

OPENING OF NEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, HAMILTON.

The new St. Andrew's Church, built for the Rev. Dr. Bunker, was opened for public worship last Sabbath, Rev. Dr. Jenkins, of Montreal, conducting the services in the morning and evening.

The congregation has used the basement regularly ever since No. 7 Year's day, but the main body of the building was finished only a few days ago, and it was opened, as was some time ago promised, on the first Sabbath in July.

The church stands on the corner of Hunter and Park streets, near the Central School. It is built of brick with stone facings, and cost about \$7,000. It is extremely airy, well lighted and comfortable, with artificial light supplied from the ceiling by a large circle of gas jets with corrugated glass reflectors, the plan now coming into general use.

At the opening the church was full to overflowing, a number of leading citizens belonging to other churches being present.

The preacher read the last two verses of the Chronicles II., 5th chapter; also the whole of the 6th chapter containing Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple; and passages from the New Testament, and afterwards took his text from Isaiah, 66th chapter, 1st and 2nd verses: "Thus saith the Lord: The heaven is my throne and the earth is my footstool; where is the house that ye build unto me and where is the place of my rest. For all those things hatelike hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord, but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit and trembleth at my word."

The discourse, which was one of the eloquent preacher's best and delivered in his best manner, was in the main an enforcement of the doctrine of the text; that is, that the spirit of worship more than the ceremonial and the temple provided for it is of importance for the Church of Scotland. A simple worship was claimed, though he had sometimes thought that he had gone to extreme of simplicity, yet in those days in which even reformed churches manifest a tendency to return to ritual and to doctrines against which they once protested as erroneous, it were perhaps well that the right simplicity of Presbyterian worship should have a wide and prominent existence in Christendom. The Church of Scotland came within the definition of the visible Church of Christ, as given in the nineteenth article of the Church of England; and the preacher maintained that this article had been framed purposely to include those reformed churches that had adopted Presbyterianism instead of government, by three orders of clergy. There was nothing in the genius of Presbyterianism forbidding the exercise of taste in the erection of houses for Christian worship, nor yet was there anything to dictate imperatively any particular style of Church architecture. He would only say that it was surely that those who dwell in houses of cedar should not allow the services of the sanctuary to be carried on in tents, and that Christian men living in palaces should not worship in huts. The service of praise was becoming more effective as became the dignity and solemnity of public praise, to the Holy One. The Presbyterian Churches had a right estimate of the value of extemporaneous prayer, and of the advantage of freedom in publicly expressing the confessions and supplications of a Christian people. In special seasons there was nothing so effectually sustaining as a suitable and hearty felt supplication by a minister in sympathy with the suffering and the needy, as no doubt his hearers had often felt. Yet it was a question worth considering whether there might not be introduced a copious prayer, to the great advantage of the church. While saying this much regarding praise and prayer, he still believed in the sound scriptural view, as Presbyterians regard it, of the preaching of the Word as the great means of converting the world and of confirming and edifying the church.

In the evening Rev. Dr. Jenkins again preached, this time from the text, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God."

The congregation of Duff's Church, East Puslinch, have given an unanimous call to Rev. Alexander McKinnon, M.A., pastor of Knox Church, Kilmory, Illinois, U.S. Salary promised is \$600, with manse and glebe.

One good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire, of interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for low spirits beyond what either indulgence or diversion, or company can do for them.

