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

THE ARCHIVES
THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN CANADA
THE MARITIME
PRESBYTERIAN.

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HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

OCT., 1887.

Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for October provides as usual a fully spread table containing the solid food, strong but not heavy, and the lighter trifle for dessert. First comes "The Paris School of Fine Arts," by Henry O. Avery, fully illustrated. A Collection of the Unpublished Letters of Thackeray, written home from America, gives an account of his visit there. "Caverns and Cavern Life, by N. S. Shaler, with illustrations from drawings, tells of our underground world. "Municipal Government," is treated by Nathanael Bradford, and "French Traits," by W. C. Brownell. Several completed and two or three serial stories are also given. Price 25 cents, monthly; \$3.00 per year. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

JOHN BRIGHT ON THE COST OF WAR.

"Since Jan. 1, 1800, the nations of Christendom have indulged in some forty-seven great wars, and leaving minor squabbles and indirect expences out of view, our sacrifices on the altar of wars since that day may be roughly estimated at \$13,000,000,000 or just about 500,000,000 pounds of gold—sums which may be pronounced in two seconds, though a freight train transporting the gold in American box cars of the average size, and running at the usual rate of speed, would be two hours in passing any given point, for such a train would be twenty-two miles long. An equivalent in one thousand pound bank notes might be crammed into a box that could be carried on a medium-sized express wagon, but with the contents of that box we might have built double track railroads from Halifax to Valparaiso, from Paris to Pekin, from Cape Town to Stockholm; we might have bridged or under-tunnelled the English Channel, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Kattegat and the Hellespont, the Mississippi at New Orleans and the Amazon at Para; we might have drained the Zuyder Zee and the Florida swamps, covered the hills of Asia Minor with cedars and the Libyan desert with palm trees, converted Greece and Persia into garden lands, and Timbuctoo into a seaport town; we might have done all that, and have money enough left to celebrate the birth of a new era by a grand international thanksgiving day.

A paper well adds: "The gospel of peace might have been carried to millions of perishing souls who pass into Eternity at the rate of three thousand six hundred every hour."

Far, far away is the millennial dawn when men spend such vast sums in destroying their fellow men, and so little to save them.

A GRAND WORK.

The Free Church of Scotland has a Christian college in Madras, which is accomplishing a grand work. The following is from the *Free Church of Scotland Monthly*:

"This year the College has opened with all its classes fuller than ever, while the school department is also crowded to its fullest capacity. In the latter, more than a thousand lads are pursuing their studies, preparatory to their entering, if found qualified, upon a university course. In the college department something like six hundred and forty undergraduates are in attendance on the various lectures. To all these young men the truths of the gospel are constantly presented by missionaries through the medium of the Bible class. It may be doubted if there is anywhere in the world such another institution, where under one roof so large a number of the flower of the non-Christian youths are to be found under constant Christian influence and systematic Christian training.

"As tested by the University examinations, the success of the College is as remarkable as its popularity. At the first examination in arts, which gauges the work of the first two years of the College course, the Christian College headed the list of institutions with seventy-six successful candidates. The results of the B. A. examinations in languages were even more remarkable—one hundred and twenty-three students having passed, the Presidency College following with eighty-three. The highest honor of the University for metaphysical studies—the Miller Prize—fell to the Christian College. Thus it is evident that faithful adherence to a high standard of religious instruction is no barrier either to the favor of the Hindus or to success at the University."

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. VII.

OCTOBER, 1887.

No. 10.

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.

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date \$400.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels of 5 and upwards, to one address. Single copies 30 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time, but must end with December.

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date, \$100.00.

All communications to be addressed to

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

Parties who notice a discrepancy between their giving of last year for the schemes of the Church and the statistical tables printed in the last issue of the MARITIME will please bear in mind that while most congregations close their accounts in December, the Accounts of the Church close on the 1st of May, and these tables shew the receipts by the Agent of the Church from May 1st to May 1st. It would probably be well that some change were made in this regard, and the matter will likely be discussed at Synod.

The Ladies' College movement has thus far been a grand success. There are over one hundred regular pupils in the literary department, and above ninety in the Conservatory of Music. The College is the culmination, and we may say, the result of a series of agitations, for a number of years past, by which the Church became more fully impressed with the need of such an institution, and prepared for active definite work in the matter. But to the untiring efforts of Rev. R. Laing is due in large measure the present success of the movement, which we trust is but the beginning of better things to come. The

large number in attendance shows the need that there was for such an institution in connection with the Presbyterian Church in the Maritime Provinces.

Our mission to Demarara has been to some extent hindered by the straitened state of the sugar market. The competition of the beet-root sugar makers on the Continent of Europe is lowering the price of cane-sugar in the West Indies, and many of the planters have suffered heavy losses. In consequence the receipts of the Missionary Society of the West Coast, Demarara, which pays part of Mr. Gibson's salary, have fallen off considerably. We are glad to learn that the Hon. William Russell of Demarara, has this year again given one hundred pounds sterling to the work there. This shows the liberality of the giver, and is an incentive to us to help those who thus help themselves. It also shews that the work of our missionary there, Rev. John Gibson, is commending itself by its need and success to the practical approval of business men. There are some seventy thousand coolies in Demarara waiting for the word of life.

The following item regarding this mission appeared in the Demarara *Argosy* of July 23rd:

"The Coolie Mission on the West Coast, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, the finances of which have been in a languishing state for some time, has received a promise which has given great encouragement to the superintendent, and much pleasure to those who have seen how exceedingly well the work of the mission is being carried on. Mr. Gibson has been notified that Messrs. McConnell and Russel, the owners of *Vitolugt Tuschen* and other properties on the coast, have authorized their local attorneys to contribute £100 towards the funds of the year. The coolie schools alone afford overwhelming proof of the real earnestness and value of Mr. Gibson's labours."

Believing that Dr. Field's letter should be circulated as widely as possible, and is calculated to do good, a number of extra copies of this issue of the **MARITIME** has been printed. They may be had in parcels of any size by application at this office. Price, two cents each.

STATE OF THE FUNDS, OCT. 1, 1887.

EASTERN SECTION.

FORVIG: MISSION, DAYSPRING AND MISSION SCHOOLS.

Balance due Treas. May 1st, 1887,	\$2206.03	
Expenditure since	5536.01	7744.04
Receipts		\$3488.64

Balance due Oct. 1st, '87

\$2455.20

HOME MISSIONS.

Balance on hand May 1st, 1887,	\$ 332.06	
Receipts since	\$1188.20	\$1521.26
Expenditure since		1490.23

Balance on hand

\$ 30.07

COLLEGE FUND.

Balance due May 1st, 1887,	\$8878.92	
Expenditure since	8423.76	12302.68
Receipts		\$ 3505.15

Balance due Oct. 1st, '87

\$ 8707.54

COLLEGE BURSARY.

Balance due Treas. May 1st, 1887,	\$ 487.56	
Receipts since	42.88	

Bal. due Treas., Oct. 1st, 1887

\$444.08

AUGMENTATION FUND.

Balance on hand May 1st, 1887,	\$5121.52	
Receipts since	519.20	\$5640.72
Expenditure since		1827.34

Bal. on hand Oct. 1st, '87

\$3812.38

AGED AND INFIRM MINISTER'S FUND.

Balance on hand May 1st,	\$1142.36	
Receipts since	652.64	\$1795.00
Expenditure since		1026.00

Balance on hand

\$769.00

THE MEETING OF SYNOD.

Tuesday, the fourth inst. opened dull and threatening. The beautiful weather of the previous days seemed about to break, and in the early afternoon when the trains from different quarters began to drop their burdens as the members of Synod got off at New Glasgow, the clouds began to drop their burdens too, now in mists and now in showers, for the next two days, the whole time until the close of Synod, at midnight on Thursday night, being dull and wet.

On Friday morning, however, the sun arose bright and clear, and the members carried away sunshine over head as well as sunshine in their hearts, for all voted the meeting a very pleasant one.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY.

The Synod met at half-past seven o'clock on the evening of Oct. 4th, in James' Church, with a large attendance of ministers and elders. The building was packed with an audience that gave attentive interest to a sermon by Rev. A. McLean of Hopewell, retiring moderator, from Eph. iii: 19, "The love of Christ which passeth knowledge." After sermon the Synod was constituted and began its work.

THE ROLL CALL.

First after the opening came the roll-call. Seldom is it that a body of men as large as the Synod of the Maritime Provinces, containing one hundred and seventy-five ministers, can meet after a year of life's conflict, and answer the roll-call with but one exception. Not that all were present, but, with one exception, all were living. The only death in the ministry of our Synod during the past year was that of Rev. Peter Clarke of Cape North. On the other hand, eleven ordinations, and eight licensures, had added to our working staff.

These preliminaries past, the Synod proceeded to the election of a moderator. Mr. E. A. McCurdy of New Glasgow, and Mr. M. McLeod of Charlottetown, were nominated. Good votes were given for both, but Mr. McCurdy was chosen and conducted to the chair. He thanked the Synod and spoke briefly as follows:

Twenty-seven years ago to-day the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia met in Pictou to consummate their union. Of the 42 ministers then in the former, 16 have been called to rest. Of the remaining 26, there are only 9 in charge of congregations in our own church. The Free Church had then 25 ministers. Of these 12 have died, while of the 13 survivors but 3 are now in charge. Our united Synod then numbered in all 67 ministers. It now contains about 167 in charge, including ordained home missionaries. Of all these there are but twelve, now in charge that were then. Nearly a generation has passed away.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY.

The forenoon was occupied in discussing matters relating to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, but the chief interest of the day centered around the question of the appointment of

A FOURTH MISSIONARY

to the New Hebrides, which had been re-

mitted to them by the General Assembly, and which occupied the afternoon and evening until late at night. The debate was an earnest one, and was closed by the adoption of the following resolution:

"The Synod, having considered the result of the general assembly with regard to the appointment of a fourth missionary to the New Hebrides, would record its continued interest in the work so long and so successfully carried on in the south seas, and its unabated, deep, and hearty sympathy with our missionaries there, in their discouragements and trials. The Synod would also express its appreciation of the warm-hearted zeal which prompted the W. F. M. Society, in making their generous offer of support for another laborer in that field; but, in view of all the circumstance of the case, the Synod is of opinion that such an appointment would not be advisable."

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY.

The amount of business despatched from the time of meeting in the morning to midnight when the work of the Synod closed, was very large. There were thirty-two items on the docket when the Synod opened, and many of these were matters of importance.

Rev. R. Laing submitted the report of the

LADIES' COLLEGE.

the prospects of which are more encouraging than the most sanguine had ventured to hope.

Mr. Morrison presented the report of

HUNTER CHURCH BUILDING FUND.

During the year one free grant of \$250 was given to River Hebert Station, Presbytery of Truro, and loans without interest as follows: Boularderie, \$500, to be repaid in four annual instalments; River Hebert, \$250; Margaree Harbor, \$300; Mabou, \$400.

A REPORT ON THE COLLEGE

was presented by Dr. Burns and shewed that the amount needed from congregations for the year is \$3000. The proposal of the College Committee which was adopted by Synod is to ask from the different Presbyteries their proportion of this amount, so that all may have a share in the work.

The Report on

AUGMENTATION.

was presented by Rev. E. A. McCurdy.

It was agreed that a reduction of ten per cent be made on the amount asked for last year. The sum required to be allocated for the current year being \$8100.

HOME MISSIONS

was reported on by Mr. John McMillan, convener, and spoken to by others. This is one of the most important schemes of our Synod. The custom of grouping a number of mission stations together and settling over them an ordained missionary who can be with them for the whole year makes the expenditure somewhat greater than it was when they were supplied by catechists for six months in the year, but the work is far more effective. No department of effort being more encouraging than that of Home Missions. The amount required this year for the work of Home Missions in the Maritime Synod is about \$7000.

The Reports on Systematic Beneficence, The State of Religion, Temperance, Sabbath-schools, and, Sabbath Observance, were most interesting, and shewed cheering progress. To these we will refer more fully in next issue.

The Synod closed its afternoon session at four o'clock to allow the members to accept an invitation to visit the steel and glass works at Trenton. The Committee of entertainment had provided a special train, and a most interesting and instructive hour was spent in witnessing the rolling of the ponderous bars of steel and the deft and delicate work of glass-blowing. Glass will, no doubt, enter more largely into the composition of sermons for the next few weeks than ever before. May it add to their transparency.

The Court prolonged its sittings until about midnight, Thursday night, in order to finish its work, and then in the usual way the Synod of 1887 was brought to a close.

Dr. Patterson's second article on "A Mission to the Magdalen Islands" will appear in our next issue.

The Foreign Mission Committee, Eastern Division, invite correspondence from lady teachers, with a view of obtaining a successor for Miss Archibald in the Mission School at Couva, Trinidad.

P. M. MORRISON.

Secy.

The Presbytery of Halifax recently separated St. Croix and Ellershouse from Newport congregation, and formed them into a separate charge, and Mr. James T. Smith, student at Pine Hill, has been laboring there during the summer. The present arrangement was adopted years ago and the writer has some pleasant memories of his first summer's work as catechist in that field. Afterward it was united with the Newport congregation, but has now returned to its old status. May peace be within its walls, and prosperity within its palaces.

