness, cannot make headway without constant laying hold of the promises of divine strength. Prayer keeps us in the love of Jesus; and while keeping in that warm, pure, healthy atmosphere, we find that *prayer has wonderful power*. Jesus told His disciples that if they would only abide in His love, they might "ask what he will and it shall be done unto you!" Then, my good friends, do you want to be happy? Do you want to have power with God and peace with yourself? Do you want to get some instalment of heaven in advance? There is only one sure way, and that is to live in the light-giving, warmth-giving sunshine of your Saviour's love.

A good manner is the best letter of recommendation, for a great deal depends upon first impressions, and they are favorable or unfavorable according to a man's bearing, as he is polite or awkward, shy or self-possessed. While coarseness and gruffness locks doors and closes hearts, at courtesy, refinement and gentleness, bolts fly back and doors spring open. The rude man, though well-meaning, is avoided. Even virtue itself is offensive when coupled with an offensive manner. Better refuse a favor gracefully than grant it clumsily. Manners are minor morals. Politeness is benevolence in small things.

A FIGHT WITH DRINK.

A minister of the Gospel said to me, "I was once a sad drunkard, and I signed the pledge. Many times I had been in the ditch. When I became converted, I made up my mind I would study for the ministry. I was a student. I had no desire for the drink. I had an idea that my religion had driven all that out of me. The grace of God had taken away the appetite for, and the love of Jesus had taken away the love of, drink. I thought myself perfectly safe. I was invited out to dinner. If the gentleman had asked me to take a glass of wine, it would have been 'No'; or a glass of ale, 'No'; but he gave me some rich English plum-pudding, pretty well saturated with brandy, and with brandy-sauce over it. I thought nothing of it. I liked it. I ate it freely. I sent up my plate for a second help. On returning to my study, I began to want drink. *I wanted it.* The want began to sting and burn me. My mouth got dry. *I wanted it.* 'Well, surely, if I go now and have some—I have not had any for six years—certainly if I take just one glass now, it will allay this sort of feeling, and I shall be able to attend to my studies. No! I thought of what I had been; I thought of what I expected to be; and now,' I said, 'I will fight it.' I locked the door and threw away the key. Then commenced the fight.

I know I was on my knees a good deal of the time, but *what I did* I do not know. Some one came in the morning, about eight o'clock, and knocked at the door. 'Come in.' 'The door is locked.' I hunted about, found the key, and opened the door. Two of my fellow-students entered. 'Why,' said one, 'what is the matter with you?' 'What do you mean?' 'Why, look at your face.' They took me to the glass, and my face, I saw, was covered with blood. In my agony I had with my nails torn the skin from my forehead—*look at the scars now*—in my agony of wrestling against the desire for drink that cried through every nerve and fibre of my system. Thank God, I fought it; but it was forty-eight hours before I dared to go in the street."

You say, "That is a rare case: such cases are very rare." I wish they were. See to-day what men are sacrificing for the drink. See what they are giving up—home, friends, reputation, yea, even life itself; and that which is better than life, hopes of heaven, for the drink—dissolving the Pearl of great price in the cup, and drinking away their very hopes of heaven at a draught. Oh, it is awful when we go among them, and see them! What will they not do?

What will they not sacrifice? What will they not give up? Do you say it is because they are weak-minded? No; it depends more on the temperament, constitution, and nervous organization of a man whether, if he tries to follow your example, Mr. Moderate Drinker, he becomes intemperate or not—more than it does on what we call his strength of mind.

John B. Gough.

THE REFLEX INFLUENCE OF MISSIONS.

A striking illustration of the reflex influence of missions is seen in the case of the Hermansburg Parish, Germany. In thirty years from the time the people began their foreign mission enterprise this Church had about 150 missionaries and more than 200 native helpers in their missions, with 3,920 communicants. During the first seventeen years of this time the home Church received 10,000 members. The reflex influence of the foreign and domestic work is recognized by all. The dome of the Pantheon at Rome suggests to Brunelleschi of Florence to build the magnificent dome that for these 500 years has crowned the historic Church of that city; Rome gets back her pay through Michael Angelo, who, equally at home in Florence and in Rome, building St. Peter's Church in the latter city, taking the hint from Florence, crowns that marvel of architecture with the noblest dome in all the world. The high-domed edifice of Christianity we erect in this land shall set the pattern for yet nobler edifices that are to stand on the great heights of foreign lands; where they, in turn, incorporating such beauty and glory as the genius of other peoples shall indicate in the edifices they rear, shall make the helpful suggestion to America herself in turn, to build all the mightier and nobler structure for the King of kings—*Missionary Review.*

HOW THE LORD PROVIDES.

