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

# THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

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WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

MAY, 1889.

## Literary Notices.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW, for April, has the following articles :

- I. "The American Sunday School."
- II. "The Theology of Ritschl."
- III. "The Differences between the Oratorical and the Rhetorical Styles."
- IV. "Concessions to Science."
- V. "Romanism as a factor in Canadian Politics," by Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, of St. Johns, N. B.
- VI. "The Egyptian Nile as a Civilizer."
- VII. "Consilia Evangelica."
- VIII. "Woman's Position and Work in the Church."
- IX. Critical Note, "Manifold Personality."
- X. Editorial Notes, "Presbyterian Deaconesses." By Prof. Warfield, and "The Study of the English Bible in Theological Seminaries," by Prof. Briggs.
- XI. Review of Recent Theological Literature, which, extending over about twenty pages, and containing notices of over sixty new works, shows the vast quantity of Theological literature that comes teeming from the press.

The range of subjects is very wide from the practical to the abstract and profound. Several of the Articles, viz., on the "American Sunday School," "Oratorical and Rhetorical Styles," "Romanism as a Factor in Canadian Politics," "Womens Position and Work in the Church," and the "Editorial Notes" bear upon matters of vital interest to all, and are characterized by strong grasp and clear treatment. Price \$3.00 per year, 25 cts. per No. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

THE GREAT VALUE AND SUCCESS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, proved by distinguished witnesses, by Rev. John Liggins, 12 mo. 249 pages. Paper 35 cts. Cloth 75 cts. The writer deals with missions in nearly all the Foreign Fields and adduces testimony from all sources much of it from Diplomatic Ministers, Viceroys, Governors, Military and Naval Officers, Consuls, Scientific and other travelers, in Heathen and Mohammedan countries, and in India and the British Colonies, to show the value and success of this great work. Dr. A. T. Pierson in an introduction commends the book very highly, and calls it a "grand massing and marshalling of testimony."

The book is unique. By their fruits ye shall know them, and its aim is to show the fruits of missions not merely from the reports of missionaries but chiefly from others, many of whom have no special interest in missions, and who, it may be, do not look much at the spiritual aspect of the work, but who, from their intercourse with savage people, know and prize when they see its results, an agency which has done so much for their temporal betterment. This mass of testimony, existing so far as we know, in no other form easy of access must be of great value in encouraging the friends of mission work, and convincing those who may have little sympathy with its theme.

It will be sent on receipt of price by the Baker and Taylor Co. Publishers, 730 Broadway, New York.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May opens with an article for the season for Anglers, entitled "The land of the Winanische." The Winanische is a salmon found in regions of Lake St. John, Quebec. The article is beautifully illustrated. Then follows a historical paper—"Count Leo Tolstoi Twenty years ago," illustrated;—"Jeanne" a story;—"The Freight Car Service," a deeply interesting and instructive continuation of the "Railway Series;" "The dilemma of Sir Guy de Neuter;" a valuable article on "Photography," beautifully illustrated; "Fiction as a literary form;" "The Master of Ballintrae;" "The Lack of Old Homes in America;" Price 25 cts per No. \$3.00 per year. Charles Scribners Sons, New York.

THE JUNE ISSUE OF SCRIBNER will begin a new series of papers not less important than the "Railway" series that has just closed, on "The Practical Applications of Electricity." The first paper will be on "Electricity in the Service of Man." Professor Drummond will contribute a paper on "Slavery in Africa" from his observation on a journey through the Dark Continent. The origin, growth, and practical working of "Building and Loan Associations" will be of value. Another fishing article on "Striped Bass Fishing" will be given for the information of those who fishers and the recreation of those "who have fished."

# THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. IX.

MAY, 1888.

No. 5

## The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS,

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

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

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

All communications to be addressed to

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

### SUPPLY FOR COUVA.

We are glad to be able to state that the F. M. Committee has at length obtained temporary supply for Couva. They have appointed Mr. S. A. Fraser, a Dalhousie student who labored for two summers in Labrador as colporteur of the B. A. Book and Tract Society, to work as a catechist in the Mission in Trinidad until an ordained missionary can be obtained. One thing that made it especially necessary to delay no longer was that the Estate owners contribute almost the whole support of this station, and while they have been generously continuing this contribution during the vacancy, they could not be expected long to do so. Another pressing need was that the missionaries in the ground were so overwrought in trying to supply another station in addition to their own wide extended field that they could not long continue it to the same extent. Mr. Fraser leaves for Trinidad about the beginning of May. The F. M. Committee feel thankful that they have secured a man of Mr. Fraser's ability and character to undertake for a time the work.

By the time these words are read the accounts of our Church for the financial year will be closed. It is a matter for thankfulness that for the most part the contributions for the year have been fairly liberal, and that most of the funds are able to meet the demands upon them.

Rev. Dr. Steele writes that the British Admiralty have issued a corrected map of the New Hebrides with all the mission stations marked in the islands.

The New Hebrides is receiving two more new missionaries. Rev. Dr. Steele writes to Mr. Morrison under date March 13. The *Dayspring* sails on the 29th, and takes the Rev. J. G. Paton, with a new missionary from Victoria, the Rev. W. Bannerman, Convener of the Mission Committee in Otago, and his wife, on a visit; and along with them a new missionary from this church. Thus the Australian churches, increase their staff of active workers in the New Hebrides.

The Montreal *Witness* quotes from an exchange the following:—"At a late meeting of the Woman's Board in Chicago a sharp condemnation was uttered at a common form of wrong-doing, that of supporting natives who come to this country for an education under the pretext of returning to work among their own people. Dr. Holmes, of Persia, in a recent letter condemns in severest terms the Christian people in England and America who give to this sort of beggars. If they go back they are entirely unfitted for the native life. They are neither American nor native. The question was asked of three missionaries present from Persia, India and Japan, if they agreed with Dr. Holmes, and they said, "Most heartily."

The Mission to the Sandwich Islands cost the American Board \$500,000 in all, while the trade, which of course goes to the benefit of the commercial community, amounted at the end of sixty years to about \$16,000,000, with a clear profit annually of more than \$800,000.

Crosses gail and grieve us in proportion to our self-consequence, and our need of them may probably be measured by the uneasiness they excite.

To Dr. Macvicar's letter and to the circular inclosed in this issue we most heartily commend the earnest, prayerful, and generous, attention of all our readers.

Miss Blackadder when on her way to Toronto to attend the W. F. M. S. was taken ill with diphtheria in Montreal. We are glad to state that she is better and hopes to return to Trinidad early in May.

The closing exercises of the Maritime Theological College were held in St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, on the evening of April 24th. The attendance both of ministers and public was larger than for several years past. There have been in attendance during the winter *thirty* students, *twelve* of the first year, *eight* of the second, and *ten* of the third, the largest number that there has been at any time for the past twenty years or more.

The following ten students have completed their course. James F. Smith, John W. Crawford, John Calder, George A. Leck, William McLeod, J. W. McLellan, Gavin Hamilton, A. W. Lewis, David Wright and Andrew Boyd.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society, West, held its thirteenth annual meeting in Toronto, April 9th and 10th. There were *five hundred* delegates present. The Society has raised during the year about *twenty nine thousand* dollars. The meetings were most interesting and enjoyable and all went away their hearts stirred within them to do more diligently, give more generously, and pray more earnestly for missions. One question that gave rise to considerable discussion was whether the Society should adopt other schemes as a part of its work. This was negatived by a large majority. The worthy President Mrs. Ewart was reelected.

The semi Annual meeting of the Truro Presbyterial of the W. F. M. S., was held in Folly village, April 9th. Several interesting papers were read on various phases of the work, by Miss MacKay, of Wallace, on "Missions," by Mrs. Cahill, of Economy, on "Home Mission Work, Manitoba and the North West," by Mrs. Yurston of Truro, on the "Workings of the Presbyterial," by Mrs. J. A. Logan, Acadia Mines. "Our missions to the Indians of the North West," by Miss Falconer of Folly Village, on "The Position of

Women under Christianity," by Miss G. Moran, Truro, on "China." "What shall we do with the Surplus Funds" was a question which had been sent to the Presbyterial by the Women's Central Board. The decision of this meeting was "Confer with the F. M. Committee." The reply of Pictou Presbyterial to the same question was practically the same "Leave with the F. M. Committee."

A conference on Christian Union was held in Toronto, April 24th and 25th. Delegates were in attendance from the Presbyterian, African, and Methodist Churches of the Dominion, Rev. T. Sedgewick was present from the Maritime Provinces. The whole proceedings were characterized by a most excellent spirit and while organic union may neither be practicable nor desirable there is no doubt that such conferences will tend to develop that which is earnestly to be sought for, the "unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," among the various bodies of the Church of Christ.

Principal Cavan of Knox College, Toronto, one of the clearest, ablest, men in Canada, says, "I protest against the Jesuit Bill for three reasons.

First: It takes the proceeds of these Estates intended for the purposes of education exclusively and applies them to other purposes.

Second: Public Funds should not be applied to Church purposes under any circumstances.

Third: It is peculiarly offensive to have the name and authority of a foreign Potentate recognized as giving effect to Canadian legislation. It is unbearable.

Dr. Burns has issued a tract on the Sabbath Question." The first part of it deals with, "The Divine authority and permanent obligation of the Sabbath, showing (1) That the Sabbath is coeval with creation. (2) That it was observed, in the wilderness prior to the giving of the law. (3) That it was given as part of the moral law which is binding for all time. The change of day in all its aspects is fully discussed and no one can arise from a candid reading of it without feeling that the obligation to keep holy the Sabbath day is binding upon all men in all time.

The civil and social aspects of the Sab-

bath are discussed in the second part of the treatise, and few well wishers of their country and their fellow men, can read it fairly, even though they do not recognize Divine authority in the matter, without being impressed with the value, the necessity of one day's rest in seven, to the well being of the community. It would be well were this admirable discussion of the Sabbath Question carefully studied in every home in the land. It can be ordered from the Book and Tract Depository, Halifax, or from the author. Price \$1.00 per doz.

We have received the first issue of the *Monthly Visitor* of the New St. Andrew's congregation, New Glasgow, a neat four page sheet. It is excellently "gotten up," tells of organization and good work done now, and, as youth always does, it looks to still better things to come. May its dreams be richly fulfilled.

Of the ten graduates of our Theological College, Mr. Calder is called to Springville, Mr. Boyd is to be called to Glenelg &c., Mr. Leck is called to Mahone Bay, and Mr. Crawford to La Have, Mr. Lewis is settled as ordained missionary at Carleton and Chebogne, Mr. Smith at River Hebert. Mr. McLeod goes to Miramichi, and we expect soon to record the settlement of all.

The following commissioners to Assembly have been appointed by the Presbytery of Halifax, Revs. Dr. Burns, John McMillan, D. M. Gordon, M. G. Henry, H. H. McPherson, J. Nelson, E. Bayne, President Forrest, P. M. Morrison, A. Anderson, and R. Murray, Sheriff Archibald, G. M. McEwan, Dr. Creelman, Jas. Crawford and Isaac Creighton.

The Presbytery of Halifax met in Fort Massy Church for visitation of the congregation, April 23rd. In place of preaching by one of the members of Presbytery, the discourses of some of the students who were on trial for license were delivered. The affairs of the congregation were found to be in a healthy and vigorous condition.

The Presbytery of Victoria and Richmond have appointed Revs. D. McDonald, R. S. McLeod, and D. McDougall, commissioners to Assembly, with Revs. A. McMillan and R. McLeod as alternates for the latter two, and Messrs. Colin Nicholson and D. F. McRae as elders.

## DEATH OF JOHN S. MACLEAN.

One of Nova Scotia's good and useful men passed to his rest on Thursday, April 25th at the comparatively early age of 58 years. John S. Maclean, was a son of Rev. John McLean, one of the first students for the ministry at the Pictou Academy, and one of the first band of young men licensed in this province to preach the Gospel. He was born at Richibucto where his father was pastor during his short life in the ministry, and was the fourth John McLean in direct succession, all of whom were in the ministry or eldership of the Presbyterian Church.

Left an orphan by his father's death he was early thrown upon his own resources and developed great energy which was shown both in business life and religious work. For many years he has been an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a foremost man in Y. M. C. Association work, and every benevolent institution or organization found in him a warm and generous friend.

Nova Scotia has lost a son and Halifax a citizen whose place will be hard to fill. His aged mother still survives having seen the husband of her youth and all her children laid to rest.

The Commissioners to Assembly from the Presbytery of Truro are Messrs. J. McLean, T. Cumming, E. Smith, J. Robbins, and D. S. Fraser, ministers; and Messrs. James A. Hill, Josiah Crowe, F. T. B. McElhinney, and George A. Murray, elders.

The Presbytery of Truro met at Upper Londonderry for visitation, April 9th, and found the work in many respects making gratifying progress. They strongly urged greater liberality and promptitude in pastoral support and for the schemes of the Church.

