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

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The End	355
Sermon.....	356
The Study of the Bible.....	358
NEW HERMES :	
Letter from Mr. Robertson.....	359
Letter from Mrs. MacKenzie.....	367
TRINIDAD :	
Letter from Rev. Dr. Morton.....	368
Rev. John McNeill's Return.....	369
The Boy who was Wanted.....	369
What Many Christians Need.....	371
The Trustworthiness of the Bible.....	372
Jesus Wants You, by Rev. T. L. Cuyler.....	373
Phases of Missionary Life.....	373
Does it Pay? Young Man, you will do.....	375
Cannot Talk for God, but can be Happy for Him..	376
Nerves or Soul	376
Bodily Health and Spiritual Feelings	377
Tell Them So. What to Do in Trouble.....	378
Chanucey M. Depew and the Cigar.....	379
The Mother's Hand. The Faith Cure.....	380
There is no Past. Connie's Day.....	381
India. Good Manners at Home. Candidating. . .	382
The Range of the Bible. What Drink did for Him.	383
Dangerous Prayers. The Eldership	384

WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

DECEMBER, 1891.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December completes the year of that interesting periodical. Preparations are making for continuing, and possible, increasing the interest during the coming year.

LEFT UNDONE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun;
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough for your own.

The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful writh—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late,
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

WITHOUT HIM YOU CAN DO NOTHING.

A little boy once said: "How hard it is to do right! I've tried and tried, and there is no use trying any longer."

But one day, after reading his Bible, he said: "Why, I've been trying to change myself all the time, and here I read that only God can change me. I can no more change my heart than a colored man can make himself white. How foolish I have been not to ask Him!"

And he was right. Are you trying to change your own heart? You can never do it. It will get worse and worse, until you ask Jesus to give you a new heart.—*Ex.*

THE PRACTICALNESS OF DOCTRINE.

It is unfortunate that there should be a growing antipathy against doctrinal preaching. It denotes a certain degree of ignorance as to the real meaning and nature of doctrine. The fact is, doctrine, considered in its general aspects, is a very practical thing. It is quite probable that many people are prejudiced against doctrine for the reason that they mistake theory of doctrine for doctrine itself. There are many theories of doctrine, but they may have no vital and essential relation to doctrine itself, and often they do not have. Take the doctrine of repentance. It is intensely practical. But there are various theories of this doctrine, some of which at least are not at all practical. They are mere unpractical theories, having no value and are mischievous. Then there is the doctrine of regeneration. This, too, is very practical, for it relates to a work done by God, on certain conditions to be complied with by the sinner. But there are several theories about this doctrine which are impracticable. Yet the real and true doctrine itself is vitally and exceedingly practical, with reference to a compliance with its terms, and especially with regard to its issues. The proof of one's regeneration is to be found, not in a theoretical profession of the fact, but in the active doing of those things that are in harmony with the fact that God has changed the heart and given it a new life and pure impulses. The doctrine of regeneration is, that God, upon condition that a person repents of his sins and believes on Christ, works a radical and transforming change in his heart, and that this is evidenced by bringing forth fruits which correspond with the nature of such a work and change. And so we might go on to enumerate other doctrines of the Bible and show that there is more or less of practicalness in them. And it is easy to show also that all true Christian practice has its foundation and roots in some form of Christian doctrine, and that it is only as one is well indoctrinated that he can be practical in the right lines and most efficient manner.—*C. H. Wetherbe.*

The congregation of Lunan, in Forfarshire, had distressed the minister by the habit of sleeping in church. One day, Jamie Fraser, an idiot, was sitting in the front gallery, when many were slumbering round him. "Look," said the minister, "you see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' I hadna been an idiot I would have been sleeping too."

THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. XI.

DECEMBER, 1891.

No 12.

THE END.

This number closes our eleventh volume, and closes, so far as the present issuing of it is concerned, the work of the MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

The story of its birth is as follows:—I was sitting in my study one night about eleven years ago. Several of the young people had canvassed the congregation for subscribers to the *Presbyterian Record*. Their reports had just been handed in. I was looking over them, when the thought came, "The church is very large, the Record is small, is there any way in which I can supplement it? Would it be possible to publish a small magazine, giving missionary letters that now never see the light, and at the same time supplying other good reading matter as it may be able." The thought soon took shape in the MARITIME. Unworthy in itself it was kindly received and its welcome has never grown less.

During the eleven years of its existence it has scattered abroad nearly 20,000,000 of pages of reading matter, all of which was, so far as was possible, carefully selected. The seed has been widely sown. What the harvest will be, no one can know. It is not too much to hope that the scattered pages may have in some small measure brought comfort, guidance, stimulus to many hearts and lives.

The profits of the paper were given to Missions. The low price and the limited circulation made these profits necessarily very small. Five hundred dollars in all have been sent to the Foreign Mission Fund, and when all accounts are collected there will be more forthcoming. How much cannot be definitely stated.

In the Providence of God the writer has

been appointed by the General Assembly to take charge of *The Presbyterian Record*, and the acceptance of the appointment practically necessitates his giving up the MARITIME. Whether any other will take it up and carry it on, he cannot tell. All that remains now to do is to thank the many friends who have so kindly and in varied ways aided in the work. To four parties are there due special thanks:

1. To brother ministers for encouragement and aid.

2. To the agents, who so faithfully and patiently, year after year, aided in its circulation, and without whom it could not have been successful.

3. To the missionaries, who supplied its columns with so much of interesting reading, and at the same time brought the home church into closer touch with the Foreign Field.

4. And chiefly, for it has never been done in these columns before, are thanks due to my own beloved congregation, who bore so patiently with me in doing this outside work for the common Master. My constant aim and effort was to allow no work of the congregation to go undone, no interest belonging to it to suffer, to give the MARITIME the second place, and to supply the extra demand, by harder and more constant work, but it is not always easy for a congregation to see that such is the case, and now that it is over, it is not out of place to thank them in this way, on my own behalf and on behalf of the readers of the MARITIME for their kindly forbearance to the end.

And now, added to the many "good byes" which have come so recently in severing so many tender ties, turning from loved work amid familiar scenes, to undertake another

work amid other scenes, comes the task of saying good bye to the dear old sheet with which writer and readers have for the past eleven years walked in company.

Thus with all of us each stage of life's work comes to an end. Thus that life's work hastens to its close. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

To the readers of the Maritime I will not say good bye. I hope to meet them all from month to month through the columns of the Record, and will do all that I can to make that meeting a pleasing and profitable one to them.

SERMON.

[To the readers of the MARITIME I have taken the liberty of giving, as a parting wish for them, the farewell words to my congregation.—Ed.]

The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. 2 Cor. xiii: 14.

The text is Paul's parting greeting to the Corinthians, and what better could he give them. So well fitted is it to express in short compass the deepest, most fervent, longings of the believer for his brethren in Christ that it has come to be used as the parting word, the *benediction*, the good saying, by Christians in all ages.

There are two things of which I wish to speak in connection with it:—

I. *The thought underlying the text.*

Custom has associated with these words two different ideas. One is that of authority, as if he speaker should say, "I command upon you this good thing," "I pronounce upon you this good saying." This authoritative idea of blessing we find prevailing largely in the Old Testament. One striking illustration of it is the case of Isaac with his two sons. Jacob came, feigned himself the hairy hunter and his father blessed him with the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and the lordship over his brethren. When Esau came and the deception was known, the blessing could not be reversed. "I have blessed him," said the trembling patriarch, "yea, and he shall be blessed." And Esau cried with an exceeding loud and bitter cry, and then his father, though he cannot reverse the former word, grants him too a blessing. Then in after years, this Jacob, wiser and better grown,

blessed both the sons of Joseph, he too, as his father had done before him, giving the chief blessing to the younger instead of the elder son.

Many other instances occur in the Old Testament and there is no doubt that in New Testament times the same authoritative idea largely prevailed, and there was probably something of it in this parting greeting of Paul to the Corinthians.

I suppose there is a sense in which Paul as an Apostle had a right to pronounce the words with some measure of authority. And those who believe in visible apostolic succession believe that that right still exists, that the clergy, when regularly ordained according to their succession, have a right to pronounce authoritatively this benediction. And even in the Presbyterian Church in days not long gone, the same idea in some measure held sway, for it was not considered proper for a man to pronounce the benediction unless he was an ordained minister.

The other idea of the text and that which I wish to associate with it tonight, is that which makes it simply a parting prayer. As if the speaker should say, "I pray, that the love of God, the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the communion of the Holy Ghost may be with you." No magic formula of words that is to bring blessing no matter who may speak them. No talisman that receives its virtue from a channel constituted by the laying on of the hands of either Patriarch or Presbyter, but a simple parting prayer which I may offer for you and you for me. And though there may not attach to it the authority of command, it has an authority all its own, the authority of prevailing prayer, an authority based not upon ecclesiastical position but upon the faith and holiness of him who utters it, an authority which may be as great when coming from the lowliest toiler in the humblest sphere, as from a robed and mitred pontiff.

II. *What is contained in the text.*

1. There is the recognition of each of the persons of the God head according to his sphere of work in man's redemption. Change slightly the order of the clauses and take first that which refers to the Father. May "the love of God" be with you. The love of God is the great first cause in the plan of salvation. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. Take next that which refers to the Son. May "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ" be with you. Grace or favor is often spoken of in connection with Him. The Psalmist says of Him ages before His coming "Into thy lips is the store of grace

infused." And the beloved disciple speaks on this wise of Him, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. And again he tells us that grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

Or do we look at the clause which refers to the Spirit. May "the Communion of the Holy Ghost" be with you. The spirit is here represented as a companion to hold fellowship with us. That is the Scriptural idea of the Holy Spirit's work. He accompanies with us, dwells in us, guides, helps, comforts, sanctifies, renews us from day to day enabling us more and more, to die unto sin and live unto holiness. Thus does the Apostle in his paring wish pray that the abiding presence of the three persons of the glorious Trinity, each according to His special sphere of work, may be with them.

2. Look now more especially at the blessing which is invoked from each of these persons of the Trinity.

"The love of God," may that be with you. But is not that love with all at all times. Is He not love, and is He not ever with us? Do we not live and move and have our being in Him? Did not God so love the world that He gave His Son? True, but there is more than that love in this benediction. The love here mentioned is the love which He bears to His own; the love that is sung by the Psalmist. "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him"; the love that is spoken in the words of the Lord by the prophet. "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you. As the love of the parent goes with the child in all his wanderings, is with him in sickness and health, in prosperity and adversity in sorrow and joy, thinking of him, yearning over him, caring for him to the utmost of its power, never failing, never faltering, so may the love of God, in all its height and depth and length and breadth, that love which passeth knowledge, be with you.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, may that be with you. But is not His grace all ways with us? Does not the Apostle say, "We beheld Him full of Grace and truth. True, but there were those with whom His favor did not abide. Hear Him, "Woe unto you scribes, and pharisees, hypocrites. Remember the woes against Chorazin and Bethsaida." See Him looking round about upon the people with anger being grieved for the hardness of their hearts. Where sin is His favor cannot dwell. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ with you means that favor of which we read, when it is said that having loved His own which were in the world He loved them unto the end; that grace, that

favor, with which he regarded them when he said, "I pray for them, I pray not for the world but for them which Thou hast given me out of the world"; that grace and favor which comes out in those blessed words of comfort which He spoke to His disciples—"Let not your hearts be troubled"; "In my Father's house are many mansions"; "I go to prepare a place for you"; "I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am there ye may be also."

"The Communion of the Holy Spirit" may that be with you. But is not that Spirit ever present? Was not the promise of prophecy "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh." True in a sense He is present with most men. There may be times when He departs entirely. When:

"The Spirit of Grace
Long grieved and resisted may take his sad flight.

And leave men in darkness to finish their race
To sink in the gloom of Eternity's night.

But with most men in Gospel lands He is present, though oft unheeded.

But the idea of the text is not that of the Spirit outside, seeking an entrance into the heart, but of that heart as a temple of the Holy Ghost, and that Spirit dwelling there bringing with Him all the good that He alone can give. You will need guidance; may the Holy Spirit be with you as a guide, according to the promise, "when the Spirit of truth is come He will lead you unto all truth." You will need comfort; may the Holy Spirit be with you as a Comforter, for Christ said "If I go not away the Comforter will not come but if I depart I will send Him unto you." You will need cleansing and sanctifying; may the Holy Spirit be with you in all His cleansing, sanctifying power; helping you to overcome besetting sin, renewing you in the whole man after the image of God and enabling you more and more to die unto sin and to live unto holiness. Such are some of the blessings which the abiding presence of the Godhead brings to those with whom He dwells.

But, like a shadow dark and dreary, comes the thought that some warmly attached friends from whom I part to-night after all these years together, are not of those with whom God's love, and Christ's grace, and the Spirit's fellowship, find a resting place. Some according to their own testimony have no part nor lot in this matter, in this parting prayer. And why? They will not receive it. God's love pities in vain, Christ's grace wait in vain, the Holy Spirit calls in vain. And do I hear such an one say, "have you then no parting prayer for me?" No, I can find no better than this one and it you will not receive. But I have one parting prayer,

not for you, but to you, let me offer it now for the last time. It is that you would turn to God, that you would yield to His waiting, yearning, love, that you would accept of Christ's grace, that you would surrender yourself to the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and then this benediction in all its fullness of blessing will be yours.

And now I must draw to a close. This morning we were "Looking Backward". This evening we turn from the known past to the unknown future. That past with its memories of failure and success, of hope and fear is behind us, and

"We know not what life befores us
In the days that are to come
Nor into what varied texture
Our well of life may run."

But there are two things that we know.

(1.) That that future must in the meantime, so far as our relationship is concerned, be pursued under somewhat different circumstances from what it has been in the past. For thirteen years as minister and people we have shared life's changes together. In some poor measure, the minister has been able to realize that the joys and sorrows of this people were his own, and, on the other hand he has been made glad by receiving in so large a measure their confidence and love. In the future this must in some measure be changed. While I trust that the ties, heated oftentimes in the furnace of affliction and welded by strokes that were hard to bear, are such as time, nor chance, nor change, nor even death, can sever; yet another must fill my place, along separate lines must our work be wrought, our trials borne, and our triumphs won.