The *Spirit of Missions* says: A lady missionary in China gives the following interesting experience of a Chinese convert, Ah Song by name. It shows a simple trust in God which is greatly to be commended: "Soon after I became a Christian my business failed and I scarcely knew how to earn enough to support my mother; I was willing to go short myself, but could not help being troubled about her. She, with all my other friends, said it was my own fault, and if I would but give up the foreign religion they were sure the trade would be good again. I could not understand why the Lord had

sent me this trouble, but I knew that Jesus was my Saviour, and I could not give Him up. At last I was obliged to close the shop and go home to my own village. But God gave me work to do of one kind and another and I soon found my needs supplied. When I had the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to my relations I did so, and very soon was rejoiced to hear that my mother was also a disciple of Jesus; in a short time two other relations were converted, and an old lady who was living in the next house. This old lady was taken ill soon after I went to live in the village and said it was all owing to my having become a Christian. She assured me there was no good in such a religion as that, and implored me to give it up; but I told her what Jesus had done for me, and that He was only waiting to save and bless her too if she would but believe in Him. A few Sundays after she had a sedan chair brought, and was carried from her bed to the chapel, the following Sunday she also went and took a young woman with her. Soon she found my words were true, and Jesus became as precious to her as He was to me. If God had not made my business to fail I should not have gone to live near my relations, and they would not have heard the Gospel. It is worth hundreds of dollars to me to know that they are now rejoicing in Jesus as their Saviour. I have proved God's goodness to me, and I want to follow Him all my life."

A FATHER'S TESTIMONY AS TO LICENSED RUM.

The following is the testimony and experience of one of many Fathers who have suffered from the licensed Rum Traffic:—

"I tell you, sir, if I could recall my last vote I should cast it for 'God and Home and Native land.' I see now as I never saw before the evil of the licensed dram-shop." "But why this change?" "You see I have a boy, and had another, he is gone now. Oh that one of them had never been born."

The night after the recent election, (when I voted against temperance reform and legislation and in favor of the license system), my oldest boy came home, and woe was his coming. Never before had I known that he touched liquor. We put him to bed, where he slept off its stupefying effects. Would to God he had died before he reached the age of majority? He promised faithfully on the next morning that he would never again touch the poison.

A week passed. I thought he was simply sowing his wild oats and began to congratulate myself upon having seen him in time to stop his course, when, upon returning home

one evening, I found the household in great sorrow. My wife led me to the room of our boy. There prone upon the bed he lay, covered with mud, filth and blood, and within him a thousand demons were coursing through his veins, in the shape of rum. A doctor had been summoned and now arrived. He dressed the wounds and went his way. All night wife and I watched with our boy. All night his cries could be heard throughout the house. All night he ceased not to play cards, curse and blaspheme God in his delirium. All that night and far into the next day we prayed God to spare our boy. But no, on the morrow he must be summoned to a higher court, to deal with the just and righteous judge. He passed away with curses on his lips into an unknown world, and I pray God to forgive me for having with my vote allowed such places to exist that will send manhood and youth in all their strength and vigor to an endless hell.

Oh that I could recall my vote in favor of the License system. Oh! that I might have stayed the hand that gave my boy to drink! Oh! that I could have stayed the judgment of death, but all is over. The past will be past still, and we will meet with our God where we will receive a just recompense. But now I want to say to every father in the land, "*don't vote for the license system, don't vote for the license system.*" For the remainder of my life I will guard and protect my one remaining boy, and I will do all in my power to guard and protect my neighbors boy by helping to rid our land from the accursed traffic in intoxicating liquors. I am now for God and Home and Native Land. And night and morning while I live I will pray God to bless every temperance society and every association of the *Women's Christian Temperance Union*.—*Sel*

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

Have you ever studied the art of self-defence?" said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile, and then answered thoughtfully:

"Yes, I have both studied and practiced it."