It is a pathetic sight and a striking example of the complexity introduced into the emotions by a high state of civilization—the sight of a fashionable, dressed female in grief. From the sorrow of a Hottentot to that of a woman in large blackman sleeves, with several bracelets on each arm, an architectural bonnet, and delicate ribbon strings—what a long series of gradations! In the enlightened child of civilization the abandonment characteristic of grief is checked and varied in the subtlest manner, so as to present an interesting problem to the analytic mind. If, with a crushed heart and eyes half-blinded by the mist and tears, she were to walk with a too devoted step through the door-places, she might crush her blackman sleeves too, and the deep consciousness of this possibility produces a composition of forces by which she takes a line that just clears the door-post. Perceiving that the tears are hurrying fast, she unpins her strings and throws them languidly backward—a touching gesture, indicative, even in the deepest gloom, of the hope of future dry moments when cap strings will once more have a charm. As the tears subside a little, and with her head leaning backward at the angle that will not future her bonnet, she endures the terrible moment when grief, which has made all things else a weariness, hitherto become weary, she looks down pensively at her bracelet, and she adjusts their clasps with that pretty audacious fortuity which would be gratifying to her mind if it were once more in a calm and healthy state.

A King's County (Ireland) farmer named Devery was on Monday beaten to death in his own house. The crime is stated to belong to the class of frequent outrages.

In Switzerland the late Charles Dickens wrote:—"I don't know whether I have mentioned before, that the valley of the Rhodan, hard by here, where the Bridge of St. Maurice, over the Rhone, this Protestant canton ends, and a Catholic canton begins, you might separate two perfectly distinct and different conditions of humanity by drawing a line with your stick in the dust on the ground. On the Protestant side, neatness, cheerfulness, industry, education, continued aspiration, at least after better things; on the Catholic side, dirt, disease, ignorance, squalor, misery." And he is led to speculate whether the miseries of Ireland do not greatly proceed from its religious system.—Foster's Life of Dickens.

Says the N.Y. Christian Intelligencer:—"Brazil has taken an important step toward enfranchising itself from the spiritual tyranny of the Church of Rome. The last mail from Rio Janeiro brings the interesting intelligence that the Brazilian Council of State has decided that hereafter Papal bulls must have the place of the Government before they can be promulgated, and that sentences of excommunication are without civil effect in the Brazil. Now is the time for the Protestant world to bend its energies for the distribution of the Bible in Brazil, by means of which that priest-ridden people may be thoroughly educated in the 'liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.'"

Professor Waterhouse Hawkins has done people of modern times a kindness by solving that matter about Jonah. In a recent lecture at Boston he made a drawing of a whale twenty-six feet long, and demonstrated to his audience on the blackboard the probable position of Jonah in the whale, as recorded in Scripture. To quote from Boston "Advertiser": "The miracle became no longer a trial of faith to the skeptical, but a fact as shown by the lecturer, who described the mouth of an ordinary whale as a curved boat; large enough to accommodate, if necessary, more than nine Jonahs, roofed with pliant whalebone, floored by the soft tongue of the whale, supplied with a constant stream of fresh air (the creature, as is well known, raising every ten or fifteen minutes to the surface of the water), and Jonah fed by the small oyster-like 'elo,' the food of the whale, which, freed from the rejected water, were strewn in abundance around his couch."

We clip the following truthful item from the *Decorative Republican*. It is precisely to the point. A child, beginning to read, becomes delighted with the newspaper, because it reads of things which are very familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper one year is worth one quarter-schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement. The mother of a family should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ill of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study are of course more considerate and more easily governed. How many thoughtless young have spent their earnings in a tavern or grog shop, who ought to have been reading? How many parents who never spent twenty dollars for books or papers for their families, would gladly have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

"Objections to the Gospel."—All objections, when considered and answered, turn out to the advantage of the Gospel, which resembles a fine country in spring season, when the very hedges are in bloom, and every thorn produces a flower.

Happiness is like a manna; it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor have we gone to get out of ourselves or into remote places to gather it; since it has rained down from heaven, at our very doors, or rather within us, of them.

Take his cross with him carefully. Christ and his cross are not separable in this life; however, Christ and his cross part at heaven's door, for there is no house-bomb for crosses in heaven. One tear, one sigh, one sad heart, one fear, one loss, one thought of trouble cannot find lodging there; they are but the marks of our Lord Jesus, down in this wide and stormy country on this side of death; sorrow and the saints are not married together; or suppose it were so, heaven would grant a divorce.

