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THE ARCHIVES
THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN CANADA

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

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

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HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT

WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

JULY, 1889.

Literary Notices.

MEMOIR OF JAMES MCGREGOR, D. D.; first missionary to Pictou, N. S., with notices of the colonization of the Lower Provinces of British America, and of the social and religious condition of the early settlers—pp. 533 Also A FEW REMAINS OF THE REV. JAMES MACGREGOR, D. D., pp. 274. For some years there were none of these works on sale, but recently a quantity have been found in the garret of a warehouse. The two volumes will be forwarded to any person remitting one dollar—which is just half the original price. Address the author, Rev. George Patterson, D. D., or Mr. John Cameron Auctioneer, New Glasgow. As these are all that are likely to be published, persons wishing copies better apply without delay.

For sale also by Messrs. H. H. Henderson & Co., A. O. Pritchard, W. F. McKenzie, and W. H. Torry, New Glasgow; James McLean, and Jas. K. Beattie, Pictou; G. O. Fulton, Truro; and Knight & Co., Halifax.

(A few copies of Memoir of Johnston & Matheson's at fifty cents.)

CURRENT DISCUSSIONS IN THEOLOGY is the modest title of the Annual Theological Review issued by the Professors of the Chicago Theological Seminary, one of whom Rev. H. McD. Scott, is well known to many of our readers. The sixth volume is now before us. It can be best described in the words of the preface, "The aim of these discussions is to answer the question, which every earnest student of theology and ecclesiastical subjects may well be supposed to ask at the end of each year, viz. What has been done in the different fields of sacred learning during the past twelve months, and what are the latest results of such studies."

"The contents of the present volume are classed under four heads:

I. Exegetical Theology, which is divided into (1). The present state of Old Testament studies, in the Hebrew language and grammar, Textual Criticism, Old Testament Introduction, Exegesis, and Theology, by Prof. Curtis,—(2). The present state of New Testament studies, in Introduction, Text, History, Exegesis, and Theology, by Prof. Gilbert.

II. Historic Theology, which treats of the present state of studies in Church History

with regard to Introduction, Historic methods and origin of the early church; the early church, the church of the middle ages, and the modern church, by Prof. Hugh M. Scott.

III. Systematic Theology, or the present state of studies in revealed Theology, both as a system and in its specific doctrines, by Prof. Boardman.

IV. Practical Theology, shewing the present state of studies in Homiletics, both theoretical and practical, by Prof. Fisk.

The value of the work consists first, in the fact that to a busy minister who has not the many new books to search, nor the time to search them, this work presents the present state of studies on all these subjects in brief compass, quickly read and easily comprehended, and secondly, this very review and comparison with the past revives and freshens the previous knowledge of the whole field of Theological study, which in the pressure of practical work is liable to be neglected.

Any of our ministers or others can obtain the book by forwarding the price, \$1.25 to the congregational Publishing Society, Boston.

A STORY ABOUT NILSSON.

When Caristine Nilsson first appeared in public, twenty or more years ago, she was a bony and freckled Scandinavian lass, like scores one sees in Western towns. Now she is a magnificent woman, commanding in carriage and countenance.

She is a woman of noble impulse, which was once illustrated at the house of a retired Chicago millionaire near New York. A distinguished company had been invited to meet her at dinner. On entering the dining room she dropped her host's arm, hurrying in amazement to the stately butler, and seizing him effusively by the hand engaged him in conversation, while the other guests stood waiting and the entertainer looked on in astonishment. "That man," she explained to the group, when they were seated "is the son of a kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked as a day-laborer when we were children. Fortune has smiled on me, while it has frowned on my old playmate, whom I find here under such changed circumstances."—*The Lutheran*.

It has long been the policy of the devil to keep the masses of the world in ignorance; but, finding at length that they will read, he is doing all in his power to poison their books.—*E. N. Kirk*.

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. IX.

JULY, 1889.

No. 7

The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

Price, in advance, 25 cents per year in parcels of 4 and upwards to one address. Single copies 40 cents. Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time but must end with December.

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Rev. E. Scorr, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

ECHOES FROM THE ASSEMBLY.

Only echoes. The report of guns great or small, echoes and re-echoes from hill and forest, growing fainter as it goes farther, and the report of guns greater and smaller at our Assembly found its first echo in the daily papers which in Toronto gave very full accounts of the proceedings, while many of those farther away gave full telegraphic despatches. Then the weeklies took up the report, and monthlies last of all, so that by the time these lines come from the press many of our readers will have seen something of the Assembly and its work, and our report will seem to some faint and far off. But another reading will help remembrance.

A year ago in Halifax the General Assembly adjourned "to meet at Toronto and within New St. Andrew's Church there, on Wednesday the twelfth day of June, 1889," and punctual to the moment the retiring moderator, Rev. W. F. McMullen, of Woodstock, Ontario, ascended the pulpit and preached the opening sermon from Acts xx: 24. "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." His theme was "the Christian ministry," and the teaching of the text as bearing upon that ministry was given

as follows: (1) The authority for the ministry. The true minister receives his ministry from the Lord Jesus. (2) The special work of the ministry, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. (3) The spirit of absolute devotion which should characterize the ministry, as illustrated by Paul in the text. The division of the subject is a sermon in itself, and looking at the high ideal there set forth one may well exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

Next came the calling of the roll, and though the calling of some four hundred names takes up considerable time and might be supposed to be monotonous yet it is really not tedious. The aged clerk, Dr. Fraser, who bears so lightly his burden of four score years, makes those rows of names as interesting as does Gladstone the columns of figures of a budget speech. Then the interest of listening to the responses is two fold. First, that of curiosity to see who is present as familiar names mingle with new and strange ones. Then there is the mirth provoking variety in the answers. From one corner of the Assembly comes a deep stentorian "here" as some good brother who has strong lungs and knows how to use them answers to his name. Next, from another comes a faint and far off "here", in a thin, shrill, piping tone of voice that seems to apologize for trying to make itself heard. Then follows a square, business-like "here" from one who knows he is here and means it, while at times there is a silence that may be felt as the name of some absentee is called and he is far away. Perhaps one half the responses on the night of opening were of this stamp, the representation of elders, especially from the more distant Presbyteries, being but small. On the whole, however, the attendance was good, perhaps above the average of previous years, as Toronto is about the most central place for the

Presbyterianism of the Dominion to meet.

The choice of a new Moderator came next and is always an event of deep interest. Several members are usually waiting for the proper moment, like the waiting settlers around the borders of Oklahoma, ready to spring to their feet and nominate "their man." Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford, leader of the light infantry in the Assembly, a man who never "goes slow" with hand, foot, or tongue, and couldnt if he tried, was first on his feet, and nominated Principal Grant. Dr. Laing, of Dundas, who has done a great deal of work for the church in connection with the book of forms, was also nominated. The Principal was chosen, took his place in usual form, and without the ceremony of a speech assumed the duties of his office.

All that now remained of the first evening's duties was to arrange the hours of meeting. These, with the exception of the first day were to be from half past nine in the morning until ten o'clock at night, with intervals of two hours at dinner and tea, but with many of the members much of these hours as well as early morning and late at night would be occupied with meetings of Committee, so that the Assembly "has a mind to work."

On the second morning Assembly met at ten, and the first hour was spent in devotional exercises, and to all who realize how far reaching and important the work of the Assembly this hour is a solemn one, the Assembly looking to God to guide its proceedings and bless its work. Every session is opened as is fitting with praise, reading of the Scriptures and prayer, but the first morning more especially devoted in this way.

After these exercises are over the Assembly settles itself to work. The Committee on bills and overtures presents its report. This Committee has been in session the previous day and this morning. All the business to come before the Assembly has been submitted to it. It "sorts" the business, recommends the order in which it shall be taken up, and takes care that it is in regular form so that the work of the Assembly may be facilitated as much as possible.

The first item taken up this morning was the report of the Committee on the Book of Forms. It is now fourteen years since the union, and though the Rules and Forms of Procedure have been published as a useful guide, yet they are only in a preparatory state, which shows the great care that is being taken to have them as complete as extended experience and work can make them. It was recommended that the book in its present stage be printed "as a useful guide for members, office bearers, and courts of the Church in the transaction of business," and that it be referred to a committee for further perfecting.

The usual application from aged ministers for leave to retire from the active work of the ministry were a reminder to the Assembly that "the night cometh when no man can work." Those from the Maritime Provinces were from the Presbytery of St. John on behalf of Rev. A. F. Wylie, from the Presbytery of Halifax on behalf of Rev. John Cameron, and from the Presbytery of Miramichi on behalf of Rev. P. Lindsay.

On the other hand there were as usual a number of applications from ministers from other churches to be received as ministers of our church. There were fourteen in all. These were referred to a Committee who will no doubt deal wisely with the several cases. Sometimes the church receives a valuable addition to her strength in this way, getting some excellent workmen. Sometimes, well, the strength may not correspond with the numbers, and the Committee has to be very careful in all their examinations into such cases. Some of the present applications are from the Presbyterian churches in the United States and Britain, some from other denominations.

Of course the Jesuit Estates Bill came up for consideration at an early stage. It was brought before the Assembly by overtures from different synods and presbyteries, and, after reading one of the overtures, they were all much alike, the whole matter was referred to a Committee to prepare a deliverance to be submitted to the Assembly. The deep interest that is felt in this subject is everywhere apparent. Even when the Moderator in his opening

sermon made some references to it the audience burst into applause. The Committee at a later sederunt submitted a report which was adopted unanimously, by a standing vote, expressing emphatic condemnation of the Act incorporating the Jesuits, as also of the Jesuit Estate's Act, and authorizing the Moderator to sign a petition on behalf of the General Assembly asking for the disallowance of the latter, and appointing a committee to guard the interests of civil and religious liberty.

One of the most important departments of the work of the Presbyterian Church in Canada is Home Missions. This was taken up in the evening of the second day, and includes Home Mission work proper and Augmentation. Rev. John McMillan presented the report on Home Missions for the Eastern Section. During the past year 43 catechists were employed in different fields, besides a number of ordained missionaries and probationers, 78 laborers in all. The fields contribute very liberally for the support of ordinances, but have to be aided. The receipts for the year have been \$8113.95. Expenditure, \$8353.57, so that the year's income barely meets the demands. Our people are asked to contribute as liberally as possible to this fund. It helps to carry the gospel to scattered dwellers by forest and sea, and helps to build up future congregations which in turn become aids to others.

Rev. G. Bruce presented the report on Augmentation (East). This is another department of the work. It takes the stations from the Home Mission stage and aids them in supporting a settled pastor until they become self supporting. The receipts of this fund during the year in the Eastern Section have been \$7966.55, expenditure \$8143.45. Here again the income has fallen slightly below the expenditure, though on both these funds the deficit is very slight, and the success of both during the year is a matter of great thankfulness.

Rev. J. D. McDunnell in giving the report of the Augmentation Committee, West, had the same story of deficit to tell; the excess of expenditure over income for the year being nearly \$3000. The complaint is, that while some sections of the Church do their duty others do very little.

Our plan in the East, of asking Presbyteries and congregations for a definite amount, has the happy result of distributing the burden fairly over the whole Church and of bringing in a supply proportioned to the needs of the Fund.

The Home Mission Work of the Western Section is simply vast. There are 378 mission stations in the North West alone, but although so vast, the Convener, Dr. Cochrane, is at home in any part of it, and in presenting the report pours out his facts and figures in an overwhelming torrent. The income for the year was nearly \$5000 less than the expenditure, the latter being \$48,963.71, the former \$44,207.86.

One matter that was strongly emphasized in the Assembly was the duty of the churches in the Maritime Provinces to aid in the Home Mission work of the North West. It is as much our duty as it is that of the Western Section. The West has its own Home Mission work, as we have ours, but in addition to this there is the new and vast North West settled by emigrants from the East as from elsewhere, and our duty is to aid in following them with the gospel. Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Missions in the North West, intends visiting the Maritime Provinces and bringing the facts of the case fully before the people.

Church life was well to the front in Toronto during the time the Assembly met there. The Diocesan Synod and the Methodist Conference were both in session, and among the pleasant incidents was the interchange of courtesies by deputations between these bodies and the General Assembly. Organic union between the different bodies of professing Christians may not be possible nor even desirable, but what should be sought and what is being already attained is to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." This is the true unity, and thankful we may well be that it exists to so large an extent.

The consideration of the reports of the Theological Colleges occupied a pleasant and profitable session of the Assembly. Not long since the Church was considerably exercised for three or four years over the number of her family of Theological Colleges, six in all, one each in Halifax.

Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, and Winnipeg, and strong efforts were made to lessen the number by closing some of them, or uniting them with others. Each section of the Church loved its own College and refused to let it die. Each one had its ardent friends who stood by it, and the result was that all lived and prospered, and many who thought that there were too many colleges have changed their minds. Each one is proving and will increasingly prove a help to the Church. Every year finds each one of them more deeply rooted, doing a better work, and making itself more essential to the Church. Not the least useful are those at the two extremes, Halifax and Winnipeg; the former gave to our Church last spring ten new ministers, most of whom are already settled, while the latter is raising up a ministry for the vast North West and doing a good work for the future of the Church in that field.

The marriage question which has occupied the attention of every Assembly for a number of years, as the matter advanced from stage to stage, has at length been virtually settled. There was very little discussion. The conclusion seemed accepted as settled. The eloquent speeches for and against have all been made in former years. Nothing new either in expediency, morals, or scripture, could be brought up with regard to it, and the members wisely forebore making over again the arguments of other years. The decision of Assembly was that subscription of the formula in which office bearers accept the confession of faith, shall be so understood as to allow liberty of opinion in respect of the proposition that "the man may not marry any of his wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own." So that now every one can do what is right in his own eyes in the matter so far as the law of the church is concerned.

Perhaps fully one half the meetings of Assembly have a "case." In a church as large as the Presbyterian Church in Canada it is not to be wondered at that some difficulty arises during the year to be settled by the supreme court.

The place that furnished this year's case was "Galt" and strangely enough the subject was "Holiness." Several members of the congregation there had adopted what is commonly known as the "Per-

fectionist" theory and some at least were diligently teaching their ideas in the Sabbath school. The session requested them to cease teaching the unscriptural error. They would not do so and were suspended from the membership of the church. They appealed to the Presbytery which sustained the session, to Synod which sustained the Presbytery, and to Assembly which sustained the Synod. The case was conducted with great kindness on the part of the Assembly and with a becoming Christian spirit, as became professors of holiness, on the part of the appellants, and when the decision was given they signified their acceptance of it.

The answer to the questions of some of the members of Assembly showed that these people could scarcely definitely tell what they believed, and showed that when people depart from the plain teaching of Scripture they are sure to find themselves at sea.

The Temperance Report usually creates a warm discussion, but always with the same result. This year was no exception to the rule. All claim to be equally ardent in their attachment to Temperance and their desire for its advancement, but their are two points on which a few good brethren do not fall in with the majority. One is legal prohibition. A very few claim that it is an interference with individual liberty and oppose it on that ground. A similar few take exception to the expression that the liquor traffic is opposed to the Word of God. They are willing to call it all the strong names that may be chosen, but, strangely, not willing to call it contrary to Scripture. The vast majority however, nearly the whole Assembly, regard legal prohibition as a community seeking to defend itself by righteous laws against unrighteous things, and claim that no one for greed of gain has a right to establish in a community a traffic which all admit seriously injures that community. In like manner a very large majority fail to see how a traffic that works such havoc and ruin to the property, bodies, families, and souls of men, that is only evil continually, is not contrary to the Word of God, and they do not hesitate to say so in plain, strong terms.

"Systematic Benevolence" though it did not occupy much time in Assembly is one

of the main springs of the successful work of the church. The report before Assembly showed that good work in this direction had been done in the Maritime Synod by the circulation of suitable literature on the subject. The chief part of this was the admirable tract prepared by Rev. M. G. Henry, to which reference was made in a former issue of the MARITIME.

With regard to the Maritime Provinces at the Assembly two things were noticeable. One was that our funds were on the whole in a flourishing condition, and the various branches of the work fairly prosperous. The other was the comparatively small attendance of delegates from the East. It is a long, tiresome, expensive journey, which many after they have been West two or three times do not care to take. It is increasingly evident that the public work of our church in the Maritime Provinces must be done in our own Synod where most of our ministers and many of our elders are present, that the influence of the public gathering may reach so far as is possible every congregation in the church.

The Waldensés celebrate this autumn the second centénary of the "glorious return" of their exiled fathers. The Waldensés had been exiled to Switzerland, but pined for home, and on the 17th of August, 1689, nine hundred men having crossed the Lake of Geneva set out on their march across the Alps to reconquer their beloved Waldensian valleys from the Romish foe. They entrenched themselves in a stronghold and all winter long held out bravely against a numerous and bitter enemy, and with the spring the Duke of Savoy found himself with another war on his hands and was glad to leave these brave men in peace, and gave them liberty to return with their families and live and worship in peace among their native hills. Their descendants with good reason keep sacred the memory of that "glorious return," and lovers of truth and liberty the world over will rejoice with them that do rejoice.

By a strange coincidence, on the same day that the brave nine hundred set out on their glorious return march over the Alps, the heroic Cameronians eight hundred strong arrived at Dunkeld where they won a splendid victory over their

papal foes, which may be said to have secured the success of the Revolution in Scotland, and thus Scotch Presbyterians have a double bond of sympathy with the Waldensés in their celebration.

Rev. Dr. Smith, one of our medical missionaries in China gives an incident or two which shows something of the people with whom they have to do. He says:—

"Last week a man came into the dispensary with a skin affliction, but he was so covered with grime that it was impossible to make a correct diagnosis. He was requested to go home and wash himself thoroughly, when he indignantly replied that he had washed himself exactly ten days previously, and he appeared greatly surprised that any one should suggest that he should wash so soon again. Another man with bad eyes was told that it was necessary for him to remain in the hospital for several days, where his eyes could be attended to regularly. He answered that he was master of a small boat, and therefore could not remain in the hospital, but that his young son, who was waiting outside, might remain instead. They are indeed ignorant as regards medicine, and care very little for their bodies, and much less for their souls."

The Women's F. M. Societies will have a subject fruitful in lively discussion during the year. The leaders in Home Mission work feeling its great importance and the need of more help think that the ladies should aid it as they do the Foreign Work. This has been urged at different times and again this year. The Assembly has consequently passed the following resolution:

"In order to secure the co-operation of the women of the Church, instruct the Committee, instead of taking action in the direction of forming Woman's Home Missionary Societies, as sanctioned by a previous General Assembly, to confer with the Foreign Mission Committee and with the Executive Committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society with a view to widening the basis of said Society so as to include Home Missions in its operations."

Dr. Smeaton the venerable and orthodox professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College, Edinburg, not long since passed away and Dr. Marcus Dods of Renfield Church, Glasgow, has

been appointed by the General Assembly to the vacant chair. Two other names were proposed but he had more votes than they both. The appointment is of interest to the Presbyterian Church at large showing as it does the drift of religious life and thought in the Free Church in Scotland. Dr. Dods is one of the so-called "advanced" school of theology, and his appointment is viewed especially by the secular press throughout Scotland, as triumph for free thought and a defeat for the "orthodox" section.

The Presbyterians of Canada give more than twice as much for all purposes as they did at the time of the union in 1875. Then the whole income was \$982,672, last year it was \$1,942,723. The following speaks for itself:

	Total income.	Increase.
1875-76	\$ 982,672	\$
1876-77	986,115	3,443
1877-78	1,030,386	41,271
1878-79	1,110,381	79,995
1879-80	1,162,154	51,773
1880-81	1,245,495	83,341
1881-82	1,409,748	194,253
1882-83	1,422,783	13,035
1883-84	1,463,624	30,841
1884-85	1,558,218	104,594
1885-86	1,580,818	22,600
1886-87	1,533,517	
1887	1,730,252	196,735
1888	1,942,723	212,471

The spiritual life of a church may be to a large extent measured by what she is willing to do for Christ's cause at home and abroad, and judged by this standard our church has good reason to thank God and take courage.

One of the many touching incidents of the disaster in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, is told by a gentleman who was saved. He was floating on a housetop in great peril. Around him far and near were others borne along by the mighty torrent, some shrieking some praying. But on the top of a building floating near was a young woman alone, and in a voice clear and strong she sang,

Jesus lover of my soul
Let me to thy bosom fly, &c.

No fear visible in her countenance, no tremor in her voice as she sang on. The gentleman says that he never saw such an

exhibition of moral courage and was so impressed by it that for a time he forgot his own peril. Soon the building struck some obstacle and was overturned and the sweet singer's voice was stilled.

Reader can you make that song your own? If not what wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?

The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Moreton who visited the Maritime Provinces last summer and preached with much acceptance in several of our congregations writes as follows regarding "*The Sabbath School teachers text book*" basing his words on Neh. 8:8, and giving Sabbath School teachers some excellent advice.

The book should be read first distinctly. How few read distinctly! "Give the sense." Again we need to remind teachers of their duty which is to first get the sense, and then give it. Sitting one day in the house of an invalid friend, I saw in a bird cage a canary feeding her young. First she got out of the nest, and went to where the glass was that held the seed, and taking seed after seed, she cracked off the outer shell which was hard to digest, then taking the kernels, she took it into her crop, warming it, and softening it with her own gastric juice. Then going back to her young, warmed them by sitting on the nest again. After a time she got up, and began to arouse her young by gently pecking them on the head. They looked up *expecting something*, and so opened their bills. She then brought up from her crop a soft and warm seed, and put it in their bills. This she did until they were able to feed themselves. Let Sunday school teachers learn from the canary a lesson. 1st. Scholars expect teachers to have something for them. Next, mind the teacher has something for them, and see to it that it has been "in your crop," softened and warmed, fit food for children. Keep your children awake by having some life yourself. Do not forget that you were once a child, and enter into a child's feelings. Again, look to Christ's use of Scriptures, and his *mode* of using them, see Luke xxiv. 26, 27. He showed to the disciples from Scripture how Scripture pointed to Himself, and in doing this he didn't pound, but expounded the Scriptures, which means he explained, or exposed, or laid bare. Another reason why the word should be the Sunday school

teacher's text-book is because the Holy Ghost can only honor the word. You read of Peter's preaching, Acts x. 14, "That while he spoke these words the Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard the word." Use your own Bible, read, mark and digest it for yourself; become familiar with the word, and never bring your lesson leaf or help to the class. Use them as help at home, but never let them be brought into Sunday school. A weak point with our Sunday school teachers is that so many of them will not study the lesson till Sunday an hour before school time; consequently the food is cold and indigestible for the children. Make good use of simple, apt illustrations.

In a card just received Miss Blackadder says: "I do not feel so strong as one would wish, but when I get back to my regular work I will be stronger and better. I leave New York July 5th. Please remember us in prayer."

New Hebrides.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT OF THE FOREIGN MISSION COMMITTEE FOR THE YEAR 1888-9.

Eighteen missionaries are now labouring on the New Hebrides group of islands. Three of these have very recently begun work. One of them, Mr. A. H. McDonald, who was settled on Malekula, arrived last summer, and other two, whose names we have not ascertained, sailed in the *Dayspring* from Australia last April. The Australasian Churches, seeing their opportunity, are endeavouring to possess the land for Christ and His Church.

Our own three long-tried and faithful standard-bearers have borne the conflict through another year with unflinching zeal, and the Lord hath been mindful of them and blessed them abundantly.

EFATE

is the scene of the labours of Rev. J. W. McKenzie, of our staff, and Rev. D. McDonald, of the Victorian Church. Mr. McKenzie's report states that the year past has been one of the most encouraging and satisfactory that he has yet seen. The accessions from heathenism have not been numerous, but there has been much spiritual growth among the converts. They have been more alive to the importance of a holy life, more sympathetic

with their missionary, more ready to receive instruction, and more willing to go forth, when qualified, to teach the heathen on surrounding islands. Mr. McKenzie devotes much time and pains to the work of instructing young and old, and especially to training those who are to become teachers of others. He now enjoys the pleasure of seeing several of them actually engaged in disseminating the seed of truth over surrounding fields of heathenism. He says: "An encouraging feature of our work is that so many of our people are willing to go out to labour on other islands. At present we have three teachers and their wives on Epi, under Mr. Fraser, and another couple as servants; on Ambrim a teacher and his wife in charge of the station, at present without a European missionary; on Malekula, two teachers and their wives, under Messrs. Loggatt and Morton; on Malo, a teacher and his wife, a married couple and a boy as servants, under Mr. Landels. And to-day I was speaking to a young man to go to Aniwa, where Mr. Paton labored so long and so faithfully, to take charge of the work there. This is in accordance with the request of Mr. Watt, who has charge of that station. Five of those belong to the class of young men who received a special training, being supported by friends of the mission in Montreal and other places. I am sure, could those who so kindly contributed to the support of these young men, only realize the assistance they have rendered to the Lord's work here, they would not consider that their money had been mispent. The rest of the class are employed on their own island, and are indispensable to the work." The year was signalized by the printing of the "Peep of Day," for the use of the schools. Mr. McKenzie while in Australia last year saw the book through the press. It is eagerly sought after by the natives. Mr. McDonald has lately been in Australia, looking after the printing of the New Testament, the translation of which is the joint work of the two missionaries. The cost of printing, £500 stg., is meantime borne by the British and Foreign Bible Society, but the natives will soon repay the whole amount. Last year, on Mr. McKenzie's side of the island, they raised for the purpose 2,000 pounds of arrow-root, which will probably realize £50 stg.