(2.) This further we know that if God be with us, all will be well. If the Lord be our Shepherd we shall not want. He will lead us through green pastures and by still waters. Though we pass through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will we fear no evil. Goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life and we shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

In view of these two facts I know nothing better that we can wish each other as we turn from our united past to face our separate futures, than to wish that wish, to pray that prayer, which is expressed in full in the words of the text: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you; which is summed up in shorter form in the wish that is sometimes heard, "God be with you"; and which, by long and constant use, has been worn into a still shorter form in that sad, sweet, word, Good-bye.

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

The profit of Bible study depends very largely upon the spirit with which we pursue it. If we indulge the delusion that we are wiser than the Omniscient, and go to the Bible simply for the purpose of obtaining support for our preconceived opinions, we shall find that of which we are in pursuit, and we shall be likely to find nothing more.

If we should be benefited by our study of the Holy Scriptures, if we would obtain that knowledge of the truth through which we are made wise unto salvation, we must bring to this exercise a humble and docile spirit. We must come feeling our need of the wisdom that is from on high, and we must come believing that the Bible is the very word of God.

If we approach the Bible as critics, assuming that it is a compound of truth and error, and deciding what we will believe and what we will reject, we shall derive from the exercise the benefit that comes of critical study. We shall become more critical. We shall be wiser in our own estimation, though we shall not become better judges of the truth. The benefit derived will be essentially, if not exclusively, intellectual. The intellect may be quickened as it would be by the critical study of Plato or Bacon, but the heart will not be made better. We shall not grow in grace nor in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. God reveals himself in the Scriptures to such as seek him with a contrite, believing, and teachable frame of mind.

This revelation is the work of the Holy Spirit. In the person of the Spirit, God takes of the things of Christ and shows them to the humble student of His word. 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and He will show them His covenant.' If we come to the Bible in the exercise of filial fear, desiring to know the truth, and with a purpose to yield our hearts and lives to His guidance, we shall not be left to fall into serious error. God will reveal to us all essential truth, and the truth will make us free. We shall obtain favor with the Lord and rejoice in our experience of His mercy. But if we incline to our own understandings we shall be left to the consequence of our folly.—*Presbyterian*.

The chief end of discipline is high personal character. Character is triumph over temptation. The surest conservative of character is service.—*R. D. Hitchcock, D. D.*

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

New Hebrides.

LETTER FROM MR. ROBERTSON.

ERROMANGA, NEW HEBRIDES,
July 22, 1891.

My Dear Bro. Morrison :—Your kind and welcome note of May 1st, referring to our short visit to Sydney, to the fact that the Church has not a scrap of a pen from me for over a year, and then giving a list of contributors who so generously gave special sums for the work Erromanga, I duly received on Wednesday morning, July 8th, or exactly two weeks ago this morning.

Your letter had, to me, one great fault, its brevity. But at the same time how often I have desired to be able to write short letters. If I only could, I would then be able to write my many friends more frequently, but, alas, I have not the talent to state matters in a nut shell. I go into detail far too much, hence some poor unfortunate friend is afflicted with a long, clumsy letter and many other friends don't receive a line from me.

It is said, "that a man is a wise man or a fool at forty." Well I am forty, at least, but yet in face of that sweeping saying. I am going, D. V., to attempt to improve in the work and duty of letter writing and upon three points. (1) I am going to *try* and write very briefly, state myself more clearly and guard against drifting away from the point. (2) I will regard it my duty to write those letters first which are intended for your Foreign Board representing my beloved and ever dear Presbyterian Church in Canada, which I love as intensely as I do my own native land. Measure the strength of my love for my church then by my love for my own native land and you will have some idea of the place my church holds in my heart.

Never man loved his native land with more consuming or more constant love than I do. I feel sure of this, and yet I have spent, off and on, more than twenty seven years on these islands and hence, I have gone as far as I could possibly go from my native land, for to attempt to go any farther from home would only draw me nearer home by taking me farther around the world towards home. In brief, to put it as an American friend said to me when I was about to leave for the New Hebrides, the second time, in 1871, twenty years ago, "Well, Mr. Robertson, you are going out there; let me see, where is it? 'Bout the tother end ain't it?" Yes, it is the tother end to any man or woman, who attempts to settle down to dry uphill work among an ignorant, strange, indolent, come-day-go-day, slovenly, untidy, unwashed, unambitious, go-as-you-please, thriftless people, such as these tribes amongst whom we have

lived and toiled, day and night, almost alone, for over nineteen years. Indeed, it will soon be twenty-eight years since I first left home for the South Sea Islands. Doubtless as you would keep and treasure up some of Shakespeare's best attempts, you cherish, as all lovers of poetry ever must, those memorable lines beginning thus:—

"On the seventh of November,
The "Dayspring" set sail
From Halifax harbor,
With a wavering gale"

Here I am contradicting myself again; I said I was going to attempt to write briefly and keep to the point, and instead of that I am quoting poetry.

But to come back to the point again. (3) I shall endeavor, after writing letters and reports to my church, acknowledgements with thanks to all who contribute to the carrying of the Mission cause in Erromanga, to write a brief note to as many of my numerous correspondents, and other friends who do not write me, as is within limits of possibility, in view of my ten thousand duties here and in so far as health and strength may permit. All this I am resolved to attempt if God shall in His love and mercy give me life, health, strength and will power and application for all such work.

When I receive a letter, or letters, I feel anxious to answer immediately and am full of interest for this pleasant duty, but some work, connected with the Mission here, at once confronts me and must be done, and so the much-desired and much needed duty of writing my friends is, for the time being, put off for a more convenient season, which seldom ever comes. But I hope my many dear friends in Canada as elsewhere will give me credit for candour if I say that it is not from any want of desire to write them that they do not get any letters from me, but from the constant press of most important work here daily, that I must not neglect, or put off, or the cause you sent me to uphold, and extend, and to build up; and toil, and think, and pray for, will certainly suffer. And so long as God blesses us with a measure of health and strength we feel it is our duty to shepherd and lead the flock committed to our care as your representatives under Him, "Whose we are and Whom we serve."

This to a large extent is the reason so few letters are written by my dear wife or by myself. What letter-writing I do, is chiefly performed when most other folks are sleeping, i. e., between 10 p. m., and 6 a. m. I am actually writing this letter between three and four o'clock in the morning, and I have been constantly writing since one o'clock this morning.

Do please send a card each to the W. F.

M. Societies, Churches, Sabbath Schools, or individuals, who contributed the \$285.34 you have just forwarded to Dr. Steel for Erromanga and of which you have just written me, and thank them all very sincerely for me and for my dear flock here, for their thoughtful, timely, generous, welcome, and at least to me altogether unmerited gift. I do most truly affirm that owing to my continuous, and almost without exception, neglect to write my many generous friends in Canada in order to thank them for their much needed gifts for the Lord's work on Erromanga, that I have no right to expect a continuance of their help, and yet they have kept on aiding me years after year, since our never-to-be-forgotten visit to Canada in 1882-85.

Many, 'tis true, do not send me any help now who used to do so annually, but of those several have joined the church above and many others are either not able to continue their aid or have become disheartened, disappointed, or hurt owing to my neglect to acknowledge their gifts, and small wonder.

JULY, 23rd,

I am anxious to write several other friends before the inter-island steamer, "Croydon", returns from Aneityum. The "Croydon" passed Dillon's Bay, between 10 and 11 o'clock last night going south. We saw her light and made a bonfire, but not being bound to call going south unless there should be something special and the weather stormy, and the hour late, Captain Munroe probably wished to press on to meet the mail boat at Aneityum. By the way Capt. Munroe is a native of Georgetown, P. E. I. He left his native village when only seven years of age, I presume along with his parents, went to New York State and has never been back to his native land. He is married and has a grown up family of four daughters and two sons. He himself is about 62 years of age. So far, Captain Munroe is well liked by the missionaries and traders. He is kind and gentle, big and as strong.

The change from the old slow "Dayspring" to a line of splendid fast steamers plying between Sydney, Fiji, New Caledonia and Aneityum is as great as it has been delightful. Four to five days between Aneityum and Sydney in a first class passenger mail is certainly a contrast to from twelve to twenty days in a little narrow, uncomfortable schooner, often "cl-scauled", so making things lively and often not more than three or four passengers, and as these are well or sick they are carried about from day to day in a zig-zag fashion.

At Aneityum the large steamers are met by the inter-island steamer which carries passengers, mails, supplies, and cargo to each island in the group in a rapid manner

and completes the round trip in about nineteen days, having called at every mission station where there is a Missionary, and at every trader's station within that time, landing and picking up cargo and mails and is at each Trading station, and landing supplies and mails at each Mission station and frequently landing or picking up missionary and other passengers, and almost every trip there are on board travellers or traders from Australia.

And then only consider the boon of a monthly mail to and from Sydney, and the comfort of getting fresh supplies each month instead of mails and supplies only once in six months as was the case when we were served by the "Dayspring."

Especially to those of us who have children at school in Australia or Scotland is this monthly sure mail beyond all money considerations.

We'd gang na mair tae yon ship.

Wha wad na be a Missionary noo?

Of course the "Croydon" is small and comfortable, but she goes ahead.

The charges both for passengers and cargo are very high, and yet I do not think the steam boat Company is making any profit so far, but as travelling and commerce increases the returns must be much larger, so that a rich company may well be willing to wait for prospective large gains. I well remember saying at the *Farewell* meeting in St. Matthew's, Halifax, to Messrs. Murray, McKenzie and myself and our wives (I think it was then) that the Presbyterian Churches in Canada were so divided at that time, I believed that before five years they would be united into one grand church and that though the New Hebrides were so far away and so little visited by travellers, I hoped to see the day when ocean going steamers would be running between Australia and those islands, and that pleasure seekers would be making visits to these islands in those steamers. I remember many smiled, but has not all come true within the time I dared to name, and even in a much more advanced stage than I had hoped to see?

But it is now quite late and though I would like to talk to you a little longer much work may be in store for me to-morrow so I must get some sleep. "Good-night."

MONDAY, July 27,

Twelve pages and yet nothing said. Let me try my hand at asking questions which I know you will answer as far as you can and as soon as you can.

Mr. Robertson after asking a question on a matter of business goes on to speak of the contract with the Steamship Co. for the service of the Mission and says:—

You know therefore that at least for the

present no permanent arrangement has been so far entered into by the N. H. Mission, and "Dayspring" Board. So far we have limited the contract to one year that all parties might test everything connected with the working of this new inter-island steamer and hold themselves free to continue or discontinue said contract. We, i.e., the "Dayspring" Board have made arrangements with the U. S. N. Co., for having our work done by them for 1891 upon the same terms as 1890.

We are, therefore committed to nothing beyond this year for the present at least, and stranger events have taken place than that we should yet carry out the old-new idea of a steamer of our own, and the Mission Synod this year (see Minute 91) passed a resolution expressing the opinion that the money (some £6000 stg.) collected by Dr. Paton for a Mission steamer, was not to be used as a small steam launch which Rev. Wm. Hardie, Con. F. M. Com., Melbourne, promised Rev. D. Macdonald of Havannah Harbor, Efate, for the unoccupied portions of Malakula and Santo.

At the same time I personally do not approve of a steamer of our own, but I consider best, an arrangement like our present one, with a steamboat company, where we are responsible for nothing beyond the payment of about £1,500 sterling annually from all the Churches interested in this Mission through the "Dayspring" Board at Sydney who meet regularly and carefully examine each account and consider calmly and carefully and with much interest, all our suggestions, complaints, etc., re said Steamship Company, and have actually managed to secure several advantages for us and the Mission already by representing our plans, complaints and references to the Company. Mr. Cosh, the Sec. of the "Dayspring" Board is an excellent business gentleman, and never fails to have brought before the D. S. Board, and the Steamship Co's and with promptness too, all our suggestions and all matters in which we think the Company can improve their service to their own and to our own advantage. By care regarding expenses we can keep within the amount (£1,500 stg) named in the contract until our staff is much increased and extended, and really I cannot see why we need any more missionaries for this little group when almost every language has already been mastered by us and grammars, etc., prepared therein, where the people are dying rapidly and where the infamous "Queensland Labor Traffic" falsely so-called, has already almost wiped the poor islanders out of existence. Far more than all other causes put together we do charge the Queensland Labor Traffic with having completely killed out the life of the New

Hebrideans. The death rate has all along been very high; especially is this true in that part of the business performed within the islands; not to the same extent in Queensland because of the power and watchfulness of those in authority, and the strong arm of the law and the power to punish always at hand. On the other hand within the islands every scheme and device possible is resorted to in order to evade the spirit and letter of the law and regulations, and added to this is the fact that it is not families, nor the old and infirm, who are carried away from their homes and friends, but the strong, most clean-skinned, most healthy, robust young men in the bloom and vigour of manhood, in short the very flower of the islands.

Could this infamous traffic have been not "regulated," but stopped entirely, years ago how different the prospect of our Mission and commerce, how strong family life, and how strong and vigorous the population as the young men who have been carried away from the whole group by the thousand would have mostly married and would have been blessed with families to take the place of these whom death has removed from amongst these people, but, alas, this Queensland Labor traffic benefiting only the planters and a few interested parties has forever given, I fear, forever, the death-blow to the last chance for these poor islanders to even hold their own as regards population; and with the decay of the race will follow the alienation of the magnificent rich lands of the race who have held it as their natural birth-right possession for ages, and over which they have wandered at pleasure, gathering the wild fruits that grow thereon, and in the deep, rich passes they have planted their own much valued vegetables and fruits; and over the reef-bound quiet waters they have quietly and in perfect ease, and without check or fear, gracefully, glided by day and by night in their primitive, but delightfully easy going canoes; no man making them afraid.

Poor people! their's seems the doom of all dark races—to the bush and back to the wall again. But I have taken much space in stating that I don't see the need for more European missionaries than we now have except perhaps one more or so on Santo and that without extra cost; the Company's steamer ought to be able to do our work.

It is now time to put down my pen for I shall hear the Church bell calling us to the (Wed.) weekly prayer-meeting, and I have a marriage at the close thereof; a young Church member who was servant with us last year, and often has been employed by me. I got him from his heathen father years ago, and since then he has lived here at Dil-

lion's Bay. The young woman is not a native of this village, but has lived here for several years, and hence is a "City belle".

They make quite a distinction between this village and the less cultured bush-villages, just as much as town and country at home. I get no fee for the marriage, but it is another Christian marriage which strengthens our party, and weakens the heathen party who are, I rejoice to be able to say, almost reduced to a man without any followers.

THURSDAY MORNING, July 30th.