"Ah!" said the other eagerly. "Whose system did you adopt—Sutton's or Sayers'?"

"Solomon's," was the reply; "and as I have now been in training for some time on his principles, I can confidently recommend his system."

Somewhat abashed, the youth stammered out:

"Solomon's! And what is the special point of his system of training?"

"Briefly this," replied the other: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

For a moment the young man felt an inclination to laugh, and looked at his friend anxiously, to see whether he was serious.

But a glance at the accomplished athlete was enough; and soon a very different set of feelings came over the youth, as his muscular companion added, with solemn emphasis, "Try it!"

The recommendation is worthy of every one's serious consideration. There must be times in the lives of all when we need a system of self-defence; and to go into training on Solomon's method will avert many a painful conflict. "He that is slow so anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." The tongue is fire, a world iniquity; and precisely because "the tongue can no man tame," so it is well to watch and discipline it constantly, lest by a single hasty utterance we commit ourselves, doing to ourselves more discredit with our own lips than all the loquacity of friends and foes combined. Fuller quaintly says: "Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence." In the presence of detraction, defamation, insinuation or prejudice, we shall do well to remember the example of the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom we read, "He opened not his mouth." If in the conduct of life we are accustomed to throw ourselves upon God, then in moments of temptation or irritation we shall not seek to play a regular sonata, of words, but to await, like the Solian harp, the inspiration of the passing breeze. As Shakespeare truly says:

The silence of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

HOW DR. GUTHRIE PREPARED FOR THE PULPIT.

I used the simplest, plainest terms, avoiding anything vulgar, but always, where possible, employing the Saxon tongue—the mother tongue of my hearers. I studied the style of the addresses which the ancient and inspired prophets delivered to the people of Israel, and saw how, differing from dry disquisitions or a naked statement of truths, they abounded in metaphors, figures and illustrations. I turned to the Gospels, and found out that He who knew what was in man, what could best illuminate a subject, win the attention and move the heart, used parable or illustrations, stories, comparisons drawn from the scene of nature and familiar life, to a large extent in His teachings, in regard to which a woman—type of the masses—said: "The parts of the Bible I like best are the 'likes.'"

Taught by such models, and encouraged in my resolutions by such authorities, I resolved to follow, though it should be at a vast distance, these ancient masters of the art of preaching, being all the more ready to do so as it would be in harmony with the natural tone and bias of my own mind. I was careful to observe by the faces of my hearers, and also by the account the more intelligent of my Sunday class gave of my discourses, the style and character of those parts which had made the deepest impression, that I might cultivate it.

After my discourse was written I spent hours in correcting it, latterly always for that purpose keeping a blank page on my manuscript opposite a written one, cutting out dry bits, giving point to dull ones, making clear any obscurity and narrative parts more graphic, throwing more pathos into appeals, and copying God in His work by adding the ornamental to the useful. The longer I have lived and composed I have acted more and more according to the saying of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his lectures on "Painting," that God does not give excellence to men but as the reward of labour.

Fiji.

"With only nine white missionaries, we have 3,505 native preachers; 56 ordained, who take full part in the work of the ministry with the English missionary; 47 Catechists, 983 head preachers, with 1,919 ordinary local or lay preachers. There are 1,268 chapels and other preaching places, 28 English church members, 27,097 full native church members. These are well cared for by 3,480 devoted class-leaders. There are 40,718 scholars in our 1,735 day and Sunday-schools, taught by 2,526 teachers; and 101,150 attendants on public worship. The jubilee of the mission was lately held. Fifty years previously there was not a Christian in all Fiji; now not an avowed heathen left. Cannibalism has for some years past been wholly extinct; and other immemorial customs of horrible cruelty and barbarism have disappeared. Though poor, the people are most liberal in contributions for carrying on their own work, building all the schools and chapels and teachers' houses; and they give generously, at much personal sacrifice, to the general mission funds. Had it not been for the business calamities that have come upon Fiji, as upon most parts of the world, the mission promised well ere this to have been self-supporting. Their deep poverty is borne well, and the riches of their liberality abound. Their religion is a grand and powerful reality in very trying circumstances."