Holiness is the habit of being of one mind with God, according as we find His mind described in scripture. It is the habit of agreeing in God's judgment, hating what He hates, loving what He loves, and measuring everything in this world by the standard of His word. He who most entirely agrees with God, he is the most holy man.—H. Ryie.

A writer of sermons has often no idea how many words he uses, to which the common people affix either no meaning, or a false one. He speaks, perhaps, of "relation to God," but the people, who hear him, affix no other idea to the word, than that of father, or brother, or relative. The preacher must converse with this people, that he may acquire their words and phrases.

If then wouldst be faithful to do the work that God hath appointed thee to do, in this world, his name, then beware thou do not stop and sicken when hard work comes before thee. The word and spirit of God come sometimes like chain shot to us, as they would cut down all—as when Abraham was to offer up Isaac. Oh, how willingly would our flesh and blood escape the cross for Christ! With Ephraim, we like to tread out the corn, and to hear those pleasant songs; and muse that gospel-sermons make, where only grace is preached, and nothing of our duty as to works of self-denial.—Buryan

CANADA TO THE LAUREATE.

(From Good Words.)

"And that true north, which we lately heard
A strain to shame us; keep you to your clock,
So long as it is steady, I repeat, your love
Is but a burden, and the Lord and God
Is his the tone of empire?"

THOMSON'S Last Ode to the Queen

We thank thee, Laureate, for thy kindly words,
Spoken for us to her to whom we look;
With loyal love, across the Atlantic sea;
Thy noble words, whose generous tones may shame
The cold and heartless strain that said, "England,
We want, we love no longer; all our aim
Is riches; that your love can not increase
I'll hold as a truth, that we do not seek
To hang dependent like a help less brood;
That, which drag a weary mother down,
For we have British hearts and British blood,
That leaps in easier, when the danger calls;
Once and again our sons have sprung to arms,
To fight in Britain's quarrel, not our own,
To drive the covetous invader back,
Who would have let us, peaceful, keep our own,
So we had cast the British name away,
Canadian blood has dyed Canadian soil,
For Britain's honour, that we deemed our own,
Nor do we ask still for the right to keep
Unbroken still the cherished filial tie
That binds us to the distant sea-girl's love,
Our fathers loved, and taught their sons to love,
As the dear home of freedom, brave and true,
And loving honour more than ease or gold!"

Well do we love our Canadian land,
Its breezy lakes, its rivers sweeping wide,
Past stately towns and peaceful villages,
Mid fields begirt with forests to the sea,
Its tranquil homesteads and its lonely woods,
Where sighs the summer breeze through pine and fern.

But well we love too, Britain's daisied meads,
Her pharos bordered lanes, her hedgerows sweet,
Her winding streams and foaming mountain rocks,
Her purple mountains and her heather braes,
And towers and ruins ivy-crowned and grey,
Gleaming with song and story, as with dew;
Dear to our childhood's dreaming fancy, since
We heard of them from those whose hearts were sore.

For home and country, left and left for aye,
That they might mould, in those our western wilds,
New Britain, not unworthy of the old.

We hope to live a history of our own—
One worthy of the lineage that we claim.
Yet, as our past is but yesterday,
We claim as ours, too, that long blessed roll
Of noble deeds, that bind, with golden links,
The long dim centuries since King Arthur "passed."
And we would, thence an inspiration draw,
To make our untried future still uphold
The high traditions of imperial power
That crown our British queen on her white cliffs,
Stretching her scepter o'er the gleaming waves,
Ever beyond the sunset. There were some
Who helped to found our fair Canadian realm,
Who left their cherished homes, their earthly all,
In the fair borders that dawned her away,
Rather than sever the dear filial tie
That stretched so strong through all the tossing waves,
And came to howl out, in the trackless wild,
Now home, where still the British flag should wave.

We would be worthy them and worthy they,
Our old ideal Britain, golden, true,
The helper of the helpless! And, perchance,
Seeking itself in our loving eyes
May find those worthier of the ancient name
And power among the nations. Still we would
Believe in them, and strive to make our land
A brighter gem, to light the royal crown.
Whose lustre is, the children's—in our own.