I must now close this long and disconnected letter. I will now write a short letter for the Board which may be published, or those portions of it which the Board may decide as suitable for publication. I deeply regret to close this letter with a report of the loss of 19 (nineteen) of our men of the South side of Erromanga, many of whom were the sons of high chiefs; several were Church members in full standing, and not a few were candidates for Church membership. With one exception they were all young, strong men, and most willing to assist the elders, the teachers, and ourselves in the blessed work of spreading abroad the Gospel of Christ not only to the remaining scattered heathen on their own island, but were under training with a view of going bye and bye to assist missionaries on the islands to which they were appointed only a few years ago, and where as yet, they find it difficult to obtain much help. (This is always the case for the first few years with missionaries placed amongst pure heathen.)

Poor fellows! they foolishly started for Aniwa (a small island lying very low, and the nearest isle where Dr. Paton labored;) there is a population of about 150 people, men, women and children on Aniwa and our Erromangans, even in the days of heathenism, often visited Aniwa where they had friends with whom they exchanged island property, yams, figs, &c. They left here on Monday afternoon, July 20th, or about 17 days ago, and for a few miles they made good progress, but soon they got into a heavier sea, and the boat was seen (from the Erromanga shore) to be making her way across with considerable difficulty and was "close hauled."

Soon the boat disappeared (in the distance) out of sight, and the natives returned from their watching to their evening big meal, or supper. About 9 p. m. the storm began. The wind blew with almost hurricane force, and the rain fell in great quantities, and soon a heavy sea dashed wildly all along the South and S. W. Side of this island, and it was with much difficulty that we secured our large Mission boat here (Dillon's Bay).

Our Mission boat, "Morning Star", was

the great joint gift to me of the Presbyterian Church in Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland. She was built in Sydney from my own plan, and cost £55 complete. That was in January, 1878; she has since cost for repairs £23, for oars, anchor, chain, sails, paint, etc., about £10, or since given up to us in January, 1878, in all £88, but she has paid that outlay in advancing the work of this Erromanga Mission tenfold, for the Mission work I did by the aid of this fine boat when I dared not go on foot over land—to attempt to do so then would have cost the life of myself and all those brave young fellows who used to go with me then with much personal risk every trip from the rage of the heathen and the rage of the sea; often have I slept in my boat anchored out in some bay and a watch kept all night. I, myself, taking my regular turn of two hours at a time. We dare not sleep on shore. How changed all this now, and to God be all the praise! Not only can we sleep anywhere we please all over this large island with a coast-line of over 100 miles, but we are pressed by chiefs who used to come and sleep in the bush at this very section of Dillon's Bay, watching for the opportunity to burn our houses and shoot or club us if we should attempt to escape through the fire.

To prevent fatal results our Christian young men also banded together and kept watch four hours on and four hours off day and night for as much as two years at a time, (or until certain rage was over for a time, and even yet my people won't allow me to cross Erromanga alone for fear of some remaining savage being paid to way lay me in the lush as I pass on horseback along the narrow track.)

On Sunday last, July 26th, or four days ago, single planks of the whale-boat in which our poor natives had started to Aniwa, and two oars lashed to the main mast, supposed to be so lashed to act as a life buoy to keep them from sinking, were washed ashore at different places along the S. E. and South side of this island, and there seems little doubt left about the fate of the nineteen Erromangans who left South River on Monday afternoon, July 20th, intending to go to Aniwa.

Had they started early in the forenoon, even by then would have arrived at Aniwa before the storm began, as Aniwa cannot be more than about 35 miles from South River, the point in this island from which the boat took her departure for Aniwa, and the storm did not set in until about nine o'clock that evening. But what is the use of statements like this? They did not start early. Natives seldom do any thing quick-

ly, or orderly, and are never anxious, or in a hurry, and don't take any precaution against probable difficulties or dangers whether in starting on a voyage or journey, and the same is true in regard to their want of care about securing their houses, or camps, when the hurricane season is coming on.

But, alas! we much fear of the nineteen men who left Erromanga on the fatal 20th July, '91, for Aniwa, not a man has been saved. All have perished during that awful storm, which began about 9 p. m., and continued with constant increasing force until about midnight, when it began slowly to moderate. During the storm the rain fell in great quantities, and like hurricane rains, it was bitter cold and hard, almost like a hail-storm at home in early spring time.

We sent three young men south as soon as the sad news was reported here, with a faint hope that perhaps our people had not gone at all, and that the stuff picked up might only be some stuff washed off some vessel's deck by a sea before the crew could get things lashed and sails shortened, but they returned last evening with a list of the names of the nineteen men who started in their whaleboat on Monday afternoon, July 20th, and bringing a piece of plank belonging to their boat which I know well. All the Queensland Labor vessel's boats are painted red, a most appropriate color for them, i. e., blood color, our people's boat was a pure white.

The inter island steamer is due here next Wednesday, so that as she is to land Dr. Gunn and family on Aniwa; this trip to visit the people and dispense the Communion. We shall hear from Captain Munroe whether our poor natives reached Aniwa or if not all whether any of them managed to reach land there.

But alas! alas! I fear it is hoping against hope. How could they once the boat was turned and they were tossed into the raging sea in all the wild fury of the storm, almost like a young hurricane; how could they save themselves? Ah! no, it was quite impossible, they could not do it, notwithstanding they were all powerful swimmers. No, it quite impossible. A hurricane is a hurricane and puts out of the question the very idea of swimming. Mrs. Robertson and I both feel keenly our great loss and we feel deeply for the widows, fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers of those poor fellows who are lost. No, not lost, but who have been in a moment carried into the presence of their God, and we believe in the case of all them who had endeavored to receive the Truth in their simple, child like way that they have been received into the Kingdom of our Lord,

Who did not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax.

Everything connected with the whole island, the people, the cause, our letters from home, the warm and very affectionate reception they gave us on our return in fair health from Sydney; our delightful time with the elders, teachers, and people during the week of Communion; the new members, children baptised, a large number of Christian marriages, the gentleness and kind consideration of our people to us during the fortnight that we had several hundred people about us day and night; the marvellous kindness of our Dillon's Bay chief and people to the large number of strangers for whom they had to provide. I say in brief, that all this, and much more I might refer to of a most gratifying nature such as volunteers for work of all kinds; numbers coming forward to attend our classes, in school; a pressing invitation from the high Chief of the most extreme East side of Erromanga that we meet there next year in order to dispense the Lord's Supper, something never heard off from natives before, at least I never heard of such a thing from New Hebrideans unless some European had first hinted the matter quietly to them and promised that nothing about a white man suggesting it would ever be referred to, and such like, quite cheered us both and certainly convinced us that viewing it from every standpoint this year, 1891, has been by far the most encouraging as regards the Lord's work on Erromanga that our teachers and also Mrs. Robertson and I have ever had.

To add yet another token of progress and advancement I may mention, that, on Monday after Communion that is on the 13th of July, 1892, a large meeting to discuss the woeful results to Erromanga of the Queensland Labor Traffic was held here by all the leading chiefs of this island and finally they sent a request to me by my two leading elders, Yomot and Usuo and signed by each of themselves that I would please write out carefully when ever the present press of work connected with the Sacrament and the paying of my teachers and our servants should be over, that I would write out a petition to these in authority in Queensland and which they would all sign, praying most earnestly for the immediate and absolute suppression of the so called "Queensland Labor Traffic" in so far as their island of Erromanga is concerned stating that the traffic has almost ruined it, inasmuch as all or nearly all of the able bodied young men have been taken away and only a small percentage have been restored to their homes and friends, and not a few of those in a dying state, that is, in the last stage of consump-

tion! I had just promised to do so and that I would write a brief letter to accompany their petition, explaining circumstances connected with the drawing up aforesaid petition, my own entire ignorance that such a thing was talked of by the chiefs, until the elders came to inform me, and further that in my letter I would certainly state that though I had been from the very first, friendly with all the Government Agents, Captains and other officers of those vessels, I had been most decidedly opposed to this Labor Traffic root and branch. I had, I said, just made this statement, and had taken my wife for a walk when a number of chiefs and young men came to say "good bye", and to pay some thing on account of their new boat—this very boat which carried away those 19 men which I must fear we shall never see any more in this life. We took the money, invited them to come again and get a pot of hot rice before they started next morning, said "good bye", and returned to our cottage, alas, never again to see except one or two of those fine looking-men.

This sad affair has cast a deep gloom over us such as we seldom, if ever, have felt on Erromanga during nearly twenty years of residence amongst this people. We lost our first-born; we have seen men's hearts split open before our eyes, and we have been eighty of us, driven like children before a force of several hundreds of savages armed with guns, battle axes, clubs and bows, and arrows, when we were on our way to Unepang district (the very land of the people to whom the young men belonged, who, I fear, have been lost in the storm of the 20th July) with two teachers whom we hoped to settle at two promising districts where the high chiefs were anxious to have teachers to instruct them in the truths of the Bible, but none of these sad events cast such a gloom over Mrs. Robertson and myself as the loss of those nineteen fine young men of so much influence and of so much promise in the future in advance of God's own work on this island. For the other events we could not at the time see how they could have been prevented, but the proceeding to sea in an open boat in such bad weather and after they had been so strongly opposed by the best boat men of their district and their high chiefs too, seems like a deliberate act on the part of those of the crew who urged the others who were doubtful and expressed as uncertain and even anxious about the voyage to Aniwa in mid winter when the wind generally is very strong, and nearly always south, or S. E. a wind that is dead from this island, Erromanga.

If it would be a warning to their fellow-

country-men for the future there be some small comfort, but no, it won't prevent others attempting another such needless voyage to Tanna, or Aniwa, not a bit. Nothing serves as a warning to a New Hebridean. On the contrary they seem some times, I think, as if they had made their minds up to kill out the race as quickly as possible in order the sooner to make room for the grasping white skin to possess their magnificent rich soil.

And really it is coming to that. Wherever black races are found they fade away before the fair race, and if you refer me to Africa, I reply, "just wait, we have not yet seen the end of African history. Let the white man get in there with his cargo upon cargo of rum and fire arms, and his lust therewith for gain, and with the least possible expenditure, and we will see the beginning of the end of that noble race, or those noble African races." True, it cannot be as quickly done as in these small isles where the people are but few and of no political importance under the sun, but in time rum, etc., will do its work in Africa unless meantime the strong arm of the law and healthy, Christian public opinion by God's blessing should step in and save the noble native race and the real owners of African soil.

These poor chiefs and people, not even my teachers of this island, saw ahead what a curse the "Labor Traffic" would prove to Erromanga. Nothing I said on this point seemed to overcome their desire for the immediate small gains in paltry odds and ends of moveable property that the traffic brought them; but now when the horse has been stolen they begin to rub their eyes as out of a sluggish sleep and are looking about in alarm to find some key to shut the door.

Had they aided me at the outset with such a strong petition as they sent in last week, hundreds of their young men who have died like sheep in a storm on shipboard where they have been packed like herrings in a cask, would now be living on their own lovely and rich island, and in their snug camps would be many more hundreds of their bright little sons and daughters who would bye and bye take the place of their worthy Christian parents in advancing Erromanga in everything that is good and noble.

But we won't give up hope yet of saving the few, and certainly no two persons ever had more encouragement than Mrs. Robertson and myself in Mission work, and considering what they were to us, the awful state of this island socially, spiritually, politically and morally, when we landed here, on the 28th June, 1872, to take charge, surely we should never cease to thank God and take

courage. From being the most cruel, and blood thirsty race (said to be) in all the South Sea Islands, and the most degraded, they have become to be amongst the most gentle, refined, kind-hearted and willing Christian people to be found anywhere; and most generous to us and to distant churches since ever they could earn a shilling. They have paid large sums for printing and binding works of Scripture and for Mission houses, churches, and school houses material, and for houses, boats, tanks, etc., upon their own island; have manned one large Mission boat without any charge, (except food and certain, small personal losses sustained by them) for over nineteen years, have performed much labor in building keeping up Mission building, school-houses and making of roads and travelling over the island with me to visit heathen and Christian tribes and carry medicine and European food to the sick and dying, and have hundreds of times intinerated without me to preach to the heathen, or speak, or pray with them as soon as allowed, and they have gone with me to settle out teachers, and visit them again when sick, or to remove the poor widow and children when death had taken away the husband and father, and in how many other ways they have aided us in our desire to advance God's work among their degraded countrymen. I cannot even attempt to tell nor will the Church ever know half of what they have done for her advancement here or to make our work, humanly speaking, possible.

But God rewards all work done for the extension of His Son's Kingdom, and the good of His people. He will not forget the work so freely performed by many Erromangans, however obscure they may be, and however humble the service rendered. We have passed long since beyond the more stirring and stimulating period of the Mission cause at Erromanga, that is, that exciting time when the people are changing sides—are leaving, in large numbers, the heathen party and are joining the army of Christ and when, in the full flush of enthusiastic zeal and warm first-love, oneonly requires to manage and plan, and lead, and they will be found ready and willing for any amount of mission work; and nothing is considered too much, or difficult, or too dangerous for them if thereby they believe they can advance the Mission cause, put down heathenism, glorify God and please their missionary and his Church.

We had our full share of those years on this island. I have seen 200 people at the command of Norowo, a powerful old chief for a New Hebridian chief, and a fearless, cruel old warrior, come forward in perfect

quiet and regular order, and lay down at my feet all the chief's and all their own heathen relics, of whatever kind, and after the Chief had first done so himself in the presence of all his own people and before all my party who accompanied me, they declared their determination to give up forever all heathenism and accept the religion of the Bible. That was a grand sight was it not? We see no sight like that now simply because we have passed the rapid transition period and we have long since entered upon the quiet, less showy, but quite as progressive, and perhaps, more reliable stage of planting a Church in this distant and surpassingly beautiful island; which on account of the tragic scenes which witnessed the brave attempts made by those devoted and self-denying men and women who in the face of opposition of savage men who seemed more like devils than human beings, attempted to establish and set up the Kingdom of Christ—an island which on account of its unique and tragic history must ever be regarded with undying interest by all Christians everywhere while the world lasts.

We saw over 500 people assemble in July, 1882, here, to witness the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and when our little Martyr's Memorial Church was found too small for the congregation that morning, we met on the green sward close by, where the first Erromangan Elders were ordained, and where 200 men and women, all Erromangans, sat down together in perfect quietness and happiness to show forth the Lord's death till He come.