WHAT TO PREACH.

"We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord" (2 Cor. iv. 5).

"We preach Christ" (1 Cor. i. 23).

"Christ in you, the hope of glory; (Coloss. i. 27).

"That I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ" (Ephes. iii. 8).

"The Son of God, Jesus Christ, who was preached among you by us" (2 Cor. i. 19).

"Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" (Acts xiii. 38).

"He preached Christ in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God" (Acts ix. 20).

"They preach through Jesus the resurrection from the dead" (Acts iv. 2).

"Preaching peace by Jesus Christ: He is Lord of all" (Acts x. 36).

Apostolic preaching speaks incessantly of the person of Jesus Christ, His divine Sonship and glory, His death upon the cross, His glorious resurrection, the fact that forgiveness of sins is bestowed through His name, His Messiahship and Lordship over all things. Such preaching required no posturing or vestments or incense to make it effective in the conversion of souls, for the Gospel of Christ is "the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth."

MR. MOODY ON HIS METTLE.

Evangelist D. L. Moody went down into the slums of Chicago, a few evenings since, to preach to an audience of people never seen inside of the churches. After the service he was the centre of a scene. Half a dozen young men, half drunk and noisy, waited at the foot of the stairs. They insulted the young women who came out, and they tripped up the young men. They were evidently preparing to have some rough sport with Mr. Moody, for, when he appeared at the door, they crowded around him and jostled him off the lower step. He saw the danger, and averted it neatly. He was carrying his overcoat on his arm. Picking out the biggest and roughest of the crowd, he said: "Won't you please help me on with my coat? I'm getting a little old and stout." The bad young man was unmoved. He red-dened and stepped back. Mr. Moody held out his arms appealingly, and the young man weakened. Muttering something that sounded like an oath, he hoisted the coat on to the broad shoulders. "I know you'd do it. Thank you," laughed Mr. Moody. And he walked briskly down the street, leaving a disorganized gang of hoodlum in the shadow of the building.—*Springfield Republican*.

DR. TALMAGE AND AN ENGLISH MADMAN.

Dr. Talmage, in the New York observer, says that in the summer of 1879, on his way from Wales to London, he met with one of the most exciting scenes he ever witnessed. "We were in a railway train going on a terrific velocity. There were five of us—four gentlemen and a lady—in the car. We halted at the depot. A gentleman came to the door, and stood a moment as if not knowing whether to come in or stay out. The conductor compelled him to decide immediately, he got in. He was finely gloved and every way well dressed. Seated, he took out his knife and began the attempt of splitting a sheet of paper edgewise, and at this sat intently engaged, for, perhaps, an hour. The suspicion of all was aroused in regard to him, when suddenly he arose and looked around at his fellow-passengers, and the fact was revealed by his eye and manner that he was a maniac. The lady in the car (she was travelling unaccompanied) became frenzied with fright and rushed to the door as if about to jump out. Planting my feet against the door, I made that death leap impossible. A look of horror was on all the faces, and the question with each was "What will the madman do next?" A madman with an open knife is terrific. In the demonic strength that comes to such a one, he might make sad havoc in that flying railway train, or he might spring out of the door, as once or twice he attempted. It was a question between retaining the foaming fury in our company or letting him dash his life out on the rocks. Our own safety said, 'Let him go.' Our humanity said, 'Keep him back from instant death,' and humanity triumphed. I gave the bell rope two or three stout pulls, but there was no slackening of speed. Another passenger repeated the attempt without getting any recognition. We might as well have tried to stop a whirlpool by pulling a boy's kite-string. To rid ourselves of our dangerous associate seemed impossible. Then there came a struggle as to which should have supremacy of that car, right reason or dementia. The demonic moved around the car as if it belonged to him and all the rest of us were intruders. Then he dropped in convulsions across the lap of one of the passengers. At this moment, when we thought the horror had climacterated, the tragedy was intensified. We plunged into the midnight darkness of one of those long tunnels for which English railway travel is celebrated. Minutes seemed hours. We waited for the light, and waited while the hair lifted upon

the scalp and the blood ran cold. When, at last, the light looked in through the windows, we found the afflicted man lying helpless across the lap of one of the passengers. When the train halted it did not take us long, after handing over the unfortunate for medical treatment, to disembark and move into another car. We never before realized how much one loses when he loses his reason. No wonder that the Man of Sorrows had His deepest sympathies stirred for the demoniac of Gadara. Morning, noon and night, thank God for the equipoise of your mental faculties."