—Canadensis.

SPIRITUAL DISEASES.

The religious aspect of society is sufficiently clouded to awaken anxiety. Things are coming to light every day which indicate a want of general health in the spiritual world.

The disease of ritualism is spreading every where to such a degree as to fill many "Churches" with extreme solicitude lest the Established Church should become utterly Romanised.

Then rationalism, a fearfully intellectual and moral epidemic, has recently been spreading. Beginning in the studies of German professors, it has widened and deepened its movement until now it is appalling to contemplate the extent of the disease. It is declared from our pulpits. It talks on our platforms. It writes itself in our journals. It sits in the pew. It obscures the faith, drugs the conscience, and befores the reason of the multitudes.

Sensationalism threatens to blot out the last vestige of sobriety and decorum in worship. Even our newspapers are portraying the evil, and spreading the scandal, while they even denounce the folly. Nor can it be denied that a fearful amount of nonsense has come up into our churches and pulpits, invading every sacred place like a plague of frogs. What strange incognitums, deceptions, and profanations are perpetrated in the name of religion! Some of these things are shocking to people of sober and quiet tastes. In the view of many this disease of sensationalism threatens the very life of the Church.

Then what shall we say of the evils that are springing up from worldliness? It reveals itself in our youth in every variety of extravagance in dress, in pleasure, in expenditure. This disease has invaded the Church, degrading the standards of Christian consistency, and making it no small puzzle to discern between the Church and the world. This disease appears in the worldly and unspiritual aspects of Church life; in secular subjects taken into the pulpit to please a secular spirit in the pews; in the music, and a style of praise utterly undevout—all to please the secular spirit of the pew; in the various worldly expedients for raising money, in which there is often an irresistible temptation to dishonest Christianity; in the unrest of the ministry and the desire for change which so soon grows upon both pastor and people, and so on and so throughout our whole religious experience. It is simply the absence of spiritual ideas, spiritual motives, spiritual efforts.

New all these forms of spiritual diseases make up a pretty dark prospect for the Church. What is the cure? We cannot talk down ritualism. We cannot argue out materialism. We cannot shake rationalism. But we can betake ourselves more earnestly than ever to our Bibles and to our knees. We can labor more earnestly to pour a spiritual truth upon the surface of society. We can appreciate and sustain those ministers who preach only Divine truth. The treatment which attacks symptoms only may answer well enough in some physical disease. But we think our real strength in curing this disease lies in tuning up the constitution. We want positive Christian faith and work. The world is to be saved by doing more than by talking. Heart power acting out the spirit of Christ's life will do more than brain power. We are convinced that that minister is fighting error most effectively who pours the Bible most persistently upon the minds of his hearers. The Church is opposing all her enemies most hopefully when she merely replies to them, "I am doing a great work and cannot come down," and then goes on doing her Master's will in the patience of hope.—London (Eng.) Weekly Review.

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GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

Multitudes of people now divide the year between the country and the town. But the variety of ways in which the summer is passed in rural retreats is too great for any attempt at descriptive analysis. There is, however, a certain class concerning whom it ought to be safe to say, that they go into the country to carry with them their habits and their methods of doing good. At home in the city they are exemplary Christians, ready for every good word and work. On the Lord's day they are in church, perhaps in the Sabbath-school, and also in the place of weekly prayer. Those, for their own sakes, need to keep themselves in religious atmosphere in the summer as well as in the winter time. Associations with rural and village churches may bring them into beneficial intimacy with some of the purest and freshest types of piety, and afford them the light of very impressive examples of simple zeal and generous self-sacrifice, from which much benefit may be derived.

