

AR 10
M3 P0

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

The Maritime Presbyterian.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

State of the Funds.....	307
Meeting of the Home Mission Com.....	309
A Mother's Influence.....	310
TRINIDAD MISSION—Letter from Rev. K. J. Grant.....	311
Letter from Rev. James Muir, Grenada.....	311
Report from Mrs. Morton.....	312
Aunty Parson's Story.....	314
To the Work.....	316
The Sabbath in Europe.....	317
PRESBYTERY MEETINGS—St. John, Pictou, Truro, Sydney..	318
Halifax; Victoria and Richmond.....	318
Hints on Soul health, by Rev. Dr. Cuyler; Fenezon's Prayer.	321

CHILDREN'S RECORD.

The Angels Ladder.....	35
A. B. C. F. M.....	35
What a boy can do.....	35
The Santhals; Don't say that, Jack; In the North West.....	36
Wrong, Lost, Saved,— Only a Little Child.....	37
Rev. Narayan Sheshadrai's Work; They stood fast.....	37
A Heathen Temple emptied; The Baddhist.....	38
How Kitty did it; The Mangs; A useful Sermon; That's nothing	39
Missionary Beds; I Kiss 'oo; A Heathen punishment.....	40
Siamese King's bath-day, Missions in Persia.....	41
Africa, Getting Scholars to the Sabbath School.....	41
Fear to be frivolous.....	42
A Missionary Letter to the Sabbath Schools.....	43
Lessons from the Life of Enoch.....	44
Miss Smiley's Lesson, Take your Soundings.....	45
The Indians of Brazil, How God Works.....	46
Going to School, A Child's Gift, What Children can do....	47
Sending his love to heathen boys.....	47
The Glad Tidings, Kind words, The Dust and the Sunshine	48

NOVEMBER, 1885.

WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

MACGREGOR & KNIGHTS
LIST FOR 1885.

HYMNALS :

- | | |
|---|--------|
| 1. The Children's S. S. Hymnal,
with music, per doz. | \$0.60 |
| 2. The New Psalter and Hymnal,
with music, Cloth 1.50 Leather | 2.00 |
| 3. The Psalter, with music, ordin-
ary Notation and Tonic Sol Fa | 0.75 |
| 4. Hymnal, words only, cheap ed. | 0.08 |
| 5. Do. with Psalms and Para-
phrases, | 0.15 |

S. S. AIDS :

- | | |
|---|------|
| 6. Half Hours with the Lessons,
containing 48 Sermons by emi-
nent Preachers, cloth | 1.25 |
| paper, | 0.85 |
| 7. Peloubet's Select Notes, | 1.25 |
| 8. Westminster Question Book, }
Hand-book on the Lessons, } | 0.18 |

S. S. LIBRARIES :

9. Oliphant's Edinburgh Books
10. Selected English Books.
11. Presbyterian American Books, be
sides a variety of other publications

Family Bibles,
Pocket do.,
in every style.

TEMPERANCE BOOKS ;

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------|
| Four Pillars of Temperance, | 0.50 |
| The Temperance Lesson Book | 0.50 |
| Cheap paper edition Do. | 0.30 |
| Sunday School Concert Exercises, | 0.50 |
| Cheap paper edition Do., | 0.25 |
| Missionary Concert Exercises, | 0.25 |

GOSPEL HYMNS, consolidated,

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------|
| Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, Music edition | 1.00 |
| No. 4. Do., | 0.35 |

Address Orders,

MACGREGOR & KNIGHT

Corner Granville & Duke Streets,

HALIFAX, N. S.

A BISHOP'S WARNING.

Bishop Foster of the Methodist Episcopal church, says that the great dangers of the church are "assimilation to the world, neglect of the poor, substitution of the form for the fact of godliness, abandonment of discipline, a hireling ministry, an impure gospel, which, summed up, is a fashionable church," and than he adds, "That Methodists should be liable to such an outcome, and that there should be signs of it in a hundred years from the 'sail loft,' seems almost the miracle of history; but who that looks about him to-day can fail to see the fact? The Church of God is to-day courting the world. Its members are trying to bring it down to the level of the ungodly. The ball, the theatres, nude and lewd art, social luxuries, with all their loose moralities, are making inroads into the sacred inclosure of the church, and as a satisfaction for all this worldliness Christians are making a great deal of Lent and Easter, and Good Friday and church ornamentation. It is the old trick of Satan. The Jewish church struck on that rock, the Romish church wrecked on the same, and the Protestant church is fast reaching the same doom."

BE WARNED IN TIME.

A few days ago, when taking lunch in a down-town restaurant, we noticed a young clergyman, pastor of a prominent church, washing his dinner down with a large-sized glass of claret. The day following, while talking to a gentleman in his office, in reeled our old pastor of fifteen years ago, so much intoxicated that he was at once summarily ejected.

No doubt the former gentleman would have been very highly insulted should we have insinuated that his end might possibly be like that of his older brother in the ministry, who began in precisely the same way, by no means intending to end his as a drunken outcast, turned from the doors of his former associates, who once so admired his deep learning and eloquence. We never remember having heard of a man who deliberately acquired the evil habit with the intention of finally lying down in a drunkard's grave. At first, it is always the social glass, the system's tonic, to cool or warm oneself; but O, how dangerous! what a risk! let him who *thinks* that he standeth take heed lest he fall.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

The Maritime Presbyterian.

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER 15th, 1885.

No. 11.

STATE OF THE FUNDS, NOV. 1st, 1885.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.	
Receipts	\$2808 58
Expenditure	4363 45
Bal. Due Treas.	\$1554 87
DAYSRING, AND MISSION SCHOOLS.	
Receipts	\$1217 6 ³ / ₄
Expenditure	3561 3 ² / ₄
Bal. due Treas.	\$2143 69
HOME MISSIONS.	
Receipts	\$1671 90
Expenditure	1656 63
Bal. on hand	\$15 27
AUGMENTATION FUND.	
Receipts	\$5463 66
Expenditure	2054 52
Bal. on hand	\$3409 14
COLLEGE.	
Receipts	\$3649 48
Expenditure (including Bal. due May 1st. '85 \$4636 21	10690 02
Bal. due Treas.	\$6340 54
AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS FUND	
Receipts	792 86
Expenditure	1023 50
Bal. due Treas.	\$235 64
RECEIPTS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.	
Foreign Missions	\$ 670 46
Dayspring and Mission Schools	443 06
Home Missions	158 14
Augmentation	390 30
College	227 54
Aged Ministers Fund	122 40
French Evangelization	116 81
	\$2128 71

P. G. MACGREGOR, Treasurer.

The congregation of Princetown, P. E. Island reports the largest average attendance at Prayer Meetings of any congregation in the Maritime Provinces, viz. 350. Four other congregations, Stewiacke, St. Anns, C. B., Whyccoomagh, Clifton, and Greenville, P. E. I. report 300 each.

Mr. and Mrs. Annand are at present in the West. They have been for some time in Toronto, the guests of Dr. Reid the agent of the church; Mr. Annand addressing meetings, and Mrs. Annand meeting with the Women's Societies, both creating a deeper interest in the New Hebrides Mission.

Augmentation has taken a good start for this year. At the Synod there was a hearty feeling in its favor. The Presbyteries are energetically going to work. Lunenburg and Shelburne some weeks since allotted to the several congregations within its bounds the amounts which it considered would be their fair proportion of the whole. Miramichi and Picton Presbyteries have done likewise. The agent of the church has acknowledged already \$300 from one congregation as a beginning. Let that good beginning be promptly and heartily followed up and success is assured.

Some people object to the allotment of sums to the different Presbyteries and congregations to be raised for the Augmentation Fund, on the ground that it looks too much like taxation or assessment. It is nothing of the kind. The whole matter is simply as follows: A careful estimate is made of the amount required during the year to raise all the Salaries to \$750 or as near it as may be. If this sum is to be raised the whole Synod must raise it. But each honest and conscientious giver would like to know what his fair proportion would be. The Synod accordingly divides the whole amount to the best of its judgement, and says to each Presbytery, if the whole amount is raised we think a

The formal opening of the winter session of our College at Pine Hill took place on Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th by an excellent lecture from Rev. Dr. Currie.

The sympathies and prayers of our church should be heartily given to and for our college, that more men may come forward to study there and that the Holy Spirit may fit teachers and students for their great work. No long since we received a letter from a student in attendance at another celebrated college, and he thinks the teaching and training to be had at Pine Hill fully equal to that given elsewhere. This is the almost universal testimony of those who have gone abroad.

Rev. Dr. McCulloch after a successful pastorate in one congregation lacking but two years of half a century has been compelled from age and failing health to resign his charge. The Presbytery have asked that his name be retained on their roll and also that he be allowed to retire from the active work of the ministry as Pastor Emeritus.

certain sum is your fair proportion of it. The Presbytery does the same with its different congregations.

Were this not done, some might give more than their proportion, many would give less, and very likely the amount raised would be too small. The allocation is merely an effort to distribute the burden which the whole church has voluntarily assumed, as fairly as possible over the whole church.

There is nothing compulsory about it. Men may contribute or not as they choose, but every loyal christian will seek according to the ability that God has given him to do his part of the work.

At the time of the civil war in the United States twenty-five years ago, the churches as well the states separated. The union of states is almost as compact as it was before the war, but some of

the churches remain separate. The Presbyterian church, North, has more than once been making overtures to the South looking towards a joining of the old ties, but the South says, "We can do better work apart. You have a vast field in the West. We too have a great work to do. Let us labor side by side, but not one." Some idea of the immense size and rapid growth of the Presbyterian Church North may be gathered from the fact that during last year one Synod, six new Presbyteries, and 116 churches were added. There are now 25 Synods whose boundaries are for the most part the same as those of the State. There are 136 Presbyteries, and 6,093 churches. The number of churches having an addition of between 50 and 100 to their membership [during the year was upwards] of 60.

One of the Presbyteries of this church is that of Shantung, China, one of whose congregations reported an accession of 200 members last year.

A few years since, during the Zulu war we heard much of that strange people. The American Board began work there fifty years ago, so that it is now one of their oldest and strongest fields. The Board has nine missionaries there six of whom have been in the field for over thirty-six years. Great preparations are making for a Jubilee celebration there next December.

The chief way of extending our church is by mission Stations. The growth of a tree is always on the outside. A few Presbyterian families settle near each other. They are a small and weak station. Let them be supplied with ordinances and they become self sustaining congregations, in their turn helping others. The mission stations should be cared for. They are the buds. Most of them get some service from catechists during the summer, but sometimes for years they are not visited by an ordained minister, to dispense the sacraments.

The result is that the parents get ministers of other denominations to baptize their children, the families go off to other churches, or to the world and often do little good anywhere, whereas, an occasional visit from a neighboring minister of their own denomination to dispense sacraments, would keep them together, and working, until growing stronger they would become a congregation. One of the most important duties of Presbyteries is a careful, watchful, guardianship of their bounds, some of the ministers visiting them as often as practicable. Were this work faithfully done it would not make much additional work and would add greatly to the healthy growth of our church. Some Presbyteries are taking up this work in good earnest and its benefits are already seen.

Mrs. Christie, widow of the late Rev. T. M. Christie has come home to Nova Scotia with her family. Another sad home coming. More than two years ago, she came from Trinidad, with Mr. Christie in failing health, obliged to give up his work there. Prospects seemed to brighten a little as a door for work opened in the mild climate of California. But only for one short year he labored when he was again obliged to give up, and soon he passed from all earthly toil to an Eternal rest, and once more she brings home her little ones leaving the remains, dear in their very dust, under a green mound, in a valley of Baca, in a far off land.

Rev. Dr. McLeod has retired from the ministry after a service in it of fifty-two years. For several years he has been practically retired, unable through failing health to work, but had not formally done so. He was the oldest minister not on the retired list, in the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

There is but one older minister in the whole church than Rev. Dr. McCulloch, and, though half century pastorates are often found in Scotland it is probable that there is not, nor has been, in the history of the Presbyterian Church in Canada a pastorate in one congregation to equal in length that from which he has just retired, begun in Feb. 1836, ending, Oct. 1885.

HOME MISSION BOARD.

The semi annual meeting of the Home Mission Board was held in Park Street Church school-room on the 3rd November,

Present, Messrs McMillan, Simpson, Laird, Russell, J. McKay, Dickie, Grant, Laing, and Munnis.

Catechists reports and bills were submitted from the following Presbyteries: Halifax, Truro, Miramichi, Victoria and Richmond. When the remaining Presbyteries report, action will be taken upon the different claims by the sub-committee of the Board.

Of the four mission stations in the Truro Presbytery three had borne all expenses. From Miramichi only \$100 was asked from the Home Mission Fund. In the latter Presbytery the station of Escuminac after paying the catechist in full, presented him with some \$70 or \$80. At Kouchibouguac, besides bearing all expenses some \$7 or \$8 was raised for the Schemes of the Church.

The board seeing that there would be a considerable deficit in the Home Mission Fund this year after all claims were adjudicated upon and settled, agreed that a statement should be published, showing the state of the funds. During this season four preachers have arrived from Scotland, one of whom is under call and two more are expected shortly.

The following appointments to the different Presbyteries, of the 12 preachers under the direction of the board was made for the month for December.

Miramichi.—J. H. Cameron and A. O. Brown.

St. John.—J. Witelson and D. Fiske. Sydney.—Archibald Boyd.

Lunenburg and Shelburne.—James Thompson.