THE SPIRIT OF THE PEW.

Don't let the children hear you criticise the sermon as too long, too profound, too discursive, too *anything*. Don't suffer anyone, friend, neighbour, comrade, to criticise the pastor unfavourably in your presence. Don't say that the prayers are a weariness, too long, too slow. It is to be remarked that they who carry a *devout heart* to church seldom find the prayers too long, and usually discover in the sermon some words of comfort, instruction or help, which was specially meant for themselves.

It is to be feared that we often lose much of the good that we ought to receive in the house of God because we enter it with the pressure of our secular affairs weighing us down, the thoughts of our earthly cares and ambitions following hard after us as we take our places in the pew. Were the pew ever in true *love and sympathy* with the pulpit, how the latter would be reinforced, how surely to the world-weary, the diffident, the discouraged, the antagonistic, and the men and women of little faith, how surely to all of these would the blessing come from above. —*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Brother, sister, are you going to the prayer-meeting next Wednesday evening? If not, why not? We hope you will go, for you will be missed if not there; and by going you will aid the pastor and encourage others.

But you say the prayer-meetings are cold, dull, spiritless, uninteresting. Perhaps they are; but what have you been doing the last six months to make them otherwise? Stay-away? Ah, it is the stay-at-home members that make the meetings cold and unprofitable. Come now, let us see if we can't do something to make these meetings profitable and enjoyable. We are sure we can do at least a few things in that direction.

1. Let me resolve to attend the meeting

next Wednesday evening. Perhaps the novelty of our presence will be interesting and profitable to some

2. Having resolved to attend, let us meantime occasionally resort to our closets and pray God to meet us in the prayer-meeting, and give us a joyful, profitable time. That will help amazingly.

3. Let us fix our minds upon an appropriate passage of Scripture, which we can, at the proper time, repeat in the meeting to the edification of our hearts. That which edifies us will edify others—it will help the meeting sure.

4. Let us select in thought some member as delinquent as we have been, whom we will astonish, reprove, and make glad by going too and cordially inviting to be ready Wednesday evening, to accompany us to the prayer-meeting. This we can easily do if we will; and oh, how much interest we can add to the occasion in this way. How good it makes even a stay-at-home member feel to be warmly, kindly invited to go along to the prayer-meeting. It makes such a one feel that after all he is not a mere cipher in the church, nor wholly forgotten by the brethren and sisters.

Lastly, when Wednesday evening comes, having made this careful, prayerful preparation, let us not permit anything of less moment to keep us from that meeting. Let us see to it that we are there on time; there praying for a profitable meeting; and rest assured we will have it.

God has so arranged matters that we enjoy just about as much religion as we live for and deserve to enjoy. If we live for a good prayer meeting, think about it, do what we can to have it, rest assured the meeting will be a good one for us. But if we give it no thought, do nothing toward making it good, only rush in after the opening exercises are concluded, our hearts full of the world, sit there, look at others and think how dull and cold the meeting is, we may rest assured it will be to us a cold, dull, profitless meeting; and it ought to be. God gives us what we live for.—*Sel.*

FUSS IS NOT WORK.

You may see this any day and any where. As you go along, you see two horses harnessed together before a car. One of them makes a great fuss, as if he had all the world behind him, and was in eager haste to get it just where he wants it to be. He dances and prances, jumps up and down and springs into the collar with all his might, and then falls back from it because all does not give way to him. The other makes no fuss at all. He stops and starts at the signal, wastes no

strength in violence, but puts his whole weight into the collar just when it is needed.

The one makes the fuss, the other does the work. What is the difference! The one is restive, the other is docile. The one is in his own will, the other is in the will of his master.

How like some Christians that you and I could name? One is restive, the other docile. The one is in his own will, the other is in the Lord's will. The one stops when he ought to go, and starts when he ought to stand. The other is obedient in his faith, and so quick to hear the voice of the Lord that, like the docile horse which does not require bit or rein, or word, but, catching the conductor's signal, stops at the bell tap, he moves forward at the right moment, and at the right moment stops, whether in word or deed.