But inasmuch as it is a law that we get good for ourselves by trying to do good to others, therefore there is a question which may and should be considered by all members of city churches passing the summer in the country, of most vital moment to their own welfare. It is this: Can that be a good conscience which approves of an entire suspension of Christian activity for weeks or months, when health permits work, and opportunities press their claims? There are not a few members of city churches whose return in the summer season to their favorite localities in the country is hailed with genuine satisfaction by the pastors of country congregations. They are greeted as helpers by word and deed, spirit and conduct of the churches wherein they worship, and of the Christian people among whom they sojourn. It is not, however, for this class of steadfast and consistent disciples that we now write, but rather for that other class who seem to think they are at liberty to lay aside religious obligations and habits as soon as they quit the town for their summer rest and recreation. Misled by their voluntary error, they fall into the ways of the ungodly by neglecting the places of worship, and openly profaning the Sabbath, and perhaps giving up habits of private devotion. Whatever sophistry may be used to apologize for such delinquency on the part of professing believers is so fatally false and shallow, that it must needs tank the moral integrity of all who undertake to cover their misdeeds with it. Are Christians intent upon their own personal growth, able to suspend their spiritual animation while in the country, and resume it again at pleasure in the city? Certainly not. And all the city pastors know to their sorrow that the summer season has an exceedingly hurtful effect upon those members of their congregations who allow religious discipline and diligence to become parts of the recreation they so properly seek. These "careless ones" not only harm themselves, but become "stumbling-blocks" also in a most conspicuous and often ostentatious way to many in rural parishes, who are ready to think the habits of city church members can be safely imitated. A more excellent way is, that of those conscientious and consistent professors of the faith who do what they can to strengthen the churches within whose boundaries they reside for a season. They attend on public worship, go to the places of social prayer, help in the Sunday-school, and encourage laborious and faithful country pastors, so far as they have power. A summer thus passed in rural retreats is followed by a happy and heightened zeal at home through the other portions of the year, in meeting the many demands for work in the city churches. But a summer of waste, neglect, and backsliding is a fearful preparation for faithful service when the hour of admitted duties returns.—N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.

But it is good for me to be here humbled, that I may be there advanced where I wish speedily to come; it is good that I were in want here, that I might seek heavenly necessities; it is good that the world did discourage me, that I might fly to God that comforteth me; it is good that I am daily killed here, that I might live continually.—John Bradford.

Pardon is not the goal but only the starting-point. The end is holiness, and such holiness no less than that of God himself. The way to it starts from the foot of the cross, a narrow way, calling for humiliation and self-sacrifice. As we proceed groans are intermingled with expressions of gratitude, and are in constant need to be stimulated by affliction.

Forgiveness is cheaper than revenge, and is sweeter and more valuable. Prudence, as well as piety, counsels quiet men under reproach or reproach. If a bee sting you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? If you receive a trifling injury don't be anxious to avenge it. Let it drop. It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. When enemies see they have hit you they know where to strike next time while, if you show no signs of disquiet, they think their stroke must have missed its mark. Lie quiet and you will be likely to be let alone.—C. C. Burleigh.

Miscellaneous.

The committee of the London Female Pioneers have received a third donation of £1,000 from "H. L. T."

A statue of John Bunyan will shortly be erected in the town of Bedford, where he suffered imprisonment.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Court of Proprietors of the Bank of India a dividend of 64 per cent. was declared.

Mrs. Thomson, daughter of the poet Burns, has just died at Crossmoylool, near Glasgow, in her eighty-fourth year.

Mr. Fay, high-sheriff of the county of Cavan, received a summons purporting to come from Dublin Castle, directing him to attend and give evidence before the Select Committee on Juries. On his arrival in London the summons was found to be a forgery, involving a grave contempt of Parliament.

Dr. Eliza Walker, who has been elected to the post of house physician for Bristol Hospital for women and children, is a native of Elginshire, and the daughter of a medical officer in the Indian service. She was a resident in Edinburgh until she went to study medicine at the University of Zurich.