## FOUR RULES.

James Froeman Clarke had four rules, by virtue of which he was able to maintain good health and do a great amount of work, in spite of advanced age. "I have never been in a hurry," he said, shortly before his death, in answer to a query as to what magic power he possessed. "I have always taken plenty of exercise, I have always tried to be cheerful, and I have always taken all the sleep I needed."

## THE JESUITS AND THE TROUBLE THEY ARE MAKING.

The people of Canada have read and heard more about the Jesuits during the past few months than ever before.

The Jesuits, or, Society of Jesus, a religious order in the Roman Catholic Church, was founded about three and a half centuries ago by Ignatius Loyola, a Spaniard of noble birth and by profession a soldier.

Wounded in battle, taken by the French, in his long imprisonment he exhausted all the romance he could get, and had nothing to read but the "Lives of the Saints." These fired his ardor and on being set free he renounced the profession of arms to devote himself to a different career, and together with five companions formed the "Society of Jesus" or as they are called the "Jesuits."

The original object of the Association was a mission to Jerusalem for the conversion of the Mohammedans, but war with the Turk prevented, and then they took on a more general character, their aim being the promotion of Romanism. In 1540 they were approved by the Pope and Ignatius Loyola chosen as their first general. We have not space to enter fully into their character and work, save to state that by their scheming and plotting they have proved themselves the enemies of peace and good order in every land.

The names "Jesuit"—"jesuitical," are synonyms for artifice and double dealing. Their principles and history alike prove them the sworn enemies of civil and religious liberty. There is not a Catholic country in Europe whence they have not been expelled, and in 1773, the Pope, whether in sincerity or from policy, issued a bull suppressing the order everywhere. He says:—

"We do—suppress and abolish the said Society (that regular order, commonly called the Society of Jesus). We deprive it of all activity whatever—of its houses, schools, colleges, hospitals, lands, and in short of every place whatsoever in whatever kingdom or province they may be situated. We abrogate and annul its statutes, rules, customs, decrees and constitutions, even though confirmed by oath of the Holy See or otherwise. We declare all and all kinds of authority, the general, the provincials, the visitors and other superiors of the

"said Society; to be forever annulled and extinguished, of whatever nature soever the authority may be, as well in things spiritual as temporal."

This suspension which was "forever" proved to be but temporary, for in 1814 another bull was issued restoring them to their rights and privileges. They were too useful as allies to be dispensed with.

Their aim has ever been to secure political ascendancy where possible, and by plotting, to gain the "balance of power." This obtained, they get separate schools, grants to their Educational purposes, control over public and charitable institutions, privileges to their order and to the Church of Rome at large, all looking toward supreme control in matters temporal and spiritual.

### THE PRESENT AGITATION IN CANADA

is a token that they have been at work in our own Dominion.

When Canada belonged to the French, the Jesuits became possessed by royal grant, &c., of large and valuable estates. At the conquest by Britain in 1759, these Estates became forfeited to the crown, and by the crown were given to be used "inviolately and exclusively for the education of the people"—but the King generously permitted the Jesuit Fathers already in Canada to remain in the country and draw their maintenance from the Estates as long as they lived. In 1773 the order was suppressed everywhere by the Pope, and in 1800 when the last of the old Jesuit Fathers had passed away, the Estates were taken in full possession by the crown and devoted inviolably and forever to Public Education.

For the last 88 years this has been done. The Jesuits, reinstated by the Pope in 1814, have had their eyes on this property though as individuals they had no possible shadow of claim to it and as a society they had no existence when it was devoted as a part of the country to the public good. They have bided their time, and watching the opportunity when they had in power in Quebec a premier who seemed a suitable tool for their purpose they brought pressure to bear and as a result he handed \$400,000 of the money of the country to be deposited at the disposal of the Pope. Part of this the Pope has directed to be given to the Jesuits, the larger part he has retained for other work in the church of Rome; and the Dominion Government,

the House of Commons, both Tory and Liberal, has almost to a man voted for allowing Quebec to take her own way.

There are few countries in the world where a similar yielding to the pressure of Papal power could be witnessed. The United States would not do it. Britain would not do it. Germany would not do it. France would not do it. It remains for Canada to exhibit to the world this subserviency to an organization which has proved itself the enemy of civil and religious liberty in every land where it has held sway, and which still teaches that "heresy" has no right to live, and in lands where it has the power still puts its teaching into practice.

It is against this perversion of public trust, this wrong to liberty, that the Protestants of Canada are agitating. It is not so much the amount of money, that is a trifling consideration. It is the bartering away of the rights of a free people at the bidding, and for the favor, of an organization which is at once ecclesiastical and political, and which is subject to a foreign potentate who claims dominion over the consciences, bodies, and estates of men, and who regards every advance made as a step in his pathway to this universal dominion.

#### LETTER FROM PRINCIPAL MC-VICAR.

*Mr. Editor:—*

I have of late received many letters asking for information and advice regarding the Jesuit aggressions which agitate and alarm the best citizens of the whole Dominion, and are attracting the profound attention of thoughtful men in Britain and the United States. The time for wise, patriotic and decisive action has undoubtedly arrived, but it is not my purpose in this brief note to discuss the comprehensive measures that may be requisite to meet the present crisis in our national history.

As it always happens in such cases numerous plans and suggestions are urgently pressed. Some call for the formation of a Great Protestant League, others for a third political party characterized by honest independence which cannot be corrupted by the base desire to secure the corporate Romish vote at the hustings or on the floor of the House of Commons—not a few desire litigation and offer money to carry it on before the civil courts in order

to test the constitutionality of the acts incorporating the Jesuits and endowing that order and the Romish church by the flagrant spoliation of a public educational fund. Others still advise immediate steps to be taken to have the British North America Act, which is the written constitution of Canada, so amended as to secure effectually the rights of Protestants.

Amid this diversity of opinion all true Christian patriots are agreed that the growth of Jesuitism, in the historic sense of that term, is most dangerous to the state and to human society in every form and should therefore be checked by all legitimate means. The true and most obvious way of doing this is to give the French Canadian people the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its purity. This is the work of the Board of French Evangelization; and its progress and prospects are such as should encourage the faith and stimulate the prayers and zeal of God's people.

During fourteen years the Treasurer has been able to report annually to our General Assembly a balance, however small, upon the right side of his accounts. At present, however, I regret to say, that there is a prospect of his being obliged to report a deficit this year of \$2,500. I appeal to our people not to allow this to be the ease. With the strong Protestant sentiment recently evoked it will be singularly inappropriate that our Board should lack funds to sustain its present efforts and to enter upon the inviting new fields which are opening to its missionaries. At a meeting which I attended this afternoon the names of some twenty young men were presented as anxious to enter our French field as Colporteurs. These are new missionaries earnestly asking to be employed in distributing the Word of Life. Give us funds and we shall speedily send them forth to do battle against Jesuitism with the sword of the Spirit.

Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, Rev. Dr. Warden, 198 St. James St., Montreal, within the next week or ten days.

Yours truly,

D. H. MACVICAR,  
Chairman, Board of French Evangelization,  
Presbyterian College, Montreal,  
April 18th, 1889.

#### SMALL SABBATH SCHOOLS.

[For the Maritime.

In many of our country congregations Sabbath schools are kept open only during a part of the year. As the time has now



arrived when schools closed in winter are generally opened for the summer, might not an extra effort be put forth this season, to increase the number receiving Sabbath school instruction. In several districts of country there are perhaps one or two families living a long distance either from Church or the Sabbath school. Deprived of the advantages others enjoy they may be suffering from the carelessness of parents or are unable to walk the long distance to the school house. Might not special agencies be employed for the benefit of such families.

For instance where there are children so situated that they cannot attend or are indifferent about the matter, could they not be gathered together on a Sabbath afternoon and receive some instruction from the Word of God and the Shorter Catechism. Generally there are one or two persons whose services could be utilized in this way. If the head of a household or a farmer's son or daughter feels incompetent to undertake the work a copy of the Westminster Question Book could be placed in their hands which would prove exceedingly helpful.

There are not a few children that might be grouped together in this way in almost all our country congregations, small Sabbath schools formed and parents and children receive much instruction and benefit. The plan has been adopted in Scotland and in some cases little schools have been conducted by a farmer's family, and sometimes an earnest pious boy or girl has done the whole work and great good has followed their labors.

Could not some Home Mission work be thus performed? There is latent talent and energy that could be drawn out and employed in the Master's service. The subject could be discussed at the Sabbath school conferences held during the summer and if some of our Sessions would make the experiment and report efforts put forth in this direction it would prove stimulating.

Last year one or two Christian women gathered together every Sabbath afternoon a few children in an isolated region some six or eight miles from any Sabbath school. They were taught in the Word of God and the Shorter Catechism. As a result some eight or ten neglected children received religious instruction, contributed nearly a dollar to Missions, and at the close of the

school five copies of the CHILDREN'S RECORD were taken. The work will be carried on this summer again. Let others go and do likewise.

A MINISTER.

### BROOKFIELD CONGREGATION.

The formation of a new congregation at Brookfield in the Truro Presbytery carries the thoughts back over the ecclesiastical changes of the past 90 years. Situated so near to the town of Truro where Gospel ordinances have been enjoyed for more than a century the few scattered Presbyterian families were in less danger of being neglected than those in more remote localities.

Truro's second pastor, Rev. John Waddell was the first minister that visited them. This was nearly one year after his induction, and on that occasion he preached from Isa. xxxv : 1. The text seemed prophetic, for the few inhabitants dwelling there solitary were in a moral wilderness, whilst now the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose.

Thirty three years after Mr. Waddell's visit Brookfield formed a part of the Onslow congregation over which Rev. J. I. Baxter was settled in 1832.

Twenty five years afterward Brookfield was disjoined from Onslow and united with Middle Stewiacke. Shortly afterwards a call was given the Rev. Alex. Cameron which he accepted, and was ordained on the 15th Sept., 1857. During Mr. Cameron's labors the new congregation prospered and became consolidated, but in 1863 he removed to P. E. Island.

A vacancy of nearly two years then occurred when Rev. J. D. McGillivray was ordained on the 7th of February, 1865. After six years of faithful service Mr. McGillivray was called to Newport.

Then followed the Rev. E. Smith on the 3rd October, 1871, and his pastorate continued for 18 years. Thus through the long term of 90 years five different ministers have wrought in Brookfield. The latter section has now been formed into a separate congregation, and Mr. Smith's labors are confined to Middle Stewiacke. He was much beloved in both sections, and the Brookfield congregation reluctantly parted with him. They are now taking steps to secure a minister. At present a grant of \$150 per year is given from the Augmentation Fund, yet at no distant

day they will become self sustaining. Commendable liberality has been displayed, many doubling their subscriptions. A manse is to be erected and the congregation will comprise three preaching stations. D.

## New Debrides.

### LETTER FROM ANEITYUM.

Aneityum was our earliest Foreign Mission field and although it was handed over to the care of Rev. J. Lawrie the missionary of the Free Church of Scotland when Mr. Annand left it to go North to Sant, its welfare is of interest to us. Mr. Lawrie writes to the *Sydney Presbyterian* as follows:

During the past year we have been privileged to receive into Church-fellowship no fewer than forty-nine persons. Of these, eighteen adults were baptized, the others having been baptised in infancy. It is worthy of note that many of these are young men and women whom we taught to read and write during the years 1881-83. Some of these youths were very wayward for a time, but we never let go our hold of even the wildest of them, counselling, directing or employing them as opportunity occurred; and now we have the satisfaction of seeing many of the scholars of that date married, settled, and in full Church communion. Among other cases of defection, it was our sorrowful duty to remove one of our deacons from office. The man has since shown signs of repentance; but, even if restored to Church privileges, he will be kept as a private member.

"Lathella," our leading chief, died July 30th, of heart disease. He was an elder in the Church, and used to assist in keeping up the services at the branch stations.

Personal dealing has been a marked feature of our work this year. Not fewer than 150 persons have been thus spoken with, and portions of Scripture explained relating to their highest spiritual well-being. In several instances I have seen the face lighten up as the spirit of truth seemed to dawn upon the heart.

The communion was dispensed twice on the north side of the island, and three times on the south side.

The annual workers meeting was held

in May, when three days were spent discussing all matters, religious and social, relating to the welfare of the community.

The magic lantern views were exhibited in the several districts, and lectures were given on the "Prodigal Son" and the "Life of Christ."

Nineteen marriages were celebrated during the year. Four couples have been sent out during the year to assist missionaries on other islands.

In July last an excellent new school-house was built at Aname. The logs were drawn by the natives, and cut at the saw-mill on the island. The building has been covered with corrugated iron, instead of the ordinary thatched roofing. The large stone church at Anelcauhat has also been re-thatched.

The scattered state of the population necessitates a considerable amount of travelling, on foot or by boat. On an average, I have been absent from home every third Sabbath. In addition to our ordinary work, 4,000 almanacs have been printed, and 800 sheets of a few new hymns; 3,520 lbs of arrowroot was contributed by the natives.

After ten years service, we are now permitted to visit Scotland on a furlough for a season.

## FACING LIONS.

BY REV. THEODORE L CUYLER.