But the one fact which made that never-to-be-forgotten meeting of such intense interest was that until very shortly before that grand and solemn sight many of the old men who sat down that morning to remember Christ till he come again, were deadly enemies, and when at any time they did meet it was on the battle field, in contesting for a bloody crown with battle axe, club, spear, or the more refined 'savages' breech-loader which differed only in one particular from the blackman's club or spear, namely, that it destroyed more precious lives—destroyed God's image in His people!

At the Communion of July, 1882, two sons and one nephew of Koviowi (the man who murdered John Williams on the 20th Nov. 1839) sat together at the Lord's Supper, and there were some present who had been cannibals, and an old man who witnessed the Martyrdom of Williams. He also was blamed for being one of those chiefs who resolved that James D. Gordon's life must be taken in order to stop the Gospel spreading. He also murdered a teacher the very day James Gordon fell a martyr, and he

was party to a plot to drive Mrs. Robertson and our infant child with all who dared to befriend us into the sea at midnight if I would not promise to give up speaking in the name of Jesus to the heathen on Erromanga.

Strange request. Why what were my marching orders but to speak and teach in the name of Jesus? Well, with 199 of his countrymen, including our two first elders, our trusty and dear friends Yomot and Atnello, this old man, Kowowi-Nasor, sat down that memorable day in July, 1882, in sight of the graves of some of the martyrs, to take the cup of Salvation into his hands, accustomed only to the club and battle-axe, spear and bow and arrows. But no more devout person sat down at the Lord's table that day than this old man, and he continued faithful, kind and humble until his death which took place in April, 1885.

To our friends in the more northern islands we must yield the more exciting and eventful work of pressing into the Christian ranks and leaving heathenism professionally and of joining the membership of the Church in large large numbers and rapidly. Like Anicityum, Aniwa, Efate, Nguma and Emei, Erromanga has passed through all that, has had its day of excitement, and now we are in, I think, the far more solid and encouraging period or stage, and which must come if matters are to advance in their regular and natural and healthy order, namely, the laying of a broad, strong, solid and sure foundation upon which to establish another branch of the Church of Christ in these seas, and then to go forward building the edifice thereon not for the few now gathered into the membership of the Church, not to please our supporters at home by a showy, weak Church, made up largely of weak, sickly members, ignorant and full of the old leaven, but strong in point of numbers, but on the contrary, as I have said to establish a solid foundation for the future Church which shall be permanent or all the toil and men and money for years expended upon it by the Churches at home have been simply thrown away. At least such has always been my view of this important matter.

Along with all I have suggested we of course should aim at making our native churches, self-supporting, but our circumstances out here are all peculiar, and all most unfavorable for making the native Church self-supporting. I need not to you enter into the many difficulties we are sure to meet in attempting anything of the kind; you know well what our islanders are, and what they, are not, nor never will be. You know the islands are small, the populations small on all the islands, and that the chiefs have

miserably little influence, especially for good when they have up heathenism themselves and joined the Christian party, and that while in heathenism they wielded no moral influence from their position, or force of character, but that their power and influence were almost entirely brute force.

The common people feared the chief because they could order that some cowardly fellow should murder them at night when they were in a deep sleep, and besides the murderer was some person who they knew well and seemed quite friendly to them so that they never knew whom to depend upon and hence suspected everyone, and were in consequence always kept in a state of fear and unrest. Sleeping one night in one place and the next night somewhere else, and rising at the flapping of a bird's wing.

What a state to live in for a life time! And how frequently I have seen the men who were travelling with me when this island was almost entirely heathen, spring with one bound to their feet at midnight from their sleeping mates at the noise made by the falling of some dead branch of a tree, or the cry of some wild-cat, and grasp their battle axe, club, or gun, ready to defend themselves and me.

Then there is no such thing as a Government in the New Hebrides, or no form of rule of any kind, no laws, no one man so much above his fellow islanders in any way as to fit him for the position of King, even if the people were agreeable to such a thing.

There is no such a thing as compulsory education. Every child does just as it pleases and no Chief or parent can compel a child to go to school. If the child chooses to go it will go, but if not not it will stay at home, and if the parent speaks even most gently to the child about not doing what it was told the child at once leaves its parents place, and runs off to some uncle or other relation or friend, who immediately pets it makes food for it, and probably prowls about at night with his bow and arrows to to have a shot at the child's father for daring to speak firmly to his son—for all little boys are chiefs! With such a state of matters how is it possible for any ordinary Missionary to make the native Church self-supporting?

But with a strong, righteous government, compulsory education and commerce, which would make market for everything a poor convert had to sell, we could easily make the Church self-supporting.

But since we cannot do that we must be content to do what is possible and a great deal is possible, to do that I have all along attempted my very best. I have kept at people showing that they should not be re-

ligious paupers and must not be such in my time, that they had abundance of stuff not utilized upon their own island, and that they must contribute in part to the support of the Mission and pay back in time every shilling the British and Foreign Bible Society had expended for printing and binding books of Scripture for them, and it is known to the Church that I have in a considerable measure succeeded.

Our Erromangans have, I consider in their adverse circumstances, done nobly and they must now and henceforth do more, which will bless others and benefit themselves by digging up the miserable selfishness out of their natures.

It must be done and now is the time. But, dear friend, what a letter this, full and yet so empty! I do not expect you to read it all at once, it is not worth it, but when you are weary after a long busy day in your office and cannot sleep, just take up this document and read a bit of it to put you to sleep. Please do not read it to the Board unless you wish to break up the meeting and cause the members to resign, and mislead me for spending valuable time writing such a letter. But it is so long since I have written you I got running on until I seemed unable to stop. We remember with intense interest all of you dear friends in Canada, and with what love and with what interest we dwell upon our never-to-be-forgotten visit to Canada in 1833-34.

I must now close abruptly. We expect the S. S. Corydon from the South daily now. This steamer arrangement is a great improvement in the old Dayspring. A monthly mail, just think of it!

What a charming weather (our winter) we are having, and how time is flying past. On the 11th of next month I will be twenty years ordained, and before this reaches you I shall have, it is said, crossed the Rubicon. But yesterday it seems I was a boy and now I am beginning to be an old man. But I do not feel old, especially when I am in the enjoyment of good health.

Notwithstanding the evils done to this island by the infamous Queensland "labor traffic" we never have had more encouragement or more comfort in our work than we had of late in our island, and never have our people seemed more willing to assist us in the work; nor have they ever been more pleasant and considerate, not an outstanding feature of native character in these seas certainly.

But natives are strong contrasts to themselves so that we are never surprised at any thing they do, though often deeply grieved by their conduct. You can never place your hand upon a native and say, "Well this man

is all right, he will never give us a sore heart." Ten to one if you do you will hear something next day about him that will almost crush you. They are South Sea Island Christians, and we ought never to forget that.

But I am sure our Erromanga Christians are as nice people and as interesting now to live and labor among as those of any of the New Hebrides, and the Island and our West Mission Station, Dillon's Bay, are very charming so far as beauty goes.

Kindest regards to all,

Ever sincerely yours,

H. A. ROBERTSON.

LETTER FROM MRS. MCKENZIE.

ERAKOR, Efate, July 22, 1891.

My Dear Mrs. Rice:—I am as usual very much behind with my writing, I can only get it done by snatching a few minutes now and again from other things. This is Wednesday. We had arranged to go to Fila, but the rain and wind has prevented us, so I am trying to get a little writing done.

We had Mr. and Mrs. Watt, who were in Canada a short time last winter, with us a night on their way North. Then we were a good deal together on our way to and from, also during, the meeting of Synod.

We had a large meeting of Synod, this year. All the missionaries, their wives and families, who were then in the group, were present, except one.

It is refreshing to meet with kindred spirits. You at home cannot understand this. We find it simply delightful, after weeks and months of battling with heathenism to lay all aside for a time and join in sweet converse with those who have a fellow feeling with us. But would not have it so always. As the days are passing by we feel a longing to take up the work we have laid down.

The only unpleasantness connected with our meeting was the discomfort aboard the steamer. She has only accommodation for a small number of passengers, but we were a large company. A good many slept on deck, but some who were afraid of the exposure on deck slept on the saloon floor.

We are having a number of visitors from the Colonies since the steamer began to run, and some of the missionaries whose children are in Australia at school are having them down for a holiday. The Robertsons had theirs down for Christmas holidays, and now Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, who have just returned from a few months' furlough, have brought their children all with them.

Another result of the steam service is a number of young and middle aged men

settling on the islands. Santo seems to have the largest share of them.

We have none of our children with us. They are all in Australia. We sent our little Alice up in December with Dr. and Mrs. Gunn. A lady said to me, "O Mrs. McKenzie how can you part with your last child?" but you know we are promised grace according to our needs.

We had delightful weather for a few weeks, but Monday night a change came and it is now cold and wet. The poor natives feel these changes very keenly. Owing to their careless habits they often contract illness at such times.

Believe me with much love,
Yours sincerely,
AMANDA MACKENZIE.

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, SEPT. 23, 1891.

For the Maritime.

Sept. 12th and 13.—I visited Sangre Grande. This is a place 24 miles inland from Tunapuna and 32 from Port of Spain. As the Island is here about 40 miles across, it is but 8 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. Paul Bhukhan accompanied me. We travelled 8 miles to Arima by rail and the rest of the way in a very light uncovered two-wheeler. On the first 7 miles we forded five rivers. Up to that point the road was good and the scenery interesting. After that for some miles the soil is sandy, in places a dead straight level, reminding me of the sandy plains of Aylesford over which I drove twenty-seven years ago.

At Sangre Grande is a Rest-house, in care of a policeman, and kept up by Government. There is a fixed scale of charges. These rest-houses are a great convenience in places such as this. Leaving our horse, Bhukhan went forward a mile, and I rode on another animal two miles to explore a side valley. I found the soil rich, and for the most part beautifully planted with cacao. The people are chiefly West Indians and scattered on their holdings.

At 5.30 I returned to Sangre Grande where Bhukhan had advised the people of my coming and got a number together. I opened a school here three months ago, and the effect on the adults seems to be good as they listened with much greater attention than on my last visit. At 8 p. m. I returned to the rest house; but Bhukhan sat up with some of the people till past midnight and slept at the teacher's house.

In the morning we examined the school at which twenty-six were present, reclassified it, settled some disputes between husbands and wives, laid down the Christian law about drinking rum and smoking Indian hemp, and then turned homeward. On the way we separated for two hours work, thus walking about three miles. The road shows the country to disadvantage. The lower levels and valleys are rich, well watered and planted chiefly with cacao and coffee. It is proposed to carry the Arima rail forward to the East coast, to the South, however, of the carriage way and just touching the Southern edge of the Sangre Grande settlement. It will not be wise to spend much in buildings till the railway is located or built, as it may alter the centres of population. I propose to spend a week in this district next dry season to acquire a better knowledge of the side roads and settlements. What gives importance to places like this is that the people are settling on Crown lands, that the land is good, that many of the people knew the work of our Mission, before they left the sugar estates to settle here, and they will exert a very important influence in the future.

Sabbath, Sept. 16, I spent in Chogananas. In the morning I went to Kakandi settlement on the margin of the Grande Savanna. For two miles the road was a mere track through tall grass. I had to dismount several times to get my mule over deep canals with only a log across them. At length I came to rice fields all under water, and a stream that had carried away the passenger's log. John Garish my Catechist here fortunately met me. He wears the native clothes and no shoes, so with his kapara tucked up to his thighs he fears neither mud nor water. He was a soldier in India, is over six feet high, and fertile in resources, so he carried me over on his back. We met in a shed thatched with palm leaves and without walls. Into this shelter seventy-five persons were packed. To one of the posts a cock was tied which plumed its feathers close to my feet during the service, while several dogs lay at their master's feet. This was my first meeting in this settlement but my Catechist had often been among the people. They listened well and asked a number of important questions. No objection was raised even a prominent Mohammedan remarking, "The Commandments are good, but we have broken every one of them, tell us how our sin is to be taken away." This was the very point I was coming to, man's guilt and God's mercy in Christ Jesus. So I preached the Gospel to them. At the close I catechised the children, and those who in the dry season attended the Charlie Ville school answered

well. They knew about the Creator, the creation, the fall and the Saviour.

JOHN MORTON.

REV. JOHN McNEILLS RETURN.

Our readers will remember that Rev. John McNeill, of London, met with a sore affliction not long since. His wife died leaving several small children. His congregation gave him a few months leave of absence, during which he visited Canada and the United States.

The British *Weekly* gives the following with regard to his first Sabbath after his return. Some of his words are very sweet.

"The Rev. John McNeill returned last week from his visit to America, and occupied his pulpit at Regent square on Sunday last. Very large congregations filled the church to overflowing at both diets of worship. Mr. McNeill spoke throughout in subdued tones, and made several references to this recent bereavement. In a beautiful prayer before the sermon he spoke of the blessed dead—"Their Saviour is their cemetery, how sweet must be their rest."

After the usual intimations, Mr. McNeill expressed his grateful thanks to his office-bearers and congregation for their forbearance in giving him such a long rest. "I was never so long idle in my life. In my new experience of trouble I have also experienced the great kindness and sympathy of this people."

The text was John xiv. 14. Here the Son of God is obeying the command "Comfort ye, comfort ye My people." I never knew how deep was the comfort of this chapter until I had to bend over a helpless motherless bairn. The heart of all trouble is heart trouble, and the lightning of it is heart's ease.

1. The first item of comfort here is faith in God. If ever I should be used as the mouthpiece of God to His historical people, this is the text I should select, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Christ has brought us no new religion, but something more—a glorious big plus to all God has already said.

2. "In my Father's house are many mansions." When Jesus was doing His best to comfort, He spoke about heaven. There is a sense of room and of rest in His words. The American prairies are being peopled with a nation of different races. What is the attraction? Room and rest. I can personally testify that there is room.

3. "I would have told you." This is an aside with a word of meaning in it. What grotesque questions my children have asked about the place to which their mother has

gone! And we ask, "When we get there shall we know our friends, our own selves?" Jesus answers, "Did I ever say you would not?"

"I go to prepare a place for you." Jesus never minimised His going, but He puts it in the sweetest way. He is going away to do something for us, and He'll be back soon. Just as a mother says, "I must go and see after these things; be good children, and I'll be back soon, and see what I'll bring you." Jesus still talks of heaven as a place. You are placed here and spaced here, and He will place and space you there. We shall be together. You Peter, you Thomas, though there will not be a soul of you to wet My dying lips—I will receive you to my self.