Truro.—J. A. McLean.

Pictou.—Thomas Stewart.

Wallace.—T. C. Gilmour,

Halifax.—A. L. Wylie and J. M. Allan.

P. E. Island.—Roderick McLean.

On Friday, Oct. 23rd, Mr. James McClure was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Clyde River, and Barrington.

A-MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Trace the mightiest river to its source and that source is a tiny rivulet taking color and character from the soil or rock that gives it birth.

Trace to their source the mightiest of human agencies that flow through our world to-day, bless many lands in their flow, and that source is generally some small beginning, made by some man, he in turn taking color of character from his mother.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions now one of the largest missionary societies in the world may be traced back to a mother in a country parsonage in Connecticut, where from 1790 to 1800 a "boy Samuel" (Samuel J. Mills) used to listen while his mother talked to him of the perishing heathen. On one occasion she remarked to a friend "I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a missionary.

Mill's entered William's College in 1806, and sought to awaken among the students an interest in the heathen world. He found there kindred spirits. During that first year a memorable missionary prayer meeting was held by the students under shelter of a hay-stack to which they were driven by rain and the impressions of that hour were so deep and led to such results that the spot where that meeting was held has been called the birth-place of American Missions.

In the spring of 1810 Rev. Samuel Worcester of Salem, Mass., Samuel Milla, Samuel Newell, Samuel Nott, (four Samuels) with Admiram Judson, laid the matter before the General Association (Congregational) asking for the formation of a missionary society. The Association approved and the American Board was organized "for the purpose of devising ways and means, and adopting and prosecuting measures for promoting the spread of the gospel in heathen lands."

This was the first purely Foreign Missionary Society in America.

They applied to the legislature of Mass. for a charter but more than once the petition was rejected and it was not until two years later that it was obtained.

The receipts of the first year lacked 43 cents of one thousand dollars. Ten years later, 1800 the annual income was nearly forty thousand dollars.

In 20 years, 1830, the yearly receipts had increased to more than eighty thousand dollars (\$83,019.37). In 1840, 30 years from its origin, its income for the year was over two hundred and forty thousand, (\$41,862.28) while for the year just closed they were no less than \$657,090.86.

The first annual meeting was held in Farmington, Connecticut, Sept. 5th, 1810. There were present five of the nine commissioners, and an audience of one person. The last annual meeting was held in Boston a few weeks ago. Thousands were present. No building was large enough to hold the vast audience. Two, three and four meetings were in progress at once. Tremont Temple and Music Hall the two largest audience rooms in the city were packed day after day, and large overflow meetings were held in the neighboring churches.

The Society has now 22 missions carrying on work in more than nine hundred populous centres, in Africa, India, China, Japan, Ceylon, Micronesia, Turkey, Austria, and Spain.

It has 422 laborers from America in Foreign Lands, of these 156 are ordained missionaries, 101 unmarried women, several male and female physicians, and 147 wives of missionaries, while the number of native pastors, preachers, catechists, teachers, and helpers employed is 2183.

In connection with its missions, there are in the Turkish Empire over 8000 communicants, in India 4500, in Japan nearly 3000.

One of the most marvellous successes of this society was in the Sandwich Islands. A great revival occurred there

in 1847-48, over ten thousand persons being received into the church in twelve months.

Great as seems the progress of this and other societies what are these laborers and these converts among so many. From millions going down to death arises the cry "Come over and help us."

The Presbyterians of Mahone Bay have moved their church to a new site in the corner of the manse lot. It was reopened for service last Sabbath week.

TRINIDAD.

Letter from Rev. K. J. Grant.

San Fernando, Sept. 24th 1885
Dear Mr. Scott:—

The inclosed from the Rev. Mr. Muir, of Grenada may be of interest to at least some of the readers of the Maritime, hence I forward it. Mr. Muir arrived in Grenada, an island 90 miles distant from Trinidad, a year ago, under appointment from the established Church of Scotland. In more prosperous times the Presbyterian element there possessed considerable strength. It was in those days, their neat substantial stone church was built. For nearly twenty years, we may say, the church had no regular supply. Mr. Muir was sent out in response to an application from a few liberal spirited Presbyterians still resident there.

Through Mr. Begrie, the inspector of Schools, his only elder, and others, he heard of our mission here, and being desirous of doing something to educate and Christianize the 1800 Indians in that island, he visited us in April, met our Presbytery, stated his plans and asked for a teacher and catechist. It was decided to recommend two from every district, the senior to supervise the school and instruct adults, the younger to do a greater part of the teaching work in the school. My assistant Babu Lal Behari was appointed to go with the young men to instal them.

As the time drew near for them to go, Mr. Muir urgently requested me to go too, to tell the story of our work. I went on the 22nd of last month and was absent only one Sabbath. Babu remained a full month and brought the inclosed with him. This movement is highly creditable to Mr. Muir and his small congregation who assume the responsi-

bility, and I am happy to add that as in Trinidad, many of other denominations are coming to their help. We do sincerely trust that the church, whose agent Mr. Muir is will come to his help. He will require more money than we can expect Grenada to supply. I know that a contribution will be thankfully received from any quarter even from the Dominion of Canada.

Many Indians have been baptized in Grenada in the Anglican and R. C. Churches, but this is the first movement to educate.

My assistant returned in good spirits believing that the work will be successful. Grenada is now a prosperous island having discarded sugar for Cocoa. May the Lord give good success.

Yours faithfully,

K. J. GRANT.

St. George, Grenada
Sept, 19th, 1885.

My Dear Mr. Grant:—

Thanks for your very interesting letter which I will forward to the Convener of our Colonial Committee.

Mr. Lal Behari leaves to-day, and I am sorry that he cannot wait longer for his valuable services will most certainly be of immense good. It was very kind in you to come but it has been more than a double favour to leave him so long behind. I trust you have not suffered above what you are able to bear in his absence. May the future chronicles of these events tell a tale of success in the good work now begun.

The Rev. Lal Behari has wrought hard, he is a most worthy laborer in the cause of Christ. He is diligent, earnest, having a judgement wise, and in which you can confide. Everybody who has met him, speaks of him in the highest terms. May he be long spared to labor with you in the Master's work. What a blessing it would be had you more of his class engaged as he is. Perhaps the Lord has some youths in training in your wide field, of whom afterwards many shall rise up, and be called blessed. That is our earnest prayer.

I am very pleased to report that our work has begun as you predicted with good prospects of success. The three services the Rev. Lal Behari has held have been attended by about 60 on an average. On the 12th inst., I was present at Belmont, where the work has been started, and there were in the room, mostly adults, 65 Indians who listened very attentively to what I said, the Rev. Lal Behari acting as interpreter. All

seemed eager to hear the Word of God, and have promised to wait on the services now commenced under S. Seunaryan who is to act at once as teacher with the boy F. Budhlal and catechist. The school has been opened, with nine the first day but on Monday last the 14th inst there were twenty-two in the classes, and by the end of this week about thirty are expected. From the above it will be noticed, that at least at Belmont there is great need for mission work.

We paid a visit to Samaritan on Tuesday, which is eight or nine miles distant. Word had been sent that we were coming. It was a most unsuitable hour, at 2 P. M. We held the meeting. Many were at their work in the cocoa plantations. Notwithstanding, that drawback, the meeting was attended by one hundred and twenty-two; children 30, women 12, males 80. They are simply clamorous for a school and we were assured if a teacher were to be placed in their midst, at least forty would be enrolled in a short time. We think of removing Budhlal to Samaritan and engaging a monitor, to assist Seunaryan at Belmont. Bye and bye we hope to obtain another catechist who with the one at Belmont might be able to conduct services in three places at least.

But the question that faces me is, where are the men to come from? What a blessing it would be if an institution such as a Normal School or training college were established in Trinidad. From what I saw when there, during the month of April, there is ample material for a school of the kind suggested. This subject must face you ere long, if not already, and the Presbyterians everywhere ought to, as I cannot but believe they would, aid you, if properly represented. East Indian immigration to the West Indies is on a very large scale. No field is so well occupied as Trinidad is by your church and from no island could there be prepared at so little cost, young men for the mission field of the West Indies, as in Trinidad. One principal, with the aid of his brethren could for three or four hundred pounds a year, educate, both for schools and missions those recommended and seemingly fitted by talents and zeal. The query then is, how is this to be accomplished? By your Church making an appeal for aid, not only to Canada, but to America, Great Britain, and her colonies. The labours of these Coolies are enriching all, and if the matter was fairly set before

our Christian communities, sufficient support would be given. You have a good case, why then not present your claim? Grenada is calling upon you for help. St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and other islands demand your attention, united requests for help have already I believe been before you, from places named. British Guiana is calling aloud for men from you. truly all eyes seem to be looking to you for men. It is as if the voice of God were heard saying to you, "Send them help for I have given you these people to train for the field which is white unto harvest." Nay, He says, "India have I chosen. She is to be won to me, the prayers of my people have I heard. These are sent to you, that you may prepare a people to gain India for me. You must answer to my call." This is not mere imagination. The Providence of God seems to point and proclaim that.

I trust you are quite strong now, and nothing the worse of your hard work in Grenada. Kindest regards to all your circle. Remember me to all the brethren. In the hope that Lal Behari reaches you, in safety and that we may hear from you soon.

I am, Yours faithfully,
JAMES MUIR.

Report from Mrs. Morton.

Tunapuna, Trinidad, B. W. I.

Sept. 12th 1885.

My Dear Friends:—

I have nothing new or striking to report to you about our work; the Gospel is being preached; the heathen are getting some knowledge of the name of Jesus, a name that in their ignorance is often hateful to them. A Mohammedan once said Jesus, Jesus, Why do you always talk about Him? I hate the very sound of His name.

Our schools are quietly doing a good work: the children taught there will be incapable of receiving with the blind submission of their fathers the errors and absurdities of Hinduism; a good soil is being thus prepared in which the good seed of the word will doubtless take root and bring forth fruit long after the patient sower has gone to rest. At Arouca several nice boys have been baptized, one of them is monitor at Tacarigua school and does very well; his family are all heathen; he has an old grandfather nearly blind who sometimes with his long staff feels his way to church and seems to enjoy the native hymns very much; he expressed pleasure to Mr. Morton that his grandson was a

tized, but added with an imploring tone and with a look of horror, on his withered old face. "Don't give him cows flesh to eat" it is too horrible. One of our baptized boys at Arouca is seldom in school; his mother is a widow and he is obliged to work for her; she wants to be baptized, but cannot leave off cursing; she tried to get me to promise that she might be baptized, if she would only give two curses for four. John Dharin the teacher at Arouca is succeeding very well; he was a small pupil in our first school; his wife teaches the girls to sew; it is quite a step for an East Indian woman to be able to teach anything at all. Geoffrey Subaran's wife Fanny has lately been promoted to the rank of a Bible-woman, she is active, energetic, and sufficiently well taught to be useful among the country women. She also assists our daughter in her school at Orange Grove Estate.

Fanny and Geoffrey live very near us, and by a humble and consistent walk as well as by active exertion are exceedingly helpful to us. Fanny's mother, also a convert, died last year. Shortly before her death she said, Fanny, I am going to my home. Fanny asked, what home? She answered 'The Lord is going to take me home.

We thought we were not going to have any rain this wet season, we had some the last of May, after having a long drought, just enough to encourage people to plant; then the heavens became as brass, and the earth as heated iron; most of the wells contained fry and water was nearly as scarce as in the wet season; every day the Lord is asked, Why does the Lord not send water, sometimes adding, you know about the things of God, can you not tell us? I frequently told them, it may be for our sins; if you would all come to church and pray for rain, perhaps the Lord would have mercy and send it. About three weeks ago, just in time to save the crops the weather changed but even yet the rain has not been heavy enough. Had poor people lost their little crops of corn, rice, etc., it would have added greatly to the present depression. They roast and eat the corn before it becomes too dry, and grind it in small quantities in a mill such as that spoken of in Matt. xxiv: 41. It consists of two circular stones laid flatly upon each other, the upper one having a hole in the middle through which the grain is procured; there is a slight cavity in the lower stone, into which passing through the upper one, a handle is fitted which turns the upper stone while the

lower one remains immovable. Two women seated on the ground work away at it generally chanting a cheerful accompaniment to the grating noise of the stones. I like to hear them, it speaks of Bible times.

I almost lost my best Sunday scholar this week, Pathiya is her name, to me a very sweet one; it means a young girl, and the full grown young of an animal, and is the word used in the Hindu Bible for the poor man's lamb in 2 Sam. xii:4. My Pathiya has two nice boys in the Tunapuna School, and her husband attends church regularly. They wanted to return to India to see her husband's aged parents once more. They sold their property, gathered up their money and went to Port of Spain expecting to go in a vessel that will be leaving in a few days; her husband however had forfeited his return passage by accepting in lieu land from the Government and could therefore only go by paying the fare, and that only in case there should remain accommodation after those were provided for who were entitled to a free passage. Scarcity of work and low wages have caused a greater anxiety on the part of the Coolies for a return to their native land, and though the vessel accommodates 500 there was no room for Gorardhana and Pathiya, so we have them back again. Gorardhana's name is that of a mountain that was lifted by Krishna on his finger to shelter the Gopis from the wrath of India who tried to destroy them by a deluge, because they had abandoned his worship.

Pray for us dear sisters among our many discouragements as well as encouragements.

Yours in Christ,
S. E. MORRIS.