There are two characters in the Bible-gallery of heroes, whose history every young man should commit to memory. Their careers bore a remarkable resemblance. Both had a high parentage. Both were subjected in their youth to strong sensual temptation—the one from a wanton, and the other from a wine-cup; and both had the grace to resist. Both were exiled into idolatrous countries, and obtained their influence over the monarchs of those countries by the interpretation of singular dreams. Both became prime-ministers—the one in Egypt, the other in Babylon. One of them was sent, for conscience' sake, to a prison; the other, for the same cause, was consigned to a den of lions. Although their biographies cover several pages of the Scriptures, no serious fault is recorded against either of them. Both have a brilliant record; but of the two, Daniel seems to us as the more majestic character, for he belongs to the illustrious array of Prophets, and

stands in the front rank of the whole army of confessors.

Daniel must have been fully ninety years old when his jealous rivals concocted their diabolical plot against his life. Failing to find any flaw in his administration of public affairs, they attacked him through his religious convictions. The issue they made was a sharp one. Either renounce God, or face the lions! The issue was as clean-cut as Martin Luther had to meet when he entered the Diet of Worms, and old General Von Froudsberg, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "My dear little monk, you are taking a step such as I or no other commander has had to encounter on the field of battle." If Daniel had been willing to play the coward, there were plenty of plausible pretexts and side-doors of escape. He might have said "My life is of great value, and *prudence* requires that I should not throw it away to please my enemies." He might have refrained from prayer—as too many sleepy and tired-out Christians do—and relied on the efficacy of prayers already made. He might have closed the lattice and locked the door, and prayed to his Heavenly Father in secret. When a man wants to dodge his duty, the devil will always show him a door of escape.

There are three things about Daniel's course that we wish young men to notice. First the "Grand old man" did not send any apology to the King. Apologies are dangerous and belittling procedures; they take off the grace from the best actions; the fewer of them you have to make in life the better. Secondly, he did not bluster about what he was going to do. I am always distrustful of people who unite with the church with very loud profession; they remind me of poor Peter's boastful "Though all men forsake Thee, yet will not I." Daniel neither apologized nor played the braggart. He knew all about the ferocious lions cut in the royal park, and had made up his mind to face them when the time came. So he quietly went up to the chamber on the roof of his house, threw open his lattice and faced his God "just as he did aforetime." Actions speak louder than words. There the old hero is, on his knees, three times in the day; and the very sight of him is as eloquent as Martin Luther's immortal "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me. Amen!" Daniel did not

ask God to muzzle the lions, nor was there any intimation given him that such a miracle would be wrought. Martyrs, when they make up their minds to die for the Right, expect that lions will bite, and that fire will burn.

There are two roads for every young man in the journey of life. He must decide which he will take. The one is a smooth, easy path of connivance and compromise, with no lions to encounter. The other is by God's air-line of everlasting right; whoever treads that path must expect to be battered, and have his name bespattered with ridicule and reproach. There are two kinds of church-membership. In the one case Brother "Facing-both-ways" stands with one foot over in the world, and the other in the church; he is secretly despised by both. The other type of religion is that of him who comes out squarely and "separate from sinners," not as pleasing men, but God—which trieth the heart. This latter sort of religion is at a premium in these days, for there is no superabundance of it.

Daniel dared to be singular, both when he refused the king's wine-cup, and when he defied the king's lions. The young man who follows the fashions, and runs with the crowd, counts for nothing. When he turns around and faces the crowd for conscience' sake he encounters some hard knocks, but he saves his own soul, and is in the right attitude to save the souls of others. Every young man who resolutely determines to keep a clean Christian conscience, and to walk according to Christ's commandments, will encounter either full-grown lions, or some very ugly cubs, in the course of his experience. In business he must decide often between selling his conscience or losing a sharp bargain; he must prefer to be poor rather than be a successful gambler. In social life he must not be afraid of the nickname of "Puritan"; on such questions as theatre-going and wine-drinking and club-life he must be content to pass for a bit of fanatic. In politics he must "bolt" as often as his party herds on the wrong track. I have watched the careers of thousands of young men in these two great cities during a whole generation. The vast majority of all who have failed in life, have been wrecked for want of courage. They had no fibre to face lions either large or small. Whereas

those who have had the conscience and the courage to take Daniel's course, have usually found that the lions were chained, or else "God had shut their mouths." Retreat always means ruin. Taking your stand for God, with your "windows open"—not towards Jerusalem but towards Jesus Christ—you are sure to come off conqueror. Never be afraid of but one thing in the universe, my young friend, and that is the *frown of God*. His smile is the foretaste of heaven; His frown makes the darkness of hell.

"Some may hate thee, some may love thee,  
Some may flatter, some may slight;  
Cease from man, and look above thee,  
Trust in God and do the right!"

#### ZENANA MISSION WORK.

Some time since there was printed in these columns an article from "*Hindu Women*," entitled "Zenana Wrongs," a story of the way in which the poor women of India live, shut up in their Zenanas, as their prison like homes are called. Of course male missionaries could not have access to them to teach them, and as the mothers have the moulding of the minds of the children, little could be done unless the women could be reached. For this lady missionaries were necessary, and we give below from the same book some instances of pioneer work in these Zenanas.

"Driving up, or carried in a doolie, to the door of a native's house, the lady missionary would, in those early days of pioneering work, wait with some trepidation to see the Babu. For though actually invited by one of the younger men to visit and teach his wife, she still would have to ask permission of the head Babu to let her in, for he has the key of the whole situation, and unless he will unlock the door, entrance is impossible.

We would that readers should remember this, for it has been argued that it was not fair to enter even a heathen's house by subtlety and teach his wife things he did not approve and did not wish her to learn. Truly, no; but in very fact there was no chance of such a mistake, even had there been the wish, which there was not.

The entrance into a Bengal zenana was not so accomplished; rather did it need the King's grace in the hearts of the His messengers to overcome all the obstacles and barriers that they found in the way.

Only by the direct permission and invitation of the old father, and often also of his far more bigoted wife, the Burra Bow or head zenana lady, could any visit be achieved, for caste, and custom, and precedent rule as exactly in the zenana as they do in the relations of one man with another.

But let us suppose this entrance granted, and go in with the missionary to describe what she finds.

We leave the men's apartments behind; we have nothing to do with them but a passing glance, which tells of selfish ease and plenty there abiding, chairs and sofas and English comforts having found their place with and beside the Oriental display and luxury. The men evidently know how to take care of themselves.

We pass through the courtyard to a small door in a recess, actually at this house and on this occasion locked and barred, at which the conducting Babu stops, and, with Oriental courtesy, explains to the missionary that the Burra Bow knows of her intended visit, that her salaams have been sent forward into the zenana, and that she is expected by the ladies; that at the top of the stairs, if she will kindly walk up, she will be met by one of the younger ladies; and then he adds, "You must please excuse their want of etiquette, &c." (the *et-cetera* being intended to cover all sorts of amazing deficiencies, which he is conscious will greatly astonish the Englishwoman); "for you see, Madam, they are but foolish, ignorant women, and what can you expect from them?"

The missionary replies with a smile, "Thank you, Babu, I am sure they will be polite to me; you see I am a woman too! And as you are allowing me to visit your ladies on purpose to teach them, they very soon will show you that they are clever, not foolish, and perhaps will become quite learned."

An incredulous shake of the head and a courteous, "Madam, you do us great honour," accompanied the opening of the door, and the lady adds, "You know, Babu, I am the King's messenger, and must tell your ladies first of all about His holy religion, our beautiful, happy Christianity." And again the Babu waives his hand as if to say, proceed, and replies before closing the door behind her, "Yes, Madam, I know, indeed I suppose it is really this that makes you English ladies so different

to our poor stupid wives." Evidently he has some glimmering of the truth, and he speaks beautiful English, and that he seems to be quite aware of.

But the door is shut, and there we are in the dark ; but we stumble up the narrow staircase, and come out into a long narrow passage not quite so dark, but only with little slits high up in the wall on one side, letting in both light and air, though not much of either. Presently at the far end of this passage a huddled, frightened-looking group of women are apparent, and cured of her own nervousness by the sight of theirs, so obviously more intense, the lady steps forward, and in the best Bengali she can summon to her aid, after the imperative "Salaam, salaam," says, "Your Babus say I may pay you a visit ; may I see the Burra Bow ?" At this the whole group gather their chuddars closely round them, as if to prevent a stray corner getting too near the Christian, and one says, "Come," and, followed by the missionary and her native assistant teacher, they all pass into the verandah. This verandah has thus contrived to turn its back to all the open courtyard, and simply looks over a slip of ground with an uncomfortable-looking tank in the middle, and on the opposite side the dull blank mud wall of the next neighbouring house, which has considerably been built with the back of its women's apartments this way.

At the far end of the verandah sits, or rather squats, the Burra Bow ; on the ground, of course, with knees drawn up to the chin, thin grey hair just showing beneath the chuddar, which, as she is old, is thrown somewhat carelessly back, so unlike the younger women, who for the most part, clutch theirs nervously, keeping nearly the whole of their faces covered. But, oh ! the terrible unrest, unsatisfied, sorrowful longing that is gleaming from those sunken eyes ! truly the poor old body looks more like the frightened animal she has been likened too than the missionary cares to see. She knows she must not touch her, or even go too near, for wretched and miserable as she is, she would resent the touch of the Christian as sore pollution. But possibly the tender, pitiful look is rightly read, for when the missionary says, "Lady, may I read to you, may I tell you of my King ?" the instant reply is courteous enough. "Certainly," the Babu said ; "you were coming for that very purpose ; sit, Mem

Sahib." But at the same time she points with her brown finger to a far corner of the verandah, where the lady takes her seat on a small round stool, which evidently has been provided for the emergency.

Beyond this verandah, and opening out upon it, are a number of tiny slip rooms, which by and by the missionary will learn to know pretty well as the apartments of one and another of the young creatures who are to become her pupils, but in not one of them will she find a scrap of furniture excepting the charpoie or bed, which is in each. But to-day they all remain in the verandah. The grandmother sits, with the younger women all standing around at the one end, and the missionary contents herself with her stool at the other end. Settled thus, she draws out a picture—Adam and Eve quitting the garden of Eden. Surely it is the best beginning ; an explanation in itself of the sorrow that is around,—sorrow, the ripe but bitter fruit of sin.

"Look" says the missionary, holding the picture forward as far as she can, but though the verandah is small, and the younger women even eagerly crane forward to catch a glimpse, it is but little they can see. "Come," says the lady again as encouragingly as she can, "it is a picture, and I want to tell you about it." But no one ventures a step nearer. The missionary sighs, but the old grandmother exclaims, "Throw it down on the floor, Mem Sahib, throw it down, and Jogee shall fetch it to us."

So down on the floor, as far as may be away from herself, the lady throws her picture, for the King supplies just then grace enough not to resent the motive that demands this "keep your distance" command. Jogee, a tiny little boy of six, steps forward to pick it up, and very gracefully lays it at the old Burra Bow's feet ; there all the women can at least see it, and from it the lady missionary begins her message.

She tells how God made Adam and Eve holy, good, and pure, and full of grace and beauty ; of happy, bright, loving days and life in Eden ; of the serpent, with the devil in it, tempting Eve ; what sin meant, and how Eve fell ; then she told how sorry the great and only God was, how He explained to Adam and Eve the misery they had brought on themselves, and how He would not leave them in their ruin, but would, by and by, send His own Son into

the world to save the world ; and then she finished up with telling them that Jesus was God's Son, God Himself, her King and her Saviour ; and how He it was who had sent her to deliver His message to them, and that that message was that He loved them too, and wished to save them, and desired that they would learn all she could teach them, so that they might read for themselves all the glad tidings He had sent them.

Murmurs of dissent, unbelief, interest, and hope had followed all her story, but now tongues were unloosed. "Mem Sahib, you tell us of your God, but He is nothing to us," exclaims one. "No, indeed," continues the Burra Bow, "nothing to us ; our forefathers have fixed our religion, and that is good enough for us ; we will stick to it, and be saved !" "And was it not your Queen who sent you, not your King, and how much will she give you if we do learn?" asks another. "Mother, I want to learn, may I?" asks the young man's wife who has indeed been the cause of all this wonderful upstir ; for he it was who carried the invitation to the lady missionary, after having endured all sorts of scoffing and abuse and contradiction from the other men of the family ; and, of course, as soon as he had gained the old father's consent to the invitation being given, he had lost no time in giving it, nor had he failed to tell his little wife, a girl of sixteen, with already two tiny brown babies to call her mother—sons, happily, both of them—that he should like her to learn whatever the Mem Sahib, who had promised to come, would teach her. She was a timid, shrinking girl, but about the happiest and brightest of the whole group—for was not her husband kind to her? and had she not her two boys?

"Learn ! mother of Harish ? Ah no, you must not learn. Do you not know that it is a sin to teach a woman? and if you learn, your husband will die, and you will be a widow, and your sons will be fatherless," urges the sad-voiced Burra Bow. "Oh no, do not say so," says the missionary lady, seeing what a cloud of dismay has covered every face. "All the women in my country learn, and there are not so many widows there as there are here. Let her learn ; and some of you other dear women, will you not learn too?"