At Meli the missionary was in great

peril of life more than once from the savagery of the heathen, but prudence and reliance on God procured for him deliverance. This large village still resists the Gospel, but the missionary has faith that God's time to favor even it is soon to come. Already a few have yielded to the truth—the first fruits, we trust, of a glorious ingathering. "Pray for us," cries the missionary, and the Committee, whilst heartily responding, would echo the cry over all the Church, and call upon our people to give God no rest until He makes the savages of Meli obedient to the faith.

EROMANGA.

The work on this island was never more encouraging. The converts are doing all in their power to help on the work of the mission. At Dillon's Bay a collection was taken for the Foreign Mission Fund of our Church, and £9 7s. 6d. were realized and duly transferred to the treasurer. Under constant training they are growing in liberality and other graces with gratifying rapidity. Mr. Robertson, with his family, came to Australia in the *Dayspring*, early in the year, for the benefit of Mrs. Robertson's health. It is hoped that the change of climate and rest will restore her to strength, so that she may be able to return to her field and work next September.

SANTO.

Mr. Annand reports encouragingly from this island. The people are friendly, but their ignorance is so dense that some time must be expected to elapse ere the best results can be seen. A good many are now coming under instruction, and a few attend Sabbath service, but no marked change has yet taken place. Mr. Annand wishes to utilize native agency, and is making the best of such material as he has. The difficulty of securing suitable men is a source of much anxiety to him. He realizes that more harm than good may come of an unwise choice of agents.

All our missionaries speak cheerfully of the advance of the good cause throughout the whole group. Mr. Robertson says: "It is simply delightful to note the changes in the field since we arrived in the New Hebrides in 1872. Encouraging reports come from nearly all the stations. Epi has a population of 10,000, and Mr. Fraser has fourteen teachers at work, and he asks for many more." Mr. Annand

says: "On Nguna, where Mr. Milne laboured for seven or eight years without the least encouragement, there are now 360 members in full communion." In 1888 he baptized 120 adults and 87 infants. With Mr. Fraser on Epi, the work is very hopeful. God is faithful, who has promised, "My word shall not return unto me void." When the command is obeyed, "Son of man, prophesy unto these dry bones," the breath of a Divine power fails not to inspire life.

THE "DAYSRING"

failed not of her wonted rounds from Sydney to the islands and back twice, as well as among the islands several times, as occasion required. She is invaluable to the mission, and the £250 that we contribute to her support is well spent. There is now monthly steam communication between Sydney and two ports of the islands, viz.: Aneityum and Havanna Harbor, Efate. This is a boon to the missionaries and the general public, but it cannot supersede the necessity for the regular trips of our own vessel.

NATIVE AGENTS.

Worthy of special mention in connection with the mission, are the native teachers. The Rev. R. M. Fraser, one of the missionaries, gives the following account of their place and service throughout the group. We commend his appeal for the necessary funds for the support of these teachers to the members of our Church. Mr. Fraser says:

"The extent of the work carried on by the instrumentality of natives may be conceived from the fact that they number no less than 100, and they are labouring on 20 different islands under the direction of 15 missionaries. These teachers are absolutely necessary to the carrying on of mission work in the New Hebrides. The European missionaries are not ubiquitous, and the islanders are scattered in little villages all over these mountainous islands, in positions where the heat and inaccessibility make the visits of the missionary impossible except at long intervals, while the missionary is necessarily much confined to one locality or centre by the necessities of his work. He may have one or two languages to reduce, Scriptures to translate, and teachers to train, besides the multifarious teaching, preaching, advising and directing duties, which cluster

around the centre of any aggressive Christian work.

"Without native teachers the aggressive power of a missionary is limited to comparatively few villages, but with good teachers to station wherever they will be received, the Gospel is brought into contact with new people, and its purifying and life-giving streams flow through valleys that otherwise would be morally arid wastes for many years to come. In the teacher they have one of their own color, and with their own modes of thought, bearing constant witness to the truth by his life, and daily instructing them; out of the Word.

"The native teachers are quite as much 'missionaries' as the Europeans. In many cases they give up home and friends to go among strangers, speaking strange tongues and having different customs. Frequently they have much hardship to endure, and, being strangers, they are at first objects of superstition; suspicions are constantly roused by sickness or death among the people with whom they dwell. Numbers have already won the martyr crown in the New Hebrides, and yearly some are in peril.

"The demand for native teachers increases each year, and before the islands are evangelized we will require a force of at least 300 of them. They are teachers, according to the European idea, in that they conduct the daily schools, but preachers and evangelists are words more descriptive of the gifts of many of these men. The training, locating and supervision of these agents are parts of the missionaries' work which are fraught with great possibilities of good.

"The missionaries at the older stations do much to help their brethren in newer fields by supplying them with teachers during the early stage of their work. This supply of teachers from other islands, or other districts of the same island, does much to break down the inter-island prejudices which exist, and to knit together in the Gospel the fragments of humanity which in the New Hebrides have been so much disintegrated by heathenism.

"We have no hesitation in appealing to all who desire to honor God with their substance, or Churches or Sabbath Schools which desire to have a share in the missionary work, to contribute towards the support of these native teachers, feeling confident that it would be difficult to find

a better investment for £6 a year than in providing the salary of a native teacher in the New Hebrides.

"One word more. These teachers are only acquainted, as a rule, with a few books of Scripture, and have not the opportunities which other Christians have of increasing their knowledge. In their daily life they are continually in contact with the people they instruct, and are exposed to many temptations, and some of them to dangers, from which their white brethren are free. Will the Lord's people cover them with the shield of their prayers as they push forward, wielding the sword of the Spirit?"

The cost of this branch of our Foreign Mission work was last year \$6,517.88. This includes everything—Mrs. Geddie's annuity, the allotment for the *Dayspring*, salaries of missionaries, and contributions by societies and friends for the support of native teachers. All the missionaries desire the Committee to thank generous friends for timely help in supporting their mission schools. Let the gratitude be accepted and the gifts renewed with increased liberality, and with fervent prayer that every cent may be transformed into a spiritual force for the enlightenment of the benighted heathen. Means thus provided may become a medium for the transmission of the light of our glorious Sun of Righteousness to those sitting in the deep shadows of idolatry on the other side of our globe.

The number of church members in good standing in Erromanga, Mr. Robertson's field, is 180; at Erakor, Efate, Mr. McKenzie's field, 139.

The value of native produce and amount of money contributed during the year for the support of the gospel: Erromanga \$475; Erakor, \$240.

Value of free labor given in aid of mission purposes: Erromanga, \$45; Erakor, \$15.

LETTER FROM REV. J. ANNAND.

SANTO, NEW HEBRIDES.

Feb. 26th, 1889.

To-day an opportunity offers of sending away a letter. The *Borough Belle*, a Queensland vessel, is now in our harbor, and to-morrow she will, weather permitting, sail hence. Our hot season is now well past. The sun has returned to the north of us after a sojourn of nearly three

months over our heads and south of us. The weather has been fine with a scorching sun for some months. The thermometer has been up several days above a hundred in the shade, and over ninety in the coolest places to be found. However, our health has been fairly good, and our work hopeful.

HEATHEN FEASTS.

Within the last few weeks the people have been largely occupied with their heathenism. Two large canoes visited *Aoba* on a trading expedition, and brought back one hundred and twenty pigs, most of them a miserable degenerate kind that is very highly esteemed in other parts chiefly because of its rarity. Returning home with these, the next day they set out on another voyage, this time going westward to dispose of their goods, and obtain tusked boars instead. On this last voyage they visited the villages on both sides of the spot where Mr. Goodwill resided. Having received a number of highly esteemed boars, they have since been feasting and dancing. Our school has consequently been almost deserted, and Sabbath services not so well attended. We cannot see that the gospel has made any impression whatever upon any of the people thus far. It is the time of breaking up the soil preparatory to the real sowing time. I fancy that as yet our audiences are made up entirely of those who come to please us. Still we are glad to have the opportunity of telling them the good news, and we hope that some truths may find a lodgement where they may grow and produce fruit.

PATIENT SOWING.

In faith and patience we labor on, always hoping for brighter days in the near future. Sometimes the flesh grows weary, and possibly also at times the spirit may not be strong. Paganism, dark and dreary, presses in around us. To human view the work of transforming these tribes into useful Christians seems impossible, but our faith can look farther and see the arm working with us to which has been committed all power. Let Christians at home intercede for us, and our work and success must attend our efforts.

NEED OF HOME SYMPATHY.

We hope to hear that all is prospering in our dear home land. Oh, that all could see the urgent need there is for

more consecration to the Master and his cause! Here the highest ambition of most men is to become owners of so many tusked boars, the jaw bones of which, after being picked of their flesh, are hung up in testimony of the owner's greatness. How many at home have a similar ambition, only substituting gold for boar's tusks! True greatness, no doubt, can be found about equally well in the possession of either object. By and by we shall view things differently. We are going to a city where gold is used as paving stone. Let us seek something more rare, more noble, more glorious.

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM REV. K. J. GRANT.

[Notes for the Maritime.

SAN FERNANDO, June 15, 1889.

MR. FRASER'S WELCOME ARRIVAL.

We awaited with anxiety the arrival of a laborer for Couva. Mr. S. A. Fraser is now with us, and it is worth while waiting to get one of Mr. Fraser's spirit, and, I may add of body too, for physical capabilities are not to be undervalued. He arrived on the 1st and spent Sabbath the 2nd with us; his services were refreshing to us all. There is a vigorous grasp of truth, a straightforward, manly presentation of it, and an ardour of soul that burns it in. He has already visited a considerable portion of the Couva field, attended three Hindi services there last Sabbath, and in the evening had a full attendance of the Scotch Presbyterians. He has made a good beginning and there are high expectations. In the meantime he will make his head-quarters at San Fernando.

A DEED OF DARKNESS. NEED OF THE GOSPEL.

A week ago, in this neighborhood, a woman in the full strength of youth was decapitated by a man whom she had deserted. Her only child, a little girl under two years, was brought to us and will remain until we can find a suitable home for her. Fear, we believe, strongly influenced their friends in bringing her to us. There is a great dread of the return of the departed and particularly when a little child is left that had been dependent on the mother for nourishment at the time of her death. In India I understand that the corpse is often disposed of at a distance and the feet pierced with iron pins or the quills of a porcupine to render locomotion difficult, and make it impossible during the short time in the night allowed

to ghosts to travel to visit their former home. Christians are supposed to be free of such visitations, and hence the child was brought to us. Doubtless, too, the painful circumstances under which the poor woman met her death, increased their alarm. We regard the numerical inequality of the sexes as the chief objection to Indian emigration, and the brawls, separations, quarrels, and murders resulting therefrom constitute the chief source of annoyance and trial to the missionary.

Yours faithfully,
K. J. GRANT.

LETTER FROM REV. W. L. MACRAE.

[For the Maritime.

Dear Mr. Scott :—

Last Sabbath evening when fulfilling an appointment of Presbytery at Couva I was asked by a number of people when the new missionary would be on the ground. Having then no definite answer to give—although encouraging news has since been received—I was kept awake for some little time after retiring to rest by a few thoughts suggested by the following text, “Cast the net on the right side of the ship and ye shall find.”

The text brought to mind an incident which happened a few years ago in a small assembly of Divines at which I had the pleasure of being an on-looker. The question was asked by one of another, “why it was the disciples caught nothing on the left side of the ship and caught such a quantity on the right side when at the Master’s bidding they let down the net?” The answer was I suppose because the fish were on that side.

Assuming this answer to be correct the text seemed appropriate for the consideration of the young men who are now, after the closing of the colleges, seeking a sphere of labour in which to let down the gospel net. The chief aim of the fisherman in seeking a fishing ground is not to find the place where the water is smoothest, or where he can fish with the greatest ease and comfort, but the place where the fish are. What does he care for a little rough weather if the fish are plentiful. The principle which should therefore guide us in the noble work which our Saviour has been pleased to represent by the art of fishing is to let down the net wherever the Master bids. A well known authority

in missionary work made the following weighty statement at the late missionary Conference. “He who is not ready to preach the gospel everywhere is not fit to preach it anywhere.”

But when His bidding is uncertain we cannot be wrong in seeking that place in which there are the most opportunities of doing good.

I feel quite safe in saying that there are few fields in which there are so many such opportunities as in Couva. The people are there in multitudes and in a very important sense are waiting for the gospel. May there not be some earnest fishers of men who would do well to consider this fact prayerfully? And perhaps the still small voice may be then heard whispering, *cast the net on this side of the ship.*

Yours truly,
W. L. MACRAE.