During the summer Bridgetown has enjoyed the labours of Mr. C. H. McGregor a student of the Free College Edinburgh. Great progress was made. Before leaving his audience numbered 180 the largest attendance ever known in the Bridgetown church since its erection.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed at Antrim, Halifax Co., on the 3rd Sabbath September. Nine persons were admitted to the Church for the first time making 42 accessions to the communion roll of the Little River congregation the past summer.

Mr. Glenroy McQueen who labored in the Little River congregation for five months has returned to Princeton to resume his studies.

AUNTY PARSON'S STORY.

I told Hezekiah—that's my man People mostly call him Deacon Parsons, but he never gets any deaconing from me. We were married—'Hezekiah and Amariah'—that's going on forty years ago, and he's jest Hezekiah to me, and nothin' more.

Well, as I was saying, says I: 'Hezekiah, we aren't rght. I am sure of it.' And he said; 'Of course not. We are poor sinners, Amy; all poor sinners.' And I said: 'Hezekiah, this 'poor sinner' talk has gone on long enough. I suppose we are poor sinners, but I don't see any use of being mean sinners; and there's one thing I think is real mean.'

It was jest after breakfast; and, as he felt poorly, he hedn't gone to the shop yet; and so I had this little talk with him to sort o' chirk him up. He knew what I was comin' to, for we had had the subject up before. It was our little church. He always said: 'The poor people, and what should we ever do?' And I always said: 'We never shall do nothin' unless we try.' And so when I brought the matter up in this way, he just began bitin' his toothpick and said: 'What's up now? Who's mean? Amariah, we oughtn't to speak evil one of another.' Hezekiah always says 'poor sinners,' and doesn't seem to mind it, but when I occasionally say 'mean sinners' he somehow gits oncasey. But I was starte^d, and I meant to free my mind.

So I said, says I: 'I was goin' to confess our sins. Dan'l confessed for all his people, and I was confessin' for all our little church.'

'Truth is,' says I, 'ours is allus called one of the 'feeble churches' and I am tired about it. I've raised seven children, and at fourteen months old every boy and girl of 'em could run alone. And our church is fourteen years old,' says I, 'and it can't take a step yet without somebody to hold on by. The Board helps us and General Jones, good man, he helps us—helps too much I think—and so we live along, but we don't seem to get strong. Our people draw their rations every year as the Indians do up at the agency; and it doesn't seem some times as if they ever thought of anything else.'

'They take it so easy,' I said. 'That's what worries me. I don't suppose we could pay all expenses, but we might act as if we wanted to, and as if we meant to do all we can.'

'I read,' says I, 'last week about the

debt of the Board, and this week, as I uderstand,' says I, 'our application is going in for another year, and no particular effort to do any better, and it frets me. I can't sleep nights, and I can't take comfort Sundays. I've got to feelin' as if we were kind of perpetual paupers. And that was what I meant when I said: 'It is real mean?' I suppose I said it a little sharp,' says I, 'but I'd rather be sharp than flat any day, and if we don't begin to stir ourselves we shall be flat enough before long, and shall deserve to be. It grows on me. It has just been 'Board, Board, Board,' for fourteen years, and I'm tired of it. I never did like boarding,' says I; 'and, even if we were poor, I believe we might do something toward settin' up house-keepin' for ourselves.'

'Well, there's not many of us; about a hundred, I believe, and some of these is women folks, and some is jest girls and boys. And we all have to work hard and live close; but,' says I, 'let us show a disposition if nothing more. Hezekiah, if there's any spirit left in us, let us show some sort of a disposition.'

And Hezekiah had his toothpick in his teeth, and looked down at his boots and rubbed his chiu, as he always does when he's goin' to say somethin'. 'I think there's some of us that show a disposition.'

Of course I understand that hit, but I kep' still. I kep' right on with my argument, and I said: "Yes, and a pretty bad disposition it is. It's a disposition to let ourselves be helped when we ought to be helping ourselves. It's a disposition to lie still, and let somebody carry us. And we don't want growin' up cripples, only we don't know."

"Kiah," says I, "do you hear me?" Sometimes when I want to talk a little he jest shets his eyes, and begins to rock himself back and forth in the old arm-chair, and he was doing that now. So I said: "Kiah, do you hear?" And he said: "Some?" and then I went on 'I've got a proposition,' says I. And he sort o' looked up, and said: "Have you? Well, between a disposition and a proposition, I guess the proposition might be better."

He's awful sacroctio, sometimes. But I wasn't goin' to get riled, nor thrown off the track; so I jest said: "Yes; do you and I git 25 cents worth apiece a week out o' that blessed little church of ours, do you think?" says I. "Cos, if we do, I want to give 25 cents a week to keep it goin', and I thought maybe you could do as much." So he said he

guessed we could stand that, and I said: 'That's my proposition; and I mean to see if we can't find somebody else that'll do the same. 'It'll show disposition, anyway.'

'Well, I suppose you'll have your own way,' says he; 'you most always do.' And I said: 'Isn't it most always a good way?' Then I brought out my subscription paper. I had it all ready. I didn't know jest how to shape it, but I knew it was something about 'the sums set opposite our names,' and so I drew it up, and took my chances. 'You must head it,' says I, 'because you're the oldest deacon, and I must go next, because I'm the deacon's wife, and then I'll see some of the rest of the folks.'

So 'Kiah sot down, and put on his specs, and took his pen, but did not write. 'What's the matter?' says I. And he said: 'I'm sort o' shamed to subscribe 25 cents. I never signed so little as that for anything. I used to give that to the circus when I was nothin' but a boy, and I ought to do more than that to support the gospel. 25 cents a week! Why, its only 12½ cents a sermon, and all the prayer-meetin's throwed in. I can't go less than fifty cents I am sure.' So down he went for fifty cents, and then I signed for a quarter, and then my sunbonnet went onto my head pretty lively; and says I: 'Hezekiah, there's some cold potato in the pantry, and you know where to find the salt; so, if I am not back by dinner-time, don't be bashful, help yourself.' And I started.

I called on the Smith family first. I felt sure of them. And they were just happy. Mr. Smith signed, and so did Mrs. Smith; and long John, he came in while we were talkin', and put his name down; and then old Grandma Smith, she didn't want to be left out; so there was four of 'em. I've allers found it a great thing in any good enterprise to enlist the Smith family. There's a good many of 'em. Next, I called on the Joslyns, and, next, on the Chapins; and then on the Widdie Chadwick, and so I kept on.

I met a little trouble once or twice, but not much. There was Fussy Furber, and bein' trustee he thought I was out of my spear, he said; and he wanted it understood that such work belonged to the trustees. 'To be sure,' says I, 'I'm glad I've found it out. I wish the trustees had discovered that a leetle sooner.' Then there was sister Puffy, that's got the asthma. She thought we

ought to be looking after 'the sperritootalities.' She said we must get down before the Lord. She didn't think churches could be run on money. But I told her I guessed we should be just as spiritual to look into our pocketbooks a little, and I said it was a shame to be 'tarnally beggin' so of the Board.

She looked dreadful solemn when I said that, and I almost felt as I'd had been committin' profane language. But I hope the Lord will forgive me if I took anything in vain. I did not take my call in vain, I tell you. Mrs. Puffy is good, only she allus wanted to talk so pious; and she put down her 25 cents and then hove a sigh. Then I found the boys at the cooper shop, and got seven names there at one lick; and when the list began to grow people seemed ashamed to say no, and I kept gainin' till I had jest seven hundred, and then I went home.

Well, it was pretty well towards candle light when I got back, and I was that tired that I didn't know much of anything. I've washed, and I've scrubbed, and I've baked, and I've cleaned house, and I've bilged soap, and I've moved; and I 'low that a'most any one of that sort of thing is a little exhaustin'. But put your bakin' and movin' and boilin' soap all together, and it won't work out as much genuine tired soul and body as one day with a subscription paper to support the gospel. So when I sort o' dropped into a chair, and Hezekiah said, 'Well?' I was past speakin' and I put my check apron up to my face as I hadn't done since I was a young, foolish girl, and cried. I don't know what I felt so bad about, I don't know as I did feel bad. But I felt cry, and I cried. And 'Kiah, seein, how it was, felt kind o' sorry for me, and set some tea a steepin' and when I had had my drink with weepin', I felt better.

I handed him the subscription paper, and he looked it over as if he didn't expect anything; but soon he began saying "I never, I never!" And I said, "Of course you didn't; you never tried. How much is it?" 'Why, don't you know?' says he. No,' I said, I ain't quick at figures, and I hadn't time to foot it up. I hope it will make us up this year three hundred dollars or so."

'Amy' says he, you're a prodigy—a prodigal, I may say—and you don't know it. A hundred names at 25 cents each gives us \$25 a Sunday. Some of 'em may fail, but most of 'em is good and there is ten, eleven, thirteen, that sign fifty. That paper of yours'll give

us thirteen hundred dollars a year.' I jumped up like I was shot. 'Yes,' he says, 'we shan't need anything this year from the Board. *This church*, for this year at any rate, is *self supporting*'.

We both sat down and kept still a minute, when I said kind o' softly: 'Hezekiah,' says I, 'isn't it about time for prayers?' I was just choking, but, as he took down the Bible he said: 'I guess we'd better sing something.' I nodded like, and he just struck in. We often sing at prayers in the morning, but now it seemed like the Scripiter that says: 'He giveth songs in the night.' 'Kiah generally likes the solemn tunes, too: and we sing 'Show pity, Lord,' a great deal, and this mornin' we had sung, 'Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,' 'cause 'Kiah was not feelin' very well, and we wanted to chirk up a little.

No I just waited to see what meter he'd strike to-night; and would you believe it? I didn't know that he knew any such tune. But off he started on 'Joy to the world, the Lord is come.' I tried to catch on, but he went off, lickerty-switch, like a steam engine, and I couldn't keep up. I was partly laughin, to see 'Kiah go it, and partly crying again my heart was so full; so I doubled up some of the notes and jumped over the others, and so we safely reached the end.

But I tell you Hezekiah prayed. He allers prays well, but this was a brand new prayer, exactly suited to the occasion. And when Sunday came and the minister got up and told what had been done, and said: it is all the work of one good woman, and done in one day.' I just got scared and wanted to run. And when some of the folks shook hands with me, after meetin,' and said, with tears in their eyes, how I'd saved the church, and all that, I came awful nigh gettin' proud. But, as Hezekiah says, 'we're all poor sinners,' and so I choked it back. But I am glad I did it; and I don't believe our church will ever go boarding again.—*Presbyterian Journal*.

TO THE WORK.

We may safely say that but a small proportion of all the large membership of the church is really at work in any effective way. There must be a great many men and women standing idle in the market-place. If the whole of our great Presbyterian organization were actually and deeply interested in the saving of souls the results would not be so meagre.

Too exclusive reliance seems to be

placed upon the formal preaching of the Word, and too little personal work is done. It is the story of Gehazi and the staff over and over. Sermons and lessons are laid on dead souls, but there is no voice nor hearing, nor waking to life. What is needed is Elisha himself coming into close personal contact with the dead, heart beating warm against heart, hand clasping hand, while at the same time intense and specific prayer rises to God that he would send life.

If the world is to be brought to Christ there must be a vast amount more preaching to individuals than there is today. Preaching to the masses is good, but if that is all that is done there will be but few conversions. Teaching the class, as a whole, is important, but if nothing more is done there will not be many souls led to Christ. The preacher must come down from his pulpit and talk to men and women one by one, pressing Christ upon them. The teacher must take his scholars by the hand, lead them apart, and introduce them to Christ. Many a tender impression made by the sermon or lesson proves evanescent because it is not followed by personal conversation to lead the anxious soul to immediate decision. Opportunities for private conversation should be given after every public service, so that if any have been seriously impressed they may be led at once to decide.

One of our most successful pastors says:—"The difference between mass work and individual work is just the difference between shaking the apple tree and leaving the fruit lying on the ground, bruised and battered, and picking off the apples by hand and putting them into a basket. The shaking process makes a great noise; it brings a temporary credit and *eclat* to the man who does the shaking. But it does not gather the 'fruits of the Spirit,' in the shape of intelligently converted men and women, into the church of Christ. Men may go down to hell by regiments; but they may have to be led to the cross and led into the kingdom of Immanuel one by one.

"It is time that all pastors and evangelists and Sunday school teachers were convinced that *one soul is a great audience*, and that to lead a single sinner to life eternal is an indescribably blessed achievement for the glory of our Lord. This personal process costs time, it costs patience, it costs trouble and some inconvenience to ourselves. It requires also strong faith, and in some cases a good degree of moral courage, to go and labor

faithfully and lovingly with an unconverted person. Vastly easier and cheaper to rise and deliver a fluent exhortation in a crowded meeting; yet the exhortation which means everybody may move nobody into the pathway to endless life."

This individual way was Christ's method. Among the most wonderful words spoken by him were his personal talks with individual inquirers, as when he conversed with Nicodemus by night and with the woman at the well in the sultry noontide. The apostles followed the same plan; they preached to multitudes, but they did not neglect their opportunities to speak with individuals. Peter and John stopped on their way through the beautiful gate to heal the poor old lame man who lay there. Ananias went to visit the blind persecutor to lay his hands upon him and to help him start in his new life. Thus Paul was a hand-picked Christian. Philip may have done much good preaching to crowds, but that which shines most brightly in the story of his work is his long talk with the Ethiopian inquirer in the chariot. The greater part of the book of the Acts is filled with the narratives of individual efforts to win souls. Paul's two years work in his prison at Rome was chiefly work with single individuals, but its influence spread over all the world and is going on yet.