"She calls us dear women," adds a third in the group, "and my husband said I might learn, so he is not afraid it will

make him die ; let me learn too, mother," and so pleads one and another. "What would you teach them, Mem Sahib?" asks the old lady, evidently yielding somewhat: "would you teach them wool-work, to make slippers and caps for their lords, as I have heard you are ready to do?" "Yes, I would teach them all that, but also better things besides. I must teach them about my King and my Saviour, and to read His message for themselves ; and then I will teach them writing and all sorts of things."

"Oh no, Mem Sahib, you must not—you really must not ; our gods would be angry ! Your God may like you to read His message, but our gods,"—and the unutterable dread made the poor Burra Bow break down altogether, and with passionate sobs and moans rock to and fro hopelessly.

The sad sight so moved the compassionate heart of the missionary, that forgetting all prudence she rushed forward, and kneeling down took hold of the poor woman's hands, and fondled the poor dazed head, and mingling her tears, sobbed,—*"Do not weep, mother, do not weep. Our God loves you too, indeed he does ; He died to save you!"*

For one sweet moment of relief the Burra Bow yielded ; oh, the comfort of being thus treated ! "My sister," she began, and then—back came the horrible remembrance that this was a Christian who was touching her,—*"oh, leave me, leave me ; how dare you touch me ? unclean ! polluted one!"* and the softened look gave place to unutterable scorn and indignation.

For one throb the English woman's heart nearly burst with indignation. Was this how her pity was to be received and returned ? out, "Father, forgive them," echoed softly in her heart, and she remembered Jesus her King and all He bore ; and looking up, and stepping back, she only sweetly smiled, saying "True, I forgot you did not like a Christian to touch you ; forgive me, pray."

At this critical moment the footsteps of the old Babu was heard, and all the younger women, drawing their chuddars right over their faces, fled each one to the recesses of her own chamber. How curiously their hearts palpitated. What would become of the Mem Sahib ? What would the Babu say ? What would the Burra Bow do ? Should they ever see the English lady again ? What a sweet

face she had? Would the gods really be so angry if they learned! &c., &c.

These and a thousand other wonderments were mingling themselves in their minds, whilst in the verandah the Babu was saying, "Well, Mem Sahib, have our women behaved themselves; have you had a pleasant visit? He spoke in English; perhaps he knew what had happened; was it well to tell him boldly, or would it be bad for her chances for the future? would he say she must never come again, or would he be harsh and cruel to the poor women because she had so far forgotten herself as to touch the Burra Bow? These were the questionings of the missionary's heart, but they only took a perplexed second or two, which same time sufficed for a "prayer to the God of heaven," and then the promise was again fulfilled: "In that same hour it shall be given you what ye shall speak." And in a bright calm voice, turning to the poor trembling Burra Bow, the lady replied in Bengali, "Yes, it has been a very pleasant visit, only the Burra Bow's tears made me for a moment forget that you Hindus despise us Christians, and in wiping away the tears I touched my friend." "Well," replied the Babu, also in Bengali, "I suppose that is a pollution that Gunga (Ganges water) can wash away. Are you ready to come away?" "Yes, only I have not arranged which day I shall come again shall it be this day week, at this same hour?" "As you please, Madam, we are all too honoured by your goodness and attentions." "Be it so then," adds the missionary in a clear distinct voice, hoping all the women would hear; "I will come again this day week and bring some more pictures, and a book, and some work, and we will begin in earnest to teach and learn; and with salaams she withdrew. The Babu very politely handed her to her carriage, and again thanking her, allowed her to go without one word of rebuke.

Have we dwelt too long upon this first visit? perhaps—but it was the first, and so very precious, and must stand as a type for all.

Between this and the next week how many a talk there was of the Mem Sahib. Mohaluckie declared to her husband that half the weariness and all the quarrelling were past, for they had something to think about and talk about be-

sides themselves, and that they had never once had recourse to their stones for a game since the Mem Sahib's visit. He laughed, and told her there would be another change next week, for they would have lessons to attend to instead of discussions; and so it came to pass. Twelve of these young creatures began to learn. And though they were not all equally bright, there was soon a marked change in every one of them, and not one ever forgot the words of that first visit, nor how the Mem Sahib had wiped away the Burra Bow's tears, and told them that Jesus loved them. Very soon all fear of touch-pollution was past, and they crowded around their beloved teacher, held her hands and even her feet, and vied with each other as to who should love her most and do her most honor.

And the Burra Bow was allowed to go to the Ganges and bathe, but came back with the feeling that it had been but little necessary, that the Mem Sahib's sweet and gracious "forgive me, I forgot you did not like a Christian to touch you," was enough, and the previous words, "Do not weep; our God loves you—indeed He does; He died to save you!" softly re-echoed themselves in the sorrowful heart, till they became its sweet song of praise; and though never able to learn to read, she would sit at the teacher's feet and drink in every word about her God until she learned to love Him for herself, and would gently reiterate, "Tell me about Jesus, how He loves us poor Hindu women as well as you English ladies, and how He died to save us all."

#### FAMILY PRAYERS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

It is said that President Harrison holds family prayers in the White House every morning. At half-past 7 o'clock the family assembles in the library, where Gen. Harrison reads a chapter in the Bible, which he explains in a few words. The Lord's prayer is then repeated by the entire family, and the exercises end. It has always been the custom for the Harrisons to have morning family worship, and their occupancy of the White House will not interrupt the custom.

The final absence of God is hell itself. "Depart from Me, ye cursed," is worse than "into everlasting fire."

## NEGLECTING THE GREAT SALVATION.

BY JOHN HALL, OF NEW YORK.

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?  
—Heb. ii. 3.

Now you are business men. Imagine a man at the head of a bank; a young man presents himself with a very encouraging letter of introduction; the president says, I feel very kindly toward you and would be pleased to gratify you, but I have responsibilities here in relation to others, and the interests intrusted to me make it impossible for me to engage you.

Is not that a common experience, and is it not so with the King of kings? He pities sinners, but to take sinners as sinners with no atonement, no sacrifice, into His presence and home would be to sacrifice every interest with which the God of the universe has to do, if He is to be its righteous Ruler. Atonement then is needful, and Jesus makes the atonement.

O, says some one, we could get into Heaven simply on the ground of our sins having been pardoned. Shall we be fit for it? No, and that brings in the second element of salvation. Sometimes it is called conversion, sometimes being called a new creature. A man says, I will get to Heaven when I die, meanwhile I will please myself and get to Heaven at last just the same. But you cannot. John writes about Jesus, "He came unto His own, but they received Him not, but as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God"—faith in Jesus and the new birth, trusting Christ and being regenerated, coming to the cross and being changed in one's nature, so that instead of being the servant of sin, the believer fights against it, struggles against it and conquers in His strength. As you were singing in the hymn,

"Just as I am without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,"

go just as you are, but when you go let it be with that complete consecration of yourself to Christ, that your desire will be to say, O God, take away my love of sin, and make me holy as Thou art holy. And when these two things have been wrought in the human soul, that soul has salvation.

Look at the trees in the park, they have a life in them notwithstanding their appearance; so a soul that believes in Jesus has spiritual life now and it will be eternal life hereafter. A great deal more might be said about it, but these facts are

essential, and now I leave that word with you—salvation—the renewal of our nature and a home in Heaven. How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation.

It is great, it is awful. God gave His Son. It is great, it is awful. It is great in its nature. Think what it is to lift the burden of sin from dead souls and to put them in the place of the righteous. Think what it is to change the nature of man and to make it holy and pure and godlike. It is great in its extent. Jesus gave His life that whosoever will may come to Him. It is great in its consequences. Think of a dying creature looking up and saying, I shall be perfect one day as Christ is perfect. Remember the great multitude that that no man can number; their guilt put away, and they raise the cry, the song of rejoicing, "Thou hast loved us and washed us from our sins and we shall reign forever." It is a great salvation. Now those are the points that I want you to carry away.

It is great in the source whence it comes. It is great in its effect upon the individual. It is great in its consequences when Jesus shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. Ay, He shall be satisfied, and think you what a work of redemption and building up of good that will satisfy the loving soul of Him who died that we might live. It is a great salvation. How shall we escape if we neglect it? *How can it be neglected?*

Well, what do you say to people who never take the trouble to look into the document that describes it? What do you think of the people who never kneel down and say, God be merciful to me a sinner? What do you think of those people? They are neglecting the salvation; they are treating it as if it did not amount to anything; they are giving no thought to it, no interest. More than that, they are practically saying to God, We do not attach any importance to Thy Word, and as for our souls and the salvation that is talked about for them, we have other things to occupy our attention, and we put this behind. That is practically what they say.

I tell you, dear friends, many of the deepest thoughts of our hearts we do not put into words, but God sees them and knows them all the same, and when men are passing by the Bible and the Throne of Grace and the cross of Christ, and saying practically, we have more important



things to attend to than these, they are neglecting His salvation. Is any one listening to me now who is doing that? Where were you yesterday? How did you spend the day? How did you leave your closet this morning? How will you go to bed to-night? Godless? Prayerless? Am I speaking to any one to whom this is a question? How shall we escape? Let me plead with you; let me beseech you that you may open your eyes and hearts and let the King of glory come in and make His abode with you. If you will not, if you will persist in the neglect of salvation, then there will be an awful answer in your future to the question of the text. Now I do not need to tell you that the meaning is, that there is no possibility of escape. Now you may say how is that made out? Well, listen to these words—they are the words of the Son of God—"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." I am the Way—the man that is not in Me is out of the way. I am the Life—the man that is not in Me is dead in trespasses and sin: that is the meaning directly of the words, "How shall we escape if we neglect this great salvation." *How shall we escape?* We have to deal with an Almighty and Holy God, a just and righteous Judge. We have to deal with One who does not need evidence, who knows the thoughts of our hearts. He is faithful and keeps His promises, and if we neglect His salvation and reject His Son; if we turn our backs upon the only way by which we can be saved and come to Heaven, how can we escape?

Do you ever think of it in this way? A soul that has heard the Gospel preached and refused to believe it, denies it. How many there would be to protest against such a soul's coming into the heavenly home. Some might say, Why this sinner trampled upon my Lord and Saviour. Godless souls might say, We are lost and he has done the same things we did; is he going into happiness? Angels might say, why he gazed upon the Son of Man dying for men and he would not listen to Him. The Spirit of God might plead against it—Why I pleaded with that man, and strove with that man, and he refused, rejected, despised all that was done. Jesus Himself might speak against it—I called and ye refused, I stretched out My hand and ye would not hear Me. God Himself might well speak against it—I

gave Myself, My well-beloved Son and He died for you, and ye would not. Go away, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

Dear hearers, do not neglect it! do not neglect it! Take it, accept it! appropriate it! Accept this offer now, without money and without price. It is offered you just as you are. It is offered freely. Those hands that were nailed and pierced are stretched out to you with the offers and blessing of Christ. Do not neglect it, but take it and make it yours; and then, no matter what you now do, no matter what your honest calling you are busy in, there will be a oneness in your calling here and your life beyond. Whether I live, I live unto the Lord; or whether I die, I die unto the Lord. Whether I live or die therefore, *I am the Lord's*. May God help you and me under the power of this faith to live unto righteousness and die daily unto sin.

## GIVING FOR MISSIONS.

### A STORY AND ITS MORAL.

"It won't do, Cynthia," said Mr. Amos Parker to his wife, as they reached home after attending the regular Sabbath morning service. Regular service, we said, yet something out of the usual order had happened to disturb him.

"What won't do, Amos?"

"This everlasting cry of, Give, give. A man no more than shuts his purse before he must open it again. There is something to give to all the time—if it isn't one thing, it is another; and just so long as a man will stand this sort of thing, just so long he may. Just now it happens to be missionary money that is wanted; next Sunday it will be something else."

"Why, you have not given anything to the mission cause this year. Of course you meant to give something?"

"Well, I gave pretty liberally last year, and I thought I would skip over this time. I'd like to know how a man is to lay up money for his old age if he can't keep a dollar by him."

"Now, Amos!" said Mrs. Parker, reproachfully.

"Now, Amos, what?"

"Just this: be a little more consistent when you speak; you gave only two dol-

lars for missions last year, and you laid up a thousand."

"Well, if I manage to save something, that's my own business. If I am more saving than other folks, who but myself should be the gainer?"

"Say, rather, that if God has blessed you with more means than others you are under greater obligations to Him than others are."

"You always go against me, Cynthia. Suppose I gave all that you and the parson think I ought to give, who knows if the money sent to the mission cause ever reaches its destination?"

"Amos Parker! are you not ashamed of yourself? I never thought that I would hear you bring forward such an excuse."

"Why not? Money has been kept back, and once in a while we hear of it. Who can tell how often it happens when we don't hear of it?"