PRINCESTOWN, May 18th, 1889.

LETTER FROM MR. FRASER.

SAN FERNANDO, TRINIDAD, June, 12th, 89.

Dear Mr. Scott :—

I left New York by S. S. Bermuda on the 17th day of May, and after a somewhat tedious voyage, I arrived at Port of Spain on the 31st., and on the following day reached San Fernando, where I received a hearty welcome from Mr. Grant and his family.

On Sabbath I went with Lal Bihari (Mr. Grant’s worthy assistant) to one of the mission stations where he held service in Hindustani. I was very much pleased with it. Although I could not understand a word that was spoken; yet I knew by the expression of their faces and their hearty singing that they took delight in the word of God.

I preached for Mr. Grant in the evening to a very respectable and intelligent audience, composed principally of Indian people. I was surprised to find that the majority of Mr. Grant’s young men here were able to speak read and write the English language as well if not better than many of our young men at home, a number of them are engaged in business for themselves; some of them are bookkeepers in large mercantile establishments. The most of them have good positions.

On Monday I went to Princetown to see Mr. McRae. His meetings are largely attended and the work in a thriving condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton left for home before I arrived so I have not been in Mr. Morton’s field yet. Mr. McRae’s assistant is looking after the work during Mr. Morton’s absence. Last Sabbath, June 9th, I went with Lal

Bihari in the morning to Couva. In this vicinity we held three services among the Indian people. Lal Bihari spoke to them in Hindustani. I spoke a few words to them in English. They told Lal Bihari they were delighted to see me. They had been looking for a missionary so long. In the different meetings the young men prayed for me and my work, that I might be instrumental in God's hands of saving many souls. It was very encouraging to me indeed to have these young men pray for me.

In the evening I had English service in the church at Couva. A number of the Indian people were also present at this service.

I think our Christian people at home have very little idea of the grand and glorious work that has been done, and is being done by our devoted missionaries and teachers among the Indian people on this island. I am quite confident that if they could only see it with their own eyes they would contribute more largely to the support of the mission. There have been so many schools and mission stations established of late that our missionaries are unable to overtake the work notwithstanding the goodly number of catechists that are in the field. Mr. Grant is scarcely able to do any pastoral work among the people. It takes nearly all his time supervising the schools, holding services, etc., more workers are needed. Pray for the mission. Pray that more labourers may be sent out into the field. "Truly the harvest is great and the labourers are few."

Yours truly,
S. A. FRASER.

EXTRACT OF REPORT OF THE F. M. COMMITTEE FOR THE YEAR 1888-9.

One of the stations in this field has been vacant during the whole year—we refer to Couva. A year ago we reported the resignation of the Rev. John Knox Wright, on account of the illness of his wife. He left the field the first of May, 1888 and although the Committee has constantly sought for a suitable successor, we are still unable to report success. Once and again we seemed to have compassed our desire, but at the moment when everything seemed settled a break occurred in the arrangements and all our planning was dissolved. The missionaries at the other stations, with the aid of Mr Ragbir, whom they placed there for several months during the summer of 1888, have kept up supply as regularly as possible, but they have done it at the expense of severe toil. Realizing that this state of matters could

not be allowed to continue, the Committee acted on a suggestion that came from the field, to provide temporary supply, and were fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Simon A. Fraser, a student who has had a good deal of experience in various departments of Christian work. He will remain during the summer, or till a suitable successor to Mr. Wright has been obtained. In view of the liberality of the estate owners and their agents in supporting the mission, paying in some cases, as at Couva, the most of the missionary's salary, it was felt that to leave the field longer vacant would not indicate due appreciation of the aid rendered by such contributors. The mission has always been much indebted to help thus kindly given, and the Church's thanks, can best be expressed by efficient workmen provided to use the funds as intended by the donors.

Besides the vacancy in Couva, Miss Blackadder, teacher of the Tunapuna school, was obliged to vacate her post for the year to recruit her health. She visited many sections of the Church, and did much to excite or deepen interest in the mission. The collections taken at her meetings amounted to nearly \$1,000. Her strength, though taxed by her voluntary labors, was gradually restored, and she left Halifax early in April, to return, by way of Montreal and Toronto, to her field of work. In Montreal she was stricken down again—this time with diphtheria. By the good hand of God upon her, and under the most sympathetic and tender treatment of loving friends, to whom she and the Committee for her sake are deeply grateful, she is, at the time of writing this report, improving, and will pursue her journey as soon as her strength is fully restored. In addition to these troubles which befell the mission, Mr. Morton was compelled to seek a change for some weeks in Barbados, to ward off a threatened trouble of a serious character. He returned to his work improved in health, but by no means as vigorous as the amount of work in his hands requires that he should be. These have been the trials of the mission during the past year, but while we pray God to remove them, we can now use them as a back-ground to set off the brighter scenes of success and blessing which fill up the fore-ground of the picture of the year's work. The reports abound with descriptions of labor crowned

with reward, and prayer fulfilled in showers of blessing.

[These reports were all given in the February issue of the *MARITIME*.—Ed.]

One unknown donor contributed \$1,000 for the payment of the whole of Mr. Anand's salary last year, and \$148.34 on this year. To this friend and to all the contributors we tender heartfelt thanks. To the women, east and west, we are under special obligations, not alone for the money raised, but also for numerous acts of helpfulness in promoting the comfort and happiness of the mission staff in their fields of labour and during their furloughs homo. All workers and givers we know are serving a rich and gracious Master who will more than repay all that they do, so that they need not our thanks; yet there is an inexpressible feeling of satisfaction in the heart of a committee in charge of the Church's affairs when the means of doing the work well is placed in its hands by a thoughtful and liberal people. To Him in whose hands are the hearts of our people, and who has moved them to give with increased liberality—the God of missions and of all grace—be the praise and glory.

MISSION TO THE INDIANS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

We in the East, are as a rule, not very familiar with the work among the Indians of the North West, and a few notes from the Report of the F. M. Committee regarding that work will be of interest to our readers.

Speaking of the work in general it says:

“While the spiritual necessities of the adult Indians have occupied the time and thoughts of our missionaries to as great an extent as ever before, our chief work has been with the young. Our confidence in the wisdom of the course indicated a year ago has been deepened. It is in the school, and especially in the industrial school, that the great work of the Church for the elevation of the Indian must be done. In the industrial school the children are withdrawn for long periods—and the longer the better—from the degrading surroundings of their pagan homes, and placed under the direct influence of all that is noblest and best in our Christian civilization. They are taught the elementary branches of an English education, and in

addition, the boys are trained in farm work, tilling the ground, and caring for cattle, and in some instances in the elements of carpentry and smithing, and the girls in knitting, sewing, baking, cooking, and general house-work, and all are taught to sing the psalms and hymns of the Church in English or Indian, sometimes in both, and to commit passages of Scripture to memory; while the day is begun and ended with reading the Word, and prayer round the common family altar. From scenes like these results of the best kind are springing, and we may confidently expect that the generation trained under these influences will be immeasurably superior to their parents, and that in a comparatively few years our work as missionaries to heathen Indians will be accomplished.

An important feature of our mission work during the past year has been the extension of our industrial school system to fields where no such schools previously existed. Three of these schools were opened during the past year at Birtle, the Crow Stand, and the File Hills, respectively.”

Referring to one of the new fields

CROW STAND

the report says:

“This school is adjoining Cotes reserve. It was opened in January last. A new building was erected last summer on a beautiful site near the old mission house. The school is under the care of our missionary, the Rev. Geo. A. Laird, and Mrs. Laird. It, too, has thus far been very successful. The building in which the day school was carried on—the old substantial log school house in which the late Cuthbert McKay and D. H. McVicar did so much good work—was burned in one of the most destructive prairie fires seen for years. The stables of the old mission were also destroyed, and the new school was with great difficulty saved. The trees of the beautiful grove in front of the new school were all killed.

Mr. Laird conducted services at five different points on his reserves. The number of families in his mission is forty-six, and the total population under his care about 500. The number of communicants on the roll is twenty-eight. There were eight added during the past year. The number of baptisms was nine. There are two prayer-meetings with an attendance

of about twenty-five, and a good Sabbath school attended by about thirty pupils. Mr. Laird reports that the work is hopeful. The attendance at the different points is regular, and a spirit of inquiry exists; opposition to the Gospel is giving way. The people are learning civilized modes of life, and improving socially. The new industrial school has given an impetus to the work all round. The people are rallying about the schools and are greatly pleased at having their children taken care of and taught. These reserves were visited last August by the Conveners of your Committee, and the Rev. George Flett. A number of interesting meetings were held with the Indians, several children were baptized, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered to a good congregation of attentive and earnest worshippers."

At the

FILE HILLS

station the report says:

"The school was opened in February last. The Indians of this group are in a very backward state, and as was expected, there has been great difficulty in inducing them to send their children to school. The difficulty has been increased by the efforts of the Roman Catholics to attract the children to the industrial school near Fort Qu'Appelle. A beginning, however, has been made, and we are hopeful of better things. The number of families under Mr. Campbell's care is sixty. The conclusion of his report is given in full: "So far, our work has been rather discouraging, but I am in good hope that the favourable turning point has arrived for our school. I have the promise now of four more pupils, and have secured an interpreter who is popular with the Indians, and highly spoken of by others. He is himself the son of a Cree missionary, well known to old timers in the North-West, Mr. Pratt, of the Church of England, at Touchwood, who died about a year ago. If ever a people needed the Gospel, these pagans need it. They are slaves of bodily appetite and of avarice. Suniah (money) will buy anything from them but gratitude. Polygamy, with all its abominable consequences, is general. Sunday is the day for the dance. Considerable improvement is being made, however, in industry and self help. They are now busy getting the ground ready for the seed. I could get

any amount of wood and hay from them for ready money. They don't like steady work, nor are able to wait long for results. But this is not surprising. They are fond of music, although anything more dreary than their own performances of this kind can hardly be imagined. I sing Cree hymns to them, rather than teach them at our Sabbath afternoon service. They seem to appreciate the music at least. This is one channel by which some seeds of divine truth may get into their hearts. Here, as everywhere, our main hope is with the children. Let us bring them to Jesus, and soon all will be won over. At our service on Sabbath we take up the International Sabbath lesson for the benefit of our own people, as well as the Indians."

The following sentence of the report throws much light on the work of an Indian School:

"Indian children require to be taught in school many things that come to white children from their home environment. What the teacher of an Indian school requires is not to be able to follow the niceties of a Normal school time-table, but to bring all available influences of Christianity and civilization to bear on a child of savage parentage, who has lived from the hour of birth in a degrading atmosphere of superstition and barbarism, and who, forced to live upon a reserve, has probably no opportunity of seeing any better way, except during the hours he is under the eye of the mission teacher.

Rev. Hugh McKay gives the following interesting incidents of the work at his station, he says:

"Another of our scholars, who first made profession of faith in the Lord Jesus with us three years ago, is now settled in a home of her own. With a trembling hand I placed her name on our communion roll. The husband has turned Catholic. Every influence has been brought to bear upon her, still she remains a Protestant, and we trust true to the principles of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. She is kept by the power of a King.

"We had about seventy Indians present at our communion, and about fifty at another meeting we had the same day.

"We are much encouraged by the sympathy and support given to us by our Agent, Col. McDonald, and the farm instructors, Mr. McNeil, Mr. Nicol, Mr. Sutherland, and Mr. Coburn. The Colonel

is enthusiastic in his work, and longs to see the poor Indian rise. Mrs. McDonald is not behind—noble hearted and kind to this poor people. She is not afraid to throw open her beautiful parlor, and allow the people to gather there to worship. A few Sabbaths ago one of our little girls sang a solo at the close of the meeting; then she sang in a clear and distinct voice that hymn, 'God be with you till we meet again.' I often heard her sing this hymn at the school, but to see her stand there before the people and sing with such effect those words, I could not listen and not be moved. The sweet voices that a short time ago sang to unknown gods now sing the songs of Zion. Last Sabbath we had a meeting of about sixty at the house of an Indian. An Indian led the singing; an Indian read a portion of Scripture; an Indian prayed; an Indian preached. The preacher is about ninety-five years of age. He was once a worshipper of unknown gods—a great medicine man; and when he first heard the preachers of the Gospel, it cut him to the heart. He did not wish to lose his own old religion; but he saw the folly of it, and now he is in love with Christ, and has enjoyed communion with Him for many years."

"An old Indian said a short time ago, all our people are in the balance. We turn this way and that; we don't know what to do. Many of us say, reject our worship and take the Christians."