These forty days after the Resurrection were a weaning time. He would withdraw the breasts of consolation gently. He is in the next room, and the door is open between, and at first He came back and back to His children. Don't let us say, "I want to see His face." He has a deal to do in that next room for us, and we must lie still and be patient.

THE BOY WHO WAS WANTED.

"Well, I've found out one thing," said Jack, as he came to his mother, hot, tired and dusty.

"What is that?" she asked.

"That there are a great many boys in the world."

"Didn't you know that before?"

"Partly; but I didn't know there were so many more than are wanted."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because I've been 'round and 'round till I am worn out, trying to find a place to work. Wherever I go there are more boys than places. Doesn't that show that there are too many boys?"

"Not exactly," said his mother, with a smile. "It depends entirely on the kind of boy. A good boy is always wanted some where."

"Well, if I'm a good boy, I wish I knew where I'm wanted."

"Patience, patience, my boy. In such a great world as this is, with so many places so many boys, it is no wonder some of them do not find their places at once. But be very sure, dear," as she laid a very caressing hand on his arm, "that every boy who wants a chance to do fair, honest work will find it."

"That's the kind of work I want to do," said Jack. "I don't want anybody's money for nothing. Let me see—what have I got

to offer? All the schooling and all the wits I've been able to get up in thirteen years, good stout hands, and a civil tongue."

"And a mind and heart as on doing faithful duty," suggested his mother.

"I hope so," said Jack. "I remember father used to say, 'Just as soon as you undertake to work for any one, you must bear in mind that you have sold yourself to him for the given time. Your time, your strength, your energy are his, and your best efforts to seek his interest in every way, are his due.'"

The earnest tone in which the boy spoke seemed to give an assurance that he would pay good heed to the words of the father whose counsel could no more reach him.

For two or three days longer, Jack had reason to hold his opinion that there were more boys than the world wanted, at the end of which time he met a business man, who, questioning him closely, said:

"There are a great many applications for the place, but the greater number of the boys come and stay a short time, and then leave if they think they can do a little better. When a boy gets used to our routes and customers, we want him to stay. If you will agree to stay at least three years, we will agree to pay you three dollars a week as errand boy."

"That is just what I wanted to do, sir," said Jack, eagerly. So he was installed, and proud enough he was at bringing his wages home every Saturday night, and realizing that, small as they were, the regular help was of great value to his mother.

It is not to be wondered at that the faithful carrying out of his father's admonition after awhile attracted the attention not only of his employers, but of others with whom he was brought into contact in the pursuit of his duties. One day he was asked into the office of Mr. Lang, a gentleman to whom he frequently carried parcels of value.

"Have you ever thought of changing your situation?" asked Mr. Lang.

"No sir," said Jack.

"Perhaps you could do better," said the other. "I want a boy who is quick and intelligent, and who can be relied on, and, from what I see of you, I think you are that sort of boy. I want you to drive a delivery wagon, and I will pay you five dollars a week."

Jack's eyes opened wide.

"It is wonderfully good pay, sir, for a boy like me, I'm sure. But I promised to keep on with Mr. Hill for three years, and the second year is only just begun."

"Well, have you signed a regular agreement with Mr. Hill?"

"No, sir; I told him I would stay."

"You have a mother to assist, you told me. Couldn't you tell Mr. Hill that you feel obliged to do better when you have a chance?"

"I don't believe I could," said Jack, looking with his straight frank gaze into the gentleman's face.

"You see, sir, if I broke my word with him I shouldn't be the kind of boy to be relied on that you want."

"I guess you are about right," said Mr. Lang with a laugh. "Come and see me when your time is out; I dare say I shall want you then."

Jack went home very much stirred by what had been said to him.

After all, could it be wrong to go where he could do so much better? Was it not really his duty to obtain it, and to drive a wagon instead of trudging wearily along the streets? They had never felt so hot and dusty as they did just now, when he might escape from the tiresome routine. Might, but how? By the sacrifice of his pledged word. By selling his truth and his honor. So strongly did the reflection force itself upon him that when he told his mother of the offer he had received, he merely added:

"It would be a grand good thing if I could take it; wouldn't it mother?"

"Yes, it would."

"Some boys would change without thinking of letting a promise stand in their way."

"Yes, but that is the kind of boy, who, sooner or later, is not wanted. It is because you are not that sort of a boy, that you are wanted now."

Jack worked away, doing such good work, as he became more and more accustomed to his situation, that his mother sometimes wondered that Mr. Hill, who seemed always kindly interested in him, never appeared to think of raising his pay. This, however, was not Mr. Hill's way of doing things, even though he showed an increasing disposition to trust Jack with important business.

So the boy trudged through the three years, at the end of them having been trusted far more than is usually the case with errand boys. He had never forgotten the offer made by Mr. Lang, and one day, meeting that gentleman on the street, ventured to remind him that his present engagement was nearly out, adding:

"You spoke to me about driving the wagon, sir."

"Ah, so I did, but you are older now and worth more. Call round and see me."

One Saturday evening soon after Jack lingered in Mr. Hill's office after the other errand boys had been paid and gone away.

"My three years are up, to-night, sir," he said.

"Yes, they are," said Mr. Hill, looking at him as if he had remembered it.

"Will you give me a recommendation to some one else, sir?"

"Well, I will, if you are sure that you want to leave me."

"I did not know that you wanted me to stay, but"—he hesitated, and then went on—"my mother is a widow, and I feel as though I ought to do the best I can for her, and Mr. Lang told me to call on him."

"Has Mr. Lang ever made you an offer?"

Jack told him what Mr. Lang had said nearly two years ago.

"Why didn't you go then?" said Mr. Hill.

"Because I had promised to stay with you; but you wouldn't blame me for trying to better myself now?"

"Not a bit of it. Are you tired of running errands?"

"I'd rather ride than walk," said Jack, with a smile.

"I think it were about time you were doing better than either. Perhaps you think you have been doing this faithful work for me through these years, for next to nothing, but, if so, you are mistaken. You have been doing better work than merely running errands. You have been serving an apprenticeship to trust and honesty. I know you now to be a straight forward, reliable boy, and it takes time to learn that. It is your capital, and you ought to begin to realize on it. You may talk to Mr. Lang if you wish, but I will give you a place in the office with a salary of six hundred for the first year, with the prospect of a raise after that."

Jack did not go to see Mr. Lang, but straight to his mother with a shout and a bound.

"You're right, your right, mother!" he cried. "No more hard work for you mother. I'm wanted, see! Wanted enough to get good pay, and all the hardest part over.—*Congregationalist*

WHAT MANY CHRISTIANS NEED.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

The man who is empty himself cannot fill others. The professed Christian who can hardly stand up on his feet is not likely to do much effective work in his Master's vineyard. How can the poor brother who is trying to keep his farthing candle from being blown out, how can he so "shine as to glorify God," and be an illuminator to guide other people to the Saviour? Such feeble, gasping Christians may count on a church roll, but they count for very little anywhere else. There is but one cure for this spiritual emptiness. It is not to attend more pray-

er meetings or hear more preaching, for putting sermons into some souls is like pouring water into a sieve. What such empty souls need is a fresh impouring of the Spirit of Christ, for Jesus tells us that He came not only to give life, but that those who have it "may have it more abundantly."

(1) Those who really want this more abundant life, and seek aright for it, can have it; and one mark will be an increase of faith. The disciples asked for such an increase and so may we. A feeble faith may move a mole-hill, but it cannot stir a mountain. It can say "perhaps God may hear, or perhaps I can do some good, or perhaps I may get out of the quagmire of doubts and debility." Now faith is just the taking in of Christ into the soul, and the more of Christ the more strength. To grapple with "stubborn sins," to conquer debilitating doubts, to carry a heavy load, to take hold of "hard cases" and try to bring them to Christ, to do all such feats is given to those who are filled with might in the inner man. Luther spent three hours a day in prayer that he might have the stamina for his wrestle with the giant on "the seven hills." Charles G. Finney tells us in his autobiography how he was once pleading with God to remove the difficulties that obstructed his path, until he says that "his flesh trembled on his bones and he shook from head to foot." Then there came a full tide of assurance into his soul, a "great lifting up," and a sweet calm of entire trust; from that room he went forth into one of the most powerful revivals that he ever witnessed, and the whole town of A— was moved by his preaching. Spurgeon used to give an account of a blunt and earnest minister—somewhat of the same fibre as John McNeill—who was sent into a desperately irreligious region. He called together the people, and in his first sermon he said: "Look here, my friends, you may wriggle and twist and set yourselves against this Gospel as much as you like, but before this time twelve-month hundreds of souls will be converted here. I have asked this of the Lord, and He has given it to me." Spurgeon says that the sturdy faith of this bold man of prayer received its reward and within the year there were several hundreds of hopeful conversions. The pastor who believingly asks for a rich harvest this year, and soaks his Gospel-seed in prayer, will not come into the Lord's barns with an empty wagon. Let the Sunday-school teacher pin this promise into his or her class-book: "All things are possible to him that believeth."

(2) With this increase of faith will come an increase of spiritual vigor. When I found that a tree in my yard bore more blos-

soms than fruit, I had the gardener dig around it, and put a bushel or two of fertilizer to reach its roots, and the next July it was crimsoned on every limb with ripe cherries. The more abundant life in the tree yielded the more abundant fruit. The simple reason why a Christian does not yield the fruits of the Spirit is the lack of inward vigor. The soil of his soul has become impoverished. He needs the tillage of prayer and honest self examination, the subsoiling of repentance and a new inpouring of the Spirit of Christ. "If a man abide in Me, he shall bring forth much fruit."

It is the debilitated folks who catch all the fevers that are going, and a physician can do little for a patient who has not vitality enough to slough off the disease. An immense proportion of all our church-members are in the hospitals, or off on furlough, or too feeble to carry a weapon. Their disease is a low vitality, and some are dying of "heart failure." The only recovery of all these pitiable invalids must come from the tone which Jesus Christ gives when He gives His quickening Spirit. There is really no such thing as a genuine revival for a Christian or for a church except by a living again of Christ in their souls, and a living again for Christ in their daily conduct. Listen, oh, ye invalids and impotent folk and idlers, to this trumpet call of the Master, "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye may have it more abundantly!"

(3) With this increased vigor of heart-life will come more genuine joy. There is no sunshine for those who will keep their shutters barred. Joy is not gained by the asking for it, but only by the acting for it; we have got to walk with Christ if we want to walk in the sunshine. There is a miserable lot of moping and grumbling and sour-spirited Christians who disgrace the name they bear. If one of this sorry regiment should ask a shrewd man of the world to embrace Christianity, he might well reply: "No, I thank you, I have troubles enough now without being trouble!" with such a peevish and doleful religiosity as yours seems to be." What a letter of recommendation some Christians carry in their cheerful countenances! What a brace of joyous prisoners were those two Apostles who sang their duet down in Philippi's dungeon at midnight. Those early Christians managed to draw oil out of the flintiest rocks, and the black waves of persecution phosphoresced with the sparkles of bright joy. They were filled with Christ, and so their joy was humming over. Now here are three things which thousands of those who call themselves Christians need; and these three things—more faith, more vigor, and more joy—are all within your

reach. Your Lord and Saviour offers to you them all when He offers to you an "abundant life." Are you ready to let Him bestow it in His own way and on His own terms? Then it is yours!

THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. G. B. HULLOCK.

"Search the Scriptures; they testify of me; trust the testimony." Practically, this is what Christ said. But if the so called Higher Critics are right, then one thing is sure, that Christ made a great mistake when he placed that Bible "search-warrant" and "trust-warrant" in the hands of all—even the simple minded folk and just common people that most of us are. To be sure, if it could be truly said, "The Bible is the Word of God," his intended revelation and message to men, it would be safe enough for any of us to read it; but as soon as all that can be said is that the Bible "contains the Word of God," we must see that there is danger.

"Contains" asserts that part is truly God's Word; but that very statement means that the other part is not. And it is plain that the very moment it becomes clear that part is not, it also becomes clear that the book is untrustworthy and unsafe for unlearned and common folk to handle—at least until we have had some Highest Critic, some Pope among critics, or some authoritative commission, or committee of critics, to go through the book, draw the line and plainly tell us just what parts are and what parts are not from God.

For example, suppose yourself the commander of a ship that needed a pilot. A man comes and offers his services. Under great responsibility for lives and cargo you wish to be very careful, and you earnestly ask, "Are you a first class pilot? Have you papers to show?" Handing you his papers, you read; "This man is a pilot. He knows the channel nearly all the way. He has never lost but one schooner and three fishing smacks!" You turn to him: "Why, man, you will never do. I want not a pilot somewhat trustworthy. I want one, and no other than one, who can be absolutely relied upon to safely guide us every league of the way, through every current, past every rock and shoal, until we are brought most securely into the desired haven." No one wants a pilot partly reliable. So no one wants a Bible partly reliable. Partly reliable is simply unreliable. Half truth is error. Half falsehood is falsehood.

But how can men dare to bring any such

charge against God's Word? It is Christ himself who puts the Book into our hands, saying: "Search the Scriptures;" and what they testify, trust. Is it not time for earnest souls to put away all thought of fear in regard to the Bible? It has survived many previous attempts to set it aside, or to lower the measure of its meaning, its authority, its inspiration, and it will do so again. Let no one tremble for its safety. God will take care of His own Book. Instead, we have every reason for confidence and hope. "The Word of the Lord is tried." It has stood, and will stand, every test, and commend itself alike to our hearts, and our reason. Search it and trust it, fellow Christian. Make it the man of your counsel and your guide. You may trust it supremely, entirely, as the one "parchment roll" able to direct you every step of the way from the City of Destruction up to the shining gates of the heavenly home. It is safe to live by; it is safe to die by. It is reliable. It is well tested. You can afford to trust it. It will not fail you.

"Accept the glad tidings,
The warnings and chidings,
Found in this volume of heavenly lore;
With faith that's unfeeling,
And love all prevailing,
Trust in its promise of life evermore."
—*Sol.*

JESUS WANTS YOU.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Are you seeking Christ? Then let me tell you that Jesus is also seeking you; nay, He will miss you if you do not give your heart and your life to Him. As the shepherd, in the beautiful parable, left the ninety and nine to hunt after the single straggler, so you must be sure that Jesus wants you in His fold and wants you in heaven. If you throw away your chance of salvation and die without Him, there will be one more soul in hell. But if He is left without you, there will be one soul less to chant His praises in the heavenly throng; He will have one the less present before His Father "with exceeding joy." There is a prodigious encouragement in the fact that the Saviour is so intent to find you; and it ought not to be long before you who are seeking Christ, and the Christ who is seeking you, come together.