Rev. T. H. Murray was inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Lower Musquodoboit on the 22nd ult. The congregation has been vacant for several years. They have been successful, however, at the expense of Lawrencetown congregation. There are more men wanted, more of our own young men, the best of them, wanted to study for the ministry so that one congregation need not have to get a minister at the expense of another.

The Colonial Committee of the Established Church of Scotland evidently approves of the Presbyterians of the Dominion of Canada being one. Some time since, the congregation of Comox, British Columbia, in connection with the Church of Scotland, asked to be transferred to the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The Colonial Committee not only granted permission but expressed their approbation of the proposed step, and, as a token of their approval, sent a grant of fifty pounds for one year to aid the congregation in getting started in its new departure. Such deed shew more plainly than words can do the wish of the Colonial Committee that in Canada they (the Presbyterians) all may be one. When the day comes that the Presbyterianism of these Maritime Provinces is one, we may be assured of this, that the "Auld Kirk" in Scotland will give her benediction.

TRINIDAD.

Letter from the first Presbyterian Missionary to Trinidad, who is now more than four score years old.

The following was a private note recently received from an aged minister in Ontario. On being specially requested, he has kindly given permission to use it,

which we gladly do, knowing that it will be of deep interest to the many friends of our work in Trinidad.—Ed.

WELLAND, ONTARIO.

My Dear Sir:

I thank you for the copies of the MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN which you have been so kind as to send me. I am much pleased with the periodical, because of the great amount of Missionary intelligence which it contains. It is cheering to read of the great progress the cause of Christ is making in almost every land. I enjoy the good news from all the far countries, but the intelligence from Trinidad has for me a peculiar zest.

Nor is this at all wonderful, as it was in that physical paradise but moral and spiritual desert, that I began mission work on the 25th of January, 1836—51 years ago, and continued to labor there for upwards of 14 years. I was the first Presbyterian missionary sent to that beautiful and fertile island, which was enveloped in a "darkness that could be felt"—a compound of heathenism and Romanism. The coolies were just beginning to come from India when I left. The Lord is greatly blessing the labors of our worthy missionaries among these children from the east. Let the Church in Canada continue to hold up their hands and cheer their hearts by liberal support and earnest prayers.

I dare not promise myself the pleasure of being long a reader of your excellent periodical, as I am within a few days' of closing my 83 years. The Lord's work will proceed, though the successive laborers continue only for a day.

May the Lord abundantly bless you and all who take part in the great work of having the gospel preached to every creature.

Yours very truly,

ALEXR. KENNEDY.

From a hand book of Trinidad just published we copy the following item which, strangely enough, comes to us just as we give the above letter from Mr. Kennedy.

"The Presbyterian Church has flourished in Trinidad since 1836. The first minister, Rev. Alexr. Kennedy, who came to labor in Trinidad, arrived in Jan. 1836. A building in Cambridge St. which had been used as a Theatre was fitted up as a place of worship. This building

seemed to have its vicissitudes for after being discarded by the Presbyterians it became a hospital. The next year they commenced a Kirk of their own, and in the following year it was opened under the historic name of Grey Friars.

"At the death of Rev. George Brodie," who was pastor here for many years, "Rev. Alexr. Falconer was appointed, who after laboring with much acceptance for eight years, resigned."

Mr. Falconer is now settled in Prince St. Church, Pietou, N. S. It will be of interest to all who have been connected with work in Trinidad to know that the veteran pioneer Presbyterian minister to that Island still lives to pray for the work, though the strength for labor is well nigh gone.

THE TRINIDAD MISSION.

SAN FERNANDO, TRINIDAD.
July 2nd, 1887.

To the W. F. M. Society and Mission Band of St. Andrew's Church, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Last week Mr. Grant heard from Mr. Morrison, the Secretary of the F. M. Board, that your annual donation had been paid over to him, and, as you have already heard from me, he wishes me to write and thank you.

We will also forward by this mail, a photo of the school children beside the new manse, so that you may have a glance at the features of the little ones you are so kindly helping to educate. The children of the higher class are near the door, and the younger ones are scattered around. They have very bright little faces, and fine features, and there is as much variety in expression as in Europeans; while as to color, they are all shades of brown. The people from Southern India, or Madras, are mostly darker than those from the North, in Bengal. You will also see some white faces in the group. These are the children of European gentlemen in San Fernando, who have sent their boys to us, and pay fees, which help to support the Indian boys who come in from the country.

As the children of your Mission Band have not asked any questions which require an answer, but only wish an account of our work and the people with whom we have to deal, perhaps a few ideas of their

GEOGRAPHY, AS TAUGHT BY THE HINDOOS, may be interesting. In the first place, they believe that the earth was not created, but has been in existence from eternity. It is destroyed after the lapse of four ages. This is the fourth age of the world. In it there are 432,000 years. In the third were twice as many, 864,000; in the second, three times as many, 1,296,000, and in the first were four times as many, 1,728,000; in all, 4,320,000 years. They believe that the earth is balanced on the head of a serpent, and that an earthquake is caused by this formidable reptile giving his head a shake. Again, the earth is flat and circular, like the leaf of a water-lily. They believe in the existence of seven seas. I think these are the names: The salt-water sea is the smallest; then beyond and around it is the fresh-water sea, which is double the size of the first mentioned; and so on in like ratio, come the other seas, namely:—The sweet milk, the sour milk, the butter, the rum, and, seventh and last, the honey sea.

We can easily see that travel gives new ideas of geography, for, in coming from India to Trinidad, they pass only one of these, and that one the smallest of the seas. But as to the size of the earth, while we have been taught that the diameter, in round numbers, is 8,000, they tell us it is four billions of miles; and that the circumference, instead of 25,000, is twelve billions of miles. So they seem to have plenty room for these great seas that have never yet been discovered.

They also believe that the sun is just half as far distant from us as the moon; one being eight hundred and the other sixteen hundred thousand miles distant. This is the cause of the sun giving more heat than the moon and of its appearing larger to us.

After getting their ideas of time and distance, you can readily understand the pride of their ill-taught pundits, who claim for their religion a history of millions of years, while ours is only of yesterday. If, then, in matters visible and material, their sacred books give them such false ideas, the missionary may, and does, ask: "How can you tell that they are reliable in those matters which are invisible and spiritual? If their science regarding the present world is false, is there any evidence that their teachings may be relied on regarding the future world?"

The Rev. Lal Bibari often speaks of

their books as being a "mass of contradiction."

AN INSTANCE OF THE MISFORTUNES that may arise from the ignorance of geography occurred in this neighborhood last week. The Mahomedans keep a fast for a month every year, and on the last day of the fast a large crowd of people, probably 800, assembled at one of their most important stations.

It is required that every devout worshipper should turn towards Mecca in prayer. If Daniel, in his devotions in Babylon looked towards Jerusalem; and, if worshippers in some of our Christian churches in the West, face towards the East, why should we wonder that the followers of Mahomet should face towards the place of his birth.

Instead of looking East, however, the people of Central India maintained they should look West, just as when at home, and those of the Punjab in the North, insisted they should look South-west, quite forgetful that they had travelled far beyond Mecca. A little knowledge of geography would have helped them out of the difficulty, but in their ignorance they disputed, quarrelled, and beat each other, and finally, some were carried to the hospital and others fell into the hands of the police.

OUR WORK IS VERY INTERESTING

to ourselves, but perhaps, may interest you more if you ask questions about some particular department of it, so that we may answer you, as we are not always sure what points to take up and may perhaps write on those which are already best known to you.

Thanking you very much for your welcome donation, and hoping to hear from you soon, also claiming an interest in your prayers.

I am yours faithfully,
TISSIE COPELAND.

OUR WORK IN TRINIDAD.

AS SEEN BY OTHERS.

From a "Guide to Trinidad" just published in that island we quote some sentences regarding our mission there. The testimony is all the more valuable when we remember that it is not written by any of those connected with our work there, but by the Principal of the High School in

Port of Spain, who is an Episcopalian. These words of commendation coming from an impartial source show us the work as others see it, and are full of encouragement to go forward. He speaks of "The Presbyterian Mission to Indian Immigrants" as follows:

"This mission dates back to the close of 1867. The first station occupied was Iere Village. At this point one of the American Presbyterian Churches had previous to this built a church and a manse, and had (for a time) carried on religious work on behalf of the Creole. This American body gave over their buildings to the Canadian Church, and Rev. Jahn Morton was appointed to this station, which a few years later was changed for Princetown, as being at once a more suitable centre and a more healthy locality.

In 1870 Rev. Kenneth J. Grant was appointed to open a new station at San Fernando. As the Mission progressed, Couva in 1874 and Tunapuna in 1881, were adopted as new fields of work, the Rev. T. M. Christie being sent to occupy the former, and Rev. J. W. McLeod to Princetown in room of Mr. Morton, who was transferred to the new field in Tunapuna. More recently an English speaking congregation has been formed in Couva under the superintendence of the Missionary," Rev. J. K. Wright, who since Mr. Christie's death, has been appointed to that field. Rev. W. L. Macrae, being now at Princetown in room of Rev. J. W. McLeod, also deceased.

"A most important part of the work of the Mission is the teaching and training of the young in schools established in suitable localities.

The Missionaries have been dependent for teachers very largely upon material that they have taught and trained on the ground, and these native agents have in most cases done well, and in some cases more than well. Latterly, however, the church in Canada, has wisely sent out for the several schools at the centres, trained lady teachers, who have much influence for good alike over parents and children and do much better work both in the week day and Sabbath-schools than native teachers could be expected to do. The present staff is Miss Blackaddor, Tacarigua; Miss Semple, Princetown; Miss Cope-land, San Fernando, and Miss Archibald, Couva."

"It is a pleasing thing to be able to say

that nearly two-thirds of the amount necessary for carrying on the work is provided in the island. The liberality of the Indians themselves is ample proof that they appreciate the work done among them. In 1885 they contributed £317 sterling.

"The proprietors (of estates) have from the beginning manifested the most cordial sympathy and even in hard times have given the most generous support. In 1885 they gave £331 sterling. The Government too have shown an appreciative interest in the work of the mission and contributed towards the work in 1885, £915 sterling.

The mission which has been worked hitherto with vigor and success gives promise of a yet more useful and successful future."

Such words from an impartial witness are well fitted to give cheer and confidence in our Mission to Trinidad. We hope again to give some further extracts, giving information about the Island and the dwellers there.

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION.

Is one of the great missionary organizations of modern times. It has just attained its majority, and is a remarkable instance of the development of the missionary Spirit in these latter days. We give the following extracts from its latest Annual Report:

"The Mission was formed in 1865, because of the overwhelming necessity for some further effort to spread the knowledge of the Gospel among the unevangelized millions of China, and with the definite and avowed purpose of commencing missionary labor in the interior provinces, eleven of which, with an aggregate population of about one hundred and fifty millions, were entirely without a Protestant missionary.

"The present staff of the Mission numbers 215, viz.: Missionaries and their wives, 86; unmarried missionaries, 129; and 117 native helpers, whose whole time is given to mission work as pastors, evangelists, colporteurs, Bible women, etc. Several of the missionaries, having private property, have gone out at their own expense, and do not accept anything from the Mission funds. The others have all gone out in dependence upon God for temporal supplies, and with the clear

understanding that the Mission does not guarantee any income whatever, and knowing that, as the Mission does not go into debt, it can only minister to those connected with it as the funds sent in from time to time may allow.

"The missionaries and native helpers are supported, and the rents and other expenses of mission premises, schools, etc., are met, by contributions sent to the office of the Mission without personal solicitation, by those who wish to aid, in this effort to spread the knowledge of the Gospel throughout China. The income for 1886 was £22,149.

"Stations have been opened in ten out of the eleven provinces which were previously without Protestant missionaries; from one of these, however, the missionaries have had to retire, but continue itinerant work from over the border. The eleventh province has been visited several times, and it is hoped that permanent work may be ultimately begun.

"More than seventy stations and out-stations have been opened, in all of which there are either missionaries or resident native labourers."

THE NEED OF CHARITY

How little we know of each other! we are often conscious that others misapprehend us, and are entirely mistaken in regard to our motives and feelings. They attribute to us feelings and purposes which we know we do not entertain, and yet it is difficult to convince them to the contrary. And our opinion of others is no doubt often as incorrect as their opinion is of us. This simple consideration should modify the severity of our judgment, and lead us to the exercise of greater charity.

Laying down rules for a young man's conduct in life, Dr. A. K. H. Boyd advises that a young man should keep out of debt, should be a total abstainer, should have a fixed church, and attend it regularly, and assist in church work, and should be steady in all work. He earnestly advocates a chivalrous reverence for woman-kind. If London, he says, is what the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London say it is, then hell is a most needful thing.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

BY HENRY M. FIELD, D. D. OF THE NEW YORK "EVANGELIST."

DEAR SIR: I am glad that I know you, even though some of my brethren look upon you as a monster because of your unbelief. Nothing is so terrible as the unknown. Fear ends where knowledge begins; and so if I am in danger of being panic-struck by an apparition, I walk straight up to it and speak to it, as Horatio speaks to the ghost in Hamlet, and lay hold of it, when straightway it disappears at the touch of a fleshly hand, or comes down to the proportions of ordinary humanity. The spectre of which we are afraid is but human. Thus I have found you human, yes, very human, a man with whom I could converse frankly, but kindly, without the least reserve, as I propose to do now.

