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

# THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

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WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

OCTOBER, 1890.

## Literary Notices.

SCRIBNERS' MAGAZINE for September gives in "Uncle Sam's blue jackets afloat," a brightly written, well illustrated description of the United States marine and a voyage of a squadron of American warships from America to Portugal; "The Rights of the Citizen, V. To His own Property:— "The Country House," illustrated:— "The American River and Lake Systems"—"Nature and Man in America,"—"A Crown Jewel, Heligoland" make up a valuable series of articles by competent writers on subjects of wide and varied interest. Price 25 cents, \$3.00 per year, Charles Scribners' Sons, New York.

## COUNT OVER YOUR MERCIES.

A Southern woman who died lately at a great age, and who carried to the last days of her life a happy heart, and a singularly gay temper, thus explained the mystery of her unfailling cheerfulness:

"I was taught by my mother when a child to reckon, each morning before I rose, the blessings God had given me with which to begin the day. I was not simply to say:

"When all thy mercies, O, my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise,"

but I was to count the mercies one by one, from the neat and serviceable shoes that covered my cold feet, to the sunlight shining on the hill tops. My school friends, my play, my fun, my mother's kiss, the baby sister in her cradle—all these I learned to consider separately, and of every one to say, 'He gave it to me.'

"This practice taught me the habit of thankfulness. It kept my heart near to Him, kept it light and happy. These every-day blessings were not to me mere matters of course, but special, loving touches from his paternal hand. No pain or sorrow could outweigh them.

We all have a store of richer jewels than the heathen king; and, unlike the crown regalia, these jewels are our own, given to us by our father.

How many of us mutter over, as the day begins, some perfunctory words of thanks which mean nothing; How many number their mercies, *tasting the delight and joy* of each, and out of glad hearts thanking the Giver?

And how many quite forget to think either of them or of Him?

## CHRISTIANS FAVORED.

While there is throughout India the bitterest opposition shown to those who change their faith from Hinduism to Christianity, yet there are numberless illustrations of the fact that Christians are regarded with favor. An English Baptist missionary writes of the *melu* at Sonapore in November last, that there were 150,000 persons present and a great deal of fanaticism, yet the company of Christian preachers, whose encampment was between two opposing sects of heathenism, was altogether unmolested. The people fought and quarreled among themselves and robbed each other, yet they did not molest the Christians. Even the leaders of the Hindu manifested much friendliness, and many of the common people came to listen to the preaching of the gospel. A writer in the *English Missionary Herald* reports a singular illustration of thieving propensities among the natives at that *melu*. A prominent man came with 300 rupees, to go through with certain ceremonies in behalf of others who could not come. He buried his money in the ground till the time came for him to perform the meritorious act of making a feast for the Brahmans. In the meantime another worshipper had attached himself to the man with the money, and the latter, when he went to find his rupees, beheld, they were gone! And so also was his fellow-worshipper. It seems that the pagans do not trust each other, while they do trust the Christian.  
—*Miss. Herald*.

## IN IT, BUT NOT OF IT.

One evening, in a parlor at a summer watering-place, the young people were dancing. One young lady was not taking any part in the exercise. Does not your daughter dance?" asked another lady of this young lady's mother.

"N," was the reply.  
"Why, how will she get on in the world?"  
"I am not bringing her up for the world," was the quiet answer.

The young lady is now a woman, and the influence of her consecrated life is felt in many of the Christian interests of a great city.

It is utterly impossible for the best men to please the whole world, and the sooner this is understood and a position taken in view of this fact the better. Do right, though you have enemies.

Nobody ever outgrows Scripture; the Book widens and deepens with our years.—Spurgeon.

# THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. X.

OCTOBER, 1890.

No 10.

The institution of which mention was made in a former issue of the *Maritime* and for which Mr. Grant has been receiving contributions, is simply, and only, for the training of native laborers for the work of our mission in Trinidad, it is in no sense for the higher education of Asiatics. The Government of Trinidad makes provision for that and if still higher is needed it must come from that source. It is not the work of the special mission of the Church in her efforts to obey Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature", to furnish higher education for the people whom she seeks to evangelize.

There are three stages in Mission work, or rather three phases of its development. (1.) The Christianizing of the people. (2.) Organizing into congregations with native pastors. (3.) Self support. The last two should go side by side. When all this is done the work is completed and the Home Church is free to withdraw and enter new fields, leaving a native Christian church to work out its own destiny. The aim should be to reach this point as speedily as possible, for the longer a native church remains dependent upon the Home church the less efficient does it become. Children should not be long carried in arms.

The aim of the missionaries in Trinidad is to train as best they may native laborers to carry on the work, and to develop as best they can self support. The Christian Indian population is making progress in material wealth and intelligence. Most of this is due directly or indirectly to the work of our mission and it is hoped that their development will show itself, as in many cases it has already done, in a proportionate progress in giving for the evangelization of their country men.

The point mentioned by Mr. Morton in his letter on another page viz., the appointment of an Indian, Mr. C. C. Sooden on the New Education Board of Trinidad, is another of the stages that marks the progress of the Indian people there, and an earnest of yet greater attention by the government in the future to the development of the Indian population.

The estimated population of the New Hebrides and the Indian population of Trinidad is estimated at about the same figure, viz., 60,000. The former expects to have by the end of this year twenty missionaries which will with native helpers pretty effectively supply the whole group. It is expected that at the close of the present year we will have five missionaries in Trinidad, or one to every twelve thousand Indians. The latter, however, increase so rapidly by immigration from India as well as by natural increase that they will probably ere long number eighty or one hundred thousand.

**CORRECTION.**— In the August *MARITIME* was an article entitled "Pansy, and who she is," in which it was stated that she is the wife of a Methodist minister. The statement was copied from a leading religious weekly which gave a history of her life, but was incorrect. Rev. W. H. Ness, of Port-au-Pique writes that she is the wife of a Presbyterian minister. Mr. Ness says "I am in a position to say that he is a Presbyterian since he was a neighbour of mine for three years in Pennsylvania and preached at my induction. He is a very fine man and very popular among his people, but on account of his wife's health had to resign and go South. He was a great Sabbath School worker, and

she was, as is stated, active in all Christian work so far as health and time would admit of it."

A great missionary Conference was recently held in Shanghai, China. It was composed of missionaries of almost all the denominations, who met to confer regarding their common work. The one great question before them was their work and how to advance it. The watchword of the Conference was *union*, and its motto, "The unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." One feeling that animated the Conference was the overwhelming need of more missionaries, and it has made an urgent call for one thousand men for China to be sent out in the next five years. This appeal is made "on behalf of three hundred millions of unevangelized heathen by those who feel the pressure of the need."

Among the matters that are well worthy a place in the prayers of our Christian people is the coming meeting of Synod at Moncton. Let there be earnest prayer that the Spirit of love and wisdom may be given, and then will the meeting be fruitful of good to our church and Glory to God.

Two grand illustrations of the triumph of right have been witnessed in the United States within the last few months. The first is in connection with temperance. The liquor sellers hunted up an old law by which parcels shipped from one State might be sold in another State, provided the original package were not broken. This gave the liquor sellers the opportunity of flooding the Prohibition States with liquor done up in the "original packages." "Original package" shops sprang up in many places. The efforts of temperance people in striving for and securing prohibition in their own States seemed to have been in vain. "Original packages" were scattered far and wide, and the liquor interest was jubilant.

But the triumph of wrong was short. The nation was stirred. Congress passed a law that all "original packages" coming from one State to another should be subject to the laws of the State to which they came. The

flood tide of drunkenness that was overflowing the prohibition States was stemmed. Original package shops suddenly disappeared. Right triumphed, but it will take a long time to remove all the evils, the taste for drink revived and fostered, and all the other evils resulting from that short overflow of strong drink.

The other marked instance has been in connection with that other giant evil of gambling, in connection with the Louisiana lottery. This lottery Company licensed by the State of Louisiana was draining money from almost every town and village in the United States and from many in Canada as well, and fostering the gambling mania. Not long since the license of the Company expired. They offered the State a million dollars a year for twenty-five years to renew their charter. The contest in the State Legislature was strong. Many felt keenly the disgrace of selling the honor and good of the State for money. But the temptation was great. Many fought for the evil and it seemed on the point of carrying the day when the National Government interfered to save the country from such a curse and a bill has been passed which forbids the mails carrying lottery communications. This bill provides that any person who mails a letter ordering a ticket or who sends a postal card in relation to a lottery is just as liable to the penalty. Newspapers containing advertisements concerning lotteries are to be excluded from the mails, and any publisher mailing any newspapers containing an advertisement of any lottery company is liable to the same penalty, to wit: Imprisonment for eighteen months or a fine not exceeding \$500, or both.

While we look with satisfaction at the success of our neighbors across the line in their stand for good morals, we have to blush with shame as we look at our country. In the Province of Quebec lotteries are carried on by the Church of Rome for its own benefit. That which claims to be a church of Christ filling its coffers, demoralizing the land, defying the law, and governments content to have it so.

Rev. K. J. Grant has been nominated by the Presbytery of Pictou as Moderator of the Maritime Synod at its approaching meeting in Moncton. This is the first time that our Synod has had the opportunity of placing one of its older missionaries in the Moderator's chair. It might have done so when some of the S. Sea missionaries were home for they were members of our presbyteries, but previous to the action of last Synod and Assembly, the Presbytery of Trinidad, of which Mr. Grant is a member, was not on the roll of our Synod.

A keen contest is waging over the question of Sabbath opening at the international Exhibition to be held in Chicago in 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. A similar contest took place in connection with the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876 and the friends of the Sabbath were successful. It is hoped that a similar result will follow in the present instance. When these exhibitions are held on the Continent of Europe they are opened on the Sabbath, and there are many who would like to introduce the Continental Sabbath on this side the Atlantic. But even the Continent is getting weary of it. The nations find that instead of freedom, it is oppression, that God's commands are the only true freedom, that when mammon gets control of the Sabbath it drives the sons and daughters of toil with a merciless lash, that the day which is taken from God becomes a day of bondage.

Might too often makes right in this life and hence the necessity that the rights of men and women be secure to them by wise and just legislation. The Sabbath was made for man. It is his right. But unless it is secured to him by law the selfishness that knows no law save its own interest will take from all over whom it has control the right to that day as their own. If the law permits Sabbath work, then the employer who may choose to do so can bid the employee to "work or go." The claim for open exhibitions is based on consideration for the laboring man, that he may enjoy it on the Sab-

bath. But that means work and no rest for a multitude of railway men, waiters, attendants and others, and the law which allows the pleasure of the many to impose labor upon the wants of the few will soon be taken advantage of by power and greed of gain to impose labor upon the many and the world for the poor will become a weary monotony of ceaseless toil.

Much is said about giving for missions, and there is abundant room and ability for more. but there is another thing that is perhaps fully as much behind what it should be, and that is, honest, earnest, praying for missions.

The saintly mother of a missionary used to pray with a map of the world before her in her closet, every day. She would plead with God in behalf of one country for successive days, and then for another, and another, and another. When her daughter wrote home of the great awakening at Harpoot, and of the many conversions in that city and in the villages of the plain, the mother replied: "I am not surprised, I have been expecting this for months past. I have spent the hours before the dawn of every day in praying to God for an outpouring of his Spirit upon Harpoot."

Judson's testimony as to prayer was: "I never was deeply interested in any object—I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came at some time; no matter at how distant a day, somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised, it came.

Queen Mary trembled at the prayers of John Knox. What a quaking in the kingdom of darkness would ensue if our great sisterhood of churches would band together to fathom the meaning of that glorious promise, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive!"

The Presbytery of Truro met for visitation in the church at Acadia Mines on the evening of September 10th. Twenty four have been added during the year on profession of their faith and ten by certificate. Nearly \$500 was contributed to the schemes of the church during the past year, and \$150 added to the pastor's salary. Presbytery expressed great satisfaction at the progress of the congregation.

## Maritime Notes,

A new Presbyterian church is building at Lower Horton.

Richmond Bay, East, P. E. I. has called Rev. E. Bayne.

The Congregation of Earltown has called Rev. G. L. Gordon, of River John.

Rev. J. Nelson has resigned the pastoral charge of the Windsor congregation.

Mr. D. McD. Clark has accepted the call to the congregation of Chipman, N. B.

Rev. J. W. McLellan was inducted into the pastoral charge of the Newport congregation, Sept. 16.

Truro Presbytery has applied for a free grant of \$250 from the Hunter Fund for the church at River Hebert.

Mr. Charles Mackay was ordained and inducted into the charge of the congregation at Oxford, Cum. Co., Aug. 9th.

Rev. Ewen McKenzie was inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Cape North on the first of August.

Rev. John Sutherland was inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Caledonia, P. E. I., on the 20th August.

Rev. K. J. Grant has been addressing meetings in Truro Presbytery and taking collections for the training institution in Trinidad.

The Halifax Presbyterial of the W. F. S. held its annual meeting at Kentville, Sept. 3rd. Receipts for the year were reported as over \$1100.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed at Loch Lomond on the first Sabbath of August, when over one hundred were received into the fellowship of the Church.

Rev. Godfrey Shore has returned to Carleton, St. John. On leaving St. Stephen's he was presented with a purse of \$120 by the congregation as a token of their attachment.

The first Annual meeting of the Victoria and Richmond Presbyterial of the W. F. M. Society met at Whycocomagh on the 21st August; \$152 has been raised during the year.

The annual meeting of the W. F. M. S., was held in Fort Massey Church, Halifax, on Thursday, Sept. 11th and 12th. Rev. K. J. Grant and Mrs. Grant of Trinidad were present, and added much to the interest of the meetings.

The Session of Brookfield congregation have decided to present any of the children in the Sabbath Schools with a pocket Bible on their repeating correctly the whole of the answers to the Shorter Catechism. Six have

done so and received their Bibles, while more are following.

Rev. A. B. Dickie, coming home after a four weeks vacation in the United States, was greeted on the evening of his return by a manse full of the congregation, a warm welcome and seventy dollars to meet the expense of his trip. Valuable as the testimonial was, more precious was it as a token of appreciation of his faithful service.