"Will you please tell me of any investment that is perfectly secure against loss? Yet you do not lock up your money for fear of losing it. Now I calculate that if a man wants to invest his money where it will bring him a large interest he will do well to lay it out in the cause of Christ. 'There is that scattereth, yet increaseth: and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.' Poverty in this life is bad enough, and while I would pray to be delivered from it, I would pray much more earnestly to be delivered from poverty in the life to come. You spoke about laying up money for your old age. You may not live to be old, and then you will not need it; but if you lay up your treasures in heaven you will surely need them sooner or later."

"I'll warrant that I give more for missions than Deacon White does, and he is a richer man than I am."

"That does not prove that you have done your whole duty. I suppose a man might get along without paying anything if he were mean enough. Indeed, I have heard of a man who was recommending religion in a meeting, and he said by way of argument, 'Religion is a good thing and it does not cost anything. Here I have been a member of the Church for ten years, and it has not cost me one cent.' The minister followed this speech with the appropriate remark, 'God bless your stingy soul!'"

"But, Amos, I was not speaking about giving to our own Church, though you

give less than you should. You ought to do more for the support of missionary work. We don't realize the privations and needs of our own home missionaries. Even if we give to the best of our ability we do little in comparison with those who leave home and friends and brave hardships and dangers to proclaim the Gospel of Christ."

Mrs. Parker spoke very earnestly, and her husband's manner softened as he replied,—

"Well, well, Cynthia, if you feel so badly I suppose you must have two dollars to give to the mission cause this year."

His wife brightened a little, then said, "Look here, Amos, I want you to multiply that two by five."

Amos Parker shook his head, saying, "No, no, Cynthia; now you are going beyond all bounds."

"All bounds of what, Amos? Not the bounds of your ability, not the bounds of Christian love, not the bounds of the Church's need, and certainly not beyond the bounds of the command, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

"Since you quote that text, Cynthia, I must say that I think the support of foreign missionary work more binding than the support of home missions."

"Well, give to both, We are able. Let us not deceive ourselves by proposing to substitute one duty for another, and then, perhaps, neglect both. Give me ten dollars for home missions, and then give to foreign missions just as much as your heart prompts you."

"No, Cynthia; you ask too much. Why are you so unusually anxious to give this year? I can't understand it."

"I will tell you why. I have had my eyes opened. The day before mother died we talked of the duty of giving. 'Cynthia,' she said, 'do you remember how you used to grudge your pennies to the missionary box?' I smiled; and she went on, 'How is it now, that you can give dollars instead of pennies?' I winced a little, for I had paid almost no attention to your contributions. She saw my embarrassment, and she said, 'I fear you have forgotten what I tried to teach you. I am sorry that my words did not make a more lasting impression. I gave the little I had, and gave it cheerfully; but, my child, as I lie here I feel both sorrow and shame because I did not do more for the cause of Christ. Yes,

I might have done more; I see it now. How often I think of that hymn.

"I gave My life for thee;  
What hast thou given for Me?"

That is the question, Cynthia: What have I brought to Him, what have I given to Him?"

"She was very sad, and I wanted to comfort her, so I said, 'Perhaps eternity will show that you have brought more than one soul to Him; and you have given Him your own heart. Surely He will not despise that gift. The Lord knows that you had no opportunity to give liberally. He knows that you have borne privation without murmuring, and tried hard to do right. He will not withhold from you the praise He bestowed on another, "She hath done what she could."

"Perhaps He will accept my poor endeavors. I hope so, I hope so. But, Cynthia, this view of the case will not answer for you. You have means, and you can do much more than I have done."

"I did not reply, for I was thinking of you. Mother read my thoughts, and she said, "Amos will not hinder your giving if he knows that your heart is set upon it. Besides, he needs only to be convinced of his duty, and he will do it. Promise me that you will give to the spread of the Gospel as the Lord gives you strength and prosperity."

"It was a good deal to promise, and I hesitated a moment. Great tears stood in her dim, faded eyes, and I answered, "I will, mother, I will."

"God bless you, Cynthia, for I know if you give me your promise you will fulfil it," said mother, and she looked so satisfied that I repeated the promise in my heart.

"You may easily imagine how her words came back to me the following day as I stood beside her helpless form. "How could she have done more?" I said aloud. I remembered all her little sacrifices, and I thought if she had reason to reproach herself because she had not done more for the spread of the Gospel there was no excuse for me. I made a solemn vow that from that day I would do more for the Master, that I would not be like those of whom He spoke when He said, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest, and art dead." I thought of all our means, that we have not even the excuse of laying up wealth for our children."

Here Mrs. Parker stopped suddenly and

wiped her eyes, and Mr. Parker's head bent low, for both were thinking of the bright little son who had once been their joy.

A moment later Mrs. Parker continued: "Since mother's death I have saved as much as possible of the money you have given me. I shall give it to the mission fund, together with the sum you give me now; and please, Amos, let it be no less than I asked for."

Amos Parker cleared his throat to take away its huskiness, then asked, "How much have you saved?"

Very slowly came the words, "Fifty dollars."

"Then I will not be outdone by you, Cynthia; I will add fifty dollars more."

In her joy and surprise Cynthia Parker put her arms around her husband's neck and gave him a hearty kiss. He was not a little touched by such an expression of her gratitude, but wishing to appear unmoved, he said, "There, there, Cynthia, that will do. Ain't we going to have any dinner to-day?"—*Gospel in all Lands.*

#### SUPERFLUOUS DECORATIONS.

We always admire those shooting-stars, or meteors, which appear so suddenly at night in the arching heavens, shoot so brilliantly across some portion of the sky, and then as suddenly disappear, "a moment bright, then gone forever." They obscure the steady old stars that have so faithfully kept their sentinel stations in the skies since "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Their course is always downward. Why they are certainly beautiful, they seemed to be quite superfluous decorations. Their usefulness has never been discovered. We sometimes seem to find the analogies of these beautiful shooting stars in our religious world. In our pulpits there have sometimes appeared men of wonderful intellectual brilliancy, but not of wonderful intellectual balance. They have swayed audiences at their will. Before their brief corruscations, the efforts of other and more faithful men—bright, constant, and steady moral lights—have paled and been unnoticed. The crowd has followed and admired them—and got very little for its pains. Their sparkling time—and they only sparkled—was brief. They went out suddenly, with no useful work accomplished. They only held the world agape for a moment.—*Evans.*

### PREPARATION FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

There may be those who have no need of any special preparation for the worship of God in His house. Such people live in an atmosphere of holiness by which they are kept continually fit for worship. Worship is their normal condition. We know a few, a very few, such men and women; but we know, too, that they are not a common product. Such people are usually old in years and service; for holiness is a plant of slow growth, the product of a long life. Most of us are painfully aware that we need to be ushered to our hours of real worship through a vestibule of greater or less length. Whether care is always taken to ensure these preparations, is another matter.

Two or three things are not likely to advance our fitness for the services of the Lord's house. Sunday may be a day of rest, but the best rest will not usually be secured by such an indulgence in morning naps as to involve haste in the toilet and fear of being late at church. The state of mind thus induced is hardly worshipful.

Nor does the Sunday newspaper afford the best food for the morning hours, and this for more reason than one. We need to get away from the cares and the pleasures of the week; and these papers are filled with the very things that we have been thinking and talking about for six days. The business man turns instinctively to the Price Current and the reports of the Stock Exchange; and the young men and boys are as naturally drawn to the sporting news; while their sisters find their first attraction in the items of society and the fashions.

One needs no surer evidence of what has been engaging the attention of any person during the week than is offered by the part of the newspaper to which he is first attracted. While this by no means exhausts the counts against these papers, it is sufficient evidence of their unsuitableness to the Sabbath.

Nor is the making of an elaborate toilet the best way to prepare for church. Time spent in the adjustment of an "Easter hat," or in the fastidious arrangement of a necktie, may be an excellent prelude for the critical examination of other hats and ties, but it can hardly be credited with lifting the soul to a more worshipful frame. Simple dress is best suited

to the Lord's day and to His house for more reasons than one.

But beside the things to be left undone, are those to be done. And any suggestion will be very defective that does not go a long way back of Sunday morning. The spirit of worship is not something to be put off and on at will. He to whom it has been foreign all the week will seek for it in vain on Sunday. No man can cheat his fellows six days and worship God on the seventh; and it is equally certain, though not always equally apparent, that we cannot give ourselves to the service of Mammon in any form through the week, and then turn to the service of God without being a little awkward in the unfamiliar duty. The service and worship of the Lord's day are to be a natural fruition of the work of the week instead of a plant of entirely different order. Psalm singing and praying are a poor substitute for doing justly, and loving mercy, and walking humbly. They may afford an outwardly beautiful and thoroughly orthodox and respectable piety, but they are not pure religion and undefiled in the sight of God. The good Sabbath must be preceded by the good week.

Give the week of reasonably good living, as good a week as most Christians attain, there is still needed on Sunday some additional preparations for public worship. Our business may have been thoroughly honest and respectable; it may have been conducted in a truly Christian spirit; still it has been business, involving more or less of earthly and sordid care and anxiety, and we need by some baptism to purify ourselves from the stains of it before entering the peculiar presence of the All-Fure.

Obviously the true preparations for coming to God consists in coming to Him. The expression may be a paradox, but the truth is straight-forward. We come by more private and personal communion into a fit heart and mind for social worship. Studying the Bible is a great help to this; and study that has been carried through the week days finds its natural completion in the devotional reading of Sunday morning. But after all, private prayer is the one thing indispensable.

Many people have little time on the morning for retirement and quiet meditation. Mothers who must have the little ones ready for church and Sunday-School know how quickly the hours and minutes

go by, and how hard it is to find any time for themselves. It is a good thing for these and all other burdened ones that prayer is not restricted to silence and retirement. God sometimes accepts labor as prayer, and answers these worked-out prayers very abundantly.

A prayerful heart will find that ear of the Father at any time; and yet, where it can be found, a little time spent in isolation and alone with Him will be productive of the fullest results.

If all professing Christians who compose our congregations were really prepared for the exacting duty of divine worship, how much more seed would fall on good ground to spring up and bear fruit to everlasting life! How much less unreasoning criticism would there be of the preacher and his message; how many more churches and church-members famed for usefulness and good works!—*New York Evangelist.*

#### THE TEST OF PROGRESS.

It was Monday morning, and, according to his usual custom, Dr. J—— set out for Boston to attend "Preachers' Meeting." As the cars were crowded, he shared his seat with a young lawyer whose face he had seen several times before, but who was a stranger to him. In chatting with him, the doctor soon discovered that his name was Robert Lindsay, and that he was the son of his old schoolmate Tom Lindsay. With the interest of an old friend, Dr. J—— inquired, "Where do you attend church?"

"Well, the fact is," replied Robert, "I am not much of a church-going man. I have never been inside of a church since I came to H——."

The doctor looked a trifle surprised as he resumed: "Were you never in the habit of attending church?" "O yes," said the young man. "I always went to church when I was a boy in New Hampshire, and thought seriously of becoming a church-member before I left home; but as I have grown older, my views have entirely changed. As I went away to school, and came to college, my studies broadened my mind, and made me see things in a different light. I am growing daily more liberal in my ideas. I believe in progress. I am what you might call an advanced thinker."

"Would you mind telling me what you

understand by the term 'advanced thinker?'" asked the doctor. "Certainly not," said Robert. "I understand by it one who cuts loose from the set notions and stiff doctrines of the past. I sympathize with the newer and more elastic views of truth that are growing out of modern scientific studies. I like a rational religion that is not bound up in a church-going and sentimentalism, but keeps abreast of the best thought of the time."

After a short pause the doctor continued: "I have not seen your father since we were boys together. Did he hold the same views that you do?"

"O, no. Father and mother were both members of the little Congregational church in my native village. Mother was brought up a Methodist, and her father was a presiding elder. Father's ancestors had been deacons in the Congregational church for several generations."

"It seems almost strange that you should break away from the old order of things."

"I consider it the natural result of my mode of life. My parents had always lived away up there, out of the world; and although they were very intelligent they were simple-minded people. It was not till I went about among men, and saw more of the world that I got rid of old notions."

"Was your father a good man, Robert?" asked the doctor.

"The best of men," replied Robert with some heat. "If ever there were saints in the world, my father and mother were two of them, and grandfather was another."

"Are you better than they were?"

"Why do you ask such a question? I don't profess to be as good as they were. It isn't in me. They were so conscientious about every thing, and so devoted to doing good. I am too busy to attend to any thing but my business and my family, though I always give something whenever a worthy cause is impressed upon me. I always intend to be honest, though I see no use of being quite so scrupulous as they were."

"Then your advanced views have not made you a better man than your father?"

"I don't know that my views have any thing to do with my life. Philosophy and business are distinct matters."

"Were your father and mother happy?"

"Yes, always. They had that sort of

simple, old-fashioned trust in God that made them happy even in the darkest days; for they said He would surely bring every thing out right."

"Are you happier than they were? Or do your views make those about you happier?"

"No; I don't think we should be forever thinking about happiness. Seeking happiness seems to me a very selfish and narrow view of the end of human life. We ought to think first of development and progress."

"But if your views do not make yourself and the world either better or happier, what commends them to you? Why do you call them progressive?"

"They seem to be more philosophical, more in accordance with the progress of the age, more acceptable to scholarly minds, than the old notions."