You have taken me at a disadvantage in permitting me to see you in your own home. There is nothing which disarms one like a domestic scene, a peep into an interior, seeing a man in the midst of his family, surrounded by his wife and children, where he who is used to combat has laid aside his weapons of war, and appears in the gentlest mood, as if he had never fought a battle in the world. I shall never forget the long evening I spent at your house in Washington; and in what I have to say, however it may fail to convince you, I trust you will feel that I have not shown myself unworthy of your courtesy or confidence.

Your conversation then and at other times interested me greatly. I recognized at once the elements of your power over large audiences, in your wit and dramatic talent—personating character and imitating tones of voice and expressions of countenance—and your remarkable use of language, which even in familiar talk often rose to a high degree of eloquence. All this was a keen intellectual stimulus. I was for the most part a listener, but as we talked freely of religious matters, I protested against your unbelief as utterly without reason. Yet there was no offence given or taken, and we parted, I trust, with a feeling of mutual respect.

Still further, we found many points of sympathy. I do not hesitate to say that there are many things in which I agree with you, in which I love what you love

and hate what you hate. A man's hatreds are not the least important part of him: they are among the best indications of his character. you love truth, and hate lying and hypocrisy—all the petty arts and deceits of the world by which men represent themselves to be other than they are—as well as the pride and arrogance in which they assume superiority over their fellow-beings. Above all, you hate every form of injustice and oppression. Nothing moves your indignation so much as "man's inhumanity to man," and you mutter "curses not loud but deep" on the whole race of tyrants and oppressors, whom you would sweep from the face of the earth. And yet you do not hate oppression more than I, nor love liberty, more. Nor will I admit that you have any stronger desire for that intellectual liberty, to the attainment of which you look forward as the last and greatest emancipation of mankind.

THE CURSE OF SUPERSTITION.

Nor have you a greater horror of superstition. Indeed I might say that you cannot have so great, for the best of all reasons, that you have not seen so much of it: you have not stood on the banks of the Ganges, and seen the Hindoos by tens of thousands rushing wadly to throw themselves into the sacred river. It seems but yesterday that I was sitting on the back of an elephant; looking on this horrible scene of human degradation. Around me were fifty (perhaps a hundred) thousand dusky creatures in a delirium of fanaticism. What wretched objects they were, their limbs wasted and shrunken by their long pilgrimage! Some had measured the ground with their bodies and reached the river only to die; others brought the ashes of their dead to cast them on the bosom of the all-cleansing stream. There were the *jalins*, the priests of Hindooism—squalid wretches, with matted hair and smeared bodies, making a sanctity out of their very filthiness. One could but shrink from contact with such loathsome specimens of humanity. Och, the beasts! If some power had but given me the mastery of these precious creatures, I would have made them bathe in the Ganges to some purpose, till their bodies were cleansed of the encrusted filth of years; and then have marched them off to some Indian rice-field, where they could have been put to hard work to earn an honest living.

Such superstition is one of the greatest scourges of the human race. It overthrows the very foundations of morality. In place of the natural sense of right and wrong which is written in men's conscience and hearts, it introduces an artificial standard, by which the order of things is reversed: right is made wrong, and wrong is made right. It makes that a virtue which is not a virtue, and that a crime which is not a crime. Religion consists in a round of observances that have no relation whatever to natural goodness but which rather exclude it by being a substitute for it. Penances and pilgrimages take the place of justice and mercy, benevolence and charity. It is a mortal sin to break caste, but a venial offence to lead a vicious life. One may be very holy, according to the Hindoo idea of holiness, and yet be guilty of every vice and every crime. The Thugs, who were the stranglers of India, made robbery and murder not only a business, but a religion, and always sought the favor of the goddess Kali before setting out on their expeditions. Such a Religion, so far from being a purifier, is the greatest corruptor of morals, so that it is no extravagance to say of the Hindoos, who are a gentle race, that they might be virtuous and good if they were not so religious. But this colossal superstition weighs upon their very existence, crushing out even natural virtue. Such a religion is an immeasurable curse. It is the most terrible of tyrannies, for there is no bondage like the bondage of the soul. Whatever power can destroy it—I care not whether it be a political revolution, or some convulsion of nature—an earthquake, which shall shake the solid earth—whatever the cause, whether moral or material, if only it be radical enough, it will break up the old stagnation, and a purer air from the Indian Ocean will begin to blow over a land that has been dead for thousands of years.

I hope this language is strong enough to satisfy even your own intense hatred of superstition. You cannot loathe it more than I do. So far we agree perfectly. But unfortunately you do not limit your crusade to the Religions of Asia, but turn the same style of argument against the Religion of Europe and America, and indeed against the religious belief and worship of every country and clime. In this matter you make no distinctions: you would sweep them all away; church and

cathedral must go with the temple and the pagoda, as alike manifestations of human credulity, and proofs of the intellectual feebleness and folly of mankind. While under the impression of that memorable evening at your house, I took up some of your public addresses, and experienced a strange revulsion of feeling. I could hardly believe my eyes as I read, so inexpressibly was I shocked. Things which I held sacred you not only rejected with unbelief, but sneered at with contempt. Your words were full of a bitterness so unlike anything I had heard from your lips, that I could not reconcile the two, till I reflected that in Robert Ingersoll (as in the most of us) there were two men, who were not only distinct, but contrary the one to the other—the one gentle and sweet-tempered; the other delighting in war as his native element. Between the two, I have a decided preference for the former. I have no dispute with the quiet and peaceable gentleman, whose kindly spirit makes sunshine in his home; but it is *that other man* over yonder, who comes forward into the arena like a gladiator, defiant and belligerent, that rouses my antagonism. And yet I do not intend to *stand up* even against him; but if he will only *sit down* and listen patiently, and answer in those soft tones of voice which he knows so well how to use, we can have a quiet talk, which will certainly do him no harm, while it relieves my troubled mind.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

What, then, is the basis of this Religion which you despise? At the foundation of every form of religious faith and worship, is the idea of God. Here you take your stand: you do not believe in God. Of course you do not deny absolutely the existence of a Creative power: for that would be to assume a knowledge which no human being can possess. How small is the distance that we can see before us! The candle of our intelligence throws its beams but a little way, beyond which the circle of light is compassed by universal darkness. Upon this no one insists more than yourself. I have heard you discourse upon the insignificance of man in a way to put many preachers to shame. You seem to take a delight in exposing the feebleness of his powers and the limitations of his knowledge. This you do to show what a conceit it is in this poor little manikin, with his thimble-full of brains, to assume

to know much about what is above him. Though he is the vainest of creatures, he is in truth the most pitiful object in the whole realm of nature—an insect creeping on this floating ball, which is itself but a grain of sand in the universe! I remember your illustration from the myriads of creatures that live on plants, from which you picked out, as a fit representative of man, an insect too small to be seen by the naked eye, whose world was a leaf, and whose life lasted but a single day! Surely a creature that can only be seen with a microscope, cannot know that a Creator does not exist!

This, I must do you the justice to say, you do not affirm. All that you can say is, that if there be no knowledge on one side, neither is there on the other; that it is only a matter of probability; and that, judging from such evidence as appeals to your senses and your understanding, you do not believe that there is a God. Whether this be a reasonable conclusion or not, it is at least an intelligible state of mind.

Now I am not going to argue against what the Catholics call "invincible ignorance"—an incapacity on account of temperament—for I hold that the belief in God, like the belief in all spiritual things, comes to some minds by a kind of intuition. There are natures so finely strung that they are sensitive to influences which do not touch others. You may say that it is mere poetical rhapsody when Shelley writes:

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."

But there are natures which are not at all poetical or dreamy, only most simple and pure, which in moments of spiritual exaltation, are almost conscious of a Presence that is not of this world. But this, which is a matter of experience, will have no weight with those who do not have that experience. For the present, therefore, I would not be swayed one particle by mere sentiment, but look at the question in the cold light of reason alone.

The idea of God is indeed the grandest and most awful that can be entertained by the human mind. Its very greatness overpowers us, so that it seems impossible that such a Being should exist. But if it is hard to conceive of Infinity, it is still harder to get any intelligible explanation of the present order of things without ad-

mitting the existence of an intelligent Creator and Upholder of all. Copernicus, when he swept the sky with his telescope, traced the finger of God in every movement of the heavenly bodies. Napoleon, when the French savants on the voyage to Egypt, argued that there was no God, disdained any other answer than to point upward to the stars and ask "Who made all these?" That is the first question, and it is the last. The farther we go, the more we are forced to one conclusion. No man ever studied nature with a more simple desire to know the truth, than Agassiz, and yet the more he explored, the more he was startled as he found himself constantly face to face with the evidences of MIND.*

Do you say this is "a great mystery," meaning that it is something that we do not know anything about? Of course it is "a mystery." But do you think to escape mystery by denying the Divine existence? You only exchange one mystery for another. The first of all mysteries is, not that God exists, but that we exist. Here we are. How did we come here? We go back to our ancestors; but that does not take away the difficulty: it only removes it farther off. Once begin to climb the stairway of past generations, and you will find that it is a Jacob's ladder, on which you mount higher and higher until you step into the very presence of the Almighty.

"But even if we know that there is a God, what can we know of his character?" You say, "God is whatever we conceive Him to be." We frame an image of Deity out of our consciousness—it is simply a reflection of our own personality cast upon the sky, like the image seen in the Alps in certain state of the atmosphere—and then fall down and worship that which we have created, not indeed with our hands, but out of our minds. This may be true to some extent of the gods of mythology, but not of the God of Nature, who is as inflexible as Nature itself. You might as

* In the mind of Agassiz, the idea of an Intelligent Creator constituted the supreme incitation of scientific study, in which he was literally "seeking after God." As the result of his long experience, he says that "A belief in God—a God who is behind and within the chaos of unquested facts, beyond the present vanishing point of human knowledge—adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate the region of the unknown." Nor was he ashamed to confess that always, as he resumed his investigations, he breathed "a prayer to the Being who hides his secrets only to lure on to the unfolding of them."

well say that the laws of nature are whatever we imagine them to be. But we do not go far before we find that, instead of being pliant to our will, they are rigid and inexorable, and we dash ourselves against them to our own destruction. So God does not bend to human thought any more than to human will. The more we study Him, the more we find that He is not what we imagined Him to be: that he is far greater than any image of Him that we could frame.

But, after all, you rejoin that the conception of a Supreme Being is merely an abstract idea, of no practical importance, with no bearing upon human life. I answer it is of immeasurable importance. Let go the idea of God, and you have let go the highest moral restraint. There is no Ruler above man, he is a law unto himself—a law which is as impotent to produce order, and to hold society together, as man is with his little hands to hold the stars in their courses.

I know how you reason against the Divine existence from the moral disorder of the world. The argument is one that takes strong hold of the imagination, and may be used with tremendous effect. You set forth in colors none too strong the injustice that prevails in the relations of men to one another—the inequalities of society; the haughtiness of the rich and the misery of the poor; you draw lurid pictures of the vice and crime which run riot in the great capitals which are the centres of civilization; and when you have wound up your audience to the highest pitch, you ask, "How can it be that there is a just God in heaven, who looks down upon the earth and sees all this horrible confusion, and yet does not lift His hand to avenge the innocent or punish the guilty?" To this I will make but one answer: Does it convince yourself? I do not mean to imply that you are conscious of insincerity. But an orator is sometimes carried away by his own eloquence, and states things more strongly than he would in his cooler moments. So I venture to ask: With all your tendency to skepticism, do you really believe that there is no moral government of the world—no Power behind nature "making for righteousness?" Are there no retributions in history? When Lincoln stood on the field of Gettysburg, so lately drenched with blood, and, reviewing the carnage of that terrible day, accepted it as the punishment of our national sins, was

it a mere theatrical flourish that he lifted his hand to heaven, and said, "Just and true are thy ways, Lord God Almighty?"

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Having settled it to your own satisfaction that there is no God, you proceed in the same easy way to dispose of that other belief which lies at the foundation of all religion—the immortality of the soul. With an air of modesty and diffidence that would carry an audience by storm you confess your ignorance of what perhaps others are better acquainted with, when you say, "This world is all that I know anything about, so far as I recollect." This is very wittily put, and some may suppose it contains an argument; but do you really mean to say that you do not know anything except what you "recollect," or what you have seen with your eyes? Perhaps you never saw your grandparents; but have you any more doubt of their existence than of that of your father and mother whom you did see?

Here, as when you speak of the existence of God, you carefully avoid any positive affirmation: you neither affirm nor deny. You are ready for whatever may "turn up." In your jaunty style, if you find yourself hereafter in some new and unexpected situation, you will accept it and make the best of it, and be "as ready as the next man to enter on any remunerative occupation!"

But while airing this pleasant fancy, you plainly regard the hope of another life as but a beggar's dream—the momentary illusion of one who, stumbling along life's highway, sits him down by the roadside, footsore and weary, cold and hungry, and falls asleep, and dreams of a time when he shall have riches and plenty. Poor creature! let him dream; it helps him to forget his misery, and may give him a little courage for his rude awaking to the hard reality of life. But it is all a dream, which dissolves in thin air, and floats away and disappears. This illustration I do not take from you, but simply choose to set forth what (as I infer from the sentences above quoted and many like expressions) may describe, not unfairly, your state of mind. Your treatment of the subject is one of trifling. You do not speak of it in a serious way, but lightly and flippantly, as if it were all a matter of fancy and conjecture, and not worthy of sober consideration.