Rev. Hugh MacKay, himself the son of a Scotch father and an Indian mother concludes with this touching appeal:

"Canada! Canada! My dear native country, don't forget thy people. Will the church in Canada forget the pagans at its door. This work is not a trifle, but a mighty and difficult task, a conflict with the powers of darkness, and the influence of pagan superstition and a battle with the church of Rome, and an engagement with those who substitute masses, penance, confession, and purgatory for faith in the Lord Jesus."

"Don't forget the poor Indians the children of the prairie."

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter"—is the unwearied language of God in his providence. He will have credit every step. He will not assign reasons, because he will exercise faith.—*Cecil*.

CONVERSION.

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." This is only another way of saying that a man is justified before God by faith alone, and saving faith is an act of the heart. Belief in Bible truth is not enough. Faith, in order to secure our salvation, must go down to the roots of the heart; it must take hold of the affections, subdue the will, and change all the tastes, desires and purposes. Faith is really the act of trust by which one person (the sinner) commits himself to another Person, who is the Saviour. A personal relation springs up between you and Jesus Christ. You surrender your self-will and agree to submit to his will; you surrender the sins that you have loved in order to please him; you accept his commandments as your rule of conduct; you consent to Christ's reign in your heart. Christ then begins to live in your heart. A vital union is thus made between person and Person, between your soul and your Saviour; this union is the very core and kernel of saving faith. This constitutes true conversion.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler*.

QUESTIONING THE MISSIONARY.

Rev. Mr. Watson of China, says that on a recent occasion when he made a speech he encouraged the asking of questions and gives the following as a sample: "Are you a red haired barbarian?" "How old are you?" "Are there clan feuds in your kingdom?" "Are all of your people rich?" "Are you paid for preaching?" "Have you a wife and family?" "How many sons?" "Are your clothes brought from your own country?" "Are all the people of your country worshippers of God?" "Do you believe in 'Fung shuy?'" etc. I answered their questions as well as I could. One can often further one's message in answering them. For example, when they asked me about my salary, I told them how some very poor people as well as rich contributed to send me to China, and why. When asked, "Who brings opium to China?" "Why do you grow and sell opium?" I quietly beheld my questioner till all eyes were turned upon him, and there was silence. "Do you Chinese open shops for selling and smoking opium?" said I. He laughed and was silent; but said others, "Yes; but if you did not bring opium to us we would not have it to sell." I replied, "I

fear you know little about what is doing in China. No farther away than Tancoan great quantities of opium are now being planted. Now, tell me why. Is it not that you may make money?" "Yes it is," they readily admitted. "Well," I replied, "that is just the reason why foreigners bring opium to you, just to make money. But if you do not buy they will not bring it. You all admit that opium injures you. I never heard one of you say that it is right to smoke it. Then why do you? In my country a great many people say it is a shame and a great wrong to bring opium to China; while others who want to make money by it, say that you want it, and so they continue to bring it. You ought not to buy it."

A London jeweller (New Bond street), recently purchased at auction for \$12,250, a little Hindu god, two and a half inches in height, made of gold and studded with precious stones. It was formerly the property of the Queen of Delhi, and had been preserved in an ancient temple of Delhi for a thousand years before it came into her possession.

THE LOTTERY NUISANCE.

It is our firm belief that one of the most formidable, subtle, and ruinous sins of today among the American people is the sin of gambling. It creeps into the home, the church, the college, the workshop, the store, the bank, the farmhouse, and even into the backwoods hamlet, leaving behind a train of desolating evils which are often drowned in the wine-cup or by suicide. Do our readers ask for proof? Where is it not! It is found in the betting which has become inseparable from every form of athletic sport; in the growth of the speculative mania which invades every section of our land; in the craze for sudden wealth that assumes a dizzy risk in business; in the increasing number of country dupes lured to the hells of large cities; in the defalcations, embezzlements, violations of trusts, that fill the ranks of the American colony in Canada; in the exemption of pool-rooms and faro banks from the interference of the law; in the growing nervous excitability of Americans, which powerfully develops the inherent trait of the gamester, an integral part of the nature of almost every man; in the

mischievousness of lotteries. We very much doubt whether parents, employers, business men, preachers, instructors, and others who are particularly interested in the welfare of the young realize the extent of this evil. In principle, a lottery of any description differs not a whit from faro bank or roulette wheel. Prohibited by the statutes of almost every State, the enticement yet spreads in all directions. Newspapers called respectable advertise the lottery; one prominent journal maintains that only its abuses are open to objection; churches break the law, and assist in the corruption of morals by their dime chances and ticket hazards; the man who draws a prize is regarded with envy. And with what result?

A Supreme Court Judge calls the lottery "one of the worst species of gaming." Experience confirms the statement. And wherever The Christian Union goes—not to all families, but to all towns—it finds a lottery. In a small New England city \$900 were recently expended in the purchase of these tempting bits of pastboard chances, and the greater part of this amount—the whole being divided into small sums—came from the pockets of factory hands and petty tradesmen. No wonder that an employer discovered three boys in his establishment throwing dice for gain in a corner of the shop. No wonder that Mr. Comstock found that in a single office of the Louisiana Lottery the average receipts for twenty days were \$5,176 per day, while the average daily orders and letters received were 1,750. We have been informed that this institution would pay the entire State debt, amounting to nearly \$12,000,000 in 1887, if the Legislature would perpetuate its charter. Whether the information be false or true, the profits of the concern warrant the shrewdness of such a proposition.

Now, we care not how fairly lottery drawings may be conducted; how many church people adopt the principle. The whole effect of this species of gambling is demoralizing to the community and disastrous to the individual. Clerks, members of the church, young business men, factory boys and girls, perhaps the young people of your Sunday school class, are addicted to this form of evil. Do what you can to check it, and beware of any personal greed for money which may lead you to practices as indefensible as lottery speculation.

Young men, let this thing alone! Be satisfied with the slow and moderate improvement of your finances. Avoid the perilous edge of the whirlpool of gaming, in whose seething waters so many have lost health, honor, and ultimately reason, home, and friends. On every side you behold those who are pinching their lives to this one interrogation point—*how much will it pay?* It will not pay you to draw the largest prize disposable by the turn of the lottery wheel. This, and every kind of gambling, takes root in the feverish and unhealthy desire to get much for little; to possess wealth that is not earned. Listen to the sound advice of Professor Jevons, who speaks in this instance, not as a moralist, but as the student of economic science: "All gaming, betting, pure speculation," he says, "or other accidental modes of transferring property involve on the average, a dead loss of utility." Of still greater pertinency is the rugged warning of Horace Greeley; "If any man fancies that there is some easier way of getting a dollar than by squarely earning it, he has lost the clue to his way through this mortal labyrinth." As men value permanent prosperity, genuine integrity of soul, honest business achievement, a clean and unsullied conscience, so will they avoid this beginning of evil, for who can tell "whereunto it may grow"? We call upon employers, Christian merchants, law and order societies, all men and women who are able to influence the young, to watch this matter, in the church and out of it, for the warning is based upon results of careful investigation.—*The Christian Union.*

COURAGEOUS PIETY NEEDED.

This is not an age of heroic Christianity. There is more pulp than pluck in the average Christian professor, when self-denial is required. The men and women who not only rejoice in doing their duty for Christ, but even rejoice in overcoming uncomfortable obstacles in doing it, are quite too scarce. The piety that is most needed is a piety that will stand a pinch; a piety that would rather eat an honest crust than fare sumptuously on fraud; a piety that works up stream against currents; a piety that sets its face like a flint in the straight, narrow road of righteousness. We need more of the Christianity that steadfastly sets its face toward Christ's

word and holy will. An ungodly world will be compelled to look at such Christly living as at "the sun shining in its strength." God loves to look at those who carry Jesus in their faces. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

THE SACRED CITY OF THE HINDUS.

A vivid picture is given by Pres. Lindsay of the Free Church of Scotland of a visit to Benares the sacred city of the Hindus. Its beastly degradation is one of the best commentaries on what a heathen religion does for its devotees.

"The "sacred," or rather, loathsome, city of Benares lies on the north side of the Ganges, at a place where the bank slopes high above the stream and bends crescent-shaped to the north. Wide flights of stairs or ghats lead down to the brink, and succeed each other in rapid succession for a mile or so all along the river-bank. These lead to temples or to the huge caravanserais which have been built by the various rajahs of India, and which are the lodging houses of the pilgrims who come from the raja's dominions. The river-bank, high naturally for the Ganges, has been made higher by the ruins of centuries which have served for the foundations of the modern buildings. The whole place has the general look of disrepair which is common to all Hindu religious places, and which arises from the selfishness of pagan devotion. It is an act of merit to build a temple or caravanserai; but when these are once built, the succeeding generations prefer to win merit for themselves by building new temples to increasing the merits of others by keeping the old buildings from tumbling into ruins. The river has undermined the bank occasionally, and brought down the buildings standing near. Two large ghats have sunk, and houses and temples on the high bank above have either disappeared bodily, or are represented by heaps of rubbish, or stand with huge cracks in the walls. At other places huge basements of pillars are seen, almost and wholly submerged. One wishes that, if the people were only safely out of it, the Ganges would make up its mind to it, and with one god "spate" sweep the whole abominable thing away bodily.

We got a boat, and went slowly along the river-bank a few yards from the water's edge. At the foot of each ghat wooden landing-stages stretched out into the river,

supported on bamboo scaffolding; and from these, or from the lowest steps of the long staircases, the crowds of worshippers were bathing. Some took water in the hollow of the hand and threw it lightly on forehead, hair, and breast, repeating the sacred formula as they did so. Others were washing their clothes. Others, almost naked—the men with waistband only, the women girt with the ends of their saris—plunged forward in the water and threw up the soles of their feet to the surface, or ducked down in the water. All made a point of drinking the water. Young children squirmed and screamed as they were ducked by fond parents; the boys shouted and leapt from a height into the water. The religious rite was great fun to them. All along the banks, priests, at the receipt of custom, sat on wooden platforms, under great umbrellas made of reed matting, ready to paint the sacred marks on the foreheads of pilgrims who had bathed. Some ghats are reserved for high caste people, and there Hindu ladies and gentlemen are seen bathing in the same way, and vigorously drinking the water.

Three great spaces on the river-bank are used as cremation grounds. We saw the process in all its stages—the body lying on the bank, wrapped tightly in white or red cloth, while the pyre was building; oblong pyres of wood in flames, the head of the corpse barely visible; men raking the ashes of wood and human remains into the river. Most people are too poor to pay for wood enough to burn the body thoroughly; the poorest cannot afford to buy more than will only lightly scorch the corpse. In these cases the remains, slightly charred, are thrown into the stream. The set of the current continually carries these back to the side of the river. We saw at three different places a partially-burnt human head floating where the people were bathing and drinking. The whole thing was so repulsive to me that I would gladly have thrust out into the middle of the river and got out of the neighbourhood; we had begun, however, and had to go through with it.

On our return voyage we floated down in mid-stream, and saw the distant effect of houses, temples, and palaces crowded together from river-bank to sky-line. Hindu architecture repels me, and it did so especially at Benares. The meanest Moslem mosque is to my mind a more beautiful building than the costliest Hindu

temple; and I confess that as my eyes wandered down the sky outline they rested somewhat complacently on the slender minarets of the mosque of Aurangzeb, trampling Hindu temples beneath it.

We landed and went to see the city. I had read and knew something about the loathsome *avarna* of Hindu religion; but I did think that when I had privately warned the guide to keep us away from the worst, things would not have been so bad as they were. Our guide, a Moslem, obeyed gladly; but it was impossible to take six steps in that brutal, lustful place without being confronted with the most obscene symbols. The priests, sometimes repulsive-looking, at other times grave, noble-looking men, came round us, begging and inviting us to look now at this, now at that shrine. The streets were the narrowest of narrow lanes. Cows and dogs, monkeys and donkeys, all sacred, wandered about, and added their share to the filth and to the smells of the place. We finished the day with the cow and the monkey temples. The former, which we entered, is a square, covered court, with the shrines in the middle, painted red. It is a huge byre without the stalls. The worshippers—men and women—when they entered, kissed the filthy threshold, then touched it with their foreheads, then bowed thrice to the shrine, then touched the tail and head of a cow and touched their foreheads with their fingers, and finally bowed to the brutes wandering about inside, while the priests sat serene above the filth and votive-offerings.

Crowds of women, mostly prostitutes, thronged the streets or appeared on the house-tops: old creatures, men and women, who had come to Benares to die, sat in corners, or crept and crawled close to the wall; and at every yard or so little niches were cut into the walls to hold obscene emblems. I had read about all this. It is easy to read about it; to see it was so utterly loathsome that it made me quite sick. Yet, as I have said, we did not see the worst. This was the "sacred city" of Benares, this Gomorrah, where Satan's seat is.