"So you prefer handsome foliage to wholesome fruit, eh? You remind me of a French physician of whom I once read. Having invented a new method of treating a difficult disease, he had just tried it upon a patient in a hospital. Soon after, meeting a brother physician, he began to speak in glowing terms of the superiority of the new treatment. His friend interrupted with the question, 'How about the patient? Is he doing well?' 'O!' replied the enthusiastic, his ardor not a whit abated, 'the patient died; but the method of treatment is so superior, so humane, so progressive!'"

At that moment the train drew up in the Boston depot, and the doctor bade his young friend good-morning, leaving him to make the application of the story of himself.—George H. Hubbard. *Phil Pres.*

### AM I A CHRISTIAN?

How am I to feel and what am I to do, if I become a genuine Christian? What are solid evidences that I have come into the fold?

Search yourself honestly, thoroughly; dig down deep, clear down under mere emotions, and lay your foundations on the solid rock. To shed tears, to "rise for prayer" in a meeting, to go into an inquiry room, to feel happy, are not in themselves Bible tests of regeneration. Our Lord struck down miles deeper than all these when he said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

The new birth is the beginning of new light. The prodigal son in the parable had been dead, and was alive again. Being "found" and coming to life are described as the same thing. If you are alive, you ought to know it.

Then probe yourself with such close questions as these:—Have I begun to hate the sins I used to love, and have I given up the practices which the Bible and my conscience condemn? Do I pray earnestly to be delivered from all sin, and watch against it? Have I submitted my will to Jesus Christ, to let him rule me and own me, and guide me? Do I distrust myself entirely, and trust Jesus Christ only? Do I feel a real satisfaction in doing right and trying to please God? Have I begun to feel such an interest in others that I want to do them good? While the Holy Spirit is working on me, do I work with the Holy Spirit? Do I honestly endeavor to live as I pray?

If you can give the sincere "yes" of your conscience and your conduct to such questions as these, you cannot be mistaken in regarding yourself as a converted man or woman. These are Bible-evidences, and when the scriptural *do* answers to the stamp on the coin of character, then there is a "witness of the Spirit" that the work is of God. If you find such evidences as these, then you may thank the Lord with all humility that Jesus has found you, and that you have found Jesus. The Shepherd knoweth his sheep, but so does the sheep know his Shepherd, and followeth Him.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

### AVOID TEMPTATION.

Secker wisely says: "To pray against temptation, and yet to rush into occasions, is to thrust your fingers into the fire, and then pray that they may not be burned. The fable saith, 'that the butterfly enquired of the owl what she should do with the candle which had singed her wings. The owl counselled her not so much as to behold smoke.' If you hold the stirrup, no wonder Satan gets into the saddle."

It is the uncontradicted testimony of State and County officials in the State of Iowa that since Prohibition has come to stay that the county expenses, especially the criminal expenses, have been largely reduced.

## THE JOY OF BEING IN CHRIST.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER

The Bible description of a true Christian is a man "in Christ." This was Paul's description of himself. That branch of Concord grapes before me did not come off of the vine; it really came out of it, for it was originated in the vine, and was a part and parcel of it. Union with Christ is the beginning, the source, the support, and the very essence of the Christian life. There are several blessings that flow from this delightful union.

The first is deliverance from condemnation. In Noah's Ark there was no deluge; in Christ Jesus we have deliverance from the deadly curse which sin entails. "All bridges break down but this one," said Bunsen: this one carries us safely over from the domain of guilt and death into the life that never ends. The next blessing is assurance. The Master promised "because I live ye shall live also, and the true believer responds it is not I but Christ that liveth in me. Every branch of an apple-tree might say that The whole tree liveth in me for the very trunk is pledged to furnish me the sustaining sap. The chief reason why many church members become dry, stunted and barren, is that they are rather tied on to a church than drawing their vital forces out of Christ. The branches that does not abide in the Vine is cast forth and withered.

"What if after all your praying and trusting your soul should be lost forever? inquired a raw young minister of an old Scottish peasant woman who had been drawing her soul-life out of Christ for forty years. "And is that all the length ye hae got, my mon'?" she replied. "I can only say, sir, that God would lose more than I would, for poor old Nannie would only lose her soul, and that wad be a sair loss; but God would lose His character for truth, and then the world would gae to ruin. I hang on His promises, and God wad na dare to break His promises." The simple-hearted old saint knew whom she believed, and that He was able to keep all that was committed to Him.

Peace is another blessing—the peace that passeth all comprehension. "My peace I give unto you." When this peace comes, the soul's desire is to desire nothing; its will is to wish nothing; its anxiety is to care for nothing out side of Christ.

Not many do attain to this ideal of the Christian life, but those who reach up the most nearly to it are the most serene and joyous under all weathers. Fullness of spirit supply also is assured to all who are in Christ. The Great Apostle told his Colossian brethren "ye are complete in Him." He did not mean that they did not need to grow in grace. He must have referred to the entire sufficiency of provision for all their spiritual needs. Everything they required Christ had provided. An excellent reading of the text is "ye are filled full in Christ." No soul need starve while the granary of grace is open to him; no soul need lack the water of life while the infinite reservoir holds it.

It is no presumptuous delusion for such a joyous believer to cry out "thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ!" This is the battle-cry of faith, and it will be the final shout as the victory comes in among the crowned conquerors before the throne. Good friend, are you in Christ? Then carry the joy of it in your countenance, prove the strength of it by your resistance of temptation, convert others to Christ by making your religion so bright and so attractive that they shall long to have it also. On this wintry night no shivering traveler would care to enter my house unless he expected to find a fire. The world will never be attracted into the church while its atmosphere is down to zero. The more thoroughly, heartily, completely we are "in Christ" ourselves, the more we shall do to bring others in.

## CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF SAVAGES.

Sir John Lubbock, in a lecture which he delivered a short time ago, on the customs and ideas of savages, gave a number of very humorous instances of native habits. For instance, one Australian race could not understand the yoking of oxen, taking the horns for spears in the head, and the animals for wives of their owner, because they carried the baggage. Some races did not know the mode of showing affection by kissing. Among the Esquimaux it was considered a compliment to pull a man's nose, and in some tribes it was deemed a gracious salute to apply the thumb to the nose. The Chinese held it a thoughtful action to present an ailing relative with a coffin. The "medicine man" among

African negroes in some instances took the medicine him. Among the Australian tribes blow inflicted by relatives on the head illustrated capture and marriage. In an Asian tribe the bride was put on a horse, and if the bridegroom failed to catch her within a certain time the marriage was considered as not having taken place. Arithmetic and writing were sore puzzles to savages. A South African, seeing a white man reading a newspaper, considered he was doing so for the benefit of sore eyes; another put writing on a wall and washed it off, giving the water to the patient to drink. The Lake of Saratoga was supposed to be inhabited by a spirit who would not permit any one to talk. Mrs. Thompson, rowed across by two natives, talked in the middle of the passage that she might convince them of their error. The Indian chief replied with dignity, "The Spirit is merciful, and knows the white woman cannot hold her tongue."

### THE HUMAN BODY.

THE EXTRAORDINARY RESPECT WHICH  
CHINAMEN PAY TO IT.

The amount of respect which an orthodox Chinaman pays to the human body is extraordinary. You may threaten the fellow with death; he will remain almost indifferent. But if you threaten him with the loss of an ear or a finger-joint, he will become intensely uneasy. The result is that a Chinaman will rarely submit to the amputation of a limb. Whenever he does submit to it, he invariably either preserves the limb and causes it to be buried with him, or eats it.

His conviction is that whatever is severed from the body should be returned to it. A distinguished hero of Chinese antiquity was wounded in battle with an arrow, which entered his eye.

In drawing out the arrow he also drew out his eye, whereupon he promptly—and as the Chinese suppose, religiously—swallowed the latter, with the observation that his father's flesh and his mother's blood must not be wasted.

In distant imitation of this hero's piety, every Chinaman keeps the teeth which he sheds during the course of his life and provides for their burial with him. The principle which prompts this conduct is not only a religious one. It extends to

the domain of medicine. Illness, according to Chinese doctors, is due to the lack of something. That lack may, as often as not, be supplied. In the case of a sick parent, it may be supplied by giving the patient broth made from flesh cut from the body of his child; and, incredible though it may seem, this practice is commonly pursued by the most fashionable of modern Chinese doctors.

Not long ago an imperial rescript formally commended the filial piety of a man who, when his mother was ill, cut off a piece of flesh from his arm, and with it made soup for her.—*Catholic Standard*.

### HEROISM AT HOME.

How useless our lives seem to us sometimes. How we long for an opportunity to perform some great action. We become tired of the routine of home life, and imagine we would be far happier in other scenes. We forget that the world bestows no titles as noble as father, mother, sister, or brother. In the sacred precincts of home we have many chances of heroism. The daily acts of self-denial for the good of a loved one, the gentle word of soothing for another's trouble, the care for sick, may all seem as nothing; yet who can tell the good they may accomplish? Our slightest word may have an influence over another for good or evil. We are daily sowing the seed which will bring forth some sort of harvest. Well, will it be for us if the harvest will be one we will be proud to garner. If some one in that dear home can look back in after years, and as he tenderly utters our name, say "Her words and example prepared me for a life of usefulness, to her I owe my present happiness," we may well say "I have not lived in vain."—*National Presbyterian*.

Rev. K. J. Grant, of Trinidad, in a private note says, "I do not think I ever felt so thoroughly drained at as at the present time. Lal Behari also goes to Couva daily. We cannot continue long to run at the present rate of speed. We have almost solved the problem of perpetual motion." Mr. Grant did not write that sentence for publication and were he present might object to printing it, but we take the responsibility of doing that as it shows the pressing need for another good man at Couva, a need which we earnestly hope will ere long be supplied.



## New Hebrides.

(Continued from p. e 37.)

### ANEITYUM.

The Rev. J. Lawrie and his family, who have returned to Scotland for a little, after ten years' service in Aneityum, were with difficulty allowed to leave the two congregations there. Many natives travelled far to say farewell, and others wrote sad letters.

"One man on the Aname side came to me just as I was getting into the boat on my last visit there, and said, 'Misi, you are mine.' I asked what he meant. He replied, 'When you came here I was as a man wandering in the wilderness; now I can sit at the communion-table, and know that Jesus died for my sins. I am sorry that you are leaving us for a time; but I will do all I can to help the elders.' As he is a man of influence, I tested his sincerity by asking if he was willing freely to forgive a neighbour towards whom he used to have a grudge. This other man was not far off, so I brought them together; the two shook hands in my presence, and tears came to the forgiven man's eyes.

"On the Anelcauh side a number of men and women were lingering about on the day of sailing. I asked if they wished medicine, or what. Some of them wished cough-mixtures or doses of Epsom salts; but one old man said, 'Misi, you are going away, but God remains with us. The portion of Scripture that you taught us a few weeks ago remains firm in my heart: "Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength" (Isa. xxvi. 3, 4).

"The last missionary act that I did before leaving was to make a coffin out of an old canoe for our good friend *Nimituan*. This was undoubtedly the oldest man on the island, having been a noted warrior, savage, and cannibal when Drs. Geddie and Inglis came to Aneityum. I visited him and prayed with him shortly before he died, and he expressed to me his confidence in Jesus as his Saviour from all sin."

### LETTER FROM MRS. ANNAND.

Mrs. Annand writing to Mrs. Burns under date, Oct. 23, 1888, says

"I am thankful to say that we have enjoyed fair health during our winter's sea-

son and many blessings from our kind Father's hand. The people are friendly, and we are working our way in among them slowly. We are doing really nothing among the women as yet. They neither attend church nor school. They are perfectly low and degraded. We have no young girls at this village—they are all married women. We see old men with little girls as their wives. The people frequently ask us when Christmas is coming. They seem to expect that we shall get up some entertainment for them as we did last year, though we have never said anything about it. In many ways they are very like children. We have been somewhat amused the last few weeks at the two Santo men who came from Sydney last trip of the "Dayspring," and have been living with us. They and three of the Aneityumese, one of whom is over forty years old, have made toy canoes, and we see our five little boys going down to the shore every evening after work to sail their canoes! I think that I told you something in my letter about the men here refusing to eat any thing cooked upon any fire but their own. One exception, at least, to this came under our notice lately. Our grocer always very kindly puts in one or two small tins of sweets with our stores. One day we were eating some, and a number of natives were round. They wished to know what we had, we induced one man to take one, and after he came convinced that it had not been cooked on our fire he ate it and wanted more. Every Sabbath after service as long as the sweets lasted we had a number of men and boys round for soogor as they called them. Such a noise as they did make, shouting and dancing round like so many little children with their hands held up! Missie "tenoku," "tenoku," "oseleau." I have written these little things to give you some idea of how childish they are in many ways.

### LETTER FROM MRS. MCKENZIE.

ERAKOR EFATE, Nov. 5th 1888.

*To the Ladies' societies in Mid-Musquodobit.*

MY DEAR SISTERS.—I think I have been informed that you have different societies, but I am going to give you a joint letter, in which I will try and give you some idea, of what we are doing in this out of the way place.

