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THE ARCHIVES
THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN CANADA

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

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

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HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

JUNE, 1890.

Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, opens with a richly illustrated article entitled "Barbizon and Jean Francois Millet." Barbizon possesses an interest more than common as the home of the celebrated painter whose name is now so familiar, and whose "Angelus" is so famous. "Co-operative Home Winning," some practical results of building and Loan Associations, deals with a most important phase of the laborer's life, showing how even the small wage earner may make for himself a home. "The Rights of the Citizens, II, as a user of the public streets."—"As Haggards of the Rock."—"Backlog Dreams."—"In the Valley," Chapters XXIX-XXXI.—"The Theatres of Japan," illustrated.—"Glimpses of Napoleon in 1804."—"Penilla" a story of Svude Creek.—"Coincidence" complete, the contents of an interesting number. Price 25 cents a number. \$3.00 a year. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Gentleman in Massachusetts when recently offered by letter a package of infidel publications, answered as follows:—"If you have anything better than the 'sermon on the Mount, the 'parable of the prodigal son,' and that of the 'good Samaritan,' or if you have any better code of morals than the ten commandments, or anything more consoling and beautiful than the twenty-third psalm, or, on the whole, anything that will make this dark world brighter than the Bible, anything that will throw more light on the future, and reveal to me a Father more merciful and kind than the New Testament, please send it along."—*Ex.*

In 1875 the Prince of Wales paid a visit to Tinnevely, when the native Christian Church was reported to him to have 54 clergy, 1,100 congregations, and 10,378 communicants. Prince Albert Victor visited the same region last November, when it was found that there were 113 native clergy, 1,636 congregations, and 20,024 communicants.

Switzerland has 1,162 Sunday-schools, with 5,459 teachers and 84,000 scholars. Sweden has 3,340 Sunday-schools, with 15,000 teachers and 220,000 scholars. Australia has 140 Sunday-schools, with 312 teachers and 4,519 scholars.

Of the eighth chapter of Romans, Mr. Moody says: "This is the famous chapter that begins with 'no condemnation' and ends with 'no separation.'"

BOUGHT WITH HIS BLOOD.

Some Africans are terribly blood-thirsty and cruel. A chief one day ordered a slave to be killed for a very small offence. An Englishman who overheard the order at once went to the chief and offered him many costly things if he would spare the poor man's life. But the chief turned to him and said:

"I don't want ivory, or slaves, or gold; I can go to yonder tribe and capture their stores and villages. I want no favours from the white man. All I want is blood."

Then he ordered one of his men to pull the bowstring and discharge an arrow at the heart of the poor slave. The Englishman instinctively threw himself in front and held up his arm, and the next moment the arrow was quivering in the white man's flesh. The black men were astonished. Then, as the Englishman pulled the arrow from his arm, he said to the chief:

"Here is blood; I give my blood for this poor slave, and I claim his life."

The Chief had never seen such love before and he was completely overcome by it. He gave the slave to the white man, saying:

"Yes, white man, you have bought him with your blood, and he shall be yours."

In a moment the poor slave threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and with tears flowing down his face, exclaimed:

"O, white man, you have bought me with your blood; I will be your slave forever."

The Englishman could never make him take his freedom. Wherever he went the rescued man was beside him, and no drudgery was too hard, no task too hopeless for the grateful slave to do for his deliverer.

If the heart of a poor heathen can thus be won by the wound on a stranger's arm, shall not we, who are "redeemed by the precious blood of Christ," give our whole lives also to His service?—*Christian Worker.*

We are not sure but that the tendencies of the present day are to a relaxation of will power, from various causes. The use of tobacco, for instance, where it leaves no impress upon the individual, seems to weaken the power of resistance in the offspring. Our modes of education, if critically examined, would be found to deal mostly with the intellect and the affections rather than with the will. Loose objection to authority and constant yielding to undesirable habits on the part of those with whom we associate, beget loose subjection to one's own self-control. If there is one thing more than another that needs to be taught the growing youth it is mastery of self, and that not less of his physical than his moral nature.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. X.

JUNE, 1890.

No. 6

The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

Price, in advance, 25 cents per year in parcels of 4 and upwards, to one address. Single copies 40 cents.

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

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions.

All communications to be addressed to
REV. E. SCOTT, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

The generous friend of missions who, some two years since, gave, out of comparatively limited means, *one thousand* dollars toward Mr. Annand's salary in the New Hebrides, has now given *seven hundred and fifty more* for the same purpose. If the giving of the Church of Christ approached even in a far off degree this noble standard, soon would the Saviour's command be fulfilled, and the gospel preached to every creature.

Our Theological College at the recent closing, granted its first degree of D. D., and chose for the honor, Rev. John Morton, of the Trinidad Mission. Whether we consider Mr. Morton's talents; his scholarship, especially in the Hindi; or his long, faithful, and successful, work in the mission field, the title is well and worthily bestowed. It is fitting too that a church which has been for so much of its history, a missionary church, should look to the mission field for the subject of its first degree. Well worthy a similar honor, in so far as such things be an honor, is his comrade at arms, the Rev. K. J. Grant, who has been so successful for a score of years in the same mission field.

The agitation for a revision of the Confession of Faith, or for a shorter creed in the

Presbyterian Church of England has taken end by the hearty adoption at the recent Synod of a comparatively short and simple statement of Doctrine, embracing the leading points of the Evangelical faith. The thing that should keep calm the minds of all who may fear that revision agitations will unsettle the foundations of faith, is that the Bible is far more widely circulated and read than ever before. And with that, there is no danger of the great body of Christian people of any Church deviating far from the truth of God.

At the closing exercises of the Theological Hall on April 30th, the following gentlemen having completed their course of study for the ministry, received diplomas:—

Daniel McD. Clarke, B. A., Pictou County; George M. Johnson, B. A., Stewiacke; John A. Matheson, B. A., Boularderie. C. B.; Chas. McKay, Scotland; Ambrose W. McLeod, B. A., P. E. I.; Fred W. Murray, New Brunswick; F. S. Coffin, B. A., P. E. I.;

The degree of B. D. was then conferred upon Rev. John Calder, B. A., and Mr. J. A. Matheson, B. A., and that of D. D. upon Rev. John Morton of Trinidad. The St. David's prize of \$25 for the highest marks at all the regular class examination was won by R. A. Falconer, M. A., and the Morrison prize of \$12 for entrance examination in Hebrew, by J. W. Falconer, M. A. The valedictory was given by Mr. A. W. McLeod, and addresses by Rev. A. Simpson, Rev. L. G. Macneill.

Another congregation in the Western Section of the Church, Central Church, Toronto, has assumed the responsibility of supporting a missionary to the Foreign Field. They have named Mr. Norman H. Russell, B. A.,

who has accordingly been appointed to India. In the development of the missionary spirit the West seems to be rapidly outstripping the East, and leading the way in the work of evangelizing the world. The total receipts for the Foreign Mission Fund in the Western Section of the Church for the past year were upwards of eighty-three thousand dollars. Rev. J. Wipkie, who during his furlough has been collecting for a college building at Indore, Central India, has succeeded in raising over ten thousand dollars for that purpose.

The last issue of the MARITIME stated that a severe hurricane had wrought some damage in the New Hebrides. No particulars have as yet come from our missionaries, but we clip from the *Witness* the following incident of a wreck, viz, "That in a great storm on March 4th, the schooner *Eliza Mary*" was driven on the reefs at Mallicolo in the New Hebrides. It was impossible to see anything through the blinding rain till just before the ship struck. There were on board a crew of 18, two passengers, 44 recruits and 15 returning laborers, making a total of 79. The first boat which was lowered was manned by four white men and several of the black crew. The boat was dashed to pieces while going on shore and the four white men were drowned. Those who remained on board the ship were saved. Several of the recruits swam for the shore and were drowned or killed after landing. One boy had to fight his way from the shore to the mission station, distant ten miles. He, with twenty of his companions, went with some natives to a village near the coast. They were given food, but while eating the savages set upon them and began tomahawking the castaways. The boy ran and escaped. In all, four white men and 47 blacks were lost.

Many of our readers know the strenuous efforts that are made to keep the Chinese out of the United States and Canada. That such effort is not wholly unreasonable even in the eyes of intelligent Chinamen is seen in the fact that *Kee Nee* a Chinaman of high rank in the diplomatic service, speaking in one of the American cities recently, said that 'He could not conscientiously condemn the measure, for the reason that ninety per cent of the emigrants are the worst vagabonds of the nation, an element of which his home

Government would gladly be rid. Did our respected citizens come here, however, he continued, such a law would not have been necessary.'

If his statement be true there is a vast deal in it to encourage, for the Chinese will make their influence more felt as a nation as time passes, and the higher the moral tone of that nation the better for the world.

The Western Division of the Foreign Mission Committee at its last meeting passed the following resolution:—

"That in view of the great growth of the Foreign Missions under the care of the Western Division of the Committee, and the enormously increased correspondence and work arising therefrom, the Committee recommends that the General Assembly should take immediate steps to appoint a convener, whose whole time and energies shall be given to this department of the Church's work."

A bequest of nearly seven thousand dollars has been for some time lying with the treasurer of the Western Section of the Church, for the purpose of opening up a mission to the Jews. Mr. Mortimer Clark, who has recently returned from a trip to the Holy Land, has reported the results of inquiries which he made while there, and the Foreign Mission Committee, West, has agreed to take steps for the establishment of such a mission.

The Western Section of the Foreign Mission Committee has agreed to authorize Dr Buchanan, who, with his wife has been at work at Ujjain, to begin work among the Bheels, the Aborigine hill tribes of Central India, of whom there are at least half a million, so soon as arrangements can be made or the work at Ujjain. Thus the work is extending in our Central India Mission, among the myriads who have heretofore never heard the gospel.

We give in this issue Dr. Cuyler's last sermon as pastor of Lafayette Avenue Church, where for thirty years he has carried on so good a work. It is wholesome reading for ministers and people. We would like to give in full the account of the grand meeting

held a few days later, when many, both in the congregation and beyond its limits, gave testimony to the grand work he has accomplished. One part of the evening's entertainment was the presentation to Dr. Cuyler by the congregation and friends, of a cheque for *thirty thousand dollars*, one thousand for each year of his pastorate. They were able to do it, and it was well and nobly done. He will not be troubled with financial cares during the evening of his life. His pastorate has been one of the most successful on record. But it is a matter for thankfulness that, while few can expect the success, every Christian may copy the faithfulness; and while earth's rewards generally follow success, the "well done" of Heaven are for the "good and faithful."

The Presbyterian Church in Ireland has a very hopeful mission corresponding in some measure to our French Evangelization Scheme. It is to the Roman Catholics of Ireland and is called the "Irish Mission." The *Missionary Herald*, of the Irish Presbyterian Church says that the stupidity of English statesmen, which has for so long compelled the people of Ireland to find in their priesthood the champions of their liberties has been one of the means of keeping the mass of the population in blind slavish submission to their ecclesiastical authorities. Strange to say the agitation which has been going on in that unhappy country for some time is helping the work of the "Irish Mission. The people are awakening more and more to thought and inquiry. One book of which the colporteurs sell large numbers is the Douay Bible and Testament. The *Missionary Herald* again says:

"There are only two things which can arrest the development of rationalism such as we see among the Romanist communities of the Continent, either an ultramontane reaction, or evangelical religion. On the Continent the development has gone on almost unchecked, because the people have lost all faith in their direction. In Ireland it is different. The people have not so largely lost faith in their church. The priests have generally been leaders in the people's cause, and their hands have been doubly strengthened by the

fact that they are subject to Protestant conquerors. So that an Ultramontane reaction must at least be taken into account. Again, unlike France, Italy, and Belgium, Ireland has two relatively strong evangelical churches, the Presbyterian and Episcopal, to lead her into the way of life. On the manner in which these two churches use the opportunities which arise, the religious history of Ireland will depend. Probably it will depend more on us than on the Episcopal Church. We have never been associated as it has been with political or land oppression. Our testimony to evangelical truth is clearer and more unhesitating. Our ecclesiastical system will probably prove more attractive to men emancipating themselves from hierarchial thralldom. If we are faithful we may yet lead in the regeneration of Ireland. If we are unfaithful, I am convinced that in a few years we shall have to contend either with an Ultramontane reaction which will give us even fewer openings for mission work than we now have, or with a scepticism whose blighting influence will be felt even in our own borders.

The agents of the "Irish Mission" of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland to the Roman Catholics of that country give in their reports many encouraging statements.

One says, "I have about eight years' experience during which time I have always, both in the West and South, found great access to the hearts and homes of my Roman Catholic friends."

Another writes, "I have been going among the people in the South for five years, and I can say most emphatically that in the great majority of cases the door is open to us. . . I have sold the Douay Testament and hundreds of other moral and religious books to them."

From another, "A Roman Catholic man on Saturday told me, as we were having a conversation about Father—, said he, 'The priests are losing ground in this country.' I said, 'How?' 'Why,' said he, 'thirty years ago we thought there were gods who had come down to live on earth with us; but we have found them out to be but men.'"

Yet again, "My experience for eleven years is that R. Catholics are accessible to argument, and when they are approached in the spirit of love, bigotry disappears.

The following description of the funeral ceremonies of a chief, in the mission field of Old Calabar gives a dark picture of the horrors of heathenism:— The victims were

prepared, the grave was dug very large and deep. At one end a cavity was formed where the body was to be placed. This part was covered with a valuable cloth. Five of the youngest wives of the late chief were brought to the grave. Their legs and arms were broken and turned up towards the body. One wife was placed under the chief's head, one under each arm, and one under each leg. Their cries and groans were heart rending, but even their own parents dared not interfere. When the corpse was thus accommodated, six free men were killed and placed near it. Then fifty slaves were killed and flung into the big grave. The hole was filled up. But the sacrificing continued for a whole week. It is among people of these habits that the Presbyterian missionaries from Scotland commenced operations. They have been happily very successful, and have been instrumental in a glorious revolution.