The men in all ages of the church who have gathered the greatest number of souls have been those who were ever watching to speak the personal word of affectionate entreaty or solemn warning, and gently to lead the penitent to the Saviour's feet. A pastor who was permitted in a few years to receive more than a thousand new converts into the church said that he knew the spiritual history of nearly every one of them, as, with very few exceptions, they had all been gathered in by personal seeking, and had made their decision in the inquirer's seat. A teacher of a large Bible class out of which in a few years came more than three hundred to make public confession of Christ testified that it was the quiet talks after the lessons that in nearly every case had led to decision. Sometimes it was a single word whispered with the handshake as the class passed out; sometimes it was a little note sent when the teacher had marked in a face the evidence of serious impression; sometimes it was a visit made to a timid scholar at home. This teacher believed that his work was but begun when he had taught the lesson to his class as a

whole, and that he must find some way to bring the vital truths of the gospel to bear directly and closely upon the individual soul. With this conviction, and ever prayerfully watching for opportunities, opportunities always came, came divinely sent, and proved open doors set before the worker for souls.

This is work in which every man, woman, and child can take a part.—*Phil. Pres.*

THE SABBATH IN EUROPE.

While such persevering attempts are being made in England to secularise the Lord's-day, it is encouraging to learn that on the Continent efforts are put forth in the opposite direction. Signor Sciarelli, a minister connected with the Wesleyan body at Naples, has been urging all protestants to form a league for the sanctification of the Lord's-day. He has also appealed to the Italian House of Representatives on the subject, especially on behalf of the men employed on the railways. In Denmark an influential society has been formed for securing Sunday rest. Some practical reforms have also been effected in Holland and Belgium, the postal and railway service on Sundays being considerably diminished, and a large number of men set free on that day from the Government workshops. Our working men ought to take note of these things, and learn that those who wish to make Sunday no longer a day of sacred rest are not their true friends. Sunday pleasure would soon end in Sunday slavery.—*British Messenger.*

The example of the Digby mission station in the Halifax Presbytery is well worthy of imitation. Mr. E. W. Byington of Hartford closed his labours there in Sept. Before leaving it was resolved to keep up the Sabbath School during winter to hold a meeting for reading and prayer on Sabbath afternoon when a sermon is not preached, conduct a prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening, and also continue the literary society organized by the catechist.

Rev. John Cameron has resigned his charge of Bridgewater congregation. During the six years of his pastorate there, forty-six names have been added to the communion roll on profession of faith, a new manse has been built and the debt on the congregation largely reduced.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

PRESBYTERY OF ST. JOHN.

The regular bi-monthly meeting of St. John Presbytery was held in the vestry of St. Andrew's church on the 17th inst.

Dr. Smith was elected moderator for the next six months and Mr. Langill was licensed and ordained for the home mission field.

Rev. Mr. Bruce submitted an encouraging report on Augmentation. He believed the scheme would be eminently successful. In this Presbytery, the aid-receiving congregations had sent in very satisfactory returns. This year there has been an increase from every supplemented congregation except two. There is an increase all the way down to \$10. Prince William congregation was particularly praised for the efforts it had made. This year \$10,000 will be required. This Presbytery will be requested to raise \$1,400 instead of \$1,700 as last year. He asked that a committee be appointed to continue the work and allocate the amounts for this year.

The call from Greenock church, St. Andrew's in favor of Rev. A. Gunn was sustained and the clerk instructed to forward the same to him. Rev. Mr. Murray declined the call extended to him from the congregation at Harvey. A recommendation of the Board and Senate of Knox college, anent an additional professor in said college, was read, and the Presbytery expressed its approval of it.

After hearing the report of the committee on organizing a mission at Sackville, the name of Sackville was ordered to be added to the list of mission stations.

Dr. Macrae reported for the home missions that at present Messrs. Nelson and Thomson were available for home mission work. He read an application to the Presbytery from Rev. Ebenezer H. Jenkins asking for work. The request was granted. All amounts due to catechists are applied for to the Home mission board.

It was resolved that Rev. Messrs. Mowatt and Kenneth McKay be appointed a committee to visit Grand Falls and report thereon.

Dr. Macrae moved that the clerk's salary be reduced to \$100 inclusive of all expenses. The motion was seconded by Wm. Stewart and carried.

The resignation of Dr. Macrae as convener of the Home Mission committee was accepted and Dr. Smith was appointed senior convener of the committee.

PICTOU PRESBYTERY

The Presbytery of Pictou met at New Glasgow on the 3rd inst.

The deputation appointed to visit the congregation of Glenelg, E. River and Caledonia, gave a most cheering report of their visitation, of the numerous and toilsome labors of the Pastor, Mr. Ferry, and of the prosperous state of matters in the congregation generally; all which was most gratifying to the Presbytery.

Mr. J. H. Turnbull having intimated his acceptance of the call from Stellarton, arrangements were made for his induction on the 17th inst., Mr. Carson being appointed to preach, Mr. Blair to address the minister, and Mr. R. Cumming the people.

The Circular of the Supplementing Committee with respect to Augmentation was very carefully and fully considered.

The following allocation was agreed upon with the utmost unanimity and cordiality.

United Church N. G.	\$300
Prince St. Pictou	200
James Church N. G.	160
Stellarton	120
Knox Church Pictou	100
E. River	100
Antigonish	100
West River and Green Hill	
Westville and Middle River	65
Blue Mountain and Barney's River	65
Union Centre and Lochaber	65
Glenelg E. R. and Caledonia	65
Vale Colliery and Sutherland's River	65
Sherbrooke and Goldenville	60
Hopewell	50
Merigomish	40
Scotsburn, Hermon and Saltsprings	40
Little Harbor and Fisher's Grant	20

Congregations were recommended also to take up their collections for this object before the first of January.

The congregations of Scotsburn, Hermon and Saltsprings, laid on the table a most unanimous and hearty call, signed by 217 communicants, and 77 adherents, addressed to Mr. J. M. Allen, and the

Arrangements were made for the partial supply of the mission stations for November, December, and January.

It was agreed that next regular meeting of Presbytery be held at New Glasgow on the second Tuesday of January at half past nine o'clock, instead of on the first Tuesday as hitherto as the first Tuesday occurs in the week of prayer.

Adjourned to meet at Stellarton on the 17th inst. at half past six o'clock P. M.

TRURO PRESBYTERY.

Met at Truro on Tuesday Oct 27th.

Commissions were received and sustained from the sessions of the 1st Presbyterian congregation of Truro, Onslow, and St. Paul's, appointing W. Y. Loughhead, D. E. Cutten and Alexander Macleod to represent them in Presbytery and Synod.

Rev. O. A. Fisher of Montrose, P. E. Island, was invited to correspond.

The business of greatest interest before the Presbytery was the resignation by Dr. McCulloch of the 1st Presbyterian congregation Truro. Rev. T. Cumming reported that he had preached as appointed by the Presbytery, and cited the congregation to appear for their interests. Messrs Alexander Miller, Richard Christie and Senator McKay appeared as commissioners from the congregation, and spoke of the long and eventful pastorate of Dr. McCulloch, of the changes which had taken place during his ministry and of the warm bond of affection existing between him and the people.

Afterward Dr. McCulloch was heard. He referred to his lengthened pastorate in the congregation, his desire if possible to be still further useful, but in view of failing health stated that he felt constrained to press his resignation.

It was agreed that Dr. McCulloch's connection with the congregation should cease at the close of the present Calendar year and the Rev. T. Cumming was appointed to exchange with Dr. McCulloch on the evening of the last Sabbath of December, and declare the congregation vacant.

It was agreed to ask of the General Assembly leave to retain the name of Dr. McCulloch on the Presbytery's Roll; also to ask for his retirement with the status of Pastor Emeritus of the First Presbyterian Congregation Truro.

The Rev. E. Smith, J. K. Blair, Esq. and the Clerk was appointed a committee to prepare a minute to be placed on the records of the Presbytery.

Among the papers laid on the table of the Presbytery was a resolution of the congregation agreeing to pay to Dr. McCulloch on his retirement two thousand dollars.

Mr. Wrath, a commissioner from Harmony was heard, stating the wishes of the congregation in that place. It was agreed to erect Harmony into an independent Mission Station. It was further agreed that Dr. Bruce should have the oversight of the station with power for the election of elders.

Reports of Catechists were received and disposed of. Application was made to the Home Mission Board for a missionary to labor in the Mission stations of the Presbytery during the winter.

Circulars anent Augmentation were distributed, and the Presbytery's committee on Augmentation were asked to apportion the one thousand dollars allotted by the Synod, among the different congregations of the Presbytery.

The Presbytery adjourned to meet again in the same place on Tuesday December 15th.—J. H. CHASE, Clerk,

PRESBYTERY OF SYDNEY.

Met at Falmouth St. Church, Sydney, Oct. 28.

Donald McKay, commissioner as elder from Grand River was sustained.

The resignation of Rev. Dr. McLeod was accepted to take place from the first of Sep. last. The congregation presented a resolution expressing their attachment to their late pastor and promising a retiring allowance of \$280 per annum.

Presbytery apply to the Assembly for leave for Dr. McLeod to retire from the ministry as pastor Emeritus of the congregation.

Mr. John McFarlane, catechist, was certified to the Theological Hall.

Mr. McLeod, elder, submitted the following resolution.

Whereas the practice which at present prevails of raising money for the Lord's work by tea-meetings, picnics, bazaars, &c., is not in our opinion the proper way, and whereas it appears that there has been of late dancing and frolicing in connection with some of these gatherings. Therefore resolved.

1. That no such festivals be held in any congregation within the bounds of this Presbytery for the object of raising money for the Lord's work, but by consent and under the supervision of the Session of the congregation.

2. That dancing, or any other sinful practices shall not be tolerated at such meetings.

And that the people be instructed to give systematically towards the maintenance of God's ordinances in our midst. After considerable discussion it was allowed to lie on the table till next regular meeting.

The Clerk asked and obtained leave of absence for a few months to visit Scotland, &c.

Next meetings in St. Andrew's Church, Sydney, on the second Wednesday of January, 1886.

PRESBYTERY OF HALIFAX.

Met on Tuesday, Nov. 3.

The call of St. Andrew's Church to Rev. J. C. Cattanach of Sherbrooke, Quebec, was sustained and ordered to be forwarded at once to the clerk of the Presbytery of Quebec.

Moderation in a call was granted to Richmond, and Mr. McMillan was appointed to preside at said moderation—the time to be agreed upon by himself after conference with the congregation.

Mr. Ross was heard in reference to the Church at Wolfville. Whereupon it was agreed that the Presbytery very earnestly recommend the congregation at Wolfville to the Hunter Church Building fund for a free grant or loan of \$300,—to help in the removal and finishing of their Church, and appoint Principal Forrest and the Clerk to represent the case to the Hunter Fund.

The Presbytery accepted Mr. Wallace's resignation of the congregation of Warwick, Bermuda,—to take effect Dec. 31st, and appointed Mr. McKeen to intimate the same to the congregation.

Mr. Laing reported from the Presbytery's Committee on Augmentation. 1. That the amount required from this Presbytery be divided among the congregations of the Presbytery as follows:

St. Matthew's and Fort Massey, each	\$320.00
Maitland and St. John's, Halifax, each	150.00
Windsor	130.00
St. Andrew's and Park Street, each	125.00
Dartmouth and Chalmers, each	100.00
Shubenacadie	95.00
Milford and Gay's River	61.00
Yarmouth	50.00
Canard, Lawrencetown, and the two Musquodoboits, each	40.00
Kentville and Elmsdale, &c., each	35.00
Gore and St. Andrew's, Bermuda, each	30.00
Annapolis, Richmond, Little River, Noel and Kempt, each	25.00
Carleton and Chebogue, Musquodoboit Harbor, each	20.00
Wolfville and Horton	15.00

2. That steps be taken to have these amounts collected within the time specified by the Synod

3. Visit all the congregations within the

bounds that have not yet come up to the minimum through failure to meet the conditions of the Assembly in reference to Augmentation.

4. Visit all aid-receiving congregations where it is deemed necessary either to give aid, in improving their financial condition, or in raising their allotment, and generally to manage the scheme within the bounds.

The Presbytery approved of these recommendations, and left the whole matter in the hands of the Committee to carry out.

Ministers were recommended to read the questions on the State of Religion to their congregations, and to hold conference on the subject.

Dr. Burns called the attention of Presbytery to an article that appeared in the WITNESS of October 31st., over the signature of Dr. James Ross, charging him with misrepresentation, palpable falsehood, &c. D. Ross was present, and spoke in reply to Dr. Burns. Whereupon the Presbytery on motion of Mr. Laing, seconded by Dr. Pollok, passed the following resolution:—

That the Presbytery having heard Dr. Burns's complaint of an article published by Rev. Dr. Ross in the Presbyterian Witness, charging him with misstatement of fact suppression of truth, and palpable falsehood in his speech at last Synod defending the action of the College Board, and having heard Dr. Ross's explanations,—express its conviction that the charges contained in the article complained of are utterly without foundation and that Dr. Ross should publicly retract the same.

In removing the name of Rev. A. L. Wylie from the roll, the Presbytery adopted a minute expressive of their gratitude to the Great Head of the Church for the work Mr. Wylie has been enabled to perform at Richmond for the past nine years, their sorrow at the cause that led to his retirement from active work in that field, and their hope and prayer that rest for a season may restore him to his wonted vigor, and that he may be spared to labor for many years yet in the Master's vineyard.

There will be a Presbyterian visitation of Upper Musquodoboit congregation, Nov. 28th, at 1.30 P. M., and of Middle Musquodoboit, Nov. 18th., at 2 o'clock

The next meeting will be held in St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, Tuesday, Dec. 1st., at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

ALLAN SIMPSON, Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF VICTORIA AND RICHMOND.

Met at Black River, West Bay, Oct. 21st, for visitation and other business.

The congregation was found in a very prosperous condition, and a most cordial and hearty resolution was passed expressive of gratitude to God for the marked way in which He has blessed the work of the congregation during the past year.

Roderick McLeod and Hector K. McLean, students in Divinity, gave in their prescribed exercises and were duly certified to the Theological Hall.

The amount of \$275 asked for by Synod for Augmentation was asked from the Stations and congregations in the same proportion as last year.

It was agreed to ask the Presbytery of Sydney to a conference.

Next meeting for visitation and other business at Baldeck, Nov. 17th.

K. MCKENZIE, Clerk.

FENELON'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

"Lord, take my heart, for I cannot give it; and when thou hast it, oh, keep it, for I cannot keep it for thee: and save me, in spite of myself, for Jesus Christ's sake."

So runs this little prayer, which I found, long ago, in a religious journal, and which I cut out and pasted at the side of my desk. What there was in to strike me so strangely I do not know. Perhaps it was that strange phrase, "Save me, in spite of myself."

But there the prayer remained. The eye of the worker lifted from his work, now and again, caught it. This iteration bore it in on the mind. The pure little drop, by constant dropping, had worn itself a cup in the soul, which it kept always full. Sometimes days and weeks went by, but, just as surely as the to-morrow of any great thought, so surely came the repetition of this brief sentence. I caught myself saying it over. It had a kind of rhythm to it which chimed again and again with my mood.

So presently I quoted it in the prayer-meeting; and now and then, in the church, I found it getting into the prayer, in some form or another, just as dear old Dr. Brainerd, in Old Pine Street Church, Philadelphia, had his favorite phrase. Those who knew him will remember how many times he held on to those iron handles in his pulpit, and sustained his physical feebleness, as he prayed, "That

the world may be the better because we have lived in it."

Finally my people themselves spoke of it. One and another confessed an indebtedness to the thought. And I was brought to consciousness of the frequency with which I had used it, by finding a sick person recognize it, and say: "Oh! I like that prayer, 'Save us in spite of ourselves. That's the prayer you make so often.'"

Then I wrote it in my Bible. For by that time it had become what the old lady said about the promises. On the margin of the text she had occasionally written "T. P." This she said stood for "Tried. Proved." And as Fenelon's prayer was T. P., I entered it accordingly.—S. S. Times.

HINTS ON SOUL-HEALTH.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Not bodily health, for that belongs to the Doctor of Medicine rather than to a Doctor of Divinity. Yet many of the rules that apply to the physical man, apply also to the spiritual life. For example, the person who seeks to increase his actual strength by the use of alcoholic stimulants instead of nutritious food and sound sleep, may wear a florid show of flesh. But it is only bloat, and not solid bulk. Fictitious capital is about as worthless for the body as it is in business. In the cultivation of soul-health, all falsehood is fatal; mere professions of piety and orthodox cred-subscriptions, with cheap and easy performances of external devotions, never yield any genuine stamina of character. There are hundreds of church members whose only visible religious act during the whole seven days of the week, is to attend a Sabbath service, and listen to sermons, prayers and sacred Psalms. The rest of the time is a routine of decent reputable worldliness, under a thin veneer of Christian profession. Can such Christians grow? Do they produce fruit? No more than a bundle of twigs tied to a gate-post can produce Bartlett pears or Baldwin apples.

This point should be emphasized, that

in order to spiritual strength, there must be an indwelling *life*, and that life is the indwelling spirit of Jesus Christ. Paul's petition for his Ephesian brethren, "was that ye may be strengthened with power through His Spirit in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith." This inward life works outwardly, so that he that "hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." The "hands" here signify the daily *doings*, the conduct of the man. As a clean tongue indicates bodily health, so "clean hands" were a proverbial expression for the sincere consistent doing of God's commandments, and such Christians wax stronger and stronger. There is a flesh "ring" of growth every year, as there is in the trunk of a maple-tree.

We have much respect for every man, or woman, or child, who can take even a step or two towards Christ, or for Christ, from a sincere spirit of obedience. Days of small things must not be despised; honest beginnings on the right track indicate pulse and progress. Parents, pastors, and Sunday-school teachers ought to encourage the inexperienced beginners who give any evidence of *genuine grace* in the heart. But all sham is fatal—the mere transient flush on the cheek of a consumptive. Then first of all be true. Next, be true. And above all, be true!

"Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the soul's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A noble Christian creed."

(2) Health is greatly affected also by atmosphere and place of residence. Some people bring back the malaria they contracted in the unwholesome localities in which they spent the Summer. A very mysterious thing is this physical malaria; but there is no mystery about the disease that enfeebles scores of church-members. They live in the wrong place, and can no more grow than a rose bush can grow and bloom under the dense shade and drip of a Catalpa-tree. They need to move—the sooner the better.

There is brother T. N. Percent who resides in Luxury Terrace. His throat is so affected that he does not pray any more in the meetings (even when he comes, which is rarely); he is so emaciated that he cannot carry a contribution-box, and has given up his mission-class on account of chronic drowsiness produced by his Sunday dinner. When he first joined the church and lived in Frugality

Lane, he used to lay aside a tenth of his earnings for the Lord, and was the banner-teacher in his Sunday-school. Brother! get up and out of that brown-stone sarcophagus! You are dying of self-indulgence. Your wine-bills and coachman-hire mark up to a higher figure than all your gifts to all the Boards of the Church. I have just read a pathetic letter from a poor minister's widow who was shedding tears of joy at receiving from our "Relief Board" less money than you spend on cigars alone! I believe that you never give to that Board because you say that "ministers ought to lay up enough to provide for their old age and for their widows and orphans." The bad air of Luxury Terrace is poisoning your conscience so acutely that you had better sell out and move straightway up on the high ground around Liberty Park.

There is poor Mrs. Dreerie, too; she has settled down on the corner of Grumbling Street and Despondency Lane. The water is bad down there; the sewerage bad; the atmosphere bad; the birds never sing there, and there is not even a street-lamp. She has the ague so constantly that she cannot come to prayer-meeting; when she does come she disturbs her neighbors by her coughs and groans. That locality is worse than a Panama swamp. Move out, Sister D —, move out! There are plenty of houses to be had on Faith Park, and in Gratitude Row, and on that airy sun-lighted square which is built all around with the Divine Promises. You need sunshine, but you never can have it in that damp, dark, detestable street where there is not light enough to read the One Hundred and Third Psalm. Move quickly.

Change of place may restore the health of some sickly Christians. Others require change of *diet*; more Bible and less fiction and newspapers as the only food. Others are running down from want of exercise. Never will they recover their spiritual appetites and show the glow of health and feel the joys of the Spirit until they rouse up from the bed of indolence and lay hold of sturdily self-denying work. Worse than all the other cases are those who have secret and favorite *sins* preying on the vitals. Oh! dear friends! you cannot hasten to the Great Physician too soon; submit gladly to the probe, and if need be the lancet. Confess everything, and let your prayer be "Cleanse me, heal me, Saviour, or I die."

THE ANGELS LADDER.

If there were a ladder, Mother,
Between the earth and sky,
As in the days of the Bible,
I would bid you all good-bye,
And go through every country,
And search from town to town,
Till I had found the ladder
With angels coming down.

Then I would wait quite softly
Beside the lowest round,
Till the sweetest-looking angel
Had stepped upon the ground ;
I would pull his dazzling garment,
And speak out very plain :
'Will you take me please to heaven,
When you go back again'

"Ah, darling," said the mother,
"You need not wander so
To find the golden ladder
Where angels come and go :
Wherever gentle kindness
Or pitying love abounds,
There is the wondrous ladder,
With angels on the rounds."
—*Wide Awake.*

A. B. C. F. M.

That looks like a lesson in A. B. C.
What do these letters stand for? American
Board of Commissioners for Foreign
Missions.

Eighty years ago when the oldest people now living were little boys and girls. A boy in the United States sat by his mother's knee listening as she told him of the perishing heathen. He grew up loving and pitying them. The boy's name was Samuel. (Samuel J. Mills.) When a young man he with some others joined together and prayed for the heathen. One day they had a strange place for a prayer-meeting under the shelter of a hay-stack.

A little afterward, just seventy-five years ago. They got a number to join together and form a society for sending the gospel to distant lands. At the first meeting of that society, there were only six people present, and for a year or two they could not raise money enough to send out one missionary.

But how fast it has grown. A few

weeks ago the yearly meeting of the Society was held in Boston. Many thousands were present. It raises more than half a million of dollars every year and has over four hundred missionaries, men and women, away in almost every quarter of the world. In the schools in its different mission fields there are thirty-five thousand children learning the way of life.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy was admitted into a missionary school in China, his mother being dead. He remained several years, and not only learned the truth but received it into his heart. When only fourteen years old he went to his friends during what we call the Christmas holidays. One afternoon he went into a village temple. As he looked at the idols, an old man (sixty-five years of age) came in with tottering steps, and laying a few incense sticks before an idol, knelt down and began to pray. Then he passed to the next idol, and so on the whole round of them.

The little boy thought to himself, "Here's an old man who has not long to live, and he does not know the way to heaven. But I'm only a little boy, I can't tell him." The young people in China are taught to treat the aged with very great respect, and it would have been very impertinent for the little-boy to attempt to teach the old man.

"What is to be done? He has no one to teach him," thought the boy, as he saw him pass from idol to idol, and as he thought, the tears ran down his cheeks. These tears were eloquent, as the boy felt forced to go to the aged man and say:

"Would you mind a boy speaking to you? I am young; you are very old."

"What are you crying for?" said the old man. "Can I help you?"

"Sir, I am crying because I am so sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! What about?"

"Because you are aged and cannot live long, and you don't know the way to heaven."

"What! Do you know the way to heaven?"

"I know that Jesus has saved me, and he will save you."

"Who is Jesus?" asked the old man.

The boy told him the story of God's love, and the man's heart melted as he listened.

"Boy," he said, "I am over sixty years

of age, and I never heard such words. Have you had dinner?"

"No, sir, not yet."

"Come home with me, then, and you shall tell the old lady the story you have told me."

The boy went home with the old man, and told the story of the love of God, while the aged couple listened with great interest. He was invited again and again, and stayed in their house nearly the whole of his ho'idays; and the result was that, through this youthful servant of Christ, they were both led to the Saviour before they ever saw or heard of a missionary.

Four years after, Mr. Taylor, who recently related this story, accompanied the youth to the home of this aged couple, and found them truly devoted Christians, and naturally warmly attached to the Lord. Said the old man:—

"But for this boy, my wife and I would have died in darkness."

IN THE NORTH WEST.

Some of you have friends in the North West; perhaps a father, perhaps brothers or sisters, uncles, or aunts, and you take quite an interest in that country.

But who were there before your friends went to live there? Hands up all who know. Yes, Indians. And they were heathen. What! wild savage heathen in our own country? Are not the heathen far away,—

On Greenlands icy mountains

On India's coral strands,

Where Afric's sunny fountains

Roll down their golden sands?

Not all of them. The Indian tribes of North America that have not had the gospel sent to them are in heathenism going down to death without hope.

But we have some missionaries there teaching them of Jesus just as we have in Formosa, in India, in the South Seas, and Trinidad. Let me show you how the gospel changes these poor Indians.

Many of you remember the rebellion that was there a few months since, when the Indians killed some of the white settlers, and soldiers went from different parts of Canada to put down the rebellion.

What did the Indian converts do?

They did not rebel at all. They were quiet and peaceful, killed no one and hurt on one. Other tribes tried to get them to fight, and in days gone by they would have done so, but now they did not. Love to Christ had changed their savage hearts. In Formosa, in the far East, the converts stood faithful during the war, and in the North West the Indian converts remained faithful during the rebellion.

Take Jesus into your own hearts, and He will give you peace and make you peaceful. Tell the poor heathen about Him and He will change their lives from war to peace.

THE SANTALS.

A HEATHEN FATHER SUBDUED.

A year ago, the baptism of a youth took place which was regarded with great displeasure by the heathen father. Dr. Dyer now tells that the anger of the father has cooled down, owing to the medical help which he has been able to give to his second son. For the cure of his boy the father had applied to the gods of his country, and had used all the remedies which superstition prescribed. But it was all in vain. At last he appealed to the missionary, who found it necessary to perform more than one surgical operation. The result, however was satisfactory, and now the father in his gratitude is ready to admit that the Christian tracts set forth the true religion;—a very striking testimony to the value of medical missions.

DON'T SAY THAT, JACK."

A God-fearing lad was reasoning with a companion about his continuance in a wicked course. The rejoinder was, "It is the right thing for you, Harry, to be good, for you have lots of people who care for you; but as for me, nobody prays for me. I'm so bad that nobody thinks it worth while to pray for me; if they ever did pray for me, they have given it up now."

Don't say that, Jack; God is my witness that I never lie down without praying, 'O God, bring dear Jack into the fold of Christ!'"

Jack wept and repented. Let no perishing schoolfellow be able to say, "You would not take the trouble to pray for me, or you might have saved my soul."—*Herald of Mercy.*

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

"And a little child shall lead them."—
Isa : 66.

Only a little Sunday school girl,
You ask me what I can do?
I'll tell you just what the Bible says,
It's nothing at all that is new;
But the Lord has written it down in
his Book,
And he only writes what is true.

He says that the hand of a little child,
So helpless to earn its own bread,
May lead, yes! may lead to the foot of
the Cross,
To Jesus, who suffered and bled;
May lead the poor wanderer out of his
sin,
Away from his sorrow and dread.

May lead him to comfort, may lead him
to rest,
To the peace that is lasting and sweet;
That the world cannot give, that the
world cannot take,
To the Lord, who will make all com-
plete.

Have we not a mission that angels
might wish,
Who dwell in the far blue above,
To bring such glad tidings to poor sin-
ning ones,
Whom on earth our dear Saviour did
love?

THEY STOOD FAST.

Some of you know that a few months
since the French war ships went to For-
mosa where our missionaries Dr. McKay
and Mr. Jameison were laboring and fir-
ed cannon shot into the town of Tamaui,
and the missionaries had to get away for
safety.

An English captain said to Dr. McKay
"you will not have a dozen converts
when you go back." He thought they
would all leave off serving Jesus.

When the French ships went away,
and Dr. McKay got back what did he
find. Not one Christian native had fal-
len away. Every one had stood firm and
hundreds more were wanting to be taught
about Jesus.

WRONG,—LOST,—SAVED.

A colporteur left a bible in a godless
home. As the man and his wife sat to-
gether in the evenings the man took up
the book, and reading in it, began to feel
its power. "If this book is true," he
said one evening to his wife, "we are
wrong." He read more, and a few even-
ings after said again, with deep concern
and alarm, "If this book is true we are
lost."

He read still further, and through the
darkness the light began to break, as he
caught a glimpse of the cross and the
Saviour; and at last he said to his wife
with glowing joy, "If this book is true
we may be saved."

That is the story always of the work of
grace in the heart. First there is the
"law-work," which shows us our guilt
and hopelessness in ourselves. Then the
gospel comes, showing us salvation and
life.

JALNA AND BETHEL; REV. NARA-
YAN SHESHADRI'S WORK.

Since the close of 1884 the Rev. Nara-
yan Sheshadri has been privileged to re-
ceive into the Church of Christ by bap-
tism more than twenty persons, four-
teen of these being adults. In his next
missionary tour towards the city of
Paithan, in the native State of Haider-
abad, he expects to admit about a hun-
dred who are under training for baptism.
Last year the number of adults baptized
at Jalna and Bethel was fifty one, and
the number in full communion at Bethel
was five hundred and thirty-two. "This,"
he adds, "only increases our responsibili-
ties. They will begin to ask us to send
them teachers and evangelists, and we
seem to get more and more stinted with
respect to both means and men." The
congregations and friends that agreed to
help Mr. Sheshadri's special work, with-
out trenching on the association sub-
scriptions to the central fund, will, with
the whole Church, thank God for these
spiritual results.—*Chil. Rec. of Free
Church.*

HOW MUCH IN A LINE!

At a temperance celebration in New-
market, a little lad appeared in the pro-
cession bearing a flag, on which was in-
scribed the following: "All's right when
daddy's sober.—*Band of Hope Review.*"

A HEATHEN TEMPLE EMPTIED.

A pleasing story is told by Mrs. Gates of the Maratha Mission, in Western India, which shows what a power the children have. Mr. and Mrs. Gates were away from their Sholapur home on one of the preaching tours which are often taken by missionaries in India, and one night they were in camp at a village of Angar, about half a mile from a temple dedicated to a god called Khandoba. It happened to be the feast day annually kept in honor of this god, and the people were coming from the near villages, on short pilgrimages to the temple, to pay their homage before this heathen shrine. Some school-boys who were among the number, spied out the tent of the missionaries among the trees, and came over to see what it all meant. Mr. Gates had a talk with them, and Mrs. Gates sung to them and played to them upon the little organ which is carried about on these preaching tours for the purpose of attracting and interesting the people.

About a quarter of an hour after the boys had gone, while the good missionary and his wife were busy about the tent, they heard a great commotion outside, a rustling and pattering, and on looking out, the tent was found to be surrounded. On inquiry they found that the boys as well as the older people had all come over to hear the organ. One man said that not a single person was left at the temple. The company stayed until dark and enjoyed the music, and you may be very sure that they heard something of the gospel message. Mrs. Gates asked some of the boys if Khandoba, the idol, would not be angry if they left him so long. "He is only a stone how can he get angry?" said they.

"If he can't get angry, then he can't love you, can he?" asked Mrs. Gates.

"Oh no, of course not."

"But," said the missionary. "I should want a God who could love me. My God does love me, and He is your God too, and loves you."

This was a new and strange idea to these boys. They knew it was a good friend who told them so, but they could scarcely believe it. Told so long that the gods are cruel and revengeful, they are slow to learn what the gospel teaches of God's love to man. Pray that they may believe the truth when they hear it.

And ought not more of the children of India to hear it soon? *Missionary Day-spring.*

THE BUDDHISTS.

Many Buddhist temples now abound in Ceylon and Burma and Siam. There are millions of Buddhists in the world, though not nearly so many as has sometimes been claimed. They are followers of an East Indian sage who was born not far from 600 years before Christ, though the exact date is much disputed. He was called Sak-ya-muni, or sometimes Gautama, and in later years he received the title of Bud-dha—meaning "The enlightened one."

Strange stories are told about the birth and childhood of this man, and his history at this period is often compared with the infancy of Jesus. But in one respect certainly there was a striking difference between the two. Jesus was born of poor and lowly parents, while Gautama was the son of a king, and the lad bore the title of Prince, and was reared in luxury. When a young man he was noted for his bodily vigor, and overcame all others in the feats which required skill and strength.

In his early years Gautama was of a melancholy state of mind, and as he grew up he was sorely distressed by the sight of suffering which as a child he had been prevented from seeing. He became very sad and though every effort was made to divert his mind to cheerful subjects, for a time with success, he again relapsed into deep melancholy, and left his palace, his wife, and child, to become what is known in India as a mendicant, or religious beggar. He put on a coarse garment, and carried in his hands a beggar's bowl for receiving money or broken pieces of food. Thus wandering about the country, he gave himself up to meditation and the practice of self-denial.

The chief article in the belief of Gautama was that every living soul on dying passes into another form of life, at the end of which it is born into still another existence, and so on in an endless series, unless by meditation and the practice of virtues it may escape this perpetual round of existence and pass into an unconscious state, which is termed Nirvana. As all life was believed to be full of misery, the great object which should be sought was the attainment of this Nirvana, the end of conscious being. If one lives well in this life, and subdues his passions, he will at death be born into a higher state, and so on from one stage of being to another until he reaches the goal where he shall cease to feel and to think. If on the other hand

he lives an impure and wicked life, he will in the next stage be born as one of the lower animals. This transmigration of souls is the common belief throughout the greater portion of Asia.

It is easy to see how this faith leads to kindness to animals, and, on the part of many, to a refusal to kill any living creature. A cow or a dog or a snake may possibly be no other than one's father or mother or child, who has died and passed into this new form. Gautama ordered that no animals should ever be killed.

The results of the Buddhist faith in India and Japan and China have not been at all what Gautama expected. Practically the people believe in no God, and their theories about the practice of self-denial and all the virtues have not prevailed over their sinful inclinations. His religion points to no Saviour outside of one's self, and without such a Saviour, as all history shows men are helpless.

Many beautiful Buddhist temples are found in Ceylon, Burma, Japan, and China. Some gigantic images of Buddha have been reared. He is generally represented as seated on a lotus-flower, with his eyes half closed, and his hands folded, in an attitude of calm meditation.—*Mission Dayspring*.

LOW KITTY DID IT.

Kitty's mother went to a missionary meeting, and Kitty wanted to go too. Her mother said, "Kitty you had better form a society of your own."

So Kitty went to see Minnie and Fannie and Jennie and Nellie. They said they would come Wednesday at three o'clock.

Wednesday came; but Minnie concluded to go skating, the ice was so good; so she didn't come.

Fannies's sister's baby came to her house for a visit; so she thought she must stay at home and play with it.

Jennie believed she had a headache, and she'd go next time; besides, she had a new story book she wanted to read.

Nellie got started, but met Madge Grey, who didn't approve of missionary societies; so they went down town and bought some candy with the penny Nellie was going to take to the society.

Kitty waited, but no one came: so she thought, "Well, I'll be the society." So she read and prayed and sang, and took up a collection.

The collection was the great thing. Kitty didn't know what to do with it.

It amounted to just five cents. Kitty's mother said she thought it had better go to India; it might buy a book for some one. So the collection of the "one-member society" went to India. The missionary lady knew Kitty; so she bought a Tamil book and gave it to a Hindu man. He threw it in the street going home; but another heathen picked it up and read it and learned to love Jesus. So Kitty's society was a success. I think a society with one member who does something is much better than a society with a hundred members who never come, and don't do anything. What do you think children? If the other girls won't come, have a "one-member society."—*Selected*.

THE MANGS.

One of the lowest tribes of the many kinds and sorts of people who live in Hindostan are called Mangs. They live in the woods, or just outside of villages, earning their living as best they can. Poor things! Nobody tries to make them better. Indeed, they are so looked down upon, that their own countrymen feel polluted by their very touch. Do you know what polluted means?

Christians do not feel so. Christians are interested in them, and wish to make them good men and women.

A USEFUL ERRAND.

Bertie is a little boy who had a bad way of saying, "I don't care." One day Aunt Nell said to him, "Bertie, will you do an errand for me?"

"O yes, ma'am!" cried Bertie; "what is it?"

"Take your naughty 'don't care' away up in the garret and hide it."

Bertie laughed and then looked sober. Then he said, "I will, Auntie Nell." And away he ran.

I think he must have hidden it very carefully, for he hasn't found it yet.—*Chris. Observer*.

"THAT'S NOTHING."

A Christian negro, speaking one day at the coffee-rooms in Calcutta, said, "I love Jesus. He has saved me, and I love to try and save others and bring them to Jesus. I go out with a bundle of tracts and give them away to anybody who will take them. Of course I get jeers and sneers, but that don't matter—that's nothing."

MISSIONARY BEDS.

It is almost time to be thinking of our missionary beds, said Susie Brown to her brother, turning from the open window into which the warm spring sun was cheerfully shining. "I think so, too," answered Charlie, not looking off his work; for he was very busy mending a hoe.

"Missionary beds! What are they—feather beds, straw-beds, mattresses?" So thought a gentleman who sat in the room reading the newspaper, and who heard what the children said. "Missionary beds! Are they beds for missionaries?" At last he asked the children what they meant.

"Why, garden-beds!" answered Charlie quickly, dropping his hoe, and looking earnestly into the gentleman's face. "My father gives us children a bed in the garden to plant and take care of and do everything ourselves. Then we sell what grows to earn our missionary money. My bed is asparagus, and my father and Uncle John bought it all. Susie's is a bed of herbs; and last year she sold almost all of it to the apothecary. We like to be gardeners first rate. Mother was afraid we should not hold out, but we did; we like to be doing what is really something."

I think there is a good deal of truth in what Charlie said. Play does not always satisfy children. I have seen them hang round very often, saying over and over again, "Mamma, what can I do?" and I believe it means more than play. The fact is, they like to be doing what is really something, for a part of the time at least; that is, they want to do something that is really important to some one besides themselves; something they will be ashamed to give up, and that will reward them for persevering.

It is a very nice way to earn money for the Lord's blessed work; for children nowadays may not only pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," but they can really work for what they pray for like grown-up people. They can come into this heavenly kingdom themselves and help children all over the world to do also.

A HEATHEN PUNISHMENT.

A rude tribe exists in Africa, which, whatever else of evil it tolerates, abhors laziness. Of course much which is called "work" would better be left undone; but these people do not think so. Their

industries are elephant and monkey hunting, fighting and killing off neighboring tribes; and woe to the coward or the lazy man who does not respond when the hunting-call or the war-cry sounds out. When the verdict is that a man is so lazy that he is useless to the tribe, his doom is sealed. Men bind him hand and foot and cast him into the river, that he may at least make a feast for a crocodile, which might, otherwise, devour some toiling boatman or reed gatherer.

An Englishman who was among this people once, getting elephants and monkeys in the service of natural history, saw this punishment inflicted on a poor trembling creature. The men in charge held their victim over the water till they saw a crocodile rushing towards the bank when they flung him in violently. The great gate-like jaws opened, and in an instant the waters were crimson with blood. Then the pure stream rushed down and carried away every trace of the dreadful crime.

Well may we all long for the spread of the Gospel which has mercy to the erring as well as joy to the righteous. Yet it is sad to think how many lazy persons may be found in Christian lands, fine gentlemen who never add a grain to the world's wealth, nor lift a burden from the heavy laden; fair ladies and beautiful girls who lie on lounges reading novels, or planning some selfish amusement.

Although we have no fear of such cruel punishments, yet surely while the world lies in darkness and sin, while sorrow reigns abroad and at home, there ought to be no inactive hands, no unfeeling hearts among us.—*Mission Dayspring.*

"I KISS 'OO!"

"I strike 'oo!" cried a little boy in a sharp tone to his sister.

"I kiss 'oo!" said his sister, stretching out her arms, and putting up her rosy lips in a sweet kiss.

Tommy looked a look of wonder. Did his ears hear right? They did, for there was a kiss on Susy's lips. A smile broke over his angry face, like sunshine on a black cloud.

"I kiss 'oo," he then said; and the little brother and sister hugged and kissed each other right heartily.

A kiss for a blow is better than tit for tat, isn't it?

THE SIAMESE KING'S BATHDAY.

April 12th was the day fixed by the soothsayers for the annual ceremony of bathing the king's head in the river. I suppose it came in connection with the New-Year's season which is now upon us. Custom permits everybody to throw water over everybody else. The King's retinue had a great frolic as they crossed the river. The king was mounted on a large elephant, with a gilded howdah and rich trappings of solid gold. Before him marched a company of soldiers armed with muskets, and another company bearing the golden swords of state. After them the royal umbrella, and then a second elephant bearing the king's eldest son, followed by a numerous retinue of nobles and honorable servants. The whole procession, except the military, marched into the river, and across to a sand-bar where a shelter had been erected, everybody sprinkling his neighbor, with great shouts of laughter. The king dismounted, and after resting a little under the shelter, took off his jacket and proceeded to a small canopy of green boughs, where he set afloat a small raft, perhaps eighteen inches square, laden with images of various kinds of beasts, fruits, and the like. These I learned were used in the hope that the various spirits which might give the king trouble would, attracted by them, collect on the raft and be floated off down the river, together with the pollution contracted by his Majesty during the last year. While this was going on a number of doves were let loose from a hamper and allowed to fly away. The king, having washed his head and arms in a basin, waded out into the river and took a bath. Meanwhile while a salute was fired from cannon on the bank.

Then his Majesty remounted his elephant and the procession returned to the city.—*Woman's Work for Woman*.

AFRICA.

COAXING KAFFIRS TO A SABBATH SCHOOL.

About fourteen miles from our long-established mission station of Pirie in Kaffraria, there is an out-station, named Spreull, where heathenism still prevails. There is only one Christian man living at the station; but he holds his ground, and is not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.

It occurred to one of the daughters of

the Rev. Bryce Ross that the likeliest way to influence the people for good would be to gather in the young for instruction. A neighboring station, named Knox, furnished one or two girls capable of teaching when Miss Ross could not be there herself; but she arranged to go every second or third Sabbath, starting from Pirie on horseback at 6 A. M.; and not getting back till five in the afternoon.

It required many calls and some management to gather a class together, but this was accomplished, and the work started, when the attempt to enrol their names in a book dispersed them all again! The parents were sure such a process was fraught with danger to the children, and it was only by promising to do nothing of the kind in future that Miss Ross secured their return to school. They now requested that reading should be taught in it; and though it did not appear likely that a weekly lesson would prove very efficacious, Miss Ross took an alphabet over with her, which was highly appreciated. She next tried some Scripture prints, in the hope of interesting them, but to her dismay this had the effect of once more scattering her little flock! She could only suppose that the parents attached some superstitious notions to her pictures, and the whole process of wooing back the truants had to be gone through once more.

These difficulties surmounted, and teacher and scholars getting better acquainted, the little "reds" began to show quite a mania for learning, and a general rush to the class took place whenever Miss Ross was seen coming down the hill opposite their dwellings.—*Rev. J. Scott*.

PERSIA.

The first missionaries to go to Persia were Mr. Smith and Mr. Dwight, who started from Smyrna one bright May morning to see what they could find to do for the Lord Jesus in those unknown regions. They went on horseback, and you would have laughed to see them in their queer loose Turkish cloaks and turbans which they wore so that the people on the way might not notice but what they were Turks. They travelled for fifteen months, going over twenty-five hundred miles; and they found the people so poor and in such a miserable state without the gospel, and yet so friendly, they decided that some missionaries ought to go there and try to do them good.

About a year afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, and Dr. and Mrs. Grant went to live among the people. They travelled seven hundred miles on horseback and arrived at Oroomiah, their future home, one rainy evening in November, 1835. They were wet and tired, and there was nothing for them to eat in the house, nor any furniture to make them comfortable. But they made a blazing fire, sent to the market for food, and slept quite well, they said, on beds of shavings.

They soon made their house pleasant to live in, and then they tried to do something for those around them. Dr. Grant was a very fine doctor, and when the people found he could cure their diseases, they came to his house in crowds—men, women and children, princes, nobles, and governors, as well as poor people. This gave all the missionaries a chance to tell them about a Saviour who could heal their souls as well as their bodies.

In a few months they started a school of seven little boys. They had cards with their lessons written on them for books, and boxes of sand for slates; but they learned quite fast, and in a year there were fifty scholars. Mrs. Grant gathered a few little girls into a school which afterwards grew into Oroomiah Female Seminary.

From Oroomiah the missionaries went into different parts of the country, making long journeys over mountains, sleeping on the ground and in desolate houses, to tell the people the blessed story of salvation. One after another schools and churches were formed. In thirty-six years from the time the missionaries arrived in Oroomiah on the rainy November evening, there were eighty-five places where the gospel was preached, and two thousand five hundred people who heard it every Sunday. More than a hundred men had been taught to be preachers and helpers, and more than nine hundred had become members of the church; hundreds of boys and girls had been educated in the seminaries, and there were more than a thousand in the village day-schools, and nearly nineteen millions of pages of tracts and religious books had been printed and sent over the country.—*Miss. Day.*

FEAR TO BE FRIVOLOUS.

In one of Dr. Joseph Parker's latest sermons we find this excellent word on a point that demands attention, especially in these latter days:

Frivolousness will ruin any life. No friv-

olousness succeeds in business of a commercial kind. Business is not a trick in amusement, it is hard work, hard study, daily consideration, incessant planning, wakefulness that ought never to sleep.

If for a corruptible crown, what for an incorruptible? The danger is that we make light of the Gospel because of our disregard for the manner in which it is spoken. Were we anxious about the vital matter, we should not care how it was uttered. All mere study of manner and way of putting familiar truth, is an accommodation to the frivolity of the age. When we are told to make our services more interesting, our music more lively, our preaching more animated, we are but told to stoop to the frivolity of the time, that we may entrap a truant attention and arrest a wandering mind. Given an anxious people, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, knocking at the church door, saying "Open to me the gate of righteousness, I will enter in and be glad," this is the day the Lord hath made," we need not study any mechanical arrangements or urge ourselves to any unusual animation of manner; the urgency of our desire, the purity and nobleness of our sympathy, would supply all the conditions required by the God of the feast, for the pouring out of heaven's best wine, and the preparation of all the fatlings of the heavens for the satisfaction of our hunger. God makes all the universe contribute to the soul's growth. "My oxen and My fatlings are killed and ready, therefore come to the marriage." He keeps back nothing from the soul, He plucks the highest grapes in the vineyards of heaven for the soul, He seeks out the goodliest and choicest of His possessions and treasures, that the soul may be satisfied; He has kept back nothing: last of all He sent His Son, saying "They will reverence My Son." In that act see the symbol of all that can be crowded into the suggestion, that God withholds no good thing that can minister to the soul's development, and the souls growth in truth and love and grace.

There is said to be not a single evangelical missionary in the whole valley of the Amazon, and that a gospel sermon has never been preached in all that territory.

The papers that come from Bolivia show the whole country is ripe for the gospel, and that notwithstanding all the opposition on the part of the clergy there are everywhere men ready and willing to accept the gospel and defend it.

A MISSIONARY LETTER TO THE
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY REV. L. W. PILCHER, OF NORTH CHINA.

Dear Children:—Having travelled all day in the midst of one of the cold, bleak winters that are peculiar to North China, we came to a little country village where we had planned to spend the night. It was a forlorn looking place, built almost entirely of mud bricks dried in the sun.

The work of the day was over and the streets were deserted, save as we met a few persons here and there clad in heavily wadded cotton garments, hastily exchanging a bit of gossip or hurrying away to their homes with their hands thrust far up into their sleeves, shivering and grunting with the cold.

We entered upon the long, narrow street, almost unobserved, but were suddenly made aware that the quiet and apparently deserted village, by some magic means, had been aroused to a condition of curious activity, like a hive of bees when a stick has been thrust into it.

We heard a boy call out, as he ran ahead of us "*Yang Kwei-tze lai-la!*" (The foreign devil is coming!) It was surprising how many people gathered together in the short space of time during which our heavy cart, drawn by two mules, trundled along on its way to the inn.

This latter was a forbidding looking place, and consisted of a very filthy, open court yard, surrounded by low, dilapidated mud huts. Among them all there was but one room at all fit for a human being to live in, and that was half full of rubbish.

But we could go no further that night, and were glad of even these miserable quarters. Our driver loosed the mules from the cart and allowed them to run at liberty in the open space which, by that time, was filled with a great surging crowd of people—the whole village in fact—who had been so hastily gathered to look at the strange-appearing man from beyond the Western ocean.

While the room was being cleared out, we sat out doors on the shaft of the cart. Meantime the full moon came out, round and bright, and the people crowded up to feel of our boots, our clothing and our hands.

They asked all kinds of questions about ourselves, our country, and our business. They speculated about our probable ages, and finally concluded, as

we had such long beards, that we must be at least sixty years old.

At length, cold, tired, and very hungry, we went into our room. It was small, low, dark and dirty. The walls were black with smoke and the ceiling hung with quantities of dusty cobwebs. A raised platform of mud occupied most of the floor space and upon this was spread a reed mat on which we put our baggage and ourselves. Upon this platform stood a small low table, where was kept burning dimly an oily and very smoky lamp.

Following hard after us, as we entered the room, came the rabble of good-natured but curious heathen, and such as could not get inside filled up the doorway, or, tearing the paper off the windows, leaned upon the ledges and joined in the general stare!

There was in the room a large shallow iron kettle built in a mud stove. This was heated by burning straw and corn-stalks underneath, and thus were provided facilities for cooking our food for this rather public dinner.

The people stood in wrapt attention and gazed with curious interest upon us and all we did. Every article was fully commented upon and duly inspected. They never had seen butter before and the tin was passed from hand to hand and smelled by many a "Celestial" nose!

Potatoes too were a novelty to them, and for want of a better name, several suggested that they must be "Devil's Egg!"

We prepared to eat. Then the word went round "*Ni k'an t'a-yao ch'ih*" (see, he's going to eat). Every mouth-full was carefully watched until it disappeared.

When the meal was ended we all experienced a feeling of relief and well we might, for with such a crowd the air in the room was close and the odors had become so strong as to almost obscure the taste of the food.

As the evening wore on, the crowd began to thin out and only those remained who seemed interested in hearing of Christ and of his love.

Finally we were left in sole possession of a room, the doors of which could not be closed and having windows from which the paper had been stripped, affording ample ventilation all night long.

When we left the next morning, the sun was not yet up and most of the people were still asleep. Without attracting much notice, our cart rumbled heavily down the frozen street out upon the dusty plain.

LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE LIFE OF ENOCH.

BY ANSON SMYTH, D. D.

Enoch's life teaches us that under the most unfavorable conditions, we can maintain companionship with God. How often are we ready to excuse our Christian deficiencies on the ground that we are obliged to bear company with these of irreligious character, and are thus constrained to undue conformity to this wicked world. Many solemn vows go unperformed, for the reason that the god of this world stands in our way. When asked why we do not maintain a closer walk with God, how apt we are to cast the blame on others, on the society in which we move. Men say :

"We must not be peculiar and make ourselves offensive to those with whom we have intimate, social, and business relations, by too firm an adhesion to our principles: we must not drive from us the worldly and the ungodly with whom we have daily intercourse. True, this conformity to the world does hinder our Christian life, our growth in grace, our walk with God. It does sometimes take us to the haunts of fashion and vanity, where God and the interests of the soul are forgotten, where death and the judgment are thoughts never entertained; it takes us away from the place of prayer, where humble souls confess their sins, and pray that they may be kept from all evil. It sometimes unfits us for activity in the service of God, creating in us a disrelish for the duties of the closet and acts of devotion. But really we cannot well help all this, wrong as it is, for our companionships are all against us."

What if Enoch had thus thought and talked? Never then would have been written of him "He had this testimony that he pleased God." Never then should we have heard of his glorious translation. But not thus did Enoch think or talk. Not popular practice, but God's holy will was the law of his life. He would walk with none who did not walk toward heaven. He would not sacrifice God's companionship, whatever social and business appeals might be made to him. He may not have been popular with all his neighbors and townsmen. His godly walk may not have been the admiration of ungodly men.

Let us not deceive ourselves. If Enoch could walk with God, who cannot? He was a man subject to like passions as we are. He felt none of the better influences which surround us. No

holy examples challenged his imitation. No written Gospel, no fraternal greetings and sympathies, no sweet hour of social prayer, no singing by loving souls of Jesus and His love, bade him be of good cheer, and go on his way rejoicing. So to speak, he was a pioneer in the way to heaven. Through countless dangers and difficulties he made his journey to eternal life. If he walked with God, cannot we? Enoch's God will be our guide if we accept his companionship.

The life of Enoch shows the sanctifying and ennobling influence of a close walk with God. That this man's character was pure and beautiful, no one can doubt. How did he acquire this blessed spiritual culture of mind and heart? Of whom was he the pupil that he had so well been taught the most blessed of all knowledge? From no school, no human teacher, had he learned how to be beautiful in life and holy in character. His long and intimate fellowship with God, moulded him into the perfection of character.

Our attainments in any department of labour, greatly depend upon the patterns which we copy, the masters and models that we study. Walking with God, Enoch had before him the perfection of excellence, the glory of holiness. "Beholding the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory." Meeting God in the mountain, Moses came down to the people with countenance all aglow with divine illumination.

"A Persian fable says: one day
A wanderer found a lump of clay
So redolent of sweet perfume,
Its odors scented all the room.
'What art thou?' was his quick demand:
'Art thou some gem from the Samarcand,
Or spikenard in this rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise?
'Nay! I am but a lump of clay.'
'Then whence this wondrous sweetness
—say?'

,Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with the rose.
Sweet parable! And will not those
Who love to dwell with Sharon's rose,
Distil sweet odors all around,
Though low and mean themselves are
found?

Dear Lord, abide with us, that we
May draw our perfume fresh from Thee."

Yes, simple though we are, by walking with God we can become true, beautiful, and holy. The life and translation of Enoch teach us the blessed results of divine companionship. At last his long walk on earth reached its close. What then!

God took him, took him far away from all that had tried and vexed his righteous soul, away from the scenes of wickedness, which for three hundred years had pained his heart. Took him, not worn out with disease and suffering, not through the gates of death and the grave, not through the dark valley, not through the cold waters of the death stream. Three thousand years after he went up into heaven, St. Paul wrote: "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death."

Since Enoch's day, many faithful ones have walked with God, having the blessed testimony that with their lives God is well pleased. Though no personal translation was theirs, God has taken them to Himself. True, they died, but for them death had no sting. They were buried, but the grave achieved no victory. Their immortal souls were translated to that world where there is no death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away. Many of those now living are walking with God. Sorrows they have and sore temptations, still onward, gladly, joyfully, they go, for they have the testimony that they please God. Their faith is strong, their hope is bright and sure. In His own good time God will take them to Himself. So shall they be forever with the Lord.

MISS SMILEY'S LESSON.

In the Summer of 1879 I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of Swiss guides. Beyond the services of the day, he gave me, unconsciously, a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulders. In doing so he called for all, but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movements; but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to where I was resting for a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my alpenstock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction, he led the way. And now, with freedom, I found that I could make double speed with double safety. Then a voice spake inwardly: Oh, foolish, wilful heart! Hast thou indeed given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them. I saw it all in a flash, and then, as I leaped

lightly from rock to rock, down the steep mountain side, I said within myself; And ever thus will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer; I will rest all my care upon Him, for He careth for me.—*Sel.*

TAKE YOUR SOUNDINGS.

A sailor comes along, unfastens a brass screw, and lets down a lead with a long string tied to it. What are you doing? I am taking the soundings to see if there is any water in the hold. We have to do this every four hours. In this way we can find out if there is any leak. Well done!

The children of this world are surely wiser in their generation than the children of light. Numbers never think of taking their soundings from one year's end to the other. They never seem to know that they have sprung a leak, and that the water is gradually and silently filling the hold. If it had been some great wave of sin that had come sweeping over the decks, and washing the boats and putting out the fires in the engine-room, then they could not have helped seeing it. But it was *only a leak*, and that too *under the surface*, where nobody could see it. Yet at last the ship was lost. The beginnings are small, but the endings and consequences who can tell? A little temper, a little pride, a little vanity, a little self-indulgence in food, clothes, or sleep, a little bitterness in speaking or writing, a little joking and jesting, a little slander, a little murmuring and discontents.—*Sel.*

CROOKED THINGS.

While shaking hands with an old man the other day we noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said:

"In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children. For fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effects of holding the reins for so many years."

This is the test. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how oft-repeated acts become a habit and, once acquired, remain generally through life?

The old man's crooked fingers, dear children, are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words and actions of men and women.—*G. W.*

THE INDIANS OF BRAZIL.

For the Children's Record.

You do not need to be told (unless very young) that Brazil is the largest country in South America, and that through this country flows the Amazon, the largest river in the world. Its extreme length is 4000 miles, and for the last 450 miles of its course it is never less than four miles broad. I think I hear some of you say I would like to see it, and no doubt you would enjoy the grand sight. Whilst few of the readers of THE CHILDREN'S RECORD may ever gaze upon the waters of the Amazon yet you can in imagination visit the sad sights and scenes along the bank of this remarkable river. A large number of Indians are found dwelling there, a most degraded people, whose souls are precious in God's sight, and for whom little or nothing has been done by man.

When South America was discovered, it is said that there were about one hundred different tribes of Indians living in Brazil. Through war, plunder, and slavery, a great many of them have become extinct. It is supposed, however, that there are about 275,000 now living in this region for whose spiritual interests very little has been done. It is only a short time since any Protestant missionary was sent among them and nothing is yet known as to results.

Let me tell you a few things about these Indians. You ask what kind of a life they live? They know nothing of Jesus and the plan of salvation. For a long time they were kept in slavery and were cruelly treated. Some of them are fierce cannibals. They will kill their enemies and eat them. Our own missionaries in the New Hebrides sometimes tell us of the heathen on these islands killing and cooking human bodies and eating them. On the island of Fate some 12 years ago a feast was held at which eight persons were eaten. On the spot now stands a christian church where many gather together to worship God. You may yet hear of a church being built in the Amazon valley on the spot where some of these poor degraded Indians feast on human flesh.

Pray that a brighter day may dawn upon the Indians of Brazil, that they may soon hear and receive the pure gospel of Christ that they may be saved.

D.

HOW GOD WORKS.

For The Children's Record.

A few weeks since you were studying in Sabbath School the cure of Naaman the Syrian. The little captive maid was brought into her new home by God. His hand was in the whole affair. Those who seized her never thought what a blessing would follow. We do not know anything about her father and mother but we know something of her. By her efforts Naaman was cured.

God often uses means that seem small, to do a great work.

Let me tell you a story. It is of a scoffer who is now a minister of the Gospel.

Twenty-four years ago in the city of Aberdeen a minister was preaching. So many people had gathered that the church would not hold them, and he stood on the doorstep of the church and preached. A company of young men standing near scoffed at the meeting and began to sing a song. One of these young men who had come to mock was struck by the text, turned away and went home. God's Spirit followed him and the words rang in his ears, "He that believeth not shall be damned." He retired to rest but not to sleep. Finally he got up, dressed himself and went at midnight to the house of a minister, but found all in bed. Some one arose came to the door and asked him to return in the morning. He would not be put off. He must see the minister. His story was told, the way of life explained to him. Before leaving the house he found peace through believing in Christ.

That man, a scoffer at the meeting in Aberdeen, is now a missionary in the Dominion of Canada, preaching Christ to others. The words, He that believeth not shall be damned, applied by the Spirit of God, led to his conversion.

The minister was sent to Aberdeen to preach Christ. The scoffer was also led there to be converted.

As you think, dear children, of God's providence remember he has all means and instruments under His control. He employed the little Syrian maid in his service, and he will also employ you. Ask Him to use you in the way He thinks best. Ask Him to use you in His service. —Pastor.

Brazil recognizes slavery by law as a national institution. It is the only civilized nation on the globe recognizing slavery. There are 1, 200,000.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

What kind of a school? Not the day school to which you now go. Not Sabbath School, but the kind of schools called Colleges. You sometimes hear the ministers speak about colleges, and ask for money for them. These are the schools to which young men go who wish to be ministers. There are six of them in our church, one in Halifax, one in Quebec, one in Montreal, one in Kingston, one in Toronto, and one in Winnipeg.

What can you do for these colleges? Three things?

You can help them by giving to them, and thus have a part in preparing ministers and missionaries for their work.

You can pray for them that God would make the young men who are studying there good and faithful.

And some of you boys will I hope help to fill some of them by studying there for the work of the ministry.

A CHILD'S GIFT.

Some time ago at a missionary meeting a pastor gave the history of a penny brought by a child for a missionary box going to India.

The lady who had charge of the packing bought a tract with the penny, and put it into the box. On reaching India it was given to a chief and led him to Christ. As he told of his new-found Saviour, and his great happiness, others believed, and finally a church of fifteen hundred members was formed in that place, which might be considered a harvest from the little seed which a child's hand had sown.

Among those who listened very earnestly to this story was a little girl, some eight or nine years old, of humble circumstances, so that she had very little money of her own. After the Sunday school that Sunday, she went to her pastor and told him she had thought much about this story and wanted to do what she could for the poor heathen; so she had been saving up her money ever since, and now brought fifty cents; and would he see that it went "directly to the poor heathen."

The money has come to the Woman's Society, and we know that it will do

much good; yet let not the little girl be disappointed if she is not able to trace it. Thus much she may be sure of, that if it was given from love to Christ and his people, not one cent of it shall be lost. Jesus himself will accept the precious gift, and make it useful to the "poor heathen."

WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

To shew our young readers what they can do, let me tell them that some children belonging to a family in the province of Quebec went to work and got twenty-three subscribers for the Children's Record. And now the little people in twenty-three families will be made gladder and I hope better, for more than a year to come by the visits of THE CHILDREN'S RECORD. Cannot some more children do likewise?

SENDING HIS LOVE TO HEATHEN BOYS.

A little boy who had been taught to love the missionary cause and to think of the poor little heathen children, one day showed in a new way that he was thinking of them. He looked at the sun one evening, as it shone quite brightly just before it had hid behind the hills. He had been told that the sun rises in China about the time that it sets here. He began in a low and thoughtful tone farewell, sun! Farewell, sun! Good bye! Give my love to the little boys in China."

Among the things which thirty-five years ago went to make up the crime of high treason in Italy was the possession of a Bible, which was in the list of revolutionary and forbidden books, and for a man to own it was to subject him to prison, the galleys, and even to death. Now Bible depots are established in every Italian city, and itinerant vendors circulate the book freely. In a conspicuous store in the Corso, Rome, a whole window is filled with copies of the Italian version of the Scriptures. The New Testament can be purchased for five cents, and a separate Gospel for two.

THE GLAD TIDINGS.

The child of a heathen mother
Lay dying at close of day ;
And the wail of a hopeless sorrow
Was borne on the winds away.

No gleam of a glad hereafter,—
Of a meeting ne'er to part,—
As the little life ebbed slowly,
Brought peace to the aching heart.

But a horror of endless darkness,
As the fatal hour drew nigh,
Rolled down on the stricken mother
From the black and pitiless sky.

To her god, with hands uplifted,
And breaking heart, she prayed ;
But his ear was deaf to her crying ;
His lips no word essayed.

And when on the solemn jungle
Sank down the shadow of night,
The finger of Death, outstretching,
Quenched the lingering spark of life.

'Twas only one of the millions
That teem on the Indian plain ;
'Twas only a heathen baby,
Set free from a life of pain !

Ah, yes ! but not to the mother,
Who watched him where he lay ;
For oh, 'twas her heart's one treasure
Death's hand had snatched away.

And loud and long, through the dark-
ness,
Rang out her hopeless cry,
Till the ruddy flush of the morning
Spread over the eastern sky.

Then,—then as she lay in anguish
Beside her treasured dead,
In accents gentle and winning,
A sweet voice tenderly said :

"Arise, O daughter of sorrow ;
Lift up thine eyes ; for lo !
Though thy babe can return to thee
never,
Unto him thou mayest go !"

And the heathen mother, rising
From her hopeless grief, found rest ;
For the news of a risen Jesus
Gave peace to her troubled breast.

Your precious soul should be your
first concern ; and if you have begun to
think about it, you will be sure to pray
about it.—*Dr. J. H. Wilson*

KIND WORDS.

A very touching incident came to my
knowledge a few days ago, and to show
the power a good man or woman may
have over those with whom they come
in contact, even with the little children,
I will relate it here :

An old clergyman over eighty years
of age, who had spent fifty years
in a parish of New England, met a little
boy on the street who had never seen
him before. "Good morning, my little
child," he said ; "what is your name?"
As he spoke he laid his reverend hand
upon the little fellow's head. The boy
told his name, and the gentleman said
"O I am so glad to see you ! I hoped to
meet you ; and I have been looking for
you. I knew your dear mother, who is
now in heaven." The child ran home,
and entering the room, almost breath-
lessly exclaimed "O Auntie dear, I met
an angel from heaven, and he knows my
dear mamma up there, and stopped me
on the street to tell me !" The long,
silvery hair of the aged messenger of
God, and his saintly face with those
kindly words spoken, made this beauti-
ful impression upon the mind of the
motherless child.—*S. T. P.*

THE DUST AND THE SUNLIGHT.

A young girl was sweeping a room one
day, when she went to the window-blind
and hastily drew it down. "It makes
the room so dusty," she said, "to have
the sunshine coming in."

The atoms of dust which shone golden
in the sunbeams were unseen in the dim-
mer light. The untaught girl imagined
it was the sunshine which made the
dust.

Now, many persons imagine themselves
very good people. One poor old man,
who had lived all his life without a
thought of love to God, said he was all
ready to die. He didn't owe any man a
shilling. If the Spirit of God should
shine brightly into such a heart, how
would it look ? It would show them sins
enough to crush them. This light of the
Spirit is like the sunshine in the dusty
room. It reveals what was before hid-
den. When we begin to feel unhappy
about our sins, let us never try to put
away the feeling. Don't let us put down
the curtain, and fancy there is no dust.
It is the Holy Spirit's voice in our hearts.
He is showing us ourselves ; and better
still, he will show us the true way of
happiness.—*English Presbyterian Mes-
senger.*