The one makes all the fuss, the other does all the work. The way to work wisely and well is to present yourself a living sacrifice unto God, and let his will be your will, and so prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God every day all your life long.—*Sel.*

A Hartford pastor exchanged with the chaplain of the Connecticut State Prison. As he arose in the desk he saw among the prisoners a friend of his youth. Their eyes met, and they recognized each other. At the conclusion of the service he sought the man to learn his history. "We were boys," said the prisoner, "in the same neighborhood; we went to the same school, we sat on the same seat, and my prospects were as bright as yours. At fourteen you embraced religion; I chose the world and sin. You are now an honored minister of the gospel; and I, a wretched outcast from society, lost to hope, have been already in prison ten years, and sentenced for life."

The Rev. Dr. Steel of Sydney, writes of the Presbyterian Jubilee in Australia, giving facts with which he is very familiar, having himself helped most efficiently in all this now grand history. Fifty years ago, he says, the Presbyterian ministers in all Australia did not number twenty-five, and now they are about six hundred. And as with the ministers, so with the increase of the churches. He anticipates that the time may come, and soon, when a meeting of the Pan Presbyterian Council will be held in Melbourne, now a city of 400,000 inhabitants!—*N. Y. Evan.*

YET THERE IS HOPE!

"Yet there is hope" for all who seek
The Saviour's loving aid;
For sin He suffered on the cross,
And full atonement made.

"Yet there is hope," though black as night
Waves now around thee roll,
And Satan with his fiery darts
Assail thy trembling soul.

"Yet there is hope," dejected one,
Though sorrowing and cast down—
The Lord will intercede for thee
If thou thy case make known.

"Yet there is hope," degraded one,
Though sunk in man's esteem—
The Saviour left his glorious throne
Such sinners to redeem.

"Yet there is hope," despised one—
Search Holy Writ and see
The Man of sorrows scourged and mocked
To pardon such as thee.

"Yet there is hope," desponding one—
Remember Calvary;
The Fount that cleansed the dying thief
Is flowing still for thee.

"Yet there is hope," repentant one—
A glorious hope for thee—
A hope that maketh not ashamed
Through all eternity.

S. H.

DEPRESSION AFTER ELATION.

There are seasons of triumph. One has done some great thing. He is full of exultation and joy. He is upon the mount. Soon a reaction sets in. The animating force vanishes, and gloom and despondency succeed. Samson was all enthusiasm and ecstasy upon his slaughter of the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. Shortly afterwards he became faint, low-spirited and desponding. Elijah with a sublime courage faced the cruel Ahab and his priests and his court and the people. He called down fire from heaven. He mocked the priests of Baal upon their impotence. He stood alone for the true God. He slew the false prophets. He brought down the rain and stayed ravages of the famine. It is natural to think that one so triumphant would never become depressed, yet a few days after, when Jezebel heard of his doings, and in her wrath, sent a messenger to tell him that on the morrow he should die, he immediately fled for his life. Fatigued, hungry and alone, he

entered a dreary wilderness, sat down under a juniper tree and sadly bemoaned his fate, and said, "It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers." David, Nehemiah, Peter, Paul and other worthies had their elevated experiences which, in turn, gave place to melancholy moods. So have had all Christians since their day. In fact, it is the lot of all successful men; not only in religious, but in secular affairs. We all know something in this experience. It often happens that we are elated one moment, and depressed the next; one day all brightness, the following all sadness; one day active and vigorous, the succeeding dull and gloomy; one day full of life, and the next wishing we were dead.

In part, this experience is the effect of nervous reaction. Persons of an excitable temperament, "oscillate between the extremes of sustained action, and develop marvellous powers of endurance and of accomplishment under given circumstances; but let the occasion pass, and they rush in the opposite direction.

While this experience, in a measure, is due to the physical condition, yet in accounting for it moral considerations must be taken into account. We become too confident; we indulge too many and large expectations; we attempt too much; we forget that we cannot always keep up the heroic pitch; we strive after the unattainable. Hence, disappointments and despondency.