The monkey-temple, to which I went somewhat unwillingly, was the cleanest and least objectionable. Near it is an ancient tamarind tree, within whose hollow trunk the sacred monkeys bring forth and nurse their young when not dislodged by cobras. The place swarms with these

hideous brutes, which, luckily, have a salutary dread of a white face. The temple is small; but before it is a huge tank, in which the worshippers bathe, while the monkeys look on.

Benares as we saw it was not so bad as Corinth was in St. Paul's days. The religions of Greece and Rome, when stripped of all glamour, had sides as hideous as the darker recesses of Benares into which we did not penetrate. Yet Christianity conquered Rome in three centuries; and we have been at work in Hindustan scarcely a third part of the time.

"Praise be to Him who from the mire, through patient length of days, Elaborated into life a people to his praise."

"DON'T YOU LOVE HIM FOR THAT, FATHER?"

One Sabbath evening a father called his children around him, and asked them what they had learned at the school that day. He was not a Christian man himself, but he had a pious wife, and the children always went regularly to Sunday-School.

In their own simple way the little ones began to tell what their teacher had been saying of the beautiful home in heaven that Jesus had left because of his love for sinners. Nellie, the youngest, had crept upon her father's knee, and looking full in his face, she said, "Jesus must have loved us very much to do that; don't you love Him for it father?" Then they went on to describe the trials and sufferings of the Saviour; how He was betrayed by Judas, and led before the high priest and Pilate; how the Jews called out "Crucify Him;" and how the wicked soldiers crowned Him with thorns and mocked, and scourged, and buffeted Him; and again the little one looked up and said, with tears in her eyes, "Don't you love Him for that, father?" At that the children came to tell the dreadful death of Jesus on the cross, and once more little Nellie looked up in her father's face and said the third time, "Now, don't you love Him, father?"

The father could not bear any more; he put his little girl down, and went away to hide his tears, for the words had gone home to his heart. Soon after he became a true Christian, and he said that little Nellie's questions had more effect upon him than the most powerful preaching he had ever heard in his life.

BEWARE OF THE BAR!

Young man, beware of that saloon and its treacherous bar! It is a bar to peace, a bar to happiness a bar to domestic joys, a bar to decency, a bar to respectability, a bar to honour, a bar to the love and favour of God, and finally, it is and ever will be a bar to heaven itself; for no drunkard, as such, can enter there (Gal. v. 19-21).

It is not only a bar to prevent you from being what you ought to be, but a direct road leading to all deeds that are wrong, hurtful, wicked, ruinous, cruel. It is the road to degradation, to gambling, to the brothel; the road to poverty and want, to wretchedness and distress, to untold woes and crime of all sorts; the road to robbery and murder, to prison and the gallows; the road to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell!

Now, whoever wants to travel in this way let him step into the saloon. Go to its bar and take the glass which is offered. You have then taken the first step—you have made a beginning, and who can tell what the end will be?

Young man! again I say,—Keep away from the saloon and its bar! Take the advice of an old man (nearly eighty-six years old)—one who has never known even once by personal experience the "pleasures" or profits of intoxication, and can live and die without any desire of knowing, Keep from the bar!—*D. Hotchkiss.*

If any dream of being in a justified state, while as yet they retain an habitual fixed aversion from God, and bear no friendly mind towards Him, this is a very idle delusion, unto his ruin and destruction. It is misrepresenting the Christian religion to suppose that it should be only a provision made to change the states of men, without changing their hearts; to bring men into a justified state, and yet to leave them in a state of enmity to God, and disaffection towards Him, that they care not to come to Him, to know Him, to converse with Him.—*Howe.*

The great fact is, that life is a service. The only question is, "whom will we serve?"—*Faber.*

It is sadness to sene to look to the grave, but gladness to faith to look beyond it.

"OUR JENNY."

A traveller on one of the great railway trunk lines last summer observed a young woman, who sat near him, rise to leave the train, when it stopped at a large town. The conductor and brakemen hurried to help her from the car, and when she stood on the platform every trainman and employer present, from the station-master to the black porter, welcomed her with a smile and lifted hat.

The traveller, struck by the marked respect, and even affection in their manner, looked closely at the girl as the train rolled by. She was not very young, and plainly dressed; she was slightly lame; but she had a homely, sweet womanly face.

"Who is that?" he asked the brakeman. "The daughter of some railway official?"

"That?" said the man, with kindling face. "That is our Jenny."

"Our Jenny's" story, as she told to the traveller, was briefly this: She was the daughter of an officer of the road. She had been an invalid from birth. On the journeys which she was compelled to make on the trains, the men in charge, touched with pity, were very kind and gentle to the weak and crippled child. It was the one contact with the outer world, and their kindness filled her heart with gratitude to them.

A few years ago she recovered almost entirely from the disease which had so long made her helpless in a sudden and unexpected way. She believed the improvement to be by God's special interposition in her favor, and vowed to give her life to her service.

It was natural that she should think of her friends, the trainmen, and try to bring them to him. She gave them books, visited their wives, knew every child and baby, and taught them to love her.

She did what she could to help each man to more comfort and happiness in the world; she persuaded many of those who were acquiring bad habits to give up liquor, and, at last, she prayed with them, gathered them into little meetings and preached to them.

"She is like a pure, holy child;" said one, with tears in his eyes. "She speaks for Jesus as no preacher ever has done for me."

Her work extended year after year.

So remarkable and helpful was her influence that the directors of several of the Southern roads gave her a perpetual free pass over their lines. She gave up her whole life to the service of the trainmen and their families. The result proved what can be accomplished by one person with high mental gifts who is wholly in earnest in her work.—*Sel.*

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

Johnnie lives out in Western New York near the famous Silver Lake camp-ground. One day at Sunday-school the minister talked to the children about the duty of their making a right start early in life, and showed them what a safeguard the temperance pledge would be. He had a supply of triple-pledge cards on hand, and Johnnie with many others very gladly gave his name. He carried the card home to his mother, with his name written on it in his very best style, and proudly showed it to his mother and father. His good mother was very glad of his act, but his father only laughed. Said he:

"Why, Johnnie, you don't understand this. You are too young to know all it means."

"No, I ain't, papa," said Johnnie. "I understand all about it. It means, if I always keep that pledge, I'll never come home as drunk as you did last Fourth of July."

His father said no more, but concluded that Johnnie knew more than he gave him credit for.—*Sel.*

TWO MILLIONS OF BOYS WANTED.

Says Dr. Pentecost: "The saloons can no more get along without using up the boys than the flour mill can without using up grist."

The saloon must have boys or it must shut up shop. Can't you furnish it one? It is a great factory, and unless it can get about two million boys from each generation for raw material, some of these factories must close out and its operatives must be thrown on a cold world, and the public revenue will dwindle. Wanted, two million boys, is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys will it be?—*The Voice.*

CHRIST IN THE SINNER'S PLACE.

"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities."—Isaiah liii. 5.

Thy works, n mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart ;
They tell me all is done ;
They bid my fear depart.

Thy, pains, not mine, O Christ,
Upon the shameful tree,
Have paid the law's full price,
And purchased peace for me.

Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away ;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessed day.

Thy bonds, not mine, O Christ,
Unbind me of my chain,
And break my prison doors,
Ne'er to be barred again.

Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul,
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.

Thy blood, not mine, O Christ,
Thy blood so freely spilt,
Can blanch my blackest stains,
And purge away my guilt.

Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none in heaven
Or earth could bear, but God.

Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due ;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.

Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me ;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.—*Mme. Sweet-chine.*

You have not fulfilled every duty, unless you have fulfilled that of being cheerful and pleasant.—*C. Ruixon.*

There is no bigotry like that of free thought run to seed.—*Horace Greeley.*

MY MOTHER.

I am now so far advanced in life that my friends begin to call me old. But I have not lived long enough to learn why I should not respect my mother, and regard her affectionately. She is quite advanced in years, and has nearly lost her sight. She sits within a few feet of me, sewing up a rent in my linen coat while I write this. She knows not what I am writing. She has been a widow eight years, and is still toiling for the welfare of her children. She has never studied grammar, nor philosophy, nor music. These things were seldom taught in her young days, but she knows their value, and has toiled many a hard day to purchase books for her children, and to support them at school. And shall I now curl the lip in scorn, or blush in company, to hear her substitute a verb of unity for one of plurality, or pronounce a word of twenty years behind the Webster era? Never—no, never! The old dilapidated grammar in my library might testify against her style; but its testimony would be infinitely more terrible against my ingratitude. I recollect well when she rode seven miles, one winter's day, to sell produce and purchase that book for me, when I was a little boy. It required a sacrifice, but "Mother made it."—*Home Journal.*

GOD KNOWS.

Through all my little daily cares there is One thought that comfort brings whene'er it comes ;

'Tis this : "God knows." He knows indeed full well

Each struggle that my hard heart makes to bring

My will to His. Often, when night-time comes,

My heart is full of tears because the good That seemed at morn so easy to be done Has proved so hard ; but then, remembering

That a kind Father is my Judge, I say, — "He knows;" and so I lay me down with trust

That His good hand will give me needed strength

To better do His work in coming days.

"Learn of me," says the philosopher, "and ye shall find restlessness." "Learn of me," says Christ, "and ye shall find rest."—*Drummond.*

BEECHER AND INGERSOLL.

Mr. Beecher has gone to his rest. The way was long for him and often very rough, but he trod his path with a buoyant step and far-looking eyes. Great, natural, faulty, beloved, he has gone now; but his words remain. Perhaps Colonel Ingersoll and those who were with him will long remember the following selected incident:

Colonel Ingersoll was thrown one day into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were four or five gentlemen present, all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics were discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion was made to religion. The distinguished infidel was of course too polite to introduce the subject himself, but one of the party finally, desiring to see a tilt between Bob and Beecher, made a playful remark about Colonel Ingersoll's idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views in his usual apt rhetoric; in fact, he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentlemen in very effective repartee. Contrary to the expectations of all, Mr. Beecher remained an abstracted listener and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic with the hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Colonel Ingersoll at last remarked, "Mr. Beecher, have you nothing to say on this question?"

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied, "Nothing, in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking, my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to day."

"What was it?" at once inquired Colonel Ingersoll, who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, is noted for his kindness of heart.

"Why," said Mr. Beecher, "as I was walking down town to-day I saw a poor blind man, with crutches, slowly and carefully picking his way through a cess pool of mud in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth when a big, burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt which almost engulfed him."

"What a brute he was!" said the Colonel.

"What a brute he was!" they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing back his long, white hair, while his eyes glittered with his old-time fire, as he bent them on Ingersoll—"Yes, Colonel Ingersoll, and you are the man. The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teaching that knocks these crutches from under it and leaves it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the sloughs of despond. If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why, ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building; an incendiary may reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down and silence brooded over the scene. Colonel Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration and said nothing. The company took their hats and parted.—*Canadian Advance*.

MARITIME ITEMS.

A number of these items were inadvertently omitted from last issue.

Rev. R. Atkinson has been settled in St. Andrew's congregation, (Kirk), Pictou.

Mr. W. M. Fraser, was ordained as pastor of the Presbyterian congregation at Annapolis and Bridgetown on the 29th ult.

Springhill congregation is again settled. Mr. D. Wright, one of the graduates of Pine Hill was ordained and inducted there June 10th.

Mr. J. M. McLennan, one of the graduates of Pine Hill College was ordained and inducted at Brookfield, P. E. I., on Tuesday, June 11th.

Rev. J. M. McLeod, Moderator of Synod, has resigned the charge of Zion Church, Charlottetown, and gone to labor at Vancouver, British Columbia.

Rev. J. W. Crawford was ordained as minister of Mahone Bay, May 28th, and Rev. Geo. A. Leck at La Have on following day. The Presbytery of Lunenburg and Shelburne gets two of this year's graduates of Pine Hill.

PEACE ALREADY MADE.

One evening Dr. Pentecost related this interesting incident; A few days after General Lee had surrendered and President Lincoln had issued his proclamation of amnesty, a man was riding on horseback along a road in Western Virginia. At a certain point a man sprang out from the roadside and seized his horse by the bridle. He had on a tattered Confederate uniform, and in his hand an old musket. With emaciated face and hungry eyes, he cried, "Give me bread; I do not wish to injure you; but give me bread, for I am starving."

The man on horseback answered him: "Why do you not go to the village yonder, and get food?"

"I dare not; I would be shot."

"What for; tell me your trouble?"

The man then told his story.

"A few weeks ago," he said, "I resolved to desert the Confederate service. But when I came to the Federal pickets, I was told that an order had been issued not to receive any more rebel deserters; and unless I went back would be fired upon." If he returned to his companions in arms, he would be shot as a deserter. What could he do?

There was nothing for him but to take the woods and hide, and there he had been living until starved almost to madness.