Now does it never occur to you that there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of your fellow-creatures, on whose hope of another life hangs all that relieves the darkness of their present existence? To many of them life is a burden to carry, and they need all the helps to carry it that can be found in reason, in philosophy, or in religion. But what support does your hollow creed supply? Its teachers put it forward as the friend of the poor man. In France and Germany it allies itself with Socialism and Communism. It "parades" as the cause of the lower classes, whom it would raise up to the level of the highest. And yet infidelity is the poor man's worst enemy, as it makes his poverty only more galling and bitter, because without hope. Here is a contradiction which strikes me painfully in you. You are a man of warm heart, of the tenderest sympathies. Those who know you best and love you most, tell me that you cannot bear the sight of suffering even in animals; that your natural sensibility is such that you find no pleasure in sports, in hunting or fishing; to shoot a robin would make you feel like a murderer. If you see a poor man in trouble, your first impulse is to help him. You cannot see a child in tears but you want to take up the little fellow in your arms, and make him smile again. And yet, with all your sensibility, you hold the most remorseless and pitiless creed in the world—a creed in which there is not a gleam of mercy or of hope. A mother has lost her only son. She goes to his grave, and throws herself upon it, the very picture of woe. One thought only keeps her from despair: it is that beyond this life there is a world where she may once more clasp her boy in her arms. What will you say to that mother? You are silent, and your silence is like a sentence of death to her hopes. By that grave you cannot speak: for if you were to open your lips, and tell that mother what you really believe, it would be that her son is blotted out of existence, and that she can never look upon his face again. Thus with your iron heel do you trample down and crush the last hope of a broken heart.

When such sorrow comes to you, you feel it as keenly as any man. With your strong domestic attachments, one cannot pass out of you: little circle without leaving a great void in your heart, and your grief is as eloquent as it is hopeless. No

sadder words ever fell from human lips than these, spoken over the coffin of one to whom you were tenderly attached: "Life is but a narrow vale, between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities!" This is a sentence of annihilation, which strikes a chill to the stoutest heart. Even you must envy the faith which, as it looks upward, sees those "peaks of two eternities," not "cold and barren," but warm with the glow of the setting sun, which gives promise of a happier to-morrow?

I think I hear you say, "So might it be! Would that I could believe it!" for no one recognizes more the emptiness of life as it is. I do not forget the tone in which you said: "Life is very sad to me; it is very pitiful; there isn't much to it." True indeed! With your belief, or want of belief, there is very little to it; and if this were all, it would be a fair question whether life were worth living. In the name of humanity, let us cling to all that is left us that can bring a ray of hope into its darkness, and thus lighten its otherwise impenetrable gloom.

CARICATURE OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES.

I observe that you not unfrequently entertain yourself and your audiences by caricaturing certain doctrines of the Christian Religion. The "Atonement," as you look upon it, is simply "punishing the wrong man"—letting the guilty escape, and putting the innocent to death. This is vindicating justice by permitting injustice.

But is there not another side to this? Does not the idea of sacrifice run through human life, and ennobles human character? you see a mother denying herself for her children, foregoing every comfort, enduring every hardship, till at last, worn out by her labour and her privation, she folds her hands upon her breast. May it not be said truly that she gives her life for the life of her children? History is full of sacrifice, and it is the best part of history. I will not speak of "the noble army of martyrs," but of heroes who have died for their own country or for liberty—what is it but this element of devotion for the good of others, that gives such glory to their immortal names? How then should it be thought a thing without reason that a deliverer of the race should give his life for the life of the world?

So too you find subject for caricature in the doctrine of "Regeneration." But what is regeneration but a change of char-

actor shown in a change of life? Is that so very absurd? Have you never seen a drunkard reformed? Have you never seen a man of impure life, who, after running his evil course, had, like the prodigal, "come to himself"—that is, awakened to his shame, and turning from it, come back to the path of purity, and finally regained a true and noble manhood? Probably you would admit this, but say that the change was the result of reflection, and of the man's own strength of will. The doctrine of regeneration only adds to the will of man the power of God. We believe that man is weak, but that God is mighty; and that when man tries to raise himself, an arm is stretched out to lift him up to a height which he could not attain alone. Sometimes one who has led the worst life, after being plunged into such remorse and despair that he feels as if he were enduring the agonies of hell, turns back and takes another course: he becomes "a new creature," whom his friends can hardly recognize as he "aits clothed" and in his right mind." The change is from darkness to light, from death to life; and he who has known but one such case will never say that the language is too strong which describes that man as "born again."

If you think that I pass lightly over these doctrines, not bringing out all the meaning which they bear, I admit it. I am not writing an essay on theology, but would only show, in passing, by your favourite method of illustration, that the principles involved are the same with which you are familiar in every day life.

THE DOCTRINE OF FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

But the doctrine which excites your bitterest animosity is that of future Retribution. The prospect of another life, reaching on into an unknown futurity, you would contemplate with composure, were it not for the dark shadow hanging over it. But to live only to suffer; to live when asking to die; to "long for death, and not be able to find it"—is a prospect which rouses one who would look upon death as an eternal sleep with calmness and peace. The doctrine loses none of its terrors in passing through your hands: for it is one of the means by which you work upon the feelings of your hearers. You pronounce it "the most horrible belief that ever entered the human mind: that the Creator should bring beings into existence to destroy them! This would make him the most

fearful tyrant in the universe—a Meloch devouring his own children"! I shudder when I recall the fierce energy with which you spoke as you said, "Such a God I hate with all the intensity of my being!"

But gently, gently, Sir! We will let this burst of fury pass before we resume the conversation. When you are a little more tranquil, I would modestly suggest that perhaps you are fighting a figment of your imagination. I never heard of any Christian teacher who said that "the Creator brought beings into the world to destroy them"? Is it not better to moderate yourself to exact statements, especially when, with all modifications, the subject is one to awaken a feeling the most solemn and profound?

Now I am not going to enter into a discussion of this doctrine. I will not quote a single text. I only ask you whether it is not a scientific truth that *the effect of everything which is of the nature of a cause is eternal?* Science has opened our eyes to some very strange facts in nature. The theory of vibrations is carried by the physicists to an alarming extent. They tell us that it is literally and mathematically true that you cannot throw a ball in the air but it shakes the solar system. Thus all things act upon all. What is true in space may be true in time, and the law of physics may hold in the spiritual realm. When the soul of man departs out of the body, being released from the grossness of the flesh, it may enter on a life a thousand times more intense than this; in which it will not need the dull senses as avenues of knowledge, because the spirit itself will be all eye, all ear, all intelligence; while memory, like an electric flash, will in an instant bring the whole of the past in view; and the moral sense will be quickened as never before. Here then we have all the conditions of retribution—a world which, however shadowy it may seem, is yet as real as the homes and habitations and activities of our present state; with memory trailing the deeds of lifetime behind it; and conscience, more inexorable than any judge, giving its solemn and final verdict.

With such conditions assumed, let us take a case which would awaken your just indignation—that of a selfish, hard-hearted and cruel man; who sacrifices the interests of everybody to his own, who grinds the faces of the poor, robbing the widow and orphan of their little all; and who, so far from making restitution, dies with his ill-

gotten gains held fast in his clenched hand. How long must the night be to sleep away the memory of such a hideous life? If he wakes, will not the recollection cling to him still? Are there any waters of oblivion that can cleanse his miserable soul? If not—if he cannot *forget*, surely he cannot *forgive* himself for the baseness which now he has no opportunity to repair. Here then is a retribution which is inseparable from his being, which is a part of his very existence. The undying memory brings the undying pain.

Take another case—alas! too sadly frequent. A man of pleasure betrays a young, innocent, trusting woman by the promise of his love, and then casts her off, leaving her to sink down, down, through every degree of misery and shame, till she is lost in depths which plummet never sounded, and disappears. Is he not to suffer for this poor creature's ruin? Can he rid himself of it by fleeing beyond "that bourne from whence no traveller returns"? Not unless he can flee from himself: for in the lowest depths of the under world—a world in which the sun never shines—that image will still pursue him. As he wanders in its gloomy shades, a pale form glides by him like an affrighted ghost. The face is the same, beautiful even in its sorrow, but with a look upon it as of one who has already suffered an eternity of woe. In an instant all the past comes back again. He sees the young unblessed mother wandering in some lonely place, that only the heavens may witness her agony and her despair. There he sees her holding up in her arms the babe that had no right to be born, and calling upon God to judge her betrayer. How far in the future must he travel to forget that look? Is there any escape except by plunging into the gulf of a nihilation!

THE ARGUMENT CHANGED FROM NEGATIVE TO POSITIVE.

Thus far in this paper I have taken a tone of defence. But I do not admit that the Christian religion needs any apology: it needs only to be rightly understood to furnish its own complete vindication. Instead of considering its "evidences," which is but going round its outer walls, let us enter the gates of the temple, and see what is within. Here we find something better than "towers and bulwarks" in the character of him who is the Founder of our Religion, and not its Founder only,

but its very core and being. Christ is Christianity. Not only is he the Great Teacher, but the central subject of what he taught, so that the whole stands or falls with him.

In our first conversation, I observed, with all your sharp comments on things sacred, you professed great respect for the ethics of Christianity, and for its author. "Make the Sermon on the mount your religion," you said, "and there I am with you" Very well! So far, so good. And now, if you will go a little farther, you may find still more food for reflection.

THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST

All who have made a study of the character and teachings of Christ, even those who utterly deny the supernatural, stand in awe and wonder before the gigantic figure which is here revealed. Renan closes his "Life of Jesus" with this as the result of his long study: "Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will be renewed without ceasing; His story (legende) will draw tears from beautiful eyes without end; His sufferings will touch the finest natures; ALL THE AGES WILL PROCLAIM THAT AMONG THE SONS OF MEN, THERE HAS NOT RISEN A GREATER THAN JESUS"; while Rousseau closes his immortal eulogy by saying **SOCRATES DIED LIKE A PHILOSOPHER, BUT JESUS CHRIST LIKE A GOD!**"

Here is an argument for Christianity to which I pray you to address yourself. As you do not believe in miracles, and are ready to explain everything by natural causes, I beg you to tell us how came it to pass that a Hebrew peasant, born among the hills of Galilee, had a wisdom above that of Socrates or Plato; of Confucius or Buddha? This is the greatest of miracles, that such a Being has lived and died on the earth.

The more you reflect on this Wonder of the Ages, the more difficult will it be to account for it. Where did this Being come from? Was He a natural outgrowth of the Hebrew race, or even of the Hebrew Religion? As you know, I have lately been in the East, visiting Jerusalem and travelling through Palestine. I saw much of the Jews, and found their condition so abject that I could hardly think of them as the descendants and representatives of one of the great races of the world. Not only were they miserably poor, but apparently wanting in elevation of mind and character. Though, like the Pharisee, they thanked

God that they were not as other men, I could not see that they were any better than the Arabs or the Turks. Among such a people Christ was born. The Jews of his day were not indeed sunk so low as their modern successors. The country was vastly more populous, and there was a strong national life. But it was not a time of spiritual inspiration, when the heart of the nation beat high, as the voices of the seers and prophets stirred their blood, like a mighty wind coming up out of the Great Sea. The nation was prostrate at the feet of Rome, whose dominion extended over all the East. That iron rule reached its climax in the reign of Tiberius. This did not break the spirit of the people, but it made them sullen and defiant. There is no pride like the pride of a conquered race, who despise the masters they obey. Such was the temper of the Jews towards the Romans. They paid tribute to Caesar, while they cursed him in their hearts. Hatred of their foreign masters intensified their religious fanaticism. They demanded a temporal deliverer, but cared nothing for a spiritual teacher and guide—a spirit utterly alien to the new kingdom which Christ came to set up. So far therefore from being a natural outgrowth of his time or of His race, He was the very antipodes of both. The Jews were the most narrow bigoted people on the face of the earth: He taught and exercised the largest charity. They were lifted up with spiritual pride: He taught the virtue of humility. Thus out of a mass of pride, selfishness, and hypocrisy, sprang the consummate flower of virtue. This is a reversal of the order of nature, which is the marvel of history; and the more we think upon it, the more the wonder grows. All this was in my mind on those memorable days that I rode over the hills and through the valleys of Judæa and Galilee, and I could not help saying to myself, "To suppose that the character of Jesus Christ was the natural product of such a race, of such a people, and of such a time, is to believe in that which is more improbable and impossible than the Divine origin of our religion."

I know how skeptical writers try to break the force of this argument. They tell us, with a great show of historical learning, that there were spiritual influences in Judæism which prepared the way for Christianity. Such is the argument of Renan, who, though he pronounces Jesus the greatest of men,

the leader of the human race, yet tries to explain that greatness by ascribing it in part to surrounding influences. As he is an Oriental scholar, and is familiar with the literature and the history of that age, he makes the most of those. He would have us believe that Jesus was the pupil of Hille! or other venerable rabbis; and that, though He improved on His masters, He derived from them the substance of what He taught in the Sermon on the Mount. True, His was an exceptional nature, cast in a fine mould, sensitive to all the better influences of His time, and absorbing into Himself all that was good around Him. But, for all that, He was the outgrowth of His age, the very highest product, it is true, but still a natural product, and not a supernatural being.