On your part there must be genuine repentance. The only genuine repentance is that which cuts up favorite sins by the roots. As it is not enough to get weeds out of a garden unless you plant the seeds of flowers and fruits in their place, so the quit-

ting of old sins will avail you little unless you begin to do Christ's will. Do not waste time in waiting for some harrowing sorrow, or distress, or some thunderclap of excitement. Fears do not save a soul: Felix was frightened, but he did not flee to that Saviour whom Paul preached. I have seen a drunkard, in his sober moments, tremble with anguish, and yet he went straight back to his bottle. You may have been alarmed again and again under a faithful sermon, or when you were thinking about dying impenitent; but the fear vanished like an ugly dream. Emotion does not save. Faith saves; and the real essence of faith is the entire letting go of self and the cleaving to Jesus only. To put self under foot, even to the abandoning of any self-righteous idea of saving ourselves by church going, Bible-reading, praying, or any other good deed, is essential to a right trust in Jesus Christ. You cannot hang your hopes on two hooks at once. Nothing on self; everything on Christ, must be our motto.

Immediate surrender to Jesus brings immediate salvation. Nearly every conversion recorded in the Bible was a sudden conversion, or at any rate it was quick, prompt work. As a converted man once said to good old Doctor Wisner of Ithaca: "I found that accepting Christ was only a moment's work as soon as I was in earnest." When you heartily trust Christ as an atoning Saviour, and begin to obey Him, He entrusts Himself with you. As soon as you give yourself to Jesus, you will find that Jesus has given Himself to you, and then there will be joy on both sides.

That is a fine stroke in the parable of the Lost Sheep which describes the loving and the long-looking shepherd; we are told that "when he findeth the sheep, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing." He is glad for the sake of the rescued sheep, but still more for his own sake. It was for the joy set before Him that your Saviour endured the agonies of Calvary and despised the shame of the Cross. What a glorious satisfaction there will be on both sides, when you as a true penitent, and Christ as a true Pardoner come together and enter into partnership for eternity! That partnership He will not break; for whom He loveth, He loves to the end. In that spiritual partnership you will furnish the mental faculties, and He the grace to guide them; you will furnish the hands to fight, and He the weapons; you will earn money, and He will direct you how to use it; you will sow His seed and bring your harvests into His granary; you will be branch or a twig on the Vine, and the sustaining sap of life will flow into your soul from the central trunk. And now, my

friend, if Jesus wants you, and wants to bestow on you the infinite blessing of salvation, and wants to give you the parent of joys and to raise your life to the highest level, and to put you to the best of uses and confer on you the infinite honor of an eternal partnership, why don't you let Him have you?

PHASES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

A medical missionary in Caesarea, Turkey, in appealing for help to build a hospital where the sick can be cared for so much better than they can in their own houses, gives in the New York Evangelist the following interesting incidents of his work:—

"I was called to a village an hour's ride distant, to see a man who had accidentally shot himself while hunting. A hole was blown through his forearm, shattering bones and tearing vessels. He was almost dead from loss of blood. His proper treatment required him to be seen every day, but that was impossible. In this case, there was a Protestant brother in the village, who undertook to visit him and carry out directions, and the man eventually recovered. But such fortunate aid is not always to be found.

A boy with disease of the knee joint, living in a closely neighboring village, was under my care, and required both legs put in a plaster bandage. When I went to see him a few days after, I found that a native doctor had been there and told him that this means was of no use, and he had better take it off, which he had done. The whole job was to be done over again.

I was called one day to the outskirts of Caesarea to see a Turk who had been burnt. He was a laborer in the nitre works carried on by the Government. He was subject to epilepsy, and always took one of his children with him wherever he went. But this day, while the child went to bring him his dinner, a fire came on and he fell forward into a nitre pit, burning his face and arm in a frightful manner.

I found him in a room lower than the street, lying on a little raised platform of boards. The stone walls had some wet pieces of matting against them, saturated from the dampness of the walls. The one tiny window, covered with paper instead of glass, had to be taken out in order that I might see what I was about. His hands and arms were smeared with manure as a remedy for the burn. In the midst of dressing his wounds, I was startled to hear a donkey bray close by me, and discovered

what I had not seen before, that the same room was used for their stable also.

Constant visits and great care could not save the man in the midst of such circumstances, and he died of lockjaw.

A visit to the mountainous region north west of us was full of interesting experiences. The patient for whom I went was a well-to-do Turk in a village. I had to amputate her leg. She had every care that could be provided for her. But on the following day a poor fellow was brought on a two wheeled ox cart over a forest road, twenty miles, from a neighboring village. Without money, without food, with no attendance but a little boy, he had to undergo the same operation. It was at once or not at all, with him. The villagers provided him a room and gave him some food. He found a piece of matting to spread on the earth floor, a mat for a bed, and a quilt to cover him. Under such conditions the operation had to be done, and it is pleasant to add, with the best results.

These are instances of the difficulties of treating patients in their own homes, especially when passing through a village on a journey. In such cases it would always be better to order the patients to be brought to our town and find lodgings there. But the sick in the villages, who can often find some means of travelling even long distances, through the kindness of fellow villagers, cannot afford the expense of hiring lodgings and buying food. A hospital would be the means of an incalculable amount of good, not merely physically, but in the most effective manner spiritually. As the Early Church grew stronger, it exchanged its humble, straitened meeting places, for noble edifices suited to the worship of God, so, we believe, in time must the missionary medical work, wherever it is established, exchange its unsatisfactory and unfruitful method of makeshift treatment—that treatment which is only the best that can be attempted under the most unfavorable conditions—for methods of treatment that are the best known to science, combined with the best opportunities for preaching Christ. The "Hospital in the House" must grow into the scientifically and spiritually well-equipped Christian hospital.

WILLIAM S. DODD, M. J. D.

Truths we sincerely and heartily believe govern our whole life. Inwrought and powerful convictions of any kind mould the character of a man whether for good or ill. Consequently, our beliefs are the real factors in our history. We make a great and grievous mistake when we assign them a secondary place.—*Word and Work.*

DOES IT PAY.

Is honesty the best policy, when to carry out to the letter the old maxim requires so much?

The dull, weary, daily plodding at desk or countinghouse or farm—a surrender of body, soul and spirit to the getting of the bare necessities of life, a tantalizing sight of others flaring and flaunting in the sunshine of success, with the knowledge that their salary never could support such extravagance; that there must be means back of that to entitle such show—does honesty pay?

Does it pay, when to wear a threadbare coat means social ostracism, when theatreging and all expensive indulgence like wine and cigars must be done without, if to live within one's income be the desired end? When possessing the power to say No, from a fear of going into debt, you are voted mean, does that pay? Does it pay when the butterflies of fashion pass you by? When stylish young men, though they acknowledge you to be a good fellow, and perhaps secretly admire your independent spirit, yet laugh at you, or call you a "crank" because you refuse to join in their "good times?"

As only fit to be tied to your mother's "apron strings," should you object to the form such "good times" take? At such a crisis as this, it may be you are compelled to cry out in anguish of soul "Is honesty the best policy? Does dishonesty pay?"

To begin your business career by stealing your employer's time, using it to promote your own interests or enjoyments, and gradually but surely to lose all the conscientious habits you may once have been forming. Does it pay to allow your expenditure to exceed your income? to try to appear as prosperous as your companions, who have more means; to talk of luxuries as if they were necessities? When you arrive at this point, stop. You are in danger of getting on the down grade. Before it be too late look ahead and ponder what awaits the rogue. Only a loss of the self-respect he once gloried in; a constant fear of impending ruin; a knowledge that his word has no longer any weight; that his friends have begun to turn toward him the cold shoulder—is that all? Ah no; for all the while remorse is gnawing at his heart-strings. All happiness and freedom have forever flown. The sun shines as brightly, the sky is as blue, his child's laugh as merry, but not for him. The remainder of his years will be one long dreary winter night; he cannot forget. Memory ever active points back to the time when he was a free man, when all this evil could have been averted had he considered that "the way of transgressors is hard." Nothing now

for him to look forward to but a prison and a felon's grave.

Then honesty does pay, but it has a deeper meaning than that usually assigned to it. It is not enough to refrain one's hand from another man's pocket; not enough not to tamper with figures; not enough to regard all forms of gambling and betting with disapproval. It is all that and more—it is a strict adherence to truth and duty, that's what honesty means.

You may never accumulate a fortune, but if you acquire the art of living within your means, you can never feel poor, and you may feel rich, even though your means be small. Then at your death you will leave as the best inheritance to those who come after you an untarnished name. What can be better? Then honesty is the best policy? Yes, even in this life, and "an honest man's the noblest work of God."

YOUNG MAN, YOU WILL DO.

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been religious one. He was a member of a Christian Church, had pious parents, brother and sisters; his family was one in Christ. On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope he started out on his long journey to scribe out for himself in a new world. The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into company of older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath one of his fellow travellers said to him, "Come, let us be off for a drive and the sights." "No," said the young man, "I am going to keep the Sabbath, and I promised my mother to keep on in that way." His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Right, my boy. I began in that way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words and your mother's words and you will win." The boy went to church, all honor to him in that far away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence, won their respect by his manly avowal of good obligations. Already success is smiling on that young man. There is no lack of places for him.

"There is no way or place where God leads but preparation has been made before our coming."

CANNOT TALK FOR GOD, BUT I CAN
SMILE AND BE HAPPY
FOR HIM.

A lady in the United States writes to the N. Y. Evangelist the following touching story fraught with rich lessons:—

Four months ago God led me into a city hospital, where for four months I lived among the sick and dying. The charity wards were nearly always full; my room was near the woman's ward. One day an old lady, seventy years old, was brought in seated in the invalid's chair. She had come to have her leg amputated. The knee was completely honeycombed with cancer. Though so full of pain, and unable to walk or scarcely move, she said: "I have never been able to talk eloquently for God, but I can smile and be happy for Him."

The two weeks she spent waiting to undergo the operation will never be forgotten by me. She was a perpetual source of sunshine; her presence illumined the ward, no matter how much sleep she lost at night through suffering, no matter how painful the dressing of her leg, she kept the brightest face, the cheeriest greeting for all around her. Many times when my heart was heavy with grief, and my way was dark, I have gone to that dear Christian, and her smile has lightened my gloom, and I have seen God's power to "keep in peace" the soul "abiding in Him."

The day came for the operation. She went through the preparation as if she were getting ready for the pleasantest event of her life. She took the ether and drifted out into unconsciousness with the faith of a little child. They bore the cot into the clinic, where all the medical students were assembled to watch the physician cut off the leg. In an hour she was back in the ward. I sat by her, and when she regained consciousness, she said with a hen lip, trying hard to speak with her old-time brightness: "I am in so much pain, I can't smile now, but I want to keep on being cheerful, for that is all-I can do for God." The pain became greater: she said: "Such terrible, terrible pain. It would help me to have you sing. I sang:

"Sure I must fight if I would win.
Increase my courage Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word."

She tried to sing it with me, but although her lips moved, only the last word of each line was audible.

Down into the valley and shadow of death I saw her go, but never once did I see the sweetness of her spirit leave her, and to the

last moment I was with her, my soul got great uplift through the gladness that, like ripple of heavenly joy, kept her true to her mission. One of the doctors who knew not God, said to me: "Don't you think that old lady is simple minded? I don't believe if she had good sense she could always be so happy?" I answered: "She had the wisdom that cometh from God, which seems foolishness to this world, but in whose possession she holds the peace of God that the world cannot give, neither can it take away."

Perhaps some may think the old lady had a small mission from God, a little thing to do, but into my life she has put a memory which rises up before me when things perplex, when the days grow weary and I am inclined to let my face wear a cloud. If we cannot talk for God who of us cannot "smile for God?"—*S. L.*

NERVES OR SOUL.

Mr. Beecher used to illustrate the noisy but barren activity of a certain class of people by comparing them to bumblebees, which make a prodigious stir, but lay up no honey. There is an immense class of bumblebees in this country; people who are always doing something, and whose life is an incessant activity barren of permanent results. This failure to make real achievement rises from a shallow and false idea of life; the idea that all of life lies in doing; and that any kind of doing is good. There is a great deal of doing that is not only not good, but distinctly bad; or, at the very best, sheer waste of time. A very considerable amount of what is regarded by some people as intellectual and religious activity is pure nervous excitability; there is neither intellect nor soul in it. There are a great many people who belong to countless clubs of every sort and fashion, for the study of Browning, and Ibsen and art and ethics and esoteric Buddhism, who put the least possible amount of brains into their activity; whose activity has, in fact, no intellectual quality whatever, but is purely nervous restlessness. These people have become chronically inebriated with doing. They must be doing, although that which they do amounts to nothing. Repose, meditation, thought and growth are things which do not enter into their lives. They are always running, always out of breath; but they never reach any definite point, and they never see anything by the way. They are pursued by a demon of restlessness, and condemned to wander forever without repose or refreshment. It is to be feared that there is a great deal of so-called religious activity which is of the same sort. It is mere nervous

restlessness; the incessant activity of people who have no other resource; to whom thorough Bible study, quiet meditation, serious thought, strenuous moral struggle, are as if they were not; people who rush about from one religious activity to another, from organization to organization, from committee to committee, from meeting to meeting, but whose spiritual life has as little volume and force as a mountain brook in August, which is simply a noisy thread of water through a course which it fills only with sound. To really live, one must put both thought and emotion before action; to really achieve anything, action must be the flowering of deep things in the nature, not a mere putting forth of the hands for the sake of occupation. It is wise for all those who find themselves intensely occupied to stop and ask themselves whether their occupation is a matter of nerves or a matter of mind and soul. If it is a matter of nerves, it indicates physical disorder, and medical advice ought to be sought at once. If it is a matter of mind and soul, it indicates the highest degree of healthfulness.—*Christian Union*.

BODILY HEALTH AND SPIRITUAL FEELINGS.