"Scotland is full of accomplished men, and from many a humble home has gone martyr or missionary. From one lowly cottage in Strathaven, went the Martin brothers, William, Gavin, and James, two of them to India, the other to Jamaica. Then a son of James followed, then the surviving sister, all five to the foreign field. And when I spoke at Edinburgh to the students on Friday evening, March 14th, two more sons of these Martin brothers came up to me and shook my hand and told me they were in training for the same work. Seven from one house—we might almost say from one cradle. What a land of missionaries would this be if cradles were consecrated! From how many other humble homes, whose kingdom cometh not with observation, might there go forth bands of missionaries to spread the good tidings."—*Dr. Pearson writing from Scotland.*

Dr. Pearson, who has been lecturing on missions for the past six months in Britain to crowded houses, says,

"It is quite noticeable, first of all that here as in America, evangelical belief and evangelistic zeal are inseparably welded. In proportion to the spread of doubt as to the realities and verities of the Christian religion, is the reign of indifference, or at least of practical apathy as to the missionary enterprise. A firm faith in the word of God and the person of Christ; clear views of sin and salvation, of law and penalty, and of atoning love and grace, seem to be vitally connected with earnestness and enterprise in world wide evangelism. Nothing has impressed me more than this, that wherever I

have found any man absorbed and engrossed in missions, invariably further acquaintance has revealed that there was also hearty acceptance, without questions of the grand truths of christianity; so that I have come, almost unconsciously, to accept intelligent missionary enthusiasm as a safe gauge of soundness in the faith. It is to be feared that the so called "higher criticism" is making havoc of missions, so far as it prevails, not only because it insinuates doubt, if not mischief, but because it diverts attention from what is practical to what is speculative."

Again Dr. Pearson writes—"The farther I go the more I feel that the great need everywhere is *information*. The bulk of the people do not know the facts about missions, and if these facts could be widely disseminated and presented in an attractive manner, no one can tell the result in quickening and intensifying interest throughout the church. It is melancholy to see how little even intelligent people know if the real distitution which exists, the wide areas get unsupplied with missionaries, and the great facts of missionary history and biography, and, therefore, it is that faith in missions is early shaken with some.

In a recent Sabbath School lesson Christ's command is "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest". Dr. Pearson's words concerning his mission addresses in Scotland seem a commentary upon these words. He says:—"In all my addresses I have sought to impress the vital connection of *prayer with missions*. Nothing is more important. Nothing is so important. The work is essentially *Divine* in conception and execution. This supernatural gospel can accomplish that supernatural work of conversion only through a supernatural power, the Holy Ghost. Prayer is the only hold we have upon the Spirit of God, and therefore prayer is the single secret of all blessing upon our work. Prayer means every other form of blessing. It means plenty of workmen. It means open doors of access. It brings plenty of money and means. It brings unction upon the workmen. It brings success of the highest sort on the field. It means large harvests and frequent harvests. Those who cannot go, who have no child to give and but little money to give, can pray, and it is noticeable that of all the gifts we can offer, this of fervent supplication is most emphasized in the New Testament."

New Hebrides.**LETTER FROM REV. H. A. ROBERTSON.**

SYDNEY, April 16, 1890.

My Dear Mr. Scott :

I have only time for a very brief note as the American mail steamer leaves this Port almost immediately for San Francisco, via., Auckland and Honolulu.

The best news I have is that as a family we are well and that we are being blessed in our work. Mrs. Robertson's health is now very much better, but she will never be strong in any climate, but with care we trust she may enjoy fair health in a mild climate. A severely cold climate like the colder parts of Canada I fear she could not stand, and a moist climate such as the New Hebrides when fever and ague prevails, drags all the vigour out of one whose constitution has already been much broken by years of hard work, care and much fever in that very group of islands. However we both long to return to our work proper on Erromanga, and I do hope and trust God has much work for us there yet—work that will cheer and encourage the church and ourselves, and be, by God's blessing, for the eternal good of many of the people of that island of undying interest. We expect to go by the steamer on the 21st May or five weeks from to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurie go by the steamer leaving here on the 23rd instant, they are looking so well after their furlough to Scotland. They left their two elder children in Leith with Mrs. Laurie's mother that they might attend school. If any parent should think that it was no trial to leave his children and go to a heathen land on the opposite side of the globe, let that parent just try it for one year. Four of ours will continue here at school, and Mabel, now 3½ years, will go back with us to Erromanga.

I am correcting the proofs of the four gospels and the Acts of Apostles. Our children are in excellent health and so am I.

The steamer and new mail services are a great boon to us all.

With our united kindest regards.

H. A. ROBERTSON.

REPORT FROM REV. J. W. MACKENZIE.

EFATE, NEW HEBRIDES.

It is with gratitude to God for His great goodness to us that I send you my report of another year's work. We had no hurricanes,

and native food has been abundant. For some months we were in dread of a drought, and of a failure of the yam crop in consequence. Such fears, however have been dispelled, and we are now having a rainy season in earnest.

Our own health has been fairly good, but there has been a good deal of sickness amongst our natives, and several deaths have occurred.

At one time we felt somewhat anxious as to the result of an attempt on the part of the settlers, the majority of whom are French, to form this side of our island into an independent municipality, to be called *Franceville*. So far their independence has not been acknowledged by either Britain or France, but had it been, there is no telling what the effect would have been on our work. But for the present the dark cloud has been scattered.

As for several years past a large portion of my time has been devoted to my training class. This is a very important department of our work, as there is now such a demand for teachers, so many new stations having been opened up recently. It is quite impossible for a missionary to get along without this agency. At present we have nine teachers and their wives assisting in the work, on islands to the north of us, and there are applications for many more.

Three of the above were sent out this year and two others were settled in a distant part of our own field.

I wish here to make grateful mention of the kindness of Mr. Hingley, of Oxford, who after supporting a young man for three years and now settled at his own village, has undertaken the support of another. I have also much pleasure in informing you that a contribution of a hundred dollars came very opportunely to hand, just after I had admitted several young men to the class, but having no idea of the source from which their support was to come.

The most interesting event of the year was the placing of the New Testament in Efatese, in the hands of our people. For the present the British and Foreign Bible Society has borne the expense of printing, but we hope to be able to refund the whole amount in the course of a few years.

A short time ago we sent away by the Dayspring nearly three thousand pounds of arrowroot, and if we receive anything like a fair price for it, we should realize about a hundred pounds (£100) sterling. This is much the largest contribution our natives have ever made in one year. In addition to this they sent thirty-four pounds, twelve shillings and eight pence (£34. 12. 8) to Mr. Morrison, for the Foreign Mission Fund

of our church. Considering their number, our natives have, we think, done very well this year.

The various classes have been kept up regularly, viz., that for the candidates on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and Mrs. MacKenzie's classes for women on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, also her school for the children of our nearest neighbours, as well as our usual adult and children's schools.

The work amongst the remaining heathen is much more hopeful than it was when I sent you my last report. We now visit Meli regularly, and for some time have not met with any open opposition.

In the early part of the year their opposition was very violent. One one occasion as the teachers approached their village, a number of them rushed down to the beach, armed, and threatened to murder the first one who should land. Not long after this one of the chiefs who had never manifested any hostility, came to Fila, when some of the teachers just referred to, asked him if he would be willing to receive a present in order that he should allow them to land on his side of the little island (Meli). When those hostile, heard that he received the present, they were very much enraged at him, and threatened to drive him away. He replied that he was ready for them whenever they wished to make the attack. There was nothing more done, however.

Shortly afterwards one of those most opposed, came to me, complaining that by giving that man a present, we were making him a higher chief than the others, I replied that such was not the case, but that it was merely to be allowed to land on the island, and that if he would be willing to receive a small present we would give him one too. I then explained to him that our object in going to his village was not to prevent them from engaging in their feasting, &c., in which their hearts are so much set, but to tell them God's great love in sending His Son to die for sinners, and that when they understand this, they will of their own accord, like the other villages, give up their old ways. To this he assented, and since that he has been much more friendly.

The only other part of our side of the island still heathen is Intang. You may remember that when some dozen or more natives of that district renounced heathenism, three or four years ago they were obliged, on account of the opposition of the heathen, to move to Erakor. I took two of these into the training class, with a view to sending them back as teachers, so soon as God in His providence should open the way. We visited them from time to time without much encouragement. Early in the present year

however, we found that a change had come over some of them, and when two of those driven away, returned in the capacity of teachers, the friendly ones supplied them with food, and assisted them in erecting a house. And one them did more than this, he gave a present of pigs to two of the principal men of the village, who were still hostile, and who came to the teachers threatening to spear them. We have now a fair prospect of seeing them all gathered in.

No. of Communicants	158
“ admitted during year	26
“ Baptized	38
“ in candidates' class	40
“ in Christian villages, about	500

J. W. MACKENZIE.

December, 1889.

LETTER FROM MR. ROBERTSON.

SYDNEY, Australia.

To the F. M. Committee, Pres Church, Canada, Eastern Division.—

DEAR BRETHREN,— I feel I owe an apology that for sometime past I have not written as fully and frequently about our work as I ought to have done.

For the neglect of this clear duty to my beloved Church in Canada, I am indeed sorry. Sickness in my family and much hard work alone prevented me writing to you, and prevented me also from writing to many S. Schools, W. F. M. Societies and personal friends that for six years have fully supported 34 teachers on Erromanga.

I find now that it is not what we *would do* but what is *possible*, that must be attempted in this as in other matters. Work presses daily upon all missionaries everywhere and when that is done that cannot be left undone, both body and mind are too often incapacitated for any more work or thought. This is especially true of all who toil in warm moist climates and among degraded races where there cannot be, for at least the first number of years, anything like a true division of labor.

Before leaving this subject of letter-writing, I just wish to ask all who have been, or are now supporting my teachers would do me just the great kindness of writing us a few lines as they may have time, giving full address and that so far as they may be able they will continue to help us in this great and good work. Several friends have discontinued sending their annual \$25, and small wonder when I never wrote to thank them. But, oh, if I could *now* tell them how full my very heart has always been, and still continues to be, of the deepest gratitude to

them as well as to many who still send us help for my Teacher's Fund, that would be to me a great pleasure. But I cannot get the time, and it is better to be frank at once.

However, now that we have a monthly mail service I am resolved to attempt frequent short notes instead of long annual letters and reports.

Mrs. Robertson and myself, our youngest child (a little girl of three years) and the native nurse expect to get away from Sydney early in May, if not by the end of April. We will get to Erromanga in May, if we do not stop at Aneityum to attend Synod, which meets at Mr. Laurie's station (late Dr. Geddie's), about the 19th June.

For some time while here I engaged to visit congregations and Sunday Schools in town and country, and seek to stir them up in reference to Foreign Mission work generally, but specially in relation to the Churches work in the New Hebrides group of islands. I worked for nearly six months for the Heathen's Mission Committee and they paid all my travelling expenses and gave me something besides. As I was most kindly received by ministers and other friends where ever I went there were no hotel charges to pay.

It would be vanity in me to say I did much to foster a missionary spirit and active work and more liberality during those months. It would also be vanity to say I did nothing to accomplish such a spirit, such work and such giving. When I began work the Committee was £700 str. in debt. At their last meeting they had a balance on the right side. I am thankful to know I did something to bring about this good result.

I travelled by train, buggy, (as they call a waggon here) or in the saddle, saw much of country and enjoyed the society of many ministers and ministers' families, and laymen, who now are among my many missionary and personal friends. I travelled as far as the border of Victoria, and saw its snow-covered mountains.

Except in the older, —i. e., long settled—districts the population is, as yet, small and much scattered. The farmers' houses are, for the most part miserable and without any idea of comfort, while as regards such barns and stables, I never saw one, except on the estate of some rich squatter, who, perhaps, owned land by the mile and had thousands of sheep and hundreds of cattle. I never saw one well ordered, comfortable farm with good dwelling houses, out-buildings and neat gates and fences, and trig farm-yards and fields as are so common in England, Scotland, America, or Canada. Good fields I did see, but no good barns or stables near them. The backyards and many fields where horses

and cattle were grazing I noticed everywhere almost, were receptacles for old rags, old shoes, empty tins and broken bottles. What lamentable want of taste and thrift! But the people are not poor, not a bit of it, many of them have thousands of pounds in the bank. I have never seen in any part of New South Wales anything like as fine, or as well-kept farms as I saw in Ontario, or even in the Sea Province of Canada. But they call everything *farming* here.

As regards scenery, no part of New South Wales can compare with places in Canada. Even little Cape Breton far surpasses this country in point of scenery, and you will see better scenery in Earlton, or on the East River of Pictou, than on the Illawarra line, or Shoalhaven districts. New Zealand and Tasmania are remarkable for the grandness of Mountain ranges and varied scenery, and New South Wales in its Sydney Harbour surpasses, in that particular, any country I have ever seen.

All these Australasian Colonies have a magnificent future before them, however, as regards wealth, and even already they are very wealthy. There is certainly an enormous wealth in these colonies. In all the capitals and larger cities in these Australian and New Zealand colonies, magnificent public buildings are now being erected, and even many of the private houses are palatial. Six years ago there was not one fine hotel in all Sydney, now there are many splendid ones, and others are being built constantly.

There are many godly people in these four colonies; but the great masses, rich and poor, seem to be living for two objects, and only two; namely, riches and pleasure; not religion and happiness, which latter is obtainable alone by the possession of the former. Perhaps one-third of the people out here observe the Sabbath, two thirds are practically heathen—that is civilized pagans. Boat excursions, pic-nics, parties, driving, visiting, novel reading, and hotel and small shop business are the occupations of every Sunday in Sydney by the great mass of the people, and that too by the so-called, educated, respectable people. Being a British Colony, law forbids general business, or Sydney would be as godless as Paris to-day. As it is, I don't think it is any more religious than San Francisco.

Our three daughters, Chrissie, Nellie, and Annie, are at Miss Ellis' school, about three miles out of Sydney. Gordon, our son, is in the Coenull Academy on the Blue Mountains, and about 100 miles West of Sydney, while Mrs. Robertson, our youngest child (Mabel) and I are boarding in Sydney. We kept house until about three weeks ago ever since we came up to Australia, but on giving

up Mr. Murray's house, I was anxious that Mrs. Robertson should be free from the care of a house for a few months before we return to hard work again, and much constant care of so many people and schools, as well as our own house on Erromanga.

As a family we have been very well, except Mrs. Robertson, who for four months was seriously ill at Parramatta. Indeed, for two months I was alarmed about her, for with the fever she had a most trying cough. By God's blessing, careful nursing and medical treatment she is now quite better, though she will never be strong again in a warm climate. I enjoy excellent health, and as for our children they are in perfect health.

I hear regularly from my Elders and teachers on Erromanga. The work is progressing well; but alas, the death rate still continues high. Since I left, many have died, including teachers and *Natai* the chief of *Portnaravin*, our East Station. *Natai* was the finest man on East Erromanga since the noble line of brother Chiefs at Cook's Bay, the *Natais*, *Novolous* and *Lifus*—all gone since our settlement. How we miss them. God seemed to raise them up to stand before us in the first and dark days of suffering and toil, and this *Natai* came to the front at their death, and has been with us sowing and reaping. But their work is done; and of their happiness now I have not the shadow of a doubt.