The Annual meeting of the Truro Presbyterial W. F. M. S. was held at Wallace, Sept 3rd. Three auxiliaries and two mission bands and four life members were added during the year. Total income for the year \$1,031.16 Officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. MacLean, Great Village; First Vice-President, Mrs. J. B. Dickie, Truro; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Robbins, Truro; Third Vice-President, Mrs. D. S. Fraser, Springside; Secretary, Mrs. C. P. Blanchard, Truro; Treasurer, Mrs. Yorston, Truro.

The sixth annual meeting of the Pictou Presbyterial, W. F. M. S., was held at Prince St. Hall, Pictou, on Sept. 4th. The afternoon session was entirely devoted to business. The Secretary's report shows an increase since last year of 4 auxiliaries, 3 branches and 10 mission bands. Membership, of auxiliaries 986, of Mission bands 242, total 1228. There are now 34 auxiliaries 3 branches and 14 mission bands. The Treasurer's report shows a total for this year of \$1392.22. Officers for the coming year are as follows:—Pres. Mrs. Munro, Antigonish; Mrs. Boyd, Glenelg; Mrs. Fraser, Scotsburn; Mrs. Forbes, Durham; Mrs. McLean, Lochaber; Mrs. McLeod, Thorburn Mrs. Jos. Fraser, Barney's River; Mrs. Drummond, Stellarton; Ex. Com. Treasurer, Mrs. C. W. Ives, Pictou; Secretary, Mrs. J. D. Morrison, Pictou; Ass. Sec'y, Mrs. E. Jocelyn, Antigonish.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the W. F. M. S. met in Fort Massey Church, Halifax, on the 11th and 12th Sept. 125 delegates were present representing over sixty auxiliaries and mission bands. The receipts for the year have been over \$5000. The officers for the coming year are:—President, Mrs. R. F. Burns; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Baxter, Halifax; Mrs. Robbins, Truro; Miss Carmichael, Pictou; Mrs. Laird, Charlottetown; Mrs. D. M. Gordon, Halifax; Mrs. W. H. Harrington, Halifax. Recording-Secretary, Mrs. Dodge. Foreign Secretary, Miss Fairbanks. Home Secretary, Mrs. J. T. Thompson. Secretary of Young People's Work, Miss McCulloch, Truro. Secretary of Supplies, Miss Forrest. Treasurer, Mrs. S. Waddell, and the Committee.

## LETTER FROM MR. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, Aug. 4th, 1890.

*For the Maritime.*

"He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." We quote these words of Solomon to justify us in facing a rain storm yesterday in going to open the new school-house at Chaguanas. They of our own household assured us that reason was given us that we might observe the wind and not expose ourselves to risk. We followed Solomon. "By 10 o'clock the rain ceased. Our first meeting was in a large Government hospital, where three adults were baptized. These men had been under instruction for some time, and so far as men can judge are looking for mercy and life to the atoning work of Jesus Christ alone. Besides these there were twelve others, all patients, at the service.

Our second service was in an Estate hospital with an audience of twenty. One of these maintained that we reap what we sow — enjoy or suffer what we earn — and that this rule is absolute. This is the doctrine of *works* or *karma* as the Hindus call it. This *way* of works is opposed to the gospel of grace, and one can understand the Epistles of Paul much better when he meets with people whose *way* is that of works, and who broadly and boldly maintain that if saved at all it must be by our own deeds. I took the illustration of a sick man, too ill to work, and without tools, coming to the manager of the Estate. If he asks work and undertakes a task he must finish it or he gets no pay. If he asks a favour to be sent to the hospital and fed and nursed he may find favour and through it health, after which he can and must work. As sinners we are sick, and if we look to what we can do there is no hope for us. But if we look to the mercy of God which is shown us in Christ Jesus there is good ground for hope. This is the *way* of *faith*. But some of the Hindus also profess a *way* of faith and hold with some that if only a man believes a thing sincerely, his faith or his sincerity is imputed for righteousness. It is therefore necessary to antagonize *work* and *wages* with the *gift* of *grace*, and insist that our hope must rest not on anything in or of ourselves, but in something in God and proceeding from him. This man seemed to be perfectly sincere in his views and not a mere wordy opponent. He admitted that much that I said was altogether new to him, and wonderfully good, if true. Many who say it is true have heard it so often that they seem to forget how good it is. This poor Hindu felt that this new *way* if true was wonderfully good.

Our next meeting was in the new school-

house. It is 18 feet by 36 feet, and over 130 East Indians were gathered into it. They were remarkably well behaved and attentive. There was no part of the service long. The sermon was represented by an address of fifteen minutes on the invitation "Come unto Me," and after a hymn another address of twelve minutes on "The Guru we need." Two children were baptized. The rainy forenoon kept away two adults at a distance who were to have been baptized, from coming, and one near at hand was ill with fever.

At the close a vote of thanks was passed to Samuel Henderson, Esq., for the gift of a site for the school house; to James Lane, Esq., for conveying the materials from the railway station to the spot, and to Edward Cumberbatch, Esq., for getting the ground drained and levelled and otherwise assisting.

JOHN MORTON.

## LATER LETTER FROM MR. MORTON.

September 5th, 1890.

Our new Education Board met for the first time on the 2nd. On that Board, along with Sir William Robinson, K. C. M.; G. Governor, Sir John Gorrie, Chief Justice, and several Honorables, sat "Charles Clarence Soodeen, Esquire." The proposal to appoint an East Indian to represent his countrymen came spontaneously from His Excellency the Governor, and the choice fell on Soodeen. He came here as an orphan boy not able to read. More than twenty years ago he became my first Indian teacher. He had charge of my district in my absence last year. He never had any special advantages; but he made a good use of the ordinary opportunities that were within his reach, and he was found faithful.

We borrowed from Mr. Macrae a small magic lantern to have a few entertainments. At Tunapuna and St. Joseph we had crowded houses and a good opportunity of speaking to some who never come to church.

The heat of the lantern in crowded rooms and driving home in the night air did not agree with me, so Geoffrey Subaru was instructed and put in charge of the work. He held seven meetings and as soon as the holidays are over will hold several more. Large numbers came, behaved well, listened attentively and went away delighted. The report of those present led others to ask that he should return again, and as soon as we get a fresh supply of slides he will give the people a second benefit. The simplest comic slides were very highly appreciated, and a donkey that reared and kicked in a vain effort to throw a boy from his back was considered a special wonder. "What was the use of all



that?" "Much every way." The people were pleased that we tried to give them pleasure. Parents were pleased that we tried to give them pleasure. Parents were pleased in their children's enjoyment. A lesson was given by the Catechist to all present and some were present for the first but not for the last time. The influences that move men and boys here as well as Nova Scotia, are very varied.

J. MORTON.

### FIFTY YEAR'S WORK IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Last year, being considered the jubilee year of the New Hebrides Mission, these statistics were carefully collected from each missionary. There were fourteen missionaries, and four on furlough last year, for an estimated population of 61,199:

Number of communicants.....	1,529
Number admitted during the year..	59
Persons baptized.....	272
Attendance at regular Sabbath service	7,997
Attendance at candidates' class....	105
Teachers located under missionary charge.....	169
Schools under missionary charge....	162
Number attending these schools....	5,917
Estimated or known population of field of labour.....	61,199
Marriages celebrated during year....	57
Scripture translations in circulation..	24
Other books in circulation.....	37

—Free Church of Scotland Monthly.

### THE POWER OF A GOOD LIFE.

A wonderful illustration of how men and women can serve God and win others to Him by the silent eloquence of a holy life is seen in the history of mission work in Japan. "One of the first tokens of God's favor to the work of the American Board there sprang from the life of an American secular teacher, who worked under the strictest injunctions not to say a word to his pupils on the subject of Christianity. He was not to do any thing in any conscious way that would lower their reverence for the religion of their fathers. The obligation was scrupulously kept, but he could not obscure the unconscious influence of a Christian life, which in the Christian works a daily transfiguration. He was steadily watched as the unconscious saving virtue went out of him, like a divine halo about his life, and the young men under his teaching began to seek the source of that speechless but all conquering form of life, which impressed them without any seeming

exertion. Forty of his pupils, all unknown to himself did the only thing in the direction of a reformation they could.—they met in a grove and signed a covenant to abandon idolatry. This movement became known; it aroused hostility, and the school was broken up and several of the young men were imprisoned; but prisons were no terror to those whom the truth makes free, and who are free indeed. Liberty of conscience soon found favor, and an edict stopped the threatened persecution. Twenty five of the young men were afterward gathered into the Kioto training school, and fifteen of them became preachers of the gospel."

### HOW TO STUDY THE WORD OF GOD PROFITABLY.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. A. FALCONER AT THE Y. P. S. C. E. CONVENTION, IN FICTOU

In prosecuting the enquiry "How to study the word of God profitably," there are some things that we are to assume,—I mean assume or take for granted in our present enquiry.

(1.) That it is God who speaks to us in the Bible. It is the Divine Book amid all other books. In it "the mighty God even the Lord hath spoken." That fact must be placed in the forefront, as we sit down to a quiet study of the Word. With a depth of meaning, that can be asserted of nothing else, the Bible is a revelation from heaven standing apart as emphatically God's Word. And hence it speaks positively. Its tone, as is fitting in an inspiration from heaven, is not suggestive but declarative. It is imperative; it commands, and so we are to sit down and consult it, with this thought uppermost in the mind, that it is the Lord God Almighty who is speaking, and that this is His supreme and absolute revelation. Let us read it therefore hearing the voice but seeing no man.

(2.) We are to accept it as speaking to us to-day. Let us not read it, as merely of antiquarian interest—as a record of events which occurred in times and under conditions, so entirely different from ours, as to have no practical bearing upon our lives. No; the Bible comes bearing thought that is needed for the life of to-day. It speaks to man as man, independent of any particular place or period. Its teaching is as vital to-day as ever. It is as "quick and powerful" now, as when these words were incorporated in the epistle to the Hebrews, and it remains, as at the first, a life-giving word for the human race. Its teaching is such, as our moral nature understands and responds to. It is adapted to the universal human intellect

and heart and conscience. And so Christ is still saying in the Word to us, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." We accept the Bible then as speaking to us.

(3.) It must be studied first and specially with a view to our own spiritual nurture. I need not say how profoundly and blessedly true it is, that the Bible enriches and nurtures and establishes the higher spiritual life—how, whilst the babe in Christ finds in it "the sincere milk of the Word," the Christian who has made the highest attainments in the divine life, will still find food there, to enrich and strengthen and comfort and help. Now as Christian workers there may be a little danger, that, instead of coming to the Word for our own edification, and consolation, and growth in grace, we study it merely for the use we can make of it in teaching and influencing others—for the best way of directing it upon the attention of other men. But whilst we need not neglect this use of it, let us often go to God's Word, not thinking so much about others, or how we are to bring the truth to bear upon them, as about what it says to the deeper necessities of our own souls. Let us seek in it the bread and water for our own lives. Coming thus to it, as to a quiet resting-place, we shall gain much spiritual refreshment and comfort.

(4.) Then it is to be further assumed, that we seek for and wait upon the spirit as we study the Word. If it is God's Word, then it is fully "written within," and it is according to the Spirit that it must be read, for the letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life." The letter will be a poor, miserable, fruitless form, without the Spirit, but with the Spirit it will be lofty, profound and sublime. We must see the form of truth filled with the Spirit of God, that He may through the Word, fill our spirits with the Spirit of Christ. We must therefore, continually seek the Divine Spirit, that He may enable us fully to grasp the truths of the Bible—that He who originally inspired the Word, might inspire our minds with light, so that in His light, we might see light clearly. If we ask a blessing on the food of daily sustenance, should we not sit down prayerfully to enjoy the bread of life. Let our prayer then be, "open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

Now assuming these general essential requirements for all profitable study of the Word, let us enquire for a little into certain methods that may be pursued.

1. Let us sometimes take brief select portions of the Word, for quiet meditation, and let them as it were silently drop into the soul. As we take our Bibles in our

hands for this purpose, we should cultivate a specially calm and reverential spirit, trying to realize the sentiment of the words, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." One of the essential conditions for communion with God is reverence. The secrets of God's truth will not disclose themselves to unquiet, irreverent minds. In this mood we should at times take small portions of the Word and let them silently drop into the soul, realising that God is speaking in them, our chief effort being to catch the truth of his utterance to us. As Dr Leckie puts it: "Let us listen in silence to the Word of God. Let us still our questioning; let us listen now and again in silence and receive; let it go deep down into our being, in profound stillness. We may spoil everything by letting the murmur of our own thoughts arise." Thus aware to become absorbed in the Word, not thinking for the time being, so much, of practical inferences from it, or the relation of it to other passages, as that through it, God is now holding converse with our souls. Such a meditation as that, will no doubt be found helpful to the soul.

2. But whilst we may receive very great benefit from studying distinct passages of the Word, yet we must not confine ourselves to this method. The Bible has come to us in separate fragments, through many generations, and each may do a very distinct work. But no phrases, no paragraphs, no chapters of the Bible, have their full meaning, when looked at apart from the rest. In the great system of truth called the gospel, we have God's gracious plan for the salvation of the soul. It contains many parts, and all are needed and so we should study them connectedly, we must study the Word inductively—we must study its pages with a method." It is written, "must often be studied in the light of "It is written again." from the parallelism of passages, light will be thrown by the one upon the other. And how frequently do we find statements of both doctrine and experience, clearly illustrated by historic facts. It is impossible, for example, to comprehend many of the Psalms of David, unless they are read in the history of David's life. As we compare passage with passage, and doctrine with history, fresh light and beauty often fall upon the Word, and our confidence in its Divine origin is thereby greatly increased.