Spiritual feelings are more affected by the physical condition than many persons apprehend. A healthy body is a great aid to clearness of religious vision and enjoyment. A deranged liver is the enemy of a joyous and hopeful piety. Dyspepsia has much to do with Christian despondency. Bodily disorders interfere with the highest experiences in divine life. It becomes spiritual guides to take into greater consideration this factor in dealing with soul maladies. A good tonic will often relieve spiritual depression when other remedies fail. A keen discernor of the laws pertaining to physical and mental conditions and relations, can give much help to troubled minds by directing the attention to the former rather than to the latter. This is no especially new idea, but it is too much overlooked in religious practice. It is not often that the Romish priesthood makes account of it, but a Roman Catholic Archbishop has been surprising the public of England recently by giving it prominence in his counsels to his flock in a series of letters published in the *Athenæum*. A few extracts, as indicative of the scope and spirit of his advice, may be given:—"To one penitent after another he proclaims the message that a good life depends upon a good liver. For the 'evil thoughts' which harass one of his correspondents he prescribes a course of Vichy and Carlsbad as the principal remedy." As a cure for the jealousy which afflicts an-

other he prescribes "beef-tea," remarking that "all similar passions become intensified when the body is weak." All through his directions to his different applicants for help in their various spiritual difficulties, he recognizes how they are mixed up with the state of their health, and seeks to remove them, as far as may be, by putting the body into right tone and activity. For instance, he writes:—"I dare not promise you that you will be free from temptation if you keep very well, but you will experience fewer temptations, and resist them more easily." To one suffering from spiritual depression, he recommends "a good walk in the park, or an expedition on a penny steamer," adding, "You will get into a small rage on reading this, and say it is of no use to walk in the park, or sail on the Thames. Well, get into a rage, and then cool down, and try the experiment." To one given to early morning meditation, he states that they "are apt to be tinged with despondency," and should be revived after a suitable diet of coffee and rolls. Of course, tact and judgment, as well as knowledge of person and circumstance, are necessary in solving soul troubles, but there is no doubt that Protestant ministers would often be the gainers, as well as those whom they counsel, if they acted more upon the hints here given by a Romish prelate, and if they studied more the intimacy subsisting between the body and the mind, and how the one sympathizes with the other. *Sel.*

A REMARKABLE MARRIAGE.

A man in Lebanon, Ind., prominent in business, is married to a totally blind woman, who was blind when he married her. He was younger then by ten years than he is now, but he was prosperous, ambitious, and successful. She had never seen the sunlight. She was as handsome as Nydia, and as poor. He married her, and they have lived together in a peace that passes understanding ever since. They have two bright children, healthy and perfect; a good home, thriving business, a little fortune they had earned themselves, and a public regard that has no limit. She would give one half of life just to see her husband and children. It would touch your heart to see how gentle he is with her, how tenderly they lead her here and there. In this age, when marriage means too little, when insufficient thought is given to the only thing worth thinking of—the love that loves and exalts—when a husband true and a wife content are frequent exceptions, is it a wonder I bared my head in that presence? How noble a man he must be! What loyalty must possess her soul! No life must be commonplace with a love like that.—*Sel.*

TELL THEM SO.

"I did love Ida, but I didn't tell her so." This was the despairing cry of a young husband. Yes, a young husband, who it seemed from his deep sorrow for past neglect, had just begun to feel how precious to him was his young and lovely wife who had pined day after day for that manifestation of regard that she knew was her due, and which she lavished so richly upon him. Of a cold, unsympathizing nature, he kept his affection repressed within his own bosom, not perhaps thinking how cruelly he was treating her the one to whom he owed so much, until God took her and the darling little five year old daughter she had brought to Him, to where is all love and joy. Those who witnessed the anguish which shook the strong young man's frame will not soon forget the object lesson for the dear girls and boys.

"Oh," said a model brother, "the girls I love are my sisters." And how he loved to show that affection in a thousand little courteous ways. Quick to see every little need of a helping hand. Ready to go as an escort, with a manly proud bearing that seemed to say "these are my sisters." Bringing to them little bouquets, planning walks and outings for their pleasure, and bringing slips for and making their flower beds. Oh we need not try to enumerate the ways by which a loving heart and a thoughtful head can give expression to what they feel. The trouble with us all in keeping repressed these lovely and loving attributes of the soul when with those we truly love. We never know how fondly we love dear mother until we miss some day her gentle ministrations. Then we cry out in bitterness of soul: "Oh for one more embrace! One more kiss from those dear lips: O! could she come back to us, what hourly assurances should she have of our devotion. Known to us should she be only as precious mother."

And little sisters who are so interested in your friends, don't forget brother in your every day joys and pleasures. Care for him, and his happiness and comfort, and don't forget that time will come when brother will leave that protecting roof tree, to go out upon an untried sea (a cold and selfish world), to breast the world with many a sinking, despairing feeling, and little sympathy from grasping, ungentle strangers. Let him know that in the home and hearts he has left his image has a most sacred place. Let his memory of home and friends be sweet and soothing. Do this for your own comfort, too, for rest assured you will miss those familiar footsteps, and your heart will cry out for their return, when naught shall be heard

but their echo as it vibrates against the walls of your memory.

The truth is, we cannot too strongly impregnate the atmosphere of home with the heavenly fragrance of love and affection. We know a gentleman who has often been heard to say that his home after the labors of the day "was the nearest type of heaven he could fancy." Let every little girl and boy try and see how they can multiply these types of heaven.—*S. L.*

WHAT TO DO IN TROUBLE.

I was walking one day near the Crystal Palace. It was the first time I had been out for weeks. I was feeling depressed and lonely, having to look forward to many months of weakness and ill-health, which meant for me loss of work, and consequently strained means, and possibly debt.

As I was thus sadly musing, my attention was attracted by two flower girls, who were excited onasteparranging their baskets. They were of the ordinary type of London street children, about fourteen years of age, and I should have passed without noticing them, if it had not been for the earnest tones in which they were conversing. Curiosity led me to slacken my pace until I passed them. This is what I overheard:

"Don't you feel 'orful bad when you have found out a likely place, and you stand there the whole day and nobody buys nothing?"

"Don't I jest?" returned the other, emphatically.

"Don't you feel as if you could sit down an' have a good cry?"

"Ay, that I do!" responded the younger girl, "only I knows it would be no use."

"What does you do when you feel like that?" asked the elder, evidently anxious to discover whether her own experiences were shared by other girls.

"I does this," replied the other girl promptly—and she folded her hands and shut her eyes—"and I says, 'O God! please send somebody quick, and somebody always comes.'"

Then, in answer to the look of astonished incredulity in her companion's face, she added, nodding her head to give force to her words, "I does truly."

I heard no more, for the girls arose, and, taking their baskets on their arms, passed out of sight. As for me, I went home rebuked and comforted.—*Selects.*

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it are desperate.—*Bishop Hall.*

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW AND THE CIGAR.

Mr. Depew, the well known orator and rail way president, related the following experience of his victory over the cigar :

I used to smoke twenty cigars a day, and continued it until I became worn out. I didn't know what was the matter with me, and physicians that I applied to did not mention tobacco. I used to go to bed at two o'clock in the morning and wake at five or six. I had no appetite, and was a dyspeptic.

I was in the habit of smoking at my desk, and thought that I derived material assistance in my work from it. After a time I found that I couldn't do any work without tobacco. I could not prepare a brief argument without tobacco, but still I was harassed by feeling that something was amiss, and the result was not up to the mark.

I also found that I was incapable of doing any great amount of work. My power of concentration was greatly weakened, and I could not think well without a lighted cigar in my mouth. Now it is perfectly clear that without this power of concentration a man is incapable of doing many things. It is that which enables him to attend to various and multifarious affairs; to drop one absolutely and take up another and give it full attention.

One day I bought a cigar and was puffing it with a feeling of pleasure which is only possible when devoted. I smoked only a few minutes and then I took it out of my mouth and looked at it. I said to it: "My friend and bosom companion, you have always been dearer to me than gold. To you I have ever been devoted, yet you are the cause of all my ills. You have played me false. The time has come that we must part." I gazed sad and longingly at the cigar, then threw it into the street. I had been convinced that tobacco was ruining me.

For three months thereafter I underwent the most awful agony. I never expect to suffer more in this world or the next. I didn't go to any physician, or endeavor in any way to palliate my sufferings. Possibly a physician might have given something to soften the tortures. Neither did I break my vow. I had made up my mind that I must forever abandon tobacco or I would be ruined by it.

At the end of three months my longing for it abated. I gained twenty-five pounds in weight. I slept well for seven or eight hours every night. I required that amount because of my excessive cerebration. When I don't get it I am liable to rheumatism or sciatica.

I have never smoked from that day to this; and while no one knows better than I the pleasures to be derived from tobacco, I am still well content to forget them, knowing their effect.—*Evangelical Messenger*.

OUR HOME LIFE.

Look at our home life. We should not forget that though they are ours without price, the good things of our homes have not been without cost to those to whose love we are indebted for them. We have but to think of the love that sheltered our infancy and guided our feet in tender years, and of the self-denial and sacrifices, the toils and watchings, the care and anxiety, the loss of rest, the broken nights, the planning, the praying, the weeping, and all the cost of love—for love always costs—along the days of childhood and youth. Then oftentimes much of the good in our homes has come down from the past, the fruit of the labor and suffering of a line of ancestors. Thus every comfort and joy and beauty should be sacred as a sacrament to us because it has been gotten for us by hands of love, at cost of toil and saving and pinching economy and self-denial.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

Who doubts that Christian character would be far richer, and church activities tenfold more successful, if Christians generally would put in practice the most familiar suggestions concerning the use of the word of God? I submit these:

1. To read the Bible regularly every day.
2. As nearly as possible at a fixed hour.
3. Alone in your room.
4. Never when in haste.
5. The morning is the best time; but if you have found no other opportunity during the day, take time immediately before retirement at night.
6. Read in course.
7. Select, in addition, from any part of the Bible, such passages as you especially need.
8. From time to time read largely,—several chapters, or a whole epistle or other book, at a sitting. In this way give your Bible a chance to pour into your soul its great tides of truth.
9. Above all, read devoutly, as for your soul's life. Prayer is the key that unlocks the Word.—*Bishop C. D. Foss*.

"Our doctor would rather 'pass' a whiskey drinker than a cigarette smoker," said the manager of a big life insurance company, "because he believes that there are more chances of a man living with hardened liver than with a softened brain."—*Phil. Times*.

THE MOTHER'S HAND.

The following article is translated from *L'Evangeliste* appears in the *Canada Presbyterian* :—

No instrument can, like the hand, give wood, glass and other articles their fine and brilliant polish. Spectacle glasses, telescope lenses and piano keys, after having been polished by special processes, receive from the hand their finishing touches. Now the hand which gives the family its last polish is the mother's. What labour and education cannot do, this hand does with exquisite grace and astonishing success.

See those children, the cleanness of whose pretty faces and little hands is second only to that of their clothes; see the kitchen, those dishes, often of very humble fare, but always tastefully made; see those articles of furniture, that vessel, very plain, perhaps, but how clean they are, how they shine! And if any one of the family suffer, what can take the place of the mother's hand! Yes, that hand works all these wonders, and changes the fireside into a real paradise.

The mother's hand, which excels in a physical point of view, is still more admirable in a moral one. It is she who gives the family its incomparable charm. It is she who plaits the bands which unite these members in an indissoluble manner. It is she who forms the heart, the conscience and the character of the child, but giving this strength of resistance to evil which will increase with age. An aged lady said :—

"The older I grow, the more I feel that I am like my mother; and my mother was like my grandmother; and I see that my daughters are like me. I conclude that a mother's hand can guide several generations."

In a fearful war a soldier who was mortally wounded was taken to a hospital. His mother came to see him, and asked the doctor's permission to take the nurse's place beside her son. The doctor gave it, entreating her not to go to him till night, when the lamps would be almost put out, in order not to make herself known, for the least excitement would be fatal to him. Towards midnight the wounded one seemed to be in great suffering. His mother passed her hand over his brow. When he felt the touch the soldier raised himself up and, in a weak voice said :—

"A little more light! The hand which has passed over my brow is my mother's! I want to see my mother!" And when he embraced her he added: "Mother, let this hand, which has guided my first steps, which has opened so often to lavish care on me, and which has led me to Jesus, remain on my

brow till my Saviour leads me to the Father!"

Mothers to work! Your task is a great and a lovely one. Let your nimble and blessed hand give your family its last polish of incomparable grace, of perfect order and of joyful and strong piety.

THE FAITH CURE.

The *Churchman* uses very strong language in speaking of the "faith cure." Whether it be as true as it is strong our readers will judge according to their own beliefs:

"The silliest and sickliest of all the many fads that ape Christianity, and in some individuals supplant it, is what is called the Faith Cure religion. In the first place, it is altogether concerned with the body. It teaches that the body and the life of the body are the chief objects of prayer and the chief care of the Saviour. In our experience of Faith Curists we have found them neglectors of public worship, scorers of the sacraments, and regardless of the Christian ministry. They believe that Christ came to cure their rheumatism or their jaundice. That the prayer of an earnest believer, even though he be a pagan like the Syrophenician, can obtain bodily blessings from Christ is undoubted, but God refused to take away the bodily infirmity of St. Paul, and though Christ is Saviour of the body, He is chiefly Author of salvation to the soul. Christianity is not meant to be merely an instrument of medical relief. It is a discipline, a system of morals, a scheme of grace through ordinances; it seeks the glory of God and the diffusion of charity and love between rich and poor, the helpless and the powerful. To look for its efficacy as principally tending to the cure of men's wretched, perishing bodies, is the grossest of delusions.

"In seeking a sphere of usefulness, do not look too far away. Closer inspection may discover your field of labor just where you are. God's providence determines your lot, and generally purposes work for you in your immediate surroundings. It is hard for the ambitious and future scanning to realize this. They are so opening in a distant clime, or in "the good time coming." They are so concerned about the great destiny awaiting them, and so expectant of a certain order of opportunity, that they overlook the work and place of activity near at hand. Too often the agency for their development, and the season for their best exertions, and the place of their life work are lost through neglect of their present environments."—*Phil. Pews.*

THERE IS NO PAST.

It was a favorite saying with Mother Henson, "There is no past." She was far along in years, with faculties undimmed by age, except that her eye had just lost somewhat of its lustre.

"Grandm," said Julia, "what do you mean by saying so often, 'There is no past!'"