Such is the theory of Renan, who, like the brilliant Frenchman that he is, puts it forward with the utmost assurance. But this he does without a particle of proof. The temporary influences of which he makes so much, he is able to designate only in the most vague and general way. The fact is abundantly proved by historians that such influences *did not exist*; and when Renan has the assurance to tell us that there was a Christianity before Christ—that the New Religion was in the air—I answer, "Yes it was very much in the air, for it certainly was not on the earth." There is but one Christ in the race; He stands alone in all the ages, His shining figure relieved against the dark background of the world's history—a character unlike any other—a being without pattern and without successor, furnishing in Himself the perfect argument for the divinity of His Religion.

Since the character of Christ is the chief argument for the Christian Religion, does it not become one who undertakes to destroy it to set himself first to this central point, instead of wasting his time on mere outposts? When you next address one of the great audiences that hang upon your words, is it unfair to ask that you lay aside such familiar topics as Miracles and Ghosts or a Reply to Talmage, and tell us what you think of JESUS CHRIST: whether you look upon Him as an impostor, or merely as a dreamer—a mild and harmless enthusiast; or are you ready to acknowledge that He is entitled to rank among the great teachers of mankind?

But if you are compelled to admit the greatness of Christ, you take your revenge on the Apostles, whom you do not hesitate

to say that you "don't think much of." In fact, you set them down in a most peremptory way as "a poor lot." It did seem rather an unpromising "lot," that of a boatload of fishermen, from which to choose the apostles of a religion—almost as unpromising as it was to take a rail-splitter to be the head of a nation in the greatest crisis of its history! But perhaps in both cases there was a wisdom higher than ours, that chose better than we. It might puzzle even you to give a better definition of religion than this of the Apostle James: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world;" or to find among those sages of antiquity, with whose writings you are familiar, a more complete and perfect delineation of that which is the essence of all goodness and virtue, than Paul's description of the charity which "suffereth long and is kind;" or to find in the sayings of Confucius or of Buddha anything more sublime than this aphorism of John: "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

THE SLASHING STYLE.

And here you must allow me to make a remark, which is not intended as a personal retort, but simply in the interest of that truth which we both profess to seek, and to count worth more than victory. Your language is too sweeping to indicate the careful thinker, who measures his words and weighs them in a balance. Your lectures remind me of the pictures of Gustave Dore, who always painted on a large canvass, with figures as gigantesque as those of Michael Angelo in his Last Judgment. The effect is very powerful, but if he had softened his colors a little—if there were a few delicate touches, a mingling of light and shade, as when twilight is stealing over the earth—the landscape would be more true to nature. So, believe me, your words would be more weighty if they were not so strong. But whenever you touch upon religion, you seem to lose control of yourself, and a vindictive feeling takes possession of you, which causes you to see things so distorted from their natural appearance that you cannot help running into the broadest caricature. You swing your sentences as the woodman swings his axe. Of course

this "slashing" style is very effective before a popular audience, which does not care for nice distinctions, or for evidence that has to be sifted and weighed; but wants opinions off-hand, and likes to have its prejudices and hatreds echoed back in a ringing voice. This carries the crowd, but does not convince the philosophic mind. The truth-seeker cannot cut a road through the forest with sturdy blows: he has a hidden path to trace, and must pick his way with slow and cautious step to find that which is more precious than gold.

But if it were possible for you to sweep away the "evidences of Christianity," you have not swept away Christianity itself: it still lives, not only in tradition, but in the hearts of the people, entwined with all that is sweetest in their domestic life, from which it must be torn out with unsparring hand before it can be exterminated.

TURNING YOUR BACK UPON HISTORY.

To begin with, you turn your back upon history. There is no more place in the world for heroes and martyrs. He who sacrifices his life for a faith, or an idea, is a fool. The only practical wisdom is to have a sharp eye to the main chance. All that men have done and suffered for the sake of Religion was folly. The Pilgrims who crossed the sea to find freedom to worship God in the forests of the New World were miserable fanatics. If they had had a little sense, they would have stayed in Old England, and made themselves comfortable; ready to swear to the Thirty-nine Articles, "or Forty, if necessary" to conform to the requirements of the law. Why take such trouble for a mere matter of belief? Henry IV. thought "France was worth a mass." The Fathers of New England were not of that easy-going temper. Had they been, this land of freedom would never have risen out of the sea. What it is to-day is due to their strong faith and unconquerable will. If you wish to reconstruct this country, and have an Infidel Republic (if such a thing be conceivable), you must reconstruct its history: it will never do to let the Mayflower appear in the foreground, leading the way to a New World: nor to give too much prominence to such scenes as Washington at Valley Forge in midwinter, retreating into the woods, and kneeling on the frozen ground, to pray for his country; or Benjamin Franklin in the Convention that framed the Constitution, asking that a

chaplain might be present to open their sessions with prayer, that their minds might be calmed to prepare them for the exercise of the solemn trust, on which the life of the nation hung.

DESTROYING THE BEAUTY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

But it is not because it takes the charm from such historical legends that I dread the incoming of this cold skepticism, so much as for the evil which it will do in the present. When it has completed its work, it will leave us nothing to believe and little to love—nothing worth dying for, and not very much worth living for. All our ideals are destroyed. Even our home life is not sacred from the cold sneer—half pity and half scorn—at “family prayers”—the one hour when the windows are open towards heaven, and the atmosphere of love and peace comes floating in. This it is which gives our home-life its sweetest flavor, its most delicate aroma. “The Cotter’s Saturday Night” would not retain half its beauty without this transcendent scene:

“Then kneeling down to Heaven’s Eternal King,

The saint, the father, and the husband prays.”

Take such scenes from our American fire-sides, and you have taken from them their most sacred hours and their tenderest memories.

The same destructive spirit which intrudes into domestic as well as religious life, would take away the beauty of our villages as well as the sweetness of our homes. In the weary round of a week of toil, there comes an interval of rest; the laborer lays down his burden, and for a few hours breathes a serener air. The Sabbath morning has come:

“Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.”

At the appointed hour the bell rings across the valley and sends its echoes among the hills; and from all the roads the people come trooping to the village church. Here they gather, old and young, rich and poor; and, as they join in the same act of worship, feel that God is the maker of them all. Is there in our national life any influence more elevating than this—one which tends more to bring a community together; to promote neighborly feeling; to refine the manners of the people; to

breed true courtesy, and all that makes a Christian village different from a cluster of Indian wigwams—a civilized community different from a tribe of savages?

All this you would destroy; you would abolish the Sabbath, or have it turned into a holiday; you would tear down the old church, so full of tender associations of the living and the dead, or at least have it “razed,” cutting off the tall spire that points upward to heaven; and the interior you would turn into an assembly room—a place of entertainment, where the young people could have their merry-makings, except perchance in the warm Summer-time, when they could dance on the village green! So far you would have gained your object. But would that be a more orderly community, more refined or more truly happy?

LOOSENING THE RESTRAINTS OF VIRTUE.

You may think this a mere sentiment—that we care more for the picturesque than for the true. But there is one result which is fearfully real: the destructive creed, or no creed, which dispoils our churches and our homes, attacks society in its first principles by taking away the support of morality. I do not believe that general morality can be upheld without the sanctions of religion. There may be individuals of great natural force of character, who can stand alone—men of superior intellect and strong will. But in general human nature is weak, and virtue is not the spontaneous growth of childish innocence. Men do not become pure and good by natural instinct. Character, like mind, has to be developed by education; and it needs all the elements of strength which can be given it, from without as well as from within, from the government of man and the government of God. To let go of these restraints is a peril to public morality.

You feel strong in the strength of a robust manhood, well poised in body and mind, and in the centre of a happy home, where loving hearts cling to you like vines round the oak. But many to whom you speak are quite otherwise. You address thousands of young men who have come out of country homes, where they have been brought up in the fear of God, and have heard the morning and evening prayer. They come into a city full of temptations, but are restrained from evil by the thought of father and mother, and

reverence for Him who is the Father of us all—a feeling which, though it may not have taken the form of any profession, is yet at the bottom of their hearts, and keeps them from many a wrong and wayward step. A young man, who is thus “guarded and defended” as by unseen angels, some evening when he feels very lonely is invited to “go and hear Ingersoll,” and for a couple of hours listens to your caricatures of religion, with descriptions of the prayers and the psalm singing, illustrated by devout grimaces and nasal tones, which set the house in roars of laughter, and are received with tumultuous applause. When it is all over, and the young man finds himself again under the glaring lamps of the city streets, he is conscious of a change; the faith of his childhood has been rudely torn from him, and with it “a glory has passed away from the earth;” the Bible which his mother gave him the morning that he came away, is “a mass of fables;” the sentence which she wished him to hang on the wall, “Thou, God, seest me,” has lost its power, for there is no God that sees him, no moral government, no law and no retribution. So he reasons as he walks slowly homeward, meeting the temptations which haunt these streets at night—temptations from which he has hitherto turned with a shudder, but which he now meets with a diminished power of resistance. Have you done that young man any good in taking from him what he held sacred before? Have you not left him morally weakened? From sneering at religion, it is but a step to sneering at morality, and then but one step more to a vicious and profligate career. How are you going to stop this downward tendency? When you have stripped him of former restraints, do you leave him anything in their stead, except indeed a sense of honor, self-respect, and self-interest?—worthy motives, no doubt, but all too feeble to withstand the fearful temptations that assail him. Is the chance of his resistance as good as it was before? Watch him as he goes along that street at midnight! He passes by the places of evil resort, of drinking and gambling—those open mouths of hell; he hears the sound of music and dancing, and for the first time pauses to listen. How long will it be before he will venture in?

With such dangers in his path, it is a grave responsibility to loosen the restraints which hold such a young man to

virtue. These gibes and sneers which you utter so lightly, may have a sad echo in a lost character and a wretched life. Many a young man has been thus taunted until he has pushed off from the shore, under the idea of gaining his “liberty,” and ventured into the rapids, only to be carried down the stream, and left a wreck in the whirlpool below!

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL DANGERS OF INFIDELITY.

If such be the danger from unbelief to individuals, still greater is it to society at large. Those who hold that human nature is a sweet and guileless thing, of course infer that it only needs to be left to itself to unfold into shapes as varied and beautiful as clustering vines or blossoming flowers. Socialist philosophers, carrying out this principle, hold that society, left to itself, will crystalize into forms of beauty and grace. A favorite maxim with them is, “The best government is that which governs least,” which they might carry a little further and say, “The best government is *no government at all!*” But have we come to that—that human society can be preserved without law by the magic of a few fine phrases about universal harmony? I observe in your reply to Judge Black in the North American Review, (November, 1831), that you wind up with a defence of the French Revolution, on which you pronounce this eulogy: “In spite of all the blood and crime, the People placed upon a Nation’s brow these stars: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—grandeur words than ever issued from Jehovah’s lips.”

Noble words indeed! What a pity that they were nothing but words! Brave words may cover foul deeds. When Madam Roland was led to the scaffold, she exclaimed “Oh Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!” A few weeks since I stood in the cell in which Marie Antoinette was confined before her royal neck was placed under the knife of the guillotine; but I saw no “fraternity” there, nor even common humanity. There was no pity in those cold walls; nor in the chapel in which the Girondists passed their last night on earth—a night

“On which such awful morn could rise.”

No human sacrifice ever offered by cannibals was more horrible than when France, like an insane mother, sacrificed the best and bravest of her children.

But perhaps you say "All that was nearly a hundred years ago. We have grown wiser since." I wish I could think so. Perhaps I might if it were not that I have seen some things with my own eyes. Thirty-nine years ago it was my fortune to be a witness of the Revolution of 1848. I stood in front of the Tuileries an hour after Louis Philippe had fled, and saw it sacked by the populace. The days that followed were the carnival of Liberty. We thought that the political and social millennium had come. The walls of Paris were placarded with "these grand words": Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. But we soon found how much, or rather how little, virtue there was in mere words: that the "Liberty" of a people with no moral or religious restraint was but unbridled license; that "Equality" was the upturning of society, so that its basest elements were on the top, and its best underneath; and that "Fraternity" was the unloosing of all the pent-up hatred of classes, that burst forth in a rage for mutual destruction. Four months passed, and Paris was in a state of siege, and soldiers and people were fighting in the streets—one more proof that there is no Frotherhood of Man without the Fatherhood of God.

Since then I have believed in a Government of law, held together by all the sanctions which can be given to it, human and divine. Society will not construct itself by any internal law of growth like that in the natural world. Human nature is wayward and unruly, and has to be curbed and disciplined. It is in society as it is in nature—that is accounted the most perfect which is most highly organized. Civilization is only another name for organization, and that society which is most perfectly organized is most highly civilized. Into that organization must enter many elements. Not only is society to be governed by law, but it is buttressed round by great institutions, which are the slow growth of centuries; it is subject to an unwritten law, formed in manners and customs, which define the relations of men to each other; it is raised in tone by the influences of learning and literature, science and art; and, above all, it is established on the strong foundation of religious belief. Thus society is the most elaborate framework ever constructed by man—delicate in many of its parts, with an aerial lightness like that of certain forms of architecture, which soar upward so gracefully because they rest

securely on the foundations below. From all this social architecture you take away the chief support when you destroy Religion. You knock out the underpinning from the delicate yet mighty fabric which had been the creation of centuries, and think it will stand in the air. *I think not.*

THE EXPERIMENT TRIED.