3. Then as we enter more fully into the examination of the Bible, it is well to study its books as a whole. The scope of our examination, you will observe, is broadening out, as it always ought to do. I presume that I need scarcely say to any one present, that the division of our Bible into chapters

and verses, is a mere human arrangement, for convenience sake; the division into chapters taking place in the thirteenth century. Sometimes the division is very arbitrary, occasionally marring the meaning and beauty of passages. Illustrations of this might readily be cited. It is quite clear, for example, that that beautiful fifty-third chapter of Isaiah ought to have begun with the thirteenth verse of the previous chapter. And then we have the twenty-first chapter of Acts breaking off in the middle of a sentence, the chapter actually terminating with a comma, though perhaps the real continuity is not so much broken in that as in other cases. Let us study the books of the Bible then, as a whole, regardless of chapters and verses, that we may get a connected view of the arrangement and purpose of the author. Let the epistles be read as letters, written to individuals or churches, and let us seek to ascertain the special object and drift of each. This will throw immense light upon certain passages. And so of the gospels. We shall never fully understand the gospels, unless we realize that each was written with a distinct purpose in view. Of course they all deal with the life of Christ; but each writer gives us a picture of that life from his own standpoint, with a specific object before his mind. In Matthew we have the promised Messiah, the Son of David, at the same time Lord and Christ. This is distinctively the gospel of Messianic royalty, designed primarily to command the faith of the Jews in Jesus as the true Messiah. Mark again sets Christ before us, not as king, but as a servant, in accordance with the words, "tho' in the form of God, and thinking it not robbery to be equal with God, he made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant." Luke deals especially with the humanity of Christ, and shows Him to be the Saviour adapted to the whole race, not the Jews only, but also the Gentiles. And almost everybody knows, that John deals particularly with the divinity of the Saviour. Each gospel thus reveals a separate aspect of Christ's life and love, and they all unite in setting forth the full, complete Christ, as at once the Son of David, the Servant of God, the Son of man, and the Son of God. If you study each gospel, keeping the special object of the evangelist in view it is simply wonderful, how many touches, even in the record of the same incident, take on a fresh interest, and beauty and force. Had I time I might illustrate also from other books of the Bible.

4. "Then we should at times still further widen out the range of our study of the Scriptures, by examining them as a whole—looking at the general structure of the Bible

It is wonderful what light a careful study of the Old Testament throws upon the New. I was impressed with a sermon by Dr. John Ker bearing upon the structure of the Bible which I read some time ago. It traces out an order in each Testament, the one corresponding to the other. They both begin with history, and rest upon that as a basis. We have the five books of Moses in the Old Testament, and corresponding to that, the four gospels in the New. Then we have a second period. It consists of a strong effort, on the part of God's people, to extend and establish their principles in the world. The record of this is found in the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, &c., in the Old Testament. And how clear the parallel between these parts of the Word, and the Acts of the Apostles and a few of the Epistles, where we find the record of the church striving to find a place among mankind for the great Christ.

As we move on we discover a third period. It is the stage of comparative rest and quiet meditation. After the severe conflict, during which certain possessions have been gained as a foothold for the kingdom, the mind is turned from outward struggle, to reflect upon profound spiritual truths. The record of this period we have, in the Old Testament, in the Book of Psalms, Solomon's writing, and some others; and corresponding with that in the New, we have Paul's Epistles, and those of others of the Apostles. And then we have the fourth and last period,—what Dr. Ker calls "*the sense of incompleteness.*" This of course refers to the period of prophecy. As we advance in the Old Testament we find that it is beginning to look out into the future and sound more clearly the note of the coming Messiah—the desire of all the nations—who was finally to answer and fulfill the expectations of all that had gone before. And how does the New Testament close? With the book of Revelation, pointing ultimately to the completion of all things—the second coming transcending even the first. And we close the sacred volume with the sublime words ringing in our ears, "Surely I come quickly, Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus."

But my time is up, and I cannot further dwell upon this interesting feature of the Word of Life. Wonderful indeed is the structure, as well as the contents, of the Bible. But let each of seek to have more than admiration for the Bible's matchless composition, the marvels of its history, the harmony of its parts, or even the blessedness and salvation which it offers. We need more than this. Bread to nourish us must be eaten, and a cup of blessing to refresh must be drunk. Therefore, if we would know personally, all that through the Spirit,

the Bible can give us, we must take it, and hide it in our hearts, that there its truths may be a perennial spring, welling up into everlasting life.

## THE PARABLE OF THE WHEAT-GRAIN.

SERMON BY REV. A. J. MOWATT.

*"Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."*—JOHN xii : 24.

We are glad spring has come with her song-birds and flowers, chasing white-footed winter far away over the hills. She comes with health for the sick, joy and hope for the sad, courage and help for the poor, and rich lessons of truth for us all. Soon again we shall see the sower going forth to sow his seed, not without tears perhaps as he thinks of the risks he runs, and yet not without hopes.

And it is spring yonder, the sowing-time of the year, the sowing-time indeed of the centuries, and our Lord, with the shadow of the cross on his soul, that lovely April morning of the long long ago, tells wondering hearers so sadly the parable of the wheat-grain. And there are thoughts and life-lessons here for us this solemn anniversary season, precious thought seed for the ages. *"Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."*

### I. THE WHEAT-GRAIN.

Our Lord Himself is the wheat-grain. He is telling us here his own sad, glad, life-story, illustrating the misery of his own destiny.

But you ask, "Why take a single grain? Take a bushel, ten of them, a hundred, a thousand, many thousands."

Ah! we live far down the broad and ever broadening stream of time and progress, and our idea of things are large. But there was, and has to be, a beginning to things, and it is not too much to say—is it?—that the vast wheat-fields of the world to-day began away back somewhere and sometime with a single wheat-grain. At all events, it is no violence to human thought to think so.

But however that may be, we know this, that our Lord is one, the only-begotten of the Father. Go far back to the beginning of things, and you come at last to the one wheat-grain, the one spiritual life-germ, whence must spring, if at all, all the life and joy that are yet to quicken and gladden the eons.

"One!" you say, "the wheat-grain, one life germ, one Lord, one Christ! Oh what if that one should somehow fail! Think of the world's bread, the bread of millions of homes, the bread of countless ages, dependent on a single grain of wheat! And think, too, of the world's redemption dependent on one life, the strength of one right arm, the faithfulness of one soul! How great the risk! too great a risk! a cruel risk!"

And then the wheat-grain is so little. It is a small seed, small compared with some others of less importance. And our Lord, in some respects, is little. Look at him yonder in the manger, and how little he is! He does not look to you as if he would ever do much for the world. What can such human helplessness as that is, such utter need, such born poverty and meanness, ever do! Thus when you are told that the hope and happiness of the ages, the world's good and men's salvation, depend on the Babe of Bethlehem, you shudder, for so little would quench that spark, so little would put out forever that feeble flickering light. But, as we shall see, there is a wondrous energy, a mighty vitality, mysteriously bound up in the little wheat-grain, the humble Nazarene. The tyrant's sword did what it could to hew out of existence the one Life, the world's one hope and help. But it failed. The Life that was to be the life of the world lived and grew. Nothing could extinguish it.

### II. THE WHEAT GRAIN ALONE.

*"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone."*

I have supposed, that far back somewhere, there would be a single wheat-grain;—no doubt a beautiful one, perfect in its kind, so plump and full, so richly golden-amber; but alone, just one, no brother. And I can imagine the happy possessor of that one wheat-grain saying to himself: "I will keep it. This is the only one of its kind in the whole universe, and I will preserve it as a great natural curiosity. I will have a box of most curious workmanship made for it, and I will lock it up there, and hand it down to the wondering ages as the first, and only wheat-grain. It will not do to risk the one only wheat-grain in the earth, where it might grow to be many, or cease to be even one. But better one than none. So I will hoard my one treasure. I will bury my one talent, and thus keep it in its entirety, its loneliness."

Now, our Lord is one, the only-begotten of the Father, dwelling alone and apart in the bosom of eternal Love.

And the one son, you know, the one child, the only begotten, is such a home-treasure. The one child is so loved, so made of, so cared for, so petted, so much so for his own

good or anybody's good. He must not be exposed in any way, he must run no risks. If anything should happen that one precious life, the hope of the family would be gone. Their coal would be quenched. And so, as far as possible, he must be kept alone and apart. And yet, over-much care is as un-  
 bad as too little. The risk is as great. Some-  
 thing must be ventured, if anything is to be won. Save your one life, and you lose it. Lose it, and you save it.

And God the Father's one Son is such a treasure to him, such a joy. Will he therefore keep him yonder in his bosom, keep him in the loneliness and apartness he enjoys there?

O, mother, you want to keep your one son in your own arms: and want to hold him there through all the hard testing years of his experience. You think he is safer there than anywhere else.

And what if the Father in Heaven keep to himself his one Son; and what if the One Son should be only too happy to abide there, enjoying the rapture of his Father's love, and dwelling apart in the awful loneliness of Godhead? Ah! the loss, the loss of being alone, the loss of being alone with God even! It is not Christ-like, God-like; and so the son of God cannot abide alone in the glory eternal. The one wheat-grain must not be boxed up, for then it must ever abide alone; and to be ever alone is to lose itself, to lose the grandeur of its blessing-bringing being! No. Let the one wheat-grain be sown; let it fall into the rich loam prepared for it. And let the one Son of God, the Only-Begotten of the Father come forth from the abiding alone in his glory, to share his life with others, to give it for others. And God gave his one Son. He kept him not to Himself. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

### III. THE WHEAT GRAIN SOWN.

"Verily, verily. I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone."

There is something touching, almost painful, reckless, in the sowing process. You see the farmer yonder, or you will see him in a few days, going to the bin where the precious wheat is stored. How fondly, tenderly, proudly, he takes the rich amber grains into his hands, and looks at them. He thinks there is no wheat like his, and there is a soreness at his heart when he comes to part with it. He wishes he could keep it where it is. But he knows the proverb: nothing venture, nothing win; so, with a tear stealing down his cheek, he fills his bosom with it, and strong in faith, he strides

across his acres, recklessly sowing his wheat.

You can fancy how hard it must have been, away back at the beginning for the man who had the one first grain of wheat to sow it. He wonders whether he will box it up, and thus keep it, or take it out to his little field and risk it there. Birds may prey upon it. Spring frosts may blight it. Inclement skies may ruin its promise. Ten-thousand evils may happen to it. Still, the hungry ages must have bread, and their bread is stored up in that one wheat grain, and, to get it out, it must be sown. So, weeping, he goes forth bearing his precious seed, and with a tender solicitude he drops it carefully into the receptive earth.

Now, the sower who went forth to sow is the Lord, and the one wheat-grain is himself, his precious word, his precious blood. I see him weeping as he sows. The rains drench him. The cold chills him. The sun scorches him. The weary way blisters his feet. The hungry wilderness preys upon him. The devil tempts him. The cruelty of men hurts him. The unfaithfulness of friends betrays him. The forsaking of his Father gives the last fatal blow to his worn out young life. Ah! the sowing the Christ had to do, that the ages might have the bread of life, was sore sowing.

And were there no risks in this sowing as in other sowings? You do not like the word perhaps. You say there was never any doubt as to whether the Christ would succeed. He never had any doubt himself as to his ultimate success, and yet, so human was the Christ, so conditioned by the world's circumstances, so influenced and affected and environed was he by all that influences and affects and environs dust and ashes, that it is not so out of place perhaps to talk here of risks with regard even to him. I ask, were there no anxieties around his cradle such as there are around other cradles? Were there no fears lest Nazareth's wicked streets might somehow corrupt his boyhood and youth, and blight the promise of early years! Ah! doubtless there were, and more perhaps than there were any need for. I think I see the angels hovering anxiously over that weird struggle in the wilderness, and doubtful as to what the issue is to be. Is it not, I ask, with blanched cheek, and bated breath, He Himself enters the lists with the grim foe? What means those tears of his, the unutterable groanings of his human soul, his prayers in the garden, his wailing on the cross, if there were no risks, or something of the kind, in his sowing? And even yet there are risks of a kind. We know not oftentimes how it is to be with the Lord and his cause, in so far as concerns us, and we are not without our anxieties as to the issue of the struggle that is still being fought

out in the world. On our knees we gather close around the sown wheat-grain, and, with our tears and prayers, we watch and water it, and wonder whether it will die or grow.

Oh this sowing of the wheat-grain! We have something to do with it, and it is not without toil and trouble, tears and risks. It is still done. With much weeping the preacher still bears forth the precious seed in his bosom, and sows it on rockland and wayside, and choking weeds and spiny thorns, and his faithfulness, his risk and recklessness, are not always for much of seeming good, and you too, my hearers, in your home yonder, sow the precious wheat-grain; and around it, on your knees, you wait, and watch, and weep, and work, night and day, for it growing. "And you sometimes fear it is not going to grow at all." Then there are other sowers for the precious wheat-grain, earnest Christian workers, men and women of faith and prayer, who go far forth to sow the world's waste-lands, who find their way to the haunts of the wretched and wicked, and there they risk it. There must be more or less of risk, if any good is to be done, if the world is to be won for Christ. The grain of wheat must be sown.

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,

Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,

Sowing in hope till the reapers come

Gladly to gather the harvest-home.

Oh what shall the harvest be?

#### IV. THE DYING OF THE WHEAT-GRAIN.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die."

The moisture and warmth of the soil cause the wheat-grain sown in it to grow, and growth means decay. The life-germ derives its nourishment from the body of the wheat-grain, until it has sent forth a little rootlet into the surrounding soil, and by that time the grain itself is gone. You look for it, but it cannot be found. The life and growth from itself have used up all its substance. It is dead, gone. And only by this self-dying, strange to say, can it live. The wheat-grain must itself die, perish utterly, if there is to be from it another better life.

And that is true of all life and growth. It is out of the graves of last year's beauty, out of the death of last year's life, that this year's is to come. Last year's flowers had to fade if we are to have flowers this year; and, so unselfish, so self-sacrificing, were last year's flowers, that they bowed their justly admired heads, and hid themselves in the earth, died, that other flowers might rise in their stead this season, and be admired in their turn.

There is something sad in all this. Here is a beautiful flower. It looks as if it came out of the garden of God, so lovely is it. You say, I must keep this beautiful flower. Why may it not bloom on and on through years? But you cannot keep your flower. In a few days it fades, and is gone. It falls into the ground and dies, and there is a tear of disappointment standing in your eye, and I hear you say bitterly: "What is the use of flower-raising; just as soon as I get them to bloom well, they begin to fade and die."

In your home blooms out a beautiful flower, an only flower perhaps. How sweet that flower is to you! With what care and tenderness you have grown it to the perfection it has come. Its beauty and fragrance gladden all your home and heart, and you say in your way, "I will keep this lovely flower, and let it bloom to please me." But your neighbor over the way has seen, and admired, and loved your one flower. And there comes a day when he asks you to give him your one flower to bloom for him. It is hard. You turn away your head to hide a tear. You knew it would come, must come, to this, in some shape or other, and there is an unutterableness of grief in your heart. Still, you bring yourself to feel that it is the way of flowers to be plucked, and with a noble unselfishness you give up your one flower, and there is in your home and heart as if a kind of grave had been opened, as if a coffin had been brought in, and as if there had been said this: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

God had one Son. And what a Son, so good, so glorious! In his bosom dwelt that one Son, and the joy, the rapture, of his dwelling there, were such as no human tongue can tell. But there came a time when He must be given up. And He was given up, and the Eternal Father's bosom was empty, no Son there. Far down amid clouds and darkness, sin and sorrow and woe, the Son of God lived and toiled, wept and worked, suffered and sacrificed. At last an awful pall was spread wide over the heaven. God's One Son was dead; the Only Begotten of the Father still in the sombre silence of the tomb.