The following very brief sermon is said to have been preached in Sunderland on Whit Sunday—"My dear brethren, the sermon this morning will be one of the very shortest description—in fact, it is impossible for me to make it any shorter, because it will consist of but one word, and one word only. I wish to address it to the working men and others who intend to keep the Whitsun holiday, and I would to God that this one word may have the weight and influence of a thousand. It is—sobriety."

The Catholic Community of the city of Zurich has just arrived at an important decision. An assembly was held on Sunday, at which it was resolved by 206 against 100 votes to refuse adherence to the Syllabus or Infallibility Dogma. The two Catholic pastors of the city left the meeting under protest, followed by their adherents.

A memorial window in honor of the officers and crew of Her Majesty's ship *Captain* has just been placed in the north transept of Westminster Abbey. A small brass on the floor in front of the window explains the object of the memorial, and the names of the 566 persons who were drowned are recorded on two brasses placed on the north side of the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The *Rock* says that in "one of the churches in the province of Canterbury" has been celebrated alternately in English and in Latin. This is a bold step in the Romeward direction, as is also the "communicating only in our kind," which, we are told, is practiced in more places than one. We do not think it necessary to give names unless the bishops of the incalculable churches will tell us what steps they are prepared to take if the facts be proven.

The Spanish "Government of Conediation" have announced that the separation of Church and State will form an item in their programme. The accomplishment of this single item will be a revolution of no small magnitude in itself.

The fourth triennial convention of the Sabbath-school Society for Ireland, in connection with the Presbyterian Church, opened in Belfast on Tuesday—the Moderator of the General Assembly, Rev. Wm. Johnston, in the chair. There was an immense attendance of Sabbath school teachers and superintendents from all parts of Ireland, but especially the north. The Moderator having delivered an opening address, the following papers were read:—"Efficient Superintendence," by Mr. A. M. Finch, Dundalk; "Praise and Prayer," by the Rev. A. C. Murphy, Londonderry; and "Temperance in Sabbath Schools," by the Rev. E. N. Harkness, Stewartstown; and on each paper an animated and interesting discussion took place. At four o'clock the Convention adjourned, and re-assembled at seven p.m. in May Street Church, where there was still larger attendance. Mr. J. P. Corry, J.P., occupied the chair. Mr. Charles Finlay gave an address on "How to Secure the Attendance of Sabbath-school Scholars at Public Worship," after which the deputies from Scotland, England, and America were heard; these consisted of Rev. Mr. Gibson, Kirkcaldy; Mr. Mullan, London Sunday-school Union; and Rev. Mr. Murphy, Philadelphia. A vote of thanks having been passed to the deputies on the motion of Dr. Knox, the proceedings concluded. On Thursday morning there was a breakfast in Ulster Hall, at which about 1,200 persons were present. A conference of superintendents was held at ten, and the Convention re-assembled at twelve. The business concluded with two meetings of children in Ulster Hall.

The General Assembly of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church, in the United States, have just closed their annual session at Racine, Wisconsin. The Moderator was the Rev. H. Powell, D.D., of New York. They have 5 Synods, 17 Presbyteries, about 180 ministers, 200 churches, and some 12,000 communicants. They are in full sympathy with the American Presbyterian Church in the colleges and seminaries in which their young men are educated. Being thus so closely allied they are seeking a closer union with the American Presbyterians, which occupied much of their deliberations. The Assembly decided to refer the matter to the various sessions, and should the response be favorable there will be no barrier to union.

The *Globe* says that a remarkable illustration of the failure of the new Juries Act in Ireland is furnished in the following return presented to Parliament of the number of persons tried for murder in Ireland during the past six months, and the verdict returned in each case:—County Cavan, 1, guilty of manslaughter; Cavan, 7, jury disagreed; Down, 2, guilty of manslaughter; Limerick, 1, jury disagreed—trial postponed; Monaghan, 1, not guilty; Sligo, 1, jury disagreed; Tipperary (North Riding), 1, jury disagreed; an indictment was then preferred against the prisoner for manslaughter, to which he pleaded guilty; Tyrone, 1, jury disagreed.