Well, not so much out of the way now

either, for we have a good deal of communication with the outer world. We frequently get letters from our children and the Weekly Mail. I don't mean that we get the mail weekly but that we frequently get the "Weekly Mail." I do not wish to misinform you or lead you to think, that our circumstances are either better or worse than they are. We have a comfortable home and are very happy in our work. But sometimes we feel our isolation sadly. When we think of our

#### CHILDREN SEPARATED FROM US

at such an early age, perhaps never more to be with us in this world, we feel at times that we have our cross to bear. But then it is small compared with the sacrifice of our Saviour made when He left His home of love and came to live among those who hated him. Then after a life of the greatest self-denial and suffering, to endure His Father's wrath upon the cross. Then what it must have cost the Father, to give up his beloved son and be separated from Him for long years, knowing that He was coming in daily contract with sinful men. Such a sacrifice having been made for us, it ill becomes us to murmur or complain. Truly, he that loveth son or daughter more than the dear Saviour is not worthy of Him.

I am thankful that our

#### HEALTH CONTINUES GOOD.

We sometimes wish we could spend a week on the Australian mountains but we might as well wish for Nova Scotian hills. The weather thus far is we think unusually cool for this season. This is the time that we expect warm weather, but so far it is delightfully cool. You would like to hear something about

#### THE LORD'S WORK HERE.

It was cheering to us when we returned from Sydney, to find that the work had gone on in our absence as well as we could expect. The women too had done their part. The house cleaning was done to my entire satisfaction and everything again in order; and the grounds were clean and tidy. When we landed there were many expressions of grief about Morrison being left, as we intended bringing him back when we left home. We are glad that we left them together, and thankful that our Father opened such a good home for them. They are well cared for, and are making good progress with their studies. Jessie

has been up for the University but we have not yet heard the results. We landed here from Sydney in June. The weeks and months since then, have passed rapidly, we have been exceedingly busy.

\* \* \* \*

I trust you are having manifest tokens of the Lord's presence with you both in your homes and in your congregational work, and that the good shepherd is owning your efforts to train up your children in the right way by making them savingly acquainted with himself. Let me speak earnestly to you who are mothers. Pray often both for and with your children. Never allow a day to pass without being closeted with them. The prayer of faith will save the soul. And now desiring that you will remember us and our Master's work here, at a throne of grace, I remain my dear sisters in Christ.

Yours affectionately,  
AMANDA MACKENZIE.

Rev. Alexander A. Watson, late of Riverside, Albert Co., N. B. is called to Scotch Settlement, Westmoreland Co., N. B.

In the death of John Bright the world has lost one of her great and good men. That life is a striking instance of the power and value of early training. "He was of Quaker descent, brought up in a family to which the principles and forms of worship of the Friends were dear. He was assiduously taught the simple creed of followers of George Fox, and in the plain meeting-house where he sat he heard their beliefs repeated and enforced by grave men and saintly women. He never abandoned the principles of the Friends. He denounced war and pleaded for peace when his words cost him separation from his political friends, and the surrender of high office. His convictions were never for sale, and never compromised. What a lesson to parents who would fain breed in their sons strength of character and fidelity to well settled beliefs, like those in which he was rooted, grounded and settled."

In the city of Rome are 30 cardinals, 35 bishops, 1, 469 priests, 2, 832 monks; and 2, 215 nuns; and yet, with all this teaching power, 190, 000 of the inhabitants can neither read nor write.

## MAN'S CHIFF' END.

Wealth is not the highest object,  
Which the sons of men can gain ;  
Pleasure never satisfieth,  
It is always mixed with pain.  
Honor is an empty bubble ;  
Soon as grasped it fades from view,  
All that earth can give is fleeting,  
As 'he transient morning dew.

Is there then no worthy object,  
Is there then no highest end,  
Which we ought to set before us ?  
Yes, there is, my youthful friend ;  
There is wealth of boundless treasure,  
There are joys that never die,  
There are honors al' un fading,  
In the glorious world on high.

If we love the Lord our Maker,  
If the Saviour is our friend,  
We possess the noblest object,  
We have gained the highest end.  
If our hearts are turned to heaven,  
We shall find our treasure there ;  
We shall taste the truest pleasure,  
Radiant crowns of glory wear.

Sel.

## THE INTOLERANCE OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

"When I visited the prisons of St. Petersburg, I have already described the overcrowding that I found in the small prison, which is a kind of Clearing-House for the transfer of prisoners from one place to another, and for their temporary accommodation, pending their dispatch to Siberia, or to their own native province. Shortly afterwards I went to inspect a charitable institution on the northern bank of the Neva. When there, I was told that the gardener of the establishment, a Russian, from Smolensk, who had lived for fourteen years in the capital, bearing an irreproachable character, had held a little prayer-meeting in his own house. He was what is called in St. Petersburg a Pashkoffetz—that is to say, he was an Evangelical Christian of the school of Lord Radstock, given to the singing of Sankey's hymns, and to the inculcation of the familiar doctrines of English Evangelicalism. He was arrested, with his wife and child, carried off to this overcrowded old prison and thrust in with the rest. When his friends came to inquire, they were told that he might have to stay in the prison two months, or he might be sent

away in two days. Fortunately for him his time came before the week was over ; but he was sent off with his family to Smolensk, nor was he suffered to return to the home and situation in which he had spent the last fourteen years of his life. When I remembered the condition of that overcrowded prison, and the thought of the offence for which the poor gardener had been first thrust in among criminals and then banished from the place where he was making a living, I felt that there was only a difference in degree between the various members of the firm of Diocletian, Torquemada, Pobedonestzeff & Co., Limited, and that the sole surviving partner is a worthy representative of the Roman Emperor and the Papal Inquisitor."  
—*Truths about Russia.*

## DRINKING A TEAR.

"Boys, I won't drink unless you take what I do," said old Josh Spilit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him with astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions makes us laugh. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures down us. You are the chief of mixed drinkers, and I won't agree to your conditions."

"He wants us to run in castor oil and brandy," said the Jude, who would have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square. Take my drink, and and I'm with you."

The boys agreed and all stood along the bar. They turned to Spilit, and all looked at him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said he, "give me a glass of water."

"What ! water ?"

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me, I'll admit, and it's a scarce article, I expect. Several days ago a party of us went fishing. We took a fine lot of whiskey along, and had a heap of fun. Long toward evening I got powerful drunk, and crawled off under a tree and went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey, and came back to town. They thought it was a good joke because they had left me cut there drunk, and told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got hold of the report and told it at home. Well, I lay under the tree all night, and when I woke in the morning my wife sat right there be-

side me. She said nothing when I woke up, but turned her head away, and I could see she was choking.

"I wish I had something to drink, said I. Then she took up a cup that she had brought with her, and went to where a spring came up, and dipped up a cupful and handed it to me. Just as she did so she leaned over to hide her eyes. I saw a tear drop into the water. I took the cup and, raising my hands, I vowed that I would never drink my wife's tears again as I had been doing for the last twenty years, and I was going to stop. You boys know who it was that left me. You were all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."—*Houston's Weekly*.

### EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

The permanence of early impressions is an old and well-worn theme, but one the parent and the teacher, who would secure the most salutary results from their instruction, must never forget or neglect. First teachings go deep into the feelings; the material is then plastic; the slightest traces leaves its record, and time, instead of erasing, hardens it to rock.

In one of the early Indian raids in New England, a boy was captured and retained by the savages for some years. He grew up in the customs of the red man. After his return to his old home, he made a profession of religion and studied for the ministry. In the opening of the Revolution he was preaching near one of our battle-fields. As the fight waxed hot, he was seen to leave his home and advance toward the scene of engagement. On his return, he was met by one of the members of his church, who at once discovered something peculiar in his manner. "Are you sick?" was the natural inquiry. "No." "Are you wounded?" he continued. "No, not wounded." Just then the preacher's coat became unbuttoned, and there fell to the ground three or four scalps. "I could not help it," he exclaimed as he threw up his arms and fled. The savage instinct revived at the sight of blood, and instantly broke through the thin crust of later instruction. That early instruction took him back to the forest, where he ever after remained.—*Zion's Herald*.

### CHRIST THE COMFORTER.

It is not only the new converted unto whom Christ is the bringer of gladness: he is the best of comforters to the believer in his times of shadow and sorrow. Ah, my brother, there is an "upper room," a secret chamber of the heart, whose key you and I surrender only to the dearest friend. It is the soul's *sanctum* with which the stranger intermeddled not. Sometimes that apartment becomes dark and lonesome. The candle well nigh goes out, and the atmosphere is chill and heavy. One enters through the closed door, and the assuring voice of his love speaketh the dear old words spoken long ago, "Peace be unto you." He shows us the scars of his self-sacrifice; he opens the jewel-casket of his promise. His consolations fill the room with their heavenly perfume. On that bosom we can lay our sad, weary head; his right hand is underneath it, and his left hand doth embrace us. Our beloved is ours, and we are his; there is none on earth whom we desire beside him. His smile fills the soul-chamber with sunshine, and then we are all glad because we have seen our Lord.

### HOW TO HELP YOUR CHURCH.

One Sunday, Lord Salisbury the English Prime Minister, dropped into a Wesleyan chapel at Tunbridge Wells, supposing it to be an Episcopal Church. He was so interested he remained the service throughout. The service over he was at once accosted by an official, who, shaking hands with his lordship whom he did not recognize, inquired if he was a stranger. His lordship having replied in the affirmative, his interrogator said, "Have you joined class yet?" "No," said the Marquis; "not yet." Whereupon the official invited him to a society class conducted by himself in his own house. The old gentleman, still in ignorance whom he was addressing, invited his lordship to remain to the communion; but he had another engagement. A gentleman who happened to be present and recognized the Marquis, mentioned the incident to his lordship subsequently when meeting him on board a steamer, whereupon Lord Salisbury said, "If that is the way you Wesleyans look after strangers, I do not wonder you get on as you do."

## THREE YOUNG MEN.

I remember them well, for I lived near them and knew much about them in my earlier years. All of them were sons of farmers, and the homes in which they were severally born and grew to manhood, were less than three miles from each other. The dwellers in all that region were industrious and thrifty, honest in their dealings, and primitive in their manners and style of living. But in some respects they were not a model people. The old drinking customs still prevailed among them. Every farm had its apple-orchard, and cider was a very common drink; even to the boys it was almost as free as the water in the wells. In harvest time it was customary to grant the workmen a liberal allowance of cider, brandy or Jamaica rum. It was considered an evidence of hospitality, too, to treat visitors, and even transient callers, with a glass of some kind of liquor. The result of such customs can be easily guessed. Intemperance was common. Men often returned from their work at night under the influence of liquor, and were not the most agreeable and profitable kind of laborers. Their appetite for cider grew stronger and stronger, till at last, in many cases at least, it began to clamor for the more vigorous drinks, and would be satisfied with nothing else.

After a time, however, a temperance wave rolled in from other parts of the country; some were aroused from their slumbers, and looked with concern on the state of things around them. The evils resulting from the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage were everywhere obvious, and they felt that something ought to be done to remove them. These convictions led to a call for a public meeting to consider the liquor question, and as a result a society was formed on the basis of a pledge requiring total abstinence from all kinds of intoxicating drinks.

In this movement the pastor of the church was very active and earnest. Some young men also appeared early among the total abstiners. Three in particular, all belonging to the same family, were quite conspicuous. On the old farm where they had been brought up intoxicating drinks had flowed freely all around them, and it would have been no wonder if they had fallen into dissolute habits. But this fate they happily escaped, and were thus qualified to take a clearer view of the effects of drinking on others. Their observation constrained them, not only to discard all intoxicants themselves, but also to try to induce others to do the same. This they did in private conversation often, and sometimes too in public addresses as occasion offered.

The meetings of the society were held in

the church once a month. One evening after an address by a gentleman from abroad, one of the three young men to whom reference has been made, approached his pastor and said: "I will deliver the next temperance address." "Well, you can," was the answer.

What was the matter with that young man? What bold and impertinent spirit had taken possession of him? He was naturally modest and exceedingly diffident, and he was greatly astonished at himself before he went to bed that night at the boldness of his proposition. He had made it, however, and must necessarily stick to it. But his address had to be prepared under difficulties. He was required to work every day in the barn, but he kept paper and pencil at hand that he might put down as chances offered such sentences as he could arrange in his mind while his hands were busy; these he copied out during the long winter evenings, and continued the composition as much farther as he could. So it came to pass that his address was written and carefully studied in due time.

The appointed evening came. The church was full, all the surrounding country having crowded into it. Another speaker was on hand also, for it seemed that there had been some fears that the stripping might break down in the time of trial, and put the audience in an awkward position. But the stripping did not prove to be a failure. He began his address resolutely, and the people were more than satisfied with it. The other speaker himself declared afterwards: "If I had known that young M—would talk in that way you would not have caught me here."