It is well for us to learn that we cannot continually live in ecstatic frames or states of mind. Some one has said, "the career of the loftiest souls is not one unbroken epic; even this has its seamy side, its stale and unprofitable moments." We need the discipline of a varied condition. The natural tendency is to be self-assertive and vain-glorious when we are at our best. God sees that we need the humbling process; a training whereby trustful submission to his will may be brought out and strengthened, and his name glorified. While, then, we should be thankful when we enjoy the sunshine of success, temporal and spiritual, we should also see, when the cloud intervenes, a wise purpose. Thus we can draw from the mingled dispositions of God the lesson of faith in a loving Benefactor and Ruler, abiding patiently and confidently the divine will in all occurrences.

Work while it is day, the day of opportunity, the day of grace, the day of life, the day of time, the day of salvation, is now. Soon opportunities will have for ever passed away. Life will be gone, and time will have vanished. Now we can do our work for God. Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

CHRIST TO THE UNFAITHFUL SOUL.

The following is a free translation of the famous lines traced on the walls of the Cathedral of Lubeck :

Thou callest Me Master—and heedst not Me;
Thou callest Me Light—and I shine not for thee;

Thou call'st Me the Way—and dost follow me not;

Thou call'st Me the Life—and My name is forgot;

Thou call'st Me the Truth—and defilest thy heart;

Thou call'st Me Guide—and despiseth control;

Thou callest Me Lovely—withholding thy heart;

Thou callest Me Rich—and desirest no part;

Thou call'st Me Eternal—nor seekest My truth;

Thou callest Me Merciful—wasting thy youth;

Thou callest Me Noble—and draggest Me down;

Thou call'st Me Almighty—nor fearest My frown;

Thou callest Me Just—O, if Just then I be:
When I shall condemn thee, reproach thou not Me!

—Presbyterian.

LOST TIME.

Lost wealth may be restored by industrious and frugal endeavor; wrecked health may sometimes be regained by temperance and self-denial; forgotten knowledge may be brought back by earnest study; friends that have been alienated may be won again by assiduous attention; forfeited reputation may be measurably restored by penitence, humility and fidelity; but time once lost is forever. The moments that are gone come back no more; the priceless hours that have escaped us in our listlessness, our idleness and our folly, no toils can win them, no wealth can purchase them, nor effort can bring them back. No prayers, no tears, nor repentant sighs can give us that which, when we had it, we idly cast away.

To-day God gives us time, and with it opportunity. The precious gift is in our hands; the past cannot be foreseen. To-morrow, of which we so often boast ourselves, may never come to us. We do not live to-morrow. We cannot find it in tittle deeds. The

man who owns whole blocks of real estate, and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of to-morrow. It is a mysterious possibility not yet born. It lies under the sea of mid-night, behind the sea of glittering constellations.

Now in the living present is the hour of probation, the opportunity for improvement, the day of salvation. Let us redeem the time, because the days are evil.—*Christian at Work.*

THE TWO COMPASSES.

When crossing the Atlantic I noticed that our steamer was furnished with two compasses. One was fixed to the deck where the man at the wheel could see it. The other compass was fastened half-way up one of the masts, and often a sailor would be seen climbing up to inspect it. I asked the captain, "Why do you have two compasses?" He said, "This is an iron vessel, and the compass on the deck is often affected by its surroundings. Such is not the case with the compass at the mast-head; that one is above the influence. We steer by the compass above."

In the voyage of life we have two compasses. One is the compass of Feeling, often sadly influenced by surroundings. The other is the compass of Faith, above these influences, and ever pointing true through storm and sunshine to the course marked out on the eternal chart. Let us steer by the compass above!

COUNT CAMPELLO—Rev. Alexander Robertson, in *Evangelical Christendom* for August, reports that this nobleman, who till 1881 was a Canon in St. Peter's, with the prospects of high ecclesiastical promotion, since his rejection of Romanism, has been working quietly and successfully in his native district of Valnerina in Umbria. He recently came to San Remo to hold certain conferences, and the people turned out in thousands to hear him. The Syndic granted him free of expense, the use of the town theatre, and on a recent Sunday afternoon the theatre was packed from floor to ceiling. The count discoursed on the nature of true religion, as a thing of the heart and of the will, as reconciliation to God through Jesus Christ, and submission of the whole being to his law in living, and of the mission of the Church to teach and foster this religion in the heart. His plea for a reformed Catholic Church was cordially entertained, and a large body of the best men in San Remo have entered into an agreement to establish such a reformed mission.—*Missionary Herald.*

THE OPIUM INIQUITY.