Others will doubtless be brought to the front now to take their places, but those who were born and who lived for thirty or forty years in heathenism, seem to make brighter Christians. They felt the curse of heathenism and they rejoiced in the freedom from it, and in the liberty and blessedness of the Gospel. Those born in Christianity knew nothing of the woes of heathen darkness and cruelty, and are not half grateful enough for their privileges. The workers, however, are removed, but the work goes on.

Now that a mail service has been arranged to and from all the islands, you will please address all letters, magazines, newspapers etc., not to the care of Rev. Dr. Steel, or to the care of any person, but directly to the missionary for whom they are intended, via., Sydney, New South Wales.

Dr. Steel received a short time since, from my dear friend, Mr. Hugh Barnett (Messrs. Barnett & Son), of Glasgow, £145 sterling, proceeds of sale of Erromanga arrow-root! Think of that!

And now with kindest regards,

Ever faithfully, yours,

H. A. ROBERTSON.

Brethren pray for us.

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM REV. K. J. GRANT.

SAN FERNANDO, Feb. 28, 1890.

The Editor of the Maritime Presbyterian.

Rev. & Dear Sir:—Through the christian liberality of J. T. Morton, Esq., of Leadenhall Street, London, the teacher of our mission school, and Babu Lal Behari in this district are put in possession of a most valuable book by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, called the "Interpreter." Mr. Morton states that his object in aiding in the circulation of the book, is to stimulate to the regular reading of a portion of God's Word daily.

Mr. Spurgeon in his preface says "Heads of families often remark to me that they find a difficulty in selecting passages from the Bible for family reading. They desire to interest the young people, and find that they cannot do so by reading the Bible at random or even by taking it all in course. The "Interpreter" contains the gist of the entire Bible. It can be read through in one year when morning and evening worship are maintained. The portions should be read conscientiously or much instruction will be lost. The hope of the writer is that these selected extracts may lead to the perusal of the whole sacred volume in an intelligent manner."

I like this book because I find it helpful in giving freshness and spirit to family worship. I think it might be introduced with profit into families generally. It might be read, say every evening, and thus the ground mapped out could be gone over in two years. Some other course might be adopted for the morning readings.

The brief hints given from time to time are very suggestive, and the practical lessons deduced, often in a very few words, can't fail to be profitable. It is eminently fitted to lead us into a clearer knowledge, and greater love of the book of God; and it is when the word of Christ dwells richly in the individual soul and in the church collectively that their is vigor, prosperity, and fruit bearing.

Yours faithfully,

K. J. GRANT.

A WEEK'S WORK.

BY REV. JOHN MORTON, D. D.

April 6th. -I had as usual three services and my Bible class. At all three services there was a good attendance—the church at Tunapuna being nearly full at the service there. At this service eight persons were baptised into the faith of Christ.

April 7th.—I took early train to Chaguanas, 10 miles. My first duty was to explore a new settlement on the border of an extensive Savana which stretches from the sugar estates of Chaguanas north to the estates on the Caroni, that is, about eight miles. A ride of two miles through cane fields brought me to a small village on the very edge of this wonderful Savana. The land is low and flat, but capable of being drained. It has never grown trees, but is covered with a crop of tall grass too dense for man, or horse, to get through it. Nearly all the people are East Indians, and the great number of them have bought the land upon which they live. The houses are much better than those usually built by the East Indians, and there are evident signs of remunerative industry. The road is, however, infamous from the nature of the soil, which is rich and deep without a pebble. There are two rum-shops to demoralize the people, but no school or church. This ought to be remedied as soon as circumstances will permit.

One very interesting feature of the place is the rice fields. Imagine over one hundred acres of level land divided into fields of several acres each by a low bank of earth that can be made to serve as a dam to flood the fields when necessary. Here magnificent crops of rice are grown year after year. Only the top is reaped off as the straw is not needed, and it is generally kept unthreshed till it is wanted. The place is said not to be particularly unhealthy, but the complaints as to the roads and mosquitoes, at certain seasons of the year, demanded the utmost resources of their language.

I returned to breakfast at 11 o'clock. At noon met Mr. Coffin at the train, and rode to Chandernagore, a settlement on the Couva side of Chaguanas. Here the people were gathered together in the school for a special service. At this service 9 persons were baptised by Mr. Coffin—I having preached and acted as interpreter. This closed the day's work. Three times it rained heavily, but I was fortunately under shelter, and returned home dry.

April 8th.—Went to Arima, 8 miles by railway, and with the contractor located the new building there. One branch of our government railway terminates at Arima. Around and beyond it lies the Cacao country. The vote of \$400 made by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society in September, last, enables us to occupy this post.

April 9th.—Attended the Government Inspector in examining Tacarigua, Arouca and Tunapuna schools for results for the year ended March 31st. These schools earned respectively \$460, \$172 and \$205.

April 10th.—Took out the frame of the Tunapuna school house in Port of Spain, and attended a Presbyterial Committee.

April 11th.—Set men to work on new school-house. Taught my Catechists from 4 to 6.15 p. m. Prayer meeting from 7 to 8, and taught again till 9.30

April 12th.—Taught my teachers from 7.30 till 11 a. m.

This is an outline of one week's work with no attempt at filling in the details. The following week was quite as busy. It is a specimen of what every of us is called upon to do if we would fulfil our trust. We thank God for health to work. We need much grace to do our work wisely and faithfully.

JOHN MORRIS.

Trinidad, April 24, '90.

STATISTICAL REPORT OF THE PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU FOR THE YEAR 1889.

In presenting their report for 1889, your committee feel that gratitude is due to the great HEAD of the Church for the continued prosperity accorded to the congregations within our bounds, as indicated by the various returns from the sessions. These returns show that there has been growth in numbers, and, if we are to judge by the liberality of our people during the past year, (a very important test) there has been growth in grace also.

Your committee, while expressing satisfaction with the general fulness of the reports, regret that the incompleteness of some renders it impossible to make thoroughly accurate and satisfactory comparisons of progress from year to year. They have in some cases been compelled to make an estimate themselves of some items, from reports of past years, in order to secure as much accuracy as possible in the totals.

Beginning with the first item in the reports, we have to record an increase of one in the number of our congregations, caused by the separation of Blue Mt. and Garden of Eden from Barney's River. There are now 20 congregations with the prospect of another being added before the close of the present year. Three vacancies were filled during the past year; and there now remain three congregations without settled pastors, or one less than was reported last year.

Besides the regular congregations, there are at present 6 mission stations, one of which is under the charge of an ordained missionary.

The number of churches and stations supplied during the year was fifty-two, or six more than the year previous.

The present number of communicants reported is 5793. The number of infants baptized, 339 as against 303 of the previous year, indicates that the growth within our Christian homes has been advancing and that parents have not been neglecting their duty to present their little ones to the Saviour in the ordinance of his own appointment.

Passing on, we notice that the number of the eldership has also increased during the years, there being 196 as against 187 of the previous year. When we consider the importance of this office to the strength and development of our congregations it is gratifying to note that the men who are judged worthy by our people to fill it with acceptance are not becoming fewer. The proportion of elders to congregations in our presbytery is very much larger than it is in the whole church. There has also been an increase in the number of other office-bearers the total for 1889 being 192, or 5 more than in 1888.

We turn now to columns of still greater interest inasmuch as they are in some degree an index of the spiritual life of our congregations, viz., those referring to the prayer-meeting and Sunday School. These are very justly regarded as important agencies for maintaining and promoting the spiritual life of young and old, and statistics with reference to them must ever be of deep interest to us. The figures given in the column headed "No. attending weekly prayer-meeting," are doubtless generally a more or less accurate guess, rather than an estimate based upon actual calculation, hence your committee feel that the variation in the total of this column from year to year does not imply a corresponding fluctuation in the interest manifested in spiritual things by our people. The number reported this year as attending the weekly prayer-meeting is 2350 or a little over 600 less than the year previous. On the other hand the reports indicate an increase in the attendance at Sabbath School, there being 3855 in 1889 and 3345 in 1888. Fewer workers in the Sabbath School, however, are reported. In 1889 there were 536, while last year the number had diminished to 507.

According to the reports, congregations still seem to regard libraries as an important adjunct to Sabbath School work, there having been nearly 1000 vols. added to these during the year. The number of books at present in Sabbath Schools and congregational libraries is reported as 4980.

There seems to be a certain amount of uncertainty in the minds of sessions as to what is implied by the different terms used in the Assembly's blanks to designate missionary

societies. Most congregations have 2 or 3 within their bounds. In all 26 W. F. M. Societies are reported and one missionary association. There has been an increase of two in these societies during the past year, indicating that the interest in Foreign Missions among a very important element in our congregations is not abating. Hope-well reports a Ladies' Mue Society doing good work.

Two churches have been built during the year, and the construction of a third begun.

Turning to the financial part of the reports we find very encouraging statistics. The amounts are as a general thing largely in advance of the previous year. For congregational purposes the totals are as follows, stipend received from all sources \$19,320, an increase of \$2112 over the previous year; stipend paid by congregations alone \$19051, against \$17056 of the previous year; amount expended on churches and manses \$1,356 while in 1888 the amount reported in this column was \$3022; for other congregational purposes \$5685 or somewhat less than in 1888. Total expenditure for congregational purposes \$36742 or \$10098 more than the year before last.

For the schemes of the church, last year there were contributed as follows; College fund \$504 or \$27 less than in 1888; Home Missions \$1774 an increase over the previous year of \$752; Augmentation \$1184, or \$20 more than in 1888; French evangelization \$1120, an increase of \$173 on the previous year; Foreign Missions \$4107, an increase of \$757; Aged and Infirm Minister's Fund, \$82 or \$8 more than in 1888; Widows and Orphan's Fund (which is not, however, a regular scheme of the church) \$32 against \$10 of the previous year; Assembly Expense Fund \$67, an increase of \$8 over the year previous. Total for the schemes of the church \$8870, as against \$7257 contributed in 1888. It will thus be seen that in every case but one (viz., the college fund) the total contributions to the different schemes of the church were, last year, in excess of the previous year, and that in the case of some of the schemes the increase in the contributions was very marked. This is a state of matters which calls for sincere gratitude, as it indicates a genuine interest in the work of the church and the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom. The amount contributed for all purposes during the year was \$47635 as against \$36184 of the year 1888.

The following congregations contributed to all the schemes of the church, Prince St., Pictou; James church, New Glasgow; West River and Green Hill; United Church, New Glasgow; Vale Colliery and Sutherland's River; Antigonish; Scotsburn, etc., Knox Church

Pictou ; Union Centre and Lochaber ; Glenelg, etc. ; Little Harbour and Fisher's Grant. Those contributing to all the schemes but one were, Hopewell, Westville, Stellarton, and East River. To all except two, Sherbrooke, Blue Mountain and Garden of Eden, and Barney's River. To all but three Merigomish. To only one New St. Andrews. Four congregations failed to contribute to the college fund ; one to Home Missions ; one to French Evangelization ; one to Foreign Missions ; seven to Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund ; and five to Assembly Expense fund. All the congregations contributed to the augmentation fund.

The average contribution per family for the schemes of the church was as follows :—United Church, \$9.37 ; Antigonish, \$6.97 ; Prince St., \$6.46 ; James Church, N. G., \$4.61 ; Stellarton \$4.61 ; Scotsburn, etc., \$4.32 ; Knox Church, Pictou, \$4.10 ; Hopewell, \$3.60 ; Union Centre, \$2.87 ; West River & Green Hill, \$2.60 ; Blue Mountain and Garden of Eden, \$2.30 ; Vale Colliery and Sutherland's River, \$2.06 ; Westville, \$2.00 ; East River, \$1.60 ; Sherbrooke, \$1.53 ; Little Harbour and Fisher's Grant, \$1.15 ; Barney's River, \$1.09 ; Glenelg, etc., \$1.03 ; Merigomish, \$.84 ; New St. Andrews, \$.21.

The average contribution per communicant for the schemes of the church was as follows ; United Church, New Glasgow, \$4.77 ; Prince St., \$2.88 ; Antigonish, \$2.74 ; Stellarton, \$2.71 ; James Church, N. G., \$2.38 ; Knox Church, \$2.26 ; Scotsburn, etc., \$1.50 ; Hopewell, \$1.45 ; Westville, \$1.40 ; West River, \$1.23 ; Blue Mountain and Garden of Eden, \$1.18 ; Vale Colliery \$1.11 ; Union Centre and Lochaber, \$1.05 ; East River, \$0.78 ; Sherbrooke, \$0.71 ; Barney's River, \$0.68 ; Little Harbour and Fisher's Grant, \$0.65 ; Glenelg, etc., \$0.47 ; Merigomish, \$0.40 ; New St. Andrew's, \$0.16.

The average contribution per family for all purposes was :—New St. Andrews, \$68.39 ; Prince St., \$35.15 ; United Church \$28.26 ; Antigonish, \$22.90 ; James Church, N. G., \$21.47 ; Knox Church, \$20.68 ; Stellarton, \$18.62 ; Hopewell, \$17.59 ; Scotsburn, etc., \$14.74 ; West River and Green Hill, \$11.88 ; Union Centre and Lochaber, \$10.87 ; Westville, \$10.81 ; Sherbrooke, \$10.40 ; Vale Colliery and Sutherland's River, \$9.54 ; Glenelg etc., \$9.34 ; Blue Mountain and Garden of Eden, \$8.66 ; Little Harbor and Fisher's Grant, \$8.29 ; Merigomish, \$7.81 ; East River ; \$7.65 ; Barney's River, \$4.55.

The average per communicant for all purposes was : New St. Andrew's \$53.06 ; Prince St., \$15.31 ; United Church, N. G., \$14.39 ; Knox Church, \$11.36 ; James Church, N. G., \$11.31 ; Stellarton, \$10.94 ;

Antigonish, \$9.02 ; Westville, \$7.56 ; Hopewell, \$7.12 ; West River and Green Hill, \$5.62 ; Scotsburn, etc., \$5.12 ; Vale Colliery and Sutherland's River, \$5.11 ; Sherbrooke, \$4.83 ; Blue Mountain and Garden of Eden \$4.46 ; Glenelg, etc., \$4.27 ; Union Centre and Lochaber, \$3.97 ; Little Harbor and Fisher's Grant, \$3.95 ; Merigomish, \$3.76 ; East River, 3.48 ; Barney's River, \$2.86.

The average over the whole Presbytery for the schemes of the church was per family \$3.09 ; per communicant \$1.59, an increase over the previous year of \$0.42 per family, and \$0.25 per communicant. The average for all purposes was \$16.62 per family, and \$8.22 per communicant—an increase over the preceeding year of \$3.63 per family, and \$2.12 per communicant.