I have mentioned those three young men to show how great the contrast was between them and three others of nearly the same age. The latter stood firmly on the opposite side of the temperance question, following the example of their fathers, and of others who still held to their old views and customs in regard to the use of alcoholic beverages. I will present them separately to the reader.

## THE FIRST YOUNG MAN.

During the period under consideration arrangements were made for a public debate in the church on the temperance question. After several speeches had been made, some on one side and some on the other, a young man rose and with a good deal of energy and vehemence spoke in opposition to the principle of total abstinence. He contended that the moderate use of intoxicating drinks was harmless, and, in many cases, even beneficial. Some were grieved and astonished not a little as they listened to his utterances.

Some years later, as I was riding along near the place where that young man had settled down, I saw him coming towards me.

It was in the edge of a little country village, and the women were out at their doors looking at him, for he was a spectacle which could not fail to draw attention. He was staggering from one side of the road to the other, and was barely able to keep his legs. I returned soon by the same way, and found him near the place where I had met him lying close to the waggon-track, dead-drunk. It was very evident that his theory in regard to intoxicating liquors had not worked well in his own case. His taste for them had finally obtained the mastery over him. He inherited a comfortable fortune, and he has managed to retain the most of it till the present time notwithstanding his irregular habits. But he is no credit to himself nor his family. He still indulges in occasional sprees. He went lately to a neighboring town on business, and became so bewildered by drinking that he did not know his own horse. He insisted that another man's horse was his own, and drove him a mile out of town before he came to himself enough to discover his mistake.

#### THE SECOND YOUNG MAN.

When he was about twenty-one years of age his father was accidentally killed. Being the oldest son the management of affairs went chiefly to him. It was a hazardous time of life for him to become his own master. He was inclined to pleasure, to jollity, to indulge in cups that did him more harm than good; and so associated naturally with the looser members of society. He gradually wasted the little property which had fallen to him from his father's estate, and at the end of a few years found himself reduced to nothing. Since then he has secured a precarious living by doing small jobs of one kind or another as he could find them; or else by making himself an unwelcome guest in the houses of his friends. For years he had been more of a vagabond than an independent and honorable man. As a last resort he lately threw himself on the hands of a sister who keeps a boarding-house in a city near the place of his nativity. His sister is not able to bear the expense of supporting him, and some of her patrons have withdrawn from her table, because the presence of such a man was not agreeable to them.

#### THE THIRD YOUNG MAN.

He was an only son, was wealthy, sufficiently good-looking, and had a high social position. Almost any young lady in the neighborhood would have considered him a great matrimonial prize. But no one can predict what a young man will become who is not governed by religious principles, much less what one will become at last who loves an easy and merry life, and an occasional glass

of liquor. The girl who is foolish enough, or inconsiderate enough to marry a man of that kind runs a terrible risk. In regard to the one referred to a cloud settled at length over his social prospects, and he slid down to a low place in public esteem. His money grew less and less till he found himself in destitution. Then he drifted westward, where finally he was admitted to a city almshouse. At length some kind people had compassion on him, and raised money to help him back to his native county in the east. And there he is now, a charge on the public in the poor-house.

#### CONCLUSION.

As already appears, the three young men of whom I have been speaking are still living, but far advanced in years. If ever they seriously and candidly review the past, they cannot fail to see that their lives have been a miserable failure. One of them married and had several children, but not one of them I am sure, was ever proud of his father; while his wife, a poor, disappointed woman, has had a hard life of it. The other two have never married, a fortunate circumstance for a couple of girls who else might have been reduced to poverty and wretchedness.

You see in these cases, O young man, as you may have seen in many others, how dangerous it is to tamper with intoxicating drinks. The only safe course is to abstain entirely from them all. If you think you have will-power enough to control yourself so as not to go beyond the point of safety, you would do well to consider that this is the very delusion under which many have gone down to ruin; they thought themselves in no danger, till they suddenly found that they had already fallen. Then beware. Distrust yourself, for you are no stronger than many others who have gone down to dishonored graves. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"A true Christian is the representative of Christ in the world—the only embodiment of gospel teaching and influence that is presented in human society. How vitally important is it, then, that those of us who profess and call ourselves Christians should make our Christianity attractive! Multitudes of people know very little, and think very little about the Lord Jesus; nearly all the ideas they get of his religion is what they see in those who profess it, and their eyes are as sharp as those of a lynx to discover whether neighbor is one whit the better for religion."

## A LADY MISSIONARY'S PLEA.

"Listen, listen, English Sisters,  
Hear an Indian Sister's plea,  
Grievous wails, dark ills revealing,  
Depths of human woe unsealing,  
Born across the deep blue sea!  
'We are dying day by day,  
With no bright, no cheering ray;  
Nought to lighten up our gloom—  
Cruel, cruel is our doom.'

"Listen, listen, Christian Sisters,  
Show ye have a Christ like heart;  
Hear us sadly, sadly moaning,  
'Neath our load of sorrow groaning,  
Writhing 'neath its bitter smart;  
With no hope of rest above,  
Knowing not a Father's love;  
Your true sympathy we crave,  
You can help us, you can save.

"Listen, listen, Christian Sisters;  
Hark! they call, and call again;  
Can ye pass them by, unheeding,  
All their eager, earnest pleading?  
Hear ye not their plaintive strain.  
Let your tender hearts be moved,  
Let your love to Christ be proved:  
Not by idle tears alone,  
But by noble actions shown.

"This is no *romantic story*,  
Not an idle, empty tale;  
Not a vain, far-fetched ideal:  
No, your Sisters' woes are *real*.  
Let their pleading tones prevail,  
As ye prize a Father's love,  
As ye hope for rest above,  
As your sins are all forgiven,  
As ye have a home in heaven.

"Rise, and take the Gospel message,  
Bear its tidings far away;  
Far away to India's daughters:  
Tell them of the living waters,  
Flowing, flowing, day by day.  
That they too may drink and live.  
Freely have ye, freely give,  
Go disperse the shades of night,  
With the glorious Gospel light.

"Many jewels, rare and precious,  
If ye sought them, ye should find,  
Deep in heathen darkness hidden,  
Ye are by the Master bidden,  
If ye know that Master's mind:  
*Bidden*, did I say? Ah no!  
Without bidding ye will go,

Forth to seek the lone and lost;  
Rise and go, whate'er it cost!

"Would ye miss His welcome greeting,  
When He comes in glory down?  
Rather would ye hear Him saying,  
As before Him ye are laying,  
Your bright trophies for His crown,  
'I accept your gathered spoil,  
I have seen your earnest toil;  
Faithful ones, well done! well done?  
Ye shall shine forth as the sun!'"

## THE WAY TO DO GOOD.

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

## HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE.

Many years ago a Welsh minister, beginning his sermon, leaned over the pulpit and said, with a solemn air, "Friends, I have a question to ask. I cannot answer it. You cannot answer it. If an angel from heaven were here he could not answer it." Death-like silence reigned. Every eye was fixed on the speaker. He proceeded:—"The question is this,—How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Reader, can you answer the question? I ask not, Do you *intend*, do you *wish*, do you *hope* to flee, but *Have you fled* for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before you? "How shall you escape, if you neglect so great salvation?"

## WAITING FOR RESULTS.

Perhaps the severest strain is put upon our faith by what we consider the provoking *delays* on the part of God. We work for results, expect results, and yet the results do not come. What pastor, what Sunday school teacher, what praying parent, has not had his or her faith sorely tried in this way over and over again? The trouble is, that we imagine that we can command the results, when we are no more responsible for them than a diligent farmer is for next weeks weather. He that observeth the clouds shall not sow, and he that regardeth the winds shall never reap, for what we entrust to God, you and I are not responsible. *He is our Trustee.* It is not my "lookout," but his, whether my honest endeavors succeed or be baffled.

Peter was not responsible for the number of sick people he should restore at Lydda, or of the dead he should raise at Joppa, or of converts that he should win at Caesarea. All that we are responsible for is unwearied, conscientious discharge of duty to its very uttermost; everything beyond that belongs to God. If he can wait for results, we can. I often think of the somewhat blunt but honest answer of the old nurse to the impatient mother who said to her, "Your medicine don't seem to make my dear child better," The nurse replied, "Yes it will; don't you worry. You just trust God; *He is tedious, but he's sure.*" The simple-hearted old body blurted out in her homely way what we ministers often feel, though we should hardly dare to phrase it as she did.

The pull at the oar of duty is often a long and tedious one. The flesh grows weary and the spirit faints when the waves smite the bow, and hinder our headway. Impatient and discouraged, we sometimes threaten to throw down the oars and "let her drift." But the voice of the Divine Helmsman utters the kind but strong rebuke, "O ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?" And before we are aware, the bow strikes the strand, and we are at the very land whither the Blessed Pilot was guiding us.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

## TOO DEADLY FOR COMMON USE.

Tobacco, according to the following, kills both wives and flies. If it were destructive to vermin only it might be put to

a very good use, but it is altogether too deadly, when it kills off wives. When will Christian people learn that reason and religion have set up their warning signals against this vile stuff, and that these voices cannot be refused with impunity? Read the following;

"Not long since, I was walking in the city with celebrated physician. As we passed a house surrounded with every evidence of wealth and refinement, he spoke; "I have a patient in there an idolized wife, who is dying, and beyond all help, and none of them know what is the matter with her, and still her husband has killed her."

"'Why, doctor,' said I, 'what do you mean?"

"'I mean just this. Her husband is just literally steeped in tobacco until the insensible perspiration from his body has become a deadly poison, and his wife has absorbed enough of this, and had before I was called in, so that she will die.

"'At an establishment where they treat patients for the cure of the tobacco habit, a man just brought in was washed as clean as soap and water could make him, and then some flies were allowed to alight on him. In five minutes by the watch they were dead! There was poison enough in the perspiration that came out of the man washed as clean as possible, to kill them. You can imagine what it would be when he wasn't washed; perhaps, to spend hours each day in a warm bed with him.'—*T. B. Terry, in Albany Argus.*

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or those of our dear ones. Present joys, present blessings, slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavour, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us every day by their confiding trust in us? We, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving? Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace, and home.—*Phillips Brooks.*



### BETTER BE SURE THAN SORRY

"I do not not think that there is need of covering the flower-beds to-night. I do not believe there will be frost enough to harm."

"Better be sure than sorry," the gardener replied; "if frost should nip them it will then be too late, you know."

To the cavils of the sceptics and the sneers of the scorner, who do not believe because they do not understand, or think there is no danger because they would have it so, this same answer would be wise; "Better be sure than sorry." If there *should* be an eternity, then the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?" puts all other questions in the shade. The frost *may* nip all the spring hops of the soul. "Better be sure than sorry." Thousands of souls are hesitating about giving heed to their immortal interests. "We do not think there will be frost to-night," they say. "Better be sure than sorry." If the frost of death *should* blight the soul it will then be too late forever.

### QUARANTINE YOUR HOUSE.

You must quarantine against immoral literature. This is a deadly poison. It comes in various and attractive disguises. Exclude it as you would the germs of a pestilence. To effectually protect your homes from its baleful influence, supply them with healthy literature. It is as easy to cultivate a good as a depraved literary taste in the children. They will read something, and what they read will exert an important influence on their character. Let your most earnest effort be exerted to keep out of the house the sensational novel, the blood-curdling tales of vice, obscene pictures, the whole flood of wicked, degraded, crime-producing literature that threatens us. Put in reach of your families good papers, magazines and books. Bait them with a chaste story, and kept them supplied with wholesome knowledge. A bad book may prepare your son for the cell of a felon. A novel may vitiate the whole life of your daughter.

### ADVICE TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

"Mothers, tell Bible stories to your little ones as they gather around you in the early evening—nothing interests them more. In the dear old homestead of my

childhood how well I remember our pleasure in listening to our mother when she told us of *Moses and Joseph and Noah*, and about the Ark. Her vivid imagination furnished the many "perhaps" and "it may be" which added greatly to the interest. Bible stories, more than any other instruction, impress the young mind with the lessons of God's boundless love and his overruling hand and wonder-working Providence. Early teach your child and simple and inimitable "Now I lay me." I once heard a little girl of twenty months lip this verse after her mother—she was rufed for the night, her little hands clasped together. Even though she understood not the meaning, it was a beginning in the right direction. God listens and hears.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try."

As your children grow older, teach them hymns suited to their ages, the Lord's prayer should daily be repeated by them, the Ten commandments should early be committed to memory, as well as the wonderful Sermon on the Mount, and the twenty-third Psalm. But all this instruction, excellent as it is, will surely fail in producing best results unless your children see in your daily lives a Christlike, patient, loving spirit."—*Sel.*

### SALVATION FOR YOU.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever believeth in Him* should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). Mark those blessed words—"Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish."

Do you believe that *Christ died for you—instead of you?* If so, you will at once seek forgiveness for all your past sins, and now prove your love to Him by striving to follow Him fully. Are you doing so? He will give you both faith to believe His glorious Gospel message, and grace and strength to follow Him, if you earnestly desire to do so. Has He not said, "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you?"

Then delay no longer; come to Jesus at once, just as you are, for *pardon and acceptance*. However great your sins may have been, remember "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—E. D.