Grandma Henson paused a moment, and then replied: "When I was a little older than you are now I was overturned in a carriage and had my left arm sprained. In a few weeks it got well, and for forty-five years I forgot all about it. Then the lameness began to come back again, and whenever I take hold of any weight in a certain way, the whole panorama—the day, the landscape, the carriage, those who were with me at the time of the accident, everything connected with it comes back to me and is as the present, and I say to myself: 'There is no past; it is all present.'

"Do you see how your little sister Mary is learning to read? How she is teaching herself? Your Aunt Carrie did just that way. She would take her reader and sit down and read till she came to a strange word, and then spell it out loud and ask what it was. When Mary does just as my little Carrie did, those days all come back again, and I am in the midst of my little children, and I say to myself; 'There is no past; it is all present.'

"When your father comes home from the office tired and worn, I see his father as he used to come home to me, and live over those happy days and forget for the time how long he has been gone from me, 'The past seem the present.'

Julia grew more and more thoughtful as her grandmother went on, and at last she said: "You've had a great deal of trouble in your life, grandma; does that come back to you also?"

"Sometimes," replied Grandma Henson; "but I see how much good it has done me to have trouble, and so there is no sting in the remembrance of it. It hurts me most to see the consequences of the sins I have committed and the mistakes I have made, but even those I hope may have some good come out of them to me or somebody else. I have wasted many an hour in vain regret over mistakes and errors and sin, but I hope He that has promised to restore the years that the caterpillar hath eaten forgives and restores. He blots out our transgressions, and why should we remember them but only to forsake them? Yet their consequences remain with us through time and to all eternity. There is no past in one sense, it is all present."

Not long after this talk Mother Henson passed beyond the bounds of this life. Julia never forgot this conversation; and the enquiry kept rising to her lips as she engaged in her tasks or was tempted to do something of the propriety of which she was doubtful: "Do I wish to remember this when I am old? Can I carry the consequences of this act through all my life and beyond?"

CONNIE'S DAY.

A New York mother whose wealth, position and kind heart fill her life with social and charitable occupations, tells how a chance word opened her mind to the fact of pressing duties at home.

"One day, last March, my little daughter Constance, who is twelve years old, came in to my room as I was hurriedly dressing to drive to a director's meeting of one of the charities of which I am interested. It was just after her birthday, and she had a game, one of her presents in her hand.

"O, mamma," she cried, full of eagerness, 'this is the loveliest game; do try it with me!'

"Her request, in my haste and absorption, seemed trivial to me.

"'Nonsense, Connie, you know I cannot,' I replied rather sharply; 'this is board day at the hospital, and I am shockingly late now.'

"I was standing in front of the mirror, and saw in the glass how her face fell and the life died out of it at my words.

"'I wish,' she said, wistfully, 'you would sometimes have a day with me, mamma.'

"The child's speech went through me like knife. I had never received so stinging a rebuke. Was it possible that in the pursuit of other duties I was neglecting the one that should be chief? My drive to the hospital that morning was full of serious introspection.

"Connie has had her day ever since. Saturdays my daughter and I spend together, and no other engagement can draw me away that day, for the child looks forward to it all the rest of the week."—*Youth's Companion*.

Trust in Christ brings peace amid outward sorrows and conflicts. When the pilot comes on board, the captain does not leave the bridge, but stands by the pilot's side. His responsibility is past, but his duties are not over. And when Christ comes into my heart, my effort, my judgement are not unnecessary, or put on one side. Let Him take the command, and stand beside Him, and carry out His orders, and you will find rest to your souls.—*Dr. Alexander McLaren*

INDIA.

It is pathetic in these days of emptied missionary treasuries to read such a letter as the following, received by Secretary Clark, of the American Board, from a missionary in Bombay: "I have collected a band of superior young men as workers in this field. How can I suddenly dismiss them without great wrong to them? Again, if I see any of my schools now it will be at the expense of prestige, which, at this especial juncture, will be most unfortunate. Our work here is beginning to bud after these nine years of labour. The Church has been organized; two admitted from this place to the Church; a Brahman young man—a former pupil—has just come out for Christ, and the whole district is stirred up about it. To diminish our work now is to lose and throw away what will require years of labour, perhaps, to regain. My helpers here have come to the rescue of the work very nobly, and have assumed over 300 rupees of the reduction, so that the work here may not suffer. . . . If the school is cut down, it must be cut down from the top. If it is cut down from the top it dies. If it die what is to become of all our Christian labour in this community? If the children of Christian parents grow up ignorant and not grounded in Christianity they will be a curse to the community." The American Board is obliged to renege the current year twenty per cent.—*Sel.*

GOOD MANNERS AT HOME.

The presence of good manners is nowhere more needed or more effective than in the household, and perhaps nowhere more rare. Whenever the familiarity exists, there is a tendency to loosen the check upon self-conduct which the presence of strangers involuntarily produces. Many persons who are kind and courteous in company, are rude and careless with those whom they love best. Emerson says: "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices," and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making small sacrifices, one for another. Children thus learn good manners in the best and most natural way, and habits thus acquired will never leave them. Courtesy and kindness will never lose their power or their charm, while all spurious imitations of them are to be despised.—*Ex.*

If the Christian course had been meant for a path of roses, would the life of the Author of Christianity have been a path strewn with thorns?—*H. Moore.*

PRESBYTERIANISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (North)

"30 Synods, 216 Presbyteries, 1,317 candidates for the ministry, 374 licentiates; 6,223 ministers, 24,475 elders, 7880 deacons; 7,076 churches, 806,796 communicants, 883,680 Sabbath school members. During the last year there were 274 licensures and 245 ordinations to the ministry. Ninety ministers were received from other denominations, (5 against thirty-two dismissed to others,) 208 new churches were organized, (sixty-seven dissolved; and seven received from other denominations (four dismissed,) 59,650 persons were added to the communion rolls on examination; 21,576 adults were baptized and 26,121 infants, and the moneys raised were \$14,062, 356."

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (South.)

Presbyteries, 371 candidates, 66 licentiates, 1,186 ministers, 2,453 churches, 7,679 Elders, 5,868 deacons, addition on examination 11,024, total communicants 174,065, S. S. members 131,391, contributions \$1,817,335.

THE CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

15 Synods, 121 Presbyteries, 1,639 ministers, 256 candidates, 286 licentiates, 2,844 churches, 10,529 elders, 3,974 deacons, 17,094 additions, 165,472 communicants, 92,947 S. S. members, and contributions \$705,503.

CANDIDATING.

The Rev. D. D. Marsh, in preaching the semi-centennial sermon of his church in Unionville, Conn., had a few words to say in regard to "candidating" which deserve publicity. He said, after referring to the close of the former pastorate: "The church spent about a year in that old time dissipation called 'candidating,' a time of ecclesiastical match-making, full of gentle deceptions and pleasant vanities; a time when the congregation sees the glittering eye of criticism and the itching ear of curiosity in place of the teachable heart and single minded conscience; a time when the minister uses the gospel as a candlestick of genius, and comes to time and judgement like an ordinary race-horse before the grand stand of all the villagers; a time which is hard on the minister, and hard on the church and hard on religion, a time of all periods in the history of the church when the devil does smile. This I speak, not by revelation, but by permission.

THE RANGE OF THE BIBLE.

Let us look at the vast range of the Bible; let us realize in the sacred history of the discipline of the world the largeness of the mode of God's action; let us ponder the manifestations of His love, of His patience, of His long suffering, sometimes even startling to our eyes; let us trace, if with aching sight, how He makes man minister to man, race to race, and generation to generation; let us notice how He accepts, in compassion varieties of service according to the state and means of those who render it, how He turns to a source of blessing what appears to our eyes simple misery and ruin, and hope will rise upon us which we often sorely want; a hope which will not cover with a dull, colourless cloud of indifference the religious positions of men, but on the contrary make us feel, since we have received a priceless heritage, what is perilled in our energy, what we owe and what we render to others who are heirs with us of a common salvation. — *Canon Westcott.*

"Happiness," says Dr. James Stalker, "is a comparatively shallow thing, and is liable to a thousand accidents. But blessedness is a state of deep satisfaction with the changes and chances of fortune cannot disturb. The happiness of some people is rather to be pitied than envied, because they are made happy by such questionable things. But blessedness is derived from a pure as well as an inexhaustible source. Yet this is not the best result of the blessing of God—that those on whom it falls are themselves blessed. It is a far nobler thing which is promised in the text: "I will make them a blessing"—they shall be the means of making others blessed."

"May a man plough on Sunday?" This is a question which the civil courts in the State of Tennessee have recently decided in the negative. Recourse was had to the Federal Court, but it refused to interfere. The decision was based upon the law setting aside one day in the week as a day of rest. It did not touch the religious uses of the Sabbath. It was held that the Sunday law meant for the protection of earners of wages, and must be maintained.

Christ says, "Wilt thou be made whole?" giving me to understand that he must do it; and therefore I will never attempt to make myself whole. I would do something for Christ, but I can do nothing for myself, and he, knowing this, did all for me. — *Rev. T. Adams.*

WHAT DRINK DID FOR HIM.

Boys, read this fact and see how whiskey does its work:

One of the best Greek scholars in New York is a guard on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road. Not long ago a famous professor in one of our leading universities published a volume on certain features of the ancient Grecian dialects, of interest only to scholars. The "L" guard referred to above, wrote to a New York newspaper, pointing out several errors made by the professor in his book. He signed himself "Sixth Avenue Elevated Guard, No. —." For a month, writes the Pittsburg Dispatch's New York correspondent, I watched the badges of the guards on that road as I made my daily trips back and forth. One morning I was rewarded by finding the learned man I sought. "How does it happen," I asked, showing him my card, "that you, a Greek scholar of first rank, should be doing such work as this?" He looked at me sadly, and his red face grew more flushed than usual, "I was the best Hellenist of my year at Dublin," he said. "My Greek is still what it used to be, but my career has been ruined by whiskey."

"GRANDMA" MOODY.

Mr. Moody, the celebrated preacher and revivalist, owes much of his mental outfit to his mother, Mrs. Betsy Holton Moody. "Grandma" Moody, as she is known to the students at Northfield, Vt., is now eighty-seven years old, but still preserves much of the energy that carried her through great difficulties half a century ago. She was born in Northfield, and on the death of her husband, Edwin Moody, in 1841, she was left on a little mortgaged farm to support her nine children. With characteristic courage and determination she maintained the home and kept the little ones together until the sons in turn could assist her in her task. Her family and that of her husband came of old Puritan stock, their ancestors being among the earliest settlers of Massachusetts.

A holy life spent in the service of God and in communion with Him is, without doubt, the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world. — *Melanchthon.*

Some sins are only half repented of. No restitution is made. Like an old stopper inside a bottle, they worry by choking the vent and forbidding a flow of good deeds. — *Lafferty.*

DANGEROUS PRAYERS.

"I want you to spend fifteen minutes every day praying for Foreign Missions," said the pastor to some young people in his congregation. "But beware how you pray, for I warn you that it is a very costly experiment."

"Costly?" they asked in surprise.

"Ay, costly," he cried. "When Carey began to pray for the conversion of the world, it cost him himself, and it cost those who prayed with him very much. Braunerl prayed for the dark skinned savages, and, after two years of blessed work, it cost him his life. Two students in Mt. Moody's summer school began to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more servants into his harvest, and lo! it is going to cost our country five thousand young men and women who have, in answer to this prayer, pledged themselves to the work. Be sure it is a dangerous thing to pray in earnest for this work; you will find that you cannot pray and withhold your labor, or pray and withhold your money; nay, that your very life will no longer be your own, when your prayers begin to be answered."

THE ELDERSHIP.

Brethren of the eldership, a word with you. When you entered upon your office you assumed the following vow. "Do you promise, through grace, to perform all the duties incumbent on you with zeal and fidelity, following after righteousness, faith, charity? Answer, I do." Brethren, are you keeping that vow? Are you endeavoring to perform all the duties of your high office with zeal and fidelity?

There are some elders who seem to think their duty is simply to act as brakeman. Now, a brakeman is an important officer, if he is careful to draw the brakes only when the train is starting on a down-grade; but if he is so thoughtless as not to consider whether it is up grade or down, and persists in drawing the brakes all the time, he is a very poor officer. The train would be better without him, notwithstanding some down grades, for then it would move, though it did move sometimes too fast.

There is a familiar story of an elder who was ambitious to be put into the office, and, when asked concerning his qualifications for it, gave an answer that had the merit of being candid, at least, and one that expresses what seems to be the governing principle of many who hold that position. He was asked if he could be a leader in Sabbath school work: he thought not; then, if he could take a prominent part in the prayer-meet-

ings; for this he thought he was not fitted; then, could he be useful in visiting from house to house and comforting and instructing the Lord's people; he thought he could not do that. "What could you do then?" he was asked, "that would make you an efficient elder?" His reply was: "I think if I were in the Session and anything new was proposed, I could offer a strong objection."

That is precisely what very many elders do and about all that they do. I once heard a pastor say. "When I am planning aggressive work for my congregation and trying to lift all the interests of the Church to a higher plane, the question on my mind is not, How much will my elders help me in this? but, How much difficulty will I have in overcoming their opposition to it? This is not true of all our elders, for there are those who are powers for good in their congregations, but it is true of very many."

My brother, now reading this, how is it with you? If you were to dip to-day, would the church over which you have been ordained an elder be better or worse off than it is? Would there be many families who would say, "We all miss him at our fireside, when sickness and sorrow come again?" Would there be young men who would say, "I will miss the good man who gave me counsel and encouragement when I was disposed to go astray?" Would the prayer-meeting miss the voice of one who always led them in plain, earnest prayer for things they needed in every-day life? Would the Sabbath school miss you as one who had led them as a good under-shepherd into the fold of God? Or, would the pastor, in his secret chamber, draw a long sigh of relief at the thought of one who had always stood in the way of his cherished plans being now out of the way? And would the people, who have it in their hearts to advance the cause of the Master in your congregation, say "Now he is gone, we can go forward?" Do not think I am drawing a fancy picture; I am describing just what many a pastor feels, and what the working element in the church feels concerning many elders. Do you want to live so that the church, over which you have been solemnly ordained a ruling elder, will be glad at heart, though of course they do not say it, when you die or move away?

It is time for the eldership to wake up and realize more the nature of their ordination vows. Their office is parallel to that of the minister except in teaching, and their responsibilities are equal to his in the oversight of the flock of God. The blood of souls will rest on them if they are faithful.

--United Presbyterian.