These figures indicate a great deal with regard to the spiritual life, as well as the growth and prosperity of our congregations. We must remember, however, to quote the words of a recent writer "that to have complete statistics of spiritual prosperity we must have not only statistics of conversion, but statistics of edification, statistics of love, statistics of humility, statistics of secret prayer, statistics of things that the right hand does, without letting the left hand know : prophetic statistics—statistics showing the shining sheaves of a harvest a hundred years to come, springing from two or three dark seeds that some honored servant of Christ, whose life is a poem of resolve and endurance, is now sowing in tears."

Your committee in closing their report would repeat the recommendations submitted last year.

1. That congregations be urged to prepare as full and accurate reports as possible and to forward them promptly to the convenor of the committee on statistics.

2. That in the case of vacant congregations and mission stations the moderators pro tem. of their sessions take the proper steps to secure satisfactory statistical returns. All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEO. S. CARSON,
Convenor of Committee.

LETTER FROM J. M. BOURGOIN.

PT-AUX TREMBLES, April 30, 1890.

To the Friends and Supporters of the Pointe-aux-Trembles Mission Schools :

As our schools are about to close again for the summer months we take the liberty of presenting our numerous friends with a brief account of the measure of success with which the Lord has been pleased to bless the work at our hands.

One hundred and forty three pupils coming from the various parts of the country have this session been in attendance at our Schools. Ninety-six were boys, and forty-seven girls, most of them between 15 and 18 years of age. About one-third of them never before had the advantage of going to school, and seventy of them belong to parents who still adhere to the errors of the Church of Rome. In the case of many of them, their bigotry and prejudices were equal to their ignorance.

Some of them knew nothing about God, Jesus or the Bible; and religion for them consisted simply in attending mass, reciting their beads and going to confession. For these the form is all and the heart or the mind have nothing to do with religion, the priest being the only one they consider responsible in matters of faith.

They enter in our Schools as in a new world and when they have passed six months under the daily training in the Holy Scriptures they have generally made such progress that their friends are surprised and feel proud at the great change which has taken place in their children.

The conduct of the pupils has been good and nothing could surpass their desire to make progress, many of them complaining that they had not enough time for studying, though they rise at half-past five in the morning and retire only at nine at night.

We would like very much to send to all the supporters of pupils specimens of their progress in the form of a letter, but some of those who did not know their alphabet last Fall do not feel yet prepared to express their gratitude to their benefactors in a letter of their own and they request me to present you with the expression of their deep thankfulness.

Besides the ordinary branches of study the pupils have received every day a Bible Lesson bearing on the Sacred History, the life of Jesus, the Shorter Catechism in French, and the main points of controversy with the Church of Rome.

Fifteen of our young men and women, after a consistent profession of faith, have recently been admitted into the fellowship of the Church, so that now there are sixty of this session's pupils who are communicants.

Twelve of our older pupils have asked for missionary work for the summer, and nine of these are going to be employed as carpenters and teachers. Twelve of our young men are studying with a view to the ministry of the Church, and several young girls to become missionary teachers.

To all these encouragements the Lord has

just added another, the good news that our Girls' School is going to be enlarged and repaired for the coming session. This fills our hearts with gratitude towards God and the generous and indefatigable friends of this good cause. Though the money required for this is not yet all received we have faith to believe that it will all be got before the work is completed.

The progress of the work, the increasing interest of the Church and the improvement in the dispositions of our Roman Catholic countrymen strengthen our hope that the light of a glorious day will soon shine upon this Province and will gladden the heart of many a servant of the Master.

J. BOURGAIN, Principal.

P. S.—Contributions and scholarships should be forwarded to

REV. DR. WARDEN,
198 St. James Street,
Montreal.

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

They tell us there is no more creator, only cosmic dust. Who made the dust? There is only protoplasm, indeed. Who made protoplasm? They tell us of evolution from dust to monkey and then to man; but all the scientists have never found the missing link. The simple gospel of the humble son of a carpenter, preached by twelve fishermen, has survived the centuries and outlives all other philosophies of eighteen hundred years. I am not versed in the terminology of the philosophies. I believe them to be of little use to reach the hearts and to influence the actions of simple men. There is no liberty in it that lasts, and does not recognize the Bible. What is the object of all theology? It is to reach the human heart and to control the actions of men as they are. How many of us can even understand what the philosopher says?

You might take the whole Stock Exchange and read Kant to them, and it would be utterly incomprehensible to them. Not so with the teachings of the Golden Rule. . . . They tell us God must disappear; that praying is begging; that the Holy Communion is cannibalism. When did such a religion send out a missionary? When you show me a colony of ten thousand people who have come to live decently by its teachings, I may believe it. But I say now that the Christian faith of my mother is good enough for me. If we believe this faith what harm? If we disbelieve it, and thereby do wrong, what of our future?—From *Orations and After-dinner Speeches of Chauncy M. Depew.*

Maritime Notes,

Rev. M. G. Henry has returned from Harbor Grace.

Rev. A. H. Cameron is laboring at Metapedia for a time.

Rev. E. McNab has resigned the charge of Newport congregation.

A Society of Christian Endeavor was formed in New Annapolis, April 23rd.

Rev. R. Laing has resigned the pastorate of St. Matthew's church, Halifax.

The financial report of Sydney Presbytery shows a marked increase in liberality.

Rev. J. W. McLennan has been called to the congregation of West Cornwallis.

Mr. T. S. Coffin, licentiate, goes to Bay of Islands, Nfld., for the summer.

Sydney Presbytery meets in Falmouth St. Church, on the third of June at 10 o'clock.

Halifax Presbytery has now eight vacancies. Last year its vacancies were all filled.

Rev. S. Rosborough has tendered his resignation of the congregation of Sheet Harbor.

The Presbyterians of Lower Stewiacke intend erecting a manse during the coming summer.

Grove Church, Richmond, calls Rev. J. F. Smith, who has for the past year labored in River Hebert.

Sydney Presbytery approves the remit that the representation to Assembly be reduced to one-sixth.

The Presbytery of Wallace has made application to the Hunter Fund for aid in building a new church.

Rev. D. McLean has resigned the pastoral charge of the congregation of Earltown and W. B. River John.

Rev. J. W. McLellan has been called to the congregations of Montrose, P. E. I., Watervale and Lakeville, N. S.

Mr. Alexander Laird, Student Catechist, has been appointed to assist Mr. Graham, the pastor of St. Johns, Nfld.

The separation of the congregation of Pugwash and Oxford into two separate pastoral charges from June 2nd.

Urbania, Hants Co., has a Society of Christian Endeavour, with twenty active, and three associate members.

The International line of steamers running from Annapolis to Boston has this season stopped the running of its boats on Sabbath.

Halifax Presbytery, on May 1st, licensed the following students: Messrs. D. McD. Clark, T. S. Coffin, A. W. McLeod, Chas. McKay, F. W. Murray.

The congregation of Wellford, New Brunswick, Rev. Wm. McLeod, pastor, has built a fine new church, which was opened on Sabbath, May 11, by Rev. N. McKay.

By the will of the late Peter Ross, of Halifax, his widow has the use of this property during her life and at her death it goes to the Presbyterian Theological College.

The executors of the Gregor estate, Cove Head, P. E. Island, have paid in to the Agent of the Church \$200 for the schemes. This amount is to be given yearly for ten years.

The *Voice* announces that arrangements have been completed with ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, one of the great prohibition leaders, for forty nights in the Maritime Provinces.

Rev. John Murray and D. McMillan were appointed by Sydney Presbytery, a delegation to visit Cape North in May. Mr. Murray to moderate in a call to Rev. E. McKenzie while there.

On the evening of May 4th, Rev. I. H. Jordan, formerly of St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, preached his farewell sermon in Erskine Church, Montreal. He proceeds to Germany to pursue a special course of study.

The commissioners to Assembly from Sydney Presbytery are Messrs. Forbes, D. McMillan, W. Calder, A. Farquharson, ministers; and D. McLennan, Esq., Alex. McAskill, Capt. McKay, and W. Campbell, elders.

Sheet Harbour congregation, after enjoying the services of Rev. S. Rosborough for nearly six years, is again to be vacant. This congregation is so extensive that a minister cannot endure for many years so much physical toil. Steps should be taken to effect a division.

The catechists in the Presbytery of Sydney are appointed for the summer as follows:—Mr. Malcolm McLeod to North River and North Shore, Neil K. McLennan to South Gut and English Town; W. W. Rainie to Little Bras d'Oor; and D. O. McKay to Louisburg.

The Presbyterians of Mulgrave, have completed their pretty church, and it was formally opened for Divine service on Sabbath,

May 11th, by Rev. J. R. Munro. As the station is yet very weak any aid will be thankfully received. Communications may be addressed to Mr. Thomas McLeod, Mulgrave.

The Campbell estate, Charlottetown, through Rev. J. S. Carruthers, executor, will pay by June 1st, \$3,000 for Foreign Missions. The same estate also provides \$900 to found a bursary available for candidates for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church.

Bedford Waverly, and Sackville is to be supplied during the summer by a catechist. Mr. W. McKenzie, who laboured so successfully in Labrador, is now occupying these stations. An ordained missionary will be placed over them next autumn.

Two congregations in the Maritime Provinces became self-sustaining last year, namely Parrsboro, and Loch Lomond. Two new ones, however, have been formed, Oxford and Lower Stewiacke, which now receive aid from the Augmentation Fund.

The small congregation of Carleton and Chebogue, Yarmouth County, comprises thirty families. Though weak yet they are loyal and spirited, and raised last year \$151 for Church Schemes. Rev. E. Thorpe is now to be placed over them as an ordained missionary.

Very interesting and successful evangelistic services have been held in Freetown, P. E. I., by Rev. Wm. Tafts, pastor, during the past winter. About sixty have for the first time professed their faith in Christ. The same district has just erected a neat church the movement being largely the outcome of the revival. Thus they prove their faith by their works.

Rev. D. McDougall has been for eleven years pastor of the congregation of West Bay, C. B., and a few weeks since the managers waited upon him, and gave him \$180 to purchase a suitable carriage. Such a token of appreciation after a lengthened pastorate, is most encouraging. The new carriage will mean much, but still more precious will be the love behind it that prompted it.

As the Scotch Church, Boston, is Maritime, so far as the pastor and nearly all the people are concerned, we are glad to record here that at the Communion on April 13th seventy one united with the church by profession, and nine by certificate. On a recent Sabbath eleven of the young people received a prize each, for correctly reciting at one sitting the "Shorter Catechism." The congregation raised last year for all purposes over \$9000.

THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

I was told he was a respectable old man, honest, industrious, God-fearing, and he worked upon the roads. Hot or cold, summer or winter, year in and year out, Thomas was always to be found thus engaged at his daily task in the neighborhood of my home.

One day, when we were out walking, we stopped to talk to Thomas, and the old man grew earnest in speaking of his favorite theme—the love of God. He said that when he was young he cared not for the concerns of eternity, and that he became very different afterwards.

"Aye," he said, as nearly as I can remember, "there was an infidel once as used to come and argue with me about religion, and one day I turned to him and said, 'You knew me as I used to before I gave my heart to God; now, tell me, was I a better man then; nay, was I half as good a man as I have been since?'"

The sceptic had not a word to say. The argument was unanswerable. He knew what a sad, sinful young man the old roadmaker had been before he became a new creature in Christ Jesus, and he could not deny the change had been a beneficial one.

Let us see that we show forth by the power of a changed life the beauty and desirableness of true religion.

"Regeneration, the second birth, is an essential condition to adoption into the family of God. God gives to us the Spirit of adoption. He fits us for our wondrous sonship. Then follow these "benefits."—assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end."

"Living waters," it has been said, "cannot be stoyed unless they freeze, and the pond that has no outlet becomes stagnant. So the individual who exists for self alone, dwarfs and paralyzes his soul, and the Church that sees simply its own upbuilding, dies even while it has a name to live. 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' was the precept and example of our blessed Master."

"The Belgians are the champion drinkers. More spirits go down their gullets than of any other nationality on earth. Their stomachs are their exchequers, into which they put on an average to every inhabitant two hundred and forty quarts of beer and thirteen quarts of spirits—new born babies included. The government is aroused to some feeble effort to reduce the amount."

THE JOYS OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

THE CLOSING DISCOURSE OF THE REV. THEO.

L. CUYLER, D. D., IN THE LAFAYETTE
AVENUE CHURCH, BROOKLYN,

APRIL 6, 1890.

"For what is our hope or joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming? For ye are our glory and joy." - *1 Thes. 2, 19-20.*

These words were written by the most remarkable man in the annals of the Christian Church. Great interest is attached to them from the fact that they are part of the first inspired epistle that Paul ever wrote. Nay, more. The letter to the Church of Thessalonica is probably the earliest as to date of all the books of the New Testament. Paul was then at Corinth, about 52 years old, in the full vigor of his splendid prime. His spiritual son Timothy brings him tidings from the infant church in Thessalonica that awakens his solicitude. He yearns to go and see them, but he cannot; so he determines to write to them, and one day he lays aside his tent needle, seizes his pen, and when that pen touches the papyrus sheet the New Testament begins. The Apostle's great, warm heart kindles and blazes as he goes on, and at length bursts out in this impassioned utterance: "Ye are my glory and joy."

Paul, I thank thee for a thousand things, but for nothing do I thank thee more than for that golden sentence. In these thrilling words, the greatest of Christian pastors, rising above the poverty, homelessness, and scorn that surrounded him, reaches forth his hands and grasps his royal diadem. No man shall rob the aged hero of his crown. No chaplet worn by a Roman conqueror in the hour of his brightest triumph rivals the coronal that pastor Paul sees flashing before his eyes. It is a crown blazing with stars; every star an immortal soul plucked from the darkness of sin into the light and liberty of a child of God. Poor is he? He is making many rich. Despised is he? He wouldn't change places with Cæsar. Homeless is he? His citizenship is in heaven, where he will find myriads whom he can meet and say to them, "Ye, ye are my glory and joy." Sixteen centuries after Paul uttered these words, John Bunyan re-echoed them when he said, "I have counted as if I had goodly buildings in the places where my spiritual children were born. My heart has been so wrapt up in this excellent work, that I accounted myself more honored of God than if He had made me emperor of all the world, or the lord of all the glory of the earth without it.

He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, doth save a soul from death; and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament."