And His death was necessary. Just as the wheat-grain's dying is necessary; so the Christ's dying is necessary. You say, "Hold there, O murderers! Stay that spiking, that piercing, that mocking, that scourging, that crucifying of yours! Let the Christ live! Let Him weep, and work, and love, and live.

But God said: "Let the spiking and piercing go on; let the Christ die! There is no other way for the world's good and men's salvation to be wrought out. Let the cruel crucifixion go on.

And He did die. See! they bear Him pale, helpless, still, dead, to His burial; and, wrapped in the snowy linen grave clothes that loving hands have provided, with tears in their eyes, and sore sad hearts, they lay Him gently to sleep the sleep of death, in the sombre silent tomb, till the morning of the resurrection.

V. THE MUCH FRUIT.

"But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

The one wheat-grain dies. It ceases to be. You look for it, but you cannot find it. You find perhaps an empty husk, a cast-off skin. But in its stead, and out of its grave, out of its death, comes forth much fruit—the thirty-fold, the sixty-fold, the hundred fold.

And is it not better to have the thirty-fold, the sixty wheat-grains, the hundred, than but the one? Is it not better to-day to have the world's vast wheat-fields, the millions fed, and the one wheat-grain die, since it is to have so grand a resurrection.

And the Christ dies on the cross, and goes down into the grave, that there may be the much fruit of the gospel, the millions saved, the world redeemed. How dreadful, how shuddering, the dying; but how grand, how blessed, the rising! The wheat-grain is not lost. The Christ lives, lives evermore, lives in millions of resurrected lives.

The grandeur of Christ's resurrection is not, that on the third morning after His death He burst asunder the bands of death, unsealed the tomb, and came forth in power to live and love. It is this rather, that in Him, and with Him, and because of Him, there arises so much—the ages, the nations, a dead world, an innumerable multitude of living earnest souls. Everywhere we see a glad resurrection going on, a putting off of the death of sin, and a putting on of a new glad life. The reason is, the dead Christ lives, lives in all this wide world-life, this vast church-work and spiritual energy, this waking up to power that throbs and pulsates in all lands.

Thus, out from yonder sepulchre, where lay the dead Son of God, burst forth the glad harvests of the world's salvation, and the glory to come, and how much the fruit.

Now, in conclusion, we may find here, I think, two or three practical thoughts. And one is, let us not spare ourselves. God did not spare His one Son. Our Lord did not spare His one life, His blood, Himself. We think we have the wheat. No such wheat as ours. We have more of truth than others have. We have ability, genius, skill, talent. Yes, we have the wheat that no one else has, and we are proud of it, and we want to keep it. We put it in a box of curious design, and only now and again we bring it out, not to sow it, but to let it be seen, to

make a display of it, to let the gem of our genius sparkle, to let our talent dazzle the eyes of the wondering gaping world.

Ah! wheat is not to be kept; it is to be sown. God is not to be hoarded. Talents are not to be buried; they are to be used. If you have ability in any way, let the world have the benefit of it. If you have something to say that others need to hear, it is laid upon you to say it. If you have an eloquence in your soul, voice it in some way. If you have thoughts that are throbbing within you for utterance, tell them or write them, and let the world have the benefit of them. You cannot do a worse thing for yourself, nor for the world, than to bury your talent, hoard your gold, cover up your light, box up your wheat, spare yourself, save your life. You are standing in your own light, quenching the fire of your own grains losing all the grandeur of life. Our Lord wisely says: Save your life, and you lose it; lose it for His sake, and you save it. And you can understand that: Keep your wheat, and after a while you lose it; but sow it; and then you find it. And so with genius, ability, worth, truth. If you want your gold to shine, keep it in circulation. And if you want to shine yourself, do all the good you can, spare not yourself. Better to wear out than rust out.

"It abideth alone." If the first wheat-grain had been content to abide alone, what a loss to the world, what a curse to itself! If the Christ had been satisfied to abide alone; if he had kept himself to himself, and not tried to do any good, to save any one, to help any one, what a loss to the world, and what a loss to himself! See him yonder with adoring myriads of redeemed souls around him! Oh the joy!

And are you, my hearer, content to abide alone, to live for your poor little wretched self? You are not trying in any way to do good, to sweeten any bitterness, to help any one to a better life, to befriend any cause. No one ever takes you by the hand and says: "Thank you for the kindness; you cannot understand how it helped me in my need. Thank you for those earnest words; they saved my soul! I owe all I am or ever will be to them. When I stand at God's right hand, I will tell the Lord that next to himself, you are my saviour."

Think of going alone to Heaven. People will ask who he is as they see you or the streets of new Jerusalem, for people are known there for the good they did, and no one will know you. You relieved no want. You cheered no sad life, no comfortless home. You visited no sick one. Your money found its way to no charity, no mission scheme. You did no good and you are alone.

Oh let not such a curse be mine; let it not be yours! Let us sow ourselves. Thus may the story of the wheat-grain teach us, inspire us: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Amen.

### 'HE'S COMING TO-MORROW!'

*"The night is far spent; the day is at hand."*

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

My soul vibrated for a moment like a harp. Was it true? The night, the long night of the world's groping agony and blind desire—is it almost over? Is the day at hand?

Again: "They shall see the Son of Man coming in a cloud, with power and great glory? And when these things begin to come to pass, then lift up your heads for your redemption draweth nigh."

Will this really ever happen? Will this solid, commonplace earth see it? Will these skies brighten and flash? and will upturned faces in this city be watching to see Him coming?

So our minister preached, and for moments I felt a thrill of reality in hearing. But, as the well-dressed crowd passed down the aisle, my neighbor, Mr. Stockton, whispered to me not to forget the meeting of bank directors on Monday evening, and Mrs. Goldthwaith poured into my wife's ear a charge not to forget her party on Thursday; and my wife, as she came out, asked me if I had observed the extravagant toilet of Mrs. Pennyman.

"So absurd," she said, "when her income cannot be half what ours is, and I never think of sending to Paris for my things; I should look on it as morally wrong."

I spoke of the sermon. "Yes," said my wife, "what a sermon—so solemn! so solemn. What could be more powerful than such discourses? My dear, by-the-by, don't forget to change Mary's opal ring for a diamond one. Dear me! the Christmas presents were all so on my mind, and I was thinking of them every now and then in church; and that was so wrong of me!"

"My dear," said I, "sometimes it seems to me as if our life were unreal. We go to church, and the things that we hear there are either true or false. If they are true, what things they are! For instance, these Advent sermons. If we are looking for that coming, we ought to feel and live differently from what we do! Do we really believe what we hear in church? Or is it a dream?"

"I do believe," said my wife, earnestly (she is a good woman, my wife), "yes I do believe, but it is just as you say. O dear! I feel as if I am very worldly—I have so much to think of!" and she sighed.

So did I; for I knew that I, too, was very worldly. After a pause I said, "Suppose Christ should really come this Christmas, and it should be authoritatively announced that He would be here to-morrow?"

"I think," said my wife, "there would be some embarrassment on the part of our great men, legislators, and chief councillors, in anticipation of a personal interview. Fancy a meeting of the city Council to arrange a reception for the Lord Jesus Christ!"

"Perhaps," said I, "He would refuse all offers of the rich and great. Perhaps our fashionable churches would plead for his presence in vain. He would not be in palaces."

"O!" said my wife earnestly, "If I thought our money separated us from Him, I would give it all—yes, all—might I only see Him."

She spoke from the bottom of her heart, and for a moment her face was glorified.

"You will see Him some day," said I, "and the money that we are willing to give up at a word from Him will not keep Him from us."

### II.

That evening the thoughts of my waking hours mirrored themselves in a dream.

I seemed to be out-walking in the streets, and to be conscious of a strange, vague sense of something just declared, of which all were speaking with an air of mystery.

There was a whispering stillness around. Groups of men standing at the corners of the streets, and discussing an impending something with suppressed voices.

I heard one say to another, "Really coming? What? to-morrow?" And the others said, "Yes, to-morrow: on Christmas Day He will be here."

It was night. The stars were glittering down with a keen and frosty light; the shops glistened in their Christmas array; but the same sense of hushed expectancy prevailed everything. There seemed to be nothing doing; and each person looked wistfully on his neighbor as if to say, "Have you heard?"

Suddenly as I walked an angel form was with me, gliding softly by my side. The face was solemn, serene, and calm. Above the forehead was a pale, tremulous, phosphoric radiance of light, purer than any on earth—light of a quality so different from that of the street lamps, that my celestial attendant seemed to move in a sphere alone.

Yet, though I felt awe, I felt a sort of confiding love as I said, "Tell me, is it really true? Is Christ coming?"

"He is," said the angel. "To-morrow He will be here!"

"What joy!" I cried.



"Is it joy?" said the angel. "Alas, to many it is only terror! Come with me."

In a moment I seemed to be standing with him in a parlor of one of the chief palaces of the city. A stout, florid, bald-headed man was seated at a table covered with papers, which he was sorting over with nervous anxiety, muttering to himself as he did so. On a sofa lay a sad-looking, delicate woman, her emaciated hands clasped over a little book. The room was, in all its appointments, a witness of a boundless wealth. Gold and silver, and gems, and foreign furniture, and costly pictures, and articles of virtue—every thing that money could buy—were heaped together; and yet the man himself seemed to me to have been neither elevated nor refined by the confluence of all these treasures. He seemed nervous and uneasy. He wiped the sweat from his brow, and spoke—

"I don't know, wife, how you feel, but I don't like this news. I don't understand it. It puts a stop to everything that I know anything about."

"Oh, John!" said the woman, turning towards him a face pale and fervent, and clasping her hands, "How can you say so?"

And, as she spoke, I could see breaking out above her head a tremulous light, like that above the brow of an angel.

"Well, Mary, it's the truth. I don't care if I say it. I don't want to meet—well, I wish He would put it off. What does He want of me? I'd be willing to make over—well, three million to found a hospital, if He'd be satisfied and let me go on. Yes, I'd give three millions to buy off from to-morrow."

Is He not our best Friend?"

"Best Friend!" said the man, with a look of half-fright, half-anger. "Mary, you don't know what you are talking about! You know I always hated those things. There's no use in it; I can't see into them. In fact, I hate them."

She cast on him a look full of pity. "Cannot I make you see?" she said.

"No, indeed, you can't. Why, look here," he added, pointing to the papers, "here is what stands for millions! To-night it's mine; and to-morrow it will be all so much waste paper; and then what have I left? Do you think I can rejoice? I'd give half, I'd give—yes, the whole, not to have Him come these hundred years." She stretched out her thin hand towards him, but he pushed it back.

"Do you see," said the angel to me solemnly, "between him and her there is a great gulf fixed." They have lived in one house with that gulf between them for years! She cannot go to him; he cannot go to her. To-morrow she will rise to Christ as a dewdrop

to the sun! and he will call to the mountains and rocks to fall on him—not because Christ hates him, but because he hates Christ."

Again the scene was changed. We stood together in a little low attic, lighted by one small lamp—how poor it was—a broken chair, a rickety table, a bed in the corner where the little ones were cuddling close to one another for warmth. Poor things! the air was so frosty that their breath congealed upon the bed clothes, as they talked in baby voices: "When mother comes she will bring us some supper," said they. "But I'm so cold," said the little outsider. "Get in the middle, then," said the other two, "and we'll warm you. Mother promised she'd make a fire when she come in, if that man would pay her." "What a bad man he is," said the eldest boy, "he never pays mother if he can help it."

Just then the door opened, and a pale, thin woman came in, laden with packages.

She laid all down, and came to her children's bed, clasping her hands in rapture.

"Joy! joy, children! O joy, joy! Christ is coming! He will be here to-morrow."

Every little bird in the nest was up, and little arms around the mother's neck; the children believed at once. They had heard of the good Jesus. He had been their mother's only friend through many a cold and hungry day, and they doubted not He was coming.

"O, mother, will He take us? He will, won't He?"

"Yes, my little ones," she said softly, smiling to herself, "He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom."

Suddenly again, another scene was present.

We stood in a lonely room, where a woman as sitting with her head bowed forward upon her hands. Alone, forsaken, slandered, she was in bitterness of spirit. Hard, cruel tongues had spoken her name with vile assertions, and a thoughtless world had believed. There has been a babble of accusations, a crowd to rejoice in iniquity, but few to pity. She thought herself alone, and she spoke: "Judge me, O Lord! for I have walked in my integrity. I am as a wonder unto many: but Thou art my strong refuge."

In a moment the angel touched her, "My sister," he said, "be of good cheer. Christ will be here to-morrow."

She started up with her hands clasped, her eyes bright, her whole form dilated, as she seemed to look into the heavens, and said with rapture.

"Come, Lord, and judge me; for Thou knowest me altogether. Come, Son of Man,

in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded. O, for the judgment seat of Christ!"

Again I stood in a brilliant room, full of luxuries. Three or four women were standing pensively talking with each other. Their apartment was bestrewn with jewelry, laces, silks, velvets, and every fanciful elegance of fashion; but they looked troubled.

"This seems to me really awful," said one with a suppressed sigh. "What troubles me is, I know so little about it."

"Yes," said another, "and it puts a stop to everything! Of what use will all these be to-morrow?"

There was a poor seamstress in the corner of the room who now spoke. "We shall be ever with the Lord," she said.

"I'm sure I don't know what that can mean," said the first speaker, with a kind of shudder, "it seems rather fearful."

"Well," said the other, "it seems so sudden—when one never dreamed of any such thing—to change all at once from this to that other life."

"It is enough to be with Him," said the poor woman. "O, I have so longed for it!"

"The great gulf," again said the angel.

Then again we stood on the steps of a church. A band of clergymen were together; Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Old School and New School, all stood hand in hand.