Of course philosophers, with whom skepticism is nearly a habit of mind, do not contemplate such practical results: they do not consider that to destroy religion would be to destroy society. Indeed they stoutly maintain that such would not be the result. But has not the experiment been tried? The French Revolution was especially directed against Religion. It went to the farthest extreme in tearing down churches and altars, and boldly proclaimed its belief of Atheism. Then at last man was free: his fetters were broken; his limbs were all unbound. He stood erect, with no God above him to overawe his free spirit. What followed! In place of Him who had been worshipped at Christian altars, a woman was set up in the pantheon as the Goddess of Reason—a goddess who had fit worshippers in a people that plunged into such excesses as never before. Unbounded license produced its natural effect in the general corruption of morals. When they had exhausted their rage against religion, they turned against each other, and the Age of Reason ended in the Reign of Terror; and so the brilliant theories of French philosophers were drowned in blood.

This is not encouraging to those who are looking for a social millennium. But they will not admit that what has happened in France may happen in America. "Our people are not excitable as the French." But how long is it since dynamiters in Chicago threw bombs into a crowd of men, women, and children, in the name of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity? Human nature is the same everywhere, and under the same conditions we must expect the same results. If there be anything proved by history, it is that Atheism cannot hold society together: its tendency is to disintegration. If a man has no God, he will make a god of himself. When men stand apart, they soon come to hate each other, and this mutual hatred will sooner or later explode in war and revolution, till society and civilization are ready to perish. If

this is to be a nation of atheists, I believe it will witness scenes which I would that my eyes should be closed in death rather than behold.

Thus the loss of popular respect for Religion is the dry-rot of social institutions. In society as in everything else there is a law of strength and a law of weakness, a law of progress and a law of decay. The idea of God as the Creator and Father of all mankind, is in the moral world what gravitation is in the natural—it holds all together, and causes them to revolve around a common centre. Take this away, and instantly men drop apart: there is no such thing as collective humanity, but only separate molecules, with no more cohesion than so many grains of sand. Man has no tie to bind him to anything in heaven or earth—no Father above and no brother here, with no end in existence but to seek the infinitesimal interest of the atom he calls himself. When society is thus separated into atoms, it will speedily crumble to pieces; and so your crusade against Religion must end at last in NIHILISM, which aims to destroy Religion and Society together.

Perhaps you are not disturbed at the prospect. Some reformers would like to see the earth swept clean and bare before they undertake to construct upon it the fabric of their new civilization. Well, if their philosophy be carried out, they will have their wish: the earth will be again without form and void, and darkness will be upon the face of the deep; or, to be more exact, we shall have something like a recurrence of that Glacial Epoch of which geologists tell us, when the earth was bound in masses of ice miles in thickness, which, as they began to stir, ground the rugged faces of the mountains into the smooth cliffs which we see to-day, and destroyed all animal and vegetable life on the globe.

Is this an extravagant figure to apply to the moral state of the world, when you have destroyed Religion and all the institutions founded upon it, with the Art and the Literature of which it is so large an element? Nor does that end your task, for you must destroy History also—a work which you will gladly undertake, since you tell me that "all history is a lie." When you have cleared away all this rubbish, then indeed the earth will be bare and flat enough for that mighty Tower of Babel which you are going to build upon it, and to build so high that its top shall reach heaven. But those

who undertook that task before came to grief, and such may be your fate. When you have overturned everything that belongs to the past, and utterly discredited the history of the human race, it may be that you will find that you have only turned back the shadow on the dial of the world.

WHAT HAS CHRISTIANITY DONE FOR SOCIETY?

At this point you may turn suddenly and sharply, and ask, What has Christianity done to relieve social inequality, and the injustice which pervades the institutions of society? Little enough, I confess, compared with what it ought to have done, although pretty much all that has been done has been by its inspiration. It was the first to establish the doctrine of human rights on this sure foundation, that all men are the creatures of one God, children of a common Father. Man's worth lies not in rank, which belongs to a few, but in the soul, which belongs to every human being, the poorest and the humblest. This makes humanity sacred. No ruler, however great, has a right to tyrannize over it. This conviction in the hearts of Wilberforce and Clarkson put an end to the slave trade, and finally banished slavery itself from the British Empire; and in every age, and all over the world, it has been the inspiration of innumerable struggles for liberty.

To the same inspiration are due the institutions devoted to the relief of human suffering. Count up those within the limit of a single city—the asylums, the hospitals, and the hundred minor charities, which reach out unseen hands to the dwellings of the poor, relieving poverty and sickness, and every form of misery—how many of these would live through a single Winter without the active support of Christian men and women?

AN ILLUSTRATION AT YOUR OWN DOOR.

Here is an illustration at your own door. You have lately removed your residence to New York—the great city which attracts to itself distinguished talent of every kind. As you take your morning walk down town, in going from the Fifth avenue to Union square, you may pass through Fifteenth street, where you will see a massive building, over the arched portal of which is inscribed in the red sand-stone, YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. This is designed especially for the benefit of young women who come to the city to

seek employment. Thousands of such come here every year to find some means of support. Most of them are unfriended and alone, without a home, without father or mother, brother or sister, exposed to all the temptations of a great city. Vile creatures of both sexes are on the watch to lead them astray. At this moment of danger this Association steps forward and takes them by the hand, and invites them within its hospitable doors. The House is not a Refuge or Asylum, but what is a thousand times better, a place where they can be put in the way of providing for their own support. Here the stranger, who felt so desolate as she wandered through the streets seeking employment, finds one place where she is *at home*—where she will meet others who are entering on the same life of struggle, and will receive the sisterly counsel and help of those who are sisters indeed. She is first directed to a plain but respectable boarding-house, where she can live cheaply, but under womanly protection; and then the Association tries to find her employment. As many of these young women from the country could do nothing but housework or plain sewing, it has a number of classes, like those in Trade Schools, in which instruction is given in book-keeping, stenography, type-writing, retouching photographs, drawing, modeling in clay, choir music, &c.—occupations by which they can earn a support; while the Library and Reading-room, the Hall for Lectures, and the large Parlor which is open to them every evening, furnish the means of intellectual and social life. Thus it is that hundreds and thousands of poor, unfriended girls are trained to self-support, and led to a happy womanhood.

You will admit this to be a beautiful charity. How then does it happen that such charities are confined to "Christian" women? The Association is composed only of those who are inspired by "Christian" motives to do a work of "Christian" kindness. Have you any Infidel Associations for the same object? Would you not be astonished to see a building such as that in Fifteenth street, bearing the inscription, "Young Women's INFIDEL ASSOCIATION?" You need not fear to be startled by such an apparition: for you will never see it. I do not mean that individuals among you are wanting in kindly feeling; but it seems never to take the form of any organized effort which re-

quires not only money, but time and personal devotion and self-denial—humble virtues which are painfully wanting in those who, while they use great swelling words about "humanity" in general, do not seem to do much good to anybody in particular. I am sorry to say it, but it is my candid belief that in all the infidels of this city put together (or for that matter, of the country too), there is not enough of practical benevolence to set up one such Association and keep it going for a week!

CHRISTIAN BENEFICENCE IN OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Nor is this Christian beneficence limited to our own city or country. There is no part of the world where it has not come. In far-off India I have found missionaries (perhaps you would call them "fanatics!") picking up poor little waifs thrown by the roadside to die, gathering them into orphanages, and teaching them in schools. In China, when whole provinces were swept by famine; when thousands of wretched creatures lined the roadside, stretching out their gaunt arms for bread; it was American missionaries who came to their relief, more than one of whom perished in these heroic labors, dying that others might live. But neither in China nor in India, nor anywhere else on the other side of the globe, did I find a skeptic so filled with the enthusiasm of humanity as to devote himself to feeding the hungry or clothing the naked; or, with all his fine phrases, putting himself out of the way to relieve or help a single human creature. When I saw how your philosophers avoided every opportunity of heroic sacrifice, what could I infer but that some secret and deadening power within them sapped their manhood, and rendered them incapable of great acts of devotion? Why is it that Religion only inspires these rugged virtues? "The tree is known by its fruits." That is the best faith which produces the most of practical goodness, of human sympathy, of kindness and charity.

CHRISTIANITY THE ONLY HOPE OF THE RACE.

And so it is that Christianity, weakened as it has been in its influence by the infirmities and treacheries of its professed disciples, still in spite of all has had a great history. Its course through the ages is as marked as that of the Gulf Stream through the ocean, tempering the sea and

the air, carrying a new climate to another hemisphere, and sending its warmth over distant shores. And that Christianity "still lives:" the Religion which came with Christ and bears His name, is still the light and the life of the world—the source and spring of all that is best in modern civilization; of all that makes Europe and America different from Asia and Africa. On it depends the future of humanity. I will not say, with writers like Lamennais or the Russian Count Tolstoi, that Christ is the Great Communist; but I do say that if government is ever to be anything else than organized injustice—if society is ever to be anything else than a herding together of so many wolves ready to devour one another—it must be because a new spirit has come into the world; because the demon of selfishness has been driven out, and men's hearts filled with mutual affection. And this moral change can be wrought only in one way, by the highest example of unselfishness, which is given in the sacrifice of Christ for the salvation of the world. Thus it is Christ is literally the Heart of Humanity, through which rushes the warm blood that vitalizes the human race.

Why then do you set yourself against a religion so beneficent? Is it that you wish to be a leader in a crusade of intellectual emancipation? This is a tempting role, but it may lead you too far. In your eagerness to tear down that which is old, you may destroy that which is most worthy to be preserved—the gathered wisdom of ages, along with fables and follies that might be left to perish of themselves.

HOW TO GET RID OF FEAR.

You tell me that your object is to drive fear out of the world. That is a noble ambition: if you succeed, you will be indeed a deliverer. Of course you mean only irrational fears. You would not have men throw off the fear of violating the laws of nature: for that would lead to incalculable misery. You aim only at the terrors born of ignorance and superstition. But how are you going to get rid of these? You trust to the progress of science, which has dispelled so many fears arising from physical phenomena, by showing that calamities ascribed to spiritual agencies are explained by natural causes. But science can only go a certain way. beyond which we come into the sphere of the unknown,

where all is dark as before. How can you relieve the fears of others—indeed how can you rid yourself of fear, believing as you do that there is no Power above which can help you in any extremity; that you are the sport of accident, and may be dashed in pieces by the blind agency of nature? If I believed that, I should feel that I was in the grasp of some terrible machinery which was crushing me to atoms, with no possibility of escape.

Pardon me, but I cannot understand the state of mind which can contemplate the denial of a Supreme Being, not only with calmness, but with a sort of satisfaction, as if it were to dethrone a king, and proclaim universal liberty. If indeed there be no such Being, overseeing and overruling our little lives, then there is something frightful in mere existence. Life is a prison-house against whose bars we dash ourselves in vain—a prison darker and gloomier than any Bastille that ever "shut the gates of mercy on mankind;" or rather it is a Bridge of Sighs, leading from "the warm precincts of the cheerful day" to an unknown which we shudder to contemplate. The more a man knows, the worse it is for him: for that which enlarges the little circle of light, only reveals the greater circle of darkness; and the more appalling becomes the prospect as he sees himself rushing forward by an inevitable law into the Eternal Night. If that be our fate, it were better for us that we had never been born!

Not so does Religion leave man here on the earth, helpless and hopeless—in abject terror, as he is in utter darkness as to his fate—but opening the heaven above him, it discovers a Great Intelligence, compassing all things, seeing the end from the beginning, and ordering our little lives so that even the trials that we bear, as they call out the finer elements of character, conduce to our future happiness. God is our Father. We look up into His face with childlike confidence, and find that "His service is perfect freedom." "Love casts out fear." That, I beg to assure you, is the way, and the only way, by which man can be delivered from those fears by which he is all his life-time subject to bondage.

THE EVIL OF UNSETTLING RELIGIOUS FAITH.

Do not think that I am going to preach to you, or at you. This is not a personal matter, but one which concerns the happi-

ness of every human being. In a question so vast, no individual is of any account. Your existence or mine is but a bubble on the ocean, a breath in the air. But the creature of a day may leave an influence that will not die with him:

"The evil that men do lives after them."

With my estimate of your power, I believe that your influence will live long. You are doing more than any other man in this country to unsettle the minds of the new generation in the faith of their fathers. In this you think you are rendering them a great service. You would be shocked to be told that you are doing them an unspeakable injury. But with all your foresight, you may not see clearly the full extent of your influence. Samson was blind when he pulled down the pillars of the temple and perished in its ruins. There are those who look upon you as the blind Samson of our day, who, with the strength of a giant, and maddened by rage, are causing a degree of moral ruin which you will never be able to repair.