Now the great Apostle expressed what every ambassador of Christ constantly experiences when in the thick of the Master's work. His are the joys of acquisition. His purse may be scant, his teaching may be humble, the field of his labor may be so obscure that no bulletins of his achievements are ever proclaimed to an admiring world, difficulties may sadden and discouragement bring him to his knees, but I tell you that obscure, toiling man of God has joys vouchsafed to him that a Frederick or Marlborough never knew on the field of bloody triumph, or that a Rothschild never dreams of in his mansions of splendor, nor an Astor with his stores of gold. Every nugget of fresh truth discovered, makes him happier than one who has found golden spoil; every attentive auditor is a delight; every look of interest on a human countenance, flashes back to illuminate his own. Above all, when the tears of penitence course down a cheek, and a returning soul is led by him to the Saviour, there is great joy in heaven over a repentant wanderer; there is a joy in that minister's heart too exquisite to utter. Then he is repaid in full measure, pressed down, running over into his bosom. Converted souls are jewels in the caskets of faithful parents, teachers, and pastors. They shall flash in the diadem which the righteous Judge shall give them in that great day. Ah, it is when an ambassador of Christ sees an army of young converts, and listens to the first utterances of their new born love, and when he presides at a communion table and sees his spiritual offspring gathered around him, more true joy that faithful pastor feels, than "Cæsar with a Senate at his heels." Rutherford of Scotland only voiced the yearnings of every true pastor's heart, when he exclaimed, "O how rich were I if I could obtain of my Lord the salvation of you all. What a prey had I gotten to have you all caught in Christ's net. My witness is above, that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all would be two salvations to me."

Yet, my beloved people, when I recall the joy of my forty-four years of public ministry, I often shudder at the fact of how near I came to losing it. For very many months my mind was balancing between the pulpit and the attractions of a legal and political career. A single hour in a village prayer meeting turned the scale. But perhaps behind it all, a beloved mother's prayers were moving the mysterious hand that touched

the poised balance, and made souls outweigh silver, and eternity outweigh time. Would that I could lift up my voice this morning in every academy, college, and university on this broad continent. I would say to every gitted Christian youth, "God and humanity have need of you." He who redeemed you by His precious blood, has a sovereign right to the best brains and the most persuasive tongues and the highest culture. Why crowd into the already overcrowded professions? The only occupation in America that is not overdone, is the occupation of serving Jesus Christ and saving souls. I do not affirm that a Christian cannot serve his Master in any other sphere or calling than the Gospel ministry; but I do affirm that the ambition for worldly gain and worldly honors is sluicing the very heart of God's Church, and drawing out to-day much of the Church's best blood in their greedy outlets; and I fearlessly declare that when the most splendid talent has reached the loftiest round on the ladder of promotion, that round is many rungs lower than the pulpit, in which a consecrated tongue proclaims a living Christianity to a dying world. When Lord Eldon from the bar, what Webster from the Senate chamber, what Sir Walter Scott from the realms of romance, what Darwin from the field of science, what monarch from Wall street or Lombard street can carry his gold up to the judgment seat, and say, "These are my joy and crown!" The laurels and the gold will be dust—ashes. But if so a humble servant of Jesus Christ as your pastor, can ever point to the gathered flock arrayed in white before the celestial throne, then he may say, "What is my hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of Christ at His coming?"

Good friends, I have told you what aspirations led me to the pulpit as a place in which to serve my Master, and I thank Christ the Lord for putting me in the ministry. The forty-four years I have spent in that office have been unspeakably happy. Many a far better man has not been as happy, from causes beyond control. He may have had to contend with feeble health, as I never have; or a despondent temperament, as I never have; or have struggled to maintain a large household on a slender purse; he may have been placed in a stubborn field, where the Gospel was shattered to pieces on flinty hearts. From all such trials kind Providence has delivered your pastor. My ministry began in a very small church. For that I am thankful. Let no young minister envy a large parish at the outset. The clock that is not content to strike "one," will never strike "twelve." In that little parish at Burlington, N. J., I had opportunity for the

two most valuable studies for any minister—God's Book, and individual hearts. My next call was to organize and serve an infant church in Trenton, N. J., and for that I am thankful. Laying the foundation of a new church affords capital tuition in spiritual masonry, and the walls of that church have stood firm and solid for forty years. The crowning mercy of my Trenton ministry was this: that one Sunday while I was watering the flock, a goodlier vision than that of Rebecca appeared at the well's mouth, and the sweet sunshine of that presence has never departed from the pathway of my life. To this hour the prosaic old capital of New Jersey has a halo of poetry floating over it, and I never go through it without waving a benediction from a passing train.

The next stage of my life's work was a seven years' pastorate of the Market-street Church in the City of New York. To those seven years of hard and happy labor I look back with joy. The congregation swarmed with young men, many of whom have risen to prominence in the commercial and religious life of the great metropolis. The name of Market street is graven indelibly on my heart. I rejoice that the quaint old edifice still stands, and welcomes every Sabbath a congregation of landmen and of sailors. During the year 1858 occurred the great revival, when a mighty wind from heaven filled every house where the people of God were sitting, and the glorious work of that revival kept many of us busy for six months night and day.

Early in the year 1860 a signal was made to me from this side of the East River. It came from a brave little band then known as the Park Presbyterian Church, who had never had any installed pastor. The signal at first was unheeded, but a higher than human hand seemed to be behind it, and I had only to obey. That little flock stood like the man of Macedonia, saying, "Come over and help us," and after I had seen the vision, immediately I decided to come, assuredly concluding that God had called me to preach the Gospel unto them. This morning my memory goes back to that chilly, stormy April Sunday, when my labors began as your first pastor. About two hundred and fifty people, full of grace and grit, gathered on that Easter morning to see how God could roll away stones that for two years had blocked their path with discouragement. My first message many of you remember. It was "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Of that little company the large majority has departed. Many of them there are among the white robed that now behold their risen Lord in glory. Of the seventeen

church officers, elders, deacons, and trustees then in office who greeted me that day, only four are living, and of that number only one, Mr. Albion P. Higgins, is now a member of this congregation. I wonder how many there are this morning that gathered before my pulpit on that Easter Sunday thirty years ago. As many of you as there are present that were at that service thirty years ago, will do me a favour if you will rise in your pews. (Thirteen people here stood up.)

God bless you! If it hadn't been for you, this ark would never have been built. Ah! we had happy days in that modest chapel. The tempest of civil war was raging, with Lincoln's steady hand at the helm. We got our share of the gale, but we set our storm sails, and every one that could handle ropes stood at his or her place. Just think of the contributions that small church made during the first year of my pastorate—\$20,000, not in paper, but in gold! That little band in that chapel was not only generous in donations, but valiant in spirit, and it was under the gracious shower of a revival that we removed into this edifice on the 16th of March, 1862. The subsequent history of the church was published so fully at the notable anniversary five years ago, that I need only repeat the chief head-lines in a very few sentences. In 1863 Mr. William Wickes started a school, which afterwards grew into the Cumberland-street Church. In 1866 occurred that wonderful work of grace that resulted in the addition of 320 souls to our membership, 100 of them heads of families. As a thank-offering to God for that rich blessing, the Memorial Mission School was established, which was soon organized into the Memorial Presbyterian Church, now on Seventh avenue, under the excellent pastorate of my brother Nelson. During the winter of 1867 a conference of gentlemen was held in yonder study, which set on foot the present Classon avenue Church, where my brother Chamberlain ministers equally satisfactorily. Olivet mission was organized in 1871. It will always be fragrant with the memory of Horace B. Griffin, its first superintendent. The Cuyler Chapel was opened on Atlantic avenue in March, 1886, by our Young Peoples Association, who are maintaining it most vigorously. The little Corwin mission on Myrtle avenue was established by a member of the church, to perpetuate his name, and is largely sustained by members of this church.

Of all the efficient, successful labors of the Lafayette Avenue Temperance Society, the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, their Benevolent Society, the Cuyler Mission Band, the Daughters of the Temple, and other kindred organizations, I have no

time or place to speak this morning. But I must repeat now what I have said in past years, that the two strong arms of this church are its Sunday-school and its Young Peoples Association. The former has been well kept up to the ideal of such an institution. It is that of a training school of young hearts for this life and for a life to come. God's blessing has descended upon it like the morning dew. Of the large number of children that have been enrolled in its classes 730 have been received into membership with this church alone, and to the profession of faith in Christ, to say nothing of those who have joined elsewhere. Warmly do I thank, and heartily do I congratulate our beloved brother, Daniel W. McWilliams, and his faithful group of teachers, and the superintendent of the primary department and her group of assistants, on the seal which God has set upon their lovely work. When they contemplate the long array of children whom they have guided to Jesus, they too can exclaim "What is our joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the Lord?" If the Sunday-school has rendered good service, so has the well-drilled, well-weaponed Young Peoples Association. The fires of devotion have never gone out on the altar of their Monday evening gatherings. For length of age and number of membership combined, probably it surpasses all similar young peoples associations in our country. About three thousand names have been on its membership roll, and of this number twelve have set their faces towards the Gospel ministry. O, what a source of joy to me that I can leave that association in such a high condition of vigor and prosperity. No church can languish, no church can die while it has plenty of young blood in its veins.

What has been the outcome of these thirty years of happy pastorate? As far as the results can be tabulated the following is a brief summary: During my pastorate here I have preached about 2750 discourses, have delivered a very large number of public addresses in behalf of Sunday-schools, Young Mens Associations, the temperance reform and kindred enterprises for advancing human welfare. I have officiated at 98 marriages. I have baptized 962 children. The total number received into membership of this church during this time has been 4223. Of this number 1920 have united by confession of their faith in Jesus Christ. An army, you see, an army of nearly two thousand souls, have enlisted under the banner of King Jesus and taken their sacramentum or vow of loyalty before this pulpit. What is our crown of rejoicing? Are not even they in the presence of Christ at His coming?

It is due to you that I should commend

your liberality in gifts to God's treasury. During these thirty years over \$640,000 have been contributed for ecclesiastical and benevolent purposes, and about \$700,000 for the maintenance of the sanctuary, its worship and its work. Over a million and a quarter of dollars has passed through these channels. The successive boards of trustees have managed our financial affairs carefully and efficiently. The architecture of this noble edifice is not disfigured by any mortgage. I hope it never will be.

There is one department of ministerial labor that has had a peculiar attraction to me and afforded me peculiar joy. Pastoral work has always been my passion. It has been my rule to know everybody in this congregation, if possible, and seldom have I allowed a day to pass without a visit to some of your homes. I fancied that you cared more to have a warm-hearted pastor than a cold-blooded preacher, however intellectual. To carry out thoroughly a system of personal oversight, to visit every family, to stand by the sick and dying beds, to put one's self into sympathy with aching hearts and bereaved households, is a process that has swallowed up time, and I tell you it has strained the nerves prodigiously. Costly as the process has been it has paid. If I have given sermons to you, I have got sermons from you. The closest tie that binds us together is that sacred tie that has been wound around the cribs in your nurseries, the couches in your sick chambers, the chair at your fireside, and even the coffins that have borne away your precious dead. My fondest hope is that however much you may honor or love my successor in this pulpit, you may evermore keep a warm place in the chimney of your hearts for the man who gave the best thirty years of his life to your service. Here let me bespeak for my successor the most kind and reasonable allowance of pastoral labors. Do not expect too much from him. Very few ministers have the peculiar passion for pastoral service that I have had, and if Christ's ambassador, who shall occupy this pulpit, proclaims faithfully the whole Gospel of God, and bring a sympathetic heart to your house, do not criticise him unjustly because he may not attempt to make twenty-five thousand pastoral visits in thirty years. House to house visitation has only been one hemisphere of the pastor's work. I have accordingly endeavoured to guard the door of yonder study so that I might give undivided energy to preparation for this pulpit. You know, my dear people, how I have preached and what I have preached. In spite of my interruptions, I have honestly handled each topic as best I could. The minister that foolishly

runs races with himself is doomed to an early suicide. All that I claim for my sermons is that they have been true to God's Book and the Cross of Jesus Christ, have been simple enough for a child to understand, and have had for each full view of the judgment seat, I have aimed to keep this pulpit abreast of all great moral reforms and human progress, and the majestic archings of the kingdom of King Jesus. The preparation of my sermons has been an unspeakable delight. The manna fell fresh every morning, and it had to me the sweetness of angels' food.

Ah, there are many sharp pangs before me! None will be sharper than the hour that bids farewell to yonder blessed and beloved study. For twenty-eight years it has been my daily home, one of the dearest spots this side of heaven. From its walls have looked down upon me the inspiring faces of Chalmers, Charles Wesley, Spurgeon, Lincoln and Gladstone, Adams, Storrs, Guthrie, Newman Hall, and my beloved teachers Charles Hodge and the Alexanders of Princeton. Thither your infant children have been brought on Sabbath mornings awaiting their baptism. Thither your older children have come by hundreds, to converse with me about the welfare of their souls. Thither have come all the candidates for admission to the fellowship of the church, and have made there their confession of faith and their allegiance to Christ. O what blessed interviews with inquirers have been held there! What sweet and happy fellowship with my successive bands of elders, some of whom have joined the general assembly of the redeemed in glory! That hallowed study has been to me sometimes a Bochim of tears, and sometimes a Hermon, when the vision was of no man save Jesus only. And the work right there has been a wider one for a far wider multitude than these walls contain this morning. I have written there nearly all the hundreds of articles which have gone out through the religious press, over this country, over Great Britain, over Europe, over Australia, Canada, India, and New Zealand. During my ministry I have published about 3200 of these articles. Many of them have been gathered into books; many of them translated into Swedish, Spanish, Dutch, and other foreign tongues. They have made the scratch of a very humble pen audible to Christendom. The consecrated pen may be more powerful than the consecrated tongue. I devoutly thank God for having condescended to use my humble pen to the spread of His Gospel, and I purpose with His help to spend much of the brief remainder of my life in preaching His glorious Gospel through the press.

I am sincerely sorry that the necessities of

this hour seem to require so personal a discourse this morning; but I must hide behind the example of the great Apostle who gave me my text. Because he reviewed his ministry among his spiritual children of Thessalonica, I may be allowed to review my own, too, standing here this morning under such peculiar circumstances. These thirty years have been to me years of unbounded joy. Sorrows I have had, when death paid four visits to my house; but the sorrow taught sympathy with the grief of others. Sins I have committed—too many of them; your patient love has never cast a stone. The faults of my ministry have been my own. The successes of my ministry have been largely due, under God, to your co-operation, and above all, to the amazing goodness of our Heavenly Father. Looking my long pastorate squarely in the face, I think I can honestly say that I have been no man's man. I have never courted the rich, nor willfully neglected the poor. I have never blunted the sword of the Spirit, lest it should cut your consciences, or concealed a truth that it might save a soul.