The man on horseback said to him: "The war is over; peace has come; President Lincoln has pardoned the rank and file of the Confederate army. You can go home."

"The war is over," he replied. "It cannot be. It cannot be."

"Yes, the war is over," and taking from his pocket a newspaper, he showed him the account of Lee's surrender and President Lincoln's proclamation.

Realizing the truth, the man flung his musket from him with a cry of joy, and turning, ran for his home.

Now, what had so changed his feelings? He had simply read in a newspaper the announcement of the close of the war and the return of peace to the land. He had done nothing, nor could he do anything, but simply enter into this new and blessed condition of peace.

So with the Christian; peace has been made with God through Christ, and we are to enter into its joy.

CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE.

The Gospel, in the fulness of its goodwill towards men, requires us to *abstain from all appearance of evil*. Actual evil will injure ourselves; the appearance of it may injure others. Selfishness may restrain from self-injury; but in the self-denial of avoiding what might otherwise be proper, lest the appearance may injure another, is the purest benevolence. And the moment the Christian life fails to exhibit this, it is lowered from its heavenly elevation to that of the mere moralist; the brightest gem is struck from the Saviour's crown, and the Gospel is presented to the world stripped of its distinguishing excellence.

CHURCH FAIRS &C.

The readiness to adopt indirect methods of raising money is a dangerous weakness of the Christian Church of to-day. Whenever a church is to be built or repaired, or a large sum of money raised for any object, the first thought is apt to be of suppers and fairs, and concerts and other entertainments. Christians contribute a few dollars to such an entertainment, or buy a number of tickets, and imagine that the sum thus expended has been consecrated to God, and is put down to their credit in heaven.

Some day they will learn that they have made a mistake, and that the credit side of their account on the great ledger is much smaller than they had supposed. That money is not consecrated to God that we spend in entertainments and suppers, although we may receive no adequate return. It is simply a trade in which we have knowingly got the worst of the bargain. Such schemes reflect great discredit upon the intelligence of Christians, to say nothing of their piety.

If some one who is equal to the task would write a book on Christian economy, the real loss and wastefulness of these indirect methods might be made clear, and Christians might be induced to abandon them.

What should we think of St. Paul if he had written to the Corinthians thus: "Now concerning the collection for the saints, let all the brethren and sisters unite in

GETTING UP A CHARITY BALL,
or a series of Isthmian games, with tickets

of admission, that you may have a goodly sum of money raised when I come? We should uncanonise him at once.

The old tabernacle of the Hebrews cost an immense sum of money, and it was built at a time when the people were not in a flourishing financial condition. Why then do we not read in the account of its construction something like the following: "And Moses called unto him Bezaleel and Aholiab, and said unto them, 'Go to, let us get up an entertainment, a grand festival with a

MANNA SUPPER, AND ROAST QUELDS

in abundance. We may also have games, and music, and dancing. And let sundry beautiful damsels scour the neighboring country, selling tickets. Let them be in comely attire, and let them play upon the timbrel and lute as they go, that they may attract the attention of the people.

"It may be that your wealthy Hittite will be pleased to contribute of his substance to the building of the Lord's temple; and, if we shall succeed in drawing a few shekels from some of the well-to-do Amalekites, our burden will be much reduced thereby, and best of all, these ungodly sinners will have been doing into paying tribute for the glory of our God."

"Absurd!" you say. Of course it is, if the Bible contained any such nonsense we would throw it away. The fact is, none of the indirect methods of raising money find any approval, either from precept or example in God's word.

They are not in keeping with its teachings. They are a disgrace to the Church of Christ, and bring only contempt upon it from the unbelieving world. Their result has only been to vitiate the true spirit of consecration, and to blight the spiritual life, influence, and activity of church members.

The popular notion regarding church finances needs reforming. It is based upon false principles of economy, and places the Church of Christ in an unworthy light before the world. The credit of the kingdom of heaven has been weakened by subtleties and shams. Christians have been too careful to distinguish between religion and business, as though there were some necessary antagonism between the two.

Men like to talk about consecrating "themselves" and their "time," and their "talents" to the Lord, but they shudder when the word "talent," is translated in

to the modern word "dollars."

They fancy that the mere thought of money is worldly, and will lower the tone of spirituality. It is a grand mistake. That spirituality which is so easily injured by contact with the world, which must be bottled up, and hermetically sealed lest it should spoil in the open air, is a pretty poor article. True spirituality sanctifies whatever it touches, by the power of its own purity.

Like Christ it touches even the leper, and, instead of being defiled, imparts pure and hearty life. We have altogether too much religion that is like a balloon—full of gas, and shooting straight up into the air whenever it is let loose; or like a soap-bubble, beautiful with its rainbow tints, but bursting into a thousand fragments the moment you touch it with anything solid.

True business principles are not unspiritual; they are helpful in the religious life. Not only would the Church as a whole be benefited by a well regulated system of economies, but individual Christian lives would be strengthened. May the time soon come when we shall be as practical in religious matters as we are in business. Then we shall do away with all indirect methods, all evasions of duty, and build up our Christian institutions on the only true basis—that of specific payment.—*Rev. G. H. Hubbard, in Sunday School Times.*

ENOUGH.

The last lines that Frances R. Havergal ever wrote express the longings of the soul that sits at Jesus' feet, and looks up into his countenance:

I am so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand
One moment without Thee;
But O, the tenderness of Thine enfolding!
And O, the faithfulness of Thine upholding!

And O, the strength of Thy right hand—
That strength is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord! and yet I know
All fulness dwells in Thee;
And hour by hour that never-failing
treasure
Supplies and fills in overflowing measure,
My least, my greatest need. And so
Thy grace is enough for me.

If we could sweep intemperance out of the land, there would be hardly poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to the charitable impulses.—*Philip Brooks.*

UNNOTICED LABOUR.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labour. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labours and successes; yet some, who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last, never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in a country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well.

Perhaps yonder sister has a class in the Sunday school. Nothing striking in her or in her class. Nobody thinks of her as a remarkable worker. She is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant.

There is a Bible-woman. She is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week; but nobody discovers all she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone; the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work; care more how you work. Never mind who sees, if God approves. If he smiles, be content. We cannot always be sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed which makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labour you are not alone. For God the eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.—*Sel.*

THE VALUE OF EXPERIENCE.

A well-known writer has said that by the time we have learned how to live we are ready to die. It seems to be one of the most difficult things to profit by the experience of others. Each person prefers to test for himself the quicksands from which he is warned, and thus the same ground is often gone over. If older

people could learn to treat the young with less arrogance of superior wisdom, a great deal of trouble would be avoided. There is nothing more exasperating in the world than to see our own youthful foibles repeated by our children and it is natural, to condemn with special severity that which, possibly, a bitter experience has taught us the folly of. A little confidence rather than severe and often (to the receiver) senseless commands will avail in such cases. The young are apt to be extravagant, to love beautiful surroundings so much that in an effort to secure a portion or become a portion of the beautiful world they neglect the means toward that end, which is a competency of this world's goods. When an established income is secured, the young man or woman can buy pictures and many other minor things which it would be gross extravagance for them to purchase before. Great patience and only patience can avail in such cases. Wise, motherly words, and complete confidence of the child who is at fault is the only remedy for the repetition of extravagance. Harsh methods avail nothing, and only serve to build up a barrier between the parent and child. Nothing is more unfortunate than for any word or accidental occurrence to make a child feel that he is unjustly treated or put under irksome or harsh restraint. A recent writer says, not until we are fellow-workers with God in his universe do we become his free children. The mother must make her daughter feel she is a fellow-worker with her, must confide in her and treat her as an equal, gain her opinions, even if she at the same time wisely and secretly guides those opinions. Too many parents treat children who have arrived at years of discretion as if they were mere slaves to do and follow their commands, and are shocked at their ingratitude if they find them unwilling to accept such a position.

What we need in religion, is not new light, but new sight; not new paths, but new strength to walk in the old ones; not new duties, but new strength from on high to fulfill those that are plain before us.—*Thyron Edwards.*

One earnest gaze upon Christ is worth a thousand scrutinies of self. The man who beholds the Cross, and beholding it weeps, cannot be really blind nor perilously self-ignorant.—*Dean Vaughan.*

PROTESTANTISM IN ITALY.

The eighteenth annual report of the Free Christian Church, and that of the Free Evangelical Schools in connection with it, give reason to believe that many people in Italy are awaking to an interest in religious truth. The Free Christian Church, it may be remembered, was founded in 1870, at a period when the union of Italy gave a new impulse to all religious work. Gavazzi was its ardent supporter, and his death has bereft it of one of its staunchest supports.

From the first, the free schools which this Church has carried on, have been its best means of gaining the attention and allegiance of the people. The Vatican has not been slow to perceive this, nor to adopt the same tactics, with the result of greatly multiplying the educational opportunities of the Italian people. In Rome the ecclesiastical seminaries have increased from five in 1870 to forty-two, and the clerical schools from nine to one hundred and seventeen. In December last, out of a population of 405,336, there were 26,428 children in the communal schools, 18,743 in the clerical, and 384 in the evangelical schools. A special committee visits the parents of such children, and offers them work or material aid, if they will withdraw their children from the evangelical, and send them to the clerical schools. Clothing and valuable prizes are also added to the attractions of the latter; but notwithstanding all, the number of pupils of the evangelical schools is rapidly increasing.

On their part, the advantages offered by the evangelical schools are equally great, if not equally tangible. Industrial training is a feature of some them; French and needle-work are taught others. In Naples where the destitution is appalling, a young doctor visits the families where there is illness, and supplies medicines. These, and free soup to such as cannot afford to pay for it, are, as far as appears, the only instances of material aid being afforded by the evangelicals.

The greatest prudence is found to be necessary to prevent a certain underhand persecution of those who attach themselves to these churches. Workmen who are known to favor evangelical doctrines, are dismissed from their employment. Sunday work prevents many from attending church, so that the report reveals the anomaly of a larger number of communicants

(1522) than average Sunday morning attendants (1245); the number of evening attendants (1763) is considerably greater.

The interest in religious things is in several cities very noticeably increasing. In Genoa there is a veritable revival; the subject of religion is discussed in the cafes, and among medical men in the pharmacies, the daily papers have taken occasion to make clear the difference between Evangelical and Papal belief. In Milan the great event of the year is the publication of the illustrated and annotated Martini translation of the Bible. This was taken up, merely as a business venture, by a noted publishing house; the work is issued in weekly parts, at five cents a number; the form is small quarto, each part containing one or more illustrations, and the paper and type are excellent. The number of subscribers has reached 50,000. This is assuredly the most remarkable literary event of the present generation in Italy. It is an interesting fact that a similar enterprise has recently been inaugurated in Spain.

Although in many respects the Free Evangelical Church is doing a work which none other is attempting, it is by no means the principal Protestant Church in Italy. The old Waldensian Church, for centuries confined to its valleys, entered upon an aggressive work as soon as the victories of Magenta and Solferino in 1859 announced the new era of Italian history. In 1860 it began a missionary work in the large cities, and even before the unification of Italy it had churches in nearly all of them. In 1872 was held the first general conference of these churches, and three years ago they were united in a Synod. There are now 44 churches, 180 localities where services are occasionally held, and 40,074 communicants who have come over from Rome.

The Waldensian Church has in certain places cooperated with the Free Christian Church, but if the views of M. Comba, lately expressed in the *Revue Chretienne*, may be accepted as those of his Church, it does not look with complacency upon the efforts of various English and American denominations, to establish themselves in Italy. The English Wesleyans entered the country in 1861, and the Baptists two years later. In 1870 and 1873 the American Baptists and Methodists followed them, and it seems to be the opinion of the Waldensian writer that this multipli-

cation of sects and of agencies has weakened rather than strengthened the Protestant cause. However this may be, it is evident that the minds of the Italian people are shaking off the lethargy with which, as regards religious things, they have long been bound, and are arising to an unaccustomed concern for spiritual truth. We shall look with interest to the effect upon the popular mind of the celebration of the bicentenary of the *Glorieuse Re'tre*, for which the Waldensians are now actively preparing. It can hardly fail still further to awake the minds of the people.

L. S. HOUGHTON, in *Evangelist*.

DEACON JOHNSON'S GREAT TRIAL.

A STORY FOR DISCOURAGED SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

It certainly appeared great. And it must have been a great trial in order to have disturbed the good deacon. He was not only an earnest Christian, but he was a devoted student of God's Word. He was also an excellent Sunday School teacher. And he was given an opportunity to exercise his gifts, his tact, and his patience. His class was composed of boys, whose ages ranged from twelve to fifteen years. They were as bright, intelligent, and as restless a lot of boys as you ever saw. It seemed almost impossible to keep them still five minutes at a time.