"It's no matter now about these old issues," they said. "He is coming; He will settle all. Ordinations and ordinances, sacraments and creeds, are the scaffolding of the edifices. They are the shadow; the substance is Christ." And hand in hand they turned their faces where the Christmas morning light began faintly glowing, and I heard them saying together, with one heart and one voice—

"Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly."

Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business; but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.—*Robert West.*

Many a man put in the seed who never saw the harvest, just as many another brought home ripe sheaves on which he bestowed no labor save that of the sickle. The worker for Christ, therefore, is to work in faith, expecting the Divine hand to secure the result. He has abundant reason to believe that good is done of which he has no knowledge, and will have none until the great day.—*J. W. Chambers.*

## THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF EUROPE.

Rev. James Johnston, in an address at Bolton, England, said that in Belgium, where the name of Protestant was practically unknown in 1837 the Evangelical societies had during the past fifty years produced twenty-six congregations with 7,000 worshippers. In France, the French Wesleyan mission had been established for seventy years, and with it were associated the names of the Gibson family, and *La Bonne Nouvelle*, the best religious journal in France. The M'All mission had now 120 *salles* in Paris and the principal cities. Probably the most influential organization was La Centrale, belonging to the Reformed Church. In Spain since 1868, 100 Protestant sanctuaries had been erected; and these had fifty-six pastors, thirty-five evangelists, and 9,000 worshippers. But Italy, of all the Continental lands, was probably the chief harvest field of Protestant missions; even the Pope himself had admitted in his recent allocution that Italy was rapidly becoming the weakest of the Roman Catholic kingdoms. Gloomy reports were sent by the representatives of various Evangelical societies from Austria and Hungary; Germany, honeycombed with rationalism and indifference, was exceedingly disappointing; and Russia was unhappily growing bitter in persecution of all who rejected the national form of worship. It was, however, cheering to learn that the Protestant societies of Europe were on the whole receiving increased support.

"The old Catholic movement still shows signs of vitality. Romanists are disposed to belittle it, and others think that it will not amount to much since the death of some of its noted advocates. But it still has an encouraging number of supporters with vigorous and persistent leaders. Its International Congress is to be held September 13-14, at Cologne. Its strength lies in Germany, Switzerland and Austria, and has a membership in these countries of 120,000. There are likewise, 7,000 old Catholics in Holland."

According to the extreme ritualist, one must fast before receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Here is the rigid rule laid down for "priests" in a book entitled "The Ceremonial of the Altar." Remember, that the fast from midnight before communion is rigorous, and that a lozenge, or a sip of water, breaks it as effectually as the heaviest meal. The Church allows of no dispensation or exception, except in case of one in danger of death.

## THE STORY OF JOSEPH NEESHIMA.

No history of the work of foreign missions in Japan can be written without the life story of its most illustrious native convert, the late lamented Professor Joseph Neeshima the President of the native training school of the American Board at Kioto. His conversion and life read like the romance of an unbridled fancy. He had one of these thoughtful minds which had an element of prescience in it. This led him into forecastings of the future and of better things than he or his countrymen had known. Even as a young boy in Tokio he read far beyond his years, and thought, and acquired, but without any accompanying devotion. He sought in the ancient Chinese systems of religion and ethics what his soul wanted, an ideal of purity not attainable and greatness at least inimitable. He was feeling if haply he might find God, for divine revelations are granted only to seekers. While in this hungry and unhappy state of mind a friend gave him a little book, called the "Story of the Bible," written by a missionary in China, and being familiar with the Chinese language he could read it. When he learned that there was but one living and true God, who loves and rules his creatures for their good, he said, "This is the God for whom I have been looking," and from out of his painful vagueness of mind and soul he determined to go at all pains and hazard toward the light.

He next came into further and more definite knowledge through the study of a wonderful tractate by Dr. Bridgeman, and learning that its author came from the country of religion and civil freedom, he determined that he would not rest until he had seen that land. At this time to go beyond Japan, or become a Christian, was death. He dared to risk the consequences, for he had grasped the faith that God could save from all perils. An opportunity, a desperate one, came to him, by which he was able to leave Yokohama, lying flat on the bottom of a sampan. The boatman for some cause was his friend, at least, so far as not to give him away. To the challenge, "Who is there?" of the police, as the boat was passing out from the Bund, the boatman replied, "It is I." In this way he escaped out of the house of bondage. He went to Hakodate, and became the teacher of Father Nicholi, afterward the Russian bishop. He escaped from Hakodate, and in an American schooner went to Shanghai, China, and from this, by a strange providence, was wafted to Boston, on a vessel owned by a most remarkable man of his day in that city, Alpheus Hardy.

He was engaged first as a servant, and could receive no money or wages for any

other purpose. He knew enough to commit his life to God, perhaps more from a sense of need than from an intelligent faith. He had the right by birth to carry two swords, one of which he sold in Hong King and purchased a New Testament, and this was a friend sticking closer than a brother on his long and lonely journey. In this he learned, among the first marvellous truths, the declaration of John iii : 18, and this fact, lodged in a half despairing soul, led him out of gratitude, to prayer, for as yet he had known it only as a duty. His prayer is pathetic in its childlike simplicity and trustfulness, "O God! please don't cast me away into a miserable condition, Please let me reach my great aim."

After his arrival in Boston, he was kept on board the vessel ten weeks doing the most burdensome and menial tasks, but was constantly under the eye of the captain, who observed his high sense of duty, and also that he never showed discontent or bad temper. This led him to speak of him to Mr. Hardy, who, on learning of his good qualities, his adventures and his purposes in life, took him as his own servant. He soon came to the conviction that he had been sent to him in trust from God, and as such adopted him as a member of his family, so that at least he reached, through loneliness, desertion, darkness, moral and physical, through storm and billow, the desired haven on another continent.

He was sent to Philips Academy, and then to Amherst College, and then to Andover Theological Seminary. His career in these institutions of learning was in harmony with what his adventurous, yet faithful life had been. Studious, reflecting, patient in labors, respectful to superiors, grateful to benefactors, he was ever absorbed in hopes for the salvation of Japan.

He served the Japanese Embassy as interpreter while a student, and by this means learned the state and prospects of his country under its changed condition, from which he had been an exile. He made many valuable friends among the members of the Embassy, who were of great service to him when he returned to his work in his own country. After his college studies were finished, which took ten years, he was ordained at Boston, on the 24th of September, 1864. He was present at a public meeting of the American Board, and made an appeal for his destitute country, and that he might have the means for the founding of an institution like those in which he had been educated. He waited a moment after uttering his last sentences, as if thinking whether any more could be said, when the Hon. Peter Parker of Washington City, arose and said he would give \$1,000. Others contributed

at once until the amount reached \$5,000.

His return was in great light and joy as contrasted with his departure, which was amidst darkness and forebodings. All was changed. He could go where he pleased, and could tell the wonderful story, and relate all his experiences in learning it. He began telling it out of a redeemed heart to his people. At the home of his parents in Annaka, the largest heathen temple was opened for his use, and that was too small to hold the multitude which came to hear him. In this heathen temple trophies of the cross were gathered, and in that town is a memorial of his short but glorious life in a large self-supporting church. He was directed by God to the field of his future labors.

Kioto, one of the oldest, most historic and sacred cities in Japan, has been the home and throne of kings for ages. It is in the sight of the famous and historic Lake Biwa, where the fiercest battles of the past had raged. At the brain-centre of national life through the old centuries of Japanese history, a Christian institution was founded. Neeshima secured, through the favor of friends in the government, out of appreciation of his genius alone, for at that time there was no real sympathy with his religion, a piece of ground adjoining the palace garden, and there established a boarding-school or seminary for girls, in which we heard recitations, reading and music, and some of the gospel hymns sung in good taste and with much pathos, by the native girls.

Near by is a college for boys and young men. One of the buildings is a handsome brick structure, with recitation, library and society rooms. There is a chapel or church, all finished in hard-wood, most of the work on which, no doubt came from home. There is a dormitory and dining room arranged according to the habits, tastes, modes, and kind of eating peculiar to the country. There is, on the same ground, a Theological Seminary in which are consecrated and learned native teachers working with the foreign teachers. There were about two hundred students in the English and scientific course, and about thirty in the Theological Seminary.

The influence of the great and good man, Joseph Neeshima, has had much to do in shaping Japan into its present mould, so hopeful for the future. He was universally respected; men of State took counsel of him, confided in his judgment, revered his patriotism, observed his piety, his pureness and truthness. It is said that Phidias so wrought his own image on the shield of Minerva that it could be turned in no way that his face would not appear. The departed Joseph Neeshima's moral and intellectual image is

so wrought into the new life of all Japan that it will never appear even in history without a halo about it.

In those early years there were wonderful manifestations of divine power—scenes that were thrilling, when were opened the minds of men in darkness to the revelations of divine truth. In the year 1872 while the few missionaries, (of whom it might have been said, "what are these among so many?") were engaging in the services of the week of prayer, the Pentecostal period of the Church during the last thirty years, an English meeting was held in Yokohama, and a number of Japanese students attended, who had been instructed by the missionaries in private classes. The Scriptures read were from the Acts of the Apostles, and contained that wonderful description of how God poured out his Spirit on the nations gathered together. As the natives heard of these wondrous manifestations of divine power, they fell on their knees and prayed God to pour out his Spirit in like manner on Japan. These prayers were so earnest and importunate that the English and American missionaries were awe-stricken. They said to each other, "Did you ever hear anything like this?" Christian, English and American sailors, captains, physicians, scholars and travellers said, "These prayers of the Japanese take the heart out of us." The impulse of those simple, trustful and earnest native prayers led to the organization of a church in March, 1872, at Yokohama, with a membership of twelve.

The first Protestant church at Yokohama held its fifteenth anniversary in 1887. These exercises greatly interested the native population. It was attended by all classes, and the progress was appreciated. The contrast between its fifteenth anniversary and its beginning was so great that it could only be said, What wonders hath God wrought in the earth! In the beginning there was not only no sympathy with the movement, but the spectres of death overshadowed it, for then a public avowal of Christianity involved danger and death. Now Christianity is tolerated by the most bigoted, is protected by the government, is respected by the people, and is revered and loved by multitudes who would suffer death rather than give it up. There are at least twenty thousand churches, nearly three hundred pastors and evangelists, and about two hundred natives studying for the ministry, and of this first congregation, which came out of the prayers of the Christian Japanese, as Pentecost came out of the prayers of the one hundred and twenty of the upper room in Jerusalem, nine churches have grown. Fifteen preachers and catechists have been sent forth from this centre of spiritual power.—Rev. Dr. Mutchmoer

## A YOUNG MAN'S THREE CHOICES.

There are three vitally important choices to be made by young men—about which a few plain hints may be pertinent and useful. The first one is his occupation. "He who does not bring up his son for a trade, brings up a boy for the devil"—is an ancient Jewish proverb. In America too many of our native-born youth eschew a mechanical trade as vulgar, and go scouring about for some easier "situation." If Benjamin Franklin, the printer, and Roger Sherman, the shoemaker, were alive now, they would tell their young countrymen what a foolish mistake many of them are making. So would Vice-President Wilson and Governor Banks, who said that he "graduated from an institution which had a factory bell on the roof and a water-wheel at the bottom."

In selecting your occupation, endeavour first to find out what the Creator made you for. Consult your natural bent and talent. If you have a talent for trade then you may venture into a counting-room or store. If you have a native skill in chemistry, and are made for a doctor, then study medicine. If your mathematical capacity fit you for it, you may be an engineer. No one ever fails in life who understands his *forte*, and few ever succeeded in life who do not understand it. Seek for a useful, productive calling; and steer clear of a career of "speculation" as you would of a gambling den or a glass of gin. Don't be ashamed to begin at the bottom and work up. Remember that every occupation is honourable in which you can serve God and your fellow men, and keep a clean conscience.

## KEEP YOUR WORD

A story is told of a gentleman who visited President Lincoln, and who was in the habit of making promises more freely than he kept them. In order to induce one of Mr. Lincoln's boys to sit on his lap, the gentleman offered to give him a charm which he wore on his watch chain. The boy climbed into his lap. Finally the gentleman arose to go, when Mr. Lincoln said to him, "Are you going to keep your promise to my boy?" "What promise?" said the visitor. "You said you would give him that charm?" "Oh, I could not," said the visitor. "It is not only valuable, but I prize it as a heir-loom." "Give it to him," said Mr. Lincoln, solemnly. "I would not want him to know that I entertained one who had no regard for his word." The gentleman coloured, and did the charm, and handed it to the boy, and went away with a lesson which he was not likely soon to forget, and which others may profit by learning.—*Ex.*

## VACATION RELIGION.

"Daniel," says Mr. Mooly, "had a kind of religion that would bear transportation, it stood the journey from Jerusalem to Babylon, and was just as good abroad as at home." Religion that will stand transportation in hot weather is comparatively scarce. Too many Christians feel that while the summer resting spell frees them from many business or social claims, it entitles them to complete exemption from religious obligations.

Take, for example, the young Sunday-school teacher who has just left this pleasant little sojournng place. We will call his name Legion, for he is many. There is nothing very bad about him; only when he left his city home and church he put away his responsibilities as a Christian until fall.

How much depends upon the first Sunday away from home? Mr. Legion appeared very late, evidently "off duty." He had provided almost everything else for his trip, but overlooked the Sunday reading, and so was fain to content himself with what he could find upon the little marble-topped centre table: a few last year's papers, and the "Illustrated Cyclopedia Compendium of Nature's Wonders," or something of the kind.

The day was spent in chatting and joking with other guests, and getting acquainted with new arrivals. To be sure, he did decline an invitation to go fishing (did not even publicans do the same?) but he improved the opportunity to pick up some information about some near-by trout streams, and, I think borrowed something needed to complete his tackle.

Some good reasons prevented his getting to church a single Sunday during his stay. In the day-time it was always too hot! one evening he was too æsthetic—wanted to go up on the hill and watch the sunset; next week he was practical, and must needs go and see the cows milked.

Now, he has left for home and no one here dreams that he is a servant of Christ, but it is to be hoped that he will feel res'ed when his Christian year of nine months recomences in the fall.