In no large church is there a perfect community of tastes as to preaching. I do not doubt that there are some of you that are quite ready for the experiment of a new face in this pulpit, and perhaps there may be some who are lusting after the fat quail of elaborate or philosophic discourse; for during thirty years I have tried to feed you on nothing but manna. Whatever the difference of taste, you have always stood by me true as steel. This has been your spiritual home, and you have drunk every Sunday from your own well, and though the water of life has not always been passed up to you in a richly embossed silver cup, it was drawn up, the undiluted Gospel from the inspired fountain head. To hear the truth, heed the truth, to "back" the truth with prayer and toil, has been the delight of the staunchest members of this church.

O the children of this church are inexpressibly dear to me! There are hundreds here to day that never had any other home, nor ever knew any other pastor. I think I can say that "every baptism has baptised us into closer fellowship, every marriage has married us into closer union, every funeral that bore away your beloved dead, only bound us more strongly to the living." Every invitation from another church—and I have had some very attractive ones that I never told you about—every invitation from another church has always been promptly declined, for I long ago determined never to be pastor of any other than Lafayette-avenue Church. What is my joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye—ye—in the presence of Christ

at His coming? Why then under a tie that is bound to every fibre of my inmost heart? I will tell you. I will answer you frankly. There must be no concealments or false pretences between us. In the first place, as I told you two months ago, I have determined to make my thirtieth anniversary the terminal point of my present pastorate. I determined not to outstay my fullest capacity for the enormous work demanded here. The extent of that demanded work increases every twelvemonth. The requirements of preaching twice every Sunday, to visit the vast number of families directly connected with this church, attending funeral services, conferring with committees about Christian work of various kinds, and numberless other duties—all these requirements are prodigious. Thus far, by the divine help, I have carried that load. My health to-day is as firm as usual, and I thank God that forces of heart and brain as He has given to me, are unabated. The chronic catarrh that long ago muffled my ears to many a strain of sweet music, has never made me too deaf to hear the sweet accents of your love. But I understand my constitution well enough, to know that I could not carry the undivided load of this great church a great while longer, without the risk of breaking down; and there must be no risk run with you or with myself. I also desire to assist you in transferring this magnificent vessel to the next pilot whom God shall appoint, and I wish to transfer it while it is well-manned, well-equipped, and on the clear sea of an unbroken financial and spiritual prosperity. No man shall ever say that I so far presumed on the generous kindness of this dear church, as to linger here until I had outlived my usefulness.

For these reasons I present to-day my resignation of this sacred, precious charge. It is my honest desire and purpose that this day must terminate my present pastorate. For presenting this resignation I alone am responsible before God, before this church and before the world. When you shall have accepted my resignation the whole responsibility for the welfare of this beloved church will rest on your shoulders—not on mine. My earnest prayer is that you may soon be directed to the right man to be your minister, to one who shall unite all hearts and all hands and carry forward the high and holy mission to which God has called you. He will find in me not a jealous critic, but a hearty ally in everything that he may regard for the welfare of this church. As for myself, I do not purpose to sit down on the veranda and watch the sun of life wheel downward in the West. The labors of the pen and of a ministry at large will afford me no lack of em-

ployment. The welfare of this church is inexpressibly dear to me—nothing is dearer this side of heaven. If, therefore, while this flock remains shepherdless, and in search of my successor, I can be of actual service to you in supplying at any time this pulpit, or performing pastoral labor, that service, beloved, shall be performed cheerfully.

The first thought, the only thought with all of us, is this church, *this church!* THIS CHURCH! I call no man my friend, you must call no man your friend that does not stand by the interests of Lafayette-avenue Church. It is now called to meet a great emergency. For the first time in twenty-eight years this church is subjected to a severe strain. During all these years you have had very smooth sailing. You have never been crippled by debt; you have never been distracted with quarrels; and you have never been without a pastor in your pulpit or your home when you needed him. And I suppose no church in Brooklyn has ever been subjected to less strain than this one. Now you are called upon to face a new condition of things, perhaps a new danger—certainly a new duty. The duty overrides the danger. To meet that duty you are strong in numbers. There are 2350 names on your church register. Of these many are young children, many are non-residents who have never asked a dismission to other churches; but a great army of church members three Sab. baths ago rose up before that sacramental table. You are strong in a holy harmony. Let no man, no woman break the ranks. You are strong in the protection of that Great Shepherd who never resigns and never grows old. "Lo! I am with you always. Lo! I am with you always. Lo! I am with you always" seems to greet me this morning from every wall of this sanctuary. I confidently expect to see Lafayette-avenue Church move steadily forward with unbroken column led by the Captain of our salvation. All eyes are upon you. The Eye that never slumbers or sleeps is watching over you. If you are all true to conscience, true to your covenants, true to Christ, the future of this dear church may be as glorious as its past. And when another thirty years have rolled away it may still be a strong tower of truth on which the smile of God shall be like the light of the morning. By as much as you love me, I entreat you not to sadden my life or break my heart by ever deserting these walls, or letting the fire of devotion burn down on these sacred altars.

The hands of the clock run to the close. This is one of the most trying hours of my whole life. It is an hour when tears are only endurable by being rainbowed with the memory of tender mercies and holy joys. When

my feet descend those steps to-day, this will no longer be my pulpit. I surrender it back, before God, into your hands. One of my chiefest sorrows is that I leave some of my beloved hearers out of Christ. O you have been faithfully warned here, and once more, as though God did beseech you by me, I implore you in Christ's name to be reconciled to God. This dear pulpit, whose teachings are based in the Rock of Ages, will stand long after the lips that now address you have turned to dust. It will be visible from the judgment seat, and its witness will be that I determined to know not anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. To-day I write the last page in the record of thirty bright, happy, heaven-blessed years among you. What is written is written. I shall fold up the book and lay it away with all its many faults, and it will not lose its fragrance, while between its leaves are the pressed flowers of your love. When my closing eyes shall look on that record for the last time, I hope to discover there only one name, the name that is above every name, the name of Him whose glory crowns this Easter morn with radiant splendour, the name of Jesus Christ, King of kings, Lord of lords. And the last words I utter in this sacred spot, are unto Him that loves us and delivers us from sin with His precious blood—and unto God be all praise and thanks and dominion and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

At the conclusion of the service the people thronged about the pulpit, and when Dr. Cuyler came down the steps, his old parishioners and friends pressed forward to grasp his hand. The Doctor repeatedly declared that he would not say good-bye, as he expected to be with them for a long time to come. But for some times it was impossible to restrain the feelings of those present. Many of the men gave way more completely than the women, sobbing and burying their faces in their hands. Some of the oldest veterans, recognized as men of granite, were among those to give most forcible demonstration to their grief. The scene became so oppressive, that the Doctor, feeling the severity of the strain, hastened from the church to his study.

"Whosoever would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ, must endeavor to conform his life wholly to the life of Christ."

"How much more thou knowest, and how much the better thou understandest, so much the more grievously shalt thou therefore be judged, unless thy life be also more holy."

THE NEW GENESIS.

A SCIENTIFIC MEMO.

The sun had risen high into the heavens transfiguring a thousand cloudlets into isles of the blest, and making old Earth ashamed of herself for looking so young and gay, in spite of an age which even the family Bible had marginally noted as not less than 4004 before the Christian era. All this pomp of light and all this miracle of time-killing came and went, yet the whole thing ended in nothing so far as this important memo. is concerned. There need not have been any sun at all, and, if there had been, he need not so have displayed himself in the open theatre of the sky. It was with the coming of the stars that history began to be made, for it was on the starry evening of that very day, when the sun-mocked earth sobered down from her unbecoming frivolity, that we assembled as a mixed but united party. We were not infidels, though we were of different ages; nor were we loose characters, though one of us, hereafter called by the name of his favourite, but, as he contended, unintoxicating wine, was temperately fond of Maderia bottled in 1840. We were, I say variously assorted. Two of us were Fellows of the Royal Fraternity (respectively known as the senior and junior scientists), three of us picked up a genteel but not luxurious living by writing science for trans-marine magazines, two were men of property, and two were genuine men of the world, who openly admitted that in what they flatulently called "the rugged programme of life" there ought to be a place somewhere, if not too near for unaffected and undemonstrative piety; in plainer words, for a piety that knew its own quiet corner and quietly kept to it.

We met for a purpose. We met to displace Moses, or whoever he was, and to write a new account of creation. We met as men of progress. If we could get the account of creation right, we could either ease off the heavy end of the Commandments or leave Gentile morality to fashion and to fire (I hope I do not illiterate too strongly) its own ethical canons. I know there should be another "n" in cannon, in order to justify the use of the term "fire," but men who are interested in cosmogony will never willingly stoop to the details of orthography. We wanted to put Moses right. We wanted to come out in a row of figures that creation itself could take some pride in. Not for the world would we part with the Bible, as infidels would. We simply wanted to open it with a statement worthy of modern research and calculation. We went round to each other's houses in order that we might revise the Bible under various social conditions,

knowing—as the magazine members of our company put it—that a good deal depends upon environment and atmosphere.

We fearlessly began with the very first verse of the Bible. We were gallantly led by the junior scientist, who said, in a high tone:

"Gentlemen, we must rise to the greatness,—I will even add, to the sublimity—of the occasion."

We all cried, "Hear, hear," Madeira said it twice.

The junior was encouraged. He said that though he had reckoned upon practical unanimity, he must admit he "had not counted upon such ebullience of reconstructive feeling." Some of us did not quite follow his meaning, so we loudly repeated, "Hear, hear," an excellent cry whenever you are in a situation of unintelligibility.

"What I propose," said the junior, "is that we advance not only with boldness, but with precision. "Science," he continued, "is not content to replace one generality with another. We must come to figures."

"Certainly," said the men of property.

"Have you any figures to suggest?" I inquired.

"I hope not," said the junior; "I have no figures to suggest, I have figures to announce and to insert."

"Just what we want," said Madeira. "The very ticket in fact."

The junior continued: "Gen. i. 1, should read thus: Fourteen hundred and eighty-two billions of ages ago there was a stir—"

"Where?" Madeira suddenly exclaimed.

"A puzzler," said I.

The junior was fretted. "Sir," said he, fixing his excited eyes on Madeira, "in great speculations we must assume something—"

"I think not," was my interruptive reply, "we want to account for things, not to assume them. Remember," I continued, being encouraged by the kindly smile of the senior scientist, "the people expect us to give them clear and credible statements."

Maderia supported me. I wish he had used a more suitable expression, but I am bound to report him verbatim, I must do him justice. "If," said he, "we assume anything, why not assume the whole hog!"

One of the magazine writers echoed "Hog."

The junior then said, "if you prefer it we can dismiss the term 'stir,' and substitute the word 'motion'—there was a motion." there was a motion."

"What was there to move?" the senior scientist benignly inquired.

"Another puzzler," said I, and, corrupted by the manners of Maderia, added "and a choker too."

"Gentlemen," the junior impatiently exclaimed, "a truce to this folly. I must at least assume what I may call a spectral tuft of mist."

"Where did it come from?" we all exclaimed.

"How could there be mist without air?" the men of property inquired.

We all rose and turned to the window to see such an array of stars as can be but rarely seen in our climate. They seemed to focalise themselves upon our chamber. A million thick they stood on that unmeasured field, yet there was no noise of movement, no rustle as of a crowded host. Even Maderia was quieted by that solemn tranquillity. No man spoke a word, for the vision awed us into silence, and made us feel that speech would trespass upon a diviner eloquence.

In a few moments we settled down, and in a few moments more I said: "Let us come to the origin of man."

The junior was ready. "On that point," said he, "I thought of simply stating that fifteen hundred billions of ages ago man appeared—"

"Stop," said I, "You are making man older than the earth."

"How's that?" the junior inquired.

"Why," said I, "you said the earth was only fourteen hundred billions of ages—"

"Very good, then," the junior replied as if the slip were a mere trifle. "reduce accordingly say, thirteen hundred billions of ages—"

"You cannot be particular to half an hour," said Maderia;

"if you come within a fortnight it will do for me; besides, I think you have given man time enough for reflection."

Then," said the junior, "let us say in the simplest possible terms, terms which even the ordinary mind can at once appreciate, thirteen hundred billions of ages ago the noble outline of humanity was seen emerging from the outworn skin of an ourang-outang."

"Oh, hang it," said Maderia, allowing feeling momentarily to prevail over science. The men of property agree. The men of social habit gave the junior to understand, as if resenting some implied personality, that the less said about ourang-outangs the better and a good deal better, too. The magazine writers thought, with all due respect, that the animal had been needlessly introduced.

"Come," said I, "at this rate we shall make no progress. I propose that the senior scientist be requested to write out a Genesis that will express his maturest thoughts, and that he can recommend as a scientific substitute for the Mosaic cosmogony. His researches will be invaluable to us."

The junior interrupted me. Said he, "If

not taking too great a liberty, I may own that I have such a Genesis in my pocket at this very moment, and if agreeable I can read it. I did not like to tell you at first, and I only tell you now that we may save some time."

The senior scientist (quiet and modest) urged the immediate reading of the paper, and we all joined him in the request. The junior scientist was overjoyed. Here are two or three extracts from the new Genesis:

"Fourteen hundred and eighty-two billions of ages ago there was an infinitesimal and sub-microscopical deposit of carbon—"

(Maderia groaned.)

which simple substance commenced a series of eccentric and immeasurable gyrations, revolving at a pace—technically called a velocity—which no mathematical formulae can even rudely express—

(Our social friends groaned.)

when suddenly there struck out a primary compound, ages afterwards known as quartz.

("Eh?" said Maderia with interest.)

and in the course of millenniums primary compounds fell into secondary compounds, yielding carbonate of lime, gypsum and silicates,

(The magazine writers groaned.)

and then began the mysterious process of crystallization. After countless aeons we come upon the formation of chemical rocks, igneous and aqueous as the case may be, both kinds having concretionary, nodular, or sparry textures.

(I groaned—groaned deeply.)

Ages after ages came feldspathic lavas, augitic lavas.

(Maderia stood bolt upright. The magazine writers yawned. The men of property turned pale.)

The junior scientist added, "Gentlemen, in this way you strike a deadly blow at superstition, and without using scientific technicalities in undue measure you at once awaken the clergy and place yourselves in the vanguard of progress."

After a momentary pause I said, "Now let us look at the Genesis of Moses. Let us have a taste of the old Bible. This is how it reads: 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'"

"Never until this moment," exclaimed the senior scientist, "did I truly feel the grandeur of Moses. It covers everything as to time. Compared with that duration all your billions are but as a drop in the bucket."

"My old mother's Bible for me," said Maderia.

"We have not mended it yet." I said.

Said one of the magazine writers: "I see by contrast what I had not seen before. If we want to know what the Bible is we have

only to try to replace it. It is like trying to get enough candles together to make up for the loss of the sun."

Almost involuntarily we all went to the window again, and looked on the planetary glory of the night. Certainly the revelation was grand. Purity, peace, order, immensity—the words were all but legible on the unfolded scroll. To my surprise it was the junior scientist who said, as he reverently gazed on the scene: "In the beginning, God created the heaven and earth."