In your attacks upon Religion you do violence to your own manliness. Knowing you as I do, I feel sure that you do not realize where your blows fall, or whom they wound, or you would not use your weapons so freely. The faiths of men are as sacred as the most delicate manly or womanly sentiments of love and honor. They are dear as the beloved faces that have passed from our sight. I should think myself wanting in respect to the memory of my father and mother if I could speak lightly of the faith in which they lived and died. Surely this must be mere thoughtlessness, for I cannot believe that you find pleasure in giving pain. I have not forgotten the gentle hand that was laid upon your shoulder, and the gentle voice which said, "Uncle Robert wouldn't hurt a fly." And yet you bruise the tenderest sensibilities, and trample down what is most cherished by millions of sisters and daughters and mothers, little heeding that you are sporting with "human creatures' lives."

Surely there is other work for a brave, true man to do in the world than this. All men who seek the good of their fellow-creatures have certain objects in common which should draw them together. Your first word to me was, "If we do not agree in our religious belief, we at least agree in the duty of kindness." Let us meet on

that ground. If you cannot accept Christianity, devote yourself to good works. Be the eloquent pleader for the unfortunate, the defender of the innocent, the helper of the helpless, the benefactor of the poor. You are full of enthusiasm for liberty; you wish all men to be free; that society may be reconstructed on the principles of absolute justice. This is an ambition worthy of any man, to bring in the reign of "purer manners, better laws," and thus to promote the happiness of mankind.

A HOPELESS WAR—CHRISTIANITY THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

At present you are waging a hopeless war—a war in which you are certain only of defeat. The Christian Religion began to be nearly two thousand years before you and I were born, and it will live two thousand years after we are dead. Why is it that it lives on and on, while nations and kingdoms perish? Is it not this "the survival of the fittest?" Contend against it with all your wit and eloquence, you will fail, as all have failed before you. You cannot fight against the instincts of humanity. It is as natural for men to look up to a Higher Power as it is to look up to the stars. Tell them that there is no God! You might as well tell them that there is no Sun in heaven, even while on that central light and heat all life on earth depends.

I do not presume to think that I have convinced you, or changed your opinion; but it is always right to appeal to a man's "sober second thought"—to that better judgment that comes with widening knowledge and advancing years; and you must allow me to hope that, after the violence of passion has abated, has rocked itself to rest, you will see things more clearly, and recognize the fatal error which vitiates all your reasoning, so that you do not distinguish Religion from Superstition:—two things as far apart as "the hither from the utmost pole." Superstition is the greatest enemy of Religion. It is the nightmare of the mind, filling it with all imaginable terrors—a black cloud which broods over half the world. Against this you may well invoke the light of science to scatter its darkness. Whoever helps to sweep it away, is a benefactor of his race. But when this is done, and the moral atmosphere is made pure and sweet, then you as well as we may be conscious of a new

Presence coming into the hushed and vacant air, as Religion, daughter of the skies, descends to earth to bring peace and good will to men.

HENRY M. FIELD.

A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

BY J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

The 19th of September, 1853, a little service was held in the stern cabin of the "Dumfries," which had been secured for me. Our voyage had a rough beginning, but many had promised to remember us in constant prayer. No small comfort was this, for we had scarcely got outside the Mersey when a violent equinoctial gale caught us, and for twelve days we were beating backwards and forwards in the Irish Channel, unable to get out to sea. The gale increased. When we had been out nearly a week we lay to for a time, but, drifting on a lee coast, were compelled at last to make sail and endeavor to beat off to windward. The utmost efforts of the captain and crew, however, were unavailing, and on Sunday night, September 25th, we found ourselves drifting into Carnarvon Bay, each tack becoming shorter, until at last we were within about a stone's throw of the rocks. About this time, as the ship, which had refused to stay, was put round the other way, the Christian captain said to me, "We cannot live half an hour now; what of your call to labor for the Lord in China?"

I had previously passed through a time of great conflict, but that was over, and it was a great joy to feel and to tell him I would not for any consideration be in any other position; and I strongly expected to reach China: but if otherwise, at any rate the Master would say it was well that I was found obeying his command. Within a few minutes after wearing ship the captain walked up to the compass and said to me, "The wind has freed two points; we shall be able to beat out of the bay," and so we did. And, though the bowsprit was sprung and the vessel seriously strained, in a few days we got out to sea, and the necessary repairs were so thoroughly effected on board that our journey to China was in due time completed.

The voyage, however, was a very tedious one. We lost a good deal of time on the Equator from calms, and when finally we reached the Eastern Archipelago (the monsoon being against us it was needful

to take the eastern passage) we were again detained for the same cause. Usually a breeze would spring up soon after sunset and last until about dawn. The utmost use was made of it, but during the day we lay still, with the sails flapping, often drifting back and losing a great deal of what we had gained during the night. This happened notably one day when we were in a dangerous position to the north of New Guinea.

Saturday night had brought us to a position some thirty miles off the land, but during the Sunday morning service, which was held on deck, I could not fail to notice the captain look troubled and frequently go to the side of the ship. When the service was over I learned from him the cause—a four-knot current was carrying us rapidly towards some sunken reefs, and we were already so near that it seemed improbable that we should get through the afternoon. After dinner the long boat was put out and all hands endeavored, without success, to turn the ship's head around from the shore. As we drifted nearer we could see the natives plainly rushing about the sands, lighting fires here and there. The captain's horn book informed him that these people were cannibals, so our position was not a little alarming.

After standing together some time in silence on the deck, the captain said to me, "Well, we have done everything that can be done; we can only await the result." The thought occurred to me and I replied, "No, there is one thing we have not done yet." "What is it?" he said. I replied, "Four of us on board are Christians" (the carpenter and our colored steward were Christians, as well as the captain and myself); "let us each retire to his own cabin and in agreed prayer ask the Lord to send immediately a breeze. He can as easily send it now as at sunset."

The captain agreed to the proposal. I went and spoke to the other two men, had some united prayer with the carpenter, and we all four retired to wait on God. I had a good but very short time in prayer, and felt so satisfied that the prayer was heard that I could not continue asking, so very soon I went on deck again. The first officer, a godless man, was in charge of the deck watch. I went up to him and asked him to let down the clews or corners of the mainsail (the corners of the sail were drawn up to lessen chafe from the flapping

of the sail against the rigging). He asked me, "What would be the good of that?" I told him we had been asking a wind from God, that it was coming immediately, and we were so near the reefs by this time that there was not a minute to lose.

With a look of incredulity and contempt he said with an oath that he would rather see a wind than hear of it! But while he was speaking I watched his eye and followed it up the royal (topmast) sail, and there, sure enough, the corner of the sail was beginning to tremble in the coming breeze. I said to him, "Don't you see the wind is coming? Look at the royal!" "No, it is only a cat's paw," he replied (that is, a mere puff of wind). "Cat's paw or not," I rejoined, "pray let down the mainsail and let us have the benefit of it." This he was not slow to do. In another minute the heavy tread of the men on deck brought up the captain from the cabin to see what was the matter, and, sure enough, the breeze had come. In a very few minutes we were ploughing our way at six or seven knots an hour through the water, and the multitude of naked savages whom we had seen on the beach had no wreckage that night. We did not altogether lose that wind until we passed the Pelew Islands.—*China's Millions.*

THE POWER OF THE TRUTH.

A striking illustration of the power of divine truth, is seen in the following narrative related by Pastor Fleidner, Spain:

One of our Spanish colporteurs sold a Bible some time since, and the priest rushed up to the man who had bought it and, exclaiming, "These heretical books shall not come into the village," snatched it out of his hand, tore it and threw it on the ground. The colporteur was stoned and driven out of the village. Some weeks after, being obliged to pass through the village again, he hoped to do so unobserved, but almost immediately was recognized. "Are you not the man that sells Bibles?" he was asked, and on replying "Yes," instead of an angry outburst he received the invitation, "Well, then, come into our village, we want your books." The explanation of this changed manner was that the village grocer having wrapped up his books in the pages of the torn bible, which had come into his hands, the people read those beautiful histories which they had never read before, and then had asked God to send the man back to them. Not only did he sell all the Bibles he had with him, but they made him stay with them two or three days to give them instruction.

DAY DAWN.

Whichever way we turn our eyes to scan the harvest field, the signs of the times betoken the immediate duty of putting in the sickle. There are sure signs of a day-dawn. We have passed the dull gray that is the first advance herald of the morning, and even the purple and crimson tints that tell of the glory hastening on; the East shows something more than dark clouds edged with gold—the Sun of Righteousness is rising on the world! Christlike, completing his survey, breaks forth in radiance; "Yes, the present is, thank God, the century of Missions, such as has never been. In it the world-wide Missions have begun. More than all the generations on whose dust we tread can we to-day take up the Psalm. 'All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God! Let us take to ourselves the great consolation that to-day, as never before, the work is advancing. The long and laborious process of undermining the chief stronghold of heathenism will one day be followed by a great crash.'—*Crisis of Missions.*

WORKING FOR ETERNITY.

The builder builds for a century; we for eternity. The painter paints for a generation; we forever. The sculptor cuts out the marble that soon perishes; let us try to cut out the likeness of Christ, to endure forever and ever. A hundred thousand men were employed in Egypt to construct a pyramidal tomb for a dead king; let us feel that we are engaged in a far nobler work in constructing temples for the living God.

A member of a church was prostrated by illness, and complained bitterly to his pastor that only one or two persons had come to see him. "My friend," said the minister, "you have been a professing Christian for thirty years. During this time how many sick have you visited?" "Oh," he replied, "it never struck me in that light. I thought only of the relation of others to me, and not of my relation to them."—*Sel.*

There are 40,000 scholars in the "Ragged Sunday Schools" of London. The late Lord Shaftesbury was President of the Association, and he is succeeded by his son.

A large part of our space this week is devoted to an open letter to Ingersoll by Henry M. Field, of the New York Evangelist. Dr Field gives its history as follows: "Its origin was quite accidental, growing out of conversations with Mr. Ingersoll, which were of a familiar character, and furnished many topics for reflection, on which, the more we thought, the more the wonder grew that a man of so much intellectual ability could be content with such a hollow creed. Revolving the matter, it occurred to us to put our objections in the form of a Letter. But it proved more of an undertaking than we anticipated, as we revised it again and again, making innumerable changes, so that all together it took two or three months of hard work. When completed, it was sent to Mr. Ingersoll, with a note to the effect that "if it contained a single word that was offensive to him, it should be struck out," to which he replied that it had nothing to which he could except, although he did not agree with its conclusions.

THE PRESBYTERY OF WALLACE comprises nine congregations and one mission station, over which an ordained missionary has been placed. During the past year commendable progress has been made within the bounds of this Presbytery which should prove stimulating to others. There has been a very marked increase in the rate of giving, and very large accessions have been made to communion rolls. It now reports 1095 families—Spring Hill having received 45 last year, and 1958 communicants, with an addition in 1886 of over 500. The congregations receiving the largest accessions by profession were: Spring Hill, 186; Tatamagouche, 78; New Annan, 66; St. Matthew's, Wallace, 57. Arrears are not found in the statistical column. This cannot be said of any other Presbytery in the Maritime Provinces. \$1587 was raised last year for the schemes of the church as against \$794 for the previous year. The whole Presbytery has thus contributed double the amount raised in 1885. Such a rate of increase is very gratifying. If all our Presbyteries advanced in the same ratio much greater progress would be made in carrying on the work of the church.

But few blanks appear in the columns of finance. Earlton, which has been vacant for some time, has contributed to none of the schemes.

In Foreign Missions \$823 was raised against \$285 of the previous year. To every scheme of the church there has been a very marked increase in the rate of contributions. There is no column in the statistical returns showing the number of families observing family worship, but in this important matter there has been a very great improvement. In some single communities as many as from fifteen to twenty family altars have been erected of late, and there has been throughout the whole Presbytery a quickening of spiritual life and activity.

The weekly prayer-meetings are attended by 433 more than last year, and Sabbath-schools and bible-classes by 538 more.

Rev. Prof. Doudiet of Montreal, has been, in accordance with the instructions of the General Assembly, visiting the Maritime Provinces, addressing meetings and collecting money for the extension of the Pointe aux Trembles School. He has been fairly successful in some places, in others less so. He has given some facts that should be widely known.

The Pointe aux Trembles institutions have trained 3500 pupils. There are at least 1500 families of French Protestants formed out of our converts in these schools. In these schools 30 to 50 of the pupils join the church every session. The largest half of the pupils enter as Catholic, but few if any leave as such. There are now about 12000 French Protestants in the province of Quebec, and the number is increasing. There are now ten to twelve candidates every year for diplomas as Protestant teachers. Last year there were 300 applications for admission to the Pointe aux Trembles Schools and but 130 could be received. The aim now is to enlarge the buildings so that at least three hundred may be accommodated, and these 300 going out every year through various parts of the Province of Quebec will be among the most effective mission agencies that we have at work.

The Presbytery of Miramichi met at Bathurst, Sept. 20th. It was agreed to recognize Port Daniel, recently disjoined from the congregation of New Carlisle, as a mission station, with a session, Mr. Lindsay, Moderator, and they were to be encouraged to expect a student to labor among them, as one could be obtained, provided they would be willing to bear his

expenses. Redbank petitioned for moderation in a call. Mr. Aitken was appointed to moderate in a day convenient, with instructions to secure at least \$500 of the stipend from the people. Presbytery expressed sympathy with Rev. A. Russell in his sickness, and resolved to supply his pulpit for three months.