By way of contrast, there is the young fellow with whom I roomed two years ago at a boarding-house on a Vermont farm. He works just as hard every day of the week as our friend Legion, and was in the country for a needed vacation, but didn't find it any more tiring to talk to a man with his eternal welfare in his mind, than to cross-question him about the fine residences in the neighborhood. Although he might rest from his own business, he was always about his Father's business. So, there were many op-

opportunities for usefulness which he saw and improved, without imparing a particle the value of his sojourn in the country.

Almost as soon as he arrived he expressed his desire to attend church on Sunday, and it being understood that a conveyance was to be provided, so many others decided to go also, that a regular arrangement was made for the season.

Then he stayed after service to the poor little Sunday school, astonishing the half-grown lads hanging round under the trees, who hadn't seen a young man in the place since they grew too big to go themselves. And how delighted were the faithful but discouraged few who were struggling to sustain their feeble little school, to hear a fresh voice among them and learn that at least somebody had come to the big farmhouse who cared enough about their corner of the Lord's great harvest field to come over and bear a hand. After school how they welcomed him, while some of the scholars waited to see a real city Christian, and others gazed admiringly at the first half-dollar ever discovered in the Sunday school collection.

That same afternoon a mountain waggon stopped at the gate and the driver came in to arrange for a trip during the week to Huckleberry Falls. Our friend had been anxious to take the ride, but stood firm; he didn't do business on Sunday, even if it was quite inconvenient not to, and so the whole plan fell through. Teams were scarce, and, as it turned out, he lost his only chance to go; but if he had heard some remarks about "consistent professors" made in a certain stable that night, he would have felt well repaid for his disappointment.

Then it was he who started the singing of Gospel hymns on Sunday evenings. Having induced the young lady who used to warble "In the Glaring" and similar selections to agree beforehand to play, and secured one or two others to lead off, the rest joined in readily, and before he left the fashion was set for all summer.

But, best of all, there was Tom, who did the chores; no body else was ever able to influence the boy, but our friend quite won him over, and will be the making of him yet. I know he has written to him or sent him books several times since he was there. He must have made friends with him by "talking horse" industriously at every opportunity from the day he came. On his last evening at the farm I stumbled across them out in the barn, and a kindly hand was on the boy's shoulder, and an earnest voice that went straight to his heart was telling him, what he had already learned to see, how noble and manly and blessed a thing it is to lead the life of a consistent Christian, in hot

weather or cold, in wet or in dry, labouring, "whether at home or absent, to be accepted of Him."—*N. Y. Observer.*

### THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

The perpetuity of our present civilization depends upon the separate and distinct maintenance of two relations in life, viz: the commercial and the domestic, the public and the private, the world and the home—the strife and rivalry of life on one side, and the sweet peace of domestic concord on the other. Man never approached civilization until he began to recognize the necessity, the value, the glory of a home life. The most progressive nations to-day are those which are founded upon, and lend the force of the Government to preserve inviolate the homes of their people. The greatness of America is due more to this source than to wise statesmanship or great military achievement.

Admitting that woman is the equal of man in mental qualities, what could be more proper than that she should have the sphere of home for her especial care and responsibility? How could greater honor be conferred upon her than to make her presiding genius of one of the two foundation stones of our civilization? It is a recognition of her superior virtues, her innate refinement and gentleness, that to her care is committed the shaping of the domestic life of both sexes, and the unfolding of character at its tenderest period.

Which stands in the more honorable—ray, the more glorious—attitude towards the community, the man who has had a successful business career and has gained a fortune, whose check is always honored, and whose name is a synonym for integrity and uprightness, or the woman who has trained up a family of children in the way of honor and virtue? Which of them has conferred the greater and more lasting benefit upon the community? The man simply reached out and drew to himself of that which other men had possessed. The woman created something in that she implanted in the breasts of the little ones given her the seeds of truth and righteousness, and the nurtured them until they had blossomed into splendid manhood and womanhood. The man acquires cash, the woman builds character. While the man engages in the struggle with his fellows, the woman is laboring in the service of heaven itself when she is bringing up a generation of men and women who will be better than their predecessors. The noblest ambition of any generation is to bring up their children to a higher conception of life and its purposes than they themselves possessed.

Now let any intelligent person consider the probable fate of society if the young women of our day are encouraged to abandon the purer influences, the shelter of home life, and engage in the strife for gain, during the formative period of their lives. Their inevitable destiny is to become wives and mothers. Do the gentlest, the tenderest, the most devoted wives and mothers graduate from the store and workshop? It is written that "no man can serve two masters." Neither can man or woman develop their qualifications for the holiest purposes of life in an atmosphere wherein selfishness prevails.—*Chicago Specimen.*

### THE SABBATH MOVEMENT IN EUROPE

For decades past the Sabbath has commanded but little recognition and respect on the Continent. But recently a change in public sentiment and governmental action is manifesting itself. In central and northern Europe, especially, the movement in favor of a better Sabbath observance is assuming encouraging proportions. It is rallying to its support able and influential men and is taking a deep and growing hold upon the conscience and heart of the people. It is not confined to any one body of Christians, but engages the sympathy and co-operation of Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. It aims at the overthrow of the so called European Sabbath and demands a civil and religious rest day.

In Great Britain we naturally expect to find a general friendliness toward, and a co-operation in defence of the Christian Sabbath. Scotland has been among the foremost in maintaining and honoring it according to its original institution. Her people can attest the advantage thus derived. There are abundant evidence that she means to stand by it in the future as in the past, and is ready to lend a helping hand to extend its blessings to other lands.

As to England, there is both among the upper and lower classes a rising demand that the English Sabbath shall not only be preserved but be better observed. Speaking up on the subject Mr Gladstone says, "It seems to me unquestionable that the observance of Sunday rest has taken deep root both in the convictions and the habits of the immense majority of my country. If it appears to many of them a necessity of spiritual and Christian life, others not less numerous defend it with equal energy as a social necessity. The working class is extremely jealous of it, and is opposed not merely to its avowed abolition, but to what might indirectly tend to that result. Personally, I have

always endeavored, as far as circumstances have allowed, to exercise this privilege, and now, nearly at the end of a laborious public career of nearly fifty-seven years, I attribute in great part to that cause the prolongation of my life and the preservation of the faculties that I may still possess. In regard to the masses, the question is still more important; it is the question *par excellence*."

The German and Austrian governments are seeking by legislation to secure better Sabbath observance. Germany, so long indifferent to the subject, now takes advanced ground and has introduced a measure in the Reichstag for granting to the working people the enjoyment of a Sunday rest, and when this legislative body acts upon it they can claim it as a civil right. In Alsace-Lorraine, now a German province, monster petitions have been signed asking for a Sabbath reform. One was started by Roman Catholics and received over one hundred and forty thousand signatures, many Protestants signing it. Another petition was circulated by Protestants and signed by six thousand persons.

In Austria ordinances have been lately passed prohibiting many kinds of occupation upon the Sabbath, among them the printing of newspapers.

But perhaps the most remarkable sign of prohibiting many kinds of occupation upon the Sabbath day appears in France, which has heretofore been the most pronounced anti-Sabbath European nation. A few years ago there was the cry "no God—no Sabbath." Now a most wonderful change appears. There is an increasing popular sentiment in favor of the Sabbath as a day of rest. Lately the Paris Sabbath Society offered prizes for essays upon the better observance of the Sabbath, and received manuscripts from forty-one competitors, the contest being limited to the working men. It is said that the masses are tiring of the bondage of a secularized Sabbath under which they have been so long groaning, and are seeking to throw off the galling chains caused by seven days weekly labor.

Their voice is being heard in their Chamber of Deputies. A few weeks ago, during the discussion of the bill for the regulation of the hours of labor for children and women, the Deputies voted that one day in seven should be a rest day. The motion was then made to insert a clause fixing Sunday as the proper and recognized rest day. The proposition obtained the vote of two hundred and ten Deputies. Though it failed to receive legislative sanction, yet so large a vote in its support is both an encouraging and significant sign. Ten years ago such a proposition would have been scouted at and ridiculed.

cooled, and have scarcely commanded a dozen votes, while now it nearly carried a majority of the Chamber. At the rate of progress thus indicated, it will not be long before France will have her Sabbath. Now that her legislature says that the women and children, at least, shall have one day in seven for rest, it is most likely that the Sabbath day will be selected both by them and by their employers for that purpose. In this way there will be brought about a practical recognition of the Sabbath as a day of secular rest. Soon will follow its more religious observance. And when France governmentally and popularly acknowledges and honors the Christian Sabbath, a glorious season of prosperity awaits her. God's blessing will abide upon her free institutions, and moral and spiritual favors will come to her in rich abundance.

When Europe is thus awakening to the crying need of a Sabbath rest day, shall Americans foolishly give up the inestimable boon at the behests of capitalists, foreigners and secularists? Shall we turn it into either a work-day or holiday? Is not its right observance as necessary to the best interests of the working men as to the advantage of the Christian community? The truth is we cannot afford to secularize it. We must allow no World's Fair to be open on that day, nor liquors to be sold, nor Sunday excursion to be run, nor Sunday newspapers to be published and sold, nor any of the increasing form of Sabbath desecration among us to be tolerated. The friends of the Sabbath must contend and work for its sanctity. The civil law must protect it. In city and town, in State and nation, it must be respected, upheld and honored. Europe has tried the experiment of a secularized Sabbath to her bitter cost, and if we, as a people, are wise, we will profit by her experience and cling to our American Sabbath, with all the civil and religious benefits which it confers.—*Phil. Press.*

“The call for missionary re-inforcement becomes all the more imperative when we consider the present relative distribution of foreign missionaries. According to the latest report there is in China an ordained missionary to each 723,000 of the population; in Siam one to each 600,000; in Corea one to each 500,000; in India one to each 300,000; in Japan one to each 215,000; in Burmah one to each 200,000; and in the Soudan one to 5,000,000. The demand for more men for the conquest of the globe must be met with a more believing, consecrated, prompt and commensurate response on the part of Christendom.”

## THE POWER OF THE WORD; OR, AN ACTOR'S CONVERSION.

The fact that the word of God is “sharper than a two-edged sword” is remarkably illustrated in the circumstances which led to the conversion of a man who had been an actor for twelve years, greatly devoted to his profession, and determined to rise to eminence in it. He afterward became a preacher of the gospel, and the writer of this article heard him give an eloquent account of his conversion before a large congregation in Washington, D. C., when he took for his text Numbers xxxii : 23, “Ye have sinned against the Lord your God, and be sure your sin will find you out.”

He was at one time the manager of a theater in one of the midland counties of England. Men of this profession are hard working students; at their toil all the week, and it was usual with them when the Sabbath came to stroll out beyond the precincts of cities and towns, to breathe the fresh air and to rest their eyes upon green fields and foliage in nature's quiet spots.

The first time he ever heard the words of his text, was on one of these occasions, when with a brother actor and intimate friend, they walked out on a Sabbath mornning. This friend was a highly gifted person, full of enthusiasm, and withal an artist. They had wandered a couple of miles into the country, when they came upon a little church—one of those quaintly gothic stone churches, half-covered with ivy, seen only in England. His companion's artistic eye was struck with it, and he said, “Suppose we go in.”

The church had a solemn, sombre air, scarcely relieved by reactions of light and color from the stained glass of the window. An aged minister was just about beginning his sermon, and though he seemed tremulous with age, the tones of his voice were firm and clear, as he pronounced the words of the text, “Ye have sinned against the Lord your God, and be sure your sin will find you out.” The words shot like lightning through his heart; he thought, “surely these people who have sat under the ministry of this good man so long do not need such a sermon; it must be for us young reprobates;” and he took every word as if intended for himself alone. After the service was over, he asked his companion how he liked the sermon. “Oh,” said he, a fine style, I advise you to imitate it.” Mr. S——, disappointed that his friends' feelings were not in unison with his own, said nothing more.

His friend was much struck with the beauty of some designs on the stained glass behind the communion-table, and went to the old church again a few days afterward, for the purpose of sketching it off, in order



to transfer it to some stage scenery. One of the old towers of the church was undergoing repairs ; he stood near it, as the best point of view. While thus engaged in his work, a stone fell from above upon his head, crushing him and leaving him a mangled corpse upon the spot. Never, said the preacher, could he forget the horror of that sight ; and while he stood gazing upon the reeking remains of his friend, he seemed to hear again the fearful words that had fastened upon his soul : "Ye have sinned against the Lord your God, and be sure your sin will find you out." He left the church, resolved never again to enter another, and he *did not* for years, carefully avoiding every person whom he thought likely to speak at all to him on serious subjects, lest he should hear the dreaded words. It seemed as if the whole Bible was made up of just that sentence alone.

A short time afterward an actor of eminence—one whose name, he said, we should recognize at once if mentioned, though the Atlantic rolls between us and his grave—a prey to consumption, was to act a tragedy, which ended in a death scene. He performed his part to the satisfaction of the spectators, and when he fell in mockery of death, it was *so real*, that it brought down thunders of applause as the curtain fell. Little did the delighted audience dream of the scene that was taking place *behind* that curtain. His companions seeing he did not rise at once, went to him, and two little streaks of blood from either corner of his mouth told the whole. He was not dead, but lingered several days. When he asked his physician if there was any hope for him, and was answered by a solemn shake of the head, a terrible despair settled on his countenance, and he exclaimed in words so familiar to him : "Oh, Doctor, "Caust thou not minister to a mind diseas'd; Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ; Raze out the written troubles of the brain ; And, with some sweet oblivious antidote, Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff Which weighs upon the heart ?"

They were only the words of a play, but they were *fearful* words !—of solemn import then. Grasping Mr. S's wrist, he cried out, "Oh S——, the theatre may do for us to *live* by, but it will not do to *die* by ;"—"we have all sinned against the Lord our God, but be sure our sin will find us out." With these words upon his lips he expired. Those words which had haunted him ever since he first heard them, now thrilled and agitated his soul anew. Even when thinking of that scene after the long lapse of time, he could feel again the grasp of his dying comrade, and hear his agonized voice.

These scenes were too much for him, and he resolved to leave England—to fly beyond the reach of those soul-piercing words and forget them, if possible in another land. He went to Australia for the purpose of establishing a theatre and gaining for himself a *name*. Here, he realized \$50,000. Falling in with an American he was induced to come to the United States and make engagements in New Orleans and St. Louis. While in the latter city, he set himself to excel in some particular character which he was to personate. One morning he determined to devote six hours to uninterrupted study. He gave orders that he would see *no one*, and must not be interrupted on any account. Accordingly he shut himself up in his chamber. While pacing his room intent upon his work, he heard a rap at his door ; he resolved not to notice it. After a few moments he heard it again—a gentle rap. Annoyed and irritated, he opened the door violently, to demand who had *dared* to interrupt him. He threw open the door, and there stood two ladies—perfect strangers ; for, said he, "One glance was sufficient to show me they were no actresses—meaning no slur on the ladies of that profession—only, those who *are* and those who *are not*, are readily distinguished."