"I can almost hear the song," said one of our number.

"What song?" said the junior scientist.

Then I was moved to speak, for my spirit was hot within me. Said I:—

"You, junior, were right when you said you must assume something. The power which the Bible assumes is God. That Personality comes into the record as if by right eternal. Without explanation or apology it stands at the forefront. But this is not all. If this were all it would amount to nothing. The assumption is made possible by the moral character of the Being whose existence is assumed. From beginning to end the character is righteous, merciful, holy. The character of God is the defence of God. It is not mere power or mere majesty by which God is typified; it is holiness, love, justice. Human infirmity never dreamed ineffable holiness. If the holiness had been measurable it might have been one of the poor miracles of human imagination; but it is ineffable, unspeakable, infinite, and therefore, beyond the reach of limited faculties. On that character we have a right to found an argument. Such a character cannot be associated with an act of wild and misleading misrepresentation. God in the Bible is but the Personality of Truth, Justice, Honor, Love, Righteousness; for the Bible, therefore, to open its record with a lie is a moral impossibility. Hence we go on saying with tender reverence and thankfulness, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'"

"And the earth," said the senior scientist, laying significant emphasis on the first word. After a pause he added, "A wonderful combination: there seems to be a great loss of dignity to the heavens by associating them with so small a speck of matter as the earth, but in reality there is no such loss: we might read the verse thus: 'In the beginning God created the great and the small, the majestic and the insignificant, the grandeur of immensity and the simpler pomp of earth—all of them atoms in the sight of Him whose universe is but a diamond on the hand that made it.'"

Such a testimony coming from such a man made it easy for me to say, "Let us pray," and easy for others reverently to comply.

With science Christianity has no controversy. Each has a great place, and each must occupy it. Our only protest is against "science falsely so-called," or science trespassing upon other provinces, or science professing to know more than it can know. For true, large, wise science Christianity has no feeling but that of sincere and reverent admiration.

We never know what the Bible is until we try to amend it. What shall we have in its stead? Who will mind the sayings of Christ? Who will gild the gold of the Beatitudes? What shall we put up in place of the cross? Broken hearts must look to something. Lives tempest driven and shattered must either discover an altar or invent one: how can they improve the cross? It is not enough to criticise. Take all the intellectual liberty you want and show us the outcome of your inventiveness,—give us a sublimer history of creation,—give us a nobler descent of man,—give us a sweeter village than Bethlehem, give us a holier mound than Calvary. We await the new revelation, the novel nightmare, the blasphemous delirium; but until we see it, prove it, and accept it, we will say Lord Jesus, Son of the Everlasting Father, slain yet risen again, abide with us, and make Thyself known to us in the breaking of bread.—*Dr. Joseph Parker in the British Weekly.*

A THANK OFFERING STORY.

It was at a thank-offering meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of one of our city churches. A pile of envelopes lay before the secretary, the contents of which she read aloud, one by one. They ran something like this:

"For recovery from severe illness, \$5."

"For the granting of the dearest wish of my heart, \$10."

"For preservation from harm in the great railroad accident when so many were killed and injured, \$10."

"For the conversion of a son, \$5."

"For the dear baby that has come to me, \$3."

Mrs. Stanton sat listening to the reading, and blushed a little when her own envelope was opened, and the secretary took out \$2, enclosed in a blank sheet, accompanied by no word or comment.

The truth was, Mrs. Stanton's life had been very uneventful last year. It had gone quietly on, with few ups and few downs. She and her husband and her two children had been fairly well; by close economy they had

had enough to eat and drink and to dress respectably, though this last had not been accomplished without much thought and care on her part, and various pinchings known only to herself.

Self denial had seemed to be the keynote of her life the past year; her sky had been rather gray than sunny; her atmosphere rather chill than warm. Not that she made any moan over her self-denials and deprivations. It was all done cheerfully, and no one was the wiser for it but herself. Still, in thinking of this thank-offering meeting, she had wondered just a little for what special reason she should bring her small gift. She could hardly help contrasting her condition now with the luxury by which she had been surrounded a few years ago before her husband had lost his property in an unfortunate speculation. She wondered a little fully if the conditions would be fulfilled if she should bring her offering out of a general feeling of gratitude that things were no worse with them than they were.

Both she and her husband were systematic givers out of their penny, as they had once been out of their abundance; so this extra gift, small as it was, was at the price of a large self-denial. It would represent her shabby bonnet worn through another winter, without the refurbishing she had hoped to give it, when it had seemed almost too bad to last out the previous season. Still she was warmly interested in mission work, and gave it gladly, only wishing that it was more.

The secretary read on, while she sat half-listening, half-thinking. Soon her attention was arrested by the reading of this:

"For the many pleasant little things that have fallen to my share this year, \$2."

Other notes were read; remarks were made; the meeting closed, and Mrs. Stanton went thoughtfully home, the words, "For the pleasant little things" ringing in her ears. She wondered if she had always taken note of her own pleasant small things as they came to her. She feared not. Looking back in the light of this thought she could recall numberless little acts of kindness from others to herself that had sweetened her life, and for which, though she had been grateful to the givers, she scarcely remembered to have raised her heart to Heaven in gratitude. She resolved to be on the look out hereafter.

Even as she meditated the bell rang, and going to the door there stood little Elly Hale with a bunch of roses in her hand.

"Aunt Elly sent mamma a big box of roses to-day—so many she can't use them all—and will you please take these?" said the little messenger, the child of a wealthy

neighbour and a sister in the Church, and one whose thoughtful kindnesses were nothing new in the household.

Mrs. Stanton kissed the little maiden, and sent her home with thanks. Then she buried her face in the flowers with childish delight. She loved beautiful things, and often had to take herself to task for her vain longings for them. But now there was a feeling almost of awe mingled with her pleasure as she remembered again the "little things," and how soon her thought had been responded to. She finished her preparations for supper with a light step, pausing often to look at the flowers and inhale their fragrance as she passed them. They brought a glow to her heart which was reflected in her face, and which her husband and children caught as they sat down to supper.

Before she went to bed that night she inscribed an envelope: "Thank Offering for Pleasant Little things," and dropped a nickel in it for the handful of roses.

The next afternoon as she sat mending Willie's jacket, Mrs. Dodd came in with the *Forum* in her hand.

"Here is an article," she said, "that I thought you might be interested in, so I brought it over to read with you."

The article was read and discussed. Both women received some new ideas, some inspirations to better living, and parted feeling heartened and uplifted by the pleasant hour. That night another nickel bore the first one company.

"Did you know," said Mr. Stanton, one evening, "that Mrs. Floyd slipped on the icy side-walk this afternoon and broke her leg aulkle?"

"No! Is it possible?"

"It is a bad injury, and the doctor says she will be confined to the house for months."

"How dreadful! What if it had been I? I was out this afternoon too, but I did not slip and break my bones, Ought I not to be thankful?"

So thankful that a twenty-five cent piece in the envelope that night put the nickels quite out of countenance.

The next day she went down town to get a much-needed cloak for May. She had priced cloaks a few days before, and the very cheapest she could find that would be at all serviceable was \$12. It was a large sum to take from their slender income, yet this was one of the "must haves," or May would be obliged to leave school. When she arrived at the store she found that this particular line of cloaks had been marked down that very morning to \$10, which she joyfully paid and that night deposited a coin in the envelope.

A day or two later little Elly Hale

appeared at the door with the message that her mother was sick, and would Mrs. Stanton please come in and sit with her a little while.

She went with the little messenger. "I am sorry to trouble you," said Mrs. Hale, "but the nurse is away for the day, the cook is in a temper, and I feel one of my terrible headaches coming on. Sometimes the nurse has been able to ward them off by rubbing, and, as company is coming tomorrow, I don't see how I can afford to have one now. So in my despair I sent to see if you can help me."

Mrs. Stanton could and did. A half-hour's gentle manipulation of the aching head sent the sufferer into a quiet sleep, from which she awoke two hours later with the pain gone, weak, but happy.

"Surely," mused Mrs. Stanton that evening, "I ought to be thankful for the power to do a kindness—even a little one—as well as to receive one," and she dropped a dime in the envelope.

"It is getting heavy," she thought, with a happy smile. "At this rate I shall be bankrupt soon." Yet she did not seem greatly alarmed at the prospect.

One afternoon Helen Brown, a member of her Sabbath-school class, came in. She seemed distressed and anxious. After a little commonplace talk her teacher said:

"What is it, Helen? Does something trouble you? Can't I help you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Stanton, I want to be a Christian! I am so unhappy. Will you tell me what to do?"

The sacred hour that followed neither of them will ever forget. When Helen left it was with a new light in her eyes, a new love in her heart, a new purpose in her living. Her feet were set in the way of everlasting life.

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Stanton to herself that night, "this is not one of the 'little things.' For this great privilege—this great honour—of leading a soul to Christ, all that I have in the world would be a small thank-offering. What can I render unto the Lord for all His goodness to me? A fresh and whole consecration to His services is the least I can offer."

Put into the envelope went the largest contribution yet.

As time went on life had a new sweetness and a new meaning for Mrs. Stanton. Her days seemed to be full of pleasant things; her heart was attuned to thanksgiving; and out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spoke. Her envelope grew full almost to bursting; and yet there was no lack of earthly comforts. She sometimes felt as if

the miracle of the widow's cruse of oil and measure of meal was repeated in her, for the more she put away in the sacred envelope the more she had to put there? and when the next thank-offering came around, it was no vain oblation that she carried to the place of meeting, but her little gift—small yet in comparison with some of the others—was sweetened through and through with gratitude and love.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

REFUSE TO SHAVE WIDOW'S HEADS.

The agitation among the barbers of Bombay, is likely to result in their refusal to shave widows' heads. Of course, those who are acquainted with native views in India will recognize that this intimation is not so comical as it sounds, but has a very serious meaning and reflects great credit on the native barber. It is a relic of a system of cruel treatment of native widows that they should have their hair shorn off at the moment of their affliction. Native journals have recently been denouncing the cruel practice in spite of the opposition of the Brahmins, who have themselves threatened to cut the hair of the widows if the barbers refuse. This, however it is said the Brahmins could not do without losing caste. The revolt in Bombay is due to the excessive cruelty practised toward widows there. Up country, says an Indian contemporary, the practice of shaving the widow's head is not so persistently enforced as in Bombay. The hair is allowed to grow again, and the widow is only expected to submit to a renewal of the unwelcome operation when she visits a shrine of special sanctity. In Bombay widows are shaved regularly once a week, and this causes them deep distress.—*Bombay Letter to the London Daily News.*

The secret of the genuine higher life is simply living nigh to God—on the Sabbath in God's house, and through the week in our own house and places of business. It is keeping our citizenship in heaven, and our eyes above the wretched mists that lie near the ground, and our hearts in close touch with Christ. They that thus wait on God out-fly the petty vexations that worry the worldling, and the grovelling care and lusts that drag selfish sinners down into the mire. Living nigh to Him whom their souls love in this world, they do not spend a thought about dying. Being always ready to exchange their home with God which they found here, for a higher home in heaven, they have nothing to do but to enter the door of pearl as soon as it opens, and go in to be for ever with the Lord. Dr. Cuyler.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Not alone on Tabor's mountain,
Not alone before the three,
Has the Master been transfigured,
But before e'en erring me.

Oft in straits where naught of turning
Could be seen by human eye,
Has the Christ in robes resplendent,
Bid me lift my thoughts on high.

Oft in sorrow, and in sighing,
When all hope in life was dead,
Has the loving Master shining
Stood by me, and gently said

"Come thou weary, heavy laden,
Come and lean upon My breast ;
Like a shepherd, I will guide thee,
Lead thee into perfect rest."

And I pray that on the mountain
I may humbly watch and wait,
Till He lead me down, transfigured,
Through the glittering, golden gate.
Owego. J. T. G.

To be silent, to suffer, to pray, when there is no room for outward action, is an acceptable offering to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, an injury received and endured for God's sake, is of as much value as a long prayer ; and time is not lost which is spent in the practice of meekness and patience.—*Fenelon.*

"Faithful conscientious work counts in all life's relations and in all Christian activities. The Sabbath-school is no exception. We do not want spasmodic effort, or great enthusiasm for a time, or a great display of earnestness and zeal in some special directions, but persistent, steady and uniform energy and consecration year in and year out. He who has a worthy aim and keeps working away at it amidst discouragement as well as encouragement will accomplish the most in the long run. Be earnest, reliable and effective forces, as teachers and officers."

To be a Christian is business as well as pleasure ; it is occupation as well as luxury ; it is stout performance as well as holy exercise ; it is belonging to the front rank of society, but marching with the rear rank and helping to carry the knapsack of those that are overtired ; it is being respectable ourselves and fostering respectability among the disreputable ; it is surviving because we are fit and it is taking those that are not fit to survive and making them fit.—*C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.*

THE STORY AND WORK OF CONFUCIUS.

"Confucius" is a name that is above every name with the Chinese, though they have little more than the name. The following simple statement of his life, teachings, and work as given by Dr. Mutchmore who recently travelled in China will help our readers to some knowledge of this great name.

Confucius, who has had such universal sway, was born 551 B. C. From childhood he showed that seriousness which is the result of thoughtfulness. After the death of his mother, when he was twenty-four years old, he retired to a meditative life. Three years of this seclusion were devoted to study in ancient recorded thought ; he became an enthusiast in this kind of lore. He took up the study of government or politics, and in pointing out a course to be pursued, truthful and just, he fortified his position by noble examples, which he urged upon the rulers of his day as models. He became a famous teacher. Pupils waited on his instruction from all parts of the empire. When fifty-two years old he had the opportunity to show that his theories of government could be made practical. He was made a magistrate of Chung Tu, which he held for three years, directing its affairs, judicial and administrative, with so much ability that his district became a model for the Empire.

The men of his day did not to any extent appreciate him, and many assailed him in his most unselfish endeavours, but this is an inevitable result to any one thinking a thousand years beyond his time. His treatises and rulings were political, judicial, administrative, and contained a system of practical ethics concerning man's life and its relations, in time alone. He had no conception of another life, and gave no clear opinions concerning it.

His golden rule is *reciprocity*. His philosophy requires subordination to superiors, and kind and upright dealings with men. He had an ideal which he constantly held up before his followers, in the form of a princely scholar, a being pure, unselfish, dignified, just, manly, beneficent, the embodiment of all virtues. He was not original, or a projector of aught that was new in the world, but rather a collator of what was already in the world, which means he secured for them greater supremacy over the minds of men. He approached to the conception of what is now in all systems regarded as a fact, to wit, conscience. The power of his system in the world is largely due to this fact ; which is evidenced in its echoes ever since, in tones louder or weaker, in the lives and conduct of the people.