Standing Committees were appointed as follows:—State of Religion: Rev. Messrs. Hamilton and Baird, and Mr. Peter Hamilton. Sabbath-schools: Rev. Messrs. N. McKay, A. O. Brown, and Mr. George Haddow. Temperance: Rev. Messrs. Cameron, Thompson, and Mr. Bradshaw McKenzie. Systematic Beneficence: Rev. Messrs. Aitken, Johnstone, and Mr. J. R. Nicholson. Augmentation: Rev. Messrs. E. Wallace, Watts, N. McKay, and Mr. Alex. Loggie.

Next meeting to be held in St. John's Church, Chatham, on Tuesday, 24th Jan. 1888, at 10-30 a. m.

The Presbytery of Lunenburg and Shelburne have been recently visiting the congregations in Shelburne County, devoting in all three meetings to business and four to preaching, visitation, and addresses. In Lockeport and Barrington matters were found in a very satisfactory state. In the former place there is a beautiful new church, opened last May, and though the congregation is small, \$1400 of the cost, which was \$3,200, has been already paid.

The Church at Barrington has been renewed and beautified, inside, and is a very neat and pretty building.

In Shelburne and Clyde there was much to encourage. One lack, however, was that of promptness in paying the pastors salary. This is as truly a fruit of the Spirit as any other grace, and it is hoped will soon abound in this grace also. They are planning to build a new church.

At East Jordan there is a pretty little Union Church which will soon be free from debt.

This is again the foremost of the Presbyteries in making its allotment for the Augmentation Fund. It has also made an allotment for the College Fund of one third the amount for Augmentation.

Facts and figures are often interesting. From a report on the statistics of the Halifax Presbytery recently presented to

that court, we gather that there are 30 congregations, and 10 mission stations in the Presbytery. The families are given as 3038; (24 more than last year) communicants, 5440; accessions, 650, of which 504 were by profession. There were aided, in Dartmouth, 49; Windsor, 49; Yarmouth, 27; Richmond, 24; Shubenacadie, 20; Kennetcook, 18. The baptisms were, 363 infants, and 81 adults. The weekly prayer meetings were attended by 2385, or 256 more than last year. The number in Bible-class and Sunday-school is 4:31. There are 599 engaged in the work of teaching. In giving for the schemes of the Church there has been an advance on last year of about seven per cent.

The Presbytery of St. John is carrying on very vigorously its Home Mission work, and during the last few years great progress has been made. They have also a church building fund of their own to aid and encourage weak and struggling stations in erecting places of worship. They recently gave \$100 for that purpose at Dorchester, and \$120 at Riverside. This fund is regarded as a very important one and should be well supported.

CORRECTIONS IN STATISTICAL TABLES

PUBLISHED IN LAST ISSUE OF THE "MARITIME."

Presbytery of St. John:—St. Stephen's, St. John, add for Dayspring and Mission Schools Fund, \$55.00, and for Assembly Fund, \$20.00, making total \$388.00.

Presbytery of Truro:—Great Village, add for College, \$7.00, making total \$205.

In acknowledgements from individuals for Foreign Missions:—Estate late Thos. Fulton should be \$7.00, instead of \$5.00. Harmony:—Add for French Evangelization, \$10.00, making total, \$37.71.

Presbytery of P. E. I.:—Murray Harbor. Deduct \$5.00 from Aged & I. M. F. and add for French Evangelization \$16.00, making total \$141.64. Valleyfield: Add for Assembly \$5.00, making total \$140.00.

Presbytery of Pictou:—Prince Street, Pictou, \$629.78.

The contributions to French Evangelization and the Assembly Fund sent to Rev. R. H. Warden and Dr. Reid, are not acknowledged in these tables.

P. M. MORRISON.

THAT WONDERFUL SERMON.

Read carefully, the following from *The Christian Observer*, and you will be richly repaid for your work, more especially if you have been studying the Sabbath School Lessons the past few weeks:

"Commencing at the fifth chapter of Matthew,— in the first twelve verses, Christ teaches us what should be the *character of a Christian man*; 'pure in spirit,' 'meek,' 'merciful,' 'pure in heart,' 'peacemaker,' etc. And knowing the repugnance of the human heart to the practice of holiness, he encourages the hearer to it by the repetition of the word, 'blessed,' and by the promises, 'theirs is the kingdom of heaven,' etc.

"The second division of the Sermon tells us of what nature the *actions* of the Christian should be, or what the Christian should do. Under this head he discusses the sixth commandment, the third, the seventh, and the new commandment ('Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.') In this he develops the principles on which all commandments of God are to be interpreted. This occupies the rest of the fifth chapter.

"The first eighteen verses of the sixth chapter introduce a new theme, and tell us how the Christian should *worship*. They describe the proper mode of worshipping God, with our money, or in almsgiving; then they set forth the true spirit of prayer, and describe that kind of fasting which is acceptable before God.

"But as our salvation hinges, not upon our worship, but upon the simple act of faith in Christ, our Lord devotes the last half of this chapter to a *description of what faith is*—the removal from the heart of the love of earth, together with singleness of love for God, and reliance upon him for all that we need. If he cares for the ravens, and the lilies, surely his children may trust him to care for us.

"The effect of this faith in God upon our *conduct toward our fellowmen*, is the fifth theme of this discourse. It will make us not critical, or consorionic, but kind and charitable toward our fellows, and at the same time prudent in all our relations to them. It will make us at once 'judge not that we be not judged,' and 'give not that which is holy unto the dogs.' The reader has already recognized this as the teaching of the opening verses of the seventh chapter.

"The effect of this faith upon our *conduct toward God*, is the sixth head of this discourse. It will make us 'ask,' 'seek' and 'knock' and look to our Father to give us all that we need. It will make us enter in 'at the straight gate' and cause us to be in *haste to seek it*.

"The other effect of this faith, is the closing theme of the discourse. It is an exceeding caution for ourselves against the acceptance of erroneous doctrines, or listening to 'false prophets.' As it were in anticipation of the tendencies of this century, he bids us 'beware of false prophets.' And he makes the warning emphatic by describing their end in terms to make us shudder. As we read Christ's answer to them, 'I never knew you, depart from me ye that work iniquity,' or as we read of the house upon the sand that 'it fell, and great was the fall of it,' our hearts cannot but realize how important it is for us to 'beware of false prophets.'

"To sum up, Christ tells us:

- 1st. What we ought to be.
- 2nd. What we ought to do.
- 3rd. How we ought to worship.
- 4th. How we ought to trust.
- 5th. How we ought to feel toward our fellow men.
- 6th. How we ought to feel toward God.
- 7th. How we ought to guard ourselves against those doctrinal errors which ruin the soul."

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

"I'll master it," said the axe; and his blows fell heavily on the iron.

But every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and, with his relentless teeth, he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down and broken, and he fell aside.

"Ha, ha!" said the hammer. "I knew you wouldn't succeed. I'll show you the way."

But at the first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame.

They all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under its irresistible influence.

PROF. DRUMMOND'S TALKS.

As but a fraction of our readers may be able to see and hear Prof. Drummond during his American tour, I transcribe a few sentences; from two of his manly talks.

"Our religious life," he said, "gets into an invalid condition just as our bodily life does. We violate certain laws. Sickness is usually caused by violating some simple laws. You come here to get into restored physical condition, and then the health comes of itself. The conditions of spiritual health are even more simple than those of bodily health. There is nothing more simple than religion—nothing more simple than to have rest and peace and joy and faith and love. They are in the reach of any one who goes about it in the right way."

"The difficulty is, most of us are busy with effects instead of with causes. We pray for peace, for faith, for love. These are effects; before you pray for the effects, examine and ascertain the causes. The way to get the effect is not to pray for it, but to fulfil its causes. Then you cannot help getting it. Things don't come by magic in religion. We pray and imagine that God will take these things down and fit them into some place in us. This is impossible; God never works in that way. Everything comes by cause and effect. For illustration, take the gift of spiritual joy Christ tells us how to get this joy. It is by abiding in the Vine. When one has not joy, it is because he does not fulfill the necessary conditions. If you *abide in Christ*, I don't say that you may possibly get some joy; but I say you *must* get it, you cannot help it. You cannot get it by praying directly for it, but by fulfilling the conditions. When you pray, pray that you may fulfil the conditions. There are no unconditional promises; whenever you find an *if*, it means that there is a condition, and that it *must* be fulfilled before the effect can follow. There is no chance in religion; everything goes by cause and effect. There is no 'perhaps'; if you fulfill God's conditions, you cannot help getting. It is a law of God that the cause shall always be followed by the effect."

Following up this common-sense philosophy of the spiritual life, Prof. Drummond explained how the blessings of peace, of rest, of faith, and of love, are to be obtained. The essence of his whole talk was

condensed into one sentence: "Come to Christ, and then stay there."

All of Mr. Drummond's discourses are pre-eminently Christologic. He sums up with "Make Christ your most constant companion, and then reflecting in a mirror His character, you will be changed into His image. The great secret of a sanctified nature is to be standing before Jesus Christ, catching His nature and spirit unconsciously, by mere reflection of Him." After dwelling on the effects of constant companionship with Jesus, the Professor concluded by saying "What God wants is not quantity, but quality. What the world needs is not more meetings, more tracts, and more evangelists; but more mirrors that adequately reflect the character of Jesus Christ."—Dr. Cuyler.

One of the best things that has come from the city of Quebec for some time is the decision of the Recorder with regard to the mob that attacked the Salvation Army. Not long since the Army was holding its Anniversary in Quebec. There was a large "gathering of the clans." While marching through the streets returning from a visit to Wolfe's monument, they were attacked by a mob of roughs, estimated at 2000. Some of the soldiers, both men and women, were badly hurt with sticks and stones. The case was tried before the Recorder, who has decided that the Army being an association of peaceable citizens with a good object in view, are worthy of the protection of the law, and has imposed on one of the assailants the highest fine allowed by the law. Though a Roman Catholic himself, his sense of justice and right in this matter is fair and unbiassed. This much, however, cannot be said for some of the Roman Catholic papers of Quebec, which in language of unmeasured abuse, denounce the Recorder and the judgment he has given. This shows what religious liberty means in the eyes of many of our fellow countrymen, and what we may expect if the power that rules Quebec should attain a controlling influence in the Dominion. Such scenes call loudly for increased effort in the work of French Evangelization.

There is not a greater drudge in the world; than he that is under the power of reigning covetousness.

PLAYING FOOL.

An industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much time at a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon, he would carelessly reply, "Oh, I've just been down a little while playing pool." His little two-year old caught the refrain, and would often ask, "Is you going down to play fool, papa?"

Smith tried in vain to correct this word. The child persisted in his own pronunciation, and day by day he accented his father with "Has you been playin' fool, papa?" This made a deep impression on the shoemaker, as he realized that the question was being answered in the falling off of his customers and the growing wants of the household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool table, but weakly allowed the passion of play to hold him a long time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money and out of flour. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim,

"No work again to-day! what I'm to do I don't know."

"Why," papa, prattled the baby, "Can't you run down and play fool some more?"

"Oh, hush, you poor child!" groaned his father, shamestricken. "That's just the trouble: papa has played fool too much already."

But he never played, it again, and to-day his home is comfortable and happy.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS

If all Christian people were but possessed of the peacemaking spirit no little spark of enmity would ever become a fire. Whenever we find a man angry with another we should then at once seek to remove the angry feeling. This a few peaceable, charitable words will often do in a few moments. Most personal quarrels arise from misunderstandings, which a wise and kindly mediator rarely finds serious difficulty in correcting. The little rifts in friendship that we find we should strive to heal. The unkind thoughts of others which we discover in people's minds we should seek to change into kindly thoughts. We can do no better, Christlier, service in this world than to promote peace between man and man, to keep people from drifting

apart and to draw them closer together in love. There is nothing that this world so much needs as more love. There are things enough to separate people, to drive them apart and to produce frictions and alienations. What we want is more of the spirit which inspires men to love each other better and which makes them patient, gentle, meek, charitable, kindly affectioned. So let us burnish up this neglected beatitude and become children of God, like our Father, in making peace between man and man, even by personal loss and sacrifice.—*Sel.*

TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

Learn to govern yourselves, and be gentle and patient. Guard your tongues, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayer and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word makes a quarrel. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice. Learn to say kind, pleasant things whenever opportunity offers. Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small. Do not neglect little things if they can effect the comfort of others in the smallest degree. Avoid moods and petts and fits of sulkiness. Learn to deny yourself, and perfect others. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers. Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.—*Sel.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR CHARACTER.

Take care of your character. Do not be too much concerned for your reputation. It will give you no trouble. Character is everything—something that cannot be hid from God or man, that cannot be changed as we change a garment; but we carry it with us wherever we go, and by it we are known every day of our life. A pure, earnest, broad, consistent, symmetrical character—what blessings it confers on the world!

Righteousness was the birthright of humanity. "Its corruption was derived. A tempter took it into Paradise." Christ, the Restorer of humanity, is seeking to cast out its evil and restore it to its original righteousness. O blessed Christ! Would that humanity would kneel at Thy feet and accept Thy precious, proffered gift!