He asked as politely as he could under the circumstances what they wished. One of the ladies, giving a surprised and curious glance at the theatrical paraphernalia about the room, hesitatingly asked if "he would be kind enough to read this"—handing him *nothing*. "What is it ?" said he. "*A tract*," was the answer. "If a serpent had stung me I could not have felt worse ;" and, said he, "I exclaimed with all the bitter sarcasm I could throw into my tone. A *tract* ! Madam, you have mistaken your person ; I am an actor ; and then he turned his back upon them, expecting that surprised, they would gather their skirts about them, for fear of contamination and go at once. But no ! he felt a hand upon his arm, and turning, he saw her eyes glisten, as she said, "Sir, the soul of an actor is as dear to me as any other ; we have all sinned against the Lord our God, and be sure your sin will find you out." They pierced his soul—those words he had almost forgotten—those words he had taken so much precaution never to hear again. With a new and startling power they melted away his anger, and he became a very child ; he offered the lady a seat, and for a few moments she talked of the "one thing needful," and left him subdued and thoughtful. He said he had always believed he should hear those words again at some time—he felt now that this was the last time—that if he ever heard them again it would be at the sealing of his eternal woe. His resolve was made. But the world he would forsake never ap-

peared more alluring—reputation, wealth, was just before him. What, said the tempter, "leave all you have been toiling and struggling after for twelve years! and that, too, just as your hopes of success and fame are about to be realized?"

Grace triumphed, however, and that very evening he sought for an open church—once there, he was afraid to go in, lest he should hear again those words he so dreaded to hear. He paced up and down, irresolute; at last he summoned resolution, and entered. The minister's text was "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

He went away deeply anxious; he could get no rest for his soul. He then sought out the minister who had preached that evening, and went to him. Attempting to state the object of his visit, he said hesitatingly, "I come—I come,"—and then fell upon his neck and burst into tears. Recovering himself, he told his case to the minister, begging him, if he could, to do something to relieve the intolerable weight upon his soul. Without a word else, the minister said, "Let us pray." While upon his knees listening to that prayer, he felt the mists clearing from his mind, the weight arising from his soul.

His brother-actors, afterwards on learning what had taken place, said, "You may depend S———, 'tis all an infatuation; you'll soon get over it." He replied to them, "If it be a dream, I hope I may dream on till I die."

The minister to whom he applied being a Baptist, he was led to unite with that body. He says he could hardly believe that the days of miracles had ceased, for he looked upon himself as a living monument of miraculous power. He spoke so earnestly and eloquently of his Redeemer, that old Christians felt as if they had never yet become acquainted with the Saviour of sinners. The whole story so simply, humbly, yet beautifully told, made strong men weep."—*Sel.*

To Rev. R. Dawson, of Maybole, we are indebted for an anecdote of the late Sir Peter Coates that is worth recording. When sent as a boy to a boarding school in Yorkshire, his mother gave him a Bible, and made him promise to read a chapter of it every day. He put the Bible beneath his pillow that he might read it in the early morning, but the boys soon found it out, and began to chaff him. He at once acknowledged the promise he had given his mother, and said that he meant to carry it out, which at once silenced all opposition.

## GENERAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE AT SHANGHAI.

Rev. J. Goforth writes to the *Pres. Rev.* about the late General Missionary Conference in China. He says:—"Thirteen years had passed since the last General Conference. The forces now again assembled to compare notes, and organize for more united and vigorous work in the future. This, indeed, could be called a General Conference, for from Manchuria on the north to Burma on the south, and from Formosa on the east to the confines of Tibet on the west, missionaries came together to the number of four hundred and thirty."

The force convened at Shanghai, May 7, 1890, was equal to the whole missionary force in China in 1877, the date of the last conference. Some had just arrived by the latest steamer; others had grown gray in the service. Fourteen of the members had seen upwards of thirty years on the field. Forty-six years had passed since the senior member set foot on China. The combined service of the fourteen would cover five hundred years. All Societies were represented, except the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The greatest harmony existed. No one could attend these gatherings for twelve successive days, and hear every mission topic discussed by men of every shade of evangelical belief, without being convinced that the missionary body was all one in the unity of the Spirit. Each brigade of this missionary army may have its own peculiar preferences; some may prefer to raise aloft the Presbyterian, others the Episcopal banner; but all hear the rallying cry of the Son of God, and at His call stand shoulder to shoulder in the day of conflict."

### RESULTS.

Some of the results of this Conference may be tabulated: First in importance is.

I. A UNION VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES FOR ALL CHINA. At present there are many different versions, causing confusion and expense. Missionaries have been hopelessly divided on the term for *God*, the American missionaries generally preferring one term, the European another. But this body of missionaries, by almost a unanimous vote, has decided for a single version. This is believed to be the crowning work of the Conference.

II. Another result is A PERMANENT COMMITTEE ON UNION. This Committee has its representative at every Mission centre throughout the Empire. Now, if anything arises, calling for united action, the whole Mission force in China will voice its decision.

III. A PERMANENT COMMITTEE ON MISSION COMITY was also appointed. This Commit-

tee will bend its energies to a wiser distribution of the field, and to the settling of disputes which may arise between the various Mission bodies.

IV. THE OPIUM QUESTION called for a large share of attention. Statistics told of the alarming increase in the use of opium. Both sexes and all classes of Chinese society are counted amongst its victims. More vigorous action and closer union with the Anti-opium Societies of India and Britain were decided upon.

Owing to the fact that the Chinese have printed and circulated everywhere the most vile and absurd reports about foreigners and the Christian religion, many of these false reports being even incorporated in the Government Blue-Books, which are placed in the hands of governors and officials throughout the Provinces and Empires, it was decided to memorialize the Emperor, clearly setting forth the truths of Christianity, and beseeching him to prohibit these reports which had not the shadow of a foundation and which would only tend to endanger the relations existing between China and foreign powers.

#### STATISTICS.

The latest statistics for China give Foreign missionaries: men, 589; wives, 390; single women, 316; total, 1,295. Of these, 172 landed in China last year. Native helpers ordained, 209; unordained, 1,260; female helpers, 180. *Medical work:* 61 hospitals; 43 dispensaries; patients treated last year, 348,439. *Churches:* organized churches, 520. Of these, 94 are wholly self-supporting, 49 partially so. Thirteen years ago, the communicants numbered 13,000; now 37,287, or an increase of 185 per cent. The givings averaged 75 cents (gold) per communicant. The Amoy Christians of the London Mission gave an average of 82 per member last year.

The Conference sent to the Home Churches the following:

#### APPEAL.

SHANGHAI, May, 1890.

*Dear Brethren in Christ.*—We, the Conference of Protestant missionaries in China, having just made a special appeal to you for a largely increased force of ordained missionaries to preach the Gospel throughout the length and breadth of this great land; to plant churches; to educate native ministers and helpers; to create a Christian literature, and, in general, to engage in and direct the supreme work of evangelization.

Having also just made a special appeal to you for a largely increased force of unordained men, evangelists, teachers and physicians to travel far and wide, distributing books, and preaching to the masses; to lend a strong

helping hand in the great work of Christian education, and to exhibit to China the benevolent side of Christianity in the way of healing the sick; therefore we do now appeal to you, the Protestant churches of Christian lands, to send to China, in response to these calls, one thousand men within five years from this time. We make this appeal in behalf of three hundred millions of unevangelized heathen. We make it with all the earnestness of our whole hearts, as men overwhelmed with the magnitude and responsibility of the work before us; we make it with unvarying faith in the power of a Risen Saviour to call men into His vineyard, and to open the hearts of those who are His servants to send out and support them; and we shall not cease to cry mightily to Him that He will do this thing, and that our eyes may see it.

#### THANKING GOD FOR OUR THORN.

Dr. George Matheson, of Scotland, is totally blind, and yet he is one of the most learned and gifted men in all Britain. He was a member of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance of Belfast in 1884, and no man in all that body of great men was heard with more profound attention than he. In oratorical power he had few, if any, equals in that body of eloquent men. He spoke with such fluency, power, and magnetism that he swept every thing before him.

It is beautiful to witness the sweetness of the spirit of the man. Although he lives, and must always live in total darkness, yet he is a cheerful and happy-hearted Christian. The following touching words from his pen ought to strengthen the Christian patience of God's afflicted children:

"My God, I have never thanked thee for my thorn. I have thanked thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my cross, but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Thou divine love, whose human path has been perfected through sufferings, teach me the glory of my cross; teach me the value of my thorn. Show me that I have climbed to thee by the path of pain. Show me that my tears have made my rainbow. Reveal to me that my strength was the product of the hour when I wrestled until the break of day. Then shall I know that my thorn was a gift from thee, and I shall raise a monument to the hour of my sorrow, and the words which I shall write upon it will be these: 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

## THE PAPACY IN ITALY.

The Papacy cannot keep her hands off of the public funds whenever she has an opportunity. We know something of her efforts in this direction in our own country, but it is in Italy where she has always made a gain of the State. As an instance, Italy has invested in benevolent institutions \$400,000,000, yet all of them are under the manipulation of the Pope and his priests. In many cases the reason for their continuance no longer exists, as in the case of the one at Palermo, which was erected from redeeming slaves from the hands of the Turks. No longer needed for its original intent, the priesthood has diverted the money to ecclesiastical purposes. As respects Rome, the priests have managed to secure to the Church nearly one-half of the whole revenue of the charitable institutions. The government, however, is not disposed to sanction any longer this perversion of valuable properties, and has set up claims to them for more useful ends and for the greater benefit of the people. Its action has started an agitation which is stirring the entire nation, and causing sides to be taken in a way that shows that Italy is making great progress in freeing herself from the bondage of ecclesiasticism.

## WILLINGNESS TO DO LITTLE THINGS.

There are some Christians to whom the words of the servants of Naaman might well be applied. The Captain of the host of the King of Syria was very angry because the prophet Elisha had told him to do a thing that seemed so small as to be ridiculous and contemptible. He felt himself too great a man to do such a simple thing as to wash in the Jordan, but his servant wisely said: "My father, if the prophet had bid thee to do some great thing wouldst thou not have done it?" Certainly he would, and the servant could appropriately say to them: "How much rather wash and be clean"—that is, if you would do the great thing in obedience to the command of the prophet you certainly should be ever more willing to do the little thing he has commanded. This kind of treatment swept away the barrier of pride behind which the Syrian captain had placed himself, and we are told he did "according to the saying of the man of God" and was healed. Just as soon as Naaman was brought to a true spirit of obedience he was as willing to do the small thing as the great.

There are yet some people in the world who need to be brought to the same state of mind. Any man whom the Lord will use in

great things must be willing to do anything. There are a very few great things to be done in the Master's service, and a great many people would like to do them, while there are innumerable so called small things to be done, and comparatively few who are ready to undertake them. Some one has said: "Once in a while, when a great fortress is to be taken, God will bring out a great field-piece and rake all with the fiery hail of destruction. But common muskets do most of the hard fighting. It took only one Joshua, and the thousands of common troops under him, to drive down the walls of cities, and, under wrathful strokes, to make nations fly like sparks from the anvil. It only took one Luther for Germany, one Zwingli for Switzerland, one John Knox for Scotland, one Calvin for France, and one John Wesley for England. The most work is in the rank and file of life. No man need be idle. Put down love of place and pride. Look around, not above, for work. Remember the nobility of service is not in what men call prominent or great deeds, but in deeds, however humble and unknown, which the King has commanded. There is a blessing in the service and a reward awaiting that kind of work for Christ which is done so naturally as to be forgotten until He shall remind us by saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."—*Young Men's Era.*

## FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY.

An excellent amateur pianist was recently asked how she had managed to keep up her music. She was over forty, and had reared a large family. She had never been rich, and she had had more social burdens to carry than fall to the lot of most women.

"How have you ever done it?" reiterated her friend, who had long ago lost the musical skill which she had gained at an expense of years of study and thousands of dollars.

"I have done it," replied the other, "by practising fifteen minutes a day whenever I could not get more. Sometimes, for several months together, I have been able to practice two and three hours each day. Now and then I have taken a term of lessons, so as to keep up with the times, but, however busy and burdened I have been, unless actually ill in bed, I have practiced at least fifteen minutes every day. That has 'tided me over' from one period of leisure to another, until now I have still my one talent, at least as well improved as it ever was, with which to entertain my friends and amuse myself."

It is amazing to those who have tried it to see what can be accomplished by laying

aside even a small portion of time daily for a set purpose. You find your habits of religious devotion wavering. "The cares of this life" are choking out the better growths. Seize a fraction of your time and lay it aside for reading the Bible and for prayer. Women will never amount to anything in any department until they learn that the care of their health is a sacred duty.

Do you find your mental furnishings growing rusty and dim? By reading a good book fifteen minutes each day, you can effectively renew your mental vigour.

You cannot master an art by working fifteen minutes a day upon it; but the fruit of years of study in literature, music or painting can be conserved through busy months by the devotion of even a few minutes daily, if you can get no more time, to hard practice. Then the health can be greatly benefitted by even a short stroll in the open air when it is impossible to take longer ones. It is like the proverbial saving of the pennies and gathering up of the fragments. The results are simply astonishing. —*Kate Upson Clark in Christian Union.*

#### TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

1. Learn to govern yourselves and to be gentle and patient.
2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayer, penitence, and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.
3. Never speak or act until you have prayed over your words or acts, and concluded that Christ would have done so in your place.
4. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, the gift of silence is often much more valuable.
5. Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose development we must expect, and which we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.
6. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.
7. Beware of the first disagreement.
8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.
9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever an opportunity offers.
10. Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.
11. Do not neglect little things, if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.
12. Avoid moods and fits and fits of sulkiness.
13. Learn to deny yourself, and to prefer others.

14. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.  
15. Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

16. Be gentle, but firm, with children.  
17. Do not allow your children to go away from home at night without knowing where they are.

18. Do not allow them to go where they please on the Sabbath.—*Sel.*

#### CHILD WIDOWHOOD.

The *Dnyanodaya* of Bombay reports that the Pandita Ramabai, in a recent visit to Hyderabad, has secured subscriptions of \$3,500 toward her home for widows and others while seeking education. In referring to the matter the *Dnyanodaya* speaks of the need there is for protecting child-widows from the violence of their own friends, and says: "We emphasize protection, for our blood boils to think such things as possible as were seen lately by a friend of ours. A pretty girl, sixteen years of age, with a fair education and the pride of her father, was lately widowed, and in the very deepest of her grief her ornaments were taken from her, her head shaved, her nose-ring torn out of her nose by two-women, and, as the bier was being carried out, her own father, giving her a contemptuous stroke, pushed her away, saying, 'Now you are a widow.' When we think of the utterly miserable years that are to follow, we long to have her and others like her in a place where they will be protected from those who should love and cherish them most tenderly.—*Miss Herald.*

#### LIFE'S MISTAKES.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there is no limit to the mistakes of life; that they are like drops in the ocean, or the sands on the shore in number; but it is as well to be accurate.

Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes; to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgement and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what can not be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power; not to make allowance for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we

can not perform ; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp ; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.—*Sel.*

#### REFLEX INFLUENCE.

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

Some of the theological colleges of the Church of England are becoming recruiting or training resorts for Rome. Cuddesdon College, near Oxford, has for years been a prolific source of Romanizing influences and tendencies. Now Papal recruits may be expected from Ely College, judging from the character of the devotional books in vogue there, and advertised as suitable for use among its young theologues. Among the latest of the kind is one called, "The Lesser Hours of the Sarum Breviary." Among its regulations are "The Hour Services for the Feast of Relics !" Throughout its pages the idolatrous saint is conspicuous in the form of doing homage to the saints.—*Phil. Pres.*

"To some people the art of waiting is much harder to learn than the art of labouring. It is easier to do and to see the immediate results of our doing, than to be patient and wait for results whose manifesta-

tions must be long postponed. The youthful husbandman would like to dig up the seeds just to see if they have begun to sprout. The mature husbandman in other fields of life is sometimes too anxious to plant before he has prepared, too eager to harvest before the crop is fully ripe. In all moral and social reform, patience is an important element. We must learn not only to labour, but to wait. The mills of God grind slowly. We cannot hasten them by changing belt or gearing. It is well to remember that they grind exceeding small."

#### A MOTHER'S HEART.

We ought to watch closely the character of the memories we leave in our homes. One person has left this testimony : "Many a night, as I remember lying quietly in the little upper chamber, before sleep came on, there would be a gentle footstep on the stair, the door would noisily open and in a moment the well known form, softly gliding through the darkness, would appear at my bedside. First, there would be a few pleasant enquiries of affection, which gradually deepened into words of counsel. Then, kneeling, her head close to mine, her most earnest hopes and desires would flow forth in prayer. Her tears bespoke the earnestness of her desire. I seem to feel them yet where sometimes they fell on my face. The prayers often passed out of thought in slumber, and came not to mind again for years, but they were not lost. I willingly believe that they were an invisible bond with heaven that secretly preserved me while I move carelessly amid numberless temptations, and walked the brink of crime." Is it not worth while for every mother to try to weave such memories into the early years of her children's lives ?

"Up to the 1st of April last 5,000 students in America had signed the volunteer pledge, declaring that they are willing and desirous, God permitting, to be foreign missionaries. Of these 525 have completed their course of study, and 250 have already gone to the foreign field."

#### THE CHURCH AND AMUSEMENTS.

God never intended the Church to vie with the world as an amusement-caterer, either in the way of raising money for its needs or for attracting crowds upon its services. In his day there were those who made his temple the seat of merchandising, and when Jesus came to it as its Lord and Purifier he rose in his indignation and expelled the desecrator

with a scourge of cords. Were he personally to visit some of our churches to day he might find occasion to apply the lash to those who desecrate his sanctuary by kissing plays, and raffles, and theatricals, and other questionable practices. In their eagerness to increase the church funds there is a disposition among too many persons to adopt and countenance the principle that the end justifies the means, and so they sanction almost any method that will attract the multitude and unloose the purse-strings. But certainly this subordination to the worldly taste and appetite in order to fill a depleted treasury, or this rage for church entertainments, has gone too far, and it is time a reformation was introduced. The craze in this direction is bringing the Church into disrepute, and leading to excesses most reprehensible. Christ would rather have the plain dwelling and pure heart and life than the rich and costly building paid for at the sacrifice of womanly modesty and through pandering to worldly customs and gratifications. He never asks for an edifice which the people cannot pay for by voluntary contributions. Let his ordinances be sustained as well as his churches be built on Christian principles, and in a way that neither our Lord nor the world can take exception to.—*Sci.*

#### THE EARLY AND THE LATTER RAIN.

In the climate of Palestine there are two rainy seasons on which the harvest especially depends—the autumnal and the spring rains, called in the Scriptures the early and the latter rain. The early rains of the Scripture usually commence in the latter half of October or beginning of November, not suddenly, but by degrees, which gives opportunity for the husbandman to sow his fields of wheat and barley. The rains come mostly from the west or southwest, continuing for two or three days at a time, and falling especially during the nights. The wind then chops round to north or east, and several days of fine weather succeed. During the months of November and December the rains continue to fall heavily; afterwards they return only at longer intervals, and are less heavy; but at no time during the winter do they entirely cease to occur. Snow often falls in Jerusalem, in January and February, to the depth of a foot or more, but it does not last long. Rain continues to fall more or less through the month of March, but it is rare after that period. At the present time there are not any particular periods of rain, or succession of showers, which might be regarded as distinct rainy seasons. The whole period from October to March now constitutes only one continued rainy season, without any regularly intervening time of pro-

longed fair weather. Unless, therefore, there has been some change in the climate since the times of the New Testament, the early and the latter rains for which the husbandman waited with longing, seen rather to have implied the first showers of autumn, which revived the parched and thirsty earth, and prepared it for the seed; and the latter showers of spring, which continued to refresh and forward the ripening crops and the vernal products of the fields. In ordinary seasons, from the cessation of the showers in spring until their commencement in October and November, in never falls, and the sky is usually serene.—*Sci.*

#### THE MORAL RESULTS OF CURRENT FICTION.

It is undeniable that, outside of a certain limited class of scholarly and thoughtful people, the great majority of all who read anything except the newspapers read books of this description. Statistics of popular and circulating libraries show that seventy-five per cent. of all the books taken out are novels of recent production. A library for the general public that did not furnish them could not be sustained, whatever real treasures of knowledge and literature it might offer. Probably the most numerous readers of novels are to be found among women, because, perhaps, they have more time and fewer other diversions than men. In the large class of them who derive their ideas of life and of the world from its source, the result is seen in the enormous and increasing business of the divorce courts, of which they and their husbands are the principal patrons. Aside from the loose and vague notions of morality that become familiar to them, unconsciously, from the books they read, they enter upon married life with ideas and expectations so false and theories so absurd that nothing but disappointment and unhappiness can follow. Instead of the impossible and self-sacrificing heroes of their dreams, they awake to find themselves married only to men, with the imperfections common to humanity. They perceive that the perfection they are in search of is to be found in other women's husbands, not in their own; on which point they would be speedily undeceived if they could exchange situations with their apparently more fortunate sisters. It is not long before both parties to the union that has proved a disappointment are ready to escape from it; or it is not long before one or the other is determined to break away. It is probable that all other causes put together are not so prolific of divorce among the class in which it commonly takes place as the fact that its

women are brought up on novels of low grade as their habitual and almost only reading.—*Scribner.*

### NEW LIGHT ON BABYLONIAN HISTORY.

"A portion of a Babylonian library, consisting of two hundred and fifty inscribed clay tablets, was sold by auction, the other day, in London. According to the summary of their contents, vouched for by acknowledged experts in the decipherment of cuneiform characters, these tablets show how complex and highly organized was the civilization evolved in Mesopotamia in very early times. The larger part of the collection dates from the early period of the First Babylonian Empire, which ended about 1425 B. C. These are contracts for the sale of land, houses, grain, slaves, &c., and bear witness not only to great commercial activity, but to the existence of an elaborate system of civil law.

Many of the remaining tablets belong to the Second Babylonian Empire, which began about 550 B. C. One of these documents records the judgment in a law suit brought against a common carrier for negligence in conveying a boatload of fruit. The judgment, which was for the plaintiff, demonstrates that in Babylonia carriage practically included insurance. Another tablet pertaining to this period shows that slaves could be not only sold but mortgaged. This collection of documents, amassed by some Babylonian scholar, and now by the irony of fate consigned to a London auction mart, represents, of course, only a very small part of the data unearthed and interpreted by Assyriologists during the last quarter of a century. Taken all together, the evidence seems to prove that the civilization developed in Babylonia reached as high a level of complexity and refinement as did that of the Nile valley, and that it was, moreover, somewhat earlier in date"

### THE INTOLERANCE OF YOUTH.

Youth is far more severe in its judgments than is middle or old age. Those who have lived many years in the world grow mellow with added seasons; they learn to be lenient, to take account of mitigating circumstances, to be sorry for those who fall by reason of weakness, in brief, to make allowances. But the young exact and expect perfection and will accept nothing short of it. "Judge not, that ye be not judged," though uttered by Divine lips, slips easily past their consciences, makes but a slight impression, so sure are they of being in the right, so scornful of

those who have blundered, wandered or sinned. The lesson of the love that suffereeth long, and is kind, that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, is far oftener learned by heart in middle life than in the hey-day of youth.

### THE IDEAL FAMILY.

The first great essentials of the ideal home are constant love, confidence, devotion, unselfishness, willfulness to spend and be spent in the service of one another. The ideal home is one where the children shall say: "When we marry and have homes of our own, we wish to love and be loved as our father and mother each love the other." It is where the sons are taught respect for all women, by the deference and kindness of their father to their mother; it is where the daughters learn, from their mother's patient example, how beautiful a thing wisely and motherly affection is; learn the beauty of daily, unselfish devotion to the good of all. It is one where the atmosphere of love and kindness is so all pervading that it softens every humble duty, and stimulates constantly all noble and unselfish aims.

"There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth \$2,000, and it is very little he can put down on a subscription. But a new family never moves into the village but he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service. He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. I believe he and his wife keep house plants in the winter mainly that they may be able to send little bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one horse wagon when he has no other load. He has a good nius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him in the streets."

We want a Christianity that is Christian across counters, over dinner-tables, behind your neighbor's back as at his face. We want a Christianity that we can find in the temperance of the meal, in moderation of the dress, in respect for authority, in amiability at home, in veracity and simplicity. Rowland Hill used to say he would give little for the religion of the man whose very dog and cat were not the better for it.



## PREACH THE TRUTH.

The following incident, related by Dr. A. T. Pierson, may bring a re-inforcement of courage to some preachers to preach the truth that men most need, regardless of the hearer's tastes or position in life. "At the funeral of a rich and popular but dissipated man who died of delirium tremens, I felt it my duty to be very plain in addressing a large number of men who attended the funeral, with words of warning. So after a few words of reference to the dead, I began a pointed appeal to the hundreds of his unconverted business associates who came to the last rites. I asked them that old question of profit and loss, 'What shall a man be profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' With as much plainness as I could, I applied that question to many who, as I knew, never showed themselves within church doors. Of course they took offence. Many came that day, expecting that the officiating clergyman would pay homage to a rich and popular man, and gloss over with polite varnish his life of profligacy and inebriety. They hoped to get some salve to their own consciences from the ointment of praise with which such a man would be anointed for burial. The disappointment of a few was both outspoken and violent. One man went away angrily cursing and swearing at me and declaring that he would put it in his will that I should never have any part in his funeral ceremonies! Any minister of the Gospel who seeks first of all to be true to himself and to God as well as man, knows at what sacrifice of feeling, truth has sometimes to be told, and conscience obeyed. But sooner or later the compensation comes. And in this case it came very unexpectedly and markedly. Within a few months God smote that man with an incurable disease; and, as he belonged to my congregation, it became now my duty to offer him such consolation and help as I could. Hesitatingly I ventured to call upon him; and to my surprise he was not only glad to see me, but begged me to come often, which I did. He clung to me like a little child—opened his whole heart to me, confessed his own lifelong sins, besought me to pray for him and with him, and before he died wrote me a letter, which is among the precious things preserved with great care. In that letter he says, after paying the most loving tribute to whatever attentions I had paid him during his illness, 'Always tell men the truth: be honest with them under all circumstances. They may be offended at the time, but they will believe in you and trust you in the end.'"

If the end of one mercy were not the beginning of another, we were undone.

## THAT SERMON TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

Ministers of the Gospel very generally and very naturally desire large audiences, and dislike to face small ones. Indeed they sometimes seem to carry their likes and dislikes in this matter to such an extent as to make very little earnest preparation for meeting small congregations. And yet more frequently than they suppose, the small congregation is the more hopeful one, and demands equally careful, earnest, and prayerful preparation.

Our Lord has left us an instructive lesson upon this topic—one which His ministers can, and should, always follow—He never despised the small congregation. It always received from him as earnest and careful attention as at the large, and from it there often came more wonderful results. If He had been as particular about the size of His audience as some of His ministers sometimes seem to be, He might not have preached in the noontide sultriness of a summer's day, that wonderful sermon to an audience of one—and that one a sinful outcast and a despised Samaritan woman, who came to draw water from the well at which He was resting, on His toilsome journey into Galilee.

That woman was certainly not an inviting audience, and yet look at the results of that sermon. She was a caviller at first, earnest, even bitter, and yet intelligent. She soon became a subdued and eager listener, then an earnest convert, and then a wonderfully successful evangelist to her own neighbors and people—so successful that the preacher at once received an earnest and unanimous call to the Samaritan city of Sychar, which He of course declined. Some of His ministers would have undoubtedly preached earnestly to such an audience, but how many?

And so we get back to the great lesson, that the largest congregations are not always the most promising fields of labor, that the smaller ones should receive the results of careful and prayerful preparation quite as fully as the larger, and very often a far more promising fields for useful and rewarded labor.

Grace thrives by frequent meditation on portions of God's word: "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly."

Simply to be in this world, is to be ever exerting an influence—an influence, compared to which, mere language and persuasion are feeble.