His practical ethics are contained in the five relations and five virtues existing between the prince and the minister, the father and son, husband and wife, elder and younger, brother and friends. These five virtues are arranged under the distinctions of humanity, righteousness, propriety, knowledge, fidelity. Humanity is a fundamental virtue. This includes the relation between man and man, without which there may be superior men, while none can be inferior with it. Righteousness is put in contrast with selfishness, while virtue is exalted righteousness. Propriety is the mode or modes in which righteousness becomes practical. "The virtues are completed by propriety." Knowledge is alone practical by his definition, is confined to men and things, and embraces three particulars, "knowledge of one's destiny, of the rules of propriety and eloquence of expression." Here a glint of moral light shines across that which has only been earthly: "mere knowledge is useless, and perfect knowledge should be followed by the choice of that which is good." Faith is limited to social confidence. The other books of Confucius are largely elaborations, and some of them merely contain the commentaries and opinions of others, which are in our day of no practical advantage, and not worth the space they would occupy.

His system has worn out of every thing but one book, and the memories of the Chinese. It has no practical control in their lives, and is only an ancient ornament in the Empire. It fetters living thought, and bandages their minds, as the tyrannical and senseless custom does their woman's feet. It has made all social relations artificial, and has strangled "the reciprocity" which its framer gave as the golden. His great name lives, but his virtues are confined to oblivion. His teachings are the coverings cast over hypocrisy, injustice, oppression and lust. China has faced abo it since that time, and now stands with her back to the great future. Ancestral worship is now the only vital conception in his system. There are in China one thousand, five hundred and sixty Confucian temples where his name is worshipped while his teachings are dishonored. The religious outcome of the system is Atheism, Materialism and Agnosticism. Men who laugh at idols have yet a conviction that custom compels them to get on all fours in a worship which they despise. What is the value of a religion that neither inspires nor braces courage?

When Jesus is present, all is well, and nothing seems difficult; but when Jesus is absent everything is hard."

THE POWER OF THE JEW IN THE WORLD.

The Jew is fast becoming the money-power of the world. If he cannot own Palestine, his prospects seem flattering of becoming possessor of earth's finest and richest provinces. This is not the language of exaggeration, but has in its support some startling and convincing figures. Look at the vast loans, well secured, which the Rothschilds have furnished European governments within the past decade: England, \$205,000,000; Austria, \$50,000,000; Prussia, \$40,000,000; France, \$130,000,000; Russia, \$50,000,000; Brazil, \$12,000,000; beside many millions to less important nations. It is said there is a Jew who goes by the name of the Russian Railway King, who owns about one one-fourth of the railway system of Russia. Official statistics show that in the States of Eastern and Central Europe, a large portion of the land has passed in the hands of Jews. On this side of the Atlantic they are also rapidly coming to the front as money forces. They do not take here so much to real estate, but they are rapidly gaining in wealth and influence. The Jew was born to make himself felt. A wonderful providence preserves him as a distinct type of humanity under all conditions and in every land. He has always been a money lover and money-getter. This propensity finds expressions wherever his lot is cast. Some day he will become a trophy of Christ's redeeming love, and his vast wealth will be laid at Jesus' feet. He has yet a mighty part to play in the world's redemption.—*Phil. Pres.*

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

Dio Lewis says he has studied the recorded lives of two hundred centenarians and has learned:

1. A large majority were remarkable for table moderation. In no case it is mentioned that large eating was the habit.

1. In a great proportion I find total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, or extreme moderation. In no case is a free use of spirits recorded.

1. In a large number it is mentioned that they retired and rose early. In no case is it said that late and irregular hours was the rule.

4. In many cases it is stated that the centenarian lived much in the open air.

He attributes premature death to gluttony in more cases than to drunkenness.

THE EASIEST WAY OF GIVING.

The *New York Observer* speaks as follows with regard to raising money for religious purposes.

As the result of thirty years' experience in the matter of giving and raising money for religious purposes, we conclude that the main difficulty in bringing out the resources of the Christian Church, is at the very point that would be met by tithing. Thousands give almost nothing, not from niggardliness, but because their incomes are absorbed in legitimate expenses. Even the poorest would learn lessons that might relieve their own poverty, by making the tithe a voluntary offering. Those beginning to prosper, would be prevented by tithing from becoming victims of the lust of accumulation. Rich men by tithing would learn how insignificant have been their contributions, and would be induced by shame to tithe again and again, until their gifts were more like those who gave all except their mere living.

It is said that the rich would take advantage of the tithe to limit their liberality. We do not believe it. But we know that if we could develop among the rich a conscience that would not rest with less than a tenth of their incomes devoted to religious uses, the increase of the resources of the Church would be at once enormous. There is scarcely a church in the land that would not have a suitable support, and something to spare for others, if all those who are interested in its prosperity would devote conscientiously one-tenth of their yearly receipts to its treasury.

We do not advocate the Levitical tithe as binding under this dispensation. We do maintain, however, that its use in the old dispensation, and many other associations, make it an excellent, appropriate, profitable number to assist the individual and the Church in an effort to fulfil an extremely difficult duty—a duty in which the individual Christian and the Church at large are sadly deficient. Let every one who reads this and objects to the tithe on the ground of its being too great or too small, test the matter practically.

THE DYING BOY AND THE LOST SHEEP.

Many years ago I was engaged in work for the Lord in a remote district in Ireland, a wild mountainous region, and was asked to visit a boy who was dying.

Entering a little hovel, I saw him lying on a heap of straw.

"My poor boy, you are very ill; I fear you suffer a great deal."

He replied with difficulty:

"Yes, I have a bad cold; the cough takes away my breath, and hurts me a great deal."

"Have you had this cough long?" I asked.

"O, yes, a long time! near a year now."

"And how did you catch it?"

"Ah, he answered; "it was that terrible night—about this time last year—when one of the sheep went astray; my father keeps a few sheep upon the mountain, and that's the way we live. When he reckoned them that night there was one wanting, and he sent me to look for it."

"No doubt," I replied, "you felt the change from the warmth of the peat fire in this close hut to the cold mountain blast."

"O, that I did! There was snow upon the ground, and the wind pierced me through and through; but I didn't mind it much, I was so anxious to find father's sheep."

"And did you find it?" I asked, with increasing interest.

"O, yes; I had a long, weary way to go, but I never stopped till I found it; and I just laid it on my shoulder and carried it home that way."

"And were they not all at home rejoiced to see you when you returned with the sheep?"

"Sure enough and they were! Father and mother and the people around that they heard of our loss all came in next morning to ask us about the sheep; for your Reverence knows that the neighbours in these matters are mighty kind to each other. Sorry they were to hear that I was kept out the whole dark night; it was morning before I got home, and the end of it was that I caught the cold."

Wonderful! I thought. Here is the whole gospel history: the sheep is lost; the father sends his son to seek for and recover it; the goes willingly, suffers all without complaining, and in the end sacrifices his life to find the sheep.

Reader, you are lost; but Jesus has died to save the lost. Has the Good Shepherd found you? He is seeking you, and if you seek Him you shall find Him.

Tenderly the Shepherd o'er the mountains
cold

Goes to bring the lost one back to the fold;

Seeking to save!

Lost one: 'tis Jesus seeking to save.

"FOREWARNED, FOREARMED."

There is nothing which has such power over us for evil as an unacknowledged sin; but let the fault be confessed (if only to ourselves), it is already half redressed. When we foolishly close our eyes to an enemy's presence, we are likely to be conquered by him; but when we understand his strength, we will arouse ourselves to our best efforts, and make a strong fight against him.

Several years since, a phrenologist was lecturing in a small town, and among others who came forward to have their heads examined, was a man of venerable appearance, who was well and widely known for the strict uprightness of his life. As the lecturer reached him, and passed his hands over his head, a peculiar expression crossed his face; once or twice he made careful examination, and finally said, with some show of hesitation,

"This man is a born thief!"

At once several men in the audience were on their feet, indignant at this public insult to a tried and trusted man; but he checked their advance with a gesture.

"Friends," he said, with a look full of sadness, "the lecturer has told the truth. From my earliest childhood I have had a propensity to steal. My mother, however, was on the lookout, and when she discovered this, took the wisest course possible with me. She told me it had also been her own inclination, with which she had battled all her life, and begged me never to yield to it. The memory of her tears and prayers during that talk has never left me, and I resolved, there and then, God helping me, that I would never allow that sin to master me! It has been a terrible struggle, which has made me old before my time! Once only did I yield, and then I replaced the article I had stolen that very night, before I could close my eyes in sleep. I think my consciousness of this besetting temptation has made me more careful, even in my smallest dealings. I have been afraid to take least advantage in a bargain, lest it might be a yielding to my terrible propensity, and I can truly say, to-night, that though 'a born thief,' I am still an honest man before my Maker!" and he sat down amid the wondering and respectful silence of his audience.—Sel.

A GUIDING VOICE.

A touching story came to us last winter from Minnesota. A farmer, living on the edge of one of the lakes of that State, started to cross it in a small sail boat one evening after dark.

The wind changed, and a gust overturn the boat when it was in the middle of the lake. The surface of the water was covered with large masses of floating ice.

The farmer was an expert swimmer, and struck out boldly toward that part of the shore where he thought his house stood; but he grew confused in the darkness; and ice formed rapidly over the whole lake.

He was in a small, quickly-narrowing circle, in which he beat about wildly, the chill of death creeping over his body. He gave up at last, and was sinking in the freezing water, when he heard a sound.

It was the voice of his little girl calling him, "Father! Father!"

He listened. The sound of her voice would tell which way home lay. It put fresh life into him. He thought: "If she would only call once more! But she will be frightened at the dark and cold. She will go in and shut the door—"

But just then came the cry, loud and clear: "Father!"

"I turned," said the man afterward, in telling the story, "out in the opposite direction. I had been going away from home. I fought my way; the ice broke before me. I reached the shore at last. But if my dear little girl had not persisted in calling me, though hearing no reply, I should have died there under the ice."

The story of a man's life is like that of a voyage. He sets out happy and eager in the sunshine, to make a passage to his heavenly home, and presently, in the storms and chills of the world, he loses his way and sinks. He is vicious or a drunkard or maddened by money making; he has lost the faith in God, the love for his neighbor, the hearty fellowship which other men have; he has lost the guiding which the conscience gives; he is sinking down to death in freezing depths.

But there is always one spot warm for him while he lives; there is always one voice calling to him, which if he will hear and heed will bring him home. It may be his child; with most men it is the remembrance of their mother. It may be the love of music, or of green, growing things, or a hidden reverence for the long neglected Bible. It is often a single noble, fine trait in himself which gives the lie to his coarser nature.

But whatever it be, when we see the sign of it in any man, however criminal he may have been, we may know that the ice is not yet closed over his soul, that home still waits for him yonder, and that God has sent his messenger to sumn on him to come to it. *Phil. Presbyterian.*

THE FAITHFUL HELPER.

"I have read somewhere that in one of our English prisons there was an underground cell which was used as a place of punishment. Away from the rest of the prison, its utter loneliness and the awful darkness of the place made it greatly dreaded. Among the prisoners there was a man of refinement and nervous temperament, much unlike those about him, to whom the horror of this penalty was a fright that haunted him day and night. At length there was some alleged offence against the prison discipline, for which he was sentenced to four and twenty hours in this dungeon. He was led by the wardens to the place; the door was opened, and he had to go down the stairs into its depths. The door was shut. The steps of wardens died in the distance; the outermost door was heard as its slamming echoed in the hollow places. Then all was still—a stillness that oppressed with terror, amid the darkness that could be felt. Nervous and full of imagination, the man sank down paralyzed with fear. Strange and hideous shapes came out of the gloom and pointed at him. His brain throbbed as with fever, and mocking voices seemed to come from all sides. He felt that the terror must drive him mad. Then suddenly there came the sound of footsteps overhead, and in a quiet tone the Chaplain called him by name. Oh, never was any music so sweet!

"God bless you," gasped the poor fellow, "Are you there?"

"Yes," said the chaplain, "and I am not going to stir from here until you come out."

"What, sir?" he cried, fearing that he must have mistaken the words.

"I am not going away so long as you are there," the chaplain repeated. "I heard you were here, and I knew what agony it would be to you, so I came as soon as I could, and here I am going to stay."

The poor man could not thank him enough.

"God bless you," he cried. "Why, I don't mind it a bit now, with you there like that."

The terror was gone. The very darkness was powerless to hurt while his friend was so near; unseen, but just above.

Every now and then upon the silence came the clear voice, "Are you all right?"

"God bless you, sir; I am all right now," replied the poor fellow, his voice almost choked with his gratitude and gladness.

And, so beside us ever, He standeth, our almighty and most loving Lord, our strength and solace! The darkness loses its terror, the fear is gone, the loneliness of life is over, for that blessed presence is a spell that destroys the power of all things to hurt us. He

bendeth and whispereth to the heart, "Lo I, am with you always!" And we, what else can we do but look up and cry exultingly. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me?"—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

A DARK STORY FROM CHINA.

One Ho, a wealthy merchant in that city, had two sons, the eldest of whom was a dissipated youth, who consorted with thieves and gamblers, and was driven away from home after wasting his share of the patrimony. He was reduced to beggary, and was in the habit of soliciting alms from his father's servants at the back door of his residence. The second son, however, had an excellent character. At last the eldest, with a band of companions, broke into his father's house and stole the money chest. A few weeks later, the son's participation in the robbery having been discovered by his father, the latter sent a trusty servant to him to say that if he would promise to lead a better life in the future he would be forgiven, and might return home, where after a time he would be married to a young girl of respectable family. The servant saw the young man, who was again reduced to penury after spending his share of the robbery, and advised him that now or never was the time to reform and better himself. The son agreed to the terms, and accompanied the servant home, where he was received with every appearance of joy by his parents, and a banquet was prepared to celebrate the reconciliation. But the dish set before him was poisoned with arsenic, and during the night he died in great agony. Nothing has been, or will be done to call the father guilty of the crime to account, as it seems that in Chinese law the son is regarded as part of the father, and the latter can do as he likes with his sons. Had the latter killed his father, whether by accident or design, he would be sentenced to the "slow process," or slicing to death.

"Truly, at the day of judgment we shall not be examined as to what we have read, but what we have done; not how well we have spoken, but how religiously we have lived."

"Follow thou me: I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' Without the Way, there is no going; without the Truth, there is no knowing; without the Life, there is no living. I am the Way, which thou oughtest to follow; the Truth, which thou oughtest to trust; the Life, which thou oughtest to hope."