"One day a young man came into my preaching hall. His name was Tong. He had been a slave to opium smoking for five or six years, but he had been impressed at our preaching services, and he joined our inquiry class. He at once determined to give up the opium. I watched his struggles day after day while he was in the fierce grip of the opium demon. One day he would smash his pipe to pieces, and the next day he would buy another. I have seen him come to our preaching hall, crying bitterly, as he has confessed to me his sin and weakness. He would go, perhaps, for a week, or a few days, without touching his pipe; but he has told me how he has felt himself carried almost involuntarily in a half dream to the fatal den. The intolerable craving and gnawing hunger for opium, added to the remorse which he felt, caused him great bodily and mental suffering. Finally, however, the power came, as we hoped, to drag himself free from the drug. He went two weeks without a taste of the pipe. Altogether he seemed to be a changed person, and in two months I had hoped to admit him to Christian Baptism. Every evening he would come into the preaching hall and attend the services; and he would spend his spare time in reading the Scriptures, and in conversation about good things. But, alas! he was seen to grow weaker and weaker every day. His eyes were sunken, his face had a deadly pallor, his gait was unsteady, and his appetite for food was gone. He told me one day how his friends and fellow-workpeople had been begging him to return to the opium pipe for relief, and how nearly he had yielded. Remember these are the usual effects in China of a confirmed opium sot breaking free from this noxious drug. He went for two or three weeks, I say, without any taste of the drug; but he was getting weaker and weaker and completely emaciated. After a short conversation with him, in which I exhorted him to courage and patience, he said, 'Well, *sin-shang*, I am determined what to do. I know that to return to the pipe will prolong my life for perhaps a month or two, but the end must come. Sooner or later it must be death, and I am resolved what to do.' He stood up and said 'I am resolved what to do. Come what may, I will never smoke again; and if I die—well, better die than sin against God.' But one Sunday soon after, we missed him from his place. It was the first Sunday which he had missed attending our chapel for two months. I became anxious about him. We went to his home; he was not there. We went to his workshop; he was not there.

His fellow workpeople began to laugh and jeer, and one pointed the way to the den called 'Heavenly Joy.' We passed along a narrow back street, full of dark dens of vice, and at last we came to the opium den. We pushed aside the grimy curtain which concealed the room from passers-by, and entered the place, amid dense fumes of stupefying smoke. There was nothing to be heard but the spluttering of the opium pipes; for, you know, there is that advantage which the opium den possesses over the liquor shop—you hear no noise; you hear no brawls; everything is quiet as death. There at the corner of the room was our lost sheep. His eyes fell as we entered. We approached him, and with gentle remonstrances besought him to return to us. But, alas! the fiend with him was too strong. He turned upon us with wild eyes and awful imprecations, cursing us and the very God that we hoped he had learned to love."

Those who have themselves gone through desperate struggles against some besetting sin, yet one not so strong as the opium habit, will not be able to think lightly of the British policy to which such death struggles are directly due.

The principal official argument by which this ghastly trade is maintained is that the Indian Government cannot do without the revenue which it brings. Where is the morality of that position? That is the argument of a robber who pleads that he needs his victim's money, and is determined to have it even at the cost of the victim's life. Thus it has come to this, that in the matter of its revenue, the great Empire of India is ruled by a "Christian" Government on the moral level of the thief and the assassin.—*Mr. Masters, Wesleyan Missionary, in Friend of China.*

A young lady, in a time of religious interest, sat down and wrote out all the reasons she could think of to help her to decide whom she would serve. She wrote: 1 "Reasons why I should serve the world." 2. "Reasons why I should serve the Lord." She was surprised that she could find no satisfactory reason for the first and urgent ones for the last. She acted upon her reason, gave herself to God and was blest.

Fancy not that you lose your pleasures when you lose your sins, and that lying to God will be an irksome task. No; blessed be God! thousands can declare that they never knew what it was to be redeemed from misery till they were redeemed from sin.