Judging from appearances, they never heard a word that their teacher said to them. He ever delighted to talk about Jesus, and his heart yearned for those boys. But it did seem as if he laboured in vain. For just as he was about to press home an important truth, something would occur to prevent it. Either Bob Daniels would pinch Jack Wiley and cause him to cry out, or Bertie Smith would stick a pin into Arthur Place, and cause him to scream; or something equally as destructive to every good impression would occur.

Many times the deacon was at a loss to know what to do. He tried to find some tender place in their hearts; but it seemed as if they had none. He would plead with them with tears; but they seemed to care nothing either for his words or his tears.

One day he came home from Sunday School, and hanging his hat, as usual, upon the peg behind the door, and entering the sitting-room, sat down in the old arm-chair and gazed in silence upon a particu-

lar spot in the carpet. Mrs. Johnson knew that her husband had been tried more than usual with his class that day. She said nothing for some time; but at length she asked, "Have the boys been worse than usual to-day?"

"I've had an awful time," he answered. "I don't know what's got into 'em I actually had to hold Bertie Smith and Bob Daniels by the collars of their jackets, in order to keep them in their seats. Of course the boys laughed; and I don't believe they heard a word I said to them. Oh, if they only knew how anxious I am about their souls, and how I try to pray for them! But——"

And the deacon bowed his head in his hands and wept like a child.

"Don't take it so hard," said his wife. "You are doing the best you can, are n't you?"

"I am trying to."

"Well, that is all that God asks of any of us. And so let us do our duty, and leave the rest in his hand. You know He giveth the increase."

"But it does n't seem as if I can keep that class any longer," was the reply.

His wife smiled and said: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

"But that class is so discouraging," urged the deacon.

"I know, my dear, that it must be very trying. But I am afraid we tried the patience of other people when we were children; and how very much we have tried the dear Saviour's patience all through our lives! Whenever I am tempted to give up my class of girls—and they do try me very much at times—I remember how patient Jesus has been with me all these years, and somehow just then I seem to hear Him saying to me, 'What! could ye not watch one hour?' Jesus knows about that class, and all about your words and prayers. 'Not a sparrow fall-eth to the ground without your Father——'"

"I'll keep that class," interrupted the deacon.

And he did. But though he laboured earnestly and prayed fervently, those boys seemed to remain the same as ever. One by one they dropped out of the class, and the deacon lost sight of them. Most of them removed to other places, and so the class was broken up. Up to their last day at school, they were the same active boisterous, mischievous boys as when they

Entered it.

Years sped away, and during this period the deacon had heard nothing from his boys. He had often thought of them, and wondered what kind of men they became. And all his prayers and earnest pleadings been in vain? He had received no evidence that it had been otherwise. One day, while on his way to attend a Convention of Sunday School workers, as he was hurrying through the car in which he was sitting, a gentleman caught his eye, gave a sudden start, and then passed on into the next car. He was gone a few minutes, and then came back. He stopped at the deacon's seat, and asked, "Is this Deacon Johnson, of the First Baptist Church in M——?"

"Yes, sir," the deacon answered wondering.

"You don't know me, do you?" continued the stranger. "I am sure I do not," said the deacon.

"Didn't you have at one time a class of boys in the Baptist Sunday School?" "Oh, yes." And the deacon began to wonder if this would be one of his unruly boys.

"Do you remember a boy by the name of Bob Daniels—the worst boy in the class?" "Certainly I do."

"Well, I am that boy. I thought I knew you when I caught your eye, as I passed through the car a few minutes ago."

"I am real glad to see you. I've often wondered what became of my boys."

"I have only a few minutes," continued the man, "as I have to change cars at the next station. But I did want to speak to you and thank you for what you did for us boys. You had a hard time of it; but the Lord blessed your words to at least one boy. You remember that Sunday you held Bertie Smith and me into our seats, don't you?"

"Yes," and the old man wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Well, you looked straight into my face and said, 'Jesus died to save your soul; and unless He saves you, you are lost for ever.' I have never forgotten those words. I never can. They haunted me until I gave myself to Christ. Today I am the superintendent of the Sunday School in the city of C——, and a member of the First Baptist Church. I can never thank you enough for what you

have done for me. I must change cars here. Goodbye, deacon. Remember that the worst boy in the class is a saved boy."

A hearty clasp of the hand, and he was gone. The deacon could utter no word in reply, and the tears so dimmed his eyes that he could see nothing clearly for several minutes. As he proceeded on his journey, he thanked God that one of his boys had been led to the Saviour.

He enjoyed the Convention very much. He always enjoyed such gatherings. In the afternoon following his arrival there was a discussion, opened by a gentleman whose name he did not hear. The subject under discussion was: "What shall we do with our hard cases?"

In concluding, the speaker said: "Never give up your hard cases. I was a hard case once myself. If ever a boy had a faithful teacher, I had one. And if ever a boy tried the patience of his teacher, I tried the patience of mine. And the dear teacher, whose name I shall never forget—Deacon Samuel Johnson, of the First Baptist Church in M——, never gave me up. I remember one day in particular, when he had to hold me in my seat while he talked to me, and how his words cut into my soul. One sentence I can never forget: 'Jesus died to save your soul; and unless He saves you, you are lost for ever.' Those words years afterward brought me to the Cross. And but for the patience of that teacher and the grace of God, I should not be here to-day. Teachers, don't give up your hard cases."

It seems too good to be true. The deacon's heart was full, and as he grasped the hand of Bertie Smith, the second worst boy in the class, he burst into tears, and sobbed—"The bread cast upon the waters has come back after many days." *Herald of Mercy.*

The reports of progress in Sabbath observance in some places are most encouraging. The *Philadelphia Presbyterian* has the following:—

MORE SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

"All the 'Vanderbilt' railroads east of Chicago, on and after the 3rd of May, stop from midnight on Saturday to midnight on Sunday all freight trains not carrying perishable freight. Pleasure excursions on Sunday have been discontinued on those lines. It is stated by the President of these roads that the number of men employed by them in Sunday traffic will be reduced from thirty-five to fifty per cent. Mr. Depew has also stated that the reasons for this action are largely religious—the object being to im-

prove the morals of the men by an abstinence from labor on the Christian Sabbath. Every possible effort will be made to give the crew of each train a Sunday at home which it was impossible to do under the old method of running the trains. This change has, for a year past, been warmly urged by Mr. Vanderbilt."

The plea of necessity so often urged even in our own country for Sabbath railway traffic is thus seen not to be a necessity and we trust that the example of the "Vanderbilt" roads will be widely followed.

"WHAT A SAVIOUR!"

What a Saviour!" How wonderfully constituted! He was God, as it was necessary he should be; and yet not merely God, but man too. A Saviour with two natures; one reaching up to God, the other down to us. How wonderful that he should not only have taken our nature, but come down to our condition, and surrounded himself with our circumstances—become subject to such temptations as we are subject to. O "what a Saviour!" Why, he knows from experience what pain is; he has had the trials I have; he has been through this vale of tears; he knows how I am tried; he remembers how he was tried. He wept over the very city and people whose soil and hands were about to be stained with his blood. I wonder I love him so little; I wonder he is not more precious to me; I wonder they should be offended in him. How can he appear a root out of a dry ground? Why don't all see his form and comeliness?—*Dr. Nevins.*

BURDETTE ON THE THEATRE.

Some theatre-loving, cold-hearted church member is supposed to have been striking at his pastor when he said: "Ha, ha! what funny criticisms people do make. How can you denounce what you know nothing about? And yet many ministers preach savagely against the theatre who have never been to one." To this Mr. Burdette made answer, "Ha, man! many ministers preach against hell who have never been there either." Men can know of the evils of a place without visiting it in person. The theatre is one of them, bear it in mind.

SMALL, STRONG, CHURCHES.

The *Christian Inquirer* has an encouraging word for small churches:

A small school may do more for the pupils than many a large and richly endowed institution, and so a small and poor church may do more for its members than a large, wealthy body. It may be the large and rich church that is really weak, while the church of few members and a 1 of them poor, may be strong in fulfilling the true mission of a church.

The one church may have a famous preacher, while in the other is a pastor of but modest gifts, but if a man will think back and recall the sermons which have had the most effect on his spiritual career, he may find that they have not always been the discourses of the most widely-known preachers. The large church may have gifted men to speak in its conference meetings, but if a man recalls the prayer-meetings in which he has received the most profit, he may find that they have often, if not generally, been small meetings where there were few persons, and none very talented, to take part. A man may be able to do as much good for his brethren and for the world at large, by working in connection with a small, poor church, as with a large, rich one. It may be questioned whether the members of small churches do not, on the average, get more good for themselves and exert more influence for good on their neighbors than do the members of larger bodies. In the large church it is harder to get all the members to work. They crowd each other and stand in each other's light. As plants do not thrive when they are too thickly set, so the members of the large churches may be less advantageously situated for spiritual growth and efficiency than the members of the small ones. It may be the church with the tall steeple, the big organ, the five-thousand dollar minister which is the "weak" church, while the one which we sometimes speak of as "feeble" may be, in reality, a strong organization, giving to its members richer blessings in their own souls, and furnishing them the better opportunities for exerting a Christian influence on the world around.

DON'T RESIST THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

That eminently successful physician of souls, Dr. Spencer of Brooklyn, tells us in his "Pastor's Sketches" that once when passing through a village, he was invited into an inquiry-meeting and requested to say a word to each inquirer. One lady, a perfect stranger, told him with tears in her eyes that she had not come to Christ; she could not tell why; her heart was hard, and she feared that she never would be saved. "How long madam, have you been in such a deep trouble of mind?" "For three weeks, sir," she said, sobbing aloud. "Then," replied Dr. Spencer very tenderly, "then for three weeks you have done nothing but resist the Holy Spirit."

He left her, and passed out of the room. Several days afterwards, as he was driving near that village, he met the same lady riding with a friend in a carriage. She recognized him seized the reins, and stopped the horse. "That was true, sir, that was true," said the lady. "What was true, madam?" "What you told me in that inquiry-meeting, that I had done nothing but resist God's Spirit. That sentence pierced my heart. I thought I was yielding to the Spirit by being anxious, by coming to meetings, by beginning to seek the Lord. If you had made any explanation of your remark, I might never have come to Christ. That expression about 'resisting the Holy Spirit' opened my eyes, and I could not let you pass without thanking you for the plain, honest words which revealed to me my real guilt, and the hindrance in my heart." The lady soon allied herself to the Church of Christ, and good Dr. Spencer got a new proof that nothing short of the naked truth will ever teach a sinner the subtle sinfulness of his heart, or send him to the Saviour.

That same truth, uttered in love, may be the very truth needed by the parson now reading this article. You are thinking seriously, my friend, about your spiritual condition and character. You are not satisfied with yourself; your sins trouble your conscience; you want to be better: you may honestly say "Yes, I want to be a Christian." Perhaps you have been reading your Bible for light, have been praying, or may have gone into an inquiry-meeting, yet you do not become a Chris-

tian? Why not? Where is the hitch and the hindrance?

Let me say to you that "becoming a Christian" simply means becoming *Christ's*. The Holy Spirit leads in only one direction, and to only one Person. It is not to a meeting, or a book, or to a doctrine, however good all of these may be; it is to, a living, loving almighty *Person* that the Spirit is directing you and drawing you. Don't resist the Spirit! You stand outside the door, or rather, you keep Jesus Christ outside the door of your heart. You say prayers, but do not confess your sins, and break off from them. Repentance means action, not mere emotion. You imagine that you are on the road to becoming a Christian. Yet you do not obey and follow Christ. That means action, not merely serious feelings. What the Holy Spirit is pressing upon you, is the whole heart for Jesus Christ! A few sins you may have abandoned; a few prayers you may have made; but there is a fortress in your heart that has never surrendered. Satan still "holds the fort"; it is garrisoned with self-righteousness, and there are plenty of sand-bags in the form of excuses and good promises. While your innermost heart holds out against Christ, you are resisting the Holy Spirit. You may be willing to go to church, go to your Bible, and go to a prayer-service; but you do not go straight to the one atoning Saviour, yield yourself all up to Him, and cry "O be merciful to me a sinner!" Saving faith is an act. It is the forsaking of sin to follow Christ, it is the letting go of self-help and trusting Christ; it is the grasp and grip of your soul on Jesus Christ. Everything short of this is a quenching of the blessed Spirit. Then, my dear friend submit yourself to the Spirit's guidance, and do what the inner voice in your conscience bids you. An honest hour with Jesus is worth more than months of sermons or prayer-meetings. Settle it with Him. Whatever Jesus bids you do, as He speaks by His pleading Spirit to your conscience, do it. No soul ever went to hell while obeying the Spirit; millions, we fear, have gone there by resisting Him.

Dr. Oliver Wendall Holmes says that "smoking is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will and to enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of